



## Madawaska Historical Society

'Repertory of Mariages of the Parishes of the Upper Saint John Valley of Maine and New Brunswick (Diocese of Edmundston, N.B. and Parts of Aroostook County): A Master Work of Reverend Father Henri Langlois, OFM.

The task of research, compilation and classification of the marriages of the above mentioned region is the work of the Rev. Henri Langlois, Franciscan, and former chaplain of the Peoples' Benevolent Hospital, Fort Kent, Maine, 1960-1967.

The publication of this gigantic repertory, consisting of several volumes is headed toward completion. Four volumes have already been published, while others are in preparation.

Each volume contains approximately four to five thousand marriages, comprising a broad range of documentation on the subject of Valley marriages, designating place, date and parents of each such couple.

Without a doubt inevitable errors may have slipped by owing to the immensity of the documentation that had to be consulted, to say little of the required deciphering of some more ancient documents, all making the task of putting together a genealogy of this type a phenomenal work. There were some incomplete and even

missing documents that had to be dealt with, making the task all the more difficult.

The marriages have been catalogued alphabetically as in a dictionary. Here, then is a listing of the volumes already published:

Volume I: (A and B), This volume contains all the marriages of the families with surnames beginning with the letters A and B.

Volume II: (C and D) This volume contains all the marriages of the families with surnames beginning with the letters C and D.

Volume III: (E-F-G-H-I-J-K) This volume contains all the marriages of the families with the letters E-F-G-H-I-J-K.

Volume IV: (In Preparation) This volume will contain the marriages of the families with surnames beginning with the letter L. It is still in preparation. Numerous corrections required in the compilation of this volume have retarded its publication.

Volume V: (M-N-O) This volume contains the marriages of the heads of families with surnames beginning with the letters M-N-O.

Et Voila! If the work of editing this repertory have proven gigantic, the work of publication is colossal!

## Two New Genealogy Volumes Published

Given that the publication of these volumes of genealogy has been undertaken solely to complete a work of a late departed friend and historian, and not for profit, the cost of each volume has been fixed at \$10-this being a minimal contribution for such a major work.

These volumes are for sale at the residence of Msgr. Ernest Lang, Route Transcanadienne, St. Basile, N.B., Canada."

Begging the Monseigneur's leave now, I shall illustrate the type of charts that is will be possible to draw by those who possess said volumes:

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## Valley Motors, Inc.

By Guy Dubay

MADAWASKA - Monseigneur Ernest Lang of St. Basile has recently announced the publication of two more volumes of an eight volume series dealing with St. John Valley Genealogy. The following communiqué was received by the society:

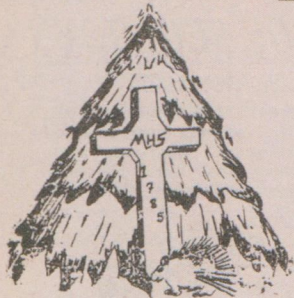
## Fifth Meeting Of St. Francis Blue Bells Held

ST. FRANCIS - The fifth meeting of the St. Francis Blue Bells 4-H Club was held at the home of Mrs. Beckey Henderson. Miss Nicki Connors called the meeting to order. Reports were given by Holly Henderson and Susie Pelletier.

The girls decided to have a

## Madawaska Historical Society

## Langlois' Lifestyle



(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second article in a series by Guy Dubay, on Rev. Henri Langlois and his masterwork, a genealogy of the St. John Valley.)

### The Lifestyle of a Valley Genealogist

(Being a Biography of Fr. Henri Langlois, a visitor who wrote about us.)

by Guy Dubay

MADAWASKA - Friar Langlois was first of all a missionary, with all that the term implies - an adventurer? yes! an idealist? perhaps! a realist? of course! a man of emotion? surely! Imprisoned by the Japanese during the Second World War, he incessantly manifested his Christianity by speaking no ill of his captors. Whenever you could get him to speak on the subject of his seventeen years on the Japanese Islands, his words belied the love that he had for those

people.

"I've never learned to write Japanese well," he would say, "my brush strokes always look as if they had been drawn by a child, but I do read and speak the language fluently." He'd go on explaining the advantages of an ideographically written language like Japanese over the photographic techniques of the west.

Those of us who got to know him during his seven years as chaplain of Peoples Benevolent Hospital in Fort Kent remember vividly the robust, bearded friar looming like an image out of the middle ages. But the bushy grey beard, it turned out, was only a cover for deep facial lacerations received in torture as a prisoner of war.

Beyond first impressions, underneath the woolen cassock, beat the heart of the man and priest, like Christ, a true revolutionary. "No, No, I am not for violence," he'd say, "but this I know; for Quebec to reach its potential, it will have to work by itself." Out of the desire to help his beloved Quebec, will come in the months ahead, the man's most enduring work, a Genealogy of the St. John Valley.

"The French people in the States, all are lost to the English," he would say, "but Quebec, we might still save! You here in the Valley still speak French, and this is beautiful," he'd go on, "but it can't last for long-- a

generation at most, perhaps. The American influences are too powerful to be resisted any longer. Your television, your schools; your economics, all are English. And it won't be long that your Robert Leblanc's and Jos Vaillancourt's will become your Bob White's and Joe Smart's.

He somehow never bought my melting pot theory of America (taught to me in my Senior Problems of Democracy class.) He died never quite believing that I could maintain my Frenchness while living in America. "But the constitution was designed for tolerance" I'd say. "The writers of your constitution were English!" he'd retort. "Oh, I know," I'd answer, "But those boys meeting in Philadelphia did something very unEnglish, -- wrote a document of tolerance!"

"In America," I'd argue on, "the English designed a country where one could be French and American simultaneously. Why, all over the country one could find minorities each rising to express their unique culture while remaining faithful to America."

"You tell that to your Negroes," he'd retort, "or tell that to the Neishi out in California, or even to your Indians! Tolerance, hell, that is not the America I read about in your newspapers. If you really want to know a country, read its press, and your constitution is not what I see reflected in your newspapers. You are a white nigger in America as long as you remain French. In Quebec, you might come onto your own, but in the States, never!"

"Quebec?" I'd ask, "Quebec? Quebec couldn't survive by itself. The American economy dominates Canada. Quebec doesn't have a viable economy alone, look at your unemployment!"

"Oh, it would take suffering at

first" he'd go on, "but Quebec would rise above the chaos. There is enough spirit in the French ethnic to make them rise!"

"Spirit?" I'd counter, "the French spirit? There is too much disunity among the French to rise as a people! If you were speaking of the Jews now, I'd say yes, they and the Chinese have a long history to unite them, but the French? What is French history? Civil strife, litigation, that is all.. The French need a leader to unite them. They work well under a Napoleon or Lou's XIV or a DeGaulle, but where are they in the meantime? Don't talk to me about French Spirit!"

"Well you're leaving out religion," the Friar would say. "The Church has been the force of the French, and that's the problem with your American Constitution. It's a godless constitution! It tries to tolerate all, hence it has no motive force. Look at any Arabic constitution, in the very first paragraph you read references to Allah. That is the force that overcomes their disunity, and that is what we can have in Quebec. But you, you are a people dedicated to all gods, and hence to no God. What powers can you have over human destiny?"

"No, Quebec would have to do it on its own, and all its expatriates in Maine, Connecticut and Rhode Island would be lost to the cause. At best, they might serve as foreign allies for Quebec, but mostly they were lost..." he'd say.

My high schoolish concept of America never found fruit with him, I know, but still we remain friends. I was seeking to learn what it meant to be French in America, and his thoughts merited debate. It was but an adolescent search for self iden-

tity that brought me to the study of genealogy. James Baldwin had said in his Fire Next Time that it was only by knowing where one had been could a man know where he was heading!

Self identity is the handmaiden of all local history. It is usually a soul search that sends one to musty archives in search of his ancestors. Father Langlois was an expert at this type of searching. As a young priest he had gone through the same soul search, and had ended up with 150,000 file cards of the marriages around St. Jean d'Iberville in Quebec in his native Richelieu Valley. (His mother bore an Acadian name and somehow that bothered him.)

We joked about his "Mechanical System that operates only manually" - an ingenious device that helps distinguish one "Jean Baptiste Cyr" from 30 other "Jean Baptiste Cys." Simply, each J.B. Cyr is always paired off with his spouse, and is so filed. "In making genealogies," he told me with a chuckle, "one must seek out women," for only through the spouse do we distinguish Jean Daigle the father from Jean Daigle the son. "In genealogy, priests and nuns don't count (another chuckle), but il faut chercher la femme."

I suspected he was a bit disappointed when I did just that; "chercher la femme." He perhaps envisioned me with a tonsure and cassock, but two years later I introduced him to my fiancée and yet another two years to my infant son. But he was happy that I had married among my own.

"Bicultural marriages have less chance of being successful," he'd assert, reaffirming some of his very potent prejudices.

(Continued Next Week)

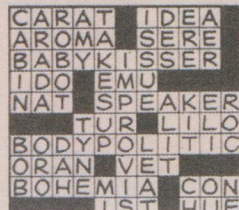
## Weekly Crossword

### ACROSS

1. Luncheonette order
5. Arab garment
8. Surrounded

### DOWN

1. Falsehood
2. Exclude
3. Being a tippler (3 wds.)
4. Poem
5. Place



## Madawaska Historical Society



are dissatisfied with it. It's the middle-aged. The young do not mind being asked to wear cassocks, it's the middle aged that have grown tired of the habit. You can ask anything of youth, they'd wear hair shirts if we didn't stop them. They are idealists and are tolerant of suffering. It's the middle-aged that grow tired of sacrifice.

"We older churchmen have grown tired, and are seeking short cuts to heaven. I don't know if God will give us our just due. Giving sacrilege to the young can damn us all. Don't let these changes in the church fool you. Done in the name of youth, they are really the province of old men. Youth is ever direct and forthright in its idealistic way. We are schemers. We get our way under guise of youth's needs. This is why youthful endeavours seem so shabby and misdirected, because they are forward. They are not shrouded under cover of guile and deceit. This is why you fight. Youth fights, but old men plot."

Applying his own words to him, ulterior motives seem to be the key to it all, and despite my incompetence at debating with him, I could sense the motive behind the work. His prejudices shone through at first. He had come to Fort Kent to Québécoise us all!

Oh yes, there were the churchly matters, and these were of prime concern. He'd come to minister the sick. To preach the faith a little too—but also to rest, to write and lastly to Québécoise—this last, mostly in the fashion of a hobbyist.

"Japan," he once told me, "left me a bit too oriental. I'm not good anymore to lead in Quebec. They put me in as pastor in my native valley of the Richelieu, after the war, after I recovered from my stay in the missions. But I wasn't good at it, I was exhausted, and my mind was still too oriental to be effective. I had a stroke. I needed to slow down.

Yet, at home if I would preach tolerance, it was my brothers in the church who felt threatened. Could I, who had suffered baptism by blood now become more worthy of holding the pastorate that they aspire to? My cries for the very role I had played. It was a ticket to honors! Begrudgingly, my brothers in the church wished me well!

"But now, in retirement, I can speak my piece. Even my superior, the provincial, seeks my advice. In retirement, I no longer pose a threat to his office, hence he feels compelled to listen... and that is what is a plague you in the years ahead, my young man, so long as you're physically capable of being a missionary, you'll not be heard because your very mission poses a threat to others. But, once you're incapacitated like me, once you are removed from the hustle for offices, the very same words you might have spoken as a youth will gain an element of wisdom—and you will be heard."

Oh, how quickly our dialogue had turned into monologue, but right then it was still my turn to listen. "Someday, you too shall gain a voice." Only those no longer climbing get heard. Pope John and I can then speak the same piece, He, because he is on top of it all, and I, because I was no longer a threat to my brethren's plans. Only then, Guy will you really be heard."

"This is why I am happy here in Fort Kent. From here where I pose no threat to my brothers, I can be heard. From here, outside of Quebec, I am in my best place to help her. I know that eventually I am to return

## More On The Langlois Genealogy Of The Valley

home, but it is here in exile that I must do for the French my great public deed!" Et Voila! Pour le Quebec, on

(Continued next week)

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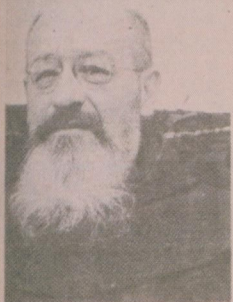
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# NOTICE

## MAINE PUBLIC SERVICE CO.

# Madawaska Historical Society

# American Government An Albatross



(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fourth article in a series by Guy Dubay on Rev. Henri Langlois, his genealogy of the St. John Valley and the distinctive set of opinions that formed the philosophical rationale for compiling the mammoth work.)

MADAWASKA - Friar Langlois once described the American government as an albatross. Americans, he said, can work wonders -- once they set their mind to do something. But that is the crux of it all; they are such a large body with so many divergent views that they almost never set their minds on a common goal.

"Take the Dickey Dam for example," he'd tell me, "we Canadians had long ago been ready to cooperate, but the American political machinery was too slow. Congress is too cumbersome. And you couldn't make up your own mind. So we in Quebec have had to go at it alone. We have built our own hydroelectric projects in Northern Quebec.

We can't wait for the American government to make up its mind. That's why we in Quebec can succeed where you can't. We can act on our common goals! What you Americans have as a common goal is to be different from each other. This you have said yourself, mon cher Monsieur. You want to be a group of French here, a group of Poles there, a group of Slovaks at another placé, and together that makes America! But it doesn't work unless you have a crisis to unite you. We in Quebec have a faith that binds us -- you, you must realize on a threat or crisis to pool you together -- otherwise, you let the English dominate."

"I'm not altogether sure of that! I see now that the Quebecois who sought allies for Quebec solely on his terms, was not at times as ignorant himself as he accused us of being. Telling us that we were unaware of our own past, that we did not really know what it meant to be Acadian, he told us that our French past should link us to the present cause. Clearly, he sought

a New France in America -- but not with an Acadian slant!

Our speech, the Quebecois sometimes say, is woody! "You are the spoilers of the language they tell us -- Vous etes des Brayons!" All this, little realizing that their French, the language of Voltaire, indicates their origins in Normandy and Ile de France. My French, that of Montaigne and Rabelais two hundred years earlier is that of the south, like Angoumois, where the Violette family of this valley came from. Quebec's impression of our French is still the same old Richelieu pronouncement being played over and over: "Langue d'oil shall be the domain of l'Academie, Langue d'oc shall be relegated to the barbarians!"

Oh, Langlois, Oh Quebec, know you not the diversity of our own French Nation!

By 1965, Father Langlois had visited most of the parish archives in the upper St. John Valley. He needed to bind our records with those of Quebec. Hence he sought out genealogical comrades who might help in the quest. Thus in September of that year, I drove him to St. Alexandre de Kamouraska and Rimouski, Quebec where we sought out L'abbé Armand Proulx and L'abbé A.A. de Champlain, researcher in their own right.

At Rimouski, Langlois helped me feel current Quebec thinking. There was of course a yeilded touch of nationalism in all we met, not out of separatism, but out of a sense of pride of having grown out of the Duplessis era into a new age. LeSage was a big name to speak out with pride -- but mostly this trip brought the recognition that for every man, the center of the universe rests in his own heart.

I knew from my experience that "the Valley" was all that matters in life, and it was my hub of the universe -- just like I read in the Boston newspapers about Boston being the hub!

So it came as a shock to me to learn that Rimouski too was the hub of the universe, the center of progress and development. Here, Briand was the name to ka-tow to, and a brand new prelate, Msgr Parent had been named co-adjutor to the See with right to succession -- all events filled with great potential.

The rub of it all was to learn that Rimouski was "where it's at" and that Fort Kent, or wherever you (meaning us) come from, was set somewhere beyond the hills, yet out on the "frontier"!

In being gracious we extended our hospitality like they had extended theirs to us. And the Quebecois' retort came: "Vous etes tres gentils, mais on n'as pas grands occasions a aller aux frontieres!" Imagine, people a hundred and fifty miles closer to Labrador calling us cultured Americans, hicks -- frontiersmen!

Oh yes, how can you keep ti-Guy back on farm, after he's seen Rimouski! (Sorry about that Montreals.)

On the return trip, Langlois made it all the worse. When explaining my point of view to him, he said that the above commentaries were merely typical Quebec ploys to be taken with a grain of salt; but that we people of the Valley did not think in Quebecois fashion. "At times the Quebec speech is brusque," he said, "and half of what is said, is said in jest. But you Acadians are overly sensitive. You suffer from a grave inferiority complex. You have no faith in your Frenchness. You are like the orientals that I knew who apologized for being what they were in hopes that their partner in dialogue would counter in a way to boost them up. The game is simply not played that way in Quebec. You Acadians have long been beaten dogs, and you continue playing the mercy seeking role. But that won't work... not in occidental culture.

"You come to Quebec and apologize for speaking poor French, so you get laughed at. According to our rules, you counter insult with insult, not with a weebegotten flight from your assailant. But no, you apologize.

And apologizing makes you hate your French, so you try to become English and that's where you really get laughed at. But strangely you take it. Come on, wake up, are you French. No, you are Americans, that's why I say you are lost to the French cause in America. Your only hope now is to at least live sympathetically to the Quebec cause while not being part of it.

Such was the heart of the man -- let me repeat what I've said

earlier. "An adventurer? yes... a man with a mission! Realist? of course, a man of Vive l'eglise, vive la fraternite emotion? surely." But first of all des hommes. Vive le Quebec!

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# More Of Fr. Henri Langlois

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fifth in a series of articles by Guy Dubay about the life and work of Fr. Henri Langlois who compiled a genealogy of the St. John Valley and developed some unique theories about the nature of language.)

By Guy Dubay  
 MADAWASKA - Having shared with you a bit of the Langloisian philosophy, we now turn to the drier aspects of biography — the who, what, when, where.  
 We in the St. John Valley got to know this misunderstood man relatively late in his career. We know him as the exiled separatist developing a Genealogy of the

Valley only to further his missionary ideals. His concept of a New France being the bulwark of the Church in America was nothing less than a transformation of his earlier ideals as a missionary in Japan. Now an old man, turning into himself as old mendo, he had his earlier dreams of youth transformed into the new cause — le Quebec libre!

Yet he sensed a disassociation from present day Quebec that he could not bear. He loved Quebec, but it did not love him. His own brothers, the religious Franciscans, expressed in their obituary, their perplexity by calling him eccentric — a very appropriate term if 'ex-centra' is taken to mean out of the center. Remember that to a Quebecois, Fort Kent is "aux Frontieres" and Langlois was happy there!

I remember a tour that he took me on at Peoples Benevolent Hospital. With pride, he showed

me the modern facilities, and with a sense of self-identity, he boasted of the planned million dollar expansion. Verily, he loved his work in Fort Kent.

But that was the end of a long career.

Father Louis Henri Langlois OFM was born on the 22nd of July 1901 at St. Jean d'Iberville on the Richelieu River which flows north of Montreal from the south out of Lake Champlain. He was the son of Henri Langlois, a humble furniture maker and Marie Louise Hebert, a girl of Acadian descent.

When one considers his theory of language (to be discussed in a later column), we can understand how the Acadian influence from his mother would help to make Father Langlois a bit of an enigma to all his Quebecois confreres. Very early in life did he have to face the Acadian-Quebec conflict. Very early did this lead him to question his identity.

Hence very early did he begin his genealogical research.

Quebec recognized the high ideals he aspired to, but misunderstood the man's inner conflict. This was so because Quebec, in defeat, became so self-centered that it was unable to recognize any Frenchness but its own. It was in effect trying to Re-Richelieu itself. It began damning langue d'oc and the barbarians all over again. Le Quebec, c'etait le Chateau Clique. How then could it understand a demi-Quebecois with maternal Acadianisms.

In a lifetime, then, Langlois suffered the history of Acadian all over again. Acadia, it must be remembered, was of the Gallican Church. Even after the appointment of a Bishop in Quebec, the Acadians recognized only the Bishop of Rouen as their pastor. Quebec on the other hand, under Jesuit influence was ultramontain (i.e. over the mountain — meaning papal oriented rather than French oriented). Hence the Quebec clergy having different politics than the Acadian clergy, never came together.

Very early did Quebecois look down upon Acadia as an inferior church — hence an inferior people. After all, they, the Quebecois, had a Church that looked up to Rome, not to an eccentric country like Rouen. "If Acadia were noble like us, they'd be speaking the French of Cardinal's Academie. But they are barbaric and of low birth and speak the condemned French of the south!"

Can you imagine, then why, a Franciscan with Acadian tendencies would be a puzzle to Jesuit churchmen of Quebec. The result was that he could only be a churchman in exile — in Japan, in Fort Kent. Our gain, their loss!

Oh Quebec, Oh Quebec, when shall you wake up! Why do you exile your most noble talents when they differ but slightly from yours. Why do you let three hundred year old battles of ultramontanism and Gallicanism separate you from your brethren? Why do you let such egocentric concepts of language development as propounded by the long dead Richelieu separate you from the Acadians? Oh, don't say you don't do that, you did with one of your own, and he was only half Acadian.

But then, I've tarried away from my objective of telling you the drier aspects of his biography, haven't I? His career then runs along like this:

After an elementary education in his native St. Jean d'Iberville, he began his studies in humanities at the Seminary of that city. Then he pursued his studies at College-Seraphique de Trois-Rivieres 1918-1922. Having earlier given thought to a religious life, the end of these college studies marked his entry into

year at the Convent of St. Joseph and the monastery of Sherbrooke, he took preliminary vows into the order on August 23, 1923.

From 1923 to 1925 he carried on his studies of Philosophy at Quebec and from 1925 to 1928 he completed his theology studies at the Rosemont Franciscan House in Montreal. It was there on August 28, 1928 that he took his perpetual vows in the Franciscan order. On June 29 with 11 confreres he was ordained in the Cathedral by Msgr. Emmanuel Deschamps, auxiliary bishop of Montreal.

Immediately after his ordination, Father Langlois left for the missions. His original destination was the leprosiariums of Tibet, but as that country refused all foreigners, in December 1929, he entered Japan where he stayed for more than 15 years.

He took up residence in the territory of Kagoshima, which had been conferred to the French Canadian Franciscans as their province of missionary activity. While serving as chaplain of different Franciscan convents of Taniyama and Kagoshima, he learned the Japanese language.

After a while, he went on to Nagasaki where he laid foundation of a Franciscan House. Returning to Kagoshima he became director of the minor-seminary there. In 1934 he was made pastor of the pro-cathedral.

(Continued next week)

## Madawaska Sociables Meet Tuesday At Home Of Joan Kent

MADAWASKA - The Sociables met last Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Joan Kent with chairman, Raymonde Hachey presiding.

Members present were the Mrs. Shirley Harrigan, Kay Higgins, Blanche Blanchette, Irene Henderson, Gloria Daigle, Hilda Cyr, Fran Arnold, Theresa Albert, Simone Roy, Donna Picard, Eva Levesque and Priscilla Hennessey.

Guest for the evening was Mrs. Anna Palmer who explained the making of wines. Mrs. Palmer distributed recipes to the girls and explained how many different wines can be made in the home.

The meeting adjourned at 10 o'clock. The next meeting is to be at the home of Mrs. Shirley Harrigan on November 21.

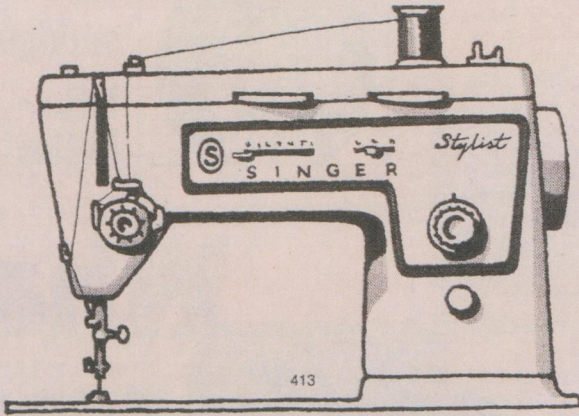
A lunch was served to the girls by the hostess and co-hostesses Hilda Cyr and Fran Arnold.



Franklin Delano Roosevelt once set a scholastic standing high jump record.

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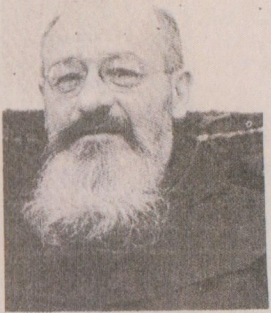
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the Nagasaki area to Tokyo. There in the capital he was given several charges including that of the Hospital of Seibo-Boyoin, run by the little Franciscan sisters.

### STATE OF MAINE

## Referendum Questions to be Voted Upon November 7, 1972

A person who destroys or defaces a specimen ballot before the election to which it pertains is over, shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$1,000 or by imprisonment for not more than 11 months, or by both.

JOSEPH T. EDGAR, Secretary of State

## SPECIMEN BALLOT

Vote November 7

In 1932, the military situation being predominant, all foreigners were either repatriated or sent to concentration camps. The latter was Father Langlois' lot. Refusing to leave the land he adopted, he was jailed from November 16, 1942 to September 1, 1945.

His health deteriorated, by three years of privation in the concentration camp, Father Langlois returned to Canada. With a heavy heart, it is said, he left Japan on September 8, and entered Canada on the twenty-fifth.

After a brief recuperation, he became, from December 1945 to 1947, chaplain at the home of young epileptics at Iles au Cerfs, at St. Charles on the Richelieu. From 1947 to 1952 he rendered

his services to the Bishop of St. Jean d'Iberville.

In November 1952 he became assistant at the Parish of Christ the King at Chateauguay, taking up its pastorship in 1953 and remaining there until 1958. While in this post he demonstrated his ceaseless activity. He founded a local credit union, instigated the founding of a local council of the Knights of Columbus and Daughters of Isabella. He saw to the renovation of the interior of the parish church, increased the number of Sunday services, and organized a Bus Service for Sunday Masses.

While pastor, he bought up land for a local cemetery, reserving a section of same for the Franciscans of St. Joseph Province of which he was a member.

This pastorship brought him a second health crisis, from which he recovered from 1958 to 1962 while serving as chaplain at various convents of St. Joseph of the Resurrection, St. Bonaventure, and Ville Jacques Cartier.

And finally in 1962, he was assigned the chaplaincy of Fort Kent, where, in poor health, he took up the burden of Quebec Separatism by publishing a Genealogy of the Valley which will determine accurately the

# Activities During The Second World War

Valley's kinship with the Quebecois.

Here in the Valley he became intrigued with the Acadian story which he had first heard from his mother. He even spoke to me of following up the genealogical ties of us Valley natives with the Acadians of Bouctouche and Shediac on the New Brunswick coast.

But his health was to fail him long before the birth of that project. Not until having rummaged through all of the Valley's parish archives, as well as those as far south as Houlton and Benedicta, Maine did he finally abandon his task. On March 31, 1968 with a gangorous leg, he left Fort Kent for Montreal infirmaries, then hospital and finally death three weeks later on April 23, 1968.

We who labored with him in piecing together a valley genealogy will remember the human as well as the ideal side of him. Miss Martine Pelletier of Van Buren and I sometimes reminisce about those long winter rides with car windows rolled down because of the fetid cigar smoke with which he flooded our cars; and my wife remembers his inquiry into how often our infant son defecated every day.

And neither too did we accept fully the objectives toward which he strove. It's just that we know that what he left us could be used for our own ends as well as his;

but we also knew that because of him we somehow could get to know ourselves better.

Continued Next Week

## Mrs. Pelletier Dies In Fort Kent

WALLAGRASS - Mrs. Laura Pelletier, 64, died October 27 at a Fort Kent hospital unexpectedly.

She was born in Wallagrass, April 28, 1908, the daughter of John and Grace (La Ferrier) Labbe.

She was a member of the Ladies of St. Anne of Wallagrass.

Surviving are her husband, Lionel Pelletier of Wallagrass; two sons, Dale of Presque Isle, Delman of Wallagrass, one

daughter, Mrs. O'Neil (Verna) Thibodeau of Millinocket; two brothers, Lindore Labbe of Wallagrass, Louis Labbe of Brunswick, 12 grandchildren.

Friends called at the Nadeau Funeral Home in Fort Kent

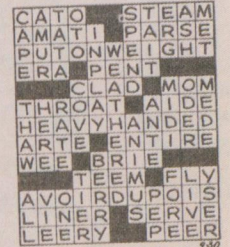
Funeral services were held Monday at 10 a. m. in St. Joseph Catholic Church in Wallagrass, and burial was in St. Joseph Cemetery.

## Weekly Crossword

### ACROSS

1. Nursery rhyme character
6. Half of Ty Cobb's nickname
11. Ascend
12. Long John Nebel's medium
13. Precedence (2 wds.)
15. Lambkin's ma
16. Ruedeliza

4. Egyptian snake
5. Balcony
6. Investigation
7. Attention
8. Mine entrance
9. Quote
10. Australasian shrub genus
14. Bulwer-Lytton heroine
18. Mueilage



### LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

- |                     |              |
|---------------------|--------------|
| 24. Make lace       | 33. Bedouin  |
| 25. Neronian "hail" | 34. Frost    |
| 26. "Leave          | 35. Cruising |
|                     | 37. Quadra-  |



# Madawaska Historical Society

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the seventh in a series of articles by Guy Dubay on Fr. Henri Langlois, his genealogy of the St. John Valley and his theories of language.)

By Guy Dubay  
 MADAWASKA - Father Langlois's "eccentricity", as his brother Friars called it, included an off-beat concept of Language Development along sexual or general lines. With his concept of there being two French languages, one male, one female, Langlois ran counter to the ideas of the many degreed academi-

cians who touted the "Langue d'oïl - Langue d'oc" approach to French.

Relating language development to man and woman, however reflected the Biculturalism of his own family that we earlier gave as a reason for his being misunderstood by fellow Quebecois. We in the St. John Valley have that same Bicultural environmental (Quebecois-Acadian) in which the Langlois Language Theory could be tested.

Through the following personal experience. I shall then aim to summarize the Man-French, Woman-French Theory.

One summer, after having both returned from our respective college campuses, my sister Marie and I were exchanging school experiences (as any two teachers are wont to do.) With our discussion of approaches to reading the matter of French language came up. We discussed

how we had been taught, how we learned, and how we expected our students to learn. I pointed out that in the primary schools many boys did not learn because their lady teachers did not speak their language.

To illustrate the point, I asked my sister to tell me the words that she would have used to say in French "I have hurt myself". The answer was "Je m'est coupe," or "Je m'est faite mal." As a boy, if I had cut myself with the wood-chopping ax, I would not have said "Je m'est coupe" or "Je m'est faite mal." Leaving the swear words out, I would have said, "Je m'est estropier": because this was the term our father used to warn us about our way of handling an ax. I rarely heard my mother say "estropier", in fact we never used it in the house but I distinctly remember using the word in the wood shed.

From my childhood, I distinctly remember words that either one but not both of my parents would use. I never heard my father say "grenier." Rather it was my mother who use to say to the girls to set the washed-out clothes (stiffened by a day in the winter breeze) on "le grenier", meaning the balustrade around the upstairs hallway. Neither did I ever hear my father call a "sidewalk", a "trottoire", but it was always "un parapet".

Each word, however, tends to reflect their own background. Mom's line was Acadian, and Acadian houses had been built quite differently than the old stone houses that we still see on Ile d'Orleans, Quebec. Ancient Acadian homes were rustic wooden structures with a granary built over their living quarters—

# Sex And Language

homes still found in present day France. Two storied Quebec homes with their Mansard roofs were more likely to have a "Balustrade" than a "grenier" on the top floor.

Dad's language reflected more his Quebec descendents: and the distinction between the two parents can be noted in the slightly different words that my sisters and I (along with my brothers) will sometimes employ. The boys, while learning our mother's language adopted some of our father's speech, which the girls never heard, simply because they were busy doing our wash, when we were cording wood. The girls picked up some fine distinctions from our mother that we never got the opportunity to witness.

If we exaggerate the above incident, we end up with the Langlois Theory of Language. That each sex has its life style that leads to different language patterns, of which the words "Qu" or "Chu" and "derriere" are illustrative.

The male French, the brusque talk of the "chantier", is raw like the word "chu" for ass, while the female would prefer the euphemism "derriere" or posterior. You might say that when we get to the bottom of it all, it's an "ass" or "posterior" proposition, and only when under female influence does one's language become refined or cultured.

Next week, I shall explain the process by which people choose either to speak Male or Female French. It will suffice here to cite examples of Male and Female French Speech distinctions.

Female	Male
pantelon	culotte (chulotte)
caoutchou	bote

calorifateur	radiateur
misère	misaire
pommes de terre	patates
brassière	raque-à-jos
usine	moulin
curé	churé
sacre-bleu	numerous expressions (unprintable)

## Earle Cowie Emcees KC Social Wednesday

MADAWASKA - Earle Cowie was the emcee for last week's Knights of Columbus social. Lending a hand were Normand Plourde, Martin Beaulieu, Bill Collin and Ernest St. Amant.

Among the winners were the Mrs. Elmer Gendreau, George Marrow, Albert Dube, Julie Hebert, Clarence Cyr, Hector Beaulieu, Alex Emmond, Norman Cyr, Maurice Grandmaison, Bertha Dunphy, Jill Page, Earle Cowie, Roland Bouchard, Ida Gagnon, Alvine Baron, Roger Pelletier and Yvonne Lapalme.

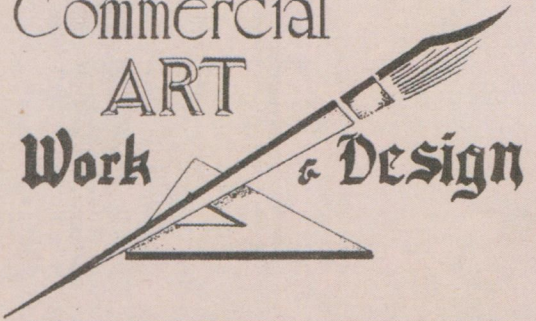
Also winning were Mrs. Lucina Plourde, Edgar Mckinney and Lionel Chasse.

## Bookmobile Schedule For November 13-16

VALLEYWIDE - The Northern Aroostook Bookmobile will be in the following area the week of November 13 to 16:

- Allagash School from 10:15 to 2 on Monday, November 13,
- Grand Isle School from 10:45 to 1:15 on Tuesday, November 14,
- Lille, Caron's Store, 1:30 to 2

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the ninth in a series of articles by Guy Dubay for the Madawaska Historical Society).

MADAWASKA -- We can conclude from last week's column that our early teachers of French did not know our minds. Any self-respecting boy in the valley would not stoop to say "calorifateur" instead of radiateur. Such speech was antithetical to his naiveness.

So for two or more generations after the arrival of French teachers from Quebec, our French was derided but to no avail. If only they had taught us to read and write French as we spoke it first then we might have made the transition to standard French. At least we would have had the verbal skills to begin the task. If only they had brought us to the water and allowed us to play in it, we might have become interested, but they forced us to drink.

In typical fashion of an over-proud male, we not only refuse to drink, but we spat out that which we had been forced to take. They wanted us to say "caoutchouc" instead of our more familiar "claque" so we adopted instead the English form "rubbers!"

Les petites soeurs, having failed to teach our young boys "proper" French, then turned to the Priests like at St. Mary's. But the priests from France fared no better than the nuns from Quebec, for they too did not understand our particular history and its effect on the language.

## Madawaska Historical Society

They, with all their learning, were taught to look at the French language academically in its "langue d'oil - langue d'oc" distinctions.

Father Thomas Albert, in his "History of Madawaska", erroneously calls us descendants of Normandie and Brittany when in fact names common to the valley find their sources in Poitou and provinces further south.

L'abbe Albert was not looking at us genealogically when he so described us. He was merely adopting the attitude of the French priests exiled by the French Revolution. They generalized that those people who spoke French different from them must have had origins in the out-lying provinces.

It's the old French academic way of thinking. "Paris speaks 'Pure French' and the further you remove yourself from Paris, the more the language 'deteriorates'."

In Canada this took the form of a Quebec-Acadia conflict. Thus these priests, and the nuns they brought with them, tried to understand our distinct speech patterns in terms of Acadian speech. Yet neither was our French that of Shediac. So in desperation, they simply accused us of being spoilers of language "des Breynons."

While our Acadianisms were there, we were too much a cross culture between Acadia and Quebec to be truly cognizant of both types of speech (See column next week.)

Verily, it was our male dominance of speech that accounted for our unique voice. The mind is titillated by the thought of what might have happened if early teachers of French had recognized this fact. But that was a hundred years before Father Langlois came here to teach us about male and female distinc-

tions in the use of French.

Since we interchange our Quebec and Acadian dialects within single sentences, I maintain then that while there were distinctions between our Acadian and Quebec speech, these were not of a nature as to cause antipathy for one another.

Commerce and contact between Quebec and Acadia was common under the ancient regime and after. Indeed, wasn't that what Joseph Dufour was doing (communicating between Quebec and Acadia) when Charles-Nichau Noiste and Francois L'Harguenion killed him at Siegas during the American Revolution?

No, differing dialects in themselves would not give rise to the enmity that existed between boys and our schools; but introduce differing sexual mores in your language instruction and you open areas of conflict. If they hadn't tried to subjugate our young boys

## Valley French Derided By Early Teachers

to effeminate ways of speech our young men might have felt more inclined to stay in school to learn their French.

The lesson of history, then, is that Father Langlois must have been right. That there are two French languages: Male and Female: and a boy or a girl may

speak either, depending on what influences are dominant in his environment.

What might we do then with these understandings? The virgin soil of language lies before us. To those who doubt the validity of the theory, there remains the challenge to test it.

## WANTED

Would be or beginning writers/poets in the Madawaska/Edmundston area who are interested in forming a writers group please send your name, address, telephone number and when to contact to:

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Mary visited  
her sick sister  
in Antigonish  
last night.

Because she cared.



Sis  
suddenly  
felt  
better!





## Madawaska Historical Society

# What Do You Say?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is tenth of a series of articles by Guy Dubay on the language of the St. John Valley and the work of Fr. Henri Langlois, genealogist and linguist. This week, Dubay disputes the notion that valley French is purely Acadian.)

By  
Guy Dubay

MADAWASKA - If a snowbank is to you "un banc d'neige" then your Canadian background shows, for to an Acadian, that would be a "roulis". If the northern lights are "marionettes" then again you must be Canadian, for to an Acadian these would be called "lances". We in the Valley call lightning "eclairs" once more showing Canadian background, for to an Acadian lighting is called "eloezes".

Strike one, strike two, strike three -- sorry about that! For years, especially since the Acadian bicentennial of 1955 we, Valley French, have had the conception of ourselves as being more Acadian than Canadian. Perhaps, it was our American schools which gave us Longfellow that led us to this wishful thinking. But in any case we in the Valley have found it easier to romanticize our Acadianism than our Canadianism.

True, the neo-romantics or Quebec lauded the "ancien regime" as the ideal to return to.

yet in the midst of our American environment, we felt it beyond reality to go back to the "seigneurie". The Saga of Evangeline proved a more tempting morsel - and the Valley bit the fruit.

Genealogically, I could determine that my maternal ancestor Charles Violette was killed in the battle of Louisbourg in 1758. What further proof did I need of my Acadian heritage? But so too could I link myself with Jean Dube of Riviere Ouelle, Canada who in 1776 was censured and blacklisted by the British for "aiding and abetting the rebels".

And this, in sum, is the Valley ethnic: neither pure Acadian, nor pure Canadian; unless of course you are a recent emigre of Moncton or Quebec.

The examples of speech cited above tend to agree with my genealogical findings, but for those romantics who savor the idea of our pure Acadian heritage let me cite some Acadianisms still current among us today.

"Garocher (des roches)" is our version of "tirer des cailloux" the first being Acadian for "throwing rocks", the second being a more Canadian version. A Hemlock is to us and the Acadians an "Haricot". In Quebec, said tree would be "de la pruche." Our houses are covered with the Acadian "couverture" and not the "toiture" of Quebec. We prefer the Acadian onion, "ognion" to the neighboring "oignon". And if one goes crazy here, he doesn't lose his head, but merely flips!: Quebec - "perdu la tete", Acadia - "chaviree".

So there, four runs-batted-in - or rather a grand slam! and linguistically. I am Acadian after

all!

But then if you call a rainbow an "arc-en-ciel", your Quebecois shows - for to an Acadian it is called "l'elondard de Dieu". And again "eclairs de chaleurs" is Quebecois, not Acadian; for the Acadian that would be "feu chalaïn". And finally if you pronounce the French word for me, "moé" rather than "moi" you are very un-Acadian!

But let me vacillate once more, by tipping the scales to Acadia - which only goes to show how easily the Acadia-Quebec scales are tipped here in the Valley.

Here then are precious Acadianisms: "traine" for "traineau" and "fermier" for "cultivateur"; "cocombres" for "concombres" and "faire le train" for "prendre soin des bestiaux" (animaux, in Acadia) -- all of course are favorite Valley sayings.

Our speech then, rich in its idiosyncrasies, only reasserts what we know genealogically that nine Cyr brothers emigrated to the St. John Valley. They were the sons of Jean Baptiste Cyr and

Marguerite Cormier of Beaubasin, Acadia. But three of them married Ayotte sisters of Kamouraska, P.Q. A fourth married a Belanger of St. Jean Port-Joli, P.Q. and a fifth married a Guerette, once a noble line of France, but having been marred by illicit relations in Quebec, the family became commoners in that land. One Cyr brother married into the Violette family but they begat nine girls, no sons, so where does that leave us genealogically? Nine Acadians all right, but in a generation only a third remaining of the stock first brought by Isaac de Razilly in 1632.

Yet one of them, Joseph Cyr, married "Tante Blanche", daughter of a Thibodeau who had married the niece of "Rene Leblanc", the notary of Longfellow fame - which brings us all back to Massachusetts and the U.S.A. doesn't it?

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## Madawaska Historical Society

in history - by which I understood that coming to America meant a clean break from the past, from the injustices, from the tyrannies of the few.

My ancestors had been pawns of Lords and Nobles, like Richelieu, Colbert, Frontenac and Laval. Yes, our forefathers were men of little financial worth and worldly power - subsistence farmers who in their own little way rebelled against the establishment by being self-reliant.

This self-reliance brought them to the inner forests of America, when America was yet aborning. When they adopted America - or America adopted them, which ever it was - that began the new dream: that here at last they might live in hopes of full flowering.

If the beautiful words of the American constitution are to have any meaning, they will have to be tested in every generation, and that then becomes the task of

newcomers in America. It is the responsibility of each succeeding wave of immigrants in America to challenge those in power to the principles written in 1787.

The idea of America is basically a revolutionary concept, and so long as we relive that revolution we are being true to America.

To me America is a concept that we strive for in spite of the fact that we can never really attain it. As Everest is climbed because it is there, so too do we challenge Anglo-America to be tolerant, because their words of tolerance are there.

Langlois, however, saw no hope for the French in an English nation and that is where we parted company. That is where separatism has its birth. When one sees history as proving that the English use democracy as a mere tool to dominate others rather than a method of living and sharing ideals common to all humans, then one tends to turn

## Parting Company

inward, seeing good only among his own.

Langlois had concluded that only by working separately could the French finally gain their full measure of Freedom. He believed that by working in concert with foreigners one belied his ideals.

I have lived long enough to see discriminations that a non-Anglo is subjected to. It's true that for some the same work does not bring the same pay. That should awaken me to the crassness and moral turpitude existing here.

So I suppose that it all comes back to my naivety which Langlois admired as reflecting perhaps the biblical sentiment: "Unless ye be as children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

It could be that some day, I shall grow out of my present childish hope in America, but then I'll be faced with the words of yet another famous American, Carl Sandburg:

"You can't eat the constitution can you? I can eat crow, but I don't hanker after it!"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the final article in a series by Guy Dubay on the life, thought and work of Fr. Henri Langlois, who compiled a genealogy of the St. John Valley and developed a theory of language based on gender.)

By Guy Dubay

MADAWASKA - My vision of America is one of many niggers of any color forgetting the privations of their ancestors; for here is a bold experiment aiming to allow any man to live up to his greatest potential.

Eric Hoffer has told us that America was the only new thing

