

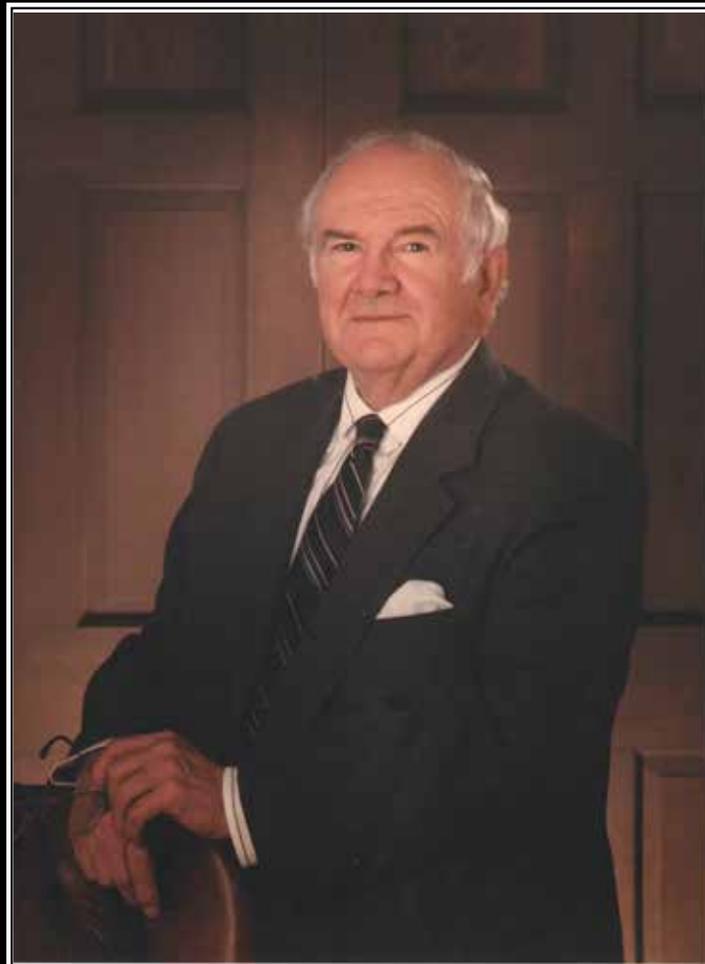
Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 38, #1

AUTOMNE/HIVER 2015



Donation swells genealogical, historical records at UMaine Franco center...



Nick McCrea / BDN

Celeste Ringuette, widow of Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, talks about her late husband during a dedication ceremony of a library at the University of Maine named in Adrien's honor.

(see page 3)

Websites:

Le Forum: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/>

Oral History: francoamericanarchives.org

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

Occasional Papers: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/occasional-papers/>

Maine's French Communities:

http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres_intro.html francoamericanarchives.org

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d'Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women's Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





Le Centre Franco-Américain
Université du Maine
Orono, Maine 04469-5719
Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu
Téléphone: 207-581-FROG (3764)
Télécopieur: 207-581-1455

Volume 38 Numéro 1
Automne/Hiver 2015
Publishing Board
Don Levesque
Paul Laflamme
Virginia Sand Roy
Lin LaRochelle
Louella Rolfe
Diane Tinkham

Rédactrice/Gérante/Managing Editor
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Mise en page/Layout
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Composition/Typesetting
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Aide Technique
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine

Publié 4 fois l'an par le Centre Franco-Américain.

Le Forum est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des États-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans *Le Forum* sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les points de vue de l'éditeur ou de la rédactrice, ou du Collège des arts et des sciences libéraux à l'Université du Maine.

Le Forum is published 4 times a year by the Franco-American Center. *Le Forum* is distributed in particular to Franco-Americans in the United States. Statements, opinions and points of view expressed are not necessarily those of the editor, the publishers or the : College of Liberal Arts & Sciences of the University of Maine.

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

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

La reproduction des articles est autorisée sans préavis sauf indication contraire — Our original articles may be reproduced without notice unless otherwise indicated.

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 -- FAROG,

Sommaire/Contents

Dédié-Doris P. Faucher et Geraldine Pelletier Chassé

Lettres/Letters.....37, 41

L'État du ME.....3-22

L'État du CT.....33-35

Books/Livres.....28-32

Poetry/Poésie.....30-32

Recipes/Recettes.....39

Coin des jeunes.....40-41

Genealogy.....42, 43

Famille Fecteau

Endowment

One way to support Le FORUM while at the same time reserving life income is the establishment of a charitable gift annuity with the Franco-American Centre Le FORUM Fund at the University of Maine Foundation. Call 1-800-982-8503.

Ce numéro de Le Forum est dédié à la mémoire de
This issue of Le Forum is dedicated in memory of
Doris P. Faucher et Geraldine Pelletier Chassé.



**Doris P. Faucher, 81
1934-2015**

BIDDEFORD
- Doris P. Faucher, 81, of Biddeford died Thursday evening at Southern Maine Health Care in Biddeford after a brief illness...

See more at: <http://obituaries.pressherald.com/obituaries/mainetoday-pressherald/obituary.aspx?pid=175417740#sthash.l8vRVxN5.dpuf>. Alice DesRoberts Provencher.



**Geraldine Pelletier Chasse
1923-2015**

ST. DAVID – Geraldine Pelletier Chasse, 92, left us peacefully on September 24, 2105 with loving family by her side.

See more at: <http://bangordailynews.com/2015/09/25/obituaries/geraldine-pelletier-chasse/>

Abonnement au Le FORUM Subscription

Si vous ne l'êtes pas abonnez-vous — s.v.p.

— Subscribe if you have not

Nom/Name: _____

Adresse/Address: _____

Métier/Occupation: _____

Ce qui vous intéresse le plus dans Le FORUM section which interests you the most: _____

Je voudrais contribuer un article au Le FORUM au sujet de: _____

I would like to contribute an article to Le FORUM about: _____

Tarif d'abonnement par la poste pour 4 numéros

Subscription rates by mail for 4 issues:

États-Unis/United States — Individus: \$20

Ailleurs/Elsewhere — Individus: \$25

Organisation/Organizations — Bibliothèque/Library: \$40

Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719

(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in the Bangor Daily News on Sept. 15, 2015 and is being used with written permission.)

Donation swells genealogical, historical records at UMaine Franco center

By Nick McCrea, BDN Staff



Nick McCrea / BDN

Scott Ringuette, son of Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, talks about his late father during a dedication ceremony of a library at the University of Maine named in his father's honor.

ORONO, Maine — During the decades Adrien Lanthier Ringuette spent digging into his family's history, he accumulated thousands of books, genealogical records, family trees, handwritten and typewritten notes.

When he died in Mishawaka, Indiana, in 2010 at age 84, the trove of information he gathered could have collected dust in his attic. Instead, it found its way to the University of Maine, giving thousands of people of French descent new tools to learn about their past.

"Franco-American communities are often omitted from the standard narratives of the U.S. migration history, American literature and the French language in North

America," said Susan Pinette, director of Franco-American Programs at the university.

To compensate for that lack of information, many people of French ancestry have become researchers, digging through stacks of records or sleuthing online to learn more about their background.

On Tuesday, the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine held a dedication ceremony for the Adrien Lanthier Ringuette Library.

The collection includes 2,100 books, 100 topographical and historical maps, and thousands of pages of handwritten notes compiled by Adrien or his mother, Anita

Ringuette, and dozens of original genealogical schematics documenting the Ringuette and Lanthier lineages, according to Joe Arsenault, a research associate at the center.

Much of the collection is written in French.

Several members of the Ringuette family, including his widow, Celeste, and son, Scott, attended Tuesday's event, as did Daniel Devoe, Maine-Canadian trade ombudsman with Gov. Paul LePage's office.

Last October, the Ringuettes drove a moving truck more than 1,000 miles from Indiana to Maine, bringing hundreds of boxes containing the collection to the center. They learned of the Franco-American Centre through Roland Ouellette, one of Adrien's cousins, who also happened to be a long-time subscriber to "Le Forum," the center's newsletter. The family felt Maine, with its large Franco-American population and close access to French Canadians, would be an ideal place for others to use the collection.

Center staff and volunteers spent untold hours cataloguing the volumes, sleeving handwritten notes in binders and setting up the library.

The donation came with an endowment of an undisclosed amount that, when paired with other funding, could allow the center to expand its hours into the evenings or weekends to allow more people access to contents of the new library, according to Lisa Desjardins Michaud, coordinator of community engagement at the center.

People will not be allowed to check books out of the library, and will need to do their research at the center.

"We are very proud, pleased and honored to share with all of you," Desjardins Michaud said. "Yes, there is a value in these materials, but there is an even greater value in having this collection in one place."

Adrien Ringuette was born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, in 1925. He served in the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II, returning to get two degrees, including one from Yale Law School. He moved to the midwest and worked as an attorney in fields from pharmaceuticals to petroleum, accord-

(Continued on page 19)



Nick McCrea / BDN

Celeste Ringuette, widow of Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, talks about her late husband during a dedication ceremony of a library at the University of Maine named in Adrien's honor. The family donated to the Franco-American Centre thousands of genealogical records collected by Adrien over the years.



From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer *by Roger Parent*

ED. NOTE: This is the eighth in a series of excerpts from a memoir written by Lille, Maine, native Roger Parent in 2004, tracing the first 24 years of his life, from his childhood in Acadian French-speaking northern Maine to the end of his service as a member of the first group of Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand. This article first appeared in "Echoes", No. 94 pages 30-32.

The FBI agent couldn't speak French

The Peace Corps had a problem. They didn't know much about me, nor did they know much about the other volunteers invited to the training program for Thailand. What they knew about me was what I had told them on a long paper questionnaire, and what a few references had written. They had to quickly find out if they had by chance recruited a kiik, or an unsavory character, or an unstable personality.

To expedite the investigation of volunteers, the Peace Corps had engaged the Federal Bureau of Investigation to do the background checks while we were in training. The FBI was used only for a few months - less than a year I think - until a private agency was hired. The Peace Corps was reluctant to be connected with the FBI in any way.

While I was training at the University of Michigan, an FBI agent (Roscoe might have been his name) arrived in Lille, poked around, and stopped at the home of a neighbor of mine. Roscoe knocked on Mina's door, asked if she knew me and if so, would she mind answering a few questions. Mina didn't speak or understand English (her only language was French)

and all she could make out was my name.

Roscoe didn't know it but he was in a "foreign land." Not only would he need someone to translate, he would need to interpret the answers carefully, for he was a stranger - an out-sider - in Lille. He would not get anyone to make unfavorable comments about me or anyone else in the community. Until the 1970's, French was unofficially the official language in Lille

and in other communities of the St. John valley, which is bisected by the St. John river with New Brunswick on one side and Maine on the other. In Lille, business and social activities were conducted in French.

After attempting without success to communicate with Roscoe, Mina did what she always did when she needed help to read or write letters in English. She walked the agent across U.S. Route 1 to my mother. Mina woke my mother from her afternoon nap and told her the man was asking about me, but she couldn't understand a word he was saying.

but if he did, he did not follow through. He interviewed Mina with my mother as translator. The Peace Corps and the FBI were under intense pressure to complete the background checks quickly; the training program was in progress, and any decision to accept or reject me could not be delayed.

Roscoe need not have worried that the interview would be tainted or biased; my scrupulously honest mother would have given him the full truth about me - warts and all - no matter the stakes for me. But Roscoe was not interviewing my mother, he was interviewing her friend Mina, and there's no way Mina would have said anything negative about me, especially to an FBI agent who couldn't speak French.

My carpentry skills aren't needed

My first day teaching in a Thai classroom was my first day teaching in any classroom. I was fresh out of college, not prepared to teach and had only received three months of Peace Corps training. I didn't know what to expect. I was surprised by the extreme deference given to teachers by Thai students, and when a student knelt by

my desk to ask me a question, I didn't quite know how to react. I was uncomfortable with this kneeling practice, and told my students it was not necessary to kneel. I was intent on learning and abiding by Thai customs, but not this one.

I was supposed to teach carpentry, but my first assignment was to teach English as a second language. There was no need for a teacher of carpentry at the Udorn
(Continued on page 5)



Mina on the Parent family's front porch in Lille. The FBI agent couldn't speak French, so she sought a translator — my mother.

Roscoe introduced himself and told my mother he was in Lille to ask questions about my fitness to be a Peace Corps Volunteer. When my mother told Roscoe I was her son, he was surprised, and likely wondered whether he should ask her to translate the interview with Mina, knowing the resulting information could be seen as tainted. Maybe he entertained the idea of finding someone else to interview or to translate,

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 4)

Trade School. My principal, Pricha, had been told by the government ministry that he was getting a Peace Corps Volunteer, and as far as I could tell, he hadn't had much say in the matter. Nevertheless, he was thankful for a volunteer because there was some prestige attached to having an American teacher in his school.

It should have been evident, even to the faraway planners in the Peace Corps' Washington office, and to the Thai government ministry in Bangkok, that Thai carpentry skills and practices more than met Thailand's needs. Some of their skills, particularly those needed to work with very hard woods, such as teak, and those needed to use their "ancient" tools, were superior to those of most American trained carpenters, and certainly to mine. Thai carpenters did not need to know how to install built-in ovens, or stove tops, or any other newfangled devices, in the early 1960's.

The principal, my Thai colleagues and I never talked about this dilemma. We handled this thorny issue through a

combination of the Thai way and my way: non-directional and non-confrontational by them and low-key persistence by me. Some volunteers were frustrated by these ill-defined job situations, which were fairly common in the early days of the Peace Corps, and are still too common today. Volunteers got even more frustrated when they tried to resolve these situations in a



Students and teachers work together.

typically aggressive American way. Some volunteers, unable to resolve such issues satisfactorily, asked for reassignment, and in later groups, some returned home. All volunteers in the first Thailand group com-

pleted their tour. When I was a peace Corps volunteer, nothing would have led me to ask for a change of assignment or to return home early, except a catastrophic illness.

When I sensed that my principal did not quite know what to do with me, I suggested visiting each classroom and workshop, and introducing myself to the students and the teachers, to get to know everyone. This solved for a while the misalignment and the scheduling dilemma

created by my arrival at the Trade School in the middle of the school year.

During this self-styled orientation, it quickly came to me that I had other skills which could benefit the school. The teacher/librarian asked me if I would help organize the books. While working in the library, I wrote to publishers in the United States for materials on carpentry, construction, plumbing, electrical wiring, auto-mechanics and so on. Many of the companies sent books and the library grew considerably.

I taught English as a second language (TESL) not only at the Trade School, but also at the Girls' Handicraft School. I hadn't been trained to teach TESL, but my two Peace Corps colleagues, Art and Jack, who had been trained in this



Students at the Udorn Trade School.

(Continued on page 6)

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 5)

field, assisted me. Also, I felt confident of my ability to teach English since I had learned English as a second language. My good friend, Art, joked that my students spoke English with a French Acadian accent...it was probably true. I've not completely lost my French accent, because I learned to speak English from French nuns who spoke English with a French accent.

The carpentry teachers asked if I would assist him to teach certain aspects of carpentry, i.e., how to figure out the pitch and dimensions of a roof. I became a resource person for this teacher, fulfilling somewhat my original assignment to teach carpentry. I amassed a very full schedule of teacher and activities, and soon the daily trips on my Peace Corps-issued bicycle took too much time. I was pedaling some 20 to 30 miles each day going from one school to the other and to other activities. I bought a small motor scooter with funds saved from my living allowance which allowed me to get much more done. I continued to use my bicycle to go here and there.

Today, it almost takes an act of God



My principal, Pricha, at the Udorn Trade School.

for the Peace Corps to allow a volunteer to use a motor scooter or motorbike —

to many volunteers have been killed or maimed in motorbike accidents. When I was a volunteer, there were so few rules, we were making them up as we went along. Today, too many rules have drained the imagination and fun out of the Peace Corps. Decades later, when I directed Peace Corps programs in Haiti, Grenada and Bulgaria, I saw that the Peace Corps had become a hidebound bureaucracy — maybe necessary — but the Peace Corps could not have been established by the bureaucracy it is today

Roger Parent lives in South Bend, Indiana, where he served as city councilor and mayor in the 1970's and '80's. He is trustee of the South Bend Community School Corporation and found of World Dignity, a non-profit organization focused on educational programs in Thailand, India and South Bend. In 2005 he assisted victims of the Dec. 26, 2004 tsunami as deputy director of the Tsunami Volunteer Center in Khao Lak, Thailand. He and his wife, Rolande (Ouellette), have four children and six grandchildren.

Acadians Becoming Americans

by Guy Dubay

Madawaska, ME

In the 1850 united states census we find the family of solomon cyr, residing in madawaska plantation where we find vital cyr as being four years old. His mother's maiden name is not given in the census record, but when was the siter of joseph nadeau who went to augusta in 1853 as a state representative from hancock plantation, the name given to the fish river area before 1859. Solon=mon cyr was born in 1799 or 1800. The son of pioneer settlers of madawaska, his grandfather, jean-baptiste cyr had married judith gueret-dit dumont in kamouraska, qc. In 1767. Solomon cyr died at fort kent, maine in 1874 at the given age of 74. Acadian archives has a photo of the man, the father of vital cyr who became the first principal of madawaska training school (now umfk).

From land records we can tell that solomon cyr sold his farm in madawaska in 1852. So we may surmise that his move up to fort kent brought him in residence there at the time his brother-in-law joseph nadeau became politically active.. But what

we seek to tell here is of the boy, vital cyr.

In the 1860 u.S. Census we find him in township 18 range 7, which is fort kent, but in the 1870 u.S. Census we do not find him in fort kent listed with solomon & olive cyr's family. We find him listed in houlton, maine under the listing of james c. Madigan.

Madigan had once resided in fort kent in the 1840s. He later moved to houlton, maine where he served as an attorney and where the madigan hospital is name in honor of the family. But while in fort kent, he served as civic missionary of the state of maine to help the residents of what then was called madawaska territory to become good american citizens. His task, officially was to help the french speaking residents had to adjust from their former role as british subjects into being proper citizens of the state of maine.

The state of maine had been trying to make them citizens to this state since 1831 when the state of maine passed a law, p. & S.L chapter 151, "an act to incorporate the town of madawaska". A map of that area covers all the territory from what is

now the town of hamlin, maine on the easterly boundary of the state of maine to the town of St. Francis, maine including in some of that territory dans from present day St. Leonard, new brunswick to connors, N.B . That whole area of over 4000 square miles, during the period of the boundary dispute came to be called "the madawska territory" and at the time it was also called "the french settlements".

Although no longer a resident of fort kent, but a resident of houlton where the superior judicial court accorded him more legal work as an attorney, madigan had not lost interest in helping the residents of madawaska territory fit in their new citizenship role.. So when he discovered among them an alert and intelligent youth, who was the nephew of fort kent's former state representative, he talked the cyr family into sending the young man to houlton academy. The youth could pay for his room and board in houlton by tutoring madigan's daughters in french and

(Continued on page 7)

HOW A HIGH FAT KETOGENIC DIET SAVED MY LIFE

*by Jeff Cyr
Brunswick, ME*

I realize some of you here have already seen these pictures of me and have read my story before. My only intent in re-writing this short story on what a ketogenic diet has done for me is to maybe give hope to some of you out there that may think there is no way out of your current situation. To maybe show you that no matter how bleak your situation may seem right now that there is a way out. I realize that following a ketogenic diet may seem a bit extreme to some of you. Some of you may be here to try and find out more information on what exactly is a ketogenic diet and what can it really do for you. Hopefully once you have read this short story some of you may be willing to give this a try. And who knows some of you may even save your own lives the way I have saved mine.

I firmly believe I was born with a pre-disposition to insulin resistance. I was always overweight as a child and at the age of 17 I weighed 345 pounds. We were always taught to eat a high carb based diet and to never eat fat or cholesterol. I went on many diets during a 30 year span I must have lost 100-130 pounds on at least six different occasions always regaining all what I had lost and a little bit more. Those of you that have seen pictures of Butter-Bob Briggs on his website were he has a picture of himself



with no shirt on at his biggest size this is also a picture of me. Only difference is I was like that at the age of 17. I wore size 48 waist pants and 3xxl shirts. I am going to start this story back in October of 1997. I was rushed to a hospital in southern Maine where I found out that they had to preform an emergency surgery on my lower back. I was diagnosed with severe lumbar spinal stenosis. The neurosurgeon had to preform what is called a laminectomy and fusion of the lumbar area(low-back) L-3 L-4 L-5 L-6 with titanium rods and screws. I had been in pain from my lower back for a very long time, for the last year before the surgery, I could barely walk but I had to keep on working as I had no health insurance. I found out after that buy waiting so long for the surgery that I had done a lot of perma-

nent nerve damage from the waist down.

Fast forward to May of 2001. From an injury that happened at work I had to have what is called a cervical neck fusion. I had ruptured 3 disks in my neck area C-4 C-5 C-6 so the same neurosurgeon performed a cervical neck fusion with bone marrow in place of the disks and fused with a titanium plate and screws. And then in January of 2004 came the final blow.

From another injury at work I needed another back surgery. This time it was the mid-back(thoracic) The same neurosurgeon performed a laminectomy and fusion of T-11 T-12 with titanium rods and screws. After this final surgery I was declared permanently and totally disabled by the Doctors and the workers compensation board. I was 44 years old. *(Continued on page 8)*

(Acadians Becoming Americans continued from page 6)

on saturday's helping with the farm chores, grooming the horses, cleaning the stables and so on. And so in the 1870 u.S. Census we find vital cyr, 24 in the madigan home in houlton. At houlton academy the young man would get an american education..

How madigag came to fort kent to impact on acadian life is also intriguing - since originally he came from new castle on the maine coast where the oldest catholic church in new england still stands. In that parish were several irish catholic families including the kavanaughs. The madigans and the coterrels., The later being madigan's in-laws.

In 1843 at the time when the treaty of washington was being discussed in augusta, edward kavanaugh, no stranger to madawaska since he had been here in 1831, when the state organized the town as seen on the map: kavanaugh was the

person who brought here the warrant for the first town meeting of madawaska in august 1831 at pierre lizotte's house, or we should say outside of pierre lizotte's house since lizotte would not let voters in.

Kavanaugh had suggested to lizotte that he would make a good state representative. In september 1831 lizotte was indeed elected to that office, but he turned it down, writing in a letter to maine governor samuel smith; "was born a british subject and intend to die so.. Lizotte died as an american resident of madawaska plantation as affirmed in the 1850 u.S. Census record.

The town warrant for the meeting of august 1831 was signed by william d. Williamson of bangor since madawaska was presumed to be in penobscot county as we do not as yet have aroostook county until 1839.. So it's a penobscot county official who signed the warrant for the meeting of the town of madawaska under chapter 151 of

the private & special laws of maine of 1831.

But in 1843 madiagan from new castle was the clerk of the maine senate when edward kavanaugh served as president of the maine senate.. Sitting in the legislature of the time as representative of strong, maine was another native of the damaraicotta-new castle area, william dickey. In 1849 william dickey would follow madigan to fort kent where madiagan still resided in 184 when the bishop of boston had visited him at fort kent. Now except for the good bishop, those whom i've mentioned above, nadeau, kavanaugh, madigan and dickey were all jacksonian democrats.

Madigan, a parishioner of st. Patrick's of new castle had always been on friendly terms with the bishop since bishop fitzpatrick was actually the godfather of two of madiagan's daughter whom vital cyr would later turn up in houlton as their tutor of french..

(HOW A HIGH FAT KETOGENIC DIET SAVED MY LIFE continued from page 7)

Then in April of 2005 I had to go in for hernia surgery. They had to do routine blood work before the surgery This is when I got the diagnosis of type 2 diabetes. I had a fasting blood sugar of 300 and an A1C of 12.0. The doctor put me on metformin and avandia and blood pressure medication and proceeded to tell me "Welcome to the club you'll probably have to be put on insulin in a few years. And yes he also send me to a diabetes nutritionist who fed me the typical high-carb diet whole grains fruits etc.

After my first back surgery back in 1997 I was put on pain medication. After time I was prescribed more hard core drugs eventually ending up on oral morphine in high doses. Also from all these different surgeries and fusions I was left with not very much mobility. I weighed 330 pounds and pretty much was confined to a lazy boy recliner 24-7. I was not able to lay in a bed to sleep. I had to sleep in my chair. I had to walk with a cane or a walker only very short distances. If I went to any store I had to use the motorized handicap chairs. This was especially humiliating the stares you get from people as you drive buy them in your motorized cart. This pitiful life went on like this for a while but change was coming.

In November of 2008 is when when my life started slowly to turn around. I had felt sorry for myself long enough it was time for something different. The first thing I did was to quit smoking cold turkey. I started smoking at the age of 16 and the last 10 years I had been smoking 3 packs a day. After 2 months had gone by I stopped oral Morphine cold turkey without consulting my pain management doctor. The withdrawals you hear people speak of from heroin are the same with oral morphine. These withdrawals lasted 3-4 weeks. Then in April of 2009 I started riding a recumbent stationary bike at the gym. I went on another diet and started slowly losing weight. In the span of 14 months I went from 330# to 167#. Thats a total weight loss of 163#. You would think I was Healthy now right. I thought I was my doctor even told me I no longer had diabetes! My A1C was 5.9% and this led my doctor to telling me that I no longer had diabetes. At this point I was still clueless! Still clueless that an A1C of 5.9= an average blood sugar

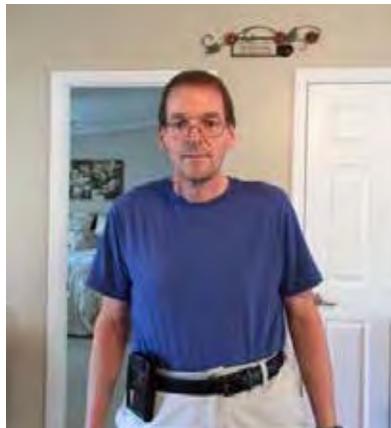
of 133. Clueless as to the level of insulin resistance inside of me. Clueless that by following the standard ADA recommendations I would have constant high blood sugar and high insulin levels floating in my blood stream. And also clueless that a weight of 167 was NOT healthy for me. I had lost body fat but during this weight loss journey I also lost a lot of muscle and bone density. Some of you may be wondering muscle and bone density? The short answer to this is when one is not fat-adapted you are still primarily a sugar burner. Problem is being a type 2 insulin resistant diabetic you can't use glucose very well so your liver ends up taking amino-acids from your muscle and bone to



I weighed 330 pounds and pretty much was confined to a lazy boy recliner 24-7.

maintain what is called glucose homeostasis.

Then in November of 2011 everything changed in my life you could say everything came crashing down. After a series of blood work -ultrasoundcat scan and finally a liver biopsy I was diagnosed with an auto-immune fatal liver disease called primary sclerosing cholangitis. This liver disease attacks



I am 55 years old but I can honestly say I feel like I was 30 years old

the bile ducts of the liver slowly plugging up the bile ducts where bilirubin and bile

can no longer get through. This eventually causes cirrhosis of the liver leading to total liver failure. The only cure would be to get a liver transplant. I was told all this by my liver doctor and told that once diagnosed people live on average 8-10 years. Told there was no medicine nothing could be done. I suppose He was expecting me to go home sit down in my lazy boy and wait to die.

This is when I started doing research on line and one thing led to another. I started with auto-immune diseases this somehow led me to Dr. Ron Rosedale. This for me is what got everything started for me as far as educating myself on what you put in your mouth. How changing the macronutrient composition can change everything. I read everything I possibly could find watched every video that I could find online. Then I started researching Dr. Steve Phinney and Dr. Jeff Volek. I was so intrigued by this ketogenic diet I had to learn everything I possibly could. This led me to a lot of experts on this subject and I soaked everything up like a sponge. I still continue to learn about the ketogenic diet and its many benefits. In my former life of employment I was a machinist-metal fabricator-welder. So the way my mind works I had to learn all the inner workings of the ketogenic diet. How exactly everything broke down step by step in the body. Most of you will not have the interest to know any of this nor would you need to. But because of my health situation it caused me to really dig deep into this subject. I studied the ketogenic diet for one full year before implementing it into my life.

I have to go for blood work every 6 months for my liver. After 6 months my liver function panel started slowly getting better. After one year even better. The doctor said I don't know what you're doing but whatever it is keep on doing it. After 2 years all of my blood work for my liver was totally normal.

Today after almost 3 years on the ketogenic diet all of my liver function is totally normal. All of my blood work is totally normal. My doctor says he knows I still have the disease because of the results of my liver biopsy. But he also says that if he just goes by the blood work that I no longer have the disease!

Also there are a few more things that a ketogenic diet has done for me
(Continued on page 9)

(HOW A HIGH FAT KETOGENIC DIET SAVED MY LIFE continued from page 8)

1- After my initial weight loss of 163# I had lost a lot of muscle and bone and was not healthy. Once I was fat-adapted and using fat as my energy source I regained that lost muscle and bone density. Today I weigh 195# and have maintained this weight for over 2 years now.

2- After having been diagnosed type 2 diabetic in April of 2005 and told I would probably need insulin in the near future. Today my fasting blood sugar is 72-83 My A1C is 4.4 which is an average blood sugar of 79. My fasting insulin is 2.2. This is all with no diabetes meds only diet.

3-My cholesterol and triglycerides before ketogenic Trigs-200 HDL-29 LDL-100. My cholesterol and trigs today Trigs-38 HDL-105 LDL-64

4- My pain that I have from all my surgeries is much more manageable with a ketogenic diet. I am still drug free.

5-I still need a cane or walker to walk but I no longer need a handicap motorized cart in stores.

I am still confined pretty much to my lazy boy chair and still cannot lay in a bed to sleep. But I still ride my stationary bike every morning. I am 55 years old but I can honestly say I feel like I was 30 years old. I am full of energy and have very clear thinking. I now feel good about my life for the first time in a long time. I feel that I have many many more years ahead of me! And I truly believe that this is only possible because of the ketogenic diet!

Thank you to everyone that took the time to read!



Today after almost 3 years on the ketogenic diet...

Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History

*by Don Cyr
Lille, ME*

When Don Cyr first came to the Saint John Valley, it was to teach art in Van Buren. He had been born in Edmundston, N.B. and had grown up in Presque Isle, attending school in Presque Isle and Orono. He had been an antique collector since 13 years of age which he financed by delivering the Bangor Daily News during his junior high and high school years. When the rectory in Lille came up for rent in 1977, he jumped at the opportunity and his collection was large enough to outfit the 14 room house. He then started his collection of Acadian furniture and artifacts that is the base of the collection of the Musée.

The winter vacation at Christmas, 1977 afforded him the opportunity to go to Italy to visit art museums and photograph artwork that he would use to teach art history. While packing to leave for the trip, he left a light on upstairs in the rectory. Two weeks into his trip someone turned off the main electrical switch that was located on the front porch. The furnace did not come on and the rectory froze on a -45° night, ruining the heating and plumbing. The parish then had to decide what to do with the building while Don continued to live in it, without heat from the end of February to June, when his teaching contract finished. It was a very discouraging time. Don moved

his antique collection into the Violette house on Main Street in Van Buren, spent the winter of 1978 living in the Sirois house at the Acadian Village and the summers of 1977-78 working as the chef in a "summer cottage" on 700 Acre Island, in Penobscot Bay. While there he started the process of buying the Rectory from the Bishop of



Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

Portland, as the parish council had decided to sell it. Father Bolduc had informed Don that the church, Notre-Dame-du-Mont-Carmel, in Lille, would be closing in the near future, which it did in the autumn of 1978. Father Bolduc died after a brief illness, brain cancer. He had been living in the rectory of Grand Isle. This crisis resulted in the sale of the rectory. Don was third on a list of buyers, but the first two backed out. Don was able to secure a mortgage even though

he was unemployed, but he had decided he wanted to live in Lille and made up a list of 75 things he could do there to make a living. The bank was very understanding, those times being much more informal in lending practices. The loan was approved on the promise that Don would "pick bottles to pay the mortgage if necessary".

The problem with the loan was that Don wanted to use his Maine State Retirement funds for the down-payment of the loan. When he applied for the reimbursement, he was informed that he had a 60 day waiting period before the money could be freed. The bank was ready to close the loan. Don started praying for a 60 day delay to the closing and his prayers were answered in an astounding way. He was buying the rectory from the Bishop of Portland, who is the "corporate sole" of all of the church property in his Diocese. Pope Paul VI died on August 6, 1978 in Rome, and the Cardinals, going into conclave, necessitated replacements for their offices. Bishop O'Leary was one of those who had to immediately go to Rome and the deed to the rectory went unsigned for the 30 days he was gone. John Paul I's tenure was 33 days (Aug 26 to Sept. 28, 1978) when he died suddenly, due to not taking his medication. *(Continued on page 10)*

(Continued from page 9 Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History)

Bishop O'Leary had to return to Rome for another 30 days while the Cardinals elected John Paul II as Pontiff, on October 16, 1978. Bishop O'Leary signed Don's deed when he returned to Portland. Don had just gotten his money from Maine State Retirement and had \$9 more than he needed.

Don moved into the rectory in the late autumn of 1978. He was greeted by a parishioner who came to the door and informed him that he was not wanted in Lille and that he should leave. That man had a very red face, probably from the air pressure of the door slamming in his face. Welcome to town! He managed to survive on \$200 a month teaching a painting class in the Van Buren Adult Ed. Program on Tuesdays at the Community center where he got a weekly shower in the locker room. There was no water or toilet in his house. He spent most of his time tearing out all modern additions to the interior to return in to its' 1896 state. The project continues to this writing in 2014, but is nearly finished.

The other event that happened when he moved in was the start of a lawsuit brought against the Bishop of Portland, who sold the rectory, Don Cyr, who bought the rectory, and Normand Daigle, who bought the barn. The originator of the lawsuit was "La Fabrique", a group of Lille residents who did not agree with the decision of the parish council to sell the rectory and barn. The parish council represented the combined parishes of Notre-Dame-du-Mont-Carmel in Lille and St-Gérard-Majella in Grand Isle. La Fabrique wanted the Lille church reopened and felt that it was beneath the dignity of a Bishop to go to court, and hoped he would avoid that by reopening the church. The problem was that they were challenging the authority of the office on Bishop in the U.S. and it was obligatory for the Bishop to protect that authority. Don, Normand and the Bishop engaged four law firms, the Bishop having two, and the Vatican collected the documents of 11 similar cases in the United States; the most notable was against the Archdiocese of Chicago. All 11 cases had been thrown out of court because they were seen as ecclesiastical, not civil, in nature. It took from 1979 to 1983 for this to also be thrown out of court. Meanwhile, the church was still standing, thanks to the legal action, but it was unheated in an unusually cold period where one winter the frost went down 12 feet. There was also

a 5.7 earthquake that centered at Mount Carleton, N.B., on January 9, 1982. There were aftershocks until March 31. The result of the frost and earthquakes was that the southeast facing foundation buckled and needed to be reinforced. This foundation was sixty feet long and twelve feet deep. The Bishop had hemlock beams installed in the basement to hold the foundation.

On May 8, 1983, the Association culturelle et historique du Mont-Carmel was incorporated. Richard Rhoda, attorney from Houlton, whose wife is Cecilia Beaulieu of Madawaska, had volunteered his services, and Bishop O'Leary of Portland had offered



Don Cyr

to donate the church building to the association. Twenty two board members from all over the northern and central Aroostook, as well as northwestern New Brunswick, voted to accept the church building. They set up committees and made the decision to restore the building to the state it was in in 1910. They gave the OK to hire a historic architect to make a restoration plan, prioritizing projects, and adhering to the guidelines set by the Secretary of the Interior for historic preservation. Because the building is on the National Register of Historic Places (thanks to the Madawaska Historical Society in 1973) it is necessary to follow the guidelines in order to qualify for funding from federal agencies as well as private foundations. This would not have happened if Boyd Pryor would not have offered to help. Boyd was an artist from Portage Lake who was in business with Don Cyr

doing portraits and landscapes at malls, craft fairs, and studio work. Boyd appreciated the architectural value of the building and was willing to help get things going, do design work, and help find funding for projects.

Previously, Don and Normand Daigle had met with the Bishop after the lawsuit had been thrown out of court. All three agreed not to countersue "La Fabrique". The Bishop recognized that their intentions were honorable. They just went about achieving their objective the wrong way. What did happen, however was that the building was saved from destruction as a contractor, Marius Levesque, had already been hired to tear the building down. In the meantime, the building was locked up and protected, giving Don the necessary time (5 years) to gain the confidence of the Bishop. Don met with him every time he was in the region as well as a couple of times in Portland, where he also gathered information on the building from the diocesan archives. When the lawsuit ended, the Bishop expressed a dilemma he had to Don. He realized that tearing down the building would only rum salt in the wound, but he didn't know what he could do with the building. This was at the beginning of parish consolidations and they didn't have a lot of experience repurposing church property. Don volunteered that it was an important piece of architecture, and one of the very few beautiful buildings in the Valley. Very few historic buildings had been saved in their original locations and the village of Lille was unspoiled, having changed less than any other in the Valley. He followed that it would make a great museum and cultural performances could be presented there, as long as they were in keeping with the atmosphere of the former church. There were three performance spaces: The sanctuary seating 450, the sacristy seating 120, and the basement seating 250. A twenty-five mile radius of Lille encompasses an area supporting a population of at least 50,000 people. The Bishop said he would take it under advisement and that an organization should be incorporated. When the incorporation happened, the building was donated, with all of its contents. The Bishop also became the first member, and gave a sizeable personal donation.

Background:

The church building is the third in the parish of Notre-Dame-du-Mont-Carmel. The parish was founded in 1847 at the foot of Mount Carmel on the town line between

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

Grand Isle and Madawaska. The priest from St. Basile had been crossing the river to say mass since 1840. With the Webster-Ashburton Treaty fixing the international boundary in 1842, residents in Grand Isle sought permission to build a chapel, and got permission from the Bishop of Boston, Benedict Fenwick, who had sponsored an Irish-Catholic community in Benedicta, on the Aroostook / Penobscot border. The chapel was built in 1847. Archbishop Fitzpatrick, Fenwick's successor, visited the region in 1847 and noted the building of the chapel in his journal. It is interesting that he noted the building of the second church in Frenchville, replacing one that was too small for the growing community. The chapel at Mount-Carmel was built of hand-hewn square logs in Baroque style. This was meant to be a very fancy building. Some of the wealthiest citizens in the Valley lived close by. There were problems, however. The first was that a "miracle spring" close by was causing hysteria. The church tends to be wary of uncertified miracles and is cautious of miraculous claims. Dunking colicky babies in an icy spring was discouraged and added one cause for the relocation of the chapel. The other cause was the erection of a new church in St. David, just five miles northwest. St. Bruno's church in Violette Brook, now Van Buren, was nearly 25 miles from St. David, and St. Bruno's was being relocated a couple of miles southeast. It was clear that the Mount Carmel chapel would be better located further to the southeast, across from Sainte-Anne-de-Madawaska, New Brunswick. Another factor in the move was the controversy that the chapel caused in reference

to the Carmelist movement that sought to detach from the Diocese of New Brunswick and attach to the Archdiocese of Boston. This meant that the Parish of St. Basile was to be partitioned, losing nearly half of its members, those who resided in Maine. The parishioners left would have to support the parish alone, always a difficult prospect that causes enmity. The Carmelists thought that

they could get a priest. St. Bruno in Van Buren, St. Lucé in Frenchville, and St. Mary's in Houlton had resident priests. The movement to separate was justified by the political division that had taken place in 1842. Other problems included the difficulty of crossing



Photo by: Joseph Don Cyr, Lille, Maine

Main altar being restored

the river at freeze-up and ice-out times, the discount on American money, and the uncooperativeness of Fr. Langevin, pastor of St. Basile, in providing baptismal, mar-



Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

riage, and burial information to the State of Maine. The real and most legitimate reason was the erection of the international border and a parish that crossed it. The Carmelists petitioned Pope Pius IX. The result was that in 1864, the Pope answered by attaching the American side of the valley to the newly created Diocese of Portland, Maine. The chapel at Mount Carmel was not to last but

a score of years. The Mount Carmel chapel was served by Fr. Henri Dionne of Frenchville and later his replacement, Fr. Sweron, a priest from Belgium. The chapel never had a resident priest and found itself too close to St. David when it became a parish in 1870.

This meant that there was a twenty mile void between churches. It was decided that the Mount Carmel chapel would better serve its parish by moving down river. Parishioners in what is now Lille, seeing the frame going up five miles downriver from them made an offer; if it was moved there, they would donate all of the finish work. The newer location was also half way between St. David and St. Bruno. What had been constructed was raised and moved to the present location of the parish. Legend says that the Mount Carmel chapel was torn down and the logs were used for framing the new church. Also bodies in the cemetery were exhumed and relocated next to the new church. There were dissenters. A legend says that one dissenter stole the clapper out of the bell, so when the priest, Fr. Gingras, pulled the bell rope for the first mass in the new church, there was no sound. Enraged, he announced at mass that the person who stole the clapper would die if it was not returned by the next Saturday. Fr. Gingras found the clapper on

the rectory step so the bell sounded for mass and Fr. Gingras announced that he had postponed the first funeral in the new church.

In 1896, Fr. Gingras moved into a new rectory, the one that still stands. Its placement demonstrated that a new church was being planned because the buildings would form a cross. Fr. Gingras died before his plans were fulfilled, so Fr. Richer had the new church built. The architect was Théophile Daoust of Montréal. They wanted a unique building,

meaning the plans would not be reused, as most others were. Louis Jobin, sculptor from Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, Québec, was commissioned to carve three statues. One was of our Lady of Mont-Carmel, and two others were trumpeting archangels. These were carved in pine and covered with hammered tin to protect them from the weather. (Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

Jobin was the most accomplished sculptor at the time, so the new church was going to be something special. The original plans still exist. They were donated by Marie Gagné of Edmundston. She was the daughter of the contractor who built the church, Léonide, Gagné. He had just finished building the new St. Lucé church in Frenchville. Léonide altered the original plans, changing the style from Romanesque to Ancient Roman. He also shortened the overall length by about twenty feet, eliminated two windows, and a balcony behind the altar. He made the choir loft thirteen feet shallower. He changed the ceiling vault by eliminating the coffers, and added intersecting vaulting that would allow for statues of the twelve apostles on the cornice, high above the nave. These changes resulted in a simpler, seemingly wider, and better lit design. This happened in 1908-9. The building was dedicated on New Year's Day, 1910. It was not consecrated because it is

a wooden structure. Only brick or stone structures are consecrated because they are seen as permanent. The old rectory, directly behind the church became a temporary sacristy and the old church was saved for use as a convent school. That was accomplished when the Daughters of Wisdom were invited in 1919. The old church was altered, adding a third floor for the nuns, while the first two floors were for classrooms. Life for the nuns was not easy. It was cold and there was no running water in the beginning. They also grew their own food.

Beginnings of the Musée:

The first project for the new museum was to remove anything that was a modern addition. A half wall, entry to the cellar, and a modern confessional were removed, replacing them with pews found in the barn. A carpeted platform was removed from the altar area and the old altar was placed back against the wall. The first concert, sponsored by the Maine Humanities Council's "Music in Baroque Culture" project, was in 1984, when Shirley Mathews, a harpsichordist, played a candle-lit concert that demonstrated the great acoustics and enchanted atmosphere of the former church. Sister

Rose Duperry did La Sagouine, a dramatic monologue of an Acadian charwoman. Sister Rose was 83 and had the large audience in stitches. Over the years there have been many concerts, many making regular returns such as "Barachois" and Acadian band doing traditional music and humor. Their first time in the Valley was a joint concert with the Acadian Village. "Eight Strings and a Whistle", a classical trio from New York City, has performed in Lille more than 10 times.

Then restoration of the former church has been the primary focus for the last thirty years. The first five years was mostly labor

to as "Don's church" we are damaged in the eyes of out funders who cannot fund religious institutions. The church is not Don's and it isn't a church. As of 2014, \$2,650,000 has been raised. There have been two major Maine Community Development Block Grants, \$350,000 and \$150,000, that did major projects. Most of the grants were between \$5,000 and \$20,000, the majority around \$10,000. That means that there have been hundreds of grants funded. Considering that only about half of the grants written were funded; grant-writing has been the major challenge over the years, not the resto-

ration. Don learned about grant-writing when he was appointed to serve on various councils and commissions that approve grants. Reading, critiquing, and defending hundreds of grants was a great education. It prepared the way for writing effective grants and spreading the news about the musée. Don has had help in grant-writing as well. David Wylie, Terry Helms, and Sheila Jans have all been a tremendous help in writing, as well as implementing the projects.

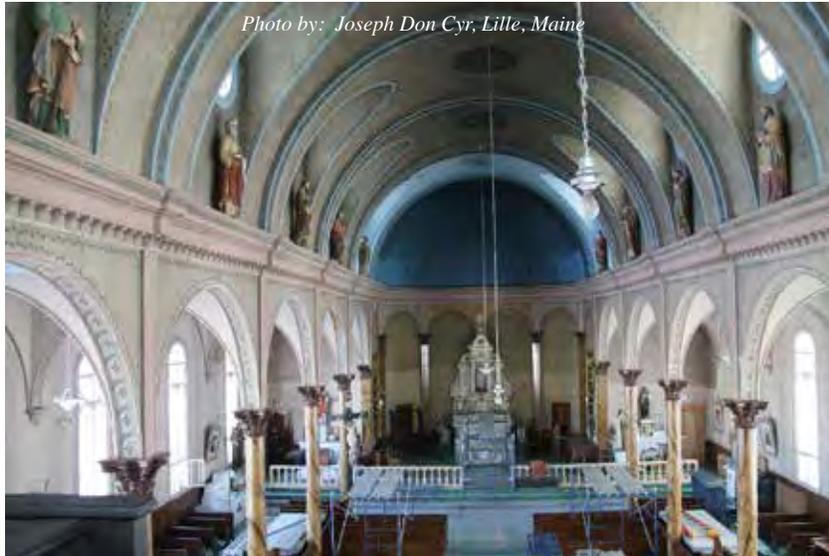


Photo by: Joseph Don Cyr, Lille, Maine

with little expense. There were immediate problems with the roof and foundation that needed to be addressed. Don was informed by the Maine Historic Preservation Commission that a referendum for historic preservation was coming up. We would qualify for some of the money if the referendum passed, so we helped pass it by getting the word out in the area. A local resident has promised \$80,000 if we could match it, so this was inducement to raise that money. The Musée got a \$31,000 grant in 1989. Losses in the stock market, causing a recession, wiped out the savings of the resident, so a bank-loan was secured. This "primed the pump", and the next year, another \$30,000 grant was secured, as well as another loan, with a donor guaranteeing the first. This was the beginning of a process of finding trusts and foundations, as well as government agencies that were willing to fund the restoration of the former church. It was necessary to establish it as a museum and not sponsor any religious activities. That was not difficult because it was the agreement we had made with the Bishop's office. The difficulty is to change the perception on the part of the public. Every time the building is referred

The projects that have been undertaken were laid out in a comprehensive plan written by a historic architect, Sylvanus Doughty of Gardner, Maine. He prioritized the projects so that the building would be stabilized before any cosmetic work could be done. Budget was always a factor, as matching money had to be raised for any project, no foundation being willing to fund 100%. Donors and other foundations were solicited. We found that doing the infrastructure first was the wisest choice as the cosmetic projects were the easiest to raise money for.

The first project was to repair the foundation that had buckled in the earthquake mentioned earlier. The building was jacked ½ inch off of the sills. The sills should have been replaced then, but the budget didn't allow for it and no donor could be found for it. Pilings were stacked under to support the building. This was completed at 4:30 pm on July 3, 1985. At 6 pm the same day an earthquake shook the foundations and the stone foundation under the altar let go. That foundation was originally four feet deep and three feet thick. The cellar there was fun-

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 12 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

nel-shaped with a stub wall shoring up the earth, making room for the furnace. Over the years, the stub wall had fallen over and the earth was sliding, exposing the bottom of the foundation, above. This old foundation wall collapsed in the earthquake. The cribbing held well and there was no damage to the structure. When cleaning up, we found the cornerstone of the building with seven carved crosses etched into it, which had been in the foundation under the altar. New foundations were installed under the altar and the southeast foundation was replaced. The other project done at this time was re-shingling the main roof. The old asphalt tiles were removed down to the original layer of wood shingles. New asphalt shingles were installed over the wood shingles. This was done due to lack of money to do it correctly and the new roof immediately failed as shingles behind the chimney blew off one week later, but the wooden shingles held. The lesson learned from this was not to take shortcuts, and the roof would have to be completely redone later.

The largest project undertaken was a Maine Community Development Block Grant project for \$350,000. David Wylie wrote the grant in 1997, which was sponsored by the Town of Grand Isle. This project was for the building infrastructure. It was important to stabilize then structure before any historic preservation projects could happen. Sylvanus Doughty, historic architect, headed the project and Diane LaChance was administrator. The main focus was to build an addition with handicap access at the northwest rear of the building. The location was chosen because the landscape sloped up in that direction and there was an unsafe old entrance there that had connected the building to the former convent that had been converted from an older church building, built in 1869. That building has been raised and what was left was not on a foundation and was a leaking eyesore. It was decided that the new addition should resemble the front of the old church façade, minus the belfry. This addition necessitated much work to the northwest foundation wall that tapered in depth from twelve feet at the street end, to eight feet in depth at the rear. A stairway leading to the cellar was a part of this project. An underground spring became a problem so

a full cellar with sealed concrete floor was installed and concrete braces and stub walls stabilized the north foundation. This entrance has a handicap accessible rest room as well as entrances to the main sanctuary and sacristy. Other parts of this project included adding a new furnace to the heating system, and rewiring the whole building in conduit. A new chimney was the first part of the proj-



Photo by: Joseph Don Cyr, Lille, Maine

ect and was done in the autumn before the rest of the project because the old chimney was in danger of immediate collapse. The chimney is 4'square and 80 feet tall. If it would have collapsed, it would have fallen in on the altar, taking out everything down to the basement. Desjardins Masonry of Van Buren did the tile-lined double brick project in three weeks. A new roof was put on the sacristy chapel as well. A grant from the Libra Foundation in Portland purchased asphalt roofing for all of the roofs of the building. It was urgent because the red color was being discontinued. The original cedar shingle roof had been painted iron oxide red, a fire retardant. In the construction of the addition, a discovery of the original paint colors of the former church was made. This happened when the original addition was razed; exposing a part of the main building that had intact original paint. Three Corbin sisters, who remembered the construction of the church in 1909, had reported that the building was green and gold. A postcard postmarked from 1910 had a note written on

it that the angels were gold. Original photographs of the building from 1909 showed that the body color of the building was very dark and the trim was light. Samples of the colors were taken and Benjamin Moore paint, the very best for our climate, matched the colors exactly. The new addition was primed with tints lighter than what the building would become. This was done to prepare the public for the shock of the original colors, because these colors had not been seen on the building since the 1930s, when the colors were changed to grey and white with silver cupolas and angels. The building was painted all white, keeping the silver, in the 1960s. The public had become accustomed to the white color. Because the Board of Directors had decreed that the building would be restored to its original state, it was just a matter of finding the original colors.

Painting and insulating the building was made possible by a new \$150,000 Maine Community Development Block Grant project in 2007, again written and administered by David Wylie and sponsored by the Town of Grand Isle. The project started three years before the grant was written with the restoration of the 52 exterior windows. This was a major project where all of the glass was removed and all the paint was scraped off down to the wood. This included the window trim. The wood was repaired and filled with epoxy putty, and liquid epoxy was applied. A final coat of white paint, the original color of the sashes, was applied and the original glass was reinstalled. Old windows with wavy glass were collected from donors and glass repairs were made from them. This project took two summers. The third summer before the grant was scraping and painting the façade of the building. This labor acted as a match for the CDBG project. Terry Helms, Marc Garcia, Bill Parent, Aurelle Collin, Derek LaPointe, and Don Cyr helped with the window and façade projects. The façade was very difficult to scrape, but it was all done by hand, and progress was slow. The original paint had a lot of linseed oil in it and it was gummy, with two layers of hard paint over it. The original paint was applied in two coats, with a brownish yellow prime coat and a transparent grey-green coat applied over it, resulting in a dark green. Insulation was blown into the walls and ceilings before the paint was applied to the rest of the building.

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

The building is balloon-framed so the insulation easily filled the wall cavities from the top down. The framing timbers are 3'x5' rough cut, making a large cavity to insulate. The painting of the main building was done in 200?. All of the old paint was removed with a "paint shaver" that is approved for historic preservation work. The tinted prime coat was done in Alkyd paint, and the two finish coats were latex. The lower metal roofs were painted tile red with elastomeric paint. This paint expands and contracts with the metal roof according to temperature.

The main roof was redone in 200?. The roof mentioned before was getting worse with each wind storm so we needed to do something about it quickly. The question was how to get the funding as all grants require a match. We put on a concert with Acadian singer Angele Arsenault. After the concert, Don was on his way to the bank to deposit the funds, but stopped at the store in Grand Isle. While there he left the money bag on the counter by mistake. Someone picked it up in the few minutes that it took to notice it was gone. This made the news statewide. A reporter asked what we were going to do to make up for the lost money. Don said that it would have to come out of the funds raised for the roof. The result was that a couple of weeks later, Larry and Audrey Thibodeau of Presque Isle offered to pay for the roof, so the lost money was replaced ten-fold.

One of the most noticeable projects has been the restoration of the angels and belfries. It was done before the museum was painted. The angels are important original artworks and one of the few pieces of public sculpture in Aroostook by a major sculptor. There are two and they are the archangels Gabriel and Michael. They top each of the two towers eighty feet up. Each is unique as they are holding their trumpets in different hands for the sake of the symmetry of the building. They were commissioned around 1907 by Father Gingras. Louis Jobin of Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, Québec. Jobin was a prolific sculptor and the best known at the time. This was an era of church building and there were many commissions for religious sculpture to adorn new churches. Jobin had developed a method of protecting wooden sculpture that brought him a lot of commissions. He covered the finished wooden work with hammered zinc and lead to protect it from the elements. This worked until a small hole would develop, rain get in, and

then the interior wooden sculpture would decompose, leaving the zinc and lead shell. This happened sometimes, and here in Lille, it happened to some extent with one of the angels and the Lady of Mont-Carmel statue over the front door, which is also a Jobin statue. That statue had been adorning the old church that the present building replaced.

The angel on the south east tower was rocking in windstorms. The trumpet had been loosened over time and damaged the face of the sculpture. Wings had been damaged by weather (they were not covered with zinc) and parts had been replaced. I soon became obvious that the southeast angel would fall 80 feet and be destroyed if nothing was done. In 1985, it became



Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

necessary to remove them. We had recently gotten a \$1,000 grant from the Maine Arts Commission to stage a small folk festival. I called the Commission and told them about the angel situation and got permission to use the money to hire a crane to remove both angels so that they could be reproduced. Pelletier Construction of Madawaska rented us a 110 foot crane to do the job. It took the whole budget for the crane. Luckily, Marius Levesque dit ti-nomme of Grand Isle, volunteered to take them down. We borrowed a steel platform / basket from the St. David parish that hanged from one hook off the crane. The southeast angel came down easily because the rod that held it to the tower was short. It was really too short, explaining eloquently why it wasn't content to stay there. The northwest angel was another story. It was well fastened and hadn't leaked, so it was sturdy. The rod that

fastened it was twice as long as the other. Marius had trouble loosening it. Once it was loose, it was binding on the rod when the crane lifted it. Marius jumped up on the iron rail of the basket and jiggled the angel while the crane was lifting it. What hair I had left on my head was standing on end as I saw the basket sway with Marius on the rail and not harnessed. Marius and the angel were safely lowered to the ground. I was white with shock. I asked Marius why he took such a chance. He said that he was not raised to fear heights and, in his mind, he was six inches off the ground. Imagine that! I would later come to appreciate that more when Terry Helms and I put the reproductions up. The two towers were without angels for fifteen years.

While this was going on, the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec had developed an exposition on the work of Louis Jobin. The Museum had contacted the Bishop of Portland to find out where the church in Maine was that had two Jobin angels. The photo of these angels came from the National Archives of Canada and was of our building. The Bishop's office contacted us and I contacted the Museum. Unfortunately, too much time had passed, so our angels could not be in the show. There was not enough time to restore them. That was a missed opportunity, but at least we knew who the sculptor was. The photo had been taken in the 1920s or 30s by Marius Barbeau who had photographed Jobin's work using his records. The museum issued a great book about Jobin, but again, we were too late for inclusion. The museum should have looked on a map rather than bother the Bishop's office. But bureaucracies tend to look to other bureaucracies.

Replicating the angels exactly was a large project. First, fundraising was necessary. We got funding for making molds and casts from the Maine Community Foundation's Expansion Arts Fund. That fund was made by the Payson Family after the sale of a Van Gogh painting they had for 59 million dollars. Part of that money built the Payson wing on the Portland Museum of Art, and part went to the Maine Community Foundation for a fund to support new arts projects in Maine. We had to find a sculptor to do the work. Glenn Hines of Houlton was a local sculptor from Houlton who works in bronze. Mold making and casting are the methods used in bronze sculpture so I knew he was right for the work. I met him at the Northern Maine Fair. He came (Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

up to Lille and got the two sculptures.

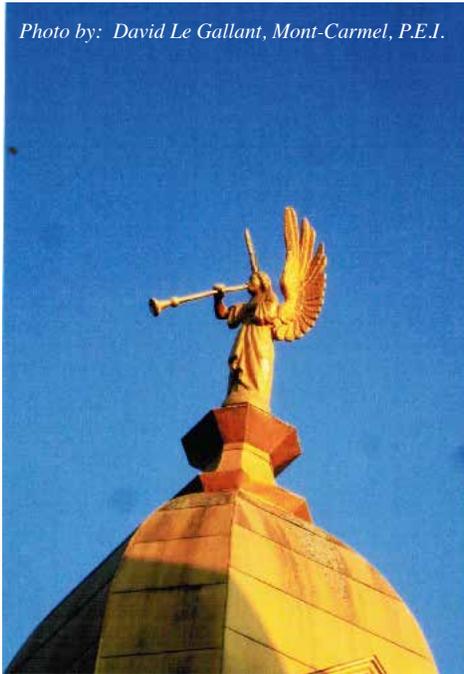
Glenn had to make repairs using non-drying clay that would be temporary and not harm or change the original sculptures. The wings were taken off so that one good set could be used for both angels. Even then, extensive repairs were necessary with the modeling clay. The question now was what material to cast the angels in. I had inquired from St-Pascal parish, near Kamouraska in Québec province, what they had used casting their four twelve foot angels by Jobin. Ours were seven feet tall. They said that they had done them in fiberglass, but that had been a mistake because they blew off the church one month later. They suggested that I cast mine in concrete. That is what we did, but we added polymer to the concrete to make it impermeable. Glenn delivered the angels with wings separate. The angels had a steel structure in the concrete and the wings so they could be bolted together. They were heavy! The wings alone weighed more than a piano. Terry Helms and I had to use all of our combined strength just to lift the wings on to bolts four feet up the back of each angel. We wondered how we would ever get them on the towers! Each had to weigh a ton with the wings on.

The next step was to raise money to put the angels up. We decided that even a helicopter would have a hard time with this. I realized that St Pascal's church was made of stone, so concrete statues would make sense to them. Our building is a wood frame construction so we opted to recast the sculptures in fiberglass with a steel understructure. Glenn Hines had expressed misgivings about fiberglass a few years earlier because the fumes are toxic, so we had to find someone else for the recasting. Eric Joseph was available. We got a grant from the Maine Acadian Heritage Council for this. The casting was not easy and the separator liquid in the mold did not work. The fiberglass was sealed to the rubber mold. Unfortunately, the rubber had to be cut and ground away and the cost doubled. Terry Helms assisted Eric in this and finished the project after Eric left. The result was spectacular, however.

The next step was to put the angels on the towers. Because we had to hire an eighty foot lift, we decided that it was best to paint the domes at the same time. We were lucky to have quite a few donors to accomplish this expensive task. They were: Albert and Anne Dionne Cyr, Fraser Papers,

Larry and Audrey Bishop Thibodeau, The Denis Morneault family, The Edward and Edgar Paradis Family, and the Noel and Blanche Corbin Parent Family. Elastomeric Gold paint was ordered and the lift was hired. Perfect weather was prayed for. Labor Day Weekend, 2,000, was when they went up. The weather was windless and it was warm for the whole week that it took to do the project. There was a mishap at the very beginning when one of the angels, on the ground, fell, and the trumpet broke. We reinforced it with steel and repaired it. The lift arrived, but the paint didn't. The 20 gallons of gold paint had to be shipped overnight from Maryland, which meant two days. When I called, the paint hadn't been mixed

Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.



yet. I told them that the lift was costing us eight hundred dollars a day and we better have the paint pronto. We spent the day attaching the angels to the towers. It went as planned. They were easy to handle, but the lift took getting used to. When it was fully extended, it easily swayed a few feet. It was necessary that Both Terry Helms and I be up in the lift for the whole project. More than once, Terry told me that I would become one of the angels if I didn't stop rocking the lift basket. The towers were each fitted with a steel plate with two eight foot pieces of angle iron going down from beneath it into the tower's central beam, where each was very well bolted. Each angel had a steel plate attached to its interior steel structure that was bolted to the one going down into the tower. The statues were light, and no wind was a blessing. It took only the morning to accomplish this. The sculptures and

domes had to be primed and painted with elastomeric paint, which expands and contracts with the weather at the same rate as the metal beneath. The metal-lined domes had to be wire-brushed, and primed with a rust inhibitor, then primed again with the bright yellow elastomeric primer that was sprayed on. Then the final gold coat was sprayed on. The sunlight passes through the semitransparent final coat reflects off the yellow undercoat to simulate the glint of gold. Gold leaf would have cost more than a million dollars, whereas the gold paint was only \$125 a gallon. It has now been fifteen years since this was done and we now have to rent a lift to remove dark algae that has grown on the domes and roof of the museum. This can be easily be done, and an unpainted zinc strip attached to the top of each dome will prevent the return of the algae.

Once the towers we completed and the museum was painted, the Balustrades on the two towers, just under the colonnaded domes had to be made. The ones that were there were simple railings made of 4x4s, not the originals. They were plain replacements that didn't go with the rest of the building. We had photos of the building with the originals, but not one of the 104 turned posts had survived. We enlarged the photo to get the profile of the posts and measured it, comparing it to a part of a window that was the same. The length came to be 13 inches. We got 4x4 cedar from Louis Pelletier at Allagash Woodworking and turned the posts in the chapel, a temporary workshop over the winter. Each post took one hour to turn, but the lathe could only work well for a couple of hours. In spring, the posts were attached to double rails, taken up onto the towers and attached to the refitted corner posts. The only thing that remains to be done is the eight finials that top each corner post. These will each be 12 x 12 x 18, in the shape of an urn.

One of the most noticeable projects has been the restoration of the angels and belfries. It was done before the museum was painted. The angels are important original artworks and one of the few pieces of public sculpture in Aroostook by a major sculptor. There are two and they are the archangels Gabriel and Michael. They top each of the two towers eighty feet up. Each is unique as they are holding their trumpets in different hands for the sake of the symmetry of the building. They were commissioned around 1907 by Father Gingras. Louis Jobin of Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, Québec. Jobin was

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 15 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

a prolific sculptor and the best known at the time. This was an era of church building and there were many commissions for religious sculpture to adorn new churches. Jobin had developed a method of protecting wooden sculpture that brought him a lot of commissions. He covered the finished wooden work with hammered zinc and lead to protect it from the elements. This worked until a small hole would develop, rain get in, and then the interior wooden sculpture would decompose, leaving the zinc and lead shell. This happened sometimes, and here in Lille, it happened to some extent with one of the angels and the Lady of Mont-Carmel statue over the front door, which is also a Jobin statue. That statue had been adorning the old church that the present building replaced.

The angel on the south east tower was rocking in windstorms. The trumpet had been loosened over time and damaged the face of the sculpture. Wings had been damaged by weather (they were not covered with zinc) and parts had been replaced. I soon became obvious that the southeast angel would fall 80 feet and be destroyed if nothing was done. In 1985, it became necessary to remove them. We had recently gotten a \$1,000 grant from the Maine Arts Commission to stage a small folk festival. I called the Commission and told them about the angel situation and got permission to use the money to hire a crane to remove both angels so that they could be reproduced. Pelletier Construction of Madawaska rented us a 110 foot crane to do the job. It took the whole budget for the crane. Luckily, Marius Levesque dit ti-nomme of Grand Isle, volunteered to take them down. We borrowed a steel platform / basket from the St. David parish that hanged from one hook off the crane. The southeast angel came down easily because the rod that held it to the tower was short. It was really too short, explaining eloquently why it wasn't content to stay there. The northwest angel was another story. It was well fastened and hadn't leaked, so it was sturdy. The rod that fastened it was twice as long as the other. Marius had trouble loosening it. Once it was loose, it was binding on the rod when the crane lifted it. Marius jumped up on the iron rail of the basket and jiggled the angel while the crane was lifting it. What hair I had left on my head was standing on end as I saw the basket sway with Marius on the rail and not harnessed. Marius and the angel were safely lowered to the

ground. I was white with shock. I asked Marius why he took such a chance. He said that he was not raised to fear heights and, in his mind, he was six inches off the ground. Imagine that! I would later come to appreciate that more when Terry Helms and I put the reproductions up. The two towers were without angels for fifteen years.

While this was going on, the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec had developed an exposition on the work of Louis Jobin. The Museum had contacted the Bishop of Portland to find out where the church in Maine was that had two Jobin angels. The photo of these angels came from the National Archives of Canada and was of our building. The Bishop's office contacted us and I contacted the Museum.



Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

Unfortunately, too much time had passed, so our angels could not be in the show. There was not enough time to restore them. That was a missed opportunity, but at least we knew who the sculptor was. The photo had been taken in the 1920s or 30s by Marius Barbeau who had photographed Jobin's work using his records. The museum issued a great book about Jobin, but again, we were too late for inclusion. The museum should have looked on a map rather than bother the Bishop's office. But bureaucracies tend to look to other bureaucracies.

Replicating the angels exactly was a large project. First, fundraising was necessary. We got funding for making molds and casts from the Maine Community Foundation's Expansion Arts Fund. That fund was made by the Payson Family after

the sale of a Van Gogh painting they had for 59 million dollars. Part of that money built the Payson wing on the Portland Museum of Art, and part went to the Maine Community Foundation for a fund to support new arts projects in Maine. We had to find a sculptor to do the work. Glenn Hines of Houlton was a local sculptor from Houlton who works in bronze. Mold making and casting are the methods used in bronze sculpture so I knew he was right for the work. I met him at the Northern Maine Fair. He came up to Lille and got the two sculptures.

Glenn had to make repairs using non-drying clay that would be temporary and not harm or change the original sculptures. The wings were taken off so that one good set could be used for both angels. Even then, extensive repairs were necessary with the modeling clay. The question now was what material to cast the angels in. I had inquired from St-Pascal parish, near Kamouraska in Québec province, what they had used casting their four twelve foot angels by Jobin. Ours were seven feet tall. They said that they had done them in fiberglass, but that had been a mistake because they blew off the church one month later. They suggested that I cast mine in concrete. That is what we did, but we added polymer to the concrete to make it impermeable. Glenn delivered the angels with wings separate. The angels had a steel structure in the concrete and the wings so they could be bolted together. They were heavy! The wings alone weighed more than a piano. Terry Helms and I had to use all of our combined strength just to lift the wings on to bolts four feet up the back of each angel. We wondered how we would ever get them on the towers! Each had to weigh a ton with the wings on.

The next step was to raise money to put the angels up. We decided that even a helicopter would have a hard time with this. I realized that St Pascal's church was made of stone, so concrete statues would make sense to them. Our building is a wood frame construction so we opted to recast the sculptures in fiberglass with a steel understructure. Glenn Hines had expressed misgivings about fiberglass a few years earlier because the fumes are toxic, so we had to find someone else for the recasting. Eric Joseph was available. We got a grant from the Maine Acadian Heritage Council for this. The casting was not easy and the separator liquid in the mold did not work. The fiberglass was sealed to the rubber mold. Unfortunately,

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

the rubber had to be cut and ground away and the cost doubled. Terry Helms assisted Eric in this and finished the project after Eric left. The result was spectacular, however.

The next step was to put the angels on the towers. Because we had to hire an eighty foot lift, we decided that it was best to paint the domes at the same time. We were lucky to have quite a few donors to accomplish this expensive task. They were: Albert and Anne Dionne Cyr, Fraser Papers, Larry and Audrey Bishop Thibodeau, The Denis Morneault family, The Edward and Edgar Paradis Family, and the Noel and Blanche Corbin Parent Family. Elastomeric Gold paint was ordered and the lift was hired. Perfect weather was prayed for. Labor Day Weekend, 2,000, was when they went up. The weather was windless and it was warm for the whole week that it took to do the project. There was a mishap at the very beginning when one of the angels, on the ground, fell, and the trumpet broke. We reinforced it with steel and repaired it. The lift arrived, but the paint didn't. The 20 gallons of gold paint had to be shipped overnight from Maryland, which meant two days. When I called, the paint hadn't been mixed yet. I told them that the lift was costing us eight hundred dollars a day and we better have the paint pronto. We spent the day attaching the angels to the towers. It went as planned. They were easy to handle, but the lift took getting used to. When it was fully extended, it easily swayed a few feet. It was necessary that Both Terry Helms and I be up in the lift for the whole project. More than once, Terry told me that I would become one of the angels if I didn't stop rocking the lift basket. The towers were each fitted with a steel plate with two eight foot pieces of angle iron going down from beneath it into the tower's central beam, where each was very well bolted. Each angel had a steel plate attached to its interior steel structure that was bolted to the one going down into the tower. The statues were light, and no wind was a blessing. It took only the morning to accomplish this. The sculptures and domes had to be primed and painted with elastomeric paint, which expands and contracts with the weather at the same rate as the metal beneath. The metal-lined domes had to be wire-brushed, and primed with a rust inhibitor, then primed again with the bright yellow elastomeric primer that was sprayed on. Then the final gold coat was

sprayed on. The sunlight passes through the semitransparent final coat reflects off the yellow undercoat to simulate the glint of gold. Gold leaf would have cost more than a million dollars, whereas the gold paint was only \$125 a gallon. It has now been fifteen years since this was done and we now have to rent a lift to remove dark algae that has grown on the domes and roof of the museum. This can be easily be done, and an unpainted zinc strip attached to the top of each dome will prevent the return of the algae.

Once the towers we completed and the museum was painted, the Balustrades on the two towers, just under the colonnaded domes had to be made. The ones that were there were simple railings made of 4x4s, not the originals. They were plain replacements that didn't go with the rest of the building.



Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, PEI

We had photos of the building with the originals, but not one of the 104 turned posts had survived. We enlarged the photo to get the profile of the posts and measured it, comparing it to a part of a window that was the same. The length came to be 13 inches. We got 4x4 cedar from Louis Pelletier at Allagash Woodworking and turned the posts in the chapel, a temporary workshop over the winter. Each post took one hour to turn, but the lathe could only work well for a couple of hours. In spring, the posts were attached to double rails, taken up onto the towers and attached to the refitted corner posts. The only thing that remains to be done is the eight finials that top each corner post. These will each be 12 x 12 x 18, in the shape of an urn.

Interior work:

The restoration of the interior of the Musée has been ongoing since the beginning in 1983. Once the modern additions were removed, investigation work began to see if what was left matched the 1910 photos we acquired from Martine Pelletier of Van Buren. She had a collection of two glass plate negatives of the interior. The negatives were very large and had extraordinary detail. I went up into the choir loft and removed a piece of the zinc panels that covered all of the ceilings and walls of the interior. Aurette Collin, a lifetime resident of the house across the street from the former church remembered the zinc (most think of it as tin) panels being installed in the late 1920s. It took the full summer as we installed as a fire preventative as well as a cover for cracks in the plaster. It had been painted white with gold trim. There were three patterns: a fleur-de-lys (French lily) pattern for the walls, a leaf and star pattern for under the arches, and a star-flower pattern for the ceiling. I found that the stencils depicted in the photos were still intact under the zinc. Luckily, they had been covered, but never repainted. I scraped some of the paint on the cornice. The cornice had been painted in the 1964 redecoration where the walls were painted a pinkish brown and the ceiling was painted light blue with darker blue details. It was latex paint, a new type of paint at the time. Thankfully, they did not use primer. The result was that is scraped off by lightly flaking off the top paint layer. This was a tedious, but not too difficult task. The problem was that the cornice was 25 feet above the floor with pews in the way. We quickly found that scaffolding would fit in between the pews most of the time and that scraping paint for an hour at a time was the safest way to get a good result. I found that after an hour, I was getting careless, so I decided to work an hour each day on it and do other things, such as zinc panel removal which was tedious, but a different sort of tedium and provided balance to the muscle cramping that doing one repetitive task would cause. Good music helped a lot because the acoustics inside the building are so great. A compact disc lasts 45 minutes to an hour so it served as a timer as well. When the museum was open, I would keep the music off so that I could direct visitors from atop the scaffolding.

Some interesting exchanges resulted. A few times, visitors thought that they were alone while I was 25 feet up. I would sometimes answer their questions without

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 17 *Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History*)

warning. One lady thought the building was haunted at first. Another time a local man came in and reported that he had painted the cornice that I was diligently working on, removing his work. He said that the farmers in the parish each worked at painting the interior when they had a few hours to spare. I told him that it that it would probably take about 500 hours to remove the paint that had been put on in at least 1/5 the time. I said that if he ever felt a pain in his back, that it was probably me using a voodoo doll on him.

He said that the painting was done as the result of the Second Vatican Council. The altar was removed and modified so that it could face the people, the communion rail was removed and the two side altars were destroyed, as was the reredos (ornate upper part of the altar). It was a time of renewal and little thought was paid to preservation. Luckily, the parish was not rich, so they modified and covered rather than destroy too much.

Another time a man and his wife came in and he was showing

here where he used to sit at mass when he was young. I have been visited by a Sister who was a Daughter of Wisdom, who taught at the parish school before it was closed. (The difference between a Sister and a Nun is that a Sister teaches or nurses and can go out in public; whereas Nuns are cloistered and never see the public.) She said that she was in charge of the children at mass. I was a bit surprised that the children didn't sit with their parents. She said that each autumn the parish auctioned the pews in lieu of collecting seat money each Sunday. So each family bid on a pew, their name was put on the pew that was assigned to them and to them alone. Some pews were saved in front for the Sisters and visitors. There was no way that a family of 12 to 20 children could all sit in a pew of six, so all of the school children would sit in the northwest aisle with a Sister in the middle. All of the students that she needed to keep an eye on would sit in front of her and the ones she say a more mature would sit behind her. I guess moving to the rear was a kind of rite of passage. The wiggly kids were watched and always mindful of the presence of the Sister. If she had to get up to settle them down, the whole congregation noticed with fascination (any unusual occurrence becomes extra fascinat-

ing and/or funny at Mass) and the parents of the offender took special notice and that guaranteed another ordeal when they got out after Mass. All that said; the man was showing his place up front. I spoke out from the scaffolding; as if I was a messenger from above that he must have been a "bad boy" not to be sitting behind the Sister. He, red faced, had to admit that was probably true. His wife had no doubt and seemed very satisfied in then interpretation. He said that a "bad boy" had different meaning then because any infraction, no matter how small, was dealt with. One time when the

Dustin Deschaine did most of this removal work on the ceiling 40 feet up in the winter of 2015. There are small nails every three inches all around each panel where in overlaps the next panel. Each panel is 2 feet by 3 feet. Each small nail had to be pried out with an upholsterer's tack puller. The result was 10 gallons of nails. For some reason we saved them. Each had to be picked up from the pews and the floor. We used a magnet on a long handle that worked very well. No matter how many times you look, however, you can always find a stray nail. The plaster under the tin was dirty but in

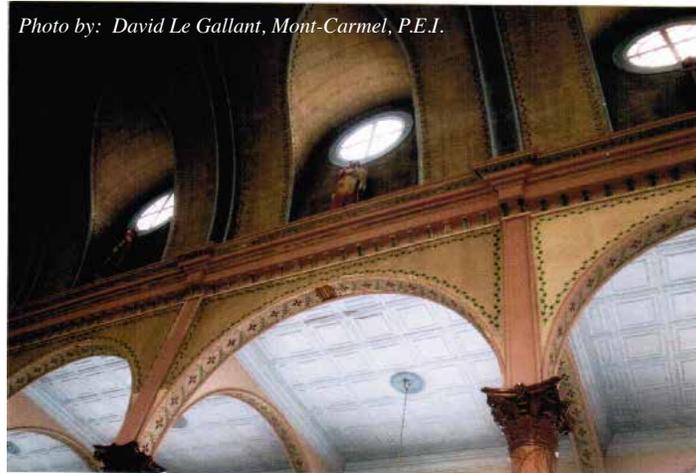


Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

priest was holding up the wine chalice at the consecration (the most solemn part of the Mass, a four year old exclaimed, "King sized Coke!" Sorry, I am rambling, but aren't those rambles fun? It turned out that the cornice took 500 hours to scrape and the altar took the same amount of time. I found that using a soup spoon was best if I used it with the bowl side down. The curves of the spoon fit the moldings well, and the spoon was dull enough not to harm the original stenciled paint beneath. The paint that we were trying to save was a hand mixed enamel paint with stencils and hand painted details of Acanthus, Maple, Oak, and Olive leaves as well as gold leafed Daisies. There were also gold leafed stripes on molding edges. I all the cornice was three feet high with brackets every three inches beneath. There were five places on the cornice to scrape. Depending on where the sun had affected the paint, some parts were each while others were difficult to save all of the original paint. I found that using my artist's oil paints, I can match the colors and touch up the scratches and the original paint comes clear like new from the viewpoint on the floor. A future restorer will know up close, what is original.

Then plaster under the zinc panels are another sort of challenge. Terry Helms and

much better shape than we hoped. It is interesting that the dirt bears the impression of the design on the panels and each lath under the plaster stands out. It must be the static electricity that causes this, but every lath is clearly defined, only to be lost as the plaster has been cleaned. Near the altar, the cleaning is more difficult because candle smoke was waxy. The building had been heated with coal for a time in its history so that resulted in soot. The dust and soot penetrated everywhere.

With all of the plaster exposed now, it is evident how the plaster was applied. The plaster was mixed with very fine sawdust and has the feel of pottery. The original paint adhered very well had has not peeled. There are definite places where it appears that the plaster has cracked. On closer inspection it is really where the plaster separated at the seams created at the finish of a day's work and the beginning to the work of the next day. At the end of each day then plaster was tapered so that it could be overlapped the next day. This is where it failed. Perhaps the overlapping parts should have been wet before new work? The result is that these cracks are regular and occur horizontally every six feet. It is possible to figure how many days it took to plaster the interior. They worked from top to bottom and it had to have taken months. They must have done all of the painting as they went and there had to be a forest of scaffolding over the entire interior at the same time. The paint on the woodwork is very stable as a thin layer of gesso, a mix of plaster and glue was used as a primer. It doesn't peel, but it is necessary to have a light touch in scraping it because and small ridges in the gesso cause the original paint to be scraped

(Continued on page 19)

(Continued from page 18 Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel History)

off. If this sounds tedious; it was. Luckily, all of the original finishes were intact.

The restoration of the Chapel, known as the Sacristy, has also been ongoing. The Chapel was meant to the celebration of daily Mass and contained the confessionals and the cabinets that contained the priest's vestments. The vestments were very elaborately made of rich fabrics with embroidery and a lot of lacework. They are also in various colors for the different seasons of the liturgical calendar as well as black for funerals. They are sets in red, yellow, white, green, and violet. There are large drawers for these so that they don't need to be folded. There are also closets for capes and banners and altar hangings. We have a set of large banners of black and gold for funerals. These hung from columns and walls. Some are 12 feet long. Windows were also draped in black. It must have been spectacular as funerals are the most beautiful ceremonies in the Catholic liturgy.

The chapel is a special place because it is easily heated and has exceptional acoustics. It is an elegant and intimate space with

room for 100 people. We have most of our concerts there. The restoration of this room has been ongoing almost from the beginning. It was painted green and had a blue cove ceiling. All of that paint was scraped off to reveal the original paint beneath over a period of 30 years, one bit at a time. Stencils abound on the ceiling. Because the room had not been photographed, we had to carefully scrape all of the paint. We knew that there were stencils, but didn't know how extensive they were. After the scraping, the ceiling needed to be scrubbed to get off all of the paint residue. That took 60 hours, working one hour at a time, scrubbing overhead. This was done in Lent as a penance, so Easter was really a celebration. After the cleaning, paint was applied only where it was missing. The result is that approximately 90% of the original paint was saved.

The woodwork was originally grain painted to resemble Oak. This included the wainscoting that was scraped to reveal the original paint. This was a difficult task and not all of the original paint was salvageable. That was repainted and spot painted where necessary. At this writing, that is still under way. The next project in the chapel will be the refinishing of the floor.

(Donation swells genealogical, historical records at UMaine Franco center continued from page 3)



Nick McCrea | BDN

Genealogical records in the collection of the late Adrien Lanthier Ringuette of Indiana, whose family donated a library of records and books on Franco-Americans to the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine.

ing to his bio. He retired from Bayer Corp. as secretary and general counsel in 1990.

His son, Scott Ringuette, said Adrien "always had a young person's curiosity about the world," as well as his family history.

"He's still with me, and now he's with you," Scott Ringuette told the group that gathered to dedicate the library in his father's honor.

<http://bangordailynews.com/2015/09/15/news/bangor/donation-swells-genealogical-historical-records-at-umaine-franco-center/>



Nave Tin Removal

We are open from June 15 to Labor Day, generally from 1 to 4 pm on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday (these times may change). We are also open by appointment year-round or by chance. Admission is by donation. The museum is mostly handicapped accessible and has a large parking lot to accommodate group tours.

Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel

PO Box 150

Lille, Maine, USA 04746-0150

207-895-3339

info@museeculturel.org

www.museeculturel.org



Photo by: David Le Gallant, Mont-Carmel, P.E.I.

From *MARTHA'S MEMOIRS*

FEAST DAYS

by *Martha Cyr Genest
Van Buren, ME*



As soon as it was freezing temperature, the men would butcher a pig. This was the first sign of preparations for winter and the Holidays. The women were busy in the kitchen making "boudin" (blood sausage), cretons, etc. Of course all this meat had to be frozen as we did not have freezers then.

The first day of Advent and every day until Christmas, we said a special prayer. One of the older girls would start it and we would continue. This always took place in Grandmère Cyr's room where we would all say the evening prayer together. Then my Dad would have us check the bundles of straw in the hayloft. At harvest time we had gathered some lovely straw. When we were very young it was flax straw, then wheat. It was for the Christmas manger at the church. It was made with wood and straw from our farm. We always helped with all that. Those who were old enough would go to Midnight Mass. Other relatives would join us for the Réveillon at our home, since it was also the grandparents home. The food was chicken stew, "cretons", "boudin", "croquignoles" (dough nuts), home made wine and la "Bûche de Noël" (Yule Log cake). I think what we children enjoyed most was the day before when we would bring home made food, especially "cretons" to the priests at the rectory and the college. We did not decorate a tree when we were young.

On New Years day, the first thing in the morning the children would get the Blessing from Grandpère Francis Croc. He would make a cross on our forehead and then we went to Mom and Dad and kissed them on the cheeks. We would all go to Mass, after which we would all gather at our home for a big family dinner and lots of singing. All the Cyrs from Ste-Anne and Siegas came plus many others. Le Jour de l'An was one of the big events of the year, being the first day all the relatives who could meet at the "old home" would be there. There was always "gin" for the men and wine usually home made for others. After Mass, one would see a real procession stopping in front the their "Old Home" the "robes de cariolles" (sleigh robes) were thrown off the sleigh and men and women with heavy

"Capot de Poil" (old fashion fur coats) and heavy home spun suits jumped off the sleigh. Men at the time had whiskers, the weather being very cold, some had icicles on the end of their mustache. The gals would run away from those cold kisses and say "go thaw out your mustache". It was really the big day as every one from the cradle to 100 would get the kiss and hug and the Christian wish, "Bonne Heureuse Année et le Paradis a la Fin de vos Jours". What a wonderful way to start the year. Believe me when they kissed, the girls would holler: "Go thaw out your mustache". Those were the good old days.

La Fête des Rois or Epiphany (January 6) was also started by attending mass. Then, at the family gathering, dessert was the "Gateau des Rois" or the King's Cake, with a pea (un pois) and a bean (une fève). This led to choosing "un roi" (a king) and "une reine" (a queen), who would lead many of the other festivities during the year.

La Chandeleur or Candlemas Day, (February 2), we went to Mass for the blessing of the candles which we held lit during the blessing. As it was winter and some people had fur collars, somebody would set the person in front of them on fire or burn the bird on Nellie's hat, ha! ha! Those candles were taken home and used when Communion was brought to our sick Grandmère. One was also lit during a storm. The customary foods for that day was "des crêpes", sucre d'érable (maple sugar), if there was any left, and de la tire a la melasse (molasses candy).

Mardi Gras, Carnival, more rejoicing and more crêpes and family gatherings. Same at Mi-Careme, (Mid Lent). The feast of St-Patrick we wore green ribbons probably because of our Irish grandmother.

During Lent, we really fasted, even if we were children, Our Mother would not make too many cakes or other sweets. We ate heartily of meat and all kinds of vegetables, which at the time were usually salted as were many kinds of meat especially deer, fowl, were coated with ice and then put in wooden boxes in the ice part of the pantry or shed. Many cut their own ice and had a compartment in the large shed. This was filled

with saw dust which kept frozen in the summer and a nice freezing place in the winter.

Palm Sunday we all carried a branch of "épinette" (spruce) which was blessed during Mass, which we took home to hang on the crucifix, as a good luck palm.

Every Sunday at High Mass at 10 AM we had "le pain béni", made by a different family every week. A cake called "la couronne" (crown) for the pastor. The holy bread or "pain béni" was distributed at the offertory. The Fathers or Mothers would take it home. All the younger children who stayed at home would run to meet their parents to get a piece, make the sign of the cross and eat it piously. This was their communion. We had Vespers every Sunday afternoon at 3 PM.

Easter morning at 4 AM, three of us, Marie, Cecile and I, Martha, would walk in silence to the brook near the bridge with each a pail to fill. The water had to be taken against the current and taken home in silence. That water kept fresh all year and was used for sore eyes and skin diseases. At Easter Mass there was always lovely singing.

The first Sunday in May was the blessing of the children. All the babies and up to school age were blessed and given a medal, then would walk in procession around the statue of Mary in front of the rectory.

Four or five weeks after Easter was Rogation Day, time to bless the fields. The farmers brought the seeds they were going to plant, those were blessed before Mass.

June was "la Fête Dieu" or Corpus Christi procession for about a mile down Main Street with lovely alters along the way. All the Sodalties or parish organizations carried their banners. It took place after High Mass.

"Les Rogations" was a special day, which meant that farmers, and others would gather money "pour le bien de la terre". This was to have Masses said for good crops. Also bowls of grain were brought to the church. A special mass was said and the grain was blessed and mixed with the different kinds

(Continued on page 21)

(MARTHA'S MEMOIRS continued from page 20)

La Grande Chambre

La Grande Chambre...a special room on the first floor of our home was called so. In there were "La Croix de Temperance" which hung on the wall. The family album of precious photos of Ancestors, a crucifix which was usually from the casket of a dear one who passed away many years ago.

In checking the records at St-Bruno's I came across the names of the first who singed the pledge for "Prendre la Temperance". The first name on the list was my great grandfather Christophe Cyr followed by the names of two great uncles, Dennis Farrell and Michael Farrell. Many familiar names are on the list. It was dated February 27, 1842.

La Grande Chambre was also the place to receive "Monsieur le Curé when he made his yearly visit; la quète de l'Enfant Jesus, (the yearly special collection. Also when on was very ill, or the parents had to talk to their pastor. This room saw many sad events; the dead were also put in this room, or a small baby who died. Sometimes a distant relative who came home to die and this was the quietest room of the house.

La Visite Du Curé

This was one of the great events of the year. Many families too shy to go see the Pastor when they were in need of help, material as well as spiritual, waited for this occasion to unload their burdens and many times ask for guidance for their family; sometimes a stray son or daughter, a husband who drank too much. Often the mother was the one who needed this help, when the Pastor came in, everyone would kneel and ask for "La Benediction".

In winter, there were always two carriages, often times a long sleigh to bring back la "dime" (tithe) at the time, often paid with products of the farm. "Le Bedeau" (Sexton) drove the first horse team, ringing a bell sometimes when there was a storm or fog. The Pastor had announced in church the week before that he and his two aides would have dinner at the end of Cyr Plantation. It meant usually at the home of André Cyr or some of his children. This road was "le Chemin de Caribou", other roads were le Chemin des Madores or to the Ruisseau des Ecureuils. By evening the sleigh driven by le "Bedeau" (sexton) was packed with

meat, poultry, sometimes a nice home made rug or hand woven linen. Those were the days when a neighbor knew his next door neighbor, and was there when needed so all these reunions were made up of one large family including neighbors.

On Porte Le Bon Dieu

When a person was in danger of dying, some would get the priest and he would come at once to bring communion to the one who needed him, also the Bedeau or someone else who came asking for a priest, headed the cortège and rang the bell. The church bell also and one counted the tolls.... so many for a woman and so many for a man. When the carriages went by, every one went out and knelt while the priest was going by. In winter one opened the door and knelt. In the summer even people on the sidewalk would kneel down. The Faith of our ancestors is something we should remember, and also speak to our children about it.

Children had been taught to help in any way possible. Many saved their pennies for the visit of the priest so they could give "pour le petit Jesus" (for the infant Jesus).

La Société internationale Veritas Acadie fait des siennes aux États-Unis

La Société internationale Veritas Acadie, communément appelée la SIVA, vient d'avoir ce 15 juin dernier son tout premier lancement aux États-Unis, de sa revue d'histoire Veritas Acadie. Il s'agissait de sa troisième édition dont soixante-dix pages furent consacrées à l'histoire du Grand Madawaska historique qui comprenait les deux rives du Haut-Saint-Jean, côté américain et côté canadien.

Du côté canadien, il y a d'abord eu un tout premier lancement à Edmundston le 28 mai dernier sous les auspices du Musée historique du Madawaska et de la Société historique du Madawaska. Et du côté américain, ce fut celui du 15 juin à Van Buren, au Maine, précisément à son Village Acadien.

L'événement américain eut lieu sous les auspices et à l'occasion de la rencontre estivale de l'Association française de la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean, présidée par Me James Lavertu et son Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean communément appelé le Centre Mikesell, en l'honneur de Marvin et Marie-Reine Mikesell, bienfaiteurs de cette région

acadienne-française américaine voisine du Nouveau-Brunswick. D'ailleurs ce sont les Mikesell qui financent la toute première maternelle française au Madawaska américain.

La Société internationale Veritas Acadie annonce que sa 4e édition de Veritas Acadie, lancée récemment à Cara-

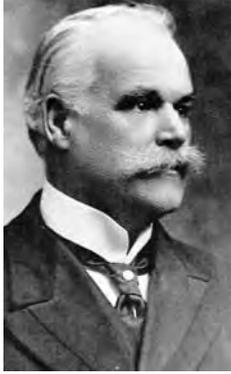
quet, a toujours 152 pages, cette fois-ci avec une cinquantaine de pages sur la Déportation à l'occasion du 260e anniversaire de celle-ci en 2015 (1755-2015). Pour toute information consultez la Société à chouetteacadienne.siva@gmail.com.— À partir d'un compte rendu de la Société internationale Veritas Acadie.

- À l'occasion de la réunion estivale de l'Association française de la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean - TOUT PREMIER LANCEMENT OFFICIEL DE « VERITAS ACADIE » AUX ÉTATS-UNIS. Village Acadien, Van Buren, Maine, le lundi soir, 15 juin 2015



Moment suprême du dévoilement de la revue « Veritas Acadie 3 » Me James Lavertu, président de ladite Association française, Mme Judy Ayotte Paradis, collaboratrice, M. David Le Gallant, président de la SIVA, M. Rosaire Paradis, collaborateur, Mme Lois Muller, présidente de la Madawaska Historical Society et M. Guy Dubay, conservateur du Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean, à Madawaska.

(Suite page 24)



Early Franco-American Credit Unions

Compiled by Mark Paul Richard

With the help of Alphonse Desjardins of Lévis, Québec, French-Canadian immigrants started the credit union movement in the United States. The chart below illustrates the chronological development of the early Franco-American parish credit unions; it also provides either the date the credit union closed or the contemporary name of those that survive. Alphonse Desjardins played a direct role in helping found the credit unions marked by an asterisk (*). For further information on the early credit union movement, see Mark Paul Richard, “‘The Humble Parish Bank’: The Cultural Origins of the U.S. Credit Union Movement,” *The New England Quarterly* vol. 88, no. 3 (September 2015), pp. 1-34.

Name and Location	Date of Incorporation	Year Closed or Contemporary Name
* St. Mary’s Co-operative Credit Association, Manchester, NH	April 6, 1909	St. Mary’s Bank
St. Jean Baptiste Parish Credit Union or La Caisse Populaire St. Jean Baptise, Lynn, MA	September 29, 1910	St. Jean’s Credit Union
*St. Anne Credit Union (La Caisse Populaire de Ste. Anne), New Bedford, MA	August 3, 1911	St. Anne Credit Union
*La Caisse Populaire de Notre Dame des Canadiens or Credit Union, Worcester, Worcester, MA	August 10, 1911	1942
*Notre Dame du Perpétuel Secours Credit Union of Holyoke, Holyoke, MA	September 7, 1911	Holyoke Credit Union
*Notre Dame de Lourdes Credit Union, Lowell, MA	September 12, 1911	1945
*Immaculate Conception Credit Union of Fitchburg, Fitchburg, MA	October 19, 1911 October 24, 1928	c. 1915 I C Federal Credit Union
*St. Joseph Credit Union, West Fitchburg, MA	January 26, 1912	c. 1915
*Jeanne d’Arc Credit Union, Lowell, MA	February 5, 1912	Jeanne d’Arc Credit Union
St. Joseph’s Credit Union of Waltham, Waltham, MA	January 14, 1913	1929
St. Mary’s Parish Credit Union, Marlborough, MA	July 9, 1913	St. Mary’s Credit Union
St. Francis Credit Union, Fitchburg, MA	March 16, 1914	c. 1915
The Sacred Heart Credit Union or La Caisse Populaire du Sacré Coeur, New Bedford, MA	September 5, 1914	1947
La Credit Union de Notre Dame de Central Falls, Central Falls, RI	March 9, 1915	Navigant Credit Union
La Caisse Populaire de Lawrence Credit Union, Lawrence, MA	September 25, 1918	?

Vous vous souvenez de René Delasalle sur lequel j'ai écrit un article au printemps 2015. Il est décédé le 24 septembre dernier et inhumé le 30 septembre au cimetière de Blonville. Sur la photo, devant une maison en colombages, se trouvent deux des amis de René ayant connu Léo Héroux le parachutiste du débarquement de 1944.

Salutations
Juliette Bruneau, Québec

UN DERNIER HOMMAGE À RENÉ DE LASALLE UN HOMME D'EXCEPTION

René Delasalle avait un lien bien spécial avec les Héroux. Nous avons pour lui de la gratitude et de l'amitié. Son départ laisse un vide profond. Sans lui, sans sa collaboration indéfectible, nous n'aurions pas pu réaliser cette œuvre.



Cet homme, jadis maire de Blonville à l'époque, nous a facilité nos démarches visant à mettre sur pied un regroupement des Héroux avec la terre de nos ancêtres.

Nous avons été si bien accueillis lors de notre voyage de 1988, pendant les démarches préparatoires à cette événement et par la suite. Tous, qui connaissent l'Association des Héroux, connaissent René. Si certains parmi les plus jeunes ne l'ont pas vu, ils en ont entendu parler.

Blonville et la Normandie, terre de nos aïeux, aujourd'hui synonyme de fête pour nous. C'était le hameau d'origine de notre aïeul Jean Héroux. J'y suis retourné presque chaque année depuis notre grande rencontre de 1988.

Pour certaines familles, il y a de beaux souvenirs de voyage à Blonville. Que ce soit le grand voyage de 1988 où nous étions un plein bus. Plus d'une vingtaine de personnes. Nous avons été accueillis par les Héroux de France et les Blonvillois, une bonne cinquantaine de cousins français...! Pour d'autres, en groupes plus restreints, l'accueil était au rendez-vous, tout aussi cordial. René réunissait amis et parents et nous faisons ripaille...

Nous réitérons notre amitié à ce vaillant normand et à sa Marie-Louise. Frère de racines, à défaut d'être frère de sang, il reste présent dans nos cœurs.

NB : Soulignons aussi son apport significatif dans la création de la Place Jean Héroux à Blonville et l'Association des amis de Jean Héroux (A.J.H.B.Qc)



Photo ci-haut: rencontre avec des amis du Québec: M. et Mme Léo Lepage en 2005

Photo ci-contre: Échange de cadeaux lors du grand voyage des Héroux en 1988 entre l'AFH et M. Delasalle alors maire de Blonville.



Par Sylvio Héroux,
président fondateur de l'Association des familles Héroux
Québec, Octobre 2015

(La Société internationale Veritas Acadie
fait des siennes aux États-Unis suite de page 21)



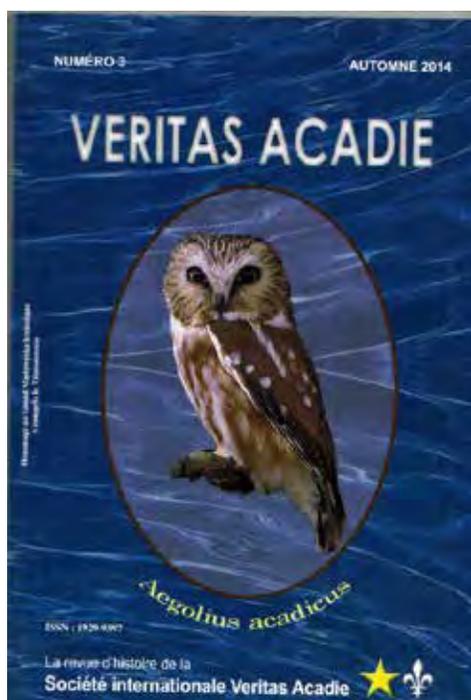
Intérieur du Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean : les mêmes avec au centre Roger Paradis, Pierre Benoît et Rita Richard pour un hommage à Mme Mikesell, bienfaitrice.



Présentation d'une couverture commémorative aux membres de la SIVA par des dames de l'Association française à leur réunion estivale.



M. Guy Dubay, lors de sa présentation tout près de la « Vitrine du Souvenir » au Centre français du Haut-Saint-Jean.



Verso de Veritas Acadie 3 :
Infographiste : Alexandre Roy (Î.-P.-É.)

Carte du Grand Madawaska historique provenant du Calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique » (août 2000), grâce à Mme Marie-Reine Mikesell et détails de la fresque historique de Claude Picard à l'hôtel de ville d'Edmundston.



Regard en arrière
Par Camille Lessard
 Présentation

Il me fait plaisir de vous présenter ce texte de Camille Lessard (1883-1970) dont une première version a paru dans *Le Messager* de Lewiston en 1933, sous le titre de « Pas en arrière ». Cette première version a été rééditée par le Père R. Santerre dans son Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine, NMDC, 1980. Toutefois, Camille Lessard a fait paraître une deuxième version de ses réminiscences dans *La Survivance* d'Edmonton, entre 1946 et 1948. Il est important de rééditer cette deuxième version afin de mieux comprendre l'évolution de la carrière littéraire de Camille Lessard. C'est pourquoi à la suite de la publication de « Regard en arrière », paraîtra une étude sur l'oeuvre et l'auteur.

J'espère que vous apprécierez la lecture de ces souvenirs d'une enfance au Québec à l'époque de l'exode.

Joshua Barrière
Québec, Québec
Septembre 2015

Introduction

Durant quelques mois, sous le titre ci-dessus, il sera publié dans *La Survivance*, des chroniques relatant des incidents ressuscités par un voyage que je fis, il n'y a pas très longtemps, dans le village où je grandis sinon en sagesse du moins en pieds, surtout en pieds. . .

Je dédie ces cendres de mon enfance et de ma petite jeunesse à tous ceux qui, en des heures de lassitude, en des moments d'ennui, en des jours de fièvre, ont fait voile en arrière pour aller jeter l'ancre sur

« l'océan des âges », tel que je l'ai fait.

Mes souvenirs, à moi, sont analogues à ceux de tout le monde, mes impressions ne sont pas différentes de celles du commun des mortels, mes émotions sont les mêmes que celles de l'univers pensant.

Pour chaque groupement, de quelque peu d'importance, il y a au moins une église, une école. Que ce soit pour ceux qui naissent avec une pièce d'argent sur la langue ou pour ceux qui viennent au monde avec une épine de rosier dans les doigts, il y aura toujours un abri quelconque, -- qu'il soit à toit doré ou en planches grossières, -- pour protéger leurs petites têtes contre les intempéries de saisons. S'il n'y a pas de berceuses doublées en soie pour endormir les tout petits, il y a, au moins, une boîte remplie de paille dans lesquelles rêveront aux cieux, d'où elles viennent, les nouvelles âmes sur la terre.

Dans chaque coin de terre habité il y a des espiègles et des sages, des prétentieux et des humbles, des tyrans et des écrasés, de belles maisons et des cambuses, de moelleux sommiers et bruissantes paillasses, des gâteaux et des croûtes, du velours et des guenilles, des tragédies et des farces, des larmes et des éclats de rire. . .

Quand on tourne en arrière, comme je l'ai fait, l'immense roue du temps, on peut déchiffrer, comme dans un grand livre ouvert, toutes les empreintes laissées par ses pas dans la poussière des routes. Il semble que chaque planche de trottoir, chaque poutre d'édifice, chaque bout de clôture, chaque roche de chemin, chaque son de cloche, chaque croassement de grenouilles, s'unissent en un mystérieux chœur, pour fredonner à nos oreilles l'éternel et si mélancolique refrain d'un passé qui ne revient plus jamais.

Aussi mes souvenirs sont vos réminiscences, amis lecteurs, à quelque degré que vous soyez placés sur la grande roue de la vie qui, pour vous comme pour l'humanité entière, tourne sans jamais arrêter. Sans doute plus vite pour les uns que les autres, mais elle vire quand même cette impitoyable roue qui ne permet jamais à personne de rester stationnaire : tantôt sur le sommet, tantôt écrasé sous son poids implacable. . . Ses roulements lents mais continuels ébranlent ou raffermissent soit les santés, soit les fortunes, soit les ambitions, soit les espoirs, mais ses vibrations, quelque imperceptibles qu'elles soient, se font toujours sentir dans les corps ou dans les coeurs, ou dans les cerveaux. . .

Donc, durant quelques mois, je vous promènerai, par voie de *La Survivance*, sur les routes de ma paroisse natale et peut-être qu'en me lisant plusieurs d'entre vous e surprendront à murmurer : « Oui, c'est bien comme ça que ça se passait ! »

J'aimerais à entendre une telle exclamation s'échapper de la poitrine de certains citoyens en vue de Beaumont qui pourront se reconnaître aisément dans une de mes chroniques intitulée « Première étincelle ! »

Mon village

(Mon village : Ste-Julie, dans le comté de Mégantic, portant, depuis que j'en suis partie, le nom de Laurierville).

* * *

Après une absence d'un quart de siècle, je retourne vers le village canadien qui m'a vue grandir. J'y retrouve la même station de chemin de fer mais avec le toit plus noirci par la fumée et des murs plus ébranlés par le temps. Mon chef de gare a été remplacé par un jeune, peut-être son fils, je ne sais et je ne songe pas à m'en informer, car moi je suis le PASSÉ qui se penche pour remuer dans des tas de cendres, tandis que lui c'est le PRÉSENT qui court vers l'AVENIR avec l'ardeur de la jeunesse.

Comme mon village s'est modernisé depuis vingt-cinq ans ! Je n'y vois presque plus de chevaux mais beaucoup d'autos, tout comme dans les grans centres. Il y a très peu de poussière dans la rue maintenant, car le chemin du roi a été transformé en une grande route nationale macadamisée.

En arrivant à la première habitation du village, soit un mille et demi de la gare, je renvoyai mon chauffeur. Mon premier arrêt fut au Café Mégantic, vrai bijou en son genre, tenu assez longtemps par Mlle Amanda Normand, une amie de banc d'école.

De ce restaurant, je me dirigeai vers une maison dont les occupants furent nos voisins durant un grand nombre d'années. Je passai par la porte d'en arrière, frappai et entrai sans attendre la permission d'avancer m'imaginant que je vais être reçu à bras ouverts après une si longue absence. Je m'assis tout contre la vieille mère et insistai pour que chacun des membres de la famille approchât son siège afin de mieux se sentir les coudes et entendre plus clairement les battements des coeurs.

Et ce sont des questions si vite
(Suite page 26)

(Regard en arrière Par Camille Lessard

Présentation suite de page 25)

formulées que les réponses n'ont pas le temps de se compléter ; et c'est une larme qu'on ne sent pas glisser sur sa joue ; et ce sont des mots hachés, haletants, décousus; des rires sans cause; des gestes ébauchés et non finis. On ne peut presque rien dire, trop pris qu'on est par l'improviste et l'émotion. Et toute une scène de cinéma vécu se déroule, durant une heure, autour d'une table de cuisine, dans une humble demeure. La baisse du rideau arrive : il me faut aller serrer les doigts à d'autres vieux amis. "Tu reviendras ? On va t'attendre. Et viens pour coucher". "Je tâcherai !"

À une autre porte, c'est un acte semblable qui se joue "La fille à Pierre ! Tu ne me dis pas !" et l'on rit pour ne pas pleurer. . .

Mon pèlerinage se continue ainsi, durant quelques jours, et s'il y a souvent un serrement dans ma gorge, il y a également quelque chose de très doux qui se glisse au fond de mon âme : c'est que les souvenirs de mon village sont les cendres de mon passé incinéré et l'urne qui les contient est installé au milieu de mon coeur. . .

Le cimetière

Je passe sur le trottoir longeant le cimetière. Un de mes frères, l'aîné de notre famille, — (un grand garçon qui se noya une après-midi ensoleillée de juillet en se baignant dans notre petite rivière qui pourtant a l'air si inoffensive)— repose dans ce lieu. En quel endroit de l'enclos fut déposé son corps ? Je ne sais. Aucune croix, aucune épitaphe, aucun monument ne fut érigé à sa mémoire : nous étions, dans le temps, trop pauvres pour payer ce dernier tribut à nos chers disparus. . .

Elle repose également sous la terre du même endroit l'enveloppe corporelle de ma grand'mère paternelle. On l'appelait "Mine" diminutif de "mémère", sans doute. Au baptême, elle avait reçu le nom de Desanges (Desanges Vallée de St-Frédéric de Beauce). Prénom bien choisi car elle était d'une bonté et d'une douceur angéliques, dons que malheureusement elle oublia de léguer à ses petits-enfants. . .

Un jour d'hiver, elle avait glissé sur la glace se fracturant une hanche. Les sous étaient rares, les médecins loin, — nous ne demeurions pas à Ste-Julie dans le temps, — on avait confiance dans le Temps guérisseur de tout, on ne fit rien pour elle. . . Durant bien des années, elle se traîna à l'aide de béquilles, puis, affaiblie, elle dut s'aliter. Quelques années plus tard, on alla conduire au cimetière de Ste-Julie, où l'on demeurait alors, la chère vieille que je

connus marchant avec des béquilles et dont le martyr cessa alors que j'avais 7 ou 8 ans.

Dans ce lieu de repos, deux de mes soeurs, mortes en bas âge, dorment également et, pour les uns comme pour les autres, rien ne peut m'indiquer l'endroit où l'on descendit leur cercueil. Aujourd'hui, que la poussière de leur chair est mélangée avec celle de leurs voisins qu'est-ce que ça peut bien me faire que je sache ou non où leurs cadavres furent déposés?. . .

Les mains appuyées sur la clôture du cimetière, je regarde plus loin que la vie et il n'y a aucune larme dans mes yeux. Je demande seulement à mes morts de me protéger sur la route qu'il me reste à parcourir, je les prie de m'aider à m'en aller **bravement** quand, pour moi, sonnera l'heure qui sera ma dernière. . . .

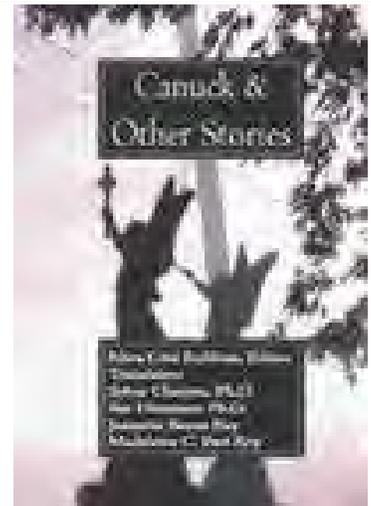
Ma vieille maîtresse

Lorsque j'écris "mon vieux" ou "ma vieille", cela ne veut pas nécessairement dire: accablé sous le poids des ans. C'est plutôt, pour moi un terme de possession qui passe de mon coeur au bout de ma plume.

Je ne trouve rien de plus beau que d'entendre de jeunes couples s'interpeller par "mon vieux" et "ma vieille" et continuer à s'appeler amoureusement ainsi à travers les années jusqu'à ce qu'un soir arrive où, près d'un foyer aux trois-quarts éteints, l'on se met à fredonner avec Botrel: "Te rappelles-tu ma vieille. . ."

Ma vieille église et ma vieille école ayant été remplacées par de splendides constructions modernes, qui ne me disent rien parce que mon nom n'est pas inscrit sur leurs murs, je passe devant elle comme devant des étrangères dont la vie ne fut jamais mêlée à la mienne.

Ma vieille maîtresse d'école — Mlle Delvina Garneau — celle qui contribua le plus à m'inculquer les quelques petites connaissances littéraires que je puisse posséder, — a dû, forcée par la maladie, s'expatrier pour aller se faire un foyer avec une de ses soeurs à Lawrence, Mass. Je suis allée saluer ma vieille institutrice ç cet endroit et elle se tint tout contre moi, pressant mes doigts entre les siens et ne cessent de répéter: "Non, je ne puis vraiment croire que c'est bien toi, Camille, mon ancienne élève qui ses souvient encore de moi!" Ses cheveux, jadis si noirs, ont la blancheur de la neige maintenant, ses épaules se sont arrondies bien plus par la maladie que par le vieil âge et elle n'est plus que l'ombre physique d'elle-même. Elle me confia qu'elle s'ennuyait et s'était toujours ennuyée à Lawrence, et que ce serait pour elle un grand



bonheur si elle pouvait retourner vivre à Sainte-Julie, là où elle se livra à l'enseignement durant un si grand nombre d'années.

Le vent du ciel emporta ma vieille maîtresse de classe dans les plis du drapeau étoilé; des compagnes de bancs d'école furent dispersés aux quatre coins du continent; d'autres dorment sous la terre; les une prient au fond d'un cloître; d'autres sont des mamans heureuses ou malheureuses. . .

Amies et amis de mes années d'étude, je marche aujourd'hui dans les traces laissées par vos pas sur les trottoirs ou dans les rues du village et j'évoque votre souvenir et votre ombre.

Où êtes-vous tous?

Qu'êtes-vous devenus?

Pourquoi ne me répondez-vous pas?

Vous surtout les morts dont les cendres reposent si près de moi, ce soir, mais dont l'âme plane si haut dans l'immensité des cieux infinis, répondez-moi, mais répondez-moi donc:

Où êtes-vous?

Qu'êtes-vous devenus? . . .

Ma demeure

L'humble maison du "derrière du village" où j'ai grandi, j'aimerais que ses présents occupants me permettent d'y entrer, aujourd'hui. Je fermais un instant mes yeux en franchissant le seuil, puis j'irais lentement une chambre à l'autre et de la cave au grenier. Je frôlerais les murs et les cloisons afin d'y sentir la vibration d'un passé bien lointain. Le tour en serait vite fait car elle n'était pas spacieuse, ma demeure.

La chambre d'en avant contenait deux grands lits dans chacun desquels dormait, en hiver, trois jeunes corps. La chambre à l'arrière était, durant toute l'année, occupée par mon père et ma mère. Le mobilier de cette dernière comprenait un grand lit, un berceau, un coffre, une garde-robe, des catalogues sur le parquet et c'était tout. . . (Suite page 27)

**(Regard en arrière Par Camille Lessard
Présentation suite de page 26)**

Pas de matelas moelleux, pas de sommeil reposant dans nos couchettes de bois, mais tout simplement de paillasses remplies de paille d'aussi bonne qualité possible. Dans les paillasses, quatre ouvertures étaient pratiquées, — deux à la tête et deux au pied, — par où, le matin, nous passions les bras pour brasser la paille afin de la distribuer uniformément. Pour couverture nous avions des draps en flanellette et en échiffe ainsi que des couvre-pieds à pointes aux dessins les plus fantaisistes. Dans notre vaste cuisine il y avait un gros poêle à deux ponts, une boîte pour le bois, une huche pour boulanger, une longue table en arrière de laquelle se trouvait un banc pour les enfants, une armoire, des chaises empaillées et un banc de siaux. (“Siau” est un mot de terroir que nous apportèrent nos ancêtres de la Bourgogne, province de France). Notre cuisine nous servait de salle à manger, de salon, de salle de réceptions.

Notre grenier n'étant pas lambrissé, toute la marmaille y couchait dans la belle saison, quitte à descendre dans la chambre en avant au premiers froids. On en descendait quelquefois, certaines nuits d'été, alors qu'un violent orage faisait français. mir et gémir notre maison. Les nuits de gros temps, on était sûr d'être tiré de notre profond sommeil par la voix de mon père qui nous criait : “Descendez vite, les enfants, le sorcier va emporter la maison!” Alors les yeux à demi fermés, en maugréant contre le vent, on dégringolait l'escalier. Pour un couple d'heures ou plus, on se tenait à l'entour e la table sur laquelle nos coudes et nos têtes reposaient. Pendant ce temps, mon père allait d'une fenêtre à l'autre en s'exclamant: “Mais ça rempire! Je vous dis que la maison ne pourra pas tenir longtemps si ça continue d'augmenter. Je n'ai jamais vu d'aussi forte tempête.” Pensez donc! quelle catastrophe si notre maison avait culbuté! mais tout ce qu'elle s'est jamais bornée de faire fut de craquer et de branler. Elle est encore solidement sur ses bases, aujourd'hui. . .

Échiffades

Comme la plupart des lecteurs ne savent pas au juste ce que signifie le mot “échiffade”, je vais essayer de l'expliquer. Dans les foyers qui ne sont pas riches, la maman a soin d'entasser tout article usagé qui contient tant soit peu de laine. Ces articles, plus tard, sont découpés en petits carrés. Durant les veillées, lorsque les jours sont courts ou lorsqu'il fait mauvais, les enfants sont chargé de tirer tous

les brins de laine de ces carrés. Les brins de coton sont jetés au feu. Quand l'amorcelement de ces brins de laine est assez considerable, on en distribue une poignée sur une cardé à main. Avec l'autre cardé on peigne et repeigne si bien les brins de laine qu'ils viennent à former une espèce de duvet qu'on roule ensuite avec les doigts qt qu'on entasse en rangées. Lorsqu'on a de la toison du mouton à mélanger avec ces échiffades, cela est encore bien mieux.

Quand on remplit une bonne boîte de cardées d'échiffades, c'est alors le temps de sortir le rouet et de commencer le filage.

Tous les procédés d'une filature de coton passent, en miniature, dans les humbles greniers où de braves mères de familles font le tissage pour leur nombreuse nichée.

Près d'une fenêtre du pignon de notre grenier, ma mère avait installé un métier à tisser sur lequel elle fabriquait draps en échiffe, catalognes et flanelle pour sa famille.

En plus du travail écrasant de prendre soins de nous tous, de cultiver un jardin, d'avoir une vache, cochon, poules, ma mère trouver le moyen de tisser pour nous tenir chaudement. En hiver, elle tricotait de longs bas, mitaines, chandails et tuques. Elle pouvait faire le tricot tout aussi bien dans l'obscurité qu'au grand jour. Bien des fois, trop malade pour pouvoir se lever, elle se faisait appuyer dans son lit à l'aide de chaise et d'oreillers et. . . elle tricotait. En plus, elle trouvait aussi moyen de crocheter de superbes tapis.

Ma mère fut une humble femme ignorant les manières et les roueries des salons, mais quelle vaillance elle avait dans l'adversité! Si elle m'avait légué seulement la quatre-vingt-dixième partie de son courage, je me compterais privilégiée. . .

Soif de lectures

Ma petite amie, Anna-Marie Turcotte, fille de Georges Turcotte, député au fédéral, comprenant la soif de mon cerveau avide de savoir, me prêtait tous les livres de la bibliothèque de son père. Chez le notaire Béland et chez l'arpenteur Tourigny, on me passait journaux, feuilletons et livres. Les portes de la bibliothèque paroissiales m'étaient ouvertes et j'y puisais sans discernement et sans guide. Chaque lettre avait pour moi un sens musical et l'assemblage des lettres d'un mot m'était une symphonie littéraire. La musique des mots avait pour mon jeune cerveau un enivrement aussi fascinant que l'harmonie des sons pour l'âme du musicien.

Au Presbytère, on me passait la Vérité, de Québec, éditée par Tardivel, je crois. À cette époque j'avais au plus une douzaine

d'années et n'empêche que je lisais “Vérité”, un journal sérieux s'il en fut, mais je ne vous affirme pas que je comprenais tout ce que je lisais. . . Tout ce que je me rappelle, c'est que les pages de ce journal contenaient une histoire qui me fascinait comme un beau conte. C'était en rapport avec un nommé Léo Taxil et Diana Vaughn que j'appris, plus tard, avoir été les tristes pantins de la plus grande fumisterie maçonnique de l'histoire.

Je prenais soin de cacher mes livres d'histoire quand j'arrivais à la maison. Ma mère étant écrasée par le travail, je comprenais que je devais l'aider. Mais, hélas! mon amour pour les mots noyait en moi tout sens d'honneur et de coeur. Pour lui mettre un bandeau sur les yeux, j'enlevais la couverture de papier d'un de mes livres de classe en recouvrir mon livre de contes. Si ma mère me demandait de l'aider à laver la vaisselle, je répondais distraitement: “Oui, attends une minute, je vais finir d'apprendre ma leçon et je vais t'aider.” Quand ma “leçon” (livre d'histoire) était finie, souvent ma mère était au lit afin de refaire ses forces pour sa lourde tâche du lendemain.

Ma pauvre mère aurait dû se servir du fouet pour me forcer à l'aider. Mais elle était trop bonne! J'ai, ce soir, le rouge au front et les larmes aux yeux en songeant à l'égoïsme de mon jeune âge.

Le soir, dans la saison où nous dormions au grenier, je grimpais en haut avec les autres, mais ce n'était pas avec l'intention de clore mes yeux! je cachais, le mieux que je pouvais, la faible clarté de ma petite lampe et je lisais. . . Dans le silence de la nuit, une heure, et je lisais toujours. Quelquefois, j'entendais craquer les planches de l'escalier. Ma mère arrivait près de mon lit et, à voix basse, pour ne pas réveiller les enfants, me disait: “Tu vas te coucher tout de suite! Tu n'es pas raisonnable! Tu t'abîmes les yeux et tu dépenses tellement d'huile que ton père ne serait pas de belle humeur s'il le savait!” Forcée dans mes derniers retranchements, je me résignais à éteindre ma lampe et, deux minutes plus tard, je dormais.

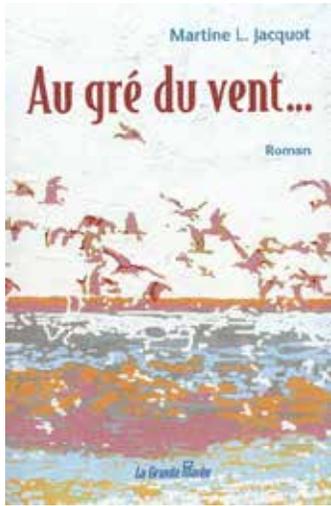
Le matin je ne venais plus à bout de me lever. Je m'endormais trop. Commandements, coups de balai au plafond, rien n'y faisait: je dormais. Alors ma mère finissait par perdre patience, montait pour enlever les couvertures de mon lit. Ma modestie contribuait plus à m'ouvrir les yeux que toutes les remontrances du monde! Les temps ont bien changé depuis ce jour!

[À SUIVRE]

BOOKS/

LIVRES...

NEW-NOUVEAU!



Fin du XIXe siècle. Le Dominion devient le Canada; les Maritimes cherchent leur place au sein de l'empire britannique; l'Acadie moderne prend conscience d'elle-même. Adèle, jeune Acadienne de Nouvelle-Écosse, s'intègre à cet univers en plein

Extrait de Au gré du vent... (roman, éditions La Grande Marée, 2015), Martine L. Jacquot

30 décembre 1884

Louis est arrivé le jour de Noël, dans un tourbillon de neige et de givre. Un vrai roi mage guidé par l'étoile de notre amour. Ses yeux scintillaient comme des chandelles. En quelques secondes, j'ai oublié à quel point j'avais eu mal à l'attendre pendant ces trois derniers mois, comme j'avais parfois douté de lui. À force de le peindre dans mes rêves, j'avais fini par effacer les traits de son visage, et je ne pouvais l'imaginer dans un autre décor que parmi le vert des feuilles, le bleu de la mer et du ciel. Il est arrivé dans le blanc et le gris bleuté de mon plus beau Noël, des glaçons accrochés à ses cheveux et à ses sourcils. Tout de suite, j'ai retrouvé la douceur de sa présence.

Ça fait presque une semaine qu'il est au village; il dort chez Hermance et Mathurine. Nous ne nous quittons pas du matin au soir. Nous n'avons jamais autant parlé, autant fait de projets d'avenir...

* * *

Les patins à glace accrochés à l'épaule, main dans la main, Adèle et Louis marchent

éveil et, telle une feuille dans le vent, tantôt fuyant tantôt découvrant, elle devient témoin de moments historiques tels que la fin de la marine à voile, les débuts du Collège Sainte-Anne, ou la vie de garnison à Halifax. Mais avant tout, elle incarne deux minorités pour lesquelles elle prend parti : les francophones et les femmes, qui demandent des droits.

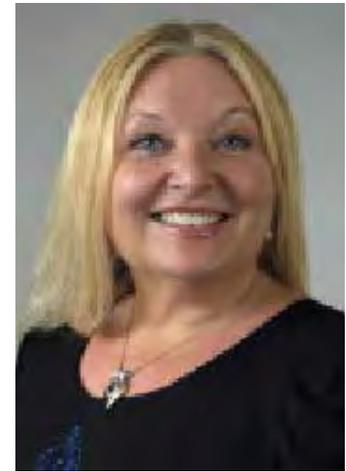
Auteure prolifique qui s'adonne au roman, à la poésie, à la nouvelle et à l'essai, Martine L. Jacquot est une voyageuse infatigable. Elle marie lectures à travers le globe et explorations qui viendront nourrir son écriture. Ainsi raconte-t-elle dans *L'année aux trois étés* comment elle est passée par un bureau de renseignements russe et le trône d'un roi d'Afrique.

Diplômée de la Sorbonne et de plusieurs universités canadiennes, elle a touché à bien des métiers liés aux mots, allant du journalisme à la traduction. Elle enseigne la littérature acadienne.

Longtemps impliquée dans des or-

lentement vers le traîneau qui va les conduire à Frost's Pond. Ils se sourient régulièrement, les yeux lumineux, regards qui se passent de paroles. Arrivés à l'attelage, Louis donne au conducteur quelques sous pour Adèle et lui, puis ils se pelotonnent l'un contre l'autre. Le spectacle est féérique. La tempête de verglas de la veille a transformé le paysage en un jardin de cristal. Les branches recourbées sous le poids de la glace deviennent des arches, le soleil joue à travers la transparence de chandeliers imaginaires. Des bribes gelées tombent ici et là dans un cliquetis de verre brisé. Adèle et Louis savent qu'une telle tempête peut causer bien des dommages aux arbres, mais ils ne peuvent s'empêcher de jouir de la magie éblouissante qui s'offre à eux. Bientôt, fascinés, le regard rempli d'images irréelles, ils se laissent bercer par le traîneau qui s'enfonce au cœur d'un paysage familier qu'ils ont pourtant du mal à reconnaître dans ce nouveau costume d'apparat. Ils glissent à vive allure, mais tout semble pourtant avoir ralenti dans leur vie, leur souffle, leurs pensées, leurs mouvements, comme si ces journées passées ensemble étaient enchâssées entre des parenthèses. Joie cruelle que de savoir l'imminence du départ. Malgré son éblouissement et le bien-être que lui procure la présence de Louis, Adèle ne

Au gré du vent... Roman, les éditions La Grande Marée, octobre 2015



ganismes de la Nouvelle-Écosse, elle écrit dans le silence des vergers de la vallée de l'Annapolis – en attendant un autre départ.

Son roman *Les oiseaux de nuit finissent aussi par s'endormir* (éd. David) est finaliste 2015 au prix littéraire Antonine-Maillet-Acadie Vie.

Pour communiquer avec l'auteure:
martine.jacquot@ymail.com

Pour communiquer avec l'éditrice:
jouellet@nbnet.nb.ca

peut s'empêcher de penser à demain et aux jours qui suivront, et les questions se bousculent dans sa tête, la ramenant à la réalité.

—J'ai l'impression que ma mère est inquiète à l'idée de me voir partir pour les États. C'est si loin... Au fond, pourquoi vouloir aller là-bas, alors qu'il y a tant de place ici?

—J'ai longuement réfléchi, tu sais, car pour moi aussi, ça m'inquiète un peu de laisser mes souvenirs d'enfance et ma mère ici. Mais il faut aller de l'avant, nous ne pouvons pas vivre avec des regrets, la vie est devant nous. J'ai parlé avec beaucoup de monde, surtout avec mon oncle Frédéric, qui a traversé les mêmes hésitations et a fait les mêmes choix avant moi. Il m'a expliqué que, pour les gens comme moi qui n'aiment pas la pêche, il y avait bien une raffinerie de sucre et une filature à Moncton, au Nouveau-Brunswick, mais que ça marchait mal, que plusieurs entreprises dans les Maritimes avaient fait faillite. Ça semble impossible d'avoir des manufactures ici, parce que les entreprises du Québec et de l'Ontario ont pris le contrôle.

Pour Louis, tout s'explique d'abord par un isolement géographique qui entraîne un isolement économique. Les régions centrales n'en souffrent pas et ont un plus
(Suite page 29)



BOOKS/ LIVRES...

(Extrait de *Au gré du vent* suite de page 28)

grand marché, tout simplement. De plus, les institutions financières sont là-bas.

—Ici, nous ne pouvons qu'exploiter nos ressources naturelles, et même ce secteur perd de son importance. On ne peut même pas se lancer en affaires: qui a assez d'argent, qui peut emprunter? Personne parmi des gens comme nous. Puisque ça ne vaut pas la peine de s'embarquer dans un emploi sans avenir, autant continuer ce que je faisais ici, mais puisque ça ne me rendait pas heureux, il ne reste pas grand choix. Comme je t'ai dit, c'est aux États que l'avenir est. Mon oncle m'a engagé dans sa manufacture, et il va m'aider à monter les échelons dès que j'aurai maîtrisé les connaissances de base. Comme il n'a pas d'enfants, il m'a un peu adopté, si tu veux. Je sais que je peux compter sur lui.

—Mais enfin, ça n'est pas encore très clair pour moi. Pourquoi est-ce que ça ne marche pas ici? On a du bois, du poisson, du charbon, d'autres choses, je ne sais pas, moi. Je ne comprends pas pourquoi les gens n'ont plus confiance, pourquoi ils préfèrent partir...

—Tu sais, les choses ne datent pas d'hier... Et je ne suis pas le premier à penser comme ça...

Louis pousse un profond soupir, puis raconte à Adèle que lors de la Confédération, dix-sept ans plus tôt, les habitants de la Nouvelle-Écosse avaient voté contre l'entrée de la province dans le Dominion, qu'ils auraient préféré rester indépendants, mais Joseph Howe, alors Premier Ministre de la province, n'avait pas réussi à convaincre le gouvernement britannique.

—Il paraît même qu'il y en a qui auraient préféré que la Nouvelle-Écosse soit rattachée aux États plutôt qu'au Canada! Pourquoi dépendre de l'Angleterre, franchement? En plus, les gens savaient bien à quoi s'attendre: regarde ce qui se passe...

Rajustant son col, le visage rougi par le froid, Louis livre sa version de l'histoire, telle qu'il l'a entendue de son oncle. Malgré les belles promesses de protection tarifaire du secteur manufacturier instituées par la politique nationale, déjà vieille d'environ cinq ans, les habitants de la province sont toujours délaissés.

—Qu'est ce qu'on peut faire contre l'éloignement des marchés, contre les coûts de transport des marchandises? On est

trop isolés par rapport au reste du Canada. L'Ouest, c'est le bout du monde, même avec la voie ferrée qui devrait bientôt relier les deux océans. Il faut être réaliste... On est plus près des États que du Pacifique, même de Montréal. À propos, rien que pour te montrer que les Américains sont en avance sur nous, sais-tu qu'il y a une bonne quinzaine d'années que leur train traverse le pays?

—Nos enfants seront américains. Ils parleront anglais...

—Mais non, pas nécessairement. Regarde-toi, tu parles toujours français, même si l'école et la messe sont en anglais. Remercie ta mère, comme tes enfants te remercieront. Et puis, tu sais, il y a beaucoup d'Acadiens et de gens du Québec en Nouvelle-Angleterre, il y a même des communautés où on parle majoritairement français. Ne crains rien, tu ne seras pas dépaylée: c'est le même genre de paysage qu'ici, c'est la continuation géographique des Maritimes, sauf qu'il y a des villes, du monde, donc une économie plus florissante. Il y a juste plus d'opportunités, c'est tout. Et nous, nous ressemblons plus aux Américains qu'aux cow boys de l'Ouest! Mon oncle a compris tout ça il y a longtemps, et il n'a pas été le seul. La crise économique est officiellement terminée, mais je reste pessimiste pour la province. Je pense à toi dans tout ça, crois-moi. Je veux t'offrir ce qu'il y a de mieux.

—Tu es un visionnaire, mon Louis!

—Je ne sais pas. Tout ce que je sais, c'est que je suis en amour par-dessus la tête...

Louis se penche vers sa compagne et l'embrasse tendrement. Mais Adèle le repousse doucement. Elle est encore intriguée. Ses propres pensées se mêlent aux réflexions qu'elle entend çà et là au village, entre les groupes de femmes qui préparent des couvertures piquées et les veillées au magasin de Pius. Là, entre quelques contes et chansons, les hommes se lancent dans des débats souvent échafaudés sur de l'imaginaire plus que du réel. Il s'y ajoute le nationalisme acadien depuis que certains ont entendu parler de la récente convention nationale des Acadiens à Miscouche et se sont mis à chanter l'Ave Maris Stella dans les occasions spéciales.

—Mais tu sais, notre pays est jeune, il ne sait pas encore marcher droit, il faudrait peut-être lui donner une chance...

—Tu es bien bonne, Adèle. Mais tu sais, je lis les journaux, et j'avais même pensé me présenter en politique, oui, ne ris pas, j'étais sérieux. Mais je me suis découragé. Qu'est ce que je peux faire avec mon jeune âge et mes grandes idées ici, loin de tout? Seul comme une goutte d'eau dans l'océan... Il n'y a même pas d'Acadiens parmi les gens haut placés dans la société, ni dans les églises ou les écoles d'ailleurs. Il y a bien eu un député acadien par ici du temps de mon grand-père, et il paraît qu'il a dû se fâcher parce qu'on voulait le faire jurer comme un protestant lors de la cérémonie d'assermentation à l'Assemblée législative de Halifax! Il n'est d'ailleurs pas resté longtemps en poste... Et depuis, rien. Même le Premier Ministre de la province s'est laissé convaincre, ou séduire plutôt, avec des promesses du fédéral, alors tu m'imagines, pauvre moi? Non, crois-moi, il y a des moments où il faut prendre des décisions radicales. Mais pour le moment, viens patiner, ma princesse, on arrive.

* * *

St. Bruno Parish Van Buren, Maine 1838-1900

Marriage, Baptismal and Death Records

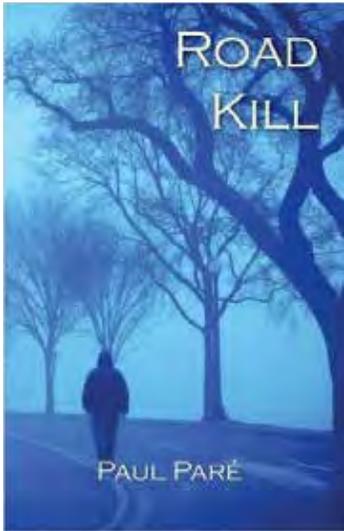
Includes Priest's Notes
*by Gary R.
Levesque*

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

*Make check or money order
payable to
Gary Levesque, P.O. Box 493
Van Buren, ME 04785*

Email: betgarreb@hotmail.com

BOOKS/ LIVRES...



Road Kill

The first thing Claude and Ray tell each other is that they are running away, grown men running away from home. The two New Englanders meet on the Savannah waterfront in 2007. They quick-

ly form a bond of reliance, although neither knows much about the other.

Claude Simard, the hitchhiker, has lived for months in an abandoned textile mill. Winter's coming and he hits the road. Ray Champagne is a school principal caught in a sex scandal. He packs his bags and heads south, leaving career and family behind.

They meet a few days before Christmas and embark on a coalition of purpose, not unlike a set of rail-road tracks: parallel, never connecting.



In South Florida, their lives become intertwined with panhandlers, drag queens, dumpster divers, church

ladies on a mission, and squatters in a hurricane-devastated trailer park.

Road Kill is the ultimate trek into the unknown, with several seriously dark twists and scarce amounts of hope and redemption; a noir-ish look at American society in the early 21st century.

Paul Paré has had a lengthy career as a newspaper reporter and writer, starting with the Lewiston Evening Journal in the late 60s. He was also a radio and television host and producer, winning an Emmy in 1980. He's also worked in public relations for a variety of non-profits. His articles have been published in Canadian journals, the FORUM of the University of Maine, and in Wolf Moon Journal. He took part in the 2011 Stonecoast Writers' Conference, and the 2014 Writers Series at Colgate University. His autobiographical novel Singing the Vernacular was published in 2008 by iUniverse. He lives in Ogunquit, Maine, and Pompano Beach, Florida, and is available in both areas (and anywhere in between) for readings to promote his work. Road Kill, published by Piscataqua Press, was released Sept. 24.

<http://www.amazon.com/Road-Kill-Paul-Paré/dp/1939739799>

The Fallen Divina: Maria Callas



Norman Beaupré spent over two years preparing for this novel listening to several of Callas' operas, reading her biographies as well as other texts dealing with her singing, following the chronology of her life so as to make the entire work coherent with the facts about her life and her career as the world's most celebrated opera diva. At the height of her singing career, she

was internationally known for her high notes and her dramatic flair that she lent to her many performances across the world.

The author worked hard at bringing to his work a credible sense of historical reality. The voice of the novel is that of a young man from the northern part of Maine whose Acadian mother married a man of Greek descent. He then goes to Boston on to New York City then to Paris where he gets to meet la Callas and obtain private conversations with her when they discuss operas, performances, voice, composers and conductors. How does he manage to have those conversations since the opera diva was then a recluse and shut off from the world? Through the palate and the stomach with Greek, French and Italian recipes that the young man has learned over the years, much as we see in "Babette's Feast."

ISBN 978-1-62550-233-9 Paperback
Format: 6 x 9 in - 290 pages
Language: English
Published by Llumina Press
Available on Amazon



photo by Nick Cowenhoven

Contact:
Norman R. Beaupré
14 Gertrude Avenue,
Biddeford, Maine 04005

Tel: (207) 282-2626
Email: Norman@NRBeaupre.com
(French and English)

(More BOOKS/LIVRES...on page 32)

An old French Christmas Carol

*Par Kent Beaulne dit Bone
Vieille Mine au Missouri*

Music/Musique



D'Où Viens-Tu Bergère?

1. D'où viens-tu bergère, D'où viens-tu?
from where do you come?

"Je viens de l'étable, de m'y promener.
J'ai vu un miracle, ce soir arrive."

2. Qu'as-tu vu, bergère, qu'as-tu vu?

"J'ai vu dans la crèche, un petit enfant.

Sur la paille fraîche, mis bien tendrement."

3. Est-il beau bergère, est-il beau?

"Plus beau que la lune, et que le soleil.

Jamais dans le monde, on ne vit son pareil."

4. Rien de plus bergère, rien de plus?

"Saint Marie, sa mère, lui fait boir du lait.

Saint Joseph son père, lui tremble de froid."

5. Rien de plus bergère, rien de plus?

"Il y a le boeuf et l'âne, que sont par devant.

Avec leur haleine, réchauffant l'enfant."

6. Rien de plus bergère, rien de plus?

"Il y a trois petits anges, descendus de ciel.

Chantant les louagnes, du Père Éternel."

From where are you coming, shepherd?

From where do you come shepherd,

"I come from the stable, where I was walking by.

I've seen a miracle, arrive this night."

What have you seen shepherd, what have you seen?

"I've seen in the manger, a little child.

On the fresh straw, lay so tenderly."

Is he handsome, shepherd, is he handsome?

"More handsome than the moon, and than the sun.

Never in the world, have we seen his equal."

Nothing else shepherd, nothing else?

"Saint Mary, his mother was nursing him.

Saint Joseph his father trembled from the cold."

Nothing else shepherd, nothing else?

"There is an ox and an ass, in front.

With their breath, warming the infant."

Nothing else shepherd, nothing else?

"There are three little angels, descended from heaven.

Singing the praises of the Eternal Father."



The first line of each verse is a question from the narrator. The two verses following in quotes are the response of the shepherds. My English translation is not a literal one, but a more exact word for word, meant to show the meaning of the words, and to help in understanding the language as there are many cognates in the song. The translation is not meant to rhyme or be sung.

This song was collected in Washington County MO in the 1980s. I heard it sung by Ida & Genevieve Politte-Portell. It was also sung in Vincennes Indiana, and can be found with the musical score at the Washington Library, in the book *Folksongs of Old Vincennes*, Anna C. O'Flynn & Joseph Carrière. H. T. Fitzsimons Company. Chicago IL ©1946 Mister Carrière did much research and recording of songs and stories in Washington County in the mid- 1930s.

The authors write, "Christmas and New Year's Day have remained the two greatest days of the year in French Canada. The spirit of Christmas there is still one of religious fervor and wonderment at this mystery of God made man to redeem humanity. Something of the touching faith of the stalwart men and the humble women folk who travel miles on a cold starry

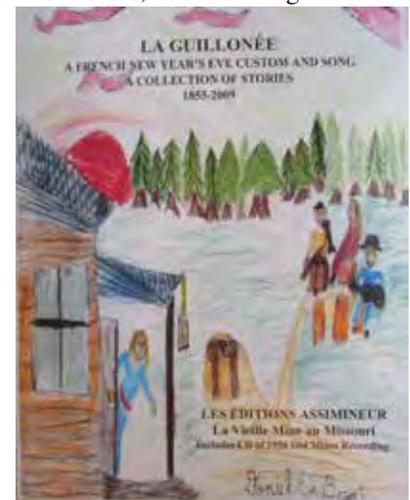
night to attend Midnight Mass permeates this simple song. This song was once very popular among the French people of Canada, Southern Illinois, and Southeastern Missouri." This one and others would have been sung in churches of St Louis, St Charles, Florissant, Cahokia, Carandolet, Ste. Genevieve, Prairie du Rocher, Potosi, Old Mines, Richwoods, and Vincennes. The Frenchmen of Washington County did not live in a vacuum, but were connected to these other settlements over three centuries.

Another very popular Christmas carol "Il est né le divin enfant", He is born, the divine infant is still sung today in French speaking regions.

In the early days of the colony of Louisiana, (which includes Missouri and Illinois) the Christmas tree was not often observed by the Créoles, if at all. They did bring evergreens into their homes to hang on the walls. One custom observed was the hanging of a large decorated wreath from the ceiling rafters. This can be seen today at some of the old homes in Ste. Genevieve, which has an annual Christmas tour of its French and German homes. Later in the 20th century with their assimilation in full swing, the tiff miners began bringing cedar trees into

their homes to decorate for Christmas. They sometimes added candles to their trees in imitation of the stars. Several stories have been handed down of flaming trees being dragged out of the miners' cabin to save the home.

Noël is the standard French word for Christmas, with "Joyeux Noël" being the common Christmas greeting, but "Bonne Christmisse" could be heard among the Creoles of Upper and Lower Louisiana. I'm not sure how or why this happened since the old Créole dialect has the word Noël, heard in songs and stories.





LAFAYETTE: HIS EXTRAORDINARY LIFE AND LEGACY

Lafayette was a charming French soldier who became like a son to George Washington and rose to lead troops in Virginia during the American Revolution. But what happened to him upon his return to France?

Donald Miller presents the most complete biography in English of an aristocrat who was "the hero of two worlds"-fighting to free England's colonies and then returning home to reject tyranny in France.

Lafayette inherited massive wealth and rode with princes, but he renounced his title to champion citizens' rights and offered reforms to end Louis XVI's absolute rule. His Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen proclaimed rights given to men by nature-not God.

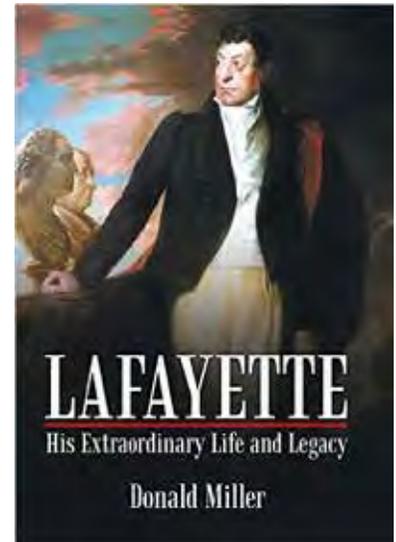
As creator of the Paris National Guard, Lafayette designed its uniform and a French flag with the colors of Paris and the United States. He led a great fete

marking the French Revolution's first year in the Champ de Mars, later scene of many deaths for which he was unfairly blamed.

When Lafayette returned to the United States forty-one years after its independence, he was celebrated as a hero. The ideals that made him one of history's most celebrated and intriguing figures remain just as relevant today as when he was alive.

About the author

Donald Miller, a Pittsburgh native, earned his bachelors and masters degrees in art history at the University of Pittsburgh. He wrote for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette for 43 years, retiring as a senior editor. He currently writes for the Naples Daily News and freelances for other publications. This is his seventh published book. He lives in Naples, Florida, with his wife, artist Bette W. Miller.



*Lafayette: His Extraordinary Life
and Legacy*

By: Donald Miller

ISBN: 978-1-49175-998-1

(hardcover)

978-1-49175-847-2 (softcover)

978-1-49175-997-4 (e-book)

Available on Amazon, Barnes &
Noble and iUniverse

Phantoms of the French Fur Trade Twenty Men Who Worked in the Trade Between 1618 and 1758

Volumes I, II, and III

By Timothy J. Kent

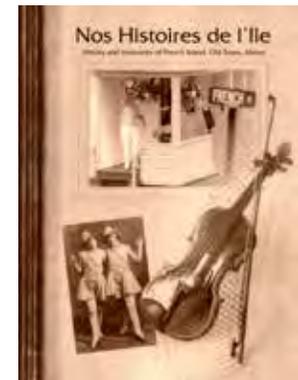
ISBN: 978-0-9657230-7-7

With few exceptions, the thousands of individuals who labored in the peltries trade during the French regime have been thought of as unknown, unnamed, phantom-like figures. This ground-breaking work radically alters such thinking, by bringing to life an entire series of living, breathing Frenchmen who worked at various occupations in the commerce. These jobs included fur trade company manager, clerk, voyageur-trader, interpreter-trade ambassador, voyageur, merchant-outfitter, investor, birchbark canoe builder and paddle carver, laborer, mariner and ship's pilot, and transatlantic merchant. These men often worked legally, with official sanction. But sometimes certain of them dealt in the illicit trade of coureurs de bois, and they were occasionally

caught in the act and convicted of the crime.

In addition to presenting a detailed study of the fur trade activities of these twenty subjects, the author has given equal consideration to the lives these men led when they were not working in the peltries business, especially their times at home with their loved ones. Thus, these biographies include detailed examinations of the men's wives and other family members, as well as each couple's children, home, possessions, and farming operation (nearly all of these individuals worked as subsistence farmers in tandem with their peltries occupations), along with myriad activities and events of their personal lives.

These thought-provoking accounts,
(Continued on page 36)



Nos Histoires de l'Île

*History and memories of
French Island, Old Town, Maine*

A chronicling of French Island ("Treat and Webster Island"), Old Town, Maine, from 1800 to the late 20th century. Includes photos, selections from interviews and oral histories, historical synopses, and stories from the French Island community. A uniquely powerful piece from a section of Old Town in cultural transition. Compiled and written by a committee of persons representative of the Island at the end of the 20th century.

Contact: Lisa Michaud

Lisa.Michaud@umit.maine.edu

207-581-3789

<http://francoamericanarchives.org/?s=Nos+Histoires>

17th Annual April in Paris French Film Festival Set for 2016

By Albert J. Marceau Newington, Conn.

The seventeenth annual April in Paris French Film Festival will be shown at Cinestudio on the campus of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., one week after Easter Sunday, from Sunday, April 3 to Saturday, April 9, 2016. The theme of the festival will be: "A Portrait of the Artist in French and Francophone Cinema." As in previous years, there will be two films on Sunday and Saturday each, with one film each night from Monday through Friday, for a total of nine films. Also in the practice of previous years, the first film of the festival will be from the

Silent Era, with piano accompaniment by Patrick Miller of the Hartt School of Music, University of Hartford, and the festival will end with a Francophone film with an appearance by the director of the film itself.

The tentative program of films, as given by Karen Humphreys of the Department of Language and Culture Studies at Trinity College, is as follows: *Un chapeau de paille d'Italie* (The Italian Straw Hat) by Rene Clair (1928); *La Collectionneuse* (The Collector) by Eric Rohmer (1967); *L'Enlèvement de Michel Houellebecq*

(The Kidnapping of Michel Houellebecq) by Guillaume Nicloux (2014); *Parce que j'étais peintre* (Because I was a painter) by Christophe Cognet (2014); *Abus de faiblesse* (The Abuse of Weakness) by Catherine Breillat (2013); *La Grotte des rêves perdus* (The Cave of Forgotten Dreams) by Werner Herzog (2011); *Un jour Pina m'a demandé* (One Day Pina Asked Me) by Chantal Ackerman (1983); and *Sembene!* by Samba Gadjigo and Jason Silverman (2015).

The website for the festival is www.aprilinparis.org. The website for Cinestudio is www.cinestudio.org, and the movie theatre has two telephone numbers, one for show times at (860)-297-2463, and the other is for the box office at (860)-297-2544. Although Cinestudio shows nine French and Francophone films during the April in Paris Film Festival every year, the movie theatre shows about another six French language films during the rest of the year, so watching the Cinestudio schedule on-line is easy and recommended to the readers of *Le Forum*.

Daniel Boucher Wins Cultural Heritage Award

*By Albert J. Marceau,
Newington, Conn.*

On Tuesday, November 17, 2015, Daniel Boucher was one of four recipients of an award from the Connecticut Cultural Heritage Arts Program for their work as ethnic folk artists who reside in Connecticut. The awards were given by the current director of the Connecticut Cultural Heritage Arts Program, Lynne Williamson, in the living room of the Curtis H. Veeder House, the home of the Connecticut Historical Society since 1950. In her opening speech, Lynne Williamson said that the CCHAP normally gives only one award per year, but she and her staff could not decide which folk artists to exclude, so there were three awards given, plus a special citation from the Connecticut General Assembly to a fourth artist.

Daniel Boucher of Bristol won the award from the CCHAP as a fiddler of French-Canadian folk music, which he promotes through his organization, Jam Français. Fr. Paul Luniw of Forestville also won the award from the CCHAP for his work in pysanky, the Ukrainian art of decorating

eggs. Jampa Tsondue of Old Saybrook was the third recipient for the award from the CCHAP, for his work in Tibetan Thangka painting. Somaly Hay of New London was awarded a special citation from Governor Dannel P. Malloy and the Connecticut General Assembly for her work in teaching Cambodian court, folk and social dance.

Daniel Boucher, the first person



of the four to receive the award, set the tone of gratitude among each of the recipients to Lynne Williamson, when he acknowledged her as the key person to know when applying for government grants in order to hold cultural events.

It should be noted that of the four folk-artists, three now practice an art that was or is currently suppressed by Communist governments in the former home country. The Communists suppressed the art of pysanky in Ukraine because it was a celebration of Easter in Christianity, while all Buddhist art is suppressed in Tibet, which has been occupied by Communist China since 1950, and royal dance was suppressed by the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. Lynne Williamson noted that Somaly Hay was forced to flee Cambodia for her life, and over half of her family was killed by the Khmer Rouge. Williamson noted that Jampa Tsondue was born in India of Tibetan parents who fled their homeland in 1959. Fr. Paul Luniw told me personally that he was born in England after his parents fled Communist Ukraine.

After the awards and the very brief speeches from the recipients, everyone present could talk with the artists, and admire their work. Also, everyone present could further enjoy the Laotian food that Lynne Williamson said was prepared by the East-West Grille on New Park Avenue in West Hartford. (Daniel liked the restaurant's Tofu French Fries that are seasoned with turmeric, curry, salt and other spices, and he said that he might prepare it as a variant of poutine as his next event with Jam Français.) Daniel Boucher performed three reels on the fiddle, one traditional piece entitled "Old French Reel," and two of his own compositions, (Continued on page 34)

LeGrow Re-elected as President of FCGSC

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Maryanne LeGrow of Willington, Conn. was re-elected as President of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut (FCGSC) at the society's General Membership Meeting (GMM) held on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015 in the basement of the United Congregational Church, 45 Tolland Green, Tolland, Conn., two doors south of the Old Tolland County Courthouse, home of the FCGSC.

LeGrow was elected with a slate of candidates for the Executive Board as follows: Vice-President Ernest Laliberté of Willimantic, Conn.; Treasurer Leo Roy of Springfield, Mass.; Recording Secretary Andrea Scannell of East Windsor, Conn.; Corresponding Secretary Jean Fredette of Springfield, Mass.; and Library Director Germaine Hoffman of Broad Brook, Conn.

There was a slate of three candidates for the lower board for the odd-year term of office for 2015 to 2017, each of whom were re-elected to their offices: Richard Fredette and Paul Drainville, both of Springfield, Mass., and Albert J. Marceau of Newington, Conn. It should be noted that in the June 2014 issue of *The Maple Leaflet*, the quarterly newsletter for the FCGSC, Richard Fredette is cited as being in the even-year election cycle of 2014 to 2016, so there may have been an error during his re-election on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015.

There were only two officers of the board who were not open for re-election since their directorships are for the even-year term of 2014 to 2016, and they are Dianne Keegan of East Hartford and Odette Manning of South Windsor, Conn.

There are still three open offices in the lower board, but at the time of this report, it is not clear if it is one for the term of office for 2015 to 2017, or two for the term of office for 2014 to 2016, or vice versa.

The re-election of Maryanne LeGrow corrects the problem of the erred election cycle for the office of President that began in October 2010, when the then-President, Sue Paquette, announced in the September 2010 issue of the *Maple Leaflet* that she would resign mid-term of office, and that the offices of President and Vice-President would be open for election at the GMM on Sat. Oct. 16, 2010. (Paquette was re-elect-

ed one year earlier, on Sat. Oct. 17, 2009, and no-one was elected to the office of Vice-President in 2009.) So as to fill the vacancy of the offices of President and Vice-President, Ernest Laliberté and Ivan Robinson, respectively, were elected to the offices from the floor of the GMM on Sat. Oct. 16, 2010. Somehow they, and the rest of the board, forgot that their election was a special election, and that they were open for re-election in October 2011, and not 2012, when they were erroneously re-elected. It was not until Director Marceau, as the editor of the newsletter for June 2014, discovered the error, and reported the mistake in the newsletter, so as to keep true to the bylaws of the society. Hence, Maryanne LeGrow was elected from the floor for a one-year term on Sat. Oct. 18, 2014, and in order to fully recalibrate the cycle of elections of President of the FCGSC, she offered to be re-elected for the standard two-year term on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015. The terms of office for the Executive Board of the FCGSC are clearly stated in the society's bylaws, dated Oct. 16, 2010, in Article X, Section 4: "Executive officers shall hold office for a term of two years beginning in each odd-numbered year, and shall take office upon installation." The copy of the bylaws are published in the society's journal, the *Connecticut Maple Leaf*, Vol. XIV, No. 4, pages 234-40.

The election of Ernest Laliberté as Vice-President fills a void that was left by Ivan Robinson when he officially retired from the office on Thurs. May 1, 2014. (Robinson died of natural causes on Mon. Aug. 4, 2014 at the Rockville General Hospital in Rockville, Conn.) Laliberté automatically became a director in the lower board after his term in office as President of the FCGSC, from 2010 to 2014, in accordance to the bylaws of the society, in Article V, Section 1: "The immediate past president will automatically become one of the directors for a two-year term..." Hence, the move by Laliberté from a director in the lower board to Vice-President in the Executive Board, has created a void in the lower board for the even-year election cycle of 2014 to 2016.

There was a total of 24 people in attendance at the Fall GMM on Sat. Oct. 17, 2015, and of the 24, only thirteen were

members of the society, so the slate of nine candidates was elected by thirteen members of the society. President LeGrow chaired the meeting, with Director Marceau as the temporary Recording Secretary. There was no reading of the minutes from the Spring GMM held on Sat. April 18, 2015, because Recording Secretary Andrea Scannell, who did not attend the meeting, sent the wrong meeting minutes from the GMM held in April 2014 to Pres. LeGrow by e-mail. In another discovery of error, Director Marceau, at time of writing this report, realized that he forgot that he was the temporary Recording Secretary for the Spring GMM in April 2015, and that he had a draft of the meeting minutes that he saved in his e-mail account. Thus, the meeting minutes that were taken during the two GMMs for 2015 will need to be approved by the members in attendance at the Spring 2016 GMM. Treasurer Leo Roy gave his treasurer's report for the year, which was approved by the thirteen members in attendance. The officers of the board who were in attendance for the meeting were Maryanne LeGrow, Ernest Laliberté, Leo Roy, Germaine Hoff-

(Continued on page 35)

(Daniel Boucher Wins Cultural Heritage Award continued from page 33)

one entitled "Surprise Reel," and the other entitled "Circular Reel." Jampa Tsondue, whose first name means "loving kindness," and whose last name means "diligent," displayed three of his paintings, one mostly in white of a compassionate deity in Buddhism, one mostly in blue of the Medicine Buddha, and one mostly in red of the Tanka Buddha. Fr. Paul Luniw, the pastor of St. Michael's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Forestville, displayed a total of ten eggs painted in the Ukrainian folk art of pysanky, which is in various colors, with etchings in highly stylized geometric shapes that have specific meanings to Easter. (In contrast, the similar Polish folk art of pisanki is primarily of easily recognizable floral designs.) The ten eggs that Fr. Paul displayed were from five different birds, one from an ostrich, one from a rhea, one from a turkey, two from chickens, and three from ducks. Fr. Paul said that he has a video of his artwork in youtube.com, which can be found by typing his name on the internet. He also told me personally that he is friends with Daniel's pastor, Fr. Alvin Leblanc of St. Ann's Church in Bristol. For reasons not known, Somaly Hay did not perform any of her dances.

N.D.L.R. Ceci est la dernière installment de Waterbury L'exilé par Alice Gélinas. Merci Alice!

Waterbury L'exilé par Alice Gélinas Waterbury, CT

Les forces me revenaient peu à peu. Je marchais dehors. J'allais à la boîte aux lettres.

J'entretenais mon appartement, sauf pour l'aspirateur. C'est Lorie qui venait le passer. Une fois, elle a lavés mes vitres et mes rideaux. Je la dédommageais pour qu'elle ait au moins son argent de poche. Elle avait travaillé avant même d'avoir seize ans, mais pour le moment, elle était sans emploi. Comme elle n'avait pas d'auto, c'était plus difficile.

Petit à petit, je remontais la pente. J'ai commencé à aller faire mes courses avec Nicole, et chaque fois que quelqu'un me l'offrait, j'allais faire un tour avec joie.

Ensuite, je me suis sentie assez bien pour aller au restaurant. Nicole, Lynn, Michelle et Lorie m'y amenait. Lorie avait passé ses licences, alors ça me faisait un autre chauffeur.

Je faisais encore de l'angine, et j'avais d'autres malaises, mais en général, ça allait mieux.

Émile venait me visiter chaque semaine, mais à la fin de juin 1988, il a eu une attaque de coeur.

Nicole m'a amenée le voir. Un mois plus tard, il recommençait à conduire son auto.

Après avoir passé des tests, on lui trouva un cancer qui s'est généralisé. Il le savait, mais il n'en parlait pas. Il faisait le brave, il était prêt à se battre pour guérir, mais il maigrissait à vue d'oeil, ses traits s'altéraient.

Quand il revenait d'une chose, il en sortait une autre. Ce fut le foie, le pancréas, etc.

Nous avons su qu'il regardait souvent le film vidéo qu'il avait pris avec sa famille lorsque papa était avec eux, et il assuyait les larmes de ses yeux.

Le 5 septembre 1988, il est entré à Ste-Mary's Hospital. Il a repassé toute sorte de tests.

La première semaine qu'il a été à l'hôpital, il nous parlait, faisait des farces avec Nicole qui lui montrait sa chaîne en or. Tout à coup, il dit: "Il y a quelque chose qui ne va pas, je vois la T.V. sur le mur et j'en vois une autre sur le plancher.

Dans la nuit, son état a empiré. Il

nous a dit qu'il avait été pris d'un frisson incontrôlable et que même avec sept couvertures, il avait eu froid. Celui ou celle qui se tenait près de lui, le tenait par les épaules et les bras car il tremblait comme une feuille.

Il s'est essayé une dernière fois de sortir de son lit, mais il est tombé sur les deux genoux, et il n'a pas pu se relever tout seul.

Toute la famille allait le voir pour l'encourager et le soutenir. Il n'a jamais été laissé seul. Neveux et nièces, amis, l'ont accompagné. Il avait de la morphine.

Vendredi le 16, nous avons communiqué avec l'hôpital. Il avait contracté une pneumonie et le coeur ne tiendrait pas. C'était la fin. Je suis allée près de lui, et je lui ai dit: "me reconnais-tu?" Il a répondu: "Oui, c'est la mère". Souvent il m'appelait MOM.

Ralph et Rosélia ont passé la nuit à son chevet. Le jour suivant, Irène et Fernand sont retournés le soir. Nicole m'a conduit à l'hôpital tous les jours.

Samedi matin, Nicole est allée. Sa fille: Lise était avec lui. Lise Langevin avait remplacé Rosa pour un instant.

En revenant, Nicole me dit: "Tu devrais y aller, il est vraiment très malade".

De toute façon, j'étais pour y aller.

Lucille, la fille d'Yvonne, lui a fait manger un peu de pouding. Il ouvrait la bouche et il avalait.

Il est resté lucide jusqu'au bout.

Puis, on a vu les battements de son coeur se ralentir, s'interrompre. Ses yeux restaient ouverts, le regard fixe.

Le Père Gregg et le Père Laterreur sont venus le voir.

Je suis retournée avec Nicole le dimanche. Il avait toujours les yeux ouverts, sa bouche aussi. Il avait de la morphine à tous les trois ou quatre heures. C'était d'une tristesse!

Lorsque nous sommes parties, Irène, Fernand et Denise leur fille nous remplaçaient. Le dimanche soir, Irène et Fernand sont restés jusqu'à onze heures. À deux heures de la nuit, Rosa a appelé. Elle et un ami étaient restés jusqu'à son dernier soupir. Jamais, je n'ai vu une personne souffrir autant.

Le seul frère qui nous restait, était parti. Nicole l'aimait comme son deuxième père. Il nous avait dépanné tant de fois... Elle en a encore de la gratitude.

Il est mort un lundi le 19 septembre 1988 à l'âge de soixante-cinq ans.

Le mercredi, son service eut lieu à l'église Ste-Anne. Une foule de gens s'était déplacée. On a pu voir à quel point, il était apprécié de tous les paroissiens. Il avait travaillé comme sacristain pendant trente ans.



Il est enterré pas loin de papa au Mount Olivet Cemetery à Watertown.

Nous le regrettons encore et j'ai de merveilleux souvenirs d'Émile. Il occupe une place spéciale dans mon coeur.

De la branche de Lisée Gélinas et de Dézolina Lavergne, nous n'étions plus que quatre.

Adieu Émile, je t'aime.

Irène 78 ans, une fille et trois petits-enfants.

Alice 74 ans, une fille et trois petites-filles.

Rosa 72 ans, trois enfants, quatre petits-enfants et un arrière.

Rosélia 65 ans, trois fils, deux petits-fils.

À la maison, la vie continuait.

J'avais du plaisir à toutes les réunions de famille: Noël, les anniversaires, l'été et la cuisine dehors.

J'ai toujours eu ma fête fêtée.

L'an dernier, à mes 73 ans, toute ma petite famille s'est réunie autour de moi avec toutes sortes de présents.

Un cadeau qui m'a touché profondément fut un poème de Lorie qu'elle avait composé uniquement à mon intention. C'est Michelle qui l'a lu à haute voix:

Regardant par la fenêtre, regardant les murs, espérant que quelqu'un vienne dans mes heures solitaires, ravalant mes

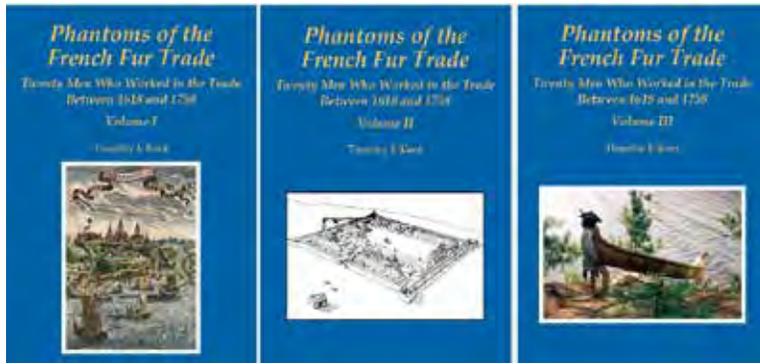
(Suite page 38)

(LeGrow Re-elected as President of FCGSC Continued from page 34)

man, Odette Manning, and Albert Marceau.

The guest speaker at the Fall GMM was Daniel Boucher of Bristol, Conn., who spoke about French-Canadian fiddle music, and the use of the melodic instruments of violin, guitar, and hurdy-gurdy, as well as the percussive instruments of spoons, bones and feet. He played several reels on his fiddle to the enjoyment of all in attendance.

(Phantoms of the French Fur Trade - Twenty Men Who Worked in the Trade Between 1618 and 1758 continued from page 32)



which examine in minute detail the happenings of these people's daily existence, cover the entire arc from birth to death. These reconstructions have been woven from hundreds of original French documents, most of which have never before been transcribed and translated. This mass of previously untapped information has been combined with church records as well as many other documentary sources, including censuses, government and missionary reports, personal letters, private journals, and period maps.

Through these twenty highly detailed,

dual biographies, the history of New France and its fur trade emerges. However, this history is not offered in smoothed-out summary fashion, but instead from the engrossing and highly personal perspective of individuals who actually lived, worked, and died during this tumultuous period. This work does not embrace the "great man" version of history, with its focus upon prominent figures and major events of the time. Rather, these volumes offer an intimate look into both the major and the minor events of the period, through the activities of everyday people

who did not possess the luxury of historical hindsight. This deep insider's approach examines these people's times of triumph and satisfaction, as well as their times of failure, personal loss, and deep grief. By examining the past through this microvision approach, readers will establish empathy and visceral linkages with those who lived in New France long ago, and will understand that their aspirations, excitements, pleasures, fears, disappointments, and sorrows were very similar to those that we ourselves experience today.

This set of three hardcover volumes, containing 2450 pages, is illustrated with 100 color photographs, 27 drawings and maps, and 5 reproductions of ancient handwritten documents. Two of its valuable features include an 80-page index by proper nouns and a 40-page triple index by subjects (Life in France, Life in New France, and the Fur Trade). This work will be of considerable interest to professional and avocational historians, genealogists, and enthusiasts of fur trade, military, missionary, colonial, and canoeing history.

<http://www.timothyjkent.com/pubs.htm>

Do you or someone you know ...

- **Face barriers because of deaf/blindness?**
- **Have a loss of both hearing and vision?**



The IRIS Network Initiates a Program (Independence Without Fear) to Serve People who are Deaf and Blind or Who are Dual Sensory Impaired (Hearing and Vision Loss)

Since 1905 The IRIS Network has provided comprehensive services to people with vision loss in their efforts to be independent and fully participate in their community.

Independence Without Fear Deaf/Blind Project

What is Independence Without Fear?

Independence Without Fear (IWOF) is a program for Maine citizens who are Deaf/Blind or have a hearing loss and a vision loss (dual sensory impaired). The program connects consumers to resources and services throughout Maine. These services assist people with their pursuit of employment or independent living as well as offering advocacy support and computer equipment.

IWOF has begun a project to identify the more than an estimated 20,000 people around the state who are Deaf/blind or have a dual sensory impairment. The main focus of this outreach effort is to make sure that people are aware of government funded services that exist on a statewide basis.

Step 1

Call or email us.

1-800-715-0097

1-207-592-4702

IWF@theiris.org

Step 2

Get connected to resources and no cost services to be more independent.





Lettres/ Letters

Saint John Valley Commerce 1846

On Jan 31, 1846 Madawaska farmer, Regis Daigle brought a load of 64 1/2 bushels of oats to Merchant Traders A. & S. Dufour. the Dufours gave him a credit to £8 15/ 4 1/2 . (Eight pounds 15 shillings 4 1/2 pence) He was given an additional £1 12/ 3. to transport this load to St. François.

On Feb. 4, 1846 Regis Daigle brought 77 bushels of oats the the merchant traders who accorded him an additional credit of £10 11/ 0. and was told to bring the load "Chez Drake" for a credit of £1 18/ 6.

On Feb. 14, 1846 Daigle shows up at the Merchant traders with 1010 bushels of oats and was given a credit of £12 12/ 6. and told to deliver the load "Chez Ths. E. Perley for a credit of £3 3/ 1 1/2.f

St. Francois is up the St. Francis River beyond Fort Kent where Hammond & Atherton were lumbering.

Drake is the foreman of the Shepard Cary lumber operation at Portage Lake in the head waters of the Fish River that comes down to the St. Joh River at Fort Kent.

Thomas E. Perley from Fredericton,

In my previous letter I told you about the credits in Acadian Farmer Regis Daigle, By the way they called Regis Bonhomme: Goodman Regis..

The same account on Feb. 4, 1846 when he received a credit of 10 pounds 11 shilling and 9 pence, there is a debit of One pound for "1 paire de bottes à son engagé" - a pair of boots for his employee. He also bought three gallons of molasses that day. The previous month on Jan. 12th we have "par son fils 1 gallon de molasse at cost of 4 shillings. I leave it to the imagination to wonder whether these folk had learned to turn molasses into rum.

But to get back to the boots. Elsewhere in the account we have "Autant livré à Antoine Beaulieu 5 shillings (As much delivered to Antoine Beaulieu 5 shillings) and again "Autant promis pour payer Antoine Beaulieu, fils 1 shilling 5 pence".(So much promised to pay Antoine Beaulieu, Jr. 1 shilling 5 pence).

The riddle is explained in the 1850 U.s. census where we find in the Regis Daigle

N.B is engaged in Lumbering on what is now called Perley Brook in fort Kent.

Now get this Daigle has fodder of the oxen in the lumber operations at three places. It is winter travel is on the frozen ice of the rivers.

Daigle is no dingbat. In 1850 the U.s. census lists his homestead in Madawaska as of \$1000 real estate valuation - an above average value in those census entries.

In those records we also see that day laborers were paid two shillings six pence a day. Multiply that figure by 8 and you get £1 (One pound). daigle's total credits of £38 5/ 6. amount to what you would pay a man for 306 days wages.

It's 1846 four years after the Webster-Ashburton treaty drew a boundary line at the river. the accounting in the records is all in French but is calculated in British money. why, because the logs driven here go to St.John, N.B, not to Bangor Maine.

There are no banks here but lumber operators like Shepard Cary of Houlton and The Perley Brothers of Fredericton have access to venture capital funds from Banks in Bangor and Fredericton. For the Merchant trader it's an immediate sale to the lumber operators, so they are willing to give the farmer credit for the purchase of his crop items.

Daigle is an American resident, the U.S. Census data shows that. But he delivers his produces to lumber operators on both sides of the border. Now the Acadians did

household, Antoine Beaulieu 18, domestic.

Now a literary reading of this account may entail the following conversation:

Regis D. "Antoine, go hitch up the horse, we are going up river today (Feb. 4, 1846).

Antoine: Today?

Regis D.: "What do you mean, Today?"

Antoine: Well, look at my boots, if we go on the river today, my feet are going to freeze.

Regis D. Hey look young man, when you get to the store, pick yourself up a pair of boots and charge it to my account, but you are going to hitch up those horses, come wind or snow.

The boots cost £1. Day labors were paid 2 shillings six pence a day. Multiply six pence by 8 and you get 48 pence which amounts to 4 shillings. Multiply the 2 shilling by 8 and you get sixteen shillings. Add to that the 4 shilling you got out of the pence amount and you get 20 shillings which equals one pound. Thus the cost of the boots, 1 pound, has a value of eight days' wages.

Regis Daigle may not have said as much, but he may have thought: Young

not really trust bank notes. they like to see their sales get gold coins. On February 23, 1846 an entry in his account read "argent à lui payée £22 12/ 6 (Money paid to him). In the course of the rest of the year his account is debited for horse-shoe nails, 2/1/2 yards of brocade, 1 1/2 yards of ribbon, two sets of knitting needles, a black cotton shall etc.

In the Albert house, at tane Blanche Museum in Madawaska I have on the wall Luc Albert's Account, and he not only delivers oats but also hay, some of it "Au Lac" -that is up the Madawaska River to Lac Temiscouata where the lumber operations are located.

In 1847, Daigle is a member of the Board of assessors of Madawaska Plantation who filed a petition to the Bishop of Boston for permission to build a chapel at what is now Mount Carmel in the present day Madawaska, Grand Isle Town line. In the name of the residents of the Plantation, they make that request for a chapel to be located on the American side of the river, using several arguments among which we read "And that in the event of a war with Great Britain, they would almost be deprived of spiritual assistance in time of need...." (Are they playing the heavy hand of politics here with pounds, shilling and pence well secure in their pockets?)

*Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME*

man, yes charge my account but those boots are going to be your week's salary!

The day after this imagined conversation, Regis Daigle bought a half pound of chocolate at 10 pence. It stretches the imagination even further to assume that Bonhomme Regis had a quarter pound of it for his farmhand's sweet tooth.

*Guy Dubay
Madawaska, ME*



(More letters on page 41)

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 35)

peurs par fierté. J'ai besoin de ma famille et je désire leur présence près de moi, mais tout ce que je peux faire, c'est de m'asseoir et pleurer. Je prie Dieu chaque soir, pour que mes frayeurs prennent fin. Un jour, ce sera le temps de voir la lumière d'or. Dans mes rêves, je suis jeune et lorsque je me réveille, la réalité est cauchemar. Mais, Grand-Ma, même si on ne le démontre pas assez, je veux que tu saches que je suis toujours là et que JE T'AIME.

À Grand-Ma pour tes 73 ans.

Pendant que Michelle lisait le poème, j'avais la gorge serrée par l'émotion, et je me retenais pour ne pas pleurer.

J'ai remercié Lorie. Ce poème, elle l'avait écrit avec son coeur, et je l'ai aimé pour cela.

J'ai toutes sortes de mémoires: tristes ou gaies, et celui-là fait partie de mes tendres mémoires.

Les jours passaient.

Je me suis mise à faire de légers travaux. Dans une grande maison, ce n'est pas difficile de se trouver quelque chose à faire. Je lavais la vaisselle du matin, je faisais le lit de Nicole, je pliais les draps dans ses tiroirs, je m'occupais des poubelles et j'étais contente de moi. Ça ne me fatiguais pas.

À la fin août 1989, Nicole est descendue à mon appartement pour me parler. Elle m'a expliqué qu'elle ne voulait plus que j'aïlle dans sa chambre, jamais.

Sur le moment, je n'ais pas saisie. J'en ai parlé à Lynn et elle s'est écrié: "Grand-Ma, tu écorniffles!".

C'était comme di on m'avait mis de la dynamite au derrière.

Qu'est-ce que ces jeunes là s'étaient imaginés! Une manière moderne de penser sans aucun doute. Je ne voulais rien savoir de leurs affaire personnelles, je leur aidais. Et Lorie! Sa chambre, c'était comme son sanctuaire à elle toute seule!

Je les ai boudé pour quelques jours, et j'ai placé, bien en vue sur le frigidaire, les mots qu'elle m'avait di pour être sûr qu'elle ne les oublie pas. Puis j'ai réfléchi. J'ai essayé de me mettre à leur place. Mais comment expliquer à ces jeunes qui n'avaient pas vécu ma vie, mon point de vue: J'avais été servante, et notre travail consistait à entrer dans une chambre, la ranger, fermer les tiroirs. Pour ma part, c'était un travail. Elles n'auraient pas pu comprendre cela. Les temps ont trop changé. Un coeur de mère, ça se fait écraser parfois, mais l'amour qu'il contient, le fait passer par-dessus, les blessures que bien inconsciemment ils nous infligent. Maintenant, je vide encore les poubelle, je lave la vaisselle, mais je ne m'approche plus de leur chambre à coucher.

Je ne vais jamais en haut sans frapper avant d'entrer. Si je vais voir Nicole et que le téléphone sonne, je redescends dans mon appartement. Si elle est avec Paul, j'évite de monter en haut, sauf si Lynn et Michelle sont en visite. Je n'avais pas réalisé qu'elle avait besoin d'avoir son temps à elle.

J'essaie réellement de ne pas tomber sur les nerfs de Nicole. La seule chose dont je n'ai pu me corriger, c'est de demander: "Où tu t'en vas?". Cela l'agaçait de se faire demander cela. Mais moi, il y avait l'habitude et aussi le fait qu'il restait en pleine campagne, et je ne me sentais pas trop brave lorsque j'étais seule. Mais là encore! Comment expliquer mes craintes à des jeunes qui n'ont peur de rien.

Je demeure avec eux je l'apprécie. Sans tout eux autres, je m'étais sentie seule et malade. Le jours où ils m'ont offert une place sous leur toit, ils m'ont sauvée. Ce fut un refuge dans la maladie et j'ai pu me faire soigner. je me considère chanceuse de les avoir. Nicole fait tout son possible et elle pense à moi. Si elle cuisine un plat que j'aime, elle vient m'en offrir. Elle achète du pain frais, ell m'en apporte la moitié.

Elle vient me parler chaque jour, avant

de partir pour le travail et le soir en revenant. Avant de se coucher, si elle est inquiète de ma santé, elle vient vérifier en me disant: "Si tu as besoin, appelle-moi, Ma". Je l'aime.

Nicole et Paul font encore un beau couple, ils vont bien ensemble. Ils approchent leur retour d'âge. Paul a quarante-huit ans et Nicole quarante-quatre. Ils sont assez grands pour organiser leur vie et pour prendre soin d'eux-même. Ils fêteront leur vingt-huitième anniversaire de mariage cette année. Paul a pris sa retraite du Cheshire Correctional Institute en september 1989. Ses compagnons de travail ont donné un party en son honneur et ils lui ont offert une montre en or avec son nom de gravé, et une belle plaque avec le nombre d'année qu'il a été officier: 22 ans de service. Il est retourné à son premier métier: la menuiserie.

Il est cinq heures du matin, j'entends les pas de Nicole. Elle est en train de préparer le déjeuner et le lunch. A six heures, Paul est en chemin pour son travail. Nicole quitte la maison à sept heures trente, et Lorie part pour l'école et après ses cours, elle a un travail.

Je les regarde vivre.

Le 10 février 1990, Nicole nous a amené, Rosa et moi, voir un film. Nous avons vu Stanley & Iris avec Jane Fonda: un film qui a été tourné ici à Waterbury. Nous avons revu toutes les rues où nous avions vécu, l'église Ste-Anne et les édifices. C'était un bon film.

Nous avons été dîné au American Steak House. Nous étions si contentes que nous aurions aimé y retourner.

Merci Nicole pour ce bon temps.

Je t'aime.

Qu'est-ce que la vie a en réserve pour mes petites-filles et Nicole? Je leur souhaite tout le bien possible.

La vie change, les gens changent, les sentiments changent. Cela fait partie de la vie. Nous devenons vieux, cela fait aussi partie de la vie.



American-French
Genealogical Society
Woonsocket, Rhode Island USA

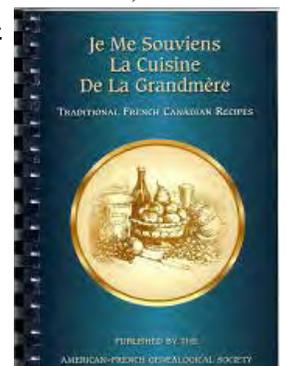
(Woonsocket, R.I.) -- The American-French Genealogical Society (AFGS) is again offering its popular cookbook "Je Me Souviens La Cuisine de la Grandmère" - I Remember Grandmother's Kitchen. The title is in French, however its 400+ Recipies are in English. The cookbook is in its fourth printing. It features a newly-designed cover, but contains all the same traditional recipies

French Canadian Cookbook Available for Holidays

for tourtières (meat pies) sugar pie, pea soup, and ragout, as well as some modern recipies.

The cookbook is spiral-bound to lay flat for easy use, and it has a wipe clean cover.

The cookbooks are \$15 each plus \$4 shipping and handling. For additional cookbooks add \$2 for shipping and handling. RI residents please add \$1.05 tax per cookbook. Send a check or money order to the AFGS,



P.O. Box 830, Woonsocket, RI 02895-0870. The cookbook may also be ordered on line by visiting our website at www.afgs.org.

Recipies/Recettes

Les Repas de Mon Enfance: Growing Up Franco-American

Classic French Canadian Tourtière

The tourtière is a French-Canadian meat pie that originated in the province of Quebec in Canada as early as 1600. Most recipes for tourtière include ground pork and other ground meats. The tourtière is a traditional part of Christmas and New Year's celebrations in Quebec, but the pie is also enjoyed at other times and throughout Canada and the upper midwest and eastern United States. There is some debate about the origin of the name of the dish. Some believe that the dish is named after the now extinct passenger pigeons, called "tourtes," that were cooked into the original pies. Others argue that the pie is named after the deep ceramic baking dish that families used to create the pies. It is, however, agreed that by 1611, the word tourtière had come to refer to the pastry containing meat or fish that was cooked in this medium-deep, round or rectangular dish.

There are arguments as well about

what variations of the dish are the "original" or "authentic" pies. Regional variations depend on what foods were available in the area and family recipes have been passed down and altered through the years.

Ingredients

2 lbs ground pork
1 small onion
1 medium potato
3 cloves garlic
2 tbsp chopped savory
1/4 tsp each of ground cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon
Salt to taste (Usually around 1.25- 1.5 tsp)
1/2 tsp pepper
1 package of frozen pie dough- enough for a top and bottom crust

Directions

Start by cooking the pork in a large skillet over medium heat. Be sure to break it up thoroughly as you don't want large chunks remaining.

Peel and dice 1 medium russet potato, 1 medium onion, and 3 cloves of garlic. Place in food processor and pulse until finely chopped but not pureed.

When the pork is mostly cooked (about



10 minutes), add the onion mixture to the pan and stir.

Add 2 pinches each of ground cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, plus 3/4 tsp salt and pepper to taste.

Sautee the pork mixture for another 10 minutes, and add chopped thyme and mint. Stir well to combine and take off the heat to cool.

Roll out pie dough into 2 circles big enough to line a 12" pie plate top and bottom.

Fill the crust with the cooled pork mixture and cover with top layer of dough. Crimp the edges and brush the beaten egg on top.

Bake at 375 degrees for approx 1 hour until the top crust is golden brown.

Let Tourtiere rest at least 10 minutes before cutting into it to serve.

Makes 4 obscene portions, or 6-8 more reasonable sized ones.

Pumpkin Gingerbread Trifle

INGREDIENTS

For gingerbread:

2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons ground ginger
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 stick unsalted butter, softened
1 cup packed dark brown sugar
1 large egg
1/2 cup mild molasses (not robust or blackstrap)
3/4 cup well-shaken buttermilk (not powdered)
1/2 cup hot water

For pumpkin mousse:

1 (1/4-ounces) envelope unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1 (15-ounces) can pure pumpkin
1/2 cup packed light brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon ground ginger
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup chilled heavy cream
1/2 teaspoon pure vanilla extract

For whipped cream:

1 1/2 cups chilled heavy cream
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
Equipment: a 2-quart trifle bowl or other deep serving bowl
Garnish: chopped crystallized ginger

Directions

Make gingerbread:

1. Preheat oven to 350°F with rack in middle. Butter a 13- by 9-inch baking pan. Line pan with foil, leaving an overhang at both ends, then butter foil.
2. Whisk together flour, baking soda, spices, and salt.

3. Beat butter and brown sugar with an electric mixer at medium speed until pale and fluffy, 3 to 5 minutes. Beat in egg until blended, then beat in molasses and buttermilk. At low speed, mix in flour mixture until smooth, then add hot water and beat 1 minute (batter may look curdled).

4. Spread batter evenly in pan and bake until a wooden pick inserted into center comes out clean, 35 to 40 minutes. Cool in pan. Using foil as an aid, transfer gingerbread to a cutting board and cut into 1-inch cubes with a serrated knife.

Make pumpkin mousse:

1. Sprinkle gelatin over cold water in a small saucepan and let soften 1 minute. Bring to a simmer, stirring until gelatin has dissolved. Whisk



together gelatin mixture, pumpkin, brown sugar, spices, and salt in a large bowl until combined well.

2. Beat cream with vanilla using cleaned beaters until it holds soft peaks, then fold into pumpkin mixture gently but thoroughly.

Make whipped cream:

1. Beat cream with sugar and vanilla using mixer until it holds soft peaks.

Assemble trifle:

1. Put half of gingerbread cubes in trifle bowl. Top with half of pumpkin mousse, then half of whipped cream. Repeat layering once more with all of remaining gingerbread, mousse, and cream. Chill at least 2 hours before serving.

Coin des jeunes...



DIFFÉRENCES

Il y a 5 différences entre ce dessin et son double inversé. A toi de les repérer!



SODUKO: Complète la grille en remplissant les cases vides avec les chiffres de 1 à 9, de manière à ce qu'un chiffre ne se répète jamais dans une même ligne, colonne ou carré. (Solution voir page 41).

2		6	1		5
1	9		7	8	4
		8	9		
	2	6		7	3
7					6
	5	8		9	1
		2	8		
8	2		6	1	9
6		3	5		7





December was a very sad month for our Acadian ancestors who were deported from Ile St-Jean (Prince Edward Island). We should think of them on the following dates:

December 12, 1758

Sinking of the Violet, transporting inhabitants from Ile-Saint-Jean to France, with the loss of almost 300 lives.

December 13, 1758

Sinking of the Duke William, taking inhabitants from Ile-Saint-Jean to France, with the loss of more than 350 lives. Among the Acadian passengers, only four men survive and reach Falmouth, England.

December 16, 1758

Sinking near the Portuguese coast of the Ruby transporting 310 Acadians from Ile-Saint-Jean to France, with a loss of 190 lives.

December 20, 1758

Arrival in Bideford, England, of the Supply, with 160 deportees from Ile-Saint-Jean. A few of these deportees go on to

Bristol but the majority, numbering 140, reach Saint-Malo on March 9, 1759.

Circa December 23, 1758

Arrival in great distress at Portsmouth, England, of the Neptune, with deportees from Ile-Saint-Jean.

December 26, 1758

Disembarkation at Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, of 179 Acadians from Ile-Saint-Jean who had been deported on the Neptune.

Source: The Chronology of the Deportations and Migrations of the Acadians 1755-1816 by Paul Delaney. On my web site at: <http://www.acadian-home.org/Paul-Delaney-Chronology.html>



Lettres/Letters

Dear Le Forum;

At its November 9 monthly meeting, l'Association Française de la Vallée Saint-Jean (Club Français), I offered a motion to establish a scholarship fund for a French major "in good standing" at UMFK. The motion was seconded by Marie-Paul Lapoint of Van Buren, and adopted unanimously. The scholarship would be offered annually in the amount of \$1,000.

Salient points were made in the discussion that ensued. One was that the state of Maine could experience a severe shortage of French teachers, at all levels of instruction, as the generation of baby-boomers retire from the profession. I noted that back in the late sixties and seventies, the University of Maine System graduated dozens of French majors every year. Those numbers have been down across all campuses, beginning some two score or more of years past, but that is about to change on account of creeping retirement.

The French in Maine represent some 40% of the population, by far the largest minority in the state. In the Valley, it would be more like 90%. For this reason alone, French programs across the state should include related courses in Acadian/Québec history and culture.

The French language is one of the most widely spoken in the world. It is one the official languages of the United Nations, and the European Union. It is the official language of our good neighbor, Canada. The Acadian population worldwide is estimated conservatively at half a million people. Québec is the twelfth largest polity in the world, and 3/4 of the mineral rich Canadian Shield is located in that province. Some 3/4 of the fresh water in Canada flows through Québec.

France contributed an army, two fleets, and millions of dollars to the cause of American independence. France has been a consistent ally of the United States, is an active member of NATO, and the roots of western civilization are embedded in the ideas of the French Enlightenment. A French architect designed the national capital and, lest we forget, France made us a gift of the Statue of Liberty. Americans everywhere have good reason to say, more so now than at any other time since Yorktown, Vive la France, et Vive la Francophonie américaine.

**Roger Paradis
Fort Kent, ME**



SODUKO: (Solution de page 41)

2	8	7	6	4	1	3	9	5
1	6	9	5	7	3	8	2	4
3	4	5	8	2	9	6	7	1
9	2	6	1	5	4	7	3	8
7	1	3	9	8	2	5	4	6
4	5	8	7	3	6	9	1	2
5	7	1	2	9	8	4	6	3
8	3	2	4	6	7	1	5	9
6	9	4	3	1	5	2	8	7

**Franco-American Families
of Maine
par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine**

Les Familles Fecteau

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

FECTEAU

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

38	Albert		24 Oct	1882	M.-Salomé Deschênes	Ange-Gardien	68
39	Louis		06 Nov	1865	Séraphine Boisjoli	Arthabaska	39A
40	Louis		05 Jul	1864	Philomène Simoneau	St.Nicolas	40A
41	Benjamin		16 Apr	1861	Rosalie Paquet	St.Nicolas	41A
	Elzéar		13 Apr	1869	Zoé Bergeron	St.Nicolas	41B
42	Octave-J.		05 Aug	1862	Christine Fréchette	St.Nicolas	69
46	Joseph		09 Oct	1843	Angèle Loubier	St.François	75
	(bapt. 16-7-1824 St.Frs., Beauce)						
	Marcelline		06 Oct	1846	Vital Veilleux	St.Frs.(to Waterville)	
	(bapt. 14-4-1826 St.Frs., Beauce)						
	Magloire		14 Jan	1862	Philomène Poulin	St. François	46A
	Louis		29 Jul	1862	Apolline Jolicoeur	St. François	46B
	(bapt. 24-11-1832 St.Frs., Beauce)						
47	Jos.-Jean-Bte.		22 Feb	1870	Célanire Bisson	Broughton, Még.	
	Honoré		17 Feb	1879	Elisabeth Lortie	St.Ferdinand, Még.	47A
	Napoléon		29 Jan	1883	Marie Guérin	St.Adrien, Még.	47B
48	Louis-P. 1m.		13 Jan	1885	Virginie Roseberry	Broughton	48A
	"2m.		23 Feb	1921	Victoria Bourget	Lewiston(SPP)	
52	Charles		22 Jun	1875	Délina Pouliot	St.Romuald	52A
56	Jean-Baptiste		06 Oct	1873	Philomène Cauchon	St.Romuald	56A
59	François-André		29 Oct	1877	M.-Justine Lachance	St.François	59A
	Honoré		20 Aug	1878	Véronique-Rose Bolduc	St.Georges	59B
60	Cyrille 1m.		17 Nov	1874	Anastasie Jacques	St.Elzéar	
	"2m.		11 Feb	1884	Delvina Hallée	Somersworth, NH	
61	Charles			1880	Adèle Provençal	S.C.-Jésus	61A
	Adèle		12 Oct	1880	Joseph Ouellet	St.Pierre-Broughton	
	Hubert		06 Sep	1881	M.-Léa Boulet	St.Frédéric	61B
62	Charles		10 May	1855	Adèle Hudon	Québec(ND)	91
63	Onias		18 Aug	1891	M.-Héloïse Côté	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.	63A
64	Albert		25 May	1914	Ida Cormier	Coaticook	64A
65	Lazare 1m.		02 Jul	1872	Euphémie Bilodeau	St.Isidore	65A
	"2m.		30 Apr	1889	Elmire Vallière	Ste.Marie	
	Joseph		24 Dec	1892	Marie Picard	Jefferson, Mass.	65B
67	Joseph		19 Oct	1885	Sarah Provencher	St.Paul-Chester	67A
68	Hilarion-J .		08 Feb	1915	Rose Lachance	St.Ferréol	
69	Honoré		27 Jan	1885	Rose Lambert	St.Nicolas	69A
75	J.-Adrien		15 Oct	1867	Marie Lachance	St.François	105
	(bapt. 15-10-1844 St.Frs., Beauce)						
	Vital		02 Aug	1880	Célanire Poirier	St.François	75A
	(bapt. 19-7-1856 St.Frs., Beauce)						
	Marie-Adèle		28 Aug	1882	Augustin Grenier	St.Frs.(to Augusta)	
	(bapt. 21-3-1855 St.Frs., Beauce)						
	Chls.-Bénoni		20 Apr	1885	Philomène Veilleux	St.François	75B
	"2m.		02 Sep	1906	Marie Lessard	Waterville(SFS)	
	NOTE: Vital & Charles-B. were identical twins & as young men, walked from Beauceville to Waterville to work there.						
	(bapt. 19-7-1856 St.Frs., Beauce)						
	Elvine "Alvina"		01 Jun	1885	Joseph Quirion	St.Frs.(to Waterville)	
	(bapt. 9-9-1861 St.Frs., Beauce)						
	J.-Philémon		10 Sep	1888	Amanda Grenier	St.François	75C
	(bapt. 8-5-1863 St.Frs., Beauce)						
91	Alexandre		21 Oct	1901	Théodoline Grenier	St.François	91A
105	Marcellin		01 Aug	1898	M. A.-Georgiana Quirion	St.François	105A

The following are descendants of the above who married in Maine & NH:

24A	Arthur	20 Apr	1891	Edwidge St-Jean	Dover, NH(St.Chls.)	
27A	Honoré	16 Sep	1871	Arthémise Fortin	Biddeford(St.Jos)	27B
Pierre		01 Oct	1871	Élise Fortin	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	27C
	(d. bef. 1900)		(b.Jan 1840 Can.)	émigrated 1854		
	Israël	02 Jul	1876	Vitaline Michel	Biddeford(St.Jos)	
Ovide		04 Jul	1880	Annie Martel	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	27D
Hélène		22 Feb	1886	Phidime Chailier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	

(Continued from page 43)

(Franco-American Families continued from page 42)

27B	Honoré	02 Jul	1901	Azélie Baillargeon	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27E
	Ovide	04 May	1903	Marie Perry	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27F
	Arsène	21 Sep	1903	Agnès Peters (Pître)	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27G
	Arthur-J. 1m.	04 Apr	1908	Elizabeth Poirier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27H
	"2m.	04 Apr	1929	M.-Amanda Lafrenière	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Edna	23 Aug	1909	Edward-J. Doyle	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Albert	04 Sep	1911	Marie Landry	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27J
	Rose-Anna	04 Oct	1915	Arthur-J. St-Ours	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Cordélia-M.	22 Nov	1915	Arthur-J. Ledoux	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Régina-M.	31 Jan	1916	André Jeoffrey	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27C	Pierre	03 Feb	1902	Diana Turcotte	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	(b.Oct 1875 ME)					
27D	Arsène	06 Feb	1905	Rose-Anna Martineau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	27K
	Eugène	20 Jun	1916	Claire Martineau	Biddeford(St.And.)	27L
	John	19 Dec	1959	Eugénie Garneau	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27E	Rose-L.	24 Feb	1930	Albert-D. Roberge	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Simonne	02 Sep	1930	Émile Couture	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Gaston-Valmore	29 Nov	1934	M.-Hélène Tondreau	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27M
27F	Edmond	07 Oct	1933	Marjorie Johnson	Westbrook(St.Mary)	27N
27G	Rita-M.	14 Sep	1937	Harry-J. Mockler	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Léon-J.	07 May	1938	Mabel-M. Bastien	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Victor-Maurice	30 May	1939	Lucienne-M. Landry	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	M.-Rose	08 Jan	1944	Cléon-J. Letarte	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Éva-M.	02 Jan	1946	Paul-F. Poirier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Émile-J.	01 May	1946	Lucille-Emma Fournier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	27P
	M.-Rose-Aline	28 Jun	1948	Albert-A. Bernier	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27H	Blanche-R.	17 Jul	1943	Georgino Luttenberger	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27J	Joséphine-Léa	22 Aug	1936	Wilfrid-H. Charest	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Aurôre	22 Nov	1943	Roland-D. Francoeur	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27K	Imelda	21 Jun	1926	Joseph-A. Bisson	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Clara	31 Oct	1932	Jacques Garand	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Armand 1m.	02 Sep	1935	Juliette Larouche	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	27Q
	"2m.	25 Sep	1937	Lucia Bisson	Biddeford(St.And.)	27R
	Émile	04 Jul	1936	Lina Beauvoisin	Biddeford(St.And.)	27S
	Roland	30 Dec	1939	Juliette Paquin	Saco(NDL)	27T
	Gérard	23 Jun	1947	Cécile Emond	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27L	Fernand	01 Jun	1940	Rita Rhéault	Biddeford(St.And.)	27U
	Robert	27 Apr	1945	Thérèse-Violet Boucher	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27M	Thérèse	07 Oct	1961	Richard Guévin	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
27N	Robert	08 Jun	1957	Cécile Gagné	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Gloria	23 Apr	1960	Ralph Cartonio	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
	Norman	29 Oct	1961	Joanne Brochu	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
	Donald-Edouard	04 Aug	1962	Pauline-M. Proulx	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
27P	Claudette	26 Nov	1966	Raymond King	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
	Paul-Dennis	15 May	1976	Carol-Ann Welch	Westbrook(St.Mary)	
27Q	Raoul-A.	19 Aug	1961	Mona-Y. Vertefeuille	Saco(NDL)	
27R	Gilles	24 Jun	1961	Rita Dumas	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Laurence	04 Jul	1966	Donald Cantara	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Annette-Claire	30 Dec	1973	Norman-Pratt Cressey	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Arthur-René	12 Dec	1974	Allison Small	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Pauline-Jeanne	12 Jun	1976	Conrad-Fernand Houde	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27S	Roger	22 Nov	1956	Hélène-Rose Cartier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Priscille	28 Dec	1957	Roland Gagnon	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Rénald	01 May	1965	Yolande Rochefort	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
27T	Thérèse-R.	04 Jul	1962	Darrell-E. Farnham	Saco(NDL)	
	Jean-Paul	10 May	1965	Jeanne Bolduc	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Lionel-Bernard	05 Aug	1972	Louise-Diane Houde	Biddeford(St.And.)	
27U	Joan	15 Jul	1961	Raymond Soulard	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Roland	31 Aug	1968	Rachel Nadeau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Robert-Ronald	25 Jan	1969	Susan-M. Callahan	Biddeford(St.And.)	
35A	Lumina	28 Sep	1935	Arthur Lacourse	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
36A	Alphonse	19 Feb	1900	Ludivine Croteau	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
	Alfred	26 Dec	1904	Aurélie Filion	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	36B
36B	Alfred-Léo-J.	26 Dec	1933	Amanda-Alice Bouchard	Berlin, NH(AG)	
39A	Alfred/Frédéric	25 Jul	1887	Marie Brulé	Lewiston(SPP)	39B
	Nazaire	26 Jan	1891	Alphonsine Beauceage	Lewiston(SPP)	39C
39B	Olivine	23 Apr	1906	Urbain Roy	Lewiston(SPP)	
39C	Fabiola-M.	28 Jun	1920	Azaria "John" Beaudet	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
	Adolphe	25 Oct	1920	Lumina-Lse. Ouellette	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	39D
	Rose-Alma	22 Sep	1937	Évariste-A. Chenard	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
	Rose-Aimée	30 Apr	1941	Évariste-A. Chenard	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	

(See the next issue for more on the Fecteau Family)



Université du Maine
Le FORUM
Centre Franco-Américain
Orono, ME 04469-5719
États-Unis
Change Service Requested

• Non-Profit Org. •
• U.S. Postage •
• PAID •
• Orono, Maine •
• Permit No. 8 •

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-américaines 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