www.FrancoMaine.org
www.Francoamerican.org
New Website: francoamericanarchives.org
other pertinent websites to check out -
and www.FFA-USA.com/
Franco-American Women’s Institute:
http://www.fawi.net

$6.00 US
Le Forum

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The FAROG student group gives scholarship...the student group at the Franco-American Centre gave a book scholarship to Daniel Chamberland. The FAROG group raises funds throughout the year and they work in collaboration with the Nos Histoires de l’Île group to make this possible. If you would like to make a donation towards our Franco-American Scholarship please contact the groups advisor, Lisa Michaud at 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469 or via email at: Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu

Angel Sirois, FAROG President awarded Daniel Chamberland with a book scholarship and a t-shirt.


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Volume 34, Numéro 2

Printemps

Éditeur/Publisher
Yvon A. Labbé

Rédactrice/Gérante/Managing Editor
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Mise en page/Layout
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Composition/Typesetting
Robin Ouellette
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Aide Technique
Lisa Michaud
Yvon Labbé

Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by
Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine

Publié 4 fois l’an par le Centre Franco-Américain. Le Forum est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des États-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans Le Forum sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les points de vue de l’éditeur ou de la rédactrice, ou de la Division pour l’Éducation Permanente à l’Université du Maine.

Le Forum is published 4 times a year by the Franco-American Center. Le Forum is distributed in particular to Franco-Americans in the United States. Statements, opinions and points of view expressed are not necessarily those of the editor, the publishers or the Division of Lifelong Learning or of the University of Maine.

Tous les textes soumis doivent parvenir à —Forward all submitted texts to: Lisa D. Michaud, Rédactrice-en-chef/Editor-in-chief, Le Forum, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469-5719, U.S., au plus tard quatre semaines précédant le mois de publication—at least four weeks prior to the month of publication.

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

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

Le Forum et son staff—Universitaires, gens de la communauté, les étudiants --Brandon, Naomi, Angel et Robin.
Dear Le Forum;

I have been reviewing back copies of the Le Forum and I am interested in obtaining a copy of “The French Connection” by Bob Chenard, that may have covered the “COLLETTE” family. A church in St. Lambert near Québec was built by my great grandfather and his brother. They also donated the land. The family was known as “COLLET”.

The church was rebuilt in 1904 and I visited it a few years ago.

Is this possible? Enclosed is a donation.

Merci René Collette
Lemon Grove, CA

Dear René;

I am pleased you have taken the time to write us, but I am even more pleased that you value Le Forum enough to keep the issues...ahhh it warms the heart.

Yes, I will send you the information requested along with information that I was able to find on the internet. I hope all this information helps and if you need further assistance please do not hesitate to contact me.

La rédactrice

Ex-seminarian seeks former St. John Valley classmates

St. John Valley – In 1941, the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate opened a minor seminary in Bucksport to provide a high school education with religious training for Franco-American young men seeking to become priests in this missionary order.

The Oblates also accepted an initial class of seminarians in 1944 at their two-college in Bar Harbor in what is now the site of the College of the Atlantic.

With the marked decrease in vocations to the priesthood and the trend to commence training for the priesthood at an older age, both facilities closed in 1971.

The St-Jean-Baptiste Province that originally operated these facilities in Maine became known as the Eastern Province in 1991 and in 1999 all U.S. provinces of the Oblates were combined into one U.S. province.

As a result of these closures and mergers, essentially all the records of the minor seminary in Bucksport and the college seminary in Bar Harbor disappeared.

Now, a former seminarian who attended Bucksport and Bar Harbor, George Lambert, formerly of Augusta, is seeking his high school classmates.

He developed a database to compile contact information about the students that were in Bucksport in the years between 1956 and 1960 with a view of possibly organizing a reunion in 2010.

“Many students came from Aroostook County, from Ste-Agathe, Fort Kent, Van Buren, Presque Isle, with names like Hebert, Gervais, Paradis,” said Lambert.

“Unfortunately, for some unknown reason I have not been very successful in locating these former seminarians. So, I decided to appeal to the “St. John Valley Times.”

“If anyone who reads this article was a student in Bucksport concurrent with me or if you know someone who was, please send me contact information, either via e-mail at gil@roadrunner.com or snail mail at 10 Whippoorwill Circle, Kennebunk, Maine 04043.

“Those looking to renew acquaintances may visit www.omiusa.org/oldboys/northernresults.htm to see current profiles of those who studied at the Oblate seminaries.

After a long career as a CPA with a large international firm Lambert now lives in Kennebunk with his wife of more than 40 years, Mariette, and enjoys a nascent writing career. He has published a book about his six brothers’ service in the military and is working on a novel with the working title, “In God’s name-recollections of a seminarian.”

He and his wife have two children and two grandchildren.
LA BIOGRAPHIE DE MÈRE MARIE-ÉLISABETH TURGEON
(1840-1881)

PAR MONSIEUR HARRY A.M. RUSH, JR. EAST MILLINOCKET, ME

Élisabeth Turgeon, la fondatrice des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec, est née le 7 février 1840 à Beaumont, près de Lévis, Québec. Ses parents étaient monsieur Louis-Marc Turgeon et madame Angèle (Labrecque) Turgeon. Élisabeth était la cinquième d’une famille de huit enfants.

Élève des Ursulines Elle a fréquenté l’École Normale Laval de Québec de 1860 à 1862, alors que l’abbé Jean Langevin en était le directeur et, plus tard, l’évêque de Rimouski.

Institutrice Elle a enseigné à Saint-Romuald, à Saint-Roch de Québec et à Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré.

Religieuse En avril 1875, elle entra chez les Soeurs des Petites-Écoles de Rimouski: groupe de filles réunies dans le but de préparer des institutrices pour les écoles des campagnes et constituer une congrégation religieuse. Elle fit profession des voeux de religion, avec 12 compagnes, le 12 septembre 1879 quand Jean Langevin était l’évêque de Rimouski. Le même jour, elle est nommée première supérieure de la Congrégation.

Directrice et Fondatrice Quand vient le temps des grandes décisions, comme de choisir entre l’enseignement à l’école de Rimouski et l’engagement à répondre aux besoins pressants des paroisses démunies, comme Saint-Gabriel, Saint-Godefroi et Port-Daniel, Mère Marie-Élizabeth voit clairement et considère comme la volonté de Dieu la raison d’être de son institut: instruire les pauvres; elle la voit et la fait voir si lumineusement que toutes les soeurs encore présentes la suivront avec empressement pour l’avenir de la Congrégation.

À son médecin qui essaie de la dissuader d’aller fonder les deux missions de la Gaspésie, en lui proposant: “Si vous partez pour la Gaspésie (la Baie-des-Chaleurs)...en cette saison, est une imprudence que vous pourrez peut-être payer cher”: elle répond: Le bon Dieu ne m’appelle pas à Saint-Louis, mais il m’appelle à la Baie-des-Chaleurs. (Chronique des soeurs)

Au commencement de la Congrégation, la vie était très dure pour les soeurs. Mais, Dieu et Notre-Dame étaient toujours avec elles. Le 17 août 1881, Mère Marie-Élizabeth décédé, âgée 41 ans. Puisez-t-elle reposer en paix à cause de son amour de Dieu.

Sa lumineuse influence opère encore aujourd’hui, quand ses filles et les personnes associées à sa Congrégation s’engagent dans des projets conformes à la mission de l’Institut. Son rayonnement s’exerce plus clairement quand des soeurs consacrent leurs talents artistiques, musicaux ou littéraires pour la faire connaître, prier et aider. En voici un exemple parmi d’autre: c’est un extrait de la Symphonie pour une âme de tendresse, écrite par sœur Lionine Jalbert:

A Servant of God is a person whose Cause has officially begun. When the Holy Father agrees that they lived a life of Heroic Virtue they are called Venerable. With the acceptance of a miracle, and following the Rite of Beatification, they are called Blessed. With a second miracle and the Rite of Canonization they are called Saint. Decrees are promulgated by

Élisabeth Turgeon
1840-1881

Foundress of the Sisters of Holy Rosary, Rimouski
The Definitive Champlain

By Denise R. Larson

Weighing in at 834 pages and costing $40, I approached Champlain’s Dream by David Hackett Fischer with trepidation. The text runs some 530 pages, but the notes, bibliography, appendix, and index go on for another 300 more. This is a serious book.

Fortunately, my fear was unfounded. Fischer, who won the Pulitzer Prize for Washington’s Crossing, is neither arrogant nor erudite. He is a masterful interpreter of historical records and an able story teller who writes about the life and work of Samuel de Champlain with compassion and insight. With analytical skills worthy of Sherlock Holmes, Fischer sets out to take a new, balanced look at the physical evidence that still exists about Champlain in an effort to know the man better and see what made him tick.

Opening with an exciting battle scene, we take a look at Champlain and how he handles himself in battle, then travel back in time and across the Atlantic to visit Brouage, a land of marsh and mud flat and Champlain’s birthplace. His family’s stone house still stands in the walled city, despite its frequent winter floods. We are introduced to his prosperous family in this prosperous town that boasts of a military school and the company of cats to that of people; and Antoinette de Pons, marquise de Guercheville, a patroness of Acadia and one of the few women who bested Henry IV, a royal favor. Fischer has an intriguing theory about Champlain’s birth and baptism, the records of which curiously were never found.

Champlain’s Dream takes us back and forth across the Atlantic twenty-seven times as Champlain builds his navigation and diplomatic skills and develops a real talent for cartography. From his first Atlantic crossing to Spanish North America in 1598-99 as a passenger on his uncle’s ship, through the disastrous winter on Isle Sainte-Croix, the resettlement in Port Royal on the protected waters of Acadia, and then in Quebec at the defensible narrows of the St. Lawrence River, we see Champlain at his best when dealing with the North American Indians and at his worst when confronting conniving, greedy Europeans.

Fischer believes that Champlain’s success with Native Americans is what brought him success in his colonial settlements. Champlain was seeking a better world, a place of tolerance where mutual aid was the key element in “a place where people could live comfortably,” he wrote, with resources of fish, fur, timber, and soil, and in harmony, without the bitter religious conflicts that were raging in Europe. Fischer discovered that throughout Champlain’s career, the Frenchman exhibited “a genuine gift for peacemaking through a combination of firmness and restraint.”

Champlain practiced his diplomatic skills when dealing with North American Indians and with the French aristocracy, including Cardinal Richelieu, a reluctant cleric but avid politician who preferred the company of cats to that of people; and Antoinette de Pons, marquise de Guercheville, a patroness of Acadia and one of the few women who bested Henry IV, a king who loved the company of women.

Fischer’s explanation of Champlain’s reason for writing and publishing his books about exploration in New France obviously is applicable to Fischer himself: “Its exhilaration in the act of discovery, not in the sense of being the first to find something, but in the pleasure of revealing it to others.” This is the thrill of authorship – collecting much, distilling it all down to a rich essence, then sharing it with readers to ease them of the burden of search and analysis, to entertain them, and perhaps enlighten them.

Fischer’s respect for “the great Canadian historian Marcel Trudel” is evident. Other standard resources such as Marc Lescarbot and the Jesuit Relations are brought into play as well. Though the basic facts of Champlain’s remarkable story remain the same, the details brought together by Fischer enrich the tale tenfold and make the recounting worth reading by anyone who is serious about early French-Canadian history. Even the endnotes have wonderful tidbits of information and gossipy details to savor.

Illustrations in Champlain’s Dream are plentiful and beautiful, including two sections presented in color. There are portraits of historic personages and sea charts and land maps drawn by Champlain.

Though most of the story focuses on the trading post and colony at Quebec, the early days of Acadia and a summary history of its era under Isaac de Razilly, 1632 to 1635, is included towards the end of the book. Trois-Rivieres is treated similarly, with additional material on Champlain’s troupe of interpreters and the law-skirting coureurs de bois.

In 1632, three years before his death, Champlain shared a kernel of wisdom in his book Voyages: “The advice I give to all adventurers is this: seek a place you can sleep in safety.” His advice summarizes his dream – a place where humanity was free to live in peace without fear of sudden attack or relentless persecution, a place where he could sleep undisturbed and dream his dreams of a new world.

Denise Larson is the author of Companions of Champlain, a summary history of early Quebec and a primer for French-Canadian genealogy. It is published by Clearfield Co., www.genealogical.com, 1-800-296-6687
This is the story of Évangéline Thibodeau Beaupré who had just turned 100 years old on February 14, 1992 the day I interviewed her for this story. She was born in a small village in the Province of Québec, Saint-Célestin, a dozen miles or so from Saint-Grégoire on the Saint Lawrence River not far from Montréal. Her father, Calixte Thibodeau, married Délia Bergeron and the couple had twelve children. She, Évangéline, was the fourth oldest girl, the eldest being Florilda. The other sisters were Anne-Marie, Eva, Maria and Antoinette. The brothers were Henri, Emile, Joseph, Edouard and O’Neil. The youngest, Arthur, was born in the States and died shortly after his birth.

The family left the village farm in July 1905 to find work in New England since the father was forced to bear an arduous financial burden as a result of a bad loan. An uncle of the family had a small casket business that fell on hard times. The uncle persuaded Évangéline’s father to borrow money for him since, apparently, the uncle’s credit was poor. The father obliged as the uncle was family and the family honor was at stake. Unfortunately, the business failed and the bewildered father had to liquidate his assets in order to pay back the loan. Two thousand dollars then amounted to a small fortune. The means of existence on the farm as a whole had been stable and adequate, but without these resources the family had to resort to other possibilities.

So the Thibodeaus packed up and moved to the Biddeford-Saco area in order to find work and survive. Évangéline was only thirteen years old then. She had attended only four years the little country school of Saint-Célestin where she excelled in reading, spelling and math (les rPgles) as she called them. She was poor in grammar, she declared emphatically; she was third in her group. In all, there were forty students of all levels in the large classroom. The first school mistress, she recalled, had been let go since the children had not learned much with her. However, the last teacher was just fine; little Évangéline learned fast and simply adored her.

The school was a mile and a half away and all the children walked to school even in winter. The horses that had been driven hard summer and fall were enjoying a respite in the shelter of the barn and were only taken out on Sundays for weekly religious services. So, a small ox was trained to pull a cart in which the Thibodeau children rode to school in the wintertime. One day, she related, the little ox veered astray into a snow bank and refused to budge in spite of the children’s spirited entreaties. The...
Réduisons la Consommation

Par Virginie Sand
Étudiante d'échange à l’Université d’Angers, France

J’ai récemment lu un article dans Le Monde (de la publication 7-8 janvier 2007) intitulé « Vivre pour consommer? » par Jean-Michel Dumay (chroniqueur au Monde). A mon avis, cet article-là nous demande à considérer quelques choses importantes. Par exemple, est-ce qu’une crise économique arrive si nous dépensons trop beaucoup de l’argent ou si nous ne dépensons pas assez se l’argent? Est-ce que la croissance économique est dépendante sur le consumérisme et la consommation?

En plus, le consumérisme contribue-t-il à la pollution et à l’épuisement de nos ressources naturelles? Par exemple, combien de choses se trouvent en tas de rebut ou débris chaque année? La consommation est-elle devenue un at- tachement qui est difficile à changer?

Par conséquent, « doit-on consommer pour vivre ou vivre pour consommer? » Cette question, n’est-elle pas liée à la question, « doit-on travailler pour vivre ou vivre pour travailler? ». Alors, dès que nous achetons plus de choses, puis nous devons travailler plus dur pour les payer. Donc, j’aime bien ce réseau au Québec qui suit le recours à la simplicité volontaire où on croit qu’il y a une façon de vivre qui cherche à être moins dépendante de l’argent, de la vitesse, et moins gourmande des ressources de la planète. Moi, je suis d’accord avec cette philosophie.

En outre, le texte de M. Dumay propose les façons pour vivre plus légères sur la

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terre. Par exemple, il y a aujourd’hui trois millions de membres à travers le monde qui inscrivent dans 3,900 groupes locaux de recyclage d’objets usagés, dont une dizaine existe en France. C’est-à-dire, quelqu’un peut utiliser les meubles ou les vêtements usagés. D’ailleurs, les choses usagés sont habituellement moins chère. Donc, le recyclage d’objets usagés peut réduire la somme de la dette pour chaque famille et pour chaque personne, ce qui peut aussi aider à réduire la somme de la dette nationale. Au même temps, si les gens achètent moins, cela aide aussi à réduire les dettes.

Enfin, le texte de M. Dumay a mentionné des autres stratégies pour économiser: ne plus rien acquérir de neuf durant toute une année, vivre seulement du troc, du marché de seconde main en achetant d’occasion ou en empruntant à son voisin, redécouvrir les vertus de la réparation et du recyclage. Bien sûr, on doit acheter les premières nécessités telles que la nourriture, les produits de santé, et les sous-vêtements. Cependant, le consommateur responsable déterminera ce qui est essentiel pour vivre et ce qui n’est pas essentiel pour vivre.

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**Le Consommateur Biologique**

*Par Virginie Sand*

Pendant que j’étudie à l’Université d’Angers en France ce semestre printemps 2009, j’ai toujours l’occasion de suivre mon régime biologique, et avec les grains complets. Pourquoi?

Parce qu’ici en France il y a de l’agriculture biologique comme dans les États-Unis. C’est-à-dire, dans la France il existe l’agriculture biologique qui garantit la non utilisation de produits chimiques de synthèse et d’organismes génétiquement modifiés (OGM), le recyclage des matières organiques, et la rotation des cultures et la lutte biologique.

Consommer <<Bio>> c’est agir au quotidien pour la planète! Par conséquent, c’est pour protéger l’environnement où nous: préservons des sols vivants et fertiles, résistants à la sécheresse et aux autres aléas climatiques; agissons efficacement pour la qualité de l’eau; et favorisons la biodiversité, c’est-à-dire l’équilibre d’un grand nombre d’espèces végétales et animales. D’ailleurs, consommer Bio veut dire à respecter les animaux, où nous soutenons un mode d’élevage fondé sur le respect du bien-être animal. Dans les élevages biologiques, les animaux disposent d’un espace suffisant et d’un accès aux parcours extérieurs. Ils sont nourris avec des aliments biologiques, en grande partie issues de l’exploitation. En cas de besoin, la priorité est donnée aux médecines douces.

En outre, consommer Bio est pour nous engager en faveur d’une consommation responsable, où: 1) Nous participons à une démarche fondée sur l’harmonie entre les sols, les cultures et les animaux, 2) Nous soutenons une importante source d’emplois, et 3) Nous permettons la création de valeur ajoutée au niveau local, régional et national. L’agriculture biologique est au cœur du développement durable, elle s’inscrit dans un mode de vie moderne et s’engage pour le bien-être des générations futures. Par conséquent, l’agriculture biologique est bonne pour la nature et donc bonne pour nous. Les produits bio ne contiennent ni additif, ni conservateur, ni colorants chimique de synthèse.

Ici, dans la région d’Angers, j’ai trouvé toutes les familles de produits biologiques.

(Suite page 9)
The Organic Consumer

By Virginia Sand

While I am studying at the University of Angers in France this spring semester 2009, I still have the opportunity to follow my organic diet, and with whole grains. Why?

Because here in France there is organic agriculture as in the United States. In other words, in France, organic agriculture exists which guarantees the non-use of synthetic, chemical products and genetically modified organisms (GMO), the recycling of organic material, and rotation of cultivation or tillage and the natural selection of species.

To consume organically is to act daily for the planet! Consequently, it is for protecting the environment where we: preserve the living, fertile soil, making it resistant to drought and to other climatic hazards; operate efficiently for the quality of the water; and protect and promote the biodiversity, that is to say, the balance and equilibrium of a great number of vegetable and animal species. Moreover, to consume organic foods means to respect the animals, where we support a method of raising/rearing animals, which respects their wellbeing. In their organic rearing, the animals are provided with adequate space and access to the outdoors. They are fed organic foods and born and raised without exploitation. In case there is need, priority is given to mild, gentle medicines.

Further more, to consume organically is to engage ourselves in favor of responsible consumption, where: 1) we participate on a course based on harmony between the soil, the cultivation, and the animals, 2) we support an important source of employment, and 3) we permit the creation of value added to the local, regional, and national level. Organic agriculture is at the heart of strong, lasting development and progress, entering a modern way of life and preparing for the wellbeing of future generations. Consequently, organic agriculture is good for nature and therefore good for us. Organic products contain neither additives, nor preservatives, nor synthetic, chemical dyes or coloring.

Here in the Angers region, I found all kinds of organic products in two stores that specialize in organic products in two stores that specialize in organic products: fruits and vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meat, fish, bread, oils, and other products that one consumes everyday. In fact, in these two specialty stores (Rayons Verts et Caba Biocoop), as a vegetarian, I found my favorite vegetables, non-hydrogenated margarine, almond butter, humus, tofu, maple syrup, decaffeinated coffee, wheat germ, couscous, flax seed, rice cakes, nutritional yeast, oats, green lentils, herbal teas, pesto sauce, whole grain pasta, tomato sauce, whole grain basmati rice, my favorite herbs like nettle and raspberry, whole wheat flour, whole buckwheat flour, polenta, sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, raisins, walnuts, etc. All these products are organic at the stores “Caba Biocoop” and Rayons Verts (Green Rays).” Everything in these stores is organic. How does one know this? Because there are two logos/labels used for assisting the consumer: the logo AB-Agriculture)-and the European logo which appears on these organic products.

In that case, I was very happy to find these two organic stores while studying in France. Apparently, more of 4% of the French regularly consume products originating from organic agriculture; because they know the disastrous effects, today established by evidence, of pesticides on our environment and on our health. Long live French for encouraging “organic consumers!”

For investigating more information on organic agriculture and products, consult:

Tout était étrange et nous ne parlions pas anglais. Au Petit-Quatre, je pouvais voir Irène et Armand car nous étions tous dans la même pièce, ce qui était rassurant, tandis que là, nous étions éparpillés dans des classes différentes. Rosa pleurait tellement que la religieuse venait me chercher pour tenter de la consoler, mais ensemble dans le corridor de l’école, nous pleurions tous les deux. La soeur ne parlait pas le français. Après quelques instants, j’étais bien obligée de retourner dans ma classe.

À la récréation, malheureuse et isolée des autres, nous restions debout en se tenant par la main. Les autres enfants ne parlaient pas notre langue, alors nous ne comprenions pas leurs jeux.

Malgré tout, le premier jour de classe terminé, je suis revenue en courant vers ma mère pour lui raconter ce que j’avais appris: je savais compter jusqu’à sept en anglais.

Un matin, en allant à l’école, j’ai lâché la main d’Irène pour m’élancer dans la rue. J’ai roulé sous un camion pour rebondir sur le pare-choc. Le camion s’est arrêté. Je n’avais rien, mais j’ai eu peur!

Irène a repris ma main en me grondant. Je l’ai suppliée de ne rien dire à maman.

Il y avait des autos dans les rues, et le seul cheval que j’ai vu, était celui du marchand de glace.

Il n’y avait pas de lumière à l’intersection des rues. Pour diriger le trafic, il y avait un policier là où c’était le plus achalandé.

Dans notre logement, on s’éclairait au gaz. Il n’y avait pas d’électricité, mais nous avions une chambre de poupées, Yvonne et Armand n’ont pas eu d’autres choix que d’aller travailler. À quinze ou seize ans, c’était l’âge!

Mais nous, les plus jeunes, maman surveillait nos devoirs et nous n’avions pas la permission d’aller jouer dehors avant de les avoir terminés.

Rosa ne manifestait pas trop d’intérêt pour les études. La plus intéressée, c’était Alice.

Papa, maman, Yvonne et Armand s’en sont parlés et ensemble, ils ont fait le rêve de me faire instruire. Au prix d’énormes sacrifices, les gens essayaient de donner une éducation à au moins un de leurs enfants.

Changer de pays avait été un gros choc pour nous et le fait d’apprendre une autre langue aussi, mais des enfants aimés avec des parents compréhensifs nous a fait passer au travers.

Je gardais un certain contact avec le français écrit. Lorsque maman recevait des lettres de ses soeurs et de son frère, mon oncle Clifford, elle me les faisait lire.

Puis, la famille chantait ensemble des soirées entières. Chaque famille possédait son cahier de chansons et complaintes.

Les gens apprenaient les chansons de l’un à l’autre pour les chanter en chœur. Plusieurs mélodies venaient de la famille de ma mère. Celle qui disait: “Alice, où es-tu donc?” pour moi

(Suite page 11)

Des cousins qui habitaient Watertown venaient nous visiter.

En octobre de la même année, maman retomba malade du mal de cœur le matin. Elle essayait de faire la besogne, mais elle était souvent couchée.


En arrivant de l’école, j’ai été porté mon panier à ma mère. Lorsque papa est revenu du travail, elle lui a immédiatement raconté l’histoire. Ça les a frappés drôles ! Je les voyais rire aux éclats, et ils ont fait répéter à Rosa ce qu’elle avait dit au juste. La mère Cambique est descendue et elle aussi ri avec papa et maman. Elle a dit qu’elle était bien contente que ses parapluies aient tourné aussi beaux.

Maman disait : « Les coutumes sont plus beaux que tous ceux des autres », et papa a ajouté qu’en plus, on ne se ferait jamais mouiller. Nos parents étaient comme ça, ils s’amusaient de nos folies. Si ils ont ri !

Peu après, tante Clara, une tante à ma mère, mourut à New Bedford, Massachusetts. Mon père demanda à un gars qu’il connaissait, s’il pouvait les amener aux funérailles. 

J’y suis allée avec eux. Je me souviens combien maman étais content de revoir ses cousins.

Après le service, Ligouri nous a amenés là ou ma mère avait vécu, étant jeune. Elle avait été ouvrière dans les filatures du Massachusetts. À la vue de tous ces souvenirs, elles est devenue songeuse, surtout devant la place où elle avait habité avec ses parents.

Cette familles Lavergne était toujours demeurée spéciale pour nous. Maman se payait une petite gâterie en s’achetant deux magazines en français : “LE SAMEDI et LA REVUE POPULAIRE. Elle aimait lire. Irène avait cessé d’aller à l’école et elle aidait aux travaux ménagers, de sorte que ma mère en avait moins sur les épaules.

Irène nous faisait un gâteau chaque jour. Quand il lui restait du temps libre, elle lisait, elle aussi.

Lorsque nous étions malades, maman nous soignait. Pour un mal de tête, elle tranchait une pomme de terre et elle nous en plaçait sur les tranches de The Waterbury de page 10
front, les faisait tenir avec un mouchoir.
Un matin, je me suis réveillée avec un affreux mal de ventre. J’ai gardé le lit, tandis que les autres sont allés à l’école. Le docteur est venu. J’ai, dans ma mémoire, le tendre souvenir de mon père et de ma mère, prenant soin de moi. Mon mal disparu, et je reçus ma première vraie poupée que je partageais avec Rosa.
Lorsque papa partait travailler, j’allaïs me coucher avec maman. Je me couchais dans son dos. Comme j’étais heureuse !
Le lien qui m’unissait à elle était d’une qualité rare.
Nous, aimions tous cette chanson qui disait :

Maman, mot que l’on dit tout-bas,
Maman, mot que l’on oublie pas
Son doux murmure, sa douce caresse
Tout un passé fait de bonheur et de tendresse
Maman, mot qui vient nous bercer,
Maman, mot qui vient nous faire rire et taquiner tout un chacun.

Émile avait ses premières dents gâtes, et il a fallu qu’il se fasse arracher. Papa et maman complices, se parlaïnt en disant :
« S’il fallait que ses deuxièmes dents ne poussent pas !!! » Maman dit : « Ah ! On lui ferait poser un pont ! » Émile part à crier : « J’en veux pas de pont, je ne veux pas que les machines me passent dans la bouche ».

En remontant le cours du temps, je pense que nos parents savaient que le rire et la tendresse seraient pour nous un remède tout au long de notre vie.

Yvonne travaïlait dans une usine de bouton, sur une presse, et un jour la machine lui a écrasé le doigt. On l’a menânée à la maison, et mes parents ont appelé le docteur. Il a été obligé de lui amputer le doigt à la première articulation.

Je la revoïe, couchée sur la table de la cuisine. Comme elle a dû souffrir ! Elle avait été endormie un peu, mais tout de même !

Après quoi, elle se plaça sur la North Main Street.

Tous les samedis après-midi, Irène, Rosa et moi allions au Centre d’Achat 5, 10, 15, à Howland Hugls. On s’amusait dans les ascenseurs.

Un jour, en revenant, Irène décida d’aller à la confesse. Je ne voulais pas y aller parce que j’avais besoin d’aller à la toilette. Elle me répondit d’attendre et que nous allions à l’église.

Nous attendions en file, et lorsque mon tour est arrivé, je m’agenouillai dans la confessionnal : « Bénissez-moi, mon père parce que j’ai péché », et là ... trop tard, je m’en pouvais plus, le pipi coulait ... Irène fut très mécontente de moi. Je lui ai demandé de ne pas le dire à maman.

Une aventure aussi pire était arrivée à Rosa. Nous aimions jouer dehors et que nous allions à l’église.

Nous attendions en file, et lorsque mon tour est arrivé, je m’agenouillai en disant :
« Non, c’est michtant comme de la merde ! »

On est tous partie à rire. C’était peut-être banal pour d’autres, mais pour nous, c’était le fun avec papa et maman. C’était l’ambiance de la maison.

Nous aimions tendrement notre petit frère et notre petite sœur : nouvelle-née.

Je me souvins des taquiner-ies de nos parents. Ils aimaient faire rire et taquiner tout un chacun.


Papa, Yvonne et Armand travaïlaient.

Noël arrivait !
Maman a cousu un bel ensemble en velours pour Émile, et des petites robes garnies de rubans et de dentelles à Rosélia.

Tante Laura demeurait encore avec nous, elle faisait partie de la famille.

Ce fut le plus beau Noël que nous ayons jamais eu. Nous avons reçu des cadeaux. Rosa et moi, nous avons eu une petite poupée avec des cheveux, et des yeux qui s’ouvriraient et se fermaient. Irène et Yvonne ont eu un coffre à bijoux doublé de satin. Papa et maman, un sucirier en argent avec cuillères suspendues de chaque côté.

À l’école nous avions écrit à Santa Claus, et quelqu’un est venu à la maison, nous livrer trois ou quatre boîtes de jouets. Que la vie était belle !

Yvonne tomba malade. On la retourna au Canada pour un repos.

C’était en 1926. Un changement d’air à St-Mathieu lui ferait certainement du bien. Après un certain temps, maman est allée la chercher. Elle amena avec elle les deux petits.

Pour ma mère, c’était la première fois depuis notre émigration qu’elle retournait dans sa place natale, et qu’elle revoyait son père, sa mère, et toute la famille.

St-Mathieu était un endroit très éloigné de la ville. Les parents de ma mère y vivaient. Oncle Clifford était marié à tante Sara, sœur de mon père. Cette famille, disait mon père, était parent des deux fesses.

Une autre soeur de papa demeurait là. Elle était mariée à Honoré Champagne. Tante Exina fut bien pauvre avec lui, mais ça ne l’a jamais empêchée de s’amuser. Elle n’avait pas besoin d’occasion spéciale pour tasser les chaises et faire de la place pour danser. Elle sortait sa musique à bouche, accordéons, etc. Il y avait des chansons à répondre en tapant du pied.

Oncle Honoré faisait partie d’une très grosse famille, une vingtaine d’enfants, je crois.

Maman fut embarrassée par la conduite d’Émile. Il n’avait que trois ans, et il disait sans arrêt : « Y a pas de patates en Canada, y a pas de glace non plus (crème glacée) ». À ce moment de l’année, tous les gens n’avaient plus de pomme de terre et ils attendaient les « patates nouvelles ».

En plus, Émile ne faisait pas la dif-
(Waterbury de page 12)

fère service entre un coq et une vache. Nous, au moins, nous avions connu la campagne. En plus de notre chien Boule, nous avions eu des chats, des lapins, vaches et cochons, mais Émile n’avait jamais vu d’animaux sur une ferme. Un matin, il entre dans la maison, au chant du coq, il va trouver maman pour dire : « La petite vache, elle crie, qu’est-ce qu’elle veut ? » C’était le coq qui chiantait !!!

Le monde a ri dans la maison. Maman plia en deux, était pâmée de rire.

Sur une photo, qu’ils ont pris lors de ce voyage, on pouvait voir Émile et Rosélia, bien habillés et bien chaussés, avec une belle coupe de cheveux. Ils sont posés avec leurs cousins et cousines : Rosabelle, Rosianne, Lucienne, Émile et Maurice Lavergne.


Ligouri est venu pour voir s’il pouvait faire quelque chose pour me convaincre de manger un peu, mais il n’y avait rien à faire. Finalement, papa a demandé à maman d’écourter son voyage parce qu’Alice s’ennuyait trop.

Un soir, Irène, Rosa et moi sommes allées l’attendre au train, mais on a vue personne. Désappointées, nous sommes revenues à la maison.

Le soir suivant, nous y sommes retournées et on les a aperçus : Maman, Yvonne, Émile et Rosélia. J’étais tellement contente que j’ai oublié ma maladie. Nous prîmes un taxi pour revenir à la maison.

Irène a pris les deux petits pour aller les faire voir à papa à travers les vitres de l’usine. Après la journée d’ouvrage, toute la famille s’est trouvée réunie. J’étais heureuse.

Si on avait pu figer ce moment privilégié !!! Mais on n’arrête pas le temps.

Photo prise à Waterbury en 1925


More from CT on page 22...

MOM’S JOURNEY
Submitted by Renée Gagné

Those who are lucky to still be blessed with your Mom, this is beautiful.
For those who aren’t, this is even more beautiful...

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. “Is this the long way?” she asked. And the guide said, “Yes, and the way is hard. And you will be old when you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning. But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, she fed them, and bathed them, and taught them to tie their shoelaces and ride a bike and do their homework and brush their teeth. The sun shone on them, and the young mother cried, “Nothing will ever be lovelier than this.”

Then the nights came, and the storms, and the path was sometimes dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her arms, and the children said, “Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come.” And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary too. But at all times she said to the children, “A little patience and we are there.”

So the children climbed, and as they climbed, they learned to weather the storms. And with this, she gave them strength to face the world. Year after year, she showed them compassion, understanding, hope, but most of all... unconditional love. And when they reached the top they said, “Mother, we could not have done it without you.”

The days went on, and the weeks and the months, and the years, and the mother grew old and she became little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And the mother, when she lay down at night looked up at the stars and said, “This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned so much and are now passing these traits on to their children.”

And when the way became rough for her, they lifted her and gave her their strength, just as she had given them hers. One day they came to a hill, and beyond the hill, they could see a shining road and golden gates flung open. And the mother said, “I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk with dignity and pride, with their heads held high, and so can their children after them.” And the children said, “You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates.”

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, “We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence.”

Your mother is always with you. She is the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She is the smell of certain foods that you remember, flowers you pick and perfume that she wore. She is the cool hand on your brow when you’re not feeling well. She is your breath in the air on a cold winter’s day. She is the sound of the rain. Your Mother lives inside your laughter, and she is crystallized in every teardrop. A Mother shows every emotion, happiness, sadness, fear, jealousy, love, hate & anger, helplessness, excitement, joy, sorrow and all the wile hoping and praying you will only know the good feelings in life. She is the place you come from, your fist home, and she is the map that you follow with every step you take.

She is your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy, but nothing on earth can separate you. Not time, not space, not even death.
Les Lowelliens répondent encore...

par Jean-Pierre DURAND
dimanche 15 juin 2008

Je gardais un impérissable souvenir de cette semaine passée à Lowell, au Massachus-
setts, en décembre 1972, il y a déjà plus de 35 ans. C’est à la suite d’une suggestion d’un peu
sauvagement de mon prof de littérature, Sylvain
Lelièvre, et aussi de ma lecture de l’essai que
VLB venait de consacrer à Jack Kérouac, que j’avais fait mon baluchon et grimpé
dans un Greyhound en direction de Boston.

Davantage que la quête du Ké-
rouac mythique, ce qui m’avait intrigué,
c’était d’apprendre que tant de Canadiens
français avaient connu l’exode vers les
États de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, depuis
1840 et jusqu’à 1930 environ, et qu’ils y
étaient maintenant installés à demeure. Et
pourtant, alors que le Québec se dirigeait
sur les chapeaux de roues vers l’élection
d’un premier gouvernement souverainiste,
l’existence de cette Franco-Américaine, de
cet Québécois d’en bas, demeurait le secret le
mieux gardé. Certes, on l’avait évoqué à
Radio-Canada, lors d’une émission du « Sel de la semaine », consacrée justement à
Kérouac, mais c’était comme tout bien peu.

C’est ainsi que je déambulai dans
les rues de Lowell, longeant la rivière
Merimack et découvrant dans celle-ci le
reflet des usines de textile qui, hier encore,
dominèrent la vie économique de la région
depuis ces arrière-grands-parents, qui avaient
sur la petite histoire familiale de chacune,
géra d’aller piquer une jase avec un groupe
de vieilles – j’eus d’ailleurs la sensation de
retrouver une réenchère de mon prof de littérature, Sylvain
Lelièvre, qui se réunissait chaque dimanche
à différentes époques de sa vie. Il m’était
pour moi une liste de personnes à Lowell
qu’il me fallait rencontrer si je voulais bien
cerner mon sujet. C’est ainsi qu’il me sug-
géra d’aller piquer une jase avec un groupe
de vieilles – je croyais d’autant plus que
j’avais donc toute l’attention sur moi
e je connus ce que Warhol appelait le quart
d’heure de célébrité. Toute la discussion
passa à parler de la vie française à Lowell,
tant qu’on estimait que le quart’d’heure de célébrité. Toute la discussion
passa à parler de la vie française à Lowell,
tant qu’on estimait que le quart de vie de Jack Kérouac. Cette dame craignait un
peu de perdre son français, car ses meilleures
amies n’étaient pas des francos. Mais ce
fut encore un moment mémorable. Si elle
voulait bien jaser des Kérouac de Lowell,
elle ne voulait pour rien au monde rater ses
émissions de télé. Si bien que, ce soir-là,
contre toute attente, je passai la soirée non
seulement avec Mme Kérouac et ses vieux
soeurs, mais également avec le docteur
Marcus Welby ! Ce cher médecin que tout le
monde adorait à l’époque, ignorant fort pourtant,
merci Paul Piché, qu’il ne cherchait pas
les causes des maladies comme l’amiantose.
Madame Kérouac avait aussi une couple de
chambres venus d’Afrique pour étudier
au Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Comme ils lui avaient tous offert des sou-
venirs de leurs pays respectifs, elle profita
de mon passage pour m’offrir à son tour ces
cossins qu’elle jugeait encombrants – des ra-
masse-poussière – comme un coupe-papier,
un masque africain et une antilope gossée
dans du bois. J’ai encore le coupe-papier.

Pour les jeunes de mon âge, je n’en
rencontré qu’un seul, Paul, qui était une
sorte de jeune « preppy » férue de Kérouac,
qui vivait chez ses parents, en banlieue de
Lowell, dans une grande maison qui au-
rait pu avoir appartenu à la famille Stone.
Dès que j’eus franchi le pas de sa porte,
Paul cria à la cantonade que « son ami »
(il devait en manquer cruellement pour

suite page 15)
m’introniser si vite dans son cercle) venait d’arriver. Il faut croire que je ne fis pas l’effet de l’ambassadeur Ben Béland, car le mot Québec ne provoqua aucune réaction. C’est à peine si sa mère, qui ressemblait à la comédienne Donna Reid, me lança un « Hi » de politesse ; tous les autres étant rivés devant leur écran de télé où l’on présentait du football. Paul s’excusa pour l’accueil et me conduisit dans sa chambre rangée et propre comme un sou neuf. On parla de Kérouac, bien sûr, mais peu du Québec, car, comme tous les autres jeunes de son âge, il n’avait d’intérêt que pour ce qui se passait au Vietnam. Et pour cause.

Avec tous ceux que je rencontrai, je leur donnais un cours 101 accéléré sur l’histoire récente du Québec, commençant avec la Révolution tranquille pour s’arrêter avec la crise d’Octobre. Mais, avouons-le, vu de Lowell, le Québec leur paraissait bien loin. Si l’Histoire et la langue nous réunissaient à coup sûr, les Lowelliens étaient aussi – je ne tardai pas à m’en rendre compte – des citoyens américains à part entière.

Le père Morissette, qui me trouvait peut-être trop sage avec mes questions bien gentilles, me suggéra aussi de me rendre au club Passe-temps, un endroit où les hommes franco-américains se réunissaient pour boire, pisser et jouer au pool. Une taverne, on n’avait pas encore inventé le concept d’implication d’un élève sérieux et appliqué. La réalité est que Lelièvre était un professeur qui incitait à l’émulation. Mon cas n’avait rien d’unique. (Était-ce si nécessaire de faire tout cela ?)

D’abord, je compris qu’il avait dû se passer quelque chose de grave pour le Père Morissette, quand je vis qu’il y avait maintenait un boulevard à Lowell qui portait son nom. De fait, il mourut en 1991. J’ai voulu retracer Richard Santerre, mais on me répondit qu’il était à la retraite, que mon appel pourrait le déranger, bref, on me le déconseillait. Quelqu’un m’offrit de lui transmettre une lettre si j’insistais. J’écrivis à Jeanine Richard, qui anime de Lowell, chaque dimanche entre 17h et 19h, l’émission de radio « Your French Connection » sur les ondes du 91.5 FM (www.wuml.org). Elle me mit en contact avec Roger Lacerte, autre personne qui en connaissait un char pis une barge sur la Franco-Américan. Elle me suggéra aussi de contacter le père Lucien Sawyer, un Oblat comme le père Morissette.

C’est par le biais du père Sawyer que j’obtins le numéro de téléphone de Richard Santerre. Je lui téléphonai, il n’y était pas, mais je ne laissai pas de message. Entre-temps, le père Sawyer s’était fait aller la margoulette et avait prévenu Santerre que je voulais lui parler. C’est pourquoi le 12 juin dernier, je reçus un appel de Richard Santerre. Cela faisait plus de 35 ans que nous n’avions pas échangé. Je le mis au parfum en lui apprenant que j’étais venu le voir en 1972, que si bien des choses avaient changé, j’avais encore quelques questions à lui poser sur Lowell et cela repartit de plus belle, comme si nous reprenions la conversation au même endroit que nous l’avions laissée.
Aunt Grace comes home

by Bob Rivard
Amherst, MA

When I was in school, my mom had a two family house in Lowell. We had an assortment of tenants over time, interesting adjunct family members who understood the pressures facing a widow with five kids at home, and took an interest in us beyond just paying the rent. There were two brothers that lived upstairs, older than all of us, Leo and Roland who would often stop in to tease my sisters and bring my brother and me yoyos or baseballs or other inexpensive toys just for fun. At first I thought it strange to accept a gift when it wasn’t my birthday, or Easter or some other special holiday, and hesitated to accept a small gift given freely in the middle of the week for no reason whatsoever. I got over my initial reluctance when Leo brought me some comic books and told me that I had to read to him since he didn’t know how to read. I felt proud to help him decipher the words and pictures and thought I was doing him a real service. I didn’t realize till much later that he was pulling my leg.

The best gift Leo ever gave me though was his infectious laughter. He would have everyone in our family laughing till our sides ached over stories he would tell about a small incident between the neighbor’s cat and his tennis racket, or the squirrel he captured on the porch with some peanuts dipped in whiskey. He would start the story laughing and before long we would all be laughing till much later that he was pulling my leg.

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I’m not sure what happened to those two brothers. The last memory I have of them is hearing Leo tell my Mom about wearing a monkey suit. I had been asleep in the other room and his laughter started a dream state in which I could picture him dressed as a monkey, swinging from trees and laughing his brains out. When I shook off the sleepy seeds, I ran into the room to see his monkey suit and was sorely disappointed to see him in his everyday clothing. It turned out that he had attended a wedding for his brother Roland that morning and he was describing the Tuxedo he wore as a monkey suit. I had woven the expression into a dream.

When Roland moved out with his new bride in tow, Leo drifted off and I never heard from either of them again. When they moved out, one of them left a pair of skis in the basement hallway. They were Northland wood skis with bear trap bindings and my brother and I took turns schussing up and down the drive imagining ourselves on the mountains we only saw in photos. I promised myself that I would ski the big mountains in my life, in spite of the fact that I was growing up without a dad, and that I would laugh like Leo to overcome my fear.

After Leo and his brother move away, we had a tenant that worked the night shift and slept days. That didn’t last very long at all since my brother had a loud mouth and tended to keep the tenant awake. His wife would chase my brother down the street with a vengeance, yelling after him and throwing chestnuts at him with a prodigious accuracy. When my mother became aware of the bruises all over my brother’s back she told the tenants that it was time to move along.

After that it was Aunt Grace and her nephew Raymond Rivard that rented the apartment. Aunt Grace had raised Raymond and now that she was widowed, Ray was looking after her. He was single and there was absolutely no way he could ever date his love’s dog reacting to the bell at dinner time.

This was a big trip for me. I had travelled to New Hampshire since it was only ten or twelve miles up the road, and had a short excursion to upstate New York when I was a sophomore, but Canada was just as far away in my mind as Europe. We didn’t have an automobile so the distances I could relate to were easily covered by bicycle. I was truly excited to see Canada and looked forward to spending two weeks on l’île d’Orléans, in the summer cottage of a distant cousin. My sister Maddy was engaged at the time and was in the Navy. Maddy had graduated from high school but was still living at home and I had just finished my senior year.

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We had the same last name but knew nothing of genealogy so had no idea when and where our ancestors converged. My dad had come from Rhode Island and Ray had grown up in Massachusetts, so there was only a loose link in the common name that we never fully explored. It was enough for us that Ray took on a benevolent uncle persona and looked after our family in the same way that Leo and Roland had done. He took us to pick apples in Littleton, and visit my mother’s cousin in Leominster in the summer and to Whalom Park for a day outing every summer.

Ray was a consumate skeetball player and would spend hours accumulating tickets that could be converted to prizes. My sisters, my brother and I would ride the amusements, go swimming, have a picnic lunch in the shade and Ray was busy pumping coins into the skeeball machine bowling for the center hole over and over. He brought home cut glass ashtrays and tumblers, and on occasion would give us tickets to redeem for stuffed animals.

Ray collected coins in a jar that he kept by the back door. Every day when he came home from work, he would empty his pockets and put all the coins in the big water jug on the floor. It was so heavy that my brother and I couldn’t budge it. When it came time to go to Whalom Park, Ray would roll the jar back and forth on the kitchen floor to empty out some of the coins. I can remember that sound like no other. It was as loud as thunder. It was electrifying. I was like Pavlov’s dog reacting to the bell at dinner time. I would jump up and down in anticipation of going to Whalom park on the weekend.

One year Ray decided that he would bring Aunt Grace to Canada to visit his close relatives in Montmorency, just below the waterfall. He invited my Mom, my sister Maddy and I to join him. The other two sister were married and my brother Emile was in the Navy. Maddy had graduated from high school but was still living at home and I had just finished my senior year.

We had the same last name but knew nothing of genealogy so had no idea when and where our ancestors converged. My dad had come from Rhode Island and Ray had grown up in Massachusetts, so there was only a loose link in the common name that we never fully explored. It was enough for us that Ray took on a benevolent uncle persona and looked after our family in the same way that Leo and Roland had done. He took us to pick apples in Littleton, and visit my mother’s cousin in Leominster in the summer and to Whalom Park for a day outing every summer.

Ray was a consumate skeetball player and would spend hours accumulating tickets that could be converted to prizes. My sisters, my brother and I would ride the amusements, go swimming, have a picnic lunch in the shade and Ray was busy pumping coins into the skeeball machine bowling for the center hole over and over. He brought home cut glass ashtrays and tumblers, and on occasion would give us tickets to redeem for stuffed animals.

Ray collected coins in a jar that he kept by the back door. Every day when he came home from work, he would empty his pockets and put all the coins in the big water jug on the floor. It was so heavy that my brother and I couldn’t budge it. When it came time to go to Whalom Park, Ray would roll the jar back and forth on the kitchen floor to empty out some of the coins. I can remember that sound like no other. It was as loud as thunder. It was electrifying. I was like Pavlov’s dog reacting to the bell at dinner time. I would jump up and down in anticipation of going to Whalom park on the weekend.

One year Ray decided that he would bring Aunt Grace to Canada to visit his close relatives in Montmorency, just below the waterfall. He invited my Mom, my sister Maddy and I to join him. The other two sister were married and my brother Emile was in the Navy. Maddy had graduated from high school but was still living at home and I had just finished my senior year.

This was a big trip for me. I had travelled to New Hampshire since it was only ten or twelve miles up the road, and had a short excursion to upstate New York when I was a sophomore, but Canada was just as far away in my mind as Europe. We didn’t have an automobile so the distances I could relate to were easily covered by bicycle. I was truly excited to see Canada and looked forward to spending two weeks on l’île d’Orléans, in the summer cottage of a distant cousin. My sister Maddy was engaged at the time and had decided to break off her engagement. She was heading south as we were heading north, to break off her engagement in person, and would later join us in Canada.

We packed up the Chevy with Aunt Grace and suitcases full of american ciga-
(Aunt Grace continued from page 16)
Posez la question à vos amis bien voyagés: quel est le seul endroit en Amérique du nord où l’Euro est la monnaie officielle et qui abrite des lamas, des chevaux sauvages et des ânes nains?

Polynésie Française, Wallis-et-Futuna, Nouvelle-Calédonie...voilà les départements et territoires français qui m’appellaient de la carte du monde illustrée dans la couverture des textes quand j’enseignais le français aux étudiants universitaires. Je veux tous les voir. Ayant déjà visité la Martinique, la Guadeloupe et St. Martin, mon mari et moi, en 2005, nous nous sommes dirigés vers le nord au refuge basquais et acadiens de Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon (SPM), un archipel (Langlade est coincé entre les deux autres îles), à une heure de Terre-Neuve par traversier. On parle à l’accent métropolitain dans ce dernier territoire français en Amérique du nord peuplé de 6,000. Sortant de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte du nord peuplé de 6,000. Sortant de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur verte

Pourquoi y aller?
Excellente cuisine
Nongâché – pas de McDo
On peut voir la plupart de l’archipel en quelques jours
Pas envahi de touristes – pour le voyageur critique
Des gens obligeants
On parle français (pour les Francophones et Francophiles)

On doit faire l’excursion d’une journée pour s’acclimater dans l’archipel. Doué de plusieurs talents, Janot, le patron-opérateur-guide nous a accueilli de très bonne heure sur son bateau et nous a conduit à son restaurant sur Langlade pour le petit déjeuner. Assuré et robuste dans ses bottes, il me faisait penser à John Wayne à l’accordéon français au lieu d’une voix trainante. Ensuite, on a monté dans son bus où il a continué un commentaire soutenu alternativement en français et en anglais pendant qu’il conduisait à travers Langlade, la plus virgine des îles. À l’ouest, les vagues s’effondrent bruyamment sur la côte déserte. Les chevaux “sauvages” errants par les prés sont assez apprivoisés pour qu’on puisse les approcher et les caresser. On nous dit que personne ne les reclame, mais si on en enlevait un seul, quelqu’un s’en apercevrait. Les Saint-Pierres y viennent pendant l’été à leurs maisons de vacances et aux campings. Après le déjeuner chez Janot, pendant qu’il sifflait “La Vie en rose” et “La Mer” accompagné d’un CD, le bus nous a amené à un Miquelon de terrain plat avec une population de 700. On voit l’évidence de naufrages (suite page 19)

France in North America

Try this bit of trivia on your well-traveled friends: name the only place in North America where the official currency is the Euro and is home to llamas, wild horses and miniature donkeys.

Polynésie Française, Wallis-et-Futuna, Nouvelle-Calédonie...were among the French overseas départements and territoires beckoning from the world map in the inside front cover of textbooks when I was teaching French to university students. My goal is to see them all. Having already traveled to Martinique, Guadeloupe and St. Martin, my husband and I, in 2005, headed north to the Basque and Acadian refuge of Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon (SPM), an archipelago (also including the middle island of Langlade) lying a mere one-hour ferry ride from Newfoundland. Metropolitan French is spoken in this last remaining French territory in North America (6,000 population). Emerging from customs in Saint-Pierre (S-P) into the music and color of children on a Merry-go-round in Place du Général de Gaulle, the main square, we walked to our hotel amidst closely nestled houses in every bright color and contrasting trim imaginable. The story goes that they were painted this way in the early 1900s so that sailors could pick out their own when coming into port. Each has a tambour, a small enclosure surrounding the front door, to keep the north wind at bay in winter.

Why go there?
Excellent cuisine
Unspoiled – no fast-food restaurants
Can be seen in a few days
Not swarming with tourists – for the discriminating traveler
Helpful people
French spoken (for Francophones and Francophiles)

An all-day excursion of the archipelago is a must. A man of many talents, Janot, our owner-operator-guide, greeted us on his ferry and took us to his restaurant on Langlade for breakfast. Rugged and sauntering in his boots, he reminded me of John Wayne with a French accent instead of a drawl. After breakfast, we boarded his bus where he carried on a running commentary alternately in French and English while he drove through Langlade, the most pristine of the islands. The west side is wildest and most deserted as the waves come crashing in. “Wild” horses roaming the meadows are tame enough to be approached and petted. We were told that nobody claims them, but if you took one away, someone would notice. The Saint-Pierres come to Langlade in the summer to their second homes and campgrounds. After lunch at Janot’s, with him whistling to “La Vie en Rose” and “La Mer” playing on his CD, the bus took us to Miquelon which is flatter and home to 700 people. Evidence of shipwrecks from (Continued on page 19)
de tous les âges partout, ainsi que celui qui a aidé à former l’îsthme entre Langlade et Miquelon. Des ânes nains ont approché à l’arrêt du bus. Mais, je me croyais au Pérou quand j’ai vu des lamas – les restes de l’abandon d’un poste de quarantaine il y a plusieurs années – brouant dans une arrière-cour sur la rue principale. À l’artisanat dans le village, on a acheté des confitures et des liqueurs exotiques confectionnés de plaqüebières, de quatro-temps et de graines, des baies nordiques. L’église, d’une architecture simple et locale, est proportionné parfaitement pour le petit village. Le plafond, construit de planches étroites, ressemble à un fond de navire démontrant la vie marine.


Un bateau nous a conduit à l’Île aux Marins, près de la côte de S-P, où 800 personnes vivaient de la pêche morutière dans les années 1900 – les hommes allaient en mer et les femmes surveillant les graves (des champs de roches où on séchait la morue). De jeunes Bretons ont immigrés pour travailler dans le séchage. Si on voulait bavarder et savoir les nouvelles, on allait avec les voisines faire la lessive au lavoir, nourri par un ruisseau et divisé en deux bassins (un pour laver et l’autre pour rinser). La pêche déclinait et les efforts pour amener l’électricité à l’île furent contrariés après (suite page 20)

came from Bayonne, France, to compete in exhibition matches against the S-P team in pala, a game played with a wooden paddle and ball against a giant outdoor wall or fronton. Professionals in France, they handily won the tournament, against S-P’s amateur players. Strength games (Force Basque), in junior and adult divisions, preceded the charming folkloric dance performances of young people in colorful costumes. Many adults were in costume as well, and virtually every male in sight wore a Basque beret. When we returned to our hotel to rest for a while, we caught Didier being interviewed on the local TV channel.

A ferry took us to Île aux Marins, right off the coast of S-P where, in the 1900s, 800 people lived off the cod industry – men fishing and women tending the graves (fields of rocks where the cod was dried). Boys were brought from Brittany to help in the drying process. Finding out the latest news and gossip was as easy as doing the laundry with your neighbors at the lavoire, fed by a stream and divided into two pools – one for washing and the other for rinsing. The fishing industry declined and the effort to bring electricity to the island was thwarted (Continued on page 20)

Pour l’archipel, Al Capone a visité l’archipel quand elle était en fonds du commerce de la contrebande de l’alcool aux États-Unis. Il y avait tant d’activité qu’on a bâti une maison de caisses de Cutty Sark, avec des planchers fabriqués des plus solides caisses de champagnes, mais peut-être aussi à cause du manque de matériaux de construction. La végétation et les arbres sont rabougris et clairsemés. Le cimetière au-dessus du sol nous a rappelé celui de la Nouvelle-Orléans. Sponsorisé par le gouvernement, le maitre luthier, Alain Carbonare, vous montrera la complexité des changements. Mettez votre chandail et un imperméable dans votre valise et allez-vous embarquer un Zodiac en caoutchouc à pon-
brulée avec sirop d’érable pour dessert. Au Maringouins, on peut commander des mets plus léger et des plats à emporter – fruits de mer, galettes, hamburgers et crêpes au chocolat. De la soupe à l’oignon, des salades et de la pizza figurent sur le menu de Feu de braises. La danse et les chants basques nous ont attirés au rez-de-chaussée. Plusieurs autres bars et discos animeront votre vie nocturne. Pour un snack, un cornet de crème glacée aux pistaches sur la Place est un excellent choix. A four-cheese panini from the boulangerie makes a good picnic lunch to eat on a bench in the Place. There is one supermarket where you can buy cheese, sausage and fruit for lunch – all imported.

Visitor Information: For the athletically inclined, there is horseback riding, biking and sailing. We hiked up the hill for a great view of S-P and the harbor. Small boutiques selling crafts and gifts to take home will also keep you walking, if you want to shop. The Heritage Museum and Musée Arche (yes it is shaped like an Arc) will acquaint you with the history. There is increasing interest in preserving the architecture and historic elements of the archipelago. Janot’s tour (50€) leaves at 8:00 A.M. Although the Euro is the official currency, American and Canadian dollars are readily accepted. ATMs are available and credit cards are widely used. You can fly directly from Montreal, Halifax and Sydney NS, Moncton NB and St. John’s, NF to the brand new Saint-Pierre airport. We chose to fly to St. John’s so we could spend a few days in Newfoundland and leisurely drive the four hours to the ferry (85.00CD) in Fortune, arriving in S-P at 1:30 P.M. (also at 7:00 A.M.). Passports are required for U.S. citizens. SPM time is two hours ahead of New York time, and 1/2-hour ahead of Newfoundland time. Your cell phone will work; but there are dead areas. A France Telecom phone card to use in the phone booths will solve the signal problem. The Tourist Office can be reached at 011 508 05 08 41 02 00.

On peut joindre Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso à jline59@earthlink.net

More photos on page 22...
La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs

Par

Albert J. Marceau de Newington, CT


La dernière conférence a été conduit par la SHFA a été tenu le samedi 24 juin 2000 dans le Museum of Work and Culture dans Woonsocket, R.I., et le conférencier était Prof. Emeritus Robert LeBlanc de l’University of New Hampshire. Son sujet était l’histoire des emigrations acadiennes de 18ième à 20ième Siecles. (Prof. LeBlanc a été tué l’année suivante le mardi 11 septembre 2001 parce qu’il fut un passager sur le vol No. 175 d’United Airlines de Boston a été détourné et est été rentrée dans la Tour du Sud des Tours Jumelles en la Ville de New York.) La conference antérieure a été tenu samedi le 30 octobre 1999 dans la salon Mar-

(NDLR: Cet article est publié tel que souhaité par l'auteur)
Nouvelles du Vermont!

Les francophones dans notre région ont très bien terminé 2008.
Il y a maintenant 5 groupes de conversation, tous actifs. Trois à Burlington:
Pause Café, le plus ancien, qui réunit le mardi à six heures à la librairie Borders sur Church Street.
Un nouveau groupe se retrouve le jeudi à midi. Téléphoner à Henri au 899-3349.
Le groupe le plus récent, se réunit le dimanche à midi à la Fletcher Library.
Plus, au sud, deux groupes:
Les Boulangers, le premier mardi à 10 heures à Bristol, les trois autres dans un petit café sur la place centrale de Middlebury. Et le groupe de Brandon, à la librairie, le samedi à 9 h 30. À l’Alliance française de Burlington, sous la direction de sa nouvelle présidente, Linda Pervier: plusieurs cours de français cet automne et beaucoup de projets pour 2009. C’est en 1609 que Champlain, parti de Québec, arrive à un grand lac qui portera son nom! Le Vermont prépare toutes sortes d’événements pour fêter ce 400ème anniversaire! Le Festival Héritage de Vergennes compte participer aux réjouissances en juillet. Les Boulangers et le groupe de Brandon comptent inviter le public à chanter avec eux!

préparées par Simon Barenbaum

(La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs suite de page 22)


Once Refused Twice Shy
by Marie S. Landry
Jennings LA

Have you ever wanted to learn to do something so very much that you just had to find a way? I wanted to learn to crochet. I wanted to create that beautiful lace work.

My father’s aunt Jenny was a big lady. Blond, blue eyes, pretty face and big enough to fill a chair. Usually on her lap was a creation of sheer beauty that was made of a ball of crochet string. While her fingers worked, she talked and I enjoyed listening to her. She told of singularly building her four-room house, five if you count the bathroom. Plus she had a big glassed-in porch. She was quite a lady.

Once her nephew, who lived not far from her, had a sow who delivered an enormous litter of piglets. There were more piglets than the sow could possibly mother. So Aunt Jenny adopted one of the piggies. This baby pig was cradled and cuddled, it even wore a diaper. Since it had no mother of it’s own, aunt Jenny was it’s mom. Soon Piggy was walking around the house and asking to go outside. My aunt swore that it was as intelligent and capable as any dog that she had ever owned. Of course, the day came when Piggy was too big to keep in the house. So aunt Jenny built it a house of it’s very own outside. This all seemed very strange because in the 1940’s and 50’s no one had heard of someone keeping a pig in the house as people do today wit a pot-bellied pig as a pet. She was certainly ahead of her time.

One day I asked her if she would teach me to crochet. I was thirteen years old and did so admire her work. “No,” came the cruel answer to my hopes. Then she explained. She taught her grand-daughter to crochet and she had done nothing with it. She felt that she had wasted her time. So, she would not repeat the experience.

Summer wore on. Then we had a visitor, she was a beautiful, tall, graceful lady with a silver bun on the back of her straight neck. She was my step-mother’s older sister “Aunt” Josy who would come each summer to spend a few weeks. One day, I noticed to my delight, that she was crocheting on a lady’s handkerchief. Delicate and fine, it was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen. Dare I ask her to teach me? No, I had been through the humiliations before. Surely it was considered too much trouble to teach the art. So, I approached timidly and asked if I could watch. She said, “Of course, I could.” Encouraged, I asked if she could slow down a bit so that I could see what was happening. She looked at me squarely in the eyes and asked “Would you like to learn?” Would I? My heart jumped as I realized that this lady, this wonderful lady, was actually offering to teach me! My step-mother got a crochet hook, a red ball of crochet thread and a square of white material on which to learn the basics. I was on my way! Single crochet, chain, double-crochet. I learned quickly and it was not as difficult as I thought it might be.

I am now 71-years old, I don’t crochet every day, but I know how. I like small projects, like slippers, baby clothes, something that I can see an end of the project. I find great satisfaction in the finished work. I don’t have the patience for afghans but small objects like dressing Barbie dolls in period clothes of the 1900’s done in fine crochet thread with pearls and beads reminds me of the beautiful handkerchiefs that dear “Aunt” Josy crocheted. She gave me a precious gift and I will always be grateful to her memory.

In my life-time, I have never refused to teach a person who wanted to learn to crochet or knit. It has been my pleasure to pass it on. Who knows how far “Aunt” Josy’s kindness will travel in time. I hope it will go on for many generations, and many completed projects to give the same satisfaction to it’s creators. Thanks to a dear lady that I was proud to all Aunt Josy Gagnon from Westbrook Maine.

Badlands, Birdhouses & Battlefields

By Omer Lemire

Omer Lemire was born 93 years ago in a sod sack on the farthest reaches of North Dakota’s badlands. The son of French Canadian immigrants, who settled there in 1910, Omer and his eleven siblings grew up surrounded by an endless expanse of great prairie and buttes. In his self-published memoirs, Badlands, Birdhouses & Battlefields, he takes us from the first appearance of the French in the New World to his parents’ difficult adjustment to harsh prairie life. Omer and his family found joie de vivre even in the midst of dust storms, grasshopper invasions, and Great Depression, surviving it all with music and faith. Full of anecdotes of the life of a young boy living in a time defined by his Church and his culture, his story continues through to his service in world war II and his witness to the atrocities of the death camp at Dachau in Germany.

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Vol. 34 # 2 • PRINTEMPS
Maine lawmaker wants French history taught

The Saint John Valley has the opportunity to host the 2014 World Acadian Congress with its international partners, northwestern New Brunswick and the Témiscouata Region of Quebec.

The Maine Acadian Heritage Council represents the Franco-American/Acadian community of the upper St. John Valley. Members of its board include historical and cultural organizations, municipalities of the area, the University of Maine system, Chambers of Commerce, the National Park Service, the Maine bureau of Parks and Lands, Susan Collins, Olympia Snowe, and Mike Michaud.

The first World Acadian Congress was held in Moncton in 1994. Acadians, whose population is over 4,000,000 in the world, have been assembling every five years since. The 1999 congress in Louisiana drew 300,000 people. In 2009 the congress will be held in the Acadian Peninsula or the northeastern section of New Brunswick. Organizers await over 50,000 attendees. (Visit their website at [http://www.cma2009.ca](http://www.cma2009.ca).)

Should the international St. John Valley be chosen to host the 2014 congress, we can expect the same number or more.

The world congress reaches beyond the original French identity to embrace Acadian culture, French, English, and Cajun languages and heritage, and provides an opportunity for family reunions the likes of which have never been seen in this area.

At the 2005 reunion, over 120 families met. Imagine meeting your cousins from Lafayette, La or Béarne, France! The month-long event also highlights cultural activities, museum exhibits, historical tours, live music and entertainment, in addition to international conferences.

In order for the St. John Valley to be recognized as a strong contender, it has to provide reliable figures of donations intended for this event. An official candidacy proposal along with the projected monetary investment will be sent to La Société Nationale de l’Acadie in New Brunswick before March 30, 2009.

The SNA’s selection will be based on the candidate’s financial ability and willingness to bring to fruition an event of this magnitude.

Three other regions have submitted their letter of intent and will be in competition with the St. John Valley: Louisiana, and Québec City.

In June, 2009, the SNA’s evaluation committee will tour each region to assess the accommodation and hosting capacity of each the region, focusing on major event venues, the proposed facilities, and the human and financial re-source potential of the region.

(Continued on page 25)
Massenet’s *Marie Magdeleine* to be performed in the Collins Center on April 26, 3 PM

The University of Maine became the depository and caretaker of the archive collection of Massenet scores previously held by the American branch of the Massenet Society in 1996. As part of the arrangement with the Society, the University committed to a series of annual concerts featuring French music and especially the works of Jules Massenet. The first of these concerts was a performance of the master’s oratorio *Éve* presented by the University of Maine Oratorio Society and University Orchestra in St. John’s Catholic Church in Bangor on January 24, 1996. This gala performance of *Marie Magdeleine*, featuring over 200 performers, will officially mark the end of the University’s series of French music concerts, book ending the entire series with his two great oratorios.

The April 26th Collins Center performance of *Marie Magdeleine*, sung in French, will be presented as part of the Bangor Symphony Orchestra’s 113th season. It will feature the University of Maine Oratorio Society, the University of Maine Singers (Dr. Dennis Cox, Director), soloists Prof. Nancy Ogle, soprano, as Marie Magdeleine, mezzo-soprano Marcia Sly as Marthe, tenor John Grover as Christ, and baritone Seth Grondin as Judas. Professor Ludlow Hallman will be on the podium.

*Drame Sacré en 3 Actes & 4 Parties,* Marie Magdeleine was first performed at the Odéan Theatre in Paris on Good Friday in 1873. The libretto by Louis Gallet traces Marie Magdeleine’s redemption though Christ from her life as a courtesan beginning with her vision of the Savior through his visitation in her home, his crucifixion, and resurrection. The premiere was a huge success, and brought Massenet his first taste of recognition as a major composer. It was the beginning of the career of the most successful and prolific French opera composer of the 19th century. His lyric gift, sensitivity in presenting female characters, sense for the dramatic, prowess in setting the French language, and skill as an orchestrator are all very much in evidence in this work. *Marie Magdeleine* is a major, although seldom performed, masterwork of the French repertoire.

The April 26th Collins Center performance of *Marie Magdeleine*, sung in French, will be presented as part of the Bangor Symphony Orchestra’s 113th season. It will feature the University of Maine Oratorio Society, the University of Maine Singers (Dr. Dennis Cox, Director), soloists Prof. Nancy Ogle, soprano, as Marie Magdeleine, mezzo-soprano Marcia Sly as Marthe, tenor John Grover as Christ, and baritone Seth Grondin as Judas. Professor Ludlow Hallman will be on the podium.

*Extract from a letter that the President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, wrote to the Prime minister of Canada, Lyon Mackenzie-King, on the 18th of May 1942.*

When I was a boy in the «nineties», I used to see many... French Canadians who had rather recently come into the New Bedford area, near the old Delano place, at Fair Haven. They seemed very much out of place in what was still an old New England community. They segregated themselves in the mill towns and had little to do with their neighbours. I can still remember that the old generation shook their heads and used to say, «this is a new element which will never be assimilated. We are assimilating the Irish but these Quebec people won’t even speak English. Their bodies are here, but their hearts and minds are in Quebec». Today, forty or fifty years later, the French-Canadian elements in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island are at last becoming a part of the American melting pot. They no longer vote as their churches and their societies tell them to. They are inter-marrying with the original Anglo Saxon stock; they are good, peaceful citizens, and most of them are speaking English in their homes.

All of this leads me to wonder whether, by some sort of planning, Canada and the United States, working toward the same end, cannot do some planning - perhaps unwritten planning which would not even be a public policy - by which we can hasten the objective of assimilating the New England French Canadians and Canada’s French Canadians into the whole of our respective bodies politic. There are of course, many methods of doing this, which depend on local circumstances. Wider opportunities can perhaps be given to them in other parts of Canada and the U.S.; and at the same time, certain opportunities can probably be given to non French Canadian stock to mingle more greatly with them in their own centers.

In other words, after nearly two hundred years with you and after seventy-five years with us, there would seem to be no good reason for great differentials between the French population elements and the rest of the racial stocks.


(2014 CMA continued from page 24)

Fortunately, the St. John Valley already has many advantages in place: Existing organizational structures; recreational and cultural facilities (bicycle trails, fields, halls for events); important cultural and economic associations; an enviable geographical location; great capacity for housing, including two universities (University of Maine at Fort Kent and the Uni-versity of Moncton); and important cultural events such as the Acadian Festival, Potato Blossom Festival, as well as the summer festivals held in New Brunswick.

The St. John Valley’s chances of hosting this congress are also largely dependent upon the generosity of municipalities and sponsors who would lend their financial support. Funds raised over a five-year period would go towards the costs on the American side of the congress.

The economic windfall and visibility would greatly benefit the many businesses and people of the St. John Valley and the state of Maine, as well as the potential to improve the St. John Valley’s historical and cultural sites.

The Maine Acadian Heritage Council has scheduled a meeting on January 8, 2009, at the Uni-versity of Maine’s Nadeau Hall, at 6:30 P.M. to discuss the ramifications of hosting this worldwide event, and we welcome your participation. For more information contact the MAHC office at 728-6826.
La Mi-Carême, an Acadian Fable

I love nature. I hide in the forest where my home is under a big tree. The door to my home is between two big tree roots. When the wind blows the ground of my home sways. When I am in there on windy days I feel like I am in a rocking chair. At night my bed feels like a hammock rocking me to sleep. In the morning the birds and the forest animals are so busy singing and talking to each other that the sounds of nature are like a shopping mall. Each living thing goes shopping for the things they need for the day. Some work hard to store food which may become a new tree if left untouched, because it will take root. That is why the forest is always growing and being fed by the busy life of the forest. Birds, worms and many other things that are not seen by the naked eye are forever working in the forest.

I love to live here because we are all friends helping each other. They love me very and I love them. I make them sweet treats for their use during the winter months because in winter sweet treats are hard to find. In summer the flowers have nectar from which bees make honey and the sap of the trees is sweet in order to make maple syrup. Many things are sweet in spring and summer, that's why bees store honey for when flowers are gone and it's cold outside. La mi-carême always has sweets which she gathered. Apples, many fruits and berries (like blueberries), honey and maple syrup, she knows them all! La mi-carême always tries to hide. But one day long, long ago a little Mi'kmaq boy came to a brook to get water for his mother. He surprised me and said in his native tongue, "Oh, who are you?" La mi-carême spoke to him in a bird song, he loved it and remembered it. He went home and sang it for his mother; she loved it too and learned it.

When mid-winter comes, La mi-carême goes out to meet the children and learns about the happy life of a child. The children sounded like birds to me until I was taught by Acadian children how to speak French. I didn't know how to speak French because I was always surrounded by the life and sounds of the forest. There was a time when I only knew the songs of the birds, of the bees, of the rabbits, of the leaves on trees, of the rushing water and of the cold winters snapping the trees.

Where I live is a big secret because if people knew they would make paths to my home and spoil the natural forest where I live and the busy life of the forest. The porte de ma maison est entre deux grosses racines d'arbres. Quand il y a des jours venteux, la fondation de ma maison vacille. Quand le vent souffle, je me sens comme une chaise berçée. J'aime bien vivre dans la forêt car nous sommes tous des amis qui s'entraident. Ils m'aiment beaucoup et me bercent jusqu'au sommeil. Le matin, les oiseaux et tous les animaux de la forêt s'occupent pour chanter et se parler les uns les autres, à tel point qu'on croirait que tous ces sons de la nature constitu-ent un centre commercial. Tout le monde reprend constamment son chemin pour se procurer les besoins du jour. Chaque être vivant travaille fort pour mettre en réserve de la nourriture de trop. Il arrive souvent que la réserve de nourriture génère elle-même un nouvel arbre car laissée intacte, la nourriture prendra racine. Voilà pourquoi la forêt ne cesse de croître étant constamment nourrie par cette vie qui ne chôme pas. Les oiseaux, les vers de terre et bien autres choses qui ne sont pas vus par l’œil nu travaillent constamment dans la forêt.

J'aime bien vivre dans la forêt car nous sommes tous des amis qui s'entraident. Ils m’aiment beaucoup et moi de même. Je leur prépare des gâteries pour les mois d’hiver parce qu’en hiver il est difficile d’en trouver. En été, les fleurs produisent du nectar avec lequel les abeilles produisent du miel et la sève des arbres est douce pour faire du sirop d’érable. Beaucoup de choses sont douces au printemps et en été. C’est pourquoi les abeilles mettent en réserve le miel car quand il n’y a plus de fleurs il fait froid dehors; la mi-carême a toujours des gâtères qu’elle a cueillies auparavant. Des pommes, des fruits et des baies telles que des bleuets ainsi que du miel et du sirop d’érable; elle connaît tout ça.

La mi-carême essaie toujours de se cacher. Mais un jour il y a longtemps de cela, un petit garçon mi’kmaq est venu à un ruisseau pour chercher de l’eau pour sa maman. Il m’a surprise et me dit dans sa langue maternelle : « Ah! Qui êtes-vous? » La mi-carême lui répondit avec un chant d’oiseau après quoi il retourna chez lui raconter à sa mère ce que la mi-carême avait chanté. Il se rappelait son chant d’oiseau qu’il chanta à sa maman. Sa maman aimait le chant et le fit sien à partir de ce moment-là.

Quand arrive le milieu de l’hiver, la mi-carême sort pour rencontrer les enfants et en apprend sur le bonheur dans la petite vie de ces êtres. Leurs voix me semblaient à celles des oiseaux jusqu’à temps que des enfants acadiens m’apprennent à parler en français. Je ne savais pas parler en français parce que j’étais toujours entourée par la vie et les sons de la forêt. Il y avait une fois que je ne connaissais que le chant des oiseaux, des abeilles, des lapins, de l’eau impétueuse, des arbres et le bruit sec du craquement de leurs branches par le froid de l’hiver.

Le lieu où je vis est un grand secret parce que si les gens savaient où, ils se feraient des sentiers jusqu’à mon chez-moi et abîmeraient toute la forêt.

(Suite page 27)
Every night, before we go to bed, I ask many questions about butterflies, bees, birds, insects, and snakes. I enjoyed telling them and showing them how I sing with the birds: “tweet, tweet, tweet”. I told them about my winter parties in the forest and all the food we had. The squirrels brought nuts, the birds frozen berries which I cooked with honey and maple syrup, a wolf gave a rabbit he had killed, the deer gave a duck a hunter had shot. We had roots from plants the beaver had dug up. I have a fire pit dug deep in the forest where I do all my cooking and where I heat my home on cold days. It is well hidden. My smoke pipe is a big, big tree and the smoke comes out at the top. All the twigs have a little hole where little bits of smoke come out so no one can notice. On cold nights many birds will sleep near the fire pit because they are warmed by the fire. Many animals shed their fur and the birds, squirrels, mice and snakes make a warm nest with the fur for their babies which are born without feathers and are cold when they are young.

Sometimes the Mi’kmaq come to the forest for birch bark to make their ca-

(Mme Anita Chiasson with a little bird on her head)

Some of our biggest parties are in the springtime when we fall in love and make ourselves a little home and have a little family. Every day when I walk in the forest the animals are all over me and around me and we have a good time. If there is a problem, I try to help. Sometimes, it is a broken wing or paw, but other times my friends in the forest need water. If a tree is broken or cut we can hear it crying for many days before it heals. We are all one big family and we need and love each other.
Il faut aussi dire qu’en automne, je suis libre de jouer et d’aller à plusieurs endroits pour chercher toutes les gâteries pour l’hiver. Maintenant, je me tiens hors de vue. Le bruit du vent, les feuilles tombantes, le froissement des feuilles sur le sol de la forêt; tout me dissimule et fait en sorte que je ne suis pas vue ni entendue. L’automne c’est quand nous changeons tous de couleurs. Les arbres deviennent foncés. Les oiseaux deviennent foncés eux aussi alors que les lapins tournent blanc comme de la neige. Les animaux à fourrure arborent un nouveau gros manteau de fourrure et il y a des oiseaux qui s’envolent vers le sud où il fait toujours chaud.

Un printemps, un oiseau est venu de la Louisiane et m’a dit qu’il avait rencontré la mi-carême cet hiver-là; elle était malheureuse, à cause de trop de gens, et puisque la forêt était marécageuse, c’était dangereux surtout à cause des alligators et des gros serpents; il faisait très chaud et c’était toujours l’été. Elle en avait marre de toujours porter la même mousse toute l’année longue. Un oiseau a donc demandé à la mi-carême acadienne de l’Île-du-Prince-Édouard si elle aimerait un autre mi-carême pour la compagnie. Elle répondit qu’on devait aller au Nouveau-Brunswick parce qu’il y a plusieurs Acadiens là-bas et il y en a qui n’ont pas de mi-carême. Elle aurait beaucoup de couleurs à porter comme vêtements comme moi. De l’autre côté du détroit, une mi-carême pourrait même arborer en hiver un manteau fait en fourrure d’ours ou d’original ou de chevreuil alors elle aurait davantage de vêtements.

À vrai dire, une mi-carême de l’autre côté du détroit serait très heureuse parmi les Acadiens. Parfois, en hiver quand l’eau est gelée, on pourrait se rendre visite et j’aurais toutes les nouvelles au sujet de la mi-carême au Nouveau-Brunswick et j’apprendrais la signification du chant des oiseaux ainsi que de la façon que les Acadiens parlent français là-bas. Ce serait bien d’apprendre le français acadien du Nouveau-Brunswick et elle pourrait m’enseigner un chant d’oiseau de la Louisiane. À mon tour, je pourrais apprendre à parler aux enfants puisqu’elle n’a pas vu d’enfants dans les marécages.

Il y a plusieurs années de cela, les Acadiens furent envoyés de l’Île-du-Prince-Édouard et plus tard plusieurs choisirent d’aller en Louisiane. La mi-carême les suivit et se sentit bien seule. Elle ne s’est jamais habituée là-bas à la nourriture et aux insectes alors elle aimerait retourner à son Acadie à elle.

Anita Chiasson
The Germain Saga
by
S. Ella Marie Germain, CSJ
Seventh Installment

What’s Next?

Everyone in the family was involved in a variety of activities. Frequently, we experienced mishaps, accidents, sickness, and disappointments. Mom’s brother, Uncle Ted, came to visit us when Doris was born in June of 1918. He came in his new car.

“Uncle Ted, we want a ride in your big car.”

“All right. Come in and sit down.”

Claire, who was only two years old, sat on the dashboard unnoticed by everyone. As Uncle Ted turned around in the yard, Claire fell down, and the car went over her leg. Dad quickly ran to pick her up, and Mom hearing the cries got out of bed to see what happened. In those days Mothers usually stayed in bed at least five or six days after the birth of a baby, but Mom forgot herself when she heard the cries of her little girl.

The winter of 1918 was the year of the flu. Our neighbor contacted Dr. Phaneuf in Somerset to tell him that Mom and Dad were sick. He came to our house wearing a long fur coat. We, the children, were frightened when we saw the tall fur man. After the doctor examined Mom and Dad, he said that they had the flu. He told them that they had to stay in bed, and take the medicine he prescribed. We were too young to realize the seriousness of the situation. God is good to have spared our parents. Hundreds of thousands of people died of this influenza throughout the world.

One summer evening Dad and the boys came in late after their long hours of field work. As dad was unharnessing the horses, he called out, “Ella, will you milk another cow? We are quite late tonight.” Although I was only ten years old, and usually milked the same three cows, I agreed to milk one more cow. I had never milked this one, but I sat down and proceeded as usual. Suddenly, the cow kicked, spilled the milk, and knocked me down. Dad heard the cries and ran to pick me up. The cow had kicked me in the face and legs, and I was bleeding. Dad and Mom took me to Dr. Eply in New Richmond. I had broke my nose, a deep gash under my right eye, broken blood vessels in my eye, and deep cuts in my legs from the sharp kicks. The next day Dad sold that cow.

Although there are a variety of animals on the farm, our three year-old sister, Mae, was frightened of them. One time she followed us to the hayloft where there was a trap door from which hay was pitched down. Whoever used it last forgot to close the trap. Over the opening hay covered it. Mae fell down between two rows of cows! Besides being terribly frightened, she broke her arm, and her dear of animals only increased.

During another summer, Dad, Delore, and Andrew were hauling hay while Mom, Claire and I were milking. Mom told me to keep an eye on Rita who was only three years old. Dad brought in load of hay, which was to be unloaded by using a huge clamp fork connected to a rope and pulley. Andrew drove the horse, which pulled the rope and lifted the hay unto the loft where Delore received it. Rita went to the hay barn unnoticed by me. She took hold of the rope with her left hand as the rose started to go. Her small hand was caught in the pulley and torn. She yelled and cried. Andrew heard her and backed up the horse to free her hand from the grasp of the pulley. Dad jumped down from the hay load and held his little girl in his arms. The doctor said that half a minute more and Rita would have lost her hand.

One summer day, the family went looking for our three year old brother, Urban. He was nowhere to be found. Finally, we saw him in the last step of the ladder, leading to the big wheel of the windmill. We stood looking up in fear and silence. Any noise or surprise might cause Urban to fall seventy feet down. Dad spoke softly as he climbed up to meet him, and our whispered prayers brought Urban down safely.

At the age of seven, Urban seemed to move faster, and to find new experiences with each passing day. One Sunday evening the neighbors came over. The children were having fun running around the yard while their parents shared events of the past week. As the company was leaving, Urban decided to take a little ride. He held on to the spare tire in the back of a car as it drove away. Herman Dulon’s car followed, but did not see that Urban had fallen in the road. He drove on, and passed over him. The little Ford was high enough that Urban was not hurt. What a scare we had!

Already at a very young age, Andrew was interested and curious about machinery. Our first Maytag machine had an exhaust pipe with a ball at the end of it. When the machine was in use, this ball became very hot. Not realizing this, Andrew picked up the ball. He dropped it instantaneously, and ran for help. Mom was right there for him. His hand was badly burned. It took weeks to heal. Today he still has the mark of that awful moment.

One fall day, when Delore was about thirteen years old he decided to go hunting. About a mile from our farm was an area called Jack’s Woods. Delore took Dad’s 22 caliber, and sauntered off there about five o’clock. Time went by unnoticed by him. When dusk came, and Delore wasn’t back the family began to wonder. Later darkness came, and still there was no sign of Delore. The whole family worried. At the end of the day, darkness seemed to rush in. Dad was silent but uneasy. He took action by calling our neighbor, Herman. Dad asked him to join in our search for Delore who had gone hunting, but had not returned. They left in the dark of the night. The family waited and prayed. Finally, Delore walked in the house, oblivious of our worries. When Dad and Herman came in later that night, they were relieved to see that the young hunter was safely home.

Dad needed sand to make cement. He decided to dig a nine foot hole in a slanted area behind the barn where the soil was sandy. The Ford was parked close by. For no reason, Delore pushed the car, and it started to move toward the dug out where it landed. He was so frightened that he disappeared for a few hours. Dad got help and the car was hoisted onto level ground. Delore came out of his hiding place, relieved that the car was not damaged.

There was a lot of excitement when gifts were opened on Christmas morning. Delore who was 12 years old, couldn’t wait to open his gift. The wrapping flew here (Continued on page 32)
Almost a century of running around the diamond

When he died in 1972, Frederick Alfred Parent was known to be the last surviving Boston player from the first World Series in 1903. But that’s not for this only baseball story that people in Sanford remembered him for so long and ended up naming him Mr. Baseball. His involvement in the national pastime was so legendary, whether in his native state of Maine or obviously outside, that in 1969, he was part of the first group of inductees in the Maine Baseball Hall of Fame. Also honored that evening was slugger Adelphia (Del) Bissonette from Winthrop. Unfortunately, both men would end up dying the same year.

Born in Biddeford on November 25, 1875, Mr. Parent was the son of French-Canadian immigrants. His family eventually moved to Sanford. As a teenager, he quit school for a job, then took another job in Sanford. He started playing amateur ball for Sanford and also around New England. For example, he is believed to have played for Portland’s 1896 team in the New England League.

In 1898, he started making a name for himself with New Haven in the Connecticut League. In July of 1899, he got a break when St. Louis of the National League was looking for players. However, he sprained an ankle after two games and was back with New Haven, where he finished the 1899 season hitting .349. In 1900, he played this time for Providence in the Eastern League. Following the creation of the American League in 1901, he signed with Boston on March 4, becoming the franchise’s first shortstop.

It turned out to be a great deal for the team. At shortstop, Mr. Parent played 413 straight games from April 26, 1901 until September 25, 1903. He hit .306 in his rookie season and followed that with a .275 average in 1902. After his improved regular season and outstanding performance at the World Series in 1903, he continued in 1904 with a .291 batting average in 155 games, helping Boston win another pennant.

Unfortunately, the 1905 and 1906 seasons were not so great at the plate. His average dipped to .234 (153 games) and .235 (149 games). Before the 1907 season, Boston wanted to cut his reported salary of over $4,000. Mr. Parent held out for a while, but lost his regular job at shortstop in the process. That year, he was actually used at four positions, playing more games in the outfield than at shortstop. Even though he was hit on the head and wore a batting helmet, he was able to raise his batting average to .276.

Boston figured his presence was no longer required because on October 13, he was traded to the Chicago White Sox as part of a deal also involving the New York Highlanders. In 1908, he was used at short for 118 games, but his batting average fell to .207. In 1909, he bounced back to .261, playing 98 games as a shortstop and 38 in the outfield.

1910 was a miserable year. He took part in 81 games, 62 of those in the outfield. And at .178, his hitting became awful. After playing three games in 1911, his contract was sold to the Baltimore Orioles of the Eastern League, in which he had last played in 1900.

Mr. Parent showed that at the age of 35, he was not finished with baseball yet. Playing at three different positions in a total of 121 games, he hit .265. In 1912, with the team now in what is known as the International League, he became Baltimore’s regular second baseman, hitting .306 in 149 games. The following year, he didn’t play as much, but still managed to hit .268. In 1914, he was used in 108 games, 90 of those at shortstop, and managed to hit .280.

It’s during that year that, aside from the 1903 World Series, Mr. Parent claimed to have made his biggest impact on baseball. Baltimore had signed a young pitcher by the name of George Herman Ruth. But the team ran into money trouble because of the presence of another Baltimore team. The Terrapins were playing in the newly-formed Federal League, which was trying to compete with the two existing major leagues. Back on March 10, Oriole manager Jack Dunn had admitted that Parent could have jumped to the Terrapins.

In July, the Orioles offered to sell the Babe to the Boston Red Sox. Their manager, Bill Carrigan, a Maine native, is reported to have listened to Mr. Parent’s advice to take the deal on the young pitcher. While the Bambino helped right away Boston to championships for years, Mr. Parent, now close to 40, was released by Baltimore in the Spring of 1915, but remained in the International League. He signed with Toronto in June, playing 22 games in about a month before being released. He returned to organized baseball in 1918 as player-manager of Springfield in the Eastern League. In 1919, he was hired as player-manager of the Lewiston team in New England League. He was let go in July when the team wanted to cut his salary.

In the 1920’s, he was a baseball coach at Colby College and at Harvard University. In 1927, he returned to the New England League to manage the team in Lawrence. For several years, he was also player-manager of the Goodall Textiles team. When Mr. Parent was honored with a special day at Goodall Park in Sanford on August 24, 1947, many recalled the time when he was the field captain of one of the best teams in the state about 30 years earlier. His last venture in organized baseball was as manager of the Lisbon Falls team in 1937. The year before, he was awarded a lifetime pass by both major leagues for his services.

In addition to baseball, Mr. Parent was known in Sanford for the gas station he owned for many years. That enabled him to advertise in a 1943 special section of the French newspaper La Justice celebrating the 50th anniversary of St. Ignatius Parish. In the Spring of 1946, he retired from the business shortly before celebrating his 50th wedding anniversary with wife Fidelia Laflamme. Herself the operator of a woman’s apparel shop, the Québéco-born died in 1963. Their only son carried on with the father’s business after Mr. Parent retired. But Fred Jr. was in poor health by the mid-60’s and he died in 1975.

Until he reached his 90’s, Mr. Parent could be seen several times a week in the winter ice fishing. On the January night of his induction as a Maine baseball legend, he enjoyed himself by charming one and all... and even puffed on a cigar. Two years before his death on November 2, 1972, Mr. Parent, living at the Hillcrest Manor Nursing Home, was still alert enough to tell old baseball stories, such as to say that the best player he ever saw was Napoléon Lajoie, but also to take walks, go for automobile rides with his son, read the newspaper and watch sports on TV.
Monsieur
baseball de
Sanford

2e partie - Presqu’un siècle à courir autour du losange

Quand il est décédé en 1972, Frederick Alfred Parent était connu comme le dernier joueur survivant du Boston à avoir participé à la Série mondiale de 1903. Mais ce n’est pas pour cette seule histoire de baseball que les gens de Sanford se souvenaient de lui depuis longtemps et l’ont nommé M. Baseball.

Son implication dans le passe-temps national était si légendaire, que ce soit dans son état natal de Maine ou évidemment à l’extérieur, qu’en 1969, il a fait partie du premier groupe de personnes intronisées au Temple de la renommée du baseball du Maine. Le coeur Adelphia (Del) Bissonnette de Winthrop a également été honoré ce soir-là. Malheureusement, les deux hommes ont fini par mourir la même année.

Né à Biddeford le 25 novembre 1875, M. Parent était un fils d’immigrants canadiens-français. Sa famille a éventuellement déménagé à Sanford. À l’adolescence, il a quitté l’école pour un emploi, puis a pris un autre emploi à Sanford. Il a commencé à jouer au baseball comme amateur à Sanford et à travers la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Par exemple, on croit qu’il était en 1896 avec l’équipe de Portland de la Ligue de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

En 1898, il a commencé à se faire un nom avec le New Haven de la Ligue du Connecticut. En juillet 1899, il a obtenu sa chance quand le St-Louis de la Ligue nationale était à la recherche de joueurs. Toutefois, il s’est blessé à la cheville après deux matchs au deuxième-but et est retourné à New Haven. Il a terminé la saison de 1899 en frappant pour 0,349. En 1900, il a joué cette fois à Providence de la Ligue Eastern.

Suite à la création de la Ligue américaine en 1901, il a signé avec Boston le 4 mars pour devenir le premier arrêt-court de la franchise.

Pour l’équipe, ce fut toute une entente. À l’arrêt-court, M. Parent a joué 413 matchs d’affilée du 26 avril 1901 jusqu’au 25 septembre 1903. Il a frappé pour 0,291 en 155 matchs, aidant Boston à remporter un autre championnat.

Malheureusement, les saisons de 1905 et de 1906 n’ont pas été aussi bonnes à la plaque. Sa moyenne a baissé à 0,234 (153 matches) et 0,235 (149 joutes). Avant la saison de 1907, Boston a voulu couper son salaire estimé à plus de 4 000 $. M. Parent a fait la grève, mais a perdu son poste régulier d’arrêt-court en faisant cela. Cette année-là, il a été utilisé à quatre positions, jouant plus de matchs au champ extérieur qu’à l’arrêt-court. Même s’il a été atteint à la tête et a porté un casque protecteur, il a été capable de remonter sa moyenne à 0,276.

Boston a estimé que sa présence n’était plus requise parce que le 13 octobre, il a été échangé aux White Sox de Chicago dans le cadre d’une transaction impliquant aussi les New York Highlanders. En 1908, il a été utilisé comme arrêt-court dans 118 joutes, mais sa moyenne au bâton a chuté à 0,207. En 1909, il est remonté à 0,261, jouant 98 matchs à l’arrêt-court et 38 au champ extérieur.

1910 a été une année miserable. Il a participé à 81 rencontres, dont 62 comme voltigeur. Et à 0,178, son coup de bâton était affreux. Après avoir joué dans trois matchs en 1911, son contrat a été vendu aux Orioles de Baltimore de la Ligue Eastern, dans laquelle il avait joué pour la dernière fois en 1900.

M. Parent a démontré qu’à 35 ans, il n’en avait pas encore fini avec le baseball. Jouant à trois positions différentes pour un total de 121 rencontres, il a frappé pour 0,265. En 1912, avec la même équipe maintenant dans la Ligue internationale, il est devenu le deuxième-but régulier du Baltimore, frappant pour 0,306 en 149 matchs. L’année suivante, il n’a pas joué autant, mais a tout même maintenu une moyenne de 0,268. En 1914, il a été utilisé durant 108 rencontres, dont 90 à l’arrêt-court, et a frappé pour 0,280.

C’est durant cette année, à partir de la Série mondiale de 1903, que M. Parent a affirmé avoir eu son plus grand impact sur le baseball. Baltimore avait signé un jeune lanceur du nom de George Herman Ruth. Mais l’équipe a eu des problèmes d’argent à cause de la présence d’une autre formation à Baltimore. Les Terrapins jouaient dans la Ligue fédérale nouvelle-ment formée, qui essayait de faire compétition aux deux ligues majeures existantes.

Le 10 mars dernier, le gérant des Orioles, Jack Dunn, avait admis que M. Parent aurait pu se retrouver avec les Terrapins.


Dans les années 1920, il a été un instructeur de baseball au Collège Colby et à l’Université Harvard. En 1927, il est retourné à la Ligue de la Nouvelle-Angleterre pour diriger l’équipe de Lawrence. Pendant plusieurs années, il a aussi été joueur-gérant de l’équipe Goodall Textiles. Quand M. Parent a été honoré lors d’une journée spéciale au parc Goodall de Sanford le 24 août 1947, plusieurs ont rappelé l’époque où il était capitaine sur le terrain d’une des meilleures formations de l’état 30 ans auparavant. Son dernier poste dans le baseball organisé a été celui de gérant de l’équipe de Lisbon Falls en 1937. L’année précédente, il avait reçu un abonnement à vie des deux ligues majeures pour services rendus.

En plus du baseball, M. Parent était connu à Sanford pour la station-service dont il a été le propriétaire pendant des années. Cela lui a permis d’annoncer dans une section spéciale du journal en français La Justice en 1943 pour célébrer le 50e anniversaire de la paroisse St-Ignace. Au printemps de 1946, il s’est retiré des affaires peu avant

(Suite page 32)
Our home was quarantined because of scarlet fever in December of 1931. I contracted the fever first. One by one came down with it except Dad, Delore, and Andrew. They went to live, one mile way, in Dulon’s old abandoned house. During the entire month they were isolated from us. They managed to do their own cooking. Every morning and evening they came to do the chores. Dad bought groceries for us, and left them on the back porch. Mom, Claire, and I filled the children’s stockings, which they had hung over on doorknobs. On Christmas morning Grandma Laventure came with gifts for us, which she left on the porch. She kissed each one of us through the windowpane. It was a cold kiss but it warmed our hearts. Dad and our brothers talked to us from outside and wished us a Merry Christmas. They made sure that we were warm enough by keeping the box on the porch filled with wood. Their loving concern for us made it easier for us to endure the separation and the sufferings, which our Lord was asking of us.

The first to recover was Claire and me. We went to live with Dad and the boys. Dulon’s house was scary – sort of haunted. Above the door in the dinning room was the tooth of Herman’s sisters! There was a squeaky rocking chair, which we heard from the bedroom. It scared us until we fell asleep. After several weeks of sickness and separation, everyone was well again, happy to be together and home.

The Maytag had to be cleaned after washing clothes. Unknown to me, Rita, my little sister, was playing near the machine. As I was cleaning it with a kettle of boiling water, some of the hot water splashed down where Rita was, and burned her on the middle of her back. She cried and cried. I was upset and wanted to console her. I brought Rita upstairs to my room. Here on my bed, I displayed the prettiest holy cards I had. I told her, “Choose anything you want from my cherished collection.”

Separations in a loving, close-knit family are sad. It was in the summer of 1931 when Andrew suddenly decided to leave after some misunderstanding with Dad. No amount of talking by Mom could change his mind. We all saw him walk away with a knapsack on his back, and disappear over the hills. All summer long we wondered where he was, and what he was doing. Was he sick? Did he have enough to eat? September came, and Andrew wasn’t back yet.
Would he be back to begin his senior year at New Richmond High School? We were all thinking about him, but we said very little because our hearts were heavy. Our hope led us to believe that he was all right, and that he would come back. One late afternoon after Labor Day, just as the sun was beginning to lower, we saw someone hurriedly over the hills. We ran to tell Mom and Dad. Sure enough, it was Andrew! He came in greeting us and handing us gifts he had won at the fairs. He placed a large cupie doll on the piano. Hoy had returned to our family.

One day Dad planted apple trees, and we waited for them to bear fruit. In early spring, the blossoms appeared filling the air with a sweet aroma. There was one special tree in our orchard. It grew to be large and tall. The branches were strong, and the blossoms were countless. During the summer large green apples decked the tree. In the fall, we picked these green rose-tinted apples. Besides eating them right from the tree, Mom made the most delicious apple pies.

In early summer, the apples looked so good to six year old Dennis. He ate one of those apples before they were ready, and almost died. For days Mom cared for him, the family prayed, and Dennis recovered.

\textit{The Way of Love}

Our family grew in love, support, and loyalty because Mom and Dad knew the value of prayer which they taught us. It is their spirit of faith which helped them carry on through trials, sickness, accidents. Each evening we gathered for prayer. We, the children, leaned on one knee, then on the other, but the rosary went on, followed by our parents’ French recitation of the Ten Commandments, the acts of faith, hope, and charity, a silent flashback of the day, and the Act of Contrition. It did not matter that we did not understand. What was important was the fact that we were together to praise God, and thank Him at the end of the day.

On Sunday mornings, we took turns to stay with the younger children while the others went to Mass. Whoever was to care for the young ones was united to the rest of the family and to the sacrifice of the Mass by reciting the rosary and other prayers.

As we did not attend a Catholic school, we stayed after Mass for almost an hour when the Sisters taught us catechism. There were three groups located in different parts of the church.

Sister Regina, sister Rose, and others who taught us were very kind. They made the hour very interesting. We laughed, learned, and back home shared with the family.

No cold weather stopped us from going to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Dad covered the sleigh with hay, and Mom heated bricks to keep our feet warm. Wrapped in blankets we sang softly on our way to church. The horses trotted along over the crusty snow. Above, the sky sparkled with countless twinkling stars.

We first received the gift of faith when we were baptized at St. Anne’s Church in Somerset, Wisconsin. All of us also received our First Communion there. As young teenagers we accepted Christ as Our Lord and Savior when we were confirmed. Later, several members of our family were married as St. Anne’s Church.

\textbf{Mom and Dad enjoyed deep-down joys. Because they had faith in the midst of trials and suffering, and believed in God’s great love, they inspired us and showed us the way.}
BOOKS/LIVRES...

The Waking Hours (Paperback)
by Jacqueline Michaud

About the Author:
Jacqueline Michaud’s work has appeared widely in literary journals and anthologies. A member of the American Literary Translators Association, she also translates the work of contemporary Francophone writers, and recently completed the translation of a major collection of poetry by the 20th century French poet and screenwriter, Jacques Prévert. A radio personality known for her regular guest appearances on Maine Community Radio, as well as public readings throughout her home state, Ms. Michaud lives in Stonington, Maine, with her family. The Waking Hours is her first full collection of poems and translations.

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Autrefois, les Canadiens, au sens originel du terme, ont été partout en Amérique. Il l’ont nommée, habitée, chantée et écrite. 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 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 haitien prend de l’importance au fur et à mesure que l’axe Port-au-Prince - Miami - Rio de Janeiro prend de l’importance. L’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’Amérique francophone, soit la Franco-Amérique !


Publisher: Septentrion (April 7 2008)

Vision et visages de la Franco-Amérique
L’Amérique française ? La Franco-Amérique. Entre ces deux désignations : un saut, une rupture et, surtout, une question. Qu’est-il advenu des héritiers de l’empire dit français et disséminés à l’échelle de la Nord-Amérique entière ? Où sont, que sont, qui sont ces gens ? Pour les rejoindre, ont été réunis des témoignages de personnalités francs d’un peu partout en Amérique du Nord. Qu’il s’agisse de vivants ou de disparus, de jeunes et de moins jeunes, de personnages illustres ou d’inconnus, peu importe si tous s’avéraient profondément emmurés dans une réalité géographique dissimulée par la Nord-Amérique officielle.

f i n d e r/ r e s u l t a t s - l i v r e s . asp?Recherche=Franco-Am%9e

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(N.D.L.R. This cookbook is bilingual, French & English)

Ce livre de recettes à saveur agrotouristique met en vedette les producteurs de l’île d’Orléans par l’entremise de leurs recettes personnelles. Suivez l’évolution des différentes cultures dont les recettes s’effectuent entre les mois de mars et d’octobre. Découvrez les produits de l’île d’Orléans; ils sont nombreux et variés. Surtout, servez-vous de ce livre pour visiter l’île et rencontrer nos producteurs. Les photos, authentiques et naturelles à l’image des producteurs, ont été prises sans arrangements spéciaux afin de refléter le mieux possible la réalité quotidienne. Simples et rapides d’exécution, les recettes sont un vrai plaisir pour le palais. J’ai passé le plus bel été de ma vie en compagnie des producteurs de l’île grâce à l’ouverture d’esprit et à la générosité qui les caractérisent. Malgré des journées de travail qui n’en finissent plus et tous les impondérables qui les guettent, ils ont participé sans réserve à ce projet. Ce privilège de les connaître, je souhaite le partager avec vous.

Linda Arsenault

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YOU WIN

By
Margaret Karmazin
Susquehanna, PA

It was a tap on the shoulder from some golden god. Not the sort of thing that usually happened to Blair Watson. And all due to the fact that her college roommate at Brown, after some midterm reshuffling, was Leigh Mountebank, of Dallas Mountebank Oil.

"I'm here on scholarship," Blair came clean from the start. There was no way, she'd been certain, that she'd have anything in common with a Mountebank.

"Well, I'm here to get away from my mother who has a tendency to run my life," said Leigh, and her last roommate was a psychopath. I wanted a taste of dorm life, but not with someone putting ink in my mouthwash and God only knows what else. It was, she claimed, a political statement. So now, you and I will give it a shot. Just don't try to kill me."

The friendship took and now, having just graduated, they were together in Paris, thanks to Leigh's interfering mother, sharing an apartment in the Opéra district, not far from Folies Bergere. Blair's head had not stopped spinning.

They'd just spent the weekend exploring the city, visiting obvious tourist attractions, and Blair was in love. She'd never felt such a sense of perfect place in her life.

"I can't believe it, Leigh," she said. "Here for six months, on our own, in PARIS. And it's free!"

"Well, free for us, deary, though not for cousin Ashton. He's paying through the nose." Blair sighed. "It's just that suddenly I feel ugly and pathetic."

"Oh, posh, you're being ridiculous. You're in Paris, you're young, you have a free apartment and you're beautiful! Do I need to slap you?"

Blair smiled. "Okay, you're right. Just a momentary lapse there. Remember I haven't had a date in months."

"Friday we're going out on the town. All those Frenchmen await us!" Ashton met them by the receptionist's desk. "Cousin Leigh and Blair, is it?" he said with what Blair thought was a British accent. "Enter my lair."

Ashton Mountebank was a delightful caricature of a decadent European, anything remotely Texan having long been deleted. He lounged on the edge of his mahogany desk while describing their duties.

"You're interns in competition, mes chers," he said. "In six months, give or take, there'll be one opening for a junior editor. Whichever one of you shows the better talent for the job gets it, blood or no blood. Comprenez?"

"Uh huh," murmured Leigh, while wide-eyed Blair chirped, "Yes, sir."

"Just call me Ashton," he told her with a slight roll of the eyes.

He stood up and slid into his massive, leather chair. "People submit to our little magazine at a furious pace - a thousand submissions a month. Of course more than half of that is fiction, which won't concern you at present. You'll be reading creative nonfiction for now. You were both English lit majors, so you should have some vague idea of what you're doing, n'est-ce pas?"

Leigh was looking out the window, but Blair assured him, "Yes, Ashton, we're both good readers."

"Well, then ladies, you know what to do. If something is not totally atrocious, pass it on to Clarence or Milly. They're assistant editors and your immediate superiors."

He suddenly leaned forward and peered at Leigh. "I thought you were getting married? To that Rick person. What happened?"

"It's off," said Leigh rather nastily. "But why? He was so rich." Leigh hesitated, then said, "I heard a rumor, that's all."

"Oh, I love rumors," purred Ashton.

"He was seen kissing Eleanor Shane at the Arness art opening. In a back room behind a huge statue of a naked female torso. I believe the report is that they were leaning against it."

Blair's head swiveled. "You didn't tell me that! You just said he was too conventional. That doesn't sound conventional!"

"Oh please," said Leigh. "Cheating on one's fiancée? How conventional can you get?"

"No forgiveness there, then?" said Ashton, probably counting up his own indiscretions. "He can drop dead," said Leigh, her mouth tight. "I don't care if I ever get married now. Maybe I'll stay here forever."

At this, Blair felt a teensy stab of fear. She was surprised at herself, at her own selfishness. For there was little doubt about it - she was in competition with her best friend and the stakes were high. Winning meant being able to live in Paris indefinitely. Suddenly, it seemed as if someone had opened a door and let in a blast of icy air. Until now, nothing had meant more than her friendship with Leigh. They (Continued on page 36)
scouted the neighborhood, which was, to some extent, Orthodox Jewish, the mom & pop stores kosher. They found what they needed to sustain life, and set to living in earnest. Their work was not taxing, although frequently they brought piles of manuscripts home. These they often carried to a neighborhood brasserie to peruse while sipping wine or tea. Immediately, men hit on them, Leigh slightly more than Blair.

“It’s my blond hair,” explained Leigh with generosity. “It stands out. You could put it on a cow and men, dumb as they are, would slobber.”

Blair, who considered herself prettier than Leigh, even if her hair was a typical brown, agreed with her, though not out loud.

Friday evening, Blair slipped into her only sexy outfit, a red leather miniskirt and black scoop neck jersey. She whipped her hair up on top of her head and secured it with chopsticks before inserting her giant hoop earrings, a look that definitely rided her of her girl-next-door persona.

Leigh was her usual smooth, elegant self as they headed out for les boîtes. First on the list was a club not far from their apartment, Passage du Nord-Ouest. The entrance was through a small passageway into a courtyard surrounded by apartment buildings. Students types filled the court and not a few of them gave Blair and Leigh the cool once-over. Soon everyone crowded into the club through a theater lobby lit in blue neon. The atmosphere was slightly seedy and the place jammed to the ceiling. Parents with children were there, but enough single young men to give Blair a mild case of butterflies.

“That guy with the rimless glasses is eating you up with his eyes,” pointed out Leigh.

Just then, she was wisked away by what looked like a Swede, leaving Blair to herself, smashed between groups of exuberantly conversing friends. Rimless Glasses approached and said, “Pardon. Vous etes seule? Votre amie est partie?”

“Oh, she’s just talking over there,” said Blair. “I mean, I’m not really alone.”


She noticed that his glasses were smeared. She was thirsty and had to pee. But the thought of trying to find the toilet seemed beyond her.

“You know, you Americans need to get over the idea that you run the world. You,” said the man. “She interrupted. “Où est la toilette, s’il vous plaît?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “I do not care.”

She felt as if he had slapped her.

That encounter was followed by another-a short, wiry guy with thinning blond hair. He had a thick scarf wrapped around his neck and a cigarette dangling from his lips, the smoke heading in a steady stream ceilingward. “You are thin for an American,” he opened. “They are usually so fat. I suppose it is a matter of time. Is your mother obese?”

Where was Leigh? In a mild panic, Blair looked around, finally catching her friend’s gleaming blond head by the end of the bar. The bar ran the entire length of the wall, so it was a bit of a trek to push her way through the crowd. When she arrived, Leigh gave her the Look, which meant: Let’s get the hell out of here.

Out in the street, Blair blurted, “Are all Frenchmen like those? Rude and hurtful as hell?” She recounted her experience, then burst into tears.

Leigh took her hand. “Come on, we’ll find a nice quiet café and have a drink. My men were bastards too. One blamed me for the Iraq war, another accused me of poisoning third world countries with genetic crop engineering and the third told me American women do not know how to dress. Is there something wrong with this outfit? I mean I am wearing the pre-requisite scarf. And my jeans are tight.”

“You look great,” said Blair. “Apparently, French men are nasty. I should have known. So what’s this mean, that we won’t have any dates while we’re here?”

“Hmmmm, and one of us is staying - whoever gets that position as Assistant Editor.”

Blair could not bring herself to look at Leigh’s face. Was Leigh’s jokey tone hiding her real ambition? Or did she not care all that much? It was not something Blair felt she could ask her right out.

They ended up listening to African music at a small “boîte” a few streets over. There’d been no end to the African men who’d hit on them, and with compliments too.

“So much nicer than the French,” said Leigh as they stumbled home two hours later.

“I’m horribly drunk,” said Blair.

“I’m a bottomless pit,” said Leigh. “Listen, why don’t we make a bet? About the French guys, I mean.”

Blair stopped walking and looked at her. “What do you mean?”

“How about racking up how many of them insult us? It would be the honor system, of course.”

“I’m not sure I know what you mean.”

“We each keep track of our horrible experiences with them and each man counts as one point. I mean, if one particular man insults you several times, that doesn’t count as several points, just one. Whoever racks up the most points wins.”

“Wins what?”

“I don’t know, we need to figure that out. The stakes should be decent.”

“I don’t have much money,” said Blair. “You know that.”

Just then a man lurched past, leering weirdly at Blair’s chest. Feeling fired up and very interested all of a sudden in Leigh’s idea, she stuck out her hand to shake on it. Later she would spend a lot of time in the bathroom analyzing her own motives.

By the next evening, they had still not figured out the stakes. Leigh poured herself her own version of a martini and said, “Okay, I’ve got it. Whichever of us stacks up the most negative encounters with French men gets the job.”

“The job?” said Blair.

“Duh, woman. The assistant editorship! You want it, then get your little butt out there and interact with the males of this burg. Report back. We deserve some fun out of being treated with Gallic disdain!”

“But,” said Blair, “that’s kind of weird, isn’t it? I mean, can we trust each other?”

Leigh gave her a long look. “What are you saying, best friend, that you’d lie to me to get the job? Could I have heard that correctly?”

Blair blushed. “Uh, no! I mean, well... no, of course I wouldn’t lie. I don’t think I’ve ever lied to you. I’d hardly start now.”

“Well, then, there’s no problem. We’ll just keep a running tab on the fridge and it’s up to each of us to tally up. I suggest we carry little notebooks at all times and immediately record all interactions.”

That night in bed, Blair considered. Did she regret having agreed to this contest? She found herself feeling oddly sorry for the French males lined up in her future who would not know they were simply part of a game. Morally, this game could be wrong, yet... Blair was discovering wells of ambition inside herself she had not imagined existed. Not so much ambition for the magazine business, but for the privilege of continuing to live in Paris, which of course for her was (Continued on page 37)
one. Your friend, on the other hand - she could probably stay on her own.”

“Y o u  h a v e n ’ t e v e n  m e t  h e r ,”  s a i d  B l a i r  i c i l y .

“I am an observant person,” he said. “I can see this characteristic of hers from where I sit. Her carriage and body language declare it.”

Blair ate the rest of her duck in fuming silence, then lapsed into mild depression. Sébastien talked animatedly with Milly on his other side. Blair had to keep saying to herself, it’s Paris I love, not the men, not the men...

Leigh was quite animated when describing her conversation with Xavier’s editor, Michael Dravener. “He is so cultivated. I thoroughly enjoyed myself!”


“Just another cold, unfeeling man to add to my list.”

“That dude sitting next to you? I thought he was attractive, in a don’t-bother-me-when-I’m-creating kind of way. Long fingered hands, beautiful eyes.”

“You could see his hands and eyes from the end of the table?”

“Looks like you’re ahead in the contest, woman.”

B l a i r  w a s n ’ t e n t i r e l y  s u r e  h o w  s h e  f e l t  a b o u t  t h a t .

That evening, they took their pile of manuscripts to the Folies Café, their favorite au moment, and set up work and serious wine sipping.

The waiter, a painfully skinny old flirt who liked them (not on their list), allowed them to push two tables together. When Leigh slipped downstairs to the ladies’, Blair’s cell phone rang.

“Vous etes seule,” said a male voice.

“Comment?” said Blair.

“C’est moi, Sébastien. I am at the bar. Look inside.”

She twisted her neck to see. There he was, waving at her.

“I did not want to disturb you when you and your friend were working,” said the rich, somehow warming voice in her ear. Her stomach flipped. What was he doing here? “Well...” she began, when he interrupted.

“My apartment is over that small boulangerie there, do you see? Look to your right and ahead a few buildings. You see now?”

“Yes,” said Blair. “Sébastien, how did you get my number?”

He laughed. “Your Ashton Mountebank, he is easy to crack.” There was a pause as Blair, who had her eyes back on him, noted Leigh passing him without apparently recognizing him. “There goes your friend now.

Would you like to meet me for dinner tomorrow evening, do you think?”

“For dinner?” she repeated stupidly. “Where?”

“I can fetch you, if you like. Since we do not live so far apart. (He knew that too, didn’t he?). Or if you prefer, you can take a taxi and meet me. How about Le Templier de Montmartre? It is a favorite of mine.”

She seemed to have lost the power of speech. Hadn’t this person appeared to dislike her? Or at least beneath his interest for chatting longer than five minutes? “Um...okay. I guess you might pick me up at my place,” she said, then realized that going out with a Frenchman could seriously injure her chances of winning the contest.

Surely, she should save dating until after she had won it fair and square. On the other hand, it would be part of experiencing France to go out with a Frenchman, so perhaps she could get away with it without L e i g h  h a v i n g  t o  k n o w .

Where was Leigh, for that matter? Blair gawked about, but could not see her. The voice in her ear said, “I see your friend has found someone she knows here, an African? They are having an intense discussion.”

B l a i r  t o o k  t h e o p p o r t u n i t y  t o  t e l l  h e m ,  “I’ll meet you there. 7:30? Give me the name again so I can write it down, okay?”

He did and just as she snapped her phone shut, Leigh appeared looking pleasantly flushed. “That was Youseff from the other night,” she said. “He invited me to a party tomorrow evening! I told him of course I wanted you to come too, so he...”

Blair said, “Oh, no, I mean, I can’t. I...” How could she say this? “I think I need a night to myself. You know what a loner I am. Do you mind?”

“Since when are you a loner?” said Leigh, but she didn’t argue. “Of course I don’t mind.”

To distract her, Blair asked, “So you’re not adding on to your Frenchmen list? Africans are sort of a detour, n’est-ce pas?”

“I haven’t given up at all,” said Leigh. “In fact, I added one today. When I delivered those proofs to the printer. Met a really nasty one there, a doctor who puts out his own newsletter. Accused me of the Iran Contra affair. Wasn’t that when I was watching Sesame Street?” She laughed. (Continued on page 38)
Damn, thought Blair. She herself hardly met any men. All day, she read manuscripts, which seemed to arrive by the truckfull, while most evenings she spent doing the same in front of the TV. Otherwise, when she met any new people, she was with Leigh.

“You know,” she said, “we really should go out separately. Otherwise, I’m hardly going to up my score.”

“What are you saying?” said Leigh. “We always meet people on our own, even when out together.”

“Well, it’s not just that,” said Blair, floundering now. “I really want to visit the art museums. The Louvre alone would take weeks.”

“True,” said Leigh.

“I’m not really into art.”

“Okay, then,” said Blair with possibly too blatant satisfaction. “One or two days a week then, on our own?”

“Sure,” said Leigh, shrugging rather Frenchilly. “If that’s what you want.”

As long as Blair didn’t run into Leigh while she was with Sébastien, Blair’s derriere was covered. There was a rash of reasons why she did not want Leigh to know about him, especially if she continued to see him - one, obviously, the contest. Leigh might jump to the conclusion that Blair was too sidetracked to continue and what other chance did Blair have of winning the job? For no matter what Ashton said, he would surely choose blood over water - Leigh’s mother, with her expert arm twisting, would see to that. Unless, of course, the woman secretly hoped her daughter would come home.

Also, there was something about the way Blair felt toward Sébastien that she did not want to dissect with her friend. Why should she have any feelings at all for this perfect stranger was moot; the thing was, the merciless way that she and Leigh habitually analyzed people and situations...well, Blair just didn’t want that. Besides, who was to say this would turn into anything? If he was like the other Frenchmen she’d met, his hypercritical attitude would turn her off sooner than later.

Before leaving to meet Sébastien, she overheard Leigh talking on her cellphone in the bathroom. Strange, as Leigh did not usually bother to hide her conversations; she sometimes seemed to lack all sense of privacy in fact. Blair tried to catch what she was saying, but Leigh was speaking too softly. Blair found Sébastien waiting for her at a table along the wall. There seemed to be little privacy as the people next to them were very close. As if reading her mind, he said, “Not spacious as American restaurants, but cozy, no?”

“Yeah,” she admitted. He handed her a menu. “Order anything you like, but I suggest le Pavé de Rumsteak au Poivre or Roquefort or possibly Papillote de Poissons au Beurre Pesto. My sister loves that one.”

“You have a sister?”

“Three,” he replied. “One is married to an American and lives in North Carolina.”

Surprising even herself, the thought shot across her mind: so the mother is already broken in to les americains. “You know,” he said, “At the luncheon, I did not want to waste time talking to you.” She felt a stab in her stomach. Why would he say such a thing? “I wanted to save that for when we could be alone. Because I knew...” he paused, then went on rather nervously, “Because I knew instantly that there was something between us.”

She looked into his eyes, which were hazel and had the odd characteristic of radiating mystery at the same time as dependability, and just like that, she was lost.

It became necessary now for Blair to purposefully search out testy Frenchmen. Men were fond of reading their newspapers at the café next to the office and, once she’d ordered her chocolat and roll, she set about trying to tick them off. Three older gentlemen were her first prey. A mumbled remark about something she read on the back of their newspapers had done the trick, although their grumbling comments had not been directed at her Americanness, rather at her rudeness. Nevertheless, she scored two points (the third man ignored her). It was later impossible to keep this up since she’d since developed an easy friendship with the men and their cronies and they seemed to look forward to her company.

After three months, Ashton moved Blair and Leigh to Fiction for a different experience. “I won’t be trying you on poetry, however,” he told them. “That’s reserved for actual poet types and you girls don’t write poems, am I correct?”

“Correct,” Leigh said with a bored tinge to her voice. She’d been behaving oddly of late. Was she having a secret fling with the African? But if so, it wasn’t like her not to share all the details with Blair. Of course, that was hypocritical. Especially, since she herself spent every waking moment dreaming about Sébastien and slept with him every chance she got, not yet spending an entire night out, however. That was too risky.

“Turn in all your nonfiction submissions,” Ashton continued, “to Clarence or Milly and pick up your new ones from Trudie. She’ll be your new boss.”

“Fiction is so much more fun than non,” commented Blair. She and Leigh were munching their lunches at their desks, which faced each other. “I love brown-bagging in France,” she went on lamely. “Look at this - creamy goat cheese, hard crusted bread, the best apple I ever tasted!”

Leigh, seemingly distracted, mumbled, “Yeah, delicious.”

Blair wasn’t sure if she had the right to ask what was going on. Did a person who was hiding something herself have that right? Curiosity got the best of her. “Um, Leigh, you seem...I don’t know...kind of like you’re in another world. You’re not mad at me, are you?”

“Huh?” said Leigh, coming back from la-la land. “No, why should I be mad?”

“Well...” said Blair.

“No, I’m fine, really. Maybe I’ve just been thinking, that’s all.”

“About what?”

“I don’t know...Rick.”

“Rick? I thought you were done with him.”

“I am, I guess,” said Leigh. “I mean he’s a shit and all and you should hear his excuse for mauling Eleanor Shane at that art show.”

“You’ve been talking to him?”

Leigh blushed. “Just once. Well, twice.”

Blair chewed in silence for a moment, then said, “So what was his excuse for the Eleanor thing?”

Leigh leaned forward, one wing of golden hair falling in her face, which she impatiently hooked behind her ear. “He says she confessed she suspected she was gay, but she wanted to be really sure before she came out and pissed off her entire family. So she asked him to kiss her good, so she could see if she felt anything.”

“Oh, right,” said Blair. “Best excuse for cheating I’ve ever heard.”

Leigh waved a hand. “Whatever. He insisted she was really serious and he didn’t have the balls to say no. So they locked (Continued on page 39)
Une revue du livre Révélation par Gabriel Crevier

par Albert J. Marceau de Newtoning, CT


La poésie de Gabriel Crevier n‘est pas dans le style de la poésie libre, mais des formes traditionnelles, et les formes qu‘il utilise sont le quatrain, le couplet, et le sonnet. Crevier lui-même écrivait dans la préface de la collection que sa poésie se modelait sur deux poètes du 19ème Siècle – Alphonse de Lamartine (1790-1869) et Victor Hugo (1802-1885). La préface est l‘évidence qu‘il avait (Suite page 40)

La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs suite de page 23)
Corrections to Parts Two and Three of the Series “25 Years of the FCGSC”

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

After the publication of Le Forum, Spring/Summer 2008, I received a couple of complaints about part three of my series, “25 Years of the FCGSC.” I would like to address the complaints, as well as add some information that I omitted in the series.

In “25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Two, the Deceased Founders,” Le Forum Fall/Winter 2007, on page 31, column 3, I wrote: “One evening in September 2001, I called her home so as to interview her [Lorraine Harlow] on the beginnings of the FCGSC, and her husband, Calvin Harlow, answered the phone, and said that he had just put her to bed. In a friendly tone, he said that I should call at another time.” This information is essentially correct, but I have since found my notes from my telephone call to the home of Lorraine Harlow, and in them I wrote: “Called Lorraine Harlow, Sat. Sept. 1, 2001 at 8:10 PM, + husband told me to call during the day.” At the time, I figured I would wait a couple of days, and unfortunately, I waited at total of six weeks, and on the morning of Oct. 16, 2001, I (Continued on page 41)
found her obituary in the Hartford Courant, so I lost the interview. If I had spoken to her in a timely manner, I could have asked her about the role of Ethel Hodgdon in the establishment of the FCGSC, as well as her own role with the establishment of the Connecticut Society of Genealogists, the American-Canadian Genealogical Society and the American French Genealogical Society.

In “25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Three, Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders,” Le Forum Spring/Summer 2008, on page 46, column 2, I erred on the date of the election of Marcel Guerard as a Director of the FCGSC in 1985. The correct date of the election is Sun. May 19, 1985, not Sun. Sept. 22, 1985, as I wrote in the article. The date of Sun. Sept. 22, 1985 is the day when the officers who were elected at the Spring General Membership Meeting, (which was held on Sun. May 19, 1985), formally took office, although they had been in office as of Sept. 1 of the year, in accordance with the then current bylaws of the FCGSC. The clarification in the dates is from the FCGSC Newsletter Sept. 1985.

Concerning the same article, Leon Guimond wrote a note of the correction about it to the FCGSC, post-marked Sept. 3, 2008 from Eastern Maine, and Dir. Ray Lemire read the note during the board meeting on Tues. Oct. 7, 2008. Since I wrote the article, I had to explain Guimond’s references to the other directors of the FCGSC, which caused some mild laughter. The near entirety of Guimond’s letter is: “I have a correcion to make when we went to NH Society to copy books […] Me + Henry Lanouette we used my photo copier […] Henry did not have a copier at that time. [signed] Leon Guimond [.]” Guimond’s correction is in reference to page 43, column 3 of my article, where I erroneously wrote that he and Henri Carrier, with Carrier’s photocopier, would travel to the ACGS so as to photocopy “all the books on Kamouraska”. Clearly, I misunderstood which Henri (with an “i”), or Henry (with a “y”). Guimond spoke when I interviewed him on June 14, 2006. Therefore, based upon the correction, Guimond used to travel with Henry Lanouette, (both of whom resided in Enfield, Conn., at the time), with Guimond’s photocopier in tow, and together, they photocopied “all the books on Kamouraska” at the ACGS in Manchester, N.H.

Also concerning “Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders,” Robert E. Chennard of Waterville, Maine, who is member No. 721 of the FCGSC, wrote a complaint by e-mail on July 24, 2008 to the President of the FCGSC, Susan Paquette, about my synopsis of an article that Leon Guimond submitted to the Winter 1992 issue of the Connecticut Maple Leaf (CML). On July 26, 2008, Pres. Paquette sent Chennard’s complaint by e-mail to all the directors of the FCGSC, and I responded to the board by e-mail about it on July 29, 2008.

Robert Chennard’s message to Pres. Paquette is entitled “FCGSC article in U. of Maine’s FORUM,” and the essential point of his text is the following: “The article on page 42 [correction, page 43, column 1] of Le Forum [Spring/Summer 2008] states that my good genealogy [sic] friend, Leon Guimond, found a number of errors in Talbot’s Beaute-Dorchester-Frontenac series in the Jolin family compilation and [he] wrote an article about it in FCGSC 1992 Winter issue [of the CML]. I am surprised that he did not give the source of that research. I’m sure he will tell you that I was the one who gave him a copy of those corrections for which he seemingly took credit.” Due to the complaint, I re-examined the original source, and Guimond did credit Robert Chennard for the source of his information, but I overlooked it, and failed to give Chennard credit for his research in my synopsis of Guimond’s article.

The reason that I made the error is because I erred in the number of pages in Guimond’s article. When I wrote my synopsis on the article that Leon Guimond submitted to the FCGSC for publication in the CML, I thought that it was one page long, and the following two pages were a separate article. The article that Guimond submitted to the FCGSC is three pages long, apparently written and printed on two separate personal computers, for the first page is in an Arial font from a laser printer and likely from an Apple Computer, while the following two pages were printed from a nine-pin dot-matrix printer. The headline on the first page is: “Jolin (Joler),” and at the bottom of the page is the editorial gloss of: “Submitted by Mr. Leon Guimond of Frenchville, Maine.” The editorial gloss itself is in a different font than the rest of the page, likely that of an IBM typewriter. The second page has a second headline: “CORRECTIONS [sic] to REPERTOIRES,” and below the misspelled heading, is: “Compiled by Robert CHE-NARD of Waterville, Maine. Submitted by Leon GUIMOND of Frenchville, Me.”

There is no continuous text between the headlines, and it is not clear that the three pages are part of the same article unless one re-examines the index page of the Winter 1992 CML, and the title of the article is: “Jolin Family Research,” a heading that does not appear in the article. Also, no author is cited after the title of “Jolin Family Research” in the index, other than the citation of “Submitted by Leon Guimond.” Hence, it is not clear who exactly wrote the article, unless one carefully examines the citation on the second page of the three page article.


To close on “Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders,” I omitted that Leon Guimond donated a genealogy of the Guimond Family in manuscript form to the FCGSC Library. It is entitled: “Guimond/t Family 4936 entries Filed Alphabetically by the Family Name….” as he printed in his own hand on the title page. Above the title is a note written in cursive: “Gift of Leon A. Guimond,” and below the title is a stamp with the old mailing address of the FCGSC, that of P.O. Box 45 in Tolland, which was used from Dec. 1986 to Summer 1995, which means the manuscript was donated to the FCGSC by Guimond at least 14 years ago. The manuscript is bound in a wine-colored cover, with the word “GUIMOND” printed on the spine. The manuscript is unnumbered and based upon its thickness, it contains approximately 375 sheets of paper which are printed only on one side. The font used for the computer-generated manuscript appears to be from a 24-pin dot-matrix printer.
Bonjour! This year celebrates my 25th year recording! My new CD, "25 ans...Collection Vol. II" is now available online and at various stores throughout the Northeast! I'm including 22 songs, some new, some live, many from various albums over the years... Call 1-888-424-1007 to get a discount when you buy 2 or more! (I apologize that the online purchase page cannot offer the discount at the moment). You can listen to a few clips and feel free to e-mail me for a copy of the lyrics: info@joseevachon.com. Merci à tous! Josée

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Ida’s Legacy
She left her gifts—
of objects made
for the moment, for the person
—for them alone.
Sweaters, scarves and afghans
joined
with a legacy of touch, of homey scents,
familiar sounds—
texture of the yarn,
sustaining taste
of
tourtière, chicken soup
and sugar pie—
rich dishes from the French life,
hearty food for working folk.
With past-accented voice
French flavored,
she told
of times endured
when friends and neighbors
made the labor light.
Crafting her life—
as she did so many things—
one day
she cast the final stitch,
laid down
the finished work,
and slipped away.
For Kay on the death of her mother.
MSL 11/29/08
Aged 92, Ida passed away on November 21, 2008. She was a workingwoman all her life.

WITH NOTHING NEW
by Steven Riel ©
Natick, MA

oarsmen from aged ships
then jailed in carts of swiftly hewn
guarded by
and still these naked captives rise in song
jaws against splintered
with all their might
streaked torsos heaving out
of buzz and drone
over the clatter of rim on
galloping toward a milder coast’s

pried
bars
cudgels
thrust
bark
gore
clots
swelling
gravel
manacles
coxswain
slave

chord: Now I must learn from this
blackness
to steer without rudder, without
commands
without cat-o’-nine-tails, the I who
flogged
then starved them into bleeding, the I who
shoved
their great spent limbs into “the hole”—with
nothing
I must lead them to an early
death
our inlets could swaddle with song

http://www.stevenriel.com/index.html
Steven Riel, Box 679, Natick, MA 01760
Email: Steven@StevenRiel.com

(See next issue for more poetry from Steven, also visit his website for more info. on his books: How to Dream (1992), The Spirit Can Crest (2003), and Postcard from P-town (due out Feb. 2009).)
Savez-vous de quel arbre vous provenez ?

Recherchez votre date de naissance dans la liste qui suit et vous trouverez votre arbre. Un petit jeu amusant qui surprendra par la justesse de ses propos et qui s’inspire de l’astrologie celtique.

23 déc. Au 01 janv. - Pommier
02 janv. Au 11 janv. - Sapin
12 janv. Au 24 janv. - Orme
25 janv. Au 03 févr. - Cyprès
04 févr. Au 08 févr. - Peuquier
09 févr. Au 18 févr. - Cèdre
19 févr. Au 28 févr. - Pin
01 mars au 10 mars - Saule pleureur
11 mars au 20 mars - Tilleul
21 mars - Chêne
22 mars au 31 mars - Noisetier
01 avr. Au 10 avr. - Cormier
11 avr. Au 20 avr. - Érable
21 avr. Au 30 avr. - Noyer
01 mai au 14 mai - Peuquier
15 mai au 24 mai - Châtaignier
25 mai au 03 juin - Frêne
04 juin au 13 juin - Charme de la Caroline
14 juin au 23 juin - Figuier
24 juin - Bouleau
25 juin au 04 juill. - Pommier
05 juill. Au 14 juill. - Sapin
15 juill. Au 25 juill. - Orme
26 juill. Au 04 août - Cyprès
05 août au 13 août - Peuquier
14 août au 23 août - Cèdre
24 août au 02 sept. - Pin
03 sept. Au 12 sept. - Saule pleureur
13 sept. Au 22 sept. - Tilleul
23 sept. - Olivier
24 sept. Au 03 oct. - Noisetier
04 oct. Au 13 oct. - Cormier
14 oct. Au 23 oct. - Érable
24 oct. Au 11 nov. - Noyer
12 nov. Au 21 nov. - Châtaignier
22 nov. Au 01 déc. - Frêne
02 déc. Au 11 déc. - Charme de la Caroline
12 déc. Au 21 déc. - Figuier
22 déc. - Hêtre

Dear Editor:

That was very thoughtful of you to take the time to respond to my letter-and honestly I don’t remember if you wrote before. It’s the world we live in now-too many numbers and stuff to remember. I did receive the fall/winter issue previously. So, I will “pass-on” the last issue you graciously sent.

In your letter of Feb. 16th, you mentioned a woman enquiring about the name: Simonneau. Enclosed, I sent you the two genealogy lists I have. The Simonneau was the mother of Marie Rose Corriveau who married Joseph Hebert, a blood relative on my meméres (grandmother’s) side of the family. It’s interesting you asked about that name, Simonneau, because I could not find any “info” on the marriage of Joseph Hebert to Marie-Rose Corriveau. That is not really my priority to know, but, maybe that bit of “info” will be of some use to the lady you mentioned.

I’ve sent the genealogy lists for two reasons:
1. Maybe my list will help the woman.
2. a. I want to have a search done on my maternal line. Eventually, I want to have an mtDNA done to have “info” on my direct maternal line.
   b. Also, I have no “info” on where my ancestors lived in France. It would be nice to know what part of France or town they lived in.

(Continued on page 45)
THE THIBODEAU(X)
PILGRIMAGE
August 17 – 19, 2009

Goal: Three day visit to several sites in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia that are significant to the early history of our Thibodeau(x) family.

ITINERARY
Monday August 17, 2009 – Moncton, New Brunswick

11:00 A.M. - Meet at Champ-lain Mall, Moncton, New Brunswick
1.) Tim Horton’s for lunch
2.) View German Thibodeau monument located in mall parking lot
12:00 P.M. - Departure for a short distance across the Peticodiac River to Riverview West for a brief visit to “La Pre en Coin” (Corner Meadow) site is the upper part of the Thibodeau Colony, approximately 30 miles up river from the lower portion of the colony on the Peticodiac River.
Tuesday August 18, 2009
8:00 A.M. – Meet at Champ-lain Mall, Moncton, New Brunswick
1.) Drive 150 miles (3 hrs.) to Windsor, NS where Thibodeau Village/Shaw Farm is located.
11:00 A.M. (approx) Arriving on NS Route 101, Exit 5A Tourist Information center. If possible carpool. Return to Exit 5 continue on to Route 14. Cross the St. Croix River to Poplar Grove continue about two miles turn left onto Avondale Road. At this intersection there is a take-out if anyone needs a bite to eat.

LODGING
(continued from page 44)

1.) Grand Pré is about 20 miles from the Shaw Farm, they close at 6:00 P.M.
2.) In the Grand Pré area is The Old Orchard Inn right off Route 101 in Wolfville, NS, nice and inexpensive hotel, (has no elevator).
3.) Annapolis Royal is 70 miles from Grand Pré.
4.) There is a motel in Bridgetown near where we will be camping,. It is only 7 miles to Round Hill from Bridgetown via Route 201. Round Hill is about half way between Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.

Wednesday August 19, 2009 - Annapolis Royal
8:00 A.M. - Meet at Fort Anne on St. George Street
8:30 A.M. (approx) - Drive 8 miles to Round Hill. Spend as much time as you wish visiting this very important site of our ancestors. I will be your guide tour of Round Hill, beginning with the small park where Pierre Thibodeau plaque is located along with the millstone said to have come from the mill of Phineas Lovett.
This is very likely the site of the mill of our ancestor and the stone from his mill also, although not provable beyond doubt. I will then lead the group to the site where the Thibodeau homes were located on Round Hill Road and finally the vast 400 acre farm land that was known as La Pree Ronde owned by our ancestor.
Whatever remains of the day can be spent visiting other sites of interest in this very historical area. Places to consider are Ft. Anne (Opens at 9:00 A.M.), Habitation, Historical Gardens where there is a replica of an Acadian house, the Melanson Settlement on the way to Habitation and then Annapolis itself.

I truly believe that many of the difficulties, losses, ostracizing of family members, and other dynamics that occurred, are the result of the ethnic cleansing of mass deportation in 1756. The scars of shame trickled down like poison through generations. The need to survive or perish damaged the branches of my family tree. Many of us particularly, the woman, became warriors without weapons, trying to hold-on to the little that we did have. Our perseverance to accomplish and succeed became a battle against loyalty and trust.
I am the only one amongst my brothers and sisters, trying to put the pieces together for myself and the next generation. Hopefully, through knowledge and understanding of what has happened to us, there can be healing. Then we can evolve and return to reaching out to one another and be in harmony as we once were.
We were raised to hate anything French, I wouldn’t describe myself as being a very religious person, but, as the song goes, I am hoping our readership can help you with your genealogy.

Sincerely,
Frances T. Paine

Dear Frances,

To our readers:

I am hoping our readership can help you with your genealogy.

Sincerely,
Frances T. Paine

Does anyone have the Antoine Hebert line? The Marcouiller line? The Gilles Dupont line? If so, please contact me at the Franco-American Centre or Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu
PRESS RELEASE
14 Feb 2009 Harvard, MA

The Terriot Acadian Family Society of Harvard, Massachusetts announces that the Société Historique du Madawaska of Edmundston, New Brunswick in collaboration with the Maine Acadian Heritage Council of Madawaska, Maine will be hosting the launching and signing of the book “Destination: Madawaska” by J. Ralph Theriault of Harvard, Massachusetts, founder of the Terriot Acadian Family Society. The launching is scheduled to take place at the University of Moncton at Edmundston on Friday evening, 3 April 2009 and at the University of Maine at Fort Kent on Saturday, 4 April 2009. The book, a 70 page soft cover is heavily illustrated with about 40 maps and photos, many never before published from the newly discovered family album of Pélagie Thériault Morneault of Moulin-Morneault in St-Jacques, NB, the grand-daughter of the pioneer Charles Thériault. The book is heavily annotated with endnotes and a bibliography.

The book is a biography of Charles Thériault, first francophone settler in 1821-1823 of the lower Madawaska River in present-day St-Jacques. The book presents a brief history of the Acadian migration before the time of Charles’ trail-blazing in the wilderness of the Madawaska territory. The territory at that time was a ‘no-man’s land’ that included much of northern Maine from Houlton and all of Madawaska county and parts of Victoria and Restigouche counties of northwestern New Brunswick. At that time, the territory was claimed by the United States as being part of the new state of Maine and was also claimed by England as being part of the new colony of New Brunswick. The dispute was settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 which chose the St-John River as the international boundary separating the United States and New Brunswick.

The book presents the genealogy of the greater Thériault family in the St-John Valley showing that the population of all Thériaults until 1900 came from three branches of the Acadian family: one which migrated from the lower St-John to St-Basile around 1790 and two branches which had migrated from Acadia to Kamouraska, QC in 1759 and later migrated to the various Madawaska settlements between 1820 and 1860.

In presenting the biography of Charles Thériault, J. Ralph Theriault also included the early history of the Saint-Onge, the Plourde and the Morneault families because of the close relationships between the four pioneer families. After Charles migrated to the lower Madawaska River in 1821-1823, he was later (Continued on page 47)
joined in 1826 by his two brothers-in-law, Pierre Plourde and Jean Saint-Onge and their families. Pierre Plourde’s contribution to the industrialization of the Madawaska territory is well recorded by other historians like Fathers Thomas Albert and Eugène Paré, and by Monsieur Guy R. Michaud. Pierre built the first mill on the Iroquois River in the 1840’s in the present-day Moulin-Morneault area of St-Jacques.

The author, J. Ralph Theriault is the son of Théodule Theriault and Elsie Dubé of Upper Frenchville, Maine and later of Plainville, Connecticut. He was born in Fort Kent, Maine and raised in the parish of Sainte-Luce of Upper Frenchville. Mr. Theriault is a Captain (Retired) of the United States Air Force and an Electrical Engineer (retired) of the Raytheon Company in Lexington, Massachusetts. He lives in Harvard, Massachusetts with his wife, Rosemary. He has two daughters, Nicola Ann and Jill and two grandsons.

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

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

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

SOUCY FAMILY CONNECTIONS

About You?

All Soucys today trace their lineage to Jean Soucy-LaVigne (c.1643–78) and Jeanne Savonnet (c.1650-1721), immigrants from Paris, France to Quebec and through at least one of their four grandsons. Their story is expertly told by L’Association des familles Soucy (Quebec) which is dedicated to preserving and promoting Soucy family heritage. It publishes original, well documented and definitive family research in its annual bulletin, “La Source”. Summaries of certain articles are available in English on the Association’s web site: http://www.genealogie.org/famille/Soucy.

About Me...

I am Ronald Bernard, American-born son of French-Canadian immigrants. A Soucy on my maternal side, I have been researching that family’s genealogy since 1983. I have an extensive data base of connected Soucys (Family Tree Maker) and hope to one day complete and make available the entire tree, an ambitious idea which has become feasible thanks to the advent of the Internet. (Although I am a Director of L’Association des familles Soucy, right now this is my independent project with encouragement of the Board).

After years of research I have collected a large file (5000+) of Soucys/spouses who are still unconnected. These names, relationships and details were obtained from numerous public sources including church records, obituaries and wedding and birth announcements, state and provincial vital records, the U.S. SSDI, published family histories, on-line Soucy name lists, veterans listings, on-line cemetery lists, news and genealogical society articles, etc. Although none of this information has been validated and there may be duplicates and overlapping, it is presented here in raw form in the hope that others may recognize individuals and families and help to accurately connect “missing” Soucys.

I would appreciate any contacts to further the project and will be pleased to collaborate with or assist anyone interested in preserving the heritage of this great family through its genealogy.

Contact Ronald Bernard
Email Ron@SoucyGenealogy.org
Postal Address: PO Box 1288
Farmington, CT 06034 USA
marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the towhin 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 name 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.

GUÉRET

[dit DUMONT*]

FAMILY #2

Jacques Guéret [dit Dumont*] born 19 April 1665 in the village of Canchy, department of Calvados, ancient province of Normandie, France, son of René Guéret and Madeleine Le Vigoureux, married on 19 April 1694 at Beauport, PQ, to Marie-Anne Tardif, born 1676 in PQ, daughter of Jacques Tardif and Barbe d’Orange. Canchy is located 1/2 mile west of the hamlet of Guéret and 14 miles west-northwest of the city of Bayeux. Jacques arrived in Canada in 1690 and he lived at Mont Louis. Most of his descendants adopted the surname DUMONT or DUMOND.

24B Angèle 28 Sep 1863 Eugène “James” Bizier [dit Marcoux]
Thomas 1m. 04 Aug 1867 Mary Berry (Deblois)
“ 2m. 17 Nov 1906 Georgiana Lessard
Wm.-Honoré “Henry” 22 Apr 1874 Adélaïde Lachance
Emélie 14 Aug 1874 Vital Bolduc
“ 20 Aug 1874 “ “ recorded at:
Elizabeth 05 Feb 1884 Thomas-J. Thibodeau
24C Adèle 20 May 1890 Jean-Napo. Laliberté
24D Elise-M. 19 Sep 1898 Alfred Charpentier
Noé-Edward 02 Oct 1899 Malvina “Lina” Giroux
Marie 08 Jun 1903 John Redmond
Hélène 18 Jul 1904 Eddie Marcoux
William-Henry 01 May 1911 Bernice-Mabel Laliberté
Adam-J. 1m. 28 May 1923 M.-Anne-Clara Michaud
“ 2m. 15 Jul 1938 Emma Therrien
24E Dorothy-Elsie 23 May 1927 Wilfrid-Edmond Poulin
Alfred-Laurent 06 Jun 1927 M.-Lillian Charpentier
Henry-William 02 Sep 1939 Yvonne-Agnès Rodrigue
Irène 11 Jan 1937 Albert Godin
Bernice-Adel. 24 Nov 1938 Fred-Alen Laney
Robert-W. 19 Jan 1946 Délia-Régina Thibault
Ethel-A. 1m. 11 Aug 1944 Vaughn-R. Donovan
“ 2m. 03 Feb 1946 Lee-W. Frost
“ 3m. 06 Jul 1956 William-H. Bowen
24H M.-Louise 23 Apr 1955 Henry-Roger Hooper
24J Margaret-J. 09 May 1970 Philip Crowell
Donna 19_____ Quirion
Diane 19_____ Brown

(Continued on page 50)
### GUÉRET

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vol. 34 # 2 • PRINTEMPS</th>
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</thead>
</table>

