

The First 400 Years

**The four root families
of
Henry Bernard
Born December 22, 1907
Grafton North Dakota**

**Romain Bernard and Julienne Cote
Octave Collette and Clotilde Blondeau**

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As of January, 2023

1. Background genealogy materials on the family are archived as Series 29 at the Elwyn B. Robinson Department of Special Collections, University of North Dakota Chester Fritz Library, 3051 University Avenue Stop 9000, Grand Forks ND 58202-9000, phone (701) 777-4625. Current head, Curt Hanson. The finding aid for the collection can be viewed here:
<https://apps.library.und.edu/archon/index.php?p=collections/findingaid&id=131&q=&rootcontentid=126781#id126781>
2. Additional photo files for the Bernard family are part of the Busch-Berning Collection at the North Dakota Historical Society in Bismarck ND. The Direct link is <https://www.history.nd.gov/archives/manuscripts/inventory/11082.html>. Currently the information is found in Box 30 of this collection.



Bernard family
Grafton ND
1908

Note to My Generation (I'm 70)
...and to my children's generation

Page 2
JULY, 2010

From
My
Files

"There were times when help would be needed by a neighbor and a white dish towel would be hung on the corner of the house and either a neighbor came quickly, or maybe a passerby, but [those were] few and far between at the time."

Marie Gourde Byszewski, Grafton ND, memories written about 1976
Highlighted in her memories in the book "400 Years", p. 292

Re-
presented
January
2023

I pulled down the boxes and 'attacked' the 400 Years family history project in September, 2009. I was not naïve. I knew what was ahead. I had done a similar project about my mothers family beginning in 1993, ending with a 350 page book in August, 2005. I knew.... As I've been telling people, the end of a project like this must be a lot like being 9 ½ months pregnant: it's time to be over.

And now it is...maybe.

(400 YEARS)

As I was re-reading, and then typing, and then attempting to organize all of the material that makes up this publication, something important occurred to me: "old days" history progressed slowly enough, and I am old enough, so that I and others of my generation actually experienced the end of the Old Days. We knew how these Old Days were, through our own experience and that of our parents, grandparents and their generation, people who lived their entire lives in what truly were the olden days. **None of our kids have that luxury. Direct memories of those truly old days will end with us.**

My parents have long since departed this earth, as have almost all of their generation.

If the stories of the old days are to live on in any form, the task is up to those of us from my generation to write down, or record our voices or images in other ways, what we remember from those days when horses were still used on farms, before television, and on and on and on. If we don't, no one will. Our kids generation needs to join the task, by asking us what we remember about what they're curious about. We need to work together on this.

Marie's recollection (above), written when she was probably about 60 years old (I don't know her birthdate, but I think I'm close) is just a single example of those old, simple, and to the younger generation, truly incomprehensible stories of the past.

It is, today, fashionable to dismiss the past as irrelevant: It "is so yesterday", as a younger person might say. But out of that simplicity and often hardship (the Great Depression, and including a new kind of hardship and stress with WWII) came many basic learnings that will, unfortunately, I believe, be useful in the future...it is up to us to remember and convey those lessons - and to not forget them ourselves.

Dick Bernard



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Over

Heritage: some thought starters (random order)

Oct. 2011

- | | | |
|--|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. Graveyard* | <i>What memories do you have about your Heritage your Culture? what will be your legacy to those who come after? Don't know where to start? Pick any three from the 43 & go from there.</i> | 22. Holidays |
| 2. Artifact | | 23. Sayings/Folk Wisdom |
| 3. Food/Recipe | | 24. Significant Accomplishment |
| 4. Photo | | 25. Inherited mannerisms/traits |
| 5. Dance | | 26. Family Secrets |
| 6. Religion | | 27. Letters |
| 7. Dress | | 28. Books |
| 8. Community | | 29. Stories |
| 9. Language | | 30. Housing |
| 10. War/Peace | | 31. Medical/Disease |
| 11. Nationality | | 32. Education |
| 12. Relations with other Nationalities | | 33. Games |
| 13. Country of Origin | 34. Hobbies | |
| 14. Immigrant/Native born? | 35. Special Talents | |
| 15. Music | 36. Favorite Transport | |
| 16. Occupation/Work | 37. Tools/Utensils/Kitchen | |
| 17. Pets | 38. Art | |
| 18. Gardening | 39. Homesteading | |
| 19. Play/Recreation | 40. Names, naming systems | |
| 20. Tradition | 41. Water | |
| 21. Dates/Places | 42. Men's roles | |
| | 43. Women's roles | |

2 of 2

her'it-āj, n. [OFr. *heritage*, an inheritance, from *heriter*; LL. *hereditare*, to inherit, from L. *hereditas*, inheritance, from *heres*, an heir.]
 1. property that is or can be inherited.
 2. (a) something handed down from one's ancestors or the past, as a characteristic, a culture, tradition, etc.; (b) the rights, burdens, or status resulting from being born in a certain time or place; birthright.
 3. in the Bible, (a) the chosen people of God; Israelites; (b) the Christian church.
 As being lords over God's heritage.
 —1 Pet. v. 3.

cul'ture, n. [Fr. *culture*, from L. *cultura*, cultivation, care, from *cultus*, pp. of *colere*, to till.]
 5. improvement, refinement, or development by study, training, etc.
 6. the training and refining of the mind, emotions, manners, taste, etc.
 7. the result of this; refinement of thought, emotion, manners, taste, etc.
 8. the concepts, habits, skills, art, instruments, institutions, etc. of a given people in a given period; civilization.

Blog retitled ThoughtsTowardsABetterWorld.org. (2022)

* A Graveyard Story: *All remain accessible.*
<http://www.outsidethewalls.org/blog/2009/06/21/>

There are many other stories, for example: "Tin Types" (Oct 4, 2011) and several Heritage Commentaries beginning Oct 5, 2011, also click on Quebec/French-Canadian archive category.

At <http://chez-nous.net/fr.html> are items about A French-Canadian family. **BERNARD/COLLETTE**
At <http://chez-nous.net/about.html> about a North Dakota German American family. **BUSCH/BERNING.**

Much More on the French in Midwest
At <http://fahfminn.org/>



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Handwritten signature

Final: September 21, 2010

THE FIRST 400 YEARS:
Remembering
Four of the Families
(Cote, Blondeau, Bernard, Collette)
Of
Henry Louis Bernard
Born December 22, 1907
Grafton North Dakota
Died November 7, 1997
Our Lady of the Snows
Belleville Illinois

Including a tribute to
Jean-Marc Charron
Nov. 19, 1936 - Sep. 16, 1996

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Special thanks to
Dr. Remi Roy

Cover photo:
Grafton, North Dakota, early 1908
Josephine Collette, Henry Bernard,
and their 5 year old daughter Josephine,
posing proudly with their new son and brother,
Henry.



Henry Bernard Takes Quebec!

At left, Henry Bernard inspects an ancient building at Place Royal below Chateau Frontenac at Quebec City, June 25, 1982.

At right, Henry (the tall man facing the camera) stands in line awaiting the feast at the 250th anniversary of the founding of St. Henri Levis Church, Quebec. The Church is in the background. The dinner was June 26, 1982.

This stop and many others occurred on Henry's first and only visit to Quebec. He was 74 at the time of the visit, and had 15 additional years to savor many delightful memories of the visit to the land of his roots. Without much information, then, we still managed to see most of the home country of his early ancestors in Quebec.

Later, Henry contributed many short articles to the *Chez Nous* newsletter on his experiences and recollections as a North Dakota French-Canadian.





Top photos Dec. 22, 1987. Henry Bernard had a goal to walk his 80th consecutive 15 minute mile on his 80th birthday. This day he accomplished his goal, in 13 minutes. His route was in the amphitheatre at his home, Our Lady of the Snows. His children, Florence and Richard, witnessed the accomplishment (and tried to keep up).

At left: On Memorial Day, 1998, about seven months after Henry's death, Henry's children dedicated a new flag pole at the Apartment community at Our Lady of the Snows, Belleville IL, to honor the memory of their Dad, and his brother Frank Peter Bernard, who died aboard the USS Arizona. The first flag to be raised was the flag that adorned the casket of Henry Bernard Sr at his funeral in 1957. This flag had 48 stars. It is the flag shown in the photo.

ORGANIZATION OF THIS BOOK

This book is divided into five specific parts:

- Part I: A Sketch History of the four root families
- Part II: Picture pages
- Part III: Basic Genealogy and other pedigree data of the families
- Part IV: Stories from the collected editions of *Chez Nous*, a newsletter edited or co-edited by Dick Bernard from 1985-2001.

Appendices:

- 1 Samuel Collette's unit in the 1863 Dakota Conflict
- 2 A portion of the History of Anoka & area MN
- 3 A Special section of writings by Jean-Marc Charron on assorted topics relating to the French-Canadian Culture and Family History.

OTHER RESOURCES

Dick Bernard's Family Website www.chez-nous.net/fc.html includes an earlier and brief history of the Collette's written by Dick Bernard in 2002; a longer history of Collette's et al by Philippe Collette's great-grandson, Dr. Remi Roy, written 2003; and a recollection by Bishop Raymond Lessard written about 1975.

An important addition to this website is the entire **1981 Centennial History of Sacred Heart Church in Oakwood**. Because of its length, this book is in four parts at the website.

Dick Bernard's blog www.outsidethewalls.org/blog includes categories on Quebec/French-Canadians, Native Americans and North Dakota, each of which may occasionally have relevant additional material.

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 newsletter edited or co-edited by Dick Bernard from 1985 through 2001.**

STORIES

Primarily from Chez Nous

Chez Nous was a small newsletter which I edited from 1985 till it ceased publication in 2002. It began in 1980 and continued as the publication of the now defunct La Societe Canadienne-Francaise du Minnesota, and usually went to about 150 people. I kept the entire collection and indexed it in February, 2009.

The very modest "cut and paste at the kitchen table" collection of newsletters had, in the end, nearly 900 pages, and a similar number of specific articles, most of which were very short, to some quite lengthy. The entire collection is now with Initiatives in French Midwest at the University of North Dakota and may someday be available online at the IFMidwest website www.ifmidwest.org. (I'd be happy to e-mail the index to anyone interested.)

Unless specifically noted, all of the below stories were printed in Chez Nous, in whole or in part.

Dick Bernard, former editor of Chez Nous

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* Chez Nous included a pretty rich variety of assorted recipes over the years. For an interested person, a review of the index would be worthwhile.

** Sr. Ellen Murphy, who passed away in 2004, was a gifted and published poet. She was part of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul. She grew up in Bachelors Grove ND. Her mother, Helen Normand, was the daughter of Catherine LeBourdais Normand and her husband, early residents of Oakwood.

The Families of Henry Bernard

A Thumbnail sketch:

Champlain establishes Quebec City in 1608
(map of family locations in France on following page).

Jean **COTE** arrives from Mortagne, Perche, France in early 1630s; and marries Anne **MARTIN** in 1635 at Quebec. Anne and Jean were among the very earliest settlers of New France from France. There is a remote possibility that Anne was born in Quebec, but this is a question likely never to be answered definitively.

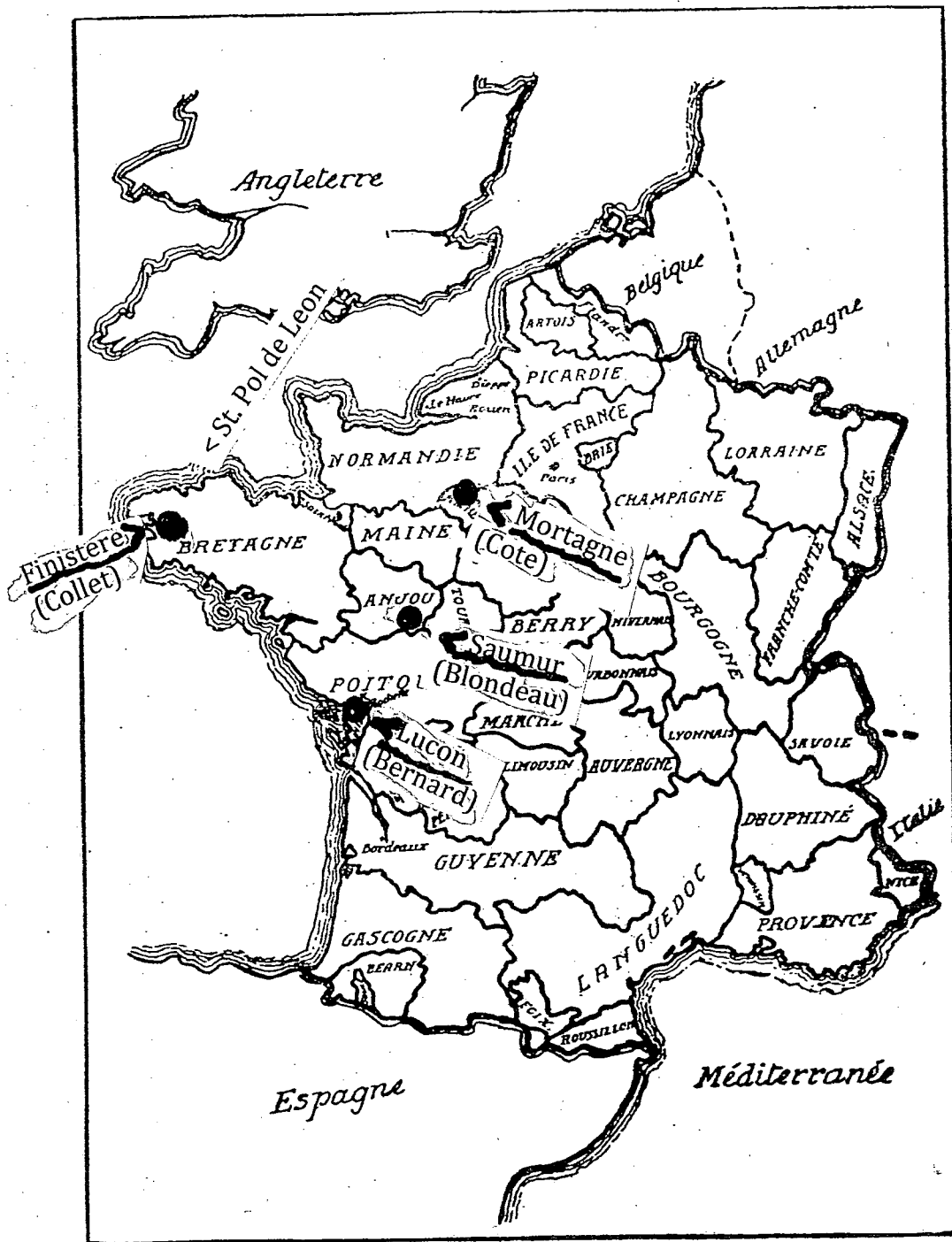
Francois **BLONDEAU** arrives from Saumur, France, in early 1650s; marries Nicolle **ROLLAND** in 1655 at Quebec. This branch becomes part of the fur trading community.

Pierre **BERNARD** arrives from Lucon, France, about 1726; marries Marie-Genevieve **GIROUX** in 1730 at Beauport. The Bernard family has a long tradition as Millers.

Francois **COLLET** arrives from the Finistere region of Brittany, France, about 1757; marries Marguerite **TANGUAY** in 1762 at St-Vallier.

Soon after Collet's arrival in Canada, the British defeated the French at the Plains of Abraham (1759), effectively stopping further French migration to New France. The English regime begins.

In 1776, the fledgling United States of America declares its independence from England, and in 1787 begins its history as a country.



LA FRANCE, (anciennes provinces).

DEDICATION

The acknowledgements at the end of this writing list only a few of the many individuals and groups who contributed to this family story. It can be truly said, however, that this writing would not exist in the form it is seen here, were it not for two remarkable individuals with an extraordinary sense of family history and the role of community in telling and living the family story. With no intention to diminish any other contributors, I dedicate this paper to my departed friends, **John Cote** (RIP 2001) of Brooklyn CT and **Jean-Marc Charron** (RIP 1996) of Deux Montagnes QC.

I met **John Cote** through a footnote on page 81 in Volume VI of the series "**Our FRENCH-CANADIAN Ancestors**" by **Thomas Laforest***. He became a source about my historic French-Canadian family of Jean Cote and Anne Martin. We met, through letters sometime in 1987. We were friends until John passed on; I was privileged to visit he and his spouse, Jeanette, twice at home in Brooklyn, Connecticut. John was a passionate man, a retired submariner with the U.S. Navy (at Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941), a recognized leader in his community, particularly, in later years, with the Eagle Scout program.

Through John, I "met" **Jean-Marc Charron** ("JMC" in this book) of Montreal, in late 1993. At the time, Jean-Marc was 57 years old, retired after a more than 30-year career with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and an avid searcher of family history, his own and others. His first letter to me came in early 1994, and from then forward, through June of 1995, Jean-Marc filled in the blanks of my family history, with authority and with passion and with absolutely no reward: he did extensive research asking for nothing in return. His labour was at the end of the 'paper and pencil' era of genealogy.

Without Jean-Marc Charron, this book would not exist, and it is for this reason that so much of the text of this writing, the photocopied documents, and the long Appendix, are Jean-Marc's work.

Jean-Marc and I never met in person or e-mail. Only one time did we talk on the phone. That occasion, at the end of 1994, was to "clear the air" after I had doubted the correct conclusions he had reached on my Bernard and Collette ancestry. I didn't know till near his death that Jean-Marc was ill, diagnosed with cancer at some point. He died in mid-September, 1996, not quite reaching 60 years of age.

November 19, his birthday, was also the day that he married Joan, his wife, in 1960. Somehow it seems appropriate that this work be published on his birthday, and their anniversary. Thank you, John, Jean-Marc, and Jeanette and Joan as well!

Dick Bernard

* -www.QuintinPublications.com/ofca.html; Box 65546, Orange Park FL 32065

ABOUT THIS BOOK

This is, first and foremost, a family story, written for family members. It is thus written casually, often in the first person. It is, first of all, my hope that family members will read and share its contents with others in the diverse and vast universe that these families represent.

But this particular story has a bit more substance, I feel, than most similar stories I have seen over the years. This has nothing whatsoever to do with me. Rather, much of the data included in these pages comes from actual handwritten religious and legal documents filed at the time of the actual events: census, notary contracts, records of baptisms, marriages, burials.... People like Jean-Marc Charron and tireless researchers have carefully preserved and tried to correctly read and transcribe sometimes nearly illegible scribblings and make sense of them.

Because this is a document put together by a single human being, it is acknowledged at the outset that there will be errors from mis-reading something, or mis-typing it. I am not a professional writer, but hopefully the thoughts I have will translate reasonably well to the reader.

I am also abundantly aware, from experience, that original published documents were themselves imperfect. Early on I became "married" to written records from supposedly authoritative sources at a Historical Society, some of which were inaccurate. It was a lesson thankfully learned, and hopefully remedied in this document. Since we are talking, here, about a nearly 400 year span of history, changes in language, and meanings of words, it is inevitable that there will be interpretation differences. But that is the point of continuing research.

For this book, I have tried to utilize the last and presumably most authoritative and authentic source material from people who I trust. Still, reader, question....

I am consciously aware that this writing may surface in someone's hands many years from now, and am thus including more information than would likely be included, solely to give that unknown person a bit more of a 'leg up' as he or she continues the search.

Enjoy, share, and feedback with additional information, corrections, stories of your own. In this way this book written at a moment in time in 2009-2010 can become a living document.

Merci.

Dick Bernard

Foreword:

Twice in my life, a week each time, I have canoe'ed the waters of the Quetico Wilderness in Ontario. The first time, 1992, my son, Tom, was among the voyageurs. I was 52, young, but not so young. The second voyage, 2001, also included Tom, but this time his daughter, Lindsay, and my daughter, Joni, were also among the group. My sister, Flo, and her husband Carter Hedeem organized and participated in both voyages. In 1992, their son Eric, and our cousin Mary Kay Busch, were also in the canoes.

I admit that a week in the wilderness was not my first choice of a summer vacation. Each day of canoeing, portaging, setting up and taking down camp, was, in my view, one less day remaining till a (hoped for) return to "civilization", in one piece, a pizza as just reward....

I was very aware of safety issues on these jaunts, far from emergency rooms or ambulances. I don't swim.... Even so, slips - literal and figurative - were inevitable. The odds of a problem in the wild are high, even for the careful voyageur.

I don't think I was a "grump", and I pulled my weight both times, but "home" was not in the pristine bush where, on a good (bad) day one might see one or two strangers; no out-houses, air-conditioners or furnaces.... It was, after all, the wild.

By 1992, I was aware of my French-Canadian roots, at least I was aware of three of the four primary legs of those roots (Bernard, Collette, Cote). I knew they'd all come to New France (later Lower Canada, later Quebec) as early as 1630, to a place roughly the same latitude (and, thus, general climate conditions) as Quetico. There were scattered and sometimes fairly large concentrations of Natives, but essentially the land the French came to was as empty and hostile as the Quetico Wilderness of my experience.

But it was not until much later that I truly grasped that these first transplants from France were plopped down in a land fully as alien to "civilized" people as I had experienced. What's more, they couldn't say, at the end of the week, "it's time to go home", and look forward to a pizza! The early settlers had nothing high tech like we had - lightweight and warm sleeping bags, tents, etc. The real voyageurs (and the habitants) lived the rough outdoor life from thaw to freeze to thaw 365 days of every year; the habitants did have the luxury of rough-built houses and small communities.

While there were earlier speculations, it wasn't until 1995 that I learned that the 4th leg of my ancestry, Blondeau, was voyageur and indeed included prominent people in the trade business and in the Voyageur community.

I learned that a very important fur trader, Maurice-Regis Blondeau, was a great-uncle of my ancestor Simon Blondeau, both descended from a Blondeau line that had early on moved from Quebec to youthful Montreal. "My" Simon was born and baptized in 1803 in the voyageur town of Pte. Claire near Montreal and upstream of the Lachine Rapids http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lachine_Rapids ; Maurice-Regis, one of the founders of what came to be the very prestigious Beaver Club of Montreal, died in 1809 in Montreal. Odds are the families had connections.

(Blondeau is a fairly uncommon French-Canadian name. Genealogist Jean-Marc Charron initially thought the name was a misspelled version of Bilodeau, but later proved the Blondeau lines existence.)

So, thus begins the story of my French-Canadian Father, Henry L. Bernard's, roots.

Because Dad's roots go so deep in Canada – from the early 1630s forward at least 375 years (as of 2010), and possibly a dozen or more years earlier – and because there were relatively few French who actually came to Canada, a complete genealogy would probably find Henry Bernard "related" to most persons of French-Canadian descent.

Be that French-Canadian famous or rogue, we probably have some ties....

These people shared many traits in common: they were Catholic; the men for the most part came initially to New France as militia and then branched out into their trade, be it farming, blacksmithing, etc. The women initially came as probably pre-designated candidates for wives and mothers – not much room for "falling in love", then! These immigrants were selected to come, and to my knowledge came voluntarily from France to the new world. Our people were of very common stock, out of which later came occasional people of note (or notoriety). At the same time, one ancestor, Catherine Baillon of the LaCroix line, has royal roots, which means, so do we!

Uniformly, the settlers life in New France had to have been harsh, and, once here, was one from which they could not easily escape.

An excellent source for general information about those early families and those earliest days is on the internet at

<http://www.genealogie.umontreal.ca/en/lesPionniers.htm>.

The French settlement of Quebec was never aggressive, and occurred over about 150 years.

A small summary of information garnered from the above web address: There may have been about 15,000 French men and women who came to New France beginning in the 17th century. This compares with 380,000 immigrants sent by the smaller British Isles to America in the same time period. Large numbers of these

would not be the root stock of later French Canada for various reasons: they died at sea, or in Quebec; they didn't marry, or they married and had no children; or they returned home to France, unable to tolerate the mean conditions of the new world.

Further, most of these French settlers came from more-or-less the Atlantic coast region of France. Even then, 1608-1759, there were perhaps hundreds of thousands of French surnames in France; only a few thousand of these travelled across the Atlantic to populate French Canada.

It is estimated that some 10,000 French settlers did ultimately form the basis of the new country, about 4500 had children and thus carried forward a family name. As earlier stated, it is probable that the Henry Bernard family is "related" in some genetic way to virtually every Quebecker from the earliest history.

Enter, the Families of Henry Louis Bernard

I have an immense amount of data from many sources (see Acknowledgments at the conclusion of this paper), and the very fact that it was immense has delayed this writing. I simply did not know where to begin, or what to include or leave out.

This paper is simply a start, an attempt to build a foundation from the 300 years of family history preceding my Dad's birth in 1907.

Substantial information on the family already exists. From 1981 through his death in 1997, Dad provided much oral and written history, much of which has previously been included in a family history book I did in 1991. Relatives and friends added to the historical stew.

In 1982, Dad and I and four others took a monumental trip to the land of his roots in Quebec. Unfortunately, we did not have much background data at the time, but we felt the environment of the rural Quebec of his roots. I have been to Quebec three other times: 1984, 1987, 1992. It is time for another trip....

In 2002, I did a carefully researched summary history of the Collette branch; and out of that, in 2003, Dr. Remi Roy of Montmorency University in Montreal, provided much more history not only of the Collette's and his own Roy roots, but a fascinating account of ancient French-Canadian life generally. Both of these are easily and, hopefully, permanently accessible at my personal website www.chez-nous.net/fc.html, as is a recollection by Collette relative and retired Catholic Bishop Raymond Lessard. This history, "The First 400 Years", will also be posted there.

In the pages that follow, I have chosen to focus, briefly, on the four most direct "lines" of Henry Bernard's ancestry. - those of his grandparents:

Romain Bernard

Julienne Cote (spouse of Romain, mother of Grandpa Bernard)

Denys-Octave Collette

Clotilde Blondeau (spouse of Octave, mother of Grandma Bernard)

This will only be a sketch history, but for the serious researcher, I have more information than will appear here. The ultimate objective is to file the research papers at the IF Midwest at the University of North Dakota Library in Grand Forks ND (<http://www.ifmidwest.org>). This will be an especially appropriate repository for these papers, as both Dad and Mom have one or another degree from UND, as do two of my brothers, and one of my sisters. And Grand Forks was home to the Bernard family for a number of years. Today, Grand Forks and nearby East Grand Forks still harbor family members.

I apologize at the outset for misuse of terms like, for just one example, the name of the place to which the French came in the 16 and 1700s. Sometimes it was called, and I call it, New France; sometimes Lower Canada; sometimes Quebec. Bear with me. There are doubtless many other examples to be noted (and cleaned up) later. I invite your assistance in this.

Setting the Stage

My Dad: Henry Louis Bernard was born December 22, 1907 in Grafton, N.D. Since the first Habitants are generally considered to have arrived at the settlement that became Quebec City in 1608, I can fairly call this initial section...

The First 300 Years

A Very General Timeline and Beginning Resources: Some Points of Reference

1535 - Cartier comes down the Riviere St. Laurent (St. Lawrence River)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jacques_Cartier

mid 1500s -1600s - the time of the Huguenots and religious warfare in France.
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Huguenot>

1608 - Champlain establishes Quebec. Colonization begins, but very slowly. From the beginning trade in furs and other goods becomes a main focus of the new colony. There are many works specifically about the fur trade. A general reference http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harold_Innis_and_the_fur_trade

1629-32 - Kirke Brothers temporarily re-take New France for England. Only a handful of French remain in Quebec. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Kirke

About 1632 - Jean Cote arrives in Canada from (most consistent theory, unproven) Mortagne, Perche. His spouse, our ancestor Ann Martin (they married 1635 at Québec) may have been born in Québec pre-1620. A definitive answer to the questions about both of them may never be known for certain, except the date and place of their marriage and forward.

1634 - Trois Rivières, roughly mid-point between present day Quebec City and Montreal, is founded as the second permanent settlement in present day Quebec.

1637 - Montreal established; fur trade begins to look west. Lachine Rapids on the St. Laurent is a serious natural barrier to river transport, so trading by canoe with the interior of North America essentially begins to the west of these Rapids, proceeding down the Ottawa River which involved the traverse of the 10 mile long Chute a Blondeau rapids - a geographic marker possibly connected with our ancestry.

Early 1650s - Francois Blondeau arrives in Quebec from Saumur, France. Marries Nicole Rolland at Quebec, February 8, 1655.

1670 – Chartering of the Hudson Bay Company by England. (Hudson Bay Co territory was generally to the north of the country traversed by French voyageurs.)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hudson%27s_Bay_Company

About 1726 – Pierre Bernard arrives in Quebec from Lucon (Poitou) France; marries M-Madeleine Giroux at Beauport, February 5, 1730.

1754-63 – Seven Years War (in N. America called the French and Indian War)

1757 – Francois Collet (later Collette) arrives in Quebec from Finistere, Brittany (Brest area); marries Marguerite Tanguay at St-Vallier, July 26, 1762.

1759 – British defeat the French at the Plains of Abraham and New France becomes British. French immigration to New France ceases.

1774 - The Quebec Act (see next page)

1775 – American officer Benedict Arnold heads up the Chaudiere River with the intention of taking Quebec for the U.S. Foiled. <http://www.benedictarnold.org/>

1776-87 – The United States is born, beginning with Declaration of Independence, continuing with ratification of Constitution.

1779 – North West Company (fur trade) founded in Montreal
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/North_West_Company

1789 – The French Revolution in France

1803 – Louisiana Purchase; Lewis and Clark.

Early 1800s – Coureur des bois/Voyageur/fur trade era, which was an important part of the entirety of the French settlement in New France, ends.
http://www.en.wikipedia.org/coureur_des_bois

1811 – Red River Colony established
http://www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Red_River?Colony . By the time Ft. Snelling was established (1819, see below) French and Metis were already beginning to leave Red River for various reasons, and migration began to focus towards what is now St. Paul and Minneapolis. An interesting website is <http://www.telusplanet.net/public/dgarneau/metis372a.htm>. **The name Alexis Cloutier, whose wife was Clotilde Blondeau Collette's sister, is found there. They preceded Simon and Clotilde Blondeau to the Mississippi River area just northwest of St. Anthony/Minneapolis. This is probably not the "our" Alexis.**

1812 – War of 1812 between England and U.S. impacted directly on Lower Canada and the west.

QUEBEC ACT OF 1774:

Dr. Virgil Benoit of the University of North Dakota and Director of Initiatives in French-Midwest www.ifmidwest.org is an acknowledged expert on the French-Canadian experience, and below is a recent comment on the Quebec Act.

From: Dick Bernard <dick_bernard@msn.com>
Subject: **French-Canadians, English and the American Revolution**
Date: November 27, 2010 9:06:49 AM CST

An unexpected and late addition to this book.

Dr. Virgil Benoit teaches French at the University of North Dakota (UND), and is director of Initiatives in French Midwest at UND www.ifmidwest.org

>>> Dick Bernard <dick_bernard@msn.com> 11/22/2010 3:29 PM >>>

Is there a simple reason why the French did not support the Americans when, in the Revolutionary War period, the fledgling U.S. was interested in throwing the English out of power in Quebec? I know nothing is simple, but perhaps there is a general answer. Some friends are interested.

*
From: "Virgil Benoit" <VirgilBenoit@mail.und.nodak.edu>
Date: November 22, 2010 4:49:04 PM CST
To: "Dick Bernard" <dick_bernard@msn.com>
Subject: **Re: Quick question with (maybe) an easy answer**

Hi Dick,

The Quebec Act of 1774 is often cited as the event which encouraged French-Canadians to not revolt against the British in Canada in 1776. The Q Act gave F-Cs the freedom to practice their religion, customs and language. The Q Act was a first in British governance towards its colonies. But the British were only a small minority in Quebec at the time. Maybe they felt they had to do it that way. They also knew they could lose the other thirteen colonies in North America and have no foothold in the New World. The French-C. also had no support from France by 1776. They also were afraid of being swallowed up by the neighboring anglo-saxon protestant culture, ie the new United States. As it were the Quebec Act gave them more protection as a defeated people than the unknown relationship with a nation-to-be. With the defeat of 1760 the French-C society lost its upper class. Its leaders with political contacts went either back to France or had been lowered in status to common folk as far as political or social influence was concerned. The one class that rose quickly to exert influence in Quebec at this time was the clergy, which, turned out to act very conciliatory toward the British. They interpreted the new situation stemming from the Quebec Act as one that guaranteed protection. They felt that as a conquered people the French-Canadians should be careful and appreciate that they had religious freedom as well as privileges to use French and customs as before the conquest in 1760. Over time, the clergy tied the privileges of religion and language together, saying that to keep French was also to be true to the catholic faith. These two "freedoms" became the clergy's motto for keeping French-Canadians together, so to speak. The clergy fought migration to urban areas, such as Quebec City and Montreal which were very British and protestant up until WWI. In short, the surrender of New France by France led to the seemingly paradoxical situation you are asking about. But the French of the former New France did not side with the Americans. It happened as you see because the common people of the former New France saw little hope, and their choice not to fight again was reinforced by the clergy. The common folk had fought the British invasion of 1760, but were in the end greatly outnumbered on the battle fields. They lost and along with the defeat, strategy (contacts with the homeland) and courage were also lost. It would take the French Canadians until the 1970s to work their way back to a Quebec society that could be called contemporary to its counterparts in the world. Bravo. They did it. There was the Revolution of 1836 against British dominance in Quebec. It was stopped. There was the war's act of Trudeau against Quebec in about 1968. It did not last. In all the rest of time and in all other arenas of civilized society the Quebec people have worked through parliament to regain equity with those who invaded and took their country away in 1760. Final observation, invading armies can make war, but they can't kill culture. It will surface and come back. In Quebec, not only has culture survived wars between gigantic superpowers and brutal scrimmages on the home front, but a rich government has been put into place and the country is dynamic today. Best to you. Virgil

1819 - Ft. Snelling established at confluence of Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers.

ca 1820-70 - The Oxcart era, Red River to St. Paul.

1837 - Morse telegraph and code invented. ; first transcontinental transmission in 1861; use perfected in Civil War http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Electrical_telegraph.

1840s - St. Paul MN is developed, beginning in 1841; officially becomes a town in 1847. Minneapolis is founded a few years later, preceded by St. Anthony, a settlement near St. Anthony Falls.

1850s - migration of French-Canadians to the United States begins to increase. Here are some samples of population change during the Midwest settlement period; French-Canadians became part of the settlement flood.

Place	1850	1860	1870	1880	1890	2000
Dayton MN		540	951	1107	1075	4699
St. Paul MN	1294	10331	20030	41473	133156	287151*
St. Anthony	656	3258	5013 (merged into Minneapolis 1873)			
Minneapolis		2564	13066	46887	164738	382618*
Chicago	?	111214	298977	503185	1099850	2896016
Oakwood Dakota Terr (first settled 1878)					581	-
Grafton DT (settled 1878 founded 1882)					1594	4516

* in the 2000 census, the Twin Cities Metropolitan Area population was 2,968,806; Chicago's Metro Area population was 9,157,540

TRANSPORTATION was not a simple matter, especially prior to the railroad reaching St. Paul in 1867 (All the Collette's and Blondeau families were in Minnesota by 1867.) **Fr. Joseph Goiffon** (pp 24 and 249-65) is said to have arrived in New York City from France October 12, 1857, and arrived in St. Paul November 7, 1857. (*Father Joseph Goiffon A Tale of a French Missionary* edited by Duane Thein, 2005, p. 79 <http://www.whitebearhistory.org/GiftShop.html>). While Fr. Goiffon's precise schedule for those first 26 days in the U.S. is not known, it is reasonable to assume that there was little time for activities other than traveling the approximately 1200 miles to St. Paul, then only a town in Minnesota Territory. Very interestingly, the same book (pp 57-59) recounts Fr. Goiffon's roughly 350 mile trip from St. Paul to the intersection of the Salt (Park) and Red River of the North three years later. This trip took 24 days, from October 8 to November 1, 1860. Comparing the distance travelled (1200 v 350 miles) and the time it took to travel those distances (26 vs 24 days) demonstrates, perhaps, that there were better routes and means of transportation from the east, as compared to the not yet open frontier of Minnesota and Dakota.

ca 1851-55 (precise date unknown) - The first known members of the four Bernard families, Simon and Adelaide Blondeau, and several of their children,

come to the United States, thence Midwest, from some unknown place in Canada, probably vicinity of Ottawa Ontario, to the new community of Dayton MN, on the Mississippi about 25 miles upriver from Minneapolis. (It is likely that other as yet unidentified family members had already migrated to New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine or other NE U.S. states by this time.)

1856 – Simon Blondeau takes claim on 120 acres along the Mississippi River northwest of Minneapolis.

Ca 1857 -The likely “advance party” for the Collette’s migration to the Midwest, Samuel, arrives in St. Paul-White Bear Lake MN area. Samuel was the half-brother of the senior member of his family, our ancestor Denys-Octave Collette III. Our eldest Denys-Octave Collette, Josephine Bernard’s grandfather, was born in 1824 from Denys-Octave’s 1st marriage; Samuel was from Denys-Octave II’s third marriage, and born in 1839. Samuel spent 1862-63 as a private in the Indian War, now called the Dakota Conflict. During that year of service, his unit traversed as far west as the Missouri River near what is now Bismarck, N.D.

1858 – Minnesota becomes a state

ca 1860 - The development of the “iron horse” and railroad lines facilitates migration and development. In this same general time period, mechanization and increasing population in the United States makes possible increased production of goods, which requires more labor, much of which comes from French-Canada to the northeast. Water and oxcart transport begin to be replaced by other modes of transport throughout the eastern part of North America. First railroad tracks in Minnesota: **1862**; Rail Chicago to St. Paul **1867**; rail reaches Grand Forks ND **1880**.

1861 - First transcontinental transmission by telegraph; use perfected in Civil War; revolutionizes long distance communication.

1863 and 1864 – Treaty of Old Crossing (Huot, near present day Red Lake Falls MN) ceded huge parcel of land from Chippewa to the United States, including the territory later to become Oakwood and Grafton.

Ca 1865 - Near the end of the U.S. Civil War, the entire Octave and Mathilde Collette family comes from St. Lambert Quebec to then-St. Anthony, possibly as early as 1864. In a few years St. Anthony becomes part of Minneapolis across the Mississippi River. By 1875 the Collet family had relocated for a short while to Dayton-Otsego MN, about 25 miles upriver from Minneapolis on the Mississippi.

1878-1880 – Virtually all of the Collette’s move from Dayton/Otsego MN to what would become Oakwood ND. Our Henry’s grandfather, Octave Collette, is in the 1878 group. The family story is that they walked, probably with oxcarts carrying their possessions. Octave Collette’s parents seem to have migrated as well, settling at Bathgate ND. Before 1900 one brother, Alfred, moves with his family back to

Otsego; another, Theodules, moves to Argyle MN. A third, Joseph, becomes a miner in Alberta.

1878 – Railroad completed between Minneapolis and Winnipeg. The nearest stop to Oakwood is at Stephen MN, about 15 miles to the east.

1881 – Our Grandmother Josephine Collette is born at the hamlet of St. Andrews, a river town where the Red and Park Rivers come together.

1881-85 – The transcontinental Canadian-Pacific Railway is completed from Canada's east to west coasts.

1882 – Grafton ND is founded four miles west of Oakwood, railroad comes to Grafton, and continues north. Grafton rapidly becomes the commercial focal point of the area. A German Miller, Wm Leistikow, is one of founders, and forms Grafton Roller Mills, which later becomes employer of both Grandpa Henry and his brother Joseph Bernard, as chief engineer and chief miller respectively.

1888 – Joseph Bernard, older brother of Honore (our Grandpa Henry), moves with his wife and her parents and family (the Gourdes) from St. Elzear Quebec to Oakwood. There is a possibility that Bernard moved to Berlin NH for a time before returning to ND permanently. Some undetermined time thereafter, likely 1894, Honore Bernard, later known as Henry, moves west to join them in ND.

1889 – ND becomes a state.

Very Early 1900s – mini-migration of three Oakwood Collette's, Philippe, Aire and Arcidas, to the rural area of Manitoba between Morris and Ste. Elisabeth to the east. This area became and remains a predominantly French-speaking area.

June 3, 1901 – Josephine Collette and Henry Bernard wed at Oakwood ND.

December 22, 1907 – Henry L. Bernard, our Dad, is born at Grafton, ND, the second child of Henry Bernard and Josephine Collette. (His older sister, Josephine, was born June 5, 1902; his younger brother, Frank Paul (later called Frank Peter) was born July 24, 1915, all at Grafton.) (See summary of Bernard Family in 1900s at pp 134-171)

Generalizations about the Cote, Blondeau, Bernard, Collette Families

All the first ancestors most likely arrived at and settled near what is now Quebec City. Except for the Blondeau branch, the rest of the families ultimately were heavily concentrated on the south side of the St. Laurent, generally to the south of Quebec City. These immigrants were, like the other early habitants, selected to come to New France, and most likely came voluntarily.

The family origins in Quebec:

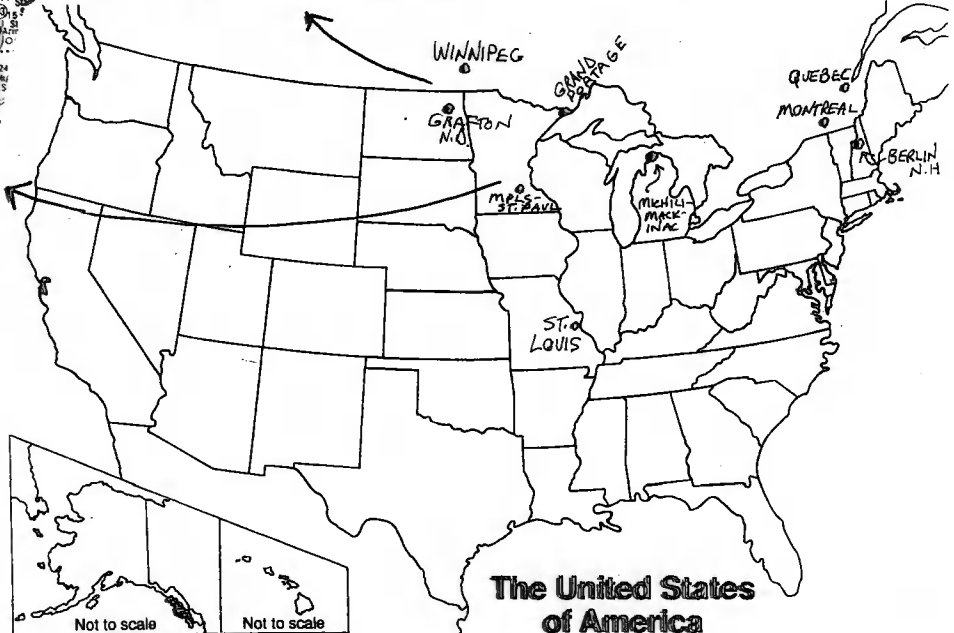
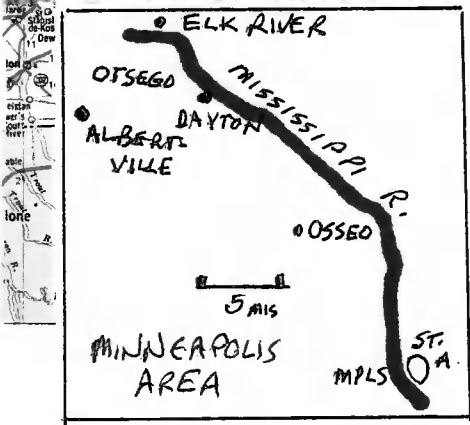
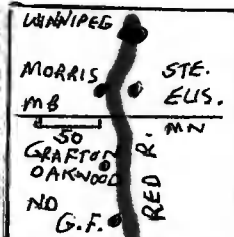
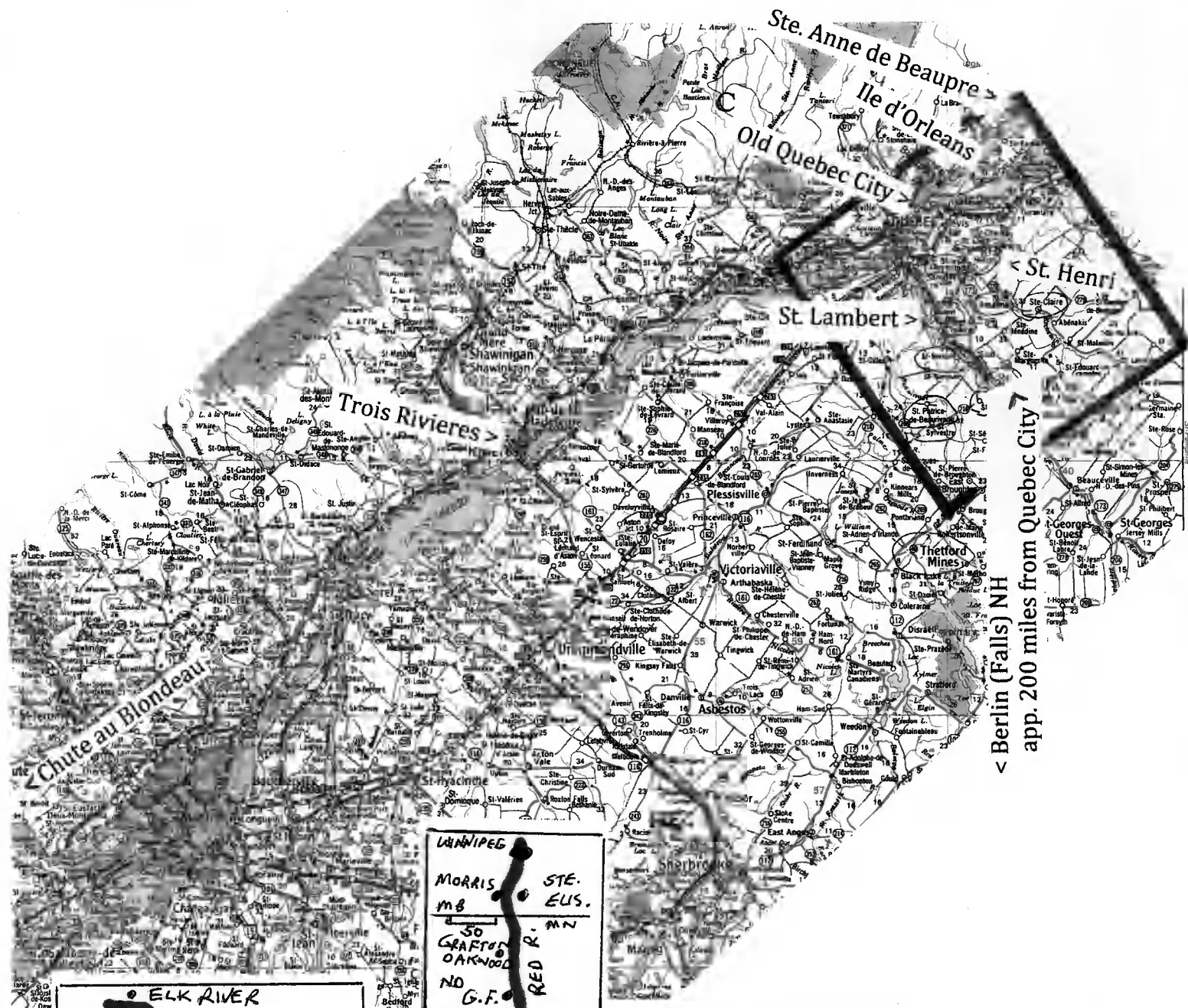
An easy visualization of the family territory might be this: imagine a square, about 50 miles or so on a side, which begins on the north shore of the St. Laurent, directly across from the east end of the Ile d' Orleans; thence south and west 50 miles along the north side of the St. Laurent; thence 50 miles south and east, 50 miles east and north; thence back, north and west to starting point. Easily within this 'box' can be found the vast majority of the early family history of the four families. (See map on following page.)

The historical central focal point for Cote, Bernard, Collette, Vermette, simply measured by events like weddings and the like, is the community of St. Henri Levis (also referred to as St. Henri Lauzon), a few miles south of Quebec City. But many towns (and their residents) within this 'box' were likely very familiar to the families. It is reasonable to assume that the other families they later settled with in places like New Hampshire and Minnesota and North Dakota were similarly rooted.

Our Blondeau branch, unlike the others, seemed to center on an early Quebec City "suburb", Charlesbourg, then quite early began to move, through family members, to the east or up the St. Laurent river towards Montreal and the fur trade.

In 1981, very shortly after I began my roots search, I did a simple scatter map of the location of marriages involving Collet, Bernard, Cote, LaCroix and Vermette, as found in Recueil de Genealogies. Within the 50-mile "box" were these locations which recorded 10 or more family weddings: St. Henri (96); St. Francois (66); St. Michel (44); Ste. Claire (29); St. Victor (27); Ste Gervais (23); Ste. Jean Chrysostome and St. Charles (20); Lauzon, (19), St. Pierre (17), St. Vallier and St. Anselme (15), St. Nicholas, St. Joseph, Ste Marie (Beauce) (14); Beaumont and St. Malachie (11); St. Antoine de Tilly (10). Fifty-four other communities, virtually all within the same box, recorded 10 or fewer weddings for the same families.

At the time I did the above research, I did not know that there were many Blondeau events within the "box", mostly at Charlesbourg; nor did I know that the Mathurin Langevin dit LaCroix and Blondeau "lines" connected with our family tree were probably more centered in the Voyageur area beginning at the west end of Montreal Island.



The first men who came to Quebec (New France) from France seem to have all been connected in some way with the French militia, and then became whatever their trade or skill was, be it farmer, blacksmith, merchant, miller.

Possibly excepting the earliest arrival, Jean Cote, and Francois Blondeau, who married a "Filles a Marier", Nicole Rolland, the men in our direct line married local women, who were born and grew up in Quebec, and whose families had been in Quebec for up to several generations. Cousin Remi Roy in a December 7, 2009, letter notes 48 Filles du Roy (there were about 800 in all) or Filles a Marier (262) who became part of the family structure of the Bernard, Blondeau, Collette or Cote, families (see following page). More information can be found at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/King%27s_Daughters , <http://www.delmars.com/family/marier.htm> and many other sources.

The records are filled with multiple marriages - for both men and women - and large families. Multiple marriages were due to death of spouses, often in childbirth. In the case of the Voyageurs, there were doubtless many informal marriages, nowhere recorded in the Catholic or civil law way.

Those researching French-Canada background seem to have a unique advantage over many peoples. Not only were there specific protocols to be followed by the clergy and civil authorities in recording things like marriages and the like, but also they often made duplicate copies, which protected records in the event of a fire. They also generally recorded data about a wife by using her maiden name, thus facilitating an accurate record of the female lineage as well. Every record was in hand-writing which varied, as it does today, from meticulous and precise to almost indecipherable. Two examples of this are included in the chapter on Bernard. There is an entire line of study, paleography, devoted to deciphering the indecipherable. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paleography> .

Most of our ancestors could neither read nor write, so even things like people's names needed to be translated based on the writers interpretation of the spoken word or direct knowledge of the family. This was complicated further when these French speakers moved to the U.S., where official record keeping was in English, most often recorded by people who knew only English, and knew nothing about the new arrivals. Thus there are found multiple spellings of, for example, a persons first name: it was as the recorder heard it; often a nickname is recorded as first name. In our Dad's families, the surnames seemed to have travelled well, with relatively small changes over their long history in North America. Not all French-Canadian families are so lucky.

The general family stories are on the following pages. The stories are in order of the arrival in New France of the first ancestor.

COLLETTE**FILLES DU ROY**

Andrée Remondière (3 fois)
 Marguerite Laverdure (2 fois)
 Marie Madeleine Déprès
 Françoise Piloise
 Nicole Saulnier
 Jeanne Labée
 Barbe Menard
 Marie Debure
 Henriette Cartois
 Marie Chauvet
 Nicole Legrand

FILLES À MARIER

Marguerite Breton
 Françoise Lelievre
 Marguerite Guilleboudreau
 Anne Achon
 Genevieve Longchamps
 Marie Giraud
 Françoise Grenier (2 fois)
 Marie Crevet
 Marie Riton
 Marguerite Leclerc

COTÉ**FILLES DU ROY**

Anne Perrault m. Pierre Blais 1669
 Madeleine Olivier m. Thomas Rousseau 1667
 Martine Crosnier m. Philippe Destroismaisons 1669
 Anne Remondière m. Thomas Rondeau 1667

FILLES À MARIER

Jeanne Lerouge m. Louis Carreau 1654
 Marthe Bourguoin m. Nicolas Godbout 1662
 Marguerite Guilleboudreau m. Jean Baillargeon 1650
 Françoise Lelievre m. Gabriel Gosselin 1653
 Anne Achon m. Pierre Tremblay 1657
 Marie Crevet m. Robert Caron 1637
 Françoise Grenier m. Robert Goulet 1656 (twice)

BERNARD**FILLES DU ROY**

Marguerite Guillard m. François Provost 1664
 Anne Langlois m. René Cauchon 1670
 Marguerite Foye m. François Dumas 1667
 Andrée Remondière m. Thomas Rondeau 1667
 Marie Louise Bolper m. François Moreau 1671

FILLES À MARIER

Marguerite Leclerc m. Nicolas Leblond 1661
 Françoise Grenier m. Robert Goulet 1656
 Marie Godard m. Toussaint Giroux 1654

BLONDEAU**FILLES DU ROY**

René Birette m. Pierre La
 Margurite Navarre m. Étien
 Marue Meunier m. Michel
 Marie Halay m Joachim Gi

FILLES À MARIER

Marie Chapelier m. Robert
 Marie Marthe Vie Lamoth
 Nicole Rolland m. François
 Catherine Fortier m. Jacqu

*Merci
 to Remi Roy*

See also:

Cote: 201a,b,c

Blondeau: 203d

LaCroix: 206a and b, 209, 210

Bernard: 216a and b

Collette: 220, 221, 222, 223

Family History Mysteries

In the possessions of Henry and Josephine Bernard was a 1954 Social Security envelope, inside of which were six 2x3" metal photographs, none labeled. The six photos follow. Metal photos were made until about the 1890s or earlier. My personal speculation as to the photos identity.

#1 - Clotilde Blondeau and Octave Collette around the time of their marriage in Minneapolis in July, 1868.

#2-#4 - The man in #2 and #3, and in the front of the group in #4, appears to be a young Henry Bernard (he was born in 1872 and was comparatively big in size - near 6 feet tall - for a French-Canadian of the time.) In #4, a Priest seems to be at back right.

#5 and #6 - I have no idea who these people might be.

Informed or idle speculation about subjects or reason for the photos is welcome!

The other photos are not completely identified. In the photos of the four women, almost certainly the woman in upper left is Josephine Collette Bernard; the woman in the lower right may be Clotilde Blondeau Collette, her mother. In the photo of the man and the woman at right, it is possible that this is a photo of a Collette man, though the woman does not appear to be Clotilde.





3



4



5



6

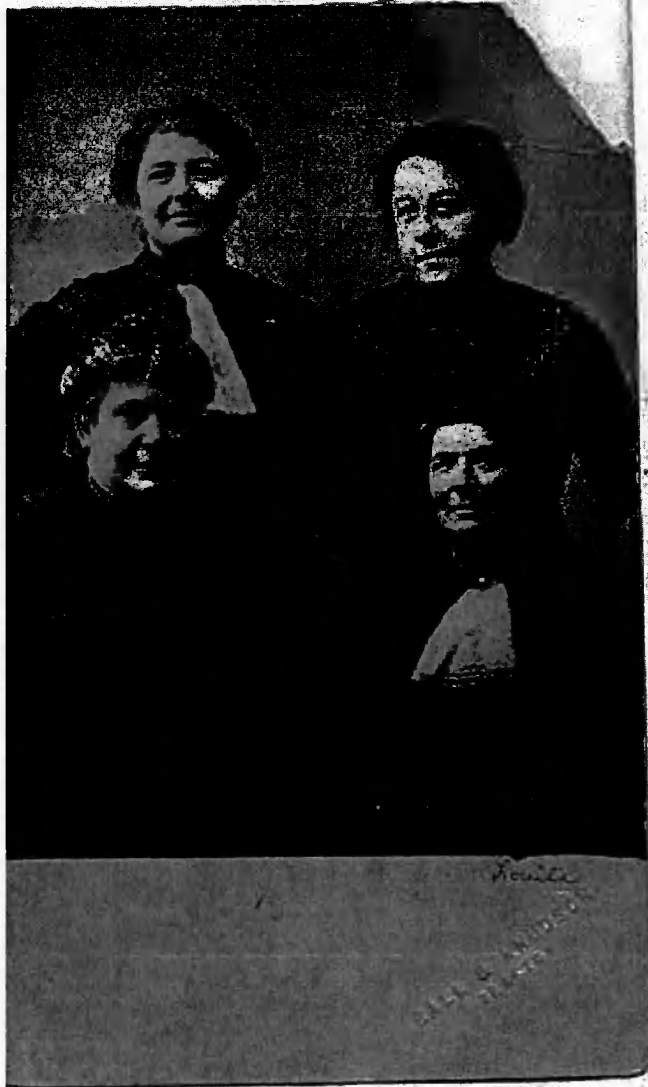




Photo of part of St. Henri Levis QC from the Church belfry, circa 1900

Notes from Jean-Marc Charron 20 October 1994.

"My note book says: De l'église vers l'est, 1900. "A la suite de la salle publique, on voit la demeure de J. Sinclair, celle de Gilbert Roy & de Arcadius Collet." Or: "from the church, towards the east, next to the town hall, we see the home of J. Sinclair, of Gilbert Roy, and of Arcadius Collet."

- At the bottom of the photograph, I think I read: "vue de St-Henri";
- We are looking from the belfry of the St-Henri Church;
- The two building at the bottom of the photograph would be right next to the church;
- Which of these two buildings is the townhall? I would guess the one on the left, or bottom center. It has practically no yard and kind of looks like a "hall", but I consider I could be mistaken.
- Which would make the house at the bottom right probably the one of Joseph-Edgar-Henri Sinclair, who married M.E.-Lumina Collet, and a doctor like his father Louis T.J. Or it could also be the house of the father, if he was still practicing at the time, which I doubt. It makes sense in a way because of the two doors, one for the private quarters and one for the office. This house looks "lived-in", with two fireplaces and an upper window, which would indicate rooms existed on the second floor.
- Which would make the second house from the bottom right the house of Gilbert Roy;
- And the third house would be the one of Arcadius Collet, merchant and equerry who died in 1888 at 54.
- The sun is definitely on the upper right but still kind of low. I think it could be about breakfast time on a cold spring day. No leaves in the trees, the wind is blowing from the north, numerous stoves are doing their duty. Just past the walkway of Gilbert Roy's home, we see Rosalie Genest, widow of Arcadius Collet, walking back home eastward on the wooden sidewalk from the morning mass. It has rained a lot lately (I think I see water in the carriage's ruts on "la Rue Principale") but not enough to have melted some snow still left from the previous winter (middle left).
- You say the house at the bottom right is the town hall? Be my guest! It would make sense in a way because then the fourth house up the street would be Arcadius Collet's house and store. We see like two houses stuck together and there are more room for storage and stuff. I even see a carriage in front of the house, waiting for opening time.
- All this of course is conjecture, but, as you know by now, I like to let my imagination go free when I look at a photograph."

Why they came to the Midwest; How they got from Quebec to Minnesota, No. Dakota and Manitoba

The general reasons for the French-Canadian migration, largely relate to rapidly increasing population, general economic conditions and need for land, coupled with rapid sophistication of technology. All of these factors promoted migration from here to there by the mid 19th century (1800s). In addition, conflicts between the European powers over North America had ended, borders of the U.S. were set; and Native Americans had been forced into submission.

The American Civil War of 1861-65 seems, through all its turmoil and death and destruction, to have provided additional impetus for ever increasing movement from Canada to the United States. But travelling was difficult (see p. 14).

The specifics of a particular families movements, such as the four reflected in this document, is difficult to impossible to establish. Few had the ability to read or write, at least not to the extent that they could do things such as keep a journal, and besides such activities involved time and money which could scarcely be afforded.

In 30 years of active interest in this topic, almost no one has come forward with any hard evidence about how or why our ancestors moved from Quebec to the west.

So in an amateur research project like this, about the only possibility available is anecdotal evidence such as stories passed down from elder to younger, and some kinds of logical analysis perhaps later to be supported (or refuted) by some other piece of evidence uncovered somewhere. My best guesses about the families I know came west follow. First, some anecdotes.

For instance, my grandfather Bernard's references to having been a lumberjack, and to Berlin Falls NH give at least a starting clue of a place that may well have additional information. He used to joke with we non-French speaking kids about Cadillac meaning "Cat in the Lake". Was he simply referring to the automobile, or the city in Michigan which was more or less in the line of immigration when he came to North Dakota in the 1890s. Did he know someone there? He is long gone, and no one will ever know, but possibly there are clues in that word, "cadillac", even though cadillac is not even a French word.

In an August 10, 2002, letter, Rene Collette wrote that he had read that "**Francis Xavier Desautel family came to Grafton from near Quebec in 1878 in two covered wagons...John Donnelly in 1879 shipped a team of horses to the end of the railroad at Crookston MN and drove along the Red River.**" Having driven the nearly 1500 miles from Quebec City to Oakwood ND, it is impossible to conceive of a trip by covered wagon...but, somehow, they had to make the trip.

Years ago I read an account of the Gourde family of Oakwood/Grafton in the 1976 Bi-Centennial History of Walsh Co ND. The writer said her grandpa (who came with his family and my great-Uncle Joe Bernard) said that they ice-skated from Quebec. Not likely, but an engaging story! (This account, written by Marie (Gourde) Byzewski about 1976, is one of the Stories later in this volume.)

Perhaps the closest we will actually get to actual evidence about these families comes from the following comment from Evangeline Clement in a letter to me dated January 23, 1995. Evangeline was born in 1909, the daughter of Edward Collette, who in turn was born in 1880, the son of Philippe Collette and Philippe's first wife, Julie Boutin.

Evangeline says this: ***"Coming to why the Collette's family left St. Lambert de Levis, P.Q., it was because there was no place to establish the boys [in Quebec]...."*** The family came first to Minneapolis, then to Dayton, then to Oakwood ND. In 1901 Philippe Collette and others from the family moved north of the border to the area between Morris and tiny Ste. Elisabeth, Manitoba, and Evangeline says ***"there were "Homesteads" available in Canada, as it was advertised, that is why Grand'Pa came to Ste. Elizabeth after he had lived in Oakwood, and having a second family, could not expand his farm, they [presumably ND farmlands] were all taken. So they came from Oakwood in "Covered Wagon", with his boys my Father [Edward] was one of them. They were going back and forth to Oakwood and Ste. Elizabeth to open the Homestead in Ste. Elizabeth, where the Hutterites are the owners now, opening the land and building a home for the family when the land was ready to produce a crop."***

In her letter, Evangeline refers to "covered wagon", and this leads to discussion about how people actually travelled. The kinds of transportation available at any particular period in time can be fixed quite accurately, such as when the train reached Grafton (1882), so if one knows when the people travelled, it is possible to determine what the possible means of transportation (including "ice skating" from Quebec to North Dakota!) were. But even here allowance has to be made for circumstances.

The 50th anniversary history of Oakwood's Sacred Heart Parish (1931) noted that the first settler to Oakwood, Joseph Charpentier (see page preceding 83), came from Cochrane [likely Corcoran MN] in 1872. Corcoran was a community near Dayton, and without much question the French-Canadians of Dayton knew well Charpentiers activities and plans. He travelled via Abercrombie, Dakota Territory, an early Fort on the Red River north of Wahpeton. This provides a clue about the route followed by the later migrants from Dayton to Oakwood circa 1878. But like the other data, it remains simply an interesting story – possibility – at this point in time. For some reason Charpentier and family apparently left Oakwood fairly early to parts unknown.

Rene Collette (born at Oakwood in 1920), in a letter dated August 16, 1981, suggested that "***some immigrants [from Quebec] traveled across the Great Lakes during the winter months.***" On June 20, 2008, Rene sent me an article about the Red River Oxcarts. He included the following note: "***Dad [Edmund, born 1893] remembered the squealing noise of the ox carts when he was a boy. He heard that the Collette's had used carts to move their family, foodstuff and farm tools and equipment from Minn. To use the train would have been expensive, so who knows for sure? How about oxen or horses?***" (for what would have been a very long trip from Dayton MN.) Certainly Edmund's Dad, Ovide, born in Canada in 1856, would have shared stories with his sons as they grew up and worked together on the farm; and they in turn shared the stories with their children, such as Rene.

These are some bits and pieces slowly being assembled to make a semblance of a whole. Such is how it is with family history of common people.

The Family Pioneers move to the Midwest: (listed below in apparent order of arrival to the Midwest. More detail in other sections of this book.)

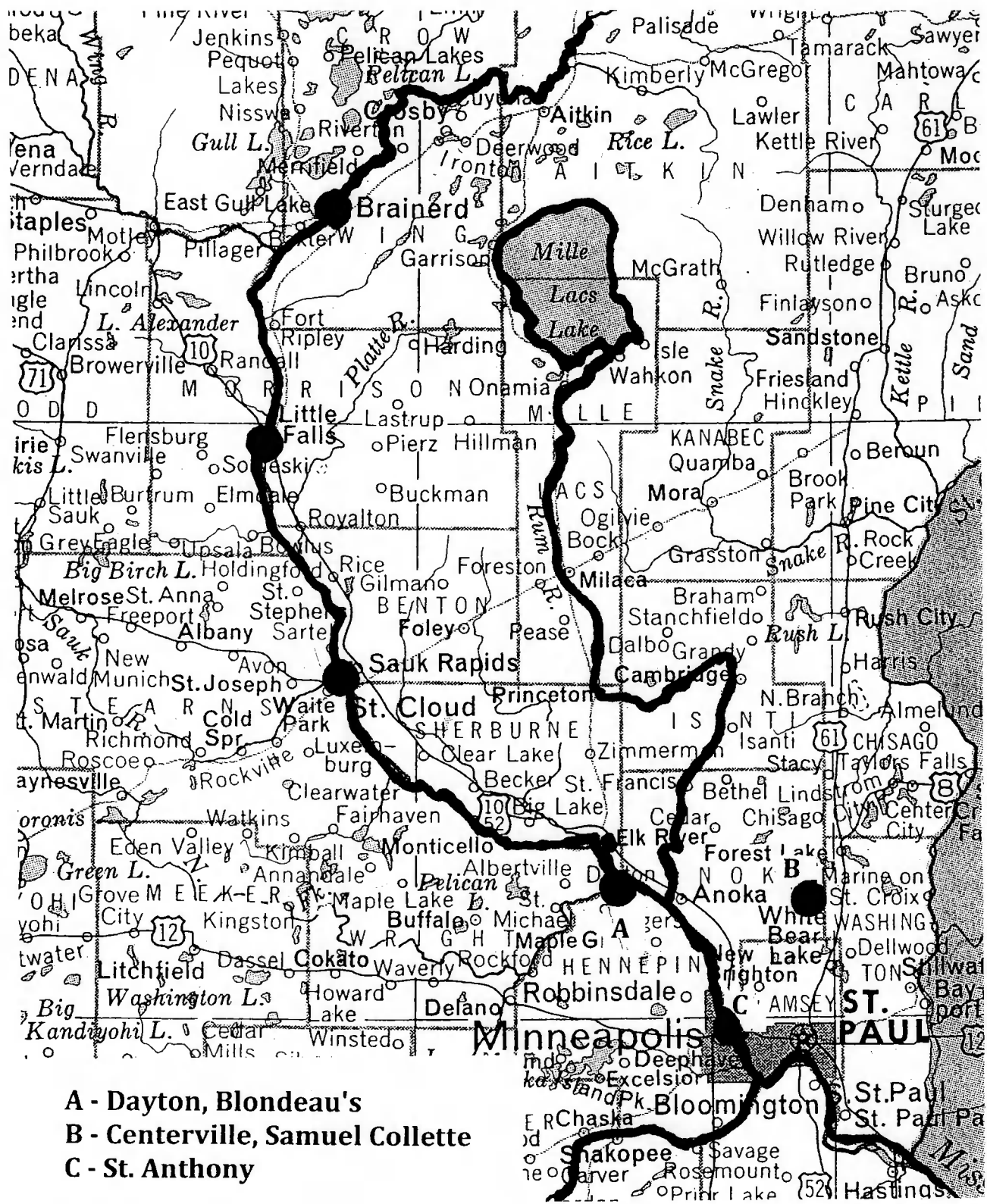
The **Blondeau's** (below), and **Samuel Collette** (immediately following paragraphs), share the very earliest history of white settlement in what is now known as Anoka and northwest Hennepin Counties MN, which then included the new settlement of Anoka, the towns of Dayton and Champlin across the river from Anoka, and the settlement perhaps 15 miles directly to the east of Anoka called Centerville. (Map following page.) This area is now and has long been considered north suburban Minneapolis and St Paul. Anoka, at the junction of the Mississippi and Rum Rivers, rapidly became an important town in the area. (In more recent years, the Anoka area has become famous as an integral part of Garrison Keillor's mythical Lake Wobegon. Keillor's ancestors were early residents of rural Anoka, and he was born in Anoka, and graduated from Anoka High School in 1960. As a resident of Anoka and its area for much of the time period 1965-80, the author notices many direct references to Anoka people and places in Keillor's stories.)

Appended to this book (Appendix 2) is the historical section of the 1905 History of Anoka by Albert M. Goodrich which quite vividly describes the area to which the Blondeau's and Samuel Collette came. I have found no evidence that the book is currently copyrighted (Goodrich died in 1935), and this book gives a very rich more-or-less contemporary view of the history of this then-very rural (and currently suburban) area of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Goodrich apparently was both born (in about 1861) and raised in Anoka and as such had a first person view of the growth of the town and the area, plus personal contact with pioneers a generation older than he. (Anoka itself was founded in 1852).

SIMON BLONDEAU AND ADELAIDE LACROIX

Simon and Adelaide (see pages 72 to 81) had been married at least fifteen years and already had a large family when they embarked, perhaps, from the Ottawa Ontario area, surfacing somewhere in the United States, probably Minnesota, in the early 1850s. Going by their personal declaration in the Minnesota census of 1857 about the place of birth of their children, they were possibly in Minnesota as early as 1851. Simon Blondo[eau] becomes a U.S. citizen in 1857 (facing page 75). With no question (page 79-80) they were residents of Dayton MN by the fall of 1856. It is possible that they first lived with Clotilde's sister, Theodosie, and her husband Alexis Cloutier, who had come to Minnesota a few years earlier and apparently lived in the area of present day Osseo MN, which is perhaps ten miles by trail from present day Dayton MN, between Dayton and to-be St. Anthony (Minneapolis). Their farm is located almost directly across the Mississippi River from a well known contemporary historical attraction, the Oliver H. Kelley farm, established in the early 1850s <http://www.mnhs.org/places/sites/ohkf/aboutkelley.html>.



- A - Dayton, Blondeau's
- B - Centerville, Samuel Collette
- C - St. Anthony

1 inch = approx 15 miles

THE COLLETTE FAMILY, with specific focus on the still mysterious Samuel Collette

Apparently, the entire family of **Denys-Octave Collette** and **Mathilde Vermette** moved from St. Lambert Quebec to then-St. Anthony MN right after the American Civil War, about 1865. Later they moved to Dayton ND in the early 1870s, then to ND beginning in 1878. Their story is on pages 65-66 and 82-133.

But they were not the first known members of the Collette family to Minnesota. That immigrant was **Samuel Collette**, of whom relatively little is known with certainty; and almost nothing about his descendants, though these descendants are likely hidden in plain sight in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Very recently, one descendant of Samuel has been located who is interested in the connections. She reported that most family records and photos were destroyed in a house fire some years ago.

There exist many fragments of Samuel's doubtless most interesting history. Precisely why he surfaced in Minnesota from far-away Quebec may never be known, but is an interesting question possibly solved through future research. Whatever the case, Samuel clearly was early on the scene in Minnesota.

Samuel was closely connected, at least in genealogical terms, with our family.

Our **Denys-Octave (III)** was from the first marriage of **Denys-Octave (II)** and **Marguerite Clement/Labonte**. The son of Denys II and Marguerite, **Denys (III)**, later married **Mathilde Vermette**, and it was their family who came to St. Anthony in the 1860s and later made up an important part of the Oakwood settlement.

Samuel Collette was from the third marriage of **Denys-Octave (II)**, and thus the biological half-brother of our Denys (III). His mother was Mathilde's sister, **Madeleine Vermette** making the blood relationship with later generations of Collette's even closer. He initially settled in now-St. Paul suburb Centerville MN, and lived much of the rest of his life in that area, being buried in as yet undiscovered location in St. Mary's Cemetery, White Bear Lake MN. For all practical purposes, Samuel and my ancestor Octave Collette, son of Denys III and Mathilde, were very close relatives, but no direct evidence presently exists of later contacts between them.

Samuel Collette, though technically not directly part of the families in this book, nonetheless and doubtless played an extremely important role in their eventual settlement in the Midwest (or they in his...), and through his own experiences we can learn a bit about the days preceding the later Collette arrival at St. Anthony.

In 1863, as part of the U.S. Army in the Indian Conflict, a number of years before there was any white settlement in North Dakota (save for the Pembina-St. Joseph area), Samuel likely became the first family member to visit what was to become

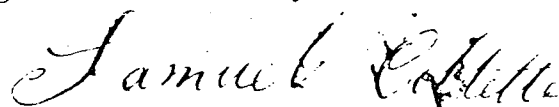
North Dakota (more in Appendix 1 of this book). Samuel Collette's military unit visited the site of what was to later become Bismarck, ND, 9 years before Bismarck, and nearby Ft. McKeen (later Ft. Abraham Lincoln) were established in 1872 <http://www.parkrec.nd.gov/parks/falsp/history.htm>. Thirteen years later, in 1876, the ill-fated trek of apparently less-than-competent George Armstrong Custer would embark from Ft. Abraham Lincoln and meet its end at the battle of the Little Big Horn. http://www.pbs.org/weta/thewest/people/a_c/custer.htm.

From 1861-91 the Parish Priest at Samuel's home parish in Centerville MN was the famed **Fr. Joseph Goiffon*** (see pp 249-65), whose service from 1858-60 was Pembina and St. Joseph ND a short time preceding Samuel Collette's trek across the prairies. Fr. Goiffon's career on the frontier was likely cut short as a result of losing his leg and nearly his life in an unanticipated prairie blizzard.

Since Samuel seems to have settled in Centerville, less than 16 miles "as the crow flies" from where his kin later settled at St. Anthony (later, Minneapolis), and only 23 miles from Dayton, a later and very important locus for the family, it is highly likely that the families had contact, but evidence is lacking about when, where, or how much contact there may have been.

Fortunately, Samuel did leave a significant paper trail as a result of service in Co. G First Regiment of the Minnesota Mounted Rangers in the Indian War of 1862-63 (Appendix 1) and through later application for Pension, and then long term residence at the Minnesota Soldiers Home in Minneapolis, where he died in 1934.

Here is Samuel's signature on his military enlistment in 1862:

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Samuel Collette". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

On November 9, 1897, two long time friends of Samuel Collette filed affidavits in support of Samuel's request for Pension, including possibly crucial information about his arrival in Minnesota.

In his 1897 affidavit, **Anthony Gibbons** (then age 66) noted "**he has known said [Samuel] Collette for the last 40 years**". Apparently on the same day, **Joseph Lafond** (then age 51 or possibly 54) "**said he first became acquainted with ... Samuel Collette four or five years before said Collette enlisted in the Army**" (from Collette's actual enlistment record: he signed with the Army October 6, 1862, at declared age of 22 years - actually he was 23. He was discharged from the Service November 28, 1863.) Based on the affidavits, Samuel Collette was likely in Minnesota about 1857, about the time that Minnesota became a state (1858).

At this writing it is not known where said Gibbons and Lafond resided at the time Collette came to Minnesota.

On his enlistment with the Minnesota Mounted Rangers (6 October 1862), Collette is described as having Gray eyes, auburn hair and 5'6" tall. A reference is made to his occupation, but the handwriting is illegible. He signed his name, so apparently he was literate, at least to that extent.

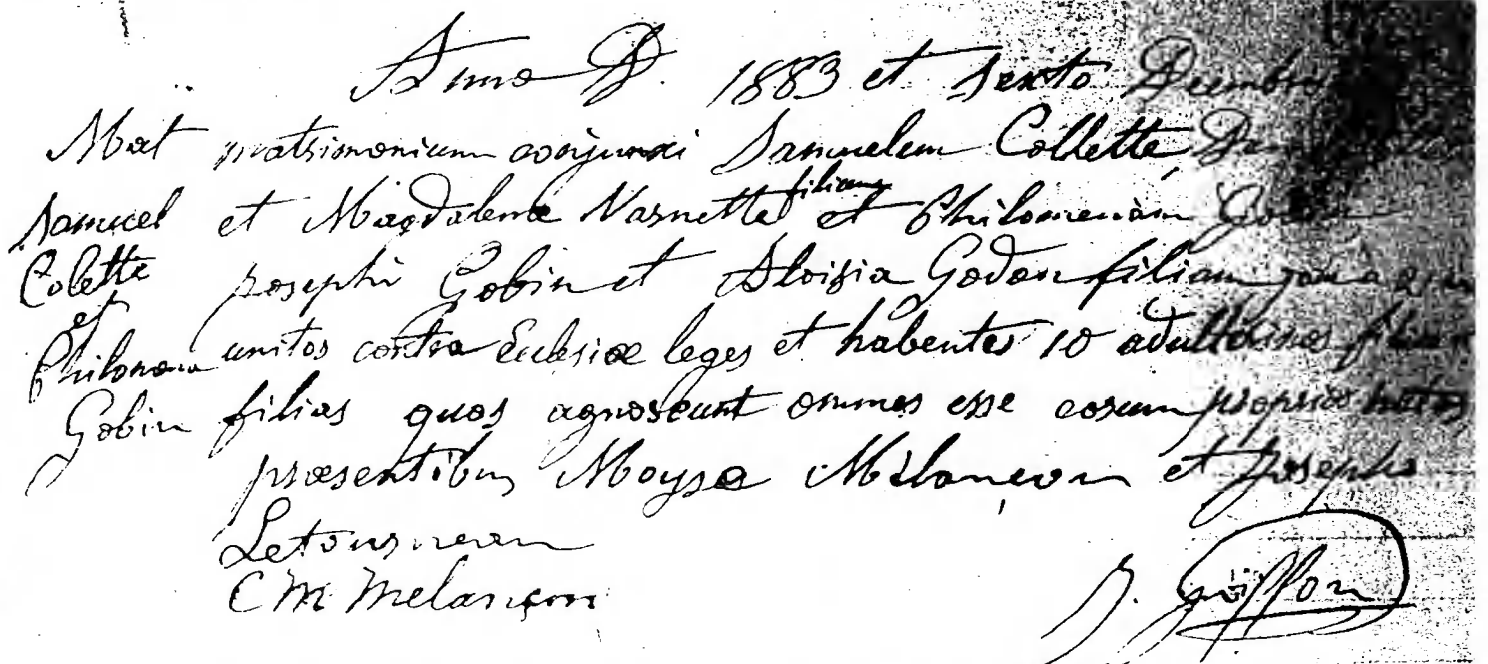
By 1892, he was described in an application for pension as being a plasterer, and indeed, in his autobiography, **Fr. Joseph Goiffon** mentioned Mr. Collette as being the person who was the plasterer for the church in White Bear MN. Samuel apparently developed serious health problems at a young age - he would have been perhaps 51 at the time he declared he could no longer work full-time. His ailments are listed as rheumatism and dyspepsia.

Samuel was asked a series of questions about family status when he applied for Pension November 24, 1897. His narrative answers give many clues for future researchers.

"No. 1 - Are you a married man?...Answer: **Yes Sir, Her maiden name was Philomene Gobin.**

No. 2 - When, where, and by whom were you married? Answer: **First time April 2, 1863, by Justice of the Peace Laubech [?] at St. Paul Minn. Second time with same woman at the Catholic Church, Centerville, Anoka Co Minn about Fall of 1878 by Father Goiffon*. My wife wanted to be married by Catholic Priest.**

[NOTE: Fr. Goiffons records (following) indicate that the Collette-Gobin union was blessed December 6, 1883.]



The image shows a handwritten Latin document snippet, likely a marriage record. The text is written in cursive and includes the date 'Anno D. 1883 et sexto Decembris'. It describes the marriage of Samuel Collette and Philomena Gobin, noting that they were already united against church laws for 21 years and had ten children. The document is signed by Joseph Goiffon, with the name 'Goiffon' written in a large, stylized signature.

Translation of the above: "In AD 1883, on December 6, I joined in marriage Samuel Collette, son of Denys Collette and Magdalene Vermette, and Philomena Gobin, daughter of Joseph Gobin and Aloisia Godon, [the couple] already having been united against the laws of the Church for 21 years and having ten adulterous-issue sons and daughters, all of whom they acknowledge to have been born as their own children, in the presence of

Moyse Melancon and Joseph Letourneau." (The translator noted as an aside that Father Goiffon died on May 6, 1910, 100 years ago.)*

No. 3 - What record of marriage exists? Answer: **Had no license first time but did second time, believe this is recorded District Court Anoka County Minn.**

No. 4 - Were you previously married?...Answer: **Never married except to this one woman.**

No. 5 - Have you any children living? If so, please state their names and the dates of their birth. Answer: **Alphonse, 33 years, Samuel, 32, George and Harry (twins) 28, Josephine, 26, John, 24, Louis 22, Dennis, 19, Mary, 18, Rosa, 16, William, 11 years. I do not remember dates of birth."**

Samuel Collette died June 23, 1934, at the Soldiers Home Hospital at age 95. Except for a few months in early 1908, he had been an almost continuous resident of the Soldiers Home since January 17, 1907.

His wife **Philomene** died at White Bear Lake MN November 5, 1916. **Henry** (quite likely Harry, above) died February 26, 1903, at about 34 years of age. Per their absence in the final statement after Samuels death, his children **Josephine, John** and **Mary** apparently preceded Samuel in death, but no specifics are available at this point.

At his death in 1934, the following family members were listed as his heirs and descendants.

Mrs. Rose Johnson of 1074 E 6th St. Paul
Alfonse Collett of White Bear RR
Samuel J Collett of Ramsey County Poor Farm
George Collett (moving)
Louis Collet (unknown)
Dennis Collet of White Bear
Wm B Collett of 45 South St. Albans, St. Paul
James, Gordon, Josephine, Donald and Margaret Dunn; and Mary Dunn
Hannon and Dorothy Dunn Dazell, grandchildren

(There is an interesting entry in this final statement naming a Fred Meyers, referred to as grandson, who gets two grandchild shares of the small estate, one as guardian for Walter Dunn, the other as guardian for Fred Dunn. It is unknown how or if said Meyers was actually a grandson of Collette.)

* - With hardly any doubt, Fr. Goiffon and Samuel Collette had extended conversations about what life was like on the to-become-North Dakota prairies. The account of Samuel's military unit is in this book as Appendix 1. Several Father Goiffon recollections are in the Stories section, pages 249-65. They are very well worth the time to read.

HENRY BERNARD

By the time Henry Bernard arrived in North Dakota (his obituary says this was in 1894, to Oakwood ND), North Dakota and his to-be lifetime home of Grafton were already bustling places.

Henry's brother, Joseph, arrived at Oakwood in 1888, one year before North Dakota became a state (see page 285).

By the time Henry and Joseph travelled west, there was a range of transportation options. It is uncertain how the brothers travelled, or by which routes either brother came to North Dakota. It seems fairly likely that both travelled the already traditional immigrant routes from French Canada to the United States, perhaps via the port of entry at Detroit, and then west and north to their destination of Grafton, but at this writing such is only speculative. It is possible that Henry's last Canadian "port of call" was Thetford Mines PQ, as he had a sister there, and he talked about having worked in the mines there.

More information about their transition from Quebec to ND can be found at pages 69 through 71.

The Matter of spoken language: French and/or English

My father used to say he didn't know English until he began to attend school, which would have been about 1913. By 1925, his Dad had lost so much of his native French that his brother supposedly said, when Grandpa went to Quebec for a visit, that "this man cannot be my brother, he does not talk French!"

Personally, I recall no French ever spoken in my presence; nor do I recall German – the native language of my mothers parents when they were growing up. In my experience, at least, the priority was on speaking English, regardless of the tradition.

Today, this large French-Canadian family seems to speak French in some places; speaks English other places; and in some cases, particularly the Canadian cousins, family members are bi-lingual, fluent in both languages, but preferring French in home settings, even though their province is primarily English speaking.

There are many thoughts and feelings about this particular aspect of the culture.

Cousin Remi Roy, directly related through the Collette line (Philippe's great grandson) grew up in Saskatchewan and has lived for years in Montreal, and commented on the matter of language in an e-mail December 9, 2009: *"I'm amazed at how long my grandmother Collette's family kept their [French] language. There has been an unbroken line of French speakers from the ancestors who left Quebec for the U.S. seven generations ago when she was 14 to my son, the first born in Quebec since then. My grandmother's grandmother lived her whole life in the States, her mother*

and herself spent their lives in the United States and western Canada. I can understand continuing to speak French in French Canadian communities in Canada outside of Quebec where the kids could go to school in French. But in the U.S.? They must have lived in very tightly knit communities and they all married within their own tribe. I heard a lot of French when I was young. My grandmother always spoke with her French Canadian neighbours and friends. She always spoke with her brother Euclid in French. Her eldest children speak perfectly and she has grandchildren and great grandchildren that do so as well. I spoke to her in French. Even though her mother spent her whole life in the States until the age of 32, no one ever heard her speak English. My children who went to school in Quebec and live in French speak with the same expressions and accent as my ancestors. When I say the words tete or chaise with an international accent they "correct" me like my father and grandmother did...."

Non-family member Jean-Marc Charron, without whose help this project would likely not have been commenced, wrote at length about the still apparent tensions between English and French in Canada. His comments on the topic are an appended part of this history, and well worth reading.

Tying it all together.

Putting this paper together has caused me to think about patterns that related to the families I chose to study.

To a great extent, the families seemed to stick together, geographically, to an impressive degree.

They began their time in North America in a geographic "box" that included Quebec City, and the area to the south of QC.

When they migrated to the Midwest, they seemed to move towards the same area, original Minneapolis and the area just to the northwest of Minneapolis.

When they moved again, they moved in a bloc to the Oakwood area of North Dakota, thence a few moved into Manitoba.

In those early years of Midwest settlement, they basically stuck together in integrated communities where most everyone was culturally similar: ethnicity, religion, etc.

From time to time individual family members came from Quebec to join the others. From time to time, some family members broke with convention and moved outside their geographic limits to new places.

By and large, however, at least through the generation of Henry Bernard's grandparents – the subject of this book – the culture was effectively transmitted

from Quebec to the interior of a largely English speaking country and it is little short of amazing that they held their culture together as well as they did.

My other grandparents were German-American, first generation in America, born in the early 1880s. In their situation, they seemed to follow the same patterns as the French-Canadians. They settled together in a largely German-speaking area of extreme southwest Wisconsin. When the boys needed land, several of them from several families all moved to a similar area in south central North Dakota.

But the language tradition basically stayed in Wisconsin. Perhaps it was because of anti-German sentiment during World War I that the German language went underground, but it was not a part of my growing up experience.

Then, again, French was not part of my growing up experience either.

So generalizations need to be carefully assessed.

What remains, however, is a huge and proud French-Canadian family.

A NOTE ABOUT "THE HIDDEN SIDE" OF EVERY FAMILY (AND PERSON)

I have been delving into family history since about 1980, a few years ago completing a book similar in size to this one about my mother's German-American ancestry, and, in 1982, another volume of my own history. I have one book to go: parents and siblings from 1937-1997.

Flowing out of my experience has come access to occasional "family secrets" - "the hidden side" - as people begin to trust the recorder. These morsels are always interesting: the stuff of news and gossip, but not for public sharing.

There are family secrets with every family, including this one, but they do not appear in this book, nor do they often appear in other family histories...maybe 100 years later, if then. It is a "rule" to not sully the family name with unnecessary detail...best to see or read the "bad" stuff happening in someone else's family!

In any and every "family tree" are many examples of mistakes in judgment, bad decisions, character flaws, and all of the other things that make us human. The longer one lives, the more certain it is that there are such items in the personal Ledger of Life. Mostly, in the greater scheme of things they merit the phrase I once heard in a workshop, "empty and meaningless". But they live on nonetheless.

No more or less than anyone else reading this book, I have my own stories, about myself (you're curious, aren't you...?) But let's just leave it at this: we ALL have our own stories, and here we are, at this moment, making the best of it!

COTE: Julienne Cote Bernard's family line

Our Cote family tree is appended at the end of this history pp 195-201. Merci to Remi Roy. "Our Ancestor Jean Cote" story at end of this section.

The Cote family is an immense one, and in general terms, I don't have many specifics about later Cote's, except that the name appears everywhere, and all are basically from this singular root.

Cote in North America:

From Fete des familles Cote 4 Aout 1979, compiled by Pierette Mathot-Laraby.

- 1. Jean Cote married Anne Martin at Quebec November 15, 1635 (p.16)**
- 2. Noel Cote married Helene Graton at St. Pierre I.O. (Ile d'Orleans) 1673 (p. 17)**
- 3. Augustin Cote married Madeleine Baillargeon January 29, 1734, St. Laurent I.O. (19)**
- 4. Joseph Cote married Therese Dorval, August 22, 1763, St. Laurent I.O. (29)**
- 5. Francois Cote married M-Louise Brisson November 25, 1794, St. Michel (48)**
- 6. Alexandre Cote married Marie Morissette August 6, 1828, St. Henri (69)**
- 7. Julienne Cote married Romain Bernard September 17, 1850, Ste. Claire (92)**
- 8. Henry Bernard married Josephine Collette June 3, 1901, Oakwood ND**
- 9. Henry Bernard, born December 22, 1907**

Jean Cote came to Quebec sometime in the early 1630s, and married Anne Martin in 1635. Jean came from the Mortagne, Perche region of France. (My friend John Cote identified Mortagne as being in Normandy; other sources question whether Cote was from Mortagne...more research....) <http://www.vt-fcgs.org/leperche.html>

There is ongoing and perhaps irresolvable debate about details of Jean Cote and his wife Anne Martin. One can search these names on the internet and access some of the debate. A starting source, an example, is <http://www.delmars.com/family/perrault/1636.htm>.

The really intriguing question with the Jean Cote-Anne Martin family is the swarm of questions surrounding the background of Anne Martin. A substantial part of the dilemma is that the very earliest arrivals have only spotty official records on which to rely. Hypotheses may have to substitute for evidence.

Variously, I have seen Anne Martin reported as coming to Quebec on the same boat as Jean Cote, but as a single woman; or as a woman who was born in Quebec before 1620. There is, admittedly, certain bragging rights to be connected to Abraham Martin, among the very first habitants in New France, and the man who gave his name to the ill-famed but well-known Plains of Abraham. Anne may also have been, and has been reported as, Abraham Martins sister, from France. Nobody knows for sure, nor will anyone likely ever know.

The most intriguing theory for me is the possibility (likely neither provable nor refutable) that Anne was the daughter of Abraham Martin, one of the first settlers of Quebec before 1620. (It is after Abraham that the Plains of Abraham in Quebec City is named. It was his field, albeit a hundred years earlier, which was the site of the climatic battle where the British defeated the French in 1759. In his earlier day, these Plains were a meadow. Today they are a large park in Quebec City.)

Any one with a computer can explore the assorted theories (and their rebuttals) about "our" Anne Martin, and Abraham Martin (himself an interesting and complex and perhaps not completely savory character – some spice in the family stew.) A couple of websites I found interesting are as follows:

<http://www.delmars.com/family/perrault/1633.htm> and
<http://listsearches.rootsweb.com/th/read/QUEBEC-RESEARCH/2001-09/1001863690>

Seven generations forward in North America, Julienne Cote married Romain Bernard at Ste Claire, Quebec, September 17, 1850. She had previously been married for two years to Vital Richard, who had died. Richard had been married previously. It is unknown if, but doubtful that, there were children from this short first marriage.

Henry Bernard, my father, born 1907, is part of the 9th generation of the Cote line in North America. Simply counting back the potential number of family links – his parents had two parents; their parents had two parents, and so on, often with large families, yields an immense number of tangential relationships with other French-Canadian families. Perhaps someone has done the math; almost certainly, the Cote line links at some point into almost all the families who came to Canada from France.

"Our Ancestor, Jean Cote"

by Pierette Methot-Laraby, St Pierre, Ile d'Orleans August 4, 1979

(The Cote family Genealogy Book for the 300th anniversary of the Parish of St. Pierre, Ile d'Orleans.)

Translated by Jane Peck, October, 2009

L'Ile d'Orleans, located on the St. Lawrence River, just downstream from Quebec City, is the largest island [in the St. Laurent River] after that of Montreal [1689 map on following page]. It is nearly 20 miles long, and five miles wide. The parish (county) of St. Peter (Pierre), ... is about 6 miles long and one to two and a half miles wide.

The St. Pierre parish registry began in 1679, the same year as the list of resident priests and assistants. The three hundredth anniversary of the parish is the ideal time to honor those who worked to build our parish. Among the first colonists we find the sons of Jean Cote and Anne Martin...

It was the spring of 1634 when Jean Cote crossed the ocean in the company of a group of colonists from Perche, France, recruited by Robert Giffard, Lord of Beauport. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Giffard_de_Moncel] Jean arrived at Quebec after a voyage of roughly two months.

He first established himself in Quebec on a piece of land 150' x 60', next to the church, Our Lady of Recovery, Notre Dame de Recouvrance, at the corner of the current streets, Buade and du Tresor.

[SIDE NOTE: The above address is said to be the site of the current Cathedral of Quebec, **20, Rue de Buade**. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Notre-Dame de Québec Cathedral](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Notre-Dame_de_Qu%C3%A9bec_Cathedral) In Vol. VI p. 87 of Thomas Laforest "Our French-Canadian Ancestors", this is said: "Jean Cote was the owner of a house situated near the present corner of the rue Tresor and the rue Buade. Today this is the alley where artists display their creations for the tourists. The house was on a plot of land with 150 of frontage by 60 in depth. On 15 November 1649, Cote offered it as dowry for his daughter Simone when she married Pierre Soumande. On 7 November 1655, Soumande sold this house to Jacques Boessel for 350 livres. Cote also owned a piece of land between la Grande-Allee and the river, in what was then the outskirts of Quebec [see 1709 map of Quebec City preceding page 49]. Governor Montmagny had given it to him on 27 August 1636; this act was ratified on 5 April, 1639.")

17 November 1635, Jean married Anne Martin, born in 1614 (1603? – see next page), at the church of Notre-Dame [in Quebec City]. The witnesses are Lord Robert Giffard and Guillaume (William) Couillard. Eight children will be born from this union over 15 following years. Father Charles Lallemand, a Jesuit missionary, blessed this union.

In 1635, Anne Martin was a godmother with Robert Giffard of the first child of Noel Langlois, by the name of Robert.

February 5, 1645, Jean Cote received a piece of land, 3 paces (arpents) by 126 along the river, as a gift from Lord Beauport.

Nov. 15, 1649, Jean Cote gives a wedding gift to his daughter Simone, who married Pierre Soumande, Nov. 10 of the same year. He gave her his land next to the church of Notre-Dame. In this era, the father was required to give his daughter a valuable dowry, in either money or goods/land.

In 1662, he bought a new piece of land of 5 paces (arpents) by 79 paces by 10 in depth at the town of DuFargy (Giffard backward) next to the Beauport River, north of the current church.

Jean Cote died at Beauport, March 28, 1661, after 26 years of married life. He must have been between fifty and sixty years old. None of his sons had married at that time. Ten year-old Louise is the only daughter still at home. But she would leave home less than three years later to get married.

Jean Cote is one of the first pioneers to arrive in Quebec. He was a witness to the very rapid and dynamic growth of this project of Champlain. His task will now be pursued by a population of nearly 550 inhabitants in more than 70 households.

In 1684 on Dec 4, after [living] 23 years longer than her husband, Anne Martin, widow of Jean Cote died at the age of 81 years. She lived at Beauport.

Having arrived alone in the country less than 50 years prior, she leaves behind a family of nearly 50 descendants.

According to a document of 1689, four sons of Jean Cote, Noel [our Bernard family ancestor], Mathieu, Jean, and Martin, have adjacent land west of the Church of St. Pierre on L'Isle d'Orleans. (Map on following page)

At this time, the parish church existed barely ten years. Land shares had been granted little by little and the people began looking for more by crossing from the coast of Beauport to the island.

In summer, it required a boat, in winter it was easier because an ice bridge formed. The old church that is found there today was built in 1718. We count the boys of Jean Cote among the founders of the parish of St. Pierre of Ile d'Orleans and it was there that unfolded their lives as pioneers.

Thus it was not until the third generation that migration of the Cote family [away from Ile d'Orleans?] began.

The ancestor Jean left France for Quebec in 1634. The family Cote counts thousands of descendants in Canada and the United States. Rare are the villages of the province of Quebec that have no family with the name Cote even to this day, a name that has had only grammatical changes to this day (Coste).

HISTORY OF THE COTES IN CANADA

The Cote family is remarkable for being one of the most ancient families in Canada. Jean Cote, the first ancestor came to establish himself in Canada during the summer of 1634.

1634 is actually closer to the founding of the settlement and origin of the colony than is apparent. In effect, the first settlement of Quebec was 1608 but it fell in 1629 to the English who remained masters of it for three years. During this period of domination by the English, there remained only the families of *Abraham Martin* and *Louis Hebert*. Historians count less than 30 people stayed in Quebec. The balance of the colonists took up the offer of the English to either swear allegiance to the English King or take the offer of passage home to France.

Canada was returned to France in 1632. Champlain returned to take possession in 1633.

June 4, 1634 saw a fleet of four ships arrive in Quebec. On board was *Robert Giffard*, who with his seven colonists were ready to work his "seigneurie" to his advantage. Some days after resting at the fort, Giffard and his men departed by canoes to prepare for the coming winter.

In 1635, *Jean Cote* and *Anne Martin* were married in the Church of the Recouvrance, 17 November. (Many genealogists argue, even today whether Anne Martin was the daughter or the sister of Abraham Martin who later became as the proprietor of the Plains of Abraham, a National Monument today.)

Five years after the marriage of Jean and Anne, a fire destroyed the records of the establishment of the settlement. The authorities reconstructed the records by appealing to the memories of the habitants of the colony. It was on these declarations that Nov. 17 was *certified* as to the marriage date of our ancestors. However, these records failed to register the parents of the parties, places of origin in France, dates of birth, baptisms, etc.

ORIGINS OF MORTAGNE..PERCHE..NORMANDIE IN FRANCE

Benjamin Suite, the reknown historian of the Canadians in his History of the French-Canadians lists the habitants of Canada in 1639 and their places of origin, when known. Approximately one fourth of the colonists listed had no place of origin, Jean Cote and Abraham Martin being in that number.

Other colonists known to arrive in Quebec in 1634 and associated with Giffard were *Zacharie Cloutier*, *Jean Guyon* (Dion), *James Bourguignon*, *Martin Grouvel*, and *Noel Langlois*. Proof of this was that 21 July 1640 *Jean Cote* and *Noel Langlois* contracted with the Company of New France to furnish 500 sheaves of good and viable hay. The contract dated 15 May 1642 stated that Jean Cote agreed with Robert Giffard to lease his farm for three years and when the time was to be completed, the said Robert Giffard would concede Jean Cote his land according to the terms set forth. A third contract ,

dated 15 February 1645 concerned the farm deeds conceded by Robert Giffard to Jean Cote. This farm was located between that of *Langlois* and *Guyon*. This indicated that the ancestor did originate from Mortagne au Perche as most of the witnesses came from there. In September 1633 Giffard had published a proclamation in Mortagne, France rallying his colonists to him to assist in developing his concession in Canada awarded him by Louis XIV and the Company of New France formed by Cardinal Richelieu to prevent England from once again taking New France as it had in 1627.

WHERE ARE THE COTES IN CANADA?

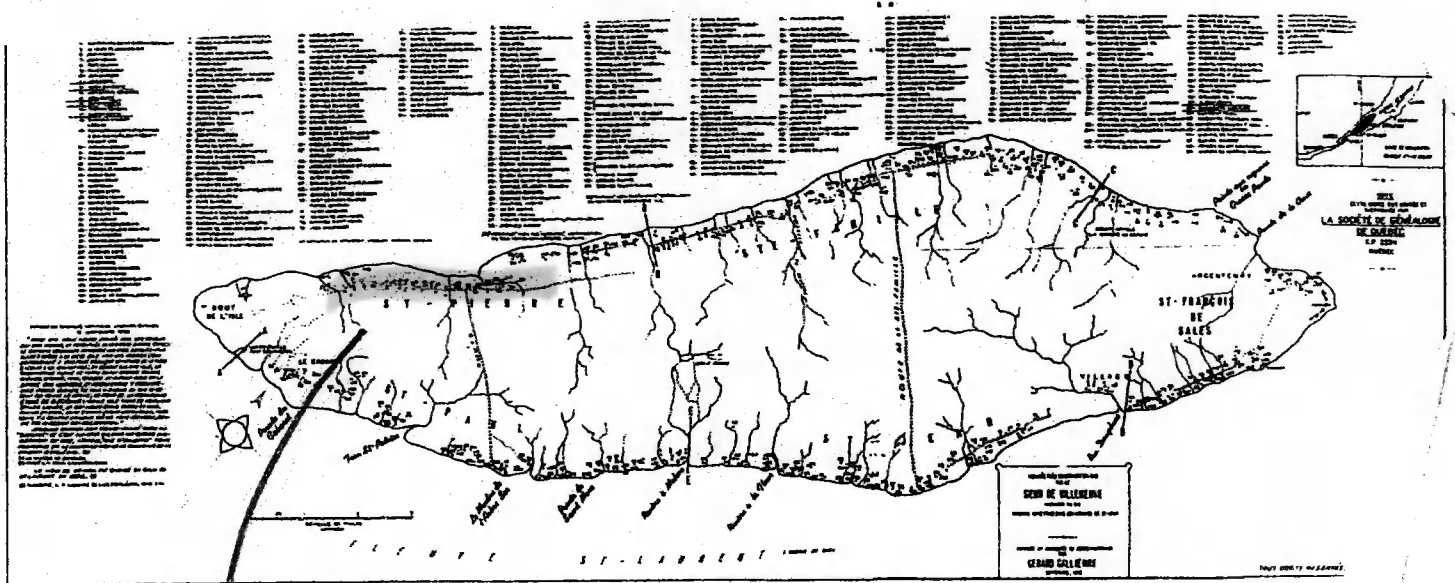
Jean Cote is the only chief of the family by that name that came from France to establish himself in Canada. He is the ancestor of all Cotes. Claude Cote came in 1742 and established in Quebec. He had one son who had only one daughter so that by 1800 he had but one descendant carrying his name in Quebec. His descendants are so few in numbers they are of a negligible quantity compared to the great mass of descendants of our ancestor. *Elsdon C. Smith* in his *American Surnames* (1986) ranked 2000 most common names in the United States and also estimated the total persons. He ranked the Cotes #1407 with 20,170 persons. In 1969 a survey in Canada on most common names gave the Cotes over 45,000 placing them #2 behind the Tremblays who all acknowledge are the premier family in Canada with their numbers estimated at 58,000. Counting the persons in the United States and Canada the Cotes are very numerous in North America totaling about 65,000 in both countries. Montreal alone, a stronghold of Anglophiles, number 10,000 Cotes alone.

Two reasons can be given for the Cotes being one of the numerous. First: It is one of the oldest families in Canada that immigrated all over as the frontier was pushed back. Secondly, Jean Cote had a large family with all but one surviving to adulthood. His children produced 63 children. In turn these produced 191 more.

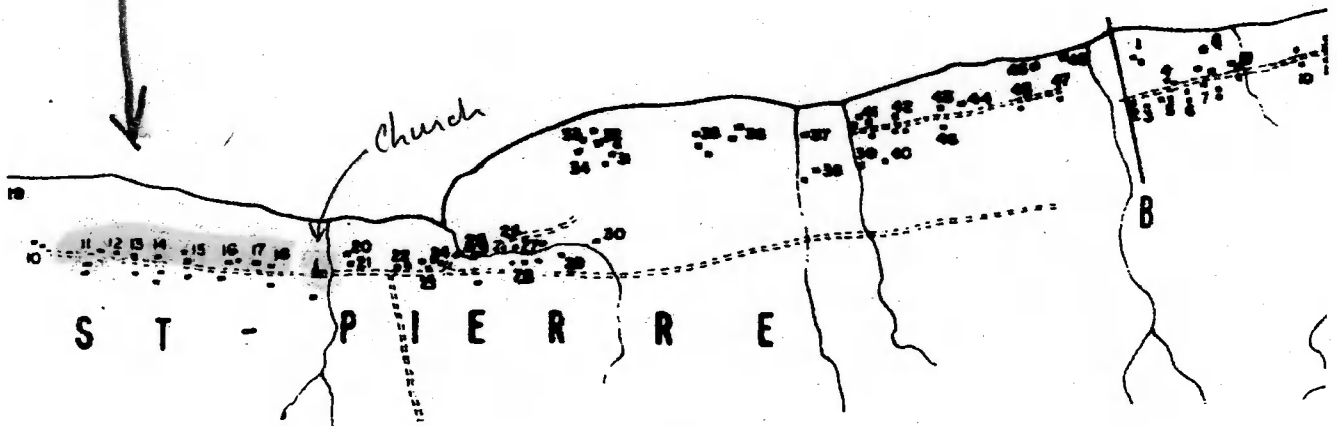
The sons of the ancestor established themselves in Beauport and the Ile d'Orleans. That became the homestead of the Cotes. In fact, the Ile d'Orleans was always known as the *Ramparts of the Cote Family* in Canadian history.

It wasn't until the third generation when they were too numerous on the Ile d'Orleans that the great expansion of the Cotes began moving up and down the St. Lawrence River as fast as the colony expanded. This generation soon acquired the soubriquet (title) of Les Premier Defrichers, (The Front Runners) of colonizing and settling the frontier.

Author: John F. Cote Jr. Gen. 10
Editor: Paulette L. Gagne Gen. 10
Revised July 7, 2005



L'ILE D'ORLÉANS EN 1689



A-B, ST-PIERRE

- 1- MME DE LA TESSERIE
- 2- GABRIEL GOSSELIN
- 3- A MME DE LA TESSERIE
- 4- AUX ENFANTS DU DIT GABRIEL GOSSELIN
- 5- LA VEUVE DE JEAN LECLERC
- 6- JEAN PIGEON
- 7- JEAN NOLAIN
- 8- RENE BELLETIER
- 9- RENE GONZALEZ
- 10- JEAN LAMBLON
- 11- JEAN COITE
- 12- JEAN COITE
- 13- JEAN COITE
- 14- THOMAS BONDEAU
- 15- MATHURIN COITE
- 16- MATHURIN CHARBET
- 17- L'EGLISE
- 18- PLUSIEURS MAISONS ET GRANGES A DES HABITANTS QUI Y LOGENT PENDANT L'ETE
- 20- MATHURIN CHOPLET

- 21- MICHEL MARANDA, LE JEUNE
- 22- FABRIEN PRESSEAU
- 23- MICHEL AUBIN
- 24- GRANGE DE LAURENT DENIS
- 25- LAURENT DENIS
- 26- ANTOINE ROULET
- 27- AU DIT ROULET
- 28- ANTOINE LEFORT
- 29- FRANÇOIS FERLAND
- 30- GRANGE DE ROBERT CHORET
- 31- PIERRE PERBONIS
- 32- GUILAUME PERBONIS
- 33- JEAN MATHIEU
- 34- AU DIT FRANÇOIS FERLAND
- 35- MATHURIN BELLOIR (BELLON)
- 36- DENIS DOBERGE
- 37- GRANGE DE MAURICE CRÉSPEAU
- 38- MAISON DU DIT CRÉSPEAU
- 39- JACQUES BATTÉ
- 40- PIERRE ROBERGE
- 41- AU DIT BATTÉ
- 42- AU DIT PIERRE ROBERGE
- 43- JEROME MARTIN
- 44- GRANGE DE VINCENT GARLOT
- 45- MAISON DU DIT GARLOT
- 46- AU DIT GARLOT
- 47- CABANE DE ANTOINE JUCHEREAU
- 48- JEAN BOUCHARD

BLONDEAU: Simon Blondeau's family line

Extensive Genealogical data came from Lynn Kenyon of Clearwater, British Columbia, Jean-Marc Charron, and Dr Remi Roy. Great thanks to them all. **The Blondeau family tree, courtesy of Remi Roy, is appended at the end of this paper pp 202-212. New information, provided by Remi Roy in December, 2009, is in a Pre-note on page 72-73**

With little question, Blondeau is the source of the adventurous gene in the family.

Daniel married Francoise Duveau, 1626, Notre Dame de Nantille, France

1. **Francois married Nicole Rolland, February 8, 1655, at Quebec. Nicole Rolland was christened in 1634 in St. Sulpice, St. Germain, Paris, France.**
(first generation in North America)
2. **Jean-Baptiste married Marguerite Hot, January 16, 1696, Charlesbourg**
3. **Joseph married M-Angelique Cuillerier, June 9, 1729, Montreal**
4. **Jean-Baptiste Lambert married (second marriage) Genevieve Lacombe November 16, 1795 Pointe Claire Ile d'Montreal**
5. **Simon (born September 4, 1803, Pte Claire, Ile d'Montreal, married Adelaide Levroie (LaCroix - see page 74) October 24, 1836 at St. Raphael West, Ontario.**
6. **Clotilde Blondeau born about 1847 somewhere in Canada; marries Octave Collette July 12, 1869, St. Anthony (Minneapolis) Minnesota**
7. **Josephine Collette born August 9, 1881, St. Andrews ND; marries Henry Bernard at Oakwood ND June 3, 1901.**
8. **Henry Bernard born in Grafton ND December 22, 1907**

(If one "does the math" in this (and, often, other) lines, there are some long gaps between generations - note #4 and #5 for instance. Often this resulted from late marriages for the men, and/or multiple marriages for both men and women. Our Simon was born two years before his father died, and was the last child of the second marriage, which itself was many years after his fathers first marriage.)

A Genealogist searches: This section is included in its entirety because it so well describes the task of one searching for family roots.

Genealogist Jean-Marc Charron initially thought "Blondeau" might be a different spelling of the name "Bilodeau" (a family name familiar to me), but on January 12, 1995, wrote a long letter which seems very appropriate and pertinent to begin this fairly lengthy section: *"I spend a few hours at the Archives Nationales in Montreal, looking for Simon and Adeline. It is not the first time I look for evidence of their existence in Quebec, but their wedding at least just cannot be found in Quebec.*

For the first time I have a look at the following book: "The Blondeau family of St-Ferdinand-d'Halifax and other places", CS-90-235, by Marcel Blondeau. Lots of pictures of Saumur, France, Francois Blondeau's hometown, and of St-Ferdinand and

it's Blondeaus. No traces of Simon. I told you before that there are tons of Bilodeau, but relatively few Blondeaus. I look for parishes in the 1840-50 range in the area of the Ottawa River, look at some census of St-Andrews and Grenville. Nothing. Of all the Blondeaus, I notice that they are mainly from the east, Charlesbourg, Quebec City and St-Ferdinand-d'Halifax. Then I recall some Blondeaus from Pointe-Claire, a main rallying point for Voyageurs, on the western tip of Montreal Island, and of course not that far downriver from Chute-a-Blondeau (some 35 miles). I give the parish (St-Joachim-de-la-Pointe-Claire) records a go, around the turn of 18th century.

I start in 1790 (to be within range of Simon's birth) and I proceed. For 1796, I see the baptism of a Genevieve Blondeau; 1797: Marguerite; 1798: Isabelle; 1799: Lambert; and the, for 1803: BINGO. I find one Simon Blondeau, born 4 Sep 1803, son of Militia Captain Lambert Blondeau and Genevieve Lecompte...It's a bit off the 1796 mark, but actually not that much and we've seen worse. We need some corroboration of course. This may just lead somewhere. I've got some good vibes about this Simon, and time will tell. I do a fast draft of this Simons ancestry: Lambert Blondeau, his father, first marries in 1763 to Josephe Joliette. Widowed, he marries a second time, again in Pointe-Claire, in 1796 (33 years after his first marriage!), when he is described as "Militia Captain", a very powerful position. Simon's grandfather is Joseph Blondeau who marries Angelique Cuillerier in Montreal in 1729 (see Jette, page 116 & 117); this Joseph is said to be an "engageur Ouest" (involved in the hiring of Voyageurs) in 1725-26, and a fur-trader. Simon's great-grandfather, Jean Blondeau, marries Marie Hot in Charlesbourg in 1696 (makes you wonder if Joseph, Simons grandfather, who marries in 1729, ever met Pierre Bernard #64 or #128!...) And, finally, to the first ever Blondeau of the line in North-America, Francois Blondeau, who marries Nicole Rolland in Quebec City in 1655. The letters "AGA" that you see at the end of some personal descriptions in Jette, means that you can find history about the particular ancestor in: Author Archange Godbout, "Nos ancetres au XVII siècle". Marcel Blondeau, author of the book on the Blondeaus, has done a pretty good summary of the first few generations. The early history of the Blondeaus appears to be well documented and should be interesting.

This has been a good day, and on the way home, I work on my "best-evidence-theory-of-the-day" concerning Simon and Adelaide:

[NOTE: The remaining italicized portion of this section is, likely, largely inaccurate due to later information received about Adelaide, all of which is included later in this document. I choose to leave this section in the book, simply to help illustrate the process used by the investigator, Jean-Marc Charron to help him in his research of finding a "needle in the haystack" about an ancient ancestor.]

Simon Blondeau, issued of a family of Voyageurs, was born and raised in Pointe-Claire, situated near bustling Lachine, the actual start and return main terminal of the Voyageurs. He had the genes of strength, physical and mental, of a typical Voyageur, and the spirit of adventure, nurtured by the countless epics he heard as a boy. Still

very young, he actually tacked on a couple of years to his age so he could get an early start into the only career he was meant to embrace. After countless adventures, in 1836 (1860 census minus 23, the age of his oldest son Simon, minus 9 months = 1836) and at a not so advanced age for a Voyageur of between 35 and 40 years of age (very typical actually; as was the custom, he would take pride of his age relative to his young wife-to-be and would continue to boost his age in later records!). He gets married with Adelaide, barely fifteen, the most beautiful Indian maiden he had ever seen. He had fallen in love with her during his previous trip, and it was now or never. Her parents are willing but the missionary priest insists she be married at once, before embarking in Simon's birch bark canoe on the way back to his home in Pointe-Claire, where she would be protected and loved during the long periods of time he would spend away from home, continuing his career as a Voyageur. Pointe-Claire would be their home for close to twenty years, where she is in good and numerous company during his long trips. In 1855, Simon, Adelaide and their 8 surviving children, decide to go west, where the frontier is being pushed back and where opportunities beckon.... How am I doing?....

Saturday 14 Jan 95

As you may know I am a member of the Societe Genealogique Canadienne-Francaise (SGCF), the grand lady of all genealogy groups in Quebec. They have a library in Montreal, and I go there only occasionally, as when I face a "wall", for example. I solved a dandy a few years back and the library was instrumental in the discovery. Anyway, I am not that crazy about their facilities, mainly because they do not have the "Real McKays", the microfilms I am so fond of (soon however they'll be getting part of the Mormons' collection of microfilms, for which they are acquiring additional space), but they have nevertheless a pretty good selection of reference books (30,000 titles), including many covering the Northern States, and the Western Province of Canada. They also have "Parentele", a collection of I forget how many millions of 3"x5" index cards of genealogical data, accumulated during the past 50 years. And they also have smaller collections, one titled "Ontario", again 3"x5" index cards of data, the Loiselle Index, and others.

After receiving your last letter, and later finding one Simon Blondeau at the Archives Nationales, I could not wait to hit the library of the SGCF. This morning was lousy weather, trees loaded with ice but the roads are good. I get at the Library at 10h00, opening time, and I figure to spend three hours there, time to check their various reference material. So I go through the "Parentele" and various reference material, especially covering the western states and provinces. I have another look at the book by Marcel Blondeau and I make copies. And it's just about time to quit, to come back home for lunch. It's 12h40, and I'm "farthing around", taking down an address for a beautiful calendar issued by the Societe Historique de Quebec I want to buy (in two copies) and check if the back issues are available. Just as I am about to put my coat on, I take another look at one corner of the library, where they have put some antique filing cabinets, some empty, and where they keep the "Ontario" collection, I figure perhaps 60,000 cards, in two old fashioned cabinets, just made for index cards. I have

often looked "towards" that corner, never really spent any time there. In an almost self-conscious & debonair way, I silently sneak into the corner, almost shy at "using" a corner I have NEVER but NEVER seen anyone use before, and, courageously, look in the "Bs" for Blondeau and the "S" for Simon. This will take only a few seconds and then I'm going home for lunch; I'm getting that ache in the brow when I pass 12h30 without eating. And...you guessed it. Sure enough. In the "B"'s I find Blondeau and in the "S"'s I find Simon. BINGO. I take the card and make a copy [referred to later in this paper]. If this Simon and Adelaide are not your great-great-grandparents, I'll eat my hat. On my knees. In front of a crowd....

First of all, this Simon and Adelaide's marriage fits 100% with the Simon Blondeau's baptism of the 4 Sep 1803. The find of the baptism was "90% nose - 10% luck". The find of the marriage of Simon and Adelaide was "90% luck - 10% nose") or is it the other way around?) Most surprising of all, in my estimation, is that one discovery did not actually lead to the other. So it's two separate strokes of luck within a few days.

The year (1836) is right on. The month "October" fits with the theory that Simon married Adelaide on the last return trip of the year and would also account for the birth of their first son, Simon, in 1837. Adelaide's family name "Lavroie" is new to me. [see page 72] It could be a rare name which got transformed or the records may have been wrongly read and transcribed (we'll see when we get the original of the record). If you have definite information that the name is "Lacroix", it could be that somebody read the record wrong as "Levroie", or the priest heard Lacroix wrong and wrote "Levroie". Time will tell. Balbequi sounds Indian and Joan even connected "Theodose" Balbequi with "Teardus", the eleventh and last child in the 1860 census, who may have been named for his/her grandmother. And, for whatever it is worth, St-Raphael is some 25 miles south of Chute-a-Blondeau (some 15 miles north-east of Cornwall, on the St-Lawrence....)

I can't wait to hit the Archives Nationales again. I want to find all the children of Lambert Blondeau, from his two marriages, but especially I want to find the 1851 census with all the family up to and including "Delano" and the baptisms of all up to and including Victoria. This would cement it forever. Wish us luck." [End note: the final documents were not located before Jean-Marc was unable to continue the project.]

Francois Blondeau came to Quebec in the early 1650s from Saumur, France, Blondeau is a particularly fascinating family with a seeming particularly strong orientation to leadership and to military matters, though apparently a relatively unknown name in Canada. Saumur has a particularly interesting history, and in some way the Blondeau ancestry might have been involved in, and impacted by this history. <http://www.answers.com/topic/saumur>

Perhaps the European history might have impacted on the later family orientation to the fur trade and the various aspects of the voyageur lifestyle. While Catholic, there seems a somewhat more casual relationship with the Church than was true in

the other families. This is based on a bit less direct evidence of things like Baptismal or Death records.

This family intermarried with Natives, not common for French settlers, generally.

Unlike the other three families, many of the Blondeau's initially seem to have remained in the Quebec City area, and seemed concentrated there for a good while. The Blondeau family seems basically to have clustered in Charlesbourg, Quebec, which today would be a suburb of Quebec City slightly to the north and east.

But some members of the family were adventurous. Some moved to the east, along the south shore of the St. Laurent in the area of Riviere Ouelle and Kamouraska.

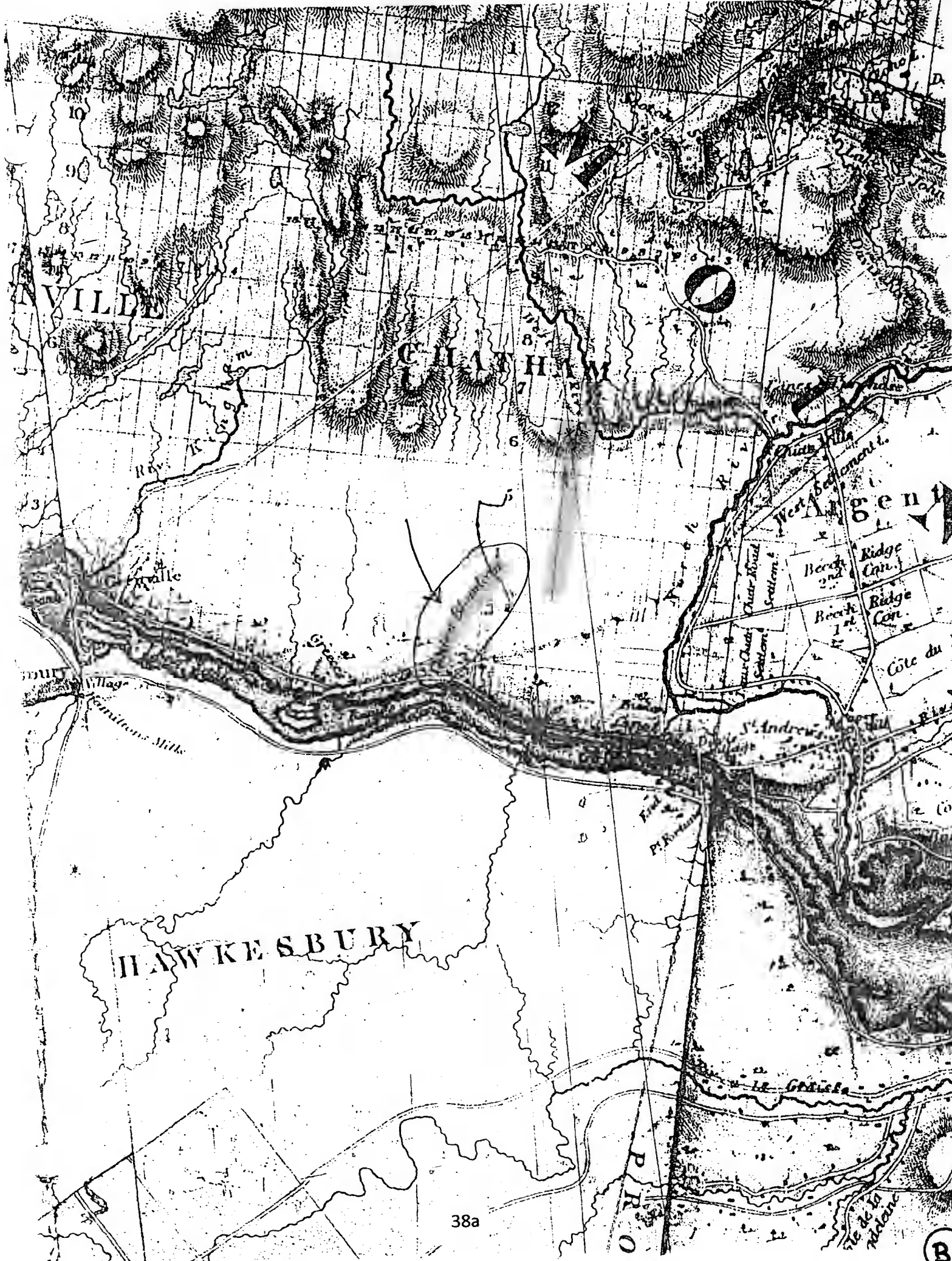
But the significant move for our branch seems to have been to the west end of Ile d'Montreal past Lachine Rapids to the voyageur gathering place Pte. Claire, and it is at this place on the far west side of Ile d'Montreal, that our family Blondeau voyageur tradition seems to have taken root, almost without question being the occupation of Henry Bernard's great-grandfather Simon Blondeau.

Simon was baptized in 1803 at St. Joachim at Pointe Claire, and the church record of his Baptism exists, which is fortunate. Years later, when he lived in Minnesota, he seems to have had a very casual notion about his birth date. In five successive censuses between 1857 and 1880, he reported his age variously, to translate to birth years of 1799, 1794, 1801, 1795 and 1806. (Such oddities are common in genealogy work, which is why Baptismal, marriage and such records are so crucial, if they are available.)

(His wife, Adelaide Lavroie (Legroie ? **LACROIX**) was somewhat more consistent in her recollections of her own birth year: seeming to suggest a date of birth about 1821, 1822, 1821, 1819, 1825, and in the 1885 census, a birth year of 1820.)

More information about this specific family is near the end of this paper, in the section titled Simon Blondeau and Adelaide LaCroix pp 72-81.

Simon Blondeau and Adelaide Lavroie were married at St. Raphael West, Ontario in 1836. He would have been 33, she about 15. This would be a representative kind of arrangement for a voyageur, about to settle down. St. Raphael was northeast of Cornwall, Ontario and between the Ottawa and St. Laurent Rivers. More or less directly north of St. Raphael is the tiny community of **Chute a Blondeau**, now on the placid dammed up Ottawa River, but long prior to its founding located at an approximately 10 mile series of rapids ("chutes"). No history has yet been found as to exactly the reason why this place was named for "Blondeau", as it is. (An 1831 map does identify Chute au Blondeau and is on the following page; also note the following article by Benjamin Sulte (begins on page 46). On the map, the arrow and the X marks the spot, Brownsburg, where Jean-Marc Charron grew up. From a high point, at night, he could see the famous Oratory of St. Joseph in Montreal.)



VILLAGE

CHATHAM

HAWKESBURY

West Settlement

Ridge Corn

Ridge Corn

Côte du

St. Andrew

Pt. Bonaventure

Le Grand

de la Rivière

38a

B

(The Ottawa River was part of the Voyageur "super-highway", the "interstate freeway" for the early fur trade between Montreal and Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, thence south and west. Essentially, the traffic on this route was with larger "vehicles" - bigger wooden boats than the birch-bark canoes. Back and forth, the boats traversed from Georgian Bay, via the French River to Lake Nipissing (North Bay, Ontario), Trout Lake, Mattawa River and thence east through the Ottawa River system to Montreal - - and vice versa. A major interior trading route was from Grand Portage via the Rainy River into the interior of present day Minnesota, Ontario and Manitoba and west.... An interesting recent article on the topic, accessible on the internet is at

<http://www.paddlermagazine.com/people/features/top-canadian-voyageur-canoe-routes.html>)

Perhaps excellent best clues for future research come through studying the travels of the most prominent Blondeau, Maurice-Regis, who most likely was Simon's great uncle, and was a businessman in the fur trade, and one of the founders of Montreal's famous Beaver Club <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~qcmtl-w/BeaverClub.html>. Maurice-Regis worked the interior west, from Michilimackinac to Grand Portage to Lake Winnipegosis. It is plausible that Maurice's contacts and relationships were useful for young Simon Blondeau, even though Maurice-Regis died when Simon was only 6 years old. Whether the two ever "met" is doubtful, even though they both lived on Ile d'Montreal, but family connections matter in all trades, and the fur trade was no different.

(Our Simon was born at the end of the fur trade era, but almost certainly it was his life. Also, almost certainly, our Simon was a worker more than a trader. On later contract documents he signs with an "x" - he apparently could not write, even his name. See 1859 document, second page following p. 79.)

Additionally, and perhaps significantly, as early as 1754, another Blondeau had many historic connections with the Illinoisan Indians. (See Sulte article, p. 47.)

In the fall of 1986, in a visit to Prairie du Chien WI, I noted a reference to a trader, Maurice Blondeau, who was there in 1803. Was this the trader Sulte referred to?

In the early 1990s, on a visit to my father at Our Lady of the Snows in Belleville IL (suburban St. Louis MO), I picked up a small book entitled "St. Louis: A Concise History" by William Barnaby Faherty, S.J. (1989). On the first page of the first chapter, "French Days and French Ways", was this intriguing quote: "Laclede's men from New Orleans with several recruits from Fort Chartres, Ste. Genevieve and Cahokia, began building log structures at the chosen place [for St. Louis] 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."

In other words, a Blondeau was apparently present at the birth of St. Louis. On visits there, during Dad's time at Belleville (1987-97) we often went to Laclede's Landing. By this time in history Laclede's Landing was a tourist destination at the Mississippi river's edge, just north of the famous Gateway Arch.

SOME STORIES ABOUT THE FAMILY BLONDEAU

(The essence of each of these stories tends to verify many assumptions about our Simon Blondeau's background, and trade.)

Lambert and Maurice Blondeau and the Blondeau clan of Pte.

Claire Ile 'd'Montreal: [Our Simon was born in Pte Claire in 1803; his father was Lambert Blondeau, below.]

Translation by Jean-Marc Charron June 1, 1995 pp 7-8. JMC makes other references to Blondeaus who were in leadership positions, but this is a good representation. (translated excerpt from "Memoires de la Societe genealogique Canadienne-Francaise, v. 19 p. 102-103, title "Les capitaines de Milice de Pointe-Claire" by Jean-Jacques Lefebvre, MSRC, Chief Archivist, Superior Court, Montreal, QC.)

Lefebvre starts with this introduction:

"Before the creation of the municipal regime, Parish Militia Officers were the most outstanding citizens of our old social organisation.

The Militia Captain was the object of general studies. Mr. Gustave Lanctot, noted historian, described his role in an issue of the Historic Society of Canada as early as 1924.

Mr. Marcel Trudel is addressing the subject in his "Manuel de la Nouvelle-France", meant for Ontario students.

Claude de Bonnault, Quebec's archivist in Paris, said in 1934:

The administrative chief for the seigniory was not the lord, who was rather a colonisation contractor, but the "capitaine de la cote" (the Captain of the community as it were). The inhabitants did not know anyone else whose mission was to lead them to war, keep tight control on every man of the parish, give them firearm training, execute the orders from the intendants. In short, the Militia Captain was, in each parish, the Governor's agent.

From that came tremendous respect. When the Lord did not reside in the parish - and such was the case for Pointe-Claire, the whole island being a fief of Saint-Sulpice

Seminary – he had the predominant seat at the church, to the left of the main aisle. Usually, the pastors would give him the title “sieur” (Master) in the acts in which he was a witness in his quality as Lieutenant, Captain or First Captain as the case may be. When he would die, often at an advanced age and with a large family, he would usually be buried in the crypt of the church...

Captain Lambert Blondeau (1745-1805)

Another important Officer of the parish, who we find a little later but after the events of 1760, is Lambert Blondeau.

He was the son of Captain J.-B. Blondeau (+1772) of Lachine, who held the post under the French regime. By his mother, Angelique Cuillierier, he was the great-grandson of Roger Cuillierier, an important citizen of Lachine and the West Island at the end of the XVII century. E.-Z. Massicotte, my predecessor at the Archives, has narrated, in the preface of “Famille Decarie” (1910), Lambert Blondeau’s very active life, his many undertakings, his captivity by the Natives, his trials, his bravery. In short, a character whose life would [] inspired a great movie, the day our film-makers will be more concerned with our splendid past instead of looking for their inspiration in impossible exotic or Freudian themes....

Colonel Maurice Blondeau (+1742)

Lambert Blondeau was also the great-nephew of Sir Maurice Blondeau (1662-1742) who was, in Montreal, Colonel of the middle class militia, as they were then called, and Lord of De La Guillaudeire and Cap-Saint-Michel Fiefs, in the region today called De Bellevue, located between Varennes and Vercheres.

Lambert Blondeau, in 1763, in Pointe-Claire, married Marie-Josephte Joliet (+1792), a great-granddaughter of discoverer Louis Joliet.

His mother-in-law, nee Marie-Josephte Watson dit Robert, was the daughter of a new-England prisoner of war who settled in Montreal. Josephte Watson had married (1754) Joseph Lamoureux/St. Germain, co-owner of a small Fief, in the region today called De Bellevue, or Bout-de-l’Ile as it was then called.

She also died in Pointe-Claire, in 1779, probably at her daughter’s.

It is consequent to the 1775 hostilities that Lambert Blondeau, then a Pointe-Claire merchant, that he was called to lead the militia.

We could talk at length about these campaigns of a new Seven Year War, where the Quebecois nation, for the first time, had to definitively decide its new allegiance, or try to annex itself to the future of the great neighboring republic. A long report

published in "Rapport de l'Archiviste de la Province de Quebec" by Militia inspectors of the time, shows the great degree of dissension within the Canadian population. This report, which bears the name of the Commissioners, Francois Baby, Gabriel Taschereau and William Williams (who married Louise Dagneau De Quindre at Montreal in 1770), is what you may call a census of the leaders of the Quebec parishes of the time, including the loyals and the rebels, as they were called at the time. The division, the dissensions, again observed within our families, is a pity to see. The question was partially studied by the undersigned in the "Bulletin de la Societe historique franco-americaine" about fifteen years ago. (1949)

In any event and for a long period of time, Lambert Blondeau was one of the notable officers of Pointe-Claire. His wife having died at a young age (1792), three years later (1795), already in his fifties, he married Genevieve Lacombe, daughter of Pierre Lacombe and of Genevieve Chretien. From this second marriage, he had many children, the last one in 1805." [Notes: Our Simon, was born in 1803 likely the last child of the second marriage, two years before his father died. "1792", above, was likely a simple transcribing error for Jean-Marc. Lynn Kenyon's data of September 18, 2006, shows Lambert marrying Marie-Josephe Joliet at Lachine 11 Apr 1763, thence three children born 1763, 64, 65 (two died at or near birth); thence Lambert's second marriage to Genevieve Lacombe 16 Nov 1795 in Pte Claire. No death date for the first wife is given, but likely Marie-Josephe died about 1765.]

Maurice-Regis Blondeau

Translation by John Cote, Brooklyn CT, of article in Vol 5 of Dictionarie Biographique du Canada, pp 98-99. I believe this commentary gives many hints about the life travels of our ancestor Simon Blondeau. Collette relative Rita Marion first brought this article to my attention ca 1992.

"Trafficker in the fur trade, officer in the militia and functionary. Born 23 June 1734 at Montreal, son of Jean Baptiste Blondeau, merchant, and of Genevieve Angris. Deceased 13 July 1809, at Montreal, buried two days later.

The family of M.R.Blondeau originated at Saumur in France.

Francois Blondeau arrived in New France before 1650. One of his three sons Maurice went into the fur trade and became an important bourgeoisie Montrealer. At Quebec, the nephew of the latter, Thomas Joseph, and Jean Baptiste, who became orphaned very young launched themselves also in the fur trade during the year 1720. Jean Baptiste established himself in Montreal and specialized in the trade with the Illinois.

On May 10, 1757, Maurice Regis was hired by Joseph Michel Cadet, general supplier of munitions to the French armies in Canada, for one years work, principally at Fort St. Frederic (near Crown Point, New York) at a wage of 900 livres (pounds). Afterwards, he probably lived in the west; after the relief of Fort Pontiac he quit Fort

Daupon (Winneposis Manitoba) and The Queen Fort (Portage La Prairie) to bring himself to Michillimackinac (Mackinaw City MI).

In the spring of 1767 his father occupied himself with his engagements for Michillimackinac and Grand Portage.

Blondeau returned to Montreal, where he wed 26 October 1767 [he was 33], she 31, madam Josephe LePelle Lahaye, widow of Pierre Louis Deslandes.

Blondeau married with faint ownership of properties [communal property]. He reserves for himself 10,000 livres and accords his spouse a dowry of 3000 livres, a preciput [the advantage that the testator gives to one of the co-inheritors, without prejudice to his rights/share] of 1500 livres, some jewels, some lingerie (linen, etc., and a furnished chamber [bedroom or parlor?].

At the beginning of May 1768 readying for his departure to the high post [the country] Blondeau gives his spouse a proxy power of attorney to handle all his affairs during his absence.

In 1769, he sent 3 canoes and 19 men to Michillimackinac and into the western sea (term used to denote at that time Manitoba and the territory thereabouts) with a cargo valued 1350 livres. The following year, he sent an expedition in the west sea of 4 canoes and 20 men and goods valued at 1506 livres.

Blondeau commeced principally to the south of Lake Winnipeg and in the region of Fort LaReine (The Queen; present day Portage La Prairie MB). By this he constantly expanded his trade west. (Emphasis added)

In 1772 he sent 3 canoes/bateaux, 28 men and a cargo valued at 1642 pounds, to the Red Deer River and the following year 3 canoes and 22 men on the Saskatchewan River.

The expansion of the fur trade augmented the course of exploitation and the discoveries, eventually forcing the merchants to form an association.

In 1774 Blondeau in association with Jean Baptist Amable Adhemar sent to Lake Superior 4 canoes and 29 men and a cargo with an estimated 1300 pounds value.

The following year he allied himself to/with James McGill, Isaac Todd, also with Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher to equip and send 12 canoes and 103 men to the Grand Portage [MN], where a coalition was formed to exploit the resources of the Northwest.

1779 marks the beginning of a vast movement of concentration which gave birth to the North West Company.

From 1779 - 1785, Blondeau traded engaged in the fur trade in the region of Lake Superior in society with John Grant and Gabriel Cotte who became his brother in law in 1783.

During the decade of 1780, Blondeau stood as surety/guarantee for the trading expeditions of Jean Baptist Cadot and of Cote to Sault Ste. Marie [MI] and Michillimackinac. In 1785 he was a founding member [charter member] of the Beaver Club of Montreal.

Blondeau possessed diverse properties in Montreal. In 1770 he had bought on Rue St. Paul a stone house of 2 stories, with a warehouse and an archway attending for the sum of 8000 livres.

In 1775 he acquired for the price of 1800 shillings another house on Rue St. Paul.

The following year two other houses were added to his properties; he obtained the first one on Rue de l'Hopitale for 3000 shillings and the second on Rue de St. Francois for 4000 shillings.

In 1778 he hired a domestic and a servant flaunting a financial situation of wealth and ease as compared to others. The same year he had sold for 18000 livres his house in the Rue St. Paul, acquired in 1770 and a location of 720 feet situated in the same area. Finally in 1783 he hired another domestic.

In 1785 Blondeau became active in the Canadian Committee movement to reform in Montreal to promote a new constitution. Two years later he was a witness and gave testimony before the committee charged by the chief judge William Smith to inquire about the accusations concerning the courts of justice. In 1791 he was captain of the First Battalion of militia of the city of Montreal, then a major from 1794-1802.

He agitated for the Association founded in 1794 for support of the British government presided over by McGill. Finally from 1795-1799 Blondeau occupied the post of judge of the peace in Montreal.

During some 20 years Blondeau was involved in the administration [of the property, goods, welfare, possessions?] of the Jesuits.

26 May 1792 John James Casot named him proxy of the community to watch over the [good march?] of the seigneurie de Prairie-de-la-Madelaine. He occupied himself selling certain emplacements. Furthermore, the 22 June 1801 George Pyke, secretary of the committee for the possessions [overseeing?] the Jesuits possessions [named Blondeau?] the agent for these properties in the district of Montreal.

Blondeau furnished a bail in the amount of 750 pounds and two other respondents engaged themselves for the same amount.

Blondeaus remuneration equaled 10% of the received monies.

Maurtice-Regis Blondeau died 13 July 1809 in Montreal after two years of incredible suffering.

His spouse did not survive him but for a short time, being deceased 31 August the same year.

"Document #22135 - Petition of Maurice Blondeau, merchant, dated 2 APR 1773." (This would almost certainly be Maurice-Regis Blondeau).

Note from JMC: "I found [a] very interesting document in "Parchemin" (see p. 60 of "French-Canadian Genealogical Research" by John P. DuLong), the relatively new data bank of Notarial contracts. I wonder what historian Sulte would have concluded as I am sure he was unaware of it?...In his article [following page] Sulte talks of a few "Maurice Blondeaus", and he may well have been on the right track! This needs new study and research.

Note that todays L'Original was then called "Nouvelle Longueuil" (see Lambert #44 Blondeau PHS p. 5) and today's "Les Cedres" is near the confluence of the St-Lawrence and the Ottawa [rivers]. "La Chute a Blondeau" is situated kind of in between!

Now, do you suppose that this requested land could have been the origin of "La Chute a Blondeau"?

The specific document to which Jean-Marc refers, in its original English, meticulously handwritten by a clerk, is brief, as follows:

"The Petition of Maurice Blondeau of Montreal merchant.
Humbly Sheweth. That being informed it is his majesty's gracious Intention to concede His ungranted lands in this Province under the same as Conditions with the ancient Concessions. Your Petitioner a native of this Province is desirous to profit himself of such Information and thereby make a Provision for his Family has found that there is a Tract of ungranted Lands upon the West Side of the River St. Lawrence beyond the Seigniorie of the Cedars the Estate of Mr. Longueuil part of which ungranted lands your Petitioner would settle upon your Honour's granting him Letters Patent thereof agreeable to his Majesty's Instructions touching the ungranted Lands in this Province. Your Petitioner therefore prays your Honour to grant him Letter Patent of four Leagues in Front by four Leagues in depth on the West side of the River St Lawrence to be bounded on the north either by the said Seigniorie of the Cedars or by such other Seigniorie as may be already petitioned for to the South of the Cedars, together with all such Islands as may be opposite thereto in the River St. Lawrence.
And your Petitioner shall ever pray.
Montreal 2nd April 1773."

An Account of the place Chute a Blondeau (part of the Ottawa River, near Ont./Quebec border) written 1913: (1831 map precedes p 39)

Translation by Jean-Marc Charron of the article published in 1913 by historian Benjamin Sulte, published in "Bulletins des recherches historiques", vol. 19 (1913), pages 152 to 156.

"A little above Lake of Two-Mountains, the Ottawa River takes the name "Long-Saut" (Long-Rapids), a famous spot often mentioned in the tales of the Voyageurs for three centuries. (See map preceding p. 39) These four-league long rapids take various forms in its sixty foot drop. For thirty years now, a dam to control the river's level has changed its original state. "La Chute a Blondeau" is no more, erased, done away with, drowned by the flooding.

In order to avoid the rapids, or to go around them, a canal was built by the military around 1830. Now, as the rapids is practically non-existent, navigation passes unimpeded. Some work to reduce the remaining obstacle was carried out after Confederation, but without real success; from that failure was coined the English expression "shoot Blunder", a play on words from the name Blondeau. The "canal du milieu" (middle canal), along with the rapids, disappeared around 1880.

The name Blondeau remains, which will likewise be forgotten. Where did this name come from? I cannot see that it could have been before 1775, but perhaps it is possible.

Tanguay genealogical dictionary shows us only Francois Blondeau, whose family probably gave its name to the falls. Mr. Ferland says: "At Trois-Rivieres, one Mr. Blondeau married the daughter of Pigarouick, an Algonquin chief. Maurice Blondeau, born of this marriage, got a sizeable plot of land from his mother's holdings." There is no date or other evidence to guide us, other than that note being found in the very beginning of the colony, and concerning the few marriages between French and Native. The name "Pigarouick" cannot be found in the registers of Trois-Rivieres, but, for the 1st of July, 1641, we read...Blondeau, godfather of a two year old Native girl, whose father is Chich8tibik. [Trois Rivieres was founded in 1634. Francois Blondeau is later said to be married in New France in 1655.]

Supposing that this Blondeau is the man referred to by Mr. Ferland, I would say that he was not yet married, as the census of 1666, 1667 and 1681 have him born in 1632, 1629 and 1635. Let's time the marriage of Pigarouick's daughter in 1650 or 1652 and say that this same Francois Blondeau married Parisian Nicole Rolland, at Quebec, on February 8th 1655. This couple is at Quebec in 1655, 1666 and 1667; at Notre-Dame-des-Anges also in 1667; at Riviere St-Charles in 1680; and at Charlesbourg in 1681. As early as 1662 Blondeau owned land in Guillaume Fournier's fief: L'Epinay, Saint-Joseph and Saint-Charles. Finally, Blondeau was buried at Charlesbourg in 1702.

In a 1664 contract, it is written that Charles Aubert de la Chesnaye was supplying commercial goods to Francois Blondeau.

The four sons [they had 12 children, 5 died very young] born of Nicole Rolland married as follows:

1 - Jean-Baptiste, married in 1696, [our ancestor] had three young sons when he died in 1703;

2 - Thomas Blondeau dit Lafranchise, left three sons when he died in 1714;

3 - Joseph Blondeau dit Lafranchise did not have children before 1702. In 1684, he was trading in the Outaouais Region. In 1715, he was lord of Vertbois, Terbois and lower Riveiere-du-Loup. He died in 1730;

4 - Maurice was born in 1662. In 1696, in Montreal, he married Suzanne Charbonnier. It appears to me that he is the one who gave his name to the rapids.

The first three brothers named above did not leave the Quebec City area. Maurice lived in Montreal for at least 46 years and he was a fur trader as is shown in an authentic 1708 official paper where it is stated that Blondeau was favoring Boudot in his trading with the English. For that particular date, none of the children of the four brothers was old enough for that type of event. Only Maurice fits the bill here.

Jean Boudot had become a merchant in Montreal in 1696 and he was particularly well known.

A daughter of Maurice Blondeau married Charles-Joseph Le Gardeur de Repentigny, and then Pierre-Joseph Celoron de Blainville.

Another child, called Maurice, born in 1706, was in the Illinois region in 1754. In this area, in 1773 and 1789, there were some Blondeaus who appear to be sons of Maurice..

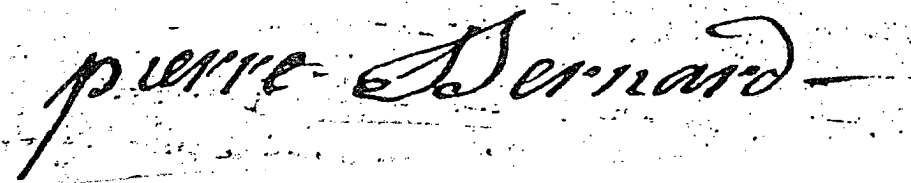
Finally, is it not possible that Maurice is the only Blondeau who can be connected with the Ottawa River? He was the only Blondeau in Montreal and was trafficking with the Natives. Naturally, the river leading to the west was his great trade route.

More than thirty years ago, I saw "La Chute a Blondeau" drown. Now I wish I could recover the name of the "Canadien" who disappeared in the abyss."

BERNARD: Romain Bernard's family line

Bernard family tree is appended at the end of this history, 213-216. Great thanks to Remi Roy.

Pierre Bernard signature, July 13, 1772

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Pierre Bernard". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background. The first letter "P" is large and prominent, and the name "Bernard" follows in a fluid, connected script.

The first Bernard in Canada was Pierre Bernard, who arrived at Quebec about 1726, from Lucon, a few miles north of the port city of La Rochelle, France.

<http://www.geonames.org/2997210/lucon.html> is one of several internet sources of potential information.

Our Pierre Bernard married Marie-Genevieve Giroux at Beauport, Quebec, February 5, 1730. Beauport is on the north shore of R. St. Laurent, directly across from Ile d'Orleans.

Subsequent, this rural family generally stayed within the geographic "box" south of Quebec City, moving to the south and west in the years after 1730. (Map after p. 17)

The men of this line were Millers, in a nearly unbroken line back to France.

(In my earliest search for roots, about 1980, I came across what I thought was a definitive book, showing that the first Bernard ancestor in Quebec was someone named Jean Bernard dit Hanse from Thionville, France. It was troubling to learn from Jean-Marc Charron in December, 1994, that this Bernard was not my premier ancestor in Canada, and Jean-Marc proved his assertion. At that time, I believed the earlier - and inaccurate - printed page. Subsequent, I have learned that the printed page - including this one - is only useful as a starting point for historical and especially genealogical research. Healthy skepticism and openness to new information is essential. I have also learned that dit Hanse is in my background, just not in the position of first ancestor in the line.)

Bernard line in France and North America:

Mathurin Bernard married Jacquette Vincent (unknown date) France

Clement Bernard m Francoise Sauvaget Feb 9, 1672 St. Etienne du Bois

arrondissement Les Sables-d'Oloune, eveche de Lucon, Poitou (Vendee)

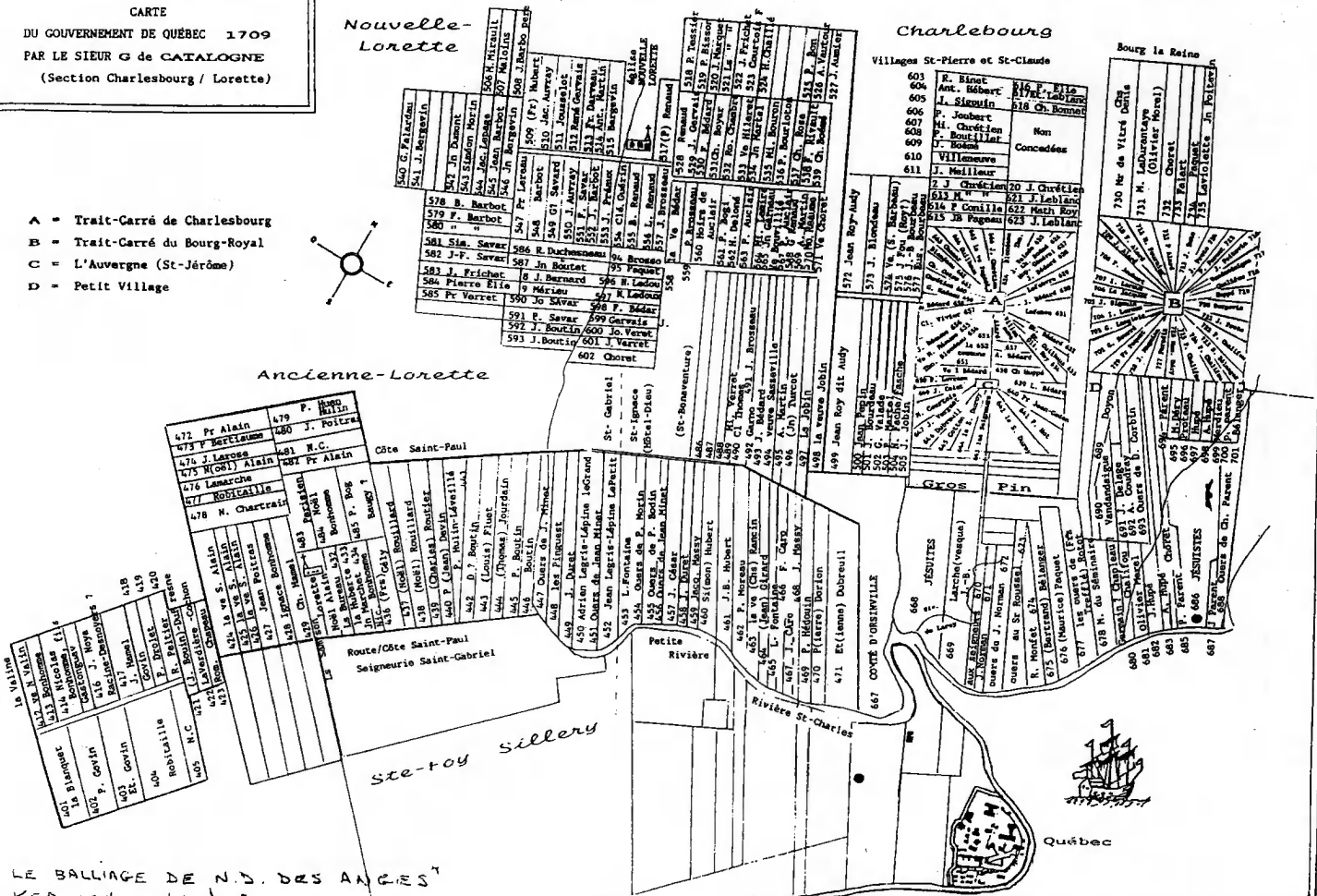
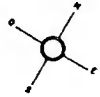
Mathurin Bernard married Marie Amiaud Sep 3, 1697 St. Etienne du Bois

1. Pierre Bernard born May 23, 1698 St. Etienne du bois

To New-France about 1726

CARTE
DU GOUVERNEMENT DE QUÉBEC 1709
PAR LE SIEUR G de CATALOGNE
(Section Charlebourg / Lorette)

- A = Trait-Carré de Charlebourg
- B = Trait-Carré du Bourg-Royal
- C = L'Auvergne (St-Jérôme)
- D = Petit Village



FR BALLAGE DE N.Y. DES ANS 1709
N° 104

SOME 15 YEARS BEFORE
PIERRE BERNARD #128 ARRIVAL IN N.A.

Married Marie-Genevieve Giroux Feb 5, 1730, Beauport. [The entire civil marriage contract for this marriage, translated with notes, is included below, as are a few notes from the marriage contract for Pierre and M-Joseph below].

2. **Pierre married M-Joseph Pajot, April 26, 1750, probably Sillery. This Pierre was a Master Miller. He died in a tragic mill accident 1770 at age 40.**
3. **Pierre married M-Cottin/Dugal, July 13, 1772, St. Augustin-de-Demaures (12 miles west of Quebec City Center)**
4. **Godefroi married M-Agathe Cochon/Laverdiere, August 23, 1783 St. Vallier. Godefroi was a farmer, the only one in our line not a miller; later, two of his sons became millers.**
5. **Romain married Julienne Cote, September 17, 1850, Ste Claire.
Honore Celestin Bernard born February 26, 1872 St. Sylvestre**
6. **Henry Bernard (Honore) married Josephine Collette, June 3, 1901, Oakwood ND**
7. **Henry Bernard born December 22, 1907, Grafton ND**

Genealogist Jean-Marc Charron identified the unique aspect of the Bernard family line: there was a consistent family trade, back to France, of Millers. With a single exception, every one of the six Bernard-in-Canada generations preceding our Henry Bernard were in the milling business, including our grandfather, Henry, who worked a long career as chief engineer in the flour mill in Grafton ND, and Grandpa's brother, Joseph Bernard, was chief miller in the same mill, the Grafton Roller Mill, which was, in fact, a rather significant operation in its day. (See following page.)

One of the preceding line, Pierre (#2 above), seems to have been a particularly unique and interesting individual.

Milling was the family trade.

Jean-Marc Charron became very intrigued with this consistent milling background of the Bernard family, going back to France. *"We are learning many things of interest here, apart from new names and dates of birth, marriage and death. One particular thing I found fascinating is the existence of another miller, this one a European: Pierre Bernard, a brother of Mathurin Bernard #256, or an uncle of miller Pierre Bernard #128 [1st Bernard in Quebec]. We also learn that Pierre Bernard #128 arrived in North-America in 1726, at 28 years of age or so. I always thought that Pierre Bernard #128 must have gained his experience in Europe and most probably from family tradition. And here we have another indication of the strong tradition of the miller trade in the Bernard family.*

All in the same trend, a little while before making this latest find, I found another family member who is connected to the miller trade. He is Michel Bernard, a brother of your great-grandfather and miller Romain Bernard. This Michel Bernard, in the 1851 census for St-Vallier, is a farmer, but is also the builder of a flour mill. ... So far (Continued page 51)

Carrying forward the Miller trade in North Dakota



**Joseph and Henry Bernard
At the mill circa 1920.**



**Grafton Roller Mill crew either 1901 or 1907.
Henry Bernard is second from left; Joseph
Bernard may be the man third from right in
back, next to the man in the bowler hat, who
may be W.C. Leistikow, owner of the mill.**

Henry Bernard Recalls His Dad at the Mill Written December 24, 1990

I can still visualize when Dad and Uncle Joe were about ready to start the mill rolling. Uncle Joe stood in the door between the engine room and the flour mill and he was watching the start of the steam engine that furnished the power to operate the flour mill. Dad was on the floor of the engine room and was gradually turning the big valve and the engine started to run. The long leather belt that ran from the engine to power the flour mill started to move slowly and then at full speed while Uncle Joe watched his machines from his side to see if all the belts were working OK. Dad was ready to shut down the machine in case of some adjustments, etc. It was a tense moment until things were humming. There was plenty of steam and I am sure the fireman in the next room was watching the pressure gauge to be sure that enough steam was generated to keep all the machinery rolling. I was very young then.

NOTE: The Bernards lived only one city block from the Mill.

(continued from page 49)

Godefroi Bernard #16 is the only link in your Bernard line who appears not to be (directly) connected to the miller trade, but his conscience must have been troubling him, because, as if to compensate and redeem himself, he has two of his sons involved in it, one who is a miller and one who constructs a flour mill. Talk about conscience!

Now, don't you think that millers are found in every nook and cranny of "La Belle Province"!...I have none in all my ancestors, and I meet one only very occasionally in the history I come across. I have never seen or heard of such a string of transmission of a particular trade and I think it is quite remarkable. I am sure that there are more to come!... I am just now quickly revising your family history and I understand your [grand]father Henry also was connected with the trade. What, may I ask, do you have to say in your defence?" (JMC December 7, 1994 p 1-3) For more on the milling trade, see pages 57-60.

THE BERNARD FRENCH CONNECTION

(JMC December 7, 1994, page 12)

Comments by Jean-Marc Charron taken from the publication l'Ancetre V 15 #1
Septembre 1988 :

"The title of the journal "La Bouillaie des Ancetres" reveals what looks like an old French word. Perhaps "bouillaie" is old French for "Bouillie"? Another similar word or derivative we use in Quebec is: "bouillabaisse", a pot-au-feu and slow-cooking mixture of all kinds of fish;

- *and we learn of the marriage of Mathurin Bernard #256 with Marie Amiaud on the 3 SEP 1697. The spelling "Amiaud (pronounced Amio) has not crossed the ocean to my knowledge. We will learn that Pierre Bernard #128 was born 25 MAY 1698, a fair and proper nine months later. And that "Marie Amiaud" was the widow of "Rene Buthon". It would be interesting to know for how long they had been married and if they had any children;*
- *next we learn of the marriage of Pierre Bernard, farinier, a brother of Mathurin Bernard #256, or an uncle of Pierre Bernard #128. The word farinier is again an old French word which can be literally translated as "flour maker", and as you know we already have seen this word being used in the Bernard documentation. One aspect of interest are some strange names that to my knowledge have not come across the ocean, like Yvrenoceau, Potereau, Buthon, Barreteau....;*
- *and then we have the marriage of Catherine Bernard, a daughter of the above Pierre Bernard the "farinier", who marries on 19 FEB 1730, about two weeks after the marriage of her cousin Pierre Bernard #128 in New-France on 5 FEB 1730.*

Page 306 of L'Ancetre [V. 15 # 8 Apr 1989]: I am taking the liberty to try to communicate to [potential relative and resource] Herve Bernard [NOTE: **October, 2009: Herve, of Sherbrooke QC, died about 1996 without any more information to Jean-Marc**] mentioned in the second paragraph. He appears to have the evidence that Pierre Bernard #128 arrived in New-France in 1726, and he probably knows a lot more [following page]. He also says that Pierre Bernard was a miller at the Jeune Lorette "Moulin banal" or "communal mill" at the time of his arrival in North-America. Am I to understand that my military theory has been ground down to nothing? [Note: not necessarily]. And I wonder where Herve Bernard is situated in relation with Pierre Bernard #128 and yourself. And I would bet my bottom dollar that he resembles members of your immediate family! [See following page] I don't want to jump the gun on you but once I have his address I will let him know of your existence if you don't mind? I'll keep you posted. I know of no other way to be useful here. Agree?;

- and of course page 307, everything nice and in order [Bernard family tree in France - printed at the beginning of the Bernard section.]

Un de nos membres champion d'orthographe

«Dictée au collège»

Lors du concours de la «Dictée au collège», qui s'est déroulé dans huit établissements privés de l'Estrie, de Drummondville et de St-Hyacinthe, mais ouvert à toute la population, M. Hervé Bernard, 85 ans, le doyen des participants au Collège du Sacré-Coeur de Sherbrooke, a décroché la première place dans la catégorie senior de cet établissement et la deuxième place dans cette même catégorie au niveau provincial. Sur la photo monsieur Bernard reçoit des mains de M. Onil Boilard, directeur du Collège du Sacré-Coeur, un dictionnaire Larousse édition 1992. Bravo, monsieur Bernard. □



L'ENTRAIDE GÉNÉALOGIQUE / AVRIL - MAI - JUIN 1992

V. XV # 2

37

est faite pour
N. N. N.
N. N. N.
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Extraits du registre paroissial de St-Etienne-du-Bois

Evêché de Luçon, Vendée (Poitou)

1644 - Le neuvième août 1644 a été baptisé Clément, fils de Mathurin Bernard et de Jacqueline Vincent, duquel a été parrain Clément Barriteau et marraine Marie Bariteau.

N. Nicoll, curé

1672 - Le neuvième jour du mois de février mil six cent 1672, Clément et Françoise Sauvaget, les deux décidés à accepter les Solemnités de notre mère l'Eglise, reçurent la bénédiction nuptiale ce jour d'hui en présence de plusieurs témoins.

1674 - Le 4^e juin 1674, Mathurin, fils légitime de Clément Bernard et de Françoise Sauvaget, fut baptisé en Cette Eglise par Moy Soussigné. Son parrain fut Ethienne Gabot et sa marraine Andrée Oliveau.

Signé: E. Goulon ptre.

1690.- Le sixième jour dudit mois, (février), ont reçu la bénédiction nuptiale - - - Encore René, fils de Louis Buton et de Denise Loiseau, avec Marie, fille de deffunct Simon Amiaud et de Marguerite Yvernoiseau.

Aubry, curé de ce lieu.

1697 - Le troisième jour du mois de Septembre ont Reçu la bénédiction nuptiale Maturin, fils de Clément Bernard et de Françoise Sauvaget, et Marie Amiaud, veufve de René Buthon, en présence de Louis Buthon, son Beau-frère, de Clément Bernard, de François Bernard, de Jacque Babinot et autres de leurs parents et amis, qui nous ont déclaré ne Scavoir Signer, de ce par nous Enquis.

François Buthon M. Bernard
François Bernard E. Péraudeau, ptre

1698 - Le neuvième de May a été baptisé à la maison en danger de mort le fils de Mathurin Bernard et de Marie Amiau et a reçu les cérémonies de l'Eglise et nommé Pierre par les parrain et marraine qui ont esté Pierre Bernard et Perrine Charrier; lesquels ont déclaré ne Scavoir Signer, de ce enqui par nous.

Favreau, ptre

1699.- Le dix-neuvième de décembre (1699) a été inhumé le corps de Jean Grattel - - - Et celuy de Clément Bernard, qui décéda hier âgé de Cinq^{te} Cinq ans.

Aubry, curé de ce lieu.

Texte fourni par M. Hervé Bernard #96.

THE BERNARD-GIROUX MARRIAGE CONTRACT OF 1730

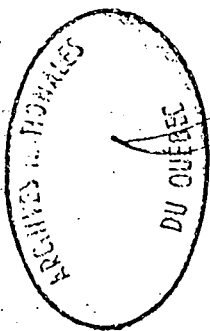
A portion of the first page of the contract is included in this writing. The 1730 document is almost illegible (hand-writing problems); by comparison the 1750 contract is quite precise – these reflect the kinds of documents paleographers encounter in doing genealogy research. (side-to-side copies on following pages).

These are the civil contracts which accompanied the following and separate religious banns. As I transcribed Jean-Marc's notes, I was struck by something which should have been obvious earlier: these contracts assumed prior or future marriages. Multiple marriages were common due to early death of one spouse or the other.

TRANSLATION from a copy of the microfilm of the original of Notarial Contract dated 22 Jan 1730 passed before Notary Noel Duprac: (This is transcribed without paragraphing, exactly as it appeared in the original.)

“Before us Notary of the Seigniories of Beauport Notre Dame des Anges St Gabriel et Villery undersigned residing at the said Beauport and witnesses named hereunder were present in their person Pierre Bernard son of late Mathurin Bernard and Marie Amiotte his father and mother hereby present and of his consent; Marie Genevieve Giroux daughter of Raphael and Marie Magdeleine Vachon here father and mother. Answering for this part the said and present Raphael Giroux father for the said Genevieve Giroux the future wife she in her own name on the other part; said parties of their own free will and choice, in the presence of their relatives and friends for one part and the other; and witnesses on the part of the said Pierre Bernard future husband presently of Beauport Equerry Lord Deschesnaux and of _?_ Philippe Damour Equerry Lord Lamorandierre Lieutenant for the King's Navy in this country. And of Mr. Francoys Morganne Equerry Mr. de Lavalletrie of the said Beauport for the said purpose assembled to represent the said Pierre Bernard future husband on the part of the said Marie Genevieve Giroux future wife, of her father Raphael Giroux of Paul Derinville her brother-in-law and of Mr. Michel Chevalier Chevallier her first cousin, of Mr. Germain Maillou her brother-in-law of the future wife. Were made the following marriage treaties and vows to wit the said Pierre Bernard and Marie Genevieve Giroux future wife have promised and are promising to take each other by name and law of marriage and the said marriage to follow and be formalized before our mother the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman church as soon as possible to be one and in community of ownership of all possessions, furniture, buildings and others acquired in their joint estate and even from their own departure from the customs the future spouses in regards with the above article without nevertheless be held liable for the debts mortgage really incurred by the other part and created before their marriage if and as chosen will be paid and acquitted by himself or herself from whom they came about and from them and in favor of the future marriage and to accord session before the future spouses with their possessions and rights belonging to them that have or that will fall due and in contemplation of what the future groom has already given and will give the

Portion of 1750 Marriage Contract



Au devant des notaires Des Seigneuries De
 Notre Dame des anges St Gabriel Valley Et autres lieux
 Résidant au Village St Martin Parc De Charlebourg sousignés
 Et témoins Et Bas nommés furent présents Esq Pierre
 Bernard Munier au moulin, De la Nouvelle Route
 Et Dame Genevieve Gerou Esq Epoux Desq St mary bien
 Et dument autorisés a l'effet des présentes stipulant Et
 Cette Partie Pour Pierre Bernard, Seul fils, mineur De
 Vingt ans, a present et desq consentement Souley Et
 Esq non Dautre Part Et Esq Thomas Lajot habitant De
 L'apart Du St Charles Et Dame Marie May ^{ne} genoise
 La femme Desq St mary Bien Et dument autorisés a
 l'effet des présentes stipulant En cette Partie Pour Marie
 Joseph Papot Seuffille a present et desq consentement
 Souley Et Esq non Dautre Part,

De laquelle Partie De leur Boyer Pierre Lacroix Et
 Jean Chénier volent De leur Et dument consentement De leur Parent
 Et amis Pour Cassembler De part Et Dautre Et au lieu De
 L'apart Du St Charles Bernard future Epoux Desq St mary
 Et mere De Louis Et godéfriz Serpentes De St Pierre
 Paquet, Et André genois Ses, amis and future Epoux Et

said future wife of the customary dowery or the amount of one thousand pounds of precise dowery with care given that it goes to the inheritance of the said future wife as soon as the dowery will have been given and the possessions of the future husband of which taken charged and mortgaged the inheritance of the furniture will be equal and reciprocal; and same was established to be in the amount of five hundred pounds to be to the benefit of the survivor from the joint estate from an auction or in cash to the choice of the survivor; the future joint estate is dissolved to renew such understanding what she will be able to justify she actually brought in with the said future husband the clothes and linen that she made use of with the dowery and inheritance as established above and all things that inheritance donation or other ways without her having to pay any debt mortgage of their joint estate in codicil either she be obligated or sentenced in which case she will be mortgaged against the possessions of the said future husband which will have been decided upon, charged and mortgaged and the future husband the clothes linen and trousseau jointly known of the future wife as it was also accorded between relatives and of friends promising obliging and renouncing. And done and passed at the said Beauport in the home of Paul de Renville in the afternoon of this twenty second day of January one thousand seven hundred and thirty in the presence of the said relatives and friends and of Pierre Maillous and Germain Marcoux witnesses residing in the said place who have together with Mr. Duchesnaud, Mr. Damour and Mr. Lavalleyrie and us Notary signed as required after the reading and as required by the ordinance.

J.C. De Beauport (paraphe)
Damour (paraphe)
Germain Maillou (paraphe)
DeLaValtrie ___ (paraphe)
Germain Marcoux (paraphe)
Noel duprac Notaire (paraphe)

COMMENTS ON THE ABOVE CONTRACT BY JEAN-MARC CHARRON DECEMBER 1994

"This is the marriage contract between Pierre Bernard, a "first arrival" and Genevieve Giroux, almost two weeks before their actual marriage on 5 Feb 1730 at Beauport...

If this is not a military marriage I'll eat my hat! I can see the colourful military uniform, carefully decked out for this ceremonial occasion, new feathers in the hat, loose at the knee high boots shined and polished, swords shining and hitting everything on sight as if on purpose to make them resonate with authority; and the radiant ladies with their long and bouffant dresses, all muffled up in their winter fur garments. From home in everyone's best horse-drawn cariole to the unheated little church and then to the main hall of the large military camp hall where then everyone revealed themselves in all their glorious suits and dresses....

I have a few of those "late arrivals" and they all turned out to be military people. The more we go back in time, the more the easily uncovered history gets interesting. There are less and less people around so the individuals living in those early years ended up with numerous descendants to dig up history and write about them;

First a word about Duprac's penmanship! At first it looked bad enough that I left it alone for some days before attacking it. I still get the jitters when I first take a look at these contracts. When I took my paleography course we worked with the really tough ones and I'm always leery of getting one of those. On a scale of 0 to 10 (from easy to hard) this one rates a 5...I studied with some 8s and 9s and I pray that I don't end up with a tough one. But as hard as they may be, it is always possible to transcribe them... Regarding this one, there is one word that stumped me (for now) and it is at the beginning of line 18, just before the name Philippe Damour. It looks like an abbreviated title. At the wedding of this Philippe Damours/Delamorandiere in Quebec on the 12 Feb 1722 to the widow M.-Madeleine Menage, he is referred to as "Officier dans les Troupes" (Officer in the Troups) and is the son of Mr. Mathieu D'Amours, "Councillor in the Superior Council of Quebec". So I figure that the title I cannot make out for the time being would be a military rank or other high ranking civilian title;

THE ESSENTIALS

[Here JMC makes reference by line. As I have included only part of the first page, most of the lines are not included in the document reprinted on a preceding page.]

5 - Pierre Bernard, future groom. I'm disappointed not to see his occupation or his place of origin. At least we have the name of his parent. This is the first marriage contract of a first arrival that I see so I suppose it is normal for the notary to leave this to the church. The church records usually enters this information...

6 - The late Mathurin Bernard, father of the future groom, who by all evidence never came to North America.

7 - Marie Amiotte, the mother of the future groom; same as her now late husband she would be European;

8 - Marie-Genevieve Giroux, future bride. Born 15 Sep 1707 at Beauport, 13th of 13 children.

9 - Raphael Giroux, father of the future bride. Born 21 July 1656 at Quebec, second of twelve children.

17 - Lord Deschesnaux, Equerry, also a witness. This military man first marries at Quebec on 12 Feb 1722 with M.-Madeleine Menage. He remarries on 29 Mar 1728 with M.-Louise Duchanay(Duchesnau)/Juchereau; a check of these marriages should reveal interesting data; Does the name and title of lines 18, 19 and part of 20 belong to this Philippe Damour? Perhaps, because at his marriage at Quebec on 12 Feb 1722 he is identified as Philippe Damours/Delamorandiere, "Officier dans les troupes". Son of

the late Mathieu D'Amours, Councillor for the Superior Council of Quebec and of the late Marie Marsolet, marrying M.-Madelein Menage, widow of the late Pierre Gauvereau;

20 – Francoys Morganne, Equerry and Sieur de la Valletrie, also a witness. I think we are dealing here with the well documented "Noble" family Margane de Lavaltrie. Seraphin Margane, Sieur de Lavaltrie had a long and illustrious military career, having held high ranks in various regiments. Originally from the Paris, France area, he marries at Quebec on 12 Aug 1668 Louise Bissot and they have 11 children. The following of note: Charles-Seraphin dies at Onontague, at 24 years of age, killed by the Iroquois; Francois-Marie sieur de Batilly dies at 32 in the very very sad events at Deerfield, Massachusetts; Pierre-Paul Sieur Desforets becomes seigneur de Lavaltrie; many of the girls marry military men; and perhaps the following is of interest to us: Francois born 27 Nov 1685. This Francois Margane sieur de Lavaltrie marries Angelique Guyon at Beauport on 9 May 1712 and they have but one child Louis-Francois sieur de Batizy born 28 Jan 1713 at Beauport. So in this 1720, I think we are dealing with this Francois Margane sieur de Lavaltrie M Angelique Guyon.;

25 – Paul Derinville, brother-in-law of the future bride. Paul de Rainville marries Marguerite Giroux, M.-Genevieve's sister, in 1715. As stated on page 3, it is at Paul Derainville's residence that this act was drawn.

25 – Michel Chevalier, first cousin of the future bride. One possible Michel Chevalier of note would be Michel Chevalier who marries at Beauport on 10 Jan 1695 Charlotte Parent and have 17 children. Two of the girls marry a Mailloux;

26 – Germain Maillou, a brother-in-law of the future bride. Germain Mailloux marries at Beauport on 25 Apr 1724 M.-Madeleine Giroux, sister of M.-Genevieve Giroux the future bride;

Page 3

13 – Pierre Mailloux, a witness. This Pierre Mailloux is "Capitaine de Milice" (Militia captain), a very important and powerful man in the community. On the 5 Feb 1719, at Beauport, he marries Louise Vachon;

14 – Germain Marcoux, a witness. He signs the contract. On the 13 Sep 1730 at Quebec, he marries Genevieve Marchand, widow of Claude Carpentier (1718)

Signatures:

The first one is J.C. De Beauport. I racked my brain until now of who this might be. But I just saw in the last three lines that Sieur Duchesnaux, Sieur Damour and Sieur Lavalletrye sign. As we see the signature of the last two, I suppose the J.C. De Beauport is this Sieur Ducesnaux. The J. C. would be his initials and signing "J. C. De Beauport" would indicate that he is the seigneur? That's powerful stuff!"

1851 Census for St-Vallier: Please refer to Godefroi Bernard #16's P.H.S. In line 45 is Michel Bernard, one of Godefroi's sons, and then comes his wife, children and then what appears to be three "servants" of the same "Aller" (Allaire) family. Adopted perhaps? On the next page, the only information of interest is that this Michel Bernard has a house constructed out of stone, which is quite unusual. And of course it ties in with page 59, where we learn that this Michel Bernard built a flour mill out of stone!

- in line 37 of page 57 we see one "Charles Bernard, Marchand, with his wife Emerence Thibaut, and their 6 children, neighbour of Michel Bernard and Sophie Lemieux. He must be a relative. We'll see;
- and, on page 59, an interesting narrative giving a rare insight on the miller's trade: "no. 45. Mr. Michel Bernard has built a water operated stone flour mill of five grinding types at a cost of about two thousand Louis and which can grind one hundred quintaux per day; it produces a net revenue of one hundred and fifty Louis per year and it operates all year round. Near this flour mill, a saw mill operated by two water currents has been constructed. The cost of this saw mill amounted to one hundred and twenty five Louis (current) and can cut two hundred boards per day. It produces a net annual revenue of fifteen Louis (current) but operates only in the summer months...The mills are situated on the Riviere du Sud, 4th Range of St. Vallier and were built by the said Mr. Michel Bernard in the name of the Lord of St-Vallier parish."

THE MILLER

JMC's translation of "The Miller" ("Old Trades" series, by Denise Dodier-Jacques, L'Entraide Genealogique, Vol. 15 #1, 1992.

A miller is one who operates a cereal mill or who makes flour. It is rare, nowadays, to be able to see a miller making flour using the old time method. These millers work in reconditioned mills and the evidence shows that this method of flour production is similar to the one known by our ancestors. As specified in their land title, our ancestors were required to have their grain milled or ground at the communal mill (le moulin banal). In the notarial contract of March the 23rd 1664, passed before Michel Fillion, we read that Jacques Dodier, my ancestor, also had that requirement. On that day, Charles Auber de la Chenaye granted him 3 arpents of land, for which various conditions had to be met, amongst them this one: "Said Dodie shall be required to bring his grain to the common mill of the said seignior". And, the following fall, my ancestor had to pay a visit to the miller.

Long ago, the first instruments used to grind the grain were hand generated. The worker, to produce and obtain a powder, would crush the wheat grain in stone or wooden mortars. It was tiring work, considered disdainful, and usually assigned to slaves. Later on, animals were used to turn a shafted wheel, which, in its rotation, would work on the axle of the wheel stone. That type of mill had little power and

would tire the animals in no time. Then came water and wind power to activate the flourmill, the sawmill and the carding mill. Water generated mills appeared in the III century and they increased rapidly in the next century. The wind generated mills appeared in Europe between the XI and XII century, where there were no waterfalls and where the wind was sufficient and regular."

To build and maintain a wheat mill was rather expensive. "This is why that, before 1663, under the regime of the "New-France" and "One-hundred Associates" companies, few flourmills were built. In the entire colony, there were only 9 in 1666. Most were wind generated".

The arrival of the seigniorial system required the Lord to build and maintain wheat mills on their first fief as a way to collect the milling duty. Soon there were mills in every developed area of the colony. There were 41 in 1685 and three times as many fifty years later.

Water generated mills soon replaced the wind generated ones. The wheel is hydraulic which is a cheap source of energy but is limited by the variations of the water level.

The miller would teach his son the rudiments of the trade. The son would eventually succeed his father in managing the mill. The miller needed to be strong and resistant to perform his hard work. He always works in flour dust and in a noisy environment. He must be skillful and possess a high degree of specialized knowledge. He must make sure that the dam, the gears, the machinery are operating in a safe and proper manner. He lends an ear to the purring of the gears to prevent breakage. He learns to evaluate the quality of his flour by the sense of touch.

Besides grinding grain, the miller must maintain his mill by the daily oiling of the gears and counterbalancing of the flow of water. He must be able to "pick" the millstone himself when no itinerant workers can be hired.

The work of the miller follows the rhythm of the farm, stopping at frost time and usually resuming operation at the end of March. Occasionally, he will remove the ice from the wheel and the crushing surface to allow for a farmer's grain to be milled. Pure flour ferments in the winter.

In the summer, dead season for the mill, the miller sees that the dam area is cleaned of the debris accumulated during the year. When fall arrives, the miller works very hard for the mill is running almost constantly. He must grind the grain of all the residents of the seigniority on a first come first served basis, without showing any preferences.

The miller did not receive any money to grind the grain of the farmers. But the farmers were required to pay him his milling duty, that is to say, the cost owed or

paid to him for his work. The farmers had to give the miller one tenth or more of all the processed grain done at his mill.

Not all the millers did enjoyed a good reputation. It was easy for them to steal grain from the farmers, or to buy an amount from them at a low price, which they could sell later at a profit. In 1689, to give justice to the clients, the Sovereign Counsel enacted a law whereby the millers had to have a scale.

The mills were considered service institutions as opposed to commercial firms. They were regulated by law, which made them accountable to the community.

Most mills were built on picturesque sites, near a waterfall, at the foot of a cascade or at a junction of two rivers. They were often built of masonry and as if they could last forever. There were rooms, which formed the private quarters for the miller and his family.

Flour mills were used to transform wheat, the basic production of the farmer. Before grinding the grain, the miller frees it from dirt material in two sifting operations. The grain can be placed aside before being ground. Then comes the grinding of cereals. The grinding of wheat and buckwheat is done between millstones made of silex [<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Silex>]. For oats or animal grains, the miller uses stones of lower quality. These millstones are imported from France, Scotland or England.

The next operation is called bolting, the flour being sifted and separated from the bran "The bran comes out on the extreme left of the bolter while the (grus), the germ, the gluten and the starch are collected in the trough" (From: *Le Moulin Legare*). And, finally, the miller proceeds to bag the domestic flour as it comes out of the bolter. In commercial mills, the flour will undergo another sifting operation.

At the end of the 19th century, numerous parishes had one or two mills operating. The industrial revolution brought major changes with new inventions and techniques. Water and wind could not compete against steam and internal combustion engines and electricity. The ways of the mills and of doing things were changing; the huge wheel was being replaced by the steam engines. Even the water turbine was losing its importance. Mills were getting old and becoming victims of progress and competition, and around 1860 the white flour from the U.S. began entering the Canadian market. Many mills were destroyed by fire or the breaking up of the ice and others were abandoned for lack of business.

Mills and their master have inspired many chansonniers. Who has not sang: "Meunier tu dors..." (Miller, you're sleeping...); "J'entends le Moulin..." (I hear the mill...); "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin..." (Marianne is on her way to the mill...), or "Maitre Pierre..." (Master Pierre...).

Fortunately, a few of those old mills are still in existence. They represent an era of our historical past. The conservation and restoration of these mills allows for the teaching about the work of the artisan miller. The millers are doing that type of work for the love of patrimony, the desire to liven up their environment, the production of biological flour and as a tourist attraction. To visit a water-generated mill operated by its miller is a trip back in time.

PEDRO DA SYLVA: A MOST INTERESTING BERNARD ANCESTOR

(Translated by JMC pp 1-2 December 2, 1994)

(da Sylva was M-Madeleine Giroux's ancestor. She married Pierre Bernard in 1730.)

Taken from "Memoires de la Societe genealogique Canadienne-Francaise", vol. 40, no 3 (fall of 1989) page 216: "Nos quelques rares ancetres Portugais" (About our relatively few Portuguese ancestors), by Constance Rodrigue-Johnson (7563) d'Heritage Canada. This article is from a conference presented on the occasion of the 45th anniversary of the S.C.G.F., 18 October 1988. This is the translation of a few paragraphs, starting on page 220, regarding Pedro Dasylda:

"...Let's have a look now on these two remarkable personalities (Pedra da Silva and Joao Rodrigues) who established proud dynasties in North America

He signed Pedre Dasylda or Da Silva and was, according to Tanguay, born in Lisbon in 1647, although, in 1681, he declares being 30 years of age, which would place his birth in 1651. He was from the Saint-Julien de Lisbonne parish, the son of Joseph Dassilva and Marie Lefrancois. He came to Beauport where, on 16 May 1677, he married Marie-Jeanne Greslon, a young Canadian, also known under the name of Jolicoeur, daughter of Jacques Greslon and of Jeanne Vignault. He was 30 years old and she was only 17. They had 15 children (8 of who had descendants. Pedre Dasylda's sons also had large families; Pierre has 2 children, Jean 17, Nicolas 13, Dominique 15 (from 3 marriages) and Jean-Marie and Jean-Baptiste, each married twice, have 13 children each.

The PRDH (Universite de Montreal's Programme de Recherches en Demographie Historique) shows 37 acts or contracts where Pedre Da Silva is either subject or parent. He was considered a bourgeois in that he owned property.

However, what makes him noteworthy, and to the point of making him an historic figure, is his role in the field of communication. He was the first to transport messages between Quebec and Montreal for the government of New-France. On 23 December 1705, Intendant Raudot gave him a messenger commission which made him the first man in Canada mandated to transport mail and being paid for it. Massicotte, on page 212 of the 1921 "Bulletin de recherches historiques", wrote: "being necessary, in the service of the King and for the public good, to create in this colony the position of messenger to convey orders wherever needed, and considering the known diligence and loyalty of Pierre Dasylda [aka] Le Portugais, we,

consequent to the wishes of His Majesty, have named the said Portugais "ordinary messenger", to transport the letters of the Honourable Governor General and ours for the service of the king throughout this colony, allowing him to likewise serve private citizens, to take such letters to their destination and to bring back the answers (...) this passed and signed in Quebec, the 23 December 1705."

The historical contribution of Pedre Da Silva was recognized by the Canadian Commission of Historic Sites and Monuments who, in 1938, apposed [?] a commemorative plaque on the Post Office Building, St-Jacques Street, in Montreal. The following is inscribed: "As early as 1693, mail service was in operation between Quebec and Montreal. The first known courier was Pierre Dasilva, dit Le Portugais."

The Dasilvas, descendents of Pedre, are still very numerous in Quebec. Their name varies as much today as they were in early times when Pedre's family name varied from Delacive to Davilue to Delissy, etc."

Camille Lambert

née le 11-1-1839

fille de Pierre Lambert
et de Charlotte Duperron;

baptisée le 12-1-1839
à St-Jean-Chrysostome
p: Louis Carrier
m: Angèle Demers;

Camille épouse, le 24-11-1857,
à St-Lambert-de-Lévis,

Pierre Paré

fils de Thomas Paré
et de Marie Marcoux;

Camille Lambert-Paré décède le
2-4-1926.

Grand-parents paternels:

Pierre Lambert, arpenteur, et
Marie-Cécile Noel;

Grand-parents maternels:

Charles Dupéron, et
Geneviève Parent.



Jean-Marc Charron 3 April 1994: "I have now spent a good many hours on the Collet family of the Quebec City area...I cannot wait to tell you that I have been rewarded in a major way for spending a few hours on your family. I have found, quite by accident really, the signature of Pierre Lambert, one of my great-great-grandparents. Both he and his wife Charlotte Grenier-Perron were the godparents of Theodule Collet, the son of Denys Collet and Mathilde (Martine) Vermette and a younger brother of Denys-Octave...I am religiously attached to what our ancestors have left behind, their signature being the most vivid and personal trace of their passage short of a picture. I was not aware that Pierre Lambert had ever signed his name...

I include copy of the Saint-Lambert-de-Lauzon parish record of the baptism of Theodule Collet, dated 13 Nov 1858. As you can see your great-great-grandfather

legitimé de Raphaël Dubois, cultivateur,
 et de Marie Palierge de cette paroisse.
 Présents Joseph Coulombe et Alban
 Coulombe qui m'ont eu signé
 J. O. Oves

Bapt. 60
 Theodule
 Collet

Le treize Novembre mil huit cent quarante
 huit, nous Prêtres soussigné avons baptisé sous
 condition Theodule, né l'avant-veille d'un
 légitime mariage de Benoit Collet, cultivateur,
 et de Mathilde Namette de cette paroisse.
 Paroissain Pierre Lambert, qui avé que le
 père présent ont signé avec nous, paroissain
 Charlotte Grenier-Perron qui m'a eu
 signé.

Jenis Collet
 Pierre Lambert
 J. O. Oves

Bapt. 61
 " " " "

Le dix neuf Novembre mil huit cent quarante
 huit, nous Prêtres soussigné avons baptisé sous
 condition Theodule, né l'avant-veille d'un
 légitime mariage de Benoit Collet, cultivateur,
 et de Mathilde Namette de cette paroisse.
 Paroissain Pierre Lambert, qui avé que le
 père présent ont signé avec nous, paroissain
 Charlotte Grenier-Perron qui m'a eu
 signé.

has also signed. In the 1861 census for the town of St-Lambert, Theodule is called "Odule", or at least that's what the census-taker wrote down. I am also sending you a copy of Camille Lambert' photograph. She is my great-grandmother and the daughter of Pierre Lambert and Charlotte Grenier-Perron. Camille was baptized in 1839 at St-Jean-Chrysostome, situated halfway between St-Henri and Quebec city, married Pierre Pare in 1857, so she was about 19 years old and had been married for one year when Theodule Collet was born.

This photograph has a very special meaning for me in that Camille Lambert, of all my 1300 or so north-american ancestors, is the one born the earliest of the ones who have been photographed. When you look into Camille Lambert's eyes, you can be sure that you are looking into the eyes of someone who has personally seen many of your ancestors."

COLLET: Josephine (Collette) Bernard's family line

(Became **Collette** around 1878)

Collette Family Tree is appended to the end of this history, 217-224. Many thanks to Remi Roy. (There is much more on Collette's at www.chez-nous.net/fc.html.)

When Henry Bernard was born December 22, 1907, he became part of the 7th generation of Collette's (initially, Collet) in North America.

Collette line in North America (JMC May 14, 1994 pp 2-9 and June 1, 1995, p. 3)

- 1. Francois married Marguerite Tanguay, St-Vallier July 26, 1762**
- 2. Denys I married Marie-Louis Leclerc, St. Charles (Bellechasse) October 2, 1792**
(2nd marriage to Genevieve Couture, St-Henri Jul 31, 1815)
- 3. Denys II married Marguerite Clement/Labonte, St-Henri February 14, 1820**
(2nd marriage to Marie Turcotte, St-Henri October 3, 1826)
(3rd marriage to Madeleine Vermette, St-Henri April 26, 1836
Samuel Collette from this marriage (see below))
- 4. Denys III married Mathilde Vermette (Madeleine's sister), St-Henri-de-Lauson October 17, 1842 (their children: see pp 119-133, generation 6)**
- 5. Denys-OCTAVE married Clothilde Blondeau, St. Anthony (Minneapolis) July 12, 1869**
- 6. Marie-JOSEPHINE married Henry Bernard, Oakwood ND, June 3, 1901**
- 7. Henry Bernard born at Grafton, ND, December 22, 1907**

Of the four families explored in this paper, the Collette family is by far the most familiar to the writer, at least the branch that migrated first to Minnesota and then to North Dakota.

When I received the great gift of meeting Jean-Marc Charron in early 1994, and Jean-Marc agreed to take on the task of attempting to sort out my French-Canadian roots, he first took a look at the Collette's, probably because they were the family I seemed to know the most about. As time went on he "warmed" to Collette's and the other families. He started out from ground zero, not knowing any Collette's to my recollection, unless one counts the Collette root in my Brooklyn, Connecticut friend John Cote, the man who introduced Jean-Marc to me and vice versa.

Early on in his digging through parish and census records in Quebec, Jean-Marc, a retired Canadian Mountie (RCMP) wrote this in a letter to me: *"I think you will find them as fascinating as I did. I can attest that many of your ancestors were most interesting in that many of them were no doubt the "cream of the crop". The marriage records are full of business and liberal profession people: doctor, postmaster, "bourgeois", "ecuyer", forgeron, merchant etc. And so many beautiful signatures."* (JMC April 3, 1994, p. 2)

Of course, he didn't have to tell me that: I already knew this to be a family filled with hard-working people with diverse and abundant skills. Though we were not "blue-blood" stock there was something within our genetic makeup, and the work ethic of the family, that mitigated towards positive productivity in life.

While Henry Bernard Sr.'s family of origin apparently remained in the east, except for his older brother, Joseph, who died and was buried in Grafton ND in 1927, and had only one child, also named Joseph, whose descendants remain something of a mystery to me (see p. 150); the Collette family was and remains part of the very fabric of the area of Grafton ND, a place we visited often in our youth, as well in the Red River Valley of Manitoba. Indeed, Collette is still an important name in this area; not so the names Bernard, Blondeau, Cote.

Detailed histories of Collette and, by extension, other French-Canadian families have long been on my web-site www.chez-nous.net/fc.html. My own rendition of the history, completed in 2002, is accessible there, as is a longer and more comprehensive rendition by Collette descendant Dr. Remi Roy. The latter rendition was written in 2003 and is a very interesting general look at French-Canadian life in context with our family. At the website is a recollection by Bishop Ray Lessard, who has Collette roots on both sides of his family tree (see pp. 121 and 133.)

The first Collette in North America, then spelled Collet, was **Francois Collet**, born around 1741, in the far eastern region of France called Bretagne or Brittany. Remi Roy identifies Francois's home area as the Finistere, literally, the end of the earth, the westernmost tip of Brittany (and continental Europe), near Brest.
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Finistère>

He arrived in Canada about 1757, and married Marguerite Tanguay at St. Vallier, near the south shore of the St. Laurent across from Ile d'Orleans, July 27, 1762. (JMC May 14, 1994 p. 7) Marguerite, of the marriage of Andre Tanguay and Marie Roy, came from a family already long established in Quebec, the Tanguay line apparently originating from the same part of France as Francois Collet.

He came to French Canada at a climactic time. Two years after he arrived the English defeated the French at the Plains of Abraham, and a new era in Quebec history was beginning. He appears to have fit in to the new regime.

For many years, because it was written in an authoritative book, I thought the official story of Francois was that he came from Lyon, France. A major interior city, Lyon seemed an unlikely place for a French colonist to America to be from, but it was, after all, in a book in the Minnesota Historical Society, and I HAD SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES! Therefore, it must be correct!

Not so.

In 1996, Collette descendant Vernon Sell took a tour group to France to see the assorted family haunts, one of which was Lyon, France, and found, there, that there was no record of a Francois Collet in Lyon and, further, that the probably correct location was St. Pol de Leon in Brittany, a city on the north shore near the extreme west end of Europe.; a city facing the extreme southwest end of Great Britain.

Subsequent reports from people who have gone to St. Pol de Leon have come up with dead-ends about our specific Collet.

Remi Roy, in his work, referenced above, suggests that Collet came from even further west than St. Pol de Leon, from the section called Finistere, "the end of the earth", near the present day city of Brest.

The family Collet is an especially intriguing one: a fertile field for further research, both in Europe and in Canada.

Britanny, perhaps to this day, is more Celtic than it is French, so that a new immigrant from Brittany would not necessarily fit in with other fellow Frenchmen in culture, customs or even language.

Francois Collet seems to have left the continent at a young age: was there a reason? He appears to recite his parents names differently in different places. Why? He seems a bit young to have been run out of the country for some offense or other, or to have a useful skill. It is known that the Tanguay line came from the same general part of France, and perhaps there was a connection there. As with most "facts" for ancient common people, the speculation is as interesting (and perhaps even more so) than having the direct evidence. But the search for the evidence is important.

The Collet family, more than any of the others, seems to have had St. Henri Levis as a central focus point. Among all the places in the geographic "box" described early in this paper, there were many events and many people associated with the name Collet in St. Henri Levis (see page 17).

This family seems, in a sense, to be "tight" in terms of relationships.

The last Quebec "port of call" for our Collet's was St. Lambert, on the Chaudiere River south of Quebec City (family list p. 65 and generation 5 through 8, pp 119-133). Here they donated the land for the church (and in 2003, right before Vernon Sell's death, he and several Collette family members, presented a bronze plaque to the church which is proudly posted there today.)

Samuel Collette, of Denis Collet II's 3rd marriage to Madeleine Vermette, was born January, 1839 and seems to have been the first to move west, coming to what is now suburban St. Paul MN area before the American Civil War began in 1861. It is most likely that he arrived in now-suburban St. Paul MN about 1857.

Samuel was in the Minnesota Mounted Rangers in 1862-63 (Company G 1st Regiment, Minnesota Mounted Rangers) and was almost certainly the first family member to view North Dakota, then Dakota Territory. His unit went as far west as the Missouri River in the area of today's Bismarck. The exploits of this unit are found in the book "Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars 1861-65", published in 1891 by the Pioneer Press Company, St. Paul. Co G is found on pages 519-24, 534-35 and 660-61. Samuel's is a most interesting family, as yet inadequately explored. **More on Samuel at pages 23 through 26, and Appendix I.**

Sometime perhaps right after the U.S. Civil War, perhaps about 1865 or so, the entire St. Lambert clan of Collet's moved to St. Anthony, at St. Anthony Falls on the Mississippi. A few years later St. Anthony became part of faster growing Minneapolis.

The 1870 Minnesota Census (next page) shows the below data for the Collet family in the 4th Ward of St. Anthony. Except for Sophronie, the family arrived in St. Anthony about the time the Civil War ended. (This is the later-ND Collette family, with census takers license when writing the names of the family members.) Likely, all of those who worked "in paper mill" worked in the same mill near St. Anthony Falls. They did not live in a home they owned, so such a record cannot be traced.

- Dennis, 49, works in paper mill, no real estate, \$250 value of personal property
- Emma, 46, keeps house
- Adeline, 23, works in paper mill
- Philip, 21, works in paper mill
- Actire, 18
- Ovid, 14
- Omar, 11
- Emma, 9
- Ephraim, 8
- Joseph, 5 (born in Minnesota)
- William, 1 (born in Minnesota)
- Octave, 23, works in paper mill
- Clara, 20, keeps house
- Octave, 1 (born in Minnesota)

In the mid 1870s, for a few years, the family Collette moved upstream on the Mississippi River to the area of Dayton MN (our great-grandma Clotilde Blondeau's home area). The move was a very logical one. Then, in 1878, they began the move to Oakwood ND; and in the early 1900s some went further up the Red River Valley to rural Manitoba and Winnipeg. It is unusual to find free-lancers in the family. There seems to have been internal communication about such matters.

As noted by Rene Collette (page 85), the homesteading was done in stages, so, for example, the men would initially go by themselves to establish their claim during the warmer season, returning home in the fall, and then, perhaps a couple of years

SCHEDULE 1. Inhabitants in the Township of Anthony in the County of St. Louis

of Minnesota enumerated by me on the 14 day of June 1870.

Post Office: St. Anthony

1	2	3	4			7	8		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
			4	5	6		8	9										
The name of every person whose place of abode on the first day of June 1870 was in this family.			Age	Sex	Color	Profession, Occupation or Trade of each person male or female.	Value of Real Estate	Value of Personal Estate	Place of Birth, naming State or Territory of U.S. or the Country, if of foreign birth.	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
		1	12	F	M				Minnesota									
		2	71	M	W				Minnesota									
		3	5	F	W				Minnesota									
		4	2	F	W				Minnesota									
		5			W				Minnesota									
		6	45	F	W	Domestic Serv			Ireland									
	745	750	39	M	W				Vermont									
		8	33	F	W	Keeping house			Vermont									
		9	13	F	W				Minnesota									
		10	9	F	W				Minnesota									
		11	3	F	W				Minnesota									
		12	17	F	W				St. Louis									
	146	151	23	M	B	Suma Lyricea Magon	250		Missouri									
		14	35	F	B	Drach woman			Kentucky									
	147	152	49	M	W	Tradesman	250		Canada									
		15	46	F	W	Keeping house			Canada									
		16	23	F	W	Tradesman			Canada									
		17	21	M	W	Tradesman			Canada									
		18	18	M	W				Canada									
		19	10	M	W				Canada									
		20	10	M	W				Canada									
		21	11	M	W				Canada									
		22	9	F	W				Canada									
		23	8	M	W				Canada									
		24	6	M	W				Minnesota									
		25	7	M	W				Minnesota									
	153	26	23	M	W	Tradesman			Canada									
		27	20	F	W	Keeping house			Canada									
		28	12	M	W				Minnesota									
	148	154	26	M	W	Cabinet maker			Scotland									
		29	23	F	W	Keeping house			Acadia									
		30	7	F	W				Minnesota									
		31	7	M	W				Minnesota									
	155	32	53	M	W	Learned	2500	500	Maine									
		33	49	F	W	Keeping house			Maine									
		34	21	M	W	Laborer			Maine									
		35	18	F	W				Maine									
		36	15	F	W				Minnesota									
		37	25	M	W	Lumberman			Not known									
	149	156	26	M	W	Lumberman	800		Maine									
		38	24	F	W	Keeping house			Illinois									
		39	3	F	W				Minnesota									
		40																

No. of dwellings, _____ No. of white females, _____ No. of males, foreign born, _____
 " " families, _____ " colored males, _____ " females, " "
 " " white males, _____ " " females, _____ " blind, _____

later, the rest of the family would join them. Thus, it is entirely plausible that they might be considered residents of two places at once.

About 1889, Alfred Collette and wife Celina Deschenes moved back to the Dayton area. According to their daughter Alice Sell, in a July 3, 1981 note to me, they already had a farm property, purchased about 1874, in the Albertville area (adjacent to Otsego, a few miles from today's Albertville Mall). On Mapquest, their farmstead is, today, 8457 Mason Avenue NE Elk River MN 55330. Because of their geographic location, they were required to belong to the Albertville Catholic parish where, as their granddaughter Audrey Cady pointed out in a 2002 e-mail, "*the sermons were in German, and they did not understand a word.*" Alfred and Celina are buried in the St. John the Baptist cemetery in Dayton.

In August, 2002, Audrey Cady noted the following data in two Minnesota census for the then township of Otsego (west of and adjacent to Dayton, and across the Mississippi River from Elk River). She noted "*all the dates and spelling come directly from the [local history] book*", which likely came from the respective census documents. As noted previously, specific spellings and ages need to be taken "with a grain of salt". Certainly, however, the entire family was in Otsego in 1875.

1875 Census for Otsego

Dennis Collet (44)	Octave Collet (27)
Matilda (52)	Cloe (25)
Phillip (25)	Octave (5)
Archie (23)	Addie (3)
David (19)	Allot (1)
Ogell (15)	
Emma (14)	
Fred (12)	
Joseph (10)	
William (6)	

1880 Census for Otsego

Dennis Collet (58)
Matilda (56)
Emma (14)
Alfred (11)
Joseph (14)
William (11)

A more detailed account of this family is, as previously stated, at www.chez-nous.net/fc.html.

There are likely thousands of Collet's in various places, particularly remaining in Quebec and in the northeastern United States. Jean-Marc Charron did some research with census records and observed "*New Hampshire for one has numerous Collets (probably hundreds). A good many I would suspect would be Francois & Marguerite's descendants...there was one reference I found interesting and here is what the "card, form N-35" indicates: "Joseph Collet, add: Berlin, N.H., Cert#6-237; title & location of court: U.S. dist. Of Littleton, N.H.; country of birth: Canada; when born: 30 Mar 1874; arrival in the U.S.: 30 May 1890; date of naturalization: 2 Nov 1898; names of witnesses: Peter Collet and Antoine Bernard of Berlin, N.H." Interesting?*" (JMC May 14, 1994, p. 21) This was a naturalization record, and with small variations would be similar to that of all the ancestors of all the families who moved to the United States.

The Families of Henry Bernard's Grandparents

Romain Bernard and Julienne Cote

Married Ste. Claire, Quebec September 17, 1850

At this writing, there is little in the way of detailed history, especially for the Cote line. The Bernard genealogy is from the work of JMC June 1, 1995, pp 15-21.

The history as known shows **Romain Bernard** to be the son of Pierre (miller) and Marie-Charlotte Contin/Dugall, who were married at St. Vallier on August 23, 1802. Eight children of this couple are listed in the order of their marriages, five are male, three female. Romain is the 7th to marry. Presumably, he is one of the younger children of the couple.

The other children married as follows:

Jean-Baptiste (miller) to Suzan Nevil at Ste-Claire Jan 26, 1829

Godefroy to M-Catherine Godreau at Montmagny Jan 17, 1837

Michel (miller) to Sophie Lemieux at St-Vallier Jun 27, 1837

Marie to Moise Proteau at Montmagny Sep 6, 1842

Louis (miller) married to M-Jeanne-Chantal Beaudoin at St-Vallier Jan 7, 1845

Anastasia married to Olivier Gaulin at Montmagny Nov 6, 1848

Angelique-Marie married Jean-Etienne Marin at Ste-Claire May 6, 1851

Julienne Cote is listed as the first of three children of Alexandre Cote and Marie Morissette, who married at St. Henri August 6, 1828. She first married Vital Richard Oct 3, 1848. Her two listed siblings, Alexandre and Marguerite, married in 1861 and 1863 at Ste. Claire and Beaumont, respectively. (Fete des familles Cote 4 Aout 1979). I have no evidence of other possible siblings who may have died young, or never married. This is a topic for further research.

Julienne's previous husband, Vital Richard, lived only two years after their marriage. Little is known of him. She was his second wife. He married his first wife, Charlotte Basin, Aug. 29, 1843; then married Julienne Cote at Ste-Claire October 3, 1848, as widower of Charlotte Basin. There were apparently no children in either marriage. (JMC May 14, 1994, p 6)

Romain's father, Godefroi Bernard, listed an occupation of "farmer", and was the sole non-miller in the Canadian Bernard line.

The family of Romain Bernard and Julienne Cote:

Our Henry Bernard Sr - his given name at Baptism was Honore Celestine - was born at St. Sylvestre, Quebec, February 26, 1872. He was the youngest of a dozen children born to Romain Bernard, a miller, and Julienne Cote. Romain and Julienne married at Ste. Claire Quebec Sep 17, 1850.

Based on the church records, Romain and Julienne lived in the area of St. Claire PQ through 1856; St. Elzear through 1867; St. Sylvestre through at least 1872; thence, possibly, St. Bernard, where Romain died.

The Bernard family suffered the travails of many rural families of all nationalities. When Honore, the youngest child of twelve, was born, he was one of only six surviving children in the family. The other six had died in infancy or very young, before Honore was born: there was no cause of death listed. This was by no means unusual. There were no doctors or hospitals or basic sanitation. Either one got well, or they didn't. Often women (and their child) died in childbirth, which led to multiple marriages, Men died of illness or injury, meaning that many women married more than once as well. There seems to have been no respectable mourning period...if an eligible bride or groom was available a new marriage could be contracted in months. It was simply the way life was. Many lived to a "ripe old age", but on average, to be "old" might mean 60, and was far younger than defined today. And fewer survived the early years.

The children of Romain Bernard and Julienne Cote

Baptized at Ste. Claire:

Marie-Angelique September 18, 1852 married to Honore Lariviere at St-Patrice-de-Beaurivage November 27, 1871

Pierre-Romain May 18, 1854, buried January 28, 1857

Joseph-Ignace July 31, 1855, buried August 31, 1855

Omer-Alexandre September 6, 1856 buried September 26, 1856

Baptized at St. Elzear:

Pierre-Romain April 26, 1858, buried April 30, 1858

Marie-Josephine March 3, 1859, married Joseph Cyr at St. Bernard October 25, 1881. Buried at 34 years old at Thetford Mines February 13, 1895

Joseph-Honore March 18, 1861, married Marie-Desilda Gourde at St-Patrice-de-Beaurivage January 17, 1887 buried at Grafton ND 1927 (See p. 150)

Marie-Elise, February 21, 1865, buried June 7, 1868

Louis, (?), married Leonida Rheaume St-Bernard February 1, 1890

Marie-Delvina, May 12, 1867, buried St. Sylvestre May 29, 1868

Baptized at St. Sylvestre

Marie-Zenoide, May 19, 1869, 1st marriage Ademar Gagnon, Thetford-Mines August 31, 1896; 2nd marriage, Ludger Chateauneuf, Thetford Mines, January 24, 1910

Honore-Celestin (aka Henry), born February 26, 1872, married **Josephine Collette** June 3, 1901, Sacred Heart, Oakwood ND, buried Grafton ND May, 1957

Two of the surviving Bernard siblings Joseph and Honore-Celestin (our Henry) came to North Dakota.

Included with Jean-Marc Charron's abundant data is some fascinating information about the family from several Canadian censuses. I conveyed this information to my father, Henry, in a letter dated July 24, 1994, portion of which follows:

"In the 1861 census, the family lived in St. Elzear. In the family, were Romain and Julienne, and Francois Bernard (age 12) (who may be from some other Bernard family, or might Romain have been married before [Julienne]?), and Marie and Josephine. Romain is listed as a carpenter, age 34. Living also with them is Marie Belanger, 27, servant; and Chrysotogne Morin, age 24, apprentice carpenter. They have a one story wooden house with one family, one cow, and ten pigs.

We now go to the 1871 census, one year prior to [your dad] Henry's (Honore's) birth. The family is now recorded in the St. Sylvestre census. In this household are Roma (Romaine), a miller, and Julia (Julienne), age 40 and 41, and Francois; Marie, Josephine, Joseph, Louis who is listed as 7 years old, and Elisabeth, 3 years old (who may be Marie-Delvina). In this census, one year prior to Henry's birth, the wealth of the family is listed as 1 horse, 2 dairy cows, 2 pigs, 5 pigs killed or sold and 180 pounds of butter produced.

In 1881, there remain at home Romain and Julienne and Josephine, Joseph, Louis; and three new persons: Zenarie (Marie-Zenoide?) age 11, Honore (Henry), age 9, and Marie Richard, age 3, who may be adopted. The family is now listed in St. Bernard's rolls.

In 1891, an apparent change has taken place in the family structure. Louis and Leonida have a four year old, Louis, and Romain (now 64) and Julienne (now 60) as well as Marie Richard apparently live with them. About this time, Honore (Henry) probably moves to North Dakota, [or is working elsewhere - he was already 19].

In 1901, is the last listing [provided] of the family, at St. Bernard. Again, Louis and Leonida and Louis Jr., appear. Julienne, age 70, born 10 January 1831, is listed as widow. Sometime between 1891 and 1901, probably at St. Bernard, Romain passed away. Louis apparently works at the local flour mill; and is the 4th neighbour from "Ecole No 7 Ste Catherine"; one house under construction, one house occupied, three farm buildings...."

At this writing, very little is known about those remaining in Quebec, or, also a strong possibility, in New Hampshire or Maine or elsewhere in the northeast. (There are many Bernard's in Minnesota and the Midwest, but thus far they all seem to be from families other than our branch, perhaps Brouillet dit (called) Bernard., or some other Bernard branch from our very large tree.)

NORTH DAKOTA: First to North Dakota was Joseph Bernard, Henry's brother who was 11 years older. Joseph married Marie Desilda Gourde in January 17, 1887, at St. Patrice de Beaurivage, and the couple and infant son Joseph moved to North Dakota with the rest of the Gourde family about 1888 [See Marie Gourde Byzewski story page 285] At the time of the move Joseph was about 27 and Desilda, 18. (In a recollection recounted in the 1976 History of Walsh County, Marie recalled her grandfather Gourde claiming that they ice-skated all the way from Quebec to North Dakota!)

Honore, always known to us as Henry, followed his brother to Oakwood, ND about 1894. This date comes from his obituary, and probably is fairly accurate since his wife would have been 13 when he came to the Oakwood Community, and would have likely had good recollection of that event. When he moved west only three of his siblings remained alive in Quebec: Marie-Angelique Lariviere; Louis Bernard; and Marie-Zenoide Chateauneuf. A fourth, Marie-Josephine Cyr, may have been living when he departed for the west, but died in 1895 at age 34.

His first occupation was, apparently, carpenter in Oakwood. That was where he met his future wife, Josephine Collette (See speculation p. 95). (Her parents were apparently not very impressed with him – not unusual for parents of brides....)

In 1898 he went, as part of Grafton's Company C, to the Philippines during the Spanish-American War, so certainly he was in the Grafton area some time before that. Alfred Collette (see p. 124), cousin of Henry's future wife, Josephine, and son of Philippe Collette and Julie Boutin, was also in Company C in the Philippines. At the time of World War I, Alfred Collette returned to the Philippines and lived the rest of his life there.

Romain Bernard, Henry's father, died October 28, 1896 at age 70. He is buried at St. Bernard QC. (JMC August 11, 1994 p 3&8) No record has yet been located re the death and burial of Julienne, Henry's mother.

Grandpa Bernard, in stories about his youth, used to tell stories about being a lumberjack at Berlin Falls NH, as well as work as a miner at Thetford Mines, Quebec, and in a lumber mill at Ste. Marie Beauce Quebec, and it is possible, and possibly provable, that his move to the midwest began from Berlin Falls, New Hampshire, or Thetford Mines, PQ.

It is possible, also, that his time in Thetford Mines and Ste Marie Beauce related to relatives who lived there – perhaps a married sibling.

Jean-Marc Charron speculated about the survivor siblings of Honore Celestin (our Henry L.) Bernard: *"Of all the children of Romain & Julienne found so far, I think that Marie-Angelique fits the bill for being the one who married Honore Lariviere, so I indicated that probable connection under her name. Going through the parish of St-Alphonse-de-Thetford I found the burial of Marie-Josephine who died at age 34; Also at Thetford-Mines I found Marie-Zenoide's first marriage and that to Ademar Gagnon on the 31 Aug 1896; the marriage to Ludger Chateauneuf in Thetford-Mines on the 24 Jan 1910 cannot be verified other than to go to the parish itself. I would expect to find in the records that she was the widow of Ademar Gagnon.*

So far from the above I extrapolate that the Romain Bernard & Julienne Cote genes were transmitted through the following names:

*LARIVIERE (through the marriage of Marie or probably Marie-Angelique);
CYR (through the marriage of Josephine);*

*GAGNON (through the marriage of Marie-Zenoide);
CHATEAUNEUF (through the marriage of Marie-Zenoide);
BERNARD (through the marriage of Louis & Honore-Celestin-Henry-Louis) [Jean-Marc
was not aware at this point of Joseph Bernard, already in ND]*

Any would be children of Honore and Marie Lariviere, Joseph & Josephine Cyr, Ademar & Marie-Zenoide Gagnon, Ludger & Marie Zenoide Chateauneuf and of course Louis and Leonida Bernard would of course be closely related to your father and it is almost certain that some of their probably numerous descendants would have old pictures that would be of great interest. So I'm keeping those names in mind..." (JMC August 11, 1994 p. 1)

Henry Bernard Jr. was fond of telling the story of his father's return to Quebec to visit family in about 1925, perhaps 30 years after his migration to the States. He said his Dad got off the train in Quebec and greeted his brother (who must have been Louis) in French. Louis responded, "this man cannot be my brother. He does not talk French!"

The family of Simon Blondeau and Adelaide Lacroix

IMPORTANT PRE-NOTE: The text following this note appears essentially as written in November, 2009. Among the 35 recipients of that initial draft (thought to be 'final' at the time), was Dr. Remi Roy, a 'cousin' in several family lines, but most especially related to the Collette family. His great-grandfather Philippe Collette, and my great-grandfather Octave Collette, were brothers.

Remi, who is life-long Canadian, grew up in Saskatchewan, lives in Montreal where he is a college teacher, is fluent in French and English, and has a long interest in family roots. Remi began filling in many blanks of Simon and Adelaide's history from her name to their geographic locations between marriage in Ontario and Dayton MN in a series of e-mails in December, 2009. At this moment, most of the data is 'bits and pieces', but for a future researcher, invaluable.

Among many things, Remi noticed the October 24, 1836, wedding document (below), and saw two names he recognized from previous researches: Jesse Legroie and Henriette Lagrois. People with these first names were part of the LaCroix family of Ile de Jesus, 10 miles from where Simon Blondeau was born (Pte Claire), and only a few miles from where Remi lives. So, as things now stand, and likely will continue to stand, Adelaide's maiden name was LaCroix (root name Langevin dit Lacroix), and her parents were Jean-Baptiste LaCroix and Theodore Bibeau. Their family tree is appended to this document. (A Louis Bibeau is listed as a farmer in the 1873 Dayton MN plat map, perhaps four miles from the Blondeau farm. Related?)

If, as expected, the LaCroix connection stands, the family roots can provably be traced, through French and then Nouvelle France ancestor Catherine Baillon, back to the famed Charlemagne (742-814), and also to William the Conqueror (1028-1087). It goes without saying that royal perquisites (and, happily) liabilities are limited some 38 generations downstream! Pertinent internet links include the following: <http://habitant.org/baillon/figure2.htm> and <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charlemagne> (**Catherine Baillon and Charlemagne**); and <http://www.englishmonarchs.co.uk/normans.htm> **William the Conqueror**

It is also coming to be known that this branch of the family (Blondeau/LaCroix/Langevin) was found in and around Ottawa, with evidences of their presence there as late as about 1850, not long before Simon and Adelaide appeared in Dayton Minnesota. Charles Blondeau, Clotilde's brother, was born in Ottawa. It is thus possible, perhaps likely, that the Ottawa, Ontario, area was the final Canadian home for the Blondeaus, before their move via an as yet unknown route to the United States and Minnesota Territory in the early 1850s.

It is also known that Adelaide's sister, Theodosie LaCroix, married Alexis Cloutier, and they were in what is now the Minneapolis area by 1845. In fact, it is Alexis Cloutier who vouches for Simon Blondeau, when Simon takes his homestead at neighboring Dayton in 1856. (See affidavit pp 79-80). This is possibly the main reason Simon and Adelaide moved to Dayton: family was already here. Theodosie is apparently buried in Osseo, not far from Dayton. This Alexis Cloutier is apparently related in some way to another Alexis Cloutier who is listed as one of the celebrated refugees from Red River Colony who became the nucleus of the new white settlement of what was to become Minneapolis and St. Paul prior to either town being established.

<http://www.telusplanet.net/public/dgarneau/metis37a.htm>

What follows below is most of the original (November 2009) text of my document, including a few amending notes, as it appeared before the December revelations of Remi Roy.

This is a family about which considerable information is available, but nonetheless remain a mostly great and intriguing mystery past and present. My suspicion is that, for the serious researcher, this family would make a great book.

Without any serious question, a branch of the Blondeau family was very prominent in trade in the interior of North America, and Simon was definitely part of the Voyageur branch of the family and may have benefitted from the entrepreneurial skills of some relatives, current or earlier. He was not himself a Voyageur - born too late in history for that - but he was certainly immersed in the Voyageur culture. At this point, relatively little is known about the life of Simon Blondeau or his wife, Adelaide, from their births in 1803 and about 1821 to their time in Minnesota, which began about 1851. It is quite certain that their world centered on the area including the west end of the island of Montreal, and the eastern portion of Ontario, especially including Ottawa, which in its earliest days was referred to as Bytown.

(An intriguing scrap of "evidence" appears on a Metis website, showing a "Simon Blondeau" born at Pembina River in 1827.

<http://metisnationdatabase.ualberta.ca/MNC/NWScrip.jsp?recordId=599&recordTypeRaw=0002NW>. This data could mean almost anything, including the possibility that our Simon was a Dad long before he officially married.... He would have been 24 at the time this mysterious Simon Blondeau was born at Pembina River. And this part of North America was in the territory established by his relative Maurice-Regis Blondeau earlier in time. Pembina River would not have been on "another planet" for our Simon Blondeau in 1827.) On the other hand, there may well be other Simon Blondeau's around by 1827, and this person is not related at all.

Related to this story might be another scrap, from a long-ago conversation with my Dad, who recalled a trip to Pembina, in his younger days, to visit an "Indian family". Pembina was perhaps a 50 miles trip from Grafton in those days, not a long trip, but

for the time around 1920, a significant journey. Who knows who they visited, or why?

Simon Blondeau and Adelaide Levroie (or Legroie, as another spelling has it, or now, most likely LACROIX) were married at the Parish of St. Raphaels in St. Raphael West, Ontario, October 24, 1836. He would have been 33 years old, she was perhaps 15. From extensive documentation provided by John Garney, whose grandmother Josephine was a younger sister of our great grandmother Clotilde, we have the Church history copy of the wedding document in 1836. Witnesses included "Blondeau, Lambert (son of deceased) [father], & of Genevieve Lacombe of this parish, Legroie, Jean-Baptiste (dau of) & of Theodore Balbequi also of this parish, present [father and mother of the bride], Antoine Dubois. Hubert Ferrand, Jessee Legroie, Henriette Lagrois. " As always, caution...and patience...is advised for any transcription of hand-written records.

Per Remi Roy, it is likely that "Legroie" is actually LaCroix and "Balbequi" is actually Bibeau. The speculation is that these were possibly native people of eastern Ontario. The names are unusual for French Canadians. **[As previously noted, it is believed that Legroie and Levroie are simply misspellings of the surname LaCroix ("dit" name for the descendants of Mathurin Langevin).]**

Between 1836 and about 1855 the Blondeau family records available to me remain scanty, and one is reduced to inferences about where they might have been and when, etc. Records probably exist, but where? **[Research might well concentrate on historical Ottawa, Ontario.]** Without any question, clues are likely found in the abundant historical residue of Simon's father, Lambert, his great uncle Maurice-Regis, whose story appears earlier in this paper, and Maurice Blondeau who was apparently in the present day Wisconsin-Illinois area early on. Most likely Blondeau's located at various places somewhere in the region between Montreal and Saskatchewan, perhaps even in the Red River area. Pte. Claire on Ile d'Montreal is a place on which I would focus my search **[as well as nearby St. Martin, Ile de Jesus. Ottawa of the 1836-55 period is also a prime research location.]**

It is not known what Simon's trade might have been pre-Minnesota. He was post-Voyageur, but family background and birthplace, Pte Claire, would have him immersed in the stories and lifestyle of those colorful people.

Neither is it known if he could write his name. Nov. 17, 1856, he signed with an "x" (Bounty land document following page 79); he may have signed for citizenship in October, 1857 (following page). Most likely his early background was laborer.

Another intriguing scrap of paper has our great grandmother Clotilde born in Quebec in the 1840s. If so, it would not be a long leap of logic to have her mother living with family in the voyageur embarking and returning town of Pointe Claire on

the west end of Ile de Montreal or the neighboring St. Martin Ile de Jesus. But at this moment I have no hard evidence of this, other than a strong possibility.

The Family:

Blondeau's were, apparently, a physically very strong family.

The 1857 and 1860 U.S. census has Blondeau's living in the area of Dayton MN, upriver from Minneapolis. The 1860 census shows, along with father and mother, 11 children, 7 of whom were born somewhere in Canada. As previously noted (page 38), one is inclined to be suspicious of the stated ages in the census documents, but one might have a little more confidence when it is stated in the 1860 census that 10 year old Delina was born in Canada and 8 year old Victoria was born in the U.S., leading to the inference that the family arrived somewhere in the United States about 1851. As previously noted (preceding page), Simon declared he arrived in the United States in 1855. (In the 1860 census, Clotilde is called Clarissa, and her age given as 13...one has to be very open-minded in dealing with "facts" in family history!)

Since railroad transportation did not move west until after 1860, and not until after 1870 did it have fairly broad coverage of Minnesota, the Blondeau's, with 7 children ranging from 14 to 1, had to have endured endless difficult times just getting from one place to another. Today, the shortest auto route from Ottawa to Dayton MN (via Sault Ste Marie MI) is 1033 miles. Via the long time port of entry, Detroit MI, the trip is 1221 miles. One can only wonder their route, their means of travel, and how long it took them....

There is something that appears to be remarkable about this particular family, evidenced by the early censuses beginning in 1857, through 1895. The age range of the children, spaced at about two years, suggests that every child of the family may have survived the numerous hazards of being born in an age where infant (and maternal) mortality was very high.

From the assorted census documents gathered by John Garney, it appears that the Blondeau's finally may have had a total of 14 children, 7 girls and 7 boys. The branches of the Blondeau children, excepting ours and the branch of John Garney, are largely unknown to the writer at this juncture. The last two children listed on the MN census may not have been their children. This is not known at this point.

The census documents themselves reveal many things, not the least of which are the problems that census takers have, and later interpreters of census documents experience in future years. The documents reveal a reality: in this case, subjects of the census who can't write, speak only French and have only a casual interest in or knowledge of their actual birth date, or even falsifying a known birth date for some

reason; then encountering census takers who cannot spell or write too well in the first place, likely speak only English, or grew up speaking some other language as German, and are reduced to interpreting what they think their subject said when asked their name.

For a single example, earlier in this history (page 38) is recited the assorted ages that Simon and Adelaide gave to census takers in the assorted years. Here's the apparent (legibility of the written records is not always the best) recorded name of Adelaide (Mrs. Simon) Blondeau in the respective census documents during her time in the U.S.:

1857 - Ida

1860 - Adeline

1865 - Ida

1870 - Lydia

1875 - Ida (shown as being 56 years old)

1880 - Hattie (shown as being 33, wife, "Keeps House" I initially asked myself, "is this a new wife?" The next census appears to settle the question.)

1885 - Hattie (shown as being 65)

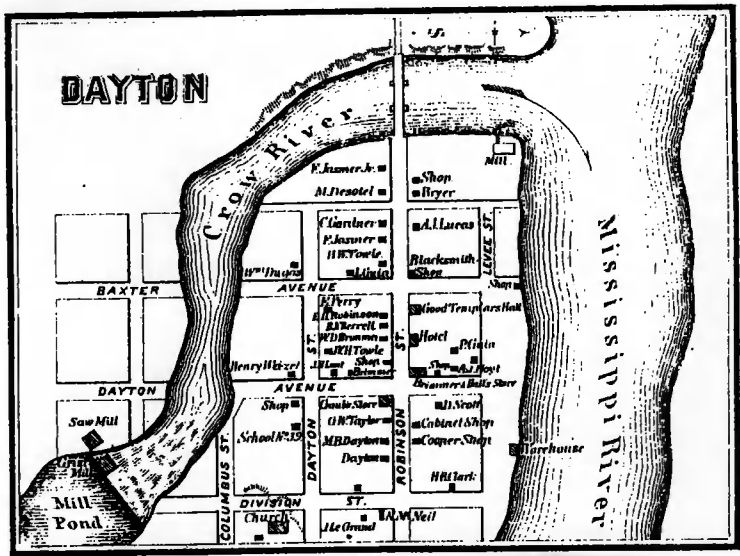
1895 - Hattie

All of these people are likely the same person. When one ventures into the names of the kids, the problem is the same, and sometimes worse: is the named child one of theirs, or one "taken in" after someone died or couldn't take care of them. Or might they be youthful workers living with them? One is reduced to making logical inferences about the people reflected on one census against those same people reflected on another. Nonetheless, documents like the census records, as with the church records, can and do "sing" the family story of most families.

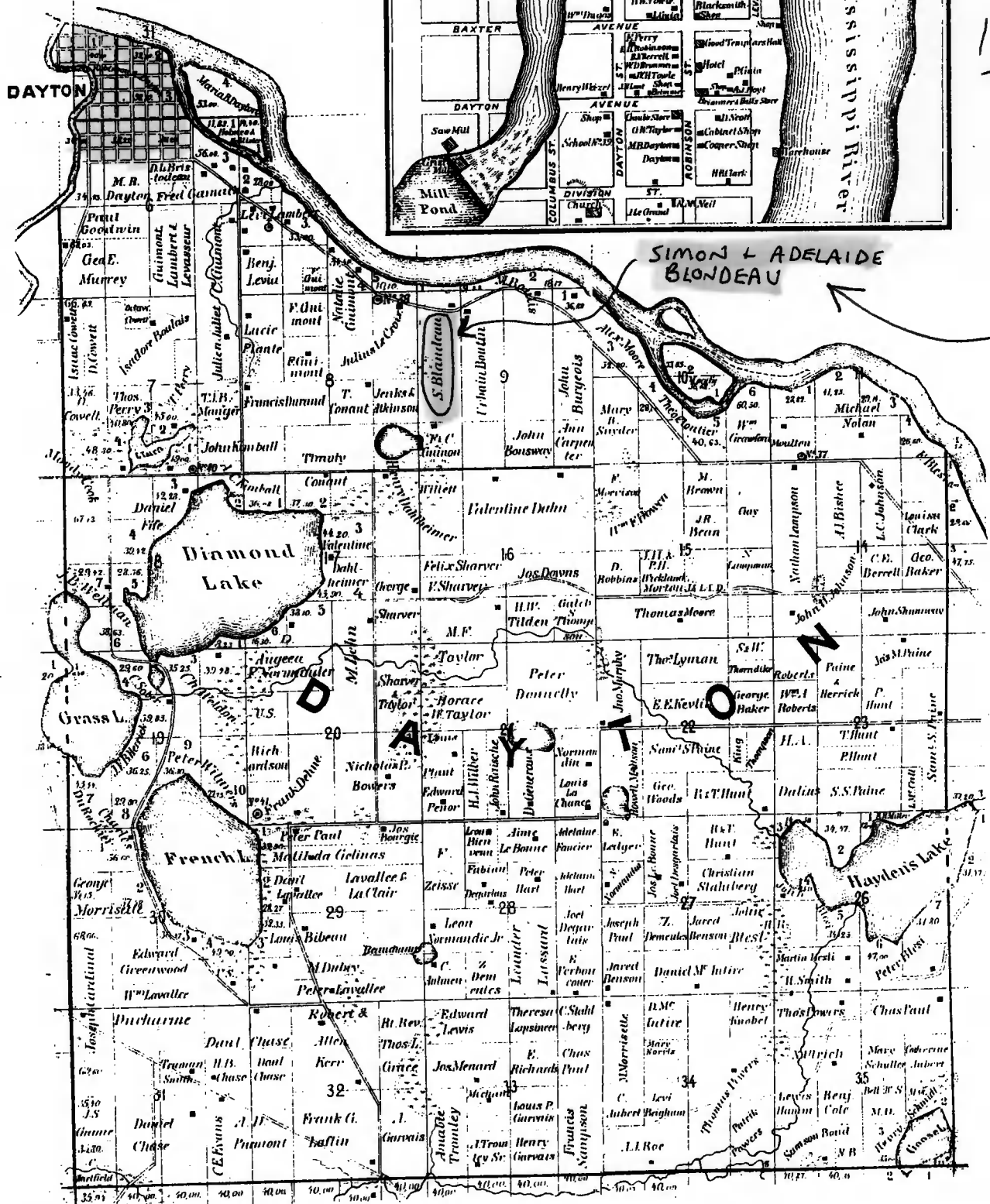
Here are some census records (all for the same location in Dayton MN - see plat map next page) of the family, as recorded by John Garney from census records in the 1990s. (John's grandmother was Josephine Blondeau, younger sister of Clotilde.) As noted, one needs to take some interpretative license with names, ages, etc. Few people would officially "exist" if rigid precision were required in interpreting handwritten documents before the time of transportable IDs!

1857 Census (Including Age/Sex/Where Born/Other Info)

Simon Blondeau	58/M/Canada/Naturalized Citizen
Ida (Adelaide) LaCroix	36/F/Canada/Naturalized Citizen
Simon	21/M/Canada
Alanamu (Oliver)	19/M/Canada
Charles	16/M/Canada
Philomine	12/F/Canada
Israel	10/M/Canada
Clarissa (Clotilde)*	8/F/Canada
Delina**	6/F/Canada
Victoria	3/F/Minnesota(?)***



1873



Josephine***** 1/F/Minnesota(?)

* - later Clotilde Collette, Henry Bernard's grandmother

** - John Garney in a July 25, 1999 letter, notes a marriage of Celina Blondeau to Jaorique Gagnier at St. Anthony, Minneapolis. Quite possibly this is Delina.

*** - in 1857 census both Victoria and Josephine are claimed to have been born in Canada; in the 1860 census, in Minnesota.

**** - Later marries Godfrey Garney, John Garney's grandfather (see 1875 note below).

Additions/Deletions in 1860 Census

Mary 2/F/Minnesota (addition)

Tearous 1/F/Minnesota (addition)

In John Garney's notes from the late 1990's is revealed some tantalizing census data about the early Blondeau farm: *"On the 1860 Agricultural Census, Simon had 35 improved acres and 85 unimproved acres; the cash value of his farm was \$700; the value of his farming implements and machinery was \$10; one horse, two mulch cows, three other cattle, 24 pigs, value of livestock was \$200. Produced 100 bushels of wheat, 200 bushels of Indian corn, 250 bushels of oats, 150 bushels of potatoes; 160 pounds of butter, 17 tons of hay, 400 pounds of maple sugar, 50 gallons of molasses, and the value of the animals slaughtered was \$65."*

The 1865 census is very sketchy, with only minimal information. Simon and Ida are listed first among 11 in the household. No ages or other data is listed.

Addition/Deletions in 1870 Census

Simon (Jr) not shown

Oliver not shown

Charles not shown - may have been in Lakeville Dakota Co MN

Israel not shown

Clotilde not shown (married Octave Collette in July, 1869)

Mary (?) 10 [Josephine ?]

Frank 8/M/Minnesota

In 1870, the census records a real estate value of \$3500.

Mr. Blondeau was quite certainly an industrious farmer.

Additions/Deletions in 1875 Census

Israel [returns ?] 28

George 11/M/Minnesota [from some other family ?, but see 1910, below]

Dileline 7/M/Minnesota [from some other family ?]

Godfrey Gonier, aged 24/Canada, is now apparently married to Josephine Blondeau, now 18, and they have a newborn daughter Mary. They apparently live near the Blondeaus, perhaps on the same farm (location 28, Blondeau's at 27).

In the 1880 census, Israel Frank, George and Tessay work at farm or home; Josephine and Godfrey Garney and their three children Mary, Samual and Jennie, 6, 3 and 9 months, also live at the home. Simon and "Hattie" presumably Adelaide, but here listed as only 33 years old - a pretty obvious mistake - are listed first, and he is listed as a retired farmer.

By 1885, Simon has died (1882), and the occupants are similar to 1880; ditto for 1895.

In the 1900 census, after both Simon and Adelaide have died, Francis, Philamine and George Blondeau remain on the farm, apparently none have married.

In the 1910 census, Philamine and George Blondo remain in the village of Dayton. According to John Garney's notes "looks like she owned house". Were Philamine and George brother and sister? ANECDOTE: in the time of my earliest research, circa 1982, I had a friend who lived in the town of Dayton. He noted a story from someone he knew who remembered a woman named Blondeau who smoked cigars. In John Garney's research, family members were cigar makers in Minneapolis in those times. Related?

Simon Blondeau died May 14, 1882, in Dayton. He would have been about 79. Adelaide died in Minneapolis at the Little Sisters of the Poor at 215 NE Broadway, on May 6, 1898. She would have been about 77, if born in 1821, as believed. For her, her last home would have been a true homecoming. At least one of her children, Mary Victorine, was baptized December 24, 1854, and her daughter Clotilde married Octave Collette in July, 1869 at, St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church, two short blocks south of where she died. (See additional information in paragraph above "The Blondeau farm" below).

(For a virtual tour of the original St. Anthony, go to www.mapquest.com, enter 215 Northeast Broadway, Minneapolis, and go to aerial view, and zoom in. The star is at the former Little Sisters of the Poor facility, now apartments. Scroll two short blocks south to the corner of Main and 8th, and you'll see St. Anthony of Padua Church, 813 Main Street NE, Minneapolis, on the site of the 1850s and 60s church. Go down Main Street, St. Anthony's original, about one mile, and you'll see the famous St. Anthony Falls, central to the history of Minneapolis. Go slightly to the west, across the Mississippi River, to the present day intersection of Broadway and Washington Avenue N. At this place, at about the same time as Clotilde died, her grandchildren, my grandma Josephine, and her brother Arcidas, had their photo taken in a studio. That picture is the signature photo at the top of www.chez-nous.net/fc.html. While the photo is hand-dated as 1899, could it have been taken when they were down for Adelaide's funeral a mile or so away? A family handwritten document, reprinted in this history, which appears to precede 1900 shows Adelaide as dying in May, 1897...the discrepancies are normal.)

The Blondeau Farm:

Intriguing about the Blondeau family is the plot of land which they owned and farmed for many years, just a few miles downriver from present day Dayton MN. This was a farm fronting on the Mississippi River. Even at the beginning in the early 1850s it had significant value. According to John Garney in an October 6, 1998, letter, the address of the property today would be 15521 Dayton River Road, Dayton. It is bounded on one side by the Mississippi River; on another by Vicksburg Lane. It was a 120 acre parcel. Viewing it on Mapquest, it would appear to be the rectangular patch that is bordered by trees and has Vicksburg Lane N on the west side. If one scrolls on this aerial map about two miles or so northwest, the village of Dayton MN can be seen. The Church and cemetery, both very familiar to the Collette line, are on Division Street, just past Brockton.

Five miles or so in the other direction along the river is Champlain-Anoka. When I moved to the twin cities in 1965 son Tom and my first address was 1615 S. Ferry Street, Anoka, one block from the river at the Mississippi Bridge. At that time, and for many years later, I didn't realize two of my root families had settled, over 100 years earlier, just a few miles away, up the Mississippi River.

Simon declared for U.S. citizenship in 1857, declaring that he had entered the United States in May of 1855 (facing page 75). Of course, the previous recitation from the census concerning where the children were born indicates that they were probably somewhere in the United States some years before 1853. I guess this would have made them illegal aliens....

On January 18, 1995, Jean-Marc Charron - or was it John Garney? - sent some very interesting documents relating to Simon Blondeau's acquisition of his property in Dayton MN in 1859, which commenced with his becoming a citizen in 1857, and was preceded by a claim for 120 acres of land in 1856.

In the manner of the time, Simon gets his land by first occupying and then developing it. On November 17, 1856, at the Land Office in Minneapolis MN, his witness, likely his brother-in-law Alexis Cloutier, helped Blondeau prove up his claim, stating as follows:

"Alexis Cloutier a witness of lawful age being duly sworn deposed and says, I reside in Hennepin Co Min. Ter. And am well acquainted with Simon Blondeau, the applicant. He is a married man and has a family consisting of a wife and eight children. He is residing with his family on his claim to wit; the W ½ NW ¼ & N W ¼ SW1/4 of Section 9, Town 120 Range 22 West, upon which he commenced on the eighth day of September 1856, to make a settlement, by clearing away a piece of land on said claim and cutting logs. Since that date he has erected a house 34x16 feet in size, it has a double pitch board roof, two rooms, 2 doors, 5 windows of glass.

2

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Office of the Commissioner of Patents.

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED,

that under the Act of March 3rd 1875, entitled "An Act in addition to certain Acts granting Brevets of Patents to Officers and Soldiers who have been engaged in **THE MILITARY SERVICE** of the United States,"

Richard C. DeJoy, *has* served in the name of
Richard C. DeJoy, Private,
Captain **120** *Company*
New York Militia, *formed* 1812

is entitled to locate One Hundred and Twenty Acres at any land office of the United States
in conformity to the said subdivisions of
the same, and in conformity to the said Act, subject to said other
provisions of said Act, given under my hand
and the Great Seal of the United States, the 30th day of August 1885.

D. Tuttle, No. 85, 511 *St. Paul* *St. Paul* Acting Commissioner

REGISTERED

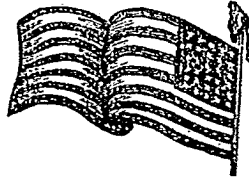
REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

(Note) You can locate this Certificate at any of the United States Land Offices, and will be lent for you by the nearest Land Office on the return of it, with your request to that office endorsed thereon, specifying the State and Land District in which you wish the location made. If you locate it, fill up and sign the following application:

To the Register of the Land Office _____ I locate this Certificate in the _____ Quarter of section _____
in Township _____ of Range _____
at _____ West _____ Register

MILITARY BOUNTY LAND ACT OF MARCH 3, 1855.

LAND WARRANT, }
No. 85,511.



{ Register and Receiver's
No. 577

Land Office, Minneapolis Min. Ter. Nov 17th 1856.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the attached Military Bounty Land Warrant, No. 85-511 was on this day received at this Office, from Simon Blondeau of Hennepin county, State of Min. Ter.

And as Register.

R. Russell Receiver.

I, Simon Blondeau

of Hennepin county, State of

Min. Ter hereby apply to locate and do locate the West half of the North West 2^d North West 1/4 South West quarter

of Section No. Nine in Township No. One hundred twenty of Range No.

Twenty three in the District of Lands subject to sale at the Land Office at containing One hundred twenty acres, in satisfac-

tion of the attached Warrant numbered 85,511 issued under the act of March 3, 1855.

Witness my hand this Seventeenth day of November A. D. 1856.

Attest:

And as Register.

R. Russell Receiver.

his
Simon Blondeau
Mark.

SAMUEL'S
MARK.

I request the Patent to be sent to

Land Office, Minneapolis Min. Ter. Nov 17th 1856.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the above location is correct, being in accordance with law and instructions.

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, In pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved March 3, 1855, entitled an "An Act in addition to certain Acts granting Bounty Land to certain Officers and Soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States," there has been deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE, Warrant No. 45, 511 for 120 acres in favor of Richard E. DeKay who served in the Name of Richard E. DeKay, Private, Captain Gales Company, New York Militia, War 1812

with evidence that the same has been duly located upon the West half of the North West quarter and the North West quarter of the South West quarter of Section Nine in Township one hundred and Twenty of Range Twenty Two in the District of Lands formerly subject to sale at Minneapolis now Forest City Minnesota containing one hundred and Twenty acres

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of said Lands returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the SURVEYOR GENERAL the said Warrant having been assigned by the said Richard E. DeKay to Simon Blandean in whose favor said Tract has been located

NOW KNOW YE, That there is therefore granted by the UNITED STATES unto the said Simon Blandean as assignee as aforesaid and to his heirs

the tract of Land above described: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said tract of Land with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Simon Blandean as assignee as aforesaid and to his

heirs and assigns forever.

In testimony whereof, I, James Buchanan
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, have caused these Letters to be made Patent, and the SEAL OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand, at the CITY OF WASHINGTON, the First day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Fifty nine, and of the INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES the Eighty fourth



87c

2019

He has further improved said tract by cleaning away about 12 acres and fencing the same, and raised about 200 bushels of potatoes thereon. He has built a shed about 12 feet square.

He did not leave a residence on his own land in this territory to make said settlement. I have no interest whatever in the result of this application."

Alexis Cloutier
17th day of November 1856

The fascinating document, Blondeaus land grant, which I would think deserves further research, is an official United States of America document, signed by an agent of President James Buchanan, partially in printed "boilerplate" and partially handwritten, which says in relevant part the following:

"WHEREAS, In pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved March 3, 1855, entitled an "An Act in addition to certain Acts granting Bounty Land to certain Officers and Solders who have been engaged in the military service of the United States," there has been deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE, Warrant No. 85,511 for 120 acres, in favor of Richard C DeKay who serviced in the name of Richard C Decay, Private, Captain Gales Company, New York Militia, War 1812.

With evidence that the same has been duly located upon the West half of the North West quarter and the North West quarter of the South West quarter of Section nine in Township one hundred and Twenty of Range Twenty Two in the District of lands formerly subject to sale at Minneapolis now Forest City [later Dayton] Minnesota containing one hundred and twenty acres.

According to the Official Plat of the Survey of said Lands returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the SURVEYOR GENERAL the said Warrant having been assigned by the said Richard C. DeKay to Simon Blondeau in whose favor said Tract has been located.

NOW KNOW YE, That there is therefore granted by the UNITED STATES unto the said Simon Blondeau as assignee as aforesaid and to his heirs the tract of Land above described: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said tract of Land with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Simon Blondeau as assignee as aforesaid and to his heirs and assigns forever.

/signed/ James Buchanan, President of the United States of America, first day of November in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and Fifty Nine, and of the Independence of the United States the Eighty fourth...."

Like so much in ordinary family history, documents like this one raise innumerable additional questions. I ask myself, for instance, how does Simon Blondeau come into possession of land in Minnesota apparently owned by a New York Private in the War of 1812, long before there was such an entity as Minnesota? How did the Private

Territory of Minnesota

District Court, 2d District, Hennepin County.

SS.

I, *Simon Blond* do

hereby, upon my oath, declare that I first arrived in the United States on or about the
19 day of *May*, in the year *1853*, and that I have ever since that

time continued to reside in the United States, and that it is bona fide my intention to become a
citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity which I in any
wise owe to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty, and particularly all allegiance
and fidelity which I owe to the *Victoria Queen of England*

..... of whom I have heretofore been a subject

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this
13 day of *Oct* 185 } ss.

Simon Blond

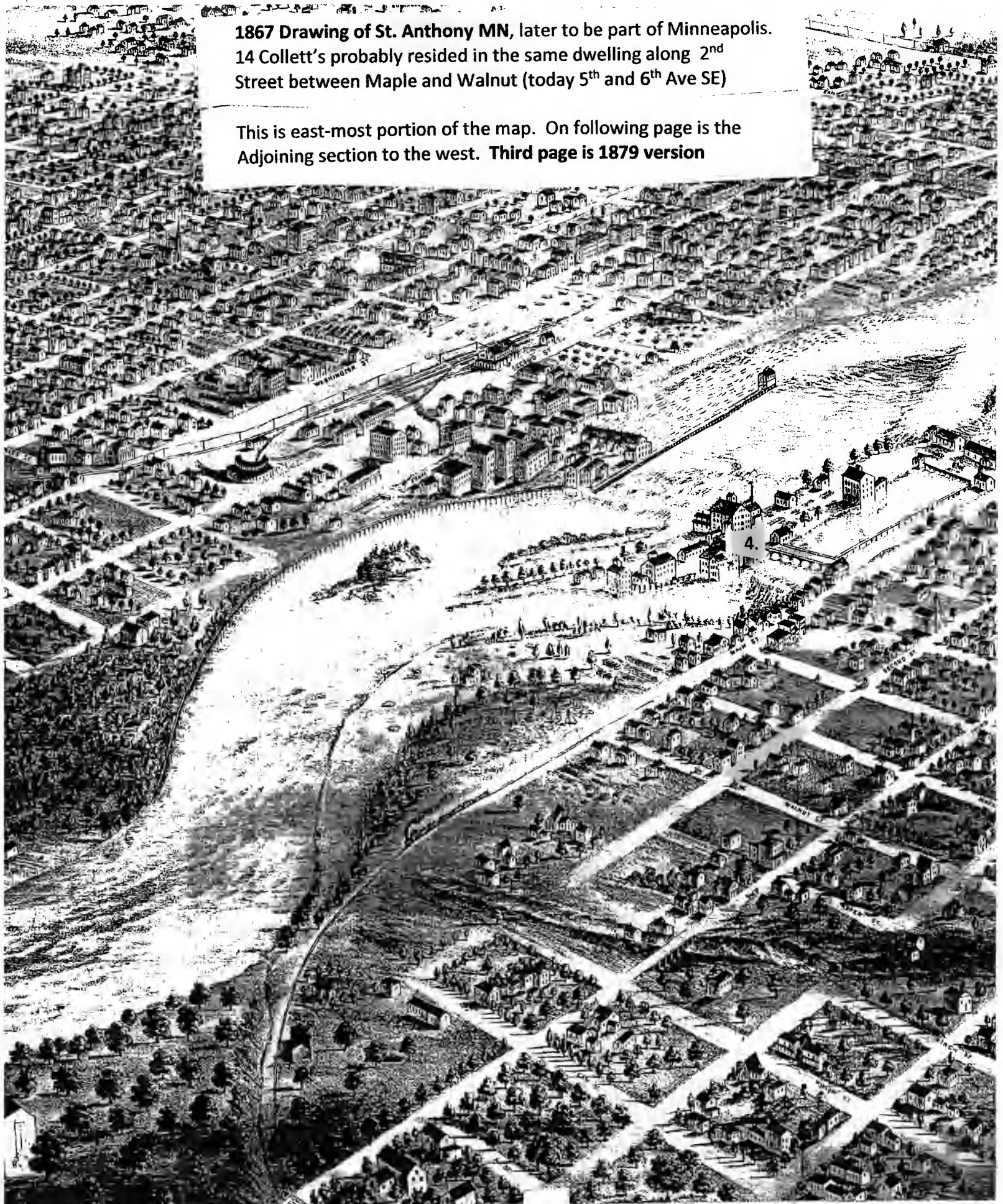
W. C. ... Clerk of said Court.

W. C. ...
by M. B. Cornell
Dep

come to own the land? Was he alive when it was transferred to Blondeau? A quick internet search comes up with a tantalizing possibility.
http://dunhamwilcox.net/bios/clinton_bios.htm. Scroll down to the reference to Dr. Samuel Gale. It simply raises even more questions, but suggests that we may not be talking about the War of 1812....

1867 Drawing of St. Anthony MN, later to be part of Minneapolis.
 14 Collett's probably resided in the same dwelling along 2nd Street between Maple and Walnut (today 5th and 6th Ave SE)

This is east-most portion of the map. On following page is the Adjoining section to the west. Third page is 1879 version



Chicago Lithographing Company 152 A 1/2 Clark St

81a

References to Minneapolis

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Court House | 3. Episcopal | } Church |
| 2. Union School House | 9. St. Marks Chapel | |
| 3. Minnesota Central RR Depot | 10. 1 st Presbyterian | |
| 4. Pacific RR Depot | 11. Westminster Presbyterian | |
| 5. Congregational | 12. 1 st Evangelical | |
| 6. Union Baptist | 13. Methodist | |

MINNEAPOLIS



Numbered places:

1. St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church (Where Octave Collette and Clotilde Blondeau wed in 1868.
2. Unitarian Universalist (in 1877 became Our Lady of Lourdes)
3. Nicollet Island and Hennepin Avenue Bridge
4. Likely site of Paper Mill where several Collet's worked
5. Winslow House Hotel
6. First building of University of Minnesota

81b

References to St. Anthony

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------|------------|
| 13. State University | 20. Catholic | } Churches |
| 16. Union School | 21. Presbyterian | |
| 17. Lucile B. Depot | 22. Methodist | |
| 18. Episcopal | 23. Universalist | |
| | | |

Drawn by A.R.

SAINT ANTHONY

MAP OF ST. ANTHONY

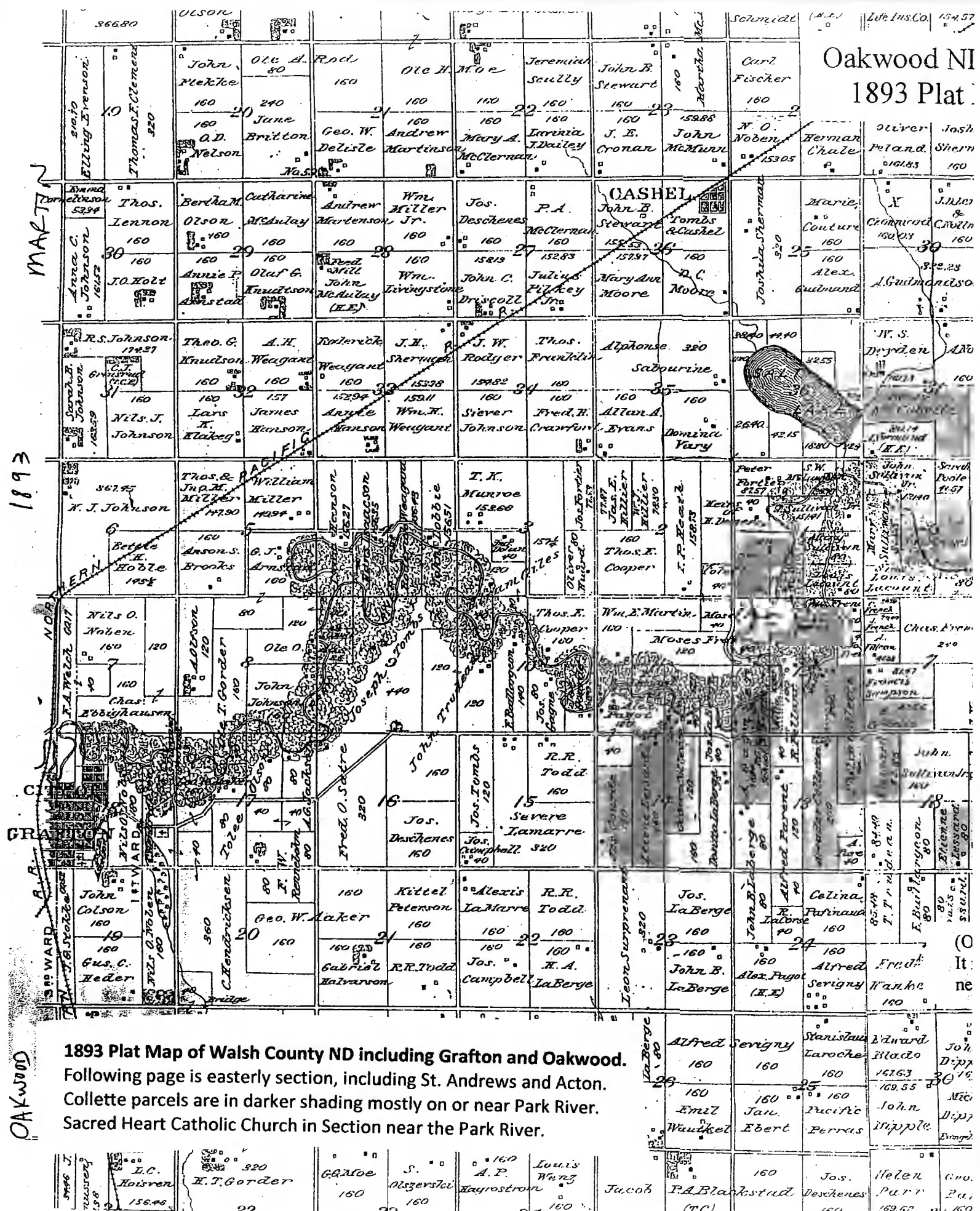


Most likely home for Collett's
 In St. Anthony days in Block 33 or 52
 On Second, between Maple and Walnut
 (Present Day: 2nd between 5th and 6th)

81c

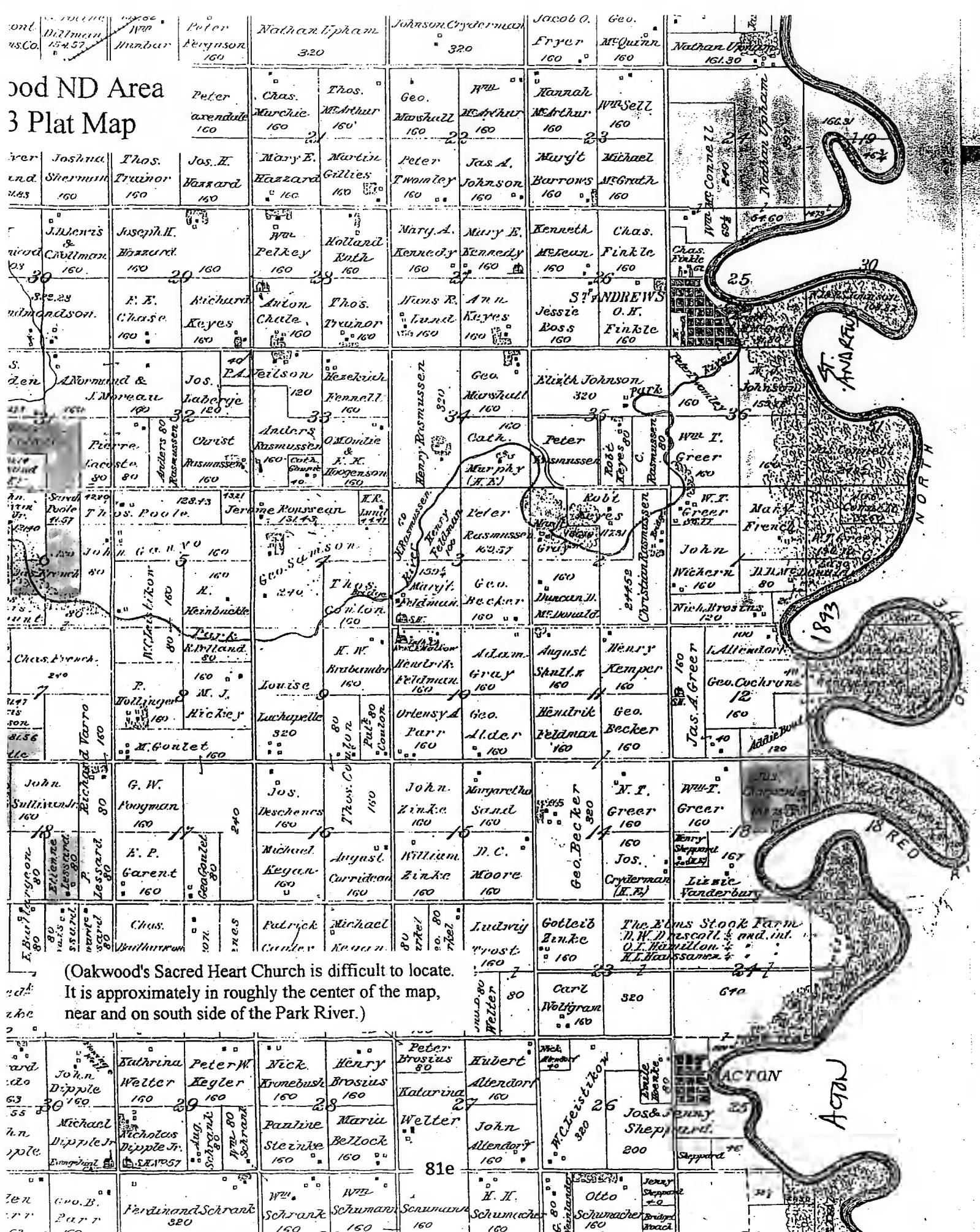
State University

Oakwood NI 1893 Plat



1893 Plat Map of Walsh County ND including Grafton and Oakwood.
 Following page is easterly section, including St. Andrews and Acton.
 Collette parcels are in darker shading mostly on or near Park River.
 Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Section near the Park River.

Wood ND Area 3 Plat Map



(Oakwood's Sacred Heart Church is difficult to locate. It is approximately in roughly the center of the map, near and on south side of the Park River.)

81e

Octave Collette and Clotilde Blondeau, and the Collette's, make the move from St. Anthony, to Dayton, to North Dakota and then (for some) to Manitoba and beyond.

White settlement begins in to-be Walsh County ND: Beginning in 1878, four years prior to the founding Grafton, members of the Collette family began settling on the prairie land along the Park River a few miles east of the land that was to become Grafton.

How the Country Appeared: In 1883, Henry A. Ball came to the newly established Grafton and set up shop as a photographer. About 1888, J. O. Rindahl came to town and became an associate and then a partner of Mr. Ball. Per the Grafton Centennial History, 1982, pp 202-203, Ball, and Rindahl, documented the Collette and many other families. At some point, Hugo Kutz, a Grafton businessman, and good friend of Henry Bernard Sr., purchased the Ball and Rindahl building and within were found many unidentified photos including the below, which was found and retouched by Hugo's son, Tom Kutz.



The Age of Progression

The following list is the result of information received from the old settlers of the community who have given us the full benefit of their reminiscences but cannot certify to its perfect accuracy as no record of this kind has been kept by any one of them. The list includes the names of all Catholic settlers from far and near who attended the religious services in the Sacred Heart chapel of the Park River mission during the first twenty years of the existence of the settlement.

- 1878 Joseph Charpentier, John Brunelle, William Brunelle, Joseph Brunelle, Thomas Barnabe, Octave Collette, Philippe Collette, Ovide Collette, Jean Baptiste Trudeau, Pierre Lachapelle, Theodore Huard, Benoni Brunelle, Ferdinand LaRoche, Antoine Girard, Honore Savard, George Barnabe, Albert Barnabe, Theodules Collette, Joseph Deschenes.
- 1879 Edouard LaBerge, Dosithee LaBerge, Joseph LaBerge, Jean Baptiste LaBerge, Etienne Lessard, Philius Lessard, Louis Lessard, Joseph Lessard, John Sullivan, Sr., John Sullivan, Jr., Mark Sullivan, Urbain Boutin, Alfred Boutin, John Boutin, Francois Boutin, Arcadius Collette, Stanislas Lachapelle, Moise Vary, Domina Vary, Philius Vary, Moise Labonte, Joseph Collette, Alfred Collette, Cyrille Patenaude, Emile French, Victor French, Leon Surprenant, Joseph Parent, Joseph Pellant, Raymond Pellant, Thomas Poole, Joseph Poole, Francois Desautels, D. Desautels, Guillaume Boivin, Marjorique Goulet, John Donnelly, Bernard Donnelly, Jean Baptiste Bourcier, Henry McLernan, Michel Charponneau.
- 1880 Stanislas LaRoche, Pierre Lacoste, Achille Garant, Emile Garant, Benoni Bolduc, Joseph Campbell, Arsene Campbell, Oswald Campbell, Leonce Couture, Alphonse Sabourin, Alfred Parent, Ernest Soucy, Pierre Fortier, Alexis LaMarre, Alfred Sevigny, Bernard Faille, Pierre Faille, Francois Xavier Demers, Dieudonne Demers, Cornelius Daley, James Bradford, Louis Bradford, John Bolduc, Basile Bellegrade, James Daley.
- 1881 Dr. A. Loranger, Charles French, Antoine Filteau, Alfred Filteau, Patrick Conlon, Thomas Conlon, Thomas Walsh, Joseph J. Huard, Calixte Laframboise, Theodore Carriere, Joseph Demers, Eugene Baillargeon, Henri Sevigny, Cyrille Dumontet, John Lacey, John McCullum, George Myers, Regis Boucher, George Cochrane, J. MacDonald, John Kelly, John Murphy, P. J. Murphy, Alexis Gagner, John Smith.
- 1882 Eustache French, Cyprien French, Joseph French, Andre French, Alcide French, Wilfred Campbell, Moise Giroux, Michael Burke, Joseph Samson, Honore LeBlanc, Jules LeBlanc, David LeBlanc, Michael Keegan, Richard Verreau, Auguste Huard, Oliver Pilon.
- 1883 Hermas Chales, Narcisse Duquette, Oliver Allard, Francois Samson, J. Desrosiers, Michael Hickey, Levy Gagnon.
- 1884 Auguste Corriveau, William Collette, Hugh Kelly, Gabriel Raymond, Emile Guerin, Thomas Kyes, Benjamin Bouvet.
- 1885 John Altendorf, Xavier Chouinard, Remi Gelinas, Nicholas Welter, John Kennedy.
- 1886 Dr. P. U. LaBerge, Emmanuel Lefebvre, Severe LaMarre, Francois LaMarre, Wilfred LaMarre, Antoine Chales, Moise Boutiller, John Krier, Joseph Moreau, D. Cahil, Pacific Perras, Remi Lacourse, Owen Duffy, Raymond Bouvet, Auguste Normand.
- 1887 Alexandre Kerouack, John Schumann, Patrick Hollenger, Jeremie Gelinas, Jerome Rousseau, Joseph Maurice, Jacob Wentz, Thomas McKenzie, Abraham Pilon, Julien Pelletier, Andrew Harrington, John Poole, Basille Yelle, Louis Grandbois, Alderic Dumontet.
- 1888 Alexandre Pageotte, Joseph Pageotte, Alphonse Pageotte, Louis Pageotte, Joseph Gourde, Sr., Joseph Gourde, Jr., Domicile Gourde, Alphonse Gourde, Georges Samson, Thomas Samson, Theotime Gagnon, Idola Vary, Georges Goulet, Emile Ethier, Charles Bessette, Joseph Bernard, Eugene Rheume.
- 1889 Georges Delisle, Amabel Hebert, Philip Jacob, Mederic Lefebvre.
- 1890 Louis Lacoste, Simon Trudeau, Narcisse LeBlanc, Joseph Montpetit.
- 1891 J. C. Deschenes, Joseph Bouchard, Louis Bilodeau.
- 1892 Patrick Gallagher, Farigal Gallagher, Alfred LeClerc, Benoni Garant, Wilfred Laframboise.
- 1893 George Lamontagne, Simon Belanger, Louis Trost, H. Brosius, Hubert Hebert, M. Martin, Louis Lecompte, Carolus Bastien, Gustave Bastien, Honore Bastien, Peter Brosius, Nelson LeBlanc, Alfred Champagne, Victor Dumontet.
- 1896 William Durand, Stephen Kiley, Joseph McAuliffe, John Dolan.
- 1897 Edouard Lafreniere.



From
Centennial History of
Sacred Heart Parish
Oakwood ND
1981

Settlers to
Oakwood ND
Sacred Heart
Parish
1878-1897
(Number in
parentheses is
number of people
with same
surname. If no,
number, only one
name recorded)

1878-1879

Barnabe (3)
Boivin
Bourcier
Boutin (4)
Brunelle (4)
Charpentier
Charponneau
Collette (7)
Desautels (2)
Deschenes
Donnelly (2)
French (2)
Girard
Goulet
Huard
LaBerge (4)
LaBonte
Lachapelle (2)
LaRoche
Lessard (4)
McLernan
Parent
Patenaude
Pellant (2)
Poole (2)
Savard
Sullivan (3)
Suprenant
Savard
Trudeau
Vary (3)

1880-1885

Allard
Altendorf
Baillargeon
Bellgrade
Bolduc (2)
Boucher
Bouvet
Bradford (2)
Burke
Campbell (4)
Carriere
Chales
Chouinard
Cochrane
Collette
Conlon (2)
Corriveau
Couture
Daley (2)
Demers(3)
Desrosiers
Dumontet
Duquette
Faille (2)
Filteau (2)
Fortier
French (6)
Gagner
Gagnon
Garant (2)
Gelinas
Giroux
Guerin
Hickey
Huard (2)
Keegan
Kelly (2)
Kennedy
Kyes
Lacey
LaCoste
Laframboise
LaMarre
La Roche
LeBlanc (3)
Loranger
MacDonald
McCullum
Murphy (2)
Myers
Parent
Pilon
Raymond
Sabourin
Samson (2)
Sevigny (2)
Smith
Soucy
Verreau
Walsh
Welter

1886-1897

Bastien (3)
Bellanger
Bernard
Bessette
Bilodeau
Bouchard
Boutillea
Bouvet
Brosius (2)
Cahil
Chales
Champagne
Delisle
Deschenes
Dolan
Duffy
Dumontet (2)
Durand
Ethier
Gagnon
Garant
Gallagher (2)
Gelinas
Goulet
Gourde (4)
Grandbois
Harrington
Hebert (2)
Hollenger
Jacob
Kerouack
Krier
LaBerge
Lacoste
Lacourse
Laframboise
Lafreniere
LaMarre (3)
LaMontagne
LeBlanc (2)
LeClerc
LeCompte
Lefebvre (2)
Martin
Maurice
McAuliffe
McKenzie
Montpetit
Moreau
Normand
Pageotte (4)
Pelletier
Perras
Pilon
Poole
Rheaume
Riley
Rousseau
Samson (2)
Schumann
Trost

Trudeau

Vary
Wentz
Yelle

Names from
List on
Preceding Page

Surnames

mentioned four or
more times 1878-

1897

Collette (8)
French (8)
LaBerge (5)
LeBlanc (5)
Boutin (4)
Brunelle (4)
Campbell (4)
LaMarre (4)
Lessard (4)
Pageotte (4)
Samson (4)
Vary (4)

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA, DISTRICT COURT.
County of Grand Forks: *November* Term, 1890
In the matter of the application of *Ferdinand Savely* to become a
Citizen of the United States *Joseph Charpentier* and *Philippe Collette*
I, *Joseph Charpentier*, do depose and say, each for himself, that he is well acquainted with the above
named *Ferdinand Savely*, that he has resided within the limits and
under the jurisdiction of the United States for five years last past, and for one year last past within
State of North Dakota, and that during the same period he has behaved self as a man
of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and
disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.
Subscribed and sworn to in open Court, this *1st* day of *November* 1890
By *Joseph Charpentier* Clerk
Philippe Collette
J. Stinson Deputy.

The above document is of particular interest since it bears the signatures of Philippe Collette and Joseph Charpentier and is dated November 1, 1890.

Joseph Charpentier is credited with being the first settler of Oakwood, and it is on his land that the current Parish and Cemetery, and, previously, St. Aloysius Academy are/were found.

This is how Mr. Charpentier is described at page 23 of the 1981 Centennial History of Sacred Heart Parish: **"One person more than all the others does deserve special mention here. He was the first resident settler and donated the property for Sacred Heart Church and the St. Aloysius Academy That man was Joseph Charpentier, who had come with his family in April, 1878, His remains lie in the Sacred Heart Cemetery. Upon his grave can be seen a memorial with a marble plate bearing this inscription: "IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH CHARPENTIER BORN MAY 1, 1838 DIED AUGUST 20, 1926 DONATED SACRED HEART CHURCH PROPERTY MARCH 30, 1881 R.I.P."**

Despite his obvious position of esteem in the Parish, little else appears to be known or available about his family or his later life. In the 1893 Oakwood area Plat Map preceding page 82, there is reference to a Jos Charpentier farm at the Red River about two miles north of Acton. Perhaps this is Oakwood's Charpentier?

No identification of this photo exists, but it is almost certainly a couple of adjoining homesteads in northeast ND, both likely on the banks of a stream, probably dating from the early 1880s. Regardless of who the inhabitants were, the photograph dramatically evokes the primitive conditions faced by the new settlers to the Dakota Territory prairie. The places in the photo were probably built before the railroad came to the area, making lumber for frame houses more accessible. This is, in short, what the rural countryside probably looked like when Collette's came to Oakwood.

A vivid word picture of the major land rush into this prairie land was published in "**A History of the Red River Valley, Past and Present**" (Herald Printing, Grand Forks ND, 1909): *"The year 1878 brought the first settlers to the vicinity of Grafton. Quite a number located along the borders of the picturesque Park River, for a distance of twenty miles west from the Red River, during that year. Most of their claims were for 160 acres, and generally in the form of a rectangle one mile in length and one-fourth of a mile in breadth, and a portion of each claim consisting of timber land bordering on the river. The "prairie" land was at that time considered of little value...During the following winter, on February 11, 1879, Thomas E. Cooper, having during the previous summer visited this point and selected a claim, arrived with his family and, in a small log building of decidedly primitive appearance, "settled" on the site of the present city of Grafton. During the year of 1879 there were a number of accessions to the ranks of settlers along the Park River, but there were none who cared to brave the hardships of living on the "dreary open prairie." These pioneers were nearly all then without means...They were obliged to haul their first crops to Grand Forks or Pembina [each 30-40 overland miles away] to find a market, and ox teams were usually the mode of conveyance. During the long winters they were practically shut off from communication with the outside world...Mr. Driscoll [in 1909, North Dakota's state treasurer] recalling a trip he made on foot from Acton through this section in December, 1879, says: "It was at that time a decidedly dreary landscape. There were but very few settlers then within miles of the present city of Grafton, and these were living along the river. There was not a single house to be seen on the prairie in any direction nor any sign of human habitation. I remember meeting [a few residents], all living in log houses 'in the timber.' No one had any idea at that time that the prairie land would be settled for many years, if ever.*

Two years later there was not a desirable quarter section within miles which had not been taken. I never saw such a rush as there was during [18]80 and '81."

The Collette family grows and migrates.

Note: At pages 62-66 is a history of preceding generations. At the end of this chapter (pp 119-133) is a fairly complete genealogy of Generation 6 of Collettes (the adults who first moved to ND) and Generation 7 (their children); and a partial genealogy of Generation 8.

The Collette's of the late 1800s, the Collet's who moved to St. Anthony in the 1860s; then to Dayton MN (mid 1870s); then North Dakota (1878 and on); **(cont. p. 84)**

Too late to make the cut for this book, but much too interesting to leave out, is this description of northeast ND in the early 1880s. This was submitted by Rene Collette, whose wife of 63 years is Lillian Sando. In addition, Lillian's sister, Lorraine, married Joseph Bernard's grandson, Vernon, (p. 150) so the family ties to this book are close. (Nonetheless, the author cannot help but refer readers to the quote about Norwegians and Indians at page 135!)

Descendants of Sando

Generation No. 1

1. SANDO¹ was born in Hallingdal, Norway. He married MOTHER SANDO in Norway. She was born in Hallingdal, Norway, and died Aft. 1881 in ND.

Children of SANDO and MOTHER SANDO are:

2. i. NELS² SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.
- ii. ERICK SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.
- iii. ALBERT SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.
- iv. OLE SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.
3. v. HALVOR SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.
- vi. OLAF SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.
- vii. DAUGHTER SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.
- viii. DAUGHTER SANDO, b. Hallingdal, Norway.

Generation No. 2

2. NELS² SANDO (*SANDO*¹) was born in Hallingdal, Norway. He married CHRISTINE JENSEN 1890.

Notes for NELS SANDO:

History-Pgs. 205-206, Walsh Heritage, Vol. II, publ. 1976.

NELS SANDO

In the spring of 1881 the entire country between Grafton and Grand Forks was practically a lake, with a dot here and there, which on investigation were found to be gopher mounds, said Nels Sando, formerly a prominent St. Thomas pioneer farmer, who has spent the last 12 years as a resident of Grafton.

Nels Sando and five brothers -- ERICK, ALBERT, OLE, HALVOR and OLAF -- his mother and two sisters, drove with five teams of oxen that spring from Fergus Falls to St. Thomas, where they intended to squat on land. The trip took them three weeks. There were no roads north of Grand Forks and not any roads to speak of in Minnesota.

Even if there had been roads north of Grand Forks we would not have been able to make use of them. What we needed was a pilot. By the time we got to Paul Larson's farm west of Grafton we had become the most competent fresh water sailors in Dakota Territory. The first night out of Grand Forks we were forced to camp in a foot of icy water as nowhere so far as the eye could see was there a foot of dry land. Only a vast lake. Our party was all right in the wagons, were dry and fairly comfortable, but our cattle and oxen were forced to lay down in the icy lake. How they stood it is more than I can figure out. We had 10 oxen and quite a herd of cows and calves with us.

"We knew Paul Larson from Iowa, where we had spent several years before coming to Fergus Falls." Mr. Sando continued, "so we made for his farm. We visited with him overnight and continued on to Sweden the next day. There was no bridge over Park River at Grafton at that time but the farmers west of Grafton, where there already was quite a settlement, had built a makeshift affair over the river at that point from logs rolled together.

"Of course, we were heavily loaded with stoves and other equipment," said Mr. Sando. "Before reaching Sweden, where Wm. McKenzie was king, we had to unload and unhitch the wagons three times before we could cross coulees and small rivers. Many a time during that trip we had three teams of oxen pulling one wagon. From Sweden on we had fair going.

"We arrived at what since became St. Thomas on June 7 [1881]. The five of us older boys squatted on land. Olaf lacked the necessary age to qualify as a full-fledged squatter, but mother made up for it by holding on to two quarters -- one a tree claim.

(Photo: Mr. and Mrs. Nels Sando (About 1920).)

"Our first job in the new country was to erect something that would be fit to live in. There was plenty of land and no neighbors in sight and therefore plenty of sod. Sod houses, we had been told, were excellent for warmth in the winter and were cool in the summer. So sod houses we built. There really was no choice in the matter as we were not overburdened with cash. Erick and I were the official sod house builders. The other boys went

back to Minnesota to earn a few dollars or work on the railroad grade. Five sod houses were erected that summer and two large sod stables. One stable had inside measurements of 34 by 45 feet.

"Ben Akelson had a small sawmill west of Grafton, where we bought basswood lumber for the buildings. This was used for ceiling, walls and floors. For the larger buildings the walls were four feet thick at the base and tapering as they went up. All buildings were substantial and really homelike."

The first major investment made by the Sandos that summer was the buying of a mower and a rake at Acton. Nels' pony, which he had brought all the way from Iowa, financed this transaction. They really did not need the pony, anyhow, Nels said.

That year from 10 to 20 acres were broken on the different quarter sections.

About three weeks after the Sandos landed at St. Thomas a gang of surveyors arrived. "Before this two of us had built a long, rambling, sod shanty, which we had figured out should cross the line of two quarters. The idea was that the two of us would have one shanty and live together -- my bed was supposed to be on my quarter and my brother's bed in the other end of the home, was supposed to be on his quarter. We had heard of several parties doing this and we figured we could be as smart as any of them. The surveyors, however, disappointed us by running the line of my quarter a considerable distance away from our home -- so far away, in fact, that it was not advisable to extend the building over to my quarter," Mr. Sando said with a chuckle when he told this part of his experiences as a pioneer.

"Our first binder was bought the next year in Grafton by Erick, the oldest of my brothers. It was a wonderful contraption, we thought, made by McCormick, almost entirely of wood. It set us back \$315. Crops were fairly good that year and we received an average yield of 35 bushels to the acre of wheat. The following fall, in 1883, early frost hit the wheat but this did not turn out as disastrous as it might have been. The wheat matured all of a sudden and by keeping the binder going night and day we were able to save it. We figured there was something wrong with it but had no idea just what the cause was. The grain buyer was just as ignorant. We had sold most of it when he was notified by the head office that he had shipped them several carloads of frozen wheat. After that the company saw to it that we were properly docked.

"We received about 80 cents a bushel for our wheat in 1882. In 1883 it opened up around 85 cents and slid down to uns 80 before the season was far advanced.

"The average crop of wheat in those days yielded about 35 bushels to the acre. Of course, there were some that had to get along with only 20, due mostly to late seeding. On the other hand, several reported yields as high as 45 bushels. The harvest season was later than it is now. It was usually September before threshing started.

"There was plenty of money in circulation and St. Thomas grew rapidly. The town had several fine stores, half a dozen saloons and four hotels and all the other businesses necessary.

"The social life of the town was more like community affairs than it is now with all its cliques and clubs. While, of course, there were all kinds of private parties during the season, most of the big affairs were public and all residents were welcome.

"For us farmers the country dances were the most popular. Every night before Christmas there was something doing in one of the many homes scattered over the prairie. The country dances lasted all night and I can remember the times when I did not see a bed for five and six nights. When I got home in the morning it was time to attend to the chores on the farm and the other work kept me busy all day. When night came I was ready again to attend another party or dance.

"Louis, son of my brother, Halvor, was the first born in or near St. Thomas. He was born in April, 1882, and was baptized the next fall by Rev. Flaten of Grafton at the first Norwegian Lutheran services held in St. Thomas. The services were held in the Holbrook Store, which at the time was not fully completed. Louis died a number of years ago in Canada."

The Sandos came to Iowa in 1865 from Hallingdal, Norway. The trip over the Atlantic in a small sailing vessel took 19 weeks. The family resided in Iowa until in 1880, when they moved to Fergus Falls, where they made their home until the following spring.

Mr. Sando owned three quarters of land near St. Thomas, another half section near Midale, Sask. For many years he was known as one of the most successful threshers in this part of the state. When the season was over here he would move to Canada, where threshing would continue until snow blocked all work of this kind. He owned four new large rigs, three rigs were brought to Canada and sold there.

Mr. Sando married Miss Christine Jensen in the spring of 1890. Thirteen children were born. LAWRENCE, Montevideo, Minn.; MARTIN, Preeceville, Sask.; MRS. BEN MEBERG, Preeceville, Sask.; CARL, St. Thomas; ADOLPH, Grafton; MRS. ENOCH OTTEN [should be OTTUM], St. Thomas; MRS. CHARLES CARLSON, Grand Forks; MRS. INGVALD MONSEBROTEN, St. Thomas; MRS. LYNN HANSON [Nettie], Park River; MRS. HERBIE HOLT, [Gladys] Grafton; and NORRIS at home.

From Grafton News and Times -- 50th Anniversary Edition, October, 1932.

(cont. from p. 83) some on to Manitoba (after 1900), were basically hard working rural people, with an emphasis on farming. But it doesn't take a lot of effort to find people who liked and did well at sales, in business, in the professions, in all walks of life. This was a multi-dimensional family. They verify what family researcher Jean-Marc Charron observed when he first "met" the 1700 and 1800s Collette's in archival microfilm in Montreal in 1994: *"I think you will find them as fascinating as I did. I can attest that many of your ancestors were most interesting in that many of them were no doubt the "cream of the crop". The marriage records are full of business and liberal profession people: doctor, postmaster, "bourgeois", "ecuyer", forgeron, merchant etc. And so many beautiful signatures."* (JMC April 3, 1994, p. 2)

From St. Anthony to Dayton to Oakwood to Manitoba....

As described at page 65, Sometime around 1865 or a year or two later, the Collette's arrived in then-St. Anthony, the neighborhood near St. Anthony Falls. This was coincident with or right before the first railroad tracks reached St. Anthony (ca 1867. The first railroad trackage in Minnesota was constructed in 1862.)

Octave Collette and Clotilde Blondeau of Dayton MN married at St. Anthony of Padua, (813 Main St NE, present day Minneapolis), then called St. Anthony in July, 1869. Octave's older sister, Marie-Aubeline married Alexis Gagne at the same church in 1871. Theirs were the second and third Collette marriages in Minnesota: in 1863 half-brother Samuel Collette had married Philomene Gobin in the St. Paul area (see pp 23-26).

After less than ten years in ever-more bustling St. Anthony/Minneapolis the family began its move to ND sometime before 1875. They settled for a few years in the Dayton MN area, roughly 25 miles up the Mississippi river from Minneapolis (see inset map following page 17).

In 1878 Octave Collette and three of his brothers were among the first pioneers of Oakwood ND, where they took out land claims on the Park River, several miles to the east of what in 1882 would become the new town of Grafton ND. Dec. 10, 1880, Octave secured his claim for 160 acres by paying \$200 in cash for his now-farm: \$1.25 per acre.

The exact family motivation for moving to ND is unknown, but most likely related to available land.

(The Sacred Heart Church History, first printed in 1931, reports that **Octave, Philippe, Ovide and Theodules** Collette came to Oakwood in 1878; **Arcadius and Alfred** came in 1879. **William** came in 1884, living with **Alfred**. The Collette women, inferring from their husbands date of arrival to Oakwood, came as follows: **Sophonie (Mrs. Etienne) Lessard**, 1879. **Marie-Aubeline (Mrs. Alexis Gagne)** came in 1881; **Emma (Mrs. Joseph French)** came in 1882. The parents, **Denys** and **Malthilde**, may have taken a farm in the area of Bathgate ND some time after 1880,

as they are listed as a resident of Dayton in the 1880 census, as is their son **Joseph**. At this writing, no direct evidence of a Bathgate Collette farm is available. It is not known at this writing whether Joseph, who later became a miner in Alberta, ever took land at Oakwood or anywhere else, though he apparently married at Oakwood.

The Collette women (**Sophonie Lessard, Marie-Aubeline Gagne and Emma French**) are of particular interest, largely because they, like virtually all women of that day, were not as well known as the men, losing their identity in their husbands identity. Two are the elder siblings in the family, but get attention only through their husbands. Sophronie in particular became matriarch of a very large family.

By the time of the migration of the first Collette to North Dakota, **Sophonie**, born in 1843, had been married to **Etienne Lessard** for 17 years. They apparently lived in Quebec, and in 1879, it appears, they migrated to Oakwood with nine of their children in tow.

Marie-Aubeline (sometimes called Obeline) was born in 1845, and married **Alex Gagne (Gagner/Gagnier?)** in 1871 at St. Anthony. They arrived in Oakwood in 1881 and apparently had one child at the time.

Less is known about **Emma**. She was born in St. Lambert (1861) and moved with the family to St. Anthony. The genealogy indicates she married **Joe French** of St. Lambert, but there are no details as to when or where. Possibly he migrated west to Oakwood with the Lessards or someone else, then met Emma at Oakwood, but that is sheer (though possibly logical) speculation at this point.

Where they settled in Oakwood:

A close look at the plat map of Oakwood shows that all of the families took claims close by to each other at the "center" of Oakwood - Sacred Heart Church.

Most likely the settlement came in stages, with the men coming first with family following sometime after the "man of the house" proved up the claim and built the first shack on the property. For most of them, the migration was a matter of hundreds of miles - walkable distance back to Dayton for the winters.

Unlike today, when even people without means find a way to get their belongings on a truck to move on, moving hundreds of miles in the later 1800s was not a routine matter, often done in stages. **Rene Collette**, in an August 16, 1981, letter said that *"my father quoted his father, Ovide, as having walked to Oakwood with his brothers to work their homesteads the first two springs, returning to spend the Winter in Minnesota. In the spring of 1880, he drove a team of oxen with a wagon filled with household goods and provisions and build a permanent home later that year. This is hearsay, of course, but its quite plausible."* It cost money to take an immigrant train, and it was either money they didn't have, or they chose not to spend on what they considered to be an unnecessary luxury.

Octave and Clotilde Collette build a farm and a home place.

Unlike today, in the 1880s moving from one place to another and establishing a new place, was seldom documented by the common settler. Relocation was an ordeal we in today's world cannot even imagine. Photographs were rare and ordinarily only for special occasions. A historian, amateur or professional, studying common folk, depends on anecdotal evidence and scraps of information passed along in stories told by the descendants who either experienced the events, or heard their parents or grandparents describe those same events.

In the case of Octave and Clotilde Collette's, I have long had the record of early land transactions about their 160 acres, and those records suggest some fascinating stories. I also have some word descriptions of the property from, in particular, their great-granddaughter, Janet Stenfors, who often visited the farm and grandparents Alcide and Beatrice when growing up in the 1940s and 1950s. Her recollections are later in this section.

Thanks to the internet, one can easily view the original farm and area of Octave and Clotilde Collette by going to www.mapquest.com and entering 15463 County Road 11 Grafton ND. This was the original farmstead, and currently remains the home of Maurice and Isabel Collette.

The north portion of the property was on both sides of the Park River, one mile north to south and one-fourth mile east and west. Most of the property is south of the river. A short distance to the east Sacred Heart Church and cemetery was established in 1881. Scroll about four miles to the west, and you'll find Grafton, the boyhood home of Henry Bernard, and the place where his parents lived their entire married lives. More about the Bernard family is at the end of this paper, at pp 134-171.

On a September, 1975, photo of the Collette house, Josie Bernard Whittaker, visiting from California, noted that the house had been the family home "for 90 years", thus suggesting the family home had been occupied since 1885. This date gives a framework of reference - some clues - to early real estate transactions. Later in this section will be some descriptions of this house, inside its walls. (my 1981 photo of the then deserted house is on the next page, viewed from the farmyard looking southeast)

On December 10, 1880, Octave Collette finalized the purchase of 160 acres from "The United States, by the President Chester A. Arthur", for \$200 "payment in full as required by law." There is no indication that Octave's spouse, Clotilde, was any legal party to this transaction. She and their family may have been in Dakota Territory by this time, but this is only speculative at this point.



Between 1880 and 1894, came several "Mortgages" on the newly purchased Collette property. Every one of these mortgages is entered into by Octave and his wife (who is identified in differing ways, but who always "signs by mark" as she is not literate).

None of the mortgages identify what the borrowed money is to be used for, but the land is the security. One can surmise that these are all development loans for one thing or another: a barn, livestock, machinery, probably one of them taken to build the farm house about 1885, etc. The last mortgage for many years is in 1894. Presumably, after 1894 the family had adequate financial resources so that there was no longer a need to make loans with the property as collateral.

The early mortgages, (all paid in full):

Dec. 8, 1880, for \$250 due Nov. 1, 1883 (paid in full Oct. 31, 1883)

Oct. 27, 1883, for \$310 due Dec. 1, 1884 (paid in full 11 days late.)

Dec. 8, 1884, for \$600 due Nov. 1, 1889 (paid in full Sep. 19, 1889)

Oct. 31, 1889, for \$1150 due Dec. 1, 1894, (paid Nov. 28, 1894)

Nov. 28, 1894, for \$1000 due Dec. 1, 1899 (paid Nov. 14, 1899)

If, in fact, the house was built in 1885, its first occupants would have been Octave and Clotilde and their then-five surviving children: Octave, 16; Arcidas, 9; Elise, 7; Josephine, 4; Alire, 2.

Between 1880 and 1885, they may have lived in more primitive circumstances, as shown in the earlier photo of a pioneer house.

But possibly not.

Grandma **Josephine**, the 6th of 10 children born to the family of **Octave** and **Clotilde**, was born in 1881, the first new family member in the Oakwood era. A

consistent family story for many years has been that Josephine was born at St. Andrews, North Dakota, a river port town about where the Alexander Henry rest stop on I-29 is today, roughly at the junction of the Red and the Park Rivers. Indeed Grandma Josephine's personal Bible, 1906 edition, in her own handwriting, says she was born "Aug 9th 1881" in "St. Andrews N. Dak."

In my earliest foray into the family history, in the summer of 1981, someone sent me a two page report on St. Andrews written by then Grafton Junior High School student Amy Jo Stewart for the bicentennial in 1976. Amy's report, entitled "St. Andrews: A Ghost Town on the Red", has this tantalizing paragraph "*On the north side of the street is a branch of the L. E. Booker store of Pembina, which also houses the post office... Past the blacksmith's shop is **the hotel where Octave Collette, the proprietor** [emphasis added], stands greeting his guests. At the Brook Brother's lumber yard, Louis Brunn, the manager, is helping a homesteader load his wagon with building materials...."* Young Ms Stewart obviously had some resource on which she relied. It appears to have been from an undated, but post 1882, item in the Acton Times by Frank Winship, describing "*one of Landlord Collette's excellent suppers*" (page 245 of the 1976 Centennial history of Walsh County ND). The evidence at least suggests that Octave and Clotilde might have spent some time living at St. Andrews while the land and property at nearby Oakwood was being developed.

Going by a handwritten record, and knowledge of the family's movements, the following seems to be the general history of the family in which Josephine Collette grew up:

Born in the St. Anthony-Minneapolis-Dayton/Otsego years:

Octave Collette, born May 1, 1869, died Dec 22, 1887 at Oakwood*.

Adeline Collette, born October 15, 1871, died May 13, 1876**

Alex Collette, born September 21, 1873, died May 18, 1876**

Arcidas Collette, born October 5, 1876, married June 28, 1898, died May 20, 1936

Elise Collette born December 28, 1878, married Nov. 9, 1896. Died June 2, 1920 (likely born in Dayton/Otsego before her mother and family moved to ND).

Born in the North Dakota years:

Josephine Collette born August 9, 1881, likely at St. Andrews, married June 3, 1901 in Oakwood, died in Grafton April 24, 1963

Alire Collette born July 6, 1883, married Nov 21, 1905, died January 11, 1959

Francois Collette, born December 24, 1887, died March 1st, 1888*

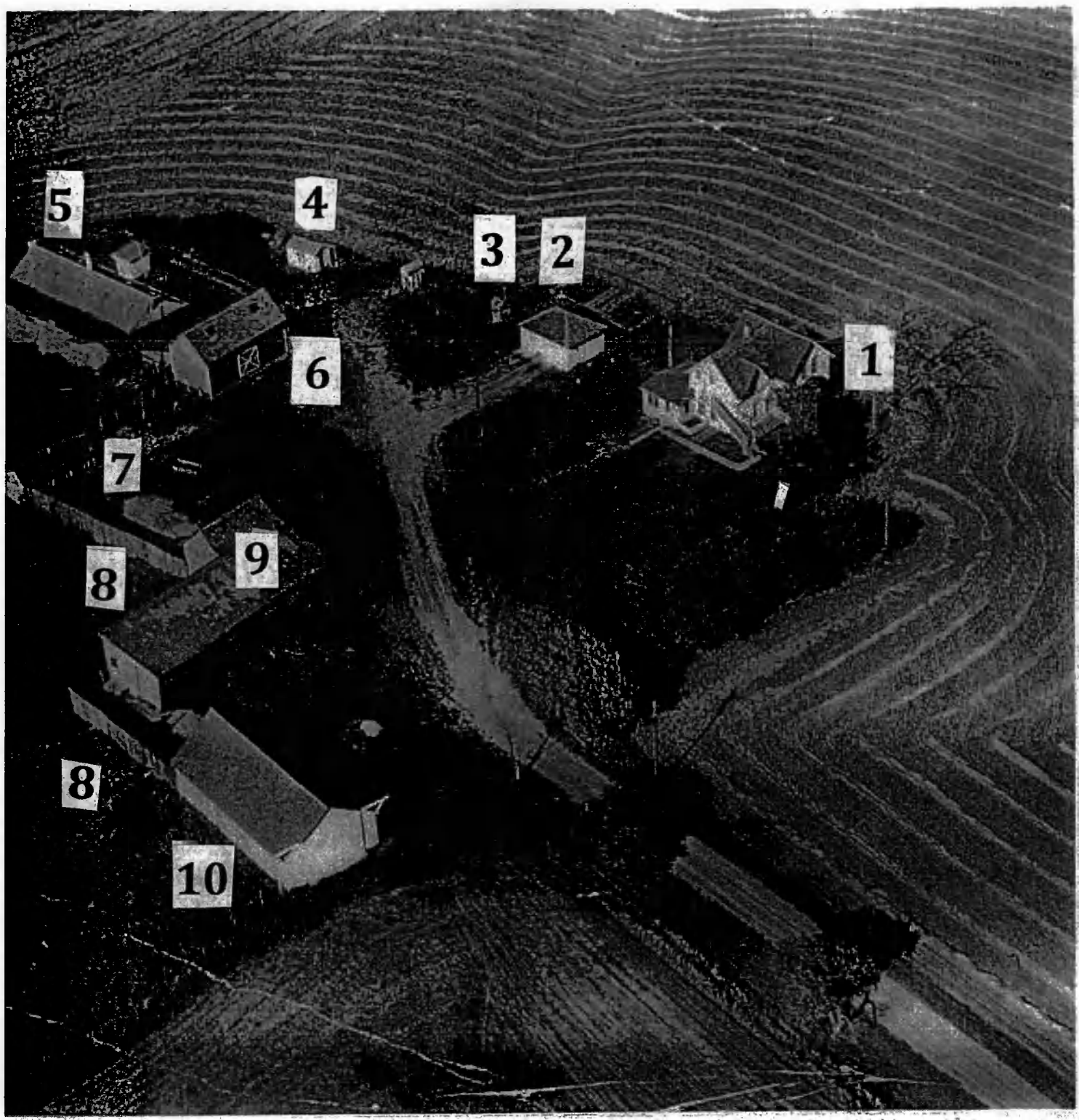
Napoleon Collette, born January 18, 1890, married January 20, 1914, died August 24, 1975

Alcide Collette, born March 22, 1895, married April 17, 1917, died November 20 1985

* - one wonders if there is any relationship between the deaths of 18 year old Octave and new-born Francois within a two month time period.

** - in an August 11, 2002 e-mail, Audrey Cady noted in the cemetery book for Otsego MN "*some young children who died of typhoid fever for Octave and Angoline*

<i>inscriptions</i>	<i>(Dorm.)</i>	<i>inscriptions</i>	<i>(Surv.)</i>
Henri Collette	1828	1840	
Moralick Verrette	1824	1840	9 Janvier 1887
Siméon Blonde			
Nidi Lacroix			9 Mai 1897
<i>Parents.</i>	<i>(Dorm.)</i>	<i>Mariet.</i>	<i>Died.</i>
Octave Collette	23 Mar 1846	10 juillet 1868	January 29 1925
Colthide Blonde	1 ^{er} Avril 1846	12 juillet 1868	Sept 29 1916
<i>Children.</i>	<i>(Dorm.)</i>	<i>Mariet.</i>	<i>Died.</i>
Octave Collette	1 ^{er} mai 1869		29 Decembre 1887
Adeline Collette	15 octobre 1871		13 mai 1876
Alex Collette	21 septembre 1873		10 mai 1876
Arvidas Collette	5 octobre 1876	20 juin 1898	25 May 1936
Elise Collette	28 Novembre 1878	19 Nov. 1896	June 2 1920
Josephine Collette	9 aout 1881	3 Juin 1901	April 24 1963
Elire Collette	6 juillet 1883	21 ^{er} November 1905	Jan 11 1959
Francis Collette	24 Decembre 1887		1 ^{er} mars 1888
Nopolion Collette	10 janvier 1889	20 January 1914	Aug. 24 1975
Alcide Collette	22 Mars 1895	17 April 1917	20 novembre 1985



Undated photo of the Octave Collette farm, then farmed by Alcide Collette and his son Maurice. This photo probably pre-dated 1970

A photo of the farm without numbers is at page 181

Collet year 1887." These children likely died in Otsego in 1876 (above) but Adeline and Alex have graves in Oakwood next to their parents, so it is possible that their bodies were later moved from Minnesota to North Dakota by train.

Family history is full of questions, some unanswerable....

A Description of the Farmstead and the House

Perhaps it can be said that the further one gets from the reality of something, the greater the tendency to romanticize the experience. So it goes when describing living in "the olden days". So it likely went with the Collette's and all other pioneer families in the not always idyllic conditions of Quebec, Minnesota and North Dakota.

We are fortunate to have a couple of "eye-witness" accounts of what the older farm was like.

In February, 1981, Henry Bernard wrote his recollections of growing up in Grafton, and included this paragraph of a winter overnight visit to the Octave and Clotilde Collette home. This happened sometime in his fourth grade year, thus was probably in the winter of 1917-18. His Grandma Clotilde had died the previous year, Grandpa Octave had only recently moved to Minneapolis and remarried, and the only residents were newly married Alcide Collette and his wife Beatrice Desautel. *"Mother [Josephine] and I went out to the farm [at Oakwood] where she had been born and raised. Her youngest brother, Uncle Alcide, and wife [Beatrice] lived in the house. Usually in the winter the upstairs was not heated. I remember there were five bedrooms upstairs. It was bitter cold and we were to sleep in one of the upstairs bedrooms. They opened the pipe opening in the floor shortly before we went to bed. The bed clothes were very, very cold. Mother and I slept or tried to sleep in all of our clothes and froze all night even though we huddled together for warmth. I am sure that I caught a bad cold because of this and it developed into the serious pneumonia."*

On January 20, 2002, Janet Stenfors, whose mother Evelyn McCarty was daughter of Beatrice and Alcide, sent a photo of the farmstead which appears in this book, as well as a description of the homestead as she viewed it as a youngster. At the time she wrote this, she had read Henry Bernard's description (above) and makes reference to it.

(Numbers refer to the numbers on the aerial photograph which she quite reasonably thinks is from the early 1950s. During the 1950s, Janet would have been from about 9-19 years of age - a perfect age for observation.)

1 - Octave Collette farmhouse; additions to original structure; staircase added after upstairs was made into an apartment for Maurice D. Collette and Isabel Corriveau when they'd married about 1949. No upstairs bathroom, however. There was no actual plumbing save for the kitchen where running water (cold) was piped to a sink for handwashing, daily hygiene, etc. Also to the sink for cooking purposes in the

kitchen. There was a bathtub - big claw tub - in a downstairs room off the dining room - East - Water was carried from the artesian well near the barn, heated, and poured into the tub on Sat p.m. This water was used by several people consecutively. In that same room was a chemical toilet; it was emptied every other day or so by carrying its inner tank across the farmyard and to the other side of the granary somewhere. Separating the bathroom eastward was a curtained off bedroom - I'd say it was the master bedroom since it had an attached bathroom and a heat source nearby in the parlor - a central stove. Upstairs, as Dick Bernard's Dad, Henry, remembers it was very cold in the wintertime. The only heat was by turning a circular grate in the ceiling of the bathroom. The bathroom also doubled as a sewing room, had built in storage closets too.

2 - car garage. (Between 1 and 2 one can see Sport, the farm Collie, and his doghouse. He shows up on the original photo.

3 - Privy [outhouse, outdoor toilet] with Sears catalog

4 - Brooder house for raising chicks to "fryer" size

5 - Potato pit for storing potatoes; dank and dark; a ladder descending to the pit where potatoes were gotten by the half bushel for meals.

6 - Granary for storing wheat. Some of the laying hens had nests under it; and laid eggs, sometimes hatching chicks.

7 - Chicken coop. Nests inside for egg laying, closed up at night, chickens had roost in the coop.

8 - Wind break board fence

9 - Barn with haymow; stanchions for milking a few cows - milk separated and processed daily; butter churned about weekly. Barn was torn down in mid 1950s; wooden spikes were original spikes. I was there and collected a few pieces of wood with wooden spikes in them. Grandpa threw them away but we tried to retrieve them at a scrap pile in the pasture to the north of the adjoining field. Didn't find them. Barn being torn down to build a machine shed. Barn was the place to play, search out new litters of kittens, watch the cows being milked, etc.

10 - Machine shed - wooden.

On the north side of the granary is an original farm building; it's still there today (Jan. 2002). Also, 10, 9's replacement, and that's it, I believe. A new house to the south of the farmhouse with attached garage is on the property; a metal storage building also. Lots more trees; probably old old lilac bushes still grow on the fringe of the yard. The original farmhouse was to be sold and moved, but it was structurally impossible to move; so it was torn down instead.

NOTE: May, 2010: Janet Stenfors (August 26, 1941-June 26, 2006) passed away of Lou Gehrig's Disease. She was only 64. I last saw her at the Collette reunion in Dayton in 2002. While she grew up in Grand Forks, she had visited Oakwood-Grafton often, and she had a reverence for and talent for observing rural history and when I first met her in the 1980s she and her husband lived on a small farm outside Ewen Michigan. She was a teacher there, and had several horses at the farm. She also wrote an essay about Josephine and Henry Bernard which appears in this volume as "One fine Rainy Day". She rests in Peace. Dick Bernard

The Collette Family in North Dakota in 1893

In the following section is a portion of the ND Collette family genealogy as known.

There are different records of the family genealogy, and this is perhaps a good opportunity to "compare notes" on what a different version has to say.

Denis Collette, Josephine's grandfather, died January 30, 1893. The Petition for Letters Testamentary reveals some facts about the North Dakota Collette's at that time in history (Mathilde, Denis' wife, had died earlier, in 1887). At the time of Denis' death he lived in an unknown place in Walsh County (where Oakwood and Grafton are located) probably with one of his children. Louis Lesard (Lessard?, probably the 24 year old son of Sophronie Collette and Etienne Lessard) was appointed Executor and the Estate appears to be worth an estimated \$400.

Listed as Heirs and next of kin are his children (exactly in the order in which they appear in the handwritten record): "Octave Collette aged 44 years. Philippe Collette aged 42 years, Arcadius Collette aged 40 years, Ovid Collette aged 36 years, William Collette aged 24 years, Adule [Theodule?] Collette aged 34 years, Shafronie [Sophronie?] Collette now Lesard [Lessard?] aged 48 years, Obilene Collette now Gagnon [Gagne? Gagnon?] aged 46 years Emma Collette now French, aged 32 years, all residing in Walsh Co. N. Dakota. Eframe [Alfred] Collette aged 30 years residing in Hennepin Co Minnesota [in present day Otsego, between Dayton and Albertville], and Joseph Collette aged 27 years residing at Merrifield N. Dak [south of Grand Forks] all being the children of Dennis Collette dec."

At his death it appears that all of Mr. Collette's surviving children apparently were in the U.S.; and all but two of them were in Walsh County, probably on farms around Oakwood.

Going by the above document and Baptismal records, simple math would give an estimate of the siblings birth years about as follows: (as will be noted on the following pages, even for this relatively well educated group, actual age was of little apparent interest. The numbers in parens i.e. "48/49" compare the age stated in the statement against the more official baptismal records.)
Sophronie 48/49

Obeline 46/48
Octave 44/46
Philippe 42/45
Arcadius 40/41
Ovid 36/37
Odule 34/34
Emma 32/32
Eframe 30/31
Joseph 27/29
William 25/24

Some Family Anecdotes

The Fascinating History of the Mysterious St. Mary's College of Rev Barras:

Sometime in 1896, still new Sacred Heart Pastor Rev. Michael Barras must have been persuasive in convincing his flock of the need for a "college" for the Oakwood Community. It appears that this was a school intended for education above the elementary school level, but that is not known for certain. Its single existing ad, in September, 1898, suggested its curriculum was "Music, Drawing, Classical and Commercial", and its faculty a Professor (a local schoolteacher) and five Reverends (Priests). It was Rev. Barras' "Field of Dreams". (p. 50 of the Sacred Heart Centennial History).

On January 9, 1897, Octave and Clothilde deeded four acres of their property for this school to Rev. Michael Barras with the specific proviso "*If this land is used for other than College purposes then and in that case this deed shall become null and void.*"

The legal description of the property (recited near the end of this section) suggests that the property was probably close to the present Maurice D. Collette home on the Collette farmstead (This is the "new house" described above by Janet Stenfors). If so, it would have been just to the south of the 1885 house. It was about a half mile west of the Sacred Heart Church.

Shortly after the property transfer, there is a flurry of activity around this new venture. April 24, 1897, Rev Barras signs a \$1000 mortgage to Joseph Leonard, this mortgage later assigned to Henry Bastien, and on June 29, 1897, another \$521.96 mortgage is made to J. Neils Lumber Company.

Little more than a year later, three months after the first term of the school is to begin, November 22, 1898, Rev. Barras is a defendant in District Court, sued by Mat Gibney, apparently for not fulfilling the terms of the mortgage on what is described in the legal document as "*the three story frame building known as the French College and the premises on which the same is located....*"

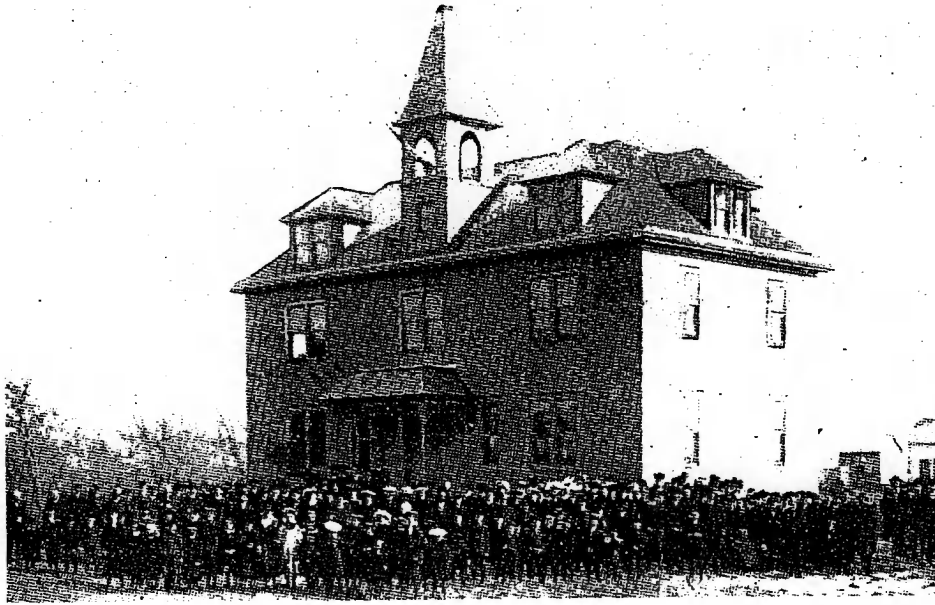
After a number of Court filings, and over a number of years there is finally a Quit Claim issued in 1906 to give the originally granted four acres back to the Collette's.

There are several litigations involving Michael Barras and others, but they don't explain what happened to the apparently substantial and new school building. Nov. 22, 1898, plaintiff Matt Gibney is granted a judgement for \$220.24 against Michael Barras; Dec. 24, 1898, the building was sold for the sum of \$241.44 to an Adolph F. Sinkler; on Jan. 11, 1899, a judgement is entered in favor of "Ed. W. Cairncross and Ed Davies, formerly co-partners as Cairncross and Davies", for \$1173.37, also against Michael Barras. And so on (through two or three more legal actions, all against Michael Barras and related to the building rather than the property. Jan. 19, 1899, Charles Nollman and John D. Lewis, vs Michael Barras \$2433.51; Dec. 21, 1900, Henry Bastien vs Barras, Nollman, Lewis, Sinkler, Cairncross, Joseph Wentz, Patrick Murphy \$1389.76; Jan. 28, 1901 from James Hall, Sheriff of Walsh Co ND to Henry Bastien and James E. Gray the property for \$1523.27, thus ending the legal transactions on the [apparent] non-land property.) For its short history, the college certainly attracted legal attention!

It is obvious that the "College" failed miserably and at the very beginning of its existence. Why it failed is apparently anybodies guess. There seem to be scant historical references to it. It appears to have operated only a single year, 1897-98. Unlike his colleague Pastors, there is no photo of Rev Barras in the Sacred Heart Centennial History, possibly suggesting something less than a cordial relationship between pastor and flock, and the few paragraphs in that History are not enlightening (see pages 8-14 of the Centennial History). On page 50 of the Centennial History of the Church is an advertisement for the school which apparently appeared in the Grafton Record of September 14, 1898, and indicates the school will open the 2nd of September.

The 1981 Sacred Heart Parish Centennial History indicates that "*A picture of that short lived college would certainly be an item of interest to the present generation. Unfortunately in spite of much effort none has been found. But at least one person, Sr. Mary Edward Lafreniere, reported that she recalled seeing the college but not entering it. She remembered it as being light gray in color and resembling the second addition to St. Aloysius Academy - somewhat...Unfortunately, [she] just recently passed away during the writing of this book.*" (p.48)

Directly above this entry is a picture of the 1906 Saint Aloysius Academy, a three story frame structure.... One wonders...might this picture be of the former College, built a half mile away a few short years earlier? Below is the photo from page 48 of the Centennial History of Sacred Heart, showing the new St. Aloysius Academy:



Perhaps the best description of the experience of the ill-fated school, and learning from the experience, is this sentence from the History, referring to the successor Pastor Lee, who had been preceded by two other pastors who had followed Rev. Barras for short time periods. Regarding the failed school, it is said that Rev Lee *"would not make the same mistake of Father Barras of the previous decade. He would not attempt to provide a college education where Catholic educational training of any kind was yet unknown. He would begin at the lowest level and provide the first need, an elementary school."* (p. 48)

It was Father Lee who opened St. Aloysius School about 1906, the same year the Quit Claim gave Octave and Clotilde Collette their four acres back. In 1907-08, Octave Collette is listed as one of the Trustees of Sacred Heart, the only term he held on the Parish Council. Are these random or related occurrences? Each time I look at the photo of the original three story St. Aloysius School, I wonder if it is, in fact, St. Mary's College, simply moved a half mile east...though moving such a building back then would have been an incredible undertaking. Nonetheless, it seems plausible that the generations of students who attended St. Aloysius were actually in the classrooms of the ill-fated "French College".

Perhaps the above descriptions and other details in the land documents for the Collette's are more information than most anyone has about the failed venture.

Here is the legal description of the Four Acres deeded from Collette's to Rev Barras for the College: ***"Beginning at the SE corner of Sec. 11, Twp. 157, Rge. 52 and from this point running 80 rods [1320 feet/one-fourth mile] west, thence 35 rods [577 1/2 feet] North, thence 18 - 2/7 rods [302 feet] West, thence 35 rods South and thence 18 - 2/7 rods East to the point 80 rods west of the starting point, lying and being in the County of Walsh and State of North Dakota, being part of the SW1/4SE1/4Sec. 11, Twp. 157, Rge. 52 and cont'g 4 acres; all lines running parallel with government survey."***

POSTNOTES: I had thought I would never find anything more about the mysterious college until a letter came from **Agnes Lussier**, granddaughter of **Octave** and **Clotilde Collette** and daughter of **Arcidas Collette** and **Clara French**, in March, 2010. Agnes, now 90 and living in St. Pierre Jolys Manitoba, added a footnote to her March 7 letter, which bears reprinting in its entirety: "*Here is what I am thinking right now, if it means something to you: The College - land given by Octave for the school. My parents [Arcidas Collette and Clara French] lived in there for some time when they got married and my 2 oldest brothers, Amedie and Max, were born there. [They?] Went to school there for a few years when they went back to Oakwood after their [Dad Arcidas?] first attempt [at farming?] here [in Manitoba?]. They talked about how they played with a tall Durand. My Mom talked about this. Too bad they [Arcidas and Clara?] could have told a lot about Grandpa [Octave Collette] because at that time, 24 and 24, they had married and lived close to the old farm...."*"

Agnes' father and mother, Arcidas Collette and Clara French, married June 20, 1898, at Oakwood. He was 24, she 21. Her two oldest brothers, Amadee and Maximilian, were born in 1899 and 1900 respectively, apparently in the school-become-a-house. The boys would have been of school age beginning about 1906, about the time St. Aloysius opened. These are the people to whom Agnes is referring in her note. It was early in the first decade of the 1900s that the families of Philippe, Arcidas and Alire Collette migrated to Manitoba.

Another thought: It is probable that Henry Bernard migrated from Quebec to Oakwood in 1894. It is logical that the 22-year old Henry, initially a carpenter, lived for a time with the Gourde family next farm over from the Collettes, as his brother Joseph had migrated west with them six years earlier. It is likely that Henry met 13 year old Josephine Collette early on, and again logical that when the French College was being built, Henry Bernard may have been part of the building crew, next door to Josephine's home.

People meet in some way. Could it be that the French College introduced Josephine and Henry, married June 3, 1901?

Octave Collette's Second Marriage

Every family has their stories, and often these stories go to the grave with them, never to be resurrected. Not so, the case of Octave Collette and his second wife, who will not be named here, but whose name can easily be found by anyone interested. She will not be named because she may not be "guilty as charged", and may simply be victim of an erroneous family story.

In fact, Octave's grave is what leads to this story.

In the summer of 1981 I went to the Centennial reunion at Sacred Heart Church in Oakwood. This was my first serious foray into my French-Canadian roots, and I took what little information I had to the gathering.

I did the church cemetery tour, and found the appropriate Collette headstone, with a footstone for Clotilde Collette, and a space, but not a footstone, for Octave Collette, her husband.

I learned that, indeed, Octave was buried in that space. Being curious, I asked why, many years after his death, he had no footstone. Over the years I've received various answers, and the matter is still being discussed, and this writing may reignite the discussion and controversy for some readers.

There was nothing inappropriate about Octave's second marriage. After 47 years of marriage, his first wife Clotilde passed away in Oakwood September 29, 1916.

On August 28, 1917, at Ste. Anne's church in Minneapolis MN, Octave Collette married Herminie (Emilia) H, a widow with two younger children who was more than 20 years younger than Octave. They apparently lived in Minneapolis.

In the 1920 Minneapolis census, Octave Collette is listed as a "grocer"; his age is listed as 72, his wife, Minnie, as 51, and two children, Henry, 16, and Mildred, 10. This would suggest that when 69 year old Octave married, he became stepfather of two children, ages 13 and 7 - not an easy transition in the best of circumstances.

It is not, and may never be, clear about why Octave Collette made his way to Minneapolis after Clotilde passed away. His great-granddaughter, Janet Stenfors, thought that at one point he drove a horse cab in Minneapolis, but this remains speculative. Certainly, the Collette's had long term ties in Minneapolis, and indeed he and Clotilde had married in Minneapolis in 1869, but what connections, other than his brother Alfred in Otsego, remained in 1917 are uncertain, and will perhaps forever remain uncertain.

If there are photos of the second Mrs. Collette, they are unlabelled, and probably unidentifiable at this point in time. Her children would have been young adults at the time of her death, and no other information is available about them.

On September 13, 1923, the new Mrs. Collette died of cancer in Minneapolis. They had been married only about six years. Apparently Mr. Collette stuck with her to the end. The next year Octave returned home to North Dakota, but apparently to less than an enthusiastic welcome. There are many stories about this return. None conflict much in substance, but do conflict in assessment of fault. Pretty consistently, it seems that the family (or members thereof) disagreed with some of Octave's decision making, which basically revolved around he and/or his new wife squandering whatever money he had. The new wife, easy to pick on since she was apparently not associated with the home community of Oakwood, seems to have gotten much of the blame.

Sometime in 1924, Octave ended up with his son, Arcidas, and family in Manitoba. At some point he accidentally fell down stairs, likely in the farm home, wounding himself, and he was hospitalized first in Morris, then in St. Boniface, where he died in January, 1925. He was transported by train back to Oakwood for burial in the Sacred Heart cemetery. Life for the living went on. No footstone for Octave Collette.

Until sometime after 1991, the footstone issue was not resolved, but a visitor to the churchyard these days will see the graves appropriately marked. Lack of evidence (no footstone) was evidence that something was amiss.

At the time of Octave's second wife's death, they apparently lived at 3601 3rd Street North in Minneapolis MN. Today, if one comes into Minneapolis by I-94, and takes the Dowling Street exit, at the top of the ramp, straight ahead, "above" the present entrance ramp to I-94, but long obliterated, is the place where 3601 3rd Street North used to be.

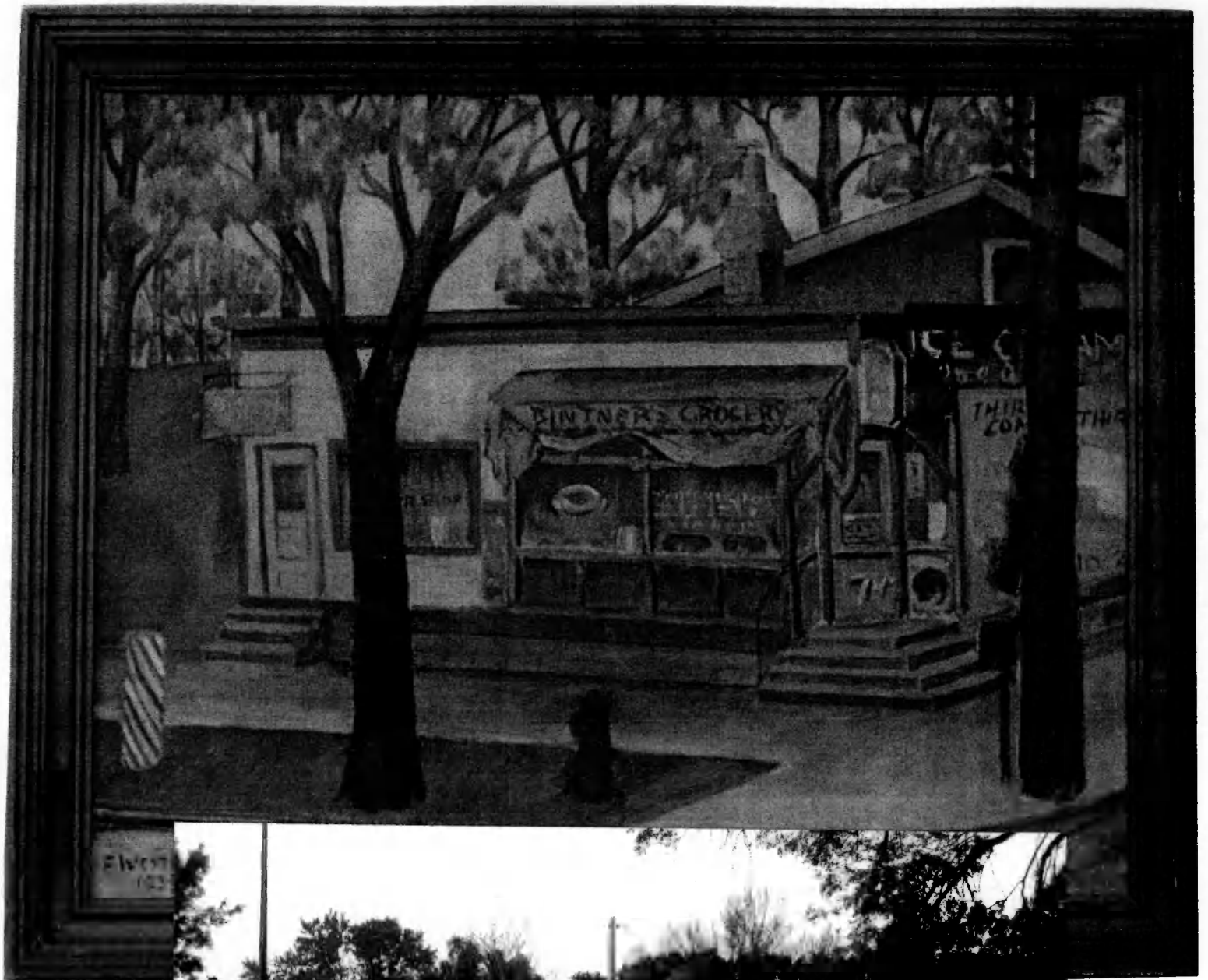
A short distance over, at the corner of 36th and Lyndale Ave N, is the neighborhood store that the Collette's apparently owned and operated for a time during their short marriage. Next page is a photo of a painting of the place as it might have looked in its better days, as well as a contemporary photo of the store as it looks today. This business may have helped consume the family resources.

I wrote an account of Octave's last days in my blog on Father's Day, June 21, 2009. The longer story, with additional information, can be accessed at <http://www.outsidethewalls.org/blog/?m=20090621>.

As to the assorted stories about Octave's last days, and who would (or wouldn't or couldn't) take care of him and why, I think I'll add only one version from Agnes Lussier who is the daughter of Arcidas and Clara Collette, and was perhaps five years old when Octave took his last and ultimately fatal tumble. She wrote the following on May 26, 2010 about the issue of caring for Octave: *"I have heard a few times from my brothers that Aunt Josephine [my grandmother] would have taken care of him, but Uncle Henry [my grandfather] would not hear of it because he [Octave] had given her [Grandma's] money to strangers."* As for caring for Octave at Arcidas Collette farm, Agnes makes an excellent point of the dilemma for farm families in those days: *After the accident in the home, "Mom could not take care of him. Could not depend on Dad or brothers to help. Farm men don't spend their time in the house."*

Likely far more so than today, day to day life in common families in the "olden days" was hard and full of complexity and such is suggested here.

Stories such as Octave's last days were more common than we might realize, and deserve to be told. They don't cast judgment on anyone, in my opinion. They were just part of a hardscrabble life full of not always pleasant decisions which people had to MAKE.



Views of 3559 Lyndale Avenue North Minneapolis MN (Collette store ca 1920)

(Top) Painting ca 1939; (Above) Photo Sep. 18, 2010

Collette's likely lived in the house behind the store; by time of Mrs. Collette's death they lived a few block northeast, where Dowling Ave enters I-94 today.

Collette's go to Manitoba, and The Manitoba Collette's

It has been previously noted that three of the Oakwood Collette's migrated north of the border in the early 1900s, settling between the Red River town of Morris and the new parish of Ste. Elisabeth a few miles to the east.

Presumably, the leader of the migration was Philippe, one of the original settlers in Oakwood, and Octave Collette's brother. His granddaughter Evangeline Clement said that the reason for the move was the availability of more land. (page 20). Migrating along with him at about the same time were two of his brother Octave's sons, Arcidas and Alire Collette. Each took available land in the same area.

The beginning generation genealogy for the three families can be found as follows: Philippe's second family, page 125; Arcidas, page 122-23 and Alire, page 123.

The farms were all located between Morris and Ste Elisabeth MB. Ste Elisabeth is about 10 miles east of Morris; Arcidas and Clara Collette's farm was about four miles west of Ste. Elisabeth; Alire and Lilly's farm next door, a half mile east of Arcidas; and Philippe and Amelia's a mile west and a mile north of Ste Elisabeth on what today is described as the Hutterite farm.

Arcidas and Alire were siblings of Grandma Josephine, both close to her in age. Arcidas and Josephine are the signature photo at www.chez-nous.net/fc.html. The photo was taken in Minneapolis, most likely in 1898 when their grandmother Adelaide Blondeau died (see page 78).

When part of the Collette clan moved to Manitoba, there was obviously contact back and forth across the border (See POSTNOTE page 95). In the earliest years, there was significant movement back and forth, for varying periods of time, but for whatever reason, as years went on, contact appears to have been less and less frequent.

In a June 16, 2010, conversation, **Lillian Duprey Clark**, granddaughter of Philippe and Amelia, noted that her mother would talk of "the Dakotas" coming to visit, if someone from North Dakota came to Ste Elisabeth area. Her mother, a Collette born and raised in Ste. Elisabeth, was native Manitoban. Her father, on the other hand, came from the St. Thomas-Leroy ND area. (In Henry Bernard's photo collection were a number of photos of a family at Leroy, and one wonders if they are Dupreys.)

Henry Bernard, my father, born 1907, had almost no contact with the Manitobans after the early 1930s. In his story of his honeymoon in August, 1937 (page 391-92) he relates that he and his new wife spent one night camping in Winnipeg enroute back to ND; that he knew that he had relatives there and in Manitoba, but they didn't stop to see any relatives from the family enroute back to Grafton.

COLLETTE'S OF NORTH DAKOTA MIGRATE TO MANITOBA

The centers for the Collette families were Oakwood, four miles east of Grafton ND, and Ste. Elisabeth, perhaps ten miles east of Morris MB.

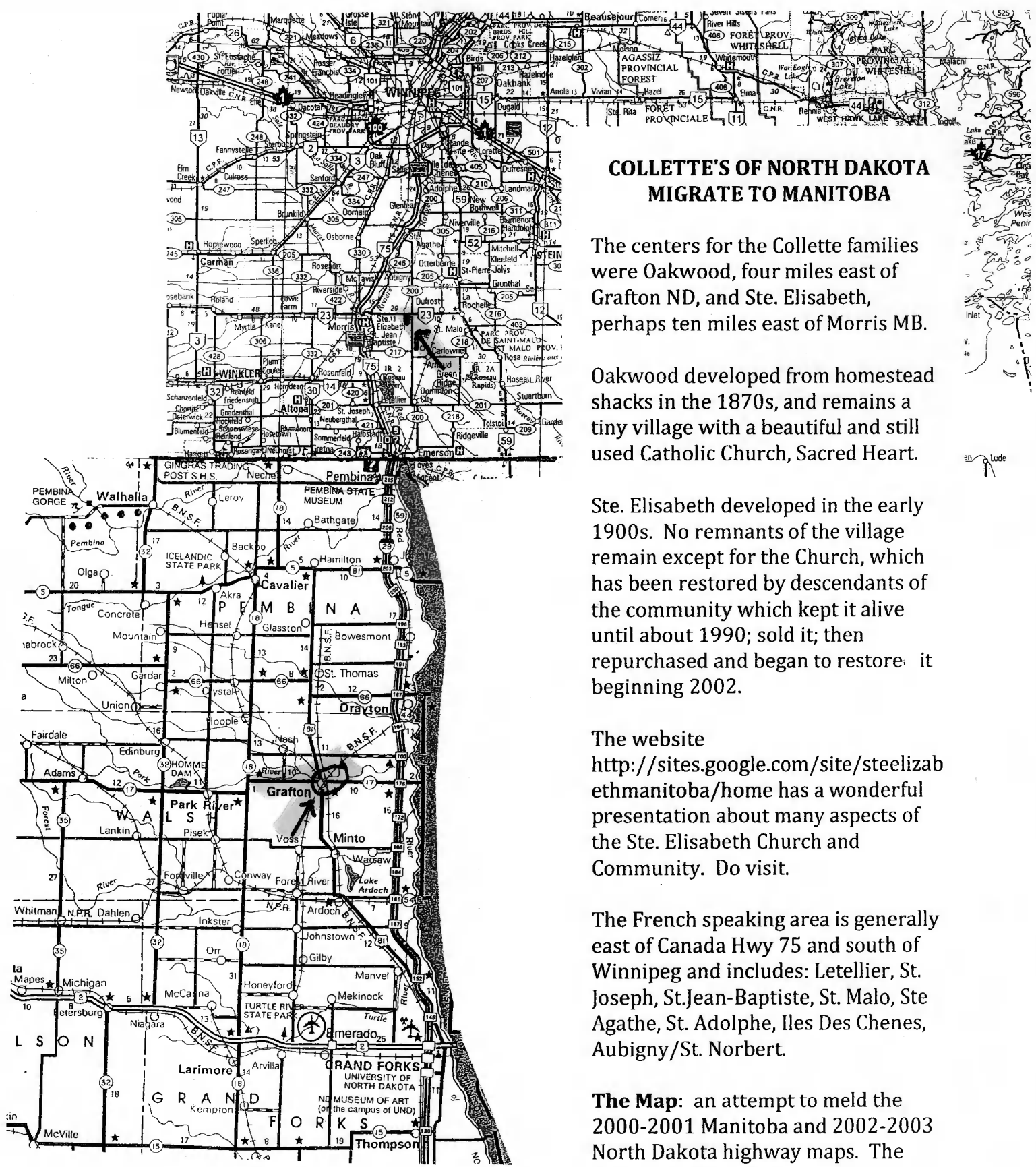
Oakwood developed from homestead shacks in the 1870s, and remains a tiny village with a beautiful and still used Catholic Church, Sacred Heart.

Ste. Elisabeth developed in the early 1900s. No remnants of the village remain except for the Church, which has been restored by descendants of the community which kept it alive until about 1990; sold it; then repurchased and began to restore it beginning 2002.

The website <http://sites.google.com/site/steelizabethmanitoba/home> has a wonderful presentation about many aspects of the Ste. Elisabeth Church and Community. Do visit.

The French speaking area is generally east of Canada Hwy 75 and south of Winnipeg and includes: Letellier, St. Joseph, St. Jean-Baptiste, St. Malo, Ste Agathe, St. Adolphe, Iles Des Chenes, Aubigny/St. Norbert.

The Map: an attempt to meld the 2000-2001 Manitoba and 2002-2003 North Dakota highway maps. The maps are approximately equal in scale, one inch = app. 18 miles.



After 1937, to my knowledge, Henry had no contact with the family north of the border until he and I met his first cousin Ovila Collette in rural St. Jean-Baptiste in the summer of 1991, and subsequently came back to a Manitoba Collette's family reunion in 1992. One time in the 1950s, there was a brief family trip which included Winnipeg, but I don't recall our stopping to visit anyone there.

Language barriers impede communication and may well have been a perceived issue between the French speaking Canadians and some of the English speaking North Dakotans. Except for a portion of northeast ND, there were few French-Canadian 'nests'. In Dad's ND teaching years, we lived in a great variety of places, often mostly German, or Norwegian, but never French "nests". One year we lived in a western ND community, Ross, with a number of Moslem families - my best friend in 8th grade was Moslem. (This town was long considered to have the oldest mosque in the United States.) In another year, there was a nest of Scotch-Irish originally from Ontario. We lived in one town, Karlsruhe, where German was the preferred first language, and it was difficult to fit in. Nonetheless, the only exposure we had to French-Canadians was on occasional trips to Grafton-Oakwood.

In occasional conversations, Henry would infer there were two Manitoba Collette families, both farmers, one which he described in conversation as the "rich ones"; the other as the "poor ones". There were never names attached to the rich and the poor, but it was a clear distinction. (In a July 13, 1981 letter to me, he said his grandfather "Octave had two sons in Canada: one a prosperous farmer with a small family, and the other a struggling farmer with a large family.")

Probably the most prosperous of the three Manitoba Collette's was Philippe, who died in 1915 (at 67, from a burst appendix) when Dad was 7, and thus was a person who Dad probably never met. This would likely leave the families of Arcidas and Alire to vie for the title of "the rich (or prosperous) ones"; it seems likely that Arcidas and Clara were considered to be the "prosperous" ones as they had the smaller family, though such a definition is relative, and perilous.

In a May 26, 2010, letter, Agnes Lussier, daughter of Arcidas Collette and Clara French, helped flesh out this question. She noted that "*Uncle Alire [and his wife Lilly] farmed one-half mile from us until they lost the farm in the 30s and moved to Ste Elisabeth. My parents helped as much as they could. But my two oldest brothers, Amadie and Max, were married and Dad had bought two other 240 acres. We managed to hold the farm with lots of debt.*" So, one would suppose that, in a sense, Arcidas was "the rich one", and Alire "the poor one", at least in Henry Bernard's context.

At some point Alire and Lilly and family apparently moved north to St. Boniface/Winnipeg. Following World War II two informal branches of the family evolved: several of the family members stayed in Manitoba; several settled in Oregon.

Arcidas and Clara's home was the last family stop for Arcidas' Dad, Octave, before he fell, and ultimately died, in a St. Boniface hospital in 1925.

As research on the family continues, the role of French vs English language in relationships between family units seems an important topic.

I close with a recollection of a conversation with Ovila Collette (son of Arcidas and Clara) at the family home in, probably, 1992. Ovila got to talking about how he learned English, and he mentioned the important role catalogs played in his education. Much later, in the 1950s, came television, initially (at least in the stateside context) from a high tower near Pembina ND. It was more likely, I suppose, that southern Manitobans would be exposed to American English through television, than North Dakota French-Canadians living near Grafton would be exposed to French language TV from Winnipeg. Whatever the case the distinction was clear and, I think, important.

Without doubt, the Manitoba Collettes (some of whom later settled in Saskatchewan, and some moved to Montreal and other places) have many rich stories. Philippe's first family largely stayed in the United States; his second family mostly in Canada. Arcidas' family basically remained in Canada; Alire's family about evenly split between Oregon and Manitoba and (apparently) did not keep in close touch.

The assorted family histories north and south of the U.S. Canada border, including the apparent gap caused by language differences, is worthy of further study.

On the following pages are some recollections provided by the families of Arcidas and Alire, and on the web, at www.chez-nous.net/fc.html, Dr. Remi Roy, a member of the Philippe Collette family tree through his grandmother Lottie Collette Roy, has written an extensive and very interesting history of his family and the French in Canada generally.

The Ste Elisabeth parish east of Morris MB, which closed in about 1992, has had a resurrection, and each year since about 2002 has had an annual celebration at the old church in August. The parish has a website with very interesting information about the history of the church and its community.
<http://sites.google.com/site/steelizabethmanitoba/home>

One of the leaders of the effort to keep Ste Elisabeth alive is Gaby Collette, grandson of Max Collette, great grandson of Arcidas Collette.

One wonders how many of the French-Canadians who populated Ste. Elisabeth had some family ties with Sacred Heart and Oakwood North Dakota.



Lily (LaBerge) and Alire Collette (undated)



The Alire and Lilly Collette family about 1927: Back Row: Pacifique (Pat) (born 1910); Wilbrod (Wilbert) 1912; Leo (1914); Rodolphe (Rudy) 1908; Middle Row: Donat 1915; Therese 1919; Richard 1917; Front Row: Jean-Paul 1921; Thomas 1924; Antoine (Tony) 1922



Family photo of Collette's, probably in St. Boniface early 1940s



**Alire & Lilly Collette House in rural Ste. Elisabeth
Home until the Great Depression took the farm.**

Family served nations as few others have

Winnipeg
Tribune
Nov.

By Tim Harper
Tribune Staff Writer

The Collette brothers have married and gone their separate ways over the years.

But during the Second World War the family banded together as few others have to serve two nations.

Recently Leo Collette of St. Boniface recalled how seven brothers in his family, ranging in age from 18 to 30, served in the American and Canadian Armed Forces.

He remembers the pride within a family which gave so much of itself, and the joy of their reunion at the war's end.

But he also recalled that one brother was missing from that reunion. His death was a memory that no family cherishes. The circumstances surrounding the death of the third eldest brother, Don, who died in Sicily in 1943, lent an air of even greater tragedy to an already sombre occasion.

The news of Don's death, delivered by telegram, came within 24 hours of an earlier telegram telling the Collette family that the fourth eldest son, Richard, had been wounded in Sicily but had survived.

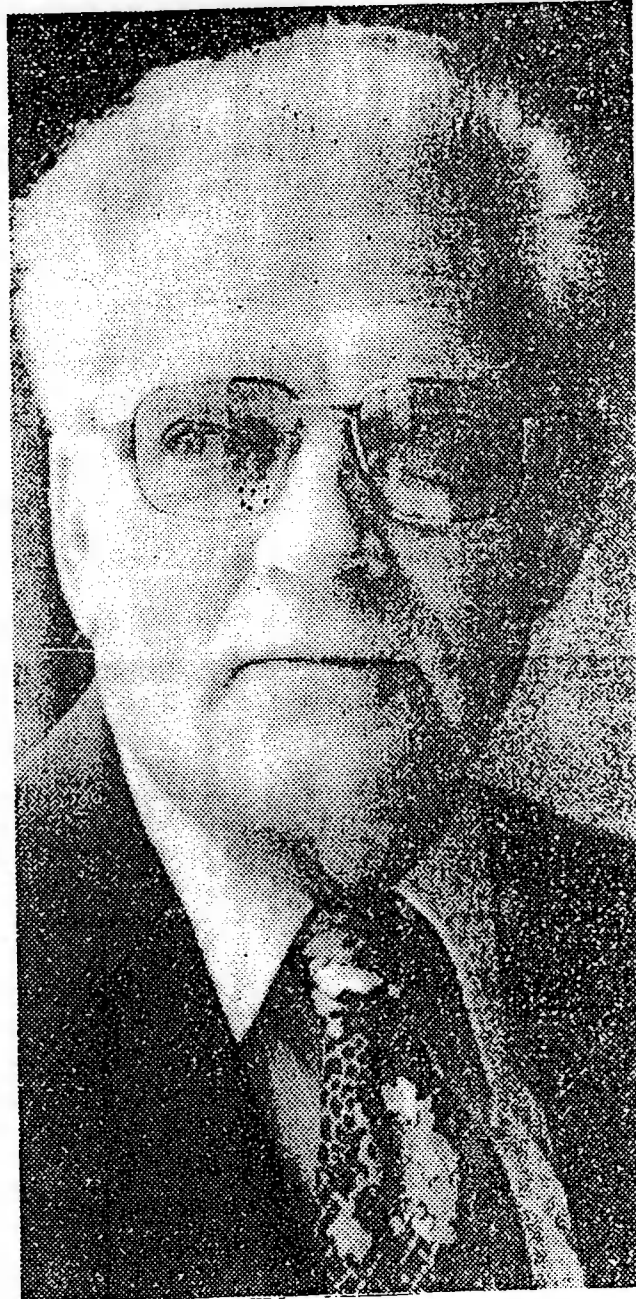
While the family was celebrating its good fortune over Richard's survival, news of Don's death arrived.

"We received the telegram that one (Richard) was wounded while in the 15th Infantry Division in Sicily," Mr. Collette said.

"The next day we learned that Don was killed.

"I remember my mother could hardly take it."

Because the Collette family was originally from Grafton, N.D., four of the brothers enlisted with the U.S. Army and the other three, including Mr. Col-



Leo Collette

lette, served with the Canadian Armed Forces.

The oldest brother, Wilbert, and another brother, J. P., who was decorated, also served with the U.S. Army along with Richard and Don.

In addition to Mr. Col-

lette, served with the Canadian Armed Forces. brothers Tony and Thomas (Butch) served Canada. Tony was in the navy.

Mr. Collette spent the war days in Kingston where he was primed to be the fifth of the seven to serve overseas.

Because he was married with children at the time, he was among a low priority class during conscription

and was not called to duty until a few months before the end of the war.

"I don't regret never having gone overseas," he said, "because I was married and had children. The family was very important. Although when I look back I suppose I would have liked the experience.

"You see, the others were all single and liked the adventure, I guess."

An older brother in the family did not see duty.

There were 10 members of the Collette family and following the Armistice they had a huge, boisterous reunion.

"What a relief when it was all over," Mr. Collette said. "They all came back, some had married during the war, and we had a big family reunion.

"That's something that you remember for a long, long, time."

The six remaining brothers who served during the Second World War are still living today, three in Winnipeg and three in Salem, Ore.

Mr. Collette works in the city at the provincial attorney-general's office.

The Collette reunion was only part of a frenzied celebration in Winnipeg and throughout the world.

Minutes after the announcement that the war had ended on Aug. 1, 1945, thousands poured into the downtown Winnipeg area clogging the streets on that joyful Tuesday.

At Portage and Main, cars lined up for blocks, streaming red, white and blue ribbons. A Salvation Army band marched along Portage Avenue and servicemen on leave were mobbed by the throng.

St. Boniface Boy Killed In Africa

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Elere Collette, 279 Provencher ave., that their son, Pte. Donat J. Collette, was killed in action in the North African battle area Aug. 7. Another son, Pte. Richard J. Collette, was recently listed as wounded.

The two brothers were together and were serving in the American army.

Born at Elizabeth, Man., and educated there and at St. Boniface schools, the brothers joined about the same time in the United States.

There are four other sons on service: Sgt. Wilbert and Pte. Jean Paul, American army; Anthony, R.C.N.V.R.; Tom, Canadian army.

Three other brothers: Roddolph, Pat and Leo, live in Winnipeg. A sister, Therese, is at home.

Pte. Donat Collette Is Killed in Action

Private Donat Collette, 27, formerly of Morris, Man., was killed in action, Aug. 7, while serving with a United States infantry unit in the North African area, which includes Sicily, according to official word



PTE. DONAT COLLETTE

received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alire Collette, now residing at 279 Provencher avenue. His brother Private Richard J. Collette, 25 serving with the same unit, was wounded in action, according to an announcement from the U.S. war department, Washington, Tuesday.

Donat and Richard are two of six brothers who are with the armed forces. Of the other brothers, John and Wilbert are both with the American army in the United States; Tony is with the navy in H.M.C.S. Chippawa; and Thomas is



PTE. RICHARD COLLETTE

with the army in Canada. They have three brothers here, Leo, 19; Bertrand street; Pat, 389 Travers avenue; and Rudolph, 136 Goule street; and one sister, Terry, at home.

The brothers were all born and educated at Morris, Man., where their father operated a farm for many years, before moving in 193 to St. Norbert, and later to St. Boniface.

Richard attended St. Boniface college, 1934-1935, taking an active part in hockey. He was recently promoted to first-class private. He and Donat went overseas last November.

Likely from a 1943 Winnipeg Newspaper.



Sgt. WILBERT COLLETTE



PTE. 1st CLASS J. P. COLLETTE



PTE. THOMAS COLLETTE



ORD. SMN. TONY COLLETTE

four of six sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. Collette, 279 Provencher avenue, St. Boniface, who have served in the armed forces. One son, Private Don, 27, was killed in action August 7 in the North African campaign and another son, Private Richard J. 25, was seriously wounded August 7 in the same campaign. Private Don who was with headquarters company, 3rd battalion, 15th infantry, United States army, was in the armed forces for four years. Private Richard was in the same battalion as his brother Don and has been in the U.S. army for four years. Sergeant Wilbert, 32, is with the U.S. army signal corps and is stationed at Camp Adair, near Portland, Oregon. He is a cook and has been two years in the service. Private First Class John Paul, 22, is with quartermaster signal corps, U.S. army. He has been one year in the armed forces and is at Camp Adair. Private Thomas, 20, is with the Royal Canadian Artillery. He enlisted four months ago and is now at Montreal. Ordinary Seaman Tony, 21, R.C.N.V.R. is in training at H.M.C.S. Chippawa. He enlisted six months ago.

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the space below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

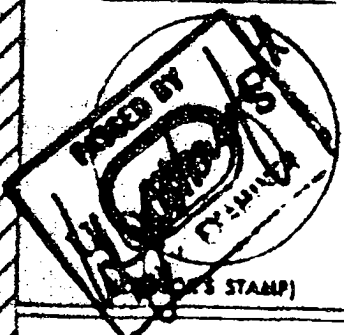
No. _____

From Pfc Richard G. Collette

123 M.P.C. O.A.P.O.H.S.
(Sender's name)

2nd M.P.S.
(Receiver's address)

San Francisco, Calif.
1. 24. 45
(Date)



To: Mrs. Orula Collette,
Box 17,
Morris, Manitoba,
Canada.

Dear Cousin:

Italy

Here I am this evening too missing your very nice letter which pleased me very much. Glad to hear your fine, your family, aunts, aunts, also Amelia & her family. Well Orula, am getting along just as good as to be expected. After been gone for one fine year, I haven't changed much, except got a little, thinner and still the same guy, and still single. Am not thinking of marriage life yet, am waiting till I get back, then I'll consider it. No doubt your wondering when will I get back, well Orula to be truthful about everything, I don't really know, but I expect sometime this year. I know how it is Orula, I understand how you feel about meeting, but don't forget anytime you feel like talking to me, go right ahead, am always listening. Your letter will be welcome. That is about for this evening. So long Orula and thank you so much for your sweet letter. Good luck & best regards to all.
your cousin,
Richard

GÉNÉALOGIE
DE LA
FAMILLE

Clara French and Arcidas Collette Family
prepared about 1989

Collette

FAMILY
GENEALOGY



ARCIDAS (ALCIDAS) et CLARA (née: Franche) (French)

C O L L E T T E.

Arcidas (Alcidas) est né le 5 octobre, 1876 aux Etats-Unis, fils de Octave Collette et Clothilde Blondeau. Il épousa Clara Marie Franche (French), le 20 juin, 1898 à Oakwood, North Dakota, U.S.A.

En 1899, avec leur fils Amedée, ils vinrent pour demeurer au Canada, à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manitoba). Après quelque temps ils ont vendu leur terrain et ils retournèrent aux Etats-Unis à Oakwood. Après la naissance de Maxime en 1900, ils retournent au Canada en 1903 pour se ré-installer à Sainte-Elizabeth sur la même terre qu'autrefois.

Leur première demeure est l'endroit où Ovila et Cécile Collette demeurent aujourd'hui. Leur demeure consistait d'une pièce qui est la cuisine d'aujourd'hui. C'est en 1910 que cette pièce fut ajoutée à la nouvelle maison. En 1915, l'écurie (l'étable) fut bâtie. Leur troisième fils Ovila est né en 1913 et leur seule fille, Agnès est née en 1919.

Etant pionniers, ils défrichèrent la terre et continuèrent à toujours améliorer leur emplacement. En plus d'être cultivateur, Arcidas (Alcidas) était un homme très habil avec ces mains. Ce talent fut passé de génération en génération. Il était aussi impliqué dans l'éducation comme commissaire d'école et comme syndic de la paroisse de Sainte-Elizabeth.

Quatorze années après avoir combattu le cancer de lèvres, il est mort d'un cancer d'estomac en 1936 à l'âge de 59 ans.

Son épouse Clara, est née le 28 décembre, 1879 à Saint-Philippe d'Argenteuil, Québec. Comme les femmes de ce temps, Clara travaillait beaucoup à l'extérieure de la maison. Elle aidait à défricher le terrain, trayait (tirait) les vaches, soignait les animaux en plus des responsabilités de mère de famille. Elle demeura sur la ferme jusqu'en 1961. A cause de maladie, elle déménagea à l'hospice d'Otterburne jusqu'à sa mort le 18 janvier, 1965. Arcidas (Alcidas) et Clara sont enterrés dans le cimetière de la paroisse de Sainte-Elizabeth.

ARCIDAS (ALCIDAS) and CLARA (born: Franche) (French)

C O L L E T T E .

Arcidas (Alcidas) was born on October 5th, 1876 in the United States, son of Octave Collette and Clothilde Blondeau. He married Clara Marie Franche (French) on June 20, 1898 in Oakwood, North Dakota, U.S.A. Along with their son Amedée, in 1899 they came to live in Canada, Sainte-Elizabeth, Manitoba. After a short stay, they sold their land and returned to the U.S.A. in Oakwood. After the birth of their second son Maxime in 1900, they returned to Canada in 1903 to re-establish themselves in Sainte-Elizabeth, on the same homestead.

Their first home is now the kitchen where Ovila and Cécile Collette reside today. It was in 1910 that the kitchen was added on to a new house. Their third son, Ovila was born in 1913. In 1915 the barn was added to the homestead. Their only daughter was born in 1919.

Being pioneers, they worked very hard to clear the land for cultivation and continually improved their homestead.

Aside from farming being his primary occupation, Arcidas (Alcidas) was very crafty with his hands. This talent was passed on from generation to generation. He was also implicated in education as school trustee for Sainte-Elizabeth parish.

Fourteen years after a bout with cancer of the lips, Arcidas (Alcidas) died of stomach cancer in 1936 at the age of 59 years.

His wife Clara was born on December 28, 1879 in Saint-Philippe d'Argenteuil in Québec.

Like all women of those days, Clara not only worked in the home but helped with outside work. Part of her work involved clearing land, milking cows, feeding animals with also the responsibilities of raising a family.

Clara lived on the farm till 1961. Due to illness, she moved to the care home in Otterburne where she died on January 18, 1965. Arcidas, (Alcidas) and Clara are both buried in the cemetery in Sainte-Elizabeth.

N/N - nom/name
N/B - naissance/birth
D/D - décès/death
P/F - père/father
M/M - mère/mother

E/S - époux-épouse/spouse
M/M - mariage/marriage
D/D - date/date
A/O - autres/others

N/N - Arcidas (Alcidas) Collette

P
A
T
H
E
R

N/B - le 5 octobre, 1876 au Etats-Unis

D/D - le 25 mai, 1936 à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manitoba) Canada

P/F - Octave Collette

M/M - Clothilde Blondeau

A/O -

M/M - D/D - le 20 juin, 1898 à Oakwood, North Dakota, U.S.A.

N/N - Clara Marie Franche (French)

M
O
T
H
E
R

N/B - le 28 décembre, 1879 à Saint-Philippe d'Argenteuil, Québec, Canada

D/D - le 18 janvier, 1965 à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manitoba) Canada

P/F - Eustache Franche (dit Laframboise) (née: 1867)

M/M - Philomène Lalonde (dit Latreille)

A/O -

ENFANT(S) - CHILD (CHILDREN)

(1) N/N - Amedée Joseph Collette

N/B - le 9 avril, 1899 à Oakwood, North Dakota, U.S.A.

E/S - Bella Emma (née: Rivard)

M/M - D/D - le 4 juillet, 1923 à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manitoba) Canada

A/O -

(2) N/N - Maxime Charles Collette

N/B - le 23 avril, 1900 à Oakwood, North Dakota, U.S.A.

E/S - Cécile Roseanna Marie (née: Savoie)

M/M - D/D - le 12 novembre, 1924 à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manitoba) Canada

A/O -

(3) N/N - Ovila André Joseph Collette

N/B - le 27 mai, 1913 à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manitoba) Canada

E/S - Cécile Elise Marie (née: Bérard)

M/M - D/D - le 15 novembre, 1939 Saint-Joseph (Manitoba) Canada.

A/O -

N/N - nom/name
N/B - naissance/birth
D/D - décès/death
P/F - père/father
M/M - mère/mother

E/S - époux-épouse/spouse
M/M - mariage/marriage
D/D - date/dare
A/O - autres/others

13

ENFANT(S) - CHILD (CHILDREN)

(4) N/N - Agnès Eloria Solange Marie (née: Collette) Lussier
N/B - le 1er juillet, 1919 à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manioba) Canada
E/S - Roland Edmond Joseph Lussier
M/M - D/D - le 12 octobre, 1946 à Sainte-Elizabeth, (Manitoba) Canada.
A/O - _____

() N/N - _____
N/B - _____
E/S - _____
M/M - D/D - _____
A/O - _____

() N/N - _____
N/B - _____
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M/M - D/D - _____
A/O - _____

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A/O - _____

() N/N - _____
N/B - _____
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M/M - D/D - _____
A/O - _____

Collette - Amedée et Bella

Amedée est né le 9 avril, 1899 à Oakwood, North Dakota aux États Unis. Il épousa Bella Rivard le 4 juillet, 1923 à Sainte-Élizabeth. Bella, née le 28 septembre, 1903, est fille de Jean Baptiste et de Delphine Duprey de Sainte-Élizabeth. De cette union venait six enfants: trois garçons et trois filles.

Amedée et Bella se sont établis sur une ferme à Sainte-Élizabeth ayant comme voisin ses parents. Il aimait beaucoup travailler la terre. Il avait de nombreux loisirs tel que la fabrication d'inventions, il était syndic de plusieurs comités, commissaire de l'école Saint-Martin et conseiller de la Municipalité de Morris.

Bella aimait faire du crochet et le tricot. Elle aimait jardiner et mettre en conserve les biens de la terre. Elle faisait partie de les Dames de Sainte-Anne. Elle démontrait beaucoup d'interêt à la ferme.

En 1970, ils quittèrent leur ferme pour prendre leur retraite à Morris pour ensuite se rendre à la Villa Youville à Sainte-Anne (Manitoba) en 1983.

Amedée est décédé le 2 juillet, 1986 âgé de 87 ans à l'hôpital de Sainte-Anne. Bella est décédé l'année suivante, le 2 mai, 1987 à l'hôpital Victoria à Winnipeg (Manitoba) à l'âge de 83 ans.

Collette - Amedée and Bella

Amedée was born in Oakwood, North Dakota, U.S.A. on April 9, 1899. On July 4, 1923, he was united in marriage to Bella Rivard, in the small church of Ste. Elizabeth. Bella was born in Ste. Elizabeth on the 28th of September in 1903. She was the daughter of Jean Baptiste Rivard and Delphine Duprey. Amedée and Bella had six children: three boys and three girls.

Amedée and Bella settled on a farm neighboring his parents. Amedée loved farming. He had many hobbies. He enjoyed inventing as well as fabricating machinery. He was involved in different committees. He served as a school and church trustee and as councillor for the Rural Municipality of Morris for several years.

Bella loved gardening and canning. She was always busy with her hands either knitting or crocheting. She took great interest in the farm. Bella was also an active member of the catholic group "Les Dames de Sainte-Anne".

In 1970, they left the farm to take their retirement in Morris, Manitoba. They then moved to Villa Youville in Ste. Anne, Manitoba, in 1983.

Amedée passed away July 12th, 1986 in Ste. Anne Hospital, in Ste. Anne, Manitoba at the age of 87 years. The following year, Bella passed away May 2nd, 1987 at the age of 83 years at Victoria Hospital in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Their children are:

Alcide (Carmelle Beaudette) They had 8 children.

Richard, Claude, Jeannine, Gilbert, Léo, Marc, Gérald, Jules

Florent (Germaine Gauthier) They had 6 children.

Jocelyne, Guy, Lynne, Joanne, Rhéal, Gaétanne

Béatrice (Dollard Ritchot) They had 4 children.

Marc, René, Claudette, Robert

Rolande (André Saborin) They had 7 children.

Lucien, Ronald, Yves, Jean-Paul, Auréle, Lynne, Charlotte

Lorraine (Roger Daneault) They had 2 children.

Paul, Colette

Raymond (Irène Morin) They had 3 children.

Jeanette, Ronald, Luc

Amedée and Bella have 30 grandchildren and 54 great-grandchildren.

COLLETTE, Maxime et Cécile

Maxime est né à Oakwood, North Dakota, Etats Unis, le 23 avril, 1900. Il épousa Cécile Savoie le 12 novembre, 1924. Cécile est née à Letellier, Manitoba, le 4 octobre, 1906, fille d'Arthur Savoie et Philomène Dumontier.

Dans leur première année de mariage, Maxime et Cécile demeurèrent à l'est de St. Jean Baptiste sur un terrain surnommé " le ranch ". Ensuite ils s'établirent sur une ferme à trois milles à l'ouest de Ste. Elizabeth. Ils cultivèrent la terre jusqu'à leur retraite en 1965. Sur cette ferme ils élevèrent leur famille de 6 enfants: cinq garçons et une fille.

Maxime était un homme de la terre. En plus des travaux des champs, il réparait la machinerie et s'occupait des animaux de la ferme. Il fut aussi commissaire d'école et s'occupa de l'entretien de l'école St. Martin pendant plusieurs années.

Cécile était une bonne couturière et elle aimait beaucoup faire des grands jardins; ramasser des framboises et des fraises était un de ses plaisirs. Elle aimait aussi faire la cuisine.

Ils ont aussi accueilli dans leur foyer sept enfants du bien être sociale.

Atteint par la maladie en 1965, Maxime et Cécile vendirent la ferme et déménagèrent au village de St. Jean Baptiste. En 1976 Cécile eut une trombose et fût paralysée. Après quelques années elle fût admise à la résidence Villa Youville de Ste. Anne, au Manitoba. Maxime déménagea à la Villa pour être plus près de son épouse.

Maxime est décédé le 24 novembre, 1981 à l'hôpital de St. Boniface âgé de 81 ans et Cécile est décédée le 25 juin, 1987 à la Villa Youville âgée de 80 ans.

Leurs enfants sont:

ROLAND -- (Vivienne Bourgeois) ils ont 6 enfants:

René, Aurèle, Solange, Jacques, Luc et Louis

MARCEL -- (Florence Fillion) ils ont 10 enfants:

Monique, Léon, Rachelle, Norbert, Gabriel,
David, Hélène, André, Hervé et Reynald

ANTONIO -- (Denise Bouchard) ils ont 3 enfants:

Diane, Louise et Michelle

ROGER -- (Marthe Boies)

GILLES -- (Gisele Parent) ils ont 3 enfants:

Denis, Lise et Jean-Paul

GISELE -- (Allan Labossière) ils ont 2 enfants:

Richard et Mona

Maxime et Cécile ont 24 petits-enfants, 36 arrière-petits-enfants et 1 arrière-arrière-petit-enfant.

COLLETTE, Maxime and Cécile

Maxime was born in Oakwood, North Dakota, U.S.A. on April 23, 1900. He married Cécile Savoie on Novembre 12, 1924. Cécile was born in Letellier, Manitoba on October 4, 1906, the daughter of Arthur Savoie and Philomène Dumontier.

In their first years of married life they lived on a farm called " the ranch" situated a couple of miles east of St. Jean Baptiste. Then they moved on a farm 3 miles west of the town of Ste. Elizabeth which is where they lived till they retired in 1965. On this farm is where they raised their family of five boys and one girl.

Maxime loved working the land. His time was spent doing farm work and looking after the animals. He was a school trustee for école St. Martin and was often called to do maintenance work at the school.

Cécile was a good seamstress and she also loved gardening. She was in her glory when picking strawberries and raspberries. She was also an excellent cook.

Besides their family they also were foster parents to seven children from Children's Aid Society.

Due to illness, they had to leave the farm in 1965 and retired to their new home in St. Jean Baptiste. In 1976 Cécile had a stroke which left her paralyzed. A few years later, they moved to the Villa Youville in Ste. Anne's . Manitoba.

Maxime passed away in St. Boniface Hospital on Novembre 24, 1981 at the age of 81. Cécile passed away at the Villa Youville on June 25, 1987 at the age of 80.

Their children are:

ROLAND -- (Vivienne Bourgeois) They had 6 Children:

René, Aurèle, Solange, Jacques, Luc and Louis

MARCEL -- (Florence Fillion) They had 10 children:

Monique, Léon, Rachelle, Norbert, Gabriel, David, Hélène
André, Hervé and Reynald

ANTONIO -- (Denise Bouchard) They had 3 children:

Diane, Louise and Michelle

ROGER -- (Marthe Boies)

GILLES -- (Gisèle Parent) They had 3 children:

Denis, Lise and Jean-Paul

GISELE -- (Allan Labossière) They had 2 children:

Richard and Mona

Maxime and Cécile have 24 grand-children, 36 great-grand-children, and 1 great-great-grand-child.

COLLETTE, Ovila et Cécile

Ovila est né à Sainte-Elizabeth le 27 mai, 1913, enfant de Alcidas (Arcidas) et Clara (née: Franche) Collette. Le 15 novembre 1939 il épousa Cécile (née: Bérard) Collette née le 24 mars, 1919 à Saint-Joseph. Cécile était la fille de Zénon Bérard et Oréclide (née: Trudel) Bérard.

Avant de s'établir sur la ferme paternelle, ils demeurent près du chemin Sainte-Marie et quelques années au village de Sainte-Elizabeth au Manitoba. Ils demeurent sur la ferme paternelle depuis 49 ans. Ovila et Cécile cultivèrent le terre jusqu'en 1986. Toujours membres de la paroisse de Sainte-Elizabeth, ils eurent douze enfants, 4 garçons et 8 filles. C'est en 1988 qu'ils deviennent membres de la paroisse de Saint-Maurice à Morris, Manitoba à la suite de la fermeture de l'église de Sainte-Elizabeth.

Ovila et Cécile étaient des cultivateurs et en plus des éleveurs - poules, cochons, vaches... Ovila garda la réputation des Collettes en bricolant toutes choses. Cécile avait une touche spéciale avec le jardin et les fleurs sans oublier la bonne cuisine et un talent spéciale dans la couture.

Malgré certaines épreuves, leur santé est encore assez bonne qu'ils habitent encore sur la terre paternelle.

Ovila was born on May 27, 1913 in Sainte-Elizabeth, Manitoba to Alcidas (Arcidas) and Clara (born: Franche) Collette. On November 15, 1939 he married Cécile (born: Bérard) Collette born on March 24, 1919 in Saint-Joseph - daughter of Zénon Bérard and Oréclide (born: Trudel) Bérard.

The first few years of married life, they lived along side of the Saint-Mary's Road and moved to the town of Sainte-Elizabeth, (MB) for a few years. They then established themselves on the paternal farm where they are still residing today. They farmed together till 1986. Always members of the Parish of Sainte-Elizabeth, they had twelve children - 4 boys-8 girls. Due to the closure of the church in Sainte-Elizabeth in 1988, they became members of Saint-Maurice Parish in Morris, Manitoba.

Farming was their primary occupation along with raising a few head of cattle, a few hogs and laying hens.

Ovila, keeping the Collette tradition, was a jack of all trades. Cécile, gifted with a green thumb, always had abundant gardens, vegetables, beautiful flowers, not to overlook her excellent touch in the kitchen and was very talented as a seamstress.

Considering a few setbacks, they still enjoy a healthy and active life while residing on the farm.

The children - Les enfants:

Rose-Marie	Normand	Pauline	Eveline	Thérèse
Rita	Doris	Irène	Alain	Carole
Robert	Donald			

Ovila et Cécile ont 25 petits enfants et 3 arrières petits enfants.

Ovila and Cécile have 25 grand children and 3 great grand children.

Agnès Collette est née le 1 juillet 1919 à Ste. Elizabeth, Manitoba, à Clara et Arcidas Collette. Elle est la plus jeune de quatre enfants et la soeur de Maxime, Amédée et Ovila.

Roland Lussier est né le 2 mars 1919 à St. Pierre-Jolys à Delphine Rivard et Edmond Lussier. Dès son retour de quatre ans de service militaire (deuxième guerre mondiale), il épousa Agnès Collette le 12 octobre 1946. Ensemble, ils ont cultivé leur propre ferme située à deux milles à l'est de Ste. Elizabeth et ont élevé leur famille. Ils ont eu cinq garçons et une fille. En 1973, Roland et Agnès ont vendu leur ferme et ont déménagé au village de St. Pierre-Jolys.

Agnès, en plus d'être mère de famille, aime faire la couture, surtout des couvertures piquées. La lecture, voyager et le jardinage sont quelques-uns de ses passe-temps préférés.

Roland a travaillé comme chauffeur d'autobus scolaire pendant quelques années avant sa retraite en 1982. Il a toujours été un membre actif dans plusieurs organisations.

Roland et Agnès jouissent de leur retraite et de leur onze petits enfants.

Voici les enfants:

- | | | |
|---------|----------------------|---|
| Donald | - | - Il a un enfant - Margot. |
| René | - (Marguerite Aquin) | - Ils ont trois enfants -
David, Robert, Christine. |
| Noëlla | - (Fernand Robidoux) | - Ils ont quatre enfants -
Danielle, Michelle, Patrick,
Paul. |
| Richard | - (Diane Dory) | - Ils ont un enfant - Marc. |
| Guy | - (Wendy Wilkinson) | - Ils ont deux enfants -
Cory, Tyler. |
| Bernard | - | |

Agnès Collette was born to Clara French and Arcidas Collette on July 1, 1919, in Ste. Élizabeth, Manitoba. She is the youngest of four children and sister to Maxime, Amédée, Ovila.

Roland Lussier was born to Delphine Rivard and Edmond Lussier on March 2, 1919, in St. Pierre-Jolys, Manitoba. After four years of military service (World War II), he married Agnès Collette on October 12, 1946. Together, they worked on their own farm located two miles east of Ste. Élizabeth and raised a family. They had five sons and one daughter. In 1973, they sold their farm and moved to the town of St. Pierre-Jolys.

Agnès enjoys sewing, especially quilt making. Reading, gardening and travelling are a few of her hobbies.

Roland worked as a school bus driver for a few years until his retirement in 1982. He enjoys being actively involved in community affairs and has served on many committees.

Roland and Agnès are enjoying their retirement and their eleven grandchildren.

The children:

- | | | |
|---------|----------------------|--|
| Donald | - | - He has one child - Margot. |
| René | - (Marguerite Aquin) | - They have three children -
David , Robert, Christine. |
| Noëlla | - (Fernand Robidoux) | - They have four children -
Danielle, Michelle, Patrick,
Paul. |
| Richard | - (Diane Dory) | - They have one child - Marc. |
| Guy | - (Wendy Wilkinson) | - They have two children -
Cory, Tyler. |
| Bernard | - | |

THE COLLETTE FAMILY TREE
SEE IMPORTANT NOTE AT THE END OF THIS SECTION

Before he passed away in 2003, Alfred Collette's grandson, Vernon Sell, with a great deal of help from Guillaume (William) Collette's granddaughter Iris Holten, published Iris's 63 page genealogy of the family trees of the respective Collette's.

Iris continues to update the Collette genealogy today. See note at end of this section.

As presented in the genealogy document, the Collette family was a prolific one, and today is scattered throughout the United States and Canada and, to a lesser degree, international.

Following, basically as printed in Iris Holten's 2003 document, are portions of the information as she and Vernon Sell and others were able to collect it. The portion reprinted below reflects ONLY the first "North Dakota" generation and their children and grandchildren. In Iris' document, these are generations 5 (including only Denys and Mathilde Collette), 6 and 7 and 8. This is a starting point for Generations like my own (9th Generation) to build from. **CAUTION:** As with all genealogical information, there are many mistakes which future research will correct. All that is entered here is the basic data about the brothers and sisters themselves, and their children. **Added information is indicated between [brackets]**. The recorder of the information (Iris Holten, and Dick Bernard), is totally dependent on others for the information listed. Errors are a certainty, including misspelling names, erroneous dates, etc. We do the best we can with what information we have. Your help is requested in making this a more accurate document over time.

General information included with the genealogical data below is provided by Dick Bernard, and is based on direct or anecdotal information from other family members, or from inferences made from the genealogical data for generations 8 and beyond. **Readers are invited to 'fill in the blanks' where information is incomplete or in error (Iris Holten's address is at the end of this section.)** If there seem to be unusual clusters (i.e. family groupings in another state) such is noted. If in the general area of Grafton-Grand Forks, no specific notations is made. (In the Iris Holten document, author of this book, Dick Bernard, is generation 9).

GENERATION FIVE:

Denys (Denis) COLLETTE, III, born February 2, 1821, St. Henri de Levis, Quebec, Canada died January 29, 1893 Oakwood ND Burial Oakwood Sacred Heart Cemetery.

married Martine (Mathilda) VERMETTE born November 8, 1823, St. Henri de Levis, PQ, Canada married October 17, 1842 St Henri De Levis PQ, Died January 14, 1887, Oakwood ND, Walsh County Burial Sacred Heart Cemetery, Oakwood ND.

GENERATION SIX , SEVEN AND EIGHT: Their children and two following generations.

Sophonie COLLETTE born September 15, 1843 St. Henri de Levis, Quebec, Canada died 1926 Burial June 7 1926 Oakwood ND Sacred Heart Church Cemetery ND

Married Etienne LESSARD who was born May 9, 1839, Ste Marie de Beauce PQ married July 16, 1861 St. Lambert de Levis, Canada died April 18, 1924

Delima LESSARD died Oakwood ND; married Dosithee LABERGE August 15, 1881; died April 19, 1918

Marie (1882/dec. 1882); **Alexander** (1883); **Aurore** (1884, m Andrew FRENCH Jan 26 1903); **Joseph** (1885); **Roseanne** (1886); **Arthur** (1887); **Georgina** (1889, m Ed ZEJDLIK); **Albert** (1890); **Alfred** (1891); **Edward** (1893); **George** (1894, dec 1894); **Ovide** (1896); **Marie** (1897, m Napoleon EMARD); **Exilia** (1900/1900)

Almina LESSARD married Moses BRUNELLE

Marie LESSARD died May, 1929; married Daniel SUPRENANT November 24, 1895. He died 1946

Alfred (born ca 1895-96); **Clara** (1897, m Edmond PRUD'HOMME); **Harmas** (1903, m MAY); **George** (1904, m Charlotte CORKRAN); **Victor** (1906, m Helen MILLER); **Delia Marie** (Apr 5, 1908, m John VOSSLER Jun 4, 1929); **Bernard** (1910, m Rose ENRIGHT); **Lawrence**; **Marie** (1916, m-Carl Edward JOHNSON); **Peter** (1918, m LILLIAN ?); **Veronica** (1920, m Paul CARDIN)

Louis LESSARD born August 11, 1863 died October 11, 1924 married Exilia PRIMEAU July 3, 1888. She was born March 18, 1870, died March 13, 1933

Bertha (abt 1888, infant death); **Rosanna** (1889, m- Joseph LAHAISE June 25, 1907); **Melvina** (1891, m Joseph LAHAISE (? - see Rosanna, above), 2nd husband Frank DESAUTEL m June 10, 1910); **Joseph** (1893, m Alphonsine LEFEBVRE Nov 23, 1915); **Emma** (1894 m Joseph LACOSTE); **Louisa** (1895, m Armond SEVIGNY); **Albert** (1896, m Ethel POOLE Nov 5, 1928); **Marie** (1899, m John PATNAUDE); **Alphonse** (1901, m Marie Ann SAMSON Nov 18, 1924); **Arthur** (1903); **Wilbrod** (1905, m Florida BRUNNELL June 10, 1930); **Homer** (1907, m Simone Elizabeth SAMSON August 28, 1934); **Moses** (1911, m Ellen May BURKE Nov. 17, 1931)

Edward LESSARD born September 11, 1865 died August 14, 1919 married Rosanna LACOSTE 1889. She was born April 15, 1869 and died March 13, 1957

Alfred (1890, married Alvina DEMERS June 29, 1915); **Raoul** (1891-1939); **Angeline** (1893, married Elmer STOKKE Nov

10, 1917); **Alexander** (1899, married Victoria **CURRY** in 1926); **Emilia** (1904, married Daniel **LABERGE** May 6, 1924). **Philaus LESSARD** born 1868 married Zelia **PAGEOTTE** born 1869.

[NOTE: Their first child was born in Grafton.]

Edmund (1899, married Vera L **(JUDY)**); **Josephine** (m **ANDERSON**); **Lacadie** (1896, m William **LACOURSE**); **Clara** (m **SALIGO**); **Lawrence** (1911, KIA Germany Apr 11, 1945); **Loretta** (1911, m Norbert **MORIN** Apr 12, 1937 Oakwood; 2nd husband Hjalmer **VIG** M Nov 8, 1956 Grand Forks); **Napolian** (1893, m Amanda **GOURDE**); **Eugenie** (m **JOHNSON**); **Sedulie** (m Philip **BRUNELLE**); Henry Charles (1902 died 1915); **Marie** (m Wilfred **COLLETTE**);

Odile LESSARD born August 10, 1869 St. Elzear de la Beauce PQ died August 26, 1953. Married Hermes **CHALE** July 27 1886 at Oakwood. He was born December 20, 1864 and died October 3, 1931.

Emma (1887); **Delia** (1889, m Oswald **FAILLE** Oct 17, 1916); **Anna** (1890); **Marie** (1893, m Francis **HUARD** Nov 20, 1911); **Antoinette** (1893); **Euphrenie** (1900); **Edward** (1903, m Jeanette **CLEVELAND** June 7, 1922; **Yvonne** (1906, m Ernest **FRENCH** Nov 14, 1928; **Theresa** (1908); **Jean Maurice** (1916, m Jenora **CONSTANCE** May 10, 1940)

Joseph LESSARD born October 13, 1872, Quebec died April 21, 1945, married Bertha **CAMPBELL** February 9, 1898. She was born January 8 1882, died April 11, 1968 Oakwood ND. **NOTE: Several branches of this family settled in Longview WA. Grandson of Joseph and Bertha is Raymond LESSARD, retired Bishop of Savannah GA, son of Victor LESSARD and Angeline COLLETTE. Bishop Lessard served Savannah from 1973-95. See also page 133)**

William (1898, m Alma Amanda **SAMSON** June 19, 1922) **NOTE: part of the Longview WA branch of the family;** **Philomena** (1901, m Patrick **SULLIVAN** Nov 22, 1921; 2nd marriage to George **VONDAL** Apr 18, 1938); **Victor** (1904, m Angeline Dora **COLLETTE** Nov 25, 1929 **NOTE: Parents of Bishop Raymond LESSARD**); **Blanch** (1907); **Ernestine** (1909, m Joseph Henry **FRENCH** Nov 12, 1928); **Roland** (1911, m Rosalie **SEVIGNY** Jun 28, 1944, 2nd wife Arbella Samson **DURAND** Jul 23, 1966); **Theresa** (1912); **Arsene** (1913, m Rita **PATNAUDE** Feb 24, 1941); **Francis** (1916, m Bernadette Helen **TRUDEAU** Dec 29, 1942; 2nd wife Peggy Joan **ADAMS** Jun 1, 1974) **NOTE: also part of Longview WA branch**); **Marcel** (1920, m Lucien **SEVIGNY** May 7, 1946.)

Zelire LESSARD born June 7, 1876 Grafton ND died October 7, 1928, married Frank **HUARD** November 23, 1895, at Oakwood. He was born June 13, 1869 and died January 22, 1949. **NOTE: Grafton was not founded until 1882, and the first Collettes did not arrive in Oakwood till 1878, so if this information is true, Etienne LESSARD and Sophronie COLLETTE were the first members of the family to settle in what is now Oakwood area.**

Philomene (1897, m Philip **ADAMS**, Nov 28, 1916 Thompson ND); **Marie** (1900, m Alphons **ADAMS** Nov 28, 1922 Thompson ND); **Joseph** (1902); **Edward** (1907, m Alice **ACKERMAN**, Nov 6, 1930); **Delia** (1910, m Theodore **LEDDIGEE** Nov. 11, 1920; 2nd husband Kenneth **BOMANIN** m 1945)

George LESSARD born September 9, 1885 died June 19, 1980 Grafton ND married Rachel **PILON** June 5, 1922. She was born June 22, 1898, died February 8, 1988.

Daniel (1923, m Alice **SEVIGNY** June 8, 1948); **Agnes** (1926, m Harold **KAMROWSKI** May 6, 1947); **Roman** (1930, m Joyce **COLLETTE** Jun 27, 1957)

Mathilde LESSARD born 1889, died 1971 married Bernard **PELLANT** born 1886 died 1965

Lawrence (1912); **Marie** (1916)

Alfred LESSARD born 1881 died 1935

Marie-Aubeline COLLETTE born June 2, 1845, St. Isadore Quebec, Canada died August 21, 1923

Married Alex (Alexis) **Gagne** May 20, 1871 St. Anthony MN died May 19, 1926

Alfred GAGNE born February 19, 1872 married Cylinie **GOULET**
Alex, George, Angeline, Emery, Richard, Lucy, Oliver
Mathilde GAGNE born June 10 1882, died April 3, 1883

Denys-Octave COLLETTE born May 24, 1847 St. Henri de Levis, Canada died January 24, 1925 Winnipeg Canada Burial Feb 2, 1925 at Oakwood ND

Married Clothilde Blondeau born April 1, 1846 married July 12 1869 [1868] Minneapolis [St. Anthony] MN died September 29, 1916 Burial October 2, 1916 Oakwood Sacred Heart Church Cemetery, ND

2nd wife of Denys-Octave **COLLETTE**, Heminie Poisson **HENAULT** married August 28, 1917 Ste. Anne's Minneapolis MN died September 13, 1923, Minneapolis MN

Octave COLLETTE born May 1, 1870 died December 22, 1887
Oakwood ND

Adeline COLLETTE born October 15, 1871 died May 13 1876 Otsego MN buried Sacred Heart Cemetery Oakwood ND.

Alex COLLETTE born September 21, 1873 died May 10, 1876 Otsego MN buried Sacred Heart Cemetery Oakwood ND

Joseph Arcidas COLLETTE (aka Alcidas) born October 15, 1876 died May 25, 1936 Manitoba Canada married Clara Mae **FRENCH** June 20, 1898 at Oakwood. She was born December 28, 1879 Quebec Canada, died January 18, 1965, Manitoba Canada. [NOTE: This family migrated to Manitoba shortly after 1900.]

Amadee (1899, m Bella Emma **RIVARD** Jul 4, 1923 MB;
Maximillian Charles (1900, m Cecile Roseanna Marie

SAVOIE Nov 12, 1924 Ste Elisabeth; **Ovila Andre Joseph** (1913, m Cecile Elise Marie **BERARD** Nov 15, 1939, St. Joseph MB); **Agnes Eloria Solange** (1919, m Roland Edmond Joseph **LUSSIER** Oct 12, 1946, Ste Elisabeth MB);

Josephine COLLETTE born October 15, 1876 [apparently died at birth]

Elize COLLETTE born December 28, 1878 Oakwood ND died June 2, 1920 Grafton ND Burial June 4, 1920 Catholic cemetery Grafton ND married **William Henry WENTZ** November 6, 1896 at Oakwood. He was born February 28, 1873 Waterloo Ontario Canada, died February 11, 1919 Grafton ND burial February 14, 1919 Catholic cemetery Grafton ND. **NOTE: This couple, and several of their children, died in a ten year period probably as a result of a severe communicable disease such as tuberculosis. Several other children lived to ripe old ages.**

Josephine (1897, m Roy Joseph **LAMARRE** Jan 22, 1922); **Lena** (1899-1927); **Dora** (1902, m Clarence **LARAMIE**, Minneapolis); **Mabel** (1904-1929); **Clarise** (1908, m Lloyd **RAWALT**); **Willard Walter** (1915, m Dorothy Ann **ALTENDORF** Apr 25, 1942 Grafton);

Josephine COLLETTE (the authors grandmother) born April 9, 1881 Oakwood ND died April 24, 1963 Grafton ND burial Grafton ND married **Henry BERNARD** June 3, 1901 at Oakwood. He was born February 26, 1872 St. Sylvestre PQ Canada, died May 24, 1957 Fargo ND Burial Grafton ND Catholic Cemetery. More detail pages 95 through 101.

Josephine (Josie) (1903, m Alan **WHITAKER** Nov 28, 1935, Los Angeles); **Henry** (1907, m Esther **BUSCH** Aug 9, 1937, Berlin ND); **Frank** (1915, died USS Arizona Dec 7 1941).

Alire COLLETTE born July 6, 1883, died January 11, 1959, married **Lilly LABERGE** November 21, 1905 Grafton or Oakwood ND [NOTE: This family migrated to Canada, finally settling in Winnipeg/St. Boniface, Manitoba. #- Moved to Salem OR area.]

Marie Laby Clara (1907/1907); **Rudolph** (1908, m Irene **LABELLE** 1932, St. Boniface); **Pacifique** (1910, m Beatrice **LABELLE** 1932, St. Boniface); **Wilbrod* *#**(1912, m Doris **RICKETTS**, 1943, Salem OR); **Leo ***(1914, m Aurore **DUGUAY** 1938, St. Boniface MB); **Donat ****(1915, died 1943 WWII); **Richard**#** (1917, m Otilia **KOHLER** 1946); **Therese #**(1919, m Don **ACORD** Salem OR, div, m James **GRAY**); **Jean Paul**#** (1921, m Simone **GAUGIN** 1944 Camp Carson CO); **Antoine (Tony)*** (1922); **Thomas *(1924)**

NOTE: see next page (*) Canadian Army (**) U.S. Army

Francois COLLETTE born December 21, 1886 died March 1, 1887, Oakwood ND

Napoleon COLLETTE born January 10, 1889, died August 24, 1975 married **Roseanna FORTIER** January 20, 1914 Drayton ND. She died December 27, 1989

Helen (1915, m ? MASZK); Stanley, Agnes (m ? HUARD);
Leonard, Monroe, Patricia (m ? SHIGLEY)

Alcide COLLETTE born March 22, 1895 Oakwood ND died
November 20, 1985 Grand Forks buried Oakwood ND married Beatrice
DESAUTEL April 17, 1917, St. John's Church in Grafton. She was born January
20 1898 Grafton ND and died June 1, 1967 buried at Oakwood ND.

Evelyn (1920, m Truman MCCARTY Nov 16, 1937, Oakwood);
Maurice D (1926, m Isabel CORRIVEAU Sep 8, 1948)

Philippe COLLETTE born August 23, 1848 St. Lambert Canada died December
23, 1915 Ste. Jean Baptiste MB Burial Dec 27, 1915 Ste Jean Baptiste [Ste
Elisabeth] Manitoba [NOTE: Philippe was one of the Collette's to move from
Oakwood to the area of Morris-Ste Elisabeth-Ste Jean-Baptiste MB about
1901.]

Married Julie Marie BOITIN [BOUTIN] born May 2, 1851 St. Anthony
Falls, Ramsey County, Minnesota Territory, married April 30, 1877 Dayton MN
died after childbirth March 14, 1885 Oakwood ND Burial Sacred Heart
Cemetery, Oakwood ND

Alfred COLLETTE Sr. born February 20, 1879 Oakwood ND died
November 12, 1962 Bacolod Philippines burial November 15, 1962 Veterans
cemetery Philippines; married Simeona DIME February 14, 1938 at Malate Church
Manila. She was born July 1, 1909 Manila, Philippines,, died August 23, 1993 burial
California. [NOTE: In a tragic irony, their young daughter Josephine was killed
in her mother's arms in the same Malate churchyard where Simeona and
Alfred had married, from shrapnel, during the battle to liberate Manila in
February, 1945. Simeona had sought refuge there with her three children.
Her husband, Alfred, was imprisoned at Santo Tomas at this time.]

Alfred (1939, m Rosita Lacsot CUAYCONG Jan 8, 1977); Mary
Josephine (1940-45); Julie (1943, m Barry SCHILLER);
Philippe (1947-61)

Edward COLLETTE born September 16, 1880, Oakwood ND died
October 2, 1964 Montreal Quebec married Eleonore LETOURNEAU January 9, 1906
at St. Jean-Baptiste MB. She was born August 14, 1885, died May 7, 1931. Burials
Cotes des Neiges Cemetery, Montreal [NOTE: Edward was vice-president of
Rawleigh Co and lived in Montreal.]

Lillian (Lilly) (1907); Evangeline (1909, m Rene CLEMENT
1937, Montreal); Telemaque (1911, died in 1911); Richard
(1917, m Madeleine LAVOIE, 1939 Montreal); Leon (1919,
died 1919)

2nd wife Albina Allard DONAVAN married after 1931, died
September 16, 1933 in car accident.

3rd wife Jeannine TREMBLAY married after 1933
Claire (married Robert Laberge); Edna (married Richard
LESPERANCE (2), Basil LYMAN; Eddy (married Yvette
LAROCHÉ); Allain (married Christiane ALLARD)

Arcidas (Archie) COLLETTE born March 1883 died May 13 1969
Kansas City Missouri. Never married.

Obeline COLLETTE born July 1, 1882 Oakwood ND, married Arthur
DEMERS January 7, 1902 St. Norbert Manitoba

Henry (1903); Edmund (1906, m Amanda SAMPSON);
William (1907); Ernest (1908, married Elizabeth MCINNIS);
Olive (1911, married Hildege SABOURIN); Alere (1914,
married Jeanne MARION); Hector (1916, married Lola
LOUTIT); George (1919, married Lucille Rita BARIL)

George COLLETTE born February 28, 1885 Oakwood ND died 1981
Grand Forks ND

2nd wife of Philippe Collette Amelia Samson born March 13, 1868
married 1886 Osseo MN died December 4, 1951 Ste Jean Baptiste Burial Ste
Elisabeth Manitoba

Delia (Delphine) COLLETTE born August 1, 1887 Oakwood ND died
April 13, 1968 married Adrien **BELLERIVE** January 24, 1911, Ste Elisabeth

Grace; Mable; Armand; Maurice; Anita

Joseph COLLETTE born Oakwood, ND died 1967 St. Jean-Baptiste MB
married Louisa **GREGOIRE** August 1, 1916, Ste Elisabeth

Aurore; Antoinette; Maurice; Rene

Lottie Mae COLLETTE born December 17, 1890, Anoka MN, died Aug.
3, 1998, Regina Sask married Joseph **ROY**, Feb 3, 1913, Ste Elisabeth. He was born
Mar. 12, 1887 in Neche ND, died Sep 2, 1950

John (1914 m Anna Margaret MAINIL Jun 19, 1937
Lampman, Sask); Philip (1916, m Lina LAPLANTE Oct 23,
1946 Port Colborne Ont; m Henriette DUBOIS Sep 17, 1960,
Calgary Al); Evelyn (1917, m Frank PETROSKI Jun 21, 1941,
Sask); Wilfred (1919, m Margaret Irene SCHNELL Dec 27,
1949, Lampman Sask); Joann (1923, m Fredrick HENDERSON
Nov 22, 1947, Regina, Sask); George (1925, m Patricia
SCHNELL Oct 11, 1949, Lampman Sask)

Elida COLLETTE born November 1894 Oakwood ND married Davie
DUPUIS, Nov 19, 1912, Ste Elisabeth

William; Cecile; Marcel; Marie Rose; Alice; Andrew;
Adeline

Olive COLLETTE born ND married Maurice **DUPRE**, Nov 15, 1922, Ste
Elisabeth

Lucille; Rita; Lillian; Therese; Leo; Gilbert

Eva COLLETTE born June 1899 ND died May 31, 1984, Winnipeg MB
Euclide COLLETTE born July 21, 1905 Ste Elisabeth MB died May 1,
2002, MB Burial May 4, 2002 Ste Ann MB; married Olivine **RIVARD** July 6, 1927, Ste
Elisabeth

Phillip (born/died 1928)

Arcadius COLLETTE born January 28, 1852 St. Lambert Canada died February
8, 1931

**Married Elizabeth (Zoe) Pommerlou born June 1863, married 1880
Winnipeg Manitoba Canada**

Albert COLLETTE born 1881 ND married Dorothy **BENSON** born
November 29, 1892

Raymond (1911, m Vi **KENNEDY**); **Lawrence Maurice** (1917,
m Elizabeth **POWELL** Oct 28, 1944, Shrewsbury England);
Wilbur (1909); **Bonnie** (1912); **Blanch** (1915, m Wayne
KETCHUM); **Roy** (1916); **Lawrence** (1917); **Joseph**

Alex COLLETTE born 1883 ND married Inez **DOLSEN**

Pamela COLLETTE born 1885 ND married James **SABOURINE** born
in 1903 (?) **NOTE: Pamela was Josephine Collette Bernard's bridesmaid.** A later
marriage was to a **DELORIA.**

James; Alphonse (m Lillian **CZAPIEWSKI**); **Yvonne** (m
Charles RASMUSSEN); **Stella**

Alvida COLLETTE born June 1886 ND married May **CARRIERE**
Joe; Oscar; Alex; Eva; Leona; Anthony; Daniel

Joseph COLLETTE born April 1887 ND married Emma ___

Bernadette COLLETTE born September 1889 ND married Joe
GREGOIRE

Arbella; Ray

Dora COLLETTE born September 1890 ND died 1902

Delphine COLLETTE born November 1891 ND married Philip

RAYMOND

Lorraine

Blanche COLLETTE born October 18, 1894 ND married Albert (Bert)
CAMPBELL born April 2, 1892

Wilmer (1914); **Emery** (1916); **Marvin** (1918, m Mary Louise
MILLER Jan 31, 1946 St. Bonaventure, MO); **Agnes** (1920);
Leslie (1922, m Bernadette **KERIAN**) **Shanley** (1924);
Leonard (1925); **Shirley** (1930, m Archie **SCHROM**); **Bernice**
(1933, m Herman **SCHANILEC**)

Wilfred COLLETTE born May 21, 1896 ND died September 1986
married Marie **LESSARD** died December 14, 1971

Mary COLLETTE born November 1899 ND

Marie-Odile COLLETTE born December 23, 1853 St. Isadore-Dorchester
Quebec [NOTE: May well have died at birth or very young age.]

Louis Ovide COLLETTE born February 15, 1856 St. Lambert, Quebec, Canada
died April 24, 1926 Oakwood ND Burial Oakwood ND

Married Olivine LABERGE in 1886 at Oakwood. She was born April 22,
1865, died December 10, 1947 Oakwood ND Burial Oakwood ND

Joseph COLLETTE born August 31, 1887, died June 5, 1920 burial
Oakwood ND

Silvio Joseph COLLETTE born March 13, 1888 Oakwood ND died Dec 21, 1978 Oakwood; married Maria Ann **FRENCH** November 17, 1908. She was born April 7, 1888 and died March 13, 1978

Alice Marie (1909); **Marie Blanch Viola** (1911/1911);
Bernadette Marie (1912, m James Hugh **GALLAGHER** June 7, 1949, Oakwood); **Louis Oscar** (1914, m Alma **SEVIGNY** May 1, 1946, Oakwood); **Lionel Francis** (1916, m Freida **DRABFORD** 1950, Alabama); **Bruno Oliver** (1918, m Sylvia **GAILLARD** Dec 13, 1945, Miami) **Daniel** (1920); **Joseph Henry Antonio** (1923, m Beverly Ann **STAFFNE** Nov 16, 1963 Grafton); **Dominic Edward** (1927, m Joan Marie **BUSHAW** Aug 16, 1954, Grand Forks ND); **John Lawrence David** (1930); **Germaine Ann** (1931, m Steve **PERKEREWICZ** Apr 12, 1955, Oakwood; 2nd husband Raymond **SCHULTZ** m April 28, 2000 Washburn ND); **Gerard Benjamin** (1935)

Arthur COLLETTE born May 9, 1890 died January 21, 1972 Oakwood ND Burial Sacred Heart Cemetery Oakwood ND married **Louisa CAMPBELL** November 14, 1916. She was born October 23, 1893, died September 8, 1974 Oakwood ND

Romeo (1918); **Juliet** (1919, m Frederick **LESSARD** Nov 14, 1940, Oakwood); **Agnes** (1921, m Maurice **LESSARD** Jun 29, 1945, Sioux City IA); **Margaret** (1923, m Simeon **DEMERS** Nov 9, 1943 Oakwood); **Maurice** (1925, m Lorna Mae **FERNHOLTZ** Oct 12, 1963 ND); **Kenneth** (1926, m Evelyn **WOSICK** Nov 5, 1951); **Roland** (1929, m Elaine **KLINISKI** Oct 14, 1959); **Joyce** (1932 m Roman **LESSARD** Jun 27, 1957); **Frances** (1933, m Leonard **SCHUSTER** Jun 14, 1954 Oakwood); **Carol** (1938, m Richard **NARLOCK** Nov 28, 1959 Oakwood ND; 2nd husband Terry **GALLAGHER** m Nov 9 2002 Seattle)

Edmond COLLETTE born July 28, 1893 Oakwood ND died July 1975 Fullerton, Orange CA married Clara **RHEAUME** November 11, 1919, at Oakwood. She was born September 9, 1898 Oakwood ND, died July 5, 1977 Fullerton, Orange Co, CA

Rene (1920, m Lillian **SANDO** May 17, 1947); **Genevieve** (1921); **Theresa** (1924, m Charles **MCWILLIAM** Nov 27, 1947); **Rosemarie** (1929, m Michael **EMERY** Feb 9, 1956); **Mary** (1932, m C.E Gene **NOYER** 1950, 2nd husband Robert **MAISANO** Jun 6, 1953)

Alma Marie COLLETTE born May 6, 1906 Oakwood ND died March 9, 2002 Grafton Lutheran Sunset Home, Grafton ND burial March 12, 2002 Sacred Heart Cemetery, Oakwood ND

Theodule (Odule) COLLETTE born November 13, 1858 St Henri de Levis Canada

Married Augustine **DUQUETTE** [the couple lived in Argyle MN]

Alvida married Louise **MAGNUM**
Roland; Amelia; Kenneth
Amelia

Emma COLLETTE born March 3, 1861 St. Lambert died 1919

Married Joe French St. Lambert Canada

Roseanne FRENCH
Eugene FRENCH
Bertha FRENCH
Robert FRENCH

Alfred Frederic Ephrem COLLETTE born June 11, 1862 St. Lambert, Quebec
Canada died April 23, 1944 Minneapolis MN Burial April 25 1944 Dayton,
Hennepin, MN

Married Celina **DESHENE** (Deschene) April 21, 1887 at St. John the
Baptist Dayton MN. She was born June 2 1868 St Jean Port Joli L'Islet County
PQ , died January 17 1927 Dayton MN, Hennepin County, Burial St. John the
Baptist Cemetery Dayton MN [NOTE: couple began married life in Oakwood
area, but after a few years permanently moved back to now-Otsego MN, living
the rest of their life there. Their farm is not far northwest of the well known
Albertville Outlet Mall on Interstate 94. Most descendants are likely in the
Minneapolis area.]

Philomena COLLETTE born 1888 died 1975 married Victor

CAMPBELL

Clarabelle (1910, m **Frederick DEMERS** Feb 25, 1930);
Harold (1912, m **Bertha SAMPSON** Jun 26, 1940);

Melvina (Marie Delvina) COLLETTE born October 17, 1889 died
1963 married Joseph A **LEFEBVRE**

Marian (1912, m **Robert JACOBS**; 2nd husband **Howard**
WAKEFIELD Oct 9, 1937); **Agnes Odell** (1914, m **Ralph James**
HOPKINS); **Lillian** (m **Leo A. GMACH** Oct 23, 1946); **Alveda**
Alfred (m **Elizabeth Ann EIDEN**); **Joan Hariette Armella**
(1921); **Frances** (1923, m **Leonard LEGER** May 21, 1947);
Donald Joseph (1925, m **Annella Marie BERNING** May 8,
1954); 2nd Wife **Jane NEZWORSKI**); **William Victor** (1926, m
Elaine Marie EIDEN Sep 23, 1951); **Duane** (1929, m **Faye**
STICHT Sep 14, 1957); **Kenton Carl** (1931, m - **Harriet**
Elizabeth HAWKINS Jun 5, 1952)

Joseph COLLETTE (twin of Leone, below) born 1891 died 1948
married Virginia **PLAISANCE** June 19, 1923 Dayton MN

Harold A (1925, m **Viola A SCHMITZ** Jun 19, 1948; **Lester**;
Elmer; **Harvey**

Leone Wilhelmine Olevine COLLETTE (twin of Joseph, above) born
November 11, 1891 died April 15, 1957 Anoka MN, married **George Albert**
FOURNIER November 19, 1912, at Albertville MN. He was born April 2 1888 in MN,
and died December 20, 1975, at Elk River MN, burial in Dayton MN.

Emery Wilfred (1913, m Katherine Frances **FRISCHMON**);
Adalore (1915); **Anthony Camille Joseph** (1916, Francis Lily
CAMPBELL; **Lawrence Duncan** (1917, m Dorothy Ann
ARNESON St. Paul Cathedral); **Mary Lorraine** (1918, m
Charles O. **CLARKE** Jan 5, 1944 Memphis TN); **Leona Anna**
(1922, m Robert Jay **FREED** Oct 15, 1946); **Urbain Albert**
(1920, m Marjorie Alice **EMERSON** Aug 28, 1948, Los Angeles)
Mary Emma COLLETTE born 1894 Dayton MN died 1895 Dayton MN
Annette COLLETTE born 1895 died 1975, married Christian **NELSON**
Kenneth Collette (1923, m Debra **POPP**, 2nd wife Gladys
Bernice **LINDQUIST** m Aug 9, 1947); **Jane Ann** (1928 m John C.
CARLSON May 14, 1949)
Leo Albert COLLETTE b 1897 Dayton MN died 1898 Dayton MN
Josephine Irene COLLETTE born 1902 died 1957 married Eli

STAHLBERG

Alice Marie (m Joseph Florian **LAHAYE**); **Corene** (m Stanley
SHAMP)

Alice Evelyn COLLETTE born March 21, 1905 Dayton, MN died
November 2 1982 Minneapolis MN Burial Gethsemane Cemetery New Hope MN
married Irving Wilberg **SELL** born January 11, 1910 Rockford IL married November
24, 1928 Minneapolis MN died June 27 1985 Minneapolis MN burial Gethsemane
Cemetery New Hope MN

Dorothy Evelyn (1930, m Robert Fletcher **ERICKSON** Oct 13,
1962 Minneapolis); **Roger Irving** (1932, m Nancy Jean
PARKER Dec 2, 1961); **Vernon Harold** (1933, m Anja Helene
SUNKOMAA Jul 28, 1968 Helsinki Finland); **Audrey Alice**
(1937, m John Emmett **CADY** Oct 28, 1955, St. Anne's
Minneapolis);

Wilfred COLLETTE born 1908 Dayton MN died 1933 Dayton MN

Joseph COLLETTE born May 21, 1864 St. Lambert Quebec Canada (possibly St.
Anthony MN) died December 12, 1923 Minneapolis MN

Married Dezilda Huard born about 1871 married 1889 Oakwood ND
died about 1898 burial Oakwood ND [NOTE: from Loria Kelly June 4, 2001: "my
grandfather, Joseph Collette, was a gold prospector. While prospecting in
British Columbia my grandmother died of Typhoid fever. Joseph brought the
three children, Dad [Ernest], six, Olivine, four, and Edmund (Pete), two, back to
their maternal grandparents, Simon and Philomena Huard. There they were
raised and stayed in the [Grand Forks] area. Pete eventually moved to
California. Olivine Smith lived to be almost 100; Pete died earlier. Dad lived to
be 95. He was a farm laborer, cook in a lumber camp, WWI soldier, insurance
salesman, worked for WPA and served 20 years as postmaster of Grand Forks.
Retired at 70 from Post office and opened up Collette Realty a few weeks later.
He was an ardent supporter of Grand Forks. Never became a "snow bird". Did a
lot of travelling as postmaster, as a ND Real Estate Commissioner, and was
elected as Supreme Chaplain of United Commercial Travelers International.

With the family present, he gave the invocation at the International convention in Boston in 1976. That was over the 4th of July and during Boston's celebration of the bicentennial. Awesome!"

Ernest COLLETTE born August 30, 1891 died October 12, 1986, Grand Forks ND married Alice **MADDOCK** July 1, 1918. She was born February 8, 1899, died March 1990 Grand Forks ND (see following page)

Ellen Rose (1919, m Francis Marion **LASEUR** 1943, Los Angeles); **Terrance Joseph** (1920); **Denzil Francis** (1921, m Mary E "Mary Beth" **BURNS** Oct 1950 Ft Lewis WA); **Claire Patricia** (1925, m Earl **MEAGHER** Apr 24, 1944 Mandan ND); **Ernest Joseph** (1926, m Myra **MATHERN** 1953 Grand Forks ND); **Loria Jean** (1928, m Duane Joseph **KELLY** Jun 26, 1951 Grand Forks ND); **Margie Alice Ann** (1931, m Rudy **FROMME** 1954); **John Patrick** (1940, m Susan **FIGENSHAW** 1964 2nd wife Ann **MISHLER** m aft. 1977)

Olivine COLLETTE born July 15, 1893 married Percy **SMITH Dorothy** (m **SANAL**); **Vivian**; **Harry**; **Kenneth** (1917); **James**; **Edgar**; **Wallace**

Edmond COLLETTE born September 22, 1895 married Alvina

TRYDAHL

Celeste; **Mildred**

William Collette b September 5, 1868 St. Anthony Falls/ now Minneapolis MN died August 23, 1963 Grafton Walsh ND Burial Sacred Heart Church Cemetery Oakwood ND

Married Naomi Patenaude born March 26, 1871 Corcoran MN married Nov 25 1889 Oakwood ND died Jan 31 1944 Jamestown ND burial Sacred Heart Church Cemetery Oakwood ND

2nd wife **Ida Poole** married about 1945 Drayton ND.

Paul Napoleon COLLETTE born September 18, 1891 died February 27, 1983 Grafton ND burial Oakwood ND

Delphine Mary COLLETTE born January 13, 1893 Oakwood ND died January 16, 1990 Oakwood ND married Emay Isadore **PILON** April 20, 1920 Sacred Heart Church Oakwood. He was born May 19, 1892 Oakwood ND, died April 25, 1976 Oakwood ND

Jerome William (1924, m Mae Belle **RIVARD** Oct 9, 1946 Oslo MN); **Regina A** (1925, m Duane **MUNTER** Nov 12, 1946, Fargo; 2nd husband Marvin **PEDERSON** m May 3, 1980, Grafton); **Oliver George** (1930, m Flora Theresa **SEVIGNY** Jul 22, 1950, Oakwood); **Frances Victor** (1932, m Eleanor Jane **LESSARD** Jun 11, 1953, Oakwood);

Elzear COLLETTE born August 3, 1894 Oakwood ND died May 4, 1971 Oakwood ND married Aurora **DEMERS** June 29, 1926 at Oakwood. She was born February 11, 1904 Grafton ND, died July 11, 1938 Grafton ND: 2nd wife of Elzear, Leona Helen Jean **GROUETTI** m Apr 11, 1939, St. Boniface MB.

Love knows no limits

Loria (Collette) Kelly, East Grand Forks, tells of her father and mother staying together — sort of — during World War I at an army camp in Michigan.

Ernest Collette, her father, left from the railroad depot in Grand Forks in July 1918 with many others in the Grand Forks Company bound for the war. He went to Camp Custer, near Battle Creek, Mich.

"My mother — Alice Maddock Collette — followed my dad to Battle Creek and got a job as a waitress," Kelly said. "They were married July 1, and he left for Battle Creek July 22, 1918."

He never made it to the war.

"The camp got quarantined because of the epidemic of influenza. He was scheduled to go overseas, but he came down with influenza. She sneaked into camp to see him. The soldier that helped sneak her in got court-martialed."

Her father survived the flu and recovered stateside, never getting into the war before the Armistice was signed.

He later was postmaster in Grand Forks for 20 years, Kelly said.

He died in 1986, after nearly 68 years of marriage to Alice. She died in 1990.

— Stephen J. Lee



▲ Newlywed Alice Maddock Collette stopped at nothing to be by the side of her new husband, Ernest Collette, when he was quarantined with the flu at Camp Custer in Battle Creek, Mich., in 1918. Ernest died in 1986, after 68 years of marriage. Alice died in 1990.

*This was in a Military Supplement
in GF Herald —*

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Adelaine Marie Naomi (1927, m Raphael Dominic **SCHUSTER** Sep 14, 1948, Oakwood); **Wilmer** (1928, m Lorraine (Dolly) **RISKE** Apr 12, 1950, Warsaw ND); **Bertha Marie** (b 1930, m Raymond Rock **CAMPBELL** Jun 19, 1952, Oakwood); **Helen Jane Marie Emma** (1932, m Marvin Bernard **PILON** 1951 Oakwood); **Lucille Marie Delphine** (1934, m Edgar Alcide **LAFRENIERE** Sep 21, 1953, Oakwood); **Gladys Marie Clara** (1936), m Harry Fred **MISIALEK** Jun 18, 1957, Oakwood ND); **Edgar Joseph Almond** (1937, m Maxine Francis **CURTIN** Oct 26, 1961 Warsaw ND); **Alice Mae Clarabell** (1938, m Jerome John **LAHAISE** May 25, 1964, St. Johns Grafton)

Almond Joseph COLLETTE born December 16, 1895 Oakwood ND died June 8, 1983 Longview WA married Diana Marguerite **PRIMEAU** November 9, 1926, at St. John ND. She was born October 4, 1906 Overly ND. **NOTE: A portion of this family tree settled in Longview WA.**

Doris Mae (1928, m Elmer Francis **ALTENDORF** Jul 18, 1947, Oakwood ND; 2nd Husband Melvin Gordon **BENSON**, m Nov 25, 2961 Sisseton SD; 3rd husband Dale **PFEIFER** m July 11, 1994, St. Helens OR); **Merlyn Victor** (1929, m Vivian Eleanor **GRABANSKI** Sep 3, 1951, Warsaw ND); **Ronald Leonard** (1931, m Luella Marie **FELTMAN** Jul 31, 1951, Warsaw ND); **LeRoy Alfred** (1933, m Ethel (Spike) **SPICER** Apr 30, 1964, Grand Forks ND); **Iris Ann** (1937, m Curtis Delano **HOLTEN** Oct 12, 1955, Oakwood); **Alan David** (1939, m Susan Diane **HUDACKO** Oct 18, 1960, Warsaw ND); **Dianne Claire** (1942, m William Patrick **HANSON** Aug 5, 1961 Oakwood ND); **Mary Kay** (1947, m Douglas M. **WOODS** Nov 9, 1968, Longview WA; 2nd Husband Richard S. **MCCOOL** Nov 18, 1978, Longview WA; **Phillip Joseph** (1948, m Delia **SHERETT** Jun 1, 1974 Longview WA.

Homer Andrew COLLETTE born July 24, 1900 died November 10, 1967 Grafton ND burial Oakwood ND married Annette **SAMPSON** November 6, 1931. She was born January 8, 1915, died March 10, 1987 burial Oakwood ND

Marliss Ann Naomi (1935, m Lowell Albert **FRENCH** Feb 19, 1952, Oakwood ND; 2nd husband Orville Wendell **HURT** m Aug 6, 1972; 3rd husband George W. C. **DYKES, Jr** m June 12, 1998)

Wilbrod COLLETTE born about September 1, 1901 Grafton ND died September 20, 1902 Grafton ND Burial September 21, 1902 Sacred Heart cemetery Oakwood ND.

Anna Rosemarie COLLETTE born October 1, 1902 Oakwood ND died March 8, 1998 Minneapolis MN married Daniel Theodore **PLAISANCE** May 12, 1931 at Oakwood. He was born June 27, 1890 Minneapolis MN died January 9, 1981 Coon Rapids MN

Vernon Raymond (1932, m Joan Joyce **JOHNSON** Jul 9, 1955, Our Lady of Lourdes, Minneapolis); **Shirley Ann** (1946, m Llarrie Gale **NETTUM** June 18, 1966 Grand Fords ND
Mary E. Bertha COLLETTE born March 3, 1905 died March 24, 1919
Angeline Dora COLLETTE born June 24, 1908 Home Birth Oakwood/Grafton died April 13, 2007 Longview WA married Victor Andrew **LESSARD** November 25, 1929 Grafton ND (?). He was born April 15, 1904 Home birth Oakwood/Grafton, died March 28 1988 Grafton ND [NOTE: See Victor Lessard under Joseph Lessard page 121]
Raymond William (1930, Bishop of Savannah GA 1975-2000);
Evelyn Jean (1934, m Charles **SMITH** Jr June 25, 1955 Longview WA)
James Lawrence COLLETTE born October 27, 1912 Grafton ND died March 29, 1989, Grafton married Mary Ann **KEARNEY** April 19, 1933 Minneapolis. She was born March 1, 1917 Minto ND, died September 19, 2001 Grand Forks ND burial September 22, 2001 Grafton ND St. John's Catholic Cemetery.
Robert James (1934, m Jean **FIEDLER** June 14, 1957, Bathgate ND); **Darlene Ann** (1939, m Alexander John **NARLOCK** Jul 8, 1961 Grafton ND); **Marleen Rosemary** (1945, m Bob James **LAHAISE** Aug 22, 1964 St. John's Grafton ND); **William M** (1953, m Jodean Ann **HOENKE** Jul 14, 1977, Grafton ND)

Source of the above data, with great thanks:

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The author of this book, Dick Bernard, 6905 Romeo Road, Woodbury MN 55125-2421, has the 2003 rendition of the entire Collette family tree and on request would be glad to provide photo copies of relevant pages for anyone who asks.

Hopefully, an updated genealogy will be archived with family papers at the University of North Dakota IF Midwest archives.

The more detailed (but still incomplete) story of this Collette family is already accessible on the internet at www.chez-nous.net/fc.html, scroll down to the articles by Dick Bernard, Dr. Remi Roy and Bishop Raymond Lessard. There are also some photographs and other stories in this as yet incomplete story.

A Sketch of the Bernard's from 1900 forward 100 years: The End of the First 300 Years, and a Beginning....

Quebec City, founded July 3, 1608, by Samuel Champlain, has the distinction of being the first place in North America founded with the specific intention of becoming a permanent settlement.

In the mysterious ways in which events transpire, just short of 300 years later, December 22, 1907, Henry Louis Bernard was born in Grafton, ND, his parents likely completely unaware of (or even interested in) the long history of their families in North America, going back virtually to the beginning of New France.

Ending the Third Century in North America

Forenote: History traditionally has been written from the context of the person in power, virtually always a man. Common men, like Grandpa Bernard, are defined by their jobs as "breadwinners" and traditionally "head" of the family. It is a different project to define the women, the "bread maker", et al. This section attempts to weave together a family story of both the Breadwinner and the Bread maker. At the end of the section, the authors father, Henry Bernard Jr., in his own typing and own words, describes himself and his mother, our Grandma Josephine Bernard (pp 157-58 and 345-83). At pages 159-60, Grand-Niece Janet Stenfors, in *One Fine Rainy Day*, gives a word portrait of Josephine and Henry. Between here and Henry Bernard's description are some other descriptions of Henry and Josephine Bernard.

The Bernards: Josephine, Henry, Josephine and Henry, and their family

By 1907, the Bernard family was well established in the 18-year old state of North Dakota. The substantial French-Canadian presence at Oakwood was very well established, nearing thirty years history in the Grafton area. Twenty-five year old Grafton had evolved into a substantial town, the trade center for the area. It had won the railroad and all the accompanying advantages. Oakwood four miles to the east became a tiny community, full of farmers, including many relatives of Grandma Josephine. At the end of 1907, Henry Louis Bernard, the inspiration for this family history, was born at home in Grafton.

As Henry was fond of recalling, the doctor appeared from the bedroom where Henry was born, and announced, "it's a Boy", and "Boy" Bernard came into existence. The nickname stuck, in some quarters, for the rest of Henry's life.

Henry's mother, Josephine Collette, was born in what was to become North Dakota in 1881. She was eight years old when ND became a state. Her father and mother were among the first settlers of Oakwood in 1878. Grandpa Henry had come to ND, probably in 1894, following his brother, Joseph, who had arrived at Oakwood about 1888 (See Marie Gourde Byszewski's story on page 285.)

But in many ways, the Grafton that Dad entered at the end of 1907 was still at the edge of what we'd call "civilization". In addition to Yankees, it was a place full of immigrants, particularly French-Canadian and Norwegian early on, but other nationalities as well: Polish, Irish, German.... I recall a particularly delightful line I read by a still anonymous writer in the 1976 bicentennial volumes for Walsh County – the county for which Grafton was and is the County seat. This writer said their mother warned the kids to "*not trust the Indians or the Norwegians*". And so it went....

By 1907, Grandpa Henry had already been to war, 1898-99, in what he would have called the Spanish-American War in the Philippines; now generally referred to as the Philippine-American War, an insurrection by Filipinos against the encroaching Americans. The Spanish had been defeated by the time Henry Bernard's unit arrived in the Philippines; the Filipinos simply wanted the U.S. to go home; the U.S. wanted the Philippines as a strategic territory in the Pacific, and Grandpa's fighting was against Filipinos, not Spaniards.

In his same military unit was **Alfred Collette** of Oakwood (see page 124), the cousin of Josephine Collette. Two years after the boys returned from the war, Josephine Collette became Mrs. Henry Bernard. The cousin ties were apparently close. Alfred and Simeona Dime, his wife, named their first female child Marie-Josephine.

Grandpa was fiercely proud of his service 1898-99. **Marvin Campbell**, who lived with the Bernard's during his high school years, and was a close relation of Josephine, was an Army officer in WWII, at the end of the war rising to Colonel. Marvin once recalled speaking at some event in Grafton at which he forgot to mention the service of the veterans in the Spanish-American War. Grandpa reminded him, strongly, of the omission!

The 1900s were to be a time of incredible development and change.

The Bernards

Henry Bernard and Josephine Collette married June 3, 1901, at Oakwood. Initially, Henry was described as a carpenter in Oakwood. Apparently about March, 1901, a few months prior to their wedding, Henry had taken a job at the Grafton Roller Mills, where he would later become chief engineer. Bernard's first home was apparently along the railway tracks in Grafton, at 200 Stephens Avenue. It was here, my father recalled, that they learned their first daughter, his older sister, Josephine (Josie), had apparently lost her hearing. They noticed when she didn't notice the noisy trains going by their home.

(The family Bible indicates that **Henry Bernard** and **Josephine Collette** were married at Oakwood by Father J. A. Lalande on June 3, 1901; that Henry was born Feb. 26, 1872 to Romain Bernard and Julienne Cote in St. Patrick [Patrice], Quebec

[an error, it was St. Sylvestre]. Josephine Collette was born Aug 9, 1881 in St. Andrews N. Dak to Octave Collette and Clothide Blondo (Clotilde Blondeau). St. Andrews was a hamlet at the fork of the Red and Park Rivers where her father supposedly had a small 'hotel' at the time. Dad used to say that the present Alexander Henry rest stop on I-29 was the place where his mother was born - the site of old St. Andrews.)

Dad's boyhood home, and Bernard's home for many years, was 115 Wakeman Avenue, across the Park River from the Mill. About 1937 Bernard's sold that house and everything connected with it, then moved into an apartment in the old Central Hotel in Grafton, then to the small house at 738 Cooper Avenue in Grafton where they lived in the summers till the difficult final years which began with Josephine's stroke in 1956, and Henry's final illness and death in 1957, and Josephine's death in Grafton in 1963.

About 1937 they began to winter in Long Beach CA (near Rainbow Pier area called "the Jungle"), probably because their daughter, Josephine (Josie), had married and lived in Los Angeles, and their youngest son, Frank Peter, a crewman on the USS Arizona, at times docked at nearby San Pedro. Except for the WWII years of 1942-45, they spent their winters in Long Beach. (I have a letter from Josie, postmarked Sep. 14, 1982, which includes an article about a Lawrence Welk resort at Escondido. She says, "Pa used to be his [Welk's] good friend long time ago." Grandma and Grandpa wintered in Long Beach about the time that Welk set roots in southern California, and they loved to dance, so this friendship is plausible.

(The Wakeman Avenue house was demolished after the 1997 flood. The Cooper Avenue house still exists, with an addition to the front which slightly increases its size.)

Recollections about Henry and Josephine Bernard

Dick Bernard: On June 20, 1981, I attended the Centennial Reunion of Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Oakwood. This was my first foray into the Bernard-Collette family milieu. In those years I was keeping a journal and on June 21 I made the following entry about *"some impressions of Grandma and Grandpa Bernard that will be very (are now, in 2010) important to me. Grandpa "quick-tempered" "very good dancer" "handy" "meticulous" Grandma "good cook" "neat dresser". Both "loved parties" "always together" often holding hands". It was a neat experience to talk to people about "my" people. "*

Agnes Lussier, 91, daughter of Arcidas, and thus niece of her Dad's sister, Josephine, and her husband, Henry, in a May 26, 2010 letter, remembered the couple from a childhood perspective, probably in the 1920s, on the rural Ste. Elisabeth MB farm where they occasionally came to visit: *"Auntie was such a good soul but Uncle was tough. I know every time they came we [presumably she and Ovila, 6 years older] were not too happy, but we loved Auntie."* During one visit, Henry and Josephine's youngest son, Frank, had misbehaved, badly *"swinging our little pup by*

the tail. Ovila and I cried. But Uncle [Henry] gave [his son Frank] a good lesson, and that helped." It takes not much imagination to know what happened: Frank likely got a good "likkin". For many, many years, until they began to winter in California, Grandpa had a succession of dogs, all named "Fosto", so he apparently appreciated such animals. Why Frank (who was two years younger than Ovila, and four years older than Agnes) would do such a thing is lost forever to history. On the other hand, then and now, kids do stupid things.

Dick: Their nephew, **Marvin Campbell**, remembered the couple similarly to Agnes, from the same time period. During the early 1930s he lived with them while attending high school in Grafton. Grandpa there, too, was no nonsense, befitting his background as not only a Dad, but a Fireman's leader, and Chief Engineer at the Flour Mill; Grandma was softer, but no pushover for Grandpa.... As is true with most long-term relationships, the couple understood and appreciated each other.

Grandpa Bernard was 68 when I was born in 1940; Grandma was 58. I was their first grandchild. Even though they were already quite elderly (it is odd to say "elderly" now, since I've reached 70). While we seldom visited Grafton, I think I got to know the essence of the Bernard's fairly well. I was 17 when Grandpa died; 23 when Grandma passed away. Here's what I remember, augmented by my siblings. Whatever we remember is, of necessity, from a childhood perspective, seeing them only a couple of times a year. Or, from what we were told by others.

The only home we knew was very tiny, at 738 Cooper Avenue. There was a kitchen, living room-bedroom with a Murphy bed folded into the wall, a tiny kitchen with a trapdoor leading down to a mysterious little basement, and a small indoor bathroom. It seemed to serve them well. After they died, someone extended the front section of the house, but it is still very small. In the backyard was a vegetable garden, and there was a garage but they never had a car, to my knowledge, other than the 1901 Oldsmobile, which was stored in the City Hall downtown. They never had a television. A couple of benches had been built on the landing at the front of the house, and Grandpa in particular liked to sit there. I remember quite vividly Grandpa's slingshot on the front stoop, and bebe gun at the back door, weapons for varmint control, including neighborhood dogs. A blog post about a witnessed encounter with one of those dogs is at <http://www.outsidethewalls.org/blog/?m=20090504> (May 4, 2009).

Grandma was a homemaker, one of the acceptable roles for women at the time. Too few books are written about homemaker exploits, and women's immense contributions to society, then and now. Her son, Henry, remembers Josephine at page 157-58 of this book. As previously noted, Grandma's grand-niece **Janet Stenfors** paints a picture of her great-aunt in a story, "**One Fine Rainy Day**", which is at pages 159-60 of this book. Josephine was a devout Catholic and a gracious hostess. Her "job description" is short and very familiar to anyone who grew up in an ordinary family before women took jobs outside the home. In short, her day was never done. She was surrounded by a very large family circle in Oakwood-Grafton

area. No question, Grafton and Walsh County were home. Except for later wintering in Long Beach, she lived her entire life within Walsh County.

Flo Hedeem, my sister, who was a teenager when we last visited the Bernard's in their house in Grafton in the 1950s, wrote her recollections about the folks at 738 Cooper Avenue in a letter dated December 12, 1989: *"How that tiny house accomodated seven of us [parents and kids], I'll never know. I think I recall a bed that came out of the wall that Mary Ann and I slept on occasionally. I can also "see" the hand mirror on a bureau that now sits on my dresser, thanks to Dad. We ate dinner around a table in that same room on a variety of chairs. The favorite of all was Grandpa's Captain's chair on casters that got him around when he didn't have his [artificial] leg on [see next page]. We were cautioned many times to be careful as we scooted from one place to another in their tiny home. In the summer, I think most of us kids slept on the back screened porch. We also played at the huge school playground just down the street. It felt so grown up to be on ones own in the big city. One time I remember going to a magic show in the park near the "school for the feeble minded". I was very impressed with the rabbits and scarves appearing out of nowhere. The song "over the river and through the woods" reminds me unfailingly of going to Grafton for the holidays. Once, I recall we had set out in especially bad weather and were not at all sure that we'd make it...Do I recall, accurately [yes] that Grandpa drove his [1901 Oldsmobile] in Grafton Parade sometimes while I was in grade school....I believe theirs were the first funerals I ever attended. Even then I think we celebrated their lives and were happy for the rest from failing health..."*

Flo added these comments in a May 5, 2010 e-mail: *"I always thought of Grandma Bernard as a wonderful cook. She even let us kids help her on occasion. We ate foods at their home unlike anything we had in our own home growing up. I know that Grandpa Bernard taught us how to slurp spaghetti and lick our plates, much to Mom's dismay. I also remember comb honey at their house. Anyway, food was a big part of my memory of them. Their 50th wedding anniversary celebration [see pages 155-56] seemed to be a spectacular affair and very well attended. Nuts and mints stand out in my memory. We grandkids definitely dressed up in our Sunday best."*

Grandpa was the "breadwinner", very little formal education - perhaps first grade in Quebec, but he was quite obviously very intelligent and very interested in mechanical things. He was chief engineer for years at the Grafton Roller Mills; he was very active in the Fire Department, including being President of the Company for a time, and credited with driving the first mechanical fire truck to Grafton. The Guest book from his funeral in May 1957 (pages 167-71) is a who's who of Grafton in that era, including important people of the town. He was a no-nonsense person when it came to being in charge.

Ernest Ebert, long time Grafton area farmer, born in 1909, in a tribute to my Dad written in February, 1992 (see pages 161-65), said a lot about Henry, Sr., in a few short sentences: *"Joe [Bernard] was head miller at the [Grafton Roller Mill which produced Lily of the Valley flour] and [his brother] Henry was the head engineer."*

*When the switch was made from steam to diesel power, Henry proved to be equally adept at handling the big diesel as he had been with the steam engine." Ernest notes in his comments that his Uncle **Pete Faille** also worked at the Mill. Pete was Henry Bernard's best man when he and Josephine Collette wed in 1901.*

Henry was a big man by French-Canadian standards: almost 6 feet and 200 pounds. He was strong, and in some ways a "man's man" in those times. It was said he had no fear wading into some conflict or other. Perhaps this came from his days as a lumberjack in New Hampshire and as a miner at Thetford Mines, Quebec. His brother, Joe, was the first and only other Bernard to move from Quebec to Grafton, and died in 1927. Joe had one son, Little Joe, but there seemed little ongoing contact with Little Joe and family. But Grafton did become Henry's home town. (The name "Bernard" surfaces with some frequency in the Midwest, but to date I have found no direct relationship of these names with our family tree.)

Tom Kutz, whose Dad, Hugo, was great friends with Henry, remembered Henry in e-mails on March 16 & 18, 2010: *"Both he and [my] Dad were members of the Grafton Volunteer Fire Department. I have many memories of the little car [1901 Oldsmobile] in the basement of the city hall. I think that Henry and Dad had a lot in common. Maybe that is why they were such good friends. Dad was born in Germany and came over as a young child of 9 to settle in Wisconsin. He later homesteaded in Canada and then made his way to Grafton to open the shop. Both men were keenly interested in mechanical things...."*

In the summer of 1925 Grandma and Grandpa took a one month trip to Quebec to visit relatives there, but that was their single trip to the east. They certainly visited Grandma's cousin, her Uncle Philippe's son, Edward Collette, in Montreal, and Henry's kin in the rural area and Thetford Mines from which he had come west many years earlier. (There are a number of photos of this trip, but unfortunately they are both poor quality and either unlabelled, or labeling obscured when they were glued in an album. They are found in the Picture Pages, pages 190-93.)

The Bernard's seemed to be very congenial with each other, and with guests. While during our growing up years we knew Grandpa as having only one leg - he lost the lower half of his left leg to diabetes in about 1946, and the second leg the year he died in 1957 - there was occasional talk about the couple loving to dance. Acton Town Hall was often mentioned. For its last years, the abandoned hall stood by itself surrounded by fields just east of I-29.

I don't recall seeing Grandpa when he wasn't dressed up, with a tie. That seems to have been a social requirement. He was proud of his ability to tie those ties perfectly at the first try. As previously noted, he was furiously proud of his service in the Spanish-American War, and until the last man was gone, there were annual wreaths laid at the monument by the Walsh County Courthouse.

By any surface measurement, Grandma and Grandpa were very common people, even poor in financial terms. There was a reason: until May of 1927, when Grandpa was 55 and Grandma was 45, they were a middle class family in Grafton. Grandpa had worked 26 years for Grafton Roller Mills and was long its chief engineer. But about two weeks before our Dad, Henry Bernard, graduated from Grafton High School in 1927 everything changed. Within days of each other, Grandpa's long-time employer, the Flour Mill, closed its doors, and the bank in which they had all their money went under. For them, the Great Depression started early.

Only fragments of information exist on how they survived the next few years. They don't seem to have been completely ruined, as some were. At some point, Dad recalled, they may have received 10 cents on the dollar of their lost savings; Grandpa was apparently watchman at the closed Mill; for a couple of years Marvin Campbell and Frank Schrank, country kids, lived with them during the school year, probably bringing in some extra income. Doubtless the large French-Canadian extended family assisted the family in one way or another. At some point after 1925 Grandpa may have begun to receive a long promised but denied military pension from Congress for service in the Spanish-American war. There was some community grumbling when their son Frank was hired on as part of the Civilian Conservation Corps or Works Progress Administration during the Depression. Some apparently saw the family as benefitting too much from government benefits.

Loria Kelly, daughter of Ernest and Alice Maddock Collette, granddaughter of Joseph and Dezilda Huard Collette, grew up in Grand Forks ND, and still lives in East Grand Forks. Her Dad was long-time postmaster in Grand Forks. In a June 4, 2001, letter she recalled *"I felt we were pretty close to [Henry and Josephine]. They "baby" sat us when the folks went on a trip. Josephine was concerned about the "big city" and didn't like us to go outside. Henry wasn't there all the time and I remember her being so lonesome for him. They were delightful!"*

Grandpa turned 65 in early 1937, and was probably among the first recipients of the brand new Social Security program.

Still, this was a family of very limited financial means. Dad used to say that Grandma's fervent prayer was that she would die with enough money to not burden others with her debts. To my knowledge, she succeeded, barely.

THE BERNARD CHILDREN: THE BEGINNINGS AND THE MIDDLE YEARS

Dad, HENRY LOUIS BERNARD, the wee cherub on the front cover of this book, was born at Grafton, North Dakota, December 22, 1907, 2nd of three children of Henry and Josephine Bernard.

Much more information about Henry and family comes at the end of this chapter (beginning page 150), following the description of his siblings, Josie and Frank, and his Uncle Joe Bernard and family.

JOSEPHINE (JOSIE) BERNARD

Henry's older sister, **Josephine Marie** (who we always knew as **Josie**), was born at 11 a.m. Thursday, June 5, 1902 at Grafton, baptized by Fr. Lalande.

Not mentioned in the Bible is the fact that when she was a young girl, likely before the cover photograph in this book, she became deaf, probably due to a childhood disease. Her community of necessity became the deaf community, including schooling at the ND School for the Deaf in Devils Lake ND, and living in the deaf community in Los Angeles. Bernard's apparently made great efforts to reverse the hearing loss, but nothing worked, including visits to doctors in Winnipeg and Rochester MN, and most of Josie's growing up and early adult years (14-23 years of age) were spent at the ND School for the Deaf at Devils Lake.

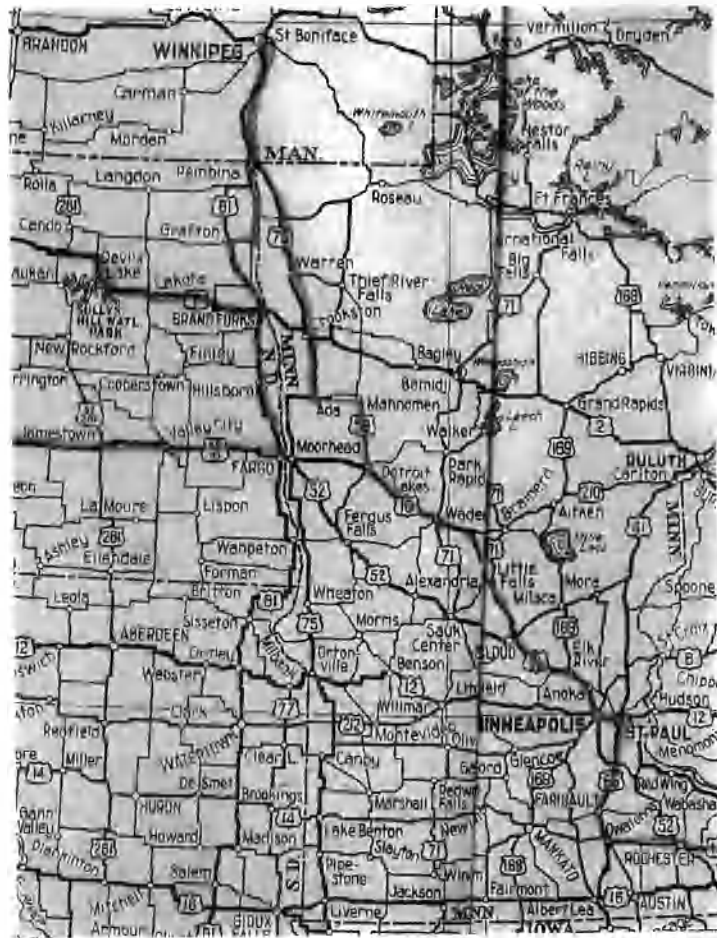
My few direct contacts with Aunt Josie, mostly in the 1970s and early 1980s, revealed her as bright, inquiring and personable. With effort one could understand her when she talked, though she was totally deaf.

She had an apparent sense of adventure. In my files is a 1939 AAA Road Map of the United States, and on it is traced a cross-country route from Los Angeles to Toronto, where she and deaf friends went to an Insurance Company Convention (see * pp 142-143 and map on facing page.) Side trips on the route were to Grafton and Devils Lake. This would have been a very major trip in those years. In 1969, she and a group went to Hawaii. In her photos were pictures of other adventures.

Josie was well into her 20s when her time at Devils Lake ended; and for the next several years she lived at home in Grafton. This time was apparently not a very happy time. She worked as a maid in a Hotel at one point, and February 4, 1930, completed a hair dressing and cosmetology course at Minette Beauty School in Fargo. But she lived at home, and mother and daughter clashed, as strong-willed adults (parents and adult "child" living at home) may well do, and Josie finally decided to move to southern California in perhaps 1932. She lived in California the rest of her life. Why she chose southern California is not known. Perhaps she knew someone from her school or growing up years or had information about opportunities for the deaf in LA.

All indications are that the move was a good one, and whatever tensions there may have been at home in Grafton were soon dissipated, and her parents began to winter in Long Beach just a few years after she moved out west.

The Bible indicates that Josie was married Nov. 28, 1935 at Los Angeles CA by Father Pausch of Precious Blood Church. I believe this Parish is at 435 South Occidental Avenue, Los Angeles 90057. Her husband, **Alan O. Whittaker**, also deaf, was a book binder at the Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino who grew up in an apparently fairly financially comfortable family in the tiny LA suburb

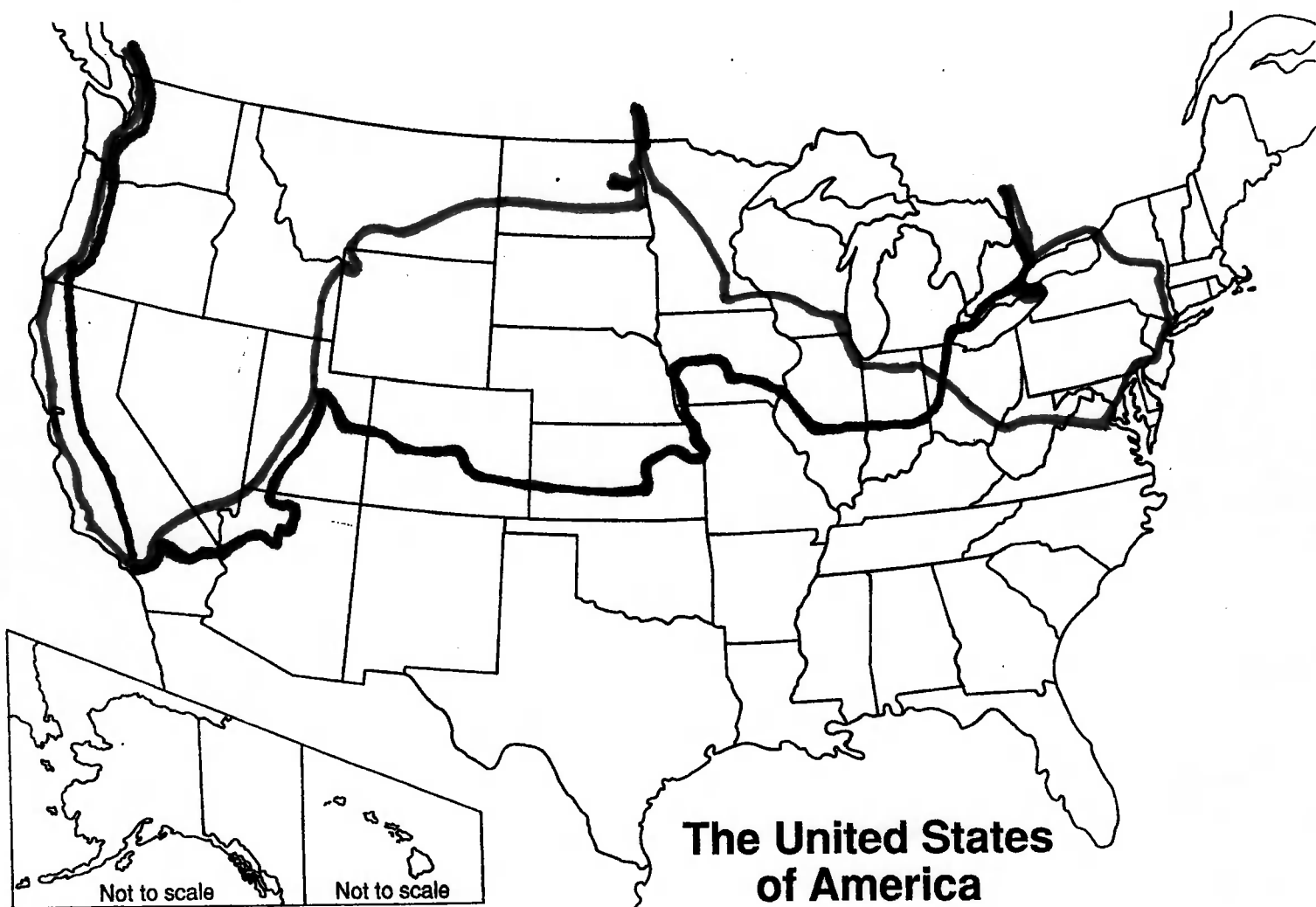


Josie (Bernard) Whittaker's 1939 Road Trip Adventure

Except for the 1939 map (a portion of which is at left on this page), with red and blue-pencil lined routes reproduced below, little is known for certain about any aspect of the trip.

It is known, of course, that Josie lived in Los Angeles. It is also known that there was a big insurance company convention in Toronto the summer of 1939, and Josie was in the group picture. (Some years ago the photo was given to the company, Nat'l Fraternal Society of the Deaf in Springfield IL.)

Logically, the red-lined route was the east-bound. It included Devils Lake and Winnipeg, home ground for Josie. On the blue-line, there was a side trip to Niagara Falls, and a stop in Springfield IL, but Denver was by-passed for some reason. Nothing is known of/about the Los Angeles -Vancouver route.



**The United States
of America**



Josie Whittaker,
front row, 5th from left.

*American Women Tour
Hilo - May 2, 1969 - Hawaii*



At left: Josie Whittakers home for many years
Pilgrim Tower, 1207 S. Vermont,
Los Angeles CA 90006

Center: August 24, 1982, view of city center
of Los Angeles from Pilgrim Tower, photo
taken by Dick Bernard

Below: Josie Whittaker in Long Beach CA
August 24, 1982, at the approximate location
where Henry and Josephine wintered
beginning in 1937. Photo by Dick Bernard



Josie (At Long Beach) 8-24-82

of San Marino. There are many unanswered questions about Alan Whittaker's family, and the entirety of Josie and Alan's married years. There are plenty of unlabelled photos from especially the early part of their short marriage. Perhaps someone, some day, will answer the questions.

In Josie and Alan's case, the wedding was a "mixed marriage" (Protestant to a Catholic), apparently performed on the Church lawn in Los Angeles with both sets of parents in attendance. This was stressful too. Grandma Bernard apparently insisted on as much of a Catholic wedding as was feasible in those years, and went to great lengths to make sure her daughter had some semblance of a Catholic wedding. In those years, this would not have been a "normal" wedding from the Catholic perspective, or Protestant, for that matter.

I never asked, and the topic has never come up, about whether Josie and Alan lived independently or lived with his parent(s) (which seems a distinct possibility). As best as I can determine from Ancestry.com, they lived at 560 Bonita Avenue in San Marino, the same address as Harriet Whittaker, who is listed as the widow of Octave Whittaker.

Oddly, there is no mention in Grandma's Bible of the name of Josie's spouse; nor is there mention of Alan's death three or four years later (a consequence of a goiter operation in perhaps 1938 or so.)

One can only speculate why Grandma Bernard did not so much as enter the name of the spouse, but it is probably an omission with meaning.

The couple had no children. It is not known exactly when he died. They were in North Dakota for her brother Henry's wedding in August, 1937, and it was in the summer of 1939 when she took the major trip across the U.S., so likely Alan died during the intervening time period. There are many mysteries remaining to be solved about this couple.

Josie never remarried after Alan died, and for the last 27 years of her life lived in Pilgrim Towers, an apartment building for deaf people (at 1207 S. Vermont Ave, LA 90006, it had a magnificent view of downtown Los Angeles not far to the east.) Her career was as a dressmaker, Most of her career (26 years) was with the Garment Factory of Los Angeles. Her lack of hearing was not a disability there.

* - **the 1939 trip:** The AAA Road map of the U.S. indicates the two routes of the trip in Red and in Blue. It does not identify which was to Toronto, and which back. It does not say how the people travelled, or how many were in the party. It is assumed that it was by car, but that is not known either. For purposes of conversation, here are the main places on the **Red Route:** Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Salt Lake City, Pocatello, Yellowstone, Bismarck, Fargo, Grafton (with trip to Devils Lake), Winnipeg, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Ft. Wayne, Columbus, Washington D.C., Philadelphia, New York City, Albany, Toronto, as well as North Bay, Ontario. The

Blue Route: Toronto, Detroit, Dayton, Indianapolis, Springfield (where the insurance company was/is headquartered), Clinton IA, Osceola, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, Topeka, Salina, Wichita, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Montrose, Grand Junction, Price, Thistle UT, Bryce Canyon, Zion, Grand Canyon (south rim), Flagstaff, Needles. On the same map, also in Red and Blue, is an obvious trip between Los Angeles and Vancouver BC, one leg along the coast highway in CA, the second in the interior of California. In today's terms, this would be a formidable trip. It is hard to imagine how it would have been in 1939!

FRANK PETER BERNARD

Henry's younger brother, **Frank Paul** (the "Paul" is only in the Bible; we always knew him as **Frank Peter**) was born at Grafton 11:30 p.m. on Saturday, July 24, 1915, baptized by Fr. Forbes.

Frank comes across in most all accounts as a devil-may-care kid. He didn't graduate from high school. He had the ability but apparently lacked the motivation. He was big and athletic, but wasn't an athlete. Marvin Campbell, a few years younger than Frank, idolized his older cousin. Frank was perhaps inclined to mischief, but there is no indication that he was a disobedient son. He comes across as irrepressible and fun-loving.

One gets an idea that Frank was more his Dad's kind of man than older brother Henry, who was more serious, religious, bookish and perhaps viewed as a "Momma's boy" and not as "tough". Their father, Henry, perhaps had a first grade education, at most, and was tough and self-made. He likely didn't consider education in school as all that important.

The last six years of Frank's life were on the USS Arizona as a Navy man, a Shipfitter. A job in the Navy during the Great Depression was coveted, and since it was peacetime, enrollment in the military was not guaranteed. But in 1935, at the age of 20, Frank went into the service.

Frank never married. The last letter he sent to Henry Bernard (whose nickname was "Boy"), typewritten and dated November 7, 1941, indicated (typed here exactly as it appeared; original plus additional photos on following pages): *"I think I will get hitch to that little girl up in Washington she is a honey and she will join the church to marry me what do ou think of that is all right to do that, and say a fellow asked a question so I will aske you it, it is is this he wants to know if a woman who was married outside of the church I mean that they are bouth Protetens and now they are dev divorce would it be alright if this woman joined the church in order to marry this boy who is already in the church and you tell me for him?"* (See following page.)

* * *

Nov 7 1941

Dear Boy;

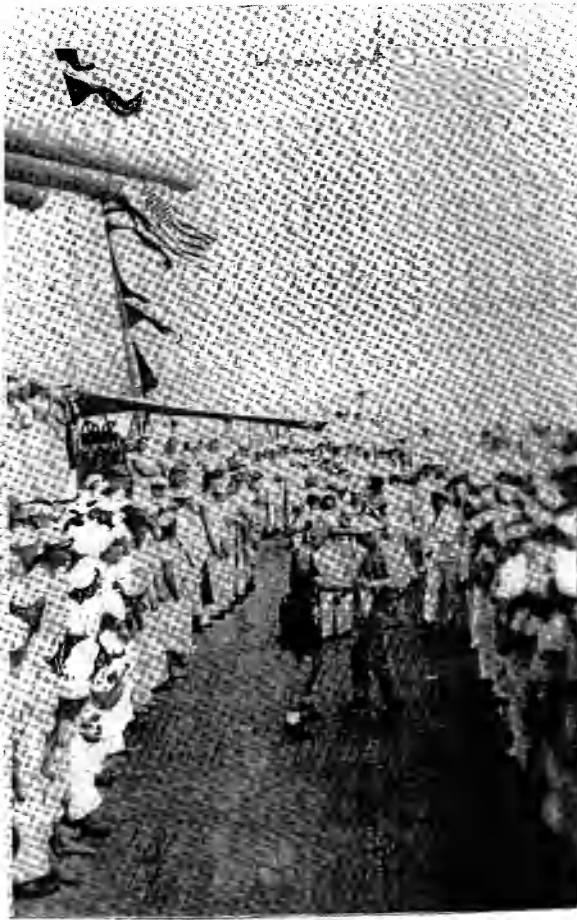
Well I guess that I had better answer the letter that I got from you the 29th of sept but you see I did not get around to it till now and the reason for it is that I have been on another ship for temp. duty and I did not have the time to write to anyone while I was there but now that I am back to the ship I can continue where I left off so here it is.

I was glad to get your letter as I always am I suppose that you heard that I made another rate while I was on leave I made it the first of aug and they gave it to me but that was allright for me now if I get married I will get \$35.00 more for it so you see I think that I will get hitch to that little girl up in Washington she is a honey and she will join the church to marry me what do you think of that is it all right to do that, and say a fellow asked me a question as I will ask you it, it is this he wants to know if a woman who was married outside of the church I mean that they are both Protestants and now they are divorced would it be alright if this woman joined the church in order to marry this boy who is already a member in the church and you tell me for him? I told him that I would ask you about it I knew that you would know or find about it will you?

Well things are the same out here as ever and now it is not so hot as it was awhile back it rains ever once in a while now and that makes it cooler to be around. Well I guess that I can't seem to think of any more to write about but maybe next time I will have some good news for you so stand by for it you may be surprised at it if you know me I do things in a hurry so you may have a sister-in-law to cope with the next time you come out here to the coast so look out for my smoke well till the next time this the end. (finis)

your Bro. Pete

"Boy" is Henry Bernard Jr. When he was born in 1907, the doctor announced from the birthroom, "it's a boy", and the nickname stuck. Henry's brother Pete (Frank Peter) wrote this letter aboard the U.S.S. Arizona. It was the last letter received by Henry from his brother.



On board the USS Arizona crossing the International Date Line. Apparently sailors had a little ceremony at such time.



from left: Henry & Josephine Bernard, Josie Whitaker, their daughter, Frank Peter Bernard, their son, Richard Bernard, their grandson, and Henry and Esther Bernard. Taken in Long Beach CA on July 5, 1941, outside the senior Bernards apartment. Caption: "the first time we had had our family together for seven years and also the last."



Frank Bernard on Board the USS Arizona



Long Beach CA, probably July, 1941. Henry and Josephine lived in apartment close to the beach.

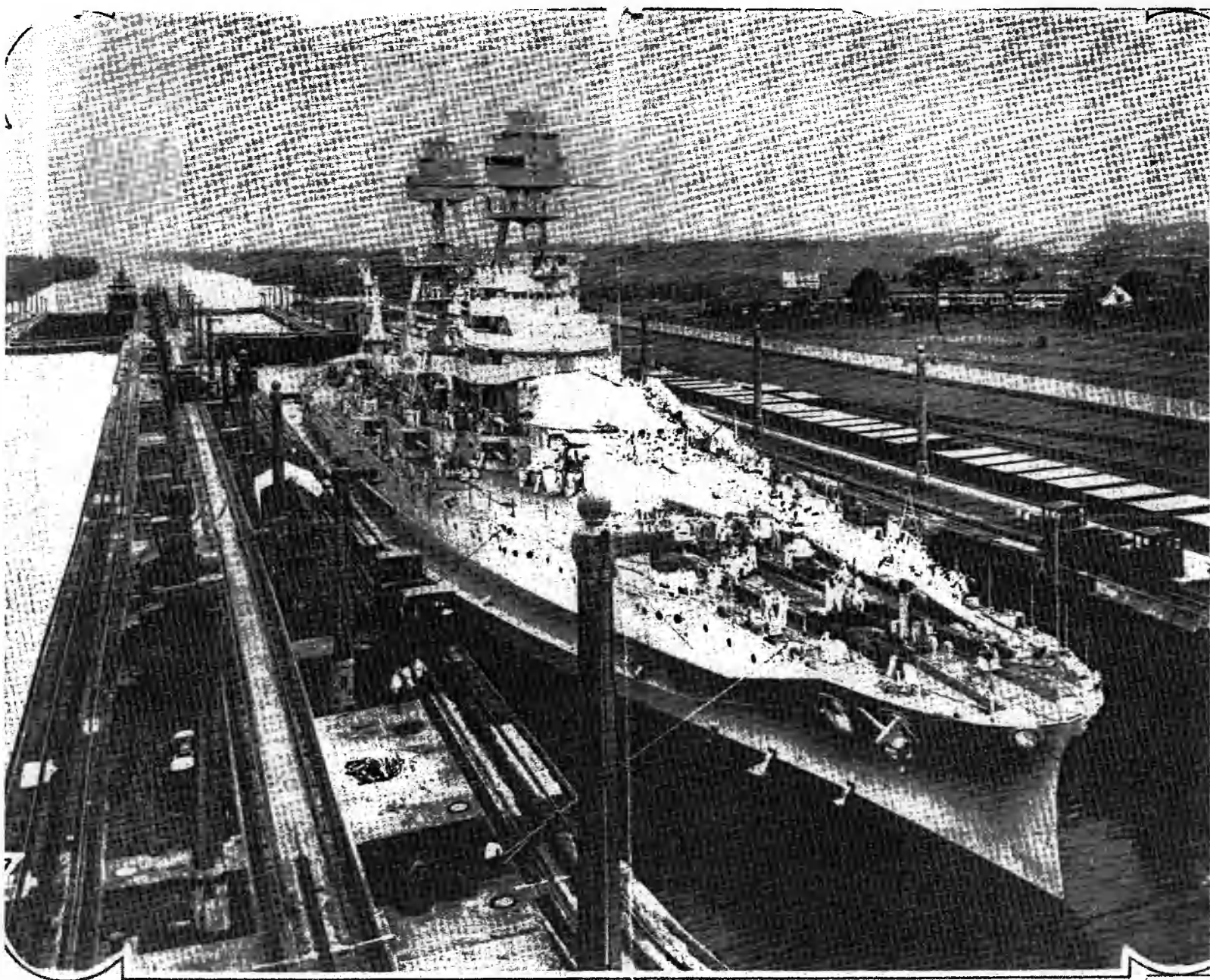


Photo from the St. Louis Globe Democrat sometime in the 1930s. This was a clipping saved by the Bernards. The caption: BOUND FOR THE BLUE PACIFIC - The newly reconditioned U.S.S. Arizona is shown passing through the Gatun Locks of the Panama Canal at Cristobal. The majestic battleship is on its way from the Atlantic to join the Pacific fleet for annual maneuvers.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Subj: BERNARD, Frank Peter, 328 39 68, Shipfitter second class,
United States Navy, Deceased - Transcript of service of

24 Jul 1915 Born in Grafton, North Dakota.
4 Sep 1935 Enlisted in the United States Navy as Apprentice
Seaman at Minneapolis, Minnesota. Home address
listed as: 103 Wakeman Avenue, Grafton, North
Dakota.
4 Sep 1935 Transferred to U. S. Naval Training Station,
Great Lakes, Illinois. (Domestic)
8 Jan 1936 Transferred to the U. S. S. ARIZONA.
11 Jan 1936 Received aboard the U. S. S. ARIZONA. (Foreign)
16 Jan 1936 Rating changed to Seaman second class.
1 Dec 1936 Rating changed to Seaman first class.
4 Sep 1939 Enlistment extended for a period of two years.
16 Aug 1940 Rating changed to Shipfitter third class.
27 Jun 1941 Issued Honorable Discharge from the U. S. Navy.
28 Jun 1941 Re-enlisted in the U. S. Navy as Shipfitter third
class.
1 Sep 1941 Rating changed to Shipfitter second class.
7 Dec 1941 Reported to have lost his life this date as Ship-
fitter second class, while stationed aboard the
U.S.S. ARIZONA.

Medals:

World War II Victory Medal
American Defense Service Medal
Good Conduct Medal
Purple Heart

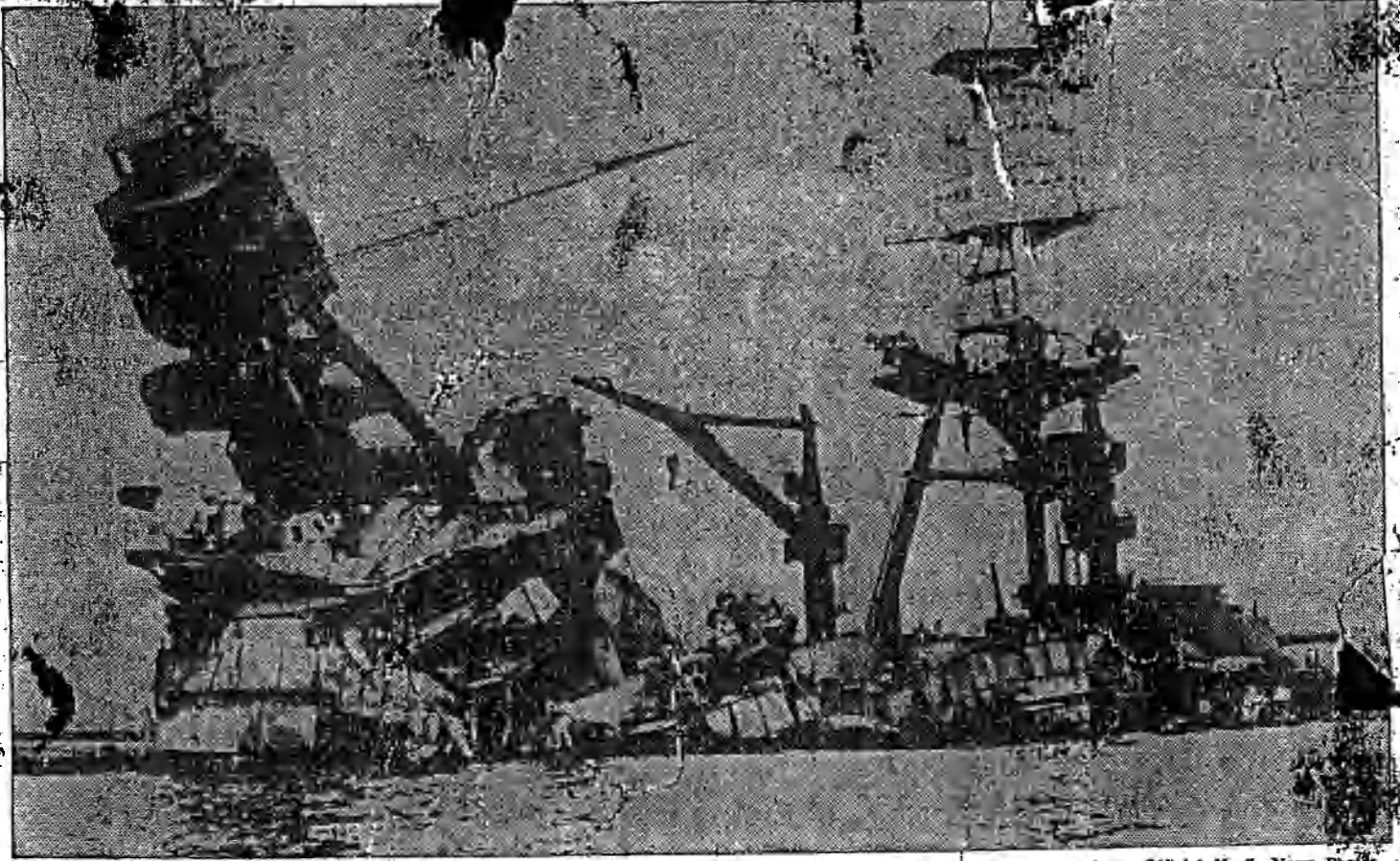
FINISHED FILE
Page 302

No time lost due to unauthorized leave.

By direction of Chief of Naval Personnel.

H. E. REEDER
Head, Casualty Section

Navy Photos Show Pearl Harbor Damage



—Official U. S. Navy Photos.

TWISTED AND TORN BATTLESHIP ARIZONA RESTS ON HARBOR BOTTOM

Crushed into helplessness by Japanese bombs which started a blazing war on many Pacific fronts, the U. S. S. 32,600-ton battleship rests on the bottom of Pearl Harbor after the attack December 7.

Navy Secretary Sends Message to Sailor's Parents

Words of condolence were received in a personal letter from Secretary of Navy Frank Knox by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bernard, 621 East First Street, in the death of their son, Frank Peter Bernard, 26, during the December 7 attack on Pearl Harbor.

Until the Secretary's letter and another letter of official notification arrived, the Bernards had held hope that first reports of the son's death might later prove incorrect.

Young Bernard had been in the Navy seven years and held the classification of ship fitter, second class. His parents came here from Grafton, N. D., four years ago. The young man leaves a sister in South Gate, Mrs. Josephine Whittaker and a brother, Henry L. Bernard, in Forman, N. D.

Secretary Knox's letter expressed the hope that the parents would find "comfort in the thought that he made the supreme sacrifice upholding the highest traditions of the Navy, in the service of his country."

Dies at Pearl Harbor



Frank P. Bernard of Grafton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bernard of Long Beach, Calif., was one of the two Walsh county youths reported to have been lost in action at Pearl Harbor Dec. 7.

No Further Details of Frank Bernard's Death

Word has been received in Grafton from the parents of Frank P. Bernard, but no further details of his reported death at Pearl Harbor Dec. 7 were known to them.

The young man was born July 24, 1915 in Grafton. He attended school here, was a member of the Boy Scouts, and was graduated from high school. While here he was a member of Company C of the National Guard. He was in the service Sept. 2, 1941, and recently returned.

BERNARD—GRAFTON

Frank P. Bernard of Grafton, 26, was killed in action on the U. S. S. Arizona at Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941. He was a first class shipfitter. Bernard leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bernard of Grafton.



A grieving father, Henry Bernard, speaks out at a California picnic

this item was submitted to the American Legion Magazine in 1991. The newspaper article was found by Loria (Collette) Kelly of East Grand Forks MN

At left is the original of the article in the Grand Forks Herald. It is very hard to read. The entire article is very long, and has the headline "3,500 Attend State Picnic in California". This picnic was somewhere in Los Angeles, and probably about February 12. The following reference is about half way into the article, and is the only personal reference in the article (other than speeches and names of people in attendance).

From Grand Forks Herald
February 17, 1942

"A touching incident occurred during the program. In complimenting Americans of Polish for their patriotism, [Lech T.] Niemo [counsel for the Republic of Poland in Los Angeles and a Los Angeles lawyer who grew up in Minnesota] read a press report telling of the death of a young man of Polish descent at Pearl Harbor, the young man being a native of the Grafton area. When he had finished reading a man and his wife arose in the audience, the man asking if he might interrupt for just a moment. Niemo graciously complied, and the man said the report of that boy's death later was found to be in error, but that the man actually killed at Pearl Harbor was the pal of the boy mentioned in the first press report. "The boy killed," said the man, "was our son!" The couple standing were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bernard, long time residents of Grafton. The entire audience arose and stood in silence for a moment in honor of the dead hero and the parents who made the sacrifice."

I can see Grandpa doing this, and it is emotional to even type this now.

Uncle Frank's pal was John Grabenske of Warsaw, and he indeed was initially reported killed in action at Pearl. Dad used to keep in touch with him in retirement in Arizona, but the last contact from Arizona to Dad from John's wife was that his health was failing. He probably is no longer alive.

A touching incident occurred during the program. In complimenting Americans of Polish descent for their patriotism Niemo read a press report telling of the death of a young man of Polish descent at Pearl Harbor, the young man being a native of the Grafton area. When he had finished reading a man and his wife arose in the audience, the man asking if he might interrupt for just a moment. Niemo graciously complied, and the man said the report of that boy's death later was found to be an error, but that the man actually killed at Pearl Harbor was the pal of the boy mentioned in the first press report. "The boy killed," said the man, "was our son!" The couple standing were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bernard, long time residents of Grafton. The entire audience arose and stood in silence for a moment in honor of the dead hero and the parents who made the sacrifice.



LATE JUN 1941 -
LONG BEACH CA
from left:
Henry + Josephine Bernard
Jessie Whitaker, Frank Bernard
Richard (Dick) Henry + Esther
Bernard.

JOSEPH BERNARD, Henry Sr's older brother who was likely the reason Henry came to Oakwood/Grafton in the first place, died in Grafton on August 21, 1927, at the age of 66. His death came only a few months after the flour mill at which he had been chief miller and his brother Henry was chief engineer closed (May, 1927). His wife, Dezilda, born Dec. 6, 1870, had died earlier, Apr. 29, 1923, at the age of 52. Both are buried in Grafton's St. John's Cemetery, not far from Henry and Josephine.

At this writing, Joseph and Dezilda's family tree remains somewhat sketchy. Thanks primarily to Lil Collette of Lemon Grove CA, here is what little is known:

Joseph and Dezilda apparently had only one child, **Joseph Jr**, also called "tit (tee) Joe" (petit, "little Joe"), who was born Nov. 5, 1887 and died Oct. 4, 1964. At some point before 1920 tee Joe married **Delia LeClair**, born Aug. 11, 1898, died Mar. 5., 1967.

Joe and Delia had five children, as follows:

Ray, born before 1920, married Mable, and had two children, Ellen and Gordon;

Dewey, born 1920, married Willie, and they had one son, Glen;

Vernon Lloyd, born 1922, died Feb. 26, 1970, married Lorraine Sando July 15, 1949.

They had three children: Candace, born October 3, 1956, who has one son, Christopher; Pamela, born Feb 23, 1959, who married Gary Munch. They have two sons, Tyler and Travis; and Brian, born June 9, 1964, married with twin sons Vernon and Paul, born 1987.

Jean, born 1927, married Anne Anderson. They had two children, Jon and Laurie **Geraldine**, born 1929, married several times, and little is known about her.

HENRY LOUIS BERNARD

Henry Louis Bernard, the 2nd of Henry and Josephine's three children, the cherub on the cover of this book, came into the world December 22, 1907.

The handwritten notation in his mother, our Grandma Josephine's, Bible is that he was born on a Sunday at 6 p.m. He was baptized by Father J. McDonald, and while the date of Baptism is not given, it was Christmas Day, December 25. Early Baptism was in the fashion of the early French-Canadians who, for the most part, were devout Catholics experienced at witnessing deaths of newborn infants and sometimes their mother as well. (The author was born May 4, 1940, and baptized the next day, so the tradition carried on.)

The doctor announced "it's a boy", and thus began a lifelong nickname - "Boy". For some reason, I never heard Henry referred to as "Henry Jr, or similar, even though his Dad had the same name. Perhaps it was because his Dad started life as Honore Celestine Bernard, and at some point arbitrarily changed his name to Henry Louis Bernard. Changing ones name was not uncommon in those days.

"Boy" is worth a book all by himself. At the end of this section, (pages 161-65), his high school classmate, Ernest Ebert, two years younger, reflects on the Henry he knew first as a high school student; later in the Senior Citizen years in Grand Forks. Henry writes at length about his own growing up and other memories beginning at page 345 of this volume). On my website, <http://www.chez-nous.net/ndakota.html>, I summarize the life of Henry and Esther Bernard from their marriage in 1937 till their deaths in 1997 and 1981 respectively.

The writing that best captured the Henry Bernard I knew for 57 years is at page 166, a column by Chuck Haga in the Grand Forks Herald May 31, 1987. This is vintage Henry. He helped define "life long learning", aware and endlessly curious.

To the end, Henry Bernard was an uncommon common man, a teacher to the end.

The Bible says that Bernard's second child, **Henry Bernard**, was married Aug. 9, 1937 by Father Ed McDonald of Fried, ND. (Father McDonald was Henry Bernard's boyhood friend and fellow Altar Boy at St. John's Catholic Church in Grafton. Had Henry been able to master Latin, he probably would have ended up as a Priest. He always admired Father Ed, who died a Monsignor.) Dad's account of his marriage and honeymoon with **Esther Busch** are in the Stories section of this volume, beginning page 384.)

In Henry and Esther's case, the wedding was a Catholic one at St. John's Church of Berlin, N.D. Esther Busch was 100% German-American ancestry. But as with Josie, the Bible entry does not record the name of Henry's new wife. Again, this omission is probably significant, but why this information was left out of Grandma Bernard's personal record is anyone's guess. As their oldest son and grandson, I never detected any animosity between my mother and grandmother.

Henry and Esther had five children: **Richard Ignatius**, May 4, 1940; **Mary Ann**, November 10, 1942; **Florence Bernadette**, March 14, 1944; **Frank Peter** (named for his deceased uncle Frank), November 17, 1945; and **John Henry**, May 25, 1948. A June 4, 2010 photo of the grandchildren today is at page 155 of this book.

After their teaching career, Bernards lived in grand Forks, then in San Benito TX, where Esther died in 1981. In 1987 Dad moved to Our Lady of the Snows, Belleville IL, his home when he died.

ENDINGS:

The Bernard family was complete with the birth of Frank Bernard in 1915. Sadly, it was Frank who was the first to die.

Frank never got the chance to marry that "little girl" he wrote his brother about November 7, 1941. She probably lived in Bremerton WA, where Frank's battleship, his home since early 1936, was sometimes a visitor. Frank went down with the USS Arizona at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, and his name is on the Memorial there. It is not known who the "little girl" was; nor if the follow-up question in his letter, supposedly asked for his buddy about marrying a divorced woman, was really about he and his lady friend. Perhaps he was asking about his own situation....

- A notation on a late June, 1941, family reunion photo (page 145), likely by Josephine Bernard, bears witness to a sad family history fact: "*the first time we had our family together for seven years and also the last.*"

Grandpa Henry Bernard, died May 23, 1957 at the VA Hospital in Fargo N.D. at 85 years of age. **Grandma Josephine Collette Bernard** died April 24, 1963, at St. Joseph's Hospital in Grafton N.D. where she had almost continuously resided since having a serious stroke in 1956. She was 81. Henry, a diabetic since the 1930s, had lost a leg to the disease in the late 1940s, and in his last hospitalization in 1957 lost the other leg, and ultimately died at the hospital.

After Josephine's hospitalization in 1956, Henry's condition seemed to deteriorate quickly. Living alone after 55 years of marriage apparently did not work well for him. While able to function, Josephine was never the same after her stroke.

Henry and Josephine are buried in the Catholic cemetery in Grafton N.D.

The most interesting record of people attending Henry Bernard's funeral is later in this section, entitled "Requiem for a Common Man" (pp 167-71).

Josie died November 3, 1985 in Los Angeles and is buried there. She had been in frail health for a few years, though not often in the hospital. She was 83. As previously noted, her husband **Alan** had died, sometime between late 1937 and 1939, and she had never remarried.

Henry Bernard died November 7, 1997, at his home at Our Lady of the Snows in Belleville IL, nearly reaching 90 years of age. He was active mentally and physically almost till the end of his life. Reasonably, his cause of death was old age. His wife, **Esther**, who he adored, died of cancer at San Benito TX in August, 1981, just 72 years of age.

Both Henry and Esther donated their mortal remains to Medical Schools. Dotting the campus of Our Lady of the Snows are various memorials to them, including the 36 foot flag pole at the Apartment Community there which was dedicated by the family on Memorial Day, 1998 (see picture page preceding page 2).

THE 1901 OLDSMOBILE

With Henry's death, the Henry and Josephine Bernard family of Grafton ND became history...but not entirely.

Ironically, one of the most tangible and unique memories of the Henry Bernard family of Grafton is an object still in existence.

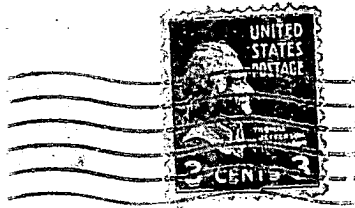
Grandpa Henry early on and for years had stored in his barn a barely used 1901 Oldsmobile, which had two previous owners. The automobile exists to this day, residing in a barn not far from San Diego California, and it still is used on occasion http://clubs.hemmings.com/clubsites/cdoclub/Members_cars/Bowker.htm. (There are some minor errors in Tony's story, but he catches the car and its history. I have ridden in the vehicle on several occasions, have witnessed the London-Brighton rally in 2001, and the New London-New Brighton rally in 2006, on the latter occasion watching the little car work its magic. http://www.chez-nous.net/fc_olds.html.) Also, pp 310-316B of this book.

A final thought:

I close this with a little tribute to Grandma and Grandpa, published as my holiday card in the year 2006. <http://www.chez-nous.net/holiday2006.html>. Adieu, and wishes for another 400 years for those who come after us, on a planet that has learned peace and sustainability.

Dick Bernard
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651-730-4849
dick_bernard@msn.com

HENRY BERNARD remembers his Mother, **Josephine Bernard**, following pages.
REQUIEM FOR A COMMON MAN: Henry Bernard's funeral, see pages 167-71.



Mr & Mrs F. Busch
 Berlin,
 N. Dak.

Dear Folks,

We will be very happy to have you come
 to our Golden Wedding. We have a nice
 room for you so do not think you will
 be embarrassing us. We would like to
 have you come on Sat June 2nd as we
 have a wedding breakfast at our home
 on Sunday - So please come. Let us know.
 As ever

Mr & Mrs Henry Bernard

Your presence is requested
 at the
 Golden Wedding Anniversary
 of
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bernard
 on Sunday, June 3rd, 1951
 St. John's Church, Grafton, North Dakota
 Mass at 10:30 a. m.
 Dinner and reception at 1:00 p. m.
 St. John's Auditorium

N.S.H.H.

The Bernard's invited son Henry's father and mother-in-law to their 50th anniversary. It is not known if the Busch's could or did attend. Most likely they did.



June 3, 1951: 50th Wedding Anniversary of Josephine and Henry Bernard at St. John's Catholic Church in Grafton ND. Top, from left, Pete Faille, Henry Bernard, Josephine Bernard, Pamela (Collette) Sabourin Deloria. Bottom, from left: Josie Whittaker, Henry and Josephine, and Henry Bernard.

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(Above) June 3, 1951: standing from left, Henry and Esther Bernard, Josie Whittaker, Henry and Josephine Bernard; in front, Florence, Richard, Frank and Mary Ann Bernard (John, 3 years old, was asleep in church basement). (Below) June 4, 2010: Dick (Richard) Bernard, Florence Hedeem, Mary Ann Maher, John and Frank Bernard. (This time, John was awake!)

153c





Top: 1949 Grafton Day Parade
Henry Bernard, passenger,
in his 1901 Oldsmobile

Bottom, likely in Long Beach CA
Feb. 7, 1953
Mary Rose Kutz, Josephine Bernard
Rose Sevigny.

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Photos thanks to Tom Kutz.



California - Feb 7, 1953

Mary Rose Kutz

Josephine Bernard

Rose Sevigny

**Henry Bernard writes about his mother, Josephine Bernard
in his own words, and on his own typewriter.**

GRANDA BERNARD

(Josephine (Collette) Bernard

Recollections by her son Henry Bernard aged 76

*(written
ca 1984)*

Hearsay from her:

She attended a school near the farm (Oakwood) taught by a man. All grades were in the same room. She was kept back in the higher grade another year because the teacher was too lazy to start another class.

Going after drinking water for the school was a privilege. Two students would be sent the half mile to the well. They would waste a lot of time getting back to school, ^{at about the hour of dis-}missal. _{getting}

Recollection from a young (12 or younger) son: Was a mother, and a homemaker for most of her life. Member of the altar society and was a hostess at a monthly meeting. The ladies tried to outdo the others. Started out as a light lunch and then the next would put out more food, until it was a full meal. Mother sent me down to the hardware store to buy a BUTTER KNIFE. The clerk didn't know what that was. Finally found such a knife so that Mother could put it on the table to impress the altar society members. She had that knife for many years. Don't know what happened to it.

Was an altar boy under Fathr Turcotte who was a very stern French Canadian. I did not get along too well with him and finally one Sunday Mother kept me in the pew with her. Father had no servers and came down to get me but Mother said "NO". The conversation was all in French. However, things straightened out and I again served on the altar.

HEARSAY:

Grandpa was having a surprise 40th birthday party. Mother tried to keep it from him but it was not easy. Finally she told him and he pretended that he didn't know anything about it. She (Mother) said that Grandpa acted so good that he actually got pale when the crowd arrived. I don't think they ever told the secret until many years after. *later*

After my high school graduation:

Mother decided that she didn't have enough to do so wanted to candle eggs at a local creamery. She did this over the objections of Grandpa who said that he was the breadwinner and they did not need a second income. (TODAY; Statistics say that more than half of the housewives in the United States work outside the home.)

First Grade recollection:

Mother sho^ved her firmness with discipline. I was told that I had to stay after school to learn how to tell time. I went home to lunch and then left for school. I did not arrive[@]. The teacher called mother. She found me playing in the railroad yard half way to school. I was dirty. She took me home, spanked me, washed me up and then took me back to school.

Between Freshman and Sophomore years.

I had a job ;unloading bricks from a railroad car for the building of a part of the State School in Grafton. It was a job that was going to continue past the opening of school. I told mother that I was not going back to school but would keep on working. She didn't agree and insisted that I return to high school.

Very domineering regarding Josie, my sister, who was deaf. Wanted her to stay at home after she finished high school and work as a chambermaid in a local hotel. Josie was insistent that she go to California and she did. When Josie married she was going to marry a PROTESTANT Episcopalian and mother was determined that it would be a Cathlic Servvice. Even went to the Bishop (later a Cardinal) and had the marriage officated by a priest in the garden beh the Cathlic church in Los Angeles are. (She , Josie showed me this church and garden two years ago when I visited her.



The Bernard familie about 1920 on (probably) a fine Sunday afternoon. From left: visitors in the family 1903 Oldsmobile; Henry Bernard ("Boy"), a visitor, "Frankie", Aunt Josephine, a visitor, Uncle Henry and "Boy's" sister, Josie. (The below story takes place many years later.)

(An account of a day's visit with Henry and Josephine Bernard of Grafton, North Dakota)
by Janet Stenfors

Ewen, Michigan

We wake, my sister and I, shortly after daybreak to the sound of raindrops pounding on the roof directly over our heads. It is summer, and my sister, Deanna, and I are visiting our grandparents, Alcide and Beatrice Collette of Oakwood, North Dakota.

They live on a large wheat farm and their land is part of the Red River Valley of the North. Our Grandpa, Alcide, who was the youngest boy of nine children, is the second generation of Collettes to farm this land. Alcide's father, Octave, who farmed the land before him, came to North Dakota from St. Anthony, Minnesota, and earlier St. Lambert, Quebec, to claim land under the Homestead Act. History has it that Octave, his wife and several brothers and their families, walked from St. Anthony to Oakwood in the 1870's to claim land under the Homestead Act.

Not all of the brothers stayed as long-term residents: Two of the brothers went north to Manitoba; a third returned to Dayton, Minnesota.

For a few minutes it is pleasant to lie back and half close my eyes, try to hold my breath and just listen to the raindrops which are hitting the bedroom windows with a loud "splat". I can see rainwater running steadily down the windowpanes, and the big gray barn is almost blocked from view by the strong rain and the mist which rises from the warm earth. I am interrupted

by Grandma's voice calling, "time to get up girls." We reluctantly get out of the warm feather bed and begin to dress.

Deanna asks, "what do you think will happen today?" We talk while quickly getting dressed, pulling on everyday jeans and buttoning our long-sleeved plain shirts. Rainy days are rare in the hot dry days of summer in North Dakota, and rain, we know, will bring changes to the daily farm routine. "We're not going to hoe the garden of all those horrid weeds today," Deanna states, and, she continues, "the men won't be doing any field work either, and we won't have to help grandma with a big noon meal." We both decide that this will be a fine rainy day, and softly shout, "hurray for the rain, hip, hip hurray," as we hurtle down the stairs, being careful to slow down where the stairs made a sharp left, before flying down the last 12 steps.

Grandpa Alcide is staring intently out the porch windows as we enter the big kitchen.

"It'll last all day for sure," he half murmurs to himself; "I should go to town and see Mr. Peterka about my hail insurance." Deanna and I look at each other over bowls of corn flakes both thinking the same thing. "Can we go along, can we?" we both ask at once. Grandpa looks doubtful and is on the verge of refusing when Grandma Beatrice looks up from dust mopping and says, "they can visit at Henry's." This means a visit to our great-aunt Josephine Bernard, who is Alcide's older sister. It seems decided that we will

contd - next page

be allowed to go, and soon we are piled into the black Ford and driving the five miles to town.

Aunt Josephine and Uncle Henry are always delightful to visit. They live in the town of Grafton, on a nice quiet street, and seem free of rural drudgery and toil. Their lives seem easy and idyllic compared to our life on the farm and we anticipate with eagerness our visit with them this day.

Aunt Josephine answers the door and ushers us into a small cozy living room. She seems tall to us, slender and rosy-cheeked, and is almost always smiling. Today, she is wearing a full apron of a small blue flower print pattern, over a print housedress. She has been working in the kitchen, cooking, and a nice smell drifts out from there. After getting us settled in the living room, she hurries back to the kitchen. A few minutes pass and then Uncle Henry comes into the living room, and he isn't wearing his wooden leg. Oh, I think to myself, this will be an interesting rainy day.

Uncle Henry always seems to have time for people, for kids, and for talking. He shows us his wooden leg, detached of course at the present time. Uncle Henry tells us the story behind his missing leg, which is a little amusing to us, but we know that it has something to do with a war.

"Yes", Uncle Henry states, "I was in the Spanish-American War." We guess that it was a long time ago because Uncle Henry looks much younger in the photograph he displays of himself wearing a blue and red military uniform. "How can you get around?" Deanna asks. Uncle Henry doesn't seem at all disturbed by the question and laughs, and seems to have almost no difficulty getting around on one leg.

Yet, military conversation doesn't end with the Spanish-American War, and Uncle Henry tells us, somewhat sadly, another story of war. It is about his son, Frankie, who went down at Pearl Harbor as a crew member of the USS Arizona. Uncle Henry seems proud as he displays another photograph which shows Aunt Josephine riding in last year's 4th of July parade in a special car for gold star mothers.

Aunt Josephine interrupts the stories to call us to come to a lunch she has ready in the kitchen. There are homemade cookies to eat and fresh blueberries with cream. Uncle Henry remarks how these blueberries are the largest he's seen. It is a fine lunch to go with a fine day.

After lunch, our visit continues. Uncle Henry tells us more stories, and time passes quickly. Off and on during the afternoon we

are offered candy from a large glass candy dish, a rare treat, and we accept gladly. Aunt Josephine relates that her son, Boy, will be coming soon to visit, and both Uncle and Aunt speak with anticipation of Boy's impending visit. It seems that Boy comes every every summer for a long visit

All too soon, Grandpa Alcide drives up in the black Ford to take us back to the farm. He and Aunt Josephine stand near the front door and talk for a long time, and they seem to like each other a lot. Grandpa comes out to the car where we are waiting and starts off. We wave, and Aunt Josephine waves back, smiling, until we drive out of sight.

Yes, it really was a fine rainy day.

Feb. 5, 1992

Ernest Ebert

The Bernards, Failles and Eberts all shared a common French-Canadian lineage. In Grafton, the Bernards and the Failles lived in the same neighborhood and the heads of households worked at the Grafton Roller Mill--producers of Lily of the Valley flour. Joe Bernard Sr. lived next door to Uncle Pete Faille. Too often he was referred to as "old Joe" to distinguish him from his son, "Little Joe". The Henry Bernard family lived about three blocks northwest of there. All were close to their jobs. Joe was the head miller at the mill and Henry was the head engineer. When the switch was made from steam to diesel power, Henry proved to be equally adept at handling the big diesel as he had been with the steam engine.

One Sunday, Uncle Pete, Aunt Delima and the Henry Bernards came out to our farm northwest of Grafton. A tall, slim and quiet youngster often referred to as "Boy" was part of the Bernard entourage. Frankie was a very small boy and his father was trying to explain to him about the farm animals, especially the cute little white pigs. ~~Incidentally,~~ French people seemed to prefer pork to beef. Incidentally,

I remember "Boy" Bernard as an altar boy. Probably his good, long stay as an altar boy extended beyond the usual because he was such a "straight arrow." Also, he didn't do most of the things that many boys do such as play baseball, etc, etc. It turned out that I was no good as a ball player either so when we met on the street, we found that we shared a mutual interest in Profit Sharing Coupons. These coupons could be found in many products including Classic soap and Wrigley's chewing gum. Although I was small and underage, I was not above venturing into pool halls and other public places looking for discarded gum wrappers and the coupons that were part of them. Of course, Hank didn't do such things--I soon learned that.

I went to the Convent during the school year of 1922-23 but by that time, Henry was in highschool. Father Turcotte's St Johns Church was right across

(2)

the street as was the rectory. The good father regarded that school with more than a jaundiced eye; to him it was a sinful place. However, I know that neither that school, nor any other place, nor anyone else ever contaminated Hank. He was two years ahead of me in highschool and because of that, we didn't fraternize much in school. There seemed to be an unwritten law providing that members from one class should not associate with a member, or members, from another class. Whatever the reason or reasons, it was not often done.

Henry was very much the studious, non-athletic type. However, he did go out for Class Basketball. We were still in the days when the center on the team had to jump for the tipoff after every basket. If you were six or more feet tall, you probably played center whether you wanted to or not. So, naturally, Henry played center. One time, during a game, the opposition had Hank pretty well bottled up. He put his head down and passed the ball between his legs much like a football center does. That manuver not only was original but it was ^{so} ~~as~~ unique that I have never seen a play like that since! Let the N.B.A. take note.

Despite his advantage of height, Hank was pretty slim. Accordingly, he didn't go out for football until his Senior year. On one or more occasions when the legendary coach, Casey Finnegan, was trying to get Hank to run interference for the ballcarrier, he wound up behind the ballcarrier. The mighty Finnegan observed that the ball carrier didn't need a "rear guard". Sometime during the season, Hank sustained an injury which put him on crutches. Athletics might not have been his forte but he did much better than I did.

I had only one experience with Frankie and that was a pleasant one. We were getting ready for the threshing season so Dad brought him out to help with the preparations. The times being tough, Frankie and I were called on to somehow fashion a bundle-hauling-rack out of some old lumber. Since this creation would be highly visible to fellow workers in the near future, it seemed all-essential that we muster our best efforts, despite the lack of quality

lumber, to fabricate a bundle-rack that would first of all protect our pride, and, secondly, be fit to haul bundles to the thresher. We had a good time doing it. Separately, we had seen the same corny movie just a few nights before and we often quoted from that show, enjoying a good laugh each time.

Frankie left with the threshing crew the next day and I don't recall having any further conversations with him--our life-trails had crossed all too briefly.

I believe the next scene in my relationship with Henry Bernard was in the winter of 1933. We were getting ready to grade and bag potatoes so Henry was one of the men that Dad brought out to help with that process. I suppose the reason Hank was available was that he was in between teaching jobs, a sort of hiatus---a very common condition at the time. The repetitive and boresome nature of bagging potatoes allowed plenty of time for conversation without slowing down the work. When Henry learned that I had been to the St Patrick's Day dance the night before he wonder^{ed} aloud if I realized I had been dancing in Lent. In that respect, he believed like his mentor, Father Turcotte, who with heavy French accent, ~~told~~ the Altar Society when they asked him if they could stage a dance on St Patrick's Day that, ^{reminded} "St Patrick was no danceur."

I didn't see or hear anything of Henry Bernard for many years. Then one day, by chance, I met him and the wife I had never met, Esther. I do not recall what year it was. Our visit was necessarily short; the kids were restless in the car because Hank had been visiting with other Graftonites and the sidewalk in front of Penney's on a warm day was not too comfortable a place to stand for too long and also, it was time to move on to the next visiting place.

The scene now shifts to about 1978. We had moved to Grand Forks in 1976 and had become regulars at the Senior Center in 1978. One day, the door to what was always referred to as "Frank's Room" opened and a familiar, tall figure emerged. I said, "'Hello', Henry Bernard." Since he was coming out into the stronger light, it took him a little time to focus his ailing eyes on the person with the familiar voice.

(4)

We enjoyed renewing our old friendship and we became better acquainted with Esther. Later on, except for bits of conversation in passing, we didn't associate very much because we were already travelling in established patterns. For instance, the Bernards often "brown bagged" it with others in Frank's room while Georgia and I ate in the auditorium; we were very active with the Sunshine Band while the Bernards tended to the library upstairs or played cards. I worked in the kitchen while Georgia sat at the Reception Desk. Sometimes, Henry would be downstairs pitching darts while I was in the same room shooting pool. The Bernards visited us once or twice and we went out to dinner once.

When Georgia and I first became residents of Grand Forks, we often saw the same couple riding side by side on bicycles bolted together. They always gave the proper hand signals and they were the only bicycle riders who did. I was new to city driving and was busy watching other drivers and traffic signals; Georgia was busy reminding me about traffic lanes, etc. so we saw this couple only from the back. This couple turned out to be the Bernards.

I do not remember what year the Bernards started to go to Texas for the winter; the last few years of Esther's life, they stayed in Texas the year around. When Esther died, Martha Torkelson, Senior Center Director, came down from upstairs to make the announcement. She said that Bernards had done a lot for the Center when they lived in Grand Forks. It meant especially much coming from Martha because she gives out very few compliments.

A few years ago, Hank called one evening to tell us he was coming and would I try to get some information on housing at the University? Georgia said to tell him he could stay at our house. So we've had the privilege of having him stay here a few times and we're very happy to have him. We look forward to his coming this summer very much. (1992)

As mentioned before, Henry always was a "straight arrow." I never heard a cussword or anything even approaching what might be called a dirty story come from Hank. He is an old fashioned Catholic who comes from the original

mould; there are very few left. They are an endangered species. Henry has been to only one Saturday night Mass--a convenience Mass. One Sunday, I asked him if he would care to wash some of his clothes. He said he never did anything on Sunday that he didn't have to. He doesn't eat meat on Friday. He doesn't even eat fish on days other than Fridays. I suspect, in this case though, that he doesn't enjoy fish. Henry attends daily Mass and participates in many devotions--some of them no longer practiced by modern Catholics.

Unfortunately, there are not enough people like Hank left.

Ernest Ebert

This is Georgia--I would add this: It seems very likely to me that there were, and aren't now, nearly enough people of Hank's caliber in the world. A strong statement but I believe it is true.

Georgia Ebert.



Chuck Haga

Henry Bernard inspected the city's bike paths Friday and pronounced them good, though there were a few spots where he had to hop off and walk his machine around mud from river eddies.

"You could see tracks through the mud where some of the kids had gone, but I thought I'd better walk around," he said.

Bernard, 80, is retired now and lives near Brownsville, Texas. He left Grand Forks in 1978, but he spent 50 years here and comes back occasionally to visit friends and relatives.

And to ride a bicycle.

"I call it a low-bar," he said, showing off the ancient red bike that a friend, Robert Lee, loaned him for the day. "You don't have to call it a lady's bike, you know."

Now that women wear pants and some of them work bikes hard, you don't see as many riding bicycles missing that seat-high bar. The high bar gives a frame more strength. It also used to make a bike a boy's bike.

"This is easier for an older person," Bernard said, demonstrating by swinging a leg low through the gap between his handlebars and seat. "When you get old, you can still kick — but maybe you can't kick too high."

He had his right pant's leg rolled up almost to his knee, exposing a bit of sock and bare leg.

"I don't have a chain guard," he said. "So I have to do this."

He looked down at his leg, at the bare part, then up again.

"And I don't care what people say."

He had been along the north end of the bike trail before he stopped at the newspaper to report his findings.

"Have you written on those bike

messir.

"Well, the people here ought to use 'em. And that riverbank — with a little work, that could be a good thing."

He kept a pen and a little notebook with him on his ride, and he recorded his observations. This was the latest entry: "Riverbank bike trail. Passable — May 29, 1987."

He had pages on other parts of the city, too, new sights and old haunts that he had walked or biked through since this five-day visit began Tuesday.

"I've made a good share of the town, and East Grand Forks, too," he said.

He flipped back a few pages, looking for a particular item.

"Do you know about the cedar blocks down at Belmont Road and Second Avenue South? I believe it's the original cedar. What's left over there is just a little piece, from the road up to the sidewalk. But if I recollect, Belmont was paved with those blocks . . . because that's where all the bigshots lived then."

Henry Bernard was born in Grafton, N.D., and graduated from high school there. He came to Grand Forks in 1927 and worked at the Federal Bakery until he got his first teaching job, at the Allendale Township School southwest of town.

"I had 30 pupils in eight grades," he said. "We had 10-minute classes. You never sat down, all day."

He taught in other schools and kept at his own education, eventually earning a master's degree. He retired in 1970, partly because his eyes were failing.

He wears special glasses, though, and he had no trouble seeing from his bicycle how the town has changed since he first knew it.

"The public library is gone," he said. "The old street cars are gone. You can't go down Third Street like you used to. But there are lots of improvements."

And the Sorlie Bridge is still here.

"I remember the dedication of the Sorlie Bridge. You know, they took moving pictures that day, and then they showed them later at the Paramount Theater. Is that still . . . ? No? Well, most of us who got ourselves in the picture, we stayed through three, four showings."

Bernard was thinking about riding out to UND's Memorial Stadium to watch part of the state track meet and maybe catch a glimpse of John Bennett, the Grand Forks native who won a silver medal at the 1956 Olympics.

"I was at the dedication of the stadium, too," he said. "I think that was in 1927. And I boarded for a time with John Bennett's parents. Of course, he wouldn't remember me."

His pant's leg rolled up and a jacket handy in his handlebar basket, he was ready to get on with his tour. He listened to an observation that the river might have taken out part of the south-end trail, too.

"Well, I don't think I'll accept hearsay on that," he said. "I believe I'll check it out myself."

Grand Forks (ND) Herald P. B1 May 31, 1987

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REQUIEM FOR A COMMON MAN

HENRY BERNARD was 85 when he died May 23, 1957, at the Veteran's Hospital in Fargo. He was buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Grafton on May 25. At the time of his death he had lived 63 years in Grafton or Oakwood. He was survived by his wife of 55 years, **Josephine Collette**, who grew up on the Octave and Clotilde Collette farm just west of Oakwood. At the time of his death, Mrs. Bernard was disabled by a stroke suffered the previous year. She spent most of the last six years of her life living in the Grafton Hospital. She died April 24, 1963. In my memory, Mrs. Bernard lived in a room at the hospital and had limited mobility, though not profoundly disabled. She could not live on her own.

The Memorial Book from his funeral (reprinted here) has survived the 53 years

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

Wm. Desautel
 Mr & Mrs Ed Nelson
 Paul Galletto -
 Alex LaBerge
 Bernadette French
 L. H. McEwen
 Mrs L. H. 921 Ewen
 Mrs Bertha Lessard
 Mrs Joe Bourde
 Mr & Mrs Stanley Bessette
 Roland Lessard
 Mr & Mrs Hilbert Collette
 Mr & Mrs L. Roney
 Mr & Mrs T. R. Jorgenson
 Irene Sevart
 Mrs & Mrs W. C. Schrank
 Alma Collette
 Kirby Schrank
 Sam Clyde Kieley
 Bernadette Sirgny

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

Dick LaBerge
 Mrs. Mary Kenny
 Rose Higgins
 Mrs. Alfred E. Fossai J.
 Mr & Mrs Albert Demers
 Mrs. Clyde Kieley
 Mr & Mrs Will De Gloria
 Mrs L. H. Altendorf
 Mr & Mrs Arthur Collett
 Mrs Ralph Dangerfield
 Thom. G. Donnelly
 Mr & Mrs Joe Kalkul
 Mrs. Gus Blazek
 Mr & Mrs Curtis Keeley
 W. J. Johnston
 Father J. M. Garland
 Mrs. Mrs. Kaybi Gallagher
 Mrs Joe LaBaise
 Mr & Mrs Andrew Rasmussen
 Mr & Mrs Donald Kemowski

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

Mrs. Frances Fox
 Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred Collette
 Mrs. & Mrs. August Bilodeau
 Mr. & Mrs. George Lessard
 Mrs. & Mrs. Napoleon Lessard
 Mr. & Mrs. James Sauer
 Mr. & Mrs. Elaj Major
 Mr. & Mrs. Alex Drabanski
 Greg Norman
 Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Collette
 Mr. & Mrs. A. Kutz
 Chueke Johnson
 Mr. & Mrs. Alvide Collette
 Mr. & Mrs. Ed Popkowski & Lorraine
 Mr. & Mrs. Edith Mattson
 Arsen Campbell
 Antoinette Campbell
 Mr. & Mrs. Richard Osourd
 Miss Joyce Greenwood
 Miss Darlene Collette

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

Ray Johnson
 Mrs. Frank Byzanski
 Mr. & Mrs. Maurin P. Collette
 Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Dubautel
 Mrs. Helene Gary
 Mr. & Mrs. Joe Knutson
 Mrs. Hector J. French
 Mrs. Annie Steffens
 Mr. & Mrs. Wellington Doyle
 Mr. & Mrs. Victor Lessard
 Mr. & Mrs. Donald DeFaut
 R. O'Kisley
 Mrs. Mrs. J. Conlon
 Melvin J. Jorkelson
 Mrs. Lloyd Carmik
 Wm. La Course
 Mrs. Willbrod Campbell
 Mr. & Mrs. Ray Collette
 Mrs. Rosalind Stappone
 Daniel Lessard

since his death. In late March, 2010, **Tom Kutz**, who grew up in Grafton and spent most of his adult life there, took a look at the list of visitors, and the following are his notations. [Added comments appearing within brackets are comments by Dick Bernard].

Tom Kutz's comments: **Mrs. Joe Gourde** "farmed just west of Oakwood"; **Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Bessette** "their son, Francis, is still farming between Oakwood and Grafton"; **Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Collette** "was state senator for long time - buildings at the state school are named for him"; **Mr. and Mrs. L.R. Roney** "was Superintendent of Grafton Utilities - friends through the Fire Department"; **Mr. and Mrs. T.R. Jorgenson** "I think Ted worked at State school"; **Alma Collette** "worked at telephone company for long time, then at the bank"; **Ruby Schrank** "worked at the bank"; [Dick: I believe a Frank Schrank boarded with Bernard's in his high school years in early 1930s]; **Sen. Clyde Kieley** "State Senator and also owned Grafton Electric"; **Bernadette Sevigny** "used to clean house for my mother when

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

Mr. & Mrs. Roy Ruice
 Mr & Mrs Lawrence Jensen
 Minnie Desautel
 Mrs Wm Schultzy
 Mrs Theresa French
 Mrs Dorothy Murphy
 Frank Bernard
 Mary Ann Bernard
 Gladys Bernard
 John Bernard
 Mary Rose Lutz
 Richard Bernard
 Mr & Mrs Joe E Lussard
 Conny Kilon
 Mrs Miller
 Mrs Ed Bouvette
 Mrs Norman J. McIurdie, Seattle, wa
 Mrs Mrs Arthur Lomineau Grand Fork
 Mr. G. Hornell
 Oswald Campbell, S.B.

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

Mr & Mrs Nellard Arentz
 Mr & Mrs Maurice Lussard
 Mr F. W. Busch Berlin N Dak
 Mary G. Howard
 Mrs & Mrs Walter Howard
 Oswald Campbell
 Mr & Mrs Harry L. Smith - Crookston
 Mr & Mrs Wilfred Campbell
 Mr & Mrs Elzeas Garant
 Mr & Mrs Edmund E Demaro
 Mr & Mrs Joe Seguire
 Mrs Delphine Raymond
 Mr & Mrs E. J. Dolan
 Daniel Keeley
 Mr & Mrs. Renee French
 Miss Joan Kosmatta

she broke her ankle"; **Dick LaBerge** "was commander of Company C National Guard and also owned Reylecks Department store with his father"; **Rose Sevigny** "Big volunteer in church stuff and always involved in funerals and weddings. Everybody loved Rose";

Mrs. Clyde Kieley "Clyde's wife and also was director of nursing at the hospital" [where Grandma Bernard spent the last years of her life]; **Mrs. L. N. Altendorf** "would have been a neighbor on Cooper Ave."; **Mrs. Ralph Dangerfield** "Winnie was one of those "church ladies" that everybody loved"; **Thos A. Donnelly** "farmed north of town near Nash - along the river"; **Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kalka** "electrician and neighbor"; **Mrs. Fred Blazek** "Fred worked at the city and was also a fireman"; **Mr. and Mrs. Peter Keeley** "Pete was a big farmer north of town"; **W. J. Johnston** "was president of the Bank"; **Father J. M. Garland** "Parish priest - I was his altar boy for

almost 15 years"; **Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gallagher** "farmed north of Oakwood"; **Mr. and Mrs. Donald Kamrowski** "Donnie's dad owned the funeral home";

Mrs. Francis Fox "Was Wilfred Collette's daughter - her daughter, Becky, is a classmate of my wife"; **Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Lessard** "Oakwood farmer"; **Mr. and Mrs. James Sauer** "worked for the telephone company, also a fireman"; **Mr. and Mrs. Eloy Major** "related to everyone in Oakwood. Eloy was a true "Frenchman"!"; **Mr. and Mrs. Alex Grabanski** [probably related to John Grabanski, Frank Bernard's Navy friend from WW II. Initially, it was thought that John had been the one who died at Pearl Harbor];

Inez Normand "later married Jim Kamrowski but her family farmed north of Oakwood and Salt Lake"; **Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Kutz** "my mother and father - I snuck in here too but didn't make the guest book."; **Chuck Johnston** "later was County Civil Defense Director and was also a fireman"; **Mr. and Mrs. Alcide Collette** "big farmer east of Oakwood. His son, Allen, is still on family farm. His daughter, Dianne, and her husband, Bill, are godparents to one of my daughters; **Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ronkowski and Lorraine** "Gert worked in the five and dime for many years - later the Jewelry store"; **Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Mattson** "Eddie was a machine shop owner and local master mechanic";

Miss Joyce Greenwood "daughter of Eldon Greenwood and friend of Darlene Collette"; **Miss Darlene Collette** "I went to school with Darlene"; **Ray W. Johnson** "was a cop and later the Chief of Police"; **Mrs. Frank Byzewski** "Franks son, Jim, was a classmate of mine" [Mrs. Byzewski wrote the fascinating story of the Gourde family in this book]; **Mr. and Mrs. Maurice D. Collette** "farms just west of Oakwood" [nephew of Josephine Bernard, and owner of the farm where Josephine grew up. Maurice's Dad, Alcide Collette, was Josephine's younger brother]; **Mr. and Mrs. Bernard DeSautel** "Bernie was my first cousin - was an electrician and worked for Kielely - also a fireman"; **Mrs. Annie Staffne** [next door] "neighbor" [to the Bernards on Cooper Avenue]; **Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Engle** "Wellington worked for City Utilities - Later Director. Also fireman";

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dufault "Don worked for City Dray - also fireman"; **R. D. Fisher** "worked at Postoffice"; **Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Conlon** "Worked at gas company - was a fireman"; **Melvin J. Torkelson** "was Walsh County Sheriff and a fireman"; **Mrs. Wilbrod Campbell** "Wilbrod farmed west of Oakwood just east of the golf course"; **Mrs. Richard Staffne** "neighbor. Dick was also a fireman"; **Daniel Lessard** "worked at bank. Later was president. His son, Lon, was my business partner for 10 years"; **Mr. and Mrs. Roy Price** "owned a bakery - another "Church Lady"; [**Frank, Mary Ann, Florence, John and Richard Bernard** - Henry's grandkids. **Mr. F. W. Busch** was **Esther Bernard's** father, from Berlin ND. For some reason, neither Henry nor Esther Bernard signed the book. Both would have been there.]

Mary Rose Kutz "my sister"; **Roy Miller** "farmed east of Grafton on north side of river"; **H.E. O'Connell** "worked for the Railroad - was also secretary of Fire

Department for many many years"; **Oswald J. Campbell** "ran the pool hall in Grafton in the winter for many years during my childhood"; **Mr. and Mrs. Edmond E. Demers** "mechanic and body man - can be seen driving the [1901 Oldsmobile] CDO in parade"; **Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dolan** "Ed farmed northeast of Grafton"; **Mr. and Mrs. Rene French** "master carpenter built many fine homes in the area".

Acknowledgements

This is a project which has spanned 29 years, and there have been endless conversations, letters, tips.... It is an imperfect and incomplete project that, hopefully, will outlive me. In our basement are several 'chock-full' storage boxes; assorted volumes in my office bookshelf, etc. The boxes are filled to the brim with information on my French-Canadian roots which has been collected and utilized over the years. It all came from someone, particularly within the Collette family, and from **Jean-Marc Charron**, and for that I am grateful.

More or less in order of their appearance, I specifically thank these people and groups: Thanks first to **Rene** and **Merle**, who assigned, in the fall of 1980, the task of looking at family history as part of their class on Family of Origin. I was in that class, and took on the assignment, knowing little about my roots, and where that exploration would lead me in coming years.

Mom and Dad, **Henry and Esther Bernard**, who not only agreed to help with the task, but devoted considerable time and effort to writing and recording their recollections. (Dad's work is reflected in this book; Mom's German-American memories are in another, completed in 2005).

John Rivard and the members of **La Societe Canadienne-Francaise** ramped up my interest in my French-Canadian roots beginning in 1981, and I ended up editing their publication, **Chez Nous**, from 1985-2001. Over the course of years there were over 125 newsletters comprising over 900 pages of information, much of which is in the Stories section of this volume. I learned a great deal about my French-Canadian culture, as I edited the newsletter.

Dr. Virgil Benoit and his group in Red Lake Falls who, in 1985, began to awaken in me a more academic interest in the topic of French in America. Virgil's efforts have evolved into a major initiative in preserving and expanding awareness of the French-Canadian culture in the Midwest at the **Initiatives in French Midwest** University of North Dakota. I would urge individuals and groups to get to know this organization, which is accessible at www.ifmidwest.org.

Thomas LaForest, who I met in 1987 at a conference, and whose major project, *Our French-Canadian Ancestors* (See page 3) introduced me to my Cote family, and in turn to **John Cote**, who in turn introduced me to **Jean-Marc Charron**. Without John and Jean-Marc, this writing would not have happened. (See Dedication p. 5)

Blondeau descendant **John Garney**, and Genealogist **Lynn Kenyon** of Clearwater BC whose assistance on the Blondeau line was invaluable. Lynn's e-address is kenyonla@yahoo.ca. **Dr. Remi Roy** who made a great contribution to the Collette history in 2003 (www.chez-nous.net/fc.html) and has been an incredible resource for this volume.

By no means least, are a long list of people, particularly root family members, who have contributed in one way or another to the information in this volume over the years. In no particular order, thanks to: **Catherine Rivard, Marie-Reine Mikesell, Rene and Lil Collette, Janet Stenfors, Ernest Ebert, Pauline Cadieux, Rita Marion, Normand Collette, Marvin Campbell, Paul Campbell, Iris Holten, Vernon Sell, Audrey Cady, Julie Shiller, Alfred Collette, Marie Byszewski, Loria Kelly, Evangeline Clement, Agnes Lussier, Tom Kutz, Lil Clark** and the inevitable others who I've forgotten to include....

Special acknowledgement to **Duane Thein** of White Bear Lake MN, whose great-uncle was Fr. Joseph Goiffon, and who was very helpful to me in researching the relationship of Fr. Goiffon to Samuel Collette. Similarly, thanks to **Mary Ayde** of Lino Lakes MN, whose great-grandfather was Samuel Collette, and who is interested in this project.

Finally, loving thanks to my wife, **Cathy**, who's put up with the mess involved with a project like this for far too long. There is "light at the end of the tunnel" on this track of my life, since I had earlier completed the history of my mother's Busch and Berning families.

History lives in all of us.

I encourage you to do your part to keep history alive in your own families.

And I ask you feedback on any and all aspects of this research.

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www.chez-nous.net/fc.html
www.outsidethewalls.org/blog (see categories such as French-Canadian, North Dakota, and the like.)
www.amillioncopies.info

Reconstructing our real Heritage by Dick Bernard

In mid-June, 2008, I received an always welcome letter from my cousin Rene Collette, who grew up in Oakwood, and has lived for years in suburban San Diego, Lemon Grove CA. More in a moment on that.

I met Rene in 1981 when I was first embarking on discovering my roots. I had heard about the Centennial of Sacred Heart in Oakwood, and travelled there with a brief mimeographed history of what I knew about Collette's and Bernard's. Rene was already a veteran researcher, and we've been in touch ever since. He's helped me fill in the blanks and correct errors. And I've been able to reciprocate, a bit.

Over the past 27 years I've learned some lessons about heritage history in general.

LESSON ONE: START NOW, WHERE YOU ARE; CONSIDER EVEN SEEMINGLY USELESS INFORMATION AS POTENTIALLY USEFUL.

Rene's June 10 letter included a long article on oxcarts from the April 2, 2008, Walsh County Record (Grafton ND). At the end of the article he included this handwritten note: "Dad remembered the squealing noise of the ox carts when he was a boy. He heard that the Collette's had used carts to move their family, foodstuff and farm tools and equipment from Minn. To use the train would have been expensive, so who knows for sure? How about oxen or horses?"

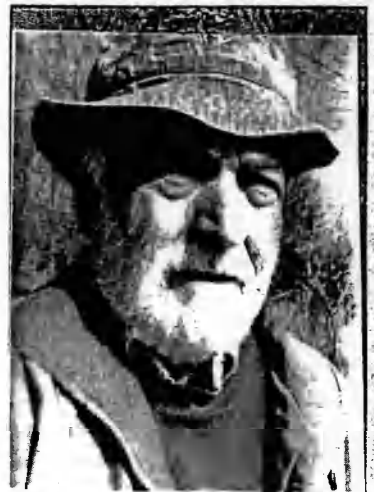
The answer, of course, is that nobody knows for sure the answer to Rene's question, or will we likely ever know...but the conversation leads to other bits and pieces. When Collette's came to Park River from Minneapolis area in 1878, they could have taken the train as far as Grand Forks, or possibly Stephen MN, thence a cart to their claims. But proof will likely never be found of that. But the official history of the use of the ox cart likely didn't end with the last of the oxcart trains from NE Dakota to St. Paul. The story of what might have been was continued by the common people of the day. We can carry on the stories, and expand on them as new scraps surface.

LESSON TWO: HISTORY IS MUCH MORE THAN THE OFFICIAL ACCOUNTS.

It wasn't till I was nearly 40 years old, that I really became aware that I had a French-Canadian ethnic heritage. I was taking a class and was given an assignment to delve into my family roots. Thankfully my parents were still alive; sadly, my mother knew she did not have long to live, and both took to the project like ducks to water. Even

more thankfully they chose to write autobiographies for me, letting me know what they knew about their forebearers, and their lives, generally.

They got me started. After Mom (of German-American ancestry) died, Dad and I took a first and great trip to rural Quebec south of Quebec City to visit the land from which his father had migrated to Oakwood-Grafton in the early 1890s, and from which his grandfather on his mother's side had migrated to then-St. Anthony, later Minneapolis MN in the 1860s.



Dick Bernard, 2008. Photo from D. Bernard Collection with permission.

Of course, Dad could not reconstruct our first Canadian ancestors, Jean Cote and Anne Martin, who came to Quebec about 1630. But he could provide morsels, as I can now provide more morsels for those who follow me. A rich history of common families has evolved over time.

LESSON THREE: THE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE THE BIG PEOPLE OF OUR HISTORY.

Along the way it became obvious that while history is commonly portrayed and conveyed through the lens - and bias - of the 'movers and shakers', history is really built by the common people who bear and raise the children, turn the furrows, saw the lumber, pound the nails, wash the clothes, garden and cook, in the newly settled and developing areas. Every person in some way or another makes their contribution; few of them make their name by having a town named for them, or becoming a Governor, or even City Councilman. But they are all 'movers and shakers'.

For instance, consider Judson LaMoure (1839-1918), for whom LaMoure County, Judson and Jud ND are named. Mr. LaMoure "came to Dakota Territory from Quebec, Canada in 1860 before it was a territory, and served in the territorial and state legislatures until 1912." (North Dakota Place Names, Wick, 1988) No doubt Mr. LaMoure made a name for himself, and deserved his reputation, but how about the sundry people who contributed to Mr. LaMoure's place in history? While they have no towns named for them, they were important too. Our forebearers - all of them - were the movers and shakers, one action at a time.

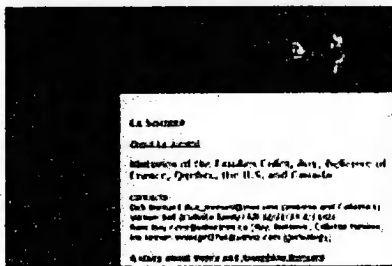
My ancestral family Collette, who came as a group to what was to become Oakwood around 1878 were likely so poor that they couldn't afford to come by train from Minneapolis to the then nearest railroad stops to their hardscrabble frontier farms on the Park River. There were legions of people like Collette's, some of whose names live on in prosperous Red River Valley farms, but they were, at the beginning, farmers struggling to survive. (Some of these farmers seem to have left their imprint in an unusual way: instead of adopting the square section model of the frontier, their plots seem similar to the long, narrow plots of land, fronting on a river, that were familiar to them from Quebec.)

LESSON FOUR: THERE IS NO PIECE TO THE PUZZLE THAT IS TOO SMALL OR INSIGNIFICANT TO MATTER.

As I continue my research, off and on, many years after I began, little 'scraps' that I had saved for no apparent reason suddenly become important and significant. It is like missing a piece of a puzzle, and years later finding it in the sofa. If you've kept the puzzle, it is now possible to complete it. "Unimportant" data can be crucial in completing the family history puzzle.

FINALLY, LESSON FIVE: DON'T HIDE YOUR INTEREST. SOMEBODY OUT THERE WILL FIND YOU.

At www.chez-nous.net/~fcl.html is material about my family history. A distant cousin, unknown to me, learned about my work some years



ago, and contributed his own history of the Collette's and Quebec French-Canadians. Look for an interesting and significant work by Dr. Remi Roy of Montreal. Thanks, Cousin. ↘



The above photo is from an old metal plate photo which almost without question is the first ancestral Collette in Oakwood, my great-grandfather Denis and his wife and my great-grandmother Clotilde (Blandeau) Collette, who settled there in 1878. This photo would date from perhaps the summer of 1868, when they were married at St. Anthony of Padua in then-St. Anthony, Minnesota, later to become Minneapolis. Clotilde's family was in Dayton MN by the very early 1850s, long pre-dating the railroad. Maurice and Isabel Collette live on the ancestral Oakwood farm these days. It is perhaps a half mile from the Sacred Heart Church, towards Grafton.



Review by vpb of *Reconstructing our real Heritage*

by Dick Bernard

Dick Bernard's article begins with the mention of an old photo. Whose curiosity about the past is so withered as not to be drawn to an old metal plate? In his initial paragraph, Dick links the old plate, a wedding portrait, dating back to the summer of 1868, to the days of his great-grandparents and then to the itinerary they took to establish a farm near Oakwood where Maurice and Isabel Collette live today.

Dick's article on heritage tells us to be attentive toward the details present in our lives which can reflect profound pieces of our heritage and personal identities. We can become accustomed to spotting important details by watching for them in writings, stories, and conversations with others. Sounds, sayings, words, stories, smells and melodies contain and may evoke chapters both long and short of our intimate selves, ethnically and individually, as we zoom them in and out of time, going from one corpus of being, of heritage to another: family, ethnic group, community, religion, nationality, social class and so on, going back and forth in play and sport, in time and place, discovering both who we are and how we are changing.

A dog barks, the taste and smell of tourtière unites me with another time and folk, a walk along the countryside of my youth all stimulate memory, reminding me of change while calling me into the fold of time as I go. As I go into the fold of memory I am different than when I went there first. As I tell the story later of my return, expressions on my face, gestures over my self attest to additional emotion of what I am worth, publicly and to myself. Stories show how an other part of my mind, a part which is beyond memory negotiates what is important. Episodes of my life, turned into story, reveal my desire to control, to give order, even though imagined, to what I have done. That part of interpretation, which is fiction, is like memory and imagination. Together they reveal my heritage, my self in pursuit of happiness, a life of happenings, of intellectual curiosity and their consequence.

Stories assumed to be convincing just because they are based on one moment in time, one place and one common thread can be intellectual dead ends. Facts are dead ends unless given a context where they can take on a more intimate life through description and

interpretation. Facts are what we insist be written at the bottom of a picture: who, when, where. Those who make stories from pictures give them, perhaps a thousand words over of interesting description and interpretation.

To give the facts, nothing but the facts, is possible only in regard to when, who and where. In many languages, but for sure in French, the compound past is the verbal past tense that presents facts about the past. Another verb tense called the imperfect presents context, interpretation and background about the past. When the judge in the courtroom rules that certain evidence is or is not admissible the judge is ruling for or against a certain interpretation. "What was your client doing when he was struck by the train?" The fact of this question is in "struck by the train", while "what was your client doing" consists of contextualizing statements of varying perspectives depending on the convictions of the lawyers. Practice of the past perfect and imperfect verb tenses as one learns French, for example, can teach us a lot about the important place interpretation holds in all conversation, powers of persuasion and personal style.

"... Nobody ever knows for sure ..." or "We can carry on the stories ..." are quotes from Dick Bernard's thoughts on heritage as found in his article which follows.

Dick's ancestors, the Collettes, who came to Oakwood, ND lived near Saint-Henri de Lévis, south of Quebec City before migrating. As we read about their lives we think of others who came from the same place, who did similar work, who belonged to the same economic class, who may have traveled the same route to the Midwest and who may have implanted certain ways of Quebec on the land they settled. Of all the qualities Bernard mentions that help us examine who we are culturally and socially "interest" and "curiosity" are the drivers. These are youthlike characteristics that must be nourished. In regard to our heritage we require a steady diet of "food for thought". Reflection and story should be on the menu everyday. Good stories illustrate how we evolve. Good stories help us understand ourselves locally. Better stories tell us more and more about who we are on both local and universal levels. ↪

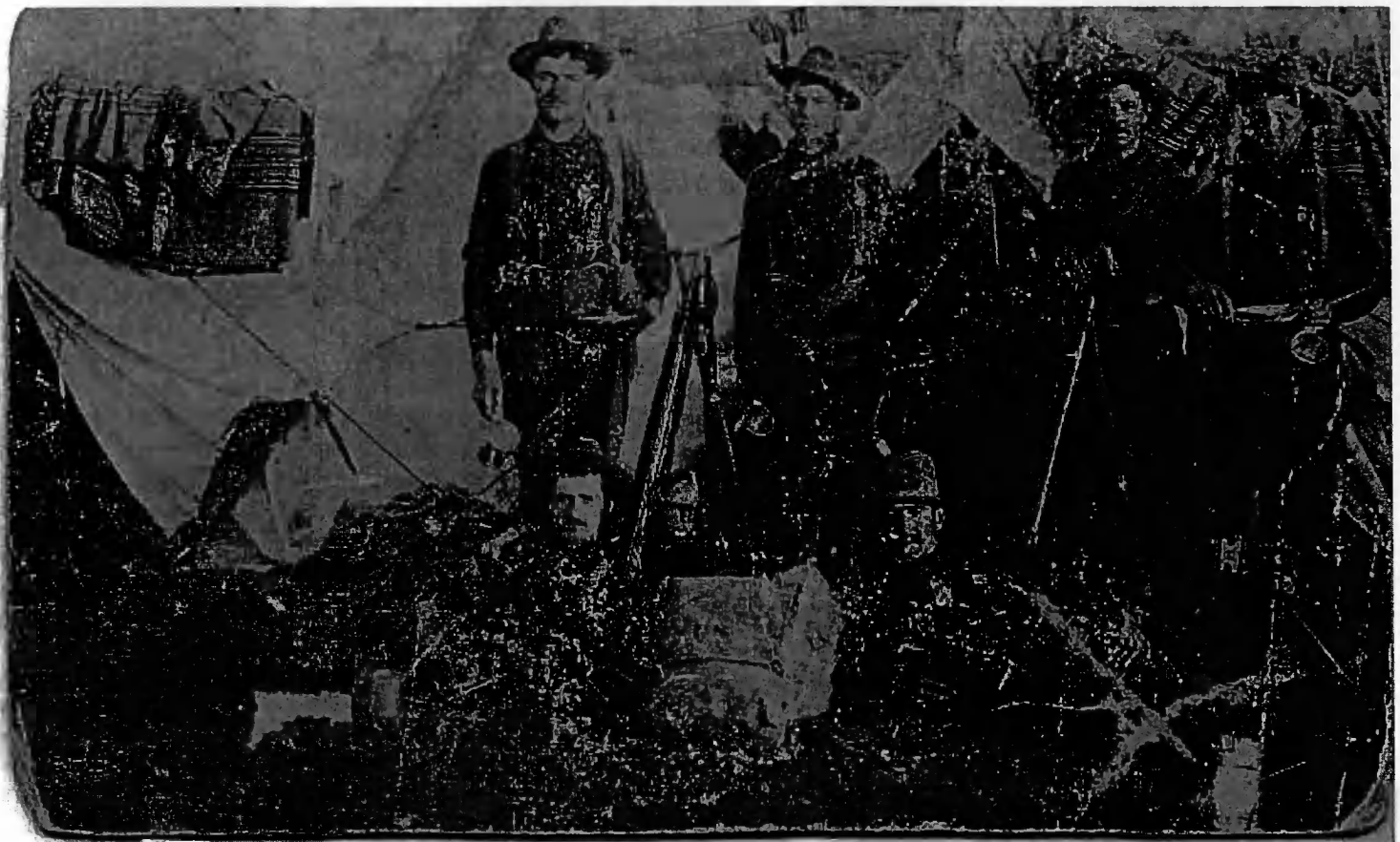




The Collette Boys and their Dad, probably after the funeral of their mother and wife Mathilde Vermette in 1887 at Oakwood. Seated from left: Philippe, Denys Sr, William and Father Barrette; standing from left: Ovide, Arcadius, Octave, Alfred, Theodules, Joseph. Not included in this photo were the three daughters of Denys and Mathilde: Sophronie Lessard, Obeline Gagne, and Emma French. All would have been in the Oakwood Community at that time.



This undated photo, possibly taken to honor Octave and Clotilde Collette's 30th anniversary (July 12, 1899), is from page 27 of the Sacred Heart Church Centennial Book. Left to right, standing: Alire, Elise, Arcidas, Josephine. Alcide (at left) and Paul are seated with their parents.

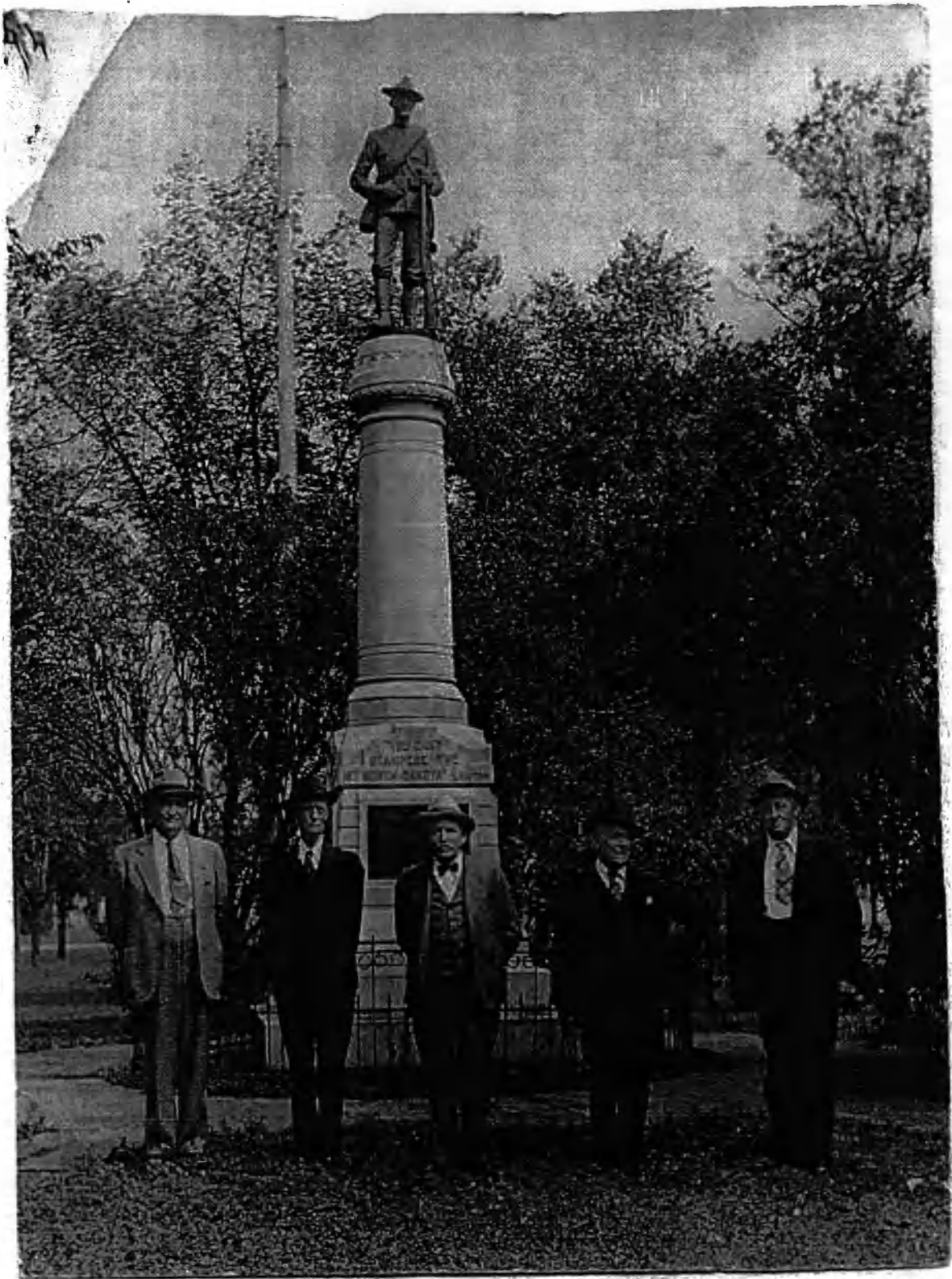


Henry Bernard (top left) and Alfred Collette, son of Philippe, on ground at right,
At Presidio San Francisco before going to Philippines summer 1898.

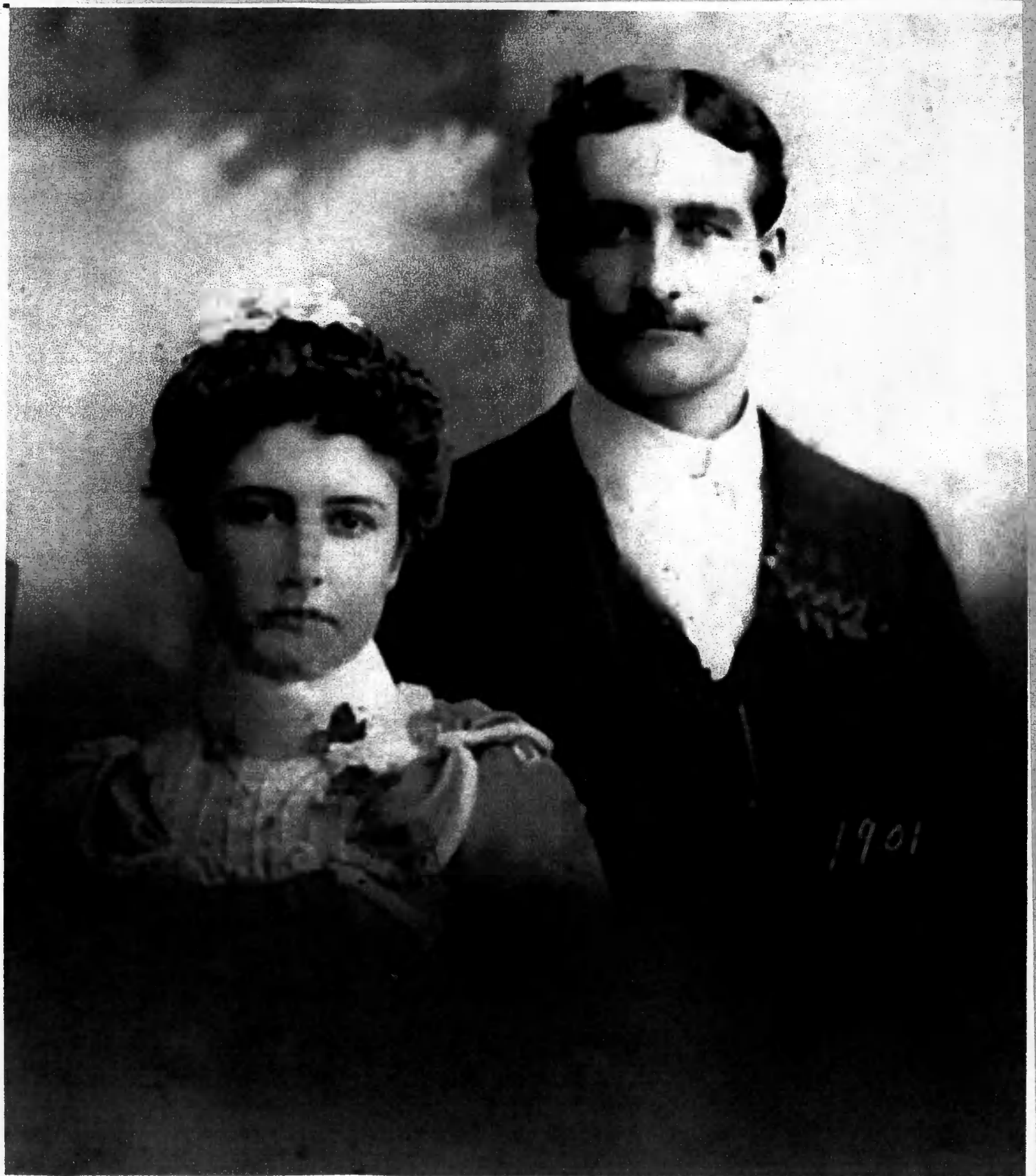


On shore leave in Japan enroute home from the Philippines in 1899.
Henry Bernard is second from right in the photo.





The surviving veterans of the Spanish-American War at the monument in Grafton, Walsh Co Court House; ca 1950s. Henry Bernard at left in the photo.



**Josephine Collette and Henry Bernard wedding photograph
June 3, 1901 at Sacred Heart, Oakwood.**

*The Collette Farm, Oakwood N.D., in the 1950's
(inset of the farmhouse from June 1981)*



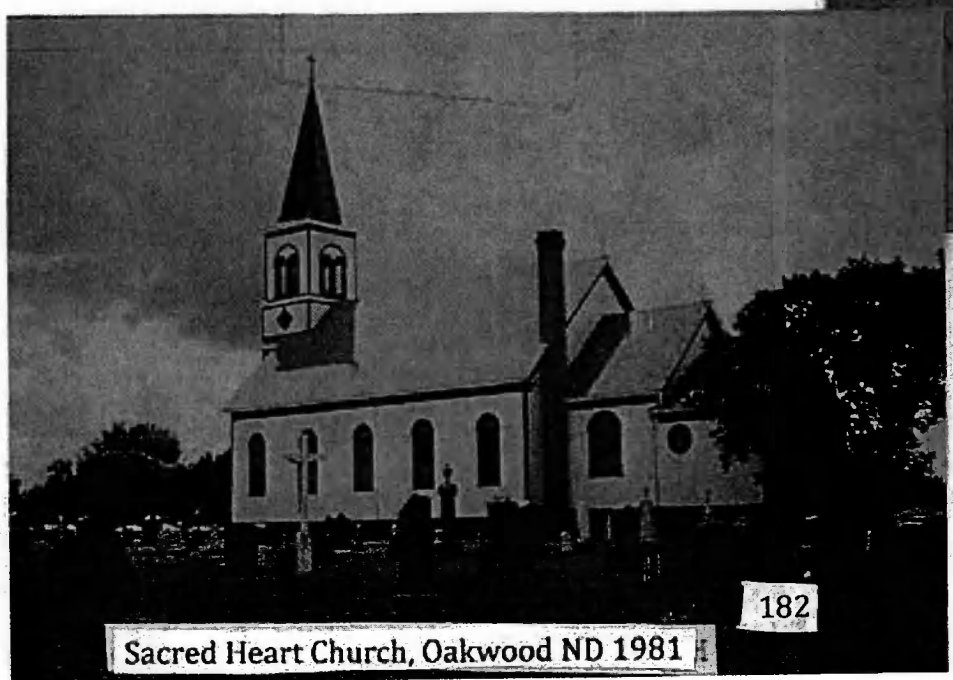
Undated photo of the Octave Collette farm, then farmed by Alcide Collette and his son Maurice. This photo probably pre-dated 1970

Alcide Collette Farm Oakwood ca 1930s
Alcide, Beatrice, Maurice and Evelyn;
Josephine and Henry Bernard;
Pamela Sabourin, Mrs. Sampson,
? LaBerge



Unused Octave and Clotilde Collette farmhouse 1981
The family home since the 1880s.

WOOD FINISH OCTAVE COLLETTE HOME
Oakwood, June 1981



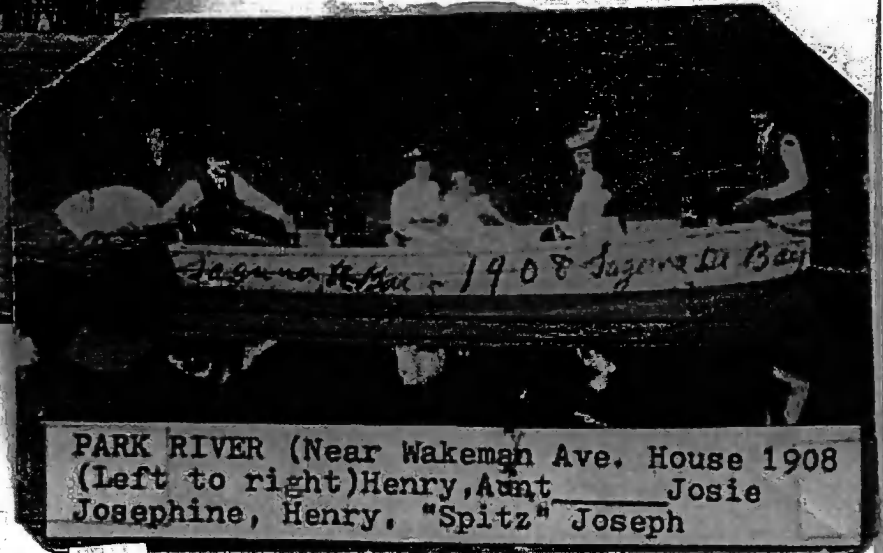
Sacred Heart Church, Oakwood ND 1981



The family of Alfred Collette and Celina Deschenes of rural Dayton MN about 1903. From left: Olivine, Irene, Celina, Philomena, Anna, Melvina, Alfred, Joseph (Olivine's twin). Alice and Wilfred yet to come.



Photo of a family visit at the Wakeman Avenue House in Grafton about 1920. The 1901 Oldsmobile, normally parked in the barn behind the house, is at left. To its left would be the Park River. In front, blurred, is the then-version of "Fosto", the family dog (all were named Fosto). Bilodeau family from Winnipeg was visiting. At left teenage Henry Bernard, third from left his younger brother Frank, standing in front of his mother, Josephine. The man in the shirt and tie is Henry Bernard Sr, to his left is his daughter, Josephine (Josie), then a student at the ND School for the Deaf in Devils Lake.



PARK RIVER (Near Wakeman Ave. House 1908
 (left to right) Henry, Aunt _____ Josie
 Josephine, Henry, "Spitz" Joseph



Frank Bernard about 1924, age 9



Frank Bernard (at right) and Marvin Campbell, July 14, 1935
Frank was about to enter U.S. Navy



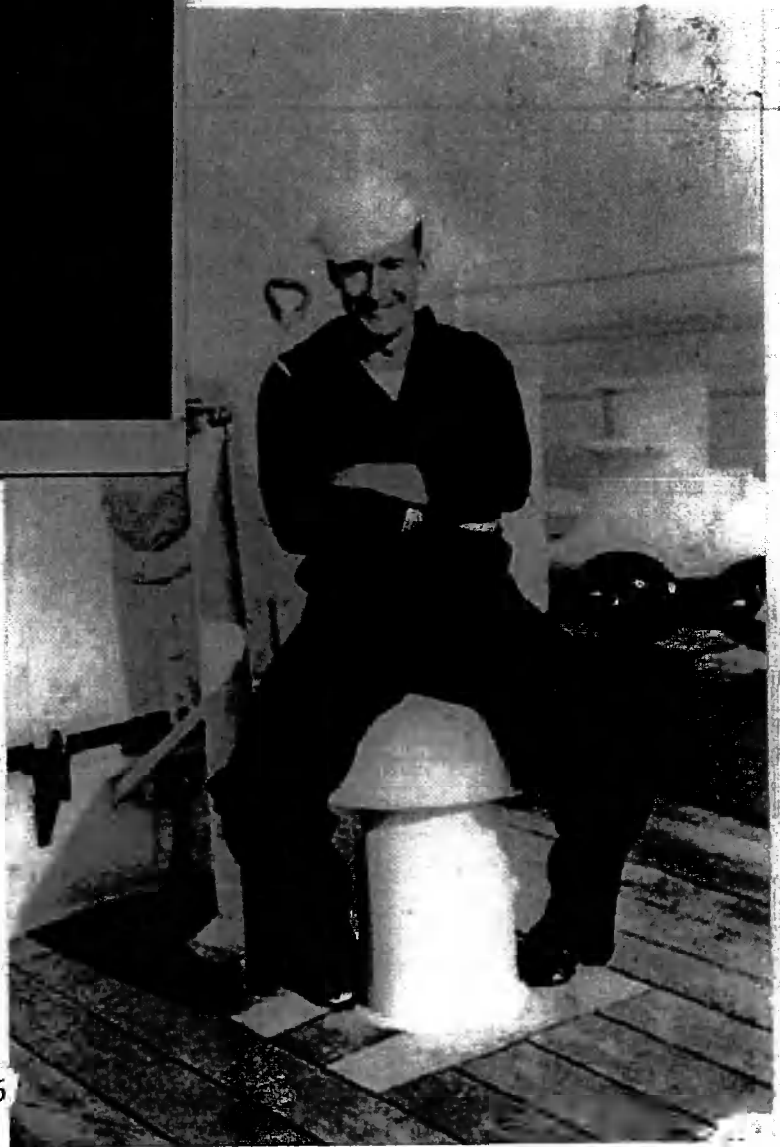
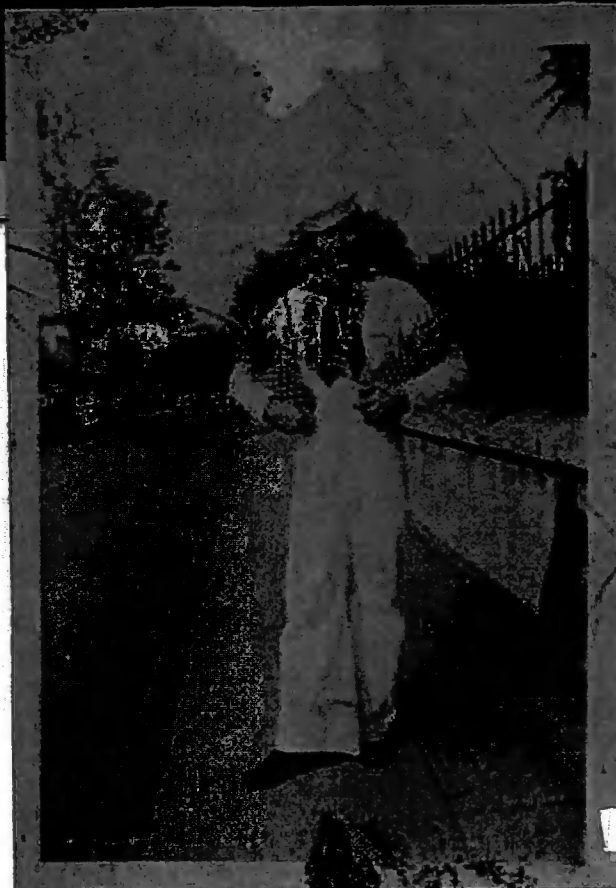
Marvin Campbell with family early 1940s



Frank Bernard in Seaman's Training
Great Lakes, Fall 1935.

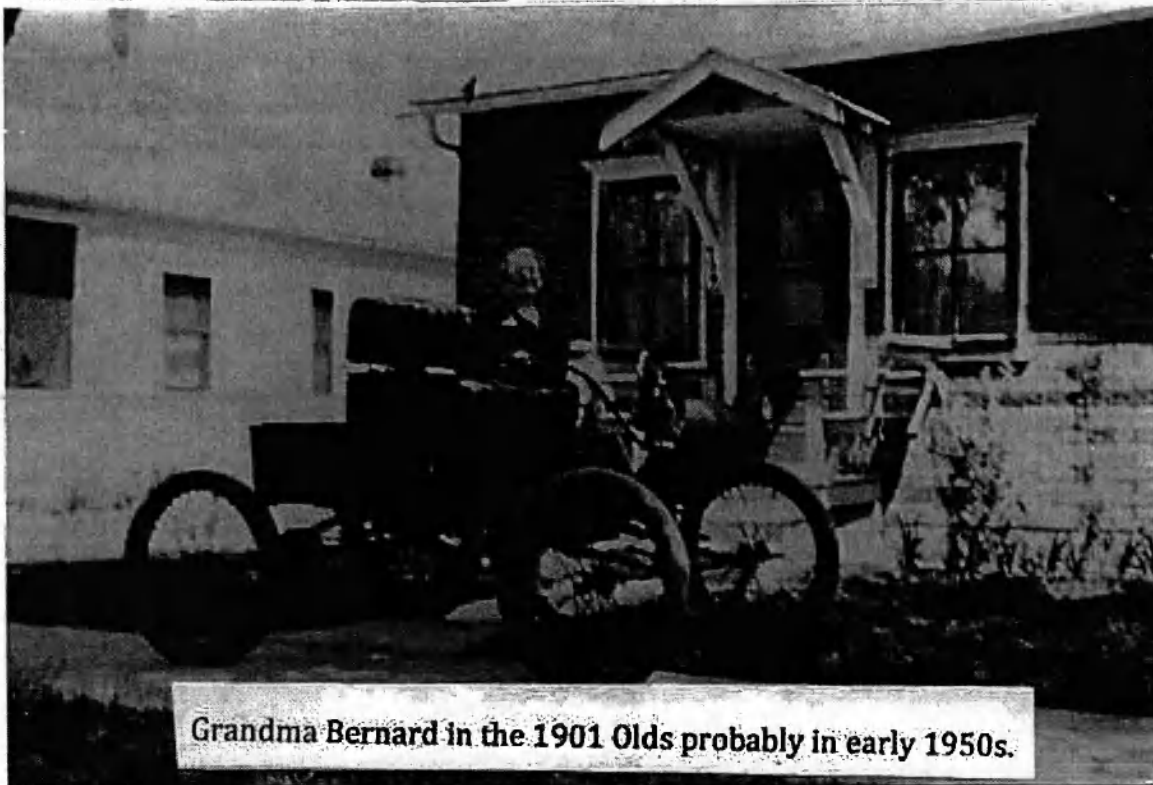
Frank on board USS Arizona sometime
Between 1936 and Dec. 7, 1941.

Frank on liberty in Honolulu
Undated





Henry and Josephine Bernard at 738 Cooper Avenue, Grafton, circa 1940s.



Grandma Bernard in the 1901 Olds probably in early 1950s.



Henry and Josephine with son "Boy's" tribe some chilly day in 1946:
Mary Ann, Florence, Richard, Frank, Esther and Henry Bernard.



GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BERNARD
IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THEIR
HOME IN GRAFTON.



Josie and Josephine
In the Cooper Ave house



Pete Faille at left, probably Alcide Collette
On couch and Beatrice in between.



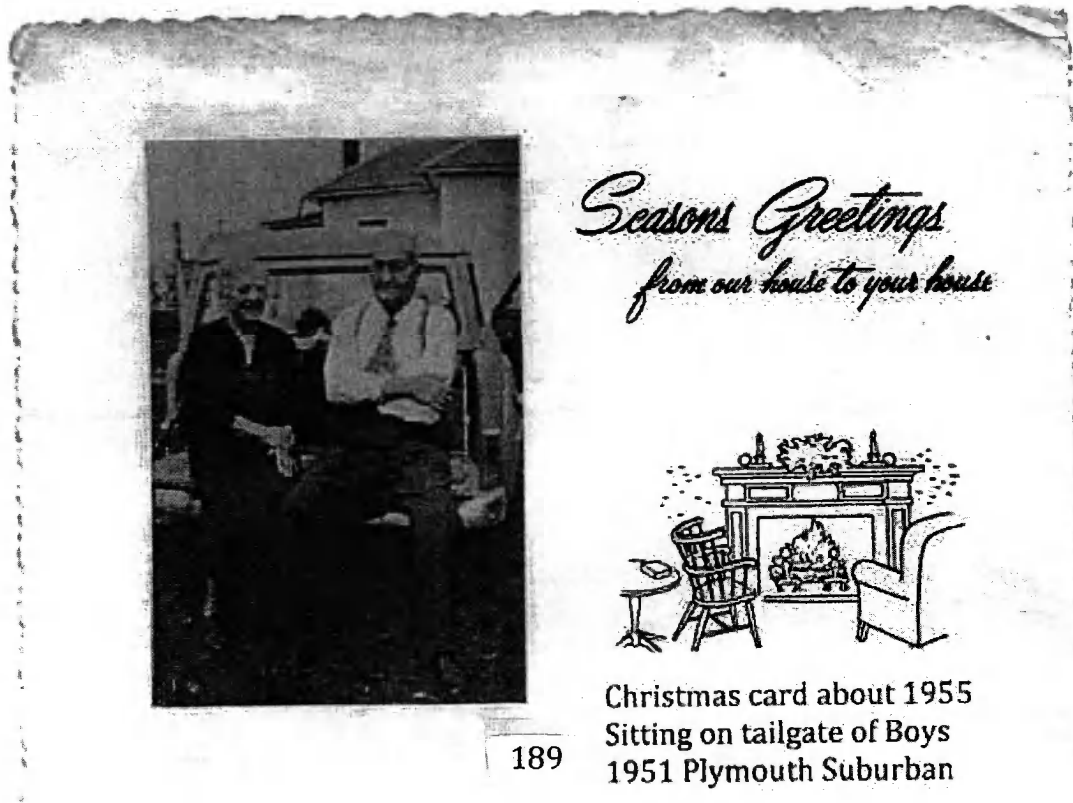
Meal with unknown guests.

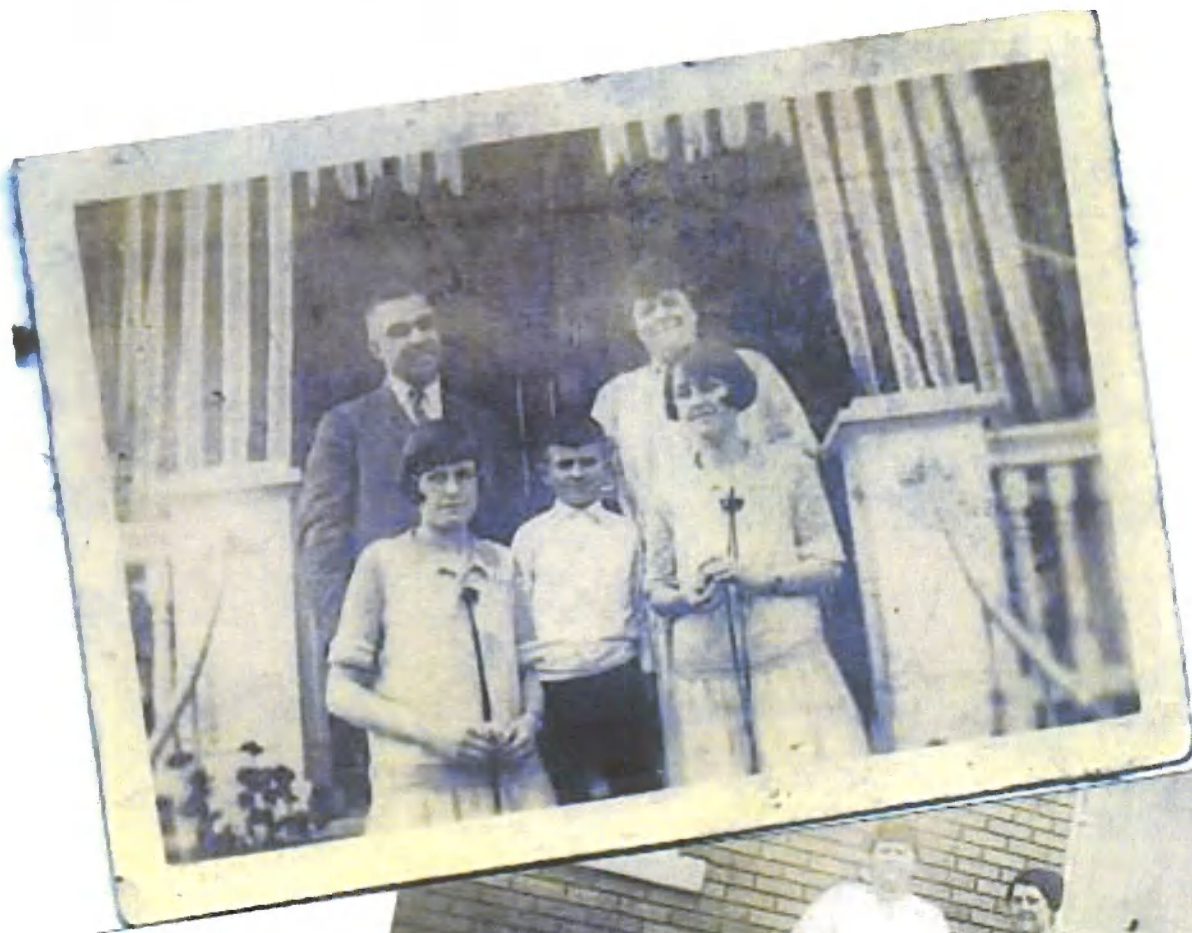


Josephine and Henry
At Vets Hospital, Fargo
Ca 1946.
Henry had lost first his leg to
Diabetes and seems not
To want his legs to be seen.



Travelling somewhere





Quebec
July 1925
Not sure
of identities
(See p. 139)



Josephine
Bernard at
left, Henry
at right.



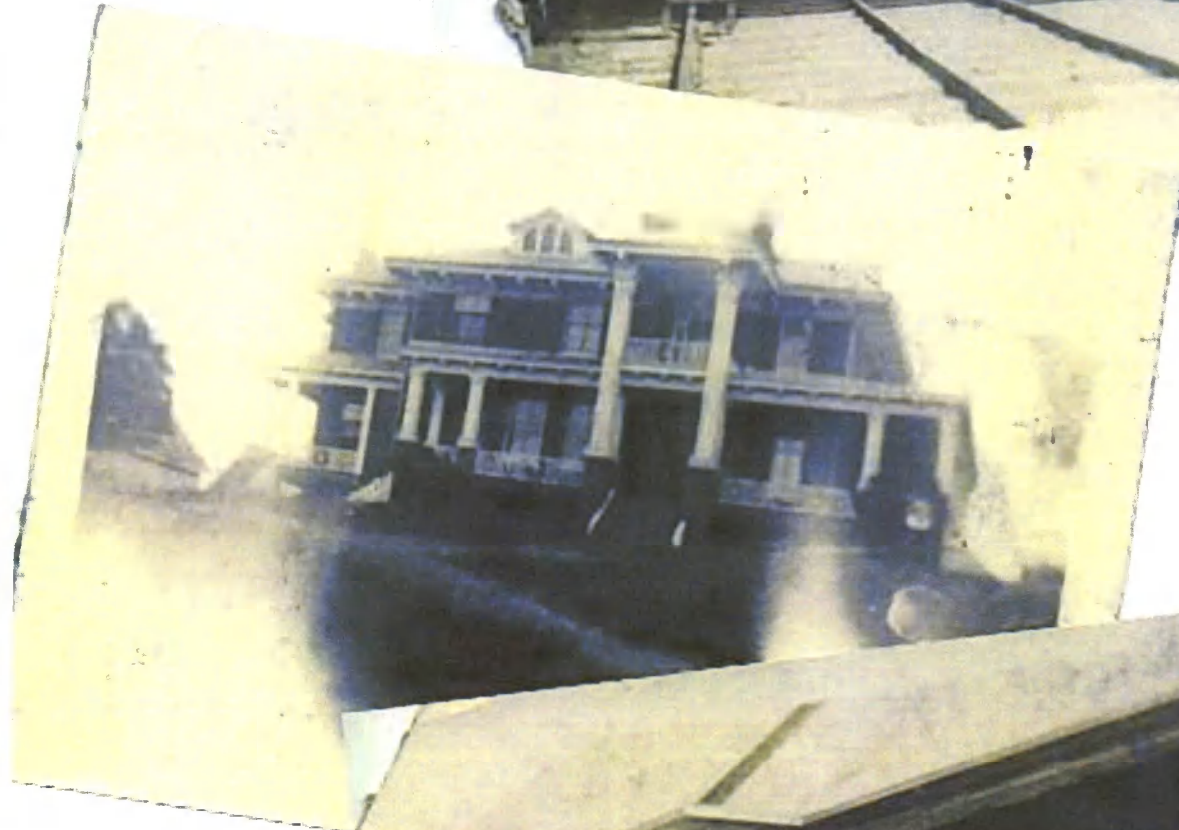
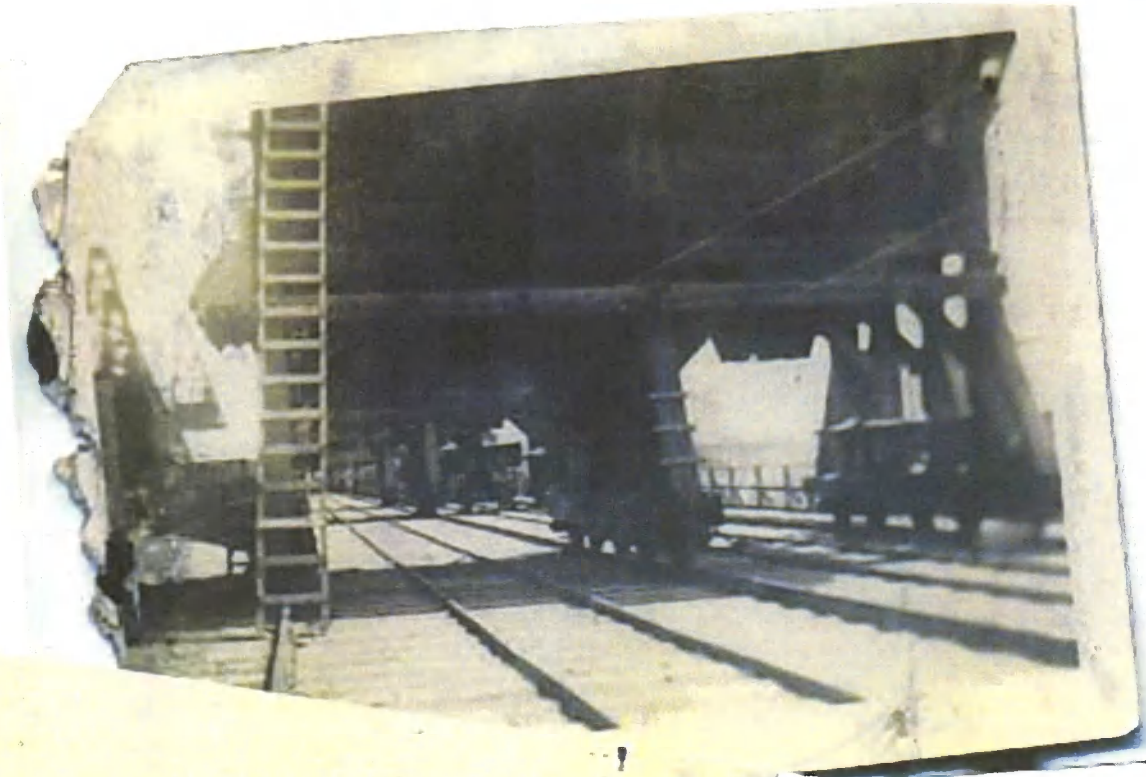
Quebec
July
1925
(See p. 139)



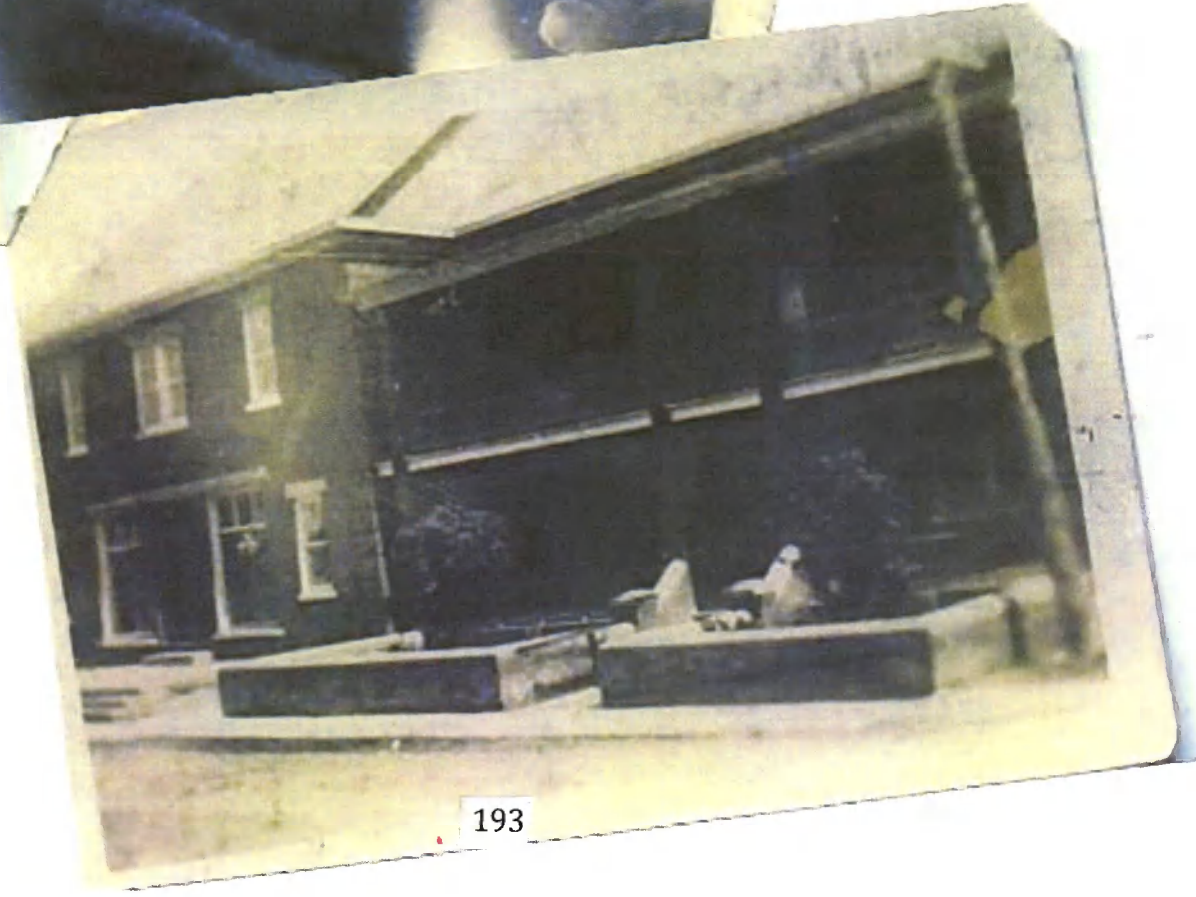


Quebec
July,
1925
(see p. 139)





Thetford
↑ Musée
Quebec
July 1925
(see p. 139)

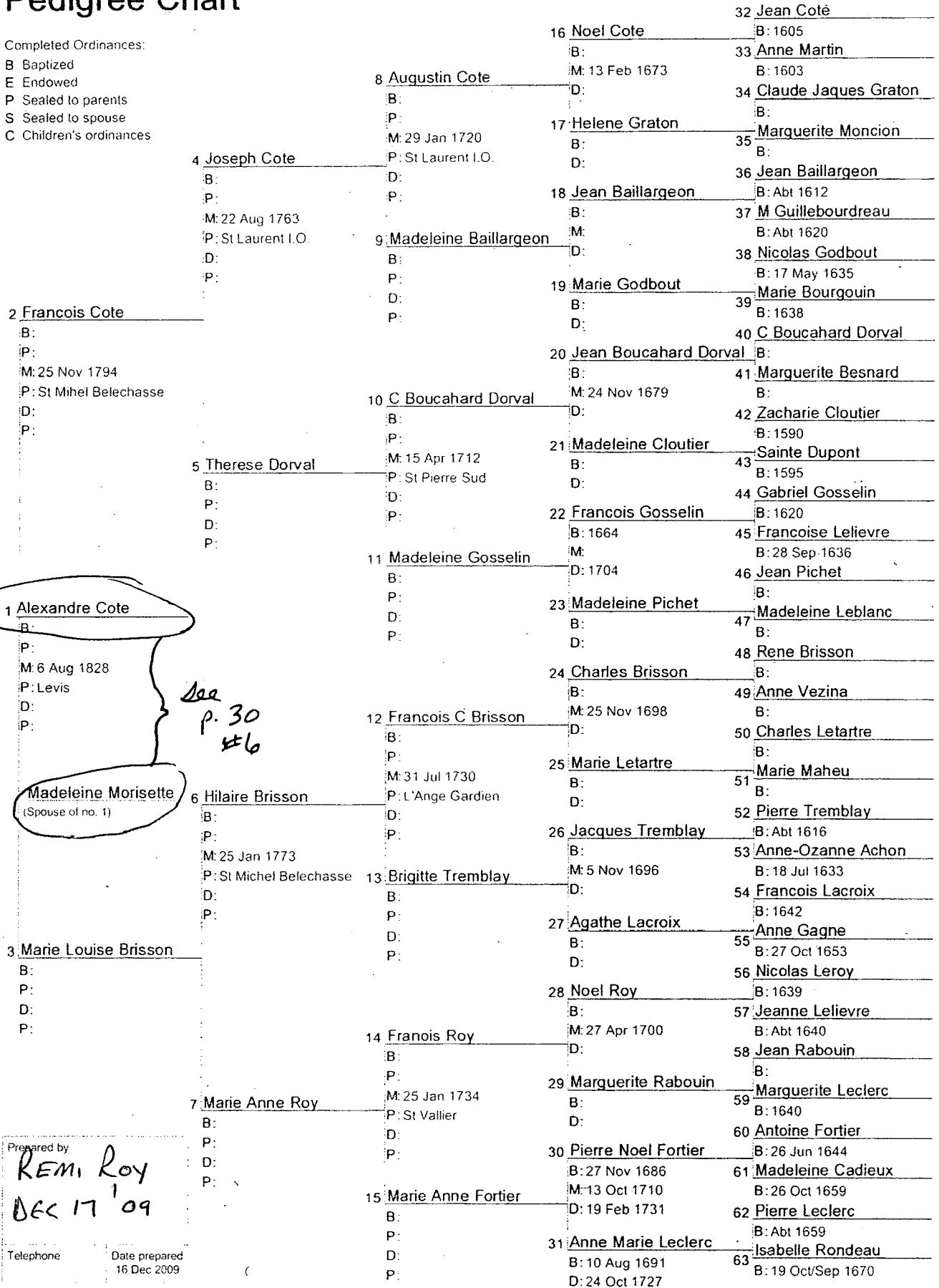


GENEALOGY/PEDIGREE

- 195** **COTE**
 See also 30-33, 67-71
- 202** **BLONDEAU**
204 **LACROIX**
208 **The Royal Lineage**
211 **Bibeau**
 See also 34-47, 72, 74
- 213** **BERNARD**
 See also 48-61, 67-71, 134-171
- 217** **COLLETTE**
 See also 62-64, 87-89, 119-133

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:
 B Baptized
 E Endowed
 P Sealed to parents
 S Sealed to spouse
 C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
REMI ROY
DEC 17 '09

Telephone: _____ Date prepared: 16 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:

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			32	
		16 Rene Brisson	B:	
		B:	33	
		M: 6 Sep 1664	B:	
		D:	34 Jacques Vezina	
	8 Charles Brisson	D:	B:	
	B:	17 Anne Vezina	35	Marie Bourdon
	P:	B:	B:	
	M: 25 Nov 1698	D:	36 Rene Letartre	
	P: L'Ange Gardien	18 Charles Letartre	B: 1627	
4 Francois C Brisson	D:	B:	37 Louise Goulet	
B:	P:	M: 3 Nov 1678	B: 26 Aug 1628	
M: 31 Jul 1730	9 Marie Letartre	D:	38 Pierre Maheu	
P: L'Ange Gardien	B:	19 Marie Maheu	B:	
D:	P:	B:	39	Jeanne Drouin
P:	D:	D:	B:	
	10 Jacques Tremblay	20 Pierre Tremblay	40 Philibert Tremblay	
	B:	B: Abt 1616	B: 1580	
	P:	M: 2 Oct 1657	41 Jeanne Coignet	
	M: 5 Nov 1696	D: Bef 11 May 1689	B: 1602	
5 Brigitte Tremblay	P: Ste Anne de Beaupre	21 Anne-Ozanne Achon	42 Jean Achon	
B:	D:	B: 18 Jul 1633	B: Abt 1610	
P:	P:	D: 24 Dec 1707	43 Helene Regnaud	
D:	11 Agathe Lacroix	22 Francois Lacroix	B:	
P:	B:	B: 1642	44 Francois Lacroix	
	P:	M: 11 Sep 1670	B: 1610	
	D:	D: 1710	45 Jeanne Hout	
	12 Noel Roy	23 Anne Gagne	B: 1614	
	B:	B: 27 Oct 1653	46 Louis Gagne	
	P:	D: 28 Aug 1710	B: 12 Sep 1612	
	M: 27 Apr 1700	24 Nicolas Leroy	47 Marie Michel	
	P: Ste Famille I.O.	B: 1639	B: 1615	
	D:	M:	48 Louis Leroy	
	P:	D: 3 Nov 1688	B: 1607	
	13 Marguerite Rabouin	25 Jeanne Lelievre	49 Anne Lemaitre	
	B:	B: Abt 1640	B: 1617/1619	
	P:	B: 11 Jan 1728	50 Guillaume Lelievre	
	M: 27 Apr 1700	26 Jean Rabouin	B: 1616	
	P: Ste Famille I.O.	B:	Judith Riquier	
	D:	M: 8 Sep 1678	51	
	P:	D:	52 Francois Rabouin	
	14 Pierre Noel Fortier	27 Marguerite Leclerc	B:	
	B: 27 Nov 1686	B: 1640	53 Marguerite Chasse	
	P: St-Laurent.I.O.	D: 24 Jan 1705	B:	
	M: 13 Oct 1710	28 Antoine Fortier	54 Jean Leclerc	
	P: St-Laurent.I.O.	B: 26 Jun 1644	B: 1610	
	D: 19 Feb 1731	M: 21 Nov 1677	Pierrette Brunel	
	P: St-Laurent.I.O.	D: 1717	B:	
	15 Anne Marie Leclerc	29 Madeleine Cadieux	55	
	B: 10 Aug 1691	B: 26 Oct 1659	56 Noel Fortier	
	P:	D: 26 Feb 1715	B: Abt 1617	
	D: 24 Oct 1727	30 Pierre Leclerc	57 Marthe Golle	
	P:	B: Abt 1659	D: Bef 1663	
	31 Isabelle Rondeau	M: 7 Feb 1690	58 Charles Cadieux	
	B: 10 Aug 1691	D: 7 Jan 1736	B: Abt 1629	
	D: 24 Oct 1727	32	59 Madeleine Macard	
	P:	B: 19 Oct/Sep 1670	B: Abt 1630	
	33	D: 8 Nov 1746	60 Jean Leclerc	
	34 Jacques Vezina		B: 1639	
	B:		61 Marie Blanquet	
	35 Marie Bourdon		B: 1630	
	B:		62 Thomas Rondeau	
	36 Rene Letartre		B: 1625	
	B: 1627		Andreé Remondiere	
	37 Louise Goulet		B: 1651	
	B: 26 Aug 1628			
	38 Pierre Maheu			
	B:			
	39 Jeanne Drouin			
	B:			
	40 Philibert Tremblay			
	B: 1580			
	41 Jeanne Coignet			
	B: 1602			
	42 Jean Achon			
	B: Abt 1610			
	43 Helene Regnaud			
	B:			
	44 Francois Lacroix			
	B: 1610			
	45 Jeanne Hout			
	B: 1614			
	46 Louis Gagne			
	B: 12 Sep 1612			
	47 Marie Michel			
	B: 1615			
	48 Louis Leroy			
	B: 1607			
	49 Anne Lemaitre			
	B: 1617/1619			
	50 Guillaume Lelievre			
	B: 1616			
	Judith Riquier			
	51			
	52 Francois Rabouin			
	B:			
	53 Marguerite Chasse			
	B:			
	54 Jean Leclerc			
	B: 1610			
	Pierrette Brunel			
	55			
	56 Noel Fortier			
	B: Abt 1617			
	57 Marthe Golle			
	D: Bef 1663			
	58 Charles Cadieux			
	B: Abt 1629			
	59 Madeleine Macard			
	B: Abt 1630			
	60 Jean Leclerc			
	B: 1639			
	61 Marie Blanquet			
	B: 1630			
	62 Thomas Rondeau			
	B: 1625			
	Andreé Remondiere			
	63			
	B: 1651			

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Pedigree Chart

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<p>2 Michel Morissette</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 6 Nov 1786</p> <p>P: Levis</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>4 Nicolas Morissette</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 20 Nov 1747</p> <p>P: St Vallier</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>8 Nicolas Morissette</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 28 Aug 1714</p> <p>P: Chateau Richer</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>16 Jean Morisset</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 14 Jan 1669</p> <p>B: 16 Aug 1699</p>	<p>32 Paul Morisset</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 14 Jan 1669</p> <p>B: 16 Aug 1699</p>
<p>1 Madeleine Morissette</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 6 Aug 1828</p> <p>P: Levis</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>5 Catherine Blais</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>9 Anne Cloutier</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>17 Jeanne Choret</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 11 Dec 1652</p> <p>D: 26 Sep 1718</p>	<p>34 Mathieu Chorel</p> <p>B: Abt 1620</p> <p>35 Sebastienne Veillon</p> <p>B: Abt 1626</p> <p>36 Jean Cloutier</p> <p>B: 13 May 1620</p> <p>37 Marie Martin</p> <p>B: 10 Apr 1635</p> <p>38 Francois Belanger</p> <p>B: 7 Oct 1612</p> <p>39 Marie Guyon</p> <p>B: 18 Mar 1624</p> <p>40 Mathurin Blais</p> <p>B:</p>
<p>Alexandre Cote (Spouse of no. 1)</p>	<p>6 Pierre Gagner</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 6 Feb 1764</p> <p>P: St Pierre Sud</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>10 Antoine Blais</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 10 Feb 1715</p> <p>P: St Michel</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>18 Jean Cloutier</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 20 Feb 1652</p> <p>D: 26 Sep 1718</p>	<p>41 Franoise Penigaut</p> <p>B:</p> <p>42 Jean Perrault</p> <p>B:</p> <p>43 Jeanne Valta</p> <p>B:</p> <p>44 Hugues Fournier</p> <p>B:</p> <p>45 Jeanne Huguette</p> <p>B:</p> <p>46 Pierre Hubert</p> <p>B:</p> <p>47 Bonne Brie</p> <p>B:</p> <p>48 Louis Gagne</p> <p>B: 28 Jan 1642</p> <p>49 Louise Picard</p> <p>B: 29 Sep 1659</p> <p>50 Simon Fournier</p> <p>B:</p> <p>51 Catherine Rousseau</p> <p>B:</p> <p>52 David Letourneau</p> <p>B: 3 Feb 1642</p> <p>53 Francoise Chapelain</p> <p>B: Abt 1646</p> <p>54 Emery Bellouin</p> <p>B: Abt 1641</p> <p>55 M Carreau Lafraicheur</p> <p>B: 20 Mar 1655</p> <p>56 P Destroismaisons</p> <p>C: 15 Oct 1637</p> <p>57 Martine Cronier</p> <p>B: Abt 1645</p> <p>58 Rene Pelletier</p> <p>B:</p>
<p>3 Marie Anne Gagner</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>7 Marie Madeleine Picard</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>11 Marie Fournier</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>19 Louise Belanger</p> <p>B: 1657</p> <p>D: 5 Jul 1726</p>	<p>59 Madeleine Leclerc</p> <p>B:</p> <p>60 Pierre Morin</p> <p>B: 1662</p> <p>61 Francoise Giasson</p> <p>B: 1668</p> <p>62 Jacques Boulet</p> <p>B: 6 Feb 1664</p> <p>63 Marie Francois Fournier</p> <p>B: 30 Apr 1671</p>
<p>Prepared by REMI ROY DEC 17 09</p> <p>Telephone _____ Date prepared 16 Dec 2009</p>	<p>12 Pierre Gagner</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 20 Oct 1739</p> <p>P: St Laurent I.O.</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>13 Genevieve Letourneau</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>20 Pierre Blais</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 12 Oct 1669</p> <p>D:</p>	<p>21 Anne Perrault</p> <p>B:</p> <p>D:</p>
	<p>14 Picard DesTroismaisons</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>15 Madeleine Morin</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>D:</p> <p>P:</p>	<p>22 Nicolas Fournier</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 30 Sep 1670</p> <p>D:</p>	<p>23 Marie Hubert</p> <p>B:</p> <p>D:</p>
	<p>27 Anne Marie Blouin</p> <p>B: 6 Apr 1678</p> <p>D: 21 Sep 1749</p>	<p>28 Picard DesTroismaisons</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 30 Oct 1710</p> <p>D:</p>	<p>24 Pierre Gagner</p> <p>B:</p> <p>P:</p> <p>M: 10 Oct 1715</p> <p>D:</p>	<p>25 Genvieve Fournier</p> <p>B:</p> <p>D:</p>

see p 30 #6

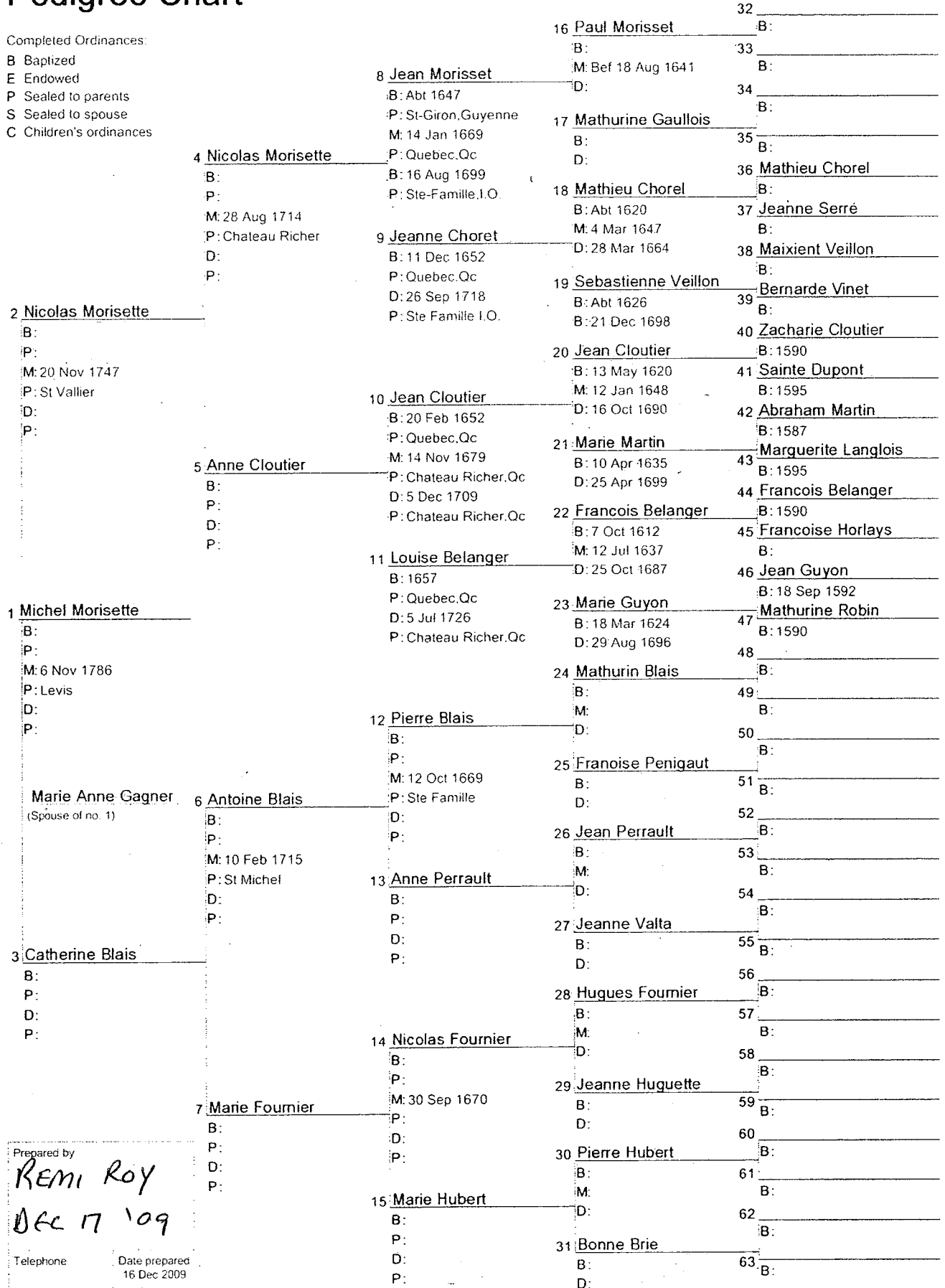
1 Madeleine Morissette

Alexandre Cote (Spouse of no. 1)

Pedigree Chart

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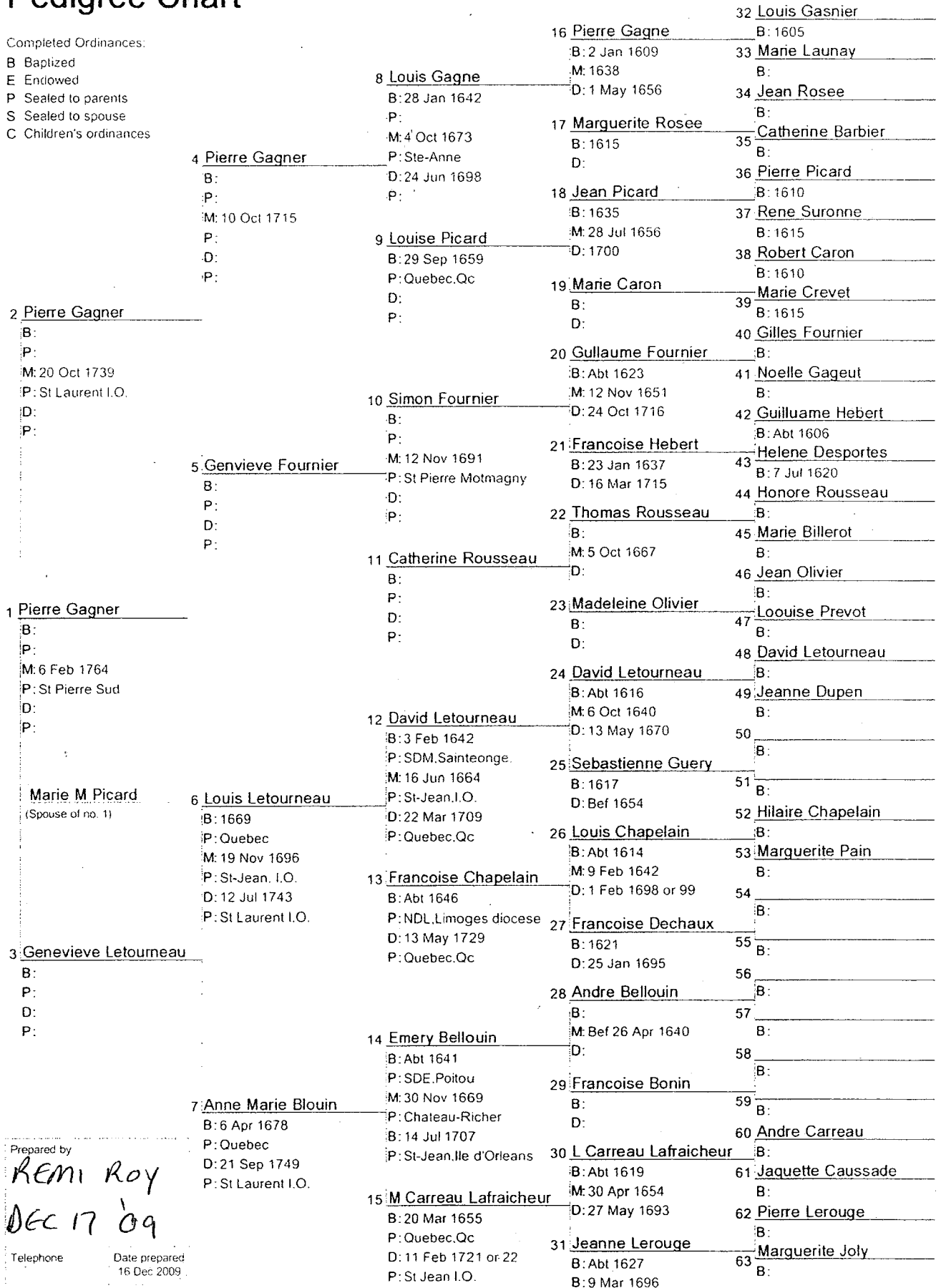
Prepared by
REMI ROY
DEC 17 '09
 Telephone _____ Date prepared
 16 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:

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Prepared by

REMI ROY

DEC 17 '09

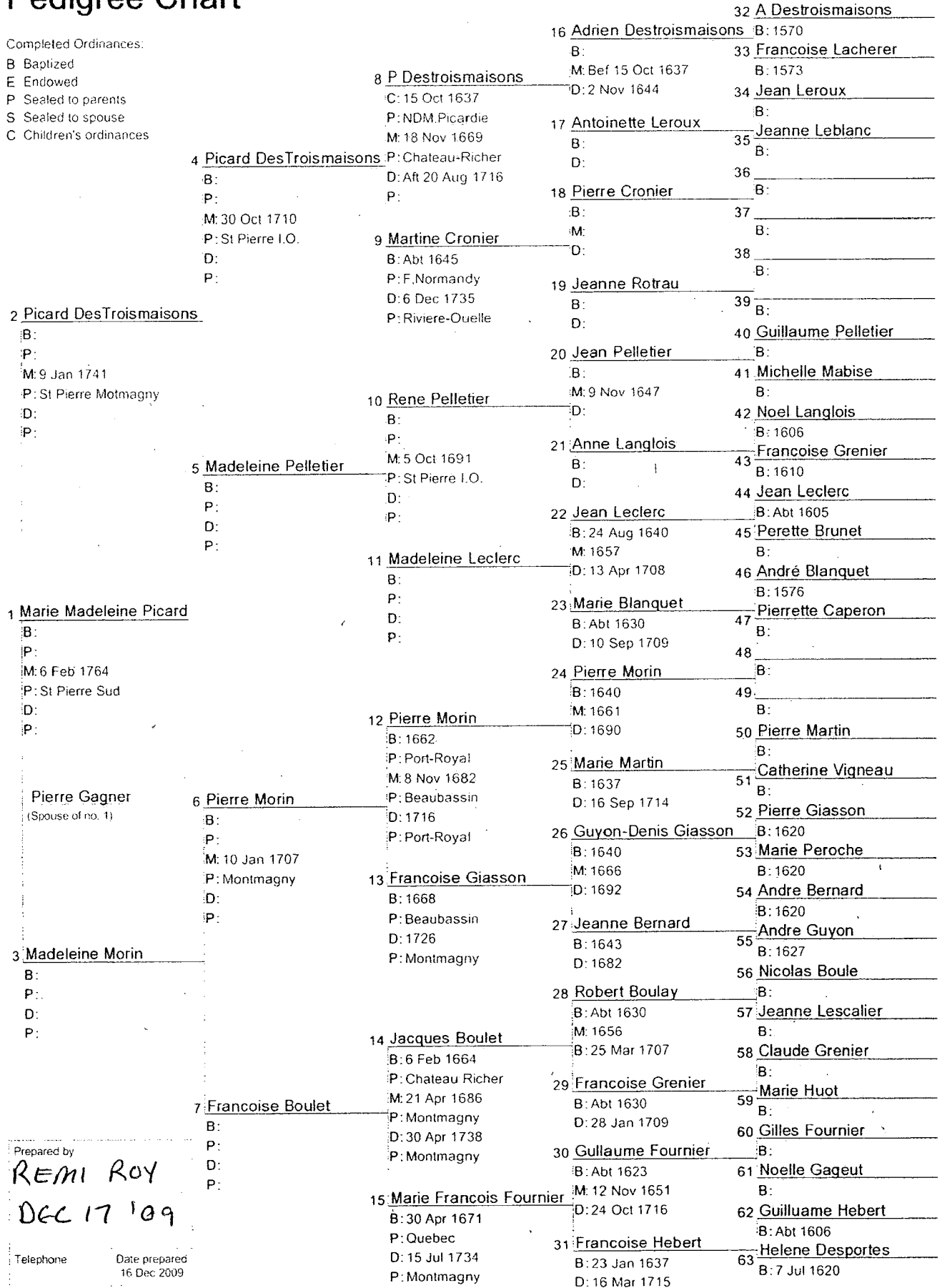
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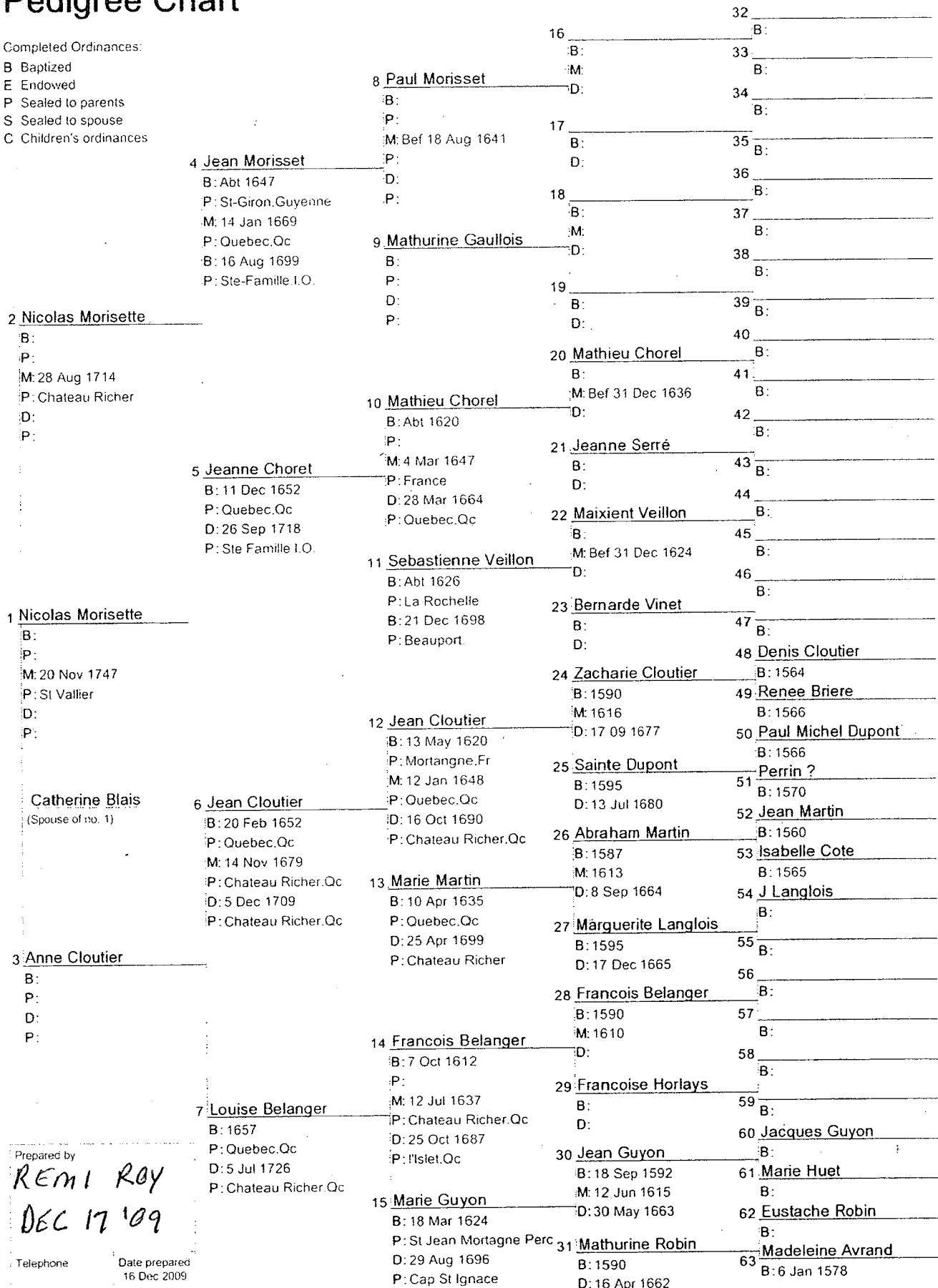
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COTÉ ANCESTORS WHO CAME TO CANADA

Jean Coté 1635
 Anne Martin 1635
 Claude Gratton, 1670, Lucon
 Helene Gratton, 1670, Lucon
 Margurite Moncion 1670
 Helen Graton 1658
 Jean Baillargeon, 1650, Londigny, Poitou
 Marguerite Guilleboudreau, 1650, Marçay, Poitou, Fille à marier
 Marie Marthe Bourgouin, Paris, 1661, Fille à marier
 Nicolas Godbout, 1661, Notre Dame de Bernevalle le Grand
 Claude Bouchard, 1643, Maine, France
 Marie Benard, 1651, Chartres sous Montlery
 Zacharie Cloutier fils , 1634, St Jean de Mortagne
 Madeleine Emard, 1647, St-André de Niort, Poitou
 Gabriel Gosselin, c. 1650, Combray, Bayeux, Normandy
 Françoise Lelievre, c. 1653, Nancy, Lorraine
 Jean Pichet, 1659, unknown
 Jean Leblanc, 1643, St-Lambert-sur-Orne, Normandy
 Jean Nicolet, 1618, Cherbourg, Normandy
 Rene Brisson, 1659, La Rochelle
 Anne Vezina, 1659, La Rochelle
 Jacques Vezina, 1659, La Rochelle
 Marie Bourdon, 1659, La Rochelle
 René Letarte 1668
 Louise Goulet 1668
 Charles Letartre 1668
 Pierre Maheu, 1651, St Jean de Mortagne
 Robert Drouin
 Pierre Tremblay, 1647, St-Malo de Randonnay, Perche
 Anne Achon, 1657, Chambon, Aunis
 Francois Lacroix, 1665, Etouville, Normandy
 Louis Gagne, 1643, St Martin du Vieux Belleme. Killed by Iroquois.
 Marie Michel, 1643, St Martin du Vieux Belleme
 Zacharie Cloutier 1634
 Jean Cloutier 1634
 Sainte Dupont 1634
 Anne Cloutier 1634
 Nicolas Leroy
 Jeanne Lelievre
 Anne Lemaitre
 Jean Leclerc 1648
 Adrien Blanquet 1658
 Marie Blanquet 1658

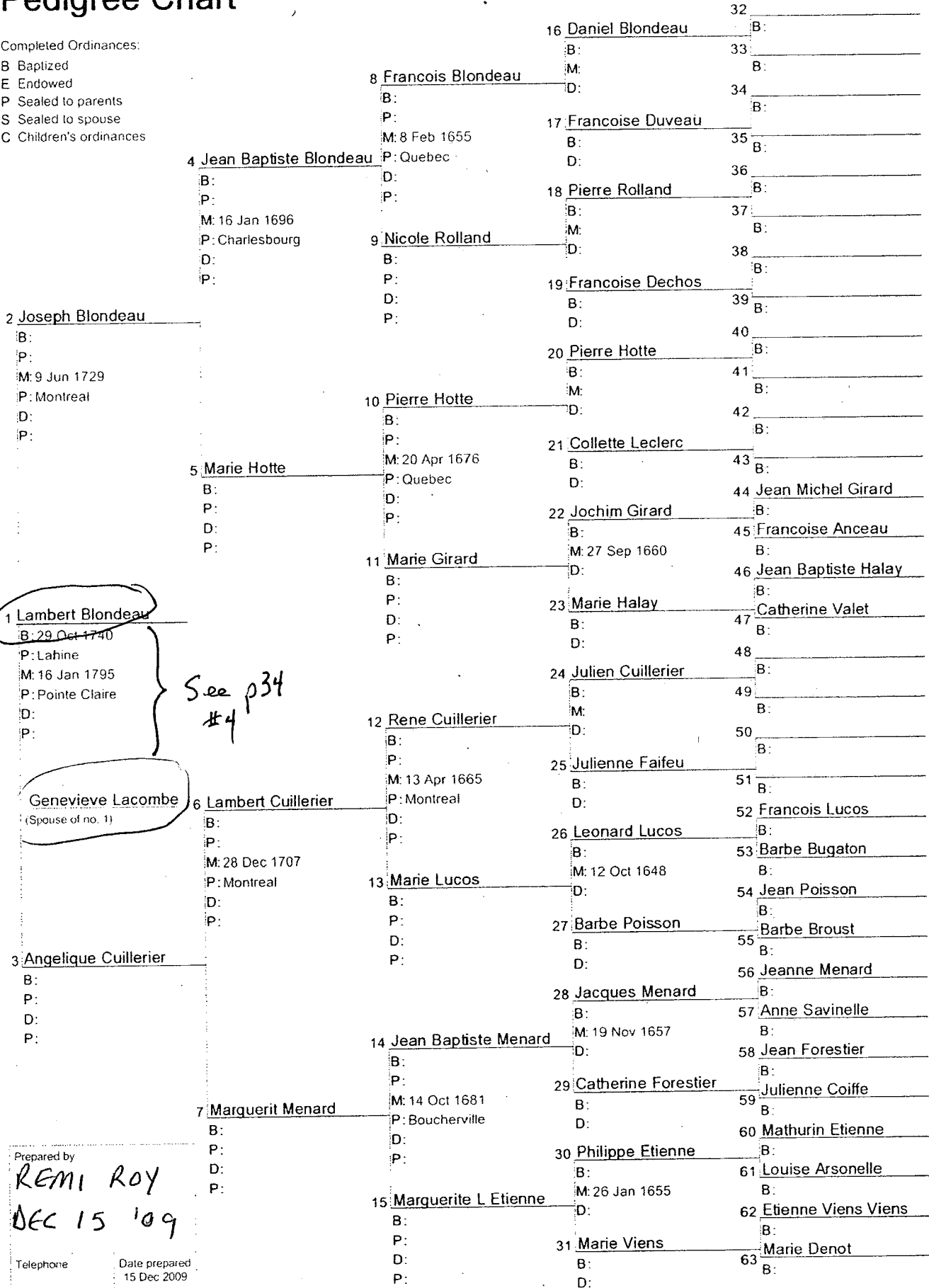
Antoine Fortier, 1663, Dieppe, Normandy
 Noel Fortier, 1663, Dieppe, Normandy
 Charles Cadieux, 1641, Thury-Harcourt, Bayeux diocese, Normandy
 Madeleine Macard, 1655, unknown
 Thomas Rondeau 1662, St Soulle
 Andrée Remondière 1666, La Rochelle
 Francois Belanger, 1636, Lisieux, Normandy
 Marie Guyon, 1634, Tourouvre, Perche
 Jean Guyon, 1634, Tourouvre, Perche
 Mathurine Robin, 1634, Tourouvre, Perche
 Jean Morisset, c. 1661, St-Giron, Guyenne
 Mathieu Chorel, 1645, La Rochelle, Aunis
 Sebastienne Veillon, 1648, La Rochelle, Au
 Abraham Martin 1620
 Marguerite Langlois 1620
 Pierre Blais 1664, Hanc
 Anne Perrot 1669, Paris. Fille du Roy. Died in childbirth.
 Guillaume Fournier
 Louis Hebert 1617
 Marie Rollet 1617
 Pierre Desportes 1619
 Françoise Langlois 1619
 Pierre Gagne, 1653, St Martin D'Igé
 Marguerite Rosee, 1653, St Martin D'Igé
 Louis Gagne 1653, St Martin D'Igé
 Pierre Picard , Dieppe, 1646
 Renee Suronne 1646
 Jean Picard, Dieppe, 1646
 Robert Caron 1634
 Marie Crevet 1634
 Françoise Chapelain 1658, Lubersac, Limousine
 Louis Chapelain, 1658, Lubersac, Limousine
 David Letouneau, (père), 1658, Muron, Saitonge
 Louis Chapelain, 1658, Lubersac, Limousine
 François Dechaux, 1661, Lubersac, Limousine
 Louis Carreau , 1646, Bordeaux, Guyenne
 Jeanne Lerouge, 1653, Joinville, Champagne
 David Letourneau, 1658 (fils) 1658, Muron, Saitonge
 Emery Blouin 1664, St Pierre d'Etusson
 Jean Leclerc, 1658, Dieppe, Normandy
 Philippe Destroismaisons, 1666, Montreuil, Picardie
 Martine Cronier, 1669, Fointaine-le-Bourg, Normandy
 Noel Langlois
 Françoise Grenier
 Jean Pottin
 Jean Leclerc 1660
 Marie Blanquet 1660
 André Blanquet 1658

Madeleine Leclerc 1658
Pierre Martin 1636
Catherine Vigneault 1636
Denis Chiasson 1661
Jeanne Bernard 1661
Roger Boulet
Francoise Grenier

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

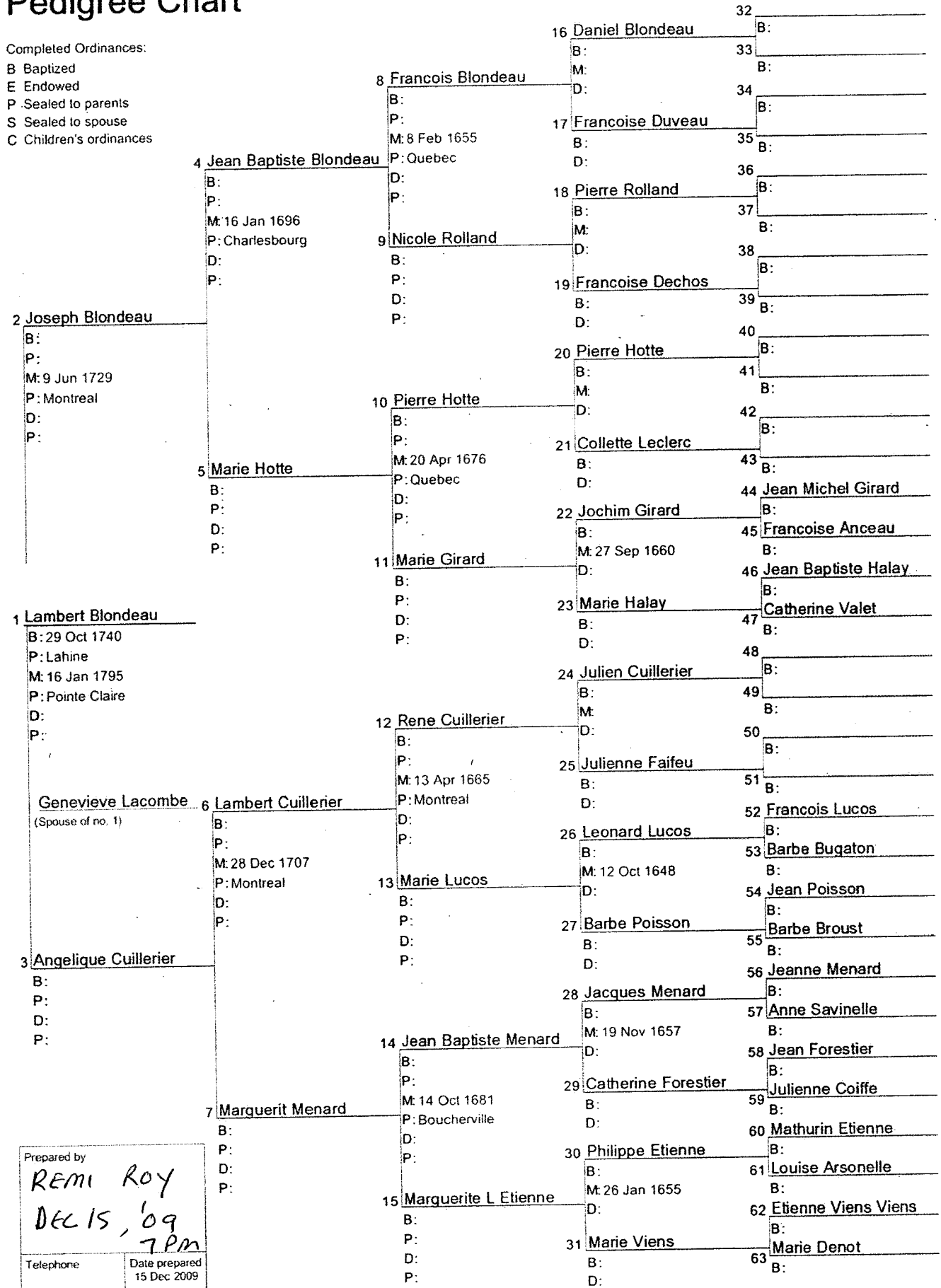
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- C Children's ordinances



Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
- E Endowed
- P Sealed to parents
- S Sealed to spouse
- C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
REMI ROY
 DEC 15, '09
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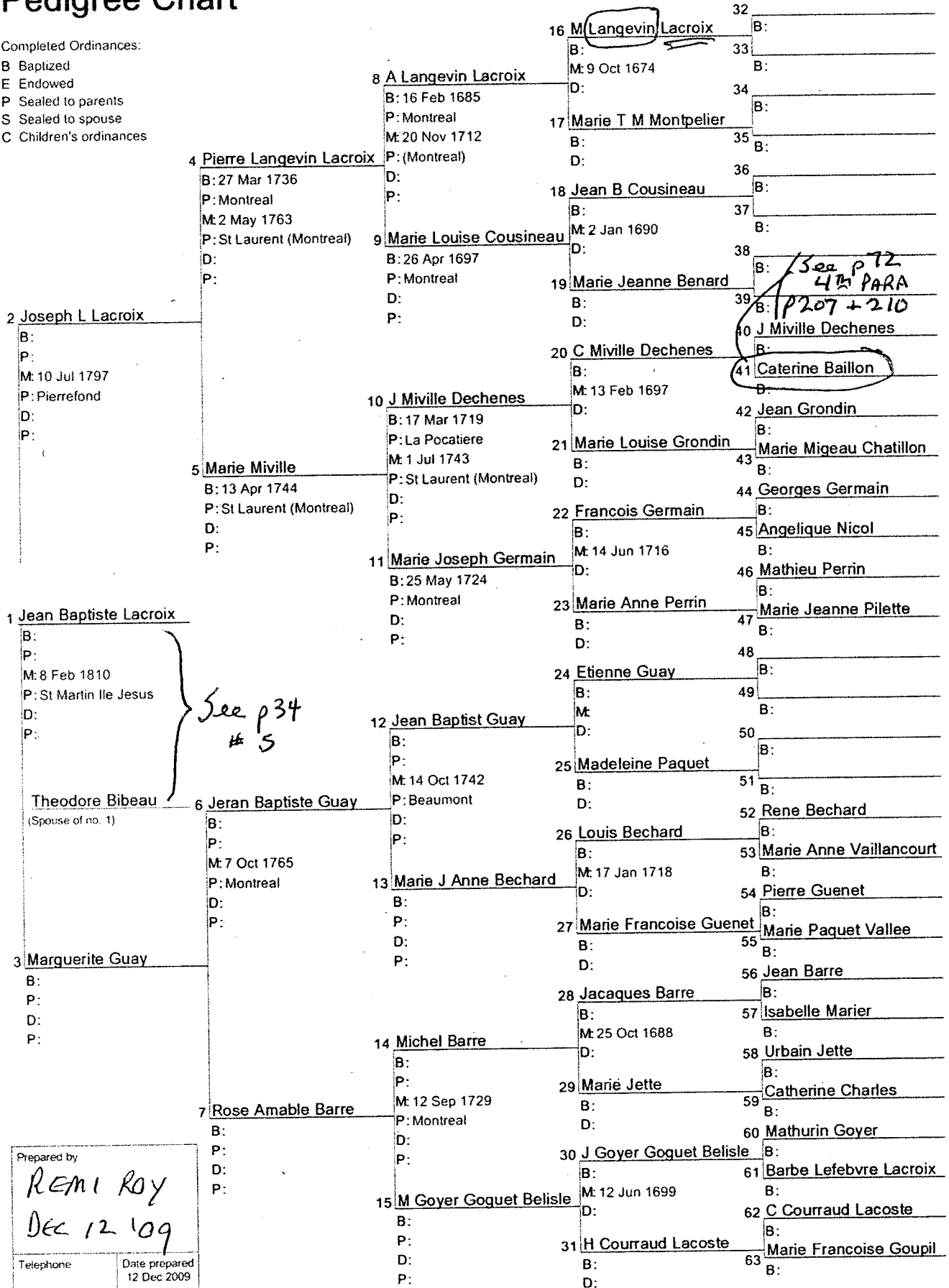
Telephone _____ Date prepared
 15 Dec 2009

BLONDEAU ANCESTORS WHO CAME TO CANADA

Francois Blondeau 1651, Nantilly
Nicole Rolland 1655, Paris. Fille à marier
Pierre Hotte 1665, Ingouville
Joachim Girard, 1658, Vaudreuil, Normandy
Jean Baptiste Halle , 1655, St Julien de Coudray
Mathurine Valet, 1655, St Julien de Coudray
Rene Cuillerier, 1659, Clermont Creans
Leonard Lucos
Jean Poisson, 1637, Mortagne, Perche
Barbe Poisson, 1637, Mortagne, Perche
Jacques Menard, 1643, Poitou
Catherine Forestier Fille à marier, 1657, Saintonge
Pierre Balan Lacombe, 1672, Cantillac
Renee Biret, 1672, La Rochelle, Fille du Roy
Rene Vandet 1667, Ligournesse
Marie Ariot 1670, Yvre, Fille du Roy
Michel Mailloux, 1667, Brie sous Matha
Anne Mercier, 1667, Brie sous Matha
Mathurin Roy, 1647, La Rochelle
Marguerite Bire, 1647, Rouen
Marguerite Navarre 1669, La Rochelle, Fille du Roy
Simon Hubert Lapointe, 1657, Paris
Marie Vie La Motte, 1657, Paris, Fille à marier
Robert Drouin, 1634, Pin la Garenne
Marie Chapelier, 1669, St Etienne de Comte, Fille à marier
Philippe Etienne, 1653, Saintonge
Marie Vien, 1648, Saintonge
Etienne Vien, 1647
Marie Denote, 1647, Marennes

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:
 B Baptized
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 S Sealed to spouse
 C Children's ordinances



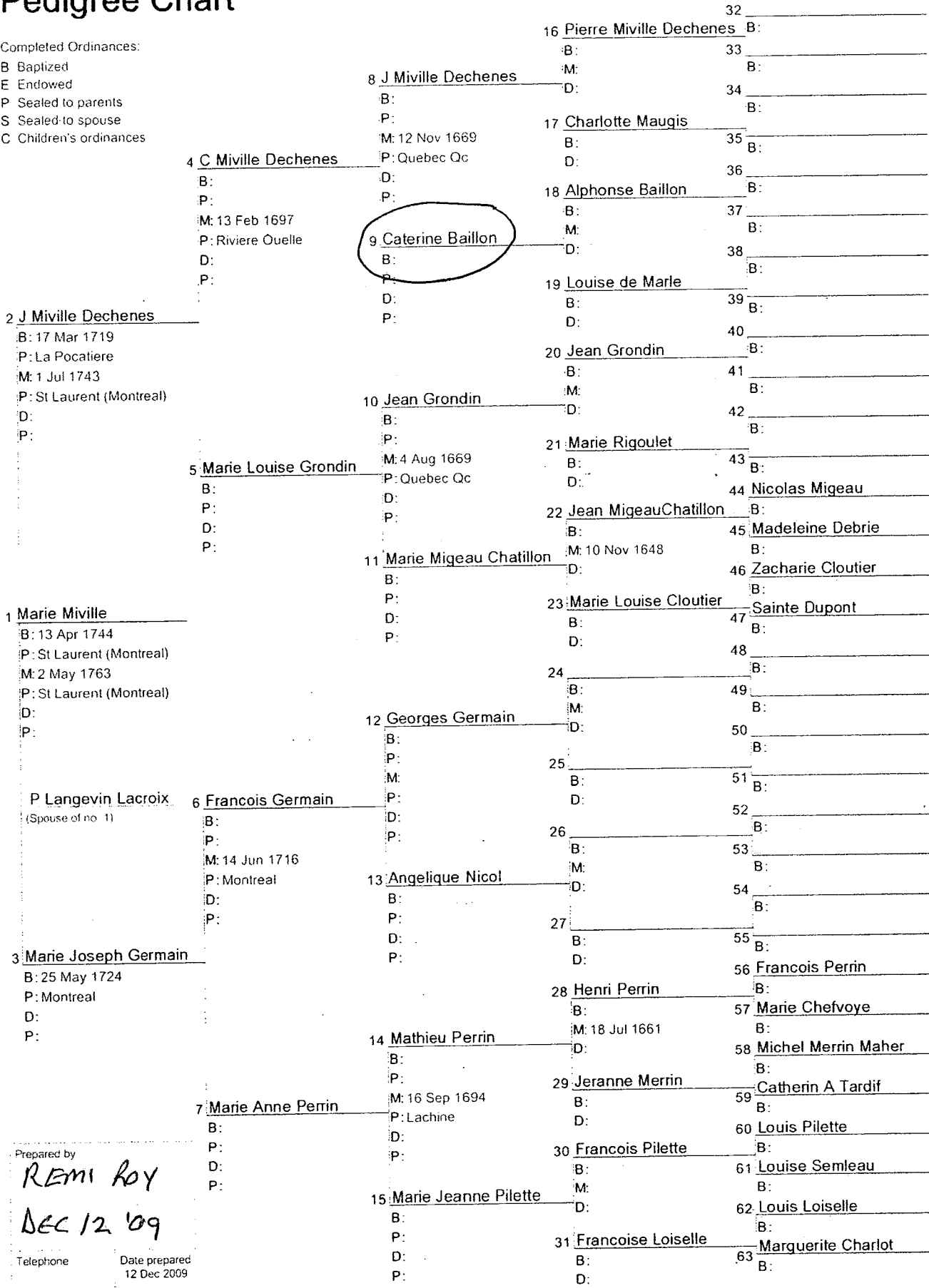
Prepared by
Remi Roy
Dec 12 '09

Telephone _____ Date prepared
 12 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
- E Endowed
- P Sealed to parents
- S Sealed to spouse
- C Children's ordinances



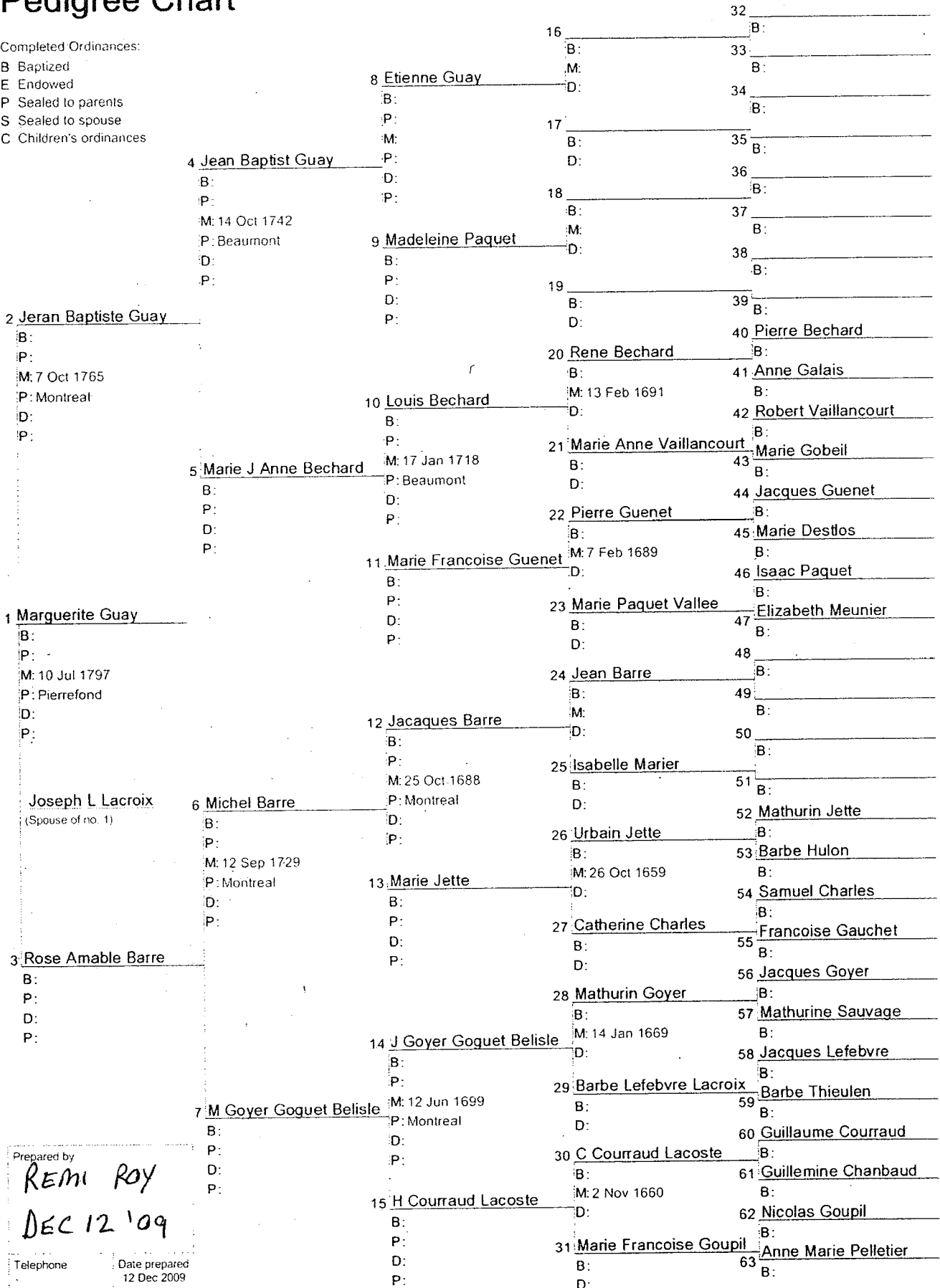
Prepared by