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

VOLUME 37, #4 SUMMER/ÉTÉ 2015

Peter Archambault, circa. 1984 (See pages 3, 20-23)

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other pertinent websites to check out -
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Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002
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Le Forum

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Le FORUM

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years in the U.S. Army and on November 30, 1962, he was married to Flore Godbout from Drummond, NB. The artist became a father with three children, Lisa Archambault of Moncton, NB, John Archambault (passed on Aug. 24, 1990), and Denise (Archambault) McCluskey of Moncton, NB. He has been blessed with three grandchildren, Samuel Morin and wife Hayley, Richard Malenfant and Kaitlin Malenfant, all of Moncton, NB. Peter had three brothers, Paul and wife, Elaine, of Brunswick, Maine, John and wife, Gwendolyn, of Brewer, Maine, and Jim (passed in 2013) and wife, Louise, of Madawaska, Maine.

Peter was a consummate artist, and a profound writer, who loved people, animals and the raw beauty of nature. Throughout the wide variety of work and creative projects he did in his life, he could always be found with his drawing pad of paper, a tin of graphite leads and black charcoal smudged fingers. Peter's most recent project is a series of historical drawings of the people and life of Kedgwick, NB, which will be displayed in the new tower being built to commemorate the village's centennial celebration. The drawings hold the love and deep respect he had for the beautiful people and lands of this corner of the Upper Appalachian Mountains. A commemorative ceremony will occur on Saturday, May 23, 2015, at La Residence Funeraine Valcourt in Saint-Quentin, NB, 254 RUE, Canada. The doors will open at 1:30 p.m. and the ceremony will start at 2 p.m. Friends and family are invited to bring a special piece of Peter's artwork to be displayed during this gathering; pieces large or small, framed or not, even something scribbled on a napkin. There will be time for anyone who would like to get up and speak a few words, or share a story... and if you're thinking of bringing flowers, Peter's favorite colour is yellow. - See more at: http://obituaries.bangordailynews.com/obituaries/bdnmaine/obituary.aspx?n=peter-george-archambault&pid=174906407#sthash.Ep88gxeT.dpuf (See page 20 for more...)

To see some of Harry's past submissions to Le Forum check out our past issues at: http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/

"The Town That ... East Millinocket means East of "many islands" in ... Centennial Diary by Harry A.M. Rush Jr. http://www.eastmillinocket.org/centennial_diary.html

EAST MILLINOCKET – Harry A.M. Rush, Jr., 76, died Wednesday, March 18, 2015, at a Millinocket health care facility. He was the son of Harry A.M. and Mary Florence (Willett) Rush, born March 15, 1939, in Millinocket.

He graduated from St. Martin of Tours High School, Millinocket, class of 1957, staffed by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary of Rimouski, Quebec, and earned his bachelor of arts degree at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, and his master of arts in teaching at Assumption College, Worcester, MA. He also studied at the Laval University French School, Quebec City, the University of Toulouse, France, the Middlebury College Spanish School, Vermont, and the Foreign Language Department at the University of Maine. He served aboard the USS Witek DD 848 from 1962-64. He taught French at Houlton High School from 1966-68 and French and Spanish at Schenck High School, East Millinocket from 1968-2001, when he retired.

He married Sharon Callnan at St. Mary’s Church, Houlton, on August 10, 1968 by Rev. Francis Nelligan. He was a communicant of Christ the Divine Mercy Parish, St. Peter’s Church, East Millinocket and was a Eucharistic Minister to the sick. He was the advisor of the Schenck yearbook for 30 years. He also contributed many articles to LE FORUM, the Franco-American publication of the University of Maine, and wrote THE CENTENNIAL DIARY OF EAST MILLINOCKET 1907-2007. He was an officer of the East Millinocket Teacher’s Association for many years and a life member of the Sodality of Our Lady.

He was predeceased by his parents, his aunt, Sister M. Teresa Rush, RSM, and his parents in law, Albert and Ethel (Denning) Callnan. He is survived by his wife, Sharon Callnan Rush, his sister in law, Sister Miriam Therese (Helen) Callnan, RSM; cousins Sylvia Hagerthy, Brian Willett, Kay Harmston, Eleanor Miller, and Harriet Mason; ten godchildren, including James Jamo of East Millinocket; and cousins, the Bonis, Jamo, and Provenzano families.
Being Shy is Okay

I had been told too often when growing up that I was shy. Relatives said, “Oh, you’re shy and cute,” and occasionally they talked about my shyness as if I was not present, “He’ll get over his shyness as he grows up.” Did they think calling me shy would make me less shy? Did they think because I was quiet and reticent that I was oblivious to what was going on around me? Calling me shy just made me more self-conscious. If the people around me had ignored my shyness, I might have grown out of it as a child instead of having to grapple with it as an adult, when it had become more ingrained in my personality—when I saw myself as a shy person and acted accordingly.

A wonderful thing happened to me during Peace Corps training: I discovered that being shy was okay. The Thais liked my reticence, reserve, cautiousness and sensitivity. I was the antithesis of the popular caricature of the American abroad: loud, backslapping, and insensitive to other nationalities and cultures. The Thai staff said I would get along great in Thailand for I acted like a Thai, and I would fit in well.

I learned that shyness in one culture doesn’t necessarily translate to shyness in another; a typical American can seem too aggressive in Thailand, while a shy American can seem as a typical Thai. I felt fully accepted by the Thai staff—shyness and all—and this made me more confident. Finally, I was in a situation where my shyness was a strength, not a weakness.

Being shy helped me to navigate the training program. My sensitivity to other people’s feelings, which had often hindered me in social relations, helped me avoid cultural faux pas. My wait-and-see attitude before jumping into unfamiliar social situations was a plus. These helped me “cross over” to the Thai culture.

The Thais taught me that my shyness was just fine, and from them I learned to accept myself more fully, and to not let my shyness get in the way of doing what I wanted to do with my life.

Bangkok

January 22, 1962, my 23rd birthday, and I was just minutes from Bangkok. I couldn’t have wished a better gift.

As the plane made its final approach, the excitement among the 45 volunteers was palpable. We had trained in Ann Arbor for three months, which had seemed too long, and we were scheduled for two weeks of orientation in Bangkok, which seemed unnecessary. My excitement was tempered by my impatience to be teaching in Udorn, but my impatience was easily trumped by the reality and joy of arriving in Thailand.

It had been only a year and two days since President John F. Kennedy’s inauguration and challenge to the American people, “...ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.” I had seized his challenge, made it mine, and had written President Kennedy of my interest in the Peace Corps, then only an idea. By March 1, 1961, when the Peace Corps was created, tens of thousands of Americans had sent letters like mine to the President and the Peace Corps Director, Sargent Shriver.

The long flight from Ann Arbor to Bangkok had been comfortable and uneventful. The pilot had dipped the plane slightly when crossing the date-line west of Wake Island, awakening the butterflies in my belly, and he had said jokingly, “We’ve just lost a day.”

I would have to wait a few years to get back my lost day, but meanwhile, I would learn lessons and create memories that would help shape the rest of my life.

We had flown westward to exotic southeast Asia, and after a soft landing, we were on the tarmac, taxiing quickly to the terminal. We gave the crew a loud ovation for their invitation to live among them.

The stairway was rolled to the plane, the door was opened, and the regular passengers disembarked. We line up from the door to the bottom of the stairway for their welcoming remarks and picture-taking. My immediate sensation on walking out was of the heat and humidity. It felt good.

As my eyes adjusted to the blinding sunlight, I saw a crowd of Thai officials, American Embassy personnel and reporters, gathered to greet us.

We had arrived.

I don’t remember what came first, but we sang the Thai national anthem in Thai, and Thai officials welcomed us in English. Volunteers Art and Peggy, responded to the welcome in Thai, expressing our happiness at being in Thailand and our gratefulness to the Thai people for their invitation to live among them.

I was told later that our arrival had doubled the number of Thai-speaking Americans in Thailand. Not only could we sing the Thai national anthem, but we could speak Thai well enough to carry on a rudimentary
Roger Parent lives in South Bend, Indiana, where he served as city councilor and mayor in the 1970’s and 80’s. He is trustee of the South Bend Community School Corporation and found of World Dignity, a non-profit organization focused on educational programs in Thailand, India and South Bend. In 2005 he assisted victims of the Dec. 26, 2004 tsunami as deputy director of the Tsunami Volunteer Center in Khao Lak, Thailand. He and his wife, Rolande (Ouellette), have four children and six grandchildren.

The history of the Catholic Church of the Saint John Valley

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME

To understand the history of the Catholic Church of the Saint John Valley in Maine one might need to recognize the impact of the Irish who played middleman between the French and the English in the American church.

John Francis Rice of Edmundston, N.B, James C Madigan of Fort Kent (later of Houlton) and Msgr. John Bernard Fitzpatrick got Msgr. Antoine Langevin, pastor of St. Basile, N.B. to accept an American mission at Mount Carmel in 1847. Yet to understand the situation of Saint-Bruno and Saine-Luce missions in Father Langevin's parish you have to understand the difference of positions between the the first pastors in those missions. [Journal of Bishop Fitpatrick, august 1847 p. 281]

Father Antoine Gosselin, pastor of St. Bruno was appointed to the St Bruno parish at the request of New Brunswick's Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Harvey, not at the request of Father Antoine Langevin. [RAPQ 1983-39 pp. 227-228; p.232; p. 277] The primary motive for that request appears to lay in the Lt. Governor's belief that Catholic mission help to keep the Native American pacific and away from the reaches of American influence. the primary qualification for Fr. Gosselin's appoint was his ability to speak and communicate in English [RAPQ 1938-39 p. 272] in order to work with the New Brunswick government which supplied an annual stipend of £50 for the pastor's service to the Indians. [RAPQ 1927-28 p. 262; p. 278] His annual treks to the Tobique and Woodstock reservations where use of english was current also kept him in touch with New Brunswick authorities in Fredericton. the in 1840 when an Irish priest, Msgr William Dollard was appointed bishop of New Brunswick, Father Gosselin's facility with English prove to be an asset. In 1852 when Fr. Gosselin was reassigned to the parish of Cocagne in southeastern NewBrunswick Msgr Dollard sent to St. Bruno a string of Irish priests, Fathers Walter Aylward, Michael Meloy, Patrick McKeagney and John-James Nugent. when father Langevin died, rev. Hugh Mc Guirk was sent to replace him at St. Basile. also sent here were Sisters of cahrity from the Irish convent of St. Vincent of St. John, N.B. to teach at the academy (Continued on page 6)
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(The history of the Catholic Church of the Saint John Valley continued from page 5)

initiated by Fr. Langevin before his demise.

Father Henri Dionne's communications with letters in 1853 sent to former Maine Governor, Dr. John Hubbard, were written entirely in French.

During his pastorate at St. Basile, Fr. Langevin set up a scholarship fund to assist Madawaska students to go to the Collège de Saine-Anne-de-La Pocatière. Two students from Petit Sault (Edmundston, N.B.) were sons of John Francis Rice cited above. One of Rice's sons died there at the college. Another student from the Langevin territory was John Costigan of Grand Falls, N.B., who would later in Parliament play a key role in the discussion there during the New Brunswick school crisis in the 1870s, and yet another student from Aroostook at La Pocatière was John McCloskey of Houlton who would later defeat Major William Dickey of Fort Kent in the 1858 race for the county's sole seat in the state senate. McCloskey in 1861 would serve as the first colonel of the Maine 15th Regiment comprising largely of Aroostook men.

Fr. Henri Dionne's French letter shows he was an astute observer of Maine Politics. Fr. Gosselin with his ties to New Brunswick did not give him the same context as those evidenced in Fr. Dionne's setting. In the archbishop's archives in Boston there's a letter from James C. Madigan to his brother, Benoni Cyr and moved to St. Leonard, N.B. where we find another student from Aroostook at La Pocatière was John McCloskey of Houlton who would later defeat Major William Dickey of Fort Kent in the 1858 race for the county's sole seat in the state senate. McCloskey in 1861 would serve as the first colonel of the Maine 15th Regiment comprising largely of Aroostook men.

The temptation is to read into all of this that Col. David Page had threatened to have him removed from his post. In the turbulent state senate race of 1858 William Dickey's Democrat henchmen chased Republican Col. David Page right out of the election room, a description of which may be read in the appendix of Professor Roger Paradis' Mercure Papers. [Appendix V p. cxviii] The point of it all is that the difference between Fr. Dionne and Fr. Gosselin was not one against the other, but their differing perception of politics. Fr. Gosselin's experience in politics lay with Fredericton and Fr. Dionne's ties to politics lay in Augusta. when Msgr. Fitzpatrick asked both pastors to have their church wardens deed their parish properties to the Bishop of Boston, Father Dionne acted immediately. Fr. Gosselin appears to have run into some resistance form his church trustees, or at least one of them. Joseph Cyr, first Acadian elected to the Maine Legislature refused to sign the deed. For reason not altogether established Mr Cyr is no record of his having sold his homestead farm at what is now called Keegan village in Van Buren to his brother, Benoni Cyr and moved to St. Leonard, N.B. where we find him and his spouse listed with their three servants in the 1851 N.B. census. [J. G. Poitras, Recensement 1851 Census, Victoria County, June 1998 p. 140, idem. 02-0092] The deed finally got recorded five years later followed very rapidly by Fr. Gosselins being transferred to Cocagne, N.B. at the furtherest end of the diocese from the upper St. John Valley.

Fr. Gosselin is out of the area at the time of the founding of the Diocese of Portland in 1855. but Fr. Dionne remains on site with his seemingly Democratic leanings; Leaving us with the impression that the Whigs/Know Nothings may have gotten the best of him leading to his resignation as Pastor of Ste. Luce in what is presently, Frenchville, Maine. In the second letter to Governor Hubbard Fr. Dionne stated outrightly that Col. David Page had threatened to have him removed from his post. In the turbulent state senate race of 1858 William Dickey's Democrat henchmen chased Republican Col. David Page right out of the election room, a description of which may be read in the appendix of Professor Roger Paradis' Mercure Papers. [Appendix V p. cxviii] The temptation is to read into all of this that Fr. Dionne got ground in the grist mill of American Know-Nothing thread-mill.

In between St. Bruno and Ste. Luce there developed the Mount-Carmel Mission cited above when Irishmen Madigan, Rice and Fitzpatrick sweet-talked Fr. Langevin into a reluctant acceptance of the American reality in the affairs of the catholic church in the St. John Valley of Maine.

St. Bruno Photo taken from Van Buren, Maine History by Martine A. Pelletier and Monica Dionne Ferretti
A glimpse into the past...

Par/by Trefflé Lessard
Waterville, ME

Posing in front of the Waterville post office in 1943, we have the parochial school St. Francis de Sales, drum and bugle corps. The young boy at the center of the first row is only 11 years old and is a fourth grade student. It was an all boys' school, and taught by the Brothers of Christian instructions. The name of this young corps member is Trefflé Lessard.

This young student manufactured a small 16 tooth steel gear and including a steel rack that the gear could be driven onto. Plus two single teeth fly cutters to machine the gear and rack. The next step is that this young student had to compose a speech regarding his project that had to be presented at the competition. At the end of every school day this student approached the English teacher who also taught public speaking so that he could practice his speech and acquire her critiques. At the completion of the competition this young student took first place.

The judges were engineers from different Maine mills and shipyards and this young man was offered 3 jobs, one at the Bath Ironworks, another at the Saco Lowell shop and another at Keyes Fibre Co. in Waterville where he accepted a 4 year machine tool apprenticeship. Eventually, overtime became a 1st class journeyman machinist and stayed with this company for 45 years. He then retired on January 1st 1997. It is now the year 2015. This young boy who was only 11 years old marching in the drum and bugle corps and today is now only 82 years young and would still enjoy participating in a drum and bugle corp.

(More from Maine see page 14)
Compère Bouki pi Compère Lapin.

A Franco-African Folktale.

Par Kent Beaulne dit Bone, pas Os - Vieille Mine au Missouri

What does West Africa have in common with the Créoles of the St Francis Mountains of S. E. Missouri? Well pay attention, and I’m gonna explain it to you. Cette petite histoire est un peu compliqué, il faut faire attention, vous autres. The area between Potosi, Old Mines and Richwoods, Missouri was an outpost of surviving French identity in Upper Louisiana well into the 20th century. This is where the language, the culture, and the stories were still thriving in the 1930s. It is important to note that Indian, and African slavery was part of the history of Franco-Spanish Louisiana, and therefore a part of this story. There were still French speaking Blacks in the area in the early 1900s, most of them the descendants of slaves.

« Ah ben, c’est bon de vous dire. Ah well, it’s good to tell you”. That’s how the old French folktales started. None of that “Once upon a time stuff”, icitte, non. Although the majority came from Canada, and France, there are a few that did not. Dozens of these stories had been handed down for generations, here in the hills of Washington County, ancienne-ment, Pays des Illinois, haute Louisiane. I first heard these stories in amercian, as the old francophones here called English. Later I was told them en français.

In the age before radio, and television, house parties, with live music, dancing, and storytelling were the principle modes of entertainment. Being an isolated rural area, electricity did not come to most homes off the main roads until the 1940s, and in some cases the 1950s. Imagine the miners sitting on piles of tiff (barite) at the diggings, or on the porches of their log houses, listening to these vieux contes by kerosene lamp. Although they may seem like simple children’s tales to today’s more sophisticated audiences, but they often purvey a message on morality, and good behavior, and like the Loony Tunes © characters, the grownups liked them too.

There was a series of contes known as Compère Bouki pi Compère Lapin. As far as I could tell, compère meant partner or buddy, as Bouki and Lapin were usually partners on some project in these stories. They were always trying to outsmart, or cheat each other, with Lapin usually getting the best of Bouki. I knew right away that Lapin was a Wabbit, but couldn’t find bouki in any dictionnaire français. Ma grand-mère Ida Portelle m’a dit, Bouki est un autre lapin. Hmmm j’ai cru. Others said he was some kind of animal but couldn’t describe him, or even the devil. After a few years of wondering about this, quite by accident, I found out what a bouki was.

While doing some digging at the County Library in Potosi I found an 1895 book Louisiana Folk-Tales by Alcée Fortier. M. Fortier was Professor of Romance languages at Tulane University, Nouvelle Orleans. He was also first president of the American Folk-Lore Society. His book is a collection of stories collected among the old French speaking, black folks of Louisiana. Here is a part of the introduction from that 1895 book; “It is very difficult to make a complete collection of the negro tales, as the young generation knows nothing about them. It is a strange fact that the old negroes do not like to relate those tales with which they enchanted their little masters before the war. It was with great trouble that I succeeded in getting the following stories.” It should be noted that the now archaic word negro, was a perfectly respectful word at the time.

Fortier included 42 tales in his book, 15 are Bouki pi Lapin stories. Mr. Fortier explains that bouki is an African word for the hyena, specifically the Oulof or Wolof language of Senegal. Many Africans brought to the Louisiana Colony were captured in West Africa. These stories were collected, and written in the Créole dialect, which is a mixture of an African tongue, and French. There is an English translation of each story, making them available to everyone.

The Créole dialect is still spoken by both whites and blacks, in parts of Louisiana, as well as the island nation of Haiti. The word Créole in another context is the name given to a person of French or mixed French ancestry, born in the huge Louisiana Colony, regardless of what language they speak. Although the term “Pawpaw French” is the most common term heard today, in the 1930s, the tiff miners still referred to themselves as Créoles.

A decade and a half before Mr. Fortier’s efforts, similar stories were collected from English speaking Black folks in the south by Joel Chandler Harris, a Journalist from Atlanta. In writing his stories he recreated the dialect he remembered when he lived at a plantation in Georgia in 1862. He patterned Uncle Remus after a couple of elderly black storytellers he knew.

From UncleRemus.com; “On July 20, 1879 an undersized thirty-year old journalist from Atlanta known as Joel Harris began a journey from relative obscurity to interregional fame. On that day the Atlanta Constitution published the young copy editor’s “Story of Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Fox as (Continued on page 9)
told by Uncle Remus.” Within months, magazines across the country were reprinting his tales, and after more than 1,000 written requests for a collection, the first Uncle Remus book was published in Nov, 1880. At the time, Harris said his purpose was not ethnology, or folklore analysis, but simply documentation.” As a result of his Uncle Remus book, millions of Southerners grew up with them, and they became a part of the collective folk-lore of the South. I remember hearing some of them, back when I was a pup. These books are still available, online.

In the 1970s, talk about a Mr. Carrière who had come down from le Canada, was still floating around the community. He had collected the old stories in a book, and the songs on a wax cylinder recording machine that fit snuggly into a round-top metal lunch box, so common at the time. Although never really lost, his recording machine and cylinders were eventually discovered by researchers. They were stored at the University of Southwest Louisiana, at Lafayette. The library of Congress made magnetic tape copies, so that they are now in the Public Domain, meaning no individual can claim ownership of the material. I am lucky to have many of them as MP3 in my collection.

Joseph Médard Carrière was a native of Curran Ontario, and at the time, a professor at Northwestern University, Chicago. He eventually settled at the University of Virginia, where he taught until his death in 1970. The introduction to his book, Tales From The French Folk-Lore of Missouri states; “I was fortunate in meeting with a good score of persons [at Prairie du Rocher IL, and Ste. Genevieve MO] who still speak French fluently and are intimately acquainted with the customs and traditions of an age long past. It is impossible to reconstruct with any degree of accuracy the social history of an ethnical group practically extinct merely from the study of a few scattered individuals who have, for some mysterious reasons, survived a movement of assimilation completed almost a half-century ago. The reader will understand readily my emotion when in Old Mines, Missouri I came into contact with an isolated group, practically unknown to the outside world. I found six-hundred French speaking families living in this community. As a native of Canada, I was at once welcomed into their midst by the Creoles, since the tradition of their Canadian origin has been handed down from father to son, and is still quite alive.”

He spent two summers in the tiff mining country in 1934 and 35. According to his daughter Henrietta, he even brought his wife once, for a visit. He must have seemed at first a peculiar fellow to the rough tiff miners, highly educated, dressed in his white clothes, and a Panama hat, but he spoke their language. He showed up at the Paco Boyer store looking for French-speakers. He met Pete Boyer who showed him around. He found lodging at the home of Miss Suzzie Coleman. His principal conteurs were Joseph Ben Colman, and Frank Bourisaw. When Mr. Carrière first showed up at the diggings asking Joseph Benjamin Colman to tell him stories, Uncle Ben told him “I don’t have time for that, I’ve got a family to raise.” He was a widower. When Carrière responded, “Je peut payer, ben”, Uncle Ben says. “ Ça c’est un autre histoire.” Et voilà, Carrière got his stories.

His son, who we called Joe Ben, was fluent in the local French. He related that Mr. Carrière would bring them presents, and always had a bottle of wine, to loosen up the tongues of his story tellers. His daughter, Leona Thurman of Potosi had her dad’s autographed copy of the Carrière book, which she let me make a copy.

Unlike the Uncle Remus book, the audience for the Carrière collection was very limited. With the impending death of the language they were told in, the stories nearly died out here. His book contains 73 contes, written in French, in a phonetic way as to be able to hear exactly how the miners spoke. For the bizarre looking script to make sense, it is necessary to read the stories out loud, to hear them. Simply looking at them, they seem garbled. There is an English synopsis at the beginning of each story.

So now we have collections of African Folk-Tales from three regions, in the styles of Southern English, the Creole dialect of Louisiana, and Missouri French. Most of the Bouki pi Lapin contes are humorous, with Bouki being the dupe, and Lapin coming out on top. While reading them Bugs Bunny immediately popped into my head. With Daffy Duck taking the place of the Bouki, I can imagine him saying to Lapin, “your diths-picable”. It might be that the guys at Warner Brothers who came up with Bugs and Daffy, grew up hearing Uncle Remus. An idea to pursue. If my memory serves me correctly, Bugs Bunny even did a version of the Tar Baby. Upon meeting her he says “What’s up Doc”? When she doesn’t answer him, he gets pissed and slaps her, get-
tarting first one, than all four paws stuck to the cute gal with the dress and straw hat. Lots of folks should remember the classic trickster line from Rabbit. “Oh please don’t throw me in the briar patch, throw me down the well.” So depending on the version, the farmer, fox, or bouki, threw Rabbit in the briar patch, which is exactly where he wanted to be.

In one story from the Louisiana, 1895 Fortier book where Lapin is not included, Bouki is a very malicious creature. The parents of three daughters kept them in a tree house for safety. The sly Bouki after being rejected many times by the daughters finally convinces them into pulling him up in the basket used for hauling up their food deliveries. He then murders them while they sleep.

Their mother, upon discovering this crime, cons him into putting his head in her lap so she can delouse him. Upon falling asleep in her lap, she cuts his throat in revenge. This is the true nature of the hyena, cunning, and bloodthirsty. Hyenas run in packs at night, and can kill an adult lion if persistent enough.

One day in 1980 at the Potosi home of la Portell; While “looking at the TV” as she used to say, a hyena came into view. I said to her, mais gardez donc, ça c’est un bouki. She says “pew, il est laid, comme le guiable”. (he is ugly as the devil). It is important to remember, no one who told these stories in Missouri for 300 years, knew what a bouki was, nor had seen or could describe a hyena. Now after hearing the stories all her life, she finally got to see what he looked like.

So what the Missouri Créoles thought were French or Canadian folk-tales, are in fact African stories their ancestors had learned from their slaves. Over time, and with the abolishment of slavering in 1865, these stories blended into the collective memory of their European, and Canadian heritage.

It would be interesting to know if any stories from the Indian ancestors’ became part of the Créole repertoire.

Be sure and check out our websites and face books:

Next time; the story of Bouki pi Lapin growing wheat together. Lapin is lazy and has to leave to be a god-father, more than once. Bouki is stuck working in the heat. What Lapin is doing, is sneaking into the cellar of Bouki house, eating his butter, and stealing water. When Bouki finds out, he makes a catin de gomme, to catch and punish him.

C Ray Brassieur has written a biography of Joseph Medard Carrier.
Ward Allison Dorrance some stories, and a glossary of unique words and terms in his Survival of French in the Old District of Ste Genevieve. 1935 University of Missouri
Rosemary Hyde Thomas, It’s Good To Tell You, 1981 University of Missouri Press A retelling of these stories, in French with English versions. Drawings by her husband Ron Thomas.

Kent Beaulne dit Bone et Brad Cormier de Montreal, a Vieille Mine. A band stage I built for a local historical organization
Upper Saint John Valley (Northern Maine and Northwestern New Brunswick) Historical Land Grant Database

By George L. Findlen, CG, CGL
Madison, WI

The 2014 Congrès Mondial Acadien (World Acadian Reunion) took place in the Upper Saint John Valley on the Maine–New Brunswick border in August. The three-week event was filled with cultural, historical, religious, and entertainment events. The core of the CMA was a series of family reunions, 120 of them, which included some Yankee and Quebec names, since they and Acadians have intermarried over the years.

A delightful part of the CMA was an exhibit at the Musée historique du Madawaska (Madawaska Historical Museum) on the University of Moncton campus at Edmundston. Titled “Disputed Boundaries and Rediscovered Families,” the ten-stop exhibit tells the story of the Acadians which led to the settlement of the Upper Saint John Valley starting in 1785, the conflict leading to the Webster—Ashburton Treaty of 1842, the implementation of Article IV of that treaty which acknowledged the grants of 1792 and 1794 and the possessory claims of those who had settled land prior to the treaty, and finally the conflict between Quebec and New Brunswick on their boundary which was finally settled in 1851. A richly illustrated catalog of the exhibit was published as a separate issue of the Revue de la Société historique du Madawaska 42 (January – June 2014) and is available online in both French and English at www.expotaf.ca/en/exposition. The museum plans to retain the online exhibit as a regular part of its website.

Genealogists throughout North America whose Acadian or Quebec ancestors once lived in the Upper Saint John Valley should pay attention to this exhibit: it is their story. Two, the website version of the exhibit has a searchable version of the land grants made following the Webster—Ashburton Treaty. The paragraphs below will show how to locate a family in the database and how to use the information found there with other resources in order to track a family (some not all) from 1845 forward in time.

Start by going to the website at www.expotaf.ca. Once at the website, click on “Retrouvez votre famille sur la carte” (Find your family on the map). You will be taken to a different website at the Universite de Laval. I recommend leaving the default settings on the upper right corner with a checkmark at OpenStreetMap and at Mosaïque. The first plot is on the Canadian side, start grinning in delight. The detail is beyond rich.

Here is an example of a deposition which supplies the equivalent of a four-generation title search: “Angelique Martin” : I claim land on the River Saint John. Joseph Martin on the upper side and Simon Martin on the lower side. I have been in possession twenty years since my husband’s death. He had possession twenty years before his death. My husband bought it from his father. He bought it from Louis Mercure. There was a house and barn on it and about forty acres cleared when my husband died. I have lived on it since his death. He left nine children Simon, Basile, Paul, Marguerite, married to Benoni Terriault, Lateque married to Sifroy Michaud, Celeste, married to Louis Albert, and Judique married to Phillipe Violette. Simon has land given to him by his father. Basile and Paul live with me. (Deed Louis Mercure to Simon Martin £10 dated 1st July 1792). [Lots fronting on the River Saint John commencing at the mouth of the Madawaska River and extending downwards, Allotment No. 1, Examination date: 1845. Madawaska Grant Book, page 158. Commissioners’ remark: The examinations relating to this tract as far as Lot no. 72 were taken in the year 1845, except where it is otherwise expressed To recommend a Grant to the widow for life, and then to the heirs “except Simon.”]

By clicking on the small gold star below the box, you can make the box disappear or return. Note where the house was located in the mid-1840s. The road on the map is likely where the old Rue Principal (Continued on page 12)
fifteen acres and built a house and barn on it. He lived on it till his death about three years ago. He left twelve children, Benoni, Marianne married to Jean Bte Michaud. Salomé married to Michael Terriault, Louïsette, Elizabeth, married to Barthélemy Bourgoine, Angélique Marie, Vital, Rémi, Léonore, Basile and Christie. Benoni has his share of the property given to him by his father. The children that are not married live with me. [Lots from fronting on the River Saint John commencing at the mouth of the Madawaska River and extending downwards, Allotment No. 60, Examination date: 1845. Madawaska Grant Book, page 184. Commissioners' remark: To all the heirs except Marianne, wife of Jean Bte Michaud, subject to widows dower Salome died in April 1847 leaving two daughters Sophie & Marguerite]

Benoni Martin: I claim a share in the property left by my father Benoni Martin. I bought the right of my sister Marianne, the wife of Jean Baptiste Michaud. My sister Salomé, the wife of Michael Terriault died last April. She left two daughters named Sophie and Marguerite. (Deed Jean Baptiste Michaud, and Marianne his wife to Benoni Martin $100 dated 16th April 1846. Acknowledged before L. R. Coombes J. Peace) described this Being the same land the said Benoni Martins mother now occupies, and is known as the homestead farm of the said Benoni Martins late father: [Lots from fronting on the River Saint John commencing at the mouth of the Madawaska River and extending downwards, Allotment No. 60, Examination date: September 1847. Madawaska Grant Book, “pages 184-185”]

Note on the map where the houses are located. They are close to the river, the medium of transportation, the first “highway” if you will. Bénoni, brother-in-law of Angélique Cyr in the first example above, has worked the lot since about 1822. Marie-Rose [Cyr] is most careful to list her children who have yet to receive their inheritance, identifying who (Bénoni’s son Bénoni) has already received it, and the one child who died before receiving her inheritance but has two daughters who have a right to half of their mother’s inheritance. Note also the commissioners’ remark acknowledging the inheritance law of the time.

Again, none of this information is available to researchers elsewhere unless they visit the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick in Fredericton, New Brunswick.

Lest I make all readers think their ancestors all have delightful depositions giving property ownership history and early probate information, take a look at any entry for the American side, where depositions do not appear to have survived. Nada. Nothing. A search through the microfilm at the Maine State Archives will produce the surveyor’s notes outlining the property, and they will supply an owner’s name as of their visit in the mid-1840s, but the rest is up to the descendant to work out.

That said, the resulting map (Hamlin Plantation—Township Letter G, Range 1—(in my case) coupled with the 1877 Roe and Colby Atlas of Aroostook County, Maine some 32 years later show changes in lot ownership. A visit to the Northern Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Fort Kent will enable descendants to trace those changes from 1845 to the present day. And a careful combing of entries for that ancestor in the parish registers of Saint Basile followed by a careful combing of entries for the same ancestor in the parish registers of Saint Bruno (eastern part of the Upper Saint John Valley) after 1838 or Sainte Luce (Western part of the Upper Valley) after 1842 will enable descendants to identify which ancestor was the owner of a lot as of the mid-1840s.

We Acadian and French-Canadian researchers are spoiled. We expect everyone in our family tree to be in an abstract of marriages. We don’t bother with the story of our family. By visiting this rich website, we get into that story, and it is very much worth our time.

The author thanks Allen Doiron, French Archivist, Provincial Archives of New Brunswick, and Christien Michaud, Curator, Madawaska Historical Museum, University of Moncton at Edmundston, for confirming the accuracy of this article.
THE HERMIONE, THE SHIP THAT REUNITED LAFAYETTE & WASHINGTON AND SEALED OUR FREEDOM, SAILS AGAIN FOR AMERICA.
THE CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AS DESIGNATED HOST WELCOMES HERMIONE TO CASTINE, MAINE ON BASTILLE DAY JULY 14TH, 2015

2015 Summer Exhibit
The French Frigate & the British Fort

L'Hermione & "Magabagaduce" in 1780 -- L'Hermione brought Lafayette to aid America during the Revolutionary War, and then the ship sailed up the coast to spy on the British garrison at "Magabagaduce," later Castine. Find out why and learn about the adventures of the replica frigate at the exhibit, opening Friday, June 12, 2015.

Tuesday July 14, 2015
Parade of Ships
Castine Waterfront
2:00-4:00pm
Parade of Boats accompany the Hermione; Hermione arriving approximately 4pm

Welcome Parade
Main Street
6:00pm
Welcome Parade down Main Street from the Castine Historical Society to the Waterfront.

Welcome Ceremony
Castine Waterfront
6:30pm - 10:00pm
6:30pm: Welcome Ceremony on the Waterfront
9:00pm: Fireworks

A Bastille Celebration on the Waterfront
Castine Waterfront
11:00am - 10:30pm
A Bastille Celebration on the Waterfront featuring: Franco-American and Acadian music, dance, storytelling, local and Maine made vendors, delicious food and drink.

Wednesday, July 15, 2015
Public Tours of the Hermione
Castine Waterfront
9:00am - 4:00pm
Public visits will ticketed, with information forthcoming. Please read on for timing of visits on Wednesday. No public tours on board on Tuesday. Visit the Castine Historical Society’s website for more information: http://www.castinehistoricalsocietyhermione.org/

Festival continues at the town dock
Castine Waterfront
9:00am - 10:00pm
Festival continues at the town dock:
• Waterfront Festival All day and evening
• Maine-made vendors, food booths, wine & beer tasting
• Stage and tent at the town dock with Acadian, French and traditional American music, dance, storytelling, interactive art projects, outdoor film screening
• Tent and stage on the Commons adjacent to CHS with music, dance, storytelling, art projects, film screenings
• Educational programs at local & neighboring schools
• Local stores, galleries, inns and restaurant special offerings
• Historical kayak, boat and walking tours
• Additional lectures, concerts & events sponsored by local organizations.
From MARTHA’S MEMOIRS

Mémère Cyr

by Martha Cyr Genest
Van Buren, ME

When my Mother was married, she left her home in Cyr Plantation to live in town with my Father’s parents. What a good devoted wife and mother our dear Mother was. To take care of Grandmother, one had to really love nursing, as the dear lady was so crippled, she could not even lift a finger, her legs were bent at the knees. She was helpless in every way, she could not even chase a fly from her face. She kept the best sense of humor through all this.

What a saintly Gramma she was to suffer in silence, not even ask for someone to give her water when she was thirsty. She would wait until Mother was through with her household work or had fed the small children. I can still hear Mémère Cyr say: “Alice, do not give me any dinner, you are so busy making “plagues”, you have a child in your arms all day. Give the school children and the men their dinner, (dinner was the noon meal in those days) and just give me a little square of cheese, that will keep me until supper time.

All she could do was hold her rosary, after one of us had put the cross between her right hand thumb and first finger and then twine it in the other hand so she could pull the beads, which she did many times a day. I will always remember, right after breakfast she would say, “Come and give me my Rosary and I will hear Mass and pray for you all”. We children would never go and bother her then. It was the same after the noon meal, my Grandfather or my Father would run her over on the other side of the bed facing the wall and then she would pray again and probably sleep a while. Later in the afternoon, when my Mother had work to do, and the baby was awake, Mémère would say “Alice bring me the baby and put him in my back and I will rock him to sleep.” She could wiggle a little so the spring would bounce and the baby would go to sleep.

In those days people in small towns did not have store bought beds, mattresses and springs, we had straw filled “paillasses” for mattresses. Our Mémère had a home-made mattress filled with warp and cotton batting, she also had a spring as I can remember. Before supper somebody would turn her clear around and sit her in bed with her feet resting on a foot stool. She was banked with pillows and two homemade chairs, making a back rest. This made her very comfortable and would ease her back. Sometimes one of us would bring a small pig or chicken for her to see. Other times the men would bring a small animal in her room. Late afternoon she could see through the dining room window from her room and watch for the men and the team of horses coming back from the fields near the river with a load of potatoes, hay or oats. There was not much on the farm that Mémère would have reacted to all these modern conveniences. She would not have wanted to use them. I remember one year when the altar for the Corpus Christie Procession was up our way, we tried to have her brought to the front window to watch the Blessed Sacrament go by, she said; “No, let me stay here, if God had wanted me in front, he would have given me the power to do it by myself.”

Mémère’s handicap did not prevent her from having the best sense of humor. Her smile and her lovely voice made us all feel good. What a repertory of lovely folk songs and lullabies she would sing for us, especially during the winter months. We would all sit in her room, quiet as mice, while she continued one of her lovely stories about giants, witches or legends of long ago. Years after when we had story books and Mother Goose rhymes, I always wondered if our Mémère had lived, would she have written some of those lovely tales; “Le Conte de la Rose”, “L’jument Blanche” and so many stories, which would start like this: “C’est pour vous dire, qu’une fois,” (this is to tell you, that once upon a time) and we would all be so quiet, that one could hear a pin fall. What a lovely baby sitter she was. She would always finish her stories by a beautiful ballad.

As soon as one of us could read, and I mean read, as in our home, children were taught before they went to school. We all could read when very young. I think we should thank our dear grandparents, aunts and uncles for the education we had when very young. Also for Mémère, who every night after the story hour, would have one of us read her a few chapters from one of the prizes we had won at the Convent school. They too contained many stories and legends, what treasures these were.

Many times some students would come to our house and ask her for a lock of hair to make into a little tree or some piece of jewelry. She had long silver hair and all her teeth. Students could come to speak to her to find out about how things were done on the farm. She had a small cutter in her chest with other souvenirs. She explained how the straw was grown. This little gadget was used to cut the straw in four parts, then it was braided for hats. Almost everything we needed was done on the farm.

We were so privileged to have Mémère Cyr, we used to run to her room any time we had a question to ask or a quarrel to settle.
Waterbury L’exilé par Alice Gélinas Waterbury, CT

En 1971, Paul s’est acheté un terrain pour se bâtir une maison neuve. Nicole m’a fait visiter leur emplacement. C’était au bout de Steele Avenue dans Wolcott. Le lot n’était pas défriché. Il y avait du travail à faire, mais leur projet a abouti et il a bâti sa maison avec trois chambres à coucher, un grand salon et une grande cuisine, plus une grande salle de jeux et un garage à deux places.

C’était une maison magnifique ! Il y avait un bassin dans la cour arrière et en hiver, ça devenait une patinoire. Tous les enfants du voisinage étaient bienvenus.

Plus tard, ils ont eu une piscine.

Ils désiraient beaucoup un autre enfant, car la famille leur semblait incomplète. Nicole devint enceinte, mais elle ne se sentait pas aussi bien qu’aux deux premières.

La température, très chaude de cet été là, la rendait malade. Elle avait des faiblesses, ce qui m’inquiétait. Je lui ai acheté un air conditionné. La grossesse semblait interminable.


Lynn avait huit ans. Je suis devenue avec la famille une autre semaine, contente de me débrouiller. Je suis restée avec les petites, même si elles étaient capables de se débrouiller.

Par la suite, durant leurs vacances, ils allaient chez Sherbrooke trois semaines plus tard.

Lorsqu’il s’ennuyait, il appelait Nicole. Elle s’est mise à attendre ses appels téléphoniques et si parfois il retardait, elle devenait inquiète.

Moi, j’ai appliqué pour un logement subventionné par le gouvernement en raison de mon âge.

Nicole m’en a trouvé un, situé à Hamilton Park House sur la East Main Street. Il y avait une petite épicerie et une pharmacie pas trop loin.

Plus tard, Irène et Fernand se sont installés dans le coin. Ça me faisait de la compagnie.

Nicole et les filles sont venues tout arranger pour moi. J’étais encore capable de prendre de longues marches dans le parc Beecher Road et Meriden Road.

J’allais à la messe avec Irène et Fernand. On jouait aux cartes. Rosa et Alex sont déménagés eux aussi dans le voisinage, dans le sous-sol de leur fille: Lise.

Émile me sortait. Il m’aménait manger quelque part, et ensuite, on allait au Lake Compounce entendre Slim Coxx et ses musiciens.

Tout allait bien jusqu’à ce que je tombe malade: crises d’angine et aussi, j’étais sujette à des maux de ventre. Nicole venait me voir tous les soirs. Les filles venaient souvent coucher avec moi.

J’ai été opérée pour la vésicule. Pour me rétablir, je suis allée chez Nicole pour revenir ensuite chez moi. Pendant ma convalescence, Irène est venue et elle m’a aidée pour mon déjeuner et j’ai eu une aide-infirmière qui venait deux fois par semaine.

Je traînais de la patte. Nicole et Paul, après s’en être parlé, m’ont proposé de me faire un petit appartement dans leur salle de jeu. Ils ont fait des dépenses pour faire installer une chambre de bain, et des fils électriques pour le poêle et le frigidaire.

Un samedi, le 29 Novembre 1986, un camion est venu chercher mon mobilier. Michelle et Bob qui avaient couché chez moi, m’ont amenée à la résidence de Nicole (suite page 16).
Le Forum
(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 15)

Nicole avait posé des rideaux. C’était tout installé. Michelle et Bob ont installé des tapis, et après que tout fut rangé, c’était un bel appartement.

Nicole et Paul ne voulaient pas que je paie, mais je ne voulais pas être là pour rien. Je suis un peu comme papa. Papa insistait pour donner une partie de sa pension là où il demeurait, car sans cela, il ne se sentait pas chez lui.

Nicole a toujours été là pour nous deux: Frisé et moi. Elle ne nous refusait jamais rien: le docteur, l’hôpital et tout.

Émile m’a donnée une radio et il a fait mettre un téléphone à la tête de mon lit, en cas de besoin. J’en avais déjà un sur ma table. Il venait me voir régulièrement, une couple de fois par semaine. Un frère bien spécial!

Ses cheveux étaient devenus du plus beau gris argent. Les petits, dont nous avions pris soin lorsqu’ils étaient plus jeunes: Émile et Rosélia nous dépassaient de quelques pouces de hauteur.

Un jour, je lisais le “Allô Police”. Dans ce journal, il y avait une rubrique pour ceux et celles qui étaient à la recherche de leurs parents biologiques. J’aperçus un petit paragraphe qui disait à peu près ceci: “S’il vous plaît, maman et papa, si vous pensez que je suis votre fille, communiquez avec moi. Je suis née à l’hôpital de la Miséricorde à Montréal et j’ai été placée à l’hôpital St-Joseph à Trois-Rivières. Mon père a payé ma pension. Je n’en sais plus à votre sujet, sauf à mes dernières recherches, il m’a dit que le nom de mon père était Émile”. Je me suis dit: “Peut-être que c’est d’Émile qu’il s’agit”. Je lui ai fait parvenir l’article.

J’ai communiqué avec le journal en question, et une correspondance s’en suivit. On organisait un rendez-vous à la vieille église du Cap-de-la-Madeleine.

Je n’ai pas pu y aller, je relevais de maladie. Rosa accompagnait Émile. Par la suite, elle me raconta à quel point, ce fut touchant. Émile a dit: “C’est elle”. Il a passé à travers le monde et elle s’est approchée. Émile, aussi, marchait à sa rencontre, et il l’a prise dans ses bras. Elle l’a amené chez elle pour lui présenter ses deux enfants: un garçon et une fille. Le garçon ressemblait à Émile comme deux gouttes d’eau. Tout qu’à elle, elle avait reçu une bonne éducation, mieux qu’Émile aurait pu lui donner. Une vraie demoiselle, et belle à part ça!

La famille demeurait une priorité pour nous. Tout que mon sang se mêle à leur sang; avait dit papa.

Nos oncles et nos tantes qui restaient de nous. Nous étions allés voir oncle Jacques, à Rivière du Loup. Il était dans un hôpital, paralysé, assis sur sa chaise, cordeaux et fier. Il a fait un gros effort et il s’est levé debout pour nous montrer qu’il en était encore capable.

Il se trouvait bien à cet endroit. Gérmain, son fils, allait le voir à tous les jours. Gérmain était devenu quelqu’un de très important à Rivière du Loup. Il dirigeait une équipe de télévision. On s’est senti fier d’être de sa parenté. On se disait: “Les Gélinas, on sort pas d’en dessous d’une bûche!”

Dans les années 1979, on a fait notre pèlerinage au Grand-Quatre. On voulait revoir la maison de tante Angéline, dont nous gardions le souvenir. La maison était la dernière au bout du rang. On s’est arrêté là, et nous sommes débarqués de l’auto.

On regardait la maison qui avait représenté, quand nous étions jeunes, l’abri et la protection à la mort de notre mère.

Un beau jeune homme vint à notre rencontre. On lui expliqua le but de notre excursion dans le passé, et d’une affaire à l’autre, le jeune homme qui se nommait Claude Lafrenière, me demanda si je connaissais sa grand-mère: Adrienne Gélinas?

C’était ma tante!

Nous étions de la même famille!

Avant de m’en venir rester chez Nicole, Rosa m’a dit que M. Frigon de Waterbury Motor Inn’ Motel Office, lorsqu’il y eut un hold-up, elle a été obligée de donner tout l’argent au cambrioleur. Les policiers sont venus sur les lieux et la nouvelle a fait la manchette dans les journaux. Elle a été bien chanceuse de s’en tirer sans avoir été blessée.

C’était un travail dangereux et ça m’inquiétait.

Elle a pensé retourner à l’école. Elle s’est rendue à Porter Institute, pour obtenir les informations: combien ça pourrait lui couter pour retourner au Collège et se trouver un bon travail après.

Vu son âge, tout le monde trouvait que c’était fou de recommencer l’école. Pour cette raison, elle ne voulait pas demander d’argent à Paul.

Elle est venue m’en parler. Elle avait quarante ans. Je l’ai entièrement appuyée dans sa démarche, et je lui ai dit que je m’occuperais des paiements.

J’ai dit à Paul qu’on ne lui avait pas fait apprendre un bon métier. Elle avait été coiffeuse, mais avec trois enfants, ça ne marchait plus. Elle était obligée de travailler à la maison, même le soir, parfois. Coupes de cheveux, teintures, permanentes à la maison. La lotion forte lui avait donné de l’exéma aux mains.

En Avril 1987, elle a gradué Secrétaire exécutive.

J’ai fait encadré son diplôme et j’en suis bien fière. Les gens venaient voir pour vérifier.

Le premier mai, elle travaillait déjà pour le président de la Chambre de Commerce à Naugatuck.

Lynn et Michelle avaient eu leurs gradations, et elles ont obtenu un emploi. Toutes les deux avaient un ami régulier.

Elles venaient me voir chaque fois qu’elles revenaient de leur ouvrage.

Lori avait grandi et elle venait m’aider assez souvent car je ne me sentais pas bien. Si je pleurais, elle me prenait dans ses bras. Tout le monde était merveilleux avec moi.

Nicole venait s’asseoir et jaser pendant des heures avec son tricot. J’aimais avoir près de moi.

Je traversais une longue série de maladies. Quand c’était pas, j’avais des affaires, c’en était une autre. Ça fut un temps bien dur. (suite page 17)
Nicole m’a amenée d’urgence, et elle m’a attendue. C’était ma glande thyroïde. On m’en a enlevé la moitié.

Quatre mois plus tard, Émile m’a conduit chez le docteur Audet. J’avais du mal et je faisais de la fièvre. Là, j’ai subi une opération: un segment d’intestin me fut enlevé.

J’ai été chanceuse malgré tout, de ne pas avoir la même chose que Frisé a eu quelques années auparavant.

J’ai commencé lentement à monter la côte. J’avais moins peur de rester seule. La petite famille respirait enfin!

Émile nous avait fait peur en Mai 1982.

Il avait eu une attaque de coeur. Une opération s’en suivit avec cinq pontages.

Irène et Fernand l’ont remplacé comme sacristain à l’église Ste-Anne, jusqu’à ce qu’il revienne, mais il n’a pas pu retourner travailler.

Je trouvais cela tellement effrayant; cette grande coupure dans la poitrine et la jambe, là où le chirurgien avait passé par les veines pour aller au coeur.

Il se sentait assez bien pour se promener dans les alentours. Il m’a prêté un grand portrait de famille, qui j’ai suspendu à mon mur, en me disant de le garder, s’il lui arrivait de partir avant moi. Ce fut son cadeau d’adieu.

Un par un, ses pontages se sont écoulés. Quelle souffrance!

Lynn était fiancée, et elle allait se marier. Elle avait rencontré Robert Rinaldi à son travail, à l’hôpital Ste-Mary.

C’était un très bon gars. Il travaillait comme agent de sécurité.

Tout le monde se réjouissait pour eux. Émile nous avait fait peur en Mai 1982. On m’en a enlevé la moitié.

Nicole et Paul sont allés chercher Frisé, car, depuis son opération, elle ne voulait plus qu’il voyage seul, en autobus.

Les deux semaines qui ont précédé le mariage, il a aidé Nicole aux travaux ménagers. Il a lavé les vitres et exécuté toutes sorte de “radoux”.

Moi, je faisais le dîner, et nous mangions ensemble, Frisé et moi. Nous avions des souvenirs communs, et nous parlions de tous nos amis et connaissances qu’on allait visiter, jadis en Canada. Il n’y avait plus aucune rancœur entre nous. Le temps, qui efface tout, (et je ne peux haïr une personne que j’ai aimé véritablement) avait fait de nous des amis.

J’avais des cassettes que j’avais enregistré moi-même avec de vieux chants appris à l’oreille et qui dataient de l’époque de mes parents, d’autres qui étaient à la mode du temps de notre jeunesse. Je les écoutais avec lui. Il s’en souvenait et ça nous rappelait le bon vieux temps.

**Quand sur un air de valse, tu m’avais fait danser**

**Et quand cet air de valse, me faisait maintenant pleurer**

**Tu m’avais dit: je t’aime, et moi, je t’avais cru**

**Car sur cet air de valse, on s’est souvent revu.**

Il m’a demandé une cassette pour apporter à Sherbrooke.

Le 9 Octobre 1987, Lynn allait épouser Robert Rinaldi.

La journée du mariage, Frisé et moi, assis dans la cuisine de Nicole, fascinés, on regardait ce qui se passerait: un spectacle inoubliable, la beauté des demoiselles d’honneur, le photographe, Paul en toqué, Nicole revêtue d’une robe splendide et la limousine à la porte. On avait jamais vu cela. On trouvait tout très beau!

À l’église St-Pius, J’ai avancé la grande allée avec Frisé et le placier: Bob Cyr, l’ami de Michelle. La famille et les amis prenaient chacun sa place dans les bancs. Aux premières notes de musique, les demoiselles d’honneur, Lorie, Gene, Micky et Michelle, sont apparues.


Paul prit la main de Lynn pour la déposer dans la main de Robert, qui a levé son voile pour l’embrasser. J’avais la gorge serrée, c’était plus fort que moi, c’était l’émotion!

Après le mariage, le prêtre les a présentés à l’assemblée. Il sont descendus pour serrer la main de leurs parents. Ils souriaient. La messe terminée, ils ont reçu les vœux de bonheur de tous les invités, et ils ont pris des photos.

Je suis allée les embrasser, leur souhaitant d’être heureux. Quelqu’un est venu me reconduire à la maison, on se remémorait l’événement en revivant chaque moment.

Tout le monde est retourné travailler. Frisé était dans sa dernière semaine de vacance. Émile l’a amené chez lui pour une visite. Rosa et Alex, aussi.

Il allait au Franco quelques heures, puis il revenait. Ayant trop de loisirs, il descendait chez moi et on jouait aux cartes, en attendant le retour de Nicole. Elle préparait un gros souper.

Le temps passait vite.

Un samedi matin, ce fut son départ.

*(suite page 18)*
Le Forum

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 17)

Nicollet Paul allaient le reconduire à Sherbrooke.

Il est descendu dans mon appartement et il m’a tendu les bras en me disant: “Est-ce que je peux t’embrasser?”

Je suis allée vers lui, je l’ai serré contre moi et je lui ai donné, de bon cœur, un baiser, en lui disant au revoir.

Ce fut un moment rempli d’émotion et de tendresse pour nous deux. Il a dit: “Je reviendrai au mariage de Michelle”. Puis, il est sorti dehors et il a embrassé toute la famille. Michelle a dit: “Grand-Pa, Grand-ma est ici!”

Il a répondu: “Nous nous sommes déjà dit au revoir”.

Ce fut trois belles semaines pour moi. Nous avons causé ensemble, si j’ai pu faire ma part afin qu’il passe des moments agréables pendant le jour où il aurait pu se sentir seul. On ne regrette jamais d’avoir fait plaisir à quelqu’un.

Les nouveaux mariés sont revenus de leur voyage de noces et nous étions contents de les revoir.

Dans l’intervalle, Michelle, qui avait toujours partagé la même chambre que Lori, avait hâte de prendre la place de Lynn.

Elle l’avait arrangé à sa manière et c’était autrement, mais bien jolie. Lorsque Lynn a revu son ancienne chambre, elle s’est écriée: “Qu’est-ce qui est arrivé à ma chambre?” On aurait dit qu’elle venait tout juste d’y être.

Michelle, à son tour, annonçait que le jour de son mariage: le 6 Mai 1988. Elle désirait qu’il soit enterré par ici. Elle m’avait ramenée chez moi.

A deux heures du matin, l’hôpital a rappelé. Il était entré dans le coma. Nicole leur a demandé si elle avait une chance d’arriver à temps pour le revoir avant qu’il meure. La réponse fut: “Probablement pas”.

Elle s’est tenue assise toute la nuit près du téléphone. Au matin, elle est descendue chez moi avec les filles pour me dire que son père allait mourir et qu’il ne lui restait que peu de temps. Nous pleurions tous, en pensant à l’horreur de mourir si gravement brûlé. Quelle douleur!

À neuf heures quarante-cinq de l’avant-midi, Athanase, son frère a annoncé sa mort. Le docteur René Lefebvre a signé l’acte de décès. C’était le 14 février et le 16, la maison funéraire Kane et Fitterly a pris le corps en charge.

Nicole a appelé Frigon de Woodtick Memorial Funeral Home pour leur demander de rapatrier les restes de son père. Elle désirait qu’il soit enterré parmi nous.

Enguête de la police, autopsie, passer au douane, cela prit onze jours. Dans une pareille attente, tout revient à la mémoire.

Après l’enterrement, il y eut un buffet, et les convives, par leurs présences, apportaient chaleur et consolation à la famille.


Dans les circonstances, Nicole s’est montrée à la hauteur. Elles est demeurée forte malgré la tension.

Une nuit, elle est descendue chez moi. Elle s’est assise et elle a éclaté en sanglots, et c’était comme si elle ne pouvait plus s’arrêter. Je pleurais avec elle. Elle m’a demandé plusieurs fois au cimetière. Je n’oublierai jamais ses paroles après l’enterrement de Frisé: “Mon père et ma mère reposeront ensemble à All St. Cemetery”.

Elle lui a fait poser une plaque près de son monument.

C’était quarante et un ans plus tard. J’ai vu dans une boîte de photos, une carte qui m’était adressée et que je n’ai jamais reçu. Je me demande pourquoi, il ne l’avait pas mise à la poste.

(suite page 19)
The 15th Annual April in Paris at Cinestudio, Hartford

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT


The two introductory silent films are based upon the classic short story by Edgar Allan Poe of the same name, “The Fall of the House of Usher.” Unlike the short story, which has three characters, the Narrator, the friend of the Narrator, Roderick Usher and his sister, Madeleine Usher, the version by Jean Epstein has the same three central characters, but Roderick and Madeleine Usher are changed to husband and wife. Also unlike the original short story, there is a happy resolve at the end of Epstein’s film. The 12-minute short by Watson and Webber was produced and directed with the assumption that the audience is familiar with the original short story, for the three central characters are not introduced to the audience. Rather, the short film replicates the spirit of the original short story, complete with the tragic ending of the fall of Madeleine Usher, and it is shot in a dream-like manner with the superimposition of images, and the use of sets that sometimes resemble a Cubist painting. Like his other performances of previous years, Patrick Miller of the Hartt School of Music, University of Hartford, gave an excellent performance on the piano for the silent films.

Orphée by Jean Cocteau (1950) is a reflection of France after World War Two, for the poet, Orpheus, played by Jean-Alfred Villain-Marais, is torn between the World of the Dead, which is socially structured like France under the German Occupation, and the World of the Living, which is socially structured like France after the war. In the World of the Dead, Orpheus is in love with Death, played by Maria Casares, while in the World of the Living, he is in love with Eurydice, played by Marie Dea. The clear (Continued on page 24)
Some of Peter’s many works of art. Some of which appeared in Le Forum. In particular, his beau & belle frog characters.
More of Peter’s work...
More of Peter's work...
More of Peter’s work...

Visit our website for more of Peter's drawings:
http://francoamericanarchives.org/archives/galleries/beau-frog/?nggpage=6

Merci Peter....RIP!
Le Forum

(Continued from page 19)

reference to Occupied France is the use of radio messages that are quotes of poetry, or apparently meaningless sentences, and the messages are heard at times by Orpheus or Eurydice while listening to a car-radio. Unlike the tragic Greek myth, Death agrees to die, and let Orpheus and Eurydice return to the World of the Living.

Alphaville by Jean-Luc Godard (1965) is a classic of Nouvelle Vague, for it is a mixture of film noir, Cold War spy-thriller, and sci-fi flick, set in the futuristic city of Alphaville, which is run by a dictator who has outlawed poetry and love. The central character, Lemmy Caution, played by Eddie Constantine, is sent to Alphaville to assassinate the dictator, Professor von Braun, played by Howard Vernon, and to destroy the computer he built, named Alpha 60, which is only heard as a disturbingly scratchy voice-over, and often with a visual clip of an electric fan. The other goal of Lemmy Caution is to save a fellow agent, Henry Dickson, played by Akim Tamiroff, and as the film goes along, he saves the daughter of Prof. von Braun, Natacha von Braun, played by Anna Karina. (Note the standard plotline of the man saving the woman, in contrast to Barbarella as noted later.) Although poetry is outlawed in Alphaville, Jean-Luc Godard ironically has Alpha 60 speak many lines of poetry written by the Argentine poet Jorge Luis Borges. The film ends on a positive note, with proof that Alpha 60 has been destroyed, when Natacha von Braun expresses her love for Lemmy Caution at the end of the film with the line: “Je vous aime.”

During the discussion of Alphaville on Mon. March 31, 2014, Prof. Jean-Marc Kehres remarked on the lack of special effects in the film, in particular, that Alpha 60 is just a voice-over, often portrayed as an ordinary electric fan. No-one answered his rhetorical question of how a sci-fi movie could be made without special effects, but the answer that I now offer for the otherworldly feel to the film is from the culmination of the quirky storyline, the good acting, the unusual editing style and the unusual visual framing by as directed by Godard.

Although Yeelen by Souleymane Cissé (1987), was part of the French film festival, and part of it was produced in France, it is effectively a Malian film, based upon a legend of the Bambara people, and the dialogue is in the Bambara and Fula languages. The title “Yeelen” means “brightness” or “light” in Bambara. Also the original flyer for the film described the film as set in the 13th Century, but one character is shown with a matchlock firearm, which dates no earlier than the 15th Century. The movie was included in the festival because of the role of fantasy, for the film portrays a society rooted in an animist religion. The film opens with a description of fire, as where the sky and the earth meet, and as a union of heat and light, the last word being the title of the film. Then there is a description of three aspects of the Mali religion that are present in the film. The first aspect is the quest for greater “komo,” or “divine knowledge,” and the live chicken spontaneously ignites on fire. In the same scene, while Soma is praying to Mari, and calling upon the god to burn bushes, dry lakes, and destroy villages, so he can find his son, a dead tree also spontaneously ignites on fire. Through much of the film, we the audience can see two servants of Soma carrying a large log without bark, a kolonkalanni pylon, that seems to direct the men in the direction towards Niankoro. Meanwhile in at least one scene, Niankoro can see the location of his father by snyring into a bowl of water provided by his mother. The mother, named Mah and played by Soumba Traore, advises Niankoro to go to his uncle, named Djigui or Bofing, played by Ismaila Sarr, for protection. One of the more memorable moments of witchcraft in the film occurs when Soma casts a spell that causes a dog to walk backwards.

I saw Yeelen when it was shown on Tues. April 1, 2014, and about 25 years earlier when it was first shown at Cinestudio. It is a difficult film to understand, produced from a non-European culture, with many cultural clues and references that are lost on an American audience. In my research about the film, and long after the discussion that was conducted by Dr. Sonia Lee during the festival, I found references to Djigui to mean “twin,” which would make Soma the Evil Twin wanting to kill Niankoro, and Bofing the Good Twin, who protects Niankoro. Also, the motives of Soma are not fully explored in Yeelen, for there are other legends of the birth of Niankoro that are not mentioned in the film, legends about the prophecy that Niankoro would someday kill his father Soma. This last legend could be compared with the Greek myths of Kronus and his son Zeus, or King Laius and his son Oedipus, for in both, the father learns of a prophecy that the son would kill the father, so the father tries to kill the son, but in doing so, enables a series of events that cause the prophecy to be fulfilled. An African audience would likely be familiar with the unmentioned legends of Niankoro in Yeelen, so Souleymane Cissé would not need to mention them in his film. As such, Yeelen is a well-made film from a foreign culture that deserves greater study.

Le chat du rabbin by Joanne Sfar
and Antoine Delesvaux (2011), is the only animated film in the festival. The film is set in Algeria in the 1920s, and the central character is a cat who is the favorite pet of a rabbi and his daughter. After he eats the family parrot, the cat can speak, and he questions everything, from religion to politics, within a society that is a mix of Jewish, Arab, and French cultures. Nevertheless, since the cat knows he is owned by a Jewish family, he declares to the rabbi, that he would like to become Jewish and have a bar mitzvah, which is one of the subplots of the film. It is a fun film with some serious points on social conventions, as asked by a thoroughly curious cat.

*Holy Motors* by Léos Carax (2012) is one of the strangest and rather dire films of the festival, for the central character, named Oscar and played by Denis Lavant, is an actor without a stage, but is assigned a series of bizarre roles in several wildly different real-like situations. He is driven to each real-life situation in a limousine by a driver named Céline, played by Edith Scob, and her costume is the same as the one she wore in her role as Christiane Genéssier, the wife to the evil Dr. Genéssier in the film *Les Yeux sans visage* (1960). Scob’s role as Christiane Genéssier is referenced at the end of *Holy Motors* after she parks the limousine in a garage, and she puts on a mask similar to those worn by the victims of Dr. Genéssier in *Les Yeux sans visage*. Hence, there may be other references to other films throughout the various roles by Oscar in *Holy Motors*. In his first real-life situation, Oscar leaves the limousine dressed as an old woman, who then begs for money on the street. Once this role is over, he returns to the limousine, Céline drives him to the next assignment, where he performs some dirty-dancing with a woman, both wearing motion-capture suits. (I doubt this scene is a reference to the American film from 1987, *Dirty Dancing*, but the phrase is a good and polite description of what happens in the scene.) After the assignment is over, he is driven to the next assignment to portray a crippled and violent old man, who is blind in one eye, and who kidnaps a model during a photo-shoot. During a scuffle, Oscar as the violent old man, or possibly as a beast or satyr, bites a finger off the hand of an assistant to the photographer, and the photographer himself never stops shooting the event. The beautiful model is taken to a cave by the old man/beast/satyr, where he becomes completely naked. (Forty years ago, this movie would be rated “X” because of this scene alone.) But Beauty conquers the Beast, for she gets him sleep in a corner in the cave, without doing anything sexual. I cannot remember how the scene ends, but in the next assignment, Oscar plays a father who is driving his car to pick-up his teenage daughter who is at a party. The following real-life situations become increasingly bizarre, and by the ninth and last assignment, Oscar again plays a father at the end of his long day, who is assigned to perform with his wife and daughter in an apartment, but his wife and daughter are chimpanzees.

I did not see *Holy Motors* during the festival on Thursday, April 3, 2014, so I have no idea how the film was analyzed by the undergraduates and other patrons, but I had seen it several months earlier at Cinestudio, and James Hanley of Cinestudio remarked to me that Carax referenced the movie *Blow-Up* in the third assignment of *Oscar* as the old man/beast/satyr. *Blow-Up* was directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, 1966, and it is about a photographer who discovers that he may have unintentionally photographed a murder, after he enlarges the photos that he took of a model in a public park. Carax’s film has had some impact on American culture, for in the middle of the film, Oscar plays the accordion, leading a group of accordionists marching and somewhat dancing in an empty church, the song “Come With Me Now.” The song is by a South African band called Kongos, and it charted at number one in the U.S. on *Billboard’s* Alternative Songs Chart in 2014. *Barbarella* by Roger Vadim (1968) is definitely the product of the 1960s, whether France or the United States, for the central character is Barbarella, played by Jane Fonda, a sexually liberated heroine, who is sent by the President of the Earth to rescue Dr. Duran Duran, the inventor of the Positron Ray, a weapon that cannot fall into the wrong hands. (Note the reversal of the typical storyline, for a woman is sent to rescue a man.) The movie is entertaining visually, from the cheese-cake sci-fi suits worn by Jane Fonda to the sometimes stunning sets that must have been inspired by comic books like those of Buck Rogers. Another fun point of the film is to see the great French pantomimist, Marcel Marceau (1923-2007) to act against stereotype in his role as the talkative Dr. Ping. (Marcel Marceau is the stage name of Marcel Mangel, so he is not related to your author.) Although the film is a French production, and Roger Vadim was a French citizen, and he was Jane Fonda’s husband at the time of the production of the film, nearly all of the dialogue is in English. As for the cultural impact of the film, readers who remember MTV in the early 1980s, when it broadcast music and not just reality-television shows, should remember the English rock band Duran Duran, who took their name from the character in *Barbarella*.

*La cité des enfants perdus* by Marc Caro and Jean-Pierre Jeunet (1995) was shown in the afternoon of Sat. April 5, 2014 at Cinestudio, and it was the only film in the festival shown from a print, not a digital image as were the nine other films in the festival. (Cinestudio is one of a few movie theatres in the U.S. that still have film projectors.) The title alone is ominous, and it is set in a nightmarish world, on the coast of an unnamed port city, possibly in the late 19th Century or even in the early 20th Century. The sets resemble a future that could have been envisioned by the French sci-fi novelist, Jules Verne (1828-1905), and the set and costume designs would be called today “Steampunk.” The hero is a carnival strongman and sailor named One, played by Ron Perlman, and the villain is an evil scientist named Krank, played by Daniel Emilforsk. (Continued on page 26)

*(The 15th Annual April in Paris at Cinestudio, Hartford continued from page 24)*

Martin Villeneuve, the director and writer of the film *Mars et Avril*, talks about how he made his film before an audience at Cinestudio, at the close of the April in Paris Film Festival, on Sat. April 5, 2014.

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The plot centers on Krank, who kidnaps children from the streets of the unnamed port city, and he experiments on them in order to steal their dreams, because he is trying to restore his own mind’s ability to dream. The means Krank is able to kidnap the children is through a network of family members who can be concisely described as an assortment of freaks from a freak show, as well as a cult of weird bio-engineered men. One becomes involved with rescuing the children after his adopted little brother, Denree, played by Joseph Lucien, is kidnapped by Krank’s henchmen. In the end, the children are rescued, and the evil-doers are punished, or dead. It is good film, somewhat disturbing like a mild nightmare, with some quirky humor.

*Mars et Avril* is written and directed by Martin Villeneuve (2012), and it is set in a futuristic Montreal, when humans are about to land and explore the planet Mars. The plot of the film is a love-triangle, for an elderly jazz musician, Jacob Obus, played by Jacques Languriand, and the young man who builds his musical instruments, Arthur Spaak, played by Paul Ahmarani, are in love with the same woman, Avril, played by Caroline Dhavernas, who is a photographer. Jacob Obus and his band of elderly jazz musicians with poofy haircuts and pastel-colored clothes, do not play ordinary jazz instruments, such as the saxophone, or the clarinet, but futuristic jazz instruments, that are a cross between wind and string instruments, or wind and keyboard instruments that are constructed into the forms of women, such as Avril, who is a model for Arthur Spaak. (Here is the beginning of the love triangle.) A fourth character is Eugene Spaak, played by Robert Lepage, who is the father of Arthur Spaak, and who is an inventor, a cosmologist, and all-around genius, who had been transformed sometime before the beginning of the film by the miracle of science to be more of a hologram than a real flesh and blood man. (To be exact, the character Eugene Spaak is the computer generated image of two actors, the body of Jean Asselin and the head of Robert Lepage.) A wrinkle in the love triangle occurs somewhere in the last third of the movie, or sometime earlier in the storyline since the film does not have a clear linear construction, when Avril accidently transports herself from a walkway in the futuristic Montreal to somewhere on Mars, via a transporter that looks like a telephone booth. (When was the last time you saw a telephone booth?) This turn in the storyline is not clear to me, and it is not clear as to why such transporters could be created by a society still dependent on spaceships for interplanetary travel, for it is clearly mentioned in the film that there is a mission of “Marsonautes,” (apparently the name given to astronauts who travel to Mars), who are in the process of traveling from the Moon to Mars by spaceship. Maybe the “Marsonautes” will ultimately save Avril and return her to Earth, who knows? The last point reiterates the title of the film, *Mars et Avril*, which is a play on the words in French for the months of March and April, as well as the planet Mars and the character Avril, or maybe an oblique reference to Arthur Spaak, the young suitor, a Mars, courting his Avril.

It is clear that Martin Villeneuve’s *Mars et Avril*, is the product of a post-Catholic, or a post-faith society, which has been increasingly evident in the Province of Quebec for the past couple decades. While Jacob Obus, Arthur Spaak, and Avril are sullied in the emotional stickiness of a love triangle, Eugene Spaak is the voice of reason in the film, and he tells Jacob Obus how science has triumphed over traditional faith, while on a bullet train outside of the futuristic Montreal: “Whether you like it or not, science is the new religion.” This point of view would not be a problem as a theme in the film, religion versus scientific materialism, but Martin Villeneuve also added philosophical relativism to his film, as expressed by Eugene Spaak to Jacob Obus in the next sentence: “You create the limits of your own reality.” So, is science based upon empirical data, or is science the veneer of philosophical relativism, where one can create a new reality through one’s own imagination? Can one’s imagination produce empirical reality? If science is philosophical relativism, how is it different than religion? Although these themes are found in literature, the two themes of empirical science versus imagination and philosophical relativism, and their two conflicting points of view make the film confusing to understand at times. Also, the conflicting points of view may reflect Martin Villeneuve’s own creative process, the science of raising money to create the film, and then the film itself as one’s own created reality.

Martin Villeneuve spoke about his film, *Mars et Avril*, after it was shown on the evening of Sat. April 5, 2014 at Cinestudio. He spoke about the mixing of fashion styles in his film, and the use of futuristic items, like the strange musical instruments, while using hardline telephones that were made in the 1950s as props. He called the style “future retro.” Unlike the pure fantasy of his film, he spoke about the realities of the cost of making a film, and how he saved money by using the green screen, and computer generated imagery (CGI). He also spoke about empirical things, such as money, and how he raised it by selling the strange musical instruments as works of art, with the selling point that the artwork appeared in a film. His film may be the product of his imagination, and a great deal of CGI, but he was certainly pragmatic in how he made dollars and cents in order to create his film.
Celebrating the French Canadian Experience
By Denise R. Larson

The next two years, 2016 and 2017, are big ones for French-Canadian-American culture in the Northeast. The Franco-American Women’s Institute (FAWI) will be twenty years old in 2016. The Franco-American Centre, which began as the University of Maine Office of Franco-American Affairs in 1972, will celebrate its 45th anniversary in 2017. These two cultural associations would probably not exist were it not for the really big event that happened in 1617 — the arrival in Quebec of a French family that would settle permanently in New France, transforming an isolated fur-trading post into a community, which was the fervent desire of Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec. The Héberts, whose five members (Louis Hebert, his wife, Marie Rollet, and their three children) were but the first of many who braved the rough Atlantic to start a home and a new life in a new land.

Noting the 400th anniversary (2017) of the landing of the Hébert family is paralleled by the 350th anniversary (2016) of the first official census taken in Canada, which was completed in 1666. Nearly fifty years after the arrival of the Hébert family from Paris, there were more than five hundred families living in and around Quebec, Montreal, and Trois Rivieres. The total enumerated population was 3,215.

Thanks to an interesting immigration program supported by Intendant Talon, who had ordered the first census and even personally did some of the enumerating, the population of Canada expanded quickly. Talon had been concerned that men in the colony outnumbered women approximately two to one, so he arranged for hundreds of young, unmarried women to come from France to Quebec with the understanding that they would wed an eligible bachelor, settle down, and raise a family. Part of Talon’s plan was to establish a larger presence in New France and strengthen his country’s claim to the land and its valuable resources.

The immigration program was amazingly effective. About nine hundred young Frenchwomen who were brave and adventurous or destitute and lonely — or maybe a mix of those circumstances — sailed to Quebec, found a mate, and started a family. In 1671 alone there were seven hundred births. The women were called filles du roi in deference to the king of France, who approved both the plan and the payment of a dowry of household goods to most of the women who participated. La Society des Filles du Roi et Soldats du Carignan, Inc., offers lists of les filles and the soldiers who married them: http://www.fillesduroi.org.

Immigration to New France tapered off after 1700, so the eighty-some years of active population growth was the foundation of the peopling of French Canada and the millions of descendants who spread across the continent and world. For those descendants who want to know more about Canadian censuses, Library and Archives Canada has compiled a listing of extant Canadian census returns and offers some indexes and finding aids on its website: http://www.bac-lac.gc.ca/eng/census/Pages/census.aspx. The Franco-American Centre on the campus of the University of Maine in Orono allows hands-on research in its collections at the resource library in Crossland Hall; telephone 207-581-3789; website: http://www.umaine.edu/francoamerican/.

Denise Rajotte Larson is a Franco-American (French-Canadian Acadian American) who recently moved to the Bangor area and is exploring her northern Maine roots. She is the author of Companions of Champlain: Founding Families of Quebec, 1608-1635 (Clearfield Company, Baltimore) and writes about history and genealogy for several publications.
Autrement, les Canadiens, au sens originel du terme, ont été partout en Amérique. Ils font nommée, habité, chanté et écrit. Leurs traces subsistent toujours, même si la dimension continentale de leur civilisation a été oubliée par nombre d'entre eux. Aujourd'hui, avec la mondialisation, l'espace, la société et la politique se complexifient. La volonté indépendantiste du Québec est mise en veilleuse. L'Acadie n'est toujours pas une réalité politique. Les Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre n'ont pas de structure institutionnelle pour les encadrer. La place de la Louisiane s'amenuise. En même temps, le vecteur haïtien prend de l'importance au fur et à mesure que l'axe Port-au-Prince - Miami - New York - Montréal se constitue. De plus, les francophones des pays du Tiers Monde déferlent sur les grandes villes canadiennes... et américaines. Les Francos d'Amérique - quel autre nom donner à cette famille si bigarrée ? - vivent de nouvelles réalités et font face à de nouveaux défis.

Les études et les témoignages réunis ici rappellent la richesse et le dynamisme de la présence franco partout sur ce continent. Parfois, ce sont des endroits où la francité se limite à un fait d'histoire. Ailleurs, ce sont de simples lieux de mémoire où les gens se souviennent de leur « héritage français, canadien ou canadien-français », sans nécessairement le faire en français, et où les sociétés historiques et généalogiques prolifèrent. Enfin, il y a ces lieux où vivre en français est une lutte quotidienne, comme en Acadie et en Ontario, des espaces qui s'étendent le long des frontières du Québec, justement là où la francité est un fait de société, donc une force politique et économique incontestable.

Il est plus que temps de dévoiler cette magnifique face cachée de l'Anglo-America, soit la Franco-Amérique !

Franco-Americans brought their proud cultural legacy to Lewiston-Auburn beginning in the mid-nineteenth century. As their population grew, religious leaders became community leaders, building an independent parish and a support system, as well as providing child care. The Sisters of Charity cared for the sick and orphaned and ran the first bilingual school in Maine. Franco-Americans grappled with their own questions of patriotism, identity and culture, assimilating as Americans while preserving both their French and French Canadian backgrounds. Authors Mary Rice-DeFosse and James Myall explore the challenges, accomplishments and enduring bonds of the Franco-Americans in Lewiston-Auburn.


The book is published by The History Press and available on Amazon.com and elsewhere.

Franco-Americans of Maine (Images of America)  
by Dyke Hendrickson (Author)

Nearly one-third of Maine residents have French blood and are known as Franco-Americans. Many trace their heritage to French Canadian families who came south from Quebec in the late 19th and early 20th centuries to work in the mills of growing communities such as Auburn, Augusta, Biddeford, Brunswick, Lewiston, Saco, Sanford, Westbrook, Winslow, and Waterville. Other Franco-Americans, known as Acadians, have rural roots in the St. John Valley in northernmost Maine. Those of French heritage have added a unique and vibrant accent to every community in which they have lived, and they are known as a cohesive ethnic group with a strong belief in family, church, work, education, the arts, their language, and their community. Today they hold posts in every facet of Maine life, from hourly worker to the U.S. Congress. These hardworking people have a notable history and have been a major force in Maine's development.

http://www.amazon.com/

St. Bruno Parish  
Van Buren, Maine  
1838-1900  
Marriage, Baptismal and Death Records

Includes Priest’s Notes  
by Gary R. Levesque

New genealogy book now available. St. Bruno Parish (Van Buren, Maine) registers’ marriages, baptisms, death records and priests’ notes from October 1838 to October 1900. The book is 300 pages and to keep the cost down, it will be printed locally and only when I have a request for a copy. Cost: $30.00 plus shipping & handling. Send me a private message for more information or are interested in ordering one. Thank you.

Make check or money order payable to  
Gary Levesque, P.O. Box 493  
Van Buren, ME 04785  
Email: betgarreb@hotmail.com
Fr. Santerre and His Two Translators Gave Their Signatures at a Book-signing in St. Joseph’s Shrine Museum, Lowell, Mass.

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT


Fr. Santerre’s book is only available through the gift shop at the Shrine of St. Joseph the Worker in Lowell, and the phone number of the gift shop is (978)-459-9522, ext. 4, and the website of the shrine is: http://www.stjosephshrine.org/.

Dr. Claire Quintal signing my copy of Fr. Santerre’s book. Photo by Marceau.

Fr. Lucien Sawyer O.M.I. about to sign my copy of Fr. Santerre’s book. Photo by Marceau.

La guerre

La guerre c’est un calvaire
L’enfer sur la terre.

Y a rien d’bon a la guerre
Toute est noir a la guerre
La guerre n’a pas de gloire
La guerre c’est la misère

Y a pas d’guerre sanitaire
Y a pas d’bonne guerre
Ceux qui gagne la guerre
Se batte pas dans la guerre
C’est toujours l’humanité qui perd la guerre

Y nous font accroire
Q’est une guerre sanitaire
Une belle p’tite guerre humanitaire
Une guerre soi-dite necessaire.
“R’gardez ailleurs, y a rien a voir,
Pi adorer nos chers militaires.”

by Don Levesque

(Don is a Vietnam Veteran)

http://levesque-muse.blogspot.com/
Un Rêve

un rêve
je suis
   tombé dans un rêve,
tu m'embrasses, face à face.
Nous restons sur ton lit, ton visage et tes yeux bleus
je les vois
je te vois
je ferme les yeux et je me réveille
   tu m'embrasses
   tu me dis, «je t'ai rêvé»

by Stephen-Paul

AVE MARIA © Lucie Therrien

"Je vous salue Marie pleine de grâce"
You are omnipresent, polyglot.
I've seen you globally Madonna
Hailed you nine times, in novenas.

I've touched the Holy Water in Lourde's grotto
Trickling from the crystal spring and fountain
You created for Bernadette Soubirous
When you appeared in the Pyréné mountains

In a small chapel near the border of Italy
Pilgrims of Notre Dame de Laghet, France
Hang drawings of victims you saved in accidents
From the sixteen hundreds, to our century.

A humble borough in New Mexico
Harbors El Santuario de Chimayo.
In this red sand desert, your presence is palpable
People fervently flock for a miracle.

My favorite place to visit you is on Summer hill
Where I rest beside you, on a wooden bench, still.
Surrounded by foliage and day lilies
I burden you with my concerns and worries.

People place offerings at your bare feet
Clinging to their faith with fervent devotion.
A fresh bottle of water appeared daily for weeks
A petition to quench human thirst, and for world peace.

I've photographed you in the pale of Winter
Crowned with flowers, as a Mother, in May

---Maureen Perry, 2015

Glancing down at your Son, lovingly
I hoped your gaze in my direction, might stray.

On Saint Valentine, you held a long stem rose
Placed there by a husband, or a lonely lover.
And the yellow ribbon on the maple tree, bowed
Was it tied for the return of a son, a soldier?

In June, a prayer book was wedged in Jesus' hand
A rosary hung from your slender wrists
Perhaps in memory of a relative, a deceased man
Taken from his folded arms in a casket.

April's torrential rains and floods grew mold
On your veil and gown, buried among the folds.
But Autumn, with its splendid red and gold
Framed you perfectly - a sight to behold!

I strayed from you once, out of resentment
Having nearly perished in a violent accident.
Why didn't you intercede for me?
I didn't deserve such violent punishment.

I stop my car to pray and meditate
On the way back from my evening swim
At the church of Mary Immaculate
Where you and your Child stand outside - so quiet.

Your statue constantly changes hues
Like Monet's paintings of the cathedral in Rouen
With pastel shades of mauve, pink, ivories and blues
Varying at dawn, dusk, mornings and afternoons.
When I pick up my paint brush next
For inspiration, you will be my first subject
From my many photos, you, I will sketch
Then hang my art in a vernissage,* next to this poem.

"Ave Maria" is poem included in Lucie Therrien's Book & CD set called "Dual Citizen - Deux Citoyennes".
The song is included on the CD in the book, with Gounod's Ave Maria in the background. This is Lucie’s 15th CD. Her website is http://www.LucieT.com for more info or her concert agenda."
Treadmill

© 5/11/15 Donna A. Hébert (inspired by my family genealogy)

I am not a cow
You can't breed me
every year
for the milk
and the heifer,
slaughter me
when I
no longer
calve or
give milk

My grandmother
had seventeen
pregnancies
The other
mothers in my line
averaged a dozen
children each
One had twenty-two
Only one lived
past sixty
Most perished
before fifty

Some in
calved,
the others
just wore out

The priest
came every year
to command
they do their duty
The eunuch’s revenge

Her husband,
though happy for a
new farmhand
and months of
anxiety-free sex,
was saddened
by her death
at thirty-five

His second wife
has six
of their own now,
his first family
grown and
gone

The priest
is due
for another visit
Next year's twins
will be her last

Her husband
will marry
again

Donna Hébert
Fiddle instructor: Smith & Amherst Colleges
413-658-4276 • Email • Website: Teaching, Fiddling Demystified publishing, blog

BANDS
-- Panache Quartet - with Andrea Beaton, Jane Rothfield & Véronique Plasse
-- Mist Covered Mountains - Trio with Molly Hebert-Wilson & Max Cohen
-- Groovemama - Great Groove Band coaches at Old Songs & Philly Folk Fests
-- Duo with Max Cohen - concerts, workshops with guitarist & singer Max Cohen
-- Chanterelle - Franco-American fiddle & songs with Josée Vachon

http://fiddlingdemystified.com/
Coin des jeunes...

Aide Bouzy à fermer le bon robinet.

Trouve les 7 erreurs...

(Solution voir page 34)

SUDOKU:

Complète la grille en remplissant les cases vides avec les chiffres de 1 à 9, de manière à ce qu'un chiffre ne se répète jamais dans une même ligne, colonne ou carré. (Solution voir page 34).

(Suite page 34).
Coin desjeunes...

Retrouve dans la grille tous les mots de la liste, sachant qu’ils peuvent s’écrire dans tous les sens, même en diagonale et à l’envers. Une lettre peut faire partie de plusieurs mots.

Raye chaque mot trouvé dans la liste et dans la grille. Il te reste 6 lettres avec lesquelles tu formeras un dernier mot en les relevant dans le sens normal de la lecture.
FRENCH STORIES AND SONGS

for CHILDREN
ages 4 to 10

with Tante Louise

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

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

Phone: (207) 322-3892    Email: LtanguayR@gmail.com
Dear Le Forum;

Thank you for another interesting copy of Le Forum. All the articles are interesting, but what jumped out to me was on the Poetry page - “I will not speak French in school”.

My father, Clarence Girard, was a first generation child born of French Canadian immigrants from Ste Ursule, Maskinonge, Quebec to Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. His father, Joseph Girard, did not allow anyone to speak English in the family home in Chippewa Falls. Subsequently, when my father started grade school, Notre Dame Parish in Chippewa Falls, eh and his siblings only spoke Canadian French. School was taught by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. In spite of this, only English was allowed to be spoken in school. My father said that whenever he spoke French in school he felt the wrath of the nun’s ruler on his knuckles. I imagine he was also required to write many times, “I will not speak French in school”.

He and his siblings would then return home from school practicing their new language. If their father heard them, they were in trouble again, only in reverse. If they were to speak English to each other during a meal they were sent away from the table unable to finish eating. If they were walking around the house and let slip an English word they had to get down on all fours and kiss the floor. This lasted until my father was a teenager. If he had a visiting friend, German, Norwegian or another nationality that didn’t speak French, he had better not speak English to him in the house or he would have to get down and kiss the floor tight in front of his friend. Very embarrassing!

We (The French-American Heritage Foundation-Minnesota) at the behest of the Minneapolis Public Schools have been asked to produce 4 session course on the French Canadian impact on the State of Minnesota. We are covering a period from 1534 Canada up to present day Minnesota. As one of the presenters, I have used the “I will not speak French in school” article and information that was shared in the Books/Livres section featuring Mr. Paradis and Mr. Richard.

During my last visit to Quebec in September of 2014 I heard from folks there that they were surprised to learn from me about how great the Canadian French influence is in the Midwest area. So much so that I was asked to write an article about it for the French newspaper in Gatineau, Quebec. Unlike the New England area of the U.S., all our earliest towns and cities were founded by French Canadians. They were the first non-native people to visit this area. We have more communities with French names than we do with English names.

I am glad to see the upsurge in interest in French Canadian heritage in our area. We even have a class available to learn Canadian-French (Royal French) for those who want to speak like their parents, grandparents and our French neighbors to the north.

Keep up the good work!

Pierre Girard
Minneapolis, MN

Dear Pierre;

I’d like to first start by thanking you for taking the time to write to Le Forum and to also thank you for sharing your father’s experience with language.

The following language law was in the Handbook for Teacher’s (1959) in the St. John Valley in Northern Maine. Because of this law we had what we call, “Silent playgrounds”.

As School Union #127 is located in an area where French predominates, each teacher has an added responsibility in making sure that English is used at all times at school.

The children in Madawaska, Frenchville and St. Agatha are Americans and, as such, are citizens of a country where English is the official language. These children have been blessed in that they can speak French fluently. It is our hope that by introducing the teaching of French in the elementary school they may learn to speak French more correctly and may be able to read and write it too. However, the primary function of each teacher is to teach the children how to speak, read and write as fluently in English. All teachers should be aware of this and should constantly be on the alert to advance the children in the quality and amount of English which they use.

Any teacher violates her trust, both legally and morally, who allows herself or any pupil to revert to French in the classroom. Any teacher violates her trust when she encourages children to speak anything but English at recess, around the playground, before or after school or even away from the school.

Let child approach you in French. If he has difficulty in making you understand; help him by suggesting words, but do not revert to the French yourself to make it easier for him. If you do, you are not helping, you are penalizing him for he will feel that there is no need to work hard to learn English because he can always revert to his French when he has difficulty.

Always be aware of your responsibility. Make the children proud of their heritage and make them realize how many advantages they enjoy when they can master not one but two languages.

We welcome news, happenings from your area!

Carroll Michaud
Shreveport, LA

Dear Pierre;

I greatly enjoy reading Le Forum. You are doing a wonderful job.

Thank you for your hard work.

Esther Barbieri
Perry, ME

Thank You!

We welcome news, happenings from your area!
Dear Le Forum;

Enclosed is a copy of an old French-Canadian folk song that I loved to hear my father sing at parties. He dictated it to me and I gave it a rough translation. He did not even know the title of the song because his dad sang it before him. I gave it the name “l’Immigré”. I even made an amateurish attempt at singing it on “You Tube”. I will try again later being more careful of my diction.

What I would like to know, are there any of your readers who are familiar with this song and who composed it? If so, I would appreciate getting an email from them at: zavyay@gmail.com.

“Merci mille fois!” and enclosed you will find a check to renew my subscription. “Oui, je m’en souviens!”

Très amicalement,

Xavier de la Prade
Petaluma, CA

Dear Le Forum;

I would like to give praise and many thanks to our Editor, Lisa Desjardins Michaud. She has helped volunteers to find our ancestors and most of all the personal friendships she has with us all. Last year for me was medically difficult with a lot of anxiety and depression she has been such a God send to me to give me strength and courage to get through 2014. This year I was blessed with having a 50th Wedding Anniversary party at Pat’s Pizza. HavingLisa there was a blessing and the joy of her giving me a Blessing from the Pope for my Anniversary was so spiritual to me. Lisa also obtained a congratulations letter from the Governor, which I treasure. I am looking forward to our Fort Kent trip for overnight to attend a concert. It will be a joy to hear French music. Lisa organized this, the band is “La Racolte”.

I was unable to be at my great-grand-

(Continued on page 39)
Les Familles Fecteau

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor.

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

If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

Robert Feuiltaut and Marguerite Brochet of the town of St. Georges-de-Montaigu, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married at Quebec city on 22 February 1666 to “Fille-du-Roi” Gilette Savard, born in 1651 in France, died 1703 in PQ, daughter of Francois Savard and Jeanne Maron of the parish of St. Aspais, in the city of Melun, department of Seine-et-Marne, ancient province of Brie, France. St. Georges-de-Montaigu is located 17 miles south-southeast of the city of Nantes.

Pierre Filteau (Feuiltaut & Fecteau), born 1641 in France, died in 1699 in PQ, son of Robert Feuiltaut and Marguerite Brochet of the town of St. Georges-de-Montaigu, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married at Quebec city on 22 February 1666 to “Fille-du-Roi” Gilette Savard, born in 1651 in France, died 1703 in PQ, daughter of Francois Savard and Jeanne Maron of the parish of St. Aspais, in the city of Melun, department of Seine-et-Marne, ancient province of Brie, France. St. Georges-de-Montaigu is located 17 miles south-southeast of the city of Nantes.

(See the fall issue of Le Forum for more...)

Le Forum
This coming August 5-9, 2015, in Québec City, the seventh largest gathering of families Gagnon-Belzile to celebrate the 375th anniversary of the establishment of Gagnon brothers and their sister in Nouvelle-France (New France). All information is available in both languages on the festival’s website:

http://www.famillegagnonbelzile375ans.org/.

Note that the invitation to this gathering is for anyone who may be interested in some way to this great family.

Les Familles Gagnon and Belzile Website http://www.famillegagnonbelzile375ans.org/.

Contacts

Gilles Gagnon. gilles071.gagnon@sympatico.ca
Claude Belzile belbou@cgocable.ca
Les Familles Gagnon et Belzile Inc. gagnonbelzile375@outlook.com

(Continued from page 37)

daughter’s first birthday because I fell at the airport and broke my wrist in 3 places. So, this year after Christmas I started to feel better and told my daughter to make arrangements for May to celebrate Kiyomi’s 2nd birthday.

In March I asked Lisa if it was possible for me to record French songs I have learned since parochial school in Winslow, we had Ursuline nuns. Lisa told me that it would mean more to Kiyomi if she could see me sing. So I agreed to do a DVD.

I can assure you, Kiyomi Elizabeth was so happy to see her Grand Mémère talk to her and sing. She was so happy to see me on a big screen. I felt one of the best gifts I could do for Kiyomi is give her a special memory gift of me singing French songs. She loves to have someone sing to her. I can assure you my trip to California was such a joy to attend Kiyomi’s 2nd birthday, have Mother’s Day with 3 generations of Mom’s and also celebrate my 75th birthday with all my girls, daughter Lesley Angelina, Granddaughter Erica Leigh and my precious great grand daughter, she is giving us added love and joy in our elderly years. Ron and I are so thankful for God to shed loving blessings on us.

Thank you Lisa for being such a kind, considerate, generous and loving friend, that gives so much to others to help us.

I have told Lisa, I feel like you are my adopted daughter.

Lisa my God shed blessings of joy and good health in you future. Than you from the bottom of my heart for your friendship.

You are an amazing woman, Lisa Desjardins Michaud.

With Love and Appreciation,
Diane Bourque Tinkham
Old Town, ME

Happy 2nd Birthday
Kiyomi Elizabeth
May 5, 2015

Lucienne Elise Cloutier 1909-2015

OLD TOWN - Lucienne Elise Cloutier, 105, a resident of Treat & Webster Island aka French Island, passed away peacefully at home May 13, 2015 with her family by her side. Lucienne was born on June 24, 1909 in St. Cyprien, Québec, Canada. (To see more at: http://obituaries.bangordailynews.com/obituaries/bdnmaine/obituary.aspx?n= lucienne-elise-cloutier&pid=174871631&fhid=10701#sthash.5tVCYWYi.dpuf)

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 outset, its purpose has been to introduce and integrate the Maine and Regional Franco American Fact in post-secondary academic 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 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


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.

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, relatif 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, 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.