

## Lonely truths

To the editor,

Sometimes I don't like the truths I understand because they make me so lonely. I want to stand with the crowd to be like one of you, but I have this truth, which I understand, which stands me aside from others - from the way people understand politics, from the way they understand religion, and, since 9-11-01, from the way they understand the world.

On Oct. 15, 2001, I read in l'Acadie Nouvelle how much gold and silver the Scotia Bank of Canada had in that hole buried in the vaults deep in the rock bed at Ground Zero in New York City. Perusing the Canadian media gives a totally different perspective on how the world functions. It informs us about what really went on at the World Trade Center on 9-11-01 and why.

When I read the Scotia Bank figures in l'Acadie Nouvelle, I began to think in terms of how much more large American banks had in gold and silver in that building, and I remembered the diagrams of the twin towers as

printed in large American newspapers, identifying the firms occupying the office spaces well above Ground Zero. The Scotia Bank figures appeared like a mere piddling in the pot. The Scotia Bank figures in dollars were miniscule compared to the whole lot, that is, the portion that the rescuing firemen were deliberately prevented from seeing.

So, I understand the obvious that is kept far from the mind of the crowd; and I don't much like being away from the people around me, but I'm different. I understand.

I understand the history of the St. John Valley, the history you never were told. I understand how the Chicago Pinkertons, that famed detective protective agency, was brought with guns to Van Buren to protect "the gap."

But you have never been told of Pinkertons in Van Buren, much less told about "the gap." "*Qu'est ce que c'est ça la gap? Qu'est-ce que ça mange l'hiver?*" "What place does the WTC of 9-11 have in all our lives?"

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December 22, 2004

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## Lonely

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My heart goes out to the local family here who lost a wonderful son-in-law in that crash of a hijacked passenger jetliner, but the meaning of 9-11-01 goes on even beyond that tragedy. I turn back once more to local history to illustrate the point I seek to bring out.

I must tell you first about the Pinkertons at the gap in Van Buren. My grandfather Dubay had an uncle named Peter Charles Keegan, 1840-1931. My father always spoke of him as Mon Oncle Peter Charles just as I always spoke of François Michaud, 1887-1953, as Mon Oncle François when he was truly my father's uncle. Peter Charles Keegan had no surviving children of his own, though he did adopt one of those Irish orphans who came up from Boston on the "Irish Train." His name was Harry Burtchell, but we always called him Harry Burtchell Keegan.

So, my father had a whole set of cousins I never knew from the rest of the Keegan clan. I cannot truly claim affinity to the Keegans, but my father had a

pipeline into the clan I never could tap. One of them was an attorney named George Keegan, whom I find in records of 1907 to be an advisor to the unions at St. John Lumber Company.

Today there are very few bond tenders here who have an awareness that the history of unions in the St. John Valley runs back more than 100 years. This information has been lost to many of us. The insecurity of contracts goes way back into the history of our Valley and is not just a phenomenon of today.

The story that I know from merely the dribbles of my Irish pipeline tells me of dynamite blowing out the holding boom of the Van Buren lumber company in the middle of the night - and it tells me of William Pugsley, solicitor general of New Brunswick, rushing to the legislative assembly in Fredericton, claiming a violation of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty by the lumber companies in Van Buren.

Meanwhile Allen E. Hammond hustled off on the new Bangor and

Aroostook Railroad to declare "ourselves" an American company hauling American timber from American land to an American mill producing lumber for the American market: "What we're doing is none of Canada's business," he said.

No, you have not been told of Levy Pond. The effort to survive in modern day America saps us of our time that you've never come to the realization of how union busting and pension robbing by the worshippers of Moloch enters our very own lives.

Back in 1971 I was down at the University of Maine at Orono when a police car was toppled over during the strike at Fraser Paper in Madawaska. I have only the long-range view of the matter from old newspaper clippings, but

a friend of mine commented on the strike by saying, "The virginity of the Valley has been taken." He meant that the good, peaceful, hardworking little Acadians had now been tainted by the crass violence of unionism. How little did he know, since the scab calls of 1924 had long faded into obscurity, and much more so the Levy Pond threat onto the sorting-gap at St. John Lumber Company in 1904.

We sometimes don't think that the God of Moloch, who swallows up lives in flames just as it did on 9-11, can ever reach up into our paper mill.

I read two things in l'Acadie Nouvelle just yesterday, Dec. 14. I read about workers at Nackawic Mill in New Brunswick losing their pensions, and I read how the

Chambers of Commerce of Edmundston, Cabano and Riviere-du-Loup met to discuss the detriment of Maine's pussy-footing on the I-95 issue and its effect on Quebec's plan to convert Route 185 into a four-lane highway in order to stop the road deaths on that infamous killer road.

It's true you don't read l'Acadie Nouvelle. It's in French. You only go to the beer garden on Acadian Day. I'll close this commentary with just one remark. I can show you in the record that in his day Mon Oncle Peter Charles was subscribed to both Le Moniteur Acadien and l'Evangeline.

Guy Dubay  
Madawaska