

# *Le* FORUM



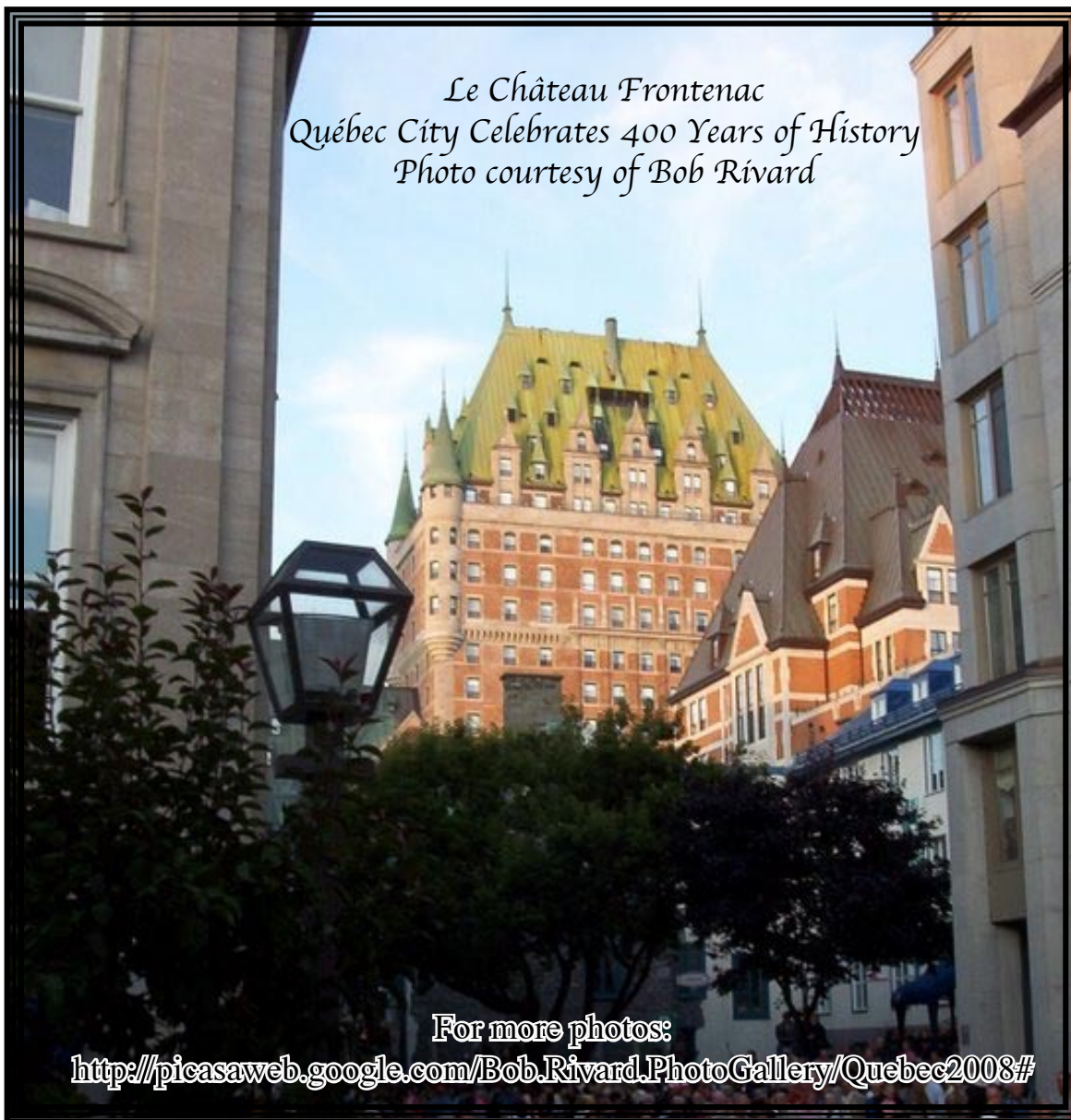
*"AFIN D'ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS"*

VOLUME 34, #1

FALL/AUTOMNE

WINTER/HIVER 2008

*Le Château Frontenac  
Québec City Celebrates 400 Years of History  
Photo courtesy of Bob Rivard*



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

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

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

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OUR FRENCH  
CONNECTON  
Thanks to  
Le Forum

**Annette Paradis  
King  
Gouldsboro, ME**

I'm conscious of the fact that Le Forum's ripples extend beyond Maine. Even so, I never imagined my book *Growing Up On Academy Hill*..to travel as far as it has after appearing in Le Forum. I have received requests for my book from time to time from more than a few other states, occasionally with a note attached with a word or two of encouragement. I find it very gratifying to be hearing from anyone who takes from their busy schedules the time to write after reading an essay I've submitted, or from checking the sidebar that was so generously added.

Out of this small outpouring of correspondence one woman stands out in my mind. Her name is Marie S. Landry. \* She is also a writer and an occasional contributor to the LF magazine. Our friendship began with a two page letter, which in part, she told me she is also an 'Academy Hill-er.' She was writing to say she was impressed with my 'advocacy for female independence' that appeared in the spring Issue of Le Forum. \*\* She spoke of having a nagging feeling all her adulthood for failing to do something more than bringing up a family. Yet, here she was 'a mother, a wife, a home-maker, a manager of' and respectful of the finances that her husband worked for, but nevertheless 'the nag was there.' She hadn't completed her education; rather left her father's house to go to that of her husband's. At some point in her later life she heard someone she respects say, "Maybe what you have done all

## A Special "Thank You" to Mr. Dan Lapierre



The Franco-American Centre wishes to extend a special "Thank You" to Mr. Dan Lapierre for his generosity.

Mr. Lapierre aided the Centre in distributing over 300 cases of French books to Madawaska. He stopped by the Centre loaded 50 cases of books and delivered them to the French Library in Madawaska, the Marie-Reine Mikesell Library. He made 6 trips to Madawaska.

Once there, Mr. Guy Dubay of the Library, sorted the books and distributed them throughout the Valley.

We would like to thank these two fine gentleman for their many hours of generosity.

The Centre is truly fortunate to have community volunteers to aid with the many projects and activities associated with the Centre.

*your life is what you were meant to do*" and Marie said this statement gave her a new outlook on her life's vocation. I find this simple thought extraordinarily healing, too... Bless Marie for her insightful words, and thank you Le Forum for making it possible for me to know them.

In Marie's next letter she described the arrival of *Growing Up On...* and how she 'read every word.' My little vignettes brought her back she said to the walks she took often in Old Town, the 4<sup>th</sup> of July from my eyes she saw as if

*I would also like to thank the following individuals and organizations for their book donations:*

*Oneil T. & Colette M. Devost  
Berlin, CT*

*Knights of Columbus Museum  
New Haven, CT*

*Patrick Senecal  
Mont-St-Hilaire, QC*

*Albert Marceau  
Newington, CT*

*A "Special Thank You" to Dr. George  
A. Lussier of Salisbury, MA, for  
without his contributions Le Forum  
would not be...*

she were there that night, too. Memories came flooding back, like stopping by the Memorial for Veterans in front of the Old Town Post Office where her father's name was placed in honor of his 21 years of service; the path we use to take that started on Jefferson Street and ended on Center Street; the Picnic Rock that sat off the path; her memories were of taking a lunch to the rock and eating a peanut butter sandwich there, drinking a soda that cost 7 cents, returning the bottle and (Continued on page 9)



# Lewiston's "Al" Couture

Holder of the world record for the fastest KO in history

(N.D.L.R. This article is reprinted with permission from the author. It first appeared in *Discover Maine*, Vol. 5, Issue 6)

by *Nundy Giusti*

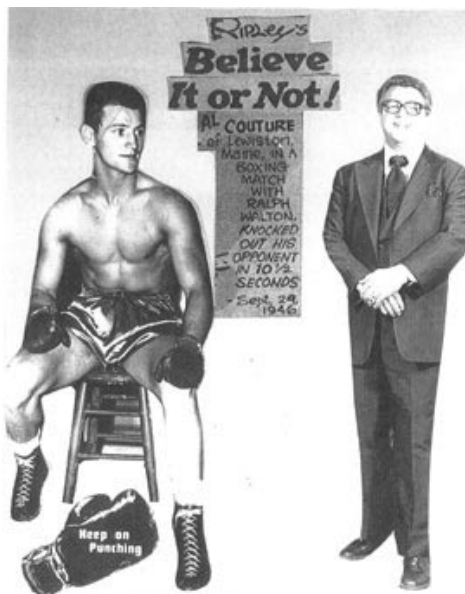
Aurel "Al" Couture was a professional boxer who made history in his home city of Lewiston on September 29, 1946, when he knocked out middleweight Ralph Walton of Montreal with a single punch in the quickest knockout ever recorded. The elapsed time between the opening bell of the first round and the end of the knockout count was 10 1/2 seconds, a record still standing today. Walton was a well-regarded journeyman who'd recently jolted, but still lost to, the featherweight champ Willie Pep. Fans reading the sports pages next morning had a hard time grasping how Walton could've been flattened so quickly, including the ref's '10 count.'

Math professors at Bates College in Lewiston questioned the accuracy of the count. Couture visited them on campus to set them straight. First off, he said, skeptics assumed that the two fighters were seated on stools in their corners when the bell rang, and that wasn't the case.

As Couture explained to a sports-writer, "After the referee gave us instructions at center right, we both turned toward our corners, shadow-boxing a few feet from the corners, but neither of us went all the way." When the bell sounded, the fighters leaped forward. But one of Walton's corner men called him back for his mouthpiece. As Walton then turned back to face Couture, Al was already on top of him, unleashing a left hook to the jaw that drove Walton to the canvas. The lightning-quick knockout, long inscribed in the Guinness Book of World Records, will likely stand for all time. Boxing rules have since been revised to require a fighter scoring a knockdown to go to a neutral corner before the ref begins the count.

As a young reporter for the Lewiston Sun, I remember seeing the handsome, personable and popular Couture saunter into the newsroom many a night around 11 o'clock to talk with the writers on the

sports desk. He was a gregarious figure around Lewiston-Auburn, where he was widely known by the nickname "Shiner," a result of all the black eyes he acquired over the years. He'd been fighting since the age of 15, turned pro at 17, and by his 18th birthday he'd won 72 of 80 bouts. During a pro career spanning 15 years, he fought the astonishing total of 296 bouts, winning 282 of them. He hung up his gloves for the last time in 1953 at the age of 30, after losing to Paul Pender. At his retirement, he held both Maine state



welterweight and middleweight titles.

One of the kids he hung around with as a youngster was Mike "School-boy" Green, who, like "Shiner," later became a boxer. But he refused to meet Couture in the ring, explaining that the two were good friends who'd grown up together and had often joined forces in battling foes on the streets of Lewiston.

In 1949, with France's Marcel Cerdan as world champ, Couture ranked sixth among contenders for the middleweight crown. This was three notches higher than the ranking assigned to Jake LaMotta, who rose to subsequent acclaim as world champion, and whose life and career became the subject of

what film critics consider one of the best movies of the 1980s, *Raging Bull*, starring Robert DeNiro as LaMotta. Couture's own brush with Hollywood came in the '40s, when he performed as a stand-in for John Garfield during fight scenes in the superb film *Body and Soul*.

Born in 1922, Couture was one of 19 children of Michael and Meyeliece Couture of St. Melachie, a hamlet near Sherbrooke in Quebec Province. They moved to Lewiston when Al was six months old. In Canada, his father moonlighted as a champion fighter to help support his large family. He was known as "Coon" Couture because of his wild-looking head of hair, sort of raccoon-like, some thought.

Al interrupted his career to serve in the U.S. Army for three years during World War II as a physical arts instructor in California, and also boxed on behalf of his battery. Anticipating his retirement from boxing, he learned photography back in Lewiston, landing a job with *Le Messenger*, the French-language newspaper. After divorce from his first wife, he met a striking blonde, Carol Beal of Greene, a small town adjacent to Lewiston. Pete, his son from his first marriage, became a professional bowler, and now lives in Florida.

Carol worked for the phone company in Lewiston. When she moved to Hartford to work for the Southern New England Telephone Company, Al quickly followed her. They were married on Christmas Eve of 1954 in Millerton, New York, and lived in Hartford for several years before moving to suburban Glastonbury. In recent years, they divided their time between Connecticut and Florida.

Thanks to his skill with a camera, Al became chief photographer for the State of Connecticut, serving under four governors. He was on first-name terms with scores of state officials, commissioners, employees, and legislators.

During this period, my husband Frank and I (he's also a former reporter for the *Lewiston Sun*), became friends with Al and Carol. We joined in a social/charitable organization of which Al was the unelected president. It was known as Frank's Sausage Club. A brunch was

(Continued on page 5)

## Play about local culture goes to France

**JULIANA  
L'HEUREUX**

**September 24, 2008**

Biddeford writer and playwright Norman Beaupre is receiving international praise in the United States, Canada and France for his Franco-American monologue play, "La Souillonne."

In fact, Beaupre, author of nine books written in both French and in English, is going to France next month to support a three-city tour of "La Souillonne."

Actress Marie Cormier, originally from Lameque, New Brunswick, will perform in the production scheduled for Paris on Oct. 4 and 5 at the Theater les Dechargeurs. On Oct. 8, the play will be performed in Dijon and on Oct. 10 in Angers.

It's a dramatic story in which a woman pours her heart out about topics close to her family, reflecting her French culture. Her character is a former millworker who tells the audience about the migration of her family to les Etats-Unis (the United States). She describes experiences as a millworker and the old-fashioned beliefs handed down by her family, and talks about Willie, the man in her life. "La Souillonne" is my most popular story," Beaupre said.

Franco-Americans, particularly, relate to the play because it reflects on customary old habits (les accoutumances). Moreover, the play's charm is rooted in the distinctive dialect of the monologue.

Indeed, the play spotlights the French vernacular spoken by Franco-Americans, le parlement de notre monde (the speech of our people). Beaupre wrote the play in the Franco-American dialect because it's the familiar way his entire neighborhood spoke French as he was growing up in Biddeford.

Beaupre was pleasantly surprised recently when a Parisian reader, Antoinette David, mailed him a letter of praise about "La Souillonne." Writing in French, David described her memories of hearing the dialect spoken in "La Souillonne" when she was young and traveling in Nor-

mandy with her father, a French physician.

"I'm very happy to discover the special language and life experiences of 'La Souillonne' are the same as some of the ladies I met in Normandy (France) when I was growing up," she wrote.

"It's also exciting to hear La Souillonne, in monologue, (describing) her life experiences. She is so real, pure, full of good common sense and filled with a sensitivity and modesty rarely seen today," wrote David.

"Your play 'La Souillonne' revives the soul of an entire generation of Quebecois who came from France over the past 400 years, to settle in French-speaking Canada. These French immigrants maintained their personality throughout as many as 16 generations," added David in her letter.

A newly published sequel to the first play, titled "La Souillonne, Deusse," describes the character's knowledge of French Acadian heritage.

Beaupre is a little nervous about bringing "La Souillonne" to France because he's largely organizing all three productions by himself.

"I'm setting up everything, including train travel between cities," he said.

Meanwhile, Beaupre is finishing his 10th book, "The Boy with the Blue Cap."

It's a novel based on the artistic life of Vincent Van Gogh in Arles, France. In fact, Van Gogh produced 300 paintings and drawing in Arles, because he was inspired by the French city's ancient history and colorful landscapes.

"La Souillonne" was successfully performed at Lewiston's Franco-American Heritage Center.

Beaupre hopes to bring the play home to a Biddeford audience when Cormier's busy acting schedule can accommodate a performance.

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Juliewriter

(Lewiston's "Al" Couture continued from page 4)

held every Sunday at Frank's Restaurant in downtown Hartford. The owner was another friend of Al's. Couture asked for money from the members of the club, and tacked the bills to the ceiling of the dining room. After several weeks passed, and a few hundred dollars accumulated, it was collected by Al and turned over to local causes.

Al was known for his civic work. He and Hartford's famous featherweight champ, Willie Pep, were friends who organized the Connecticut Boxing Hall of Fame. Couture was instrumental in bringing boxing back to Connecticut after it'd been legally banned since 1965. He was the founding president of Ring 49, a boxing-oriented club which sponsored numerous benefits to help children in need.

After a quarter-century of state service, Al retired as Connecticut's chief photographer. He and Carol, also retired, were vacationing with family members at Popham Beach in Maine in the summer of 2000 when Al fell ill and was admitted to Midcoast Hospital in Brunswick. A week later, on August 6th, at the age of 77, he suffered a fatal heart attack.

From a Lewiston street kid to professional boxer, to soldier, skilled photographer and humanitarian, Al Couture was a man of many accomplishments. What brought him enduring recognition, though, was the super-quick knockout he delivered in Lewiston in 1946 — a feat later celebrated in the Ripley's Believe It or Not syndicated series of illustrated features which appeared for years in newspapers across the country.

*About the author: Nundy Giusti was born and raised in Wilton Maine. She graduated from Wilton Academy with honors. She recieved her BS in Journalism from Boston University.*

## Native Peoples in the Upper St. John River Valley

**by Chip Gagnon**  
**Associate Professor,**  
**Dept. of Politics,**  
**Ithaca College**  
**Ithaca, New York**

<http://www.upperstjohn.com/history/natives.htm>

### *The arrival of Acadians in the upper St. John*

The American Revolution added to the pressure on Maliseet lands. A significant part of the population of the rebellious thirteen colonies had remained loyal to the King. Many of these Loyalists fled the newly independent country once the war ended, in 1783. Beginning in that year, the British government granted Loyalists land along the St. John River in New Brunswick, land that was in the Maliseet territory. But this land had been settled by Acadians who had fled the British in the 1730s, and who were later joined by other Acadians whom the British had expelled in 1755. As a result of the Loyalist settlements, the Acadians were displaced for a second time, and moved further upriver, beyond Great Falls, to the area around the Madawaska River settlement of the Maliseet. This was an area that had been recognized by the French and then British as belonging to the Maliseet, and that had to that point not seen permanent European settlers. The net effect of the displacement of the Loyalists and Acadians was that the entire territory of the Maliseets was now being settled by non-native people. The Maliseet's attitude toward the Acadian refugees who came up the St. John in 1785 was thus probably not entirely welcoming.

In 1785, when the first group of Acadian settlers arrived at Madawaska, the main village of the Maliseets in that area, located near present-day Edmundston, was reported to include 60 families; their leader was referred to as François Xavier and was reported to command "200 warriors".

Apparently the Maliseets struck a deal with this group of Acadians: in exchange for giving the Acadians part of the Maliseet land, the Maliseet asked that the Acadians defend the territory against intruders.

Here is an excerpt on this first meeting from "First Madawaska Acadian Settlement" at the Acadian Genealogy Home Page. It is important to remember that this story is being told from the Acadians' perspective. It is not clear how cordial and welcoming the Maliseet actually were upon the arrival of these new settlers.

"The travelers [Acadians heading up the St. John River] continued their journey until they set foot on the south bank of the St. John River, two and one-half miles south of the Malecite village on one of the most elevated flats, a short distance from the present church of St. David, Madawaska, Maine. As they were making camp, Joseph Daigle erected a cross (which is today known as the 'Acadian Cross') at that very place in the land of Madawaska.

"On the same day, two young men were sent to the Indian village (now Edmundston, New Brunswick), to advise the Chief of their arrival and that their fathers would be in to see him the next day.

"At first the Indians did not show much enthusiasm when the strangers arrived, but soon afterwards the meeting was one of the most cordial. The hall to which they were admitted, was full of tribal warriors. The Chief, while extending to them a welcome did not hesitate however, to warn them that the vast territory between Grand Falls (New Brunswick) and Lake Temiscouata (Quebec), had always been known as the land of the Malecites. In a few words, he told the visitors that they could have a part of this land and that they could help them protect it from invaders. 'As long as your guns will not refuse to shoot the reindeers, or your nets to catch the fish in our rivers, you shall be welcome, and you shall be my friends.'

"After this meeting with the Chief and his warriors, the Frenchmen returned to meet their fellowmen, who

had already begun the work of building. This diplomatic meeting won the good graces and protections of the Indians. We must not forget that this Indian village, the Malecite capital of the St. John Valley, had 60 families, and that Francis Xavier who had just spoken to them, had 200 warriors under his command, and that on the first day that an argument should ensue between the two peoples, the Acadians would be at the mercy of the Indians." [Source: "First Madawaska Acadian Settlement" at <http://www.acadian.org/mad-sett.html>].

Over the next few years, more Acadian families joined these original settlers. By the mid-1790s, the British had made grants of land in Madawaska to over 70 Acadian families. (For more information see the page on Early Land Grants in Madawaska on this website.) Given the size of Acadian families, it is likely that these 70 families added up to more than 500 people.

Like their neighbours the Micmac and Abenaki, the Maliseet had from the earliest days of contact with the French tended to convert to Roman Catholicism, which of course was strongly encouraged by the French missionaries and colonial authorities. The Bishop of Québec, Joseph-Octave Plessis, noted that in the mid 1780s the Maliseets living at Madawaska had requested Father Adrien Leclerc of L'Isle Verte to visit them once a year. Beginning in 1786—that is, just a year after the arrival of the first Acadians—Leclerc spent several weeks each summer with them, as did his successor, Joseph Pâquet. Maliseets from other villages would come to Madawaska at these times.

Plessis noted, however, that as more and more Acadians and Canadians established themselves around the Maliseet village at Madawaska, the Maliseet moved away:

"The curés of Saint-André (Kamouraska), Monseigneurs Amiot, Vézina, Dorval, who were charged, after the priests from L'Isle Verte, with serving this mission [from 1799-1804], ended up no longer finding any Indians, but rather French who already numbered 24 families in 1792, when they addressed the Bishop of Quebec for permission (Continued on page 7)



(*Native Peoples in the Upper St. John River Valley continued from page 6*)

to build a chapel.” [Plessis, p.124]

Indeed, it appears that the Church was purposely encouraging the Maliseet to settle down in Tobique. John Jennings, in his history of the Catholic Church in New Brunswick, notes that Father François Ciquard, assigned to the mission from 1794 to 1798, wrote to the Bishop of Québec:

“Ciquard reported his effort to deal with two difficulties associated with the Maliseet missions, the mobility of the population and the effects of alcohol. Father Ciquard’s approach was to try to settle the Maliseet at Tobique and insist that he would serve them only there or at Madawaska.

“Ciquard reported that shortly after his arrival in the colony, he had discussed the question of the settlement of the Maliseets with the governor in Fredericton, Thomas Carleton. He indicated that both he and the governor were in agreement that it was best that the Natives be given land at Tobique where they could take up agriculture and be protected from alcohol. This would then be the focus of the missionary’s service to them, although he would still have some traveling for special purposes and to serve the settlements of French Catholics. This cooperatoin with the British officials extended even to financial support, for the colonial authorities paid a stipend to the missionary serving the Natives in the St.John River Valley. For Ciquard, this stipend was £50...” [Jennings, p.127]

In 1801 the provincial government of New Brunswick officially set aside land at the confluence of the Tobique and St.John Rivers for the Maliseets:

On the 4th. of September 1801 an allotment was made to Neville Bernard for himself and his tribe of Melicete Indians on the East Side of the River Saint John, beginning opposite to the Tobique Rock and running up Stream until it comes opposite to the Mouth of the Restock [Aroostook] River. [Source: “Warrant of Survey to Mr Geo Morehouse Deputy Surveyor for Disbanded Officers and Men between Preque Isle and the Great Falls” in the PANB, RS637 1a. Primary Letter books 1. 1785-1789. Thanks to Norm DeMerchant for this info.]

Thus between the arrival of more and more Acadians and Canadians, and conscious efforts by the Province of New Brunswick and the Diocese of Quebec to resettle the Maliseet, the native population of the upper St.John continued to dwindle. Indeed, over the following years many of the Madawaska Maliseet moved downriver to Tobique:

“Bishop Plessis in the narrative of his tour in 1812 mentions this Indian Village [at the mouth of the Madawaska River], and says that most of the Indians had gone down the river at first to the Tobic and later to the Meductic Village, below Woodstock.” [Source: “Report by Messrs. Deane and Kavanagh,” edited by W.O. Raymond, in *Collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society* (St. John, N.B.) number 9 (1914), p.443.]

Given the rapid growth in the European-descent population of the Madawaska Settlement—by 1820 it had reached over 1,100—it seems that most of the Maliseet had either assimilated into the Acadian community or relocated to other Maliseet villages.

By 1831, about 45 years after the first Acadian settlers arrived, the Maliseet had been seriously reduced. During their survey of the inhabitants and land holdings in the Upper St.John River for the State of Maine in July 1831, John Deane and Edward Kavanagh noted, near the mouth of the Madawaska River, on the north bank (next to Simon Hébert), that the Indians have 3 or 4 houses apparently as commodious and comfortable as many of the houses of the white inhabitants, and have 20 or 30 acres of cleared land. There are only 5 or 6 families, the remnant of the tribe, which was numerous when the whites first began the settlement at Madawaska. [Source: “Report by Messrs. Deane and Kavanagh,” edited by W.O. Raymond, in *Collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society* (St. John, N.B.) number 9 (1914), p.443.]

Deane and Kavanagh also mention a few lots owned by Acadians that had been “improved by the Indians,” and/or had been “purchased from the Indians”; they also claimed that Simon Hébert, “who has a grant from the British and is clearing it”—the grant of 250 acres was dated May 16, 1825—had in

1829 or 1830, “by the aid of the British Civil Officer, turned out” (evicted) the Indians who lived on the land granted by the British. They note that the Indians had built 2 houses on that land, at the mouth of the Madawaska, which they described as having been “the headquarters of the Indians.” (Raymond, p.446).

The 1841 Perley Report on the First Nations of New Brunswick

In 1841 Moses Perley undertook a survey of the first nations population of New Brunswick for the provincial government. At Madawaska, he found 27 Malecite (5 men, 7 women, 6 boys, 9 girls) living at the mouth of the Madawaska River, the same families Deane and Kavanagh mentioned on their visit 10 years earlier. Here are his comments on these families:

“From the Tobique I proceeded to Madawaska, and visited the Indian Settlement at the mouth of the Madawaska River, where I found only twenty seven souls

“These Indians occupy an exceedingly beautiful and very fertile piece of ground, and their crop appeared in a promising state. They cultivate the land upon shares with one of their French neighbours; each party finds half the seed; the Frenchman sows, reaps and delivers them half the crop, as also half the grass from their meadow, which he also cuts and makes into hay. They sowed this year ninety bushels of Wheat and Oats, and thirty bushels of Potatoes, besides Peas, Beans and Flax. They have also fifty bushels of Potatoes planted by individuals on their sole account, and their farm has a very respectable appearance.

“The Captain of the Madawaska Settlement is named Louis Bernard, a very respectable industrious man, to whose sole exertions the prosperous state of the farm is to be attributed; He told me that he was upwards of fifty years of age; that he was born on the land, and that his father and grandfather were also born, lived, died and were buried on this spot. That when he was a boy, the Indians had a very considerable Village here, the wigwams standing in regular streets near the waterside; he pointed out to me the former site of their Village, and also (Continued on page 8)

*(Native Peoples in the Upper St. John River Valley continued from page 7)*

the boundaries that were assigned to the Tribe when he was a youth. Their land commenced on the bank of the Saint John, at a small Brook half-a-mile above the mouth of the Madawaska River, and extended down the Saint John, one mile and a half to a point of rocks jutting into the Stream, which point is now the boundary between the Indian land and the property of Alexander Albert.

"Within this tract a grant was made some years ago to \_\_\_\_ [note: in the original no name is given, instead a line is used-cg] on the East side of the Madawaska, of 200 acres. \_\_\_\_ purchased from an Indian who then resided on the land, a piece containing nine acres, which was marked out by stakes. Under color of this purchase, he succeeded in obtaining from the Crown a grant of 200 acres. Recently the Government had occasion to take possession of a portion of this grant, 400 yards square, on which to place a Block House, and other Public Works, when \_\_\_\_ demanded fifteen hundred pounds damages, but was eventually induced, or rather compelled, to take three hundred pounds, in satisfaction of his claim.

"That part of the Indian Reserve on the West side of the Madawaska, is now in the possession of \_\_\_\_, under a Licence of occupation at a nominal rent. \_\_\_\_ makes no use of this land, and appears to hold it with the hope of eventually obtaining title to it, and for that purpose only. Some years before \_\_\_\_ obtained a Licence to occupy this land, Pierre Denis, an Indian, had cleared and cultivated a portion of the front, on which he had built a small house, and was living very comfortably. Denis refused to give up possession, and finally an order was passed that \_\_\_\_ should pay to Denis a certain sum for his house, which was appraised at fifty dollars, and on the promise of that sum being paid, Denis quitted the land in 1837, and yielded up possession to \_\_\_\_.

"I saw Pierre Denis at Tobique; he is an old man, childless and in poor circumstances.

"On behalf of the Indians, I claim the land now held by \_\_\_\_ under the

license of occupation, and pray that he may be compelled to pay Pierre Denis the sum doe [sic] by appraisal for his improvements, or else allow him to re-occupy them. [...]

"With respect to the Madawaska Settlement, I have to state that Louis Bernard and his family are respectable, and well conducted; the other men there, devote themselves almost entirely to the chase [hunting], and, whenever they obtain money, spend it in drink. I think it would be advisable to let Bernard occupy a portion of this land during his life, and lease the rest for the benefit of the Tribe." [Source: "Report on Indian Settlements, &c," Extracts from Mr. Perley's First Report Respecting the Indians on the Saint John, 12th August 1841.]

From this description of life in Madawaska, as well as from Perley's comments about the Maliseet settlements down river from Madawaska, especially at Tobique, it was clear that by 1841 the native population was at the mercy of white settlers who were with impunity encroaching illegally on lands that had been recognized as belonging to the Maliseet population. According to Perley, these squatters—anglophones living in what is now Victoria County—"openly plunder the forest in the vicinity, of the most valuable Timber, and dispose of it, in the face of the Indians, whom they will scarcely allow to set foot upon the land, and invariably hunt oft like wild beasts, if they attempt to look after or prevent the trespasses which are constantly committed." In addition, Perley's comments also make clear that the goal of the provincial government was to "civilize" the Maliseet, that is, to force them to assimilate into the dominant culture, including forcibly removing them from their land if necessary.

### ***Maliseet Nation in the New Brunswick censuses***

Ten years after Perley's report, the 1851 New Brunswick census records 30 people described as "Indians" in the Madawaska settlement area, in about 5 or 6 families, living in the parish of St-Basile, including "Lewis Bernard." The families go by the names of Bernard,

Saulis, Ellis, Bear, and "Bellose" (probably Polchies). What is notable is that in 1851 they no longer are living at the mouth of the Madawaska (that is, in the parish of Madawaska), but rather seem to be living next to the church at St-Basile (Father Antoine Langevin, the pastor of St-Basile, is next door to Lewis Bernard).

By the 1881 census, there were 28 people listed as "Indians" living together in Madawaska Parish, members of the Bernard and Wallace families. The Saulis family had by 1861 moved to Perth.

Since in the United States Native Americans ("Indians") were exempt from taxation and were not counted in the regular US census, Maliseet families were probably not included in the various US censuses conducted in Madawaska from 1820 onward unless they had taken French names and assimilated into the community.

This is from the Columbia Encyclopedia entry for "Malecite / Maliseet":

"Malecite or Maliseet, Native North Americans whose language belongs to the Algonquian branch of the Algonquian-Wakashan linguistic stock. In the early 17th cent. they occupied the valley of the St. John River in New Brunswick, Canada. The French settlers in this area intermarried with the Malecite, thereby forming a close alliance with the indigenous people. Hence, during the colonial wars the Malecite supported the French against the English. They now live in New Brunswick, Quebec, and Maine. In 1990 there were about 1,700 Malecite in Canada and about 900 in the United States. See J. F. Pratson, *Land of the Four Directions* (1970)." [<http://www.bartleby.com/65/ma/Malecite.html>]

Currently, on the St-Basile IR 10, which is just outside of Edmundston, there are living 98 people in 51 dwellings.

The State of Maine recognized the Maliseet, along with the Micmac, as official tribes in 1974.

In 1989 the Province of Québec officially recognized the Maliseets (Malécites) as the eleventh Aboriginal nation in the province. Their territory in the province is divided between two reserves on the south shore of the Saint Lawrence River near the

*(Continued on page 9)*





(Our French Connection  
Thanks to Le Forum  
continued from page 3)

collecting 2 pennies, which were spent on candy enjoyed going back home.

I knew the rock, but never had peanut butter sandwiches or 7 cents for a soda. I don't remember having a picnic. A good example of how the economy improved in the short time of fifteen years.

Marie ended one letter saying, "I always admired your house and your family. It was dignity personified." I reflect again how one never knows what impressions someone else has of us. On the 'Hill' we all lived similar, far as what life had to offer in the 40s and 50s. Marie's description is both enlightening and humbling.

In one of my letters to Marie, I included copies of two chapters of a new book in progress, her reply was once again more gracious than deserving, "The wonders of words across a page must surely be a miracle. How else can lines of black scribble convey ideas, emotions that make us think, smile, cry, and make us see things in new ways. Surely, the word "miracle is not over-stating."

And I speculate again, who is the authentic poet, here?

The relationship I have with Marie S. Landry is founded on words, words we write to each other. We seem to have found something in common: a similar background of Franco/American heritage certainly; but the newness of our kinship possibly works to keep us buoyant in what we do, as well. I find Marie's work revealing in contents of its family history beginning with her ancestors who migrated to Maine from Quebec (translation of her mother's stories) and before she moved to another French speaking place, Jennings, Louisiana, as a newly married young woman. I find it interesting her mother wrote and kept a diary in French dialect. Plus, how Marie found the document important enough to transcribe it into English, believing in her heart her children will enjoy their grandmother's stories almost as much as having the pleasure of a visit.

I have asked Marie to write her perspective on how Le Forum was

instrumental in us finding each other or whatever important idea on the subject suiting to her. Odd that once our back-yards came very close to connecting, yet, it took Le Forum to bring

\* Permission given to quote from Marie Landry's letters when necessary

\*\* Le Forum Volume 33, #4, Ma Grand-Mère Sirois

## ANOTHER VIEW Marie S. Landry Jennings, LA



If the goal of Le forum is to, not only entertain and inform but to bring people of common interest together, then Le forum has succeeded on a very personal level

for two people, (happily and enthusiastically, I might add,) who live thousands of miles away from one another.

It pleases me very much to take this opportunity to thank Le forum for its good work and for what it benefits its readers, for without it, I would never have had the pleasure of corresponding with Mrs. Annette King, for whom I have such respect for her work and the fresh way I get to see things by her writings. Her poetry makes me feel things, like the night air, from an evening stroll.

It all started by my ordering her book *GROWING UP ON ACADEMY HILL*. And we struck up a correspondence because of our common interests. She has another book coming to print in the near future. I have already put in my order and awaiting its publication.

I am not only hopeful, but sincerely convinced that I have found a very special friend for life. This is not said lightly. When I was a young girl and still in grade school a nun wrote a poem in my autograph book of which I only remember these lines. But they are words to live by.

*Wouldn't this old world be better  
if the folks we meet would say  
I know something GOOD about you  
and then treat you just that way?*

(Native Peoples in the Upper St. John River Valley continued from page 8)

municipality of Rivière du Loup.

If you have any other information about the Wulustukieg/Malecite/Maliseet people in the Upper St. John River valley, either history or information about specific individuals or families, please let me know.

### Some links on the Malecite / Maliseet:

Micmac-Malecite Institute at the University of New Brunswick

Online exhibit of old photos of Maliseet from the Province of New Brunswick Heritage

Online photos of Micmac and Maliseet cultural objects from the Museum of Civilization in Hull

Maliseet and Mikmaq Vital Statistics from New Brunswick Church Records Online database containing records of the baptisms, marriages, and deaths of Maliseet and Micmac people living in New Brunswick.

Wabanaki Web ~ Maliseet Directory Information on the Malecite (Maliseet) language

Lots of links on Maliseet culture and history

"Micmac History" (includes information on Maliseet), by Lee Sultzman, on the First Nations / First Peoples Issues website

Tales from the Malecite from the Maine Folklife Center

Information on Malecites in the United States

The Aroostook Band of Micmacs

The Houlton Band of Maliseet

Indians

The Wulustuk Grand Council

Union of New Brunswick Indians

St. John River Valley Tribal Council

The Indians of Madawaska, a history of the Malecites and their interaction with Europeans, from the Acadian Genealogy Home Page

If anyone in the readership knows the rest of the poem and its author I hope that it finds its way to Le Forum for publication, I thank you in advance. And I thank Le forum for my new friend.

(Marie see page 24)

(More letters on page 10)

## 'HISTORY OF THE FRANCO AMERICAN WAR VETERANS'

In March of 1932 seven French Veterans of World War I met for the purpose of formulation plans to start a veterans organization for Veterans of French decent. These men were joined by other French Veterans and they met in September of 1932 when they declared themselves associated together at the "La Legion Franco-Américaine, des États-Unis d'Amérique". From then this group continued to gather names of individuals who would ultimately sign the charter and become incorporated as an organization. In early 1933, one hundred forty four (144) incorporators, who we call our charter members, requested from the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to grant them corporate status. On the 16th Day of May, 1933, the corporation's legal name was "La Legion-Américaine, des États-Unis d'Amérique".

From the mill city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, this is where Post #2 was formed, Post #3 was formed in Amesbury, Mass., forming Posts outside the Merrimac Valley, Posts were also formed in Fall River, New Bedford, Worcester, and other cities in Massachusetts.

In September of 1934 Wilfred J. Laplante of Lawrence was elected the first National Commander



with National Headquarters located in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

In 1948, French Veterans outside Massachusetts were organized in the state of Rhode Island on the 10th day of May, 1948. After the organization rooted itself in Connecticut, National Headquarters granted a State Charter to Connecticut on the 19th day of July, 1957.

Although New Hampshire has never had a State Charter, there were Posts started in Manchester and Dover, which have since disbanded.

In 1949 the Organization changed its Name to our present name of the "FRANCO AMERICAN WAR VET-

*Franco American  
War Veterans Inc.  
Post #31  
PO Box 882  
Lewiston, ME  
04243-0882*

ERANS INC." With the English Language being the official language of all government agencies within the United States of America, the official language of this organization was changed from French to English within this time period. However, any member has the privilege, at all times, to express themselves in the French Language.

In October of 1986, Post #31, the latest Post to become part of this Organization was founded in Lewiston, Maine. Since Maine does not have a State Department yet, Post #31 runs under the Department of Connecticut.



*Dear Editor,*

Thank you so much for the copies of 'Le Forum'. It was a pleasant surprise to receive them and I enjoyed reading all the articles.

Of particular interest to me was the article about the Native peoples in the Upper St. John River Valley. As you know, my roots go back to this region and it was a thrill to read about its early history.

My grandmother, Celina Parent was born in Van Buren in 1880, the daughter of Alexcis Parent and Phelonise Cyr. My great-great grandfather Chrysostome Cyr b. 1775, married Violette Thibodeau at St. Basile, N.B. in 1804.

Going back further, Jean (Baptist) Cyr II, b. 1714 had nine sons who all made the voyage from the

lower St. John River to be come the first settlers to found Madawaska.

Enclosed is a check for a subscription to 'Le Forum'.

Again, thank you for your thoughtfulness.

*Sincerely  
Gordon B. Boucher  
Inverness, FL*

**Send Mail to:**  
**Le Forum**  
**110 Crossland Hall**  
**Orono, ME 04469-5719**  
**or Email:**

***Lisa\_Michaud@umit.maine.edu***

*Dear Editor,*

I have enjoyed your magazine 'Le Forum' and I wish to continue receiving the journal of our past present ancestral news of Northern Maine.

I was born in Van Buren, Maine and after World War II, my family settled in Limestone, ME.

My father opened a General Store in 1945 and retired approximately 1974. We had many happy years!! Now, we are scattered around the United States. Peace!!

*James & Judith Gagnon  
West Lynn, MA*

*(More Letters on page 12)*

## A French Foreign Legionnaire in Waterville, Maine?

*Submitted by,  
Pearley A. Lachance*

Yes, that's what I discovered a few years ago while driving through Saint Francis Cemetery in Waterville. What caught my eye was a flag holder with the symbol of the famous French Foreign Legion. The reason for recognizing it is that my wife Alice and I spent two years (1975-1977) working in Sidi Bel Abbès, Algeria, the former headquarters of the Legion. The reason it was called Foreign was because most of the enlisted men were foreigners. Recruits were allowed to change their name and their past was ignored.

The mystery began with the gravestone and markers of Louis A. D'Argy (1875-1933) and his wife Wilhemine Fournier (1880-1960). First stop for information was at the Waterville Public Library to look up old Business Directories and found that he had been a dentist with an office at 179 Main Street and his home was at 104 Silver Street in Waterville.

In talking to seniors, it was difficult to find anyone that could recall any more details about this man. A year or so went by without any new information.

One day, I mentioned to a friend that I was doing research about World War II using scrapbooks filled with newspaper clippings from the Waterville Morning Sentinel. The friend brought out an old scrapbook that someone had given her. It is important to note that I had not mentioned anything about Dr. D'Argy. I opened the scrapbook and as it happens many times when you open a book it will unintentionally go to a section in the middle of the book. The headline where the scrapbook opened said "Dies Suddenly at Silver Street Home".

Now the story comes to life. Dr. D'Argy was born in Becancourt, P.Q. Canada on February 3, 1875. His parents were Louis N. D'Argy, notaire, and Adelaide de Billy. He began his education in Canada and subsequently went to France to complete his education earning an A.D. degree from St. Maixant Military School.

Upon graduation he entered the

Legion in 1892 as a second Lieutenant. Within 3 years he was promoted to first lieutenant in the famous "Premier Regiment Etranger".

During his career in the French Foreign Legion he served in many countries including Algeria, the headquarters of the Legion, Madagascar and Tonkin. His decorations for valor and bravery were, "L'ordres du Dragon d l'Annam, de la medaille du Tonkin, de la medaille de Madagascar, de la medaille de sauvetage et de la medaille militaire".

He returned briefly to Canada and finally moved to the United States and attended Dental School in Baltimore Maryland. In 1905 he married Wilhemine Fournier in Washington, D.C. He passed the Dental Board exam in 1906 and received his license to practice dentistry in Maine. This is when he decided to set up his practice in Waterville. Another exciting chapter of his life is about to begin. This is a man who gives the impression that he never did things in a small way. Giving of his time and talents unselfishly.

In his profession, he was a member of Kennebec Valley Dental Club, Maine Dental Society and New England Dental Society. His obituary said of him "He was the best of the best".

As a leading citizen of Waterville, he joined the Elks in 1911, the Rotary, was a director of Peoples Bank, director of the Waterville County Club. Dr. D'Argy never forgot his French roots. He was one of the founders of the Waterville Chapter of "Conseils Charland de L'Union St Jean Baptist", founder of "Cercle Francais", founder of "L'Association d'Epargne de Waterville. He was Chairman of the Board of the Waterville French newspaper "Le Franco-American" at the time of his death.

Is this the end of the story? No. I still felt a need to meet someone who could give me a personal account of who this man really was. So we returned to the cemetery to see if our Legionnaire could give us any more



*French Foreign Legion  
Marker*



*D'Argy Headstone in St.  
Francis Cemetery in Waterville*

clues to the man who had lived an incredible life in his short 58 years.

Each fall the cemetery administration advises the public through the Parish bulletin that if they have flowers that they want to retrieve that they must do it by a certain date. It just so happened we were driving by that final day 2007 and noticed a planter was still on his grave. My wife got the bright idea of taking it home for the winter and bringing it back for Memorial Day, 2008. It did very well with a lot of TLC from Alice. The plan was to return it in the spring with a note saying, "If you are related or knew Dr. D'Argy please contact me" When we returned to the cemetery prior to Memorial Day there was already a new planter. Darn, we'll have to wait one more year. We left the planter with the note.

Two weeks later the phone rings and the caller asked if I was the person who left the note with last year's planter. I

*(Continued on page 12)*



*(A French Foreign Legionnaire in Waterville, Maine? continued from page 11)*  
was overjoyed after all the many years of research, sometimes successful and other times dead ends. Who is this lady who in her nineties is still honoring this couple that has long been forgotten but at one time was so well known in Waterville?

Anne (Simpson) Koch is the godchild of Louis and Wilhemine D'Argy. A spry charming lady who graduated from Coburn Classical Institute 1935 and Colby College 1939. Mrs. Koch's father was George H. Simpson a prominent Franco-American merchant in Waterville in the early 1900s. A biography of him was featured in the book

"Franco-Americans of Maine 1915"

One of the personal stories that Mrs. Koch shared with us about Dr. & Mrs. D'Argy was that they never had children of their own. Dr. D'Argy had a cousin on his mother's side of the family a de Billy, who was a doctor in Riviere-au- Renard in Gaspé, PQ. Both his cousin and wife died prematurely leaving two children Louis and Marie Laure who were adopted by the D'Argys. They also took in a girl named Patricia, whose father had died in World War I.

The Waterville Morning Sentinel reported on his September 4, 1933 death:

"Death, last night, claimed one of Waterville's foremost French citi-

zen, Dr. Louis A. D'Argy, who succumbed to a heart ailment at his Silver Street at 10:15 o'clock." His funeral was held September 7<sup>th</sup> at Notre Dame Church and was attended by many dignitaries from all over New England

In conclusion, from sighting a flag holder in the cemetery to this amazing story of a man who was a devout Catholic, served in the military, returned to civilian life to become a dentist devoted to his profession, a prominent civic-minded citizen and a devoted father to his adopted children. His beloved wife was his partner in many of his activities and certainly played a large part in their happy home life.



*Anne (Simpson) Koch  
godchild of*

*Dr. Louis and Wilhemine D'Argy*



*Dr. Louis D'Argy*



*Wilhemine D'Argy*

*(More from Maine on page 26)*



*Dear Editor,*

Please find enclosed my check for two subscriptions, one for myself and the second for a friend.

If I owe more, please let me know at the email below.

The "Supplement Historique" are great, as is Le Forum itself. Frs Beland and Gousie are tow of our finest Franco-American heroes, two courageous men. They stood up for our people under tremendous pressure and did not cave-in, or give up. Each was a community builder, a leader, powerful but forgotten or unknown until now.

Best regards to you and Yvon

Labbé, and thanks for all you do.

Sincerely,  
June Turcotte

PS: Any chance you'd give me your recipe for pumpkin whoopie pies? They were delicious!

Thanks,  
June

*Dear June;*

Thanks for taking the time to write us, it's nice to hear from our readership.

For the Pumpkin Whoopie Pie Recipe see page 29 for several variations. Enjoy!

*La Rédactrice*

*To the Editor:*

I read in the 2008 Spring issue of Le Forum about the deportation of Richard Sitcha. I had read several other stories in Le Forum about his attempt to remain in the United States after his asylum was revoked in 2003. While I am not familiar with the facts of this case or the legal authority on which his deportation was based, it is clear from reading all the articles about Mr. Sitcha's plight that immigration judges, indeed, all judges, have a great deal of discretion in deciding cases such as these. The American Immigration Lawyers Association constantly complains that some immigration judges grant asylum to a rather small

*(Continued on page 13)*

(Continued on page 12)



percentage of the cases they hear compared to some of their more liberal colleagues. That is why we have an appeal procedure.

It is good to know that there are people in this world, such as Mr. Albert Marceau, who work tirelessly in a cause they believe in. His efforts on behalf of Mr. Sitcha remind me of the people of York, Pennsylvania who befriended Chinese asylum seekers 15 years ago.

Hopefully, Mr. Sitcha will be reunited with his relatives in the Cameroon and will be allowed to live in freedom in his country free of any fear for his personal safety. As a retired U.S. diplomat and Consular Officer, I do know that U.S. embassies abroad are cognizant of asylum seekers who have been denied asylum status in our country and sent back to their homeland. While our government cannot guarantee their safety, we encourage the host government to provide protection to all its citizens, even those who espouse unpopular opinions back home.

*Sincerely,*  
**Michael Guignard**

Montréal, le 11 novembre 2008

Le Parti indépendantiste, fondé le 3 février dernier, participe à ses premières élections générales en présentant une vingtaine de candidats dans différentes régions du Québec. Son slogan électoral L'indépendance, c'est maintenant! dit tout.

« Après 13 ans de néant sur la question nationale depuis le référendum volé de 1995, il était temps qu'un véritable parti indépendantiste voit le jour afin d'offrir aux Québécois la possibilité de voter pour l'indépendance du Québec lors des élections. Un vote pour le P.I. est un vote pour faire du Québec un pays libre et indépendant de langue française. Le P.I. ne propose pas de référendum pour réaliser l'indépendance. C'est par un vote majoritaire des élus de notre Assemblée nationale que l'indépendance du Québec sera déclarée » explique Éric Tremblay, le chef du P.I., qui se présente dans la circonscription de Taillon.

« Lors du référendum de 1995,

*Dear Editor;*

Enclosed is a US money order for my renewal to le Forum. I enjoy getting this periodical which has assisted me in having a greater appreciation and knowledge about my own Franco-American heritage.

I knew very little about my Franco-American heritage growing up in Haverhill, Massachusetts. My late mother was of polish decent and my late father was the grandson of an immigrant from Ile-Verte PQ and an immigrant was Ste Anne do Ruisseau NS. As was the case of so many Franco-America, my father's family quickly assimilated into the larger culture. Their knowledge of French soon disappeared along with the other traditions of their ancestors.

My interest in genealogy, which was sparked about ten years ago, has made me more aware of my paternal ancestry. I can thank Le Forum for increasing my awareness.

*Sincerely,*  
**Robert C. Laprel**  
**Haverhill, MA**

61 % de notre nation a voté OUI. Malheureusement, le PQ démissionnaire n'a pas su profiter de ce rapport de force préférant plutôt se replier dans l'attentisme des conditions gagnantes, de l'assurance morale de gagner, de la conversation nationale ou de la gouvernance souverainiste. Cette attitude de perdant a fait en sorte que plus de la moitié des indépendantistes, si l'on tient compte du taux d'abstention, n'ont pas voté pour le PQ ni en 2003, ni en 2007. Piégé par l'étapisme référendaire, le PQ ne réalisera jamais l'indépendance. Pour le PQ, l'indépendance, c'est un boulet qui l'empêche de prendre le pouvoir provincial. Pour le P.I., la prise du pouvoir doit servir à déclarer l'indépendance de notre nation qui célèbre cette année ses 400 ans d'histoire en terre d'Amérique » conclut le chef du Parti indépendantiste.

Contact : Érik Poulin  
Comité électoral national  
(514) 833-8950  
communications@parti-independantiste.org  
www.parti-independantiste.org  
Chef du Parti indépendantiste,  
Éric Tremblay, (514) 713-6478

*Dear Editor;*

In recent issues of Le Forum, I have read articles about Franco-American veterans in World War II and Korea. I would like to add an article about six Franco-Americans who fought and died in Vietnam. They were all from my home town, Biddeford, Maine. They ranged in age from 20 to 26 and all were killed within a two-year period between 1966 and 1968. They were all single although, according to relatives I have talked to, several left sweethearts behind.



**Norman Poitras**  
**May 25, 1946 - August 22, 1966†**

The first to be killed in Indochina was **Norman Poitras** who was born in Biddeford in 1946 and died on August 22, 1966. Norman grew up on a family farm in Lyman, Maine and was the son of French Canadian-born parents from St. Leonard, New Brunswick. He attended local schools and worked at the Webber Hospital in Biddeford before enlisting in the Marine Corps in December 1965. He was the youngest of 4 brothers and 6 sisters. One of his older brothers, Kenneth, remembers visiting his baby brother at Camp Lejeune, N.C. and Camp Pendleton, California, prior to Norman's shipping out to Vietnam.

In a recent phone conversation from his home in Southern California, Kenneth told me that the Poitras family was very close because they lived outside of town on 48 acres of land. "We all spoke French to our parents", recalled Kenneth, "and we were a family who shared the chores of the family farm where we had a large garden, raised dairy cows

(Continued on page 14)



(Vietnam Veterans  
continued from page 13)

and chickens, and occasionally boarded horses." Norman's favorite task was to turn the hand-cranked milk separator.

One of Kenneth's messages to his younger brother that he left on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. reads this way: *"Fairiest Flower, No sooner blossomed then blasted." (William Wordsworth) "Our baby brother, you were the last to join our family, but the first to leave us. I miss you and think of you as time goes by, more often in recent years. I have not forgotten a single thing about you, your hopes, your dreams and plans for life. One day we will talk together again."*

Marine Lance Corporal Poitras was killed in Chu Lai, near Danang, by a sniper while riding shotgun on a military truck headed back to camp after a patrol. Because he was the baby of the family, his loss was especially acute for the entire family, according to Kenneth. The family was also extremely proud of their son and younger brother. He received a full-military funeral with a twenty-one gun salute and his family treasured a letter the parents received from General William Westmoreland praising Norman's service in Vietnam and devotion to duty.



**Roger LaBonte "Eddie"**  
**Dec. 23, 1940 - Aug. 22, 1966†**

**Roger Labonte**, a second lieutenant in the army reserve, was born in 1940 and died in Vietnam on December 8, 1966, exactly twenty-five years after Franklin Delano Roosevelt delivered his famous "day that will live in infamy" speech. Labonte graduated from Biddeford High School in 1959, St. Dunstan's Univer-

sity on Prince Edward Island in 1962 and Nova Scotia Tech in 1964. In high school, he studied in the "college prep" track and hoped to go to the Air Force Academy. Adjacent his photo in his senior year high school yearbook is written:

*"Here's to Eddie quiet and shy  
Whenever help's needed  
he's standing by"*

He enlisted in September 1964 and went to officer candidates school and joined the 1st Cavalry Division. He was stationed in Germany before arriving in Vietnam in July 1966.

At the web site [ <http://www.thewall-usa.com> ] [www.thewall-usa.com](http://www.thewall-usa.com), one fellow veteran wrote this to Mr. Labonte:

*"We all miss you so. When I arrived in the 1st Cav 90 days after your death the Battalion Commander said if I were half the soldier you were I would be great. You always set the bar high then exceeded it. He saw how wonderful you were in such a short time. God Bless you in Heaven"*

His obituary in the Biddeford-Saco Journal listed his mother and father, Camille and Irene Cabana Labonte, who still lived in the Mill City when their son died. Because he attended parochial elementary school and because he grew up in Biddeford in the 1940's and 1950's, he spoke French as a child and young teenager, if not as a grown-up.

**Reynald Lepage** was born on April 12, 1947 and died in Vietnam soon after turning 20 years old – on May 25, 1967. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1965 after attending local schools and working at Snyder's grocery store on Alfred Street and local shoe shops. He received his basic training at Camp LeJeune and was then sent to Okinawa where he broke his ankle and was furloughed back to the U.S. for rest and recuperation. He had been in Vietnam only 10 days when he was killed in Quang Tri province by hostile ground fire.

I knew Reynald Lepage since we were less than a year apart in age and both grew up in a relatively small town. We bowled together in youth leagues at the Pastime Lanes. I remember he was a happy go-lucky kid with a ready smile who spoke French and was a com-

municant of St. Andre's parish, where before Vatican II masses were in French.

In an interview almost 40 years ago, his mother told me that she had had to change her telephone number to an unlisted one because after Reynald was killed in action, she would receive crank calls at odd hours. I never forgot that little old lady grieving for her son and bewildered about calls which we both presumed came from those who opposed the war.

Biddeford's newest War Memorial is located at the corner of Alfred and Pool Street. The Memorial lists the city's war casualties in our country's major conflicts including Vietnam. It is located less than 250 yards from where Mr. Lepage was living when he entered the Marine Corps.



**Robert Dechene**  
**March 12, 1944 - Sept. 17, 1967†**

**Robert Dechene** joined the army and was a helicopter pilot at the time he was killed in Vietnam on September 17, 1967, two months and a day after arriving in-country. Born in 1944, Mr. Dechene graduated from St. Louis High School in 1962 after attending parochial grammar school, where instruction was in French for almost half the day. He made the Dean's List all four years of high school and was the treasurer of his senior class.

At the website [ <http://www.thewall-usa.com> ] [www.thewall-usa.com](http://www.thewall-usa.com) Chuck Cuttress, a veteran who served with Mr. Dechene, wrote this in 2003: *"I remember Mr. Dechene just like it was yesterday, one of the best pilots in D. Company, and often relive the day of the ambush. Rest in peace Mr. Dechene.* Mr. Cuttress' e-mail address is [ <mailto:sittindux@yahoo.com> ] [sittindux@yahoo.com](mailto:sittindux@yahoo.com) Our troops were certainly in harm's way in Vietnam and helicopter pilots flying over heavily-forested areas could legitimately have been described as sitting ducks. (Continued on page 15)





(Vietnam Veterans  
continued from page 14)

On the page of "the wall" website dedicated to Robert Dechene, below Mr. Cuttress's entry, another veteran wrote :  
*"Heroes are not Forgotten"*  
*"Poor is the Nation that has no Heroes,,,Shamefulis the one that, having them,,,Forgets."* We never met,,,We answered thecall,,,We did our duty,,,Some gave their all for a thankless Nation. Gone fromthis Earth,,,But not forgotten. Robert, May you Rest in Peace,,,Hero.

Biddeford's last two combat deaths in Vietnam occurred two days apart. Herve Guay was killed on June 2, 1968 and Raymond Borduas on June 4, 1968. One day later, Sirhan Sirhan gunned down Robert Kennedy. After June 4, Biddeford did not lose any more of its native sons to the Vietnam War and the United States lost its most prominent presidential hopeful who was pledging to end our involvement in that war quickly.

Born in 1945, **Marine Lance Corporal Guay** was killed in action just two months short of his 23rd birthday in Quang Nam, South Vietnam from hostile ground fire. He had been in Vietnam for 9 months. The son of Narcisse Guay, Lance Corporal Guay, had grown upon the eastern side of the city in St. Andre's Parish. His home address listed in his obituary was 5 LaFayette Street, right off Pool Street. Inever went to school with Mr. Guay but met him through some classmates at St.Louis High School who were from St. Andre's Parish. Looking through notes that I made 40 years ago when reading his obituary, I had written that he was tall, friendly and spoke French.

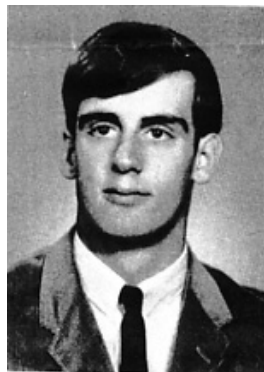
Having grown up in Biddeford, which in the 1950s wascertainly more insular and not as cosmopolitan as it is now (no cable TV, no TVin fact for many of us until the mid-1950s, no internet, fewer travelopportunities), Mr. Guay must have felt a certain amount of culture shock and loneliness when he was sent to Vietnam, even given the close camaraderie of hismarine unit. His home town in the U.S. could not have been farther from Vietnam – some 10,000 miles away. But the internet entries under

his nameat [ <http://www.thewall-usa.com> ][www.thewall-usa.com](http://www.thewall-usa.com) try to assure him that he is not alone or forgotten.

*From a WWII /Korea War Veteran Marines Daughter!~ LCPL Guay~ I never had the honor to have known you you gave the ultimate sacrifice on June 2, 1968. I was a little girl then. My Father served in the Marines in WWII & Korea. I wanted to thank you for your courage and bravery! Semper Fi, You Are Not Forgotten! Rest Well, and May G-D Bless you Always, Herve Jun 7, 2008*

*Honoring another brave Marine today. I did not know you but will never forget your sacrifice and service to our Country and our Corps. Rest in Peace Marine. You served with Honor. Semper-fi. Cpl.Harton, USMC Ret. Vietnam 1967 5th Marines Sunday, August 27, 2000*

*ANONYMOUS AND GRATEFUL  
 HOW CAN ONE SO YOUNG  
 CAN GIVE THEIR LIFE FOR THEIR  
 COUNTRY AND SO FEW ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR SACRIFICE. SOME OF US CARE. THANK YOU SEEMS SO INADEQUATE BUT IS ALL I HAVE.  
 Sunday, August 28, 2005*



**Raymond Borduas**  
**September 29, 1947 - June 4, 1968†**

Raymond Borduas was by far the most decorated of Biddeford'scombat veterans. He was killed inaction at the age of 20 less than 34 days after arriving in country. He was awarded the Purple Heartposthumously on July 3, 1968 and earned 6 other medals and ribbons for gallantry in Vietnam. At the time he died, I was working for the summer at Saco

Defense which was then called Maremont Corporation, which made the M-60 machine gun. His father, Gerard Borduas, a World War II veteran, worked there also so news of his son's death spread quickly on the plant floor. I remember visiting Gerard Borduas at his home on Graham Street later that summer and seeing a photo of Raymond in his marine uniform with his Purple Heart and his other military medals prominently displayed nearby. The family was still grieving and his father mentioned to me that he never watched any television programs or news casts about the war because of the painful memories they brought back to him.

Mr. Borduas graduated from St. Louis High School in 1966. After attending college, heenlisted in the marines in May 1967. He played football in high school on a team that won the State Championship. I remember seeing him often at high school dances at St. Joseph's parish hall. I have spoken to a number of his classmates who all remembered him fondly. It was noted in his obituary that his "cheerful disposition, uprightness and devotion to duty won for him the respect of all who knew him." In Mr. Borduas' case, these descriptions of his personality and character were not merely clichés. His funeral mass at St. Joseph's Church was an elaborate affair. He was buried with full military honors with the honor guard having travelled from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The Sisters of the Presentation of Mary and the Brothers of Christian Instruction who had taught him in both French and English sent delegations also. It was a tragic end to what would have been a promising future.

The brothers and sisters and other relatives of these 6 young casualties of war who no longer live in the Biddeford area (most of Norman Poitras' 9 siblings live out of state, for instance) can rest assured that they have not been forgotten by the area's residents. All their names appear on Biddeford's war memorial and local veterans groups place flags at veterans' gravesites eachMemorial and Veterans' Day.

It is ironic that all of Biddeford's young men who fell in Vietnam were killed before 1969. As many readers

(Continued on page 16)



(Vietnam Veterans  
continued from page 14)

of Le Forum know, it was in 1969 that state representatives Emilien Levesque and Leon Lebel joined state senator Elmer Violette and presented a bill in Augusta that would repeal a law, passed fifty years earlier (on April Fool's Day, 1919 to be exact) that "prohibited the use of French in public schools outside of high school French classes." That law, write Ross and Judy Paradis of Frenchville, had prevented Franco students

from speaking French even in the school yard and had "spawned frustration, anger and psychological scars among several generations of students" especially in Northern Maine where it was more vigorously enforced. Of the 343 military personnel from Maine who died in Vietnam, sixty-one had Franco surnames. They too received a measure of vindication when this "racist" law, "greatly influenced by the Ku Klux Klan" in Maine and "a manifestation of the paranoia that (had) gripped the WASP establishment in the state, which was bent on suppressing the perceived threat posed by any group of immigrants that did not fit the narrow

confines of the White-Anglo-Saxon Protestant model" was finally repealed.

See "The Silent Playground" by Judy and Ross Paradis in Voyages: A Maine Franco American Reader, Nelson Madore and Barry Rodrigue, eds, (Tilbury House, 2007) pp. 428-440

Michael Guignard, is the author of La Foi- La Langue- La Culture The Franco-Americans of Biddeford, Maine, and was awarded the Georgia Tru-low Memorial Award by the Biddeford Historical Society in 2007 for "Outstanding Dedication and Service in the Preservation of Biddeford Maine History".

***Below: The names of the soldiers can be found on the Vietnam Memorial Wall and which panel of the wall the name may be located...***

**NORMAN GERALD JOS POITRAS**

**LCPL - E3 - Marine Corps - Regular**

**Length of service 1 years**

**Casualty was on Aug 22, 1966**

**In QUANG NAM, SOUTH VIETNAM**

**HOSTILE, GROUND CASUALTY**

**GUN, SMALL ARMS FIRE**

**Body was recovered**

**Panel 10E - Line 27**

**ROGER EDWARD LA BONTE**

**2LT - O1 - Army - Reserve**

**1st Cavalry Division**

**Length of service 2 years**

**His tour began on Jul 23, 1966**

**Casualty was on Dec 8, 1966**

**In , SOUTH VIETNAM**

**HOSTILE, GROUND CASUALTY**

**GUN, SMALL ARMS FIRE**

**Body was recovered**

**Panel 13E - Line 22**

**REYNALD GERARD LEPAGE**

**PFC - E2 - Marine Corps - Regular**

**Length of service 0 years**

**Casualty was on May 25, 1967**

**In QUANG TRI, SOUTH VIETNAM**

**HOSTILE, GROUND CASUALTY**

**MISADVENTURE**

**Body was recovered**

**Panel 20E - Line 104**

**ROBERT NORMAND DECHENE**

**WO - W1 - Army - Reserve**

**Length of service 0 years**

**His tour began on Jul 16, 1967**

**Casualty was on Sep 17, 1967**

**In BINH DINH, SOUTH VIETNAM**

**HOSTILE, GROUND CASUALTY**

**GUN, SMALL ARMS FIRE**

**Body was recovered**

**Panel 26E - Line 83**

**HERVE JOSEPH GUAY**

**LCPL - E3 - Marine Corps - Regular**

**Length of service 1 years**

**His tour began on Sep 29, 1967**

**Casualty was on Jun 2, 1968**

**In QUANG NAM, SOUTH VIETNAM**

**HOSTILE, GROUND CASUALTY**

**MISADVENTURE**

**Body was recovered**

**Panel 61W - Line 12**

**RAYMOND ARTHUR BORDUAS**

**PFC - E2 - Marine Corps - Regular**

**Length of service 0 years**

**His tour began on May 5, 1968**

**Casualty was on Jun 4, 1968**

**In QUANG TRI, SOUTH VIETNAM**

**HOSTILE, GROUND CASUALTY**

**OTHER EXPLOSIVE DEVICE**

**Body was recovered**

**Panel 60W - Line 8**

(N.D.L.R.: Ceci est le premier installment de « Waterbury L'exilé » par Alice Gélinas. Voir la prochaine édition de Le Forum pour plus.)

## WATERBURY

### L'exilé

par Alice Gélinas  
Waterbury, CT

*Un Canadien séduit par un mirage  
Rêvait un soir sous un bel oranger  
Le pauvre enfant songeait à son village  
Seul, sans espoir, sous un ciel étranger  
Son oeil errait à l'horizon de flamme  
L'ennui, l'ennui jaillissait de son âme  
Comme captif, il se mit à chanter.*

À ma naissance, je ne pesais que cinq livres et comme mes deux soeurs aînées : Yvonne et Irène, j'avais les cheveux roux. J'étais la cinquième de la famille. J'avais un frère plus grand que moi : Armand, Henri n'avait vécu que quelques mois.

J'ai marché sur le tard, mais on m'a dit que j'ai rampé très tôt et que j'aimais barboter dans la cuvette remplie d'eau, éclaboussant le plancher. Ma mère mettait fin à mes ébats, m'assoyait sur le lit pour me sécher. Je piquais une grosse colère, et je lui criais des noms. Elle trouvait ça drôle.

Mes parents possédaient une terre dans le Petit-Quatre à St-Boniface. Nous avions l'espace et la liberté. La vie s'écoulait simplement et nous étions heureux.

Ma mère était une brunette aux yeux bleus. Mon père l'aimait infiniment.

Par contraste, lui, était robuste, large d'épaules, et je comprends qu'auprès de lui, elle se sentait en sécurité. En plus, elle paraissait bien. Il avait les cheveux bruns et ondulés et un beau toupet relevé. Il avait aussi une moustache.

Lorsqu'elle allait lui aider sur la ferme, Yvonne me gardait dans la grange, pendant qu'Irène et Armand poursuivaient les souris des champs dans les prés. Yvonne avait environ huit ou neuf ans. Un jour, excédée, elle donna une poussée au carrosse dans lequel je me trouvais...Je tombais dans le foin.

Auparavant, le père de ma mère: Alphonse Lavergne, ainsi que son épouse: Délia Blais et leurs cinq enfants avaient émigré à New-Bedford, Massachusetts. C'est à cet endroit que ma mère est allée à l'école pour ensuite se trouver un emploi dans une usine de textile.

Grand-père Alphonse ne figure pas parmi les noms de la paroisse de St-Sévère, mais je sais que c'est là que la famille a été élevée.

Ils ont dû partir de là encore jeunes car ses enfants sont tous nés à St-Mathieu. Maman est venue au monde en 1886. Nous en savons toujours moins sur le côté des femmes, car elles perdaient leur nom en se mariant.

Après quelques années aux États-Unis, la famille revint à St-Mathieu en 1907. Ils se sont établis sur une terre.

Mon grand-père paternel: Elie Gélinas et sa femme Annie Hill avaient une ferme à St-Boniface.

J'ignore en quelle circonstance, mes parents se sont rencontrés car ils n'habitaient pas la même paroisse.

Pour la compréhension de la



Alice Gélinas

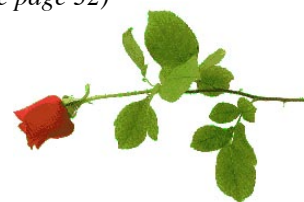
généalogie, mes ancêtres vinrent de France, sauf ma grand-mère paternelle qui était de souche Irlandaise.

Papa n'a pas connu son grand-père Hill. Celui-ci est mort jeune. Sa femme : Phillie est décédée à l'âge de vingt-six ans. Donc, la mère de papa : Annie était orpheline de mère, et elle fut prise en élève par les Gélinas du coin du Grand-Quatre. Son père: James Hill se remaria et alla chercher sa fille. Cinq ans plus tard, il décéda, les Gélinas l'ont accueillie de nouveau et l'ont gardée jusqu'à son mariage avec Elie Gélinas, son petit-cousin, car leurs pères étaient cousins-germains. Avec une dispense, on pouvait se marier entre petits-cousins.

Ils sont allés demeurer à St-Mathieu et c'est là que mon père est né.

Quand ils ont eu la chance de revenir au Grand-Quatre, elle a été très heureuse, car Annie s'ennuyait sans bon sens, à St-Mathieu, son chez elle, son monde, c'était le Grand-Quatre.

(Suite page 32)



La maison ou je suis née



Mes parents:  
Élizée Gélinas & Dézolina Lavergne



# Franco-American Day at the Connecticut State Capitol

*Text and Photos by  
Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT*

Franco-American Day was celebrated on Tues. June 24, 2008 in the Hall of Flags in the Connecticut State Capitol with speeches, music and food, from 11AM to 1PM. State Sen. Gary LeBeau, (D-3rd Dis.), of East Hartford and his staff organized the event, as well as the aid of State Rep. Russell Morin (D-28th Dis.) of Wethersfield, and Helene Labrecque of the Ladies Guild at the French Social Circle in East Hartford. Approximately 150 people attended the event, according to State Sen. LeBeau's office.

State Sen. LeBeau gave the main speech that was a brief chronology of famous French persons in either U.S. or Connecticut history, such as the Mar-

quis de Lafayette (whose field cot was on display in the Hall of Flags), E.I. du Pont, Paul Revere, John C. Garand and Augustin "Lefty" Dugas. State Rep. Morin read Gov. Jodi Rell's proclamation. The representative of the Quebec Government to New England, France Dionne, also gave a speech. Helene Labrecque gave a fun speech that honored all who came to the event, for she read their names, alphabetically by surname. Susan Paquette, the President of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, was the last speaker before the refreshments were served.

The other elected officials who gave speeches before Sen. LeBeau gave

his speech on Franco-American history were State Attorney General Richard Blumenthal, State Sen. Donald Williams (D-29th Dis.), State Comptroller Nancy Wyman, Former State Sen. Billy Ciotto represented U.S. Rep. John Larson (D-1st Dis.), and Ellen Paul represented U.S. Rep. Joe Courtney, (D- 2nd Dis.).

Fr. Alvin J. Leblanc of St. Ann's Church in Bristol led the opening and closing prayers for the ceremony.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung by Kimberly Jacques, and Kenny Brand sang "Gens du Pays," accompanied by Scott Drouin on guitar. Traditional French-Canadian fiddle music was performed by Daniel Boucher, Collette Fournier, Raymond Pelletier, and Donna Hebert. While the fiddle music played, refreshments were served which featured meat pie and there was a contest who cooked the best sugar pie.

The Franco-American Day at the Connecticut State Capitol was enjoyable, and after the festivities, there were tours of the building for those who attended the event.



*"Scott Drouin plays the guitar while Kenny Brand sings 'Gens du pays' by Gilles Vigneault, as the flag of Quebec is raised on the Connecticut State Capitol."*



*"State Sen. Gary LeBeau (D-3rd Dis.) of East Hartford, reads a proclamation during the ceremonies of Franco-American Day in the Hall of Flags in the Conn. State Capitol. Standing next to him is Helene Labrecque of the Ladies Guild of the French Social Circle. Seated are State Rep. Russell Morin (D-28th Dis.) of Wethersfield, Fr. Alvin LeBlanc of St. Ann Church in Bristol, Conn., and France Dionne, Rep. of the Quebec Government to New England."*



*"Susan Paquette, President of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Conn., addresses the audience for Franco-American Day about the Henri E. Carrier Memorial Library of the FCGSC, and how one's own family history is history unto itself."*



*"The Quebec Flag flies on the Conn. State Capitol."*

## 25 Years of the FCGSC:

### Part Four, Profiles of Two of the Nine Founders

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

In the previous installment in *Le Forum*, dated Spring/Summer 2008, three of the five living founders of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut were profiled, namely Paul Hebert, Leon Guimond and Marcel Guerard. In the Fall/Winter 2007 issue of *Le Forum*, the then four deceased founders of the FCGSC were profiled, namely Ethel Hodgdon, Paul Quintin, Lorraine Rivers Harlow and Henri E. Carrier. In the current installment of the series, the remaining two of the nine founders are profiled – Laurette Dugas Billig and Lionel DeRagon.

*The Genealogist*, Feb. 1979). In the same issue of *The Genealogist*, one can read the names of two other founders of the FCGSC – Lionel DeRagon (No. 857) and Henri Carrier (No. 865). Other founders of the FCGSC who were members of the ACGS before they founded the FCGSC are Lorraine Harlow No. 12, Leon Guimond No. 577, Marcel Guerard No. 1234, and Paul Quintin No. 1235.

Laurette Dugas Billig is listed as a Director on the Incorporation Papers of July 17, 1981 for the FCGSC, and on the earliest surviving membership list of September 1981, she is listed as member No. 7 of the society. Both sources list her home address as South Windsor, Conn. On Sun. Sept. 19, 1982, she was elected to the office of Director in the first election of officers for the FCGSC, held at the French Social Circle (FSC) on 981 Park Street in Hartford. On Sun. Sept. 25, 1983, she was re-elected to the same office in the second election of the FCGSC, again held at the FSC. On Sat. May 19, 1984, she was elected to the office of Corresponding Secretary in the third election of the FCGSC, held at the East Hartford Public Library, as reported in the *FCGSC Newsletter*, Aug. 1984. On

Sun. May 19, 1985, she was re-elected as the Corresponding Secretary in the FCGSC election held at the FSC. On Sat. June 7, 1986, she was re-elected as the Corresponding Secretary in the FCGSC election held at the South Windsor Public Library. On Sat. May 16, 1987, in the first election of the FCGSC held in the Old Tolland County Courthouse, Henri Carrier was elected as the Corresponding Secretary, and to quote the report from the *Connecticut Maple Leaf*, Summer 1987:



“Robert Caron and Laurette Dugas Billig, Sept. 24, 1989, FCGSC Archives, DeRagon Collection.”

“President Henri E. Carrier (#1), who now calls Tolland his home of record, will take over the duties of [the] Corresponding Secretary in September, replacing our own Laurette Dugas Billig (#7).” For the next four years, Laurette Billig did not hold any elected office at the FCGSC.

Laurette Dugas Billig was elected again as a Director of the FCGSC on Sat. June 1, 1991, as reported by Recording Secretary Joan B. Wood (No. 480 FCGSC) in the unpublished meeting minutes of the society. The General Membership Meeting was held in the Old Tolland County Courthouse, and Rec. Sec. Wood noted: “Laurette Billig was nominated to complete a one year term

for Paul Keroack [No.157 FCGSC] ...,” since he was nominated as Vice-President of the society. Both Billig and Keroack and eight others were elected to their offices by one vote, that of the Recording Secretary, since there were no contests for the open offices. On Sat. June 6, 1992, Laurette Billig was re-elected for a two-year term to the office during the General Membership Meeting, called the “Tenth Annual Meeting,” held in the Old Tolland County Courthouse, as reported by Rec. Sec. Wood in the unpublished meeting minutes of the FCGSC. The General Membership Meeting of Sat. June 11, 1994 did not have an election of officers, as reported by Rec. Sec. Dianne B. Lenti (No. 533 FCGSC), in the unpublished meeting minutes of the society. John J. Spaulding (No. 858 FCGSC) replaced

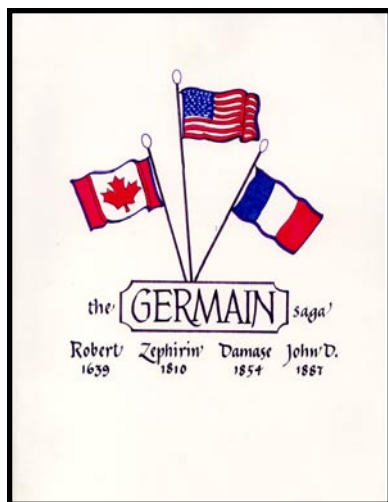
Laurette Billig as a Director, although it is not clear as to when the change occurred. On the inside front cover of the Winter 1993 *Connecticut Maple Leaf (CML)*, there were eight directors listed, one of whom is Laurette Billig, and on the inside front cover of the Summer 1994 *CML*, seven of the eight directors are the same, with the exception of Laurette Billig, whose name does not appear on the new list, and is replaced by that of John J. Spaulding. The last time Laurette Billig’s name is cited in the unpublished meeting minutes of the FCGSC are those of the Board of Governors Meeting for Sept.

18, 1993, in which she is listed as absent with three other directors. The first time John Spaulding’s name is cited in the unpublished meeting minutes are those of the Staff Meeting Notes for April 16, 1994, in which he is cited as: “... currently working [on] data entry of obituaries, and [the] library card catalog.” Spaulding’s name appears among the directors of the FCGSC in the “Staff Meeting Notes of Sept. 10, 1994” and the minutes of the Board of Directors Meeting of Sept. 10, 1994, both taken on the same day by Rec. Sec. Lenti. The change in officers became official at the General Membership Meeting of Sat. Oct. 1, 1994, when

(Continued on page 35)

## The Germain Saga

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



### Our Hilly Farm

Because there was a lot of work involved in farming 240 acres of land, Dad had hired help. Mixed farming – hay, alfalfa, growing crops of wheat, oats, barley, corn, raising 33 milking cows, chickens, turkeys etc – demanded long hours of work.

Land breaking forty acres required eight horses at the plow. Dad, the hired man, Delore, and Andrew were finally able to get the job done. Rutabaga seeds were thrown by hand on the freshly turned land. The soil was rich and produced an abundance of large tasty rutabagas. One cellar room was filled to the brim. In the fall, wagon loads of this vegetable were sold in New Richmond, Somerset, and even in St. Paul.

“Mom, what do we have for dinner?” we asked.

“Rutabagas today,” she answered.

“And tomorrow?” the boys demanded.

“Rutabagas with potatoes and gravy,” Mom responded.

“And the day after?” shouted the girls.

Mom smiled and said, “Potatoes, gravy, and rutabagas.” We ate a lot of them that year.

When Dad began farming in 1913, there were no gang plows, combines, or tractors. Farming involved hard work.

As time passed, new equipment was on the market. In 1939, Dad bought a new tractor. Horses were no longer needed to do the heavy work. The Minneapolis-Moline tractor was the power that saved time and did the work more efficiently.

Hand milking 33 cows twice a day was a cooperative effort shared by all who were old enough to do so. Sometimes the work was fun. Delore always sang as he milked cows. The milk flowed fast or slowly according to the tempo of the song. Andrew was a perfect milk squirter. He aimed at me. My response was a fast chase around the farm yard until Andrew was caught and given a few punches.

Grandpa Beseau and the boys helped Dad chop wood, and pile it southeast of the shed. It was great fun climbing up the mountain-like woodpile. Aunt Noray, who was our age, joined us in our wood games.

Mom spent many hours each day cooking and baking. Every week she baked fourteen loaves of bread. Coming home from school we could smell the freshly baking bread. We ran into the kitchen where Mom had buttered slices for us. She made the best soup in our largest kettle. By the end of the meal we could see the bottom. For breakfast we often had piles of crêpes, suzettes, or French toast. Other favorites were: la grosse crêpe, dumplings, floating islands (des oeufs à la neige), Turkey with Mom's delicious dressing. Her baked beans were her specialty, and her pies were the best – lemon, raisin, strawberry, rhubarb, apple, raspberry, and meat pie (tourtière). Everyone, especially the children loved her molasses cookies. Barbara Germain Turner is keeping up the tradition. From Grandma Germain's recipe, she makes molasses cookies exactly like Mom's.



Joshua Germain with a  
molasses cookie.

Before we went to mass on Sunday morning, we chased and caught a chicken or two for our dinner. It was really fresh!

Mom was an excellent cook, but she was also a top seamstress. The WHITE sewing machine was operated by a foot pedal. Sometimes in the evening when all the children were sound asleep, Mom would sew until midnight to make something new for us. How happy we were to don a new outfit for Easter!

Besides the housework – cooking, cleaning, washing, and taking care of the children. Mom did the gardening and canning. She also helped Delore and Andrew raise turkeys. The little money she made was spent on house improvements.

There were hard times in the late twenties and early thirties. During the Great Depression every member of the family old enough to work, did their share to earn a little money. Among the delicacies in some restaurant in Somerset were frog legs. In the swampy areas, not far from home, big frogs were plentiful. Delore, Andrew, Claire, and myself were expert frog catchers. When one was sighted, it was important to quietly and quickly grab the slimy creature and bag it. Before long, our gunny sacks were full, and the frogs were turned in for cash -- 20¢ a lb. It took many frogs to make a pound, but the work was also fun.

### Fun Times Together

Every season on the farm had something special for us to enjoy. In the fall, we looked for hazelnuts. Aunt Naray and Uncle Phil (our age) came with us in search for these nuts-bearing trees. We came back with several gunny sacks full. The Sacks were hoisted onto the flat roof of the chicken coop where the nut clusters were spread over the roof to dry. Later, we had a shelling party with visions of winter evenings by the fire where the cracking of nuts alternated with the crackling fire.

The good times our family enjoyed together were an important part of our lives. What made them special was the fact that both Mom and Dad had fun with us. Winter evenings were spent in a variety of ways. We did gymnastics and tricks with Dad. He passed

(Continued on page 21)



*(Germain Saga continued from page 20)*

a broom stick under him in one sweep, as he lay on the floor face down. We admired his agility, but could not do it.

Only after the homework was completed were we allowed to play cards with Dad. Five hundred or cocu were the favorite games. Another popular game was Old Maid. Matching the cards with funny names brought on fits of laughter - Ivah Lipstick, Jasbo Jackson, Sally Splash, etc.

Winter sports were special in our family. As we lived on a very hilly farm, skiing and tobogganing were part of our special activities. Delore and Andrew built a ski jump at the bottom of our highest hill. Andrew went down first and yelled, "Ella, I dare you to come down." I work the dare and flew down over the ski jump, and made a perfect landing. "Wow," echoed in the valley.

Before Lent began, there were several days of neighborhood parties which lasted until the wee hours of the morning. Uncle Fred played the accordion and the violin, and Dad sang the square dance calls. We sang and danced all through the night. On Ash Wednesday everyone went to church to receive ashes on their forehead and to begin the forty days of penance in preparation for Easter.

Easter Sunday was a day to rejoice, "The Lord is Risen." Mom had

sewed for days to make something new for us to wear on Easter. Back home from church, the younger ones around the yard looking for Easter Rabbit eggs!

During the summer, the family looked forward to the weekly Saturday swim as River Dale. Each one found a bush for a dressing room. We enjoyed watching Dad swim under the water.

Washing clothes was a chore which lasted hours. Many loads of laundry had to be washed by using a machine that was hand operated. In the fall of 1925, we came home from school to find a new Maytag. We joined hands and danced around it singing, "We have a Maytag, we have a Maytag."

Birthday celebrations in our family were during March and through the month of August. To go with Dad to New Richmond was a treat. The one celebrating had the joy of choosing and paying for a box of cracker jacks for one nickel. Back home everyone watched the opening of the box, and the excitement of finding the prize.

Once a year during the summer our family went to visit Tante Louise and Oncle Baribeau in Georgetown, Wisconsin, about 50 miles away. We left early in the morning to arrive on time for Mass in a small church in Balsam Lake. An Indian priest was the celebrant.

After a delicious meal and visiting with our cousins, we went to watch an Indian pow-wow. We had never seen Indians before. The costumes and dances were an interesting insight into their culture.

Dad bought a Shetland pony named Speed for Leo, Dennis, and Ralph. He was an interesting pet who sometimes played tricks on the boys. Speed wouldn't move. One day Andrew came home to visit. He said, "I'll show you how to ride him." Speed took off, and then stopped abruptly, throwing Andrew in the air several yards away.

Family reunions are happy occasions when everyone comes back to the farm with happy grandchildren. Mom and Dad spent days preparing for the day. They bought groceries, set up the pins for the horseshoe game, and checked the volleyball net. All enjoyed the delicious meal, played games, sang and reminisced. Sometimes the family meets to play pauper's poker, 500, or cribbage. It is great just being together. The evening usually ends by singing songs we learned from Mom and Dad's rich repertoire.

Swings are popular with children, but on our farm, they were part of our special fun. Dad tied a rope to a strong branch, and cut a board with notches on each end. We sat comfortable and securely on the board and swung high and low. There were also tire swings and four seated lawn swings. For the daring and adventurous, there was the big swing in the barn. When there was no straw in the barn, we used the big rope for this swing. Holding onto the large rope, we swung across the whole width of the barn, then back up again to the elevated platform. What a thrill! Swinging high in the air gave up a feeling of freedom.

It was a fun day when Mom's brother, Uncle Phil, and his wife, Aunt Bernice, and their eleven children came over for a picnic. As they lived in town, the day on the farm with the cousins was a treat. Mom prepared a feast which included her delicious pies. Joe and Patrick tip-toed to get a good glimpse of the pies lined up on the buffet.



*Front: Ralph, Dad, Mom, Dennis, Claire, Leo, Ella, Delore  
Back: Rita, Urban, Andrew, Mae*

*(Continued on page 22)*

(Germain Saga continued from page 21)

*Pictured below is cousin Joe LaVenture today, his wife Colleen, and S. Ella Marie. Colleen and Joe, Associates of the Sisters of St. Joseph, attended the weekend meeting held in Brainard, Minnesota.*



**Room For More**

Although our home was a small one, and our family was large, there was always room for one more. After the death of Grandma Beseau, our great Grandpa Beseau was lonely. He came to our house, and stayed with us often. A kind and loving person, Grandpa was most welcome in our family. In his knapsack there was a bag of peppermints for Tennis (Dennis), Ladeo (Leo), and Petit Rat (Ralph). Grandpa had some extra candy for Tennis, his favorite one -- probably because he was small and sickly. Mom put the bag of goodies in the cupboard to be served after dinner.

In his younger days, Grandpa had worked in the woods. He continued his liking for the outdoors. Whenever he came to our house, he always brought his ax with him. Grandpa chopped piles of wood for our winter use.

On January 20, 1936, Grandpa who was living with his daughter, Grandma Laventure, became very sick with a cold. This later developed into pneumonia. Grandpa told Dennis, "I am going to die soon. You will pray for P  p  re." He had so much love for Dennis. After seeing him, Dad suggested that the priest be called. The priest heard his confession, gave him Holy Communion, and Extreme Unction. Mom stayed by his bedside from Saturday evening until Sunday evening when he died at the age of 86. The three little

boys and Rita were there also. They felt very sad to see P  p  re die. Dennis cried so much. He just couldn't get over it.

Uncle Fred, Dad's brother, and Aunt Josephine Germain, lived one mile from us. With a large family tin the Depression years, it was difficult for them. Their eldest daughter, Elsie, wanted to go to high school, but she had no means of transportation. Mom and Dad offered to have Elsie stay with us for the school year. Her parents accepted the generous offer, and we were happy.

Grandma Germain, Dad's mother, lived at our house for years. In order to find room for her, the pantry was converted into a bedroom. Kitchen cupboards were built, which freed the space for Grandma's room. In the wintertime, The door of her room had to be left open to get heat from the kitchen. With her bed, a small dresser, and her rocking chair, Grandma was happy to be with us, and we enjoyed having her. Grandma was a quiet person, but her presence was warm and loving. During a visit with her daughter, Josephine Belisle, Grandma fell and broke her hip. From this, she never recovered. She died at the age of 93. We missed her at our house because she had been part of our family for so long.

Uncle Adolphus, Mom's bachelor uncle, also found refuge in our house when he was older. Most people like being with others, but Uncle preferred

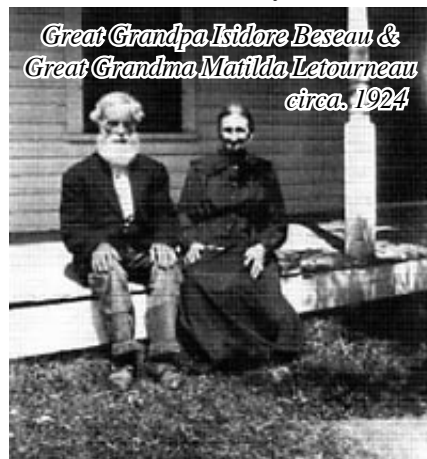
a solitary life. Although he never went to school, he learned to read, to write, and to do arithmetic by himself.

Every morning and evening, during the summer, he could be seen milking his cow in the open pasture. If anyone happened to come by, especially women, the cow literally went wild. At the sight of strange creatures, in colored skirts, she took off and dashed to the top of the nearest hill where she remained until the coast was clear. Early in the morning, Uncle went to town in his buggy to sell milk, eggs, and vegetables. On his way home, he stopped at our house. Invariably, he delivered a sermon in French, loudly and forcefully. We, the children, didn't understand a word of it, but we listened and waited for the end.

There was one room in Uncle's house to which he did not admit anyone. It was his oratory. He spent much of his time praying to God and praising our Blessed Mother. Here he wrote letters, treatises worthy of the pen of a learned ascetic. I still have two of these ten page letters written to me in French on spiritual topics.

This religious sense of his did not in any way prevent him from being jovial. He loved music, and often played the violin which he learned by himself.

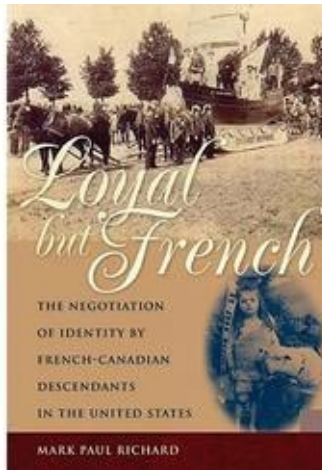
Uncle spent the last years of his life at our home where Mother and Dad took good care of him. There he lived peacefully, and waited for the final call. Uncle died at the age of 93. Mom and Dad lived the words of Jesus, "What you do to the least of mine, you do to me."



*Great Grandpa Isidore Beseau & Great Grandma Matilda Letourneau circa 1924*  
(N.D.L.R. See next issue for the seventh installment of the Germain Saga by S. Ella Marie Germain, CSJ.)



## BOOKS/LIVRES...



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## Loyal but French

### *The Negotiation of Identity by French-Canadian Descendants in the United States*

**Mark Paul Richard**

By focusing on patterns of immigration and acculturation in a small industrial city in the northeastern United States, Mark Paul Richard offers a noteworthy look at the ways in which French-Canadians negotiated their identity in the United States and provides new insights into the ways in which immigrants "Americanize."

Richard's work challenges prevailing notions of "assimilation." As he shows, "acculturation" better describes the roundabout process by which some

ethnic groups join their host society. He argues that, for more than a century, the French-Canadians in Lewiston, Maine, pursued the twin objectives of ethnic preservation and acculturation. These were not separate goals but rather intertwined processes. Underscored with statistics compiled by the author, *Loyal but French* portrays the French-Canadian history of Lewiston, from the 1880s through the 1990s, in this light. With a wealth of data, the insights of a professional historian, and the sensitivity of a "local," Richard offers a new conceptualization of ways that immigrants become "Americans." Mark Paul Richard

*Mark Paul Richard is the associate director of the Center for the Study of Canada/Institute on Quebec Studies at the State University of New York College at Plattsburgh.*

## The Isidore

**By Beverly Sheresh Bonita, CA**

Hebert's General Store...that's where the old men gathered...fishermen, farmers, mill workers settled in creaky chairs around Hebert's pot belly stove. With bay rum pipe smoke rising like sea smoke above them, they talked of the old days.

Old man Hebert welcomed these men for he had adventures of his own to share, from his days in the Merchant Marine. Hebert kept a large glass jar filled with pickled eggs on hand plus a barrel of dill pickles and a supply of beef jerky, for those whose teeth could cope with it.

Jill's father was a loyal member of that group and she was glad that he had that outlet.

On days like this in early December, with the snow biting at the windows and the wind moaning, the undying legend of the *Isidore* emerged once again. Back in 1842, the *Isidore*, a four masted barque was scheduled to sail on its maiden voyage, from Kennebunkport and headed for New Orleans. Not long after leaving port, the ship foundered in a raging snow storm and crashed on the rocks at Bald Head Cliffs in York. All aboard perished in those icy waters.

This happened long before Cape Neddick lighthouse was built. A tragic event but not uncommon in those days. But the fascinating story about this happening was the legend that followed. Stories about a phantom ship circulated among the locals. The *Isidore* is seen sailing along the Maine coast with the crew visible on the deck, staring close ahead. The ship is so damaged that one can see through its stern to the other side. And then, as if that apparition had never occurred, the ship mysteriously disappears.

And on of those who claimed to have seen this, about this time last year, was Jill's father.

He'd come home early that day, and so quiet...not like him. He'd slumped into a kitchen chair a fit out of breath.

"I saw it!" he said.

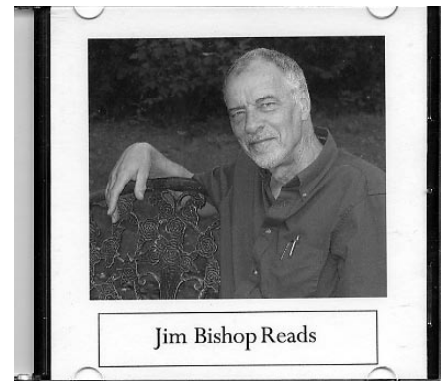
"What did you see?"

"The *Isidore*!"

"Pa!"

He paused to get his breath. "Her sails were aflappin' in the wind and I could see those men on her deck! Kinda scary! I just stood there alookin' when along came this yahoo in a power boat. And she was gone, like she'd never been there."

He looked up at her, the color finally coming back to his cheeks. "Whew" he said as he pulled off  
(Continued on page 51)



**JIM BISHOP READS, by Jim Bishop; Vox Audio, Magdalena, N.M., 2007; CD, \$7.**

"Jim Bishop Reads," a recording of 23 poems made in 2006 by University of Maine. Most of the poems on this CD are from Bishop's book "Mother Tongue," published in Portland by Contraband Press in 1975.

**Jim Bishop** lives in Bangor and still teaches part time at the University of Maine. The CD is available from Vox Audio, P.O. Box 594, Magdalena, N.M. 87825.



## POÉSIE/ POETRY

### *I Know Something Good About You*

Wouldn't this old world be better,  
If the folks we meet would say,  
'I know something good about you',  
And then treat us just that way.

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,  
If each handclasp warm and true,  
Carried with it this assurance,  
'I know something good about you'.

Wouldn't things here be more pleasant,  
If the good that's in all,  
Were the only things about us,  
That folks bothered to recall.

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,  
If we'd praise the good we see,  
For there's such a lot of goodness,  
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice,  
This fine way of thinking too--  
'You know something good about me,  
I know something good about you!'

~Author unknown~

### L'importance de la Nourriture

Enter stranger, friend  
by the kitchen,  
where the perpetual pot  
of soup rests on the back burner  
of the big blacked bellied  
cook stove perfect  
for cooking ployes any time  
of day

You are welcome  
at the table, the hot center  
of conversation  
and worn surface of  
endless games of Charlemagne,  
Tortiere, pâté chinois, chicken stew  
or vielle pleine de bavardage,  
you will leave full.

~by/par Danielle Laliberté~

### *In Good Company*

I stay the night  
on Main Street  
at Presque Isle's  
Old North Eastland Hotel  
in a bed with bad springs.

In the morning  
I descend  
quarter turn  
by  
quarter turn  
the antique  
staircase  
and then

I roar up to the lake  
to stand by myself  
all alone  
in the Greater Roar  
in front of  
dawn's hard  
white Ultima  
Thule, in thermals  
and snow duster

to track my first  
ankle-tugged  
vinyl-girdled  
win-cuffed steps  
onto  
that clear blue  
top-crust of ice  
four feet thick  
two miles across  
six miles down  
the Valley—

*No one  
in a long year.*

*by Paul Cormier*

(About Paul: Paul was born in  
Auburn, Maine. He currently resides  
in Northern Virginia where he is en-  
joying a succesful real estate practice  
and in his spare time writes poetry.

However, his heart remains in  
Aroostook County (Maine) where he  
has summered since his youth where  
he maintains deep and intimate roots.)

~~~~~  
"Ceux qui perdent la langue, per-  
dent la foi" —French-Candian Proverb

### Vivre La Survivance

The Mother is the lynch pin  
on her hinges all tradition,  
children imitate her language,  
learn their prayers  
from her lips.

Girls will cook  
the dishes she makes,  
dress like she does,  
keep house the same,  
recite the rosary.

Boys will  
take their families  
to Mass on Sundays,  
play at cards,  
take vows of abstinence  
from whiskey  
to gain His favor.

Language is human  
expression of religion,  
personal communications  
with Devine,  
which unvoiced is lost.

~by/par Danielle Laliberté~



## REFRAINE DES ONDES

*Refrain des ondes  
Baume pour mes senses  
Tu bats une cadence  
Profonde, dans mon coeur*

*Tu apportes la paix  
Dans ma vie solitaire  
Tu réveilles un amour  
Profon, de la nature*

*Dans des crêtes écumeuses  
Tu m'apportes de la joie  
Tu chasses mes soucis  
Et me conne le repos, merci.*

*Si mes jours s'achèvent  
Dans cet endroit enchanteur  
Je veux que mon âme demeure  
Sur ces revages rocheux.*

## SONG OF THE WAVES

*Song of the waves  
Balm to my senses  
You beat a rhythm  
Deep in my heart  
You bring a peace  
To my lonely life.  
You wake a love of  
Nature profound*

*In your foamy crest,  
You bring me joy at best  
You take away my care  
And give me rest  
If, someday my life ends,  
In this place so fair  
I want my soul to rest  
On these rocky shores.*

~by/par Adrienne Pelletier LePage~

## THE SPIRIT IN THE VIOLIN CASE

(A tribute to my Papa) ©2005

A spirit lives in the elegant brown violin  
That inhabits the velvet violin case  
Leaning against the wall  
In my living room.

It's an indomitable spirit  
That plays quadrilles and rigodoons  
The fiddler's jaw moves up and down to the rhythm  
His feet clog for percussion  
As he sits in a rugged wooden chair.

My whole being is vibrating with *joie-de-vivre*.  
The magical tunes transform me into  
A three year old bursting with excitement  
Sitting at the fiddlers' jigging feet.

The key, most certain to be do or sol, is of no consequence.  
A free-spirited improviser, he plays by ear  
Unaware of confinements of time and key signatures  
Or rules dictating Bach's measures.

The bow stands inert in the violin case, next to the rosin  
But I can see it frantically  
Sliding up and down with virtuosity  
Guided over the strings, by a tireless arm.

It's a spirit that makes me laugh  
With memories of dancing couples, rolled up rugs  
And furniture pushed against the wall  
*Swing la bécause et rentre la boîte à bois!\**  
As men twirl women in crinolined skirts and *do-si-do*.

It's a spirit that makes my heart ache  
With memories of languid "complaintes" in minor melodies  
The "bon vivant" bearing his soul: "Un jour à la fois..."  
"One day at a time..." No more jaw or feet accompaniment  
Only transparent pain on his face.

Papa sent his violin to live with me  
His arm too fragile to bow anymore  
But our kindred spirits dance every day  
To the jig that flows from the beautiful violin  
That lives in the velvet cast  
Leaning against the wall  
In my living room.

*\*Swing the back house and bring in the wood box.*

**by Lucie Therrien**

Note: This poem was included in a book by chanteuse and recording artist Lucie Therrien. The book was published in the Spring of 2008, and contains her Mémoires, French-Canadian traditions, as well as a CD in the cover with songs and poetry. Visit Lucie's website: [www.LucieT.com](http://www.LucieT.com)



## Columbus Day Celebrates Genocide

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

I can't believe we just celebrated another *Columbus Day*. If we needed another National Holiday for the purpose of securing another long weekend, why didn't we name it "**Native American Day**?" After all, Christopher Columbus almost wiped out one Native American Nation through genocidal acts, the *Tainos* people of *Hispaniola*. Certainly, in Europe, no one celebrates the Holocaust or Auschwitz, where thousands of innocent people were abused and put to death (including women and children) because of their ethnicity or religious beliefs? Well, that is what Christopher Columbus brought to the Americas (Turtle Island); the exact same thing! It was an invasion

upon many of the indigenous civilizations that were already living here, who were practicing their own **World Views**. For those of you who don't already know, *indigenous peoples* are the original inhabitants of a particular land or territory.

Columbus and his men, in their greed for gold, enslaved indigenous men, women, and children, raped indigenous women, and cut off the hands of those native peoples who were not able to find gold for them. Columbus cut off the ears and noses of the *Tainos* people whom he accused of stealing, after he stole everything from them. With dogs, he hunted down and killed any *Tainos* people who resisted colonization and slavery.

Recently, I came to the realization that nothing has really changed on this continent since Columbus arrived here in 1492. The same perceptions and attitudes still exist in contemporary times to the point where the colonization of our minds is still ongoing: rape and oppression of women; using women as scapegoats; and controlling and dominating other peoples and countries through

militarization such as the Vietnam, Persian Gulf, Afghanistan, and Iraqi wars/conflicts. Consequently, colonization has produced a **mass amnesia** where western society as a whole does not have clarity and cannot see the truth. Therefore, in confronting the problems of contemporary times we must go back in time and in history to look at what is at the root of these problems. We have all been taught an inaccurate history. There are alternate versions and experiences of history that need to be transmitted, heard, and seen. In the Americas, colonialism changed ways of understanding, ways of being, ways of seeing; what's good, what's bad. The whole cosmic view was shattered and changed.

Though this **myth** of Christopher Columbus has been taught in our schools for generations now, the **truth** about Columbus has always been known, yet kept hidden. It's even there in the Columbus travel logs; the abuse and atrocities that Columbus inflicted upon kind, generous indigenous peoples who graciously wel-

(Continued on page 27)

## Le Jour Columbus Célèbre le Génocide

Par Virginie Sand  
(Bangor, Maine, U.S.A.)

Je ne peux pas croire que nous venons de célébrer un autre jour Columbus. Si nous avions besoin d'une autre fête nationale pour se saisir d'un autre week-end long, pourquoi est-ce que nous ne l'avons pas appelée « **Le Jour Américain Natif** ? » Après tout, Christophe Columbus a presque exterminé le peuple *Tainos* de « *Hispaniola*. » Certainement, en Europe, personne ne célèbre l'holocauste Nazi ou Auschwitz, où des milliers des gens innocents étaient maltraités et tués, y compris les femmes et les enfants à cause de leurs croyances ethniques et religieuses ? Eh bien, Christophe Columbus a apporté la même chose aux Amériques (l'Île-de-Tortue), le génocide. C'était une invasion sur beaucoup de civilisations indigènes, qui demeuraient déjà ici, qui

pratiquaient leurs propres **vues mondiales**. Pour ceux qui ne savent pas, les *gens indigènes* sont les habitants originaux ou les premières gens dans une terre particulière ou dans un territoire déterminé.

Columbus et ses hommes, à leur cupidité d'or, ont réduit les hommes indigènes, les femmes indigènes, et les enfants indigènes, ont infligé le viol sexuel contre les femmes indigènes, et ont coupé les mains de ces gens aborigènes qui ne trouvaient pas d'or pour Columbus. En plus, Columbus a coupé les oreilles et les nez des personnes *Tainos* aussitôt qu'il a cru qu'ils volaient, après il a volé toutes les choses d'eux. En outre, avec les chiens, Columbus a chassé et a tué tous les gens *Tainos* qui ont résisté la colonisation et l'esclavage.

Récemment, je suis venue à la réalisation que rien n'a vraiment changé sur ce continent-ci depuis Columbus est arrivé ici en 1492. Les mêmes perceptions et attitudes existent toujours dans les temps contemporains au point où la colonisation de nos esprits/cerveaux continue encore : le viol sexuel et l'oppression des femmes ; en utilisant les femmes comme les boucs émissaires ;

et en dominant les autres gens/peuples et pays par la militarisation telle que les guerres du Vietnam, du Golfe Persique, d'Afghanistan, et d'Irak. Par conséquent, la colonisation a créé une **grosse amnésie** où la société occidentale n'a pas de clarté et ne voit pas de vérité. Donc, en confrontant les problèmes des temps contemporains nous devons reculer au temps et à l'histoire pour trouver les raisons de ces problèmes. Nous tous avons appris une histoire inexacte. Il y a des versions et des expériences alternatives qui doivent être transmises, entendues, et vues. Aux Amériques, le colonialisme a changé les manières de comprendre, les manières d'être, les manières de voir ; ce qui est bon, ce qui est mal. La grande vue cosmique a été fracassée et changée.

Même si le **mythe** de Christophe Columbus est appris dans nos écoles depuis beaucoup de générations, la **vérité** de Columbus était toujours connue. Elle est même dans les lochs de Columbus ; tous les abus et les atrocités que Columbus a infligées contre un peuple généreux qui lui a donné à bras ouverts

(Suite page 27)



*(Columbus Day Celebrates Genocide continued from page 26)*

comed Columbus and his men when they first made their presence in the Americas. Consequently, Columbus did not discover America. For example, would you dare to venture into someone's backyard, tell everyone that you discovered it, and then claim it in your own name or in someone else's name? Well, that's exactly what Columbus did! In stealing the homelands of Native Nations in the Americas, Columbus re-named them in the name of the Spanish Crown. In claiming and re-naming lands on this continent, Columbus made it look like no one inhabited the Americas, when in fact, there were over 500 indigenous Nations living here. Columbus even "re-named" the peoples of the Americas as "Indians," because he thought that he landed in India; a name that unfortunately stuck as part of the myth. How could such a grave mistake go uncorrected for more than 500 years?

*(Le Jour Columbus Célèbre le Génocide Suite de page 26 )*

pendant son début aux Amériques. Par conséquent, Columbus n'a pas découvert l'Amérique. Par exemple, est-ce que vous oseriez entrer la cour de derrière de votre voisin, dire tout le monde que vous l'avez découverte, et puis revendiquer cette cour à votre propre nom ? Eh bien, c'était exactement ce que Columbus a fait ! En volant les patries des nations indigènes aux Amériques, Columbus les a renommés dans le nom de la couronne espagnole. En réclamant et en renommant les terres sur ce continent, Columbus a fait les Amériques à paraître inhabitées même s'il y avait plus que cinq cents nations indigènes qui habitaient ici. Columbus a même renommé les gens des Amériques comme « les Indiens, » parce qu'il a cru qu'il est arrivé dans les Indes ; un nom qui est resté malheureusement comme une partie du mythe. Alors, comment est-ce que une erreur grave est allée non corrigée pour plus que cinq cents ans ? D'ailleurs, en nommant toutes les gens indigènes de l'Amérique comme « les Indiens, » il a dépouillé l'identité distincte de chaque nation indigène, où chaque civilisation indigène aux Amériques a son propre nom, sa

Moreover, in referring to all indigenous North Americans as "Indians," it further stripped each Native American Nation of its distinct identity, where each indigenous civilization in the Americas has its own unique name, culture, and language.

For example, I am not "Indian." I am Mi'kmaq (Micmac), with my own World View and language that is different than other Native American Nations on Turtle Island. My ancestors lived on Turtle Island for thousands of years before Columbus ever stepped foot on this continent. Therefore, I refuse to celebrate Columbus Day, because it would mean celebrating the abuse and annihilation of the indigenous peoples of the Americas.

So why does the United States choose to celebrate a myth (Columbus Day)? In the same way that the U.S. has refused to sign the **United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples?** This is a Declaration which is supposed to protect indigenous

propre culture, et sa propre langue.

Par exemple, je ne suis pas « Amérindienne. » Je suis *Mi'kmaq* (Micmac), avec ma propre vue mondiale et mon propre langage qui sont différents que les autres nations indigènes de l'Île-de-Tortue. Mes ancêtres résident à l'Île-de-Tortue depuis des milliers d'années avant que Columbus est arrivé à ce continent-ci. Donc, je refuse de célébrer l'abus et l'anéantissement des gens indigènes des Amériques.

Alors, pourquoi est-ce que les États-Unis choisissent de célébrer un mythe, « le Jour Columbus ? » De manière aux États-Unis et le Canada ont refusé de signer la Déclaration des Nations Unies aux Droits des Gens Indigènes ? Ça c'est une Déclaration pour protéger les gens indigènes partout des invasions, de l'exploitation, de l'assimilation et du racisme maintenant et dans l'avenir. Cette Déclaration importante a été écrite pour restituer beaucoup de choses qui étaient volées des civilisations indigènes pendant les invasions et les colonisations passées, y compris les patries de leurs ancêtres.

Enfin, parce que je soutiens la diversité, je propose que nous renommions « le Jour Columbus » comme « le Jour Américain Natif ! » Après tout, est-ce que

peoples worldwide from future invasions, exploitation, assimilation, and racism, among other significant things. This important Declaration came about as a way to restore much of what was taken from indigenous civilizations during past invasions and colonization, including their ancestral homelands.

Finally, because I support diversity, I suggest that we re-name *Columbus Day* as "**Native American Day!**" After all, didn't Christopher Columbus go around re-naming indigenous peoples and their homelands? It would therefore be fair to re-name Columbus Day as *Native American Day*. Then we would all still enjoy a long weekend, plus be able to celebrate the survival of the many indigenous peoples and cultures that still live on Turtle Island, contributing a wealth of diversity on this continent. Let's stop living a myth and start moving into reality.



*Ginny Sand*

Christophe Columbus n'a pas renommé les gens indigènes et leurs patries ? Par conséquent, c'est propice et agréable en renommant « le Jour Columbus » comme « le Jour Américain Natif. » Puis nous aurons encore un week-end long, sauf que nous célébrerons la survie de nombreuses gens et cultures indigènes qui demeurent toujours à l'Île-de-Tortue, en contribuant une richesse de la diversité à ce continent-ci. Arrêtons à vivre un mythe et commençons à bouger à la réalité.

## RECIPES/ RECETTES



### BEIGNES

#### *Ingrédient*

3 1/2 tasses de farine tout usage  
4 c. à thé de poudre à pâte  
2 oeufs séparés  
1 tasse de sucre granulé  
3 c. à table de graisse végétale  
(beurre ou margarine)  
1/2c. à thé de sel  
1/4c. à thé de muscade  
3/4de tasse de lait plus 2 c. à table  
1 c. à thé de vanille

#### *Directives*

Tamiser ensemble la farine et la poudre à pâte. Battre les jaunes d'oeufs, ajouter le sucre, la graisse végétale, le sel, la muscade et les 2 c. à table de lait. Incorporer les blancs d'oeufs battus, ensuite la farine et le lait en alternant. Ajouter la vanille. Refroidir la pâte pendant quelques heures. Abaisser, tailler et cuire à grande friture (au moins 4" d'huile). Veiller à ce que l'huile soit à la bonne température (375°F. environ).

<http://frenchkitcheninamerica.blogspot.com/>

NAME: MIMI FROM FRENCH KITCHEN

LOCATION: WISCONSIN, UNITED STATES

E-mail me at [frenchkitcheninamerica@yahoo.com](mailto:frenchkitcheninamerica@yahoo.com).



#### *Memere's Potato Masher, the Textile Mills of Lowell and a Book by a Fellow Blogger*

The woman I knew as Mémère was born Marie-Celine Josephine Plourde in a small town in the Province of Quebec. She was one of the younger children in a large family.

Her father, Honoré, was, according to family legend, a farmer and mayor of a small town. Josephine, as she was called, attended a convent school.

#### *Lowell: The City of Spindles*

When she was about 16, Honoré's political fortunes changed and the somewhat barren soil of this particular part of Quebec at last refused to yield healthy crops. The family — that is Josephine's parents and their younger children — moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, settling there in the neighborhood called Little Canada and finding work in the city's hulking and legendary textile mills.

After several years in Lowell, the family moved to Michigan. By this time, Mémère was a widow with a small daughter. Eventually she met and married Pépère, Narcisse Laurin by birth, but called Nels or Nelson by nearly everyone. They had six children together, five of whom survived to adulthood.

Mémère was very old by the time I was born, and spent most of her time seated in a chair in her daughter Annie's living room. During the months we lived with my mother's family, I was her chair companion, perched on the arm, pretending to do card tricks for her or pretending to read stories. She taught me enough French so that I was very impressed with myself. Mémère had great patience with me.

#### *Learning About Lowell*

Years after Mémère's death, I became curious about her life in Lowell. All I knew is what I'd heard from my mother and grandmother: That Mémère loved city life. During her years in Michigan's hinterland — and that was most of her life — she traveled east to Quebec and Massachusetts whenever possible. The huge trunks stashed away in the attic of the family home bore witness to her wanderlust.

As a college student, I became interested in Mémère's life in Lowell. During my first year in Madison, I stumbled across a book about the Lowell textile mills, a classic called Loom & Spindle. After that I read whatever I could, adding a history major to my journalism degree. Using the vast resources of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, I became immersed in the history of the Lowell mills

*(Continued on page 29)*



Jane Carter (Mom) comes from a long line of cooking heritage. She learned to cook from Memere (Grandma) who used to publish recipes in the St. John Valley Times, a local newspaper.

Mom has perfected her fudge recipes and is sharing the results from years of dedication in a licensed kitchen with you. Enjoy!



#### *Mom's Fudge*

Office: 207.728.3100

Fax: 207.728.3133

85 Main St. Suite 101

Madawaska ME, 04756

[info@momsfudgeofmaine.com](mailto:info@momsfudgeofmaine.com)

**Pumpkin Whoopie Pies**

1 (15-ounce) can pumpkin puree  
 2 large eggs  
 3/4 cup vegetable oil  
 2 cups granulated sugar  
 2 teaspoons vanilla extract  
 2 teaspoons cinnamon  
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
 4 cups all-purpose flour  
 4 teaspoons baking powder  
 2 teaspoons baking soda  
 1 teaspoon salt

**Filling**

4 ounces (1 stick) unsalted butter, cool  
 4 ounces cream cheese, room temp.  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 3/4 cup (3 1/2 ounces) Marshmallow  
 1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
 1 1/4 cups powdered sugar

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Line 2 large baking sheets with parchment paper.

In a large mixing bowl, stir together pumpkin, eggs, oil, sugar, vanilla, cinnamon, and nutmeg.

In a second bowl, stir together flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt. Add dry ingredients to pumpkin mixture and stir just until mixed. Using a generously rounded tablespoon, drop 9 rounds about 2 inches apart onto each cookie sheet. Bake for 12-14 minutes, rotating baking sheets from front to back and top to bottom halfway through baking. Let cool for a minute on cookie sheets, then transfer to a rack. Repeat with remaining dough to make 36 cookies.

When cookies are cool, prepare filling. Filling: With electric mixer, beat butter and cream cheese until smooth. Scrape down sides of bowl and beat in salt. Add marshmallow crème and continue beating until incorporated. Scrape down side of bowl and vanilla, then gradually add powdered sugar, beating until smooth. Spread 2 tablespoons filling on center of flat side of one cookie. Place flat side of second cookie on filling and press cookies together to bring filling to edges. Repeat with remaining cookies and filling.

Makes 18 sandwich cookies

**CAKE MIX WHOOPIE PIES**

1 lg. box chocolate cake mix  
 1/3 c. water  
 3 tbsp. oil  
 2 eggs

Mix together and drop by teaspoon (spread out) onto greased cookie sheets. Bake about 8 to 10

**FILLING:**

1 c. shortening  
 1 c. confectioners' sugar  
 1 c. marshmallows  
 1/2 tsp. vanilla  
 Beat together well.



(Mimi from French Kitchen continued from page 28)

and of French Canadians in the United States. Academically, I had come home.

The history of textile weaving in Lowell began when Francis Cabot Lowell memorized the design of English power looms. In 1813, backed by a group called the Boston Associates, Lowell built the first such loom in the United States. Soon textile mills lined the banks of rivers in New England cities. The most famous of these was the city named for Lowell himself. Here Yankee farm girls were recruited to operate the machinery. At this time, urbanization was associated with moral decline so the Boston Associates devised a scheme to keep the girls' morals intact: A system of well-supervised boarding houses.

The Lowell mill girls are famous for the system and for many reasons, including the creation of the first employee newsletter in the U.S., The Lowell Offering.

By the 1870s, the character of the textile mill work force was changing. Families of immigrants took the jobs of the mill girls: Italians, Armenians, French Canadians and other groups. One of the best known oral histories of immigrant mill workers can be found in Tamara Hareven's "Amoskeag."

**Another classic, now more than 25 years old, is historian Thomas Dublin's "Women at Work."**

**And by a Fellow Blogger**

Naturally, this fascinating part of American urban-social-economic history has attracted interest from novelists. One of them is Terri DuLong of Island Writer, whose book "Daughters of the Mill," I have just finished reading. Terri's love for history and her desire to inform current generations about the plight of women in the late 19th century shines through in this book.

Some writers knock you over the head with character development. Terri is more subtle. Her characters grow on you. They face choices that were harder to make several generations ago.

Terri's concern for women's issues is evident in the twists and turns of plot she provides for readers. You never know what will happen next in this book.

I am always delighted to find bloggers with interests and backgrounds similar to mine. I have found many, and Terri is one of them. Like the plot twists in her book, Island Writer has you coming back for more.

And the potato masher? What has it got to do with all this? About a year into my research, after Grandma Annie died, I began amassing my own collection of family artifacts, concentrating on kitchen items and anything to do with needlework or textiles. Worn and cracked and beyond use, this potato masher is something that might have been discarded had I not rescued it.

My Mémère is with me always. She is there when I hold my head a certain way, chin slightly down, gazing straight ahead. The kitchen utensils she held in her hands so often are merely material reminder.



# Bouchard Family Farms — Ployes



**About Us:** In the early 1980's potato farming had endured some extremely hard times. It was during one of these tough years when Claire, the eldest of the 5 daughters, had returned from a trip to Louisiana with a French Acadian doughnut mix called beignets. As the family sat around enjoying the doughnuts one of them asked the question why no one has ever made a mix for ployes. The seed was planted and soon after the family started working on the perfect recipe for ployes. Before long the family moved from their kitchen into the two car garage which was converted into a mixing a packaging facility. In 1997, a 10,000 square foot building was erected to house the entire operation.

Alban Bouchard and his son Joe found the dismantled mill in Canada and took one year to piece it together. Today the business has been credited to saving the family farm. Twenty years ago, in the Fort Kent area, there where approximately 40 potato farmers today we stand at 5. Farming as an industry has not been easy. Though we have endured some stormy weather we believe that our creativity and determination have been instrumental in maintaining our way of life.

**Contact Us:**  
**Bouchard Family Farm**  
**3 Strip Rd**  
**Fort Kent, Maine 04743**

**Ployes History:** The Upper Saint John River Valley on the Maine-New Brunswick border is home to New England's oldest Acadian community. This ancient Maliseet homeland was settled in the 1780s by French-speaking Acadians who had escaped deportation from Nova Scotia in 1755 by taking refuge in Canada's Lower St. Lawrence Valley. After the Treaty of Paris (1763), they migrated with their Canadian spouses to southern New Brunswick. When 12,000 Loyalists flooded into that region at the close of the American Revolution in 1783, local Acadians, feeling again endangered, sought lands elsewhere in New Brunswick. Nineteen families landed in the Upper St. John River Valley around 1785 and were soon joined by their Canadian kin. Although their flourishing farming community was divided between Canada and the United States by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 which made the St. John River an international boundary, the descendants of these intrepid pioneers have nonetheless sustained a rich, vibrant French heritage.

**Tel:**  
**1-207-834-3237**  
**1-800-239-3237**  
**Email Us**  
**bouchard@ployes.com**

**<http://www.ployes.com/>**

For generations the Bouchard Family have been milling a unique light buckwheat flour in order to prepare "Ployes" (rhymes with boys). A recipe based on the one created by the French Acadian exiles who settled in Northern Maine, Ployes are as elegant as a fine crepe, as hearty as a breakfast pancake and as versatile as any bread. Ployes are creating their own identity. From appetizers to main course to desserts and snacks, they keep finding new ways to make meals interesting. We invite you to try a product rich in taste and history. "C'est Magnifique!". Bouchard Family Farm Ployes Mix -- The first-ever original French Acadian buckwheat pancake mix farm produced in Northern Maine since 1983.

*The Bouchard Family Farm is committed to bringing to the general public the delicious, versatile and nutritional benefits of our mixes.*

**Our Products,**  
**see website for more:**



*Ployes mix, Original Recipe- is made with buckwheat flour, wheat flour, aluminum-free baking powder & salt.*

**Gift Packs:**

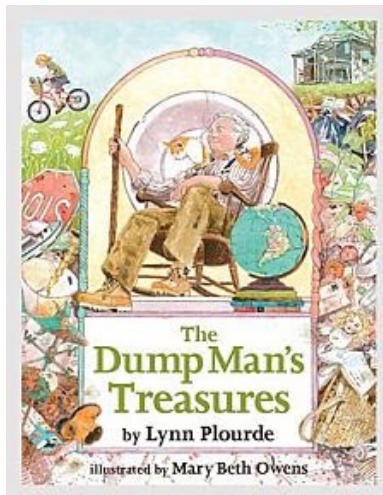


24 oz. bag of regular ployes  
24 oz. bag of wholewheat ployes  
(both contain buckwheat)  
10oz. jar wild blueberry topping.



24 oz. bag of regular ployes  
24 oz. bag of wholewheat ployes  
both contain buckwheat)  
8.45oz. jar Maple Syrup.  
Price Includes Shipping (USA)

## BOOKS/LIVRES...



### THE DUMP MAN'S TREASURES

**Author: Lynn Plourde**

**Illustrated by**

**Mary Beth Owens**

**Hardcover, \$15.95**

**31 pages**

**17 color illustrations**

**8" x 10". Ages 4 to 10.**

One town's trash becomes the dump man's treasure in this inspiring tale. Mr. Pottle, who oversees the town dump, can't bear to see books thrown out and destroyed, so he rescues and recycles them for the community to enjoy. When one day he is injured in a fall, that community rallies to rescue Mr. Pottle. When they deliver books to him to speed his recovery, they discover he cannot read. That's when the town comes together to help Mr. Pottle fully enjoy his treasures. An enjoyable picture book in its own right, *The Dump Man's Treasures* also delivers a message about the importance and love of books and reading.

#### Reviews

*"A children's picture book with a strong positive message about literacy.... A wonderful story about the joy of learning to read, featuring heartwarming and colorful artwork."* --The Midwest Book Review

*"A book for our times, a book to love if you are an environmentalist concerned about waste, a librarian who loves books more than anything else, or a teacher who values the ability to read as a person's most essential skill.... Illustrated in Owens's characteristic cozy and appealing watercolor illustrations, this book is a celebration of recycling, books, read-*

*ing, and community, and one you will not want to miss."* --Toni Buzzeo, children's book author and library media specialist

#### About the Author

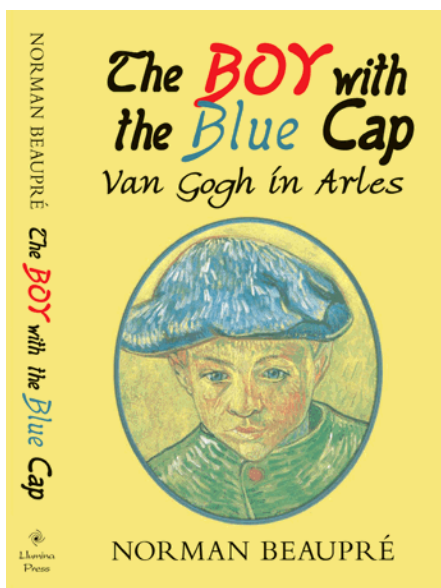
LYNN PLOURDE is a prolific and award-winning author of children's books, including *Pigs in the Mud in the Middle of the Rud*; *Moose, of Course!*; and *The First Feud*. Her book *Wild Child* was chosen as an American Booksellers Association Kids' Pick of the list (1999) and *Snow Day* was a Los Angeles Times Best Kid's Book of the year (2002). She lives in Winthrop, Maine.

#### About the Illustrator

MARY BETH OWENS has illustrated and written numerous books, for children and adults, including *The Gazebo*, *The Story of the Sea Glass*, and *First Rite*. *The Story of Sea Glass* won a Maine Library Association's Golden Trap Award (2003), and *The Gazebo* earned the 2005 Growing Good Kids Classics Award from the American Horticultural Society. She lives in Walpole, Maine.

*The Dump Man's Treasures is available wherever books are sold or directly from Down East Books: 800-685-7962; [www.downeast.com](http://www.downeast.com)*

## *The Boy with the Blue Cap* *Van Gogh in Arles* by Norman Beaupré



Of all the novels published by Norman Beaupré, *The Boy With the Blue Cap*---*Van Gogh in Arles* is one that holds a special place in this writer's heart and creative imagination because it's a work melding together historical fiction and the fine arts. Professor Emeritus Beaupré enjoyed teaching world literature and French Impressionism as well as Post-Impressionism during his college career. Over the years, he developed a special liking for Van Gogh, the man, his drawings and his paintings. This novel deals with 73 of Van Gogh's paintings in Arles as well as in Saint-Rémy-de-Provence. The story is told by a young precocious boy, Camille

Roulin, son of the postal worker, Joseph Roulin. Van Gogh painted the portraits of the entire Roulin family while in Arles. The reader is brought into Van Gogh's world of vibrant color and accomplished artistry by means of a close relationship with a boy who is privileged to follow the artist around in his many excursions throughout the countryside of Arles as well as other places frequented by the artist. The artist at work relates to the boy his techniques and theories on painting and drawing. The novel not only deals with the esthetic side of Van Gogh but also introduces us to his spiritual side so often neglected by some authors and  
*(Continued on page 37)*

(WATERBURY L'exilé suite de page 17)

Grand-père Elie n'avait pas approuvé le choix de papa lorsqu'il leur avait présenté maman. Il la trouvait trop petite. Elle ne ferait pas une vraie femme d'habitant: elle ne pourrait pas tordre une catalogne, etc.

P a p a a i m a i t m a m a n .

Dans sa dernière année dans les chantiers, il ne travaillait plus pour ses parents, car il avait besoin d'une voiture à lui et d'un cheval pour aller à St-Mathieu voir Dina. Il voulait la marier.

Il était bien fier de son petit cheval noir qui galopait, après avoir eu son Whisky. Avant de partir, il payait la traite à son Pit avec de la baboche, puis, son petit noir partait comme une flèche, traversait la montagne la queue sur les fesses.

Dans ce temps-là, avoir un beau cheval, c'était l'équivalent d'une Cadillac aujourd'hui, surtout si le cheval était alcoolique!!!

Mes parents s'épousèrent donc le 7 Janvier 1908 à St-Mathieu, et neuf mois plus tard, naissait Yvonne, et l'année suivante, ce fut Armand né le 29 Août 1910. Irène, Henri et moi, avons tour à tour notre entrée dans le monde.

Maman n'était pas des plus braves! Elle avait peur des quêteux.

Au Petit-Quatre, lorsque papa n'était pas à la maison et qu'elle en voyait venir un, elle nous faisait tous entrer dans la maison et elle verrouillait la porte. Si papa y était, le quêteux mangeait et il pouvait dormir à côté du poêle.

Je me rappelle des "Covillons" ou gypsés. À eux non plus, on ouvrait pas la porte. C'était plusieurs voitures, recouvertes comme des cabanes, des gens aux teints bruns, tous garnis de colliers. Ils vivaient comme cela d'un village à un autre. D'où venaient-ils ???

Maman avait une voix merveilleuse; chansons d'amour, couplets et refrains ont égayé notre enfance. Papa chantait avec elle, mais lui était avant tout un raconteur d'histoires. La maisonnée au complet se réunissait autour de lui pour entendre une de ses légendes.

Papa avait un fantôme qui revenait le hanter. C'était le fantôme d'un ami qui était mort, il lui apparaissait comme ça, dans la grange ou l'étable. Ma mère

le questionnait: "Est-ce que tu te serais battu avec lui ?" Papa lui répondait que l'ami, en question, lui avait volé sa pipe autrefois et qu'il lui avait dit qu'il n'avait pas l'intention de la lui remettre.

Papa pensait que c'était l'âme de son ami qui venait le tourmenter à cause de la pipe. Alors, il aurait dit: "Laisse-moi tranquille !" Ce fut la fin du fantôme qui importunait papa.

Il y avait l'histoire du loup.

Une fois, tard le soir, papa revenait du village avec sa voiture et son cheval. Il était suivi par un gros chien noir qui aboyait comme un enragé. Papa a essayé de le battre avec un fouet et là, le cheval a pris l'épouvante. Ensuite, papa en est venu à bout et il l'a atteint en lui donnant un bon coup. Le chien saigna et à l'instant, il est devenu un homme qui courait en s'enfuyant dans la savane.

Papa l'avait délivré de sa punition parce qu'il n'avait pas fait ses Pâques depuis sept ans.

Il en racontait d'autres qu'il inventait au fur et à mesure: les ombres de la lune devenaient un homme avec son petit garçon.

I l r a c o n t a i t a u s s i c e q u i s 'é t a i t p a s s é a u t r e f o i s .

Pendant la Première Guerre Mondiale, il avait caché mon oncle William, son frère et Maxime Gélinas, son cousin. Le bout de sa terre atteignait la forêt et n'était pas loin de la rivière St-Maurice. C'était là qu'ils étaient cachés.

Des soldats recherchaient partout les hommes qui ne répondaient pas à leur devoir. Le peuple pensait que la France avait abandonné les Canadiens-Français et que les Anglais nous traitaient comme des Irlandais ou des Acadiens.

Selon eux, nous n'étions que des ignorants et des illettrés, ils nous traitaient comme des citoyens de seconde classe, alors, personne n'était pressé d'aller donner sa vie pour ces pays-là.

Pour leur terre à eux, jadis, ils avaient combattu !

Papa allait leur porter de la nourriture pendant la nuit. Il effaçait ses traces au fur et à mesure, afin qu'ils ne soient repérés dans leur cachette.

Un jour, deux soldats sont entrés dans la maison pour fouiller. Irène se souvient encore de la scène terrible qui s'en suivit. Après avoir regardé, les

soldats se sont mis à parler en anglais. Il ne savait pas que maman comprenait tout ce qu'ils se disaient. L'un dit à l'autre: "C'est lui William !" L'autre soldat a répondu: "Non, les enfants l'appellent papa ". Il se sont dit entre eux qu'en arrêtant papa, celui-ci serait bien obligé de leur dire où se cachait William.

M a m a n s ' a p p r o c h e d e p a p a e t l u i d i t t o u t ç à l ' o r e i l l e .

Ah bon ! Papa n'a pas perdu de temps. Il prit le grand tisonnier qu'il a mis dans les mains de maman, et lui, il s'est emparé de sa carabine en appelant son chien Boule, un gros...bouledogue et il dit: "Mes Coulistes !! Avant que vous ne sortiez d'icitte, vous allez avoir un bataille. Il va y avoir des peaux sur le plancher, et si vous faites un pas de plus, mon chien va vous dévorer sous mon commandement".

Papa était enragé noir et il fonçait sur les soldats qui ont pris la porte en vitesse. Quand il s'agit de défendre sa famille, mon père n'a jamais reculé devant rien, ni personne. Je ne l'ai jamais vu avoir peur de quelqu'un. Les Anglais n'étaient pas si braves que cela. Ainsi, mon oncle William fut épargné et n'alla pas à la guerre.

Il nous a parlé du temps de la grippe espagnole. Un vrai fléau ! Une épidémie qui faisait mourir les gens en l'espace de quelques jours. Un fièvre qui les brûlait et ils mourraient. C'était pas des contes inventés pour les enfants, c'était vrai !

Une famille dont le père et la mère sont morts dans l'intervalle de quelques semaines. Une autre famille : les Lafontaine, les deux parents sont morts le même jour. Sur leur carte mortuaire, il y avait leurs portraits avec la même date.

Chez mon oncle Adem Déziel et tante Alphonsine : soeur de ma mère, tous avaient la grippe espagnole. Seul, le jeune garçon de quatorze ans restait debout au milieu de tous les malades. Son petit frère lui est mort dans les bras.

Le monde mourrait comme des mouches. Il n'y avait pas assez de cercueils.

Chez nous, personne ne l'a attrapée. Maman allait au malade mais elle avait peur des morts. Une voisine en est pourtant morte, et maman a dû aller aider à l'ensevelir. Il fallait laver les morts et les habiller proprement. Maman a supplié la défunte de lui enlever sa peur, et ainsi, elle a pu continuer la toilette de la morte. (Suite page 33)



(WATERBURY L'exilé suite de page 32)

Papa avait une "batch" de Whisky, et chaque soir, comme remède, il nous en faisait prendre pour prévenir la maladie qui nous menaçait. En plus, nos parents nous avaient accroché au cou un petit sac, avec du camphre dedans, on sentait fort mais aucun de nous a eu cette grippe-là.

Une histoire qui se racontait: une des défuntes avait été enterrée en vitesse. Plus tard, la famille a dû la changer de place, dans un autre cimetière. La tombe fut réouverte, comme c'était la coutume, et elle avait les mains dans les cheveux. Elle avait été ensevelie les mains jointes, donc, elle devait avoir été enterrée dans un coma et elle n'était pas décédée. On enterrait vite pour éviter la contagion, c'est possible qu'il y ait eu de ces cas-là.

Un crêpe noir, suspendu à la porte où un mort était exposé m'a toujours fait peur.

Ces événements ont suivi la Première Guerre Mondiale.

Rosa est née le 4 Décembre 1918, deux ans et demi après moi. Elle aussi est venue au monde au Petit-Quatre, comme moi. Les plus vieux ont vu le jour au Grand-Quatre, dans la première maison de papa, située sur la terre du grand-père Elie.

Ils avaient eu pour voisin : Onésime Gélinais. Sa femme Délia était une femme très bonne et très dévouée. Maman la consultait souvent, et elle se considérait chanceuse de l'avoir. Souvent, ces femmes remplaçaient le docteur en donnant des conseils et des remèdes pour les petits bébés.

Un jour, à l'heure du repas, tout d'un coup, sa tête tomba dans son assiette. Elle était morte ! À quarante-huit ans !

Elle fut ensevelie et mise sur les planches. Les morts n'allient pas dans un cercueil immédiatement après leur décès. Ils ont retardé pour l'enterrer car elle restait chaude. Pourtant elle ne respirait plus. Un jour, deux jours et trois jours se passent et elle ne refroidissait pas et sa peau ne devenait pas rigide. À la fin du troisième jour, elle a saigné du nez, sa chair s'est figée et refroidie, et là, elle fut enterrée.

Maman a eu beaucoup de pe-

ine. C'est dur de perdre quelqu'un qu'on aime. Elle a souvent dit que la montagne de St-Mathieu la séparait de ses parents, mais qu'au Grand-Quatre, elle était entourée de bon monde.

Tante Adrienne, la petite sœur de mon père, venait régulièrement voir maman, et surtout lorsqu'elle était enceinte. Maman avait du mal à traverser ses premiers mois de grossesse.

Le Grand-Quatre fut frappé par une grosse tornade. Le cheval de mon oncle Arthur, "Ti-Jean" était malade et il se reposait en restant couché devant la grange. Il a disparu dans ce noir tourbillon et on l'a retrouvé, après l'ouragan dans le fossé près de la maison de papa (près d'un demi-mille plus loin).

Il y avait de la visite chez mes parents et chacun tenait les châssis à deux mains pour les maintenir fermés. En plus, maman tenait un crucifix dans les vitres. La maison a débarqué de son "solage" et elle demeurait penchée. La grange fut démolie. Il y avait eu des gros dommages.

Tout le voisinage s'était mis à la tâche pour s'entraider l'un et l'autre. Puis, ce fut le tour de papa. Ils ont fait une corvée et il a dit : "Coulisse! Le temps de dire, ma grange était debout". Ma mère avait bien peur du vent. Elle en avait vécu des ouragans à New-Bedford, quand la mer se fâchait.

Le rang était pour ses habitants: l'univers, le Rang, c'était le pays. L'arrière-grand-père était arrivé en 1855, avec un de ses frères et ils avaient défriché leur lot. Tout le jour, ils bûchaient du bois, levaient les poutres et les chevrons, installaient la couverture de leur maison. Il n'étaient pas instruits, mais les connaissances se transmettaient de génération en génération. Puis Izaac avait fait venir sa femme : Domitile Dupont. À leur mort, les deux pionniers léguaient à leur fils Elie, leur terre, maison et bâtiments.

Papa disait que ses parents, Elie et Annie, avaient de beaux visages. Son père était un petit homme avec un toupet frisé. Il n'a jamais maltraité ses enfants mais il était le maître. Grand-mère ne le contredisait jamais. C'était naturel car il était l'autorité de la maison.

Ma mère, disait papa, était très belle. Elle était mince, sans aucun bour-

relet. Racée comme une Irlandaise, elle était plus grande que les canadiennes-françaises de ce temps-là. Elle avait les cheveux d'un blond doré avec de grands yeux bleus, et elle avait toujours un beau teint. Papa admirait ses cheveux d'or. Lorsqu'elle défaisait sa toque, ses cheveux tombaient et ondulaient sur ses épaules, ce qui la rajeunissait tellement.

Elle était bonne pour soigner les malades et elle connaissait les remèdes. Elle faisait passer les ver-rues et elle était aussi sage-femme. Elle était demandée partout pour assister les petites mères en couche, souvent, sans l'aide d'aucun docteur.

Papa disait qu'elle savait tout faire: récolter le lin, et voir à ce qu'il soit lavé, battu et tissé. Pour la laine, c'était la même chose. Elle filait, cousait, travaillait dans le jardin. À ces tâches, venait s'ajouter la fabrication du savon. Elle faisait même leurs bottines. Selon son opinion, sa mère était une personne extraordinaire et d'un dévouement sans fin.

Cependant, il aurait souhaité pour elle une meilleure vie, mais il disait: "Mes parents, c'était du monde !!"

Grand-mère Annie avait deux frères qu'elle espérait revoir. Elle en éprouvait beaucoup de chagrin. Un bon soir, ça frappe à la porte. On alla ouvrir. Deux grands colosses d'homme demandaient s'ils étaient bien chez Elie Gélinais. Oui... Tout d'un coup, grand-mère a reconnu ses deux frères et ils se sont tombés dans les bras, depuis le temps qu'elle priait pour les revoir...

Les deux frères Hill se seraient retrouvés, par hasard et ensuite, ils se sont mis à la recherche de leur sœur Annie. Ils ont appris qu'elle était mariée. Après ces retrouvailles, ils ont continué le contact.

Tous les Hill de St-Mathieu, de St-Gérard, St-Boniface et Shawinigan sont nos cousins.

Ils leur fallait des terres à tout prix, autrement, ils auraient été obligés de s'expatrier. À quelles souffrances, s'étaient voués ces bâtisseurs, privés de voie de communication.

Le premier souci des femmes était de nourrir la maisonnée, cuire le pain, la soupe aux pois et les "beans".

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On produisait tout ce que l'on consommait. On avait de grands potagers que l'on nommait le jardin. On y récoltait des patates, carottes, choux, betteraves, oignons, tomates, etc. Pour arriver à abattre autant de travail, on travaillait d'une noirceur à l'autre. Aussi, les enfants commençaient très jeunes à aider.

Papa et mon oncle Borromée étaient les aînés de la famille. Ils ont commencé à garder les plus jeunes pendant que les parents allaient à la messe. Ils ont commencé à se faire prier quand les jumeaux sont venus au monde: tante Déline et mon oncle Albert, mais il le fallait!

Une fois, ils ont été réprimandés parce qu'ils avaient laissé tante Sara sans surveillance. Elle en avait profité pour se raser les sourcils et une partie des cheveux.

Une autre fois, papa et mon oncle Borromée avaient attaché leurs deux chats ensemble par la queue sur la corde à linge et ils n'étaient plus capable de les enlever. Au retour de la messe, leurs parents entendirent des cris dans la maison et ça miaulait sur la corde à linge ...

Les gardiens étaient allés se cacher, en laissant les enfants tout seuls. Après un mauvais coup semblable, ils étaient mieux de se cacher.

Maintenant, c'était lui le père, avec les responsabilités de famille.

Émile Noël est né. Je me rappelle comme il était mignon. Il rampait sur le plancher pour aller regarder son image qui se reflétait dans le chrome du poêle. Il gazouillait: "Attends, attends"...

Quand papa entra dans la maison, il allait vers Émile pour le prendre dans ses bras. Il le laissait jouer avec sa pipe. Comme c'était drôle!

Un jour, Rosa et Émile sont tombés très malades. Le prêtre est venu à la maison. Il a prié tandis que maman avait les petits dans les bras. Rosa prit du mieux, mais pas Émile. Au contraire, son état empirait.

Ma mère envoya chercher madame Marianna Beaudoin, notre voisine. Je me souviens de les avoir vu baigner Émile dans de l'eau chaude. Il devenait de plus en plus malade.

Plus tard, pendant la nuit, je me

suis levée, j'ai descendu les marches de l'escalier pour voir ce qui se passait.

Papa et Maman, près du berceau, pleuraient. Ils venaient de perdre leur fils. Henri n'avait vécu que quelques mois.

Nous sommes tous allés à la cérémonie des anges. Mes parents avaient le coeur brisé. Une ménigite avait emporté mon petit frère.

Mon père disait qu'il y avait une différence entre pleurer et brailler. Pleurer? Tout le monde pleure, mais brailler, c'est autre chose. C'est verser une sorte de larmes que, seuls peuvent comprendre ceux qui ont subi une grosse perte. Je crois que cette fois-là, j'ai vu mes parents brailler!

J'ai commencé l'école et je me suis faite des amis, ce qui était important pour moi.

J'ai appris l'alphabet et les chiffres. C'était une "partance".

Je revenais en courant. Armand m'attendait dans le chemin en m'ouvrant les bras. Le grand gars de douze ans m'emportait dans la maison.

Yvonne m'amena au catéchisme une heure par jour pendant trois semaines pour me préparer à ma première communion. J'avais sept ans.

Maman m'avait confectionné une belle robe blanche garnie de dentelles et de rubans. Je portais un voile blanc sur mes cheveux.

J'étais prête à recevoir Jésus dans mon coeur. Mes parents m'embrassaient en me serrant dans leurs bras. L'atmosphère était toute joyeuse. Tout le monde était heureux. Dans mon âme, il n'y avait aucun doute. Aucune question n'a effleuré mon esprit.

Comme c'est beau et pur un petit enfant!

La paix que j'ai connu dans mon enfance ne revient jamais, et le bonheur de ma vie, mes plus belles années sont celles que j'ai vécu avec mes parents. De beaux souvenirs pour moi.

Émile Albert vint se joindre à notre famille. Ma mère a eu une grossesse difficile et a même reçu les derniers sacrements. Pendant neuf mois, tous les matins, ce fut les nausées.

Rosa, qui avait quatre ans, venait à l'école avec nous. Maman se sentait mieux quand tout était tranquille à la maison. Enceinte,

elle avait toujours été très malade: l'eau à bouche, maux de coeur, etc.

Au Grand-Quatre, tante Adrienne venait lorsque maman était malade, mais là, nous demeurions au Petit-Quatre. De toute façon, tante Adrienne était maintenant mariée et elle avait commencé, elle aussi, à avoir des bébés. Maman lui avait cousu la layette de baptême de Fernande: sa nouvelle-née.

Cette fois, pour maman, c'était pire. Le prêtre est venu. Il délayait un jaune d'oeuf avec un peu de lait et le lui faisait absorber à la cuillère. Il priait pour elle et il lui prêta une relique qui provenait de la Terre-Sainte. Il lui a dit: "Tu viendras toi-même me la rendre".

Émile naquit quelques mois plus tard, et c'est ce qu'elle fit: elle rapporta la Sainte-Relique à l'église. Elle était sauvée.

J'aimais bien mon nouveau petit frère et j'étais insultée noire, lorsque quelqu'un pour me taquiner, passait une remarque: il a bien trop de cheveux ou bien, il a donc un petit nez!

La vie redevenait normale après la naissance. L'arôme du pain cuit et des tartes ont de nouveau embaumé la maison.

Pour le premier repas de la journée, pris en commun, on avait soit du gruau ou des crêpes au sirop d'érable. Les autres repas, il y avait de la viande: ragoûts, bouillis et légumes.

Personne ne parlait de cholestérol, calories, de sucre et vitamines. C'était bien vu de faire un peu d'embonpoint. Ça voulait dire que nous étions bien traités et bien nourris.

Mon père trouva à s'embaucher à l'Aluminium. La ferme ne suffisait plus à faire vivre la famille. Nous étions alors six enfants.

Ma mère et Yvonne faisaient de confitures de toutes sortes: fraises, framboises, bleuets, etc. Ça devait durer toute l'année. Nous achetions un baril de pommes, c'était le seul fruit acheté au magasin. Avec des cerises, des betteraves et du pissenlit, elles fariquaient du vin. Les femmes n'avaient aucun répit. La lessive se faisait à la planche à laver. Durant leur repos, elles tricotaient des bas, mitaines, chapeaux et parfois des chandails.

Notre pharmacie, c'était l'herbe à d'inde ébouillantée pour faire baisser

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la fièvre, de la racine de chiendent pour les maux de rein et papa prenait toujours du vinaigrier. Il se faisait une tisane. Et on ne manquait d'huile de foie de morue ! Et de liniment Ménard ! Un jour, papa s'en est servi pour sa "riganière". "Coulisse" ! qu'il répétait.

Papa inventait ses propres mots, "riganière" voulait dire hémorroïdes.

Il fabriquait sa bière, et avant les Fêtes, lui et les voisins se partageaient un alambic pour faire les boissons fortes. De Noël aux Rois, la parenté se réunissait pour manger, raconter des histoires et chanter en chœur :

*Il n'y a pas d'ouvrage au Canada  
Encore bien moins dans les États  
N'essayez pas d'aller plus loin  
Vous êtes certain de crever de faim.*

C'était une chanson de madame Bolduc.

Nous, les enfants, nous allions à la Messe de minuit, et on allait admirer le beau petit Jésus dans sa Crèche et l'on priait.

Au jour de l'An, nous avions, la veille, suspendu nos bas près de la cheminée, et le lendemain, à notre grande joie, ils étaient remplis de bonbons, une poupée

que ma mère avait cousu et une grosse orange sur le dessus. C'était un beau cadeau !

Nous n'avions pas d'arbre de Noël. On ne connaissait pas non plus d'autre mode d'éclairage que la lampe à l'huile.

Au Petit-Quatre, nous avons vécu comme cela. Une école pour tous les enfants, une maîtresse pour toutes les classes, les voitures et "sleigh", les "bunch" d'enfants et la pompe à l'eau.

Je me souviens de la première voiture que j'ai vu. Surpris, on se demandait qui ou quoi faisait avancer cette voiture sans cheval. Ça semblait se déplacer tout seul. Pendant qu'on se parlait de cette chose étrange, nos parents parlaient à celui qui possédait la machine. On aurait dit que c'était normal pour eux.

On jouait à toutes sortes de jeux, à la corde à danser, à la cachette, à la "tag" et à l'habitant (fermier) pour les plus vieux. Ils jouaient aussi à la messe, ils inventaient la cérémonie: Armand devenait un enfant de chœur, un autre faisait le prêtre et le hangar à bois devenait l'église. Irène était avec eux, mais, nous les plus petits, ils nous défendaient d'entrer dans leur église. Je courus à la maison pour porter mon panier (me plaindre) à maman. Irène fut punie et ce fut la fin de la chapelle à l'école. Par la suite, j'ai regretté d'avoir "bavassé", car Irène n'a

plus joué avec moi du reste de la journée.

On jouait à la madame. On se servait des peignes de fantaisie de notre mère et on les plaçait dans nos cheveux.

Irène a été malade, et le docteur lui a donné des jouets miniatures. On a joué longtemps avec cela.

Un soir, nos voisins sont venus veiller et vers huit heures, les enfants furent envoyés au lit. Je demeurais sur la chaise berçante, les yeux fermés. Les gens partis, maman dit: "Alice, s'est endormie sur sa chaise, pourquoi n'irais-tu pas la porter dans son lit, Lisée?" Alors, papa m'a pris dans ses bras doucement, monta l'escalier avec précaution jusqu'à ma chambre et il me borda en m'embrassant, puis, s'en faire de bruit, il redescendit. Ce fut pour moi, un moment très tendre, où j'avais vraiment ressenti au plus profond de moi, les bienfaits de l'amour de mon père.

Nous ne savions pas ce que l'avenir nous réservait. Armand et Yvonne grandissaient. À sa façon d'agir, je voyais qu'Yvonne était en amour avec Camille, le fils du voisin.

Oncle José, personnage légendaire dans la famille, à cause de son itinérance, nous visitait souvent. Il prenait une branche et nous taillait un sifflet avec un canif. Il était le frère du grand-père Elie.

(Continued from page 19: 25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Four, Profiles of Two of the Nine Founders)

Spaulding was nominated and elected as a Director, as reported by Rec. Sec. Lenti. Laurette Billig's name does not appear in any office of the FCGSC after 1993.

Laurette Billig published three pieces in the *CML*, and all were published in the same issue, that of Dec. 1983, the second issue of the *CML*. The first piece is an article entitled "The Acadian Historical Village" in Gloucester County, New Brunswick, Canada, which opened six years earlier in 1977. The second piece is a very brief review of two books, the first is *Through Evangeline's Country* by Jeannette A. Grant, 1894, and the second is *The Cajuns, from Acadia to Louisiana*, by William Faulkner Rushton, 1979. The third piece consists of two direct-line ancestries, one of her father's ancestry, and the other of her mother's ancestry. The exact same direct-line ancestries

were later published in the *Connecticut Maple Leaf: Members' Pedigree Charts, Special Anniversary Issue, 1981-1991*.

Concurrent with her service to the FCGSC as an officer of the society from January 1985 to August 1987, Laurette Dugas Billig was the Assistant Editor of *The Melting Pot: Our Ancestral Tree*, a genealogical periodical that was published by the Four D Company in Simsbury, Conn., which was established by DeLores Dupuis, (No. 48 FCGSC). The first issue of the *Melting Pot* was published in January 1985, and it was published four times a year (January, April, June and October) until 1990, when the four issues per year were combined into two issues per year, and the last issue is listed as "June and October 1991." Although one may expect that there was either jealousy or envy that two members of the FCGSC would start their own publication that could potentially rival the *CML*, the contrary is true, for

on pages 3-4 of the June 1985 *CML*, in the section entitled "Kudos Department," one can read the following: "DeLores and Corresponding Secretary Laurette Billig (#7) have jointly launched a unique new enterprise: *The Melting Pot*, a quarterly publication loaded with genealogical and historical information aimed at answering the family research needs of diverse ethnic groups. They've produced three issues to date which have gone out to U.S. and foreign subscribers. Best of luck in your new endeavor, Dee and Laurette!"

The Henri E. Carrier Memorial Library of the FCGSC has an entire run of *The Melting Pot: Our Ancestral Tree*, and one can browse through the collection, and read the articles by Editor DeLores Dupuis, Assistant Editor Laurette Dugas Billig, from the first to the last issues, from Jan. 1985 to June/Oct. 1991, and Associate Editor who contributed articles from Jan. 1987 to Oct. 1989. Dupuis and

(Continued on page 38)



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# *Northern Maine Pictures*

## *Maine Photos By Gene & Debra Cyr*



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OUR PHOTO TAKING EXCURSIONS OF NORTHERN MAINE CAN BE FOR AN HOUR, A DAY, OR SOMETIMES A WEEK. AT FIRST WE MEANT TO CONCENTRATE OUR EFFORTS ON MOUNT KATAHDIN, FOLLOWING I95 NORTH TO HOULTON AND US ROUTE 1 TO FAR NORTHERN MAINE, BUT WE REALIZED WE WERE MISSING SOMETHING, THE NORTHERN MOST COAST OF MAINE, SO WE'VE ADDED THE CALAIS AREA TO OUR EXPLORATION OF NORTHERN MAINE. THUS FAR OUR PICTURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN IN: ALLAGASH, ASHLAND, BLAINE, BRIDGEWATER, CALAIS, CARIBOU, CYR PLANTATION, DYER BROOK, EAGLE LAKE, EASTON, FORT FAIRFIELD, FORT KENT, FRENCHVILLE, GRAND ISLE, HAMLIN, HOULTON, ISLAND FALLS, LIMESTONE, LITTLETON, MADAWASKA, MAPLETON, MARS HILL, NEW SWEDEN, PERHAM, PORTAGE LAKE, PRESQUE

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## BOOKS/LIVRES...

*(The Boy with the Blue Cap Van Gogh in Arles continued from page 31)*

art critics. Also, as part of the novel's plot based on plausible happenings in and around Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, an element of intrigue is added with the introduction of two gypsy women in Van Gogh's life. Gypsies find sacred ground at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer where their favored black saint, Sara-la-kâli, is kept in the crypt of the local church. They dress her up and put scarves and ribbons on her statue. Every year gypsies hold their annual pilgrimage and they come from across Europe to this sacred shrine. Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer on the Mediterranean shore inspired Van Gogh to paint some of his scenes filled with vibrant colors. The novel has a way of weaving the artistic life of Van Gogh, including the bold presence of

Gauguin, while telling the story of a boy, Camille Roulin, and his family drawn to a stranger whose exploits and talent to paint in an extraordinary way are seen from his viewpoint as an observant boy fascinated by words and colors. The novel also captures the life and flavor of Provençal life during the period of eighteen months Van Gogh lived and painted in Arles and Saint-Rémy-de-Provence.

The author traveled to Arles, Saint-Rémy-de-Provence and Saintes-Marie-de-la-Mer in 2005 to do research for his novel. The following year he went to Amsterdam to continue his research and to view the actual painting of the "boy with the blue cap" simply named, Camille Roulin," at the Van Gogh Museum.

This is Beaupré's tenth work. He writes both in French and in English. His one-woman play, a dramatic monologue, was produced in Paris in October of this year. This is the first time a Franco-American work was performed in Paris. Marie

Cormier from Oakland, Maine, the actress who plays the part of La Souillonne, was featured in the play. Following the Paris performance both Cormier and Beaupré traveled to Dijon then on to Angers for two more performances. A Biddeford performance is planned early next year.

Beaupré was decorated with the medal of the Order of Arts and Literature, grade d'officier, in June 2008 by the French Consul in Boston. The Ministry of Culture and Communications in Paris informed Beaupré that he was being honored for his body of works and his outstanding contribution to French culture.

He has already started on his 11th work, a collection of tales and stories in French with several contributors who are now in the process of writing their tales. The new work is entitled, Voix Francophones de chez nous, contes et histoires. The collection will be out by late spring 2009.

## Boutot Photography



**Alan J. Boutot** brings eighteen years experience to his career as a professional photographer. Respected nationally for his creative and innovative approach to his traditional classic style with a photojournalistic flare to the wedding storybook albums he creates. Alan combines his love of photography and his skills as a portrait photographer for capturing wedding moments of unparalleled beauty.

Alan is a member of MPPA ( Maine

Professional Photographers Association), PPA ( Professional Photographers of America ) and PPANE ( Professional Photographers of New England ). Alan has received many prestigious awards throughout his career including many State Court of Honors and blue ribbons.

- \* PPA Photographer Of The Year, Bronze Level 2005
- \* Fuji Masterpiece Awards ( two ) 2004
- \* Kodak Gallery Award 2004
- \* Judges Choice 2004
- \* PPA Loan Print 2003
- \* Fuji Masterpiece Award 2003
- \* PPA Genaral Loan Print 2002
- \* Fuji Masterpiece Award 2002
- \* Kodak Gallery Award ( two ) 2002
- \* MPPA Highest Scoring Print 2002
- \* Two images on loan to Disney's Epcot Center Kodak Gallery 2002
- \* Judges Choice 2002
- \* Judges Choice 2001
- \* Fuji Masterpiece Award 1995



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(Continued from page 35: 25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Four, Profiles of Two of the Nine Founders)

Billig gave the periodical a multi-ethnic focus on genealogy, and most of the articles are no longer than four pages. Laurette Billig, as Assistant Editor of *The Melting Pot*, wrote at least one article for every issue, while DeLores Dupuis, as Editor, wrote the majority of the articles.

Laurette Dugas Billig wrote three pairs of articles for *The Melting Pot* which are notable. She wrote two articles about the Dugas Family: "Pierre Du Gua, Sieur de Mons," (Jan. 1985), and a report on the Dugas Family Reunion that was held in July 8-10, 1988 in Caraquet, New Brunswick, Canada (Jan. 1989). She wrote two articles in a series entitled "Our Acadian Heritage," the first in the series is a brief history of the Acadians from the initial settlement to the time of the Great Deportation that includes a list of archives in New Brunswick for further research on the topic (Oct. 1985), and the second article is a reproduction, translation and interpretation of a document dated Oct. 5, 1687 which contains the family names of Boudrot, Bourgeois, d'Etremont, Dugast, Leblanc and Martin, (Oct. 1986). She wrote two articles entitled "Trade Passports," which is about the legitimate trappers in New France, (Jan. 1986 and Jan. 1988).

Raymond Billig, the husband of Laurette, wrote a six-part article entitled "Historical Chronology of the Iroquois Nation," which covered the period from 1492 to the then projected date of 1991, for the series ran from April 1985 to July 1986 in *The Melting Pot*. (He ended the series on the then future date of Feb. 19, 1991 when the Salamanca land lease agreement with the State of New York was set to expire.) He credited his source as the newsletter for the Seneca Nation of Indians Newsletter, named *O-He-Yoh-Noh* Newsletter, which was provided to him by Dr. George Abrams, the Director of the Seneca Iroquois National Museum in Salamanca, N.Y. In the July 1985 issue of *The Melting Pot*, Raymond Billig published a biography entitled "Kateri Tekawitha of the Mohawks."

DeLores Dupuis wrote two personal articles in *The Melting Pot*, the first

is a biography of herself and her husband, Lucien Dupuis, which appears in the July 1986 issue, and the other article is entitled "It's A Small, Small World After All..." (Oct. 1986), in which she demonstrated how her husband and Helen Morin Maxon, (who is member No. 23 of the FCGSC and a frequent contributor to *The Melting Pot*), are related. DeLores Dupuis concluded in her article: "It must be true that ALL Acadiens [sic] are related!"

DeLores Dupuis also founded the Simsbury Genealogical and Historical Research Library (SGHRL) in Simsbury, Conn., in co-operation with the Trustees of the Simsbury Free Library, which first opened on Sun. March 6, 1988 (*The Melting Pot*, April 1988). On Sun. Aug. 27, 1989, the SGHRL hosted a meeting of the Acadian Cultural Society of Fitchburg, Mass., which included a slide presentation on the Boudreau Family from the Magdalen Islands given by Fr. Dennis M. Boudreau, and a performance by Josée Vachon (*The Melting Pot*, April 1989; *Le Reveil* May 1989). Unfortunately, there is no report in *The Melting Pot* or in *Le Reveil* about the success or failure of the special event sponsored by the SGHRL. A factor in the co-operation in the two groups is that DeLores Dupuis is member No. 56 (*Le Reveil* Nov. 1985) and Laurette Billig is member No. 89 (*Le Reveil* May 1986) in the Acadian Cultural Society.

The publication of *The Melting Pot: Our Ancestral Tree* simply ended with the June/Oct. 1991 issue, and it is clear that DeLores Dupuis intended to continue the magazine. For example, the text of a talk given by Fr. Clarence D'Entremont at the Acadian Conference in Worcester, Mass., on March 17, 1984, entitled "The Acadian Survival in New England," ends with the editorial gloss of: "To Be Continued." Nevertheless, signs of the end of *The Melting Pot* are evident in the editorial by DeLores Dupuis, for she mentioned the death of her husband Lucien Dupuis, who died on Aug. 27, 1991 at their home in Simsbury, Conn., and that she was in the process of selling the home that they shared for 38 years, while moving into a condominium. She also wrote that the periodical would be changed from a quarterly to a semi-annual in order to avoid an increase in the

cost of the subscription, which was then \$15.00 a year, or \$17.00 in Canadian funds. DeLores Dupuis wrote: "... we will start the new system with an issue in January, 1992 and another one in July 1992. Do hope that all of you will have faith in us and continue your subscriptions. We know that you won't be sorry." The editorial closed with a warm salutation: "Have the happiest of Thanksgivings' the merriest of Christmases and the very best for the coming New Year." The editorial was signed: "Dee, & Laurette, too" which shows that Laurette Billig was significant to the magazine. In a rather curious cyclic pattern, Laurette Billig republished her first article from the Dec. 1983 *CML*, "The Acadian Historical Village," in the last issue of *The Melting Pot*, without any change to the text.

On June 15, 2006, I interviewed Laurette Billig by telephone, and she remembered the first committee meeting of the founders of the FCGSC was held at the dining room table of Lionel DeRagon's house in West Hartford, Conn., and that a factor in the establishment in the FCGSC was to avoid the long drive to the American Canadian Genealogical Society, which was then on 52 Concord St. in Manchester, N.H. (An estimate from Yahoo Maps on the distance between the first library of the FCGSC on 981 Park St., Hartford, Conn., and 52 Concord St., Manchester, N.H., is 139 miles.)

As for her memories of Henri Carrier, Laurette Billig emphasized that without him, the FCGSC would not exist, for he spent many hours simply building up the society, and that he "spear-headed the whole thing." She said that she attended the funeral and burial of Henri Carrier, which occurred on Mon. Feb. 4, 1991 at St. Patrick's Church and St. Patrick's Cemetery in East Hampton, Conn., and that she witnessed the burial of Carrier's genealogy, written in a large book, which rests atop of his casket, inside the vault where he is buried. Laurette said that no-one in Carrier's family wanted the genealogy for themselves, nor did they want the FCGSC to have it in its archives. (The mystery at this decision is compounded when one reads in Carrier's obituary in the *Hartford Courant* for Feb. 2, 1991, that his father and step-mother, (Continued on page 39)



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Adelor and Thelma Coyer of Ottawa, Illinois, were still alive, as well as his brother, Arthur R. Coyer, who resided in Tolland, Conn., and his sister, Genevieve Berube, who resided in Fort Ann, N.Y. Another layer of mystery is added when one learns that Carrier's sister is member No. 339 of the FCGSC.) Laurette did not have any other explanation for the burial of the genealogy, nor could she explain the use in the different surnames within the same family, of Coyer/Carrier. (The family names are of the same family, as explored by John Edward Armstrong, in his book, *The Coyer Clan and the Carrier Connection*, printed in 1983 by the Kramer Printing Co., Madison, Wisconsin.)

Laurette Billig did not remember Ethel Hodgdon, who is listed as the Treasurer of the FCGSC on the Incorporation Papers of July 17, 1981. She also was unable to recollect the role of the French Social Circle in the beginnings of the FCGSC, until I explained what is the FSC, and then she remembered that the first library of the FCGSC was housed in it.

Laurette spoke of her interest in Acadian genealogy, and that she was able to publish her findings on the subject in *Le Reveil* of the Acadian Cultural Society in Fitchburg, Mass., and in *The Melting Pot: Our Ancestral Tree*. She said that she wrote a couple of articles for the CML. She emphasized that there was not a rivalry between *The Melting Pot* and the CML, but that the two genealogical societies that produced them had different objectives. She said that she worked with DeLores Dupuis for *The Melting Pot*, and for the Simsbury Genealogical and Historical Research Library in Simsbury, Conn. She said that DeLores "Dee" Dupuis was a past President of the DAR in Conn., and that she had to stop her work on *The Melting Pot* due to her health, and that she moved to Pennsylvania.

Laurette acknowledged that she was a Director at the founding of the FCGSC, but did not mention that she was the Corresponding Secretary from Sept. 1984 to August 1987. She said that Doris Lausier is the person who named the journal of the FCGSC, the *Connecti-*

*cut Maple Leaf*, and she said, somewhat regretfully, that she let her membership lapse. She also spoke of her new interest, Ye Olde Genealogical Society, founded by Everett J. Miller, which meets in the Senior Center in South Windsor.

On Oct. 22, 2008, I interviewed Laurette Billig again by telephone. When I told her that I could not find any articles that she wrote for *Le Reveil* for the years from 1985 to 2000, she replied that she wrote for the genealogical society in Manchester, N.H., about the Acadian Cultural Society just as it was beginning to be established. When I told her that the ACGS publishes *The Genealogist*, she said that must be the publication. I then asked her about Ye Olde Genealogical Society, and she said that she still attends the meetings, and she added that Everett J. Miller, the founder, "died a couple years ago." We also spoke about the FCGSC, and she lamented that she was not contacted by anyone at the FCGSC at the time of the 25th anniversary in 2006. (During the meetings before the anniversary party on Sat. Oct. 7, 2006, no-one on the Board of Directors ever once suggested to contact or invite the five living founders as special guests of the party. All discussion by the Board concerning invitations was through the active membership, and some guests, such as the President of the FSC, and the President of the American French Genealogical Society in Woonsocket, R.I.) During the conversation, I mentioned Lee DeRagon, and she asked how he was, and I told her that he died on Sept. 17, 2008, and that Patrick Lausier was the only Director of the FCGSC to attend his funeral. (I told her that I learned of DeRagon's death two weeks after he died, while doing research on the internet for the article.) I then gave Laurette the address for Lee DeRagon's widow, Arlene, and we ended the conversation.

I later reviewed all the issues of *The Genealogist* by the ACGS from 1975 to 2001, and I could not find any articles or notices written by Laurette Billig, and my only conclusion is that she must have written about the very beginning of the Acadian Cultural Society in another publication, which could range from a genealogical periodical to a local newspaper. Also, I found the obituary

of Everett J. Miller in both the *Hartford Courant* and the *Journal-Inquirer* of Manchester, Conn., on April 20, 2004, and it reported that: "He was an active member of the Ye Genealogy [sic] Society and the South Windsor Historical Society." The obituary also reported that Everett Miller was predeceased by his wife, and that he died on Feb. 2, 2004 in his home in South Windsor.

Before Lionel DeRagon became a founder of the FCGSC, he was member No. 857 of the ACGS, as published in the Feb. 1979 issue of *The Genealogist*, and in the same issue of the ACGS journal, one can read the names of two other founders of the FCGSC – Laurette Dugas Billig, No. 851, and Henri Carrier, No. 865.

Lionel DeRagon is listed as a Director of the FCGSC on the Incorporation Papers of July 17, 1981, and on the earliest membership list of Sept. 1981, he and his wife Arlene are listed as member No. 8 of the society. Both sources list their address as 228 Penn Drive in West Hartford, Conn. Lionel DeRagon is better known as Lee DeRagon at the FCGSC, and he was elected as a Director at the first election of the FCGSC which was held at the French Social Circle (FSC) on 981 Park Street in Hartford on Sun. Sept. 19, 1982, as reported in the *FCGSC Newsletter* for Oct. 1982. He was re-elected to the same office at the second election of the FCGSC, held at the FSC in Hartford on Sun. Sept. 25, 1983, as reported in the *FCGSC Newsletter* for Oct. 1983. He was not re-elected as a Director at the election of officers held on Sat. May 19, 1984 at the East Hartford Public Library. Due to the ambiguities of the Aug. 1984 issue of the FCGSC Newsletter and the June and Dec. 1984 issues of the CML, it is not clear if he even ran for the office. Furthermore, it is not clear who replaced him as a director, a detail that is obscured by the expansion of the number of directors in office, for there were six directors as of the election on Sept. 25, 1983, and the eight directors in office as of the election on May 19, 1984. For the next two years, Lee DeRagon did not hold any elected office at the FCGSC.

Lee DeRagon was elected as Vice-President of the FCGSC on Sat. June 7, 1986, and the same day, Henri Carrier (Continued on page 40)

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was re-elected as President of the society, during the elections held in the South Windsor Public Library. Lee DeRagon replaced Raymond Thomas of Southington, Conn., (No. 69 FCGSC), in the office. On Sat. May 17, 1987, Lee DeRagon was elected President of the FCGSC in the first election of officers held at the Old Tolland County Courthouse in Tolland, Conn., the current home of the FCGSC. He replaced Henri Carrier in the office, who was elected as Corresponding Secretary, replacing Laurette Dugas Billig in the office. On Sat. May 21, 1988, Lee DeRagon was re-elected as President of the FCGSC, as reported in the Summer 1988 CML. On Sat. May 20, 1989, Lorraine Harlow was elected President of the FCGSC, and Lee DeRagon was elected to a two-year term as Director, as reported in the FCGSC Newsletter, Aug. 1989. He did not run again as a Director in May 1991, and he was replaced by George Daigle, (No. 588 FCGSC) of Simsbury, Conn., as reported on the inside front cover of the Winter 1992 CML.

Lee DeRagon wrote two serialized articles for the journal of the FCGSC, the *Connecticut Maple Leaf* (CML). The longer series is entitled "1900 Federal Census of Connecticut," and it ran for 17 installments, from the first to the 21st issues of the CML, from June 1983 to Summer 1993. The series is a compilation of Franco-American surnames that Lee DeRagon extracted from the 1900 U.S. Federal Census taken in Connecticut. The shorter series that he wrote is entitled "Service Records of Franco [American] World War I Veterans from Connecticut," that ran in the Dec. 1985, June 1986 and Dec. 1986 issues of the CML. Lee DeRagon extracted the Franco-American surnames from the three volume set entitled *Service Records of Connecticut Men and Women in the Armed Forces of the United States during World War I, 1917-1920* that was published in 1941 by the Connecticut Adjutant General's Office.

Lee DeRagon published his ancestry in a four-generation pedigree chart that is found in the *Connecticut Maple Leaf: Members' Pedigree Charts*,



"Lionel DeRagon and Susan Paquette on the second floor of the Old Tolland County Courthouse, Sept. 24, 1989, FCGSC Archives, DeRagon Collection."

*Special Anniversary Issue, 1981-1991.*

In examining his pedigree chart, one would notice that his seventeenth year must have been hard, for he was born on March 8, 1920 in New Bedford, Mass., and when he turned seventeen, he lost his maternal grandfather, Didace Marcoux, on April 8, 1937, and his own father, Sylva DeRagon, on April 11, 1937, both in the City of Hartford, Conn. (The funeral masses for both men were said in the Franco-American parish of Ste. Anne in Hartford, Conn., as reported in the *Hartford Times* and the *Hartford Courant*.) On the happier side, he married his wife, Arlene Helen McNamee on Dec. 5, 1942 in East Hartford, Conn.

I remember first seeing Lee DeRagon on Sat. Oct. 19, 1996, (the most memorable day of the FCGSC participation in FrancoFest '96) only because of his reaction to seeing Roger Lacerte's traveling bookstore on the second floor of the Old Tolland County Courthouse. DeRagon exclaimed in shock when he saw the books: "They're all in French!!!" He nearly choked on the last word, and I thought his eyes were about to pop out of his head. Roger Lacerte, who did not know Lee DeRagon, coolly replied that the event was sponsored by a French-Canadian society, and that he had French books to sell. The second time I remember seeing Lee DeRagon was at the 25th anniversary of the FCGSC, held on Sat. Oct. 7, 2006, at the Lodge at Crandall Park in Tolland, Conn.

On Thurs. June 15, 2006, I interviewed Lee DeRagon by telephone and he said that he remembered Henri Carrier, Lorraine Harlow, and Patrick Lausier, but

did not remember Ethel Hodgdon. He said that the first committee meetings of the FCGSC were held in his home on 228 Penn Dr., West Hartford. He also remembered there were meetings in the East Hartford Public Library. He said that he decided to help found the society because he was retired and that he was interested in genealogy. He said that a factor in the establishment of the FCGSC was that in 1981, the closest archive of genealogical books about French-Canada was in the Springfield Public Library in Springfield, Mass., a resource that he used at that time. (An estimate from Yahoo Maps of the distance between DeRagon's house and the Springfield Public Library on 220 State St., Springfield, Mass., is 30.24 miles, while distance from his house to the FSC on 981 Park St., in Hartford is 3.14 miles.) He remembered that there was an exchange of books between the Springfield library and the FCGSC. He also mentioned a fund program based upon ethnicity sponsored by the Aetna Insurance Company of Hartford, which aided the French-Canadian genealogical collection at the Springfield Public Library.

Lee DeRagon remembered the first library of the FCGSC was in a clothes closet, 12 feet by 12 feet, that was next to the bar at the French Social Circle on 981 Park St., Hartford. Initially, the books that comprised the early library of the FCGSC were not kept in the clothes closet, for there was nothing to secure them, and the founders had to keep the books at their homes, and on days when the library was open, the books had to be brought into the clothes closet. He said that Patrick Laus-

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ier (No. 4 FCGSC) made cabinets in the clothes closet at the FSC so that the books could then be safely secured at the FSC.

Lee DeRagon remembered that Richard Poitras (No. 115 FCGSC) was the person who notified Henri Carrier that the Old Tolland County Courthouse was available for rent from the Tolland Library Association. DeRagon also said that Richard Poitras made the wooden tables which are still in the FCGSC Library. DeRagon remembered that Patrick Lausier got the society its first photocopier for the *CML* and the *FCGSC Newsletter*.

Lee DeRagon remembered that Henri Carrier got at least two Catholic priests into the society, and he mentioned Fr. Albert Goulet and Fr. Hector Hebert S.J.

At the close of the telephone interview, I told Lee DeRagon that I had to go, and he said that I could call back anytime, since was not going anywhere.

There is no reason to doubt the words of Lee DeRagon concerning the exchange of books on the topic of French-Canadian genealogy between the FCGSC and the Springfield Public Library, but there is no reference to such a program in the surviving newsletters of the FCGSC. An implied support for such a policy is the cooperation between the two organizations for a trip to Quebec, as reported in the *FCGSC Newsletter* for Jan. 1990, which has a notice for a: "Quebec City History and Genealogy Tour: Sponsored by the Connecticut Valley Historical Museum in cooperation with the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of CT." The trip was planned for June 11-15, 1990, and Joe Cavalho, the Director of the Conn. Valley Historical Museum, wrote that he, Norm LaRose and Henri Carrier would be guides for the trip, as well as Charles and Irene Hayward. Also, the trip was planned to include visits from well-known genealogists such as Benoit Pontbriand and Msgr. Gilles Heon, the Director of the Quebec Archives. Unfortunately, there is neither a report in the *CML*, nor in the *FCGSC Newsletter* about the success or failure of the trip.

Lee DeRagon is correct in his recollection that Aetna Life and Casualty of

Hartford, Conn., sponsored a series of events that aided the French-Canadian genealogical collection at the Springfield Public Library. Aetna Life and Casualty sponsored at least two events that were conducted by the staff of the Springfield Public Library, and held at the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, called "French-Canadian Connection," that was held in Aug. 1980, and another called "French-Canadian Connection II," that was held on Tues. Oct. 7, 1980. Ruth Danckert of the *Springfield Morning Union* reported in her article, "A Quest for Link to the Past," (Thurs. Oct. 9, 1980), about the successful program that was sponsored by Aetna, and that the library staff anticipated a "French-Canadian Connection III," sometime in the future. A fascinating aspect of the report is that the first person who is named in the article is a man named Leon Guimond of Enfield, Conn., the same man who would later help found the FCGSC. Danckert wrote that Leon Guimond described the land that his ancestor held in the 1650s, and quoted and described Leon as: "...encouraging other Franco-Americans to trace their family lines, saying that 'church and civil records in Canada are very well preserved.'" Another notable person who is named in the report is a speaker at the program, Albert Roy of the Western Massachusetts Genealogical Society, who is Albert Roy of Chicopee, Mass., and member No. 38 of the FCGSC.

Lee DeRagon's statement on Henri Carrier's role in persuading Catholic priests and religious to join the FCGSC is worthy of further analysis. Lee DeRagon is correct that Fr. Albert Goulet of Southbridge, Mass., was the first Catholic priest to join the FCGSC, as member No. 258 (June 1985 *CML*), but he is wrong about Fr. Hector Hebert S.J. as a member of the FCGSC. Fr. Hebert was never a member of the FCGSC, and after his death on Oct. 31, 1986 at the Waltham-Weston Hospital in Waltham, Mass., his brother, J. Lionel Hebert of Sturbridge, Mass., was instrumental in persuading the Jesuit Fathers at Campion Hall in Weston, Mass., to donate Fr. Hebert's collection of genealogical material on the Acadians to the FCGSC. Hence, the FCGSC has the Hebert Collection, but Fr. Hebert

was never a member of the FCGSC. (J. Lionel Hebert also never joined the FCGSC.) Aside from Fr. Albert Goulet, there were seven other priests who joined the FCGSC while Henri Carrier was still alive: Fr. Robert J. Burbank (No. 438) of St. Elizabeth Seton Parish, Rocky Hill, Conn.; Fr. Alexis Babineau A.A., (No. 448), of Assumption College, Worcester, Mass., (Summer 1988 *CML*); Fr. George E. Christian O.P. (No. 458) of Louisville, Kentucky; Fr. Gerard Lebel C.Ss.P., (No. 460) of Ste-Anne-de-Beaupre, PQ, Canada; Fr. Alfred Landry, (No. 484) of Enfield, Conn., (Winter 1988 *CML*); Fr. Ronald Arthur Glaude, (No. 531) of Brooklyn, Conn., (Summer 1989 *CML*); and Fr. Philip Edward Bonvouloir, A.A., (No. 589) of Ste. Anne Parish, Fiskdale, Mass., (Winter 1990 *CML*). It is notable that five of the seven priests joined in 1988, two of whom served in the Archdiocese of Hartford – Fr. Burbank and Fr. Landry. A cause in the spike in the enrollment is that on the front page of the March 11, 1988 issue of the *Catholic Transcript*, (the newspaper of the Archdiocese of Hartford), is an article entitled "Franco-Americans Find Treasures in Tolland," which is about the FCGSC. The two assets of the FCGSC that are highlighted in the article are the Loisselle Index and the Hebert Collection, along with a brief biography of Fr. Hector Hebert S.J.

There are a total of five nuns who joined the FCGSC while Henri Carrier was still alive, four of whom are Daughters of the Holy Spirit. The first nun to join is Sr. Irene Fortier, DHS, (FCGSC No. 89), whose residence is listed as 126 Putnam St., Hartford, in the June 1983 *CML*. The significance of the address is that 126 Putnam St. is a house owned by the parish of Ste. Anne, and it is little more than one block away from the FSC on 981 Park St., the home of the first library of the FCGSC. In the same issue of the *CML* is listed Sr. Margaret Valois (FCGSC No. 118) of Downers Grove, Illinois, and I suspect that Editor Jack Valois, (FCGSC No. 31), persuaded her to join the society. (It is not known why the initials that signify her order are not listed after her name.) In the Dec. 1983 *CML* is listed Sr. Claudette Huot, DHS, (FCGSC No. 186), of Waterbury, Conn. (Continued on page 42)



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Sr. Flore Trudeau, DHS, joined the FCGSC three years later, as member No. 334, and her address is listed in the Dec. 1986 *CML* as 176 Babcock St., Hartford, which is about two blocks away from the first library of the FCGSC, at 981 Park St., Hartford. (From the evidence of the addresses, both Sr. Fortier and Sr. Trudeau served the Franco-American parish of Ste. Anne, which is on 820 Park St., Hartford.) The fifth nun to join the FCGSC is Sr. Albert Celine Ouellette, DHS, as member No. 481, and her address is listed in the Winter 1988 *CML* as the Parish of St. Paul of the Shipwreck in San Francisco, California.

On Mon., July 7, 2008, while I was in the library of the FCGSC, Pres. Susan Paquette told me that the DeRagons were moving out of their home West Hartford, and into an assisted living center, Avery Heights Healthcare Center in Harford. Due to the move, they donated nearly 100 books on French-Canadian genealogy to the FCGSC, a collection that includes 35 volumes of the 47 volume set entitled *Repertoire des actes de baptême, mariage, sepulture et des recensements du Québec ancien*, published by the Programme de recherche en démographie historique, as well as the six volume set of *Histoire et Généalogie des Acadiens* by Bona Arsenault.

Lee DeRagon died on Wed. Sept. 17, 2008, but I did not learn of his death until two weeks later, on Wed. Oct. 1, 2008, when I typed his name on Yahoo. I found DeRagon's obituary on the websites for the *Hartford Courant* and the Molloy Funeral Home in West Hartford, Conn., and on the website for the Courant, I noticed that Director Ivan Robinson wrote an e-message in the web guest book to Arlene DeRagon, dated Sept. 22, 2008, two days after the obituary was published in the newspaper. The e-message that Robinson wrote is: "Arlene, I was very sorry to hear of Lee's passing. He will be remembered fondly by me and all his friends in the FC genealogical society, which he served so well and generously. My thoughts go out to you in your grief." Patrick Lausier is

the only current member of the Board of Directors of the FCGSC to have attended DeRagon's funeral and committal ceremony, which he mentioned during the monthly board meeting on Tues. Oct. 7, 2008, although he did not give a formal report of DeRagon's funeral to the board.

The obituary for Lee DeRagon was published in the *Hartford Courant* on Sat. Sept. 20, 2008, and it reported that he died at the age of 88 at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford on Wed. Sept. 17, 2008. It reported that he is survived by his wife of 65 years, Arlene (McNamee) DeRagon, and their four children (one daughter and three sons), and four grandchildren. It reported that he graduated from Hartford Public High School in 1940, and he served in the U.S. Army, 66th Infantry Division for three years during World War Two. Later, he was a commercial carpenter with the Connecticut Carpenters' Union, Local 43. It also reported that: "His favorite past time was genealogy. He was a past president of the French Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut." It announced that his funeral would be held in West Hartford on Wed. Sept. 24, 2008 at 9:15 a.m. at the Molloy Funeral Home, and his Funeral Mass would be held at 10:00 a.m. at St. Thomas the Apostle Church, and his burial would be in the Fairview Cemetery.

On Wed. Oct. 22, 2008, I telephoned Patrick Lausier with the intention to interview him about his attendance at Lee DeRagon's funeral. However, he asked the first question, for he asked me if I had received an e-mail about DeRagon's death from within the Board of Directors of the FCGSC, and I told him, "No," and he concurred that he did not receive such an e-message. He remarked that he read DeRagon's obituary almost by accident, for returned from a trip to Maine on the weekend after DeRagon's death, and he chronologically read all the back issues of the *Hartford Courant* that he missed while he was away. I told him that I no longer receive the Saturday edition of the *Harford Courant* because it is such a thin newspaper. Pat Lausier then proceeded to describe the events of Lee DeRagon's funeral. He said that he spoke to Arlene DeRagon at the funeral home, she asked him if any other mem-

bers of the FCGSC would attend, and he replied no, as far as he knew. He said that Arlene DeRagon told him that Lee DeRagon was very ill for eight or nine months before his death, and that the FCGSC should expect to receive more books from her, since she had boxes of stuff in storage due to their move out of their home in West Hartford. Pat Lausier said that he did not attend the reception after the funeral at the Avery Heights Healthcare Center in Harford, and that the body of Lee DeRagon was cremated.

On Sat. Oct. 18, 2008, before Pres. Susan Paquette opened the Fall General Membership Meeting of the FCGSC, she mentioned the recent death of Lee DeRagon, and she called for a minute of silence in his memory.

To conclude on the Profiles of Two of the Nine Founders of the FCGSC, both Laurette Billig and Lee DeRagon said that the founders wanted to create the FCGSC and a genealogical library in order to avoid the drive either to the Springfield Public Library in Springfield, Mass., or the ACGS in Manchester, N.H. The significance of this goal is that seven of the nine founders were members of the ACGS before they founded the FCGSC, and the only two founders of the FCGSC who did not join the ACGS were Ethel Hodgdon and Paul Hebert. Ethel Hodgdon was a member of eight Yankee genealogical societies at the time of her death on Nov. 7, 1981 and her interest in the FCGSC was likely due to the surname of her son-in-law, Paul Garneau, while Paul Hebert likely had his sights outside of Connecticut not long after founding the FCGSC, for he did not hold any office in the FCGSC after August 1982, and in 1983, he moved to Bear, Delaware. Another aspect of both Billig and DeRagon is that neither mentioned the use of computers or the internet, unlike the interviews with Paul Hebert, Leon Guimond and Marcel Guerard, each of whom are currently doing their genealogy through the internet. Rather, one has the impression that from the interviews with Hebert, Guimond and Guerard, a society like the FCGSC would not be established today since the use of the internet bypasses the need for travel and

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## Obituaries



### Paul P. Chassé

S O M E R - SWORTH ; Paul P. Chasse, 81, died March 26, 2008, at his home following a period of failing health.

Born July 11, 1926, the son of Noel and Annie (Curran)

Chasse, he was educated at St. Martin Academy. He received his BA from UNH and his Master's and Ph.D. from Laval University.

He began his teaching career in Somersworth, then Pittsfield, Charlton, Mass., UNH and Birmingham Southern College. Under the Fulbright grant, he taught at Prea Reach Sampear College in Cambodia and was the first Fulbright scholar to serve three consecutive years in the same country, which took two acts of Congress for each renewal. He was officially classified as the American

Cultural Affairs Officer for Kampot Province.

After 32 years as a professor in the language department at Rhode Island College, where he introduced a graduate program in Franco-American Ethnic Heritage Studies, he retired as Professor Emeritus. He was appointed the state's first Secretary of Culture in Governor Noel's cabinet.

Poet, author, historian, journalist, world traveler, genealogist and lecturer he was awarded Quebec's Prix Champ-lain and was named Chevalier and Officier de l'Orde des Palmes Academiques by France. In 2002, he received by Royal Decree the award of Commander of the Royal Order of the Monisaraphon by King Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. Many other awards are too numerous to mention.

Lovingly involved in the church he was fortunate to include many nuns, priests, bishops and cardinals as personal friends and to have an audience with Pope John Paul II. He will be dearly missed.

Paul was predeceased by a brother Adrien, who died in 2003. Survivors include

a sister, Pauline Chasse Rodier of Englewood Fla.; and several nieces and nephews.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated 10 a.m. April 21 at St. Martin Church followed by burial in Mt. Calvary Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to St. Charles Children's Home, 19 Grant St., Rochester, NH 03867.



Therese (Gagnon) Lachance, 80, of Bristol, wife of Reginald Lachance, died on Tuesday, (September 16, 2008) at Bristol Hospital. Therese was born on March 23,

1928, in St. Ludger, Quebec, Canada and was a daughter of the late George and Clara (Gilbert) Gagnon. A longtime Bristol resident she was an active member of St. Ann Church where she served as Eucharistic Minister for 20 years, Director of the Alleluia Choir (Continued on page 50)

Submitted by Albert Marceau  
Newington, CT



"Danny Hebert and the Boys from New Brunswick perform at the Acadian Music Day, June 14, 2008, Templeton, Mass."



"Janelle and Christine Melanson perform at the Templeton Fish and Game Club, Templeton Mass., Sat. June 14, 2008."

(Continued from page 42: 25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Four, Profiles of Two of the Nine Founders)

the establishment of libraries. The third aspect of the interviews with Billig and DeRagon is that one has the impression that the FCGSC is part of a greater whole in the field of genealogy, for Billig clearly stated that she could not publish what she wanted through the CML, so she was able to publish her material through *The Melting Pot*, and there was no enmity between the two societies that published the journals. Similarly, DeRagon recollected that the very beginning of the FCGSC had its roots in the lectures on the field of French-Canadian genealogy held at the Springfield Public Library and sponsored by Aetna Life and Casualty, a recollection that I somewhat doubted until I found in the vertical files of the FCGSC the newspaper report in the *Springfield Morning Union* that not only supported DeRagon's recollection, but named two members of the FCGSC before it was founded.

In the next installment, the role of Patrick and Doris Lausier in the early establishment of the FCGSC will be examined, for they hold membership No. 4 in the society, a number that would have likely gone to Ethel Hodgdon if she did not become ill and die in the early establishment of the society.



## Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd Sa Foi. Qui Perd Sa Foi Perd Sa Langue Une autobiographie spirituelle

**Par Irène Simoneau**

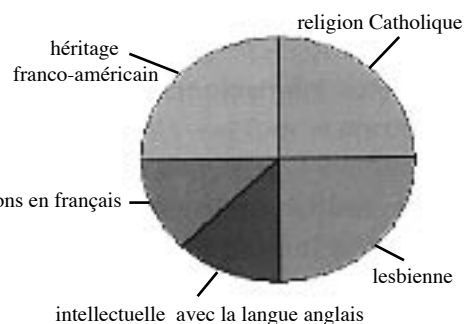
*Présentée aux membres d'un cours Education for Ministry de l'Église Épiscopale St.Jean à Bangor, Maine, octobre 2008.*

J'étais tout au début de mes trente ans quand j'ai fait parti d'un atelier avec d'autres femmes à l'Université du Maine la première fois que j'étais là pour obtenir mon degré. Les leaders de l'atelier nous ont demandé de dessiner un cercle et de placer des couleurs dans le cercle qui devraient nous expliquer ou nous identifier. Parce qu'il y avait d'autres femmes franco-américaines dans le groupe, les leaders nous ont aussi demandé d'identifier, par couleurs, d'autres questions sur la langue, s'il y en avaient.

Quand j'ai présenté mon auto-

biographie au groupe de l'église cet octobre, j'ai essayé de récréer ce que je me rappelais de l'exercice original. Il faut se rappeler aussi que dans à peu près l'année 1975, je ne connaissais pas beaucoup les différentes combinaisons de couleurs que je me devais d'identifier. Aujourd'hui je les connais plus ou moins mais j'avais certainement manqué les nuances des combinaisons de ces couleurs quand j'étais plus jeune.

Ce que j'avais dessiné dans un grand cercle était un quart orange représentant mon héritage franco-améri-



cain et un quart bleu représentant la religion Catholique à côté du quart orange, suivi par un quart en couleur lavende pour symboliser ma nouvelle conscience comme lesbienne. Le dernier quart du cercle était divisé en deux pour représenter, dans une partie, mes émotions, en un orange foncé, reliée avec le français, et finalement ma vie intellectuelle en bleu foncé reliée avec la langue anglaise. En ce temps-là je me sentais divisée en deux, mes émotions dans une langue, ma vie intellectuelle dans une autre. (Suite page 45)

## Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd Sa Foi Who Loses His/ Her Language Loses His/Her Faith Qui Perd Sa Foi Perd Sa Langue Who Loses His/ Her Faith Loses His/Her Language

**by Irène Simoneau**

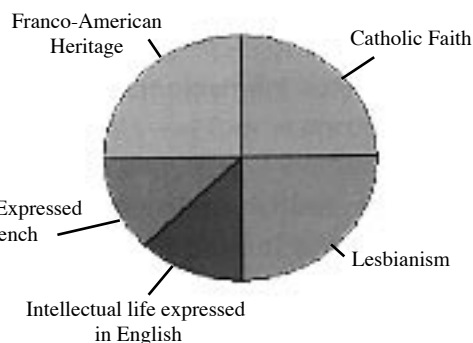
*From a presentation to members of a course entitled "Education for Ministry" at St. John's Episcopal Church, Bangor, Maine, October 2008*

I am presenting you my spiritual autobiography by way of illustrating it in color segments in circles to show you overlays and differences in my awareness development over the years.

The first circle displayed of color identification comes from the middle 1970's when I was attending the University of Maine the first time, trying to obtain my doctorate in Canadian-American history at that time. It was in my early thirties when I was in a workshop with other women who were asked to draw a circle and place colors in that circle that could later be explained as identify-

ing oneself. Because there were other Franco-Americans, other than myself, in that group, we were also asked to identify language issues by color also. Hence, I have recreated what I remember from that original exercise, and then, how this circle would appear to me today. I did not have full awareness in the 1970's and therefore did not recognize identity combination issues that I missed then, but now know.

What I had originally drawn in the first great circle of the 1970's was a quarter area in orange representing my Franco-American heritage, with a quarter circle in blue next to it, representing the



Catholic Faith. This was followed by another quarter of the circle in lavender, symbolizing my newly-recognized lesbianism. The last quarter of the circle was divided in two, one section for my emotions, expressed in French, colored dark orange and thus related to the Franco-American area next to it, and finally a section colored in dark blue, representing my intellectual life, expressed in English. At that time, I felt as if I were divided in two, between my emotions expressed in one language and my intellectual life in another. (Continued on page 45)



*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd suite de page 44)*

Et c'est ici avec cette présentation du cercle du passé que j'ai commencé mon autobiographie spirituelle.

Je suis issue d'une famille religieuse mixte. Mon père fut élevé Protestant, ma mère Catholique, les deux d'origines de Lowell, dans le Massachusetts. Mais malgré ça, les deux côtés de ma famille étaient d'origine canadienne-française. C'est simplement que ma grand-mère paternelle, rendu veuve, s'est convertie à la foi protestante, Baptiste, et a emmené tous ces enfants dans cette foi. Plus tard, mon père au temps de sa mort a voulu se convertir au Catholicisme quand j'avais cinq ans. Quant à moi, je fus baptiser dans la foi catholique à l'âge de trois jours après ma naissance pour éviter une querelle religieuse dans la famille.

Mais bien avant sa mort, mon père m'avait placé dans un foyer franco-américain avec des femmes, soeurs non-mariées, retirées de leurs occupations

dans les usines de textile, qui prenaient soin des bébés pendant la deuxième guerre mondiale. Elles étaient mes mères nourricières à partir de l'âge de deux semaines jusqu'à quatre ans. Et c'est sur les genoux des soeurs Jalbert de Lowell que j'ai appris toutes mes prières d'enfance catholiques et la langue française, avec ses jeux et chansons et rythme de la vie de cette culture. Alors le Catholicisme, par voie de la culture franco-américaine, a été profondément enforcé dans ma vie depuis un âge tendre. Je fus élevée complètement en français jusqu'à l'âge de sept ans, l'âge où j'ai fait ma première communion dans l'Église Catholique.

Mais, afin de faire la première communion il fallait lire le français, plus ou moins, parce qu'il fallait apprendre certaines parties du catéchisme Baltimore, traduit en français. On était aligner contre le mur dans la classe avec une Soeur qui avait une grosse règle. On nous demandait une question, comme, qu'est-ce que la Trinité Sainte, et il fallait répondre, de

notre mémoire, la réponse du catéchisme. Si on disait quelque chose incorrecte de notre mémoire, la soeur nous frappait sur les doigts, de la même façon qu'elle nous avait frappé quand on a appris l'alphabet français. De cette manière j'ai appris très vite à lire mes lettres en français et à apprendre le catéchisme Baltimore par coeur pour que je puisse faire ma première communion à l'âge de sept ans avec tous les autres de mon âge. Autrement, je n'aurais pas eu de doigts que me restent.

J'ai continué mon éducation dans le Petit Canada de Lowell où je fus élevé. Autre que quelques familles grecques qui ont émigrés au Petit Canada, peut-être à cause d'une alliance de mariage avec des canadiens-français, tout le Petit Canada était français et Catholique. Et nous pouvions vivre notre vie franco-américaine dans ce quartier, de la naissance jusqu'à la mort, pour beaucoup d'entre nous. Il y'avait un hôpital français, dirigé par des Soeurs qui venaient du Canada français, ou qui étaient franco-américaines elles-  
(Suite page 46)

*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd continued from page 44)*

And now I will start this presentation with the French words that begin the presentation and are also translated there because they are crucial to my identity development, which integrated religion and culture. Those words were part of La Survivance (Survival) for Franco-Americans during a long period of their establishment and life in the United States.

I was born into a mixed Protestant (Baptist)-Catholic family. My father's family was the Protestant side, my mother's, the Catholic. However, both sides of the family were French-Canadian in origin. My widowed paternal grandmother, who spoke French fluently, had converted to the Baptist faith and took all her children, including my father, into this new faith. My father would later convert to Catholicism on his deathbed, when I was five years old. I myself was baptized in my mother's faith in a Catholic hospital when I was three days old in order to avoid as much bickering as possible between the two matriarchs of different faiths in my family. And what was already accomplished, baptism in the Catholic faith, could not be undone.

Therefore, Catholicism via the Franco-American culture was deeply imbedded in me since my early childhood, despite religious differences in my family make-up.

At the age of two weeks, my father placed me in a Franco-American foster home, run by Catholic Charities, with three unmarried sisters, retired from work in the textile industry. Those were the years of World War II, and my father, already too old for that particular war, had to find employment across the country. I remained with these foster mothers, the Jalbert sisters, until I was four years old, and even after I rejoined my family I visited with them on weekends. It is with them I learned all my Catholic prayers, the French language and all the songs and games of my culture. I was raised completely in French and did not know much English until about the age of seven when I made my First Communion in the Catholic Church.

In order to make one's First Communion in my community in Lowell, Ma., one had to know how to read French because one had to memorize sections of the Baltimore Catechism, translated in French. You were lined up against

the wall with others in the class, facing a Sister who had a big ruler. You were asked a question, such as what was the Holy Trinity, and then you had to spout back, from memory, the answer in the catechism. If you said something incorrect from memory, you were hit on the fingers with the big ruler the Sister was carrying. She had taught you your French letters in the same manner. In this way, I learned how to read French and memorize the Baltimore Catechism in French very fast. I therefore made my First Communion at the age of seven with everyone else and I saved my fingers for my future life.

I continued my education in the Little Canada of Lowell, Mass., where I was raised. Other than a few Greek-American families who had migrated to the Little Canada, perhaps because of inter-marriage with the French, all of Little Canada was both French and Catholic. From the possibility of your birth in a Franco-American Catholic hospital; to your education, up to and including your high school years in Franco-American schools, taught by Franco-American or French-Canadian nuns; to all your  
(Continued on page 46)

*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd suite de page 45)*

mêmes. Nous pouvions poursuivre notre éducation, jusqu'à la fin du cours supérieur, avec les même Soeurs, et aussi il y avait des Frères pour les garçons qui arrivaient à un certain age, toutes sortes de magasins pour aller faire des emplettes, des activités et des clubs sociaux, les services à l'Église-mère Catholique, des entrepreneurs de pompes funèbres à la fin de nos jours, et finalement, l'enterrement dans un cimetière Catholique français. Quand on allait à d'autres parties de Lowell qui n'étaient pas française, c'était plutôt étrange; c'était la même ville, mais étrangère quand même. Quand je grandissait dans le Petit Canada je pensais que tout le monde était franco-américain.

J'ai graduée d'un cours supérieur français-catholique pour les filles, et là je me voyais entre deux choix de vocations: continuer au collège parce que je voulais plus d'instruction pour fuir le ghetto du Petit Canada, ou faire comme une bonne fille franco-américaine qui ne voulait pas

se marier, entrer au couvent. J'ai choisi le couvent, pensant en même temps que les Soeurs payeraient pour mon éducation au collège si je pouvais être à leur service. J'ai choisi un ordre canadien qui acceptait les filles franco-américaines et c'était aussi le même ordre qui m'avait instruit. Mais mon expérience dans le couvent n'a pas duré longtemps, jusqu'à peu près la fin du noviciat. Je n'étais pas de nature très obéissante. Ce que je me rappelle le plus de ces années est que j'aimais prier, et aujourd'hui j'hérite encore l'avantage de tous ces prières recitées quand j'étais jeune.

Sortie du couvent, je suis allée au collège à Lowell, graduée, et de là à l'Université de Virginie pour obtenir ma maîtrise, et de là encore, transférée à l'Université du Maine pour obtenir un doctorat en histoire. Et, c'est à l'UMaine que j'ai commencé à changé. Je suis arrivée Catholique mais trouvait ma culture franco-américaine odieuse. C'est grâce à ma première conseillère académique dans le département d'histoire, une femme

elle-même Yankee, qui m'a convaincue, malgré tous nos conflits, d'utiliser mon français en m'engageant dans l'histoire de mon peuple. Et c'est ici aussi que je me suis engagée avec un jeune groupe de franco-américains à l'Université. Alors, avec ces influences je suis devenu capable d'aimer mon peuple et en même temps de m'aimer aussi car les deux, se penchent un sur l'autre.

Hélas, j'avais payé un prix pour mon retour à l'acceptation de la culture de mon enfance. J'avais rejeté le Catholicisme et adopté l'agnosticisme. C'était la première fois que j'avais séparé la culture franco-américaine de son attachement au Catholicisme. Cette période de séparation a duré longtemps.

En 1979, je suis retourné à Lowell, avec ma thèse de doctorat incomplète mais avec des nouveaux engagements à mon esprit de féminisme et saphisme que j'avais découvert comme identités quand j'étais à l'Université. Tout les deux de ces identités m'étaient très satisfaisantes. *(Suite page 47)*

*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd continued from page 45)*

shopping needs; to social activities and social clubs; to French undertakers (and there were many in the community) for wakes; to burial services in the French-Catholic Church and then to final burial in a French-Catholic cemetery, all your needs were met in French in Little Canada. Going to other parts of Lowell that were not French, (at that time Lowell had four other French sections, not including Little Canada) was always an adventure in foreign travel. I suppose when I grew up in that Little Canada I thought the whole world was Franco-American.

I graduated from a French-Catholic high school for girls in my community and was torn between two vocational possibilities: going on to college, because by then learning had become a deep calling for me, or choosing the other vocational path, open to Franco-American girls who did not wish to marry, religious life. I chose to go into training to become a nun in the order that had educated me, hoping that they would also help educate me further if I proved to be of service to them. I didn't last very long in the training for convent life, perhaps as far as the

later years of novice training, close to the taking of temporary vows. I was never much the obedient type, and besides other things were beginning to stir in me. What I remember the most from those years in the convent was that I loved to pray and those prayers have been left as a huge legacy in my life from that time.

From my trial period in the convent I went to college in Lowell, graduated with a combined history, education degree; then went to graduate school at the University of Virginia, graduating with a Masters in International Relations; and from there to an attempted doctorate in Canadian-American history at the University of Maine. Still, my Catholicism came with me to Maine, though it had begun to change in Virginia. I had arrived somewhat Catholic in practice but hateful of my Franco-American culture. It took a few people here to turn my attitude around. One was my first academic advisor in the history department, a solid Yankee woman, but respectful of Francos in this state, to convince me, despite our many conflicts and disagreements, to use my French language and thereby get involved in studying the history of my own people. Only then,

she believed, would I grow to love my people, and perhaps even myself as a branch of those people. I did finally do this. It also helped that I came in contact and joined with a fledgling organization of Franco-American students called F.A.R.O.G. (Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group) organized to give mutual support to students and even staff at the University. They were a continued source of support for me and also contact with other Franco-Americans statewide.

However, there was a price to pay for my concentration in my newly-discovered self-esteem in regard to my culture. Catholicism was shelved and I officially adopted agnosticism while at the University. Instead I concentrated in re-discovering myself as a feminist and a lesbian. This became my first real separation of Franco-Americanism from Catholicism. This period lasted a long time.

In 1979, I returned to Lowell with my doctoral exams passed but my dissertation incomplete. I did have a newly-arrived sense of lesbianism and feminism that I felt I needed to understand more fully. But, I did also get

*(Continued on page 47)*

*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd suite de page 46)*

Cependant, pendant ce long séjour à Lowell j'ai acquis un autre conflit. J'ai accepté une position d'enseignement dans un cours supérieur Catholique dirigé par le même ordre de Soeurs qui m'avaient enseignée auparavant. Mais cette femme franco-américaine d'une connaissance d'autre fois était maintenant agnostique, féministe et lesbienne. Les Soeurs m'ont endurée, et moi, j'ai enduré aussi. J'étais une bonne maîtresse et je pense aujourd'hui que l'influence des Soeurs pendant ces années m'a bien touché et peut-être m'a réhabilité en ce qui concerne la spiritualité.

Plus tard, dans mes dernières années de ma carrière d'enseignement, je sentais quelque chose n'allait pas. Je suis devenu déprimée, irritable, avec aucun sens d'énergie intérieure. Heureusement, je sortais avec une femme qui m'a introduite à un programme de douze pas pour des enfants-adultes de familles alcoôliques. Je me suis identi-

fiée comme une de ces enfants-adultes qui venait d'une famille alcoôlique, avec tous les traits que ces enfants-adultes héritent. Comme je travaillais pour mon rétablissement, j'ai retrouvé le Bon Dieu encore une fois, car je m'avais associé à un programme de douze pas qui était profondément spirituel.

Mes dernières années d'enseignement au cours supérieur-marchaient plus facilement avec mon programme et je suis devenue amie avec un prêtre qui m'a aidé à augmenter ma spiritualité. Même aujourd'hui je suis reconnaissante à ce programme de douze pas pendant ces années à Lowell pour mon retour au Bon Dieu.

À la fin de mes années d'enseignement au cours supérieur à Lowell, j'ai déménagé au New Hampshire et je suis ensuite retournée à l'Église Catholique que j'avais abandonné après mon programme de douze pas, pensant que j'étais guéri de tous mes traits d'héritage alcoôlique et c'est ce que je pensais.

Finalement, en 2007 au New

Hampshire, je me suis rendu compte que je ne pouvais plus combiner mon féminisme et mon Saphisme avec les enseignements de l'Église Catholique. Je pouvais encore faire une combinaison avec le franco-américanisme, mais seulement dans l'esprit conservateur de mon enfance. Je pense que c'est ici que j'ai commencé à avoir un rapport amour-haine avec le Catholicisme.

Enfin, j'ai commencé à chercher d'autres choix spirituels et religieux pour ma vie. J'ai fréquenté les services Épiscopaliens à Concord. À première vue, ça paraissait semblable au Catholicisme, mais je trouve aujourd'hui que je n'étais pas aussi confortable que je pensais. Cette religion était pour moi toujours un peu étrange. Mais j'ai pris l'instruction quand même dans cette foi et je désirais vraiment d'être reçue par l'évêque Robinson, pour témoigner mon support envers une autre personne gaie comme moi.

Je suis arrivée au Maine en septembre l'année passée pour continuer mes *(Suite page 48)*

*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd continued from page 46)*

involved in a conflict of values when I returned to my hometown. I took a teaching job in a Catholic High School, with the nuns who had taught me, teaching mostly history and French. This might have been alright except that I was still an agnostic, and a feminist, and a lesbian. I remember saying prayers with the students using the feminine pronoun for God and being hauled into the principal's office to be accused of being an atheist. At least I could safely say I wasn't an atheist. I was only an agnostic after all, and so this phase with them passed. I remember those years as kind of rolling along in some kind of religious daze. But I enjoyed teaching, and mostly being with the Sisters again and perhaps their influence re-converted me later.

But late in my high school teaching career I felt something was terribly wrong. I was becoming depressed and irritable, with no sense of inner drive anymore. Luckily, I had been going out with a woman who introduced me to the ACOA (Adult Children of Alcoholics) Twelve-Step Program. After some

initial difficulty, I took to the Program, began working very hard at my recovery from the behaviors inherited from the alcoholism of my family background, and most importantly, found God again through this most spiritual Program. I'm not sure I was in the Catholic frame of mind at the high school but I certainly believed in God and things ran much more smoothly in a religious way at the high school. Moreover, by this time I had befriended a Catholic priest at the high school who became my best buddy for awhile and thus influenced my spiritual growth. It's as if I had received a much-needed injection of spirituality in my life. To this day, I thank that Twelve-Step Program for my return to God.

At the end of my Catholic High School teaching days, I moved to New Hampshire and returned full-fledged to the Catholic faith I had abandoned many years before. But, I also simultaneously dropped my Twelve-Step Program, believing I was cured of all the alcoholic behaviors stemming from my childhood home. I thought all I needed was the Catholic Church again and all would be well.

Things were not so well last year

in New Hampshire. I finally realized I couldn't combine my lesbianism, or even my feminism, with the Catholic Church's teachings. I could combine my Franco-Americanism again but only in the conservative way of my childhood, something I could not do anymore. I was beginning to have that love-hate relationship with Catholicism I still have. And so I began looking for religious alternatives.

I started attending Episcopalian services in Concord. At first, those services seemed very similar to Catholicism, other than the use of the Book of Common Prayer, but I don't believe now that I ever felt that comfortable with the Faith itself. It always seemed a bit foreign, especially in regard to not including many people of different ethnic backgrounds in that Faith. But I did take the training in the Faith and I truly desired to be received by Bishop Robinson, in order to show another gay person as much support as possible. However, I really don't believe now that I thought through this conversion very well at the time.

I arrived in Maine late last year to continue my degree, abandoned so many *(Continued on page 48)*

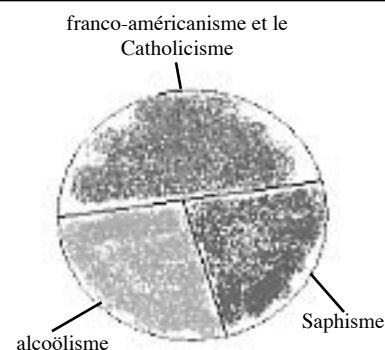


*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd suite de page 47)*

pas vers mon degré abandonné ça fait longtemps déjà. Je me suis établis dans une petite paroisse épiscopaliennne près de l'Université avec un bon pasteur conseiller. Mais elle me disait souvent qu'elle pensait que le Catholicisme me tirait encore et qu'elle craignait que je retournerais à cette foi. Depuis ce temps j'ai changé de paroisse deux fois encore. On dirait que je ne peux pas trouver ma vraie demeure. Mais, j'ai un ancre de spiritualité quand même. Quand je suis retournée au Maine, je suis aussi retournée à mon programme de douze pas, Al-Anon. Et

avec ce programme, je sais que le Bon Dieu me guide toujours, malgré mon choix religieux, qui peut toujours changer.

Finalement, je peux finir par dessiner un autre cercle qui pourrait me décrire aujourd'hui. Dans ce nouveau cercle, presque la moitié du cercle en combinaison orange et bleue constitue le franco-américanisme qui est pris dans un filet avec le Catholicisme, non pas à côté l'un de l'autre. C'est pour ça que c'est devenu difficile de démêler l'un de l'autre. L'autre partie, plus de la moitié du cercle est divisée entre le Saphisme, encore en couleur lavande et une nouvelle partie en gris représentant l'alcoôlisme de ma famille d'origine de laquelle j'ai héri-



té de ses traits et que je voulais surmonter. Mais, ce que je sais enfin, c'est que le nouveau cercle coloré fait du bon sens dans mon identification de moi-même.

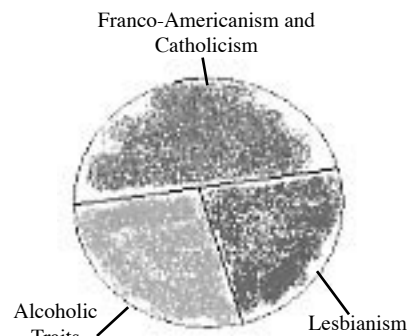
*(Qui Perd Sa Langue Perd continued from page 47)*

years before, to settle in a small Episcopalian parish, close to the University. My first pastor, no longer there, became a supporter, counselor and wise teacher. But she told me she had noticed I was constantly drawn back to Catholicism and feared I would return. Unfortunately, I am still in that never-never land of not knowing where I really belong religiously. I am still an Episcopalian, but one with doubts. However, my spirituality grows again by virtue of the Twelve-Step Program, which I rejoined when I returned to Maine last September. For this, I will remain incredibly grateful.

Finally, to finish this presenta-

tion, I would like to show another circle that could describe an understanding of myself and my identity much better than I did in the 1970's. In this new circle, almost half the circle, but not quite now, is colored a combination of orange, overlaid with blue, in a kind of a mesh, not in orange, representing Franco-Americanism, next to blue, representing Catholicism. They were never side-by-side, but rather enmeshed, as described.

This is why it has been difficult for me to separate one from the other throughout my life. The other part of the circle is divided between lesbianism, again in lavender color, and now a new large section in gray which represents the alcoholic traits I have inherited from my family of origin and which I am still try-



ing to overcome. It is fitting that this large section should be colored gray because in French, *gris(e)*, in addition to translating the color gray, also means tipsy from drunkenness. But now I know that this new color circle makes much more sense in terms of my self-identification.

**Question to our readers: "What impact has the University of Maine had on your life, your parent's lives, your children's lives, grandparent's lives, the town your family lives in?"**

**Please send responses to:**

*Le Forum*

**110 Crossland Hall**

**Orono, ME 04469-5719**

**or Email: [farog@umit.maine.edu](mailto:farog@umit.maine.edu)**

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(Obituaries continued from page 43)

for 20 years, Sacristine for 30 years, chairman of the St. Ann Dinner Club, Trustee of the Parish Council, and member and past president of the Ladies of St. Ann Society. For her dedication to the parish, she was awarded the Archdiocese of Hartford Medal of Appreciation. She hosted the radio show, "Le Foyer Canadien" on the former WBIS, was secretary and treasurer of L'Union des Franco-Américains of CT, was an officer of L'Union St. Jean Baptiste, was a member of the Association Canado-Américains, and was a member of the Federation Feminine. In addition to her husband, Therese is survived by a son Gaetan Lachance and his partner, Michael Farmer of Sheffield, MA; two daughters and sons in law, Carmen and Regis Letourneau of Harwinton and Joanne and Paul Sirko of Bristol; five brothers, Emmanuel Gagnon of Bristol, Reginald and Gregoire Gagnon of St. Ludger, Quebec, Canada, Andre Gagnon of Norton, VT, and Jacques Gagnon of Quebec City, Canada; six sisters, Rita Rodrigue, Yvette Fillion, and Georgette Faucher, all of Bristol, Mary Paul Roy of St. Ludger, PQ, Canada, Regine Roy of St. Gedeon, PQ, Canada, and Nicole Begin of Montreal; five grandchildren, Sylvie-Anne, Serge, and Denis Bisson, Amy Letourneau, and Kim Sirko; two great grandchildren, Ava Braddock and Olivia Bisson; and many nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by a son, Roger Lachance. Funeral services will be held on Saturday, September 20, at 9 a.m. from Funk Funeral Home, 35 Bellevue Avenue, Bristol, to St. Ann Church, Bristol for a Mass of Christian Burial at 10 a.m. Burial to follow in St. Joseph Cemetery, Bristol. Relatives and friends may call at the funeral home on Friday, from 2-4 and 6-8 p.m. Memorial donations may be made to St. Ann Church Memorial Fund, 180 Laurel St., Bristol, CT 06010. On-line guestbook available at [www. FunkFuneralHome.com](http://www.FunkFuneralHome.com)

### **Author Gérard H. Robichaud**

Gerry passed away Saturday, October 18th at 12:45 AM

Gerry had not been doing well for about 3 weeks. He could no longer stay alone in his apartment. I had him admitted to the hospital on Sunday, October 12th to be evaluated. He said to me, 'I think that this may be my last ride'. He was dehydrated and weak. With intravenous feeding he perked right up. From the hospital stay, his next option was to go to a rehab center or be moved to a nursing home. He chose the rehab center. He wanted to try to get stronger so that he could return home. He tried for a day but said to me, "Honey, this is too big for me." That day he basically gave up. He stopped eating. It was very quick. He died peacefully in his sleep. I am so thankful that he was not in any pain. What a wonderful man! I miss him very much.

He chose to have no funeral services here in Maine. He was cremated on Wednesday, October 22. His wish was for his ashes to be brought to Indian Gap VA Cemetery in PA. My husband and I will drive down to do that for him.

TO HIS FRIENDS: Thank you all for being such good friends to him. You all meant the world to him. Please extend this message to anyone you feel should know the news.

I would like to share this with all of you: Gerry had set a goal for himself. He wanted to reach 100, attend my sons wedding and dance

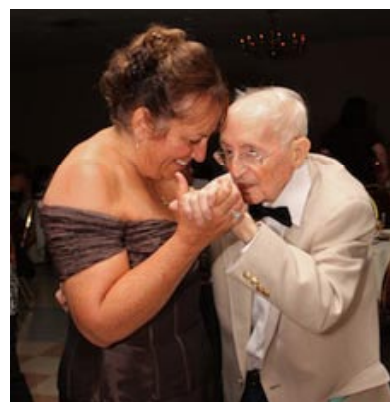


with the bride. He did all three. How happy he was to have met his goals.

He had a wonderful time at the wedding. Our family loved him very much. Enjoy!

Anita Poulin

(Submitted by Norman Beaupré)



Anita and Gerry dancing  
at her son's wedding

**<http://www.mainely-wooden-crafts.com/knittedslippers.html>**



Contact: Gene Cyr  
PO Box 366  
Washburn, ME

[gjcyr@yahoo.com](mailto:gjcyr@yahoo.com)



(N.D.L.R. This letter to the Editor first appeared in the St. John Valley Times, July 23 edition, Madawaska, Maine)

## Rose LaTulippe, a Guéret legend?

To the editor,

At one time, the legend of Rose LaTulippe was common knowledge. I first heard and wrote about it when I was in the fourth grade. It was still widely known among senior citizens in 1971 when I began my field research in the Valley.

Given my interest in onmastics, I waited patiently all year for the Guerrette Family reunion to determine whether this fascinating legend was still circulating in oral traditions. I hypothesized that it would not be, and I guessed correctly.

Among the people that I questioned, my findings were the following: age group 70- vaguely remembered with some prompting; age group 40-50 – faint recollection or none; below 40 – I struck out.

For the benefit of you youngsters – at my age anyone below 40 is a mere youngster – allow me to groso modo to refresh your memories.

Rose LaTulippe was a charming young lady in the fullness of age, who happened to make the acquaintance of a tall, dark, and handsome young stranger. He invited her to the local Saturday night dance and, without much hesitation, accepted.

There was endless interrogation by her mother after Rose informed there of her date. Mother wanted to know his age, origin, occupation and place of resi-

dence – you know who mothers are.

Rose was so enchanted by this young suitor that she had forgotten to probe into his background. That could come later, she told her mother reassuringly.

Mother had bad vibes about this guy, and she withheld her consent. She was also bothered by her daughter's demeanor, who was enthralled, nay, mesmerized by this stranger.

Mother's protests were for naught.

Rose donned her most elegant finery for the occasion and waited patiently for her escort to arrive. When, finally, his coach pulled into the yard (some say it was drawn by six splendid roasters, coal black) a man sporting a top hat and wearing a redingote and white gloves, opened the door. Rose stepped inside and together they sped into the night.

After they arrived at the dance hall, (or was it a chateau?) they avoided people and kept to themselves, although the LaTulippe girl was well known in the community.

The music was grand and people imbibed and made merry. As the evening wore on, however, people complained that whenever the couple twirled by their table, the temperature seemed to climb several degrees. Moreover, they were struck by the fact that the stranger had not removed his hat and that he was still wearing his gloves – certainly unconventional comportment.

Closing time was approaching when someone noticed what appeared to be claws protruding from the man's gloves. That was enough to send someone after the local priest, who arrived post haste just before the stroke of midnight.

The good padre preceded to douse the stranger with holy water. Thereupon, the mysterious creature, it could hardly be called a man, bellowed most horrible

and bolted out the door amidst a blaze of lightening and a mighty thunderclap.

As he did so, his hat flew to the floor and the revelers noticed that it had two holes in the top. They drew the obvious conclusion and started to drift away, shocked and sobered by their bizarre experience.

As for the willful lassie who was, by now, quite mortified, she was escorted home by the priest who admonished her all the way.

Her distraught mother greeted her with gusted affection and they tell me that Rose LaTulippe never, but never, strayed again.

There you have it. As you may have guessed, there are as many variants of this legend as there are people to speak it but the motif remains constant. Unlike the folktale, which was related only to entertain, the legend was meant to inform.

Legends have a whisper of truth that incites curiosity.

I appeal to your readers to inform me if they are acquainted with this legend and when, where and how they heard about it. This will help me trace its migratory path and determine whether the legend is still vibrant, moribund or somewhere in between.

I would also welcome any information on the origin of the name LaTulippe.

My university address is: Box 57, Cyr Hall, University of Maine at Fort Kent, Fort Kent, ME 04743.

My e-mail address is: rparadis@umaine.edu

I can also be reached through the secretary at mailto:plouise@umaine.edu

I can't promise that I will answer all correspondence, but I will research, file and forever be très reconnaissant.

**Roger Paradis**  
**Fort Kent**

(The Isidore continued from page 23)

his scarf. His hands were shaking.

Jill didn't know what to say and hesitated. She worried about her eighty year old father.

"You don't believe me!"

"Pa...the phantom ship? No, I don't!"

"What else could it be...no four masted ships around these parts anymore?" He struggled to his feet..."Wait till I tell the guys." "Too early...Hebert's not open yet."

"I'll walk slow."

She knew she couldn't stop him... "I'll go with you."

"No, that's okay, I'll be alright."

And before she could say anything more, he was gone.

He'd never forgotten that day...

her doubting him...for not believing him. He never mentioned it again, at least not to her. And she knew why.

She'd hesitated calling her sister, Hester, a retired school teacher, that day. She could picture Hester jumping into her Dodge Dart and barreling down from Millinocket anxious to herd their father to see the local shrink. Hester burned up the phone lines often, to check up on their father and his health. She was obsessive about it.

Just today, she'd called again.

"Are you watching Pa's diet?"

"Yes, yes."

"Last time I saw he looked a bit paunchy. No fatty foods?"

"No."

Jill served copious salad dish-

es to her father whenever she could.

"Rabbit food!" he'd growled but ate it anyway.

"Remember," Hester continued, "when we traveled to Canada with him a few years ago? To visit with his cousins? The food he ate there...eggs fried in bacon fat, butter and whole milk from their farms and salt pork! Do you remember the salt pork? They used it so much...with their baked beans, boiled with their vegetables...and Pa...he ate that salt pork...wouldn't let them throw it out!"

"I know...he loved it."

She'd exploded..."A #1 artery blocker!!"

"Okay Hester...not to worry...he'll be okay."

(Continued on page 52)

(The Isidore continued from page 51)

Now, today, though it was snowing pretty hard, Jill walked with her father to Hebert's. She needed a few spices and maybe some hot dogs. Jim Hebert carried about everything one needed, from Italian sandwiches to four penny nails. That store, a weathered clapboard affair with a much patched roof, had been there ever since she could remember. When she was a little girl, she used to buy penny candy there. Hebert's father was running the store back then.

Her father's friends, in their parkas and L.L. Bean boots, were hunkered around the stove when they came in.

"Hi Ben," they said..."come sit for a spell."

"Don't mind if I do."

"Hi, Missus Ben," they said.

She laughed. They were good men and she liked them all.

A short time later, Hebert, a stocky man whose bulging stomach worried the buttons of his checkered shirt, plunked her groceries down on the counter.

"Is that it, Jill?"

"That should do it...thanks Jim."

And to her father, "See you later, Pa."

He acknowledged with a little wave and she knew he'd come home when he was ready.

The snow had eased somewhat,

only a few flakes spinning to the ground as Jill walked along the bluff on her way home. So close to the ocean did they live, that sometimes at night, they heard the whistle buoy out on the bay. It was one of her favorite things...walking near the shore where she could watch the sea gulls skimming the tops of the waves and calling to each other as only gulls could.

But, today...the quiet was startling. She scanned the waters. No birds. She gasped. Then she knew why.

Sailing briskly along with coast was a ship...a four masted with tattered sails, its prow dipping into giant troughs in what seemed to be a dangerous sea. And yet, where she stood, the air was still with just a bit of snow still falling. She thought she could hear the creaking of ship's timbers and on deck, the crew...so still...staring straight ahead.

The Isidore?!!!

No...no...impossible! She trembled wanting to look away yet could not bring her self to do so. Things like this don't happen, she thought, and yet, there it was!

And then, as she watched, the ship, as though washed away by a drifting fog bank, began to fade and finally disappeared.

For a long while, she just stood watching an empty becalmed sea, not believing, yet believing.

When she got home, still shaken by that ghostly scene, she sat for a

long time, her hands icy cold, while her thoughts were of her father and how she had doubted him. Should she tell him...what she saw? Absolutely!

But first, for supper, she'd fix him a favorite of his...a kind of peace offering. Corn chowder, made with milk and maybe a little cream...her mother's recipe.

On shaky legs, she walked to the refrigerator and opened the freezer. Yes, it was still there...all frosty and white...the square of salt pork. It would thaw quickly. In the crispier...onions and potatoes. And up in the closet...a can of corn.

She had everything she needed. The recipe called for little squares of the salt pork, fried in the skillet until crispy brown. These would be sprinkled liberally on top of the steaming bowl of chowder and to add to the flavor, some juice from the pan.

Mentally, she pictured her sister's shocked disapproval. Sorry about that, Hester.

But well, this night was special.

And maybe, just maybe, the next time she walked to Hebert's with her father, she'd set for a while with his old friends...maybe partake one of Hebert's pickled eggs. And just when they began to wonder why she sat down with them when she'd never done that before, she'd tell them all about the day that the infamous Isidore sailed into her life.

## ***The French Connection***

### **Franco-American Families of Maine**



**par Bob Chenard,  
Waterville, Maine**

### ***Les Familles Guérette***

Welcome to my "Genalogy Column." Numerous families have since been published. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as the one below are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the

date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same

number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

(Continued on page 53)

# GUÉRETTE

[dit DUMONT\*]

## FAMILY #2

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

A	Jean	1634	Françoise DeMeherence• (Jean de Meherenc & Jeanne du Mesnil)	Montmirel	B
	•see ancestry of this person at end of this file for 11 more generations back to 1330				
B	René	circa 1663	Madeleine Le Vigoureux	France	1
1	Jacques	19 Apr 1694	M.-Anne Tardif	Beauport	2
2	Jean 1m.	circa 1720	M.-Anne Laplante	PQ	3
	“ 2m.	01 Mar 1726	Thérèse Autin-Haulton	cont. Janeau	
	Jean-Baptiste	04 May 1733	M.Madl. De La Bourlière [dit Laplante]	Kamouraska	4
	Michel	07 Nov 1735	M.-Rose Levasseur	Kamouraska	5
	Prisque 1m.	21 Nov 1746	M.-Anne Lebel	Kamouraska	
	“ 2m.	circa 1753	Catherine Maupas-St.Hil.	Kamouraska	6
	“ 3m.	17 Jan 1763	M.-Louise Morel	Kamouraska	7
3	Joseph	29 Apr 1748	Geneviève Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle	8
4	Jean-Baptiste 10 Jul	1765	M.-Louise Michaud	Kamouraska	9
	“ 2m.	20 Oct 1766	M.-Ursule Marchand	Kamouraska	10
	Siméon	21 Nov 1775	Angélique Ouellet	Kamouraska	11
5	Michel 1m.	21 Jun 1762	M.-Anne Raymond	Kamouraska	12
	“ 2m.	11 Jan 1773	M.-Louise Roy-Desj.	Kamouraska	13
	Antoine	11 Jan 1768	M.-Catherine Michaud	Kamouraska	14
6	Pierre	07 Jan 1794	Geneviève Miville-Desch.	Kamouraska	15
7	Prisque 1m.	11 Feb 1800	M.-Françoise Dubé	St.Roch-Aul.	16/6A
	“ 2m.	21 Nov 1848	M.-Euphrosine Gagné	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	
8	Joseph	30 Sep 1771	Madeleine Lamandais	Rivière-Ouelle	17
9	Jean-Frs.	06 Nov 1791	M.-Rose Sirois	Kamouraska	18
	Louis	04 Aug 1800	Geneviève Guiard/Lardée	Rivière-Ouelle	19
10	Jean-Baptiste	06 Oct 1784	Marguerite Michaud	St.André, Kam.	20
11	Jean-Baptiste	04 Feb 1805	M.-Charlotte Beaupré	Rivière-Ouelle	22
12	Michel	04 Nov 1788	Judith Marquis	Kamouraska	24
	Jean-Baptiste	24 Sep 1798	M.-Madl. Vaillancourt	Kamouraska	25
	“ 2m.	23 Sep 1811	Agathe Beaulieu	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.	
13	Pierre	27 Oct 1806	Josette Chassé	St.André, Kam.	32
	Cyriac	17 Feb 1817	Esther Deschesnes	St.André	33
14	Pierre 1m.	24 Jul 1798	Modeste Côté	Isle-Verte	35
	“ 2m.	15 Jan 1805	Cécile Sirois	Isle-Verte	36
15	Pierre	23 Jan 1826	Césarie St-Pierre	St. André, Kam.	37
16	Edouard	20 Jan 1846	Clémentine Bélanger	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	16A
17	Henri	17 Jan 1803	Angélique Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	39
18	Firmin	22 Feb 1819	M.-Rose-Anne McKay	Kamouraska	40
	Marcel	16 Jan 1826	Léocadie Paradis	St.André, Kam.	41
19	Thomas	02 Mar 1835	Henriette Paradis	St.Pascal, Kam.	42
20	Urbain	22 Jan 1827	Henriette Morin	St.André	43
	François	12 Jan 1829	Marie-Mgte. St-Pierre	St.André	44/20A
22	Jean-Baptiste	05 Aug 1828	M.-Angèle Joncas	Kamouraska	45
24	Raphaël	22 Feb 1819	Elisabeth Sirois	Cacouna	46/24A
	Jean-Baptiste	11 Feb 1822	Josette Perreault	Cacouna	
	“ 2m.	08 Feb 1825	Esther Dion	Isle-Verte	47
	Firmin	04 Aug 1823	Sophie Beaulieu	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	48
	Abondance	06 Oct 1829	Julie Tardif	St.Pascal, Kam.	49
25	Jean-Baptiste	27 Nov 1821	M.-Françoise Malenfant	Cacouna	52
	Benjamin*	30 Aug 1824	Priscille Lebel	Cacouna	53
	Jn.-Bte.-David	25 Feb 1829	M.-Thècle Malenfant	Trois-Pistoles	55
Marie Malenfant		f3			
32	Sifroi 1m.	22 Sep 1840	Rosalie Martin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	59
	“ 2m.	08 Nov 1845	Julie St-Pierre	St.André, Kam.	32A
	Rémi 1m.	26 Aug 1845	Léa St-Pierre	St.André, Kam.	62
	“ 2m.	21 Feb 1860	Justine Laforest	St.Alexandre, Kam.	63

(Continued on page 54)



## GUÉRETTE

33	Cyriac/Cyriaque	11 Jan 1859	Adéline/Clémentine Parent	St.Alexandre, Kam.	33A
	Bruno	11 Feb 1861	Mathilde/Martine Levasseur	St.Alexandre, Kam.	33B
35	Pascal 1m.	11 Oct 1824	M.-Thècle Sirois	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	74
	" 2m.	08 Oct 1867	Arthémise Gauthier	St.Alexandre, Kam.	35A
36	Maxime	19 Jan 1841	M.-Louise Cyr	St.Basile, NB	36A
	Joseph-Octave	20 Apr 1847	Zithée Thibodeau	St.Basile, NB	36B
37	Rémi	26 Aug 1861	Eléonore Lebel	ND-du-Lac, Témis.	
39	Firmin 1m.	24 Nov 1840	Victoire Chamberland	Rivière-Ouelle	77
	" 2m.	26 Aug 1872	M.-Clémentine Dubé	Rivière-Ouelle	
	Clément	30 Oct 1848	Julie Collin	Rimouski	78
40	Auguste/Étienne	12 Jan 1847	Evelyne/Obéline Lacombe	St.Basile, NB	40A
41	Alexis	19 Aug 1856	Aglaé Tardif	Kamouraska	41A
	Georges 1m.	08 Nov 1857	Virginie Lajoie	St.Pascal, Kam.	
	" 2m.	19 Aug 1862	Arthémise Dionne	St.Pascal	41B
	" 3m.	15 Feb 1881	Geneviève Michaud	St.André, Kam.	
	Achille	05 Jul 1869	Hermine Denis(Kimper)	Kamouraska	41C
	François-X.	25 Jan 1870	Judith Miville-Deschênes	St.Pascal	41D
42	Thomas	12 Sep 1871	Démérise Michaud	St.Arsène, Témis.	79
43	François	26 Nov 1856	Philomène Soucy	St.André	43A
44	Damase Guéret	19 Feb 1860	Dorimène Lamarre	St.François, NB	44A
	Sifroy	08 Nov 1864	Médée Sirois	St.Basile, NB	44B
45	Paul 1m.	16 Feb 1863	Sévérine Boulet	Isle-Verte	81
	" 2m.	12 Nov 1912	Dina Landry	St.Eloi, Riv.-Loup	
	Israël	26 Jan 1869	Adèle Lavoie	Isle-Verte	82
46	Angèle	15 Feb 1847	Abraham Fongemi	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	
	Justine	03 Feb 1852	Félix Morin	St.Arsène, R.-Lp.	
	Fabien	07 Feb 1853	Sara Hudon-Beaulieu	St.Arsène, R.-Lp.	46A
	Abel	07 Nov 1853	Sara Morin	St.Arsène, R.-Lp.	83
	M.-Elisabeth	16 Aug 1859	Geo.-Faustin Michard	Cacouna	
47	David	21 Feb 1865	Georgiana Boucher	St.André	47A
48	Basile	05 Feb 1850	Sara Talbot-Gervais	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	87
49	Edouard-Bert.	03 Nov 1857	Clémentine Gagnon	Cacouna	90
52	Wilfrid (Louis)	04 Nov 1862	Philomène Pelletier	Isle-Verte	91
	Jean-Baptiste	25 Aug 1863	Philomène Turcotte	St.Éloi, R.-Lp.	92
53	Benjamin*	11 Aug 1846	Louise Morais	Trois-Pistoles	93
55	Fabien	19 Jan 1858	Emilie Michaud	St.Éloi, R.-Lp.	97/55A
	Pierre	16 Feb 1863	Hortense Boucher	St.Éloi	55B
59	Guillaume "Wm."	29 Aug 1866	Aglaée Pelletier	St.André, Kam.	59A
62	Pierre	27 Apr 1868	Léocadie Laforest	St.André	98/62A
63	Adjutor	02 Mar 1886	Célanire Michaud	St.André	63A
74	Marcellin	19 Feb 1849	Odile Paradis	St.André	104
	Pascal	15 Feb 1858	Victoire Bélanger	St.Alexandre, Kam.	74A
77	Ed.-Denis	03 Jul 1871	Arthémise Lebel	Rivière-Ouelle	77A
	Joseph	03 Sep 1878	Léontine Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	77B
78	Norbert	12 Feb 1872	Zoé Ouellet	St.Roch-Aulnaies	112
79	Éloi	20 Jan 1900	Justine Pelletier	Trois-Pistoles	79A
81	Joseph	23 Jul 1901	Apolline Parent	St.Mathieu, Rim.	81A
	Isidore-J.	25 Aug 1908	M.-Georgiana Pelletier	Trois-Pistoles	81B
82	Charles	22 Oct 1895	Angèle Métayer	St.Éloi, R.-Lp.	82A

(Continued on page 55)

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**!**



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## GUÉRETTE

83	Edmond/Edouard	01 Feb 1887	Arthémise Boulet	St.Épiphane	83A
87	Émile	24 Jan 1899	Amanda Cloutier	ND-du-Lac, Témis.	87A
90	Joseph	26 Jul 1887	Adèle Dubé	St.Paul	
	Émile	18 Jan 1898	Anna Dionne	St.Épiphane	90A
92	Félix*	18 Nov 1889	Marie-Adelphine Gaulin	Scotstown, Comp.	92A
	Jean-Baptiste*	30 Aug 1897	Hélène Beaulieu	Cookshire, Comp.	92B
91	Joseph	21 Oct 1901	Pauline Gibouleau	Chesham(ND-Bois)	91A
	Lumina-E.*	29 Jun 1950	Leon-R. Norton	Auburn, Me.	
93	Paul*	11 Aug 1885	Elisabeth Gagnon	St.Jean-de-Dieu	93A
97	François-X.	11 Nov 1885	Virginie Tardif	Isle-Verte	97A
98	Émile*	12 Sep 1893	Justine Dionne	Ste.Luce, Rim.	98A
104	François	03 Sep 1883	Anne Michaud	St.François, NB	104A
	Firmin	09 Aug 1887	Adélaïde Lebel	ND-du-Lac	104B
112	Napoléon	13 Jun 1898	Délia Labranche	Windsor	112A

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

6A	Rémi	18 Sep 1843	Henriette Ouellet	Van Buren	6B
6B	Marguerite	08 Jun 1891	Alexis Sirois	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
16A	Edouard	07 Sep 1873	Rose-Anna Simoneau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
20A	François	10 Nov 1878	Euphémie Cassista	Ft.Kent	20B
			[dit Brasselet]		
20B	Irénée	04 Apr 1923	Élisa Blanchard	Clair, NB	20C
20C	Robert	14 Jul 1961	Rolande Deguise	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Lena-M.	27 Oct 1962	Paul-Émile Bélanger	Auburn(St.Louis)	
24A	Michel DUMONT!	17 Aug 1844	Nathalie Marcoux	Waterville(1 <sup>st</sup> Univ.)	24B
	"Mike Demo"		"Sarah" (as "Sally Micu")		
	(b. 14-12-1819 Cacouna, PQ - died 11-1-1884 Skowhegan)				
	Albert	26 Jun 1866	Flora Gagné_or Gagnon	Old Town	
	Sophie	15 Jul 1883	François Bérubé	Old Town(St.Jos.)	

(See the next issue for more on the Guérette Family)

### Endowment

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*Le FORUM*

*Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719*

**THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE**

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

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

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

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

**MISSION**

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

**LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE  
L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE**

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

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

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

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

**OBJECTIFS:**

- 1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.
- 2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.
- 3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.
- 4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.
- 5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.
- 6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité



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