| 32A | Sifroid | 19 Apr 1887 | M.-Alice Tremblay | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 32B | William | 11 Jan 1897 | Odile Mailhot | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 32B | Roland-S. | 11 Oct 1923 | Stella Sauzier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 33A | Joseph | 24 Oct 1881 | Isilda Pomerleau | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 33C | Ulderic | 15 Sep 1884 | Exilia Bernier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 33C | Adeline | 17 Aug 1886 | Jean-Bte. Griffard | Old Town(St.Jos.) |
| 33C | Cyriaque | 18 Nov 1889 | Marie Demers | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 33C | Leida | 14 Jun 1897 | Charles Anctil | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 33B | Beatrice | 07 Dec 1885 | Louis Caron | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 33C | Matilda | 16 Jun 1887 | George Griffard | Old Town(St.Jos.) |
| 33C | Antonia | 26 Dec 1897 | Laurent Morin | Old Town(St.Jos.) |
| 33C | Eugenie | 19 May 1903 | Patrick Dupuis | Old Town(St.Jos.) |
| 33C | Led-M. | 24 Feb 1908 | Francis Crowley | Lewiston(St.Mary) |
| 33C | Aurere | 20 Apr 1914 | Albert Bourque | Lewiston(St.Mary) |
| 33C | Joseph-Fernand | 08 May 1933 | M.-Irène Lefebvre | Lewiston(St.Mary) |
| 33D | Henri-J. | 05 May 1959 | Annette-L. Langlaiz | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 33D | Cécile-C. | 23 Apr 1960 | Raynaud-L. Lussier | Lewiston(HF) |
| 33D | Pauline-Joanne | 08 Apr 1961 | Omer-Ernest Bolduc | Lewiston(HF) |
| 33D | Ronald | 30 May 1969 | Rose-May Gallant | Lewiston(HF) |
| 35A | Emilie | 04 May 1891 | Henri Paquin | Brunswick(SJB) |
| 35A | Demere | 13 Feb 1899 | Maxime Pellerin | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 36A | Vital | 27 Apr 1872 | Euphémie Leveasuer | Van Buren |
| 36A | Germain | 07 Nov 1881 | Marcelline Levesque | St.Basile, NB |
| 36B | Flavie | 05 Oct 1879 | Isidore Mercier | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| 36C | Aigrès-M. | 10 Sep 1900 | Lazare Blier | Eagle Lake |
| 36C | Paul | 10 Jun 1818 | Tancrède-J. Bizier | Waterville(SFS) |
| 36D | Florent | 20 Feb 1903 | Sophie Corbin | Grand Isle |
| 36E | Laura | 16 Jun 1930 | Carroll-E. Grondin | Waterville(SH) |
| 36F | Maxwell | 21 Oct 1940 | Cécile Roy | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 36G | Lorraine | 01 Dec 1962 | Thomas Shea | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40A | Auguste | 18 May 1879 | Flavie St-Amand | St.David, Me. |
| 40B | Séverin | 12 Apr 1885 | Oızithé Cyr | St.David, Me. |
| 40B | Firmin | 23 May 1910 | Marie Caron | Grand Isle |
| 40C | Étienne “Stephen” | 05 Aug 1918 | Délia Cyr | St.Agathe, Me. |
| 40C | Jos-Anthime | 16 Feb 1920 | Yvonne Leclerc | St.Agathe, Me. |
| 40C | Théodule | 30 Dec 1922 | Alvin Mercier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40C | Cécile | 12 Aug 1935 | Edgar Cyr | St.Agathe, Me. |
| 40C | Carisse | 30 Sep 1944 | Louise-E. Turcotte | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40D | Ubald | 28 Sep 1942 | Simone Lavoie | Lewiston(St.Mary) |
| 40D | Flavie | 08 Sep 1945 | Albert Laurendeau | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40E | Jos-Rosaire | 30 Jun 1945 | Robertine Lagassé | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40F | Maurice | 22 Feb 1943 | Gertrude Saucier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40F | Murphy | 10 Sep 1951 | Mildred-E. Moreau | Old Town(St.Jos.) |
| 40G | Alde | 20 Aug 1949 | Thérèse Turcotte | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40H | Arthur | 28 Oct 1950 | Dolores Laplante | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40H | Michael | 28 Jun 1974 | Linda Sirois | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40K | Lynette-M. | 26 Feb 1972 | Herbert-A. Millett | Lewiston(St.Mary) |
| 40L | Jacqueline-T. | 10 Jul 1965 | Ronald-G. Poulin | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 40M | Suzanne-Carol | 27 May 1972 | Barry-David Wright | Lewiston(St.Jos.) |
| 41A | Maria | 20 Feb 1882 | Séraphin Morin | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41A | Georges | 07 Nov 1887 | Flavie Blanchette | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41A | Léocadie | 28 Oct 1912 | Louis Carrier | Lewiston(St.Mary) |
| 41A | Théodore | 19 Nov 1889 | Abraham Couturier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41A | Lydia | 18 Feb 1890 | Émire Descoteaux | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41A | Emilia | 27 Sep 1897 | Joseph Mailhot | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41A | Joseph | 17 Feb 1908 | Cécile Turgeon | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41B | Amanda | 18 Jan 1886 | Samuel Cloutier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41B | Omer | 04 Oct 1886 | Adèle Grégoire | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41B | Olvine | 13 Feb 1888 | François-X. Côté | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41C | Flavie | 03 Aug 1914 | M.-Rose-A. Pelletier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41D | Omer | 18 Sep 1899 | Emma Levesque | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41D | Clémentine | 03 Aug 1903 | Ludger Champagne | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41E | Pierre | 23 Nov 1908 | Rose-de-Lima Caron | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41E | Eva | 14 Jun 1915 | Jules Comeau | Lewiston(SPP) |
| 41F | Wilfrid | 08 Sep 1913 | Antoinette Lefrançois | Berlin, NH(St.Anne) |
41G Joseph 29 Aug 1910 Flora Veilleux Lewiston(SPP) 41K
William 02 Jan 1923 Lucienne Bouchard Lewiston(St.Mary) 41L
Yvonne 30 Jul 1923 Émilie-Jules Leclerc Lewiston(St.Mary) 41M
William 25 Jun 1928 Juliette Poulin Lewiston(St.Mary) 41N
Dolores 04 Dec 1933 Alva Leblond Lewiston(SPP)
41J Lucille 15 Jun 1935 Wilfrid Gauvin Lewiston(SPP)
41K Marcel-Roland 14 Nov 1942 Constance-D. Auger Auburn(SH) 41P
Normand 04 Oct 1950 Florette Chicoine Auburn(SH)
George-Omer 21 Nov 1955 Carolyn Bubier Auburn(SH) 41Q
Jean-Shirley 19 Jul 1958 Robert Ignieri Auburn(SL)
Lucien-Wm. 25 Nov 1968 Andrey-Ann Hall Lewiston(St.Jos.) 41R
41L Muriel-Gert. 30 May 1967 Joseph Blouin Lewiston(St.Jos.) 41S
41M Sandra-Rolande 09 Jun 1962 Walter-Henry Hoyt, Jr. Auburn(SH) 41T
Dolores 04 Dec 1933 Alva Leblond Lewiston(SPP)
43A Marie 1m. 29 Sep 1879 Théodore Beaulieu Old Town(St.Jos.)
“ 2m. 25 Jul 1916 Albert-Benj. Lebrun Old Town(St.Jos.)
“ 2m. 09 Jul 1916 Helen Dwyer Old Town(St.Jos.) 43B
“ 2m. 09 Jul 1916 Helen Dwyer Old Town(St.Jos.)
43B Francis 06 Jan 1919 M.-Irène Fortin Old Town(St.Jos.) 43D
Murie 04 Jun 1923 Gérald-J. Tremblay Old Town(St.Jos.)
43D Pauline-1. 02 Jul 1945 Gérald-J. Tremblay Old Town(St.Jos.)
44A Damase 10 May 1887 Adèle Charette Ft.Kent 44C
Honrè 07 Nov 1887 Nathalie Pelletier Frenchville 44D
Philippe 10 Jan 1892 Amanda Cloutier St.François, NB 44E
Jean 25 Feb 1900 M.-Dorumène Michaud Frenchville 44F
Jean-Baptiste 11 Apr 1904 Émilie Jutras Frenchville 44G
44B Alfred 24 Jun 1893 Apolline Pelletier Ft.Kent 44H
Félix 08 Jul 1901 Ella Paradis Ft.Kent 44J
44C Marguerite 14 Jun 1920 Paul-E. Levesque Lewiston(SPP)
44D Albert 16 Jun 1913 Isabelle Labbé Ft.Kent 44K
Joseph-H. 29 Mar 1921 M.-Julia Charette Ft.Kent 44L
Adélard 02 Apr 1929 Léona-M. Roy-Voïsine Ft.Kent 44M
44E Oscar 15 Apr 1936 Lucia Blanchet Dégelis, Témis. 44N
Joseph-Louis* 31 Jan 1944 Cécile-L. Beaulieu Lewiston(HC) 44O
44F Émile 11 Dec 1944 Evelyn Jutras Lewiston(SPP)
44H Joseph-A. 09 Feb 1916 M.-Rose LeClair Ft.Kent 44Q
44J Aline-Lina 12 May 1941 Edgar Boucher Lewiston(St.Mary)
44K Ligerie 30 May 1947 Madeleine Dandeneau Lewiston(St.Mary)
Jeanne-M. 22 Nov 1947 William Tucker Lewiston(SPP)
Patricia 16 Mar 1954 Laurent Côté Lewiston(SPP)
45A Adélina 19 Jun 1912 Peter-Adam Grenier Old Town(St.Jos.)
Théophile 1m. 03 Jul 1881 Jeanne Laflamme Lewiston(SPP)
“ 2m. 09 Jun 1904 Émilie “John” Lavoie Old Town(St.Jos.)
47A Elzéar 22 Jun 1903 Jeanne Laflamme Lewiston(SPP)
47B François 17 Nov 1924 Anna-M. Pomerleau Lewiston(St.Mary)
Jeanne-M. 17 Dec 1938 Albert Simon Lewiston(St.Mary)
Roger 16 Sep 1950 Dorothé Smith Lewiston(St.Pat.)
55A Vincent 09 Sep 1879 Jeanne Laflamme Lewiston(SPP)
Clothilde 06 Sep 1887 Jeanne Laflamme Lewiston(SPP)
Samuel 21 Aug 1893 Célina Fortier Lewiston(SPP)
GUÉRET

Tharsille 16 May 1898 William Duguay Lewiston(SPP)
Georges 12 Sep 1898 Rosanna Leblond Lewiston(SPP)
Alphonse 04 Sep 1899 Joséphine Thibault Lewiston(SPP) 55C
55B Téléphore 02 Mar 1892 Catherine Martin Eagle Lake 55D
55C Fernand-Ray. 17 Sep 1928 Wilhelmine McGraw Lewiston(St.Mary) 55E
55D Yvonne-J. 29 Dec 1924 Henry-Ls. Levasseur Old Town(St.Jos.)
59A Alexina 06 Oct 1890 Octave Poliquin Lewiston(SPP)
Ernest-J. 28 Feb 1905 M.-Anne Caron Brunswick(SJB) 59B
59B Gabrielle 18 Oct 1947 George Paradis Lewiston(HC)
62A Alcide 27 Jun 1898 Délaline Boudreau Lewiston(SPP) 62B
Wilfrid 06 Aug 1907 Marie Lacombe Lewiston(SPP) 62C
Dominique-Henri 27 Feb 1911 M.-Alice Turcotte Lewiston(SPP) 62D
Emma-E.-M. 18 Sep 1911 Louis Therrien Lewiston(SPP)
Antonio 19 Feb 1917 Blanche Bernier Lewiston(SPP) 62E
Frank-E. 12 Sep 1920 Justine Dionne Lewiston(SPP)
62B Gabriel-Ovila 25 Jun 1924 Clara Dufresne Ste.Madeleine, PQ
62C Dora-Yvette 25 Feb 1946 Emery-Edward Harris Jay(St.Rose-Lima)
Simone 04 Jun 1946 Roméo-L. Ouellette Jay(St.Rose-Lima)
Louis 05 Apr 1951 Edna-May Young Jay(St.Rose-Lima)
62D Robert 01 Jun 1950 Henriette Chevrête Lewiston(SPP)
62E Anita 28 Aug 1944 Roger Albert Lewiston(SPP)
Carmen 14 May 1962 Raymond St-Pierre Lewiston(SPP)
63A M.-Alice-M. 26 Jul 1920 Walter-F. Cloutier Lewiston(SPP)
74A Pascal 29 Apr 1889 Anna Morin Lewiston(SPP) 74B
74B Edgar 20 Nov 1916 Éva Perreault Lewiston(SPP)
Dora-M. ! 04 Nov 1918 Frédéric-Alph. Marcoux Lewiston(SPP)
Annette 13 Feb 1928 Wilfrid Castonguay Lewiston(HC)
Gertrude 08 Nov 1931 Alphonse Morin Lewiston(HC)
Simone 19 Apr 1932 Aimé Poulin Lewiston(HC)
77A Denis 14 Oct 1895 Aldéa Laderoute Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77C
Auguste 02 Jan 1901 Rose-Anna Gendron Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Joseph 19 Aug 1901 Elise Gendron Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77D
Philippe 01 Oct 1906 M.-Louise Dupras Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77B Léontine 27 Aug 1900 Marcel Faucher Biddeford(St.André)
Athénaisé 20 Oct 1900 Calixte Martin Biddeford(St.André)
François 06 Oct 1902 Amanda/Anna Moulin Biddeford(St.And.) 77F
Joseph 20 Apr 1908 Elise Dupras Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77G
Louise-Georg. 12 Apr 1909 Henri Lafontaine Biddeford(St.André)
Léda 27 May 1911 Eugène Côté Biddeford(St.André)
M.-Louise 29 Sep 1919 Aimé Genest Biddeford(St.André)
77C Adélard 28 Jul 1919 M.-Réginia Simoneau Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Alcide 06 Sep 1922 Béatrice Ledoux Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Antoinette 31 May 1926 Alfred Gagné Biddeford(St.André)
Julien 02 Jul 1929 Murielle Hurtibise Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77D Rose-Élisa 1m. a 2m. 22 Oct 1955 Arthur Gagnon Biddeford(St.Jos.)
11 Dec 1971 Albert Paquet Biddeford(St.André)
77E Albert 02 May 1932 Liliane-Florence Tellier Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77F François 18 Oct 1926 M.-Ange Grenier Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77H
Cécile 20 Mar 1937 Arthur Plourde Biddeford(St.André)
Jeanne 14 Aug 1937 Laura Létourneau Biddeford(St.André)
77G Béatrice 02 Oct 1933 Hector Laporte Biddeford(St.André)
Albert 12 Apr 1934 Rachelle Rodrigue Biddeford(St.André)
Raoul 27 May 1940 Rita Bègin Biddeford(St.And.) 77J
Armand 11 Nov 1940 M.-Lorraine Bergeron Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Joseph 11 Mar 1944 Ruth Day Westbrook(St.Hy.)
Anita 24 Jan 1948 Charles Gillis Biddeford(St.André)
Raynald 11 Sep 1948 Simonne Lacroix Biddeford(St.And.) 77K
77H Léo-Paul 05 Sep 1953 Murielle Boutin Biddeford(St.Jos.) 77L
Richard-Oscar 21 May 1977 Cécile-Florence Girard Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77J Claire 09 May 1964 Joséphine Thibault Biddeford(St.André)
77K Laurent 24 Aug 1968 Judith Evans Biddeford(St.Jos.)
77L Ronald 09 Aug 1974 Nancy Perreault Biddeford(St.Jos.)
Steven-K. 11 Jun 1977 Yvonne Deslauriers Lewiston(St.Mary)
Susan-Nancy 14 Oct 1978 Raymond-G. Perreault Biddeford(St.André)
79A Cyrice 17 Jun 1925 Alberta Labonté Sanford(HF) 79B
Émile-J. 16 Jul 1928 Oline-M. Côté Sanford(St.Ig.) 79C
Léonie-M. 07 Jul 1930 Guy-J. Twyman Sanford(St.Ig.)
Albert 10 Jul 1933 Cécile-M. Laflèche Sanford(HF) 79D
Maurice 28 Sep 1935 Dorothy Davis Sanford(St.Ig.) 79E
Henri 30 Nov 1940 Henriette Camiré Sanford(HF)

(Continued on page 52)
Marcel 17 May 1941 Ida Fortier Sanford(HF) 79F
79B Germain 12 Jun 1948 Yvette Caron Sanford(HF) 79F
Gabriel 09 Sep 1950 Réal Laroché Sanford(HF) 79F
Thérèse-Adr. 16 Jul 1966 Ronald Rouillard Sanford(HF) 79F
79C Priscilla-Ann 30 May 1967 Bernard-Ls. Ayotte Sanford(HF)(ig.)
79D Claudette 05 Aug 1953 Lionel Desrochers Sanford(HF) 79F
Rachel 29 Oct 1960 Ronald-Fernand Bernier Sanford(HF) 79F
Jeanette 08 Jun 1968 Raymond-A. Kellett Sanford(HF) 79F
79E Robert-Arthur 27 Nov 1954 Claudette Morissette Sanford(St.Ig.)
Judith 04 Jul 1960 Robert-L. Tétreault Sanford(St.Ig.) 79F
79F Marguerite-M. 18 Jul 1964 Raymond-Benj. Dupuis Sanford(St.Ig.)
James 28 Mar 1980 Barbara Stackpole Sanford(HF) 81B
81A Éveline 20 Jan 1934 Ernest Binette Sanford(HF) 81F
Maurice 27 Apr 1935 Annette Croteau Sanford(HF) 81C
Joseph-Charles 08 May 1937 Yvette Mailhot Sanford(HF) 81D
Simonne 31 May 1937 Henri Fortier Sanford(HF) 81D
George 17 Jun 1939 Elsie McComb Sanford(HF) 81D
Raymond 27 May 1950 Esther Grennell Sanford(St.Ig.) 81E
1m. 25 Nov 1961 Ida Lemieux Sanford(HF) 81F
2m. 19 Jul 1970 “ “ Sanford(St.Ig.) 81E
81B Isidore 22 Jun 1935 Lillian Goulet Sanford(HF) 81F
Rose-M. 18 Jun 1960 Ronald Roberge Sanford(HF) 81F
NORMAN 30 Jun 1962 Irène Marcotte Sanford(HF) 81F
Philip-Henry 24 Nov 1966 Corinne-Éva Thiboutot Brunswick(SJB)
Michael 16 Aug 1969 Maney Tremblay Brunswick(SJB) 81F
Rachel-Thérèse 15 Dec. 1971 Allan-Richard Callahan Brunswick(SJB)
81E Lorraine- Chr. 03 Sep 1966 Roger-Paul Huppé Sanford(St.Ig.)
81F Éveline-Rosalie 27 May 1967 Ronald-Roger Daigle Sanford(St.Ig.)
Daniel-Conrad 31 May 1969 Diane-Rose Mathieu Sanford(St.Ig.)
82A Emilie 07 Jun 1922 Alfred Levasseur So. Berwick(St.Mi.)
83A Joseph 13 Jul 1912 Rosanna Caron Lewiston(St.Mary) 83B
Eugène 05 May 1913 Édith Lavoie Lewiston(St.Mary) 83B
Yvonne 06 Aug 1917 Pierre Lachance Lewiston(SPP) 83B
Camille-Sylvère 20 Nov 1932 Germaine-Fabiola Labrie Lewiston(St.Mary)
83B Jne.-d'Arc(adop.) 26 Oct 1936 Armand Bolduc Lewiston(St.Mary)
87A Eva 03 Sep 1945 Adélard Boucher Lewiston(SPP)
Reine-M. 30 Jun 1945 Ronald-A. Daigle Lewiston(SPP)
90A Alphonse-Samuel 27 Dec 1926 M. R.-Florida Levesque Lewiston(St.Mary) 90B
90B Marielle 25 Sep 1948 Roméo-E. Martin Lewiston(SPP)
GÉRALD 06 Nov 1954 Muguette Messier Lewiston(SPP) 90B
91A Luminia-E.-M. 11 Aug 1924 Dominique Lambert Lewiston(SPP) 90B
Rose-E. 05 Jul 1926 William Simonneau Lewiston(SPP) 90B
Gérard 31 Oct 1931 Gracia-Cora Rémillard Lewiston(SPP) 90B
Lauret 29 Sep 1934 Edwin-Frédéric Léger Lewiston(SPP) 90B
Gisèle 22 Jul 1939 Henry Gondek Lewiston(SPP) 90B
91B Constance 18 Apr 1953 Robert Brousseau Lewiston(SPP) 90B
Thérèse-M. 05 Jul 1954 Laurent Hébert Lewiston(SPP) 90B
Robert-Ronald 30 Jun 1958 Ida-Gaétane Therrien Lewiston(HF) 90B
Rachel-G. 20 Feb 1960 Édmond-J. Lebel Lewiston(SPP) 90B
Roger 30 Jun 1962 Rolande Ruest Lewiston(SPP) 90B
92A Alfred 07 Nov 1911 Dora Gamache Augusta(St.Aug.)
Bella 12 Apr 1915 Édmond Poulin Augusta(St.Aug.) 92A
Olivine-Eugé. 13 Aug 1928 Adalbert-J. Rouleau Augusta(St.Aug.)
Lionel-Claude 14 Oct 1929 M.-Irène Lajoie Augusta(St.Aug.) 92A
Aimé-J. 01 Sep 1930 Hild-M. Lajoie Augusta(St.Aug.) 92A
2m. 19— _____ Johnson Maine ?
92B Arthur 30 Oct 1935 Auréole Chicoine Paquetteville, Comp. 92A
92C Germaine-M. 29 Nov 1958 John-Bertrand-L. Roy Augustus(St.Aug.)
Lionel-Claude 28 Nov 1959 Espérance-Thé. Violette Augustus(St.Aug.)
Annette-M. 24 Nov 1960 Howard-A. Nason Augustus(St.Aug.)
Jeanne 01 Jul 1961 Clément-Neil Dostie Augustus(St.Aug.)
Paul-D. 10 Jun 1972 Melody Macomber Augustus(St.Aug.)
Richard-Daryl 30 Aug 1980 Susanne-Gail David Augustus(St.Aug.)
92A Gerene 1m. 19— _____ Johnson Maine ?
2m. 04 Dec 1964 Harris Philbrick Augustus(St.Aug.)
Émilé-J. 27 Feb 1969 Janice Wood Brunswick(SJB)
92E Marcel 26 Oct 1957 Priscille Bergeron Brunswick(SJB) 93A
Joseph 26 Jun 1916 Mattie Bryan Benedicta 93B
Napoléon 13 Feb 1923 Amanda St-Amant Waterville(SFS) 93C
(Continued on page 53)
Marquis Family Reunion
Will Be Held
June 25 to June 28, 2009
Judy Paradis, Présidente U.S.A.
Courriel: Rody1@adelphia.net
Tel...207-728-4854
Murielle Nadeau-Deschaine, Généalogiste
Courriel:Murielle@ainop.com
Tel...207-895-5262 ou local: 207-895-3205
Réunion des Familles Marquis & Canac-Marquis
Case Postale 1
Madawaska, Maine 04756
http://www.marquisreunion.com/index.html

(See page 54 for Marquis genealogy)
Le Forum
Franco-American Families of Maine
par Bob Chenard, Waterville, Maine

MARQUIS
(Markee)

FAMILY #1

Charles Le Marquis, born 1651 in France, died 1700 in PQ, son of Charles Le Marquis and Jeanne Bignon from the town of Mortagne-s-Sèvre, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, first married on 18 September 1673 in Québec city to “Fille-du-Roi” Marguerite Baugran, born 1649 in France, died before 1698 in PQ, widow of Sébastien Cousin and the daughter of Nicolas Baugran and Marie Chevalier from the parish of St.Gervais, Paris; second married on 7 January 1698 at Ste.Anne-de-Beaupré to Agnès Giguère, born 1675 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of Robert Giguère and Aymée Miville. Mortagne-s-Sèvre is located 5 miles southwest of the city of Cholet.

A  Charles  before 1651  Jeanne Bignon  France  1
1  Charles  1m.  18 Sep 1673  Marguerite Baugran  Québec city
2  “  2m.  07 Jan 1698  Agnès Giguère  Ste.Anne-de-Beaupré
3  Chls.-François  20 Jan 1724  M.-Anne Boucher  cont. Janeu
4  J.-François  27 Oct 1752  Françoi côté  Trois-Pistoles
5  2m.  1762  Agnès Côté  PQ
6  Jean-Baptiste  11 Jan 1768  Claire Talon-Tonnon  Kamouraska
5  Joseph-Marie  08 Apr 1777  Marguerite Lizotte  St.Roch-Aulnaies
6  Amable  20 Jan 1786  Marguerite Guéret  Kamouraska
7  Ph.-Hyppolite  01 Sep 1790  Madeleine Roy [-Desj.]  Kamouraska
8  Philippe  05 Sep 1796  M.-Salomée Garon  Andrévile

(See next issue for more Marquis genealogy)

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54
HERITAGE VOYAGES

SAVE THE DATES!

Join us on one, or even both, Heritage Voyages.................fly to France in early October 2009, or cruise to the French Antilles in March 2010. Both trips will include interaction with local residents and organizations to allow for cultural exchanges on a personal basis.

Some of the revenues from these trips will benefit Le Forum.
Travel with us and share your French histories with others from some of our ancestral homes.

For more information please contact Renée Gagné at gagne@maine.edu

VOYAGES HÉRITAGE

RÉSERVEZ LES DATES!

Soyez des nôtres pour un, ou même les deux, Voyages Héritage.................volez vers la France au début octobre 2009, ou partez en croisière aux Antilles françaises en janvier 2010. Sera inclue dans les deux voyages, interactions avec les citoyens et les organizations locales afin de rendre possible des échanges culturels à un niveau personnel.

Le Forum bénéficiera d’un partage des recettes réalisées par ces voyages.
Voyagez avec nous et partagez votre histoire avec les gens de nos foyers ancestraux.

Pour de plus amples renseignements, veuillez prendre contact avec Renée Gagné à l’adresse électronique suivante: renee.gagne@umit.maine.edu

In Collaboration With: En Collaboration Avec:
http://www.dubetravel.com/
THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

From the onset, its purpose has been to introduce and integrate the Franco-American Fact into 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 history visible on and off campus through seminars, workshops, conferences and media efforts — print and electronic.

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

MISSION

• To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and

• To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and

• To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and

• To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and

• To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and

• To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L’UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE


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, relatant l’histoire et l’expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.

4 – D’assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l’actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l’avancement de leurs carrières, de leur accomplissement personnel et de leur contribution créative à la société.

5 – D’assister et d’offrir du support dans la création et l’implémentation d’un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.

6 – D’assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d’une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité