THIS ISSUE OF LE FORUM IS DEDICATED IN LOVING MEMORY OF ANNETTE PARADIS KING. ANNETTE GRACED THE PAGES OF LE FORUM FOR MANY YEARS WITH HER MEMOIRS, POETRY AND MOST RECENTLY HER PHOTOS. THANK YOU FOR SHARING! MAY YOU REST IN PEACE! (See page 18)

Websites:

http://www.francolib.francoamerican.org/
francoamericanarchives.org
other pertinent websites to check out -
Les Français d’Amérique / French In America
Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002
http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html

Franco-American Women’s Institute:
http://www.fawi.net

The French Connection:
http://home.gwi.net/~frenchgen/

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La Pie Bavarde
Memorial Caretaker to Visit Family
La Biographie de Soeur Agustine Lévesque
A Maine Franco-American
From Maine to Thailand
The Irish Among Us
La langue et l’identité

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We are so screwed - Part 2
Winter 1900
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Dear Le Forum,

I was interested to read a footnote to “My Split Personality”, by Louise Sherman (Le Forum, Vol 35, No 4, pp 22-23, 36), which stated that the use of the word “frog” as a derogatory term originated in the Second World War. Growing up in England, where the term is less loaded (it is often described as “mildly offensive”, something of an oxymoron), I was under the impression that its usage was much older. Some research confirmed this suspicion, and I thought your readers might be interested in what I found.

According to Cassel’s Dictionary of Slang (Sterling, 2005), the term was originally used in England in the 1300s, without any specific ethnic connotation. In the 1600s, the label was applied first to Jesuit priests (for unknown reasons), and then to the Dutch - because they lived in marshy Holland. It wasn’t until Britain made peace with the Netherlands, and her main rival once again became France (around 1700), that the term was applied to the French, where it stuck. An early example seems to date from 1805. Although the original connection between the French and frogs does not seem to have a culinary origin, the growing popularity of frogs’ legs as a French dish (in the mid-1800s), probably helped the label to stick.

The Dictionary of Slang also documents a number of variations on this term. In the late 1800s and early 1900s, ‘frog’s wine’ was either brandy (a French specialty) or gin (a Dutch beverage). Numerous other examples, mostly from the 19th century, displayed typical English and Anglophile jealousy the reputation of the French as gourmands, bon vivants and, occasionally, as passionate lovers!

Your local Rosbif,

James Myall
Coordinator of the Franco-American Collection at the University of Southern Maine

Dear Editor

Referring to “Le Forum” Volume 35, #4, Spring/Summer 2012 I was pleasantly entertained by the story on page 10/11 ending on page 36.

Bravo to Mr. Greg Chabot who attempted to make some sense in regards to the words written on our Quebec automobile licence plates. Many Quebecers do not know the first thing about it and couldn’t care less. Others know and would rather forget. It goes as far back as being abandoned and forgotten on the shores of North America by the king of France. As a man who was born in the Ottawa valley, my father Lucien Roy used to tell me: “We do not owe allegiance to the king of France who did not come to the aid of our ancestors when they were in dire straights.” These comments he heard from his dad and grandfather before him.

What is it exactly that we remember? We remember never to forget our ancient lineage, traditions and memories of the past. We remember that born under the lily, we grow under the Rose. When the French Canadian says “Je me souviens”, it not only remembers the days of New France but also the fact that he now belongs to a conquered people. Yes, it goes that far back as to recall the glory of the ancient regime, the language, laws and religion of Quebec before the conquest of 1759.

You may wish to search in the archives of the Montreal Gazette dated August 19th, 1986 for more information on this subject, the full passage written by unknown origins.

Seventy years ago, when I was just a girl of six, I can still recall Monsieur Lamontagne dropping into our school along with other Knights of Columbus to pledge allegiance to the flag which stood in the corner of the classroom a lovely shade of blue with a fleur de lys upon it. He would always end with a loud “JE ME SOUVIENS”. As children, the words, the flag, they meant nothing to us except that Monsieur Lamontagne would always give us the rest of the day off. We looked forward to that day. Today we still celebrate “La St. Jean Baptiste” but now we look forward to good food, a drink with family and friends and especially the old time French music and songs.

Congratulations Lisa on your dedication and hard work. No matter who we are, we must always be proud of our ancestors and lineage.

Fondest Regards from Quebec,
Rita Roy Drouin
pqritz@aol.com

Dear Editor

Many thanks for the special edition of “Le Forum” (Volume 36, #1, Summer/Été 2012), concerning the Sentinelliste Movement. I first heard about this from a distant cousin originally from Kingston, RI. I don’t recall my Dad mentioning this movement; he and his sisters, along with many cousins attended Sacred Heart School in Faribault, Minnesota. It was the “French” school and was staffed by the Dominic Sisters from Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.

Dad said that math, religion and history were done in French — back around WW1 and the early 20’s.

The last paragraph on page 29 was also of great interest. John Ireland, in this neck of the woods, is considered to be a second cousin to Christ. He was interesting, intelligent and colorful, to say the least. He also had a temper, second to none. However, he did get along with the French people quite well. Joseph Crétien, the first bishop of St. Paul sent Ireland to France to study for the priesthood, and he became fluent in French as a result. The Germans however were not as lucky as the French Canadians and Belgiums. It appears that the Germans were quite aggressive in their pursuit of national parishes and schools. They often argued with Ireland and he let them have it with both barrels.

I would also note that ABP Ireland wanted Catholics to be good Americans, to learn English, and to be accepted as productive members of society.

Sincerely yours,

John E. England
St. Paul, MN
Dear Le Forum;  

Our holidays have been very busy, however, they seem more or less the same. The last weeks have been hard (mornings) but during the day things even out. I think of you a lot and I am finally sending the soap dish I want you to have in memory of me. I remember buying it in Bangor after my first large conference done by Le Forum. I have since fallen in love with the lime-green frogs! I hope you enjoy them as much as I did all these years.

I thought the latest issue of Le Forum was interesting and its layout more sophisticated than ever! Thank you again for publishing my field on your cover (Vol. 35 #4).

Decourcy - Priest in White Bear Lake, MN where my parents married.

DuBois - my children went to Catholic High School with a very large DuBois family.

Small world!

Henry LaBore  
Fargo, ND

Dear Le Forum;  

Enclosed please find my renewal subscription to Le Forum plus an additional donation for the Centre Franco-Américain.

God Bless & Keep up the great work, Lisa!

Sincerely,  
Ann E. Romano  
Newington, CT

Dear Le Forum;  

Our holidays have been very busy, however, they seem more or less the same. The last weeks have been hard (mornings) but during the day things even out. I think of you a lot and I am finally sending the soap dish I want you to have in memory of me. I remember buying it in Bangor after my first large conference done by Le Forum. I have since fallen in love with the lime-green frogs! I hope you enjoy them as much as I did all these years.

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God Bless & Keep up the great work, Lisa!

Sincerely,  
Ann E. Romano  
Newington, CT

Dear Le Forum;  

I've been reading the “Le Forum” and am amazed at the number of names that are the same in the French communities that my parents were born into in Minnesota. Mother was born in Osseo, MN by French lake. Dad was born in Little Canada, White Bear Lake, MN. Also found many names that were also common in my parents time.

Lessard - my mother’s father died and she married a Lessard.

Langevin - worked with a Langevin in the control tower at Fargo, ND.

Pelletier - Went to grade school (St. John’s Catholic) with several Pelletier children.

LA PIE BAVARDE

A little calf, wild strawberries and a backache make up Marie-Anne Gauvin’s story in this issue. She uses the St. John Valley meaning of “éreinte” (hurting or throwing one’s back out) rather than the metropolitan meaning of “worn out.” À la prochaine…

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso
Jline59@earthlink.net

Mots du jour:

Être victime, la dupe

Ensorceler = captiver entièrement

Dépenser tout son argent

Personne maladroite sans délicatesse (en anglais - a loser)

Avoir le choix, sans être obligatoire
À tous et à chacun:

Vous savez tous que j'aime beaucoup les oiseaux. Ce que vous ne saviez peut-être pas c'est que j'aime aussi les animaux. J'ai vécu mes premières années d'enfance à Daigle dans une ferme avec des animaux domestiques. C'est peut-être pendant ce temps que j'ai acquis ma passion pour les bêtes et la nature parce qu'à l'âge de cinq ans notre famille est déménagée au centre du village de Madawaska. Chaque fois que nous allions visiter la parenté qui habitait presque tous dans des fermes ma première pensée était d'aller voir les animaux avec mes cousins et mes cousines.

Or, un beau dimanche d'été à Madawaska on m'a considérée assez grande (12 ou 13 ans) pour aller passer une semaine chez un oncle et une tante de Daigle. "Au large" dans leur ferme il y avait beaucoup de petites fraises des champs. Je devais cueillir autant de fraises que possible pendant mon séjour.

Le lundi matin j'ai appris qu'il y avait un petit veau dans la grange. Toute suite j'ai demandé la permission d'aller voir le veau avec ma cousine, deux ou trois ans plus jeune que moi. Le veau était dans un petit enclos construit de planches dans un coin de la grange. Il y avait une sorte d'ouverture dans le mur du fond qui donnait sur un grand champ dehors. Pour empêcher que le veau s'évade par cette porte des planches étaient clouées barrant la liberté au veau.

À notre approche le veau est venu nous voir. Pas satisfaite de simplement regarder, moi, je voulais flatter le veau. Alors, j'ai demandé à ma cousine si je pouvais aller dans l'enclos pour flatter le veau. "Bien sûr", j'ai vite grimpé sur les planches en m'envoyant les pattes par dessus et puis, hop, j'ai sauté près du veau. Le veau est décollé en peur se précipitant vers l'ouverture. Cassant les planches en passant facilement à travers il courait dans le champ, Marie-Anne par derrière! Pensant de me faire gronder pour avoir fait sortir le veau je croyais naïvement de rattraper le veau et le faire rentrer dans la grange.

À l'attraper par la queue n'a pas aimé du tout. Il à ruer et moi, j'ai ou deux fois toujours de toutes mes petites forces. Ma cousine courait après moi en criant, "Lâche-le, Yane. Lâche-le." (Yane est mon petit nom de famille) Encore un coup rû et je me suis sentie le dos éreinté. Il fallait bien que je lâche ma prise. J'étais blessée du dos pouvant à peine marcher. Ma tante en entendant les cris était sortie sur son perron voir le "show".

Tout est bien qui finit bien. Ma tante a sorti ses aspirines. Mon grand cousin a fait rentrer le veau dans la grange et il a recloué des planches neuves à l'ouverture. Moi, j'ai réussi à cueillir des fraises malgré mon mal de dos. Surtout, j'ai appris qu'une petite fille de peut-être quatre-vingt-dix livres n'est pas en mesure de gagner un match contre un petit veau!

Votre pie bavarde,

Marie-Anne
Memorial Caretaker to visit family
Maine soldier revered in France

By Nick McCrea, BDN Staff
(Grandson to Raynald Martin and great-nephew to Normand and Onias Martin.)

BANGOR, Maine — Three centuries after his family crossed the Atlantic looking for a new life in a New France, 2nd Lt. Onias Martin was tasked with pushing Nazi forces out of the homeland of his ancestors.

On August 10, 1944, the Madawaska native sat atop a tank — part of the 5th armored infantry division — as it rolled around a bend in the road, near the tiny village of Bonnétable and into the sights of an anti-tank gun.

German forces had fled the area surrounding the village, knowing the Americans were coming. A pair of German soldiers, just teenagers, had been left behind to cover the retreat. They had manned a captured French cannon and turned it on the approaching Allied column.

Seeing the gun, Onias jumped off the tank. The tank and gun fired almost simultaneously, but the tank round struck first, shifting the aim of the gun. The shell hit Onias, killing him instantly. He was 25 years old.

One of the young Germans was killed and the other captured.

Onias’ body was left on the side of the road that night, according to Bonnétable newspaper reports. The next day, when the body was retrieved, the newspaper reported that one of the villagers had laid flowers around the body overnight.

The villagers built a crude memorial, including a cross and a piece of the destroyed anti-tank gun, near the spot where Onias was killed. Later, it was replaced by the stone monument that stands there today.

The caretaker of that memorial, Frédéric Gaignard, 37, his wife, Véronique, 41, and daughters Alexine, 7, and Zoé, 5, are visiting Maine this week to learn more about Onias, see where he came from and meet his family.

Much of the conversation has been in French, which is still spoken by many of the elder Martins and a few members of the younger generations.

“Onias was one of thousands of Americans killed during the liberation of France. But for the people of Bonnétable, there was something unique and endearing about this Acadian-American. His name was French. He looked like a Frenchman. He shared their language despite the fact that his family left the country hundreds of years before. He came from a place in the United States called "Maine," which shares its name with the traditional French province in which Bonnétable is located.

The village wanted to know everything about Onias, this long-lost Frenchman. The doctor, the local newspaper editor, the priest, town leaders all sent letters in the years after the war to members of the Martin family.

Gaignard said the respect and reverence for the soldiers who helped free France has been passed down by the older generation.

Gaignard volunteered to start caring for the memorial five or six years ago because the Bonnétable men who took care of the site previously were getting older. Gaignard said he felt compelled to take up the effort to keep Onias’ memory alive 68 years after his death.

The caretaker arrived in Maine last Friday at the Essex Street home of Normand Martin, one of Onias’ brothers.

Raynald Martin (from left) and Normand Martin, brothers of WWII 2nd Lt. Onias Martin, chat with the caretaker of Onias’ monument in Bonnétable, France, Frédéric Gaignard and his wife, Véronique, during a party at Normand Martin’s home in Bangor on Saturday. The Gaignards and their two daughters are visiting Maine and plan to travel to Madawaska, Onias’ hometown, to learn more about the fallen soldier and his family.

Gaignard said Onias is revered and honored in Bonnétable, where he was killed by an anti-tank shell in 1944, making him the only Allied casualty of the war in that village.

(Continued on page 7)
To this day, the Martins and the people of Bonnétabe have close ties. Nearly 70 years later, letters are still being exchanged. Onias’ brothers and other family members have made several trips to the village over the years to visit the monument and swap stories with the people of Bonnétabe.

Bonnétabe still hosts an annual event on the date of Onias’ death called Lt. Onias Martin Camp, during which as many as 70 reenactors from the area set up a G.I. camp complete with tents, WWII-era uniforms and a convoy of about 50 U.S. military vehicles, according to Gaignard. There’s also a road in Bonnétabe named after Onias.

In Bonnétabe, the American is known as “our Onias.”

This is Gaignard’s first visit to Maine. On Sunday, the Gaignards and members of the Martin family are driving from Bangor to Madawaska, where they will tour the home Onias grew up in and visit his gravesite.

Madawaska will host a ceremony to welcome the Gaignards and celebrate Onias on Tuesday, July 24. The event will start at 11 a.m. with a series of speakers at the Martin family plot in St. Thomas Aquinas Cemetery.

Speakers will include Fr. Jacques LaPointe, Town Manager Christina Therrien, Maine Rep. Charles Thériault, Frédéric Gaignard and Raynald Martin. The Knights of Columbus and American Legion also will participate.

A lunch will follow the ceremony. Photographs, articles and letters will be on display in the basement of St. Thomas Church. There also will be public tours of the Martin house, a national historic site, on St. Catherine Street. Members of the public are invited.

During Saturday’s barbecue in Bangor, Gaignard showed Onias’ brother, Raynald Martin of Brewer, a jar of dirt.

Gaignard explained that the jar held soil from the ground around Onias’ memorial in Bonnétabe and Gaignard asked to spread the soil at Onias’ gravesite in Madawaska.

A tear rolled down Raynald’s cheek.

Véronique Gaignard, Frédéric Gaignard, Alexine Gaignard, Lisa Desjardins Michaud and Normand Martin

Lisa Desjardins Michaud met with the Gaignard’s at Normand and Pat Martin’s home. Frédéric contacted Lisa after viewing the Martin Brother’s interview (Raynald, Normand & Paul) and the Onias Martin scrapbook located on the Franco-American Centre’s website: Francoamericanarchives.org. Lisa gave Frédéric contact information so that he could speak with Raynald and Normand Martin regarding Onias.

Par Monsieur Harry Rush, Jr.
Millinocket, ME


Pendant sa vie religieuse, elle était institutrice, chauffeur, supérieure, boursière, etc. et on peut dire qu’elle a bien fait tout son travail. Ses qualités: gentille, aimable, humble, douce, prudente, sincère, fidèle.

À la fin de la messe, célébré par Père Jean Marc Lévesque, le choeur a chanté: “Yahvé me protège. Yahvé Dieu est mon Pasteur, Que peut-il me manquer si Yahvé me protège.” Puisse-t-elle reposer en paix! Amen.

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

A Maine Franco-American
By Raymond A Duval
Brunswick, ME

While employed by The Times Record in Brunswick, Cam Niven, the publisher, asked me if I ever felt discriminated against while growing up in Brunswick being from a background of Franco-American. Knowing Cam was not a racist I knew his question was genuine and he was truly interested in my opinion on the subject of the Franco-American discrimination issues in our area from my own experience. The question caught me by surprise. Actually, the answer was “no”.

An occasional “frog” here and “Frenchy” there by our peers, but hardly ever said by grownups. Perhaps the era I grew out of was at the tail end of the ethnic awareness in Brunswick and we mixed better with our neighbors of different cultures. It was not a big issue in this town when I grew up and I’m proud of that.

Now I ask myself “how was it, really, to grow up as a Franco-American in Maine”? Frankly, I never felt the burden of discrimination from this community which can be produced when people make inferior remarks about your origin of birth. That’s from my own personal experience, and I grew up from this environment without the proverbial chip on my shoulders. Thanks to my educated Maine brethren.

Both my parents were born at the end of the nineteenth century. Although mother was born here in Brunswick, nevertheless, the language she was brought-up in was French. Dad was born in Cap St Ignace, Quebec, a parish along the southern bank of the St Lawrence River about 45 miles north of Quebec City and he also was raised in the native language of Canadian French.

Being raised from a bilingual family home was fortunate and culturally enriching for me, because it affords me to experience the world on both sides of the languages. In growing-up French was the language in use in our home. As a matter of fact, I barely spoke English when I started kindergarten at St John’s. Some of us who were raised in both languages felt a disadvantage in school to keep up with the English counterpart with our studies and with the French for that matter. It was difficult for some (Continued on page 9)
to go from one language to another. For myself, the difficulty seemed normal, and not being a good student I went with the flow and grasp at the subjects as best I could and got by without putting the effort I should have. My mother would monitor my homework and help me with my spelling and math etc but generally I was on my own with my school work. The fact we had two languages to study made the schoolwork appear that much more difficult. Did this fact create a disadvantage in my learning ability? I never believed or subscribed to that it did. It was worth the effort and as we grew older we began to appreciate what we had being bilingual.

A Franco-American meant, in general, you were Catholic. The protocol for being Catholic in Brunswick in our ethic society meant you went to St John’s School; made your first communion and confirmation; went to church on Sunday. Your were taught your prayers, catechism and went to confession monthly. There was bent, way of the cross, forty hours adoration, noveenas, retreats, and Sunday catechism at one o’clock every school week at St John’s Church. Movies on Sunday didn’t start before 3:00 pm.

In my time if a parent of St John’s Parish chose to send a child or their children to public school was close to being scandalous. The issue was generally discussed with the pastor and you had to have a valid reason to not send your child to St John’s. Otherwise, short of being excommunicated, the church would make you feel like you had been shunted out of the parish. One of my aunts went through this issue with her youngest and sent her to public school because she didn’t speak French and would have had difficulty following the curriculum at St John.

Generally, the education I received at St John was sound scholastically, the discipline was extraordinary, but it was too much on religion. Religious education was much like from the Middle Ages. It bordered on brainwashing and I’m not saying this to be critical. It just was the way we inherited religious instructions from the past. Allot of it was by rote and there was plenty of instructions lacking proper explanations. For instance, we were “forbidden” to visit or enter inside the protestant churches. We were prohibited from attending weddings, funerals of any of our non-catholic friends. We were not given much of an explanation to this “off limits” sanction. Most of us ignored the rules and it actually made us curious to go take a peak inside these churches just to see how “evil” they were. A sorry chapter, but true, that existed prior to the 60s in our relationships with non-Catholics.

At home we didn’t get “preached” against other religious beliefs and I think it was because the family truly accepted the position that Catholicism was the one true faith and those embracing other faiths we felt was of their choosing. It did create a background that our beliefs were superior. I remember my mother referring to other churches as “mitaine” which came from the English and sounded much like “meeting” and pronounced “me ten”. The Puritans referred to their churches as a “meeting place” and to the ears of the Franco-Americans it sounded very much like “mitaine” This word also means “mitten”. To differentiate from the mitten, they would add “pas d’pouce” to “mitaine” which meant “without a thumb”. The inference you can see here is there was something missing to the church.

Bordering on bigotry, for example, was mother’s “Les vielle Americaines” when she referred to the ladies of other faiths. That was her way of saying “White, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant”. She wasn’t saying this in a malicious way. It was more like “these stubborn old ladies don’t understand the true meaning of faith.” The way we were brought up in those days led to this kind of thinking when ignorance of the other’s faith existed. Fortunately, the family never stressed these issues nor were they paramount in our associations with non-Catholics. On mixed marriages the feeling in our family was more of “beware” of the added conflict it may create to a relationship rather than forbidding such a union. Within the social circles of the Franco-American families there were varied levels of mix-marriages acceptance from “scandalous” to “laisser faire”. It was no different than all other ethics groups, and we were cautioned of the many problems it could bring to a marriage.

Within the community in New England, the French language would vary depending from the area you came from. For instance, those from Aroostook County in Maine, they commonly use the word “échelle” or ladder for “escalier” or stairs. In my experience speaking in French with others from different parts of New England, I have found words we commonly use in the language that are not correct according to l’Académie Francaise. The word for window in French is “fenêtre”, but we most commonly use “chassé” pronounced, “shaw- see” instead. I have discovered the word “chaudière” is not a pail; however, everyone seems to understand the word to mean a pail. The word for pail in French is “seau” and “chaudière” mean a boiler. When in France, I discovered canned goods were not “cane” as used in America but a “bôite” which to us is a “box”.

In some French communities of Maine I have found “coined” words used commonly by the locals. For example, in Brunswick we have coined the word “Arbidoo” for those of Slavic ancestry. I used this expression to my in-laws from Lewiston and they had never heard of that word. Until then I thought “Arbidoo” was French. On another occasion, my father-in-law used a word I had never heard “sara” as he made reference to the act of starting his car. I found out the word came from the Lewiston mill workers. As the explanation given to me goes, the early immigrants were not bilingual and the mill bosses did not speak French and at the start of each shift, the bosses would order the workers to “start her up” referring to the looms in the weave room or other machines throughout the mill. Phonically, to the French Canadians it sounded like “sarap” and it being a verb it conjugated well as “sarap, sarapé, sarapon, etc”.

French pronunciation variations in New England is surprising similar. Those who are from French Canadian ancestry and learned to speak French from those who migrated mid nineteenth century to the early twentieth the dialect is very similar. We changed the accents from “grave” to “aigu” in words like “mère”, “père”, “bière” to “mère”, “père”, “bière”. If you have ever heard Gideon’s recordings, a French Canadian comedian and storyteller, you would find his dialect of the language is quite similar to the way we were taught by our parents. In my travels to Canada in the Quebec province, the younger and educated folks spoke French with the correct accents. In rural and older generation, I found the same pronunciations familiar to ours. “Petit” the word for small is almost universally “P’tit” with a silent “e”. Another word “cela” become “cà” meaning “that” in English.

Many of us attended parochial schools have received proper French grammar lessons, therefore, it should have corrected our vernacular expressions, but it did not. It was not acceptable within our social (Continued on page 10)
Le Forum

(A Maine Franco-American continued from page 9)

circle to properly speak in Parisian French to the point of being ridiculed by our peers. Similar to the English speaking New Englanders trying to use the King’s English here in this country to communicate with one another. That is why the French dialogue we speak remained the same and differed from France. Strangely, however, we all use the proper French when reciting our prayers and when speaking to the nuns or religious people (priest, brothers). Today’s Canadians are much better with their French and they don’t switch the accents as we do, however, they still truncate words here and there enough so that the French will recognize that they are from Canada.

Like any language we did have nicknames (sobriquets) in our social group for some of our neighbors and friends. The p’tit from “petit”, meaning small, was common before such names as; Noire, Blanc, Pite, Jean, Joe, Gus, Mousse, etc. Some of those nicknames were descriptive, e.g.; Tete, La Tune, Balloon, Souris (mouse), Brume (fog), Jabon (ham) and some not so politically correct; Ca Ca, Pi Pi, Chieux d’bean, fefesse. Many nicknames were coined; Bing, Gourloo, Cazack, Pakion, Nenoo, Gas gas (silent “s”), Petoo. We also inserted English nicknames such as; Babe, Tulip, Toast, Schrimp. My older brother, George, was nicknamed “Toute p’tis” meaning “little one” by the family. Being the first male born in the family and named after his grandfather, it was a natural name to identify the young versus the elder. My mother-in-law commented we in Brunswick used “sobriquets” more than she had ever experienced in Lewiston or even in Berlin N.H. were she was a native.

At the dinner table we did very well. At my home we were fortunate to have mother who came from a traditional French Canadian cuisine from her family farm in Maquoit Bay area in Brunswick. The variety of tasty dishes she prepared amazed me, even to this day, The French community did a lot of exchanging of recipes and the tradition goes on. That includes my wife, who, by the way, has earned her kitchen apron from these treasured traditional recipes par with her elders. They do magic with pork and serve “tournière” (pork pie); “creton” (pork spread) at Christmas time these dishes are traditional. “Roté d’pore avec des patate jaunt” (roast pork with brown potatoes);“des grillages de lard salé” (pan fried salt pork); “toast doré” (French toast) and the “crêpes” and various beef and chicken dishes to name just a few meals which appearing on our menu. Names of some of these meals were familiar to us such as “pâté ou chinoise, bigodé, chior(s), six pâte, ragou” and it goes on.

On meatless days such as Fridays of pre Second Vatican Council of 1962, mother would make “pâté ou saumon avec de la sauce blanche aux oeuf” (salmon pie with a white egg sauce) or not my favorite but to please my dad she would serve “la morue salé dans une sauce blanche” or as the English call Finn and Haddy. The aroma of soup steaming often reminds me of my visits to mémère Duval who seemed to always have a soup going on her kitchen stove. Tomato and rice soups were common as were the vegetable and beef soups. Carrots, turnips were popular veggies, but peas and cut string beans or any beans were generally excluded in our vegetable soups. Oh yes, the onion soups, which I detested, and cabbage soups, and my favorite, “soupe ou pois” pea soup.
The French have a sweet tooth and desserts was certainly part of the meal. Pies, cakes, puddings, and pastries became staples to the daily meals. My mother’s custard pies and chocolate pies became my favorites. Going back in time when mother was baking these pies, with the left over pie crust she would make some “pet de soeur”, translation, a nun’s fart and made by spreading brown sugar over flattened dough and roll and slice into half inch pieces, and place in a pan to bake. Yum, yum.

V’là du sort - Deuxième partie
Ma tante Aurélie “le boudin” Boutin
par Greg Chabot
South Hampton, NH

Introduction

Je venais de lire un article sur la croissance du chômage dans la région montagnarde de la Bulgarie. C’était une véritable crise, disait-on, qui résistait à toutes les tentatives de trouver une solution. C’est à ce point-là que je remarquai les bagages. Je venais juste de les chéquer. La seule chose à faire était de les retourner chez moi. Je devais absolument prendre le vol de 8:00 heures. Il était maintenant 7h30. J’pouvais pas les chéquer. La seule chose à faire était de les laisser là et décoller sans elles. Y pouvait pas avoir grand-chose d’important dedans, après tout. Y venaient juste d’apperaitre.

«Faut faire quelque chose avec vos valises,» me dit soudain un agent de police qui devait m’avoir guetté pendant quelque temps. «Il est interdit de laisser une douzaine de valises (les 8 étaient maintenant devenues 12) en avant de vous comme ça pour plus que deux minutes et demie. Et surtout, n’essayez pas des abandonner ici car la loi est très claire à ce sujet et les peines sont sévères pour ceux qui n’obéissent pas à cette loi.»

Je regardai un peu à droite et j’aperçus une drôle de femme qui me donna un drôle de regard avec un drôle de sourire. Elle fut entourée par au moins deux fois plus de bagages que moi. Elle ne fut que diament ce qu’elle allait faire. Elle allait venir me voir et prendre ma main dans les siennes, tout en la plaçant sur son cœur. Elle allait ensuite me dire que je pouvais me fier à elle dans cette crise, tout en me fier à elle dans cette crise, tout en...
We are so screwed - Part 2

Ma tante Aurélie “le boudin” Boutin

by
Greg Chabot
South Hampton, NH

Introduction

I apologize. It’s because of me that these articles are appearing ... again. I should have tried to discourage him, lead him in another direction, perhaps. But I was silent, and now we’re all paying for it.

In my defense, his attempts at writing pieces like this had led nowhere in the past. They had started with the same level of near-narcissistic enthusiasm, but had always flitted away to nothing. The final “product” was typically a few paragraphs that seemed to create obstacles that prevented any further progress. There would be occasional attempts at opening the Word file and completing something. Maybe one more sentence. But these attempts ended badly, often accompanied by soft mutterings and even softer sighs. There was no reason for me to expect that this time would be different.

But it was. He actually finished the piece that was in the last issue of the FORUM. He wanted me to read it before he sent it off. I was too busy, I said, but was sure it was fine. I should have taken the time. It was awful. Maybe you were able to make some sense of his ramblings - René Lévesque, deadly license plates, old men leaning on canes, doctoral students, we are Québec, Québec is us - but I sure wasn’t. I have no idea what he was trying to say. I’m not sure he has either.

The damage would have been somewhat contained if it had stopped there. But seeing his words on the print and electronic pages of the FORUM seemed to give him renewed hope and enthusiasm. He quickly set to writing what appears below. Worse still, he sees at least three or four other articles coming in the near future. “A ground-breaking series,” he now calls it. Right. As if.

The priority now is to stop this thing before it gets any further. I’m sure the articles in the last issue of the FORUM and the one below have already bored and annoyed loyal readers. They are also not doing the writer’s reputation any good, serving primarily as a source of embarrassment and ridicule. It must end, and it’s up to me - as the one who facilitated its start - to end it.

It won’t be easy. He won’t even take the time to talk to me anymore. About a minute into any conversation I start with him, he exclaims, “An inspiration!” and runs off into his office, slamming the door in my face if I try to pursue. All I get is his voice mail. He won’t answer my emails. But I WILL keep trying. My legacy will NOT be that I permit this “ground-breaking series” (Right. As if.) to proceed any further and wreak more confusion and irritation than it already has.

One way or another, I will make sure that there is no “Part 3.” You have my word on it.

A.E., July 2012

(Continued on page 13)
Je vous présente tous ma tante Aurélie «le mine «le renard,» Jimmy «le cigare» ...
«le fromage,» Guido «la saucisse,» Carment et avec insistance: "En français."
je m'écriai, au comble du désespoir.

J'ai commencé l'école, parce que c'est ça
(pour l'église) qui m'avait ache-tée (pi avait mise dret ben dans le salon) qui avait déclenché la transformation de mes cousins qui avait ensuite précipité la transformation Aurélienne.

La transformation de ma tante Aurélie eut lieu quand j'avais six ou sept ans, j'pense. Chu certain que c'tait après que j'ai commencé l'école, parce que c'est ça et ça s'appelait l'anglais. Tout ça, c'tait un peu comme le français. C'tait un peu pour se déshabiller en m'attendant.

En effet, il passa à travers les valises comme si elles n'étaient même pas là. Il revint dans quelques instants, passant de nouveau à travers mes bagages.

Be happy to show you how it’s done, déclarait le jeune homme. «And then, maybe we can grab a beer. » J'hésitai. Fallait-il toujours prendre une bière?

Never mind, then, déclara l'homme qui n'avait pas de temps à perdre. Il traversa mes valises comme si elles n'existavaient pas et me laissa seul aux toilettes. J'essayai de faire comme lui. Je ne réussis pas. «Je t'attends, mon pauvre chéri, dit la voix de la femme de l’autre côté des bagages. “Tu peux me faire confiance. Laisse moi te prendre la main et la guider pour que nous...”

Les valises continuèrent à se multiplier. Elles s’avancèrent lentement vers moi. La femme annonça qu’elle fut mainte-

nant en train de se déshabiller en m’attendant.

«For God’s sake, won’t somebody help me!?!» je m’écriai, au comble de la désespoir.

Et j’entendis la voix de ma chère tante Aurélie qui répondit clairement et avec insistance: “En français.”

Ma tante Aurélie «le boudin» Boutin, Giuseppi «le carabinier,» Giovanni «le fromage,» Guido «la saucisse,» Car-mine «le renard,» Jimmy «le cigare» ... je vous présente tous ma tante Aurélie «le boudin» Boutin. Ah, j’sais qu’a paraît pas ben éperouante pour vous autres de la Mafia. 4 pieds 10 au plus dans ses petits talons de mémère. Arrêtant au moins trois fois pour reprendre son souffle en montant les marches de l’église pour la messe de neuf heures et demi le dimanche. Attendant des heures de temps avant de pouvoir traverser la rue pour être certain qui a pas un char de cahier derrière le gros bloc sur le coin de la Maple pi d’la Silver qui attend ai-nque qu’a se rende au milieu du crosswalk pour foncer sur elle pi la jeter en l’air une cinquantaine de pieds avant de tourner de bord pi revenir pour l’écraser pour de bon.

Mais vous l’avez jamais vu comme moué, je l’ai vu. Moué pi mes cousins pi mes cousines.

Le Forum
(V’il à du sort - Deuxième partie suite de page 10)

murmerant «mon pauvre chéri.» Elle allait ensuite prendre de nouveau ma main pour laisser lentement afin qu’elle se retrouve enfin entre ses ... L’horreur du portrait qui se formait dans ma tête m’empêcha de le compléter. Je remarquai que la femme faisait comme si elle allait se lever.

J’ai commencé l’école, parce que c’est ça et ça s’appelait l’anglais. Tout ça, c’était un peu comme le français. C’était un peu pour se déshabiller en m’attendant.

Pour nous donc, ce fut une adversaire redoutable ... du moins pour un an ou deux. On lui donna même un sobriquet: Aurélie “le boudin” Boutin, parce qu’a “boudait” tout le temps à cause du français perdu. A part ça, y n’avait pas un de nous autres qui aimait le boudin. Pour nous autres, c’était un peu comme le français. C’était quelque chose qu’a inquiète les vieux aimaient, ça fait le sobriquet fut doublement juste.

Mais même pendant le temps que «le boudin» nous faisait peur pi a nous poignait des fois, moi pi mes cousins gag-naient toujours quand on jouait le jeu de la langue. “Le boudin” ne nous a jamais fait changé de langue. Quand elle nous lan-

chant un « en français,» on se farmit pour une escousse. Une fois qu’a était partie, on recommençait en anglais. Pendant un certain temps, la disparition des messes en français pi des bulletins de l’église en fran-

çais pi des programmes en français sema la panique chez ceux qui étaient dehors. Pendant quelque temps, on entendit « en français » plus souvent et pas seulement de ma tante Aurélie. Mais c’était trop tard. Ils nous parlaient en français et on répondait en anglais. Et c’était le silence qui rencontrons leurs « en français » de moins en moins fréquents, mais de plus en plus désespérés.

Tout ça pour dire que c’est tough d’entrer dans la bouche d’un autre. Même si on réussit à s’y introduire, c’est pas mal impossible de changer ce qui en sort, sur-
“Ma tante Aurélie ‘le boudin’ Boutin”

It was a shock the first time it happened. I was six or seven. I was playing with my extended family cousins at the extended family camp during a typical extended family party. We were having a great time inside because the adults who kept telling us we were wasting a beautiful day and that we should be playing outside were all outside. This left us free to do what we wanted inside while they were all trying to figure out what it was that we were doing in there and why we weren’t outside.

Suddenly, ma tante Aurélie comes storming around the corner, stops right in front of us, and stares menacingly at us. We all thought she was going to give us hell for transforming a new bag of Castonguay potato chips into a soupy mess by crushing the chips in a bowl and adding Pepsi to them. Instead, all she said was, “En français!” before staring coldly at us again and heading back outside.

We were puzzled. Of course we were speaking English to each other. Ever since we had started going to school and watching the television that had one day appeared in our living rooms, the cousins had determined (rightfully so) that English was the language of the young and the future. The French that we had used exclusively when we didn’t know any better, was for the old and the past. We didn’t mind using French to speak to the old, like our parents and ma tante Aurélie, but there was no way we’d use it to communicate with anything new and future-oriented like our cousins. This was all so obvious and so right to us that we thought the whole world understood and approved of the distinction we had made. Apparently, ma tante Aurélie did not. Many of the other outside adults didn’t either, but only ma tante Aurélie came inside that day and thus became the “enforcer.”

Tony “the revolver” may have been bigger. Guido “the banana” with that scar on his face might have been uglier. 350+ pound Guiseppi “the cheese” may have been more intimidating. But 85-pound, 4 foot 10 ma tante Aurélie ‘le boudin’ (as we took to calling her) Boutin was more stubborn and determined than any Mafia enforcer. With the motto, “Qui perd sa langue perd sa foi” as her weapon, she was also sure that le Bon Dieu was on her side. This made her an adversary to be feared and respected.

So after the first couple of times that “Le boudin” surprised us and demanded an immediate switch to “en français,” we took to assigning a lookout for every time the extended family cousins played together at extended family parties. It wasn’t a tough job. There was nothing to do for the first half-hour or so when the adults pretty much forgot about us. It was only when they started asking themselves and each other where we were and what the hell we were doing that the enforcer made her first appearance. Our lookout would catch sight of her heading our way. We’d then all be quiet until she checked on us and went on her way again.

We also had to be careful around meal-times when all the old were mobile, and “Le boudin” could hide her comings and goings by blending in with them, darting suddenly into the room where we were playing to see if she could catch us using that despicable language. She did. A couple of times. And the accusatory “en français” would echo throughout whoever’s home it was.

We got better at detecting “Le boudin’s” approaches. After a while, poor ma tante Aurélie was reduced to quickly shouting out “en français” every time she passed the door of the room we were in because she assumed (correctly) that we were always speaking English.

The extended family cousins always won when we played the “en français” game with “le boudin.” Even the times when she would catch us. Never ... not even once ... did her interventions and admonitions result in our speaking French. In response to “en français,” we would shut up, stay quiet, not say a word. We would then resume our conversations “en anglais” the minute she left. As she and others pushed “en français” more, we responded with “en anglais” more, eventually using it even to talk to the old and the past. The old would speak to us in French. We would reply in English. They would respond with “en français.” We would ignore.

It’s tough to climb into another person’s mouth. Even if you succeed in getting in there, it’s next to impossible to make changes to it and what’s coming out of it if the person doesn’t want those changes to happen. Resorting to some sort of intimidation or force as did “Le boudin” is usually counterproductive, especially if that person perceives that what you want to come out of the mouth is not in their best interests, useless, or ... well ... old.

It’s a lesson that’s tough to learn because it seems counter-intuitive. If they don’t want to learn what we want them to learn, we’ll force them to do it through legislation, demonstrations, official offices and other sorts of pressures. That’ll do it.

But it doesn’t. And while setting up a language police like ma tante Aurélie “le boudin” Boutin sounds like a great solution to counter the gradual loss of a minority language in favor of the North American continent’s majority one, it represents a microcosmic initiative that prevents people from making the macrocosmic changes needed to achieve the desired results. Often, all it really does is annoy most speakers of both languages, invites ridicule, makes non-compliance a virtue, and postpones the inevitable. Look at what it did for us.

Sometimes, I wonder why our cousins to the north don’t get that. But I suppose the whole thing is hard to understand unless you’ve had a ma tante Aurélie in the family.
From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer

by Roger Parent

Photos courtesy of the author

ED. NOTE: This is the first in a series of excerpts from a memoir written by Lille, Maine, native Roger Parent in 2004, tracing the first 24 years of his life, from his childhood in Acadian French-speaking northern Maine to the end of his service as a member of the first group of Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand. In Part I he describes how he defied his parents’ attempts at birth control and overcame the illness that consumed the first seven months of his life.

January 22, 1939

My parents had six children and could not afford another child. Maybe they didn’t want another child, but I don’t know that. It was near the end of the Depression. They had lost their savings, jobs were scarce, and birth control was an inexact science fraught with moral implications for my parents who were devout Catholics. They tried to follow the birth control allowed by the church: abstinence, nursing the last baby as long as possible, and having intercourse only when they thought my mother was not fertile. But nothing worked and I was born January 22, 1939, on a very cold day in Lille, a small village in northern Maine, a few hundred yards from the border with New Brunswick, Canada.

After I was born, my parents, although not naturally superstitious, tried the birth control of an old French Acadian tale: if you named the seventh child after the grandfather or grandmother, this would be your last child. I was the seventh child, and my parents, desperate not to have another, named me Jean Octave Roger.

Unfortunately for my parents, and fortunately for my three younger sisters, this birth control didn’t work. Years later, toward the end of her long life, my mother told me, “If I were young, I would not follow the Church’s ban on artificial [whatever that means] birth control.”

My father, Noel Parent, had driven three miles in the middle of the night through swirling snow in his Model T Ford for Dr. Faucher to assist my deliver. Dr. Faucher to assist my deliver. Dr. Faucher would have willingly driven to our house, but we had not telephone to call him, and the
few with telephones in Lille were sleeping. Anyway, my father didn’t like to speak on the telephone, and he would drive long distances to avoid doing so, but this was a short drive.

When Dr. Faucher arrived, he probably thought he could have stayed home in his warm bed because my Memere (Acadian French for Grandmother) Corbin was preparing for my imminent delivery. Memere was midwife who substituted for Dr. Faucher in many deliveries. I must have felt blessed to have Memere present at my birth.

I would like to remember how it felt to be born. There I was in the womb, the only world I knew - warm and squishy and comfortable - when suddenly I was pushed out into a cold, hard, and foreign world, as if I were not wanted anymore. Later, I hope much later, after I’ve made the best of this life, I will be thrust out of this world into another world. Maybe dying is like being born.

*The Sisters Pray for Me*

I weighed seven pounds at six weeks and seven pounds at six months. I cried constantly, night and day. Nothing could stop my crying: not being held and lullabied by my mother, not being held and danced by my father, not being held and rocked by my sisters, and not being cuddled by Memere Corbin; not even Mrs. Anna B. could soothe me. This good neighbor, to relieve my mother, cared for me in her house one night, and I cried so hard she thought I would die in her arms.

Something was wrong with me that no one could remedy. Our Dr. Faucher from Grand Isle couldn’t cure me; Dr. Hammond from Van Buren couldn’t cure me; not even Memere Corbin, who practiced a sort of folk medicine, could find a cure for me. Someone thought I was not getting nourishment from my mother’s milk and suggested cow’s milk, or canned milk, but nothing worked. An old neighbor suggested massaging my body with olive oil, figuring I would get nutrition by osmosis, but that only relaxed me...and that was good. Meanwhile, everyone was praying for me. My father and mother prayed, my brothers and sisters prayed, my aunts and uncles prayed, my cousins and neighbors prayed, my pastor prayed, but most of all the Daughters of Wisdom sisters prayed for me. My father and mother believed in the power of prayer. My mother attended mass almost daily and said the rosary with family every evening; they were people of prayer. But even prayer didn’t seem to work for me.

My parents and older siblings were deeply worried and anguished. They had consulted many doctors and had prayed to many saints, but I was weakening and they feared I wouldn’t live much longer. In desperation, my mother and father took me to another doctor, I think in Grand Falls, New Brunswick, some 40 miles away - a long distance in those days - but like the others, he had no cure for me. He thought I had just a few more days to live. My mother and father returned home brokenhearted, thinking this was it: I was going to die.

But my father, not one to give up easily, decided to visit the good sisters again. Prayer was all he had left and he believed the prayers of sisters reached God more directly than his. He and my mother knew well the Daughters of Wisdom. They called on him often to repair this and that. My mother had been educated from kindergarten through high school by the sisters, and my siblings were being taught by them. My mother’s cousin, Patrick Theriault, had invited the sisters to Lille from Québec and my mother’s father, Jean Corbin, had paddled them in his canoe across the St. John River to Lille in 1905. There was nothing the sisters wouldn’t do for my family.

Soeur (Sister) Agnes du Sauveur answered the door to the convent and knew from the look on my father’s face that my situation was grim. She promised my father they would start praying for me immediately and would pray through the night, each sister taking her turn in the chapel. They would implore their founder, Saint Louis-Marie de (Continued on page 16)
The morning after my father visited Soeur Agnes, he had a small carpentry job to do at Phillip D.’s house in Grand-Isle, three miles away. When he got there, tired from another night of my crying, he shared the details of my illness with Mrs. D. He said everything possible had been done and now his only hope was for a miracle: it was up to the saints - the holy people - and God.

While Mrs. D. was preparing lunch for her family, it came to her that the symptoms my father had described were very similar to those of her oldest son, which her mother had cured with a remedy given to her from an old lady now deceased. She hurried to my father, who was working in the basement, to tell him of her son and the remedy.

My father, willing to try anything, grabbed this last straw. Mrs. D.’s mother remembered the remedy, and my father left immediately to purchase lactic acid at the pharmacy in Madawaska, some 12 miles away, and Karo syrup at Lawrence’s General Store in Lille. There was not time to lose; I was on the edge of death.

My father rushed home, got a quart of our cow’s milk from the deep well where it was kept cold, poured it in a glass bowl, stoked the fire in the wood burning stove, brought the milk to its boiling point and let it cool. My older sister, Noella, stirred 100 drops of lactic acid in the milk with a wooden spoon. (The wooden spoon and glass bowl were used because the acid would have reacted with metal.) Karo syrup was added to sweeten the bitter milk and my mother enlarged the holes in the rubber nipple to make it easier for me to suck the thickened curdled milk. Now, evening had arrived. My mother fed me a bottle of the remedied milk, laid me in the small crib in her room and went to bed, tired from the work and drained from the emotions.

When my parents woke up next morning, they thought I was dead for I had not awakened them with my crying. My mother was so sure of it she sent my father to check on me. My father got up, walked to my crib expecting the worst, but I was breathing and sleeping peacefully. Tears ran down his face. I had slept through a night for the first time since my birth. The house was jubilant and word of my cure ran throughout the school and the village. On his way to work that morning, my father stopped by the convent to tell the sisters of Mrs. D., of the lactic acid and the Karo syrup, and of my first full night’s sleep. It was a miracle he said, a miracle their prayers had wrought.

My mother fed me this miracle milk and in two months, I had attained the normal weight of an eight-month-old...and my mother had gained back some pounds. Later-I don’t know when-I was able to digest untreated cows’ milk and I’ve been drinking milk ever since.

My family believed that God had influenced Phillip D. to hire my father for a small job that day and had given Mrs. D. the patience to listen to my distracted father’s story, and that God had been influenced by the prayers, especially the prayers of the sisters. The doctors had not been able to cure me with their science; Memere had not been able to cure me with her folk medicine, and the warm loving care of my parents had not been enough. The sister’s special prayers to Saint Louis-Marie de Montfort for intervention with God had cured me.

Everyone in Lille believed my cure was a miracle. I believe it was a miracle too, but not in the traditional sense of the word. I believe in prayer, I believe in community prayer, I believe all people are connected across geography and across time, and I believe we’re all joined to powers we don’t know and don’t understand. When we pray, when we beseech these unknown powers, we draw on their strength and they respond to us. We may call these powers God and we may call their responses miracles, but miracles are what happen when we pray and work together for good causes.
THE IRISH AMONG US
(Us being the Acadians of the
St. John Valley of Maine)
by Guy F. Dubay
Madawaska, ME

Prologue

Can micro-history contribute to macro history? In this instance the story of three Irish families in the Saint John Valley from the 1830s help explain the bigger picture of the Acadians in Maine following the 1842 settlement of the International Boundary Question and the subsequent participation of the St. John River Valley residents in the life and politics of Maine.

* * * * *

I begin with my scrap-book which I’ve entitled, “The Irish Among Us” “Us” here, being the Acadian remnant originally settled in 1785 in the Madawaska territory, so-called at the time of the boundary dispute from 1793 to 1842. But I begin my monologue with a personal child-like view:

Here is a photo of the Van Buren Boys’ High School baseball team in 1957. At the extreme upper right stands James Keegan. The year-book photo reveals French names like, Gagnon, Levesque, Parent, Lebel, Lapointe and Hebert - that last one being Acadian “Hebert”. Those mentioned already are names of French Québécois origin. Two others could well be Yankee/American: Thompson and Conlogue. Fred Conlogue was a class-mate of mine, the son of a U.S. Customs officer. Keegan is the only Irish surname here. I shall speak of two more Irish surnames impacting on our history, Farrell and Smith.

The first point however is that from my adolescent years, sitting in the bleachers at the baseball game, what mattered to me was how many “runs batted in” Jams Keegan turned in for “us”. The ethnicity of his name was of little concern. James was in my brother’s class. His sister Kathleen was in my class in the elementary school years. I’ll tell more about Kathleen later. I have in my scrapbook a copy of James Keegan’s obituary notice bringing closure to the story in the year 2004.

Notice however that the obituary gives his mother’s name as Lorraine Violette, which family name goes back to the Acadian pioneer settler of Van Buren in 1791. François Violette migrated her from the Kennebecasis Valley of southeastern New Brunswick in the second migratory wave to this region. But pursuing James Keegan’s Irish lineage, I have his father’s obituary notice, that of James Keegan (1918-1989). His mother is given as “Marie Bourgoin” which names is of French Québécois origin found to have migrated among the Acadians at Ste. Anne-du-Pays-Bas on the lower St. John River in New Brunswick. That elder James Keegan (1878-1919) is shown to be the son of Thomas Keegan (1847-1920) married to Eugenie Dubay, whose surname surfaces in Quebec in 1665. Thomas Keegan is the Son of James Keegan (1803-1893) an Irish immigrant is given as the son of John Keegan and Anne Fowler of Ireland.

James was a native of Slane, County Meath, on the Boyne, which last name brings to mind William of Orange and the battle of the Boyne in the glorious Revolution - but the European conflict in the British Isle is beyond the purview of this presentation. James Keegan, the Irish native and great-great grandfather of James Keegan, the high school baseball player of my own time Married in 1832, Lucie Parent, a native of Ste. Marie de Beauce, Quebec.

What I especially desire to bring out here is the distinction between this Irish lineage which predates the famed Irish potato famine of the mid 1840’s, generally well known for producing the massive Irish immigration to Maine, New England and into the maritime provinces of Canada.

At every St. Patrick’s Day our newspapers present us with many feature stories of the Irish and the immigrants of the potato famine. The feature series “Out of Ireland: A journey across time, ocean and land from pre-Famine Ireland to Modern North America published in the Saint John Times Globe from June 9 to July 25, 1997 makes not of the pre-Famine migrant yet is still replete with post famine era stories. A very commendable study by James Mundy, “Hard Times and Hard Men: The Irish in Pre-Civil War Maine presents a marvelous view of Irish immigration to urban Maine where we are exposed to the Labor/Worker conflicts of that era. And if that story were run into the later portion of the century we would find a history of Irish-French conflict total missing from our Saint John valley experience.

James Keegan’s migration was not a forced one and I dare hypothesize that his situation may have been one of the more educationally privileged than that of a significant component of the hard-lot Potato Famine era immigrants. In 1844, two years after the signing of the Treaty of Washington, commonly referred to as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, we find a municipal census record in which James Keegan is given as the Plantation Clerk. Aroostook County records contain an 1851 report of the marriages performed by the Rev. Antoine Gosselin, Pastor of St. Bruno’s parish in Van Buren addressed to “James Keegan, clerk of Van Buren Plantation in the County of Aroostook.” His testimony regarding a dispute election of 1857, dubbed “Madawaska Election Fraud” figures in the Report of the Maine Senate of 1858 on that controversy. A second testimony in that Maine Senate study is that of Thomas Keegan already cite in the genealogy above.

James Keegan also figures among the early town selectman of Madawaska, Maine at the time in which he served as registrar of deeds of the Northern Aroostook registry. Louis C. Hatch, History of Maine: Biographical gives him off as a Democrat throughout his life following the Webster-Ashburton Treaty except during the civil war years, voting Republican, believing it his duty to support the administration in office.

James Keegan testimony, cited above also makes reference to Michael Farrell, another Irish immigrant to the saint John valley who married Julia Dubay Dec. 31, 1820 in a record entered in the parish registers at St. Basile, N.B. Remember that at the time the International boundary had not been set and parish lines crossed what later became the bounds of two nations. From 1792 to 1826, St. Basile was the only (Continued on page 18)
entire St. John Valley area of Maine and northwestern New Brunswick. Yes, Michael Farrell, given in the Maine Register of 1852 as U.S. Post Master of Van Buren Plantation predates that of James Keegan’s immigration matching that pre-potato famine situation already cited. His father-in-law, Germain Dubay (1770-1854) provides like Keegan, and early Irish-French integration uncommon in Maine Irish-urban setting. Michael Farrell is given as son of Edward Farrell and Mary Kavanaugh of County Wexford, Ireland.

A third immigrant, James Smith (1807-1891), son of Matthew Smith and Esther Ramsay of Pottlebaum, Kilcoog, County Cavan, Ireland married Marguerite à Augustin Violette as per the St. Basile, N.B. parish record of June 6, 1836. Augustin Violette was the son of François Violette, already cited as an Acadian immigrant to the area in 1791. Parenthetically we might add that 15% of the heads of families given in the municipal census of 1844 of Van Buren Plantation bear the family name Violette.

Especially remarkable in each of these situations is the intermarriage factor which you do not find in French/Irish communities of Maine in the post potato famine era., where as in the instance of Old Town, Maine we find on Brunswick Street, standing some five-hundred feet from each other two separate Catholic Churches: St. Mary’s parish being Irish and St. Joseph’s parish serving the French. Later we find the same thing in Augusta, St. Mary’s on western avenue serving the Irish while the French attended services at St. Augustine at the other end of the city.

Although the St. John valley had long been served by French speaking priests from the diocese of Quebec, this area never developed its parishes along “National Parish lines as elegantly described in Robert Rumilly’s “Histoire des Franco-Américains”, such as found in Lewiston and Biddeford and throughout New England cities with significant ethnic populations.

I surise from this my right to hypothesize a major distinction in the sociological/genealogical setting of the Maine Irish versus the Franco-American of Maine from that of the Irish among the Acadians of the St. John Valley. The Acadian/French Québécois of Van Buren comprised the majority of the area’s population (cited here census data) yet that French speaking majority was so hesitant in sending as their representative to the State legislature, three members of the Keegan family, Three members of the Farrell family and two members of the Smith family. The most recent Irish descendant to represent the Van Buren class of towns was the honorable William Smith, ESQ. serving in the legislative sessions of 120th, 121st, 122nd. Representative Smith (D-Van Buren), a high school classmate of mine had priorly proceeded in that office by his aunt, the honorable Mildred Smith (D-Van Buren serving in the legislative sessions of 1935-36 and 1937-38). During the second world war she served in the Woman’s army corp and my scrap book has an 1948 Aroostook Republican clipping stating that Lt. Smith served in Japan where for two years she was with the Economic and Scientific section of the Army’s finance division. Of personal memory in our family we always referred to her as Major Smith.

Major Mildred Smith was the daughter of dimension lumber producer Almond Smith and Dora Keegan of Hamlin, Maine. Dora Keegan (1879-1941) was the sister of the Honorable Frederick Keegan (b. 1862) (D-Hamlin) State Representative in the legislative sessions of 1891-1892. In a sense then Representative William Smith was not only the nephew of a legislator, the nephew of a niece of a state representative. That Grand uncle, Frederick W. Keegan had married Elizabeth Farrell, daughter of Maine state representative John B. Farrell (D. Van Buren) member of the legislative sessions of 1878, 1879 and 1880.

As with the instances of the Keegans, the Smith lineage regularly integrates with-in the French speaking element of their surroundings. In the first generation, already noted, James Smith married Marguerite Violette. In the second generation, Thomas Smith (1841-1920) Married Methaide Cyr of Acadian ancestry. The pioneer forebear of Methaide/ Mathilde Cyr-Smith, Jean-Baptiste Cyr (1710-1785) left a posterity of nine sons who had an average of ten children each, creating a situation that left 90 little Cyrs running in the woods up here by the time the southerly shore residents became American citizens. Thomas Smith son, Almond Smith (1876-1951) reaffirmed his Irish linkage with his choice of Dora Keegan as his wife.

**Question:** Where else in Maine History do you find the French majoriy being represented at the State House by the Irish element in the community--in effect the in-laws?

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(Annette obituary continued from page 1)

**GOULDSBORO and OLD TOWN** - Annette Alice Paradis King, 88, of Gouldsboro, wife of Gerald Charles King, died Wednesday, Oct. 17, 2012, after a long illness. She was born April 11, 1924, in Old Town, the first daughter of Emile J. Parady of Pea Cove and Lydia H. (Strois) Parady of Treat-Webster Island in Old Town.

Annette was raised in Old Town and graduated from Old Town High School in 1942. She graduated from Robert Breck Brigham Hospital School of Nursing, Boston, and worked there before taking a job as the office nurse for Robert C. Cornell, M.D., in Orono. She married Gerald King of Bradley in 1951, and together they made their home and raised their family in Wallingford, Conn. As the children took on greater independence, she volunteered for the American Red Cross and the American Cancer Society. After completing her role as mother and homemaker, Annette returned to nursing for eight years at Westfield Manor nursing home in Meriden, Conn., where she also did social work until her retirement. Annette and her husband relocated to Gouldsboro in 1983. While in Gouldsboro Annette was active in the historical society and served as its president for a period of time. She also researched her own Franco-American family history, and self-published two books, “Growing Up on Academy Hill” and “A Place Called Spruce Knoll,” two cookbooks and two collections of poetry. She also had several (Continued on page 23)
Posé par quelque part,

On doit d’abord définir les termes « franco-américain » et « francophone ». D’après un recensement des États-Unis de 2000, les répondants qui s’affirment français ou français de descendance canadienne constituaient 25% du Maine. Cette population qui s’identifie comme franco-américaine a une culture, une littérature et une histoire distincte. Pourtant, les gens sont rarement conscients de cette présence puisque cet héritage n’est pas largement reconnu dans le milieu académique dominant et qu’il n’est pas répandu dans l’histoire locale du Maine. Cet oubli a de nombreux facteurs. Les Franco-Américains ont été conditionnés à maintenir une présence silencieuse, même s’ils constituent un quart de la population du Maine. Cet oubli a de nombreux facteurs. Les Franco-Américains ont été conditionnés à maintenir une présence silencieuse, même s’ils constituent un quart de la population du Maine. 


Pour les Franco-Américains, la langue ne représente pas leur identité culturelle parce qu’elle a été systématiquement éradiquée de leur culture. Pourtant, c’est cette absence qui complique l’identification des Franco-Américains et que francophone, puisqu’un francophone est d’abord défini comme un individu dont la langue maternelle est le français et dont le patrimoine culturel est associé à la langue française. Toutefois, une identité peut-elle (et doit-elle) être définie ou détruite par une seule composante? Faut-il que l’un des facteurs ait préséance sur les autres? Cela suggérerait que les autres composantes de l’identité ne sont pas significatives. Les Franco-Américains protègent la culture francophone en préservant l’histoire de la dernière génération, en enseignant cette génération, en la revivant et en fortifiant son influence artistique, académique et historique. En se battant pour le pouvoir politique, donc en encourageant une nou-

1 Y. Labbé, « Out of the Shadows », p. 45. (Ma traduction)
2 Ibid, p. 45. (Ma traduction)

(Suite page 20)
Le Forum

Le Forum

(La langue et l’identité suite de page 19)

nelle conscience culturelle. Néanmoins, la majorité de leur travail culturel se fait en anglais puisque la persécution a été très efficace pour éradiquer la langue française.

Selon Yvon Labbé, directeur du centre franco-américain de l’Université du Maine, langue et identité ne s’équivalent pas. Pourtant, assez curieusement, son raisonnement se rapproche de la situation des francophones du Québec. Il écrit : « Comme les Français du Québec embrassait leur sort après la Conquête, […] un sentiment de fatalité et de futilité a commencé à s’ancre dans la culture pour finalement se manifester dans la langue. »

Labbé explique que ce qui s’est manifesté dans la langue était la présence de « plafonds socioéconomiques et culturels » et que ces obstacles ont été transférés à la culture franco-américaine et à leur sens de l’identité. Par exemple, un proverbe encore employé aujourd’hui par les francophones du Québec et du Maine est « On est né pour un petit pain, on ne peut pas s’attendre à la boulangerie ». Labbé explique que cela est une « mentalité handicapante » qui encourageait les Franco-Américains à s’exclure de la société et à intérieurer les préjugés à leur encontre. Alors que la persécution par le KKK et les lois pour éradiquer le français des avons réussi à stigmatiser une identité francophone, il semble que la tendance des Franco-Américains à accepter leur place en tant que « petits pains » a augmenté les effets de la discrimination.

Cependant, les récentes initiatives veulent transformer cette mentalité. Au lieu d’accepter leur place comme « petits pains », les Franco-Américains réécrivent aujourd’hui le proverbe pour dire « nous ne sommes plus des petits pains, nous voulons la boulangerie ». Ils sont exigeants et reçoivent davantage de reconnaissance de la part des institutions. Le centre franco-américain a fait pression sur l’Université du Maine pour qu’elle se déclare l’université de choix pour les Franco-Américains. Actuellement, l’université a déjà modifié son formulaire de demande d’admission pour fournir une option pour les étudiants qui souhaiteraient s’identifier comme « franco-américain ». Il y a aussi un département d’études franco-américaines bien établi dans lequel le nombre d’étudiants augmente chaque année. Les Franco-Américains reçoivent également une reconnaissance politique.

L’absence d’une langue et d’une reconnaissance culturelle définitive, comme des vacances ou des rituels nationaux acceptés, complique la manière dont on définit la culture franco-américaine. Cet article est écrit en anglais, comme l’est beaucoup de littérature franco-américaine, mais de nombreux Franco-Américains ne sentent pas que cela est nécessairement négatif. Lors de cette conférence, Laplante a interrogé Yvon Labbé concernant la langue. Labbé a répondu que la langue n’est pas la question centrale : « laissez nos enfants parler ce qu’ils parlent, mais respectez notre culture ». Selon Labbé et beaucoup d’autres Franco-Américains, leur culture a encore besoin de transcender la honte et l’insécurité créée par plus de 100 ans de persécution linguistique, ils ont besoin de transcender la mentalité des petits pains. La culture franco-américaine est vivante et en constante évolution, elle se récrée elle-même à chaque nouvelle génération. Actuellement, les Franco-Américains parlent soit l’anglais, soit le français, soit un français franco-américain. Toutes ces langues mettent l’accent sur l’articulation de leur culture et non sur la capacité de parler un langage « correct ».

3 Ibid, p. 45.
4 Ibid, p. 45. (Ma traduction)
5 E. Laplante, « The Rise of the Unmeltable Francos », p. 42. (Ma traduction)
6 Ibid, p. 42. (Ma traduction)
Le forum Farog, une publication franco-américaine bilingue, a récemment publié une phrase indiquant « I tink dat I should always have da rite to spoke my mudder tonge wen I wan to’ ». En ce qui concerne la littérature produite par les Franco-Américains, de nombreuses publications sont en anglais, beaucoup d’autres sont bilingues et de plus en plus de publications sont écrites uniquement en français. Ce qui est intéressant des publications en anglais, c’est que, bien qu’elles soient rédigées en anglais, leur sujet traite explicitement de questions francophones.

Par exemple, les sujets se concentrent autour de l’Église, autour des familles avec de nombreux enfants dont les mères restent au foyer pour élever les enfants. Les pères, qui travaillent dur, reçoivent une paye minuscule et pourtant restent silencieux et continuent à maintenir leur place comme « petits pains ». Fait intéressant, ces questions évoquent les thèmes canadiens français du 19e siècle. Les Québécois d’aujourd’hui n’en sont plus aux questions de la puissance de l’Église et de l’idéologie des sphères séparées, mais les Franco-Américains anrent encore l’essentiel de leur travail en fonction de ces thèmes. Lors de la conférence du Rassemblement, Louder Dean, professeur à l’Université Laval, a fait remarquer que « la communauté francophone de la Nouvelle-Angleterre est étonnamment similaire à celle du Québec ». Il a commenté qu’« en fait, elle ressemble peut-être plus au Québec que le Québec se ressemble à lui même. La religion est beaucoup plus forte ici. Et quel autre groupe ethnique aux États-Unis peut dire qu’ils vivent juste à côté de leur mère patrie ».

Cependant, il y a des inconvenients visibles à avoir une communauté de francophones qui ne peuvent pas tous parler, lire ou écrire le français. Yvon Labbé, qui défend fortement l’idée que le langage n’est pas synonyme d’identité, a également déclaré que « sans le français, [sa] langue affective est coupée ». Cela a été et continue d’être un problème pour les Franco-Américains. Certains sont encore vivants de la migration de masse de début du 20e siècle. Ces Franco-Américains ont été contraints à cesser de parler leur langue maternelle et à apprendre à fonctionner uniquement en anglais. Par conséquent, ils ont été contraints à perdre une partie centrale de la façon dont ils interagissent avec le monde. Comme leurs enfants, ils ont peut-être parlé français à la maison, mais dans des conditions où il s’agissait d’une langue interdite en public. Par conséquent, cette génération a appris que sa façon d’interagir avec le monde était incorrecte. Cela crée de toute évidence un problème fondamental en matière de légitimité émotionnelle. Sabrina Plante, dans un article sur la défense de la langue française, écrit que « Chaque langue de cette planète constitue un apport incommensurable à l’humanité. Chacun e de’entre elles, par ses mots, ses expressions, évoque et témoigne d’une façon distincte de concevoir et de vivre cette humanité. » Labbé et de nombreux Franco-Américains sont d’accord avec ce sentiment et naviguent encore à travers la barrière de l’impossibilité d’interagir avec leur monde en utilisant un langage instinctif.

La position du Franco-Américain en tant que francophone légitime est précaire. Psychologiquement et géographiquement, d’un côté de la frontière, ils se voient refuser un héritage ethnique parce qu’ils sont blancs. Au Canada, où le concept de race est encore considéré comme une distinction biologique, le fait d’être blanc indique une puissance et un statut privilégié qui les excluent du droit au patrimoine qu’ont les autres groupes ethniques distincts. De l’autre côté de la frontière, les Québécois francophones refusent aux Franco-Américains cette reconnaissance d’un héritage ethnique puisque beaucoup ne parlent pas français.


Les deux côtés de la question peuvent être illuminés par Maria Chapdelaine, un roman québécois fondateur. Il a été écrit pendant la première partie du 20e siècle, quand les romans s’inspiraient des enjeux du nationalisme, de la langue et des valeurs typiquement canadiennes françaises. Les questions de l’authenticité et de l’identité étaient centrales et celles-ci persistent encore aujourd’hui. Prenons le roman Maria Chapdelaine, lequel insiste sur l’importance de conserver la pureté du mode de vie canadien fran-
çais. Il y a une question centrale dans *Maria Chapdelaine* : que se passe-t-il quand un francophone déménage aux États-Unis? Dans le roman, la voix du pays est symbolisée par une cloche sage qui conseille aux francophones de rester au Québec. Ce conseil est intéressant, spécialement dans le contexte d’une identité franco-américaine en évolution.

[On a pensé à aller dans l'Ouest, un temps, dit la mère Chapdelaine, mais je n’aurais jamais voulu. Au milieu de monde qui ne parle que l’anglais, j’aurais été malheureuse tout mon règne. Je lui ai toujours dit : “[…] c’est encore parmi les Canadiens que les Canadiens sont le mieux”.

La popularité de *Maria Chapdelaine* s’explique peut-être par sa morale forte : restez au Québec et maintenez le « culte » canadien, la religion, la langue et ne partez pas pour les États-Unis ou vous perdrez votre langue, votre culture et vos racines canadiennes.

Toutefois, il y a un paradoxe envahissant : *Maria Chapdelaine* a été écrit dans un français parisien, pour les Français canadiens et par un auteur canadien. Louis Hémon a écrit le roman dix ans après son arrivée à Montréal, mais le roman est considéré comme une juste représentation des Canadiens Français et montre comment sauvegarder la culture et la langue canadiennes françaises. Pourtant, il y a une autre facette de ce paradoxe qui s’applique aux Franco-Américains. Si un écrivain peut se déplacer du Québec à la France et écrire ce qui est considéré comme le premier roman québécois qui représente à juste titre une identité canadienne française et qui explique comment maintenir cette identité, être né dans un région ne peut pas restreindre l’ascension à une autre identité nationale. Cela montre aussi qu’un langage peut très bien être transféré et adapté. Hémon a écrit son roman en français canadien et les Franco-Américains écrivent leurs romans en français parisien, dans un mélange de français et d’anglais, en français canadien ou en anglais. Pourtant, toutes ces littératures, quelle que soit la langue utilisée, représentent toujours une identité francophone. Bien sûr, Hémon parlait français, mais ce n’était pas un français canadien. De façon similaire, de nombreux Franco-Américains ne parlent pas le français, mais ils articulent et représentent une identité francophone comme Hémon l’a fait.

Cet essai propose la théorie que la conception de la race et de l’ethnicité peut changer dans le temps et dans l’espace, comme c’est le cas actuellement au Canada et aux États-Unis, et que la conception des francophones peut également changer. Nancy Huston écrit que « la fonction primordiale des histoires humaines, c’est l’inclusion et l’exclusion13 ». Cela a certainement fait sa preuve dans le cas des communautés francophones en France, au Québec et aux États-Unis. Huston affirme également que notre sens de l’identité est une «fiction» basée sur des constructions sociales. Il est clair que la conception du terme «francophone» est une construction sociale, car il est perçu différemment par les divers groupes sociaux séparés géographiquement. Alors, la langue ne doit pas être le seul facteur qui détermine qui est francophone et qui ne l’est pas. Une société peut choisir quels éléments sont inclus et exclus de la définition d’une identité francophone, ce qui montre que ce concept peut évoluer et que lui aussi peut être basé sur des éléments « fictifs ».

Il y a une barrière linguistique entre le français canadien, le français canadien et le français franco-américain. Indépendamment de ces différences, chacune de ces langues pointe vers une identité et une culture francophones. Si les cultures commencent à se diviser sur une base uniquement linguistique, le cœur d’une culture pourrait vraiment se perdre dans une dimension superficielle. Si les Canadiens Français pouvaient reconnaître leur culture et leur identité dans la littérature d’origine canadienne et se l’approprier, peut-être que les Franco-Américains peuvent aussi contribuer à une identité francophone.

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13 N. Huston, « En route pour l’arché-texte », p. 65. (Suite page 23)
Bibliographie


(Annette’s obituary continued from page 18) pieces published in the Le Forum quarterly. Writing for her was a late pursuit, but a labor of love that endured until her last illness. Her interest in crafting, passed on to many of her grandchildren, and flair for hospitality, enjoyed by many, were the sincerest expressions of her love for family, friends and her beautiful surroundings in Gouldsboro. Her life’s greatest pleasure were watching her sons and grandchildren, during numerous summer visits, find the same joy and freedom that she found walking across the open spaces, paths and trails on her beloved “Spruce Knoll” acres.

In addition to her husband of 61 years, Gerald, Annette is survived by their four sons, Kenneth King and his wife, Ninnette, of Biddeford, Joel King of East Hartford, Conn., Robert King of Standish and Thomas King and his wife, Beth, of New Britain, Conn.; 13 grandchildren, and one great-granddaughter; one sister, Lydia Baker and her husband, Ward, of Boothwyn, Pa.; one brother, Mitchell Paradis and his wife, Joan, of Riverport, Nova Scotia; a sister-in-law, Cora (Rand) Paradis of Old Town; a brother-in-law, Thomas Cathcart of New York City; a great number of nieces and nephews, and many cherished friends and neighbors who will also miss her. She was predeceased by her parents; her daughter, Elizabeth Ann King; two sisters, Laura Cathcart and Marguerite Finley; her brother, Eugene Paradis; and a brother-in-law, Alden Finley. The King family extends their heartfelt gratitude to many people for their help and support throughout Annette’s illness, particularly her nieces, Karen and Bridget Franciose; and the staff and volunteers at Hancock County Homecare & Hospice.

A Mass of Christian burial was celebrated at 10 a.m. Monday, Nov. 5, at Holy Family Parish, 262 South Main St., Old Town, with interment after at St. Joseph’s Cemetery. A time of fellowship took place afterwards in the parish center. Arrangements by Kiley & Foley Funeral Service, Bangor and Brewer. Condolences may be offered to her family at www.kileyandfoley.com.
Nous sommes restés presqu’un an chez les Dumas, en attendant de voir comment les choses s’arrangeraient. Frisé “voyageait” à son travail avec un gars nouvellement marié. Un jour, ils ont aperçu un logement à louer. Pour nous, c’était trop cher, mais en cohabitant avec eux, on pensait arriver, en partageant les frais. C’est ce qu’on fit. Je m’entendais très bien avec la jeune femme.

Nicole commençait à marcher, et tout le monde l’aimait. Son père la faisait sauter et rebondir sur son lit.

Il y avait un parc à quelques pas. Nous y allions souvent.

Les Dumas venaient nous rendre visite. Tout aurait dû aller bien sauf que Frisé et notre colocataire ont commencé à prendre un coup ensemble et à revenir tard le samedi soir. Lorsque Frisé buvait trop, il perdait le contrôle et il cherchait la bagarre. Un soir, c’est cela qui est arrivé, et tout le monde l’aimait. Son père, je l’adorais, et tout le monde l’aimait. Son père m’inquiétait, et c’est avec beaucoup de fréquence que je posais la question: “Il leur est arrivé quelque chose”. Notre logement était loin des Dumas.

Sept longues semaines s’écoulèrent et Frisé ne donnait pas signe de vie. Je ne savais vraiment plus quoi faire. J’avais besoin d’argent et toutes les portes m’étaient fermées. Je me sentais perdue, dans la banlieue de Sherbrooke, pas de téléphone, pas de poteau solide sur lequel on pouvait s’appuyer. Sans espoir, je suis passée reprendre Nicole pour revenir chez nous pas plus avancé.

J’ai pris l’autobus avec Nicole et je me suis rendue chez Gemma pour la lui faire garder, pendant que j’irais me chercher du travail. J’ai frappé à bien des portes. J’allais à l’hôpital, à l’orphelinat, partout où j’aurais pu avoir une chance de travailler en amenant Nicole avec moi. Finalement, je suis allée à l’hôtel de ville pour avoir du secours. On a jamais aidé à demander la charité, mais je me rongeais les sangs tellement. De toute façon, j’ai été refusée parce que je n’habitais pas à Sherbrooke depuis assez longtemps. À l’espoir, je suis passée reprendre Nicole pour revenir chez nous pas plus avancé.


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Les Dumas venaient nous rendre visite. Tout aurait dû aller bien sauf que Frisé et notre colocataire ont commencé à prendre un coup ensemble et à revenir tard le samedi soir. Lorsque Frisé buvait trop, il perdait le contrôle et il cherchait la bagarre. Un soir, c’est cela qui est arrivé, et tout le monde l’aimait. Son père, je l’adorais, et tout le monde l’aimait. Son père m’inquiétait, et c’est avec beaucoup de fréquence que je posais la question: “Il leur est arrivé quelque chose”. Notre logement était loin des Dumas.

Sept longues semaines s’écoulèrent et Frisé ne donnait pas signe de vie. Je ne savais vraiment plus quoi faire. J’avais besoin d’argent et toutes les portes m’étaient fermées. Je me sentais perdue, dans la banlieue de Sherbrooke, pas de téléphone, ni rien, il fallait que je me m’oriente autrement.

Je n’ai jamais vu Irène si radieuse. Ce n’est pas la Corée. Ils s’épousèrent le 27 juin 1947. Ils ont cohabité avec mon père.

La vie était bien différente, tout un chacun, allait son propre chemin. Cependant la protection de papa ne s’arrêtait pas à notre mariage. Ils avaient amené leur petite Lise avec eux.


Durant la nuit, j’ai senti quelque chose qui bougeait dans mon lit. J’allumais la lumière, et j’ai vu un rat qui aurait pu sauter sur Nicole, mais il a bondi sur le plancher. C’est affreux! Je n’ai pas dormi du reste de la nuit.


La femme de son chum venait me laisser supposer l’abandon. Je n’ai jamais vu Irène si radieuse. Ce n’est pas la Corée. Ils s’épousèrent le 27 juin 1947. Ils ont cohabité avec mon père.

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Elle et son mari s’étaient achetés une ferme, et ils demeuraient dans une grande maison. J’aurais dû aller rester là. Émilie a toujours été d’une grande bonté pour moi, mais j’avais pas beaucoup d’affinités avec Gertrude. Alors, j’ai logé chez Rosa. Ce n’est que plus tard, que j’ai réalisé qu’elle avait sa vie à elle, et que j’étais dans le chemin.

Son mari travaillait sur les chiffres, parfois le jour, parfois la nuit.

Les deux petites: Lise et Nicole, faisaient du bruit. Pour quelqu’un qui était obligé de dormir le jour, c’était dérangeant.

En plus, Rosa attendait un autre enfant.

Yvonne était un peu malade. Le docteur Deschênes avait dit qu’elle gardait des séquelles de la fièvre typhoïde.

En décembre, j’ai reçu un téléphone de Frisé. Il était revenu à Sherbrooke et il me demandait d’aller le rejoindre. Je n’ai pas voulu. Rien qu’à penser aux chagrins que j’avais eu, à la misère, loin de tout, pas d’auto, seule en pleine campagne, coupée, du reste du monde, je ne risquerai jamais plus une chose pareille.

Alors, il a vendu les meubles qui étaient à nous, et il est venu me rejoindre à Grand-Mère. Rosa demeurait dans cette ville, près de Shawinigan.

Frisé s’est placé à l’Aluminium. Émilie est venue nous voir. Noël arrivait. C’était entendu que la famille se rassemblerait chez Yvonne.

Nous sommes allés prendre l’autobus au coin de Georges Bourque. Yvonne avait cuit son manger d’avance.

Tout le monde est allé à la Messe. Quelque chose c’était emparée de moi. C’était une crise d’anxiété. Mon coeur battait comme un fou.


Papa et Armand sont venus des États, et ils m’ont proposé de m’amener avec eux à Waterbury pour une visite. J’étais avec Nicole.

Une fois rendue, papa, au grand cœur, m’a dit qu’il s’occuperait de l’épicerie. Rosélia et Ralph m’ont accueillie avec eux aussi. Je couchais sur le divan, et nous avons placé deux fauteuils ensemble pour faire un lit à Nicole.

Je suis restée là deux mois, et je suis revenue chez Rosa au même point qu’avant mon départ.

Peu après, je me suis louée un appartement, c’était un trois pièces dans un sous-sol. Émilie est venue m’aider pour certains travaux comme tapisser et peindre. En retour, j’ai confectionné un costume pour Gertrude et un manteau pour leur petite Lise.

De bonne heure au printemps, Rosa et moi, nous nous sommes mises à coudre tous les vêtements de nos filles: manteaux, robes et un manteau pour moi. On taillait, on ajustait les tissus et l’habileté me revenait vite au bout des doigts. J’avais hérité cela de maman qui était une couturière comme j’en ai jamais vu.

Frisé revint, et il trouva le logement à son goût. Nous sommes allés au magasin pour s’équiper de tout ce qui nous manquait.

La vie reprit son cours.

Les enfants avaient une grande cour clôturée. Frisé et Alex leurs avaient fabriqué un balançoire, et pour l’hiver, un long traîneau pour qu’elles puissent aller glisser. Je me souviens d’une journée où Rosa n’a pu sortir avec les autres parce qu’elle était enrhumée. Le front collé à la fenêtre, elle avait l’air bien malheureuse.

La famille de Rosa et la mienne, tout allait à merveille. Nicole a toujours eu ses cousins et cousines pour jouer avec elle. Je m’efforçais de créer un vrai foyer. Après mes parents, je n’ai jamais été gâtée. Je ne demandais pas la lune.

J’avais appris de mes parents que le bonheur est fait de petites choses, et qu’il faut les voir et les apprécier.

On recevait la visite de nos tantes. Je me rappelle qu’à Grand-Mère, Tante Adrienne venait nous voir, Rosa et moi.

Un jour, tante Laura a écrit à papa. Elle avait besoin de lui pour raisonner Tipitte. Il était devenu fou, disait-elle, car il voulait se marier. Papa est allé à Joliette. Il a figuré que le fait d’être sourd n’empêchait pas quelqu’un de tomber en amour avec une femme.

Il lui servit de témoin à son mariage avec Germaine.

Frisé chômait une fois de plus. Nous avons dû vivre encore sur l’assurance-chômage.

Papa, Irène et son mari Fernand, Rosélia et Ralph, sont venus se promener. Le voyage a tourné à l’inquiétude, lorsque Charlie, le garçon de Rosélia a eu la “va vite” et il pleurait sans arrêt. Rosa a fait venir le médecin car il passait du sang. Il fut amené d’urgence à l’hôpital. Nous avons craint le pire.

Rosélia et Rosa sont demeurées près de lui, même la nuit. Le docteur Poisson se tenait pas loin…

Puis, la fièvre baisse, le pire était passé. Lorsqu’il a eu son congé de l’hôpital, Rosélia voulait repartir tout de suite.

Frisé a loué une auto pour aller les reconnaître. (Suite page 26)
Charles VII in 1428, and it ended in 1432. The public life of Ste-Jeanne-d'Arc is rather short, for it began with the meeting of King Jeanne d'Arc was sixteen years old when she first met King Charles VII, who was born in Chinon, where King Charles VII held his court since Paris was held by England. Ste-Jeanne d'Arc was sixteen years old when she first met King Charles VII, who was born in 1403 and who reigned from 1422 to 1461.

Dany Chiasson spoke about her documentary, Ma Jeanne d'Arc, after it was shown on the evening of Sat. April 21, 2012 at Cinestudio, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Her documentary was the culmination of nine Francophone films on the theme of “Le sacre et profane” at the thirteenth annual, week-long, French film festival sponsored by Cinestudio and the French Department at Trinity College known as April in Paris. The website of the festival is [http://www.aprilinparis.org/](http://www.aprilinparis.org/). The festival opened on the afternoon of Sunday, April 15 with the classic silent film from 1928 by Carl Theodor Dreyer, La Passion de Jeanne d’Arc, with an excellent piano accompaniment by Prof. Patrick Miller of the Hartt School of Music, University of Hartford. The other seven films at the festival were: Belle de Jour by Luis Bunuel, 1967; Des hommes et des dieux by Xavier Beauvois, 2010; Un homme qui crie by Mahamat Saleh Haroun, 2011; Comme un juif en France by Yves Jeuland, 2010; Lourdes by Jessica Hausner, 2009; Gainsbourg: un vie heroique by Jeanne Sfar, 2010; and Persepolis by Vincent Paronnaid and Marjane Satrapi, 2007.

Dany Chiasson’s documentary is her personal journey about Ste-Jeanne-d’Arc, (1412-1432) that began when she first learned of the saint from her Quebecois grandmother, who was greatly devoted to the saint, and who spoke of the song of the skylark in connection to Ste-Jeanne d’Arc. (It should be noted that the word for “skylark” in French, is “allouette.”) The documentary could be called a contemporary pilgrimage, for Chiasson travelled from Quebec to France with her film crew, and then she travelled the countryside of France on horseback, and traced the route of Ste-Jeanne d’Arc’s life, from her birthplace in the village of Domremy to the town of Chinon, where King Charles VII held his court since Paris was held by England. Ste-Jeanne d’Arc was sixteen years old when she first met King Charles VII, who was born in 1403 and who reigned from 1422 to 1461.

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Dany Chiasson before the microphone in Cinestudio, Hartford, Conn.
An Evening of Quebecois Music in Lowell, Mass.

By Albert J. Marceau
Newington, Conn.

The members of Genticorum – Yann Falquet, Pascal Gemme and Alexandre “Moulin” de Grosbois-Garand – sing during a sound-check around 5:30PM before their actual performance that began at 7PM for the Lowell Summer Music Series in Boarding House Park on French Street on Sat., June 23, 2012. Genticorum has recorded four compact discs of traditional Quebecois music – Le Galarneau (2002), Malin Plaisirs (2005), La Bibournoise (2008), and Nagez Rameurs (2011) – and the website for the band is [http://www.genticorum.com/](http://www.genticorum.com). The three-man band is not an a-capella group, but each member specializes in the following instruments: Yann Falquet on guitar and jaw-harp, Pascal Gemme on the fiddle and stomping feet, and Moulin on the fretless bass, the wooden flute, and the fiddle.

After the sound-check, I spoke with members of the band, and they did not know of the Franco-American Week in Lowell, nor of the competing performance of Va et Vient, that was scheduled to play from 6 to 8 PM, until I mentioned these facts to them. Nevertheless, I purchased copies of the band’s four compact discs. Not far from the stage was a booth for one of the sponsors of the Lowell Summer Music Series – Jeanne d’Arc Credit Union of Lowell, Mass. The credit union celebrated its centennial by giving away tee-shirts and beach-balls with the logo of Ste-Jeanne d’Arc in a suit of armor, as well a 24-page history of the credit union that was published as a supplement of the Lowell Sun on Wed., Feb. 8, 2012, entitled “We Share A Common Thread: Jeanne D’Arc Credit Union, 1912-2012.”

Members of Va et Vient – George Dunne on accordion, Carol Reed on guitar, and Suzanne Germaine vocals – perform at the close of the Franco-American Week in Lowell, Mass., at the Lowell Senior Center on 276 Broadway Street on Sat., June 23, 2012. The band is from Vermont, and during a break, George Dunne sold copies of the band’s compact disc, Porte ouverte. The website of the band is [http://www.vaetvient.net](http://www.vaetvient.net), and on it, one can read the band plays: “Traditional music from Quebec, France and Louisiana.” In their live performance, the band performed two songs by Edith Piaf, of which, one was “La Vie en Rose.”

Kevin Roy addresses the audience of Va et Vient from the microphone during a break. Although Mr. Roy is a resident of North Billerica, Mass., he was the President of the Franco-American Day Committee for 2012, and during his brief address, he stressed the importance of keeping the Franco-American culture alive, which he noted was profoundly Catholic. He reminded the audience that Cardinal Sean O’Malley of the Archdiocese of Boston would be in Lowell on Sat., Oct. 13, 2012 for the centennial of the Grotto to Our Lady of Lourdes and the newly restored Stations of the Cross that are next to the Franco-American School on 357 Pawtucket Street in Lowell.
This story is based upon the interview with Alice Joyal and on various newspaper articles and histories of the period. The organist was named F. Cramer and Fr. Finnegan was the pastor of St Mary’s Church at this time.

Choir practice for midnight Mass on Christmas Eve ran late that night. They had been working very hard on a rather difficult Latin motet and with only a week to go until Christmas, it was not going well. The organist, Mr. Cramer was irritated with the slowness of the rehearsal and the choir loft of St Mary’s Church was getting colder by the minute. Everyone was ready to head home.

While they ran through the bass line for the third or fourth time, Eugenie looked at Pierre, her husband of 30 years sitting directly across from her in the tenor section. Their mutual love of singing and music had been one of the things that had sustained them and brought them through the difficult years of transition from the farm in Trois Rivieres, Quebec to the tenement on North Street in Claremont, NH. They had made a good life for themselves after all and raised their four children, all now with good jobs in the textile mills and families of their own.

They finished singing through the Latin motet for what everyone hoped was the last time and, although her alto section did well, she could still hear the basses faltering and hesitant at their entrances. Wishing to leave on a more positive note, Mr. Cramer took them through “Minuit Chrétien,” a piece they could all sing flawlessly and had learned by heart before dismissing them.

There was cheerful chatter as they bundled up against the December cold outside and Eugenie and Pierre shared the walk back to North Street with others who lived near them. They walked down Central Street and crossed over to Water Street, lined by the mills where they all worked, heading for their homes across the bridge on North Street. Other choir members struggled behind them talking and laughing and glad that rehearsal had finally finished.

Much of the conversation centered on the traditional practices held after the Christmas Eve midnight Mass with a lively discussion as to who made the best Tourtière (pork and spice pie), crétons (pork terrine) or sugar pies. Everyone agreed that Eugenie made the best desserts, especially the buche de Noël or Yule log, a chocolate cake in the shape of a log.

Eugenie was pleased to hear the compliments on her cooking. Her head was filled with the plans for their family reunion. They had already bought their Christmas tree and unpacked the crèche they had brought from Canada, ready to set it up under the tree before going to midnight Mass. Because their love of music had been passed along to their children, their home would come alive with traditional French Canadian quadrilles and gigue and the lilting sound of Pierre’s fiddle. The grandchildren would open the gifts from their stockings and they would all sing the traditional folk songs like “À Saint Malo” and “Alouette.” The anticipation of this festive night brought a broad smile to Eugenie’s face.

On Christmas Eve, St Mary’s Church was packed for midnight Mass. There were extra chairs set up wherever possible and the side aisles were filled with standing latecomers. Before Mass, the choir led the congregation in singing the old French carols that everyone knew by heart. Then, as Mr. Cramer played the opening of Charpentier’s “Messe de minuit pour Noël” and the choir began to sing, Fr. Finnegan processed from the sacristy in his gold cassock behind a line of altar boys in festive red soutanes and white surplices.

The High Mass began, the incense rose to the painted ceiling along with the ancient Latin prayers so familiar to them all, and the connection with the faith of their French ancestors filled the hearts of those present.

The choir sang wonderfully well. Their rendition of “Minuit Chrétien” at Communion time brought tears to the eyes of many in the congregation. Most of those present remembered the way it had been back in Canada in the chapels of the small farming towns and villages that they had left behind. Most could compare life as it had been and life as it was now in this land they claimed as their own. Most could say, like their French forefathers. “Nous sommes venues...et nous sommes restées.”

Eugenie sang with confidence and excitement in her heart. She looked over at Pierre from time to time during the Mass and whenever their eyes met, they smiled. It was Christmas Eve, in the year 1900. Under the clear star filled skies over Claremont, NH, the people in St Mary’s church sang praises to the God of their ancestors and celebrated their community. It was a time of reflection and a time of promise. It was a new century, a new country and a new life.

SUMMER 1885

by Charles John Emond

This story is based mainly upon a personal interview with Alice Joyal (Oral History project tape #4) as well as interviews with Perley White (tape #21) and Lea Lusignan (tape #16). It includes details from advertisements in the Claremont Advocate newspaper.

It was a hot and humid Monday in August. The yellow sun beat down upon the long line of red brick buildings on the banks of the Sugar River. Water Street, a dusty lane in front of the Claremont Monadnock Mills, was busy with the traffic of horse drawn wagons. Through the open windows came the noises of clanking looms and spinning machines.

Annette felt uncomfortable, sticky and annoyed as she tied off the same thread on one of her frames for the third time in a row. The summer weather made the thread stick and break easily. With six frames to tend she didn’t even get a short break to rest and chat with the doffers. She wished she were still a doffer and had only to worry about removing the yarn filled bobbins and replacing them with empty ones.

When she was a doffer, she used to have races with the girl who doffed on the other side to see who could finish first. The second hand would sometimes stand at the end of the loom with his stopwatch, as they raced to finish their respective rows of bobbins. But she needed the little (Continued on page 29)
bit more that being a spinner brought her in her pay envelope every other week. As she set the stubborn bobbin spinning again, she felt a light breeze through the open windows but it did nothing to relieve the oppressive humidity or remove the thick dust from the air or lessen the stink of oil from the laboring machines. Dinner couldn’t come soon enough for her today. She had come to work at seven o’clock that morning and the morning had dragged on. The noon whistle seemed long overdue. At least, she thought, the noise wasn’t as bad here as it was in the weaving room. How the men and women at their looms stood the loud and constant “whump, whump,” of their machines, she didn’t know. On those occasions when the second hand sent her to the weaving room with a message, she had been happy to get back to her own department. There was the whistle at last! She hurriedly joined the crowd of workers heading home for dinner. Many of them lived nearby in the company tenements, or in boarding houses. She was headed home where her mother would have a large meal on the table. As the millworkers walked along, chatting in French and laughing, the main topic of conversation was the arrival that morning of the Cather & Shallcross Wild West Show which was now setting up at the big field just off North Street near Annette’s home. She had watched some of the big wagons roll into Claremont on her way to work, but she had been sorry to miss the big parade that morning. The posters around town promised a 130 year old elephant of great size in addition to Bronco Ned’s Wild West Show. Everyone was excited.

As she walked across the Broad Street Bridge, Jean caught up with her and asked her about her plans for the evening. She blushed. She liked this young ex-farmer, recently arrived from St. Jerome in Quebec. They had first met at Mass a few weeks before and since then had managed to chat a few times on the way to and from the mill. He worked in the bleachers and was highly spoken of as a responsible young man.

They talked briefly about the Wild West Show, and she cheerfully accepted his invitation to attend it with him. She gave him a smile as he turned off toward the Fitchburg House where he had a room on the third floor. She continued up North Street to her home. Jean was one of the last ones to sit down at one of the two crowded dining tables at his boarding house. The big platters of meat and bowls of potatoes had already started around. The boarders talked excitedly about the Wild West Show as they ate. Some of them had managed to see the parade that morning and they described it to others less fortunate. All were making their plans to attend the evening show.

As he ate, Jean reflected on how much his life had changed. Of course he missed his family on the farm back in Quebec. Despite the noise and dust and the long hours, he enjoyed his work at the mill and felt at home in the French community of Claremont. It was good to have money enough to invite a pretty girl like Annette to a show. He had plans for promotion at work, perhaps to second hand or even overseer someday, and then a home of his own and his own family. He marveled at how different his life would be from the lives of his ancestors. He had certainly come a long way from the farm and the golden summer wheat fields of his youth and childhood. They were able to pick out Uncle Paul right away and they waved to get his attention.

Their reunion was a warm and festive one. They hugged each other and all talked at once, the newly arrived habitant family happy to see their first familiar face since leaving Montreal. They were all impressed when Uncle Paul spoke to the baggage men in English and directed the unloading of their baggage from the train. The heavy brass bound chest, a gift from the rest of the family back in Vieux St Paul, was the first of their belongings to be unloaded and it took a bit of straining and effort to get it onto the wagon. The farm back in Vieux St Paul, where they had so carefully packed the trunk, now seemed very far away and their departure from home seemed so long ago even though the trip had only taken them two days. The trunk was followed by smaller boxes and bags and finally by Joseph, Jeanette and the three children. When Paul climbed into the driver’s seat and took the reins, the two horses strained to get the heavily loaded wagon moving.

They left the station yard and immediately began their slow progress up the hill heading toward the town. They were impressed by the well built houses and prosperous looking farms. As they drew closer to the town they passed elegant buggies and

AUTUMN 1892

To write this story I used the old maps of Sullivan County in 1892 and a wide variety of old photographs from this period. I used details from Waite’s History of Claremont as well as details from several of the personal interviews on file in the Oral History section of the Fiske Free Library in Claremont.

The small family’s incredible journey had begun on their ancestral farm near Vieux St Paul just north of Quebec. The move had been in the planning stages for many months as letters flew back and forth between Joseph and his older brother Paul who had made the move south to Claremont several years earlier. As the scheduled time drew closer, there had been the hustle and bustle of packing up their belongings, the ride into Montreal and the tearful goodbyes of their neighbors and family. There had been the adventure of boarding a train for the first time and the excitement of watching the towns and countryside speed past their window.

The letters from Paul had been so encouraging. He often wrote about Claremont and the mill where he worked. Always the organizer, he had already spoken to the overseer about work for Joseph and Jeanette. Once they were settled and the children in school, they would join Paul and become employees of the Monadnock Mills. He had told them all about the Catholic school taught by five sisters of Jesus-Mary from Canada which had opened two years earlier. The three children would go there to learn English. Paul had already spoken to Fr. Finnegan, the pastor of St Mary’s Church about their admission.

It was late September of 1892 and the trees were turning gold and red and orange. As the train steamed its way south through this spectacular display of Vermont foliage, the three children pressed their noses against the window of the train and strained for their first glimpse of the Claremont Junction Railroad Station and their Uncle Paul. He had assured them in his last letter that he would be waiting for them at the station with a hired wagon.

There was a blast on the steam whistle as the train crossed a high bridge over a river and a road. The children looked down and squealed and their excitement grew when they heard another passenger say that they were coming into Claremont Junction. Sure enough, around a bend there was the station. As the train slowed to a stop they saw a crowd of people waiting on the platform. There were dozens of wagons and buggies in the station yard but
An English proverb states, “The way to a man’s heart is through his stomach.” I agree, but in my case, it involved two classic French-Canadian dishes.

I grew up with one foot planted in my Memere Hébert’s French-Canadian kitchen. As a child, I watched, and then later helped her cook, especially during the holidays. One of the family favourites was tourtière—a ground meat pie made of pork, veal or beef. It was one of many delectable dishes that graced her table, and one of the most popular. If you didn’t get a piece the first time through the makeshift buffet, you were out of luck.

Memere never used cookbooks and she never shared her recipes. Ever. When she would go into the pantry to pull out her blend of spices to add to the sizzling ground meat, she would swear me to secrecy. I was thrilled to be trusted with such important knowledge. As our holiday gatherings grew to accommodate new family members, my tantes would bring their own versions of tourtière, but it was always Memere’s that went first. They would stand around the kitchen trying to figure out her spice combination, but they never got it quite right.

My other foot was planted in my Grandmother Buck’s English-Canadian kitchen. I spent summer vacation days learning the ins and outs of being a proper young lady, including how to prepare and host afternoon tea. During our winter weekend trips, we would embark on snowmobile adventures starting at the trails just outside their home in Bromptonville. I spent many afternoons freezing as a passenger on the back of someone’s sled, but we always warmed up at a local cantine. I can’t remember what the cantine was called, but they served the best poutine I have ever eaten. Poutine is an artery-clogging dish made up of french-fried potatoes, brown gravy and topped with curd cheese. After the fries are cooked, they are smothered in gravy, topped off with cheese and finished off in the oven to melt the cheese. Depending on the size of our entourage, we went through two, three and sometimes four orders. When we got back, Grandmother (Continued on page 31)
State of Maine unveiled World Acadian Congress license plate in Madawaska on December 19, 2012

Acadia of the Lands and Forests - Maine, regional, and local officials unveiled the design of a new commemorative license plate issued by the state for the 2014 World Acadian Congress in Madawaska on December 19, 2012.

The unveiling happened at a press conference at Norstate Federal Credit Union on Fox Street in Madawaska. Secretary of State Charlie Summers was on hand to officially launch the sale of the first such plate produced by the State of Maine since the U.S. celebrated it’s Bicentennial in 1976.

Representatives of the Maine Credit Union League will also be on hand to share details of their partnership with the State of Maine and World Acadian Congress to make the license plates available for sale throughout Maine. The license plate go on sale immediately following the press conference on December 19.

The World Acadian Congress/Congrès Mondial Acadien (CMA) is a huge event held every five years in a region of the world inhabited by Acadians. It draws more than 50,000 visitors from 44 different countries and has an economic impact that exceeds $50 million. In 2014, the CMA will be hosted by the international region known as Acadia of the Lands and Forests, which incorporates the northernmost part of Maine, as well as northwestern New Brunswick, and southeastern Quebec.

A commemorative license plate is different than the official license plates issued by the state to support various causes such as agriculture, the University of Maine, and breast cancer, among others. It does not have any numbers/letters on its face and cannot replace the legally issued plates.

The legislation passed by state lawmakers, however, will allow for the CMA plate to be placed over the face of the existing legal plate on the front of the vehicle. The CMA commemorative plate will expire in December 2015 and can remain as the visible license plate on the front of vehicles registered in Maine through that time. The existing legal plate on the back of the vehicle must remain on and visible.

(French version continued on page 32)
Holeb : The Way I Remember It
Author: Grenier, Ross L.

Authors introduction: This book is about the Grenier family who immigrated from Canada to Holeb, Maine during the depression of the 1930’s. Some of the stories are from Mom and Dad’s memories and what I remember and not designed to reflect anyone else’s view. You will notice that a lot of the stories include Roland and me. That is because we were only one and a half years apart in age. In some instances I added a little color, but only because I remember Mom and Dad talking about the moments. I pondered many times if I should write my Holeb memories. My wife Norma and granddaughter Danelle convinced me that I should. I’m writing this book at the age of 80 in the year of 2010.

The Author may be contacted at:
Ross L. Grenier
P.O. Box 149
Mapleton, ME 04757

L’État du Maine dévoile la plaque d’immatriculation du Congrès Mondial Acadien à Madawaska le 19 décembre 2012


Le dévoilement se produira lors d’une conférence de presse qui se tiendra au « Norstate Federal Credit Union » sur la rue Fox à Madawaska, mercredi prochain à compter de 15h00. Le Secrétaire d’état, Charlie Summers lancera officiellement l’achat de la première plaque d’immatriculation produite par l’État du Maine depuis 1976 alors qu’à l’époque, les États-Unis célébraient leur bicentenaire.

Des représentants du « Maine Credit Union League » seront aussi sur place afin de fournir les particularités de leur partenariat avec l’État du Maine et le Congrès mondial acadien 2014 pour la vente de ces plaques d’immatriculation partout dans l’État du Maine. Ces plaques d’immatriculation seront mises en vente immédiatement après la conférence de presse le 19 décembre.


Cajetan the Stargazer (2012)
par Norman R. Beaupré

Published local author, Norman Beaupré, has just launched his 17th book, a novel dealing with the building of medieval cathedrals. It’s essentially the story of a man called Cajetan who grows up to be a builder of cathedrals having followed the steps from apprentice to journeyman to master architect. He is called Cajetan the Stargazer after his grandfather who was a master sculptor since both he and Cajetan are dreamers with a creative spirit. Cajetan begins his journey as an apprentice in Reims, France then goes on to England to pursue his trade until he is sent to Flanders where he earns the full rank of master architect. Unfortunately, the cathedral he is working on collapses and he must find his own path in cathedral building. He finds it in Évreux, France where he builds his very own cathedral as a master architect. He wants to call it Sainte Marie de la Belle Étoile/Holy Mary of the Beautiful Star.

Prior to his going to Évreux, Cajetan undertakes a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella in western Spain where pilgrims went to seek spiritual strength and guidance under the protection of the apostle Saint James who is believed to be buried there. This pilgrimage is well known and made by many even to this day. The novel also touches upon Cajetan’s sister, Marie Dieudonné, who becomes the abbess of the famous Fontevraud Abbey in the Loire Valley where Eleanor of Aquitaine spent her last years and is buried in its crypt. Their brother, Abélard François, pursues the path of actor on the medieval stage, and the novel thus explores medieval theater as well as poetry written and sung by troubadours. The novel gives the reader an open window on creative arts and literature of the Middle Ages while concentrating on the building of Gothic cathedrals.

Norman Beaupré relied on his copious notes on the Gothic while he was attending a summer seminar on Gothic architecture in the Île-de-France led by Professor Stephen Murray of Columbia University in 1989. Beaupré’s research paper for the National Endowment for the Humanities that sponsored the summer seminar was based on the Green Man in Gothic architecture. He uses some of the findings on the Green Man in his novel. That and much research went into the construction of a highly-readable novel called Cajetan the Stargazer based on history and architecture of the late 13th and early 14th Centuries in Europe.

To receive timely announcements relating to Norman Beaupré and other Franco-American writers, join the Franco-American Connection mailing list or subscribe to the Franco-American Connection blog.
http://www.nrbeaupre.com/

God’s Little Hobo
by Virginia Cyr
Edited by Quentin Colgan

Our Sunday Visitor Publishing, 2004
- 249 pages

Who would fault Virginia Cyr if she had become bitter toward life and angry at God? She was neither, despite the cerebral palsy that kept her in a wheelchair, despite her mother abandoning her as a youngster, despite her being placed in an orphanage and -- though only in her twenties -- in a nursing home because there simply were no other places for her. Virginia Cyr, God’s Little Hobo is Virginia’s story, in Virginia’s words. Here are her tender, amusing, inspiring, amazing “Letters to Mary” -- the journal entries she painstakingly tapped out on a typewriter. Here are the thoughts and prayers, the hopes and dreams, she offered to the Blessed Mother. One gentle warning: You’re in for a surprise. Book jacket.

Maire Lykanion can respond to this with a ‘yes.’ Her family’s dark past is brought into the light after the death of a close friend. She is plagued with fear and doubt as she has to trust a new ally, her late friend’s grandson. Could this be the beginning of Maire’s rebirth? Or could this bring about her family’s doom?

About the Author
Victoria A. Picard’s obsession with the strange, the darker side of humanity, the corruption of man and the survival of the just, as well as her heightened spiritual awareness and the search for her own Taurus ignited the passion of the Rose de Loup series. The uninhibited spirit of the wolf resides within her, gracing her with the ability to adapt and evolve with each character. She shows that one soul can, and will, make a difference.


http://rosedogbooks-store.stores.yahoo.net/rodelogu.html

Alphonsine, a happily married woman living a secure and affluent life in the sophisticated city of Montreal has her life change dramatically when her husband’s business suffers a severe blow.

Her husband’s decision to move his family to the American frontier results in consequences outside of his plan of regaining prosperity in a new country.

Travel with Alphonsine and her children on their journey west to re-unite with the head of their family, Charles Lariviere, who is already working there in his new job.

Join this warm and tender French Canadian family as they adapt to life in the small town of Rapid City, nestled in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory.

About the Author
Alice Kegley is a graduate of Northern Illinois University. She holds a Bachelor of Science in Education degree with an area of concentration in American History.

She lives in West Bend, Wisconsin, with her husband, Ron. They have two sons, three grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

Alphonsine, based on her great-great-grandparents re-location from Montreal to Rapid City, is her first book.

Purchase signed copies from the author. $17.50 includes postage

Alice Kegley
225 Edgewood Lane
West Bend, WI 53095
you live a better, happier life. Ida is a lifelong resident of Mahoosuc Mills, a hard-to-find, but oh-so-familiar town in Western Maine, where she lives in a tidy and tastefully decorated double-wide with high school sweetheart Charlie and adorable dog Scamp. Most importantly, Ida (a.k.a. the alter ego of popular performer Susan Poulin) is a daughter, sister, wife, and best friend who draws upon her experiences (as well as those of the noble and majestic moose) to offer practical and hilarious advice on relationships, physical fitness, stress, housecleaning, work, shopping, fun, and more. (If you are looking for impractical, woo-woo advice from a glammed-up, over-educated, fancy-schmancy life coach, just keep looking!)

In Finding Your Inner Moose: Ida LeClair’s Guide to Livin’ the Good Life, you’ll find sections such as: What Did I Do Wrong to Deserve this Turkey Gobbler Neck? How Many Points in Cabbage Soup? I Can’t Die Today Because if Anyone Saw the State of my House I’d Just Die; Feng Shui-ing the Double Wide; Slaying Energy Vampires; Spousal Deafness. This book is 100% Ida, who, as her husband Charlie, often says, “just loves giving advice to people, whether they ask for it or not!”

**NEWS AND REVIEWS**

“Ida LeClair isn’t a real person, but she is a true character. And as a recently minted “Certified Maine Life Guide,” she offers practical ways to live a healthier and happier life in “Finding Your Inner Moose: Ida LeClair’s Guide to Livin’ the Good Life,” which first hit bookstores in late September."


— Maine Sunday Telegram arts reporter Bob Keyes wrote a profile of Susan and Ida, Author Q & A: Ida-ology. You can read the complete article at: http://www.pressherald.com/life/audience/ida-ology_2012-09-23.html

Writer and performer Susan Poulin is the author of ten plays, five of which feature her alter-ego, Ida LeClair. The first of these, 1997’s Ida: Woman Who Runs With the Moose was awarded the Seacoast Media Group’s Spotlight on the Arts Award for Best Play and Best Actress. Moose was followed in 2005 by Ida’s Havin’ a Yard Sale!, for which Susan received SMG’s Best Original Script and Best Actress award and A Very Ida Christmas in 2008 (nominated for SMG’s Best Original Script). The fourth installment in the series is The Moose in Me, The Moose in You! (2010), a motivational speech Ida gives as a Certified Maine Life Guide. Her newest Ida show is 2012’s I Married an Alien! Susan also writes the popular Maine humor blog and podcast, Just Ask Ida.

Since her debut, Ida has entertained thousands of people from Maine to Minneapolis with her unique brand of wit and wisdom. Her sense of humor simply knows no bounds. In fact, 2010 marked Ida’s international debut. Ida: Woman Who Runs With the Moose was produced by Tantramar Theatre in Amherst, Nova Scotia, featuring a Canadian Ida.

Selected by Portland Magazine as one of the “Ten Most Intriguing People in Maine,” Susan Poulin has been creating and touring her original theatrical productions since 1992. A graduate of the University of Southern Maine, she was a featured performer in The Mirth of Venus and The Mirth Canal at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston, and at The Maine Festival, the Minneapolis Fringe Theater Festival and Portland, Maine’s Cassandra Project. Her work has been supported by the NH State Council on the Arts, the Maine Arts Commission, and the Maine Humanities Council. Susan is also a popular keynote speaker, and has brought her humor and insight to presentations for Seacoast Women’s Week, the American Cancer Society (New England Division), and the Personal Historians National Conference. Her essays have been heard on both Maine and New Hampshire Public Radio.

Born in Jackman, ME, Susan now lives in Eliot with her husband and collaborator, Gordon Carlisle, and their dog, Charlie (who oddly bears a striking resemblance to Ida’s dog, Scamp).
A bold, arresting new work of fiction from the acclaimed author of Everything Matters!

In this tour de force of imagination, Ron Currie asks why literal veracity means more to us than deeper truths, creating yet again a genre-bending novel that will at once dazzle, move, and provoke.

The protagonist of Ron Currie, Jr.’s new novel has a problem—or rather, several of them. He’s a writer whose latest book was destroyed in a fire. He’s mourning the death of his father, and has been in love with the same woman since grade school, a woman whose beauty and allure is matched only by her talent for eluding him. Worst of all, he’s not even his own man, but rather an amalgam of fact and fiction from Ron Currie’s own life. When Currie the character exiles himself to a small Caribbean island to write a new book about the woman he loves, he eventually decides to fake his death, which turns out to be the best career move he’s ever made. But fame and fortune come with a price, and Currie learns that in a time of twenty-four-hour news cycles, reality TV, and celebrity Twitter feeds, the one thing the world will not forgive is having been told a deeply satisfying lie.

What kind of distinction could, or should, be drawn between Currie the author and Currie the character? Or between the book you hold in your hands and the novel embedded in it? Whatever the answers, Currie, an inventive writer always eager to test the boundaries of storytelling in provocative ways, has essential things to impart along the way about heartbreak, reality, grief, deceit, human frailty, and blinding love.


Occasional Papers

The OCCASIONAL PAPERS series is produced by the Franco American Centre in order to foster research and scholarship about Franco Americans, and to offer a frank understanding of the history and people of Maine and its region.

No. 1, Spring 2013

“Contemporary Attitudes of Maine’s Franco Americans”

by Christian Potholm, Yvon Labbé, Tony Brinkley, and Jacob Albert

From the authors: There has long been a need for a significant, in-depth look at the attitudes of the Franco American communities in Maine. This occasional paper is only an initial step in addressing that need. It is based on a comprehensive overview of the opinions, circumstances, conditions, and standpoints that occur within these communities, and among Franco American people in this state.

In the pages that follow, we shall be providing some of the initial highlights of a 2012 demographic survey – commissioned by the Maine Legislature’s Franco American Task Force and conducted by Command Research – broken down by cultural subgroup classification, economic conditions, and political areas of interest.

Occasional Paper #1 represents a first step in the analysis of the rich mine of data that the demographic study has produced. It is designed to give the interested reader a sense of what the total survey contains, with certain examples selected to provide insights into the depth of the survey response’s cross tabulations.

For more information, or for a copy of the paper, contact:

Franco American Centre
Crossland Hall
Orono, ME 04469-5719
or Email: Jacob.Albert@umit.maine.edu

Your donations will help toward the cost of printing.
Raquette Lake, Ausable River, Lake Bonaparte—despite the number of French place names scattered across the state, New York's rich and compelling French history has received less attention over the years than its English and Dutch heritage. Aiming to correct this imbalance, J'aime New York, 2nd Edition offers information on the French who have explored, settled, and visited New York State, revealing the unique characteristics of the French presence in each of the state's seven major regions: Capital District, Lower Hudson, Metropolitan, North Country, Thousand Islands, Central, and Western.

Readers of this bilingual guide will discover that New York's French connections link it to Europe, Canada, and even the Caribbean, and the French text will enable all students of French to check and increase their grasp of the language and vocabulary. Students and teachers will find that discovering the hidden aspects of local and regional history make learning much more meaningful, and this engagement with local history may inspire further research, since the final chapters of the French influence in New York have yet to be written.

Eloise A. Brière is Associate Professor of French and Francophone Studies at the University of Albany–SUNY. Her books include Rendez-Vous: La France et la Francophonie and Le roman camerounais et ses discours.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK PRESS
1-877-204-6073 • suny@presswarehouse.com • www.sunypress.edu
ARTENAY PRESS
presents a series of historical novels depicting the French presence in North America from the mid-1600s through 1763

This portrayal of early settlement in the St-Lawrence River valley wilderness in the mid-1600’s represents the broad reality of the French immigrant settlers whose lives unfolded against the background of dramatic historical events and unusual natural phenomena.

Based on the true story of a peasant couple who left feudal France at a time when sea travel was perilous, a dense virgin forest filled with unknown dangers covered Northeastern America, and large land grants went to those who had the courage and tenacity to clear and till the soil.

Sébastien and Marguerite struggle to build a comfortable life for themselves and their children. Their pioneering experiences gradually transform them from indentured laborer and King’s Daughter into successful and respected québécois settlers.

Publication Date: 2000
Quality Trade Paperback: 6 x 9, 284 pages, maps and sketches
LCCN: 00-091765
Price: $19.95 U.S.

HALIFAX and increases its military presence in Nova Scotia.

Bastien’s adult grandchildren marry and establish their own homes and families. French Canadians continue to explore and extend their fur trade. Growth of the English provincial population greatly outpaces that of the French; their traders and settlers begin to migrate west across the Alleghenies. Conflict flares up along the frontiers over territorial claims. The Acadiens are forcibly scattered throughout the English provinces. British and French armed forces arrive in North America.

Publication Date: 2006
Quality Trade Paperback 6 x 9, 336 pages
ISBN-10: 0-9679112-0-6
LC Control Number: 2006909250
Price: $19.95 U.S.

Three decades of colonial peace and prosperity follow the Treaty of Utrecht. Bastien’s three succeeding generations migrate to settle south and west along the Saint Lawrence River, and farther south into the Illinois and Louisiana territories. The abandoned Acadiens manage to retain their neutral status. France constructs the great fortress of Louisbourg to guard its access to the Saint Lawrence River. Britain develops its port in Halifax and increases its military presence in Nova Scotia.

Bastien’s adult grandchildren marry and establish their own homes and families. French Canadians continue to explore and extend their fur trade. Growth of the English provincial population greatly outpaces that of the French; their traders and settlers begin to migrate west across the Alleghenies. Conflict flares up along the frontiers over territorial claims. The Acadiens are forcibly scattered throughout the English provinces. British and French armed forces arrive in North America.

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Bastien and Marguerite’s third and fourth generations struggle through the final stages of imperial conflict between France and Great Britain in North America. William Pitt stalemates French military power in Europe by subsidizing Frederic the Great’s forces on the continent and blockading French ports. This strategy prevents France from shipping reinforcements and provisions to its colonies, and clears the way for England’s powerful navy to project and concentrate British military forces against French overseas colonies in the Americas, the Caribbean, Africa, and India.

Publication Date: 2009
Quality Trade Paperback 6 x 9, 230 pages
LC Control Number: 2009912034
Price: $19.95 U.S.

Author: Doris Provencher Faucher
Published and distributed by:
ARTENAY PRESS
P.O. Box 1664
Biddeford ME 04005
Tel:(207)282-2123 - artenayp@maine.rr.com
When We Were the Kennedys: A Memoir from Mexico, Maine by Monica Wood

1963, Mexico, Maine. The Wood family is much like its close, Catholic, immigrant neighbors, all dependent on a father’s wages from the Oxford Paper Company. Until the sudden death of Dad, when Mum and the four closely connected Wood girls are set adrift. Funny and to-the-bone moving, When We Were the Kennedys is the story of how this family saves itself, at first by depending on Father Bob, Mum’s youngest brother, a charismatic Catholic priest who feels his new responsibilities deeply. And then, as the nation is shocked by the loss of its handsome Catholic president, the televised grace of Jackie Kennedy—she too a Catholic widow with young children—galvanizes Mum to set off on an unprecedented family road trip to Washington, D.C., to do some rescuing of her own. An indelible story of how family and nation, each shocked by the unimaginable, exchange one identity for another.

“Monica Wood has written a gorgeous, gripping memoir. I don’t know that I’ve ever pulled so hard for a family.” —Michael Paterniti, author of Driving Mr. Albert

http://www.amazon.com/When-We-Were-Kennedys-ebook/dp/B005LVR03S

http://monicawood.com/WWWTK.html

Recognizing French-English Cognates

Compiled by M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard

Originating from a French speaking family, French was the only language spoken in our home. The entire neighborhood spoke only French as well. I attended a local parochial school that thought the morning sessions in English and in French in the afternoon.

Upon reaching the 9th grade I attended local public schools until graduating from high school and then entered a 4-year machine tool apprenticeship and eventually became a first class certified journeyman machinist. Retiring after 44 years, I enjoyed doing volunteer work with our local Hospice. I also researched my ancestors who sailed from Chambois Normandy to New France (now called Québec) in the early 1600s. I always wondered when I was a young student, how many words have the same spelling and meanings in both languages. This prompted me to research Common French-English Cognates. I am amazed that so many English and French people do not realize this potential.

This list of cognates is incredibly long. If you though learning French vocabulary was difficult, start with this list and you will be amazed.

Available from:
Trefflé Jacques Lessard
(207) 873-4318
tref@gwi.net

This booklet contains approximately 3500 French-English cognates and they are presented in alphabetical order. All of these words are bilingual having the same meaning in French or English. However, you will notice that some words contain French accents. These accents only dictact the French pronunciations.

For example:
- age - âge (Fr.)
- aperitif - apéritif (Fr.)
- encourage - encouragé (Fr.)
- Jerome - Jérôme (Fr.)
- Kerosene - kérosène (Fr.)
- niece - nièce (Fr.)
- Noel - Noël (Fr.)

This booklet will be most helpful to quickly research word spelling when translating documents or writing French texts.

FYI: Most English words that have endings with (tion) or (sion) have exactly the same spelling in French.

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Alan J Boutot is originally from the small town of Van Buren, Maine, right on the border of Canada. It’s the gateway to the St. John Valley. It’s a beautiful farming community, which produces some of the best potatoes in the country. He and his wife Patty, who is also from Van Buren currently live in Southern Maine in the town of Lisbon Falls, not too far from the ocean, where Maine’s famous lobsters are found! One thing Alan truly inherited from his parents was their work ethic. Hard work has never hurt anyone, Alan’s dad would say. Alan says, “I’m a person that’s certainly high on life! Each day I get up, I know that it’s going to be a GREAT day! When people ask me how I’m doing, I always respond by saying GREAT!!!!”

http://www.boutotphotography.com/

Paul Cyr was born and raised in the beautiful St. John Valley in Hamlin Maine. Cyr’s scenic photographs of wildlife, nature and landscapes can be found at: http://www.paulcyrphotography.com/

According to Cyr, he spends an hour or two each morning traveling around The County taking photographs, enjoying challenges such as getting the light right and the “hunt” of finding an animal that is still. He is well known for his knack of being at the right place at the right time and his creative way of capturing the moment.

“I first took an interest in photography as a young teen, and kept it up until the 1990s, when I just got too busy. When digital technology became big, I took another look,” said Cyr. “I really do this for a hobby. I don’t consider myself a professional, more like an advanced amateur.”

In addition to his photography, Cyr is an entrepreneur who owns a number of rental units and a small manufacturing company named Hiperfax in the community. He lives in Presque Isle with his wife, Karen.
The group’s focus is French music from Quebec, France and Louisiana. A sizeable percentage of New England’s population is of French-Canadian descent. Va-et-vient celebrates the music of this wonderfully rich culture, and keeps its presence alive for both young and old listeners through performance and education. In turn, VEV, as a presenter of Franco-American music, is continuously expanding its repertoire through study and discovery of resources, ranging from archived recordings to singing sessions at the homes of some of Quebec’s most respected keepers of the songs.

http://www.vaetvient.net/

http://dentdelion.net/2009/01/jeter-le-pont-entrecroise/

Jeter le Pont / Entrecroisé

Acheter | Purchase


Buy direct from the artist as an MP3 download. Available in digital format only. PayPal/Visa/MC. 10.00$

(1992, Minuit dans la cuisine, MINCD-001) Premier album de duo vermontois Jeter le Pont (Martha Pellerin, Dana Whittle). Avec invité Claude Méthé. First release by Vermont duo Jeter le Pont (Martha Pellerin, Dana Whittle). With guest Claude Méthé.

Détails
Martha Pellerin : voix/vocals
Dana Whittle : guitare/guitar, voix/vocals, accordéons/accordion, podorythmie/foot percussion, mandoline/mandolin
Claude Méthé : violon/fiddle, voix/vocals, guitar/guitar

Invité/Guest : Sid Blum (accordéon/accordion)

Prise de son/ Sound engineer : David Levine, SoundImage, Marshfield, Vermont
Mixage, matétrage/Mixing, mastering : André Marchand, Jeter le Pont

La plupart des chansons présentées ici ont été recueillies dans le vaste répertoire de la famille de Martha, père et mère tous deux Pellerin; tant au Vermont qu’au Québec. Les paroles ont été trouvées sur des bouts de papier, des vieux carnets, des cartons d’emballage de paires de bas et parfois sur l’envers d’une page de calendrier. Aucune notes de musique n’accompagnaient toutes ces chansons manuscrites, autres que dans la mémoire des gens qui nous les ont chantées. Nous avons l’habitude d’emporter “la collection” de Martha quand nous partons jouer, toujours à l’affût d’une mélodie inconnue ou d’un couplet manquant. Le recueil de plus que 700 chansons pèse autour de 65 livres, à peu près .0928 par chanson! Toute la richess de ce patrimoine s’éteint rapidement aux États-Unis ainsi qu’au Québec. La majorité des Franco-américains âgés de moins de 40 ans ne parlent plus le français. Ici depuis un, deux ou plusieurs générations, ils ont presque tous abandonné l’usage de leur langue maternelle. Suivant le conseil des parents, il se sont vite intégrés à la culture américaine. Nos amis québécois nous disent la même chose : la musique et les manières d’autrefois disparaissent graduellement; le mode de vie moderne nord-américain où la distance n’a plus d’importance est une menace sérieuse pour la transmission des traditions. Jeter le Pont se consacre à la découverte, la redécouverte et plus important, à jouer et chanter cette musique pour la garder en vie. Notre point de vue est colorié par notre culture régionale et ainsi différent de nos voisins québécois, mais nous croyons qu’il est valable, et nous espérons de le définir via notre musique. Entrecroisé est l’image d’un échange “musi-coeur” entre le Vermont et le Québec, aussi des voyages de long en large en traversant la frontière que nous préférerons à regarder comme une ligne imaginaire. – Martha Pellerin & Dana Whittle

Most of the songs on this recording came to us from the enormous repertoire of Martha’s family (both parents are Pellerins) (Continued on page 42)
Michele Choiniere is an award-winning Smithsonian Folkways recording artist, with a radiant, compelling voice. Her music and artistry capture a delicate sensibility, overlaying a raw authenticity. Her concerts transport audiences to another time of wistful cafe-cabaret culture, with riveting rhythmic melodies or a wistful lament, which stay with you long after the concert has ended. Born into a musical Franco-American family in northern Vermont, Michele began performing traditional Franco-American music at an early age with her father Fabio, an accomplished harmonica player. In 1995, she began writing and composing her own songs and has performed to audiences throughout New England, Quebec and France. Her lyrics and music focus on nature, romance and social issues connected to being Franco-American. She has been featured on TV5 International’s ‘Visions d’Amerique,’ which was broadcast to francophone nations worldwide, as well as on Vermont Public Television’s ‘Rural Delivery’ and ‘Profile.’ She has recorded an archival family collection of Franco-American music with her father and is featured on the Smithsonian Folkways CD ‘Mademoiselle Voulez-Vous Danser: Franco-American music from the New England Borderlands’ released in 1999. In 2003, Michele self-released her debut solo album, Coeur Fragile, following up with her 2010 release of La Violette to critical acclaim. Among other accolades, Michele has appeared in concert at the American Folk Festival (Bangor, Maine), the Lowell Folk Festival (Massachusetts), the Great Lakes Folk Festival (East Lansing, Michigan) and the Tadoussac Folk Festival (Quebec). She is a recognized ‘master artist,’ having been awarded the prestigious and competitive Governor’s Heritage Award in 2007. She is a member of the Vermont Arts Council’s American Masterpieces program, as well as a juried Arts Council performer and teaching Artist.

Michele’s performances blend traditional Franco-American and Quebec folk songs, original compositions, jazz standards, and an occasional French classic. I sell my albums on CDbaby.com. You can also purchase my music in select stores, including Barnes & Noble (South Burlington), Rail City Market (Saint Albans), and Buch Speiller (Montpelier).

TRACKS
Song Title

1. Fue a de lou
2. La violette
3. Quand le soleil dit bonjour aux montagnes
4. Tant mon mari
5. Padam Padam
6. Vive la rose
7. Sur le pont du Londres
8. Brind’amour
9. Par un samedi matin
10. Legerement, je veux m’en aller
11. La bergere encore
12. Tu es partout
13. Rame, rame, rame donc
14. Bonus track

http://www.michelechoiniere.com/index.html
“Enjoy the Taste of Home”

About Us:
A little bit of history ….

Born and raised in New Canada, a small town 7 miles out of Fort Kent, Maine on a potato farm. Cooking and baking were always a enjoyment as my parents fed 8 of us around the table. Wanting a career after graduation, I applied and worked 30 years in State gov’t. During that time, I would always talk about fulfilling my dream someday. Elaine’s Basket Café (basket in the name because I weave and sell baskets in the shop) was created and opened in January of 2007. We went from a full-service restaurant to now being a breakfast café and retail/wholesale bakery. We now deliver donuts and pastries to more than 25 locations. One of our future goals is to package and ship our donuts* and pastries around the world.

Elaine Poulin, owner
38 Main Street
Milo, ME
207-943-2705

Elaine Poulin, owner
38 Main Street
Milo, ME
207-943-2705

Elaine
http://elainesbasketcafeandbakery.com/
Email: BasketsbyE@aol.com

French Acadian Cookbook

French Acadian Cookbook—Keeping the tradition alive! This book has information about the Bouchard Family and how the business was started in the early 1980’s. It also features Ploy mix recipes, traditional French Acadian recipes, stuff & wrap recipes, and gluten free buckwheat flour recipes. Lots of color pictures are included in this informational book you’re sure to enjoy.

Price: $12.00
Bouchard Family Farm
3 Strip Road
Fort Kent, ME 04743
1-800-239-3237 or (207) 834-3237
Or visit: Ployes.com
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Table des matières
Avant-propos
Une p’tite litote avec ça?
L’hiver
Les superlatifs
L’inscription dans les pensionnats, un rituel initiatique
Le sanctuaire de Dodone dans sa cour
Maria Chapdelaine, Franco-Américaine
Unique Françoise Gaudet-Smet
La nature selon Jean-Marie, Pierre, Hildegarde et Guilda
Ces artistes que nous côtoyons
Dans les marges
Antonine, Annette, Claire : trois vestales de l’Amérique française
Mots chéris, mots honsis
Cornwall (Ontario) : là où ça fait mal
Elisabeth : guide de l’ultime voyage

Voici des récits d’explorations, dans l’espace et dans le temps, ponctués par des évocations de figures emblématiques, européennes ou issues de l’Amérique française. Le guide nous convie en plus à visiter son jardin, fait de réflexions personnelles, de découvertes, de souvenirs de lectures. Ces thèmes variés, tous enrichissants, sont reliés par un fil conducteur, soit une passion pour la vie dans toutes ses dimensions, couplée à un attachement au français, dont la connaissance et la maîtrise ajoutent une note ludique à la lecture de ces pages, à savourer au gré des divers chapitres.

Au cours de sa carrière universitaire, Jules Tessier a fait monter d’un intérêt constant pour le français acclimaté à son environnement nord-américain et pour ses manifestations, d’abord dans la vallée du Saint-Laurent, mais également un peu partout sur le continent. Il est à l’origine de la revue Francophonies d’Amérique qu’il a dirigée pendant dix ans, depuis sa fondation en 1991, après avoir créé le cours « Les autres littératures d’expression française en Amérique du Nord ».

Les Éditions de la Francophonie
55, rue des Cascades, Lévis (Québec) G6V 6T9
Téléphone: 418 833 9840
Télécopieur: 1 866 520 7569
Courriel: ediphonie@gmail.com

Pour commander,
s’adresser à un libraire
ou directement à l’éditeur.
Printemps 2013, 232 pages.
Cultural Influences on my Family Identity

by Eric Plourde

Travailé fort et mettre ta famille première: Work hard and put family first. These simple values emerged from the two bedroom, single-floor, wooden logging camp inhabited by the 10 members of the Boucher family and the quaint, small Stockholm residence of the twelve-strong Plourde family. Earning a living in the vast northern Maine woods was an arduous labor of necessity. Survival was the family business and everyone contributed. While the family patriarchs worked sun up until sundown, the children shared household responsibilities such as milking the cows, chopping firewood for the stove, and knitting clothes to last them through the cold winter. At day’s end, the entire family gathered at the table, held hands and gave thanks before every homemade meal of tortière, ployes, or “viande et des potates”. Every night prayers were said before my grandmother, mémère, was tucked into bed with three of her sisters, while the other three sisters slept in an adjacent bed and her brother and parents slept in the next room over. Several hours northeast, my pépère followed suit with his six sisters and three brothers. Large, French-speaking, Catholic families were the status quo in the Maine Québécois immigrant community. This environment was where my family values were created and from there, passed down through to my parents and to me.

These Franco-American values still stand true to their morals, however they have inherently transformed through the decades due to the forces of assimilation. With the exception of my mother’s mother, a Texan, my grandparents are all bi-lingual, speaking French as their first language. My parents however were raised in English, taught English both at home and in school because that was the language they could be more academically and professionally successful in. French became just the language spoken amongst the family. Growing up as neighbors in the Northern Maine town of Greenville, they moved to Gorham to attend the University of Southern Maine. They were both the first generation in their family to pursue and achieve a college education. After graduation, they did not return to live in a northern Maine French community, but instead remained in Gorham to raise my sister and me so that we could attend the Gorham school system. Like my parents, I was not taught French as a child, but I was constantly immersed in the rambling confusion of French chatter whenever we returned home to Greenville to stay with family. I was well aware and proud of my French-Canadian roots and aspired to learn French in school. By my senior year of high school, I was on the verge of fluency, as I was literate in the language and could speak adequately. I even wrote to one of my great-grand mothers, grandmaman, in French and enjoyed the newfound ability to communicate without the language barrier.

I soon realized however that my Parisian style French faced barriers with the colloquial dialects my elders spoke, which incorporated both old-style French terms, now unique to Quebec, and new English-inspired terms unique to Franco-Americans. I then realized that my literary communication skills were also limited as, to my amazement, the majority of my relatives speak French as their first language but do not know how to read or write in it. Growing up in the states, their education was in English, and so were their literary skills. Such personal realizations have shed light on the complexity of the changing Franco-American structure, where chunks of cultural detail are forgotten between generations. My family’s values however have remained intact, unwavering as a gyroscope, since coming to the states.

The older I grow, the more cognitive I am of my past. My ancestral past is what I am derived from, and what makes me who I am. My family has subconsciously taught me an exhaustive work ethic, creating the notion that working hard is not hard enough, and when my hands or brain are idle, they should be productive. This is engrained deep into my inner Franco-American character. My ancestors toiled out of necessity. I do it the same way even though I am privileged, not impoverished, and have the choice, not the necessity. With such a close-knit Franco-American character.
family dynamic, this trait is inherently consistent throughout my family. My strong Franco-American family is more important to me than family is to most of my peers. I defend this statement with the observation that the majority of my peers either bad mouth, disrespect, or completely avoid their family. Whether they portray their family relationship in this light solely to fit in or be cool with friends, is irrelevant because a true loving family member would never do such a thing. I always put family first, defend them, support them, and love them. This is not always easy. Together as a family, we work hard to accomplish this. We work hard just as every family member before me has worked hard not just for personal gain, but also for the betterment of those to follow them. That is how our culture has influenced us and defined my family identity. I proudly intend to continue this tradition, and I guess that is what makes me a Plourde, working hard and putting family first.

(Continued on page 47)

(N.D.L.R. The following was written as a course requisite for Dr. Susan Pinette, Director of Franco American Studies)

Franco American Studies
Culture Identity
by Saydi Voisine

Who I am, is a part of me. Cultural identity is a part of me. Without cultural identity I feel as if you are missing out on something such as history. History will always play an important role in everyone’s, or at least most peoples lives. We need history to study our historical background and ancestors.

My family’s cultural identity means a lot to them. My memere was raised in a very French and Catholic family. They went to church every day, forced to pray a couple times a day, had to say something at grace before dinner every night and MUST marry someone else who is catholic. Well when my memere reached her dating age, she fell deeply in love with the most popular kid and not to mention, the number one super star that played quarterback for the high school football team. He of course was not Catholic so my memere was forbidden to date him. Eventually her mother became more acceptable as he started attending church with her and her family. He then was baptized and considered a Catholic. After getting married they had four children. All of the children were forced to go to Sunday school every Sunday, and mass every day. The school that all the children attended was also a Catholic school. Unlike my memeres family, she allowed her children to grow up and marry whomever they wanted no matter what religion they were.

Growing up for my uncle was extremely difficult because he knew he was different. My grandfather pressured him into doing as many sports as he could so that my uncle would take after his father and become a super star but he had no interest in sports at all. After reaching high school he realized what was so different about him. He was gay and refused to tell his parents because of their religion. Catholics are not always the most acceptable with certain things. The Catholic church believes a man and a woman should be the only ones to marry each other. He eventually told his parents and they were very accepting and understanding of the situation. My grandparents are not the typical grandparents. They are so much fun and are constantly teaching their grandchildren new things about their culture.

In high school history we spent a couple of days talking about Franco Americans. Not many kids knew what the heck ‘Franco American’ was. Luckily, I did thanks to my memere. At dinner she would always share these stories about our ancestors coming down from Quebec and working in the Bates Mill. My great grandmother who is now 96, never finished school. She had to quit in the 6th grade in order to work. She was sent away at 12 to work as a maid for a wealthy family. She married at 16, had three children and was divorced by the age of 21. She started working at Bates Mill making blankets as well as working a second job as a waitress. As poor as she was, she always had her hair fixed perfectly, and never left the house without makeup. She was a proud person and was considered the

(Continued on page 47)
Grand-Pré
par
Roger Léger


Pour plus d’un million de Québécois d’origine acadienne, comme ce l’est pour tous les Acadiens à travers le monde, Grand-Pré est un lieu de mémoire historique et national, un lieu et un moment où, en 1755, une histoire s’achève brutalement et une autre commence.

Quand les déportations et les migrations cessèrent à la fin du 18e siècle, il y avait environ 8 800 Acadiens dans les provinces du Canada atlantique, 8 000 au Québec, 4 400 en Louisiane, 1 000 en Nouvelle-Angleterre et à peu près le même nombre en France.

Ils firent ce qu’ils purent pour survivre durant le 19e siècle en Louisiane et dans les régions de l’est du Canada, et ils s’intégrèrent facilement à la société québécoise.

Après 1850, une nouvelle migration débuta en Acadie, principalement pour des raisons économiques, et ne s’arrêta pratiquement pas depuis. Ce peuple errant se dirigea vers le Québec, vers la Nouvelle-Angleterre et vers d’autres régions de l’Amérique.


Enfin, en 2003, une proclamation royale était signée à Ottawa par la Gouverneure générale du Canada, Madame Adrienne Clarkson, représentante de la Reine au Canada, reconnaissant « les conséquences tragiques » et « les faits historiques mentionnés précédemment, ainsi (Continued on page 46)

hottest thing in town. Eventually she met her second husband and he was quite wealthy. He was a co owner of a fruit and vegetable warehouse. From that point on, she never wore anything old, and had nice cars. Although she was happy to no longer have to worry about money, she knew the importance of hard work and the struggles of life.

I think knowing about my culture has really sculpted me as a person because growing up, my parents really made a point that we should never expect anything to be handed to us and that we should always work hard for stuff because that is how it was growing up for them and my grand parents. They always taught us that family should always be our number one priority. When we were younger all of the cousins were sent to Sunday school because practicing our religion is what was expected of us from my memere. After Sunday school we would always go over to her house and she would make us dinner. Dinner was always my favorite because there was always so much food to choose from. We never had only a one-course meals, we always had our main dish, lots of side dishes and tons of dessert. Every holiday we go to my grandparent’s house and have huge meals with the whole family. Christmas especially. On Christmas, we all go to midnight mass then back to their house early in the morning for a big Christmas breakfast that everyone helps cook. We then sing Christmas songs, do Chinese auction, and open gifts.

I guess you could say that my family is very into their culture. It is always about making lots of food, having big family gatherings, going to church and having fun. I could never have asked for a better family. Without them I do not know what I would have done.
Franco-Americans in Maine
A Demographic Study
Report to the Maine Legislative
Franco-American Task Force
September 26, 2012

Preliminary Indications based on
a Public Opinion Survey conducted
by Command Research for the
Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine
August 2012
by Tony Brinkley, Senior Faculty Associate

At the request of the State of Maine Legislative Franco-American Task Force, the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine has begun an intensive demographic study of Franco-Americans in Maine. That study will be based on a public opinion survey commissioned by the Centre from the Command Research.

The survey was conducted in August 2012, with 600 respondents, all self-identified Franco-Americans above the age of 18, and with a margin of error of 3%. The survey yielded 25,000 reference points of data which the Centre with the help of Command Research is only beginning to assess. We are finding much that we now can know that we did not know before. We are also finding much that we now know needs to be a focus for further research. What we can present to the Task Force so far are preliminary indications of what the data shows.

For the most part, where comparisons are applicable, data from the Command Research Survey confirms, details and greatly expands data in the 2010 and 2011 American Community Surveys conducted by the U.S. Census Bureau (the CR survey asks many questions that ACS does not). The 2010 ACS survey, for example, finds that 21.1% of Franco-Americans have college degrees. The CR survey finds that 21% of Franco-Americans have college degrees. In addition the CR survey details that number by age groups and suggests that the number of college graduates between 18-25 is very low whereas the number of college graduates between 26-45 is much higher. Or, to consider another figure, the ACS survey finds that 61% of Franco-Americans in Maine are employed, the CR survey finds that 64% are employed. Among those who are not employed, the ACS survey distinguishes between unemployed Franco-Americans and those outside the workforce. The CR survey does not make this distinction but reports on those Franco-Americans above the age of 18 who consider themselves to be unemployed. Whereas the 2010 ACS survey finds an unemployment rate of 5.6% and an additional 33.2% of Maine’s Franco-Americans who are not in the workforce, the CR survey finds a 19% unemployment rate and a 15% retirement rate. Here again it details those numbers by age group. Given that employment and education figures among others in both surveys are equivalent, the CR survey permits us to study the ACS data from a range of nuanced perspectives.

What can we learn from the CR survey? Here are some preliminary indications based on a few of the 25,000 data points (see tables). They should be interpreted as points of departure. They should not be regarded as conclusion.

Employment and Unemployment — Based on those Franco-Americans, 18 and above, who identify themselves as unemployed, the rate of unemployment for Maine Franco-Americans is very high, about 19%. That number is driven for the most part by Franco-Americans between 18-25 who constitute 60% of the unemployed and over 50% of their age group. By comparison, Franco-Americans between 20-45 have an unemployment rate of over 10% and constitute 26% of the unemployed. Franco-Americans between 46-60 have an unemployment rate of less than 4% and constitute only 5% of the unemployed Franco-American population.

Education — The high unemployment figure for Franco-Americans between 18-25 is reflected by levels of attainment in education. While 80% graduate from high school, only around 17% have some college, and only 2% have college degrees. On the other hand, almost 40% of Franco-Americans between 26-45 have college degrees, and 21% of Franco-Americans between 46-60. Among Franco-Americans between 18-25, over 80% are unsure whether a college education is important while less than 15% regard it as important. This contrasts with Franco-Americans over 26, more than 75% of whom think college is important and less than 25% of whom are unsure.

Two other sets of figures seem particularly telling. 76% of Franco-Americans who have college degrees did not have a parent who had attended college. Of these, 97% believe that college is important for their children. In addition, 52% of all Franco-Americans said that they would be more likely to send children to a community college or public university in Maine if the curriculum did more to highlight Franco-American history, culture, language, and other issues.

Language and Culture — With regard to language, the CR survey data differs significantly from the ACS data. Whereas the ACS finds that 12.3% of Franco-Americans speak another language than English, the CR survey finds that 28% of Franco-Americans regard themselves as fluent in French while another 35% feel they have some French. Few of them are between 18-25, but 17% are between 26-45, 26% are between 46-60, and 75% are over 60. An overwhelming majority of Franco-Americans (96%) believe English is vital for success in school, college, and the workplace, but for a large number of Franco-Americans, French remains their language as well.

The CR survey suggests that there is a rough correlation that needs further exploration between pride in culture and economic success. 36% of Franco-Americans feel this pride; it is particularly strong among those 26-45 (over 55%), those between 46-60 (over 74%), and those older than 60 (over 95%). When asked what defines your identity as Franco-American, language was slightly less significant (36%) than last name (38%), but of far greater importance than either were culture and history (46%) and family and traditions (61%). All of these defining qualities for identity were far less significant for Franco-Americans 18-25 than for those who were older.

(Continued on page 49)
54% of self-identified Franco-Americans 18-25 were unsure of what defined them as Franco-Americans; 35% of Franco-Americans 26-45; 9% of Franco-American 46-60; 0% of Franco-Americans older than 60.

Conclusions—In these very preliminary results, the Franco-American Centre has correlated the CR survey data for the most part in terms of age group. The data can—and should—be correlated in many other ways as well, in terms of geography, for example, or gender, religious identity, health care, vision of government, etc. This remains to be done. The CR survey provides a basis for substantial research, and the Franco-American Centre will welcome all those who would like to participate in this research. The data itself does not provide the insights a comprehensive demographic study requires. The data provides a new basis for those insights. As Christian Potholm suggests: “the August, 2012 scientific 600 person representative sample of Franco American adults is the first of its kind in the history of Maine. . . . No other ethnic group has ever been surveyed in this fashion, extent and scope. As a result, there is now an in-depth sample of Franco Americans of all current generations, from all locations and of all historical cohorts. The unity, diversity and the richness of Franco American opinion is captured for the first time.” It is now there to study.

### Ages of Survey Participants

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<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>18-25</th>
<th>26-45</th>
<th>46-60</th>
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<tr>
<td>18-25</td>
<td>17%</td>
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### Employment

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<td>18-25</td>
<td>64%</td>
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<td>26-46</td>
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<tr>
<td>46-60</td>
<td>Less than 4%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Over 60</td>
<td>Over 8%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Retired</td>
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### Education

#### Level of Attainment

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### Importance of a College Education

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<td>26-35</td>
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### Language and Culture

#### French

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<tr>
<td>46-60</td>
<td>26%</td>
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<td>46-60</td>
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<td>46-60</td>
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<td>Over 60</td>
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<td>46-60</td>
<td>2%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Over 60</td>
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(Continued on page 50)
(Grand-Pré suite de page 48)

Le Forum

(Grand-Pré suite de page 48)

que les épreuves et les souffrances subies par les Acadiens lors du Grand Dérangement », et désignant « le 28 juillet de chaque année, à compter de 2005, Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérangement ».

C’est ainsi que l’histoire continue et que le passé se transforme.

On peut à tout le moins rendre hommage au passé s’il donne lieu à un présent qui le condenne.

Grand-Pré peut assurément représenter plusieurs choses. Ce que les Acadiens de cette génération désirent qu’il soit avant tout, est qu’il demeure un symbole de ce que l’histoire pourrait être : un monde de paix et de réconciliation.

L’histoire acadienne fut une tragique aventure, un projet qui ne s’est pas réalisé, et que nous essayons aujourd’hui de continuer dans un monde où les Terriens tentent de se reconnaître et de se rassembler dans une fraternité universelle.

Dans certaines régions du monde d’aujourd’hui, on pourrait prendre exemple sur Grand-Pré, méditer sur son passé et sur son présent, et espérer, par exemple, qu’un jour Jérusalem soit un autre Grand-Pré où les voisins préféreraient tendre à leurs voisins une main ouverte et amicale plutôt que de brandir un poing fermé. Grand-Pré a certes besoin du monde, mais, peut-être celui-ci a-t-il encore plus besoin de Grand-Pré en ces temps de tensions, de conflits mortels, et de guerre sans fin.

Pour les générations futures, Grand-Pré devrait être un exemple insigne et unique de la possibilité de réconciliation et de paix entre des peuples autrefois en guerre.

Les grands commencements ne sont pas nécessairement toujours dans le passé ; ils peuvent avoir lieu aussi dans le présent et dans l’avenir.


« Le Paysage de Grand-Pré est un exemple raisonnablement la Renaissance acadienne et les efforts constants de réconciliation d’un peuple sont enchainés dans le Paysage de Grand-Pré. Ici, les Acadiens partagent leur patrimoine commun, réaffirment leur identité et continuent à bâtir leur sens de communauté dans un esprit pacifique de réconciliation avec l’histoire. Le Paysage de Grand-Pré est un exemple

(Franco-Americans in Maine continued from page 49)
Albertine’s Doll, Chloé  
(La Poupée d’Albertine, Chloé)  

By Virginia Sand (Autumn 2012)

During the 1930’s, there was a Franco American girl named Albertine Albert, who lived in Winslow, Maine. Her mother, Virginie Delarosbil, had come to Maine from the village, Petite Rivière-Ouest, in the Gaspésie of Québec, Canada, and her father, Adélard Albert, had come to Maine from the village of Paspébiac, also in the Gaspésie. Virginie and Adélard met and married in Winslow, Maine, where they raised a large family. There were 18 children, all born at home. Virginie worked in the Winslow mills and Adélard worked on the railroad in Waterville, Maine, across the bridge from Winslow. Both of Albertine’s parents spoke only French, so that is the language she learned from her parents.

Albertine was the youngest child in the Albert family. The next youngest, her sister Merease, was actually eight years older than Albertine. Therefore, Albertine really didn’t have any brothers or sisters around her age to play with. Even more, all the children in the neighborhood spoke English, and Albertine could only speak French. She couldn’t understand the neighborhood children, and they often made fun of her. Consequently, Albertine’s doll, Chloé, became her favorite family member and best friend. Chloé was a rag-doll made by Albertine’s mother, Virginie. Since Virginie often sewed her children’s clothes, she made a doll for Albertine from scraps of fabric that she always had on hand. The Albert family didn’t have a lot of money, but Albertine adored her rag-doll, Chloé. She would have tea parties with Chloé, she would sing and talk to Chloé, she would go for walks with Chloé, she would sleep with Chloé, and even have Chloé sit at the kitchen table with her at mealtime. They did everything together.

Then one late summer day, when Albertine was 10 years old, Chloé went missing. Albertine was so upset. Here’s what happened:

It was toward the end of the gardening season, in late August. Albertine’s mother, Virginie, grew vegetable gardens, fruit trees, and raised chickens to help feed her large family. Albertine would often bring Chloé into the gardens for a tea party. One day, Virginie came into the garden searching for Albertine:

Virginie: “Albertine, are you out there in the garden (yelling loudly)?”

Albertine: “Yes, Mama. I am having tea with Chloé.”

Virginie: “Albertine, I’ve been looking everywhere for you. You know we always eat supper at 5 o’clock. Your crêpes (pancakes) are getting cold. Now leave your tea party and doll in the garden, and quickly come now.”

Albertine: “But Mama, I don’t want to leave Chloé behind.”

Virginie: “Do as I say, Albertine! Chloé will still be there after supper. You can return to your tea party with your dessert after having your crêpes. Now come while the crêpes are still hot!” (Virginie reaches for Albertine’s hand.)

Albertine: “Yes, mama.” (Albertine takes her mother’s hand, looking back at Chloé with a worried expression on her face. Virginie and Albertine both walk towards the house together.)

When they entered into the kitchen, the smell of crêpes filled Albertine’s senses, and she realized how hungry she was. Her mother poured Canadian maple syrup (le sirop d’érable pur) over her plate of crêpes, which was one of Albertine’s favorite suppers. However, Albertine was missing Chloé’s presence at the supper table and so she ate a bit faster than usual, so she could get back to her tea party and Chloé as soon as possible. After supper, Virginie gave Albertine dessert to take back to her tea party:

Virginie: “Albertine, good job finishing your supper. Now here are two fresh apples (les pommes) from our apple trees, one for you and one for Chloé. I know you are anxious to return to your garden tea party. Take the apples with you and enjoy. Don’t stay out too long.”

Albertine: “Thanks, mama (running out while stuffing both apples into her apron pockets).”

When Albertine returned to the garden, she could not believe her eyes. Chloé was no longer sitting in the little white doll chair that her papa had made with wood scraps. The little white chair was empty:

Albertine: “Oh no! Where is my Chloé?” (Albertine looked all around her chair and Chloé’s chair, and under her little tea table that papa had built, but Chloé was no where to be seen.)

Albertine made a big sigh of discouragement. She began searching around the gardens and fruit trees, thinking that maybe a strong wind came and whisked Chloé away.

(Grand-Pré suite de page 50)
**Le Forum**

**POÉSIE/ POETRY**

**Nuits d’hiver**

*Transcrit par Virginie ColombeBlanche*  
*SAND du livre, 365 Histoires, par K. Jackson*

Les longues nuits d’hiver,
Sombres et silencieuses,
Sont fai...
Winter Nights

Transcribed by Virginia WhiteDove
Sand from the book, 365 Stories, by K. Jackson

The long winter nights,
Dark and silent,
Are made for sleeping.

Certain animals sleep from the first frost
All the way up to spring time.
Thus it is with Bear and Turtle.
In regards to Squirrel and Hedgehog,
They are more often falling asleep than wide-awake.

But other animals endure hunger
During the long and cold winter nights.
The timid Rabbit marches itself in large leaps on the snow,
Searching for roots and young branches to nibble.
The thin Skunk sneaks into the darkness,
Hoping to trap some young foolhardy Rabbit.
And the reddish-brown Fox trots on the frozen river,
Ready to taste a Skunk for his breakfast.

Humans also go to bed early
After long wintry evenings.
Little boys and little girls sleep
In their very warm bed
While, outdoors, the country silently covers itself again
With a thick white cover,
For creating a surprise for children
Upon their awakening.
Ce matin d’hiver,
Il fait du vent
Derrière ma maison
Qui se fixe par la rivière.
Je réchauffe le fourneau
En préparation pour cuisiner,
Puis, je mélange le lait avec la farine de blé,
Et je fais chaude l’eau dans mon pot.

Je cours six crêpes,
Trois pour toi
Et trois pour moi,
Pour faire une petite fête.

Je verse l’eau chaude dans les deux tasses,
Pour préparer les deux tisanes
Avec une odeur si grande.
Puis, nous resterons là jusqu’à l’hiver passe.

This winter morning,
It is windy
Behind my house
Which sits by the river.
I reheat the stove
In preparation for cooking,
Then, I blend the milk with the wheat flour,
And I heat up water in my pot.
I cook six pancakes,
Three for you
And three for me,
For making a little feast.
I pour the hot water into two mugs,
For preparing two herbal teas
With a great aroma.
Then, we will stay there until winter passes.
(Albertine’s Doll, continued from page 51) away or that a curious squirrel dragged Chloé to another part of the yard. But Albertine found no sign of Chloé. Suddenly a squirrel appeared by the apple tree. Albertine then approached the squirrel:

Albertine: “Bonjour (Hello) Madame écureuil! Have you seen my rag-doll, Chloé?”

Squirrel: “What is she wearing?”

Albertine: “She’s wearing a violet and white striped dress, and a bonnet and apron decorated with violets.”

Squirrel: “No, I guess I haven’t seen her. So sorry. But here are two acorns (les glands) to bring you good luck in finding your Chloé (passing the acorns to Albertine.). Have you searched around the chicken coop?”

Albertine: “Thanks for the acorns, Madame écureuil. I’m on my way to the chicken coop.”

Albertine dropped the acorns into the pockets of her apron, a violet apron that Virginie had made for Albertine, which matched Chloé’s apron. Albertine reached the chicken coop on the edge of the yard, and entered:

Albertine: “Bonjour (hello) Mesdames poules (les poules). Did you happen to see my rag-doll, Chloé? I left her in the garden at suppertime, and when I returned she was gone.”

Hens: “We haven’t seen her Albertine, but here are two eggs (les oeufs) to help bring you luck in finding her. Hmmm, have you checked the garden shed?”

Albertine: “Merci beaucoup (Thank you very much) for the eggs, Mesdames Poules. I’ll head over to the shed now.”

Albertine carefully put the eggs in her apron pocket and walked over to the garden shed on the other end of the yard. When she arrived, she opened the wooden door and immediately spotted a huge spider (l’araignée) perched in her web in the upper corner of the door entrance:

Albertine: “Bonjour Madame araignée. Have you seen my pretty rag-doll named Chloé? She’s wearing an apron and matching bonnet which have bright violet flowers printed on them.”

Spider: “No, I’ve not seen Chloé, ma petite. Why don’t you pick two clovers (les trèfles) growing by the door and bring them with you for good luck.”

Albertine: “Thank you (merci) Madame araignée, I will.”

So Albertine reached down, picked two big clovers, and added them to her pocket with all the other gifts. Then she started down the woodland path behind the house, thinking that maybe an animal carried poor Chloé into the woods and maybe even down to the pond. Suddenly, Albertine heard the sounds, “hoo, hoo, hoo,” and looked up in the big pine tree. There was owl (le hibou) perched on a branch:

Albertine: “Bonjour Monsieur Hibou. Have you seen my rag-doll, Chloé?”

Owl: “No my sweet. I haven’t seen any dolls in my territory today. But let me drop down two pinecones (les pommes de pin) for you to carry during your search. I am sure they will bring you good luck.”

Albertine: “Merci beaucoup, Monsieur Hibou. You are so kind.”

Well, Owl loosened two pinecones from his tree, which dropped down by Albertine’s feet. Albertine picked them up and put them into her apron pocket, and continued walking down the path. All of a sudden, a raccoon (le raton laveur) raced across the path:

Albertine: “Hey there, Monsieur Raton Laveur, bonjour. Have you seen my beautiful rag-doll, Chloé, dressed in violet and white, with an apron and bonnet?”

Racon: “No, my dear. I’ve seen no dolls during my romp in the woods today. Here, take these two clumps of blueberries (les myrtilles/les bleuets) that I picked, one for you and one for Chloé when you find her.”

Albertine: “Thank you so much, Monsieur Raccoon. How generous you are.”

Albertine cupped her hands to receive the blueberries from Raccoon, and then she gently added them to her violet apron pockets. Well, everyone filled Albertine with such hope that she continued her search toward the meadow pond up in the clearing. There, she saw a handsome mallard duck (le canard sauvage) by the water’s edge:

Albertine: “Good day (bonjour) Monsieur Canard Sauvage. Did you happen to notice a pretty rag-doll around the pond today? My precious rag-doll, Chloé, is missing.”

Duck: “No, little one. I’m sorry to say that I haven’t seen your precious Chloé. However, let me give you two of my green feathers (les plumes) to help bring you lots of luck in finding her.”

Albertine: “Oh, merci beaucoup, Monsieur Mallard. You’re so nice.”

Albertine slipped the green feathers into her apron pockets and decided to head home, since the sun was starting to set. As soon as she entered her backyard, she heard the neighbor’s dog (le chien), Pierre, barking. So she walked into the neighbor’s yard and peaked inside of the doghouse, from where the sounds were coming. At that moment, Albertine could not believe her eyes:

Albertine: “Pierre, I’ve been look-

ing everywhere for Chloé since suppertime, and here you are cuddled up next to her in your doghouse. I’m so glad to find her safe and sound. But why did you take her away from me?”

Pierre: “I’m so sorry, Albertine, but I get so lonely in my doghouse. When I saw Chloé by herself in the garden, I couldn’t resist the temptation to go over and fetch her for company in my doghouse. I notice how you always have a good time with Chloé. Here, please accept these two delicious dog biscuits (les biscuits) in thanks for the time Chloé spent with me, one biscuit for you and one biscuit for Chloé. They are homemade biscuits by my owner. Take Chloé back with you along with the biscuits.”

Albertine: “I forgive you, Pierre. I know what it feels like to be lonely. It would have been difficult for me to get to sleep tonight without having my Chloé to snuggle. And thanks for the biscuits, Pierre.”

Albertine excitedly pulled Chloé out of Pierre’s doghouse and added the two dog biscuits to her apron pockets, which by now were bulging with gifts. She then ran into her house with Chloé, entered her bedroom, and finished her tea party there with Chloé. In her room, Albertine had a small, round table and two chairs that her mama had made her from wood scraps. She placed Chloé in one chair, and she sat in the other. Albertine emptied her apron pockets and placed all of the gifts on the table. In front of Chloé, she placed a small cup of tea (le thé), an apple, an acorn, an egg, a clover, a pinecone, a clump of blueberries, a mallard duck feather, and a dog biscuit. Then Albertine repeated the same thing for her own place setting at the table. Albertine set these special gifts on top of colorful, cloth napkins that her mama had stitched for her from spare pieces of fabric. Albertine loved having formal tea parties with Chloé.

Before sipping her tea, Albertine said a prayer (la prière), thanking all her relations for bringing so much hope and abundance into her life. She thanked the Creator (le Dieu) for Chloé, for her family, and for all the animals and plants. Then she told Chloé that she would have mama boil both eggs for them in the morning. After the tea party, Albertine changed into her nightgown, and also put a little nightgown on Chloé, which her mama had sewn especially for Chloé. Albertine joyfully jumped into bed with Chloé, snuggling with Chloé, and appreciating her special rag-doll more than ever before.

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

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

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

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

**MISSION**

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

**OBJECTIFS**

2. D’offrir des véhicules d’expression affective et cognitive d’une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.
3. De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l’Université du Maine et dans l’État du Maine, relatant l’histoire et l’expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.
4. D’assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l’actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l’avancement de leurs carrières, de l’accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.
6. D’assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d’une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité.