



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF AOUT-SEPTEMBRE 1989

LA SOCIÉTÉ CANADIENNE-FRANÇAISE

EDITOR-Dick Bernard

VOL. 11 NO. 1

CO-EDITOR-Jerry Forchette

RANGE CHAPTER NEWS

Range chapter members passed the paddle of leadership, June 24th to incoming president Rosemary Henderson of Nashwauk. Rosemary succeeds Gloria Tellor and is the sixth president of the fifty member Range Club. At the same meeting the Club was presented with a handmade mascot "Pierre Bear". Pierre is a creation of Club member Pat Poirier Ciochetto, Lake. Pat grew up in Quebec City.



ROSEMARY HENDERSON with
Paddle and Pierre (see p. 5)

DEADLINE for the Octobre-Novembre Chez Nous is September 30 to: Jerry Forchette, 4655 University Ave NE, Minneapolis MN 55421 or Dick Bernard, 2014 1st Ave #6, Hibbing MN 55746. We'd love to see your article, your photo, your reminiscence. This is your newsletter.

A FATHER'S DAY MEMORY by Henry Bernard, Bellville, IL

When I was in high school, in the early 1920's, I became interested in chickens. I was given a brood hen and had her set and hatch her nestfull of eggs. When she had her brood I had a place to keep her and the chicks but with little protection from the elements. This was alright for the summer.

I knew and dad knew that winter was coming so he built a nice little hen house outside the Mill's boiler room. I did not know that he was building it for me and the chickens. It was on skids and in the fall he had it brought home and set where the chickens would be housed. I can't remember how I thanked him for this but my main activity outside of school and usual things was to care for the chickens and I did. The remodeling of the inside and the addition to the sheltered outside area and the keeping of egg records for the University were carefully carried out. I had visions of being a big chicken producer; we did have chickens for a few years, but only for home use.

Ed. Note: Henry's dad, also a Henry, was born near St. Henri, Quebec on 2/26/1872. He migrated to the "States" in the 1890's settling in Grafton, ND (where this story originates). He was a Spanish American War vet (Philippines), Chief Engineer at the Grafton Mills and President of the Grafton Volunteer Fire Department. He died in 1957.

Your memories are solicited too.

Figures of Speech

by Dick Bernard

A while back a friend of mine who lived several years in rural France, said a French phrase that sounded remarkably similar to "toot-a-loo", a phrase I heard my relatives use years before, a phrase of vague meaning but apparently like "see you later".

I decided to ask three experts for their opinions on the topic, at the same time throwing in a question about the equivalent of the phrase "speaking the King's English".

My experts came through, and their opinions are below.

Do you have your own contribution? Send it in for the next issue.

WHAT THE EXPERTS THOUGHT:

Collette Saidane of Alliance Française, St. Paul, MN

"Speaking the King's English is very culturally rooted, however it would probably correspond to the French "s'exprimer dans un langage châtié".

Toot-a-loo, is in fact, as far as I heard the gradually mispronounced expression of à tout-à-l'heure which means indeed, "see you later".

Virgil Benoit, AFRAN of Red Lake Falls, MN

"In French we say La langue de Molière for the king's language. Molière was a 17th century playwright who wrote very well about the comic side of life. One could I suppose also say la langue de Paris or de l'île de France (which

NEWS FROM ST CLOUD

La Société Canadienne Française de St. Cloud held their annual meeting and picnic June 17 at the country home of Donald and Abby Marier in rural Milaca. Though the menu was not French, the superbly prepared foods and potluck dishes were delightfully enjoyed by the members. Games of Croquet and Horseshoes provided an after dinner exercise. The outing closed with the election of officers for the coming year. All the incumbent officers were re-elected for another annual term. The officers are:

President, John Langlais
Vice-President, Merle Plante
Treasurer, Marion La Douceur
Secretary, Judy Antil

is where Paris is located."

(Toot-a-loo) is tout à l'heure which means in a while.

Pat Ciochetto, Side Lake, MN, Native of Quebec

"I have never heard of anyone speaking 'the King's French', and I suspect, the French being what they are, that they would not concede that there was any such thing. Each locale would probably claim that they spoke the only 'truly pure French' in existence, and that every other dialect was defiled. I hope the rest of the 'panel of experts' have some better ideas.

However, as concerns 'toot-a-loo', I have some thoughts.

Whenever they were not at war with each other, (which wasn't very often) the French and the English exchanged catch words and phrases, which were anglicized and (I'd love to say franchised, but I don't think I can) frenchified. At first, these words and phrases were used by the modish set, but eventually they became everyday speech, and after modification of pronunciation, they fell into general use.

Although I am not an etymologist, I am willing to bet that the British expression 'toodle loo', meaning goodbye came from the French à tout à l'heure, which means 'see you later'. Your 'toot-a-loo' is too much of a coincidence!

An example of the reverse action (English to French), is the French word 'redingote', which means topcoat or overcoat. It is a direct borrowing of the English riding coat.

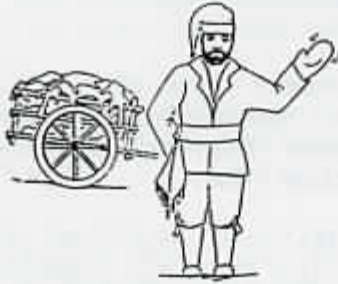
I can't resist telling you about another expression which suffered in the translation but is absolutely fascinating. Ever wonder where we got the expression brass hat? Take a look at a painting of Napoleon, or one of his officers, see the big hat he is carrying under his arm? That was called a chapeau à bras. Chapeau, of course, is hat, and the bras is arm. It got translated not as an 'arm hat', but a 'brass hat'.

By the way, 'à tout à l'heure' is never used unless there is a very definite plan for seeing the other person (s) later, usually the same day. It is a confirmation of a later appointment of some kind.

Looking forward to hearing more about the above."

AFRAN

Chautauqua '89



The Development of the Upper Red River Valley

at

Old Crossing and Treaty Park Huot, Minnesota

August 25, 26, 27, 1989

What is Chautauqua?

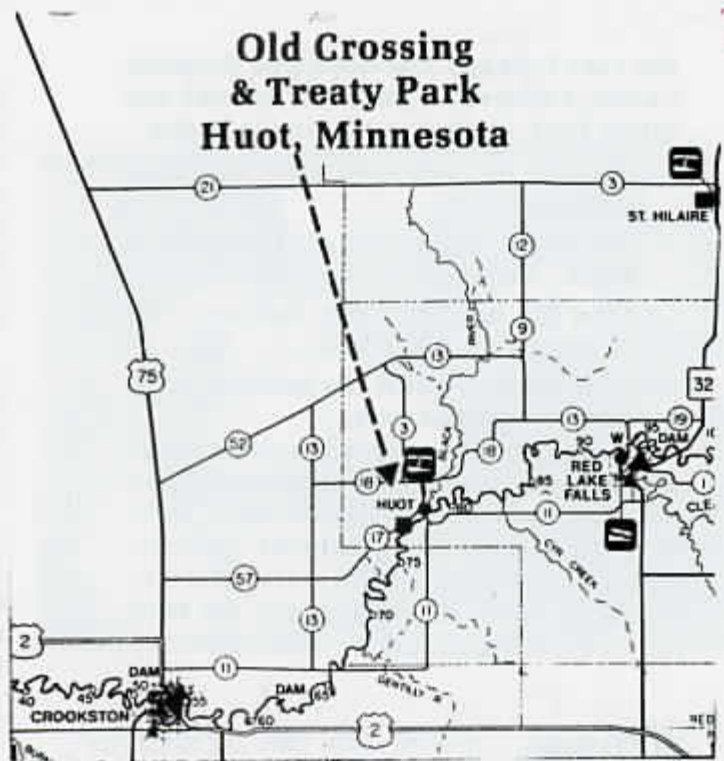
Chautauqua is the portrayal of historic persons from the past. It is entertaining and educational.

AFRAN's Chautauqua '89 will commemorate the centennial of North Dakota and the early development of the Red River Valley.

You will see and hear five persons from out of the past.

Eli C.D. Shortridge will discuss the decline of agriculture in the 1890s as well as such populist proposals as government ownership of railroads, inflation and democracy.

Orator and promoter of Dakota Territory,



Patrick Donan, will be on hand to speak of the advantages of settling in Dakota.

M. Beatrice Johnstone will recreate a picture of early rural school life in North Dakota.

Alexander Henry will describe the land, the people, and the fur trade in the early 1800s.

Pierre Bottineau, a Red River guide, and his associate, Walking With Thunder, will discuss how Bottineau was involved in nearly every major event in the 19th century Valley, and it all started through family ties made at Pembina and continued as Bottineau lived at Red River, St. Paul, and finally, at Red Lake Falls which he founded with "his" people in 1876.

AFRAN will have a huge tent at Old Crossing and Treaty Park for the Chautauqua program. Two characters will present on Friday evening, another two on Saturday evening, and the last on Sunday, followed by a moderated discussion among all the characters.

Chautauqua '89 includes Saturday and Sunday afternoon demonstrations, workshops, folkdance, music, food and exhibits on the history of the development of the Upper Red River Valley. There will also be reenactments of early events in the Valley, such as a meeting between Thompson and Cadotte in 1798 at the fur trading post in present-day

(continued next page)

Red Lake Falls and interviews with Benjamin Dalbec, a witness to the treaty of 1863 and Ernest Buse, an early settler in the Valley.

- See how ox carts were made and what they carried.
- Hear the Michif language of French and Native American origin.
- Meet Joe Rolette, Pierre Bottineau and Walking With Thunder.
- Visit exhibits inside the tent and enjoy fiddle music and songs.

Chautauqua '89 is presented in cooperation with Valley Centennial Chautauqua of Grand Forks and is sponsored in part by a grant from the Minnesota Humanities Commission in cooperation with the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Minnesota State Legislature.

SUMMARY

Chautauqua (A different program each evening)

Friday, August 25, 7 p.m.

Saturday, August 26, 7 p.m.

Sunday, August 27, 7 p.m.

Admission fee is \$1 per person per evening.

Afternoon exhibits and activities open at 1 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday.

Persons interested in hookups, camping facilities, tubing or canoeing may contact Visitor Information by telephoning (218) 253-4399 or by writing to Visitor Information, Red Lake Falls, MN 56750.

For more information on AFRAN Chautauqua '89 contact AFRAN, Box 101, Red Lake Falls, MN 56750.

Demandez une visite en français si vous voulez. (Ask for a tour in French if you want.)

The debate is on! Yellow peas or green peas for soupe aux pois. John England says yellow with authority; so says John Cote in grandmere's recette.* Others say, makes no difference. One promised the guillotine if pea soup got one more mention "we eat other food too"! Byerlys and Lunds love the free publicity.

What do you remember? Send your recollections to me at 2014 Second St. #6, Hibbing, MN 55746. Regardless, John has imprinted firmly on my brain: **YELLOW PEAS**.

A couple of folks have chastised us for not indicating that the flour in grandmere's Ragu de Patte de Chochon (Juin-Juillet 1989 issue) should first be browned before making the gravy.

Then there is the matter of **RAGOUT**. In the last two issues it has also been spelled "ragu and ragou". Perhaps there are other variations too.

Reminds me of my search for my roots. An early lesson; my ancestors were uneducated and speaking only French when they came to "the States". They relied on the local clerk spell their name on paper. So for example, I have discovered the surname "Collette" spelled six different ways with the most unique being "Caouette".

It is my hope in closing, that you purists will understand; we will on occasion fracture the French (and most everything else). But we enjoy the journey!

TWIN CITIANS watch for the Saturday sessions conducted by Colette Saldane of Alliance Francaise. Once a month, beginning in late Septembre, Colette will tutor on topics of interest to the participants.

JOHN ENGLAND'S COLONNE

Rice County honored the memory of Harold J. Paquette this year as part of the Memorial Day observance. The flag flew at half mast in front of the courthouse at Faribault between the 16th and 29th of May to commemorate Paquette's service in the Naval Reserve during World War II.

Paquette, a Faribault native, died in 1987. His parents were Homer and Anna Paquette and

his grandparents were Lazor Paquette and Anna Brulé whose families imigrated to Faribault from St. Gabriel de Brandon, Quebec, in the 1870's.

It is indeed gratifying for us to know that a descendant of French- Canadians received the patriotic honor in an area of Minnesota whose roots grow deep in the heritage and legacy of Alexander Faribault which dates back to 1826.

LA GOUPE AUX POIS
PEA SOUP

1 lb. whole yellow peas 2-3 bay leaves
1/2 lb. chunk salt pork salt and pepper to taste
med. onions

Wash extra salt off of pork. Sort peas, wash and drain. Put into soup pot and cover with water. Add salt pork, diced onions and seasoning. Cover pot and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for about 3 to 4 hours. Cook longer if needed. Stir occasionally. When soup is almost cooked, remove cover and let broth thicken.

Notes: You can add 1 or 2 cloves to pot for a variation. Taste often and don't let the taste of cloves overpower the delicate flavor of the pea soup.

To set the mood, cover the table with a checkered tablecloth. Add a broken bottle for a candle holder with a candle stub. Serve beer for the plebian taste, a fine wine for the showoffs and water for the slob who eats with no shirt on. To accompany the main dish, serve hot French bread and a light salad.



John F. Cote Jr.
Brooklyn, Ct.

*La Cuisine de la Grandmere II-by American French Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 2113, Pawtucket, RI 02861
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POPULAR HYMN COMPOSED IN STATE

Thanks to Helene Peltier we have this interesting article to share with our readers.

A southeast Minneapolis researcher has discovered that a hymn listed in songbooks of three Christian denominations and sung by countless children since the 1930s is a Dakota Indian song composed by a Minnesota trader more than 140 years ago.

I had sung it for years as a Girl Scout. I had no idea that it was from Minnesota, said Lois Willand.

The song titled "Many and Great O God" is in the hymnal of the United Methodist Church. The hymn theme also is used in the "Sanctus" of the Roman Catholic Mass of the "Mighty Spirit" published in 1965 by the Gregorian Institute of America.

Willand recognized the song's score while dancing through the Dakota Odowan, or hymnal. She picked up the book at the Lac qui Parle Mission Historic Site in western Minnesota on a trip several years ago with her husband Jon, a historian who had written a book on the mission.

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Now what is that song doing in there? Willand spent nine months researching the song's origins.

She found the hymn was composed between 1835 and 1846 by Joseph R. Renville, a Catholic trader of Dakota-French ancestry who had encouraged the establishment of the mission in 1835 at the southeastern end of Lac qui Parle. Renville used a native Dakota melody and attached a text based on verses from the book of Jeremiah.

The hymn, one of several that Renville composed for the Dakota, was first published in a Dakota hymnal supplement in 1846. The song was reprinted in the Odowan in 1879, which is still used by Dakota members of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in the Upper Midwest.

The song is important to the Dakota because of an oral tradition that it was sung by 38 Dakota men before they were hanged in Mankato in 1862 for their role in the U.S.- Dakota

(continued next page)

Vive la France

You have, by now, heard much about July 14, Bastille Day, the bicentennial of the French revolution in 1789.

In an upcoming issue we will paint a word picture of what France was probably like pre-1789.

If your ancestry is Canadian-French it is almost 100% certain that your first ancestors were in Canada many years prior to the French revolution. The famous guillotine was foreign to them. They did not storm the Bastille. Chances are they had no direct knowledge of the French revolution at all - at the time they were an English colony since 30 years earlier, in 1759, the British had defeated the French for control of Quebec.

Your ancestors were much more conversant with the American revolution next door. In fact, a few years prior to 1789 no less a personage than General Benedict Arnold had, along with other Americans, attempted unsuccessfully to wrest control of Quebec from the English.

But... this is the summer for our cousins in France. We hope you could enjoy parts of their celebration with them!

OUR FRENCH-CANADIAN Ancestors

Thomas J. Laforest

These books, in English, give fascinating pictures of numerous French-Canadian families plus insights into the life and times of early French Canada.

For information write: The LISI Press,
Palm Harbor, Florida 34682-1063.

(HYMN from page 5)

Conflict of 1862. It was sung at the dedication last month of a marker at Ft. Snelling in honor of 1,600 Dakota Indians who had been imprisoned there, and two weeks ago at a symposium on treaties at the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute.

The song spread throughout the country, Willand said, thanks to the Cooperative Recreation Service, a nonprofit Ohio organization that printed made-to-order songbooks for different groups. Today, "Dakota Hymn" can be found in YWCA, YMCA and Girl Scout songbooks.

Ref: Mpls Star Tribune, Nov. 26, 1987
Kenvin Duchscher, Staff Writer

QUOTATIONS OF THE REVOLUTION

'Man is born free, and everywhere he is in irons.'
— Jean Jacques Rousseau
'History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.'
— Voltaire
'... cut the thumbs off aristocrats who conspire against you; spill the tongues of the priests who have preached servitude.'
— Jean Paul Marat
'I cannot shed the blood of my people.'
— Louis XVI's repeated excuse for not using force against the crowd.
'Let them eat cake.'
— Marie Antoinette's alleged reply when told the country people had no bread. (The actual quote was "Qu'ils mangent de la brioche" — let them eat breakfast buns.)
'O, Liberty! How they have duped you.'
— Madame Jeanne Roland's last words, addressed to a plaster statue of liberty set up near the guillotine.
'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.'
— Sydney Carton, going nobly to the guillotine in the Charles Dickens' novel 'A Tale of Two Cities.'

from Denver Post
July 9, 1989

MERCI

Thanks to Helene Peltier, we now can get our dictionaries out and try to translate this story.....

"J'étais pas mal exciter et content d'avoir reçu la job. Quand j'ai appeler chez-nous mon père n'était pas à maison. J'ai dit a ma mère que j'avais des bonnes nouvelles à leurs dire. (maman et papa) J'ai dit que je voulais que papa m'appelle quand il arrive de travaille. Elle me taquinait pour lui dire les nouvelles. J'ai dit non, je voulais lui dire tous les deux."

Dans pas grand temps, mon père m'appeler. Il venait juste d'arriver. Il a j'aurais jamais accoutume d'appeler toute de suite. Accoutume, il se lave, il mange, et après tout ça, il decide d'appeler. Quand il a répondu, j'ai dit que j'avais tes bonnes nouvelles, j'avais frapper une job. Ils étaient exciter aussi, et ils voulait savoir quoi. J'ai dit, "Premièrement, je veux vous dire que j'aurais j'aurais jamais eu cette job si que vous n'étiez pas si patient, et insistent avec nous (les enfants) pour garder la langue française en vie dans la maison. Vous nous obliger de toujours parler en français. Si je n'était pas biligue, j'aurais jamais eu cette job. Et maintenant, je lui conter que j'ai eu la job par le Project Franco-Americain.

Ils étaient très content pour moi. Mais, je pense que mes parents était plus content parce qu'ils pensaient que finale, tit par tit per les enfants Côtés realisaient que ce pas maud d'être français ou de parler francais, c'est un honneur.

Ref: Le Farog Forum, février, 1983



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF OCTOBRE-NOVEMBRE 1989

LA SOCIÉTÉ CANADIENNE-FRANÇAISE

EDITOR-Dick Bernard

VOL. 11 NO. 2

CO-EDITOR-Jerry Forchette

DANS LE JARDIN By John England

Emile Joseph England had a thumb that was the envy of every Irishman in Rice County. It was green-kelly green. This stout, ruddy-faced Canadian could make just about anything grow. He adored gardening in the same manner that Romeo loved Juliet. And his garden received as much attention as a dog on a crying jag.

Large, by local standards, papère's garden covered ninety-nine percent of the back yard at 722 Francis Street. It was without a doubt a spectacle for the eye to behold. Indeed, it was one of the seven wonders of Faribault's Frogtown neighborhood; a multi-ethnic area of good solid working stiff's like grandpa and Nick Mertes, his neighbor. Well Nick the Luxenbourger, had an even bigger garden on his vacant lot

between their houses. It was bad enough that Mertes' kid called Grandma a fat old bag; but to outdo Joe on a garden was inviting a border conflict of great proportions. He was as green as his thumb with envy.

The border conflict came to a screeching halt when Northern States Power, grandpa's employer, for forty years, offered garden space to their employees on land near their substations. Joe got a gigantic plot near the Straight River that put Nick Mertes to shame. The smell of victory was as sweet as the dew on squash blossoms.

Now, mes amis, this garden could compete with a farmer's market in regard to the variety of vegetables. Included in the fertile acreage were swiss chard, yellow peas for soup (green for those foolish enough to eat them), egg plant for M. le Curé Domestici, and even a hardy variety of peanuts. Grandpa raised the eggplant as a peace offering to M.le Curé because he teased and tormented the man to the point of raising his blood pressure to a reading we usually associate with earthquakes and the Richter Scale.

I asked my aunt the reason for grandpa's steadfast devotion to the gardens. It seems that grandma was allergic to all sorts of plants, so when she'd go on a nagging binge, Joe would bail out the back door, get on the working end of the hoe, and enjoy some solitude. Grandma didn't dare follow him because she'd be too close to those nasty legumes that fired up her allergies!

There is a bit of genius in every French-Canadian, wouldn't you agree?

hockey Did you know?

In the old language called Middle French, a shepherd's crook was called hoquet. That word looks like our word hockey from this week's lesson. Can you guess how hockey might have come from hoquet?

Journey Did you know?

The Old French word jour meant daily. Today, our word journey means a course of travel from one place to another. Can you imagine a connection between the Old French word and our word? Can you take it a step further and connect jour with our word journal?

TRY YOUR FRENCH, FIRST

FROM THE EDITOR: The below letter and accompanying commentary about the Ft. Michilimackinac Flag is self-explanatory.

Elsewhere in this issue we have included the translation of the letter. Try your hand at the French, first.

GOOD LUCK!

September 15, 1989

Dear Dick,

Enclosed for the Chez Nous is an explanation of the white flag on Fort Michilimackinac (the April photograph in the 1990 calendar). (Ed. see accompanying article in French with translation in English)...Some people do not understand why it is white. Someone told me "I thought the three gold fleur de lys had fallen from the flag." Someone else asked if it was the day the English came!

The text from Quebec is in French, but French is easy enough to read for English speakers. Sixty percent of the English language vocabulary came from the French language! - Compliments of William the Conqueror and the Plantagenets.

Also, I read in Chez Nous that there are fifty members in the Range Chapter, I wish to let your members know that for a minimum order of fifty calendars, the price per calendar is \$3.75, a savings of \$1.25 to \$2.25 per calendar. Thanks again for the publicity. It is very much appreciated.

Marie-Reine Mikesell
1155 E. 56th Street
Chicago, IL 60637

EXPLICATION DU DRAPEAU BLANC SUR LE FORT MICHILIMACKINAC

Il n'y avait rien de tel qu'un drapeau national dans la France de l'Ancien régime. Le souverain déployait des étendards hérités de ses prédécesseurs et ses successeurs, à leur tour, en arboraient d'autres à leurs propres couleurs.

Toutefois, on remarque tout au long des siècles de la monarchie, que les couleurs dominantes flottant aux armées furent toujours le bleu, le blanc et le rouge, depuis la célèbre chape de saint Martin de Tours (bleue), en passant par la bannière de Char-

lemagne et l'oriflamme de Saint-Denis (toutes deux rouges) et l'étendard de Jeanne d'Arc (blanc).

L'enseigne rouge à croix blanche devint le drapeau du régiment de Picardie, le premier créé en 1557.

La croix blanche, quant à elle, fut attribué aux drapeaux de tous les régiments de l'infanterie qui la gardèrent jusqu'en 1792. Ceux-ci avaient chacun deux drapeaux (1643). La première compagnie ou compagnie colonelle portait drapeau blanc, symbole de l'autorité du colonel général; les autres compagnies avaient les couleurs particulières du régiment. Or, Louis XIV étant resté seul chef de l'infanterie après avoir supprimé la charge de colonel général, le drapeau blanc dint l'apanage du roi. Avec la suppression de la personne du roi en 1793, la Convention créa le premier drapeau national (tricolore).

EN NOUVELLE-FRANCE

Sous les règnes de Louis XIV et de Louis XV particulièrement, dans toutes les colonies de l'Amérique française, le drapeau blanc et l'écu d'azur à trois fleurs de lys d'or sont les principaux emblèmes de la présence et de l'action du royaume de France. De l'Acadie à la Baie d'Hudson, de la vallée du Saint Laurent et des Grands lacs à la Louisiane, on les voit soit séparément, soit ensemble-l'écu figurant au centre du pavillon. Des centaines de documents l'attestent, depuis Verrazano (1529) et Cartier jusqu'en 1760.

Le pavillon blanc figure en effet sur les cartes de Verrazano. En octobre 1661, une ordonnance de Louis XIV prescrit le déploiement du pavillon blanc sur les vaisseaux de la marine royale. La flotte en certaines occasions sur les forts et même au centre des bourgades indiennes, auxquelles les explorateurs, dont La Verendrye, l'offrent en présent. Le chevalier de Beau-chêne, capitaine de flibustiers né à Montréal en 1686, raconte que mis aux fers avec son équipage en Jamaïque, le gouverneur de l'île anglaise lui offre de changer d'allégeance: "Nous lui répondîmes tous que nous étions nés sous le pavillon blanc que nous voulions y mourir".

Tiré de: *Le drapeau québécois*, Collection
Connaissance du Québec, Ministère des
Communications, Québec, 1978.

Pierre Bear

The weekend of August 25/26, 1989 was a memorable one! I had the privilege of being invited by Dr. Virgil Benoit, to participate in the 1989 Chautauqua at Old Crossing and Treaty Park at Huot, Minnesota near Red Lake Falls.

The Chautauqua was a reenactment of events in the development of the upper Red River Valley. Local people researched the lives of the early settlers of the area, and portrayed these colorful characters throughout the weekend. The hours of study and the amount of dedication which went into this event were truly phenomenal. Each presentation was a piece of living history, interspersed with music, singing, dancing, demonstrations of spinning, tatting, basketweaving and countless other arts and crafts of the pioneers.

Covered wagons and oxcarts rolled along the lovely riverbank, voyageurs, michifs and coureurs de bois gathered by the campfires along the river under the huge elms and elders.

The climax of the weekend took place on Sunday evening, when Virgil Benoit was made Knight of the Order of "les palmes academiques" of France, and was awarded their medal of honor by the cultural attache of France. The decoration was first established in 1808 and became an Order in 1955. The medal is two palm fronds suspended from a violet ribbon, and is awarded to writers, artists, teachers etc., for extraordinary achievement in their field. **CONGRATULATIONS, SIR VIRGIL!**

If I could describe the total event in one word, I would choose the word love. It was prepared with love, it was presented with love, and I think that every person present during the whole weekend felt some measure of that love!

I felt I had come home!



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As part of the centennial commemoration, the Herald is printing significant events from North Dakota's history. Here are highlights from September 28:

■ In 1797, Canadian fur trader Charles Jean Baptiste Chabollez began construction of a trading post in Pembina, the third such post to be built at the junction of the Pembina and Red rivers.

from the 9/28/89 Grand Forks Herald (N.D.)
Keep your eyes open for bits like this, and send on to Chez Nous. Our next deadline is November 18. To Jerry Forchette, 4655 University Ave NE Minneapolis 55421 or Dick Bernard, 2014 1st Ave #6 Hibbing MN 55746.

SPEAKING OF FRENCH

What do those funny accent marks on some French letters mean?"

Answer from Colette Saidane of Alliance Francaise, St. Paul MN:

"We have mainly three types of accents on the letter "E" which modify the sound of the letter which is otherwise mute except

my first name, Colette. (The first /E/ is pronounced like the /E/ in "bed", but the last is mute.

The three accent marks are the following:

/é/ is pronounced like the English /a/,
/è/ and /ê/ are pronounced like the /e/ in bed,
/ç/ transforms the sound /k/ of a normal /c/ into a SS sound."

DO YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS FOR COLETTE?

Let us know

The last (hopefully) words ON PEAS and PEA SOUP!!!!

10.

LETTERS-LETTERS-LETTERS

YELLOW PEAS, GREEN PEAS

by Pat Ciochetto

Dick,
I got a bang out of your editorial in the last Chez Nous. I had no idea that pea soup would arouse so much debate. Naturally, being somewhat tenacious, I would rather kiss the Queen of England than to use green peas in soup.

A friend of mine, Bill Oldenkamp, had no idea that the French-Canadian used yellow peas in soup. He is of Dutch descent, and told me that his grandfather brought yellow peas from Holland for use in soup. I had no idea that the Hollanders had an affection for pea soup. Bill also maintains that the yellow peas have a far superior flavor over the green. The man who said that the French and the Dutch don't amount to much was obviously a chronic liar!

Sincerely,
John England

(If this pea soup thing comes to a vote, I am with you John, not only do yellow peas have a superior flavor it is a completely different flavor. Soup made with green peas tastes as tho you just opened a can of Jolly Green Giant peas, tasteless. (Jerry F.)

RECETTE by Pat Ciochetto

JOHNNYCAKE

- 1 C. cornmeal
- 1 C. flour
- 1/4 C. sugar
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 C. milk
- 1/4 C. soft shortening or oil

Sift cornmeal, sugar, flour, baking powder and salt, add egg, milk and shortening. Beat til smooth.

Bake 425 degrees, 20-25 Min. in greased 8 inch square pan or 12 muffin tin.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS OLD SAYING?

"Pea soup and johnny cake
make a Frenchman's
belly ache!"

319

Yellow Peas, Green Peas
Mellow Peas, mean peas
Whole peas, split peas
Big, peas, small peas
In other words, all peas!

Peas brother!

Having cut my teeth, so to speak on pea soup and johnny cake, and having sampled a goodly number of varieties through the years, I am willing to wager that a blindfolded French Canadian could not tell the difference between green pea soup and yellow pea soup in a million slurps!

Every cook and chef has his or her pet preferences. Some swear that a ham bone is essential, others claim that salt pork is a must! Does one add a couple cloves or will a pinch do in a pinch. And I say poppycock and balderdash! You make do with what is on hand, and like any "bonne maitresse de maison", you come up with a gourmet dish every time.

Anyway, the original French settlers did eat other things besides peas and pig's feet. One would think that they never seen a cow or a chicken, let alone some exotic fish, but that is not the case. If they were anything, the French-Canadians were inventive in cookery, and they managed to develop superb dishes from what was available.

Since game was plentiful, they used it well and with variety. Fish was a favorite, and I remember grandmother's salmon pie with delight. I still make it, but unfortunately I can't get fresh salmon, so I have to use the canned variety. Since fresh fruit was not to be had in the wintertime, they made pies with dried fruit, such as "tarte a la ferlouche", raisin pie. (I have seen it spelled 'farlouche', also. I don't know which is right, Experts?)

ED. NOTE: I will cast my vote with Pat Ciochetto. I can recall no debate about yellow or green peas - pea soup was. . . pea soup! Dare I say we might be entering a little class "war" here? Like for another ethnic group I know, who were divided into "lace curtain" and "shanty"? JUST KIDDING. The debate has been entertaining. Next time I'll notice.

Pate au Saumon

Mashed potatoes
1 or 2 cans salmon
Chopped onion
Sley
Salt and pepper
Butter

This can be served
with white sauce
or with grated
cheese.

Make pie crust, fill with salmon and potatoes, cover with crust and bake until top is beginning to brown.

If you wish to use as a casserole, butter a deep dish, put in the salmon, mashed and add a can of green peas or a can of creamed corn, cover with mashed potatoes and onions and bake at 400 degrees for 25-30 min. or until top is brown.

Tarte a la Ferlouché

2 cup seedless raisins
1/2 cup boiling water
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teas. salt
2 tbl. cornstarch
1/3 cup orange juice
1 tbl. grated orange rind
1 tbl. butter

and drain raisins. Place in saucepan with boiling water, sugar and salt and heat to boiling. Mix cornstarch with orange juice, stir into raisins, cook and stir til thick and smooth. Remove from heat and add lemon juice, orange rind and butter. Stir well and fill pie and bake.

Have fun.

Ref: Nouvelles Villes Jumelles, August 1989

TRANSLATION OF
LES COULEURS DE LA FRANCE (from page two)
MERCi to Pat Ciochetto, Side Lake MN

Note from Pat: "Voici the translation. As usual you get more than you bargained for. Notice how many words the French have for "flag" - par. 1 "drapeau" "e'tandard", "couleurs", par. 2 "banniere", "oriflamme". par. 3 "ensiegne", par. 5 "pavillon"!

rior to the French Revolution, France had no national flag. The sovereign used symbols inherited from his predecessors, and his successors flew colors of their own.

continued on page six 320

UNITED STATES - CANADA

Recently the Canadian Consulate in Minneapolis sent me an issue of Macleans for which I am very grateful. Maclean's is the Canadian equivalent of Time or Newsweek. The whole issue was dedicated to Canada Day (July 1) and our Fourth of July observing the two nations on their holidays, by comparing and contrasting them.

One point that emerges very strongly in the magazine is American ignorance about Canada's politics, history, and sentiments toward it's big southern neighbor.

Canadians have a fear of being swallowed up by the United States, if not politically, then economically and to a large extent culturally. Canadians recall that the last foreign government to invade Canada was the United States during the war of 1812. Now the invasion continues in the form of American dollars flowing north to buy up Canada's natural resources, television, and radio waves that deluge southern Canada with a mish-mash of American culture, and now air pollution floating northeastward on the winds.

Most Americans respond with a mixture of ignorance and apathy. We seem too preoccupied in our own national affairs to give foreign nations our attention, even if it's our closest neighbor. A good example is the Free Trade Agreement. This agreement between the U.S. and Canada would lower all tariffs and trade restrictions between two nations. While the Free Trade Agreement aroused a national debate in Canada, Americans barely noticed the trade negotiations.

As Americans with a great interest in French Canada, we must make the effort to be aware of Canada's problems and concerns. Reading Canadian publications like Macleans or the Winnipeg newspaper which are both available at the St. Paul and Minneapolis downtown libraries (or L'Actualité or LeDevoir of Montreal at the University of Minnesota library) can help keep us in touch with the situation in Canada and make us a better neighbor.

by Jim Chouanard

Ref: Nouvelles Villes Jumelles, August, 1989

HAVE YOU ASKED YOUR FRIEND TO JOIN LA SOCIETE? IT'S THE BEST DEAL IN TOWN. YOU ARE OUR MAIN MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

LES COULEURS from page five

Nevertheless, throughout the pre-revolutionary period, we note that the predominant colors were always blue, white and red, representing the cloak of St. Martin of Tours (blue), Charlemagne's banner and that of St. Dennis (both red)* and the standard of St. Joan of Arc (white).

The red ensign with a white cross became the flag of the Picardy Regiment in 1557. It was the first one to be created.

The white cross was associated with the flags of all of the infantry regiments, who used it until 1792. Each of these regiments had two flags. The chief company used a white flag, which represented the authority of the colonel general; the other regiments had each their own colors. When Louis XIV abolished the post of colonel general and became commander in chief of the infantry, he assumed the white flag, which remained a symbol of the royal house thereafter. When the monarchy was abolished in 1793, the first national tricolor flag was created.

IN NEW FRANCE

During the reigns of Kings Louis XIV and XV, the principal emblem of French influence in the colonies was the presence of the white flag with blue shield and gold fleurs de lys (lily). The flag was seen from Acadia to Hudson Bay, from the valley of the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, and even in Louisiana, the blue shield centered on the white banner. Hundreds of documents attest to it -

since Verrazano and Cartier in 1529 up until 1760. 12

In fact, the white flag shown on Verrazano's maps

In fact, the white flag is shown on Verrazano's maps and charts. In October of 1661, an order from Louis XIV prohibited flying the white flag on ships of the royal navy, but it was flown on certain occasions over forts, and even at some Indian Villages, to whom some of the explorers gave it as a gift. (La Verendrye). The Chevalier (Knight) of Beauchene, a pirate captain born in Montreal in 1686, tells of having been hard pressed in Jamaica, when the governor of the English ruled Island offered him a change of allegiance, "We answered him that we had been born under the white flag, and it was our intention to die under it."

* - (translator's note): St. Dennis' flag, the oriflamme, was a rectangular banner with the right edge finished in points, like tongues of flame. It was adopted as the royal flag of the Kings of France between the XII and XV centuries.

FROM THE EDITOR. Now that the mystery of the flag is cleared up, to see the real thing you need either to go to Michilimack or purchase the 1990 calendar! See the order blank elsewhere for the 1990 edition, which again is a beautiful one!

THE 1990 EDITION OF THE CALENDAR "LES FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE / FRENCH IN AMERICA " IS NOW AVAILABLE !

13 photographs—12 in color, about 50 historical anniversaries, places and dates of national and international cultural meetings and, for the first time, great events in French America illustrate this well made and timely calendar. The last page offers a list of the schools in the United States that have Immersion programs in French.

PRICE 1990: \$6 each (postage included)

\$5 each for a minimum order of 4 calendars sent to a same address (postage included)

PRICES 1989, 1988, 1986, 1985: \$3.00 each (postage included). The 1987 edition is out of print. If your collection is incomplete, you may still order the missing years. They must be ordered at the same time as the 1990 calendar, they are not sold separately.

Quantity: (1990) ____ (1989) ____ (1988) ____ (1986) ____ (1985) ____
Check payable to: French-American Calendar-1990

Name: _____

Address: _____

Return to: Virgil BENOIT, RR2 Box 253, Red Lake Falls, MN 56750

321

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13



NOUVELLES VILLES JUMELLES

November 1989

NEWSLETTER OF
La Société Canadienne Français Du Minnesota

The November Meeting

November 6th at St. Louis Parish Hall, downtown St. Paul, MN.

5:30 - 6:30 pm.	Board of Directors Meeting
7:00 - 7:30 pm.	General Membership Meeting
7:30 - 8:30 pm.	Program: "The French Influence in Minnesota"
8:30 - 9:00 pm.	Social
9:00-10:00 pm.	French Lessons

IMPORTANT! Please note that the time for the general membership meeting has been changed to commence at **7:00 pm**, not 7:30 pm as originally planned. Carolyn Johnson, a French teacher in the Roseville School District, will speak about the French influence in Minnesota. The meeting time has been changed to facilitate free French lessons by Collette Saidane of *Alliance Française* afterwards. All members are invited to attend!

Anyone wishing to address issues to the Board of Directors please come to the meeting early.

321 A

14

1990 Festival of Nations

The theme for next year's Festival of Nations has been announced. It will be "Ethnic Weddings". We announce this now so that the membership might ponder over the theme and come up with some good ideas for our society's exhibit.

La Fête de Noël

Our annual Christmas party will be held on Friday, December 8th, at 6:00 pm. The party will be held at St. Francis de Sales Social Hall (**not** at St. Louis parish hall as it was last year). St. Francis de Sales is located at 426 Osceola Ave. S. near the Schmidt Brewery. There will be a map in the next issue of the newsletter.

The party is potluck and all are encouraged to bring their favorite cuisine, especially if it's a French Canadian dish. For those who are unable to bring food there will be a charge of \$3.50 for adults and \$1.00 for children. Preferably, everyone will bring food. We are looking forward to hot dishes, soups, salads, breads, and desserts. Beverages will be furnished.

We will gather at 6:00 pm and eat at about 6:30 pm. *Les Canadiens Errants* will sing some French carols and there will be a sing-along. There will also be door prizes and gifts for the children, plus a visit from Père Noël. The evening will close with a square dance called out by Dean Libby.

Please come dressed in your French Canadian or voyageur costume if you can! Venez, mangez, et dansez avec nous!

Merci

We would like to thank Collette Saidane of *L'ALLIANCE FRANÇAIS* for her address to our society at our last general mem-

bership meeting. We are especially pleased that her presence sparked a bilingual discussion the likes of which our general membership meetings have not had for some time. Perhaps in the future the society's members should more actively search out francophones for lectures in the hope of stirring up discussions in the now rarely heard "belle langue".

A New Banner

All those interested in contributing to the purchase of a new Québec flag may direct their donations to president Mark Labine. Our old flag is becoming tattered and a new flag will cost \$300. Any gift you may offer will be appreciated.

The Newsletter-NVJ

If you would like to help out with the newsletter, opportunities abound. If you have access to a copier and would like to copy, fold, staple, and mail the newsletter (or any of the above) please call Jim (455-2117) or Steve (340-9727). If you would like to write the NVJ, the opportunity is there also, because editor Jim Chouanard will be departing from the staff of the NVJ in December.

Inventory

The society is trying to locate all of its paraphernalia. If you have any of the society's articles at your home, please mention it to the society's Board at the next general membership meeting so that they may take a full accounting of it.

15

Les Racines

Our French Canadian ancestors were among the first whites to settle in Minnesota. At one time in our state's history, French was spoken more often than English in St. Paul.

The flood of immigration after 1850 ended the French Canadian predominance. Although Quebecois continued to come to Minnesota, their numbers did not keep up with the Europeans. In 1900, the state's census counted 12,063 people born in Canada that spoke French. Many of these French Canadians were in the Twin Cities. There was also a large concentration of them in Red Lake and Polk counties in northwestern Minnesota. Yet the numbers of French Canadian born immigrants pale when compared with the state's other immigrants in 1900: over 117,000 Germans, 107,000 Norwegians, and over 120,000 Swedes.

Missing the influence that French Canadians once had before the immigration flood, it is pleasing to recall stories, like the one below by Charles E. Flandreau, about how it was in the 1840s-1850s. Flandreau's story about two yankee lawyers ("Major" Jacob Noah and John Brisbin) in territorial Minnesota is recorded in the Minnesota Historical Society Collections, 1895-1898, Vol. 8.

"I recall a very good anecdote in which the Major, as we called Mr. Noah, figured. He lived at Mendota and practiced law there. About the year 1855 Mr. John Brisbin arrived in St. Paul and commenced practice. A great deal of the business was done in courts of justices of the peace, and Mr. Brisbin was called to Mendota to defend a client who was charged with trespassing on another's land, or, as we then called it, 'jumping his claim'. Major Noah appeared for the plaintiff and filed his complaint. Mr. Brisbin demurred to it, and made a very eloquent and exhaustive argument in support of his position. The justice was a very venerable looking old Frenchman (the greater part of the population

being French at that time). He listened very attentively and occasionally bowed when Mr. Brisbin became most impressive, leaving the impression upon the speaker that he comprehended his reasoning and acquiesced in his conclusions. When Mr. Brisbin closed his argument, Major Noah commenced to address the court in French. Mr. Brisbin objected: he did not understand French, and judicial proceedings must be conducted in English. The Major replied that he was interpreting to the court what Mr. Brisbin had been saying. 'I desire no interpretation; I made myself clear,' said Mr. Brisbin. 'Certainly,' said the Major. 'Your argument was excellent, but the court don't understand any English,' which was literally true. Tradition adds that when the court adjourned, the judge was heard to ask the Major, 'Est ce qu'il y a une femme dans cette cause la?' Whether the judge decided the case on the theory of there being a woman in it or not, history has failed to record."

-Charles E. Flandreau

"But then my town—remember that high bench,
With cabins scattered over it, of French,
Below Fort Snelling, seven miles or so,
And three above the village of Old Crow?
Pig's Eye? Yes, Pig's Eye. That's the spot.
A very funny name, is't not?
Pig's Eye's the spot to plant my city on,
To be remembered by when I am gone.
Pig's Eye, converted thou shalt be like Saul:
Thy name henceforth shall be St. Paul."

FROM "EARLY CANDLELIGHT"
BY MAUDE HART LOVELACE

Novelles Villes Jumelles is published monthly by LA SOCIÉTÉ CANADIENNE FRANÇAIS DU MINNESOTA. Correspondence may be submitted to PO Box 10913, Mpls., MN 55458. For subscription information contact Jim Chouanard, editor, (612) 455-2117.

321 C

Membership Application

Name _____ Telephone _____ Profession _____

Address _____
Street City/State Zipcode

Would you be willing to serve on one or more of the following committees? Please check which ones you are interested in:

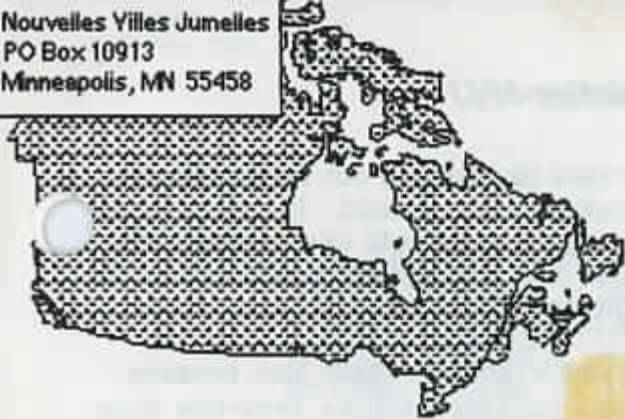
- Social _____
- Historical _____
- Financial _____
- Cultural/Education _____
- Membership _____
- Public Relations _____

Do you have a special talent or area of expertise that you would like to share with LA SOCIETE CANADIENNE-FRANCAISE? _____

1990 Membership Dues:	2 Year Membership Dues(1990 & 91):
Family.....\$15.00	Family.....\$30.00
Senior(Over 62)...\$8.00	Senior(Over 62)..\$16.00
Senior Couple....\$10.00	Senior Couple....\$20.00
Single.....\$10.00	Single.....\$20.00
Minor(Under 18)...\$1.00	Minor(Under 18)...\$2.00

Mail to:
La Societe Canadienne-Francaise
P.O. Box 10913
Minneapolis, MN 55458

Nouvelles Villes Jumelles
PO Box 10913
Minneapolis, MN 55458



NOUVELLES VILLES JUMELLES
December 1989
NEWSLETTER OF
La Societ e Canadienne Fran aise Du Minnesota

RAPPELEZ LA F  TE DE NO  L

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Greetings

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321 E

18

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Remerciements

We would like to thank Carolyn Johnson for her address to our society at our last general membership meeting. Merci!

Our New Banner

The Board of Directors has agreed to fund 50% of the cost of a new banner and new stationery and envelopes for the society. Some donations have already been received and the current status of this fund drive is as follows:

	Banner	Stationery
Cost:	\$335.00	\$240.00
Donated by Board:	\$168.00	\$120.00
Donated by Members:	\$15.00	\$44.00
Still Needed:	\$152.00	\$76.00

The Newsletter-NVJ

If you would like to help out with the newsletter, opportunities abound. If you have access to a copier and would like to copy, fold, staple, and mail the newsletter (or any of the above) please call Jim (455-2117) or Steve (340-9727). If you would like to write the NVJ, the opportunity is there also, because editor Jim Chouanard will be departing from the staff of the NVJ in December.

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Excusez-moi

The editor would like to apologize for the misspelling of our society's name in our last 3 issues of NVJ. *La Société Canadienne Française* is feminine not masculine, so one would use "française", not "français"! Sorry for the oversight.

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1990 Sneak Preview

- Feb. 5- Get together at the St. Louis Church. This is not a General Membership meeting, but simply a social event. The program will be "Show and Tell". Everyone is invited to bring info on their family genealogy, to exchange stories, ideas, etc.
- March 5- General meeting
- April 2- General meeting
- April 27-29- Festival of Nations
- May 7- General meeting
- June 4- Annual meeting; election of officers
- July ??- Summer Picnic
- August 6- General meeting
- October 1- General meeting
- November 5- General meeting
- December 7 or 8- Annual Xmas Party



Anyone interested in presenting a program or has some talent to share with our group, contact Mark Labine.

321 F

Nos Racines

19

La Société Canadienne Française is not the first French Canadian association in Minnesota. In 1857 *La Société de Bienfaisance Franco-Canadienne de Saint Paul* was formed as a mutual benefit society to aid widows, orphans, its members that fell ill, and to finance burials. This society was followed by the *Union Française* (St. Paul), and the *Union Nationale* (Minneapolis), and the *Union St. Joseph* (Minneapolis). All of these were mutual benefit societies. There were also strictly Catholic-French Canadian organizations like the *Union St. Jean Baptiste* and the *Union Catholique de l'Abstinence Totale*.

As with French Canadian organizations, the Nouvelles Villes Jumelles and Chez Nous are not the first news journals for Minnesotans of French Canadian heritage. There were twelve French language newspapers in Minnesota; all of them published in Minneapolis, St. Paul, or Duluth. Of these twelve, Le Canadien in St. Paul (1877-1904) and Echo de l'Ouest in Minneapolis (1883-1929) were the longest lasting.

Sarah P. Rubenstein, writing for They chose Minnesota: A Survey of the State's Ethnic Groups, noted that Le Canadien and Echo de l'Ouest beat the same drum in their editorials. The editors pleaded with their readers to send their children to French parochial schools, like ECOLE ST. LOUIS in St. Paul and NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES in Minneapolis, to speak French as much as possible, to patronize francophone businesses and to become involved in politics. Preserving French Canadian cultural identity was their *raison d'être*. Awash in communities of Germans, Norwegians, and Swedes (all of them ten times the size of the French Canadian community), the preservation of the culture would have to be a conscious act which these newspapers realized.

The attempt at cultural preservation was withering though, and the American melting pot was swallowing up everyone. The editor of the Echo on May 22, 1903 pointed out three reasons for the decline of the French language: workers seeking jobs must speak English, English was the language of U.S. politics, and educated francophones stayed in Québec and did not migrate to the United States.

Because the American melting pot has taken its toll, we must strive to revitalize those aspects of our culture which are being lost, especially the French language.

-J. Chouanard

OVERLEAF: Shown here are the title headings of three French Canadian newsletters printed in Minnesota: the Courier de Duluth, 6 Aug. 1890, Le Canadien, 24 Aug. 1893, and Echo de l'Ouest 29 Jul. 1904. (Courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society--these newspapers are open to public viewing on microfilm at the M.H.S. Newspaper Library in St. Paul).

321 G

COURRIER DE DULUTH.

DULUTH, MINN. MERCREDI, 6 AOUT 1890. NO 9

J. H. LAVAQUE,

MARCHAND DE

Peintures, Huiles, Verres

CARTES D'AFFAIRE.	
C. Poirier, Marchand de Chaussures, Rue Rochester Est Duluth.	
Atelier d'Artiste, Pia Cramer, Marchand, peintures et cadres, 18 Rue Wash- ington Est.	
Louis Bourrige, Lever d'immobilier, 181 1/2 Rue Wash- ington Est.	
Napoléon Grignon, Contracteur de bâtiments, Propriétaire de bât- iments, 261 Lake Street, Duluth.	

Nouvelles du Canada.

ST HENRI DE LAUZON.

La paroisse de St. Henri de Lauzon a été, il y a quelques jours, jetée dans l'émoi par la présence de deux individus à mine patibulaire, qui se promenaient dans le village examinant tout et entrant dans les maisons dans le but, d'ailleurs, d'obtenir des renseignements.

Personne ne savait d'où venaient ces gens ; personne ne les connaissait ;

en danger. Les pertes s'élevèrent probablement à un montant de \$50,000. A 2 heures l'incendie n'était pas encore complètement éteint.

CHICOUTIMI.

M. Paul Couture, M. P., député de Chicoutimi et Saguenay aux Communes, est parti lundi pour un long voyage au Nord-Ouest et à la Colombie Britannique, où il va étudier les ressources du pays et les avantages qu'il offre à la colonisation. On sait que M. Couture a l'intention d'aller

fut ramené à Québec par le chaloupe et était presque sans vie. La victime est attendue à ses condés à l'hôpital, dit-on.

Des actes de cruauté semblables ne devraient pas rester impunis. Trois autres de nos passagers étrangers ont vu leur vie menacée par suite de la part des équipages étrangers.

M. Honoré Casault, ingénieur et constructeur de machines, a été nommé

LE CANADIEN

JOURNAL POLITIQUE ET LITTÉRAIRE

T. LEVASSEUR, Editeur-P.

SAINT-PAUL et MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., JEUDI 24 AOUT 1893.

pour \$4.00.
pour \$3.00.

notre assortiment de pantalons...
semaine, semaine, semaine.

Feuilleton du CANADIEN.

(5)

MÈCHE D'OR.

PAR PIERRE GALER.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE

brusquement, sans dire où elle se rendait.

—Seule ?
—Oui, Monsieur.
—Mais est-elle toujours à Paris ?
—Nous n'en savons rien. Tout ce que nous pouvons vous dire, c'est qu'elle est partie !

La jeune fille avait quitté Paris quelques mois auparavant s'étourdir par un long voyage ; et, quand elle revint à Paris, elle crut qu'elle avait dominé sa passion, qu'elle avait oublié. Elle tout d'abord et mystérieusement que personne.

—Mais moi, je vous connais, Monsieur.
—Qui donc vous a parlé de moi ?
—Angéline répondit en souriant :
—Tout Paris sait que vous êtes le plus loyal, le plus distingué des officiers ministériels ; c'est pour cela que je devrais vous confier ma petite fortune. Je suis orpheline, monsieur. Jusqu'à j'avais vécu chez mon oncle, le commandant Mirain ; mais à la suite de certaines difficultés, il m'a été impossible de rester plus longtemps dans sa famille. Je veux vivre seule, je me

Chapeaux Nouveaux Nouveau

Le public va à VENTES À MOI

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., VENDREDI, 29 JUILLET 1904

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Echo de l'Ouest.

FAIS CE QUE DOIS, ADVIENNE QUE POURRA

Bureau: Chambre 5 Bloc Central, 805

Saint-François, au lieu d'être arrêté comme il le craignait par quelque embuscade, il prit en chemin, sans coup férir, plusieurs espions iroquois, et il s'assura aussi, sans peine, à Katarakoty, de près de deux cents personnes de la même nation, qui avaient pu fortifier les ennemis, s'ils eussent eu la liberté de les aller joindre, et qui pouvaient, dans la suite, nous servir d'otages pour la sûreté des prisonniers qu'on ferait sur nous. (Mgr de St Valier)

M. le marquis de Denonville, qui songeait sérieusement à la guerre avait, dès l'automne précédent, envoyé des présents à toutes

CANADA

St Martin, Qué.—On annonce la mort de M. Ulric Brien, dit Desrochers, notaire.

Québec.—Bissonnette et Giguère, marchands de tabac de cette ville, viennent de faire cession de leurs biens à la demande de M. P. P. Giguère.

St Basile, Qué.—Un nommé Prévost, de St. Basile-le-Grand, était occupé à faire l'inspection du pont de cette ville, lorsqu'il s'affaissa soudain sur le sol.

La Guerre

DEDIE A MONSIEUR LE DR. VOIR, OONOHOWOC, WIS.

321 H

J'ai vu la paix descendre sur la terre
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis,
L'air était pur et du dieu de la guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.
(Tiré de la sainte alliance des peuples.)

Guerre, sinistre mot qu'enfanta la colère
Des rois et des puissants, des opprimés,
Qui, résonnant au loin fait frissonner la mère
Trembler l'épouse en pleurs et vaciller les cours.

A la Haye, pourquoi, pour la paix réunies,
Les puissances, en cœur, tiennent-elles un congrès ?

N'Embrassez pas les Chiens

Vous pensez bien qu'un chien, si bien peigné, brossé, lavé qu'on le suppose, ne peut être considéré comme un modèle de propreté par hasard vous croyez le contraire, regardez un instant le plus parfait des toutous vaquer à ses occupations ordinaires, au sein des rues et dans les tas d'ordures.

Et cependant les personnes aimées des plus saines doctrines microbiques, hantées des plus folles terreurs de la maladie et de la contagion, qui, pour un rhume de cerveau, font désaffaiblir de fond en comble leur accoutrement, sont

21

MEMEBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name _____ Telephone _____ Profession _____

Address _____
Street City State ZIP

Would you be willing to serve on one or more of the following committees? Please check which ones you are interested in:

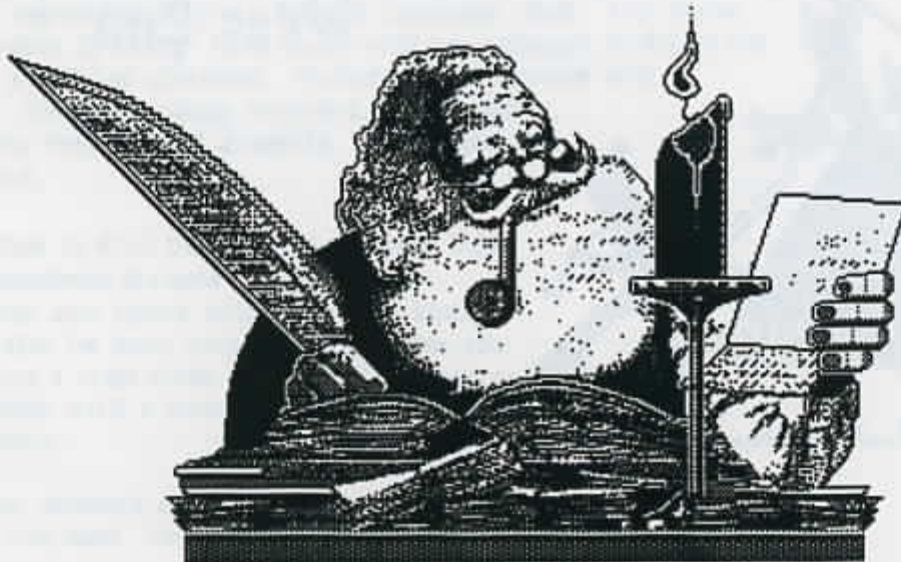
Social _____	Historical _____
Financial _____	Cultural/Education _____
Membership _____	Public Relations _____

Do you have a special talent or area of expertise that you would like to share with *La Société Canadienne-Française*? _____

1990 Membership Dues:	2 Year Membership Dues ('90 & '91)
Family \$15.00	Family \$30.00
Senior (over 62) \$ 8.00	Senior (over 62) \$16.00
Senior Couple \$10.00	Senior Couple \$20.00
Single \$10.00	Single \$20.00
Minor (under 18) \$ 1.00	Minor (under 18) \$ 2.00

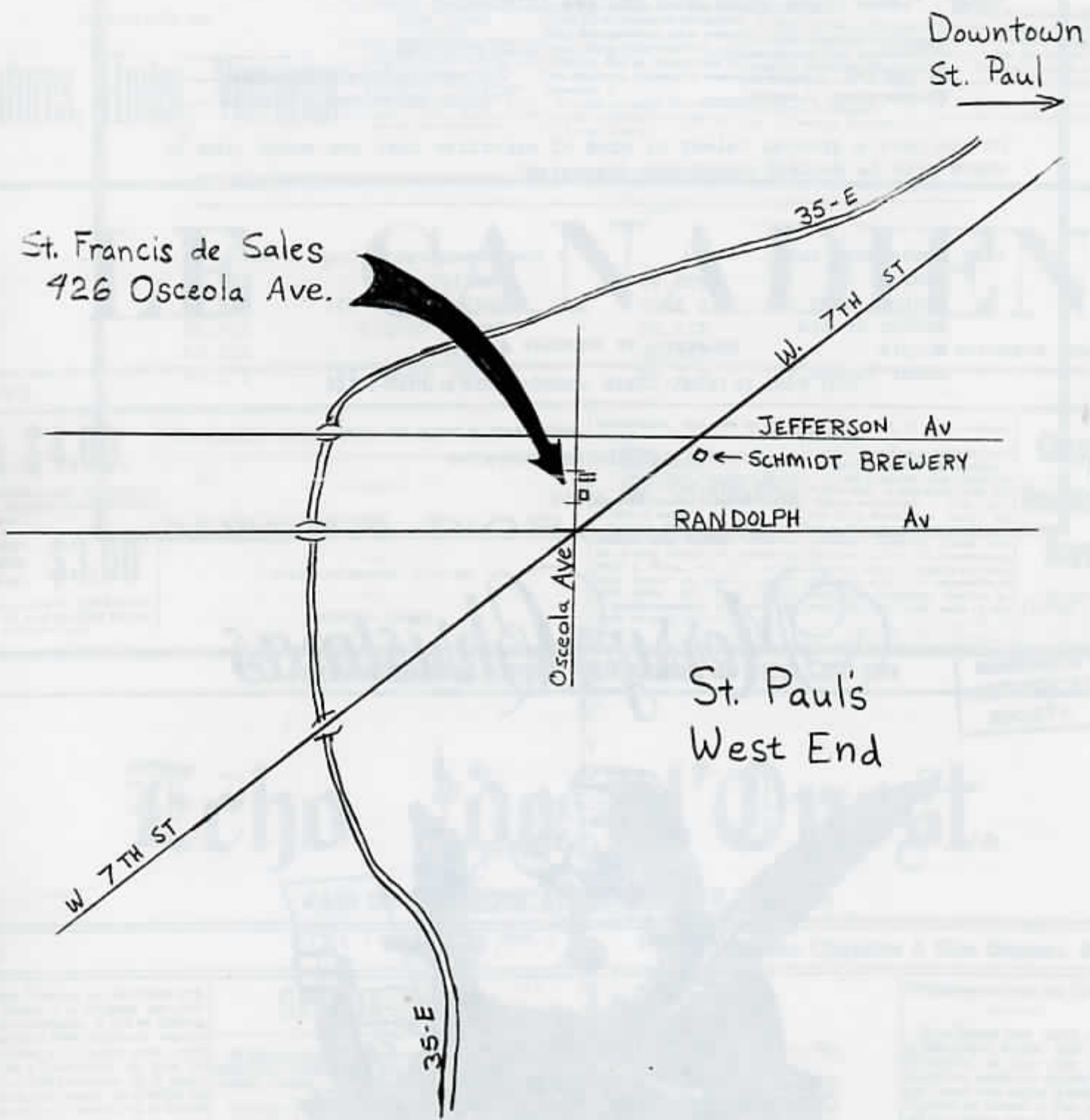
Mail to:
La Société Canadienne-Française
 P.O. Box 10913
 Minneapolis, MN 55458

Merry Christmas



321 I

Site of the La Société Canadienne Française Christmas Party 1989



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La Societe Canadienne-Francaise
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23



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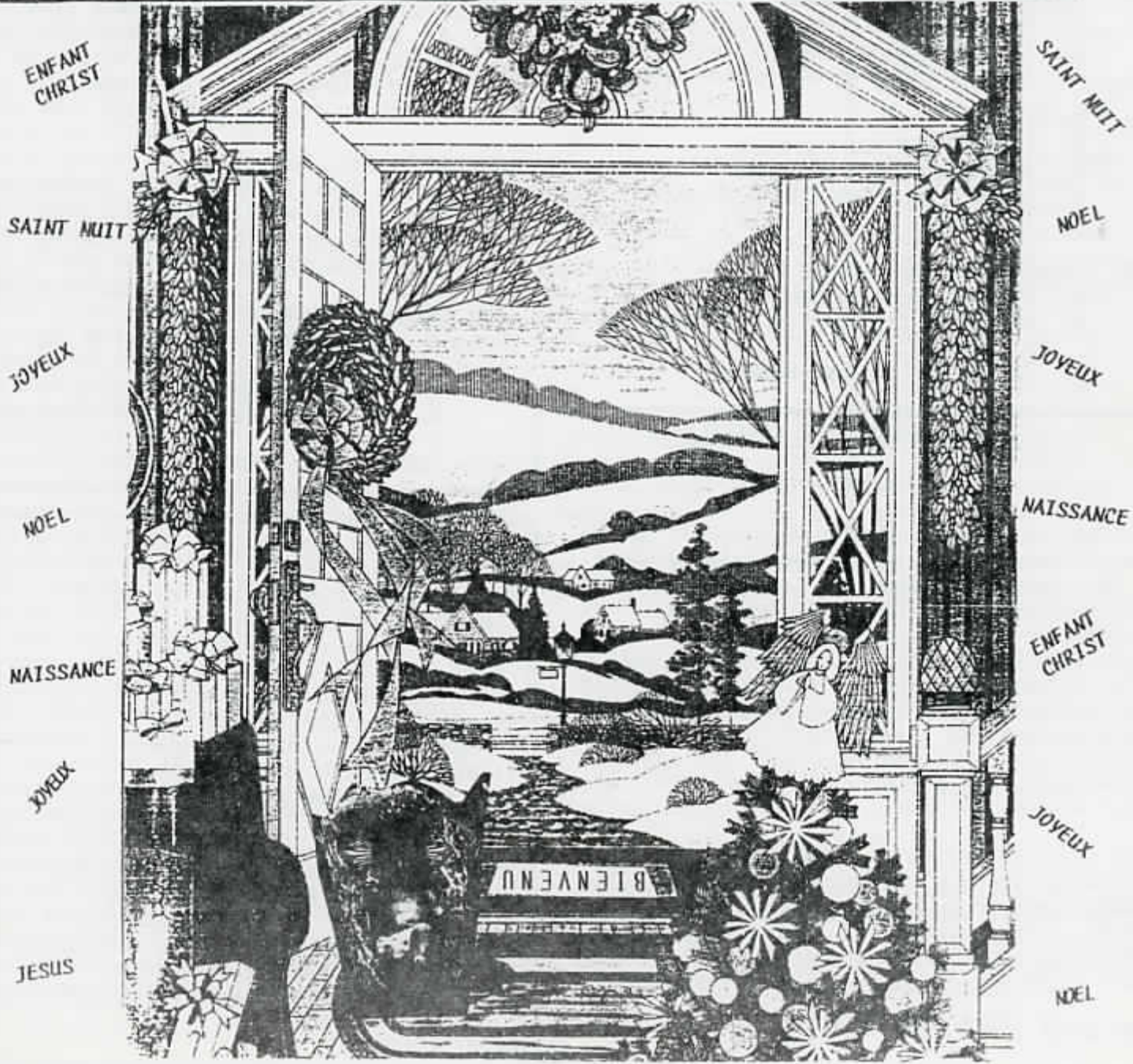
NEWSLETTER OF DECEMBRE-JANVIER 1990 1989

LA SOCIÉTÉ CANADIENNE-FRANÇAISE

EDITOR-Dick Bernard

VOL. 11 NO. 3

CO-EDITOR-Jerry Forchette



The answers to the below questions are found on page six of this newsletter. TRY YOUR FRENCH, FIRST.

VOIRE QUOTIENT CULTUREL FRANCOPHONE: NOËL

par Yvon Labbé avec l'assistance de la communautaire franco-américaine.

Direction: Rattacher chaque mot ou phrase, précédé d'un chiffre au mot ou phrase de votre choix précédé d'un lettre

1. venite adoremus
 - a. j'adore la vanité
 - b. ma mère adore la mousse
 - c. v'nez tout le monde, y est arrivé
2. regarde la crèche, maman
 - a. celui qui a été conçu sans péché
 - b. il y a de la salive sur le trottoir
 - c. se rapporte à la conception immatriculée
3. le borleau
 - a. ramasse toé les runneurs
 - b. se rapporte aux gorleaux
 - c. voiture dans laquelle voyageait le nouveau né
4. le bonhomme sept heures
 - a. il a la poche au dos
 - b. il est si fin lui, il est toujours à temps
 - c. il est agé de sept heures
5. on va revenir apres les Rois
 - a. à la fin décembre
 - b. on est pas si important qu'on pensait
 - c. à la fin de janvier
6. les Mages
 - a. ils étaient si fou qu'ils suivaient les étoiles
 - b. le boeuf, l'ane et la vache qui ont assisté à la naissance dans cet étable
 - c. hôtel de Bethléem qui avait "no vacancy" à sa porte
7. j'ai hâte d'avoir mes étrennes
 - a. j'ai envie d'aller à la toilette
 - b. résultats de neuvaines
 - c. j'ai hâte qu'y s'couchent
8. j'entends encore les gorleaux
 - a. souvenir nostalgique des Noëls d'antan
 - b. y a trop ramassé de patates
 - c. bruit d'hiver mystérieux
9. la bénédiction
 - a. se donne le soir de la Dindes-giving
 - b. je m'agenouille devant toi mon père qui est plus sage que moi
 - c. remède populaire contre les malédictions
10. bonne et heureuse année
 - a. et la paradis à la fin de vos jours
 - b. et tout ce que vou désirez
 - c. et que bos rêves soient réalisés

L'HIVER, PARADIS DES CANADIENS

by John England

Winter is a season of many facets. It can be beautiful, rugged; and in many cases eternal.

It is a season of remembering and reflection. And for the French-Canadian, winter or l'hiver, is the tool that tempers him like fine steel. L'hiver is no season for sissies and whiners of any sort. These unfortunate souls deserve a warmer climate in preparation for their eternity. We who remain in the north like the ancient hiverants have already been through hell and our worries are over.

It is an historical rule of thumb that tough climates produce a hardy race of people. The lumberjack, à la Canadian was no exception to this. They worked all winter in the woods from day break to the sunset, ate like bears, and slept like babes from a hard days work.

My great grandfather, Georges England was, by

CONTINUED, page six

Ref: Tiré du FAROG, décembre 1975

This issue of CHEZ NOUS consists entirely of contributions from folks like you. That is exactly the way we like the newsletter to be.

SHARE this issue with others. Reassure them that membership in La Societe is not restricted to those who can speak French. (You know that most of us cannot speak French!)

Most of all, send us YOUR reminiscence, your photo, the article you found, your idea. . . . NEXT DEADLINE: Feb. 1 To Dick Bernard, 2014 1st Ave #6 Hibbing MN 55746 or Jerry Forchette 4655 University Ave NE Minneapolis MN 55421.

MERCI BEAUCOUP.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

29

CHRISTMAS 1930
by Lowell Mercil, Mentor MN

The School Pageant

There was no question, Christmas was the greatest time of the year! It started at school. We went to The Little Brick School House that was located four miles east of Crookston on Highway Two. It was 1930. I was six years old and about the smallest runt in school. There were eight grades in the one room and about fifteen students, including my brother Jerry who was two years older than I. We had the prettiest teacher I had ever seen. Her name was Diana Dufault and I had a crush on her but there was no future for us because, as a student teacher she would remain only a short time, and worse, she was my second cousin. All the students were farm kids, just a few of them were of French descent, others had names like Strum, Benson and Bradley. Many of the French who lived nearby were of the prior generation and too old to be going to school or they had left to find their fortune beyond the mountains in the Yakima Valley of Washington.

To set the mood for the coming of Christmas we had to have a pageant to show our families how smart we all were. The room was so small and the pot-bellied stove, wood box and cloak area took so much space that it is amazing that anyone other than the students could attend.

It sure was fun to trim the tree which must have been supplied by the teacher. (Evergreens are not indigenous to the area.) The fragrance of the tree alone would have been sufficient to set the holiday mood. We made paper chains, bells, stars, santa clauses

ALL ABOUT CHRISTMAS, THANKSGIVING, AND FAMILY

Merci to Rose Van Hoorn of Yuma AZ

Dad worked at the Brunswick factory in Dubuque, Iowa. His job was a furniture refinisher for radio cabinets, that may have been the reason they moved from North Dakota to Iowa. Mother also wanted us to be able to go to a Catholic school, plus this, our home in North Dakota was two and a quarter miles from school, winters were tough, so Dad had to take the kids to school on a sled, across the fields.

We went back to Dakota during the depression, probably 1931. Brunswick had cut their staff and Dad was out of work. The city had part time work for family heads, but it wasn't steady work and Dad was very depressed. Mother again decided we'd go back on the farm, at least Dad would be busy and we could raise our own food.

The neighbors were kind, when Franklin D. Roosevelt said to destroy calves, lambs, etc. to bring prices up, they brought them and left them for Dad. We were never really sure who brought them, but it was an early Christmas!

reindeer, etc. by cutting from colored paper and pasting where needed (at home we used crayons and white paper.) We improvised costumes which would today be the envy of Hollywood designers and ingenuity was demonstrated in creating a stage area with sheet curtains.

The great night came and the show did go on. There were many candles on the tree which were lit during the performance. (I still sweat at the thought of what would have happened if the tree had caught fire in those tight quarters with only one exit.) The pageant was a great success and Christmas carols were sung by all.

Christmas Preparations.

The Christmas of 1930, for our family, was probably comparable to those of the earlier time for others. Because of our isolated location and economic level we were about twenty or thirty years behind the
(continued next page)

Christmas Preparations (continued)

times. We didn't have a car, electricity, indoor plumbing or toilet facilities. Papa farmed eighty acres and was never able to make it. Since he grew and butchered cattle, pigs and poultry and Mama preserved the meat and vegetables from the garden and we all gathered wild berries and honey we never went hungry. Poor Papa had the fortune of the biblical character Job. First came the hail, then the depression, then the drought, then the grasshoppers, then no money to buy seeds. Since he did not believe in extended credit, Papa later sold the farm before foreclosure. He retained his great reputation as an honest gentleman and always held his head high.

Preparations for Christmas had begun right after Thanksgiving. Mama made mincemeat, cooked donuts and baked cookies. We were especially fond of the "rocks", oatmeal and raisins, but decorating the lemon cookies was much more fun. All the cooking was done on the wood range. One of the Sundays had been set aside to make divinity, fudge and to pull taffy. What a sticky mess! And a number of fights broke out to determine who would get to lick which pan. Our family was like two families. Nora, Al and Lorraine were the older kids and Jerry, myself and Ray were the younger. I was in the middle of the second family and had a persecution complex: Jerry could get by whopping me but when I tried to get even by taking it out on Ray I got cuffed. It wasn't fair! The goodies were stored in that great outdoor freezer along with the boudin (blood sausage) and tete-a-framage (head cheese).

Santa Claus Day

The Saturday before Christmas was really a day to look forward to, as that was the day that Santa Claus and his Eskimo helpers came to Crookston - sometimes he even had reindeer. Wow! We could see the parade, sleigh and all, and then go to the Grand Theatre and see those great cartoons. That was not all! We would get a bag of that delicious Widmen hard candy, a bag of nuts and caramelled apples. Those were real treats for us as we very seldom had store bought goodies. One can't imagine the effect of about five hundred kids screaming and yelling when Santa showed up.

For our family the trip was a major expedition since our transportation was limited to Papa's huge bobsled which was generally used for such farm work as haul-

ing wood and manure. Of course it had to be cleaned thoroughly before we used it and when the temperature is below freezing you can't smell much anyway. Funny, when you lived on a farm the pungent aroma of manure was not offensive. In fact in later years the odor, when entering a stable or barn during cold weather, always caused a flashback to those early days.

Just preparing for the four mile trip was a project. It was necessary to harness, hitchup and put the horse blankets and sleigh bells on Baldy and old Maude, put the old bear rug and heavy blankets in the sleigh, remove the hot bricks from the stove and place them in the black felt covered foot warmer, and bundle-up as warm as we could with our buckle overshoes and Mama-made wool socks, toques, scarves and overcoats.

On this, the 1930 Santa day, we had to take special care because there was a stiff wind and the temperature was well below zero. The snow really crunched beneath our overshoes and under the runners of the bobsled. The sound of the sleigh bells seemed to reverberate over the frozen snow. The yellowish sun-dogs contrasted with the blue tint of the cold, cold snow. We rode on the snow packed highway or on the shoulder when cars passed us. We generally kept our heads under the blankets not only because of the cold, but because we were embarrassed. All our sophisticated friends and neighbors had automobiles and here we were riding in an old sleigh. Now we realize that we were the fortunate ones.

The first thing we did after arriving in Crookston was to go to St. Anns church to get clean for the holidays. I dreaded going to confession but finally got up the nerve to go stand in line and kept getting closer and closer to that little room. I guess I thought that there was a guillotine in there. By the time I had memorized what I was going to say, used all my fingers to count the number of horrible deeds, tried to shut my ears when the mumbling got too loud, heard the inner panel slide and the release door open I realized that my number was up. It was my turn and I entered the inner sanctum. The panel slid open and I realized I had drawn Father DuFault. He looked right at me through the screen and said in his strong French accent "Lowell, what did you do this time?" I was devastated! He had blown my anonymity. My mind went blank but somehow with the help of my fingers I managed to make some utterances and reeled off my solemn act of contrition. What a relief to

(continued next page)

Santa Claus Day (continued)

get out of there! But I did feel better! I went up front by the empty creche and fervently said my three Our Fathers and three hail Marys - repeating those parts when my mind would wander. I had gotten off easy! I never could figure out whether I felt better because I was at peace or because I had survived the trying ordeal.

We went to the theater for one of the thrills of our life. After seeing Santa Claus we walked the two blocks to grandpa Sauve's house and just about froze while waiting on the screened in porch. Anyone from a climate like Minnesota will remember the tingling ears and fingers and beating the feet together or against some object to try and warm them. We waited on the porch. Finally, our old maid Aunt Bertha came and we went into the hot air heated house and warmed up for the trip home. Whenever my fingers get white because of poor circulation I blame it onto the many times I froze my fingers when I was young.

We had a great trip back but had all those hard decisions to make as to which goodies we should stuff ourselves with on the way home and which to keep to savor later.

Christmas Eve was the time for Santa Claus to come to our house. He came after we had gone to bed, set up and decorated the tree, stuffed our socks which had been hung by the pot-bellied stove, left christmas candy and nuts around and some presents. Most of the presents were home-made such as knit stockings, mitts, wood rocking horse for the youngest, etc. The tree usually came from Mr. Verity who now lived in Blackduck but had once worked with Papa in the sawmill and had been a cheese maker in Gentilly. They said he was a half-breed. I don't know, but I do know that he had a powerful distinct odor because of the snuff he chewed, and that he was a kind man. One year he was unable to get a tree to us so a deciduous tree was brought in from the woods and trimmed with bows, popcorn strings, etc.

I still had faith in Santa Claus - but just barely. Some of the older kids at school had scoffed at my belief but it wasn't going to completely spoil my Christmas. I would put it off and think that question out later in the spring when the truth wouldn't hurt so much. Maybe I did think of it some as I tossed and turned till about three in the morning, or was it just the expectation?

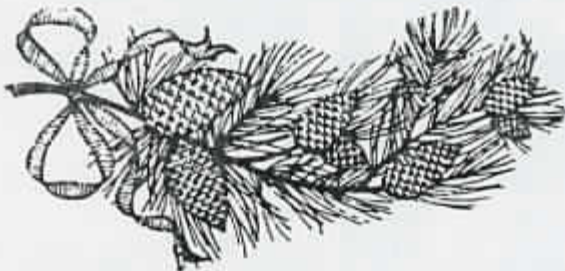
Christmas Morning

When I awoke at the sound of sleigh bells fading out the kitchen door I was plenty excited. We ran down the stairs and found that, sure enough, Santa Claus had been there. In addition to the tree and the usual goodies, he left me a little blue knife which was not only a treasure but, to me, a sign of coming of age. Think of it! My own knife. Well, unfortunately my joy was not to last long. In all the confusion, I lost it that same morning. It was not found until spring when the thirty gallon crock that sat behind the kitchen stove was moved for spring cleaning.

There was a large box of apples, individually wrapped in light brown tissue paper, that we received from uncle Onesime Mercil who ran a grocery store. Did they ever smell good! We had received fifteen dollars, an enormous sum, from our uncle Clem Sauve of Yakima. The money was used to purchase a second hand Victor phonograph and, since we didn't have a radio, was our introduction to the modern age of luxury entertainment. As I recall this was one of the few times we could eat candy and nuts without having them divvied out to us on an individual basis. We did manage enough to spoil our special breakfast.

Christmas Eve

Although we thought it would never come, Christmas eve finally arrived. The stove lids were removed and pails of water were placed directly over the flames. The copper boiler was brought in from the cold entryway and Mama's homemade soap was read-



ied for use - not the strong type which could clean anything but the milder one that didn't burn. Since I was in the middle of the three youngest boys, I always was the second to use the water no matter if we went from youngest to oldest, or oldest to youngest. We hauled the water up the hill from the well, so were conservation minded and didn't mind three taking their bath in the same water. We had our bath where it was warm next to the kitchen stove and we tried to stay in the center so as not to touch the cold rim. At other times the water was heated in the boiler but we still had to keep in the center to avoid burning ourselves.

L'HIVER, from page two

choice, a member of the lumber trades fraternity. He was born in Saint Ursula, Quebec and raised in Saint Gabriel de Broudon, along the Mosking-Onge River. And he cut alot of wood there and in the States. My dad said that his pépère was six feet tall and straight as an arrow. Census records in Rice County, Minnesota indicate that the man

AFTER MASS IN A FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE

Merci to Lorraine DeMillo of Hibbing, MN
Article from the Fergus Falls, MN Daily Journal - November 13, 1883

After Mass we gathered again in groups in front of the church. The parents are now triumphant in the strength of their opposition to emigration and the young people were quite ashamed and subdued. But the Sunday business was not done. The town-crier gathered everybody about him while he made his weekly announcements. He is still the county newspaper of Canada. But, so far from being a literary emporium, he frequently cannot read or write. He has however, sufficient tongue, memory and assurance to deliver quite a column of public and private matter. He is often unwittingly comical, his pompous air being a ludicrous contrast to the simple facts he has to tell, and the illiterate blunders of his speech. First come the official announcements, legal advertisements, Sheriff's sales, police regulations, roadmaster's notices, new laws, etc.; then private announcements are cried out - auctions, things lost and found, opening of new stores, new professional offices etc. Sometimes he sells a pig or a calf "for the Infant Jesus," the product of the sale being given to a collection for the poor. Not long ago horse races were advertised by him to take place on the road right after Mass. The crier this day closed his list by announcing that the parish had an insurance policy to pay to one of it's citizens. It seems that a parish generally insures itself. When anyone loses his buildings by fire, someone solicits subscriptions to restore them. Each neighbor hauls a stick or two; the people ask permission of the priest to work on Sunday and after Mass they assemble and erect the building. If the loser is very poor, carpenters are hired to finish the work for him. A portion of the congregation went away up the northern mountain that day, and spent the afternoon raising a log house and barn. All sorts of public assemblies are held in front of the church after Mass. Indeed, Sunday is the most animated day of the week in social, industrial and political matters as well as religious.

28
was illiterate, but dad remembers him writing to his brothers in Quebec. He spoke English quite well, but with the Canadian accent of somebody weaned on French. He was the only son of Guillaume England and Marie Belland emigrate.

Georges came to the states with a friend from St. Gabriel called Charles Boucher, another boomer in the lumber industry. They often worked partners in camps in Wisconsin and in the upper peninsula of Michigan back in the days when men were men and the only good cooks in the camps were French-Canadian.

Boucher was anything but the straight man of this team. In fact many of the French around Faribault made up Charlie Boucher stories because he was a natural comic. One old pea soup noted that Boucher could even get a tombstone to smile. And, for that matter, he made old Georges grin from ear to ear too.

On one occasion, Georges and Charlie were working a camp outside of the infamous Hurley, Wisconsin a place filled with liquor laden saloons and other naughty occasions of sin too numerous to elaborate upon. And when payday rolled around, the jacks, including the England and Boucher partners made a hasty trip to Hurley to wet the parched throats. As the evening wore on Georges turned towards Charlie to ask him if he'd like another belt of Hurley's finest whiskey, but much to his surprise, Charlie was gone. Georges paid the tab and went out into the dark, snowy night looking for his pal and found him deep in the woods. He asked Boucher, "what in hell are you doing out here?" "Well, mon amie," answered Charlie, "I went out for some air, and I got myself lost."

And Georges asked, "what did you do then?"

I started to beller said Boucher, like an old bull moose. I said "one big Frenchmans lost in the wood and the owl up in the tree, he said who, who. So, I tol' 'im - Charlie Boucher from Faribault."

And Georges told charlie he should never ask an owl for help in the woods again. They have a poor sense of direction!

ANSWERS:

- (1) C, (2) A, (3) A, (4) A, (5) C,
(6) A, (7) C, (8) A, (9) B, (10) ABC