



chez nous

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La société canadienne-française

EDITOR-Dick Bernard

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CO-EDITOR-Jerry Forchette

SOME NOTES ON THREE MINNESOTA LAKES by Dick Bernard

Summer in Minnesota means, for many of us, time at the Lake. Across our desk in the past months have come three articles that talk about three unique Minnesota lakes, in three unique ways.

Our French-Canadian heritage includes the very earliest non-American Indian settlers to this area. Many of our forefathers were here when the English speaking Americans arrived and began to dominate settlement, government and commerce.

During the just completed legislative session in Minnesota, part of our past was revisited in a very active debate over treaty rights to parts of Mille Lacs Lake. Ultimately, a compromise measure to satisfy both Chippewa and government interests was defeated, and the matter was turned over to the courts for decision. The treaty that is being debated is included with this newsletter.

The following stories give very different snippets of information about Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi River; Mille Lacs, one of Minnesota's largest interior lakes; and Lake Vermilion.

Special thanks to Ken Nault, Side Lake MN, for the article on Lake Vermilion, and to Henry Huot, Little Canada MN, for the article on Lake Itasca. Enjoy.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS IN MINNESOTA HISTORY by Msgr Arthur Durand

From the Editor: LSCF member Henry Huot sent us the following intriguing, and passionate, monograph written about 1958 by Little Canada's Msgr Durand. He writes: "I am a member of the Little Canada Historical Society. Recently, while going through a batch of papers I found "sketch" written by the late Msgr. Arthur H. Durand. . . [who was] pastor of St. John the Evangelist in Little Canada from 1940 to 1979 when he went into semi-retirement at Hazelwood, Minn. He was 72 years of age when he left Little Canada." Thank you, Henry.

Minnesota is upon us as we write the history of Little Canada's three churches. The author of this little sketch feels very strongly that two more subjects must be treated with serious and thorough historical research as a real contribution to Minnesota's glorious history. First a history in detail of each of the early settlements, among them Little Canada, and secondly an impartial and thorough compilation of the role of the French Canadians in the early days of Minnesota.

I say, a complete history of Little Canada, since one of the founders of St. Paul in 1839 settled in Little Canada in 1844 and established its claim as one of the very oldest settlements in the State. Likewise a thorough and impartial history of the French Canadian role in the

"The centenary of the Statehood of

formation of this State because justice has not been done to these people who were here first and were numerically the most important for a considerable time. Although a number of histories of Minnesota and of St. Paul have been written recognizing the activities, the presence, the appeasing role of these pioneers as traders, woodsmen, guides, interpreters, voyagers, settlers, the cumulative effect of their true part in laying down the very foundations of this State has not been brought forth in full. In fact, by not a few such historians, who unfortunately are looked up to as authorities, they have been passed by very lightly, sometimes completely ignored, sometimes maligned, often belittled. It is true that in large part most of them had been born on the frontier without benefit of education or civic training; hence they were limited in their ability to seize positions of influence when organized settlements had been made. Moreover, they were staunch Catholics of simple but deep-rooted faith, with rare exceptions, even in their weaknesses and this, too, was at times reason enough in the minds of some of these historians, "to see and pass by" like the priest in the parable.

To prove my point, let me mention a few such cases and, I insist, only a very few out of a multitude. At the Indian Pageant which I attended at Lake Itaska about the year 1933 commemorating the discovery of the lake, a booklet was distributed to the visitors with this amusing statement as a sample of the loose, dishonest and biased history writing we are fed about Schoolcraft in our schools, and I quote: "When the hardy Schoolcraft with his sturdy little band of pioneers first set eyes on Lake Itaska, the only human beings that met their eyes were a few Indians and French-Canadians" - end quote! The Canadians had been living there for long years, hunting and trading up and down the source of the Mississippi but they had not seen it; he, Schoolcraft, and probably with Canadian and Indian guides, had discovered the lake! The fact is that if some individual should receive credit for noting the source of the river, it should go to the trader Morrisson, who had visited the source years before Schoolcraft, in company with his Indian and Canadian trappers.

Some historians like the Rev. Neill in his history of Ramsey County and "The City of St. Paul including the Explorers, and Pioneers of Minnesota," is repeatedly guilty of glaring and inexcusable repetitions of loose, dishonest and biased history writing. This is the more deplorable in view of the fact that by many subsequent writers he is used uncritically as a principal source. We find in an otherwise very sincere and



honest effort in "History of St. Paul and Vicinity." by Henry A. Castle: "In so far as the early annals of the town are coincident with those of the territory, all writers have been indebted to the works of Dr. E.D. Neill."

Yet a sample of Rev. Neill's history writing is found in his violent attack, even if justified, on a seeming rascal named Parrent, or Pig's Eye, who sold whiskey to settlers and soldiers of the Fort [Snelling], insisting that he was one of the main causes why squatters were driven from the reservation. Yet in this account he never mentions the famous Joseph R. Brown. Let me quote from a more fair source, the report of Surgeon Emerson stationed at the Fort in 1839: "Whiskey is brought here by citizens who are pouring in upon us and settling on the opposite shore in defiance of Major Plymton. At this moment there is a citizen named Brown, once a soldier at the Fort and now employed by the American Fur Company, actually building on the reserve a very expensive whiskey shop. The first boat of the 1839 season brought twenty barrels of whiskey for Joseph R. Brown." Poor Parrent was a small fry compared to Brown, but to Neill, it - obviously - does make a difference whose ox is being gored.

Another glaring example is found on page 109 where he gives the fair sounding caption, "Roman Catholic Missions." He does not even mention the Pastoral visit of Bishop Loras from Dubuque to Fort Snelling in 1839 when over 130 Catholics, joined by some of the personnel from Fort, spent several days in Catholic religious activities. In his Events of 1840 he does not mention the arrival of Father Galtier and gives but slight notice to his work at Mendota and his historic establishing of the church that gave its

name to our Capital City. He gives shamefully small space to the heroic work over many years by Father Ravoux and ignores his long treks and labors among the Indians and settlers not only of St. Paul but of St. Anthony, Little Canada and Chaska. In fact these are his words of comment as to Roman Catholic missions; I quote: "The impression, however was evanescent and he soon retired from the field and no more efforts were made in this direction by the Church of Rome." He is here speaking of Father Ravoux and this in spite of the groundwork this intrepid missionary had laid for Bishop Cretin and the flourishing labors of the Bishop when he arrived extending the labors of the church more and more, sending Father Pierz to the Indians and settlers in the north central part of the State, and at his suggestion, bringing in the Benedictines to found Collegeville and carry on mission work.

Many so-called historians have swallowed and followed Rev. Neill, even if not always intentionally. Others like Castle have been much more honest and fair but their sources and time were limited or the scope of their work still failed to do justice to the Canadians. How could Minnesota have developed so early and as peacefully as it did, if the Indians were on the whole, hostile? If explorers like Zebulon Pike could go through their lands as freely as he did in 1805, if traders and trappers thrived in Minnesota territory on relatively good terms with the Indians, both the Sioux on the west bank, and the Chippewa on the east bank, it was largely due to the mutually friendly attitude between the Canadians and the Indians. True, there were traders of other nationalities, but none matched them in the Christian heritage of their Catholic background which made them accept, as a principle, that the Indian was also a brother. So we find the French Canadian readily intermarrying with the Indian women and rearing and loving his family in spite of the mixture of blood. The Canadian was a natural pioneer. He adapted himself easily, cheerfully to the hardships and simplicity of frontier life. He was content with little if he had his home and if nature could give him a fair chance to provide for his family through the use of his broad axe to build, and his gun to hunt. Generally he taught and brought his spouse into the Church and saw to it that the children were baptized, or made long treks to bring them for instruction and baptism to the nearest priest, when priests finally came.

The names of dozens and dozens of towns, cities, rivers, lakes, bear still the name of Saints given them by these Catholic pioneers. Sad to say such names like the St. Pierre River (the Minnesota), St. Pierre (Mendota), St. Anthony (Minneapolis), to mention only a few, were

changed because they smacked too much of the faith the early Canadians held. One must not apparently over-do the idea that, through Christ, we have our best friends and protectors in Heaven. The tendency to appease the earthly minded is an old practice urged by those who exaggerate the so-called brotherhood of man.

There remains therefore a vast field for the man who loves the whole truth in regard to the history of Minnesota. Rev. Neill has in many instances exaggerated the purported mission activities of certain Protestant workers of the Gospel, of certain enterprises that were but a bubble. The historian who writes of the Canadian and Catholic deeds of the past does not need to do this to bring forth a glorious record, a fascinating history, a lesson for the present even by honest exposition of their mistakes. Nor has the history been completed by those who have spoken too much in generalities of the early pioneers, the early priests, the early Bishops - leaving the impression that they were used only as a spearhead to rush to the history of better times, greater achievements or characters of their own special interests. This form of history is good as far as it goes but the title should not convey the idea that all concerning the early past has been said with the same diligence of research as expended on their favorite theme. We have now a fine history of Father Pierz but the Canadians lack such a record of Father Ravoux, of Bishop Cretin, and of Father Galtier - though his pastorate was a short one. These remarks are not made in a mood of sterile criticism, but as encouragement to some lover of research to point out that much of the history about early Minnesota has not been told and, in cases, not told correctly, and that a great field still remains for whoever aspires to aid in bringing to light the full glories of Minnesota's cradle years."

LISTEN TO CANADIAN AND WORLD NEWS ON CBC

Many of us are dedicated listeners to the Canadian Broadcast Corporation's (CBC) program As It Happens weekdays at 7:30 PM on MPR News & Information Stations. We are advised by CBC that co-host Alan Maitland is now retiring, somewhat.

Additional CBC programming on MPR includes the news program CBC Sunday Morning, broadcast Sundays at 8 AM, and Writers & Company - which features conversations and readings from playwrights, poets, and novelists - on Sundays at 9 PM. Minneapolis 91.1 FM plus seven other Minnesota MPR stations.

HISTORICAL LAKE VERMILION

by Leo Wilenius

We would like to thank the Iron Range Historical Society, the Tower Historical Society, the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources and the many local historians that contributed information for this article.



Sunrise on Frazer Bay

Lake Vermilion has long been known for fine fishing and panoramic views, but, it's also a lake rich in history. In fact, Vermilion has had more to do with the development of our Northland region than any other single factor.

In the mid 1600's, even before the original 13 colonies were fully settled, French explorers and fur traders became the first Europeans to discover the shores of Vermilion. They immediately began a trade friendship with the Sioux Indians who already inhabited the lake. The Sioux were eager to trade furs for cooking utensils, tools, clothing and rifles.

The northeast shore of Lake Vermilion and the area that is now Tower were considered part of Canada while the southwest shore and what is now the Cook area were considered part of the American territory.

Fur trade flourished under French influence and in 1670 the French established the first port on Lake Vermilion. The port served to protect French trade

rights to the region from their competitor, Britain. Vermilion was an important link in the chain of rivers and lakes that connected Lake Superior (now the Duluth area) to Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods and ultimately the Hudson Bay. Voyageurs would enter Vermilion through Pike River on the south side of the lake and leave through the Vermilion River on the north side of the lake. Another important route took Voyageurs through Mud Creek located on the east end of Vermilion to Burntside Lake, the Kawishiwi River, Gunflint Lake and eventually to the fur trading center of Grand Portage.

So important and well known was the Duluth to Rainy Lake travel route (also referred to as the St. Louis River route), it was the definition used as the international border under the Treaty of Paris in 1763 in which France ceded Canada to Great Britain. The northeast shore of Lake Vermilion and the area that is now Tower were considered part of Canada while the southwest shore and what is now the Cook area were considered part of the American territory. The British laid economic claim to all of Lake Vermilion and built their own trading posts on the lake. All furs

from the region were then sent North to the Hudson Bay Company in Canada.

While the French and English were disputing trade control, the native Indians in the area were also having differences. In 1736, the Sioux began a series of hostilities against the Chippewa Indians located to the east along the Great Lakes and also against local French traders and settlers. It is believed the aggression started because the French began trading with the Chippewa Indians, the Sioux's enemy. Tensions were already running high between the two tribes as the Chippewa had been forced up against Sioux territory by the Iriquois Indians of Michigan. A small Sioux war party killed a Chippewa family near the shores of Lake Superior and war erupted. The powerful Chippewa finally drove the Sioux Indians out of the Vermilion area in 1774. Their last battle took place along the Little Sioux River location just north of Lake Vermilion.

Due to the vague description of the International border, the US and Great Britain continued

Continued

Historical Lake Vermilion, Continued

to argue its course. In 1825, a British commissioner named Barclay ordered a thorough survey of the area. During July of that summer a team of 50 people (including surveyors, laborers, cooks and chainmen) camped on Vermilion and completed the most accurate survey to date in an attempt to prove the St. Louis route, which included Vermilion, was the correct border. Right or wrong, American negotiators held firm on their convictions that the Grand Portage waterway was the true border and in 1842, Lake Vermilion and the Arrowhead region were recognized as part of the American territory.

The last fur trading post developed on the lake was built in 1820 by an American company and was called the Vermilion Post. It operated until dwindling fur bearers and an economic recession brought its close in 1870. It is interesting to note that even before Fort Snelling (the forefather to the Minneapolis-St. Paul area) was established, three nations had already occupied, mapped and conducted business on Lake Vermilion.

As the fur trade waned, a new economic horizon was coming to Vermilion. In 1865, reports of mineral finds by various prospectors and explorers led the Governor to appoint a person to continue a geological survey that had been started along the North Shore of Lake Superior. The survey team, led by Henry Eames, penetrated west through the

wilderness as far as the shores of Lake Vermilion where they immediately found exposed iron ore veins 50 to 60 feet thick! However, they took little interest. They were searching for more precious minerals like gold and silver. In his 1865 report to the governor, Eames said, "I have discovered gold and silver in the quartz veins traversing the talcose and siliceous slates of Vermilion Lake, in the county of St. Louis. These veins are from an inch to several feet in width...their extent and richness can only be determined by practical working."

The gold rush was on!

In his 1865 report to the governor, Eames said, "I have discovered gold and silver in the quartz veins traversing the talcose and siliceous slates of Vermilion Lake, in the county of St. Louis..."

An expedition was sent from St. Paul to cut and clear a road from Duluth to the gold fields of Lake Vermilion following roughly the same route that Indians and Voyageurs had used for centuries before. The party reached the lake with a crude road after 30 days in February of 1886. The road they built became know as the Vermilion Trail. Today County Hwy. 4 and State Hwy. 135 roughly follow the same route as the original trail.

Gold mining interests soon put pressure on for more land to work. The Bois Forte Indian Reservation that had been established on the Tower end of Lake

Vermilion surrendered their claim to the lake in 1866 in exchange for a larger reservation already located at Nett Lake. Many of the Indians did not want to leave Lake Vermilion and a reservation was once more established by executive order in 1881 at its present location on Echo Point.

Mining for gold began in the year 1866 near a settlement called Winston, located along the south shore of Pike Bay. After several years of mining, no appreciable amount of gold was found if in fact any at all. An expert was sent to Vermilion in 1880 to assess the situation and his report states, "Not a trace of gold was discovered. Where Eames (the expedition leader) obtained the (gold) specimens that yielded so promisingly remains a question that awaits solution." What the Eames expedition likely found was "fools gold," a form of iron pyrite. The gold rush was over as quickly as it started.

Because of the gold rush, the true mineral wealth of Vermilion, iron ore, had been looked over for nearly 20 years! In 1882, the townsite of Tower was laid out in anticipation of the iron mining that was to begin at the Soudan location. On July 31, 1884, the first railroad cars of ore were shipped to Two Harbors. The entire population of Tower, including some visiting Chipewewa Indians, joined in loading the first 220 tons of ore. Over 62,000 tons of ore were shipped

Continued

Historical Lake Vermilion

by the end of the first season. Concurrently, new ore deposits were being developed around the region, and towns such as Ely, Biwabik and Virginia sprang up to create the iron range area we know today.

Lumber camps, homesteads and businesses began to develop across the lake. To maintain water levels, Tower logging interests erected the first crude dam in 1890 at the head of the Vermilion River. People on the Crane Lake side of the dam were also in need of constant water and more than once the dam was blown apart by dynamite under the cover of darkness. This sight was also the location of a lumber camp and sawmill. In 1907, the camp was converted to a lodge called Hunters Lodge and became one of the first true resorts on the lake. The lodge featured the finest moose hunting in the area. Steam boats operating out of Tower would bring customers to the lodge. As the boats passed through Muskrat Channel, a narrow passage near the middle of the lake, they would toot their whistle once for every person on board. This way the cooks would know when and how much food to begin preparing. The lodge is now the site of the Vermilion Dam Lodge.

Other early Vermilion destinations included Fabians Resort on Birch Point, Petersons landing on Wa-kem-up Bay (which served primarily as a freight landing to Cook), Fernlands Landing (now the Landing Supper Club) which

offered steamboat excursions on the lake and Goodwills Landing (location of Polleys and Muskego Point Resorts) which offered room, board and overnight fishing trips to what is now called Life of Riley Resort.

In winter a stagecoach took travellers across the ice from Tower to Joyce's landing, now Pehrsons Lodge. The last 7 miles to Cook was made by foot or horseback.

Maintaining the growth of the mining industry demanded food and lumber. A lumber-producing town named Ashawa began to develop near the west end of Lake Vermilion in 1902. The town was renamed Cook after a local lumberman in the area because Ashawa was very similar to the name of another town in Southern Minnesota. As the dense forests were cleared, the rich soils of the Little Fork River Valley region were farmed and agriculture became Cook's leading industry alongside forest products.

Life was harsh for the first Cook residents and the only access to the outside world was by way of Lake Vermilion and Tower. In winter a stagecoach took travellers across the ice from Tower to Joyce's landing, now Pehrsons Lodge. The last 7 miles to Cook was made by foot or horseback.

Most of the road system serving Lake Vermilion was developed just prior to and during the 1920's. It was during this time that many of the resorts on the

lake were established and Vermilion evolved still one more time as the tourist area we know today.

The Pike River power dam, located along Hwy. 77, provided electricity to the Tower area for over a decade, but was closed in 1925 as Minnesota Power replaced service. In 1940, Northern Electric Cooperative Association brought electricity to the more remote reaches of Lake Vermilion. Today, Northern Electric maintains 120 miles of overhead lines and over 25 miles of underwater lines to serve approximately 2400 homes, cabins and businesses along the shores and islands of Lake Vermilion.

Vermilion continues to be one of the fastest growing areas in our region, yet it maintains the pristine beauty that impressed the native Indians so long ago. The Chippewa referred to the lake as "lake-of-the-sunset-glow," which was translated by early French explorers to "Vermilion" a latin work for "a color ranging from brilliant yellow to red." Fortunately for us, the sunsets are still as beautiful.

What waits in the future for Lake Vermilion? No one can be sure. However, as history continues one thing is likely. As Vermilion progresses, so shall our unique Northland.

The 1837 Chippewa treaty

Print the treaties

In light of all the controversy involving the U.S.-Indian treaties of 1837 and 1855, I wonder why we the public have never seen printed in this newspaper the entire contents of the treaties as they were written and accepted. Could it be we are not being told the entire truth about all aspects of this treaty? I also wonder how many of our elected representatives have taken the time to read it. — Gordon E. Neuman, Coon Rapids.



Editor's note: Good idea. Here's the text of the 1837 treaty. The 1855 treaty is much longer — too long for us to publish here. But this text should help readers understand the basics of the dispute, and get a feel for the language and format of both documents.
— Eric Ringham, Commentary editor.



Articles of a treaty made and concluded at St. Peters (the confluence of the St. Peters and Mississippi rivers) in the Territory of Wisconsin, between the United States of America, by their commissioner, Henry Dodge, Governor of said Territory, and the Chippewa nation of Indians, by their chiefs and headmen.

ARTICLE 1. The said Chippewa nation cede to the United States all the tract of country included within the following boundaries:

Beginning at the junction of the Crow Wing and Mississippi rivers, between twenty and thirty miles above where the Mississippi is crossed by the forty-sixth parallel of north latitude, and running thence to the north point of Lake St. Croix, one of the sources of the St. Croix river; thence to and along the dividing ridge between the waters of Lake Superior and those of the Mississippi, to the sources of the Ocha-sua-sepe a tributary of the Chippewa river; thence to a point on the Chippewa river, twenty miles below the outlet of Lake De Flambeau; thence to the junc-

tion of the Wisconsin and Pelican rivers; thence on an east course twenty-five miles; thence southerly, on a course parallel with that of the Wisconsin river, to the line dividing the territories of the Chippewas and Menomines; thence to the Plover Portage; thence along the southern boundary of the Chippewa country, to the commencement of the boundary line dividing it from that of the Sioux, half a days march below the falls on the Chippewa river; thence with said boundary line to the mouth of the Wah-tap river; at its junction with the Mississippi; and thence up the Mississippi to the place of beginning.

ARTICLE 2. In consideration of the cession aforesaid, the United States agrees to make to the Chippewa nation, annually, for the term of twenty years, from the date of the ratification of this treaty, the following payments.

1. Nine thousand five hundred dollars, to be paid in money.
2. Nineteen thousand dollars, to be delivered in goods.
3. Three thousand dollars for establishing three blacksmith shops, supporting the blacksmiths, and furnishing them with iron and steel.
4. One thousand dollars for farmers, and for supplying them and the Indians, with implements of labor, with grain or seed; and whatever else may be necessary to enable them to carry on their agricultural pursuits.
5. Two thousand dollars in provisions.
6. Five hundred dollars in tobacco.

The provisions and tobacco to be delivered at the same time with the goods, and the money to be paid; which time or times, as well as the place or places where they are to be delivered, shall be fixed upon under the direction of the President of the United States.

The blacksmiths shops to be placed at such points in the Chippewa country as shall be designated by

the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, or under his direction.

If at the expiration of one or more years the Indians should prefer to receive goods, instead of the nine thousand dollars agreed to be paid them in money, they shall be at liberty to do so. Or, should they conclude to appropriate a portion of that annuity to the establishment and support of a school or schools among them, this shall be granted them.

ARTICLE 3. The sum of one hundred thousand dollars shall be paid by the United States, to the half-breeds of the Chippewa nation, under the direction of the President. It is the wish of the Indians that their two sub-agents Daniel P. Bushnell, and Miles M. Vineyard, superintend the distribution of this money among their half-breed relations.

ARTICLE 4. The sum of seventy thousand dollars shall be applied to the payment, by the United States, of certain claims against the Indians of which amount twenty-eight thousand dollars shall, at their request, be paid to William A. Aitkin, twenty-five thousand to Lyman M. Warren, and the balance applied to the liquidation of other just demands against them — which they acknowledge to be the case with regard to that presented by Hercules L. Dousman, for the sum of five thousand dollars; and they request that it be paid.

ARTICLE 5. The privilege of hunting, fishing, and gathering the wild rice, upon the lands, the rivers and the lakes included in the territory ceded, is guaranteed to the Indians, during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

ARTICLE 6. This treaty shall be obligatory from and after its ratification by the President and Senate of the United States.

Done at St. Peters in the Territory of Wisconsin the twenty-ninth day of July eighteen hundred and thirty-seven.

Henry Dodge, Commissioner

Editors Note: For your reference, the 46th parallel referred to in Article 1 is just north of Little Falls MN. Hercules Dousman, a major landowner in especially the Wisconsin area, was featured in an earlier Chez Nous. His name is in Prairie du Chien WI.

reference, the 46th parallel referred to in Article 1 is just north of Little Falls MN. Hercules Dousman, a major landowner in especially the Wisconsin area, was featured in an earlier Chez Nous. His name is mentioned in Article 4. His mansion still exists.



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

LSCF PICNIC JULY 25

Our picnic will again be at Spooner Park in Little Canada. Mark Sunday, July 25 from noon to about 4:00. It

will be a potluck and Justa Cardinal reminds you to bring your own utensils. Questions? Call Justa at 776-5087 or Leo Gouette at 489-8306.

FESTIVAL OF NATIONS

President Leo Gouette sends his thanks to those who volunteered their service for the Festival of Nations - Une Grande Merci.

(Editors note: We in turn thank and compliment Leo for doing so much of the work himself.)

NEWS & MUSIC FROM QUEBEC

Bob Walzer, ethnic musicologist, will be featured on Georgette's "Bonjour Minnesota" on Tuesday, August 3, 10:00 AM. Bob is bringing back new music from Quebec and will also report on The Quebec Festival. Tune in to Fresh Air Radio KFAI FM 90.3.

LITTLE CANADA DAY

Those who wish to participate in the Little Canada parade on August 15 should call Justa Cardinal 776-5087 or Leo Gouette 489-8306 for information.

KORA MUSIC

If you would like to own a CD or cassette tape of the intriguing music performed here by Frere Dominique Catta on the harp-like kora, call Georgette Pfannkuch at 612-645-3784. She offers three different recordings of the chants with kora performed at the Monastery of Kaur-moussa in Senegal.

10th anniversary!
1985-1994



LES FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE / FRENCH IN AMERICA - 1994

The 10th edition ! of the calendar (8-1/2 x 11 inches) is now available.

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NEWSLETTER OF Septembre-Octobre, 1993 VOL. 15 NO. 2

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette

L'ANNE DES GRANDES EAUX

What better time to review the history of the French and the St. Louis MO area than now, after the great flood of 1993?

Back in 1785, the residents of the Mississippi River town of Ste. Genevieve, about 60 miles south of St. Louis, experienced another flood of the century.

This year they called "l'anne des grandes eaux" or "the year of the great flood". After that flood the town was relocated three miles north.

This year was also "l'anne des grandes eaux", the Mississippi still in control of many of those who attempted unsuccessfully to control her. When last we checked the old part of Ste. Genevieve, as well as nearby French historic sites across the river in Illinois, were saved.

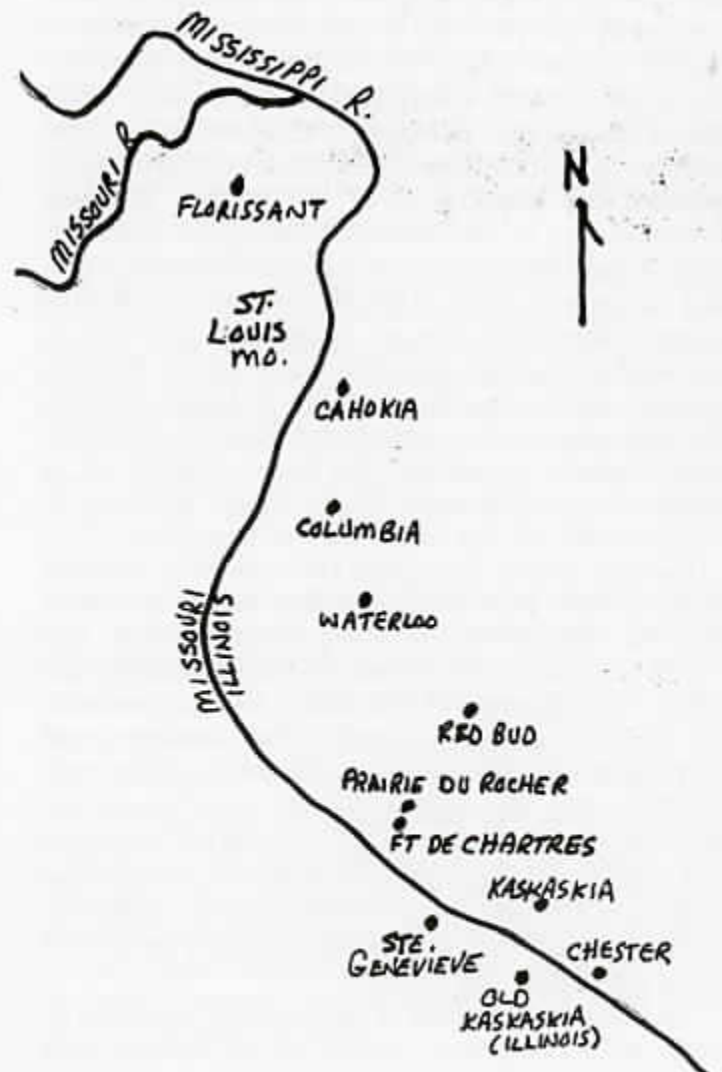
The following articles bring the historic St. Louis area a bit more into focus. For those interested in historic reference points, note that it was in 1759 at the Plains of Abraham that the French lost Quebec City to the English (in 1763 the final treaty ending conflict was signed); Ft. Snelling (Minneapolis MN) was established about 1820; Louis and Clark made their famous expedition in 1803; Prairie du Chien WI got its start in 1685.

Quote of the day

Minneapolis
Tribune 1/23/93

Included on a list of French phrases for the Clinton family cat, socks, as provided by Henry Beard, author of "Advanced French for Exceptional Cats":

**"Oui, j'ai éprouvé de l'herbe aux chats, mais je ne m'ai jamais en rouler."
(Translation: "Yes, I tried catnip, but I didn't roll around in it.")**



from the book
ST. LOUIS: A CONCISE HISTORY
by William Barnaby Faherty S.J.

(published by St. Louis Convention &
Visitors Bureau, 1990)

1

FRENCH DAYS AND FRENCH WAYS

When Jean Jacques Blaise d'Abbadie became governor of French Louisiana in 1763, he granted to Gilbert Antoine Maxent, a well-known merchant of New Orleans, the exclusive right to trade with the Indians on the Missouri River and the west bank of the Mississippi. Maxent commissioned Pierre Laclede, the son of a French lawyer who had crossed the Atlantic to New Orleans eight years before, to set up a trading post in Upper Louisiana.

As junior partner of the firm Maxent, Laclede and Company, the well-educated young Frenchman went upriver with twenty-four hired men in August of that same year. In November, he chose a terraced spot for his post on the west bank of the Mississippi River, about twelve miles south of the confluence of the Missouri. He received permission to store his supplies over the winter at Fort Chartres, one of the two most powerful fortifications of the French Empire in North America, situated on the east bank of the Mississippi, about fifty miles to the south. He set up winter quarters at the neighboring village of Ste. Anne. Many of those villagers were planning to move to Lower Louisiana and escape from imminent English domination. Laclede prevailed on the residents of a neighboring settlement, St. Phillippe, to move to his new post on the other side of the river.

Laclede's men from New Orleans with several recruits from Fort Chartres, Ste. Genevieve and Cahokia, began building log structures at the chosen place in mid-February of the following year (1764). Mrs. Margaret Blondeau Guion, presumably the first woman to come to St. Louis, crossed the river from Cahokia in late May to join her husband, Amable, who had signed up with Laclede. By that time, she recalled many years later, the crew had erected only two or three huts, one of them belonging to Laclede. Later the men built a substantial rock house that served as Laclede's home and office and other log houses.

Laclede sent a team of men up the Missouri to trade with the tribes, while he, as director and organizer, remained in St. Louis, as he called his trading post, named for King Louis IX of France. British traders from Montreal and other places

soon came to see him as a formidable rival. A Scots officer spoke of Laclede as "sensible, clever and well-educated." Eventually, he would be able to buy out his senior partner Maxent.

St. Louis would have remained a small but prosperous trading post for many years had it not been that King Louis XV ceded the land east of the Mississippi to his enemy England. British soldiers had already expelled French-Canadian residents on the Acadian peninsula, later Nova Scotia. The French in Illinois faced a major decision.

During an entire generation, these people had lived on that rich bottomland mainly in an area fifty miles below the site of St. Louis near the French Fort Chartres. They did not want to give up their rich farms and abandon their small houses. But they would have no part of English rule. Those who wanted to become traders went to St. Louis. Those who wished to farm crossed the Mississippi River to Ste. Genevieve and others later started farming villages near St. Louis. St. Louis' first settlers, then, were not pioneers carving homes in the wilderness like the Virginia frontiersmen pushing into Kentucky at the same time. They were, instead, chiefly established villagers of the region who moved to new homes west of the river, Whites and Blacks, some slave some free.

Although he had no civil capacity, Laclede tentatively laid out the village as new residents arrived. Rectangled blocks stretched for a half mile north and south, but went back from the river only to the third street. The blocks were longer east and west (340 feet) than north and south (240 feet) and stood in contrast to the village itself that stretched ten blocks north and south along the river, but was only three blocks deep to the west. The central block at the river bank served as the Place d'Armes, the parade ground. The block west of this housed Laclede's headquarters. The third block Laclede reserved for a church. Beyond the first ridge stretched valuable land for the settlers, divided eventually, according to French custom, in long narrow strips stretching west from the town. The common fields lay to the southwest.

Some of the French settlers brought slaves with them from Illinois. The French Code that forbade immoderate punishment, separation of families, and molesting of female slaves softened a bit the derogation inherent in slavery. The Code also required the master to teach his people the Christian religion. Owners and slaves worshipped in the same church and the same priest baptized the children. It was a common practice among the French to free their slaves and remember them in their wills.

In the fall of 1765, when the trading post turned village had not yet celebrated its second birthday,

Louis St. Ange de Bellerive, Commandant of the Illinois Country—as the French called the middle Mississippi region—turned over Fort Chartres to the British and made St. Louis his headquarters, according to instructions from New Orleans. Many more east bank French went with him.

His father, an earlier commandant, had guided historian F. X. Charlevoix on his western journey in 1721 and led 1,400 French and Indians in 1730 to northern Illinois to break the power of the Fox Indians who had menaced the entire region.

Even before that, the son had accompanied his father on the Bourgmont expedition to western Missouri in 1723 and gone on to Comanche country the following year. During his 28 years as commandant at Vincennes on the Wabash River, Louis St. Ange de Bellerive had won the confidence of his fellow French and the Indians of the region. He would hold both civil and military control in St. Louis until the Spanish officials arrived to take charge.

Few men in the years ahead would ever take leadership in St. Louis with the experience and background that this French-Canadian frontiersman possessed. He set up the "Custom of Paris," the most liberal of all French codes that created a climate of popular participation in local government. He gave title to the home sites that Laclède had allotted to the inhabitants. He welcomed the visit of an old friend, Chief Pontiac, to St. Louis. A few years before, St. Ange had urged the Ottawa warrior to stay at peace with the British. When a renegade Indian, bribed by a Scots trader, murdered Pontiac at Cahokia a short time later, St. Ange had the chief's body brought back across the river to be buried on its banks with full military honors as an ally of the French. It was the first significant funeral in early St. Louis history. During St. Ange's term, Joseph Taillon built a dam and a mill on the little creek just south of the village. A large pond gradually developed to the west.

When the first Spanish lieutenant-governor, Pedro Piernas, arrived in 1770, St. Ange welcomed him, and accepted his offer of a captaincy in the Spanish service. Piernas sought St. Ange's advice on Indian affairs and ratified what he had done in his four years. The Spaniard renewed the privileges of the traders on the Missouri, and generally let the townsfolk run their own village. He did order them to build a church in the block set aside for it, and invited the pastor of Kaskaskia, Father Pierre Gibault, to come up the river to bless it in June of that same year (1770). The first resident pastor, a Capuchin Franciscan from the Rhineland, Father Bernard de Limpach, arrived in May six

years later just in time to bless a more substantial church on the same site. During his twelve years he was to serve all the people, baptizing 410 Whites, 106 Blacks and 92 Indians.

The presence of Indians in slavery had distressed early lieutenant governors. The Spanish code forbade enslaving native Americans. Sixty-nine Indians were in bondage when Piernas arrived. He was not able to move immediately against this practice; but gradually the practice of enslaving Indians lessened. In the 1770s, the village was home for 339 Whites, 33 free Blacks and 274 Indian and black slaves.

While St. Louis continued to lure the Illinois and Canadian French who wanted to trade, those who wanted to farm settled on the rich acres not far away. The first group came in 1767 and chose a spot to the south of the village, eventually called Carondelet. In the early days of rivalry between the two settlements, St. Louisans chided their southern neighbors for being short of cash. The Carondelet residents, in turn, ridiculed St. Louisans for lacking food.

A second group of rural settlers chose a spot twenty miles northwest of St. Louis in one of the richer upland farm areas in the state, called Florissant Valley. There they began the village of St. Ferdinand, the name the Spanish authorities gave to the church. In spite of their rich farms, many of the villagers were to move west into the mountain trade in the years ahead.

The Spanish authorities kept a token garrison in St. Louis. It consisted of two sergeants, five corporals, one drummer and 25 soldiers. These soldiers would not be enough to defend the city against a major attack. The townsfolk had militia companies of 151 infantrymen and nine officers under Captain Jean Baptiste Martigny and of 47 cavalrymen and three officers under Captain Ernest Pourre.

In 1780, Spain joined France in alliance with the American colonies in their war for independence. St. Louis had to be ready for trouble. It came soon. The British planned a pincer movement against the Mississippi Valley. In the South, Spanish Governor Bernardo de Galvez checkmated British efforts. In the North, no one checked General Patrick Sinclair at Mackinac. He induced a thousand Indians to move on St. Louis and Cahokia. The American frontiersman, George Rogers Clark, who had conquered the Illinois country two years before, had conferred with Fernando de Leyba, second lieutenant-governor after Piernas, on mutual defense.

Though he was so ill he would die before the summer was over, De Leyba summoned regulars and militia from Ste. Genevieve, called in the hunters from the Meramec and Cuivre Rivers and had the townsfolk build a tower and dig a trench around the city. The attacking Indians killed 14 Whites and seven Blacks, wounded six Blacks and one White, and captured 12 Whites and 13 Blacks in or near the village. But the village withstood its first siege. The Spanish and American authorities soon counter-attacked and freed the prisoners. St. Louis had sustained its only siege. Over the next two hundred years it was never again attacked by hostile forces. By way of contrast, in that same period, Paris, the city whose laws St. Louis lived by at the time, would face seven sieges and be captured four times by enemy troops.

During January 1781, Lt. Gov. Francisco De Leyba's successor, Cruzat, sent the St. Louis militia, assisted by Cahokia troops and Potawatomi allies, on a preventive foray to the south-eastern tip of Lake Michigan. They destroyed a cache of supplies the British intended to use in a spring offensive, and returned safely to St. Louis without the loss of one man. This was St. Louis' one positive contribution to the success of the American Revolution. In October of that same year (1781), Cornwallis surrendered to the Americans and French at Yorktown.

In the meantime, Laclede had died in 1778, deeply in debt. Auguste Chouteau, the son of a New Orleans pastry cook, who, as a boy of fourteen, had come up the river with Laclede in 1764, gradually took over the latter's business position. Chouteau purchased Laclede's trading house and block. He also secured the mill and dam. The "pond" behind the dam, where Union Station now stands, soon bore Chouteau's name. In 1786, he married the daughter of Gabriel Cerre, the wealthiest merchant of the area, who had recently moved to St. Louis from Kaskaskia. Chouteau's sister Victoire married a well-educated and prosperous merchant, Charles Gratiot. Gradually, the interlocking Chouteaus became a financial power. Auguste's brother, Pierre Chouteau, solidified the Osage trade with the support of the Spanish authorities. The Chouteaus did \$200,000 business annually in the fur trade of the 1790s.

Lt. Gov. Zenon Trudeau, an able Louisiana-born administrator (1792-99), urged local merchants to explore the Upper Mississippi River. The governor-general, Baron de Carondelet, offered a prize to anyone who might find a way to the Pacific. A group of merchants accepted the challenge. Under the leadership of Jacques Clamorgan, a capitalist

adventurer, they sent two unsuccessful expeditions upriver. A third reached a Mandan village, but failed also. When St. Louis merchants purchased goods from the British in violation of the mercantile laws of both empires, Trudeau did not enforce the regulations. But he did strengthen the town defenses with a stockade and four stone towers

The lieutenant-governor generously granted land to individuals in the village and the surrounding area. Even after Illinois became American territory, immigration continued. The old Northwest Territory, that comprised the future states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, had a poor government; land titles were unclear, slavery was forbidden and raiding Indians regularly swooped down from the Great Lakes. The Spanish government worked to attract settlers. Trudeau welcomed Anglo-American newcomers, including Daniel Boone, who lived his late years in St. Charles County, twenty five miles west of St. Louis. Trudeau did not enforce the religious restrictions common to all colonial empires. As a result, the district of St. Louis grew from 1,316 in 1795 to 2,447 people in 1800.

As in all frontier towns, the children of St. Louis had few opportunities for formal schooling. Father Bernard de Limpach, the Capuchin pastor for twelve years (1776-1788), taught the basics of the Christian faith. After 1774, Jean Baptiste Trudeau combined periods of operating a small school with forays into the fur country. Madame Marie Rigauche opened a school for girls in 1797. Surprisingly in such a milieu, the private libraries of the village contained over 2,000 titles by the end of the colonial period. They ranged from Jean Jacques Rousseau's latest essay to Bourdaloue's sermons of the previous century. Laclede, the post's founder, had brought a library of 200 books when he came up from New Orleans. Few Anglo-Americans crossing the Alleghenies brought any books with them besides the King James version of the Bible.

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Historic battle

Belleville (IL) News-Democrat
late July or early August 1993

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Rescuers from 26 states, 3 foreign countries help Ste. Genevieve survive

Associated Press

STE. GENEVIEVE, Mo. — It took a lot of sweat and sandbags to save history in this French settlement town. It will take much, much more to build a future.

Like many Mississippi River towns, the quaint hamlet of Ste. Genevieve, located 60 miles south of St. Louis, waged a do-or-die fight against the flood. At stake were buildings as old as this nation. They survived, but at a price: The battle cost about \$2 million, more than the town's annual budget.

"We have mortgaged our future to save our past," said Bernard Schram, who shares a 199-year-old home with his wife, Vion. "We're going to be in hock for the rest of our lives. It would be a tragedy if we saved the historic district and ended up with a non-viable community."

Welcome to Round II of the Flood Wars: The water is going down. The bills are piling up. And though the river was kept away from the famous French colonial buildings, it's too soon to celebrate.

"We won the battle, but we haven't won the war until it's all cleaned up and everyone is back to a normal life and that could be another two to three years," said Mayor Bill Anderson.

Parts of Ste. Genevieve outside its historic district remain swamped by 10 feet of water. Homes are evacuated. There's no safe drinking water. Businesses are closed; the annual Jour de Fete, a festival that attracts tens of thousands to the town, was canceled for this weekend.

Some of the flood's impact already is apparent.

"The heavy trucks have just torn up our streets," Schram said. "The water system is under water. We're going to have to flush out all the sewers. In a sense, we're going to have to rebuild the whole infrastructure."

Anderson estimated that damages to bridges, streets, sewer lines and other city property is about \$16 million.



FLOOD MESSAGE: Sign in front of Ann Hadel's Lucretia's Restaurant tells its own story

That doesn't include about 300 damaged or destroyed homes and the cost of hiring contractors, buying sandbags and other expenses to fend off the flood waters.

Ste. Genevieve, population 4,400, has an annual budget of \$1.7 million; Anderson is counting on government aid to bail out the town. A fund-raising drive also has collected \$72,000.

Ironically, Ste. Genevieve's troubles came weeks after the National Trust for Historic Preservation listed the town as one of America's 11 most endangered historic places, citing inadequate flood protection.

Ste. Genevieve, founded in 1735, was once home to French noblemen, merchants and, briefly, ornithologist John James Audubon. It has the nation's largest collection of French colonial buildings — 33, some dating to

the 1770s, with distinctive vertical logs.

For years, Ste. Genevieve has been trying to get a federal flood wall, but it can't afford the local 25 percent share for the \$40 million protection.

"We don't have \$10 million," said Vern Bauman, levee district president. "There's no way we can do it."

Ste. Genevieve has three levees; one was breached in the flood.

During the flood, thousands of volunteers, many of them captivated by the town's struggle, flocked here from 26 states, France, Canada and Sweden to join the sandbagging brigade. The river hit a record 49.6 feet before dropping.

"We feel a sense of accomplishment we've managed this long," said Sandy Koller, planning and zoning administrator. "There's a sense of relief. At

least we're talking cleanup. A week ago, we weren't even doing that."

"We feel we have been spared," said Ann Hadel, owner of Lucretia's restaurant, where a sign outside proclaims: Ste. Genevieve Levee: Eighth Wonder of the World.

Hadel wasn't as lucky. She estimates a 90 percent drop in her business.

But Ste. Genevieve has rebounded before.

The town was wiped out in 1785, the l'anne des grandes eaux — the year of the great flood. It relocated about three miles north.

Some early settlers, including Louis Bolduc, moved their houses to higher ground before the flood. His still stands today.



At left: Les Canadiens Errants perform at the Minnesota Historical Society on March 7. The group has been busy, including performing at the Chataqua at Red Lake Falls August 28-29. Great job!

EDITORS NOTE: In the Mai-Juin, 1993, issue of Chez Nous we quoted some material about Pierre Bottineau without knowing who to attribute. The source is: A Genealogy of the Ancestors and Descendants of Pierre Bottineau. . . . by James W. Chesebro, June 24, 1989.



America's French colonial days are remembered at Fort de Chartres.

In Southern Missouri & Illinois they say Vive la French heritage

Story and photo
by John Robert Miller

In the early 18th century it was the French, not the British, that dominated the largest portion of what would some day become the United States. The colonies of King Louis XV occupied nearly 10 times the area of their fierce English rivals, though with a much smaller population. Major French cities such as Quebec and New Orleans were the equal of any in the world and there was already a major network of transportation in place with that mightiest of rivers, the Mississippi, as the chief conveyor.

In the heart of this French new world lay a w.ry vital stretch of rural countryside known as the French Colonial

District. Extending roughly from what is now Cahokia, Ill. down to Chester and then across the river into St. Genevieve, Mo., this fertile land served as not only the major supplier of food to the whole of the French territory but was also the primary connector between its two largest areas of population.

The common people of the region were generally poor and their mere survival was a monumental task, but they worked hard and banded together to stave off both the natural elements and their British adversaries, who had hired several tribes of Indians to fight for them.

Today a drive through this beautiful area evokes a sense of history that not even the finest textbooks can supply.

As you walk the trails, explore the towns and visit homes and museums, the overall sense of time and trial, of courage and endurance, and of life and death is overwhelming.

As Illinois Route 3 winds its way southeast of St. Louis, you will discover statues and cemeteries (some with markers dating back to the early 1700s), quaint towns with either a French or German flair, dozens of historic buildings, as well as restaurants, shops and inns.

Birthplace of the Midwest

Begin your journey in Cahokia, immediately southeast of downtown St. Louis. Missionaries from Quebec arrived in Cahokia in the late 17th century bringing a gospel of comfort and hope to starving and weary Indians. Soon a small trading village grew up around the mission the Jesuit order had established, and civilization on the mid-Mississippi began.

Today, at this birthplace of the Midwest, there are several reminders of yesterday set amid the smokestacks of modern industry.

The Church of the Holy Family, at the intersection of Route 3 and Illinois Highway 157, is the oldest church building west of the Alleghenies. Built almost entirely of walnut logs on the original mission site, it was dedicated in September 1799 as a parish of the diocese of Baltimore, which comprised all territory within the original limits of the United States. It served as a house of worship during French, British and American rule and in 1971 was named a national historic landmark. Around back you will find a cemetery whose tombstones clearly reveal the hardships of those days. Young lives were cut short by nature and disease.

The Nicholas Jarrot Mansion, located next door to the church, is the oldest brick house in Illinois. A couple of blocks west (112 Main St., just off Route 3) explore the Cahokia courthouse. Built in 1737, this is the oldest surviving building in the Midwest and is an excellent example of French pioneer-style construction. Inside a small museum explains what life was like in the days of the French Colonial District.

A wurst adventure

From Cahokia, Route 3 transports us back through time and into the quaint German heritage towns of Columbia and Waterloo. These both have the look and feel of old-fashioned German hard work and values. In Columbia, the famous Eberhard's Restaurant, serving traditional German fare, is a sure hit for

Turn page.

dinner. After dinner, you might feel like browsing through the many antique shops and the Gundlach-Grosse House, a Greek-style home built in 1867.

In Waterloo be sure to have your camera ready for the lovely historic district, including the Monroe County Courthouse and the nearly 200 other 19th-century buildings.

Vive la French influence

Next you will enter Red Bud, a charming little town featuring architecture with a heavy French influence. The wrought iron balconies on some of the buildings along Main Street might remind you of those in another charming little French town to the south, New Orleans, La.

A short distance out of Red Bud you will temporarily leave Route 3 and head west on Illinois Highway 155 for seven miles to a historic treasure chest.

The tiny village of Prairie du Rocher, founded in 1722, is the oldest town in Illinois. Its population is still just about 700 and the flavor remains decidedly French. Here you can visit La Maison Creole, the Creole House, which is listed on the National Register of Historic Places and offers a perfect example of French colonial architecture. Constructed in the long, low French Mississippi style, it dates back to the late 1750s. Also be sure to stop at the Prairie du Rocher church and cemetery.

They still celebrate the New Year the old French style in Prairie du Rocher with traditional "La Guiannee," a festival in which the townspeople dress up in costumes for singing and dancing. If your idea of holiday fun includes fine French food and pastries, then this is the place to be.

Another four miles west on Highway 155 brings you to the impressive Fort de Chartres. This stone-walled compound was completed in 1753 when the French flag still flew proudly over the entire area. It fell 12 years later to the British infantry.

As you enter its gates today, you get an idea of what life must have been like for the soldier of those days. Step inside the original powder room, climb the old wooden steps to the sentry lookout and visit the Peithman Museum which

houses exhibits that explain the social, religious, and cultural life of native Americans. And don't forget to visit La Pelleterie, a gift shop that offers more than just the usual souvenirs. Daily hours are from 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Return to Route 3, drive for another 20 minutes or so until you arrive at the Fort Kaskaskia historic site. If your schedule permits, this would be the perfect place for a picnic lunch. Located on a bluff overlooking the confluence of the Mississippi and Kaskaskia Rivers, this beautiful place is as breathtaking as the views.

The original town of Kaskaskia was located just across the river from this imposing bluff. During the French and Indian War, its residents, fearing an imminent attack by the British, petitioned for a fort and offered to supply the materials. Their petition was granted and in 1761 the garrison, built of heavy palisades, was completed. But the same villagers who had labored in construction of Fort Kaskaskia ultimately destroyed it when, in 1766, they vowed to never let the victorious British occupy a fort which had been built to fight them. Today all that remain are the earthworks which supported the dream.

Down the road from the Fort Kaskaskia site is one of the trip's highlights, the Pierre Menard Home. Known as the "Mount Vernon of the West," this is the Mississippi Valley's finest example of southern French colonial architecture. Start with the slide show on the history of the area and visit the small museum, both in the basement of the house, then tour the house. During the holidays the home is decorated and there are special events such as candlelight tours and open house. Call (618) 859-3031 for more information.

I yam what I yam

Soon Route 3 brings you to Chester, a town which is perhaps more famous for a history of a different kind, it is the birthplace of Popeye the Sailor. The famous spinach-eating matie was created by Chester cartoonist Elzie C. Segar from his recollections of a local scrapper. As you approach the Missis-

15
sippi, you will find a six-foot statue of Popeye in the heart of Segar Memorial Park.

It's time to leave Illinois now by crossing the old Chester toll bridge into Missouri. Drive north on County Road H to St. Mary's, and if you have time, visit Kaskaskia Island which is actually the only part of Illinois west of the Mississippi. This is the home of the "Liberty Bell of the West," a gift from King Louis XV in 1741 to the church of the Immaculate Conception in old Kaskaskia. Tradition says that inhabitants of the now vanished town rang the bell on July 4, 1778 after receiving word that France had joined the War of Independence.

From Kaskaskia Island return to St. Mary's and continue on County Road H to Highway 67 and into Ste. Genevieve, the oldest settlement in Missouri. You might want to spend the night here so you can take in all this lovely little town has to offer. There are several bed-and-breakfast inns in the enchanting historic district and plenty of motels along Highway 67.

The Tourist Center at Third and Merchant Streets (314) 883-5750, can give you all the information you need to make your visit complete, but some of the sites you will definitely want to see and admire are the Ste. Genevieve Museum, the Felix Valle historic site, the Green Tree Tavern and, sitting beautifully in the middle of town, the Ste. Genevieve Catholic Church.

If you feel like dining in history, try the Old Brick House built in 1790. It is believed to be the oldest brick building west of the Mississippi. On Sundays you can feast on their famous chicken dinner. From there you might stop in one of the half dozen antique shops that dot the historical district.

Your journey through this little bit of France in the Midwest ends here, but the images of people and places of long ago will linger on in your mind long after you arrive home. ■

(John Robert Miller is a contributor from Eureka, Mo.)

LES FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE / FRENCH IN AMERICA - 1994

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Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

LSCF PICNIC JULY 25
by Justa Cardinal

You missed a great picnic (if you weren't there) at our annual summer event at Spooner Centennial Park in Little Canada on July 25.

There were about forty present - better than our regular monthly meetings. We had the usual excellent selection of foods. John England had his "special Pea Soup"; of course, it ran short too soon!

Vocal renditions by "Les Errants" filled the air. We played "join in" when we heard a few words of the tete a tetes or when some word or name caught our ears.

Leroy Dubois displayed his lineage "en ronde" - which was the topic to pick up. We have a little idea for you and for Chez Nous about genealogy. Make a list from you present names, working back if possible to the original ancestor. It won't be easy, but well rewarding. Generations can be numbered on completion.

1. Your name
2. Your parent's names
3. Your grandparents
etc.

Make family sheets for each generation. Start with what you know. Don't panic - don't give up.

We'll spend some time at each meeting - with perhaps four or five names, and see where they appear in our respective sheets. I'm sure there will be surprises - and fun. Let's extend our reaches for the unknown.

The next meeting will be October 4th at St. Louis Church 7:30 PM.



Leo Gouette, Twin Cities LSCF President, talks about future plans at the picnic in Little Canada, July 25.

CANADIANS GIVEN ABSENTEE VOTE OPTION

For the first time in history, Canadian citizens residing outside Canada may vote in Canadian federal elections following amendments to the Canada Elections Act in June of this year.

Applications for inclusion on the international registry of voters are now being received by the chief electoral officer of Canada. Canadian citizens aged 18 years or older must have resided outside Canada for five consecutive years or less and must register as soon as possible to vote in the next federal election, expected to be called for a date in fall 1993.

Printed guides containing an application for the international vote registry may be obtained from Elections Canada in Ottawa, Ontario or from the Canadian Consulate General in Minneapolis. Details may be obtained by calling 1-800-267-VOTE (267-8683).



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Novembre-Décembre, 1993 VOL. 15 NO. 3

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette

TWO GREAT HOLIDAYS

by Ernest Ebert
Grand Forks ND

Thanksgiving Day in the United States was set aside in the last century as a legal holiday for the expressed purpose of providing an opportunity for its people to give thanks to God for the blessings of the past year. It is celebrated with church services, family gatherings and gatherings of friends. It is one of the great American feast days. Christmas as well as Thanksgiving exemplifies in a special way the spirit of being thankful and sharing. What better time to offer up thanks than at the end of a growing season? What better time to share than on the anniversary of the birth of the Lord?

Giving thanks for the fruits of the earth predates the Pilgrims but it can be said that they set the pattern for our modern Thanksgiving Day, or days, when they and their Native American friends feasted and gave thanks for three days. Sometimes, the Ebert family celebrates for four days! Be it one day or four, it was and is a wonderful way of expressing thanks to God and love for our fellowmen.

At Christmas time we oftentimes express our caring by presenting gifts to those who are near and dear and to close friends. This custom began on the first Christmas Day when the Kings from the East and the shepherds from the nearby countryside, brought gifts to the stable in Bethlehem. Those gifts were wrapped in love and that love was returned by the Savior in overflowing measure to all mankind on the first Good Friday.

In terms of both Christmas and Thanksgiving as well as the rest of the year, our generation of Seniors, in a material sense, have been blessed beyond our mothers and fathers and far beyond our grandmothers and grandfathers.

We are thankful this day.

We hope you have a good Thanksgiving Day. A Merry Christmas with love. A Happy New Year with love.



AUTUMN - A TIME FOR ME TO REFLECT
by Sammi Whipple

Ed. Note: This article first appeared in the September, 1991, Title V Indian Education Newsletter in the Anoka-Hennepin School District.

As far back as I can remember as a child, living in an all Indian Community, I had no idea what it was like living in the outside world of my snug, secure reservation environment. I somehow thought that everybody lived like we did and did the same things that we did. As a small child, I never thought that we were poor because all the other Indian families and my friends were all in the same economic class. No one was better than anyone else. I guess in a way my family was a little bit better off financially than some since both my mom and dad worked outside the home.

As Autumn approaches, it reminds me

of winding down the summer fishing season. And for my family, as well as many other families, commercial fishing is a major way of life on the Red Lake [MN] Reservation. I remember my dad coming home from work, eating, then leaving to go out and set the several nets in the lake. At sunrise, dad was up again and out "pulling" the nets out of the lake before we got up. He would come home, clean up, then leave for work. Once dad would leave for work, the remainder of the job was left to my mom and the kids. We would all pile in the car and go to the lake to take the fish out of the nets, sort the fish, pack them in ice and prepare them to be picked up by the "fish" trucks. The "fish" trucks would then take the boxes to Redby for processing at the fishery. Then our final job was to hang the nets. This was the fun part. My brother and I were always paired up to hang nets together. Of course we fought to hang the sides of the nets which held the floaters since it

Minneapolis MN Star-Tribune
October 19, 1993

Bringing home the wild rice

By Jim Northrup

Sawyer, Minn.

Ricing was good this year for our family. Harvesting wild rice is one of our favorite seasonal activities. Turning the wild rice into food gives us a chance to do what our parents and grandparents did at this time of the year. We know their parents and grandparents made rice also. We feel connected.

In this era of machines, we still make rice the way the old people did. In an economics class many years ago, I learned the way we make rice is called labor-intensive. We just call it a lot of hard work.

First, the rice must be harvested. We go to the area lakes and rivers to gather rice. In spite of the many doom-and-gloom predictions of a bad year for wild rice, we found enough for our needs.

For a while there, everyone was a wild rice expert. It was common knowledge that the rice crop was bad this year. If I had one person tell me the crop was bad, I had 25 people saying that. Unfortunately, most of the people talking about the bad crop have never spent a day on the lake ricing. It is so much easier to talk about ricing than it is to actually do it.

While out on the lake we saw many of the same animals that are in zoos. We saw eagles, ducks, coots, otter, muskrats and a bear.

As longtime ricers, we know how important it is to clean the rice of debris. Rice heads, leaves, lily pads and moose ears are constantly removed from the wild rice. Once we got

the rice sacked up and the canoe loaded, we came home and spread the rice out in the sun to dry.

I showed my 13-year-old son, Joseph, how I like to build the fire under the parching kettle. He split wood while learning.

My wife Pat and I took turns parching the rice. The smell of the fire and parching rice spread out from our back yard. A friend tried to compare the smell of parching rice to something. He quit when we told him it smelled like parching rice. We paddled many miles in that black kettle.

Pat set up her dancing pit. She used her clean handmade moccasins to grind the hulls off the wild rice. A pleasing sound came from the pit as she moved her feet.

While fanning we watched the rice turn from brown of the hulls to green of the rice. The fanner moved around with the wind so the hulls would blow away.

Our grandson Aaron played while we worked. He learned not to get too close to the fire. He learned not to stand downwind while we were fanning the rice. Aaron taught us that he likes to eat rice out of the fanning basket. We gave him a choice between rice and a candy bar. He chose the rice.

This was my son Joseph's first time out on the lake ricing. This season was his first as a ricer. Joe learned how to pole the canoe from the front. At one point he wanted to quit, but we were out in the lake so he couldn't. Joe finally got the hang of it and found the right speed for the knocker in the back of the canoe. After watching other ricers and his

dad, Joe got a chance to knock rice. He got advice from some of his elders.

When we got home, Joe built the fire and parched our day's harvest. By the fourth batch he knew when to take the rice out of the kettle. I decided to give him the rice we gathered that day. Next he will use Pat's dancing pit to loosen the hulls. After that he will fan it and clean it. He will then have about 20 pounds of hand-finished rice.

Once again ricing was a media event. Channel 9 from the Cities was there to record Joe's first-time ricing. They didn't come for the family event, we were just out ricing when they showed up. A magazine called Martha Stewart Living sent out an art director and photographer from New York to record the labor-intensive process of turning wild rice into food.

The Creator gave us food again. We know what lake our rice comes from. We even know what part of the lake it grew in. The family members now have new ricing stories to tell.

Only 11 more months until ricing again.

Jim Northrup, a member of the Fond du Lac Band of Lake Superior Chippewa, lives in Sawyer, Minn.

Star Tribune File Photo

Parching wild rice in a container set near a fire: Just call it a lot of hard work.

meant less tangles. Once we made it past this hurdle (and I'd always win the fight [as] my brother is younger than me) we could complete our jobs and go home. By mid-morning we were finished and ready to do our chores at home.

For us fishing was a summer job and by September we were ready to move on to wild rice processing. Although I never was involved directly in ricing in the lakes and swamps, I was involved in the processing of the rice. Even the small children were involved in the process. My job involved dancing or jigging on the rice. This process consist[ed] of - while wearing new moccasins - walking or stepping on the grains to loosen the husks from the seeds. After several hours of taking turns, this work can be very tiring. For some reason, I believed my dad when he used to tell me that I did

the best "jigging" job of anyone that he knew. I guess that explained why I was so eager to do it longer than my brothers or sisters. As I got older (and lazier) I realized that dad told me this to get more work out of me.

After going through all the processing of the wild rice, our rice was stored for the winter. By this time we were ready to head back to school for our formal education and the long winter ahead of us.



THE LIVING SNOWMAN OF GRINDSTONE ISLAND

Note from the editor: In this summers mail came an amazing story of survival on an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The story, reprinted below, was written by Trevor Holloway and printed in the March, 1959, issue of Coronet magazine. For readers of Chez Nous, the article will bring back memories of the adventure of Father Goiffon, which were printed in 1992.

Sister Ellen Murphy of the College of St. Catherine submitted the story. Her mother, Helen Normand, was the niece of Auguste LeBourdais, "The Living Snowman." And her grandmother, Catherine LeBourdais Normand, was his sister. Sister Ellen grew up in Bachelors Grove, ND, not far west of Grand Forks. Her French-Canadian ancestors were among the earliest pioneers at Oakwood ND.

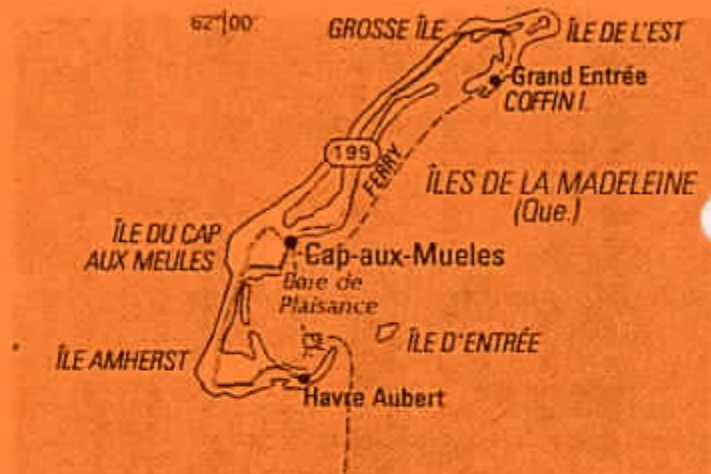
Read on, and thrill to the adventure.

"It was Father Bouldrealt's custom to preach for twenty minutes at least, but on this particular Sunday morning near Christmas in the year 1875 he cut his discourse by half. The interior of his little church on Grindstone Island was growing darker by the minute and icy snowflakes had begun to tinkle against the windows like fragments of glass.

From long experience Father Bouldrealt knew that the sooner his flock of God-fearing fisher folk were safely home the better. For it was evident a blizzard of great severity was rapidly sweeping in upon them.

Within the hour, Grindstone Island, one of the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was struck by the worst snowstorm in living memory. For three days and nights it raged while life on the island came to a complete standstill and not a soul ventured outside.

On the fourth day, the blizzard exhausted itself and a party of boys set out through the drifts to look for flotsam cast ashore during the storm. They were not disappointed. The beach was littered with planks, spars and splintered timber, a sign some luckless vessel had gone to pieces offshore. Among the wreckage were barrels of salted pork, kegs and wind-battered cases of food. The boys salvaged as much as they could, stacking it above the high-water mark, and it was almost dark before they finished. Loading themselves with as much as they could carry, they set out for home.



They had barely got clear of the beach when the first boy up the bank gave a startled cry. The rest stopped in their tracks, staring in terror at the fantastic figure advancing slowly toward them out of the gloom, one laborious step after another. It lurched and swayed as though it might topple over like a drunken man - or to be more exact, like a gigantic drunken snowman.

Towering fully eight feet tall, with massive arms and legs and a girth at

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least three times that of any human, it was silhouetted against the night sky like some fantastic monster from outer space. A faint, unearthly moan came from the snow mass that might be the "thing's" head. The boys dropped their spoils and fled for the village.

But their parents were not impressed by their stories of a living snowman. "A trick of twilight," said one hardheaded fisherman. They were far more interested in the news that food and timber awaited collection on the beach - a welcome Christmas present, indeed.

At first light next morning a party set out for the beach and spent a highly profitable day there salvaging everything of value they could lay hands on. Not until light failed did they start for home.

They were just approaching a stone-built barn a mile or so from the beach when round the corner of the building lurched the snow giant. For a moment they, too, fled panic-stricken for the village, and the house of Father Bouldrealt.

A smile flickered across the priest's kindly features as he listened to their tale of a monster snowman. "They tell me there are a few kegs of fine spirits down on the beach," he observed in mild reproof.

"That is so, Father," admitted the village storekeeper, "but none of us have had more than a sip or two to keep out the cold. What's more, it was Pierre, here, who saw the thing first - and he's never touched strong drink in his life."

"Very well," replied the priest. "At dawn tomorrow we will begin a search. You had better bring guns as there is just a chance your "snowman" is a polar bear driven ashore on floating ice during the storm."

Early next morning, Father Bouldrealt set out at the head of heavily armed body of fishermen determined to comb the island from end to end. Unfortunately, a fall of snow during the night prevented their following any footprints from the spot where the monster had last been seen.

All day the search went on and in the late afternoon, when they were on the point of abandoning it, the priest suddenly gave an excited shout and pointed to the snow a short distance ahead. There, plain to see, was a trail of giant footsteps, each nearly two feet

long and a foot across. They were definitely not those of a polar bear. 21

The party advanced cautiously and, when darkness fell, lit lanterns. The trail zigzagged aimlessly this way and that, eventually leading them down to the shore. "Look, Father - over by that rock!" exclaimed one of the men in a tense whisper. There, some twenty yards away lying on its side like a great fallen statue, they could discern a giant snowy form of more or less human shape.

Uttering a prayer, and clutching the cross that hung around his neck, Father Bouldrealt advanced with the utmost caution towards the prostrate figure, the rest following close behind with rifles ready. The "thing" lay silent and unmoving. The priest bent down and gently touched it - and his hand touched rock-hard snow. When the lanterns were held closer, he beheld two cavities in the snow-ball-like head, where its eyes might be. A third vaguely resembled a mouth.

At the moment, the silver cross around the priest's neck slipped out from underneath his coat and swung gleaming in the light of the lanterns immediately above the monster's head. The result was astounding. An agonized groan came from the mouth cavity, there was a feeble movement of those massive limbs and the monster: muttered faintly, "Father, Father!"

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Bouldrealt in horror. "This is a living man encased in frozen snow! God help us or it will be too late. We must get him back to the village quickly."

The living snowman was placed on a stretcher hastily improvised from driftwood. It proved a grueling journey back to the nearest house, for the weight of the snowman was several times that of a fully grown man.

All through the night, under Father Bouldrealt's supervision, the islanders worked to free the man from his casing of frozen snow. First they chopped away the outer layers, then they thawed the ice next to the flesh. By dawn the grim ordeal was over and little by little the man was able to tell the priest that he was Auguste LeBourdais, first mate of the sailing vessel Calcutta, which had left Liverpool on September 14th bound for Quebec. After reaching that port and taking aboard a cargo of timber, she set sail on the return voyage to Liverpool. During her passage through the Gulf of St. Lawrence she was overtaken by the storm and ran aground to the north of

Grindstone Island.

The two boats that put out from her soon capsized in the rough seas. Auguste LeBourdais believed he was the only survivor, but later it was learned that Captain Tyrell and three sailors managed to reach nearby Grosse Island. The rest of the crew, numbering twenty-two, and one lady passenger were drowned.

For a day and a night Auguste LeBourdais clung precariously to a piece of wreckage until he was finally swept ashore on Grindstone Island. By then the blizzard was at its peak and the driving snow began to encase him. With every passing hour his icy shroud thickened and its weight increased. Where or how long he wandered in a state of semi-coma he could not recall. The one thing he remembered vividly was the flashing of Father Bouldrealt's silver cross in the light of the lanterns.

Auguste LeBourdais had already suffered frightful agonies, but they were by no means over. The priest knew enough of the dangers of gangrene to realize that only by amputating LeBourdais' badly frost-bitten legs could his life be saved. And since there was no time to summon medical aid from the mainland, with God's help he must attempt the operation himself.

Ordering six men to hold Auguste LeBourdais down on a table, he steeled his nerve and with liberal doses of spirits as the only anesthetic, he began the gruesome task of sawing both legs off above the knee joint. As he worked he prayed his nerve should not fail him

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS, 1886, IN PARIS

From the Editor: In 1902, W.F. Dawson published a book in London entitled "Christmas: Its Origin and Associations". The following article, found on pages 318-320 of the book, is one of several about Christmas in France, and is an Englishman's view of Christmas in Paris in the year 1886.

"The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes - Although New Year's Day is the great French festival, the fashion of celebrating Christmas something after the English custom is gaining ground in Paris every year. Thus a good deal of mistletoe now makes its appearance on the boulevards and in the shop windows, and it is evident that the famous druidical plant, which is shipped in such large quantities every year to

before the task was completed.

It was rough and ready surgery - and hundred-to-one gamble - but it worked. Slowly and painfully, LeBourdais fought his second triumphant battle with death and by the end of May was sufficiently recovered to go to Quebec where skilled surgeons performed further amputations. After long months of convalescence he was fitted with artificial limbs, completing the miracle that Father Bouldrealt had begun.

When Auguste LeBourdais returned to Grindstone Island, the fisher-families turned out to welcome home their living snowman who had by now acquired almost legendary stature, and a great cheer went up as he stumped down the gangway on his wooden "peg legs".

Auguste LeBourdais later married an island woman and their direct descendants can be found [on Grindstone Island] today."

Sister Ellen adds some notes at the end of the article including "I wish I had been able to ask my grandmother, Catherine LeBourdais Normand, what she and her parents did during the time her brother, Auguste, endured this unusual trial. Did they learn about it at the time? Or did they not get word until Uncle Auguste came to Quebec for his second round of surgeries?" She indicated that the Grindstone Island post office is now Cap Aux Meules. We all have those questions we "wish I had asked". Now is the time for you to do that recording for your families posterity!

England from Normandy and Brittany, is fast becoming popular among Parisians.

Another custom, that of decorating Christmas trees in the English and German style has become quite an annual solemnity here since the influx of Alsatians and Lorrainers, while it is considered chic, in many quarters, to eat approximate plum-pudding on the 25th of December.

Unfortunately, the Parisian "blom budding", unless prepared by British hands, is generally a concoction of culinary atrocities, tasting let us say, like saveloy soup and ginger-bread porridge. In a few instances the "Angleesh blom budding" has been served at French tables in a soup tureen; and guests have been known to direct fearful and furtive glances towards it, just as an Englishman might regard with mingled

feelings of surprise and suspicion a fricassee of frogs.

But independently of foreign innovations, Parisians have their own way celebrating Noel. Tonight (Christmas Eve) for instance, there will be midnight Masses in the principal churches; when appropriate canticles and Adam's popular "Noel" will be sung. In many private houses the boudin will also be eaten after the midnight Mass, the rich baptising it in champagne, and the petit bourgeois, who has not a wine cellar, in a cheap concoction of bottled stuff with a Bordeaux label but a strong Paris flavor.

The feast of Noel is, however, more archaically, and at the same time more earnestly, celebrated in Provincial France. In the south the head of the family kindles the yule log, or buche-de-Noel, which is supposed to continue burning until the arrival of spring. Paterfamilias also lights the calen or Christmas lamp, which represents the Star of Bethlehem, and then all repair to the midnight Mass in those picturesque groups which painters have delighted to commit to canvas.

The inevitable baraques or booths, which are allowed to remain on the great boulevards from Christmas Eve until the Feast of the Kings, on January 6, have made their appearance. They extend from the Place de la Madeleine to the Place de la Republique and are also visible on some of the other boulevards of the metropolis. Their glittering contents are the same as usual, and despite their want of novelty, crowds of people lounged along the boulevards this afternoon and inspected them with as much curiosity as if they formed part of a Russian fair which had been temporarily transported from Nijni Novgorod to Paris.

What was more attractive was the show of holly, mistletoe, fir trees, camellias, tea roses and tulips in the most famous flower market outside the Madeleine. A large tent has been erected which protects the sellers of winter flowers from the rain, and this gives the market a gayer and more brilliant appearance than usual.

What strikes me more than anything else, is the number of French people whom one sees purchasing holly bushes and mistletoe, which they carry home in huge bundles, after the good old English tradition.

Notwithstanding the dampness and gloom of the weather, which hovers between frost and rain, the general aspect of Paris today is one of cheerful and picturesque animation, and the laughing crowds with whom one jostles in the streets are thoroughly imbued with the festive character of the season."

LETTER TO DICK BERNARD

I've decided its best that I quit the Chez Nous. Hope you are able to find somebody you can work well with. Hopefully my fingers will get better but can't hold this up and take the chance.

It's been good working with you.

Jerry Forchette

Jerry broke her wrist last spring and also has worked 10 year or more on Chez Nous. She deserves thanks for a job well done. She will be missed.

D.B.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL/APPLICATION

RENEW TODAY!!

Name _____ Telephone _____ Profession _____
Address _____
Street City State ZIP

Membership Dues:		2 Year Membership Dues:	
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

DONATIONS: The Société is a non-profit organization and accepts tax-deductible donations from people interested in promoting the French-Canadian culture. Please make out any donation you may wish to contribute to: "La Société Canadienne-Française" and mail to: P.O. Box 581413 Minneapolis, MN 55458-1413

Donations will go into the general fund to help support our programs and activities. Thanks!



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

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Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

ERRANT NEWS

Al Girard reports the following news from Les Canadiens Errants.

On December 11 Les Errants will be performing all afternoon at Murphy's Landing.

On January 29 (mark this) the Errants, the Alliance Francaise, and LSCF will jointly sponsor an open house for the visiting Voyageurs contingent from St. Boniface as well as one from AFRAN in Red Lake Falls. The location of this event is not set as this was written.

Les Errants had an excellent visit to the AFRAN Chataugua on August 19, with great singing and fiddling including some ad libitum by various groups.

YOUR DUES ARE IMPORTANT!

It is time to pay your dues for 1994. Dues help pay for six issues of Chez Nous and other programs of LaSociete. We need your membership support. We need your help in enrolling new members as well. This is your organization. Dues are due by January 1, 1994.

EVENEMENTS A VENIR

- Dec. 6 Sorry, no meeting. Our usual place is booked up.
- Dec. 11 CHRISTMAS PARTY. At this moment we cannot be sure of the location. This years party will be potluck as usual, and will be for adults (no Santa Claus this year). Bring a small gift, wrapped, for a gift exchange.
- Dec. 24 The Church of St. Louis, King of France, has not yet scheduled a Christmas Eve Mass in French, depending on the availability of a French speaking celebrant.
- Jan. 29 Voyageurs in town (see story).
- Feb. 12 A LSCF Mardi Gras function is in the planning. Watch!

LES FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE / FRENCH IN AMERICA - 1994

The 10th edition ! of the calendar (8-1/2 x 11 inches) is now available.

US\$6.95 each (postage & handling included)

US\$5.95 each (postage & handling included) for a minimum order of five calendars sent to a same address.

Make check payable to: *French-American Calendar-1994*

Write to: Virgil Benoit, R.R.2 Box 253, Red Lake Falls, Minnesota 56750



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Janvier - Février, 1994 VOL. 15 NO. 4

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

THE GIFT

Five little kids giggling in the kitchen.

"Parlez français à la table ou vous ne mangerez pas" (Speak French at the table or you can't eat).

"Yes, right here, this is where my dad would make me get down and kiss the floor, "Baise le plancher!" if I spoke English in the house!"

My aunts uncles and cousins "making the rounds" from home to home at Christmas time. . . "en bonne santé", "prendre un petit coup".

We didn't eat pea soup. We had "soup aux pois".

"They came from Sainte Ursule in Maskinonge, Quebec."

"They would play cards on Aunt Annie's back porch until after dark, speaking only in French."

"They all got up early and went to Mass every morning."

"None of us spoke English when we started school."

The stories and memories I have from that wonderful, big, old, brick house I grew up in, built by my grandfather, Joseph Girard, as a wedding gift for my grandmother, Virginia LaMathe. This was a legacy given to me by my French Canadian family. It would be on a historical committee trip in 1984 that 65 members of La Société would come to this same big, old, brick house and dine with me and members of my family as they shared the French Canadian heritage of Chippewa Falls WI.

But let's back track a little. It started with a trip to Quebec in 1967, an introduction to Quebecoise Yvonne Girard Lessard, my cousin. The interest started to grow. In 1979 my father, Clarence Girard, passed away. The questions begin and the answerer is gone. The interest continued to grow. A letter in French from Canada, Sainte Anne's in North Minneapolis, "Try Our Lady of Lourdes." "No, but call Evelyn Lund at . . ." "Mr. Girard, you should join our group, I'll send you information. Now call Lucille Ingram, she lives by you, she can translate for you."

1981 - Evelyn - "Mr. Girard, you've been a member for over a year. Don't you think you should come to a meeting? I came to the potluck Christmas party, I came empty handed. "I heard you singing the Christmas caroles, come and join Les Canadiennes Errants, our singing group." Evenings at Carmelle's with everyone speaking in French (except me), the trip to Chisholm with the singing group. Carmelle arguing in French with Francine. What a delight!

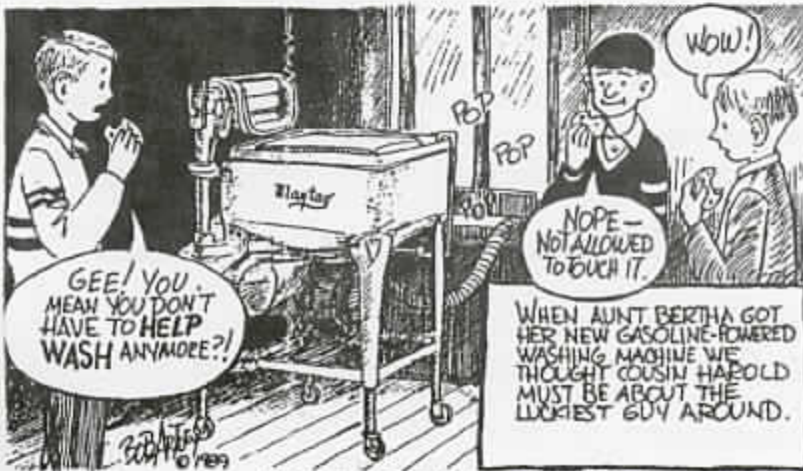
Merci Beaucoup to Pierre Girard, reprinted from NVJ, Spring, 1988

TWO COMMENTARIES ON LIVING BEFORE MODERN CONVENIENCES

by Marvin Campbell
Brainerd MN

We take for granted these days simple things that were, in times past, not so simple. In the following writings, Marvin Campbell, whose ancestors were from Quebec, and who also shares French-Canadian roots with us (even though his surname is Scotch!) talks about how life was before fancy-dandy washing machines and refrigerators. Read on, and enjoy. And consider sending us some of your own recollections.

WASH DAY



Memories Of A Former Kid Distributed by Extra Newspaper Feature

The cartoon brings back very pleasant memories.

Mother did the washing in an antiquated hand operated machine until Dad bought her first Maytag. It was a great day for Mother and the entire family. This wonderful new machine was purchased when I was about 11 years of age when we lived on the Torkelson farm. We had no electricity, but we did enjoy the gas stove and lamps. The addition of a gas powered washer was a small miracle!

Obtaining decent water and heating it for the huge wash was always a chore as the salt water well was altogether too "hard" for household use, and the cistern¹ water often ran out, so water had

¹ For those who don't know, a cistern was usually an underground catch basin for rain water collected as run off from the roof of the house.

to be hauled in from inconvenient sources on many occasions.

Winter time in North Dakota posed challenging problems for "wash day". Snow was collected for two days prior and melted in the reservoir attached to the kitchen stove. Large copper boilers were filled with snow and placed on top of the coal fired stove. Planning the day was a chore in itself. Providing and heating the water was coordinated with preparing the noon meal - usually macaroni and tomatoes accompanied by homemade bread and butter.

Drying the washed clothes was another "experience". Outdoor lines and wooden racks were used. The extreme cold which prevailed for much of the winter instantly froze the squeaky clean sheets, pillow cases, towels and the family clothing. The process would remove much of the moisture, but the frozen results of the drying efforts necessitated moving the clothes into the kitchen and other rooms in the house. Underwear and other wear took on all sorts of grotesque shapes as a result of the quick freeze process providing more entertainment for the whole family.

Ironing followed, all completed with heavy flat-irons heated on the kitchen range. The heat retained by this primitive method was short-lived, so it was necessary to change irons often as Mother pushed and pulled the irons over the padded ironing board which was placed near the kitchen table where the sorting of the clothes took place.

Maytag machines graced our home until the Rural Electrification program provided the farm areas with electrical conveniences in and around Minto, North Dakota, in 1944!

FOOD PRESERVATION BEFORE REFRIGERATION

The whole family was thrilled when we learned that the farmstead purchased near Minto, North Dakota, from John Chapiewski in 1934 boasted an ice shed. Anxiously, we awaited the frigid temperatures of winter so that we could cut and haul ice from the Red River. The ice was placed in the shed which held an abundance of sawdust to be used in the preserving process. Cutting and hauling the ice was tedious, but

rewarding. The large chunks which first were removed from horse-drawn sleighs weighed hundreds of pounds. Moving these clumsy chunks of "future delight" called for special skills, we quickly learned. Ice picks, heavy tongs and long stout ice chisels were used for proper placement of the blocks. A two to three inch covering of sawdust was packed around each block to insure effective insulation during the warm weather months.

The ice was harvested from potable water and was used for cooling in our "Gibson" ice box, for cooking, and for assuring summertime drinks of lemonade and a host of "Watkins" drink mixtures. Being able to extend the shelf life of fresh meats, eggs and vegetables was a source of satisfaction for all the family and yes, for many friends and relatives.

The ice would melt in the 90 degree heat of the summer and trickle down a tube into a pan where mother saved the precious fresh water to assure verdant plant growth throughout our home.

I left home in 1940, before electricity came to our farm, and despite the nostalgic and pleasant memories of ice refrigeration, a new modern "fridge" graced mother's kitchen soon after the yard light was installed.

Nature provided our basic refrigeration during most of my life on the farm - below freezing temperatures in the winter and deep artesian wells during the summer. It was not until the late forties that electricity was enjoyed on the farm, made possible by the government sponsored Rural Electrification Program.

Preserving meats and other perishables during most of the year was made possible by cooling such staples as butter, fresh cream, milk and limited meat products by submerging them in a trough through which cold running water from the artesian well flowed continuously, the overflow escaping through the pipe on the opposite end. All the farms benefitted from these wells despite the brackish and salt laden water which was, because it came from deep wells of over 150 feet, constantly at about 48 degrees fahrenheit.

Although we were far from affluent during these times, the hard work of our father coupled with mother's cooking magic assured all of us of a

cuisine which in many ways is still unmatched today - thick whipped cream, sweet fresh butter, volumes of cold refreshing milk, rich cool cream for salad dressing, puddings, sauces and desserts of all kinds.

The falling leaves of October with accompanying nightly frosts signaled the coming of winter. Plans were made to take advantage of the cold months ahead for butchering both hogs and cattle. The entire animal was utilized - the hog's blood and brains to the very tip of his curly tail. Dad was expert at meat cutting and processing, and storing the products of his labors in several ways. Tender and special cuts were canned by mother for consumption during the hot summer months. Hams and bacon were smoked and cured and hung in the cellar to be used later for special events; and often for large gatherings of relatives and friends.

The rest of the meat was wrapped and marked and placed in a large container, a barrel or tub, covered and placed in a shady spot near the house. This was our winter deepfreeze providing the very best of pork and beef during the long hard months of winter. This process was not implemented until the snow "squeaked" under the weight of our black four buckle overshoes.

Mother and Dad used many other proven methods for food preservation - eggs in water glass, a solution that extended their edibility for two to three months, sauerkraut, canned gooseberries, garden corn and many other products grown and nurtured in mother's garden. Times were often difficult, but the entire family always enjoyed good nourishing food prepared with love and care.

A PROJECT FOR A COLD WINTERS NIGHT

From the Editor: "I remember. . ." means one thing when you're my granddaughters age (7); when you're my age (53); when you're my Dad's age (86). We all have in common that we can remember, and pass on those memories to others.

Those who came before us perhaps told stories. Some perhaps even wrote their memories, or kept photos (which they labelled with who and when information). If we're real lucky they recorded their memories on audio or videotape.

A future generation wants your memories. Why not begin the project this winter? They'll love it.

LEGEND HAS IT that every February, in St. Boniface, Manitoba (Winnipeg is a suburb of St. Boniface), there is a Festival du Voyageur. This year the Festival is February 11-20. Some say the people who go to this Festival are even hardier (some say even more foolish) than those brave souls who march in parade in St. Paul's Winter Carnival.

COME TO YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS. Festival du Voyageur is a wonderful event. For more information call 204-237-7692 (or ask someone at the Fete on January 29 - see article elsewhere in this issue).

A RECIPE FOR QUEBEC TOURTIERE (and another for Ragout de Boulettes)

I apologize to the source of these recipes - I forgot to write down who gave it to me. Suzanne Rooney? Was it you (I think it was), or someone else? Let me know who you are, so I can give you proper credit in the next issue! The Editor.

TOURTIERE Tourtiere is traditional in French Canadian families. This traditional meat pie is eaten hot after midnight Mass on Christmas eve. The original recipe comes from the Harrowsmith Cookbook, Vol 1 edited by Pamela Cross, Camden House Publishing, 1981.

Use a lard pastry for double crust 9" pie.

1 1/2 pounds lean ground pork or pork and ground beef or ground turkey (The original recipe calls for 1 pound of pork, but I prefer 1 1/2 pounds of meat half and half, so you can add more spices if you wish, but the taste should be mild).

- 1/2 tsp savory
- pinch of ground cloves
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 1 large potato, cooked and washed
- 1 small onion, chopped
- salt and pepper

Mix meat, onion and spices in a saucepan. Add boiling water. Simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Skim off any fat. Add the mashed potato and mix well.

Roll out half the pastry to line a 9" pie plate. Place fillings in pie plate and cover with the remaining pastry. Prick with a fork. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes or until golden.

Serve piping hot topped with homemade tomato ketchup or chili sauce.

RAGOUT DE BOULETTES. Recipe from The Canadian Living Cookbook by Carol Ferguson, Random House/Madison Press 1987.

"Meatball stew" doesn't convey the spicy goodness of these lean pork meatballs simmered in broth. They are perfectly delicious with a sprinkle of parsley and a bowl of fluffy mashed potatoes or buttered noodles. This dish reheats beautifully and travels well to chalet or potluck suppers.

- 2 slices good-quality white bread
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 tbsp butter
- 3/4 cup very finely chopped onion
- 2 lb finely ground lean pork [or turkey]
- 3 tbsp very finely chopped parsley
- 2 tsp salt
- 1/2 tsp pepper
- 1/4 tsp each cloves, ginger and freshly grated nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp cinnamon
- 1 tsp dry mustard
- 4 cups lightly salted stock (beef or chicken)
- 1/2 cup all-purpose flour
- 3/4 cup cold water
- Finely chopped parsley (optional)

Crumb or cube bread very finely and soak in milk for 5 minutes. In large skillet, melt 1 tbsp butter and saute onion until tender. Transfer to large bowl and add pork, bread and milk, parsley and seasonings. Mix thoroughly with hands; form into balls about 2 inches in diameter.

Melt remaining butter in skillet and, over medium heat, brown meatballs, one layer at a time, on all sides. Place meatballs in medium size saucepan.

Pour 1 cup stock into skillet and heat, scraping up browned bits from bottom of pan; pour this and remaining stock over meatballs. Simmer, partially covered, for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Taste stock and adjust seasoning.

Sprinkle flour into skillet over medium heat, stirring frequently until flour becomes an even mid-caramel color; cool. In jar with tight-fitting lid, shake flour with cold water to make a smooth creamy liquid. Pour this slowly into simmering stock, stirring constantly, so stock will thicken without lumps.

Simmer stew another 10 minutes. Sprinkle generously with parsley if desired and serve. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

MAKING TOURTIERE IN THE OLD DAYS

by Henry Bernard,
Belleville IL

This story first appeared in the Novembre-December, 1986, issue of Chez Nous. Henry was a "town kid" who grew up in Grafton ND. This story is about part of his life in Grafton.

For a number of years (about 1920) Dad would buy a couple of piglets in the spring to raise. He had a pen in the back of the barn and kept them until late fall when they were butchered. They usually weighed 200 pounds or better.

He fed them by-products of wheat from the mill, they were called middlings and shorts. Then he would get buttermilk from the creamery. It was a waste product from churning cream so he could get as much as he wanted. It made rather powerful feed and the hogs grew very well.

When it came time to butcher, Dad would have somebody to help. They stuck the hogs and my mother would catch the blood to make blood sausage. Then the hogs would be scalded and the hair shaved off. Then the animal would be butchered. Salt pork would be put into the brine and into large crocks we had. Roasts were prepared and some of the meat was brought to the butcher shop to be ground for sausage. We had pork feet, headcheese and other cuts of meat.

Then mother would make meat pies. She had the lard that came from the hogs and made the pie shells and prepared the sausage and potatoes for the pies. She would make many of them at one time and stored them on the front porch which was like a deep freeze in the winter. Whenever she needed one she put it in the oven to thaw out. She did the same with the mince pies only they were made with beef. The pie shells were made of pig

lard, though. The blood sausage would be cooked and kept in the deep freeze like the other meats.

They could get the natural casings from the butcher shop (cleaned out intestines from hogs), to use to make blood sausage.

I don't know what spices were used but I do know the salt was liberally used in preserving the salt pork. Mother was always careful to use large amounts of salt. Each piece was covered with salt so there was a liberal amount between each piece of meat as she packed it. They felt that if the pieces of meat touched, the meat would spoil. Salt pork was good but when the barrel was nearly empty the bottom pieces would be so salty mother would have to boil the salt out of it before she could cook it.

Those were the days. Most everyone did some canning of meat in that fashion and it stayed until spring in the "deep freeze".

From the editor: In my Christmas mail came a wonderful poem from Sr. Ellen Murphy. CSJ. It is reprinted below. Sr. Ellen provided us with the "The Living Snowman of Grindstone Island" which appeared in the last issue of Chez Nous. Her mother was French-Canadian, and she grew up in Bachelors Grove ND.

Snowdrift

When my father swept me
in one almighty sweep
from the blue cold of the snowdrift
to his woolen shoulder, my numb cheeks
comforted against his beaver cap,
my snow-caked leggings limbered
chapped knuckles kissed, he imbued
thenceforward to this day, the drifts
of every winter snow
with feelings soft as fur
and warmed them with the smoulder of his
pipe -

his love - a sense of home.
The heart's vocabulary builds like this:
a list of meanings rubbed
from love at hand as personal as touch.

Sister Ellen adds a postscript to her poem:
"This was a North Dakota snowdrift, of course!"

AMERICAN NOTEBOOK

More Quebecers turning backs on tradition of embracing winter

Montreal, Quebec

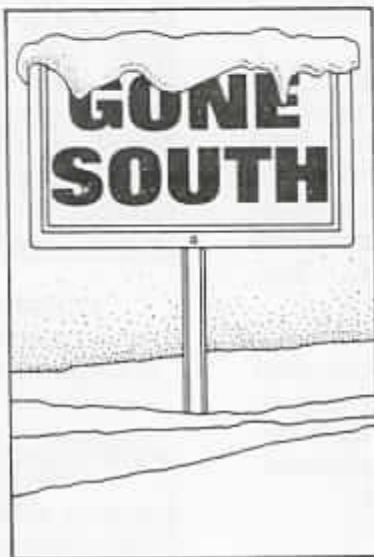
From the earliest days of French settlement in the 17th century, Quebec has taken a stubborn pride in its winters. Even Voltaire, dismissing Quebec as "a few acres of snow" after France lost the territory to British conquest in 1759, inadvertently contributed to the legend Quebecers have built of themselves as a people who have thrived in the face of bitter chills and blizzards.

But if the Quebecer of yore was a climate-hardened backwoodsman, his descendants have changed. Among Quebecers who study winter, there is rueful acknowledgment that in the era of central heating, subterranean shopping mazes and charter flights to southern climes, *l'hiverniste* of French Canadian folklore — the winterist, the Quebecer who took the snow and ice and cheerfully built a life around it — has gone soft.

The latest evidence comes from Florida. With a mixture of good humor and chagrin, Montreal newspapers reported recently on the unflattering reputations Quebecers have developed in the Florida communities where they sojourn each winter. A column in the Miami Herald and then an article in XS, a weekly paper in Fort Lauderdale, depicted the Quebecers as pallid, overweight and inclined, at least among the men, to wearing skimpy swimsuits that do little to disguise their girth.

While the Montreal newspaper *Le Devoir* suggested that vacationing Quebecers should take care not to become still less welcome in their "promised land," what attracted attention as much as the Florida articles themselves was the scale of the exodus. The Quebec government estimates that as many as 700,000 of the province's residents, about one in 10, spend part or all of their winters in the southern United States. Some in Quebec see the migration as a symptom of enfeeblement.

While their compatriots were at-



tracting criticism in Florida, Quebec's winter experts were gathering at a "winter cities" conference in Montreal that drew delegates from more than 60 cities in 20 countries, including the United States. The United Nations-sponsored conference was dedicated to "improving the quality of life of city dwellers by making the most of winter," the official program said.

For Quebecers, at least, this looks like an uphill struggle. Claude Bouchard, a physical fitness expert at Laval University in Quebec City, told conference delegates that the problem was as much one for Canada as for Quebec, with national surveys showing that levels of physical exercise dropped by 50 percent in the winter. "Residents of northern cities are more likely to be characterized by a couch-potato lifestyle," he said.

Outside the conference, it was not hard to see why. Montreal's mid-January weather set records, with nighttime temperatures sinking to 25 degrees below zero and gusts of 40 miles per hour sending pedestrians fleeing into the 14 miles of downtown subterranean passageways.

Bouchard suggested that relief from Quebecers' moroseness in winter lay mostly in more indoor recreation, away from what he called the irritants of cold, snow, bad roads and slippery sidewalks. He suggested borrowing an idea from Texas, where, he said, shopping malls are available off-hours to joggers and walkers seeking respite from the heat. "We must eliminate the myth that being active in winter means being active outside," he said.

To other Quebecers, this was heresy. Therese Dumesnil, a freelance writer from Ste.-Adele-des-Monts, a Laurentian Mountains resort, protested that Quebec should be promoting a return to outdoor activities such as skiing, skating, ice-climbing and mountain hiking, all of which she said she still enjoyed at the age of 59. "Granted, a certain amount of people just hate the winter, and others just abdicate and drive south," she said. "But I'll take you up north, anywhere in Quebec, and you'll see the beauty of it. God knows, the winter air is wonderful."

Louis-Edmond Hamelin, a Quebec geographer who spent 30 years specializing in northern studies, said that what was needed was not so much new ways of escaping "the dead season," but a new, or rather old, psychology about it. "We have to relearn that winter is a normal season; it's not a season of aversion," said Hamelin, 69. "These days, Quebecers simply don't like the winter at all. They dream of going south, of staying indoors, of getting a good meal."

— John F. Burns
New York Times



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

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Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

JANUARY 29 SOIREE & CELEBRATION

A fun evening of French celebration will be held on January 29, 1994 at the Civic Center Inn in downtown St. Paul. This event is sponsored by French organizations from Winnipeg to St. Paul. They include La Societe Canadienne francaise, les Canadiens errants, l'Alliance francaise, l'Association des Francais du Nord from Red Lake Falls, and le Festival du Voyageur of Winnipeg.

The purpose of the celebration is to bring together Minnesota and Manitoba residents who want to be part of an annual French celebration.

There will be entertainers from all along the old ox cart trail from Winnipeg to St. Paul. A brunch type buffet will be served along with coffee, hot chocolate and soft drinks. Bar service will be available at your own discretion.

Dress up in a colorful outfit, bring a friend, and some to the Civic Center Inn to be part of this fun French celebration. Please don't forget the spirit of it all. Besides the fun, we will be planning for a greater French Celebration of French Canadian and French cultures in the years to come.

Time: 7:00 PM to 10:30 PM
Saturday, January 29

Place: Day's Inn (Civic Center Inn)
7th & Kellogg near Old 7
Corners, St. Paul

Reservation: Not necessary

Questions?: Al Girard 227-7368

MARDI GRAS EVENING

from President Leo Gouette

Saturday evening February 12 LSCF will hold a Mardi Gras social evening. Plan to arrive about 6:30 p.m. Leo is asking any of you who have a favorite Canadian dish (appetizer, casserole, main course, dessert, etc.) to share your recipe with us. You can mail recipes to Leo at 880 W. Nebraska Ave., St. Paul MN 55117. We would like to have a large selection of various Canadian dishes to offer that night. This is not a potluck. There will be a reasonable charge for the meal. We hope that this will be a fundraiser for LaSociete as well. Invite your friends. Location of this festive event will be at Our Lady of Mt Carmel Catholic Church in northeast Minneapolis (701 Fillmore NE, just east of Broadway and Central at Fillmore and Summer. Call Leo Gouette (489-8306) if you need help with directions. We ask also that you let Leo know if you plan to attend, and we could use volunteers to help with the food preparation.

1994 DUES, s'il vous plait.
'Nuff said.

EVENEMENTS A VENIR

- | | |
|---------|---|
| Jan. 29 | Multi-group Reception (see story). |
| Feb. 12 | LSCF Mardi Gras Evening. |
| Mar. 7 | LSCF Meeting. Bonnie Fournier will present her very interesting slide presentation on the Yellowstone National Park Picture Postcard Project. |
| Mar. 11 | Alliance Francaise Program (see story). |

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ALLIANCE FRANCAISE PROGRAM

On Saturday, March 12, Alliance Francaise will host an all day event, La Journee Quebecoise.

As of newsletter deadline no place has been set for this event, nor has a cost been established. The time will be from 10:30-4 PM. Call Alliance Francaise closer to March 12 to get location information. Their number is (612) 644-5769.

This event will include videos, talks, and live performances, all focusing on Quebec.

There will be a display of items made in, or by people from, Quebec. This display will hopefully include heirlooms and crafts from Quebec that you might loan to Alliance for the day. If you think you have some items that might be of interest call Nelly Hewitt at 222-2965 for more information.

BONJOUR MINNESOTA CHANGES TIME

We have great news from Georgette Pfannkuch. Her very entertaining radio program "Bonjour Minnesota" is moving from the morning hours to 8:00 PM every Wednesday evening on KFAI, 90.3 FM. "Bonjour Minnesota" was voted the best program of the year on KFAI.

CANADIAN ERRANTS 1993

Another year has passed with quite a few performances under our belt. We didn't have as many events, but they were somewhat different than 1992.

Mar. 7 - We put on a singing performance in conjunction with the Alliance Francaise at the Minnesota Historical Building.

Apr. 24 - We combined a performance with the youngsters from Red Lake Falls. We hope

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this is the start of an exchange program each year from now on.

July 7 - Most of the group went to Menomonie, Wisconsin for a family reunion. Pierre Girard's family (Ryder Reunion) treated everyone exceptionally well.

July 18 - Quail-on-the-Hill was our next outing. As usual we were well received and we all had a good time. Christian was an excellent host (as usual).

Aug. 8 - We participated in the Little Canada Parade again. We built a float on a donated trailer and again used the canoe and other articles from the Little Canada Historical Society.

Aug. 28 - Up to Red Lake Falls for a two day Chauauqua. We put on several performances and had a session with the musicians from Winnipeg. It was quite educational and we all learned a lot from the trip. We especially enjoyed the breakfast hosted by Virgil Benoit at his farm. Merci beaucoup, Virgil!

Several more performances are planned for the rest of this year. On December 11 we will be singing most of the afternoon at Murphy's Landing. That will be followed by the annual Fete Noel (Societe Christmas Party at St. Louis Church at 6:30 p.m.

We are always looking for more singers and musicians. If you would like to join us, contact Pierre Girard; 588-5465; or Al Girard: 484-5757.

To all who participated as singers, musicians, drivers, and spouses, who came and watched us practice and learn new songs, we extend our heartfelt thanks.



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Mars - Avril, 1994 VOL. 15 NO. 5

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

On becoming an "American"

Elsewhere in this issue of *Chez Nous*, Sister Ann Thomasine Sampson writes about the challenges of tracking assorted spellings of her family names. And Henry Bernard writes of his father's "loss" of the French language of his youth in Quebec.

Back in 1897, the Quebec physician and popular story teller W.H. Drummond wrote a book, *The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems*. To some, the book seemed to ridicule the dialect of French-Canadians. Indeed, Drummond was identified as a British Imperialist in his politics. The feeling was such, apparently, that in his Preface Drummond felt it necessary to state "I feel that my friends who are already, more or less, familiar with the work, understand that I have not written the verses as examples of a dialect, or with any thought of ridicule." He went on to state further that, "[h]aving lived, practically, all my life, side by side with the French-Canadian people, I have grown to admire and love them. . . ." We accept his comments as genuine.

In the following extract from this book the narrator - an ordinary man - talks about his friend going to the States, and years later coming back for a visit, and then coming back for good. I would be surprised if this reading does not excite diverse emotions in you, the readers. I personally was tempted to change (but did not) one word that I found offensive! I invite your comments. Those interested in reading this entire book, can check with your public library. When last we checked, in 1986, it was still available on inter-library loan from the St. Paul (MN) Public Library. The Editor.

from the chapter "How Bateese Came Home"

W'en I was young boy on de farm, dat's
twenty year ago
I have wan frien' he's leev near me, call Jean
Bateese Trudeau
An offen w'en we are alone, we lak for spik
about
De tam w'en we was come beeg man, wit'
moustache on our mout'.

Bateese is get it on hees head, he's too moche
educate
For mak' de habitant farmerre - he better go
on State -

An' so wan summer evening we're drivin'
home de cow
He's tole me all de whole beez-ness - jus' lak
you hear me now.

"W'at's use mak' foolish on de farm ? dere's
no good chances lef'
An' all de tam you be poor man - you know
dat's true you'se'f,
We never get no fun at all - don't never go on
spree
Unless we pass on noder place, an' mak' it
some monee.

"I go on Les Etats Unis, I go dere right away
An' den mebbe on ten-twelve year, I be riche
man some day,
An w'en I mak' de large fortune, I come back
I s'pose
Wit' Yankee famme from off de de State, an'
monee on my clothes.

"I tole you somet'ing else also - mon cher
Napoleon
I get de grande majorite, for go on parliament
Den buil' fine house on borde l'eau - near w'ere
de church is stand
More finer dan de Presbytere, w'en I am come
riche man!"

I say "for w'at you spik lak dat ? you must
be gone crazee
Dere's plaintee feller on de State, more
smarter dan you be,
Beside she's not so healtee place, an' if you
mak' l'argent,
You spen' it jus' lak Yankee man, an' not lak
habitant.

"For me Batees! I tole you dis: I'm very
satisfy -
De bes' man don't leev too long tam, some
day Ba Gosh! he die -
An' s'pose you got good trotter horse, an' nice
famme Canadienne
Wit' plaintee on de house for eat - W'at more
you want ma frien'?"

But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop
him at all
He's buy de seconde classe tiquette, for go on
Central Fall -
An' wit' two-t'ree some more de boy, - w'at
t'ink de sam' he do
Pass on de train de very nex' wick, was lef'
Riviere du Loup.

Wall! mebbe fifteen year or more, since Bateese
go away
I fin' mesef Riviere du Loup, wan cole, cole
winter day
De quick express she come hooraw! but stop
de soon she can

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An' beeg swell feller jomp off car, dat's boss
by nigger man.

He's dressim on de premiere classe, an' got
new suit of clothes
Wit' long moustache dat's stickim out, de
'noder side hees nose
Fine gol' watch chain - nice portmanteau - an'
long, long overcoat
Wit' beaver hat - dat's Yankee style - an' red
tie on hees t'roat -

I say "Hello Bateese! Hello! Comment ça va
mon vieux?"
He say "Excuse to me, ma frien' I t'ink I
don't know you."
I say, "She's very curis t'ing, you are Bateese
Trudeau,
Was raise on just' sam' place wit' me, dat's
fifteen year ago?"

He say, "Oh yass dat's sure enough - I know
you now firs' rate,
But I forget mos' all ma French since I go on
de State.
Dere's 'noder t'ing kip on your head, ma frien'
dey mus' be tole
Ma name's Bateese Trudeau no more, but
John B. Waterhole!"

"Hole on de water's" fonny name for man
w'at's call Trudeau
Ma frien's dey all was spik lak dat, an' I am
tole heem so -
He say "Trudeau an' Waterhole she's jus'
about de sam'
An' if you go for leev on State, you must have
Yankee nam'."

Den we invite heem come wit' us, "Hotel du
Canadaw"
W'ere he was treat mos' ev'ry tam, but can't
tak' w'isky blanc,
He say dat's leettle strong for man jus' come
off Central Fall
An' "tabac Canayen" bedamme! he won't
smoke dat at all! -

But fancy drink lak "Collings John" de way
he put it down

Was long tam since I don't see dat - I t'ink
 he's goin' drown! -
 An' fine cigar cos' five cent each, an' mak' on
 Trois-Rivieres
 L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem - for
 monee he don't care! -

I s'pose meseff it's t'ree o'clock w'en we are
 t'roo dat night
 Batees, hees fader come for heem, an' tak'
 heem home all right
 De ole man say Bateese spik French, w'en he
 is place on bed -
 An' say bad word - but w'en he wake - forget
 it on hees head -

Wall! all de winter w'en we have soirée dat's
 grande affaire
 Bateese Trudeau, dit Waterhole, he be de boss
 man dere -
 You bet he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring
 is come encore
 He's buy de premiere classe tiquette for go on
 State some more.

You 'member w'en de hard tam come on Les
 Etats Unis
 An' plaintee Canayens go back for stay deir
 own contree?
 Wall! jus' about 'dat tam again I go Riviere
 du Loup
 For sole me two t'ree load of hay - mak' leetle
 visit too -

De freight train she is jus' arrive - only ten
 hour delay -
 She's never carry passengaire - dat's w'at dey
 always say -
 I see poor man on char caboose - he's got
 heem small valise
 Begosh! I nearly tak' de fit, - It is - it is
 Bateese!

He know me very well dis tam, an' say "Bon
 jour, mon vieux
 I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was educate
 wit' you
 I'm just' come off de State to see ma familee

encore
 I bus' mesef on Central Fall - I don't go dere
 no more."

"I got no monee - not at all - I'm broke it up
 for sure -
 Dat's locky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman
 Joe Latour
 He's cousin of wan frien' of me call Camille
 Valiquette,
 Conductor too's good Canayen - don't ax me
 no tiquette."

I tak' Bateese wit' me once more "Hotel du
 Canadaw"
 An' he was glad for get de chance drink some
 good w'isky blanc!
 Dat's warm heem up, an den he eat mos'
 ev'ryt'ing he see,
 I watch de w'ole beez-nesse mese'f - Monjee!
 he was hongree!

Madame Charette wat's kip de place get very
 much excite
 For see de many pork an' bean Bateese put out
 of sight
 Du pain doré - potato pie - an' 'noder t'ing be
 dere
 But w'en Bateese is get heem t'roo - dey go I
 don't know w'ere.

It don't tak' long for tole de news "Bateese
 come off de State"
 An' purty soon we have beeg crowd, lak vil-
 lage she's en fête
 Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau hese'f, he a
 comin' wit' de pries'
 An' pass' heem on de "Room for eat" w'ere
 he is see Bateese.

Den ev'rybody feel it glad, for watch de em-
 brasser
 An' bimeby de ole man spik "Bateese you
 here for stay?"
 Bateese he's cry lak beeg bebè, "Ba j'eux
 rester ici.
 An if I never see de State, I'm sure I don't
 care - me."

Wall! w'en de ole man an' Bateese came off de
Magasin
Batees is los' hees Yankee clothes - he's dress
lak Canayen
Wit' bottes sauvages - ceinture fléché - an'
coat wit' capouchon
An' spik Français au naturel, de sam' as habi-
tant.

I see Bateese de oder day, he' work hees
fader's place
I t'ink mese'f he's satisfy - I see dat on hees
face
He say "I got no use for State, mon cher Na-
poleon
Kebeck she's good enough for me - Hooraw
pour Canadaw.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

by Sister Ann Thomasine Sampson, CSJ
St. Paul MN

Note from the Editor: This instructive and very interesting article was published in the Urbain Baudreau Graveline family periodical, The Descendants, in the Fall of 1993. Sister Ann is a member of the Baudreau Graveline family, and has deep roots in the French-Canadian heritage of St. Paul and Minneapolis. She resides at Bethany Convent on the ground of the College of St. Catherine, St. Paul.

"The pursuit of genealogical research can be exciting, adventuresome and sometimes downright frustrating. For example, consider the problem of names -- how they are changed, misspelled or translated.

I had been working on my family genealogy for many years and was mystified about the names of Baudreau and Graveline which occurred in a number of documents and lists. One of my cousins who had given me his research shortly before he died, wrote about a Joseph Graveline who was a blacksmith and who lived on the site of what later became the Golden Rule Department Store in St. Paul, Minnesota. He also wrote about a Basilese Boudreau whose father was Joseph Graveline. Later on as I read J. Fletcher Williams' HISTORY OF

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THE CITY OF ST. PAUL TO 1875, I came across a list of residents of St. Paul in 1850. Among them were Joseph Boudreau and Joseph B. Graveline. Ruth Charest, famous for her sleuthing methods of ferreting out genealogical information, unfolded the mystery by unearthing the fact that the two Josephs were one and the same person. Further research, discussion and reading revealed the fact that many people of French-Canadian descent had two last names -- and for a variety of reasons which I will not discuss at this time.

Joseph was the descendant of Urbain Baudreau dit Graveline, a soldier thought to come from a town called Graveline, France, who emigrated to Ville Marie, now Montreal, Quebec, in



Sister Ann Thomasine visited with Dick Bernard and Pierre Bottinneau dit Virgil Benoit in St. Paul, January 29, 1994

1653. He later married Mathurine Juillet and had eight children. Some of his descendants kept both names while others preferred one. Later when the Urbain Baudreau Graveline Genealogical Society was formed and contacts were made with the descendants, an astounding number of spellings of both names showed up. I attended three conventions of descendants in Montreal and Biloxi, Mississippi, and had an interesting time reading name tags with all the varieties of spellings.

Now that I knew what had happened to the original name as found in the official records/documents in Montreal, I began to look for variations among ancestors who settled in St. Paul about 1846. I secured a copy of the marriage certificate of Joseph's daughter who was married in

the Cathedral. Joseph's last name was spelled Bawdry. The Calvary Cemetery office recorded his name as Joseph Baudreau while his wife who died several years later, was listed as Josette Graveline. The St. Paul City Directories recorded his name three different ways: Joseph Gravelin in 1863, Joseph Graveline in 1864 and Joseph Grevelin in 1869.

Joseph and Josette (originally Josephite) had ten children -- eight daughters and two sons. One of them, Basilis (the feminine for Basil) was my great grandmother. All of the children were baptized in Sorel, Quebec. Later on, when the family moved to St. Paul, census takers wrote down variations of this name. They spelled it as they heard it sound: Bazilis/ Basilise/ Basile/ Bsoalis/ Bolia/ Buzialize/ Lizzy! The church records in Dayton, Minnesota, where she was married, listed her name as Bauzelise Baudert while her death certificate recorded her as Bazille, daughter of Joseph Bourdreau. The name Bozelic is engraved on her tombstone at St. Mary's Cemetery, Minneapolis. My mother told me that I was supposed to be named after her. I wonder what version I would have had if this had come true.

Basilis married Daniel Lavallee and lived on a farm near French Lake, Minnesota. They had thirteen daughters, one of whom became my grandmother, Helene/ Helen/ Ellen. The latter married Zepherin Samson; however, the latter name underwent some changes. Zepherin's Civil War Pension lists him as Sampson despite the fact that he signed his name without the p. Many years later, when their son, James, my father, needed some proof of USA citizenship during World War II, he sent for a copy of his baptismal record in Rockland, Michigan. James' record showed that he was baptized Jacob (Latin for James) Sansone whose parents were Seraphine Sansone and Helen Lavallier. The parents Minnesota marriage license lists them as Zepherin Sampson and Ellen Lavallee while the certificate of one of their sons baptized at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Minneapolis, lists them as Zepherin Samson and Helen Lavallee. For example: o could become a; i could become e; m could become n, etc. I know about the latter problem because I have also made the same mistakes when I copied records.

Another View of the Language Game

In the Jan-Mars 1986 *Chez Nous* my father submitted an article, reprinted in part below. His father had come to the states about 1894, so he is recounting an event that occurred perhaps about 1920. The Editor

"[My] Dad so often repeated [this story]:

It happened that, after 25 years in North Dakota, Dad wanted to visit his only living brother who still lived in the Quebec area. This brother had been born, raised and spent all his life there.

When my Dad greeted his brother, in French, upon his arrival in Quebec, the brother turned to his wife and said "Cet homme n'est pas mon frere. Il ne parle pas Francaise!" [This man is not my brother. He does not talk French!]

Dad had been using the French that he had used for many years in North Dakota. This was full of English words. It was not the pure French that the natives of Quebec used in the early part of the twentieth century. Yes, and even now it is hard to communicate with these natives of Quebec unless you use the pure French.

The same thing happens here in Texas along the border with Mexico. Many of the people are of Latin descent and they speak a "border lingo" which is referred to as Spanish. They find it hard to communicate with Mexicans from Mexico City or people from Spain. Too many words of other languages have crept in."

Finally, I have to add that I have become a source of mistaken identity when I became a Sister

I have many other names (Lavallee, for example) that have been mutilated, changed throughout the years, and have come to three very basic conclusions as a result of my own investigations: 1) people taking census records, jotted down what they heard because they did not know French; 2) my ancestors did not speak English and the majority of them could not read or write; 3) many writers were careless about forming letters, of St. Joseph. To some of my immediate family, I am known as Frances-Anne, my baptismal name, and to many others who only know me as a religious, I am Sister Ann Thomasine, the name I received when I was accepted into the novitiate.

And what happened to the name Baudreau dit Graveline in Minnesota? It died out because of

the great number of girls who were born. The same happened to the descendants of Helene and Daniel Lavallee."

And, a final thought from Sister Ann: "My advice to those who are in a dilemma about names is to sound out the name, change the vowels, see if the name can be translated into another language and if the name becomes a nickname. And if you find all of this confusing, think what is going to happen within the next few years as people fill in genealogical charts where wives keep their maiden names, children have different names because of frequent divorces and annulments and many couples who have children, do not marry. So keep sleuthing away and enjoy the adventure of it all."

HISTOIRE

On a hill just outside Mankato MN, one can find a rock containing the following inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD

FORT LEHILLIER

THIS FORT WAS ERECTED BY

PIERRE CHARLES LESEUER

WHO WITH TWENTY-SEVEN MEN HERE

SPENT THE WINTER OF 1700.

The immediate inclination is to say "1700 must be a misprint." No so, according to Professor Armand Renaud, who provided some biographical notes on some famous explorers of French ancestry. He says this about Pierre-Charles LeSueur (1657-1705): "Ambitious and tireless, he explored the Lake Superior- Mississippi basin region before petitioning the king for a ten-year monopoly on the fur trade of the Upper Mississippi. It was granted in 1699, providing he enter the river from the delta in Louisiana. Sailing from France to America in April 1700 with Iberville, he embarked with 19 men on a journey that brought them to the Falls of St. Anthony, then nearly to the river's source. His maps brought still more knowledge about Minnesota."

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN

From Anoka-Hennepin Title IV Newsletter - 1991
Submitted by Priscilla Buffalohead

The following Ojibway legend was collected at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, by Henry Rowe Schoolcraft in the 1830's. This means that the story is at least 150 years old and probably older. The legend contains a moral about parenting skills. Read the story and see if you can find the moral.

Long ago there was an old man who had a very handsome son. The old man had great

ambitions for his son, and so, according to the custom of the day, he urged his son to go out into the woods and fast. Guardian spirits took pity on young people who fasted and sometimes granted them special abilities.

Filled with ambition for his son, the old man asked the boy to try and fast longer than anyone else had ever done. When the time for the fast had arrived, the two proceeded into the woods where they built a small lodge. The old man directed his son to lay down on the mat at the center of the lodge. Here the boy was to fast for 12 days. The young man listened to his father and began his fast.

The old man came every morning to the little lodge to encourage his son. On one of the visits, the son pleaded with his father: "my father, my dreams suggest I should not continue now. May I break the fast and make a new fast another time?" Instead the old man said "wait patiently a little longer. In three days you will have accomplished what you set out to do. I want you to continue; it is for your own good."

And so the handsome young man lay down again. But on the eleventh day, he repeated his request. Again the old man told him to continue saying that he would bring his son food the next day. On the last morning, the old man joyfully prepared a meal to take to his son. When he arrived at the fasting lodge, he peeked through the door. He found his son painted with a red color all over his breast; and his son was saying, "my father would not listen to my request, he will be the loser. I will always be happy in my new form. My guardian spirit has shown me pity and given me a new appearance. Now I will go."

Upon hearing these remarks, the old man rushed into the lodge, "my son" he begged, "please don't go". But the son flew out the top of the lodge for he had been changed into a robin. Upon leaving he said to his father, "don't worry about me. I am happy now. I am sorry I could not be a great warrior as you wanted. Instead I will be a sign of peace and joy to our people. I will cheer you with my songs." Then he stretched his wings and flew to the tree tops.

MORAL: Don't push your ambitions on your children. Let them go with their own dreams. If you push too hard you may lose your children in the end.



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

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Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

UPCOMING EVENTS

Monday, March 7, 7:30 p.m. at St. Louis Church Hall, St. Paul. Regular meeting. Bonnie Fournier and Wendy Lane will present a slide program on their very well received 1993 Yellowstone National Park Picture Postcard project. You will enjoy this program. Invite others to attend.

Saturday, March 12, La Journée Québécoise (see reverse). Reservations requested.



Les Plouffe: The Plouffe family

Sunday, March 13, at the Bell Museum Theatre at the University of Minnesota, the acclaimed Canadian film, *The Plouffe Family*, will be shown at 2 p.m. Ticket cost \$3.50 general, \$2.50 seniors. This is described as a rich, warm and insightful look at Catholic family values in blue collar Quebec City during World War II years. In color with subtitles in English. Parking is available not far from the theatre, and often is free on Sunday.

Monday, April 4, 7:30 p.m. at the St. Louis Church hall, the regular monthly meeting of La Société will take place. This evening the program will be primarily as an evening to socialize with friends. Bring something of interest to you!

ARCHDIOCESAN ARCHIVES AWAIT YOU.

Pat Anzele, assistant archivist for the archdiocese of Minneapolis-St. Paul advises us that all parish records (save for two holdouts) are now on microfilm and available for use. Give him a call at 291-4400 if interested. His office is at the Chancery, 226 Summit Avenue (directly across the street from the Cathedral).

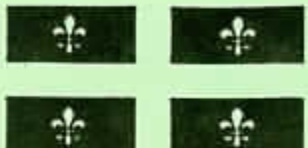


Winnipeg area fiddler Christian Perron entertained an appreciative audience of 70 friends in St. Paul January 29. Christian, and a delegation from LeFestival du Voyageur, were in town for Winter Carnival.

WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!! Send your news for Chez Nous to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124. This is your organization . . . and your newsletter too!

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LA JOURNÉE QUÉBÉCOISE



Saturday, March 12, 1994
10:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.



HOTEL SOFTEL
Hwy 484, & 100, Bloomington

- 10:30 a.m. Registration and Coffee
Québec fiddle music by Mr. James Gans.
- 11:00 a.m. Greetings from the Canadian Consulate General, Minneapolis
Video Overview of "Québec"
- 11:30 a.m. Presentation and Discussion:
"Québec: Cultural Themes In Literature and Film"
A society's values are revealed through its stories. A few outstanding works of literature and film will be discussed to illustrate traditional cultural themes and some more recent dialogue with the tradition.
- Dr. Marianna Forde, College of St. Catherine's
- 12:15 - 1:45 p.m. Lunch and cash bar
(Tourtière * Salade de Saison * Blueberry Pie)
Music by Mr. James Gans
- 2:00 p.m. Presentation and Discussion:
"The Speech of Québec in Perspective"
The wellspring of "le québécois" was the language of the Parisian region as it was recast before the Revolution by the Académie Française. The speech of "l'hexagone" in time merged into another vision.
- Dr. Armand Renaud, University of Minnesota
- 2:30 p.m. **"Les Filles de Caleb"**
An episode from a Québec television series will be shown.
- 4:00 p.m. Program ends

Product displays will be open throughout the program.

To reserve a place, please detach and mail with a check by **March 5, 1994** to the Alliance Française, 821 Raymond Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota 55114. No refunds. If you cannot attend, your check will be considered a tax-deductible donation.

COST PER PERSON: \$15.00 for program and lunch; \$7.00 for program only.

Name: _____ No. Attending: _____ Telephone: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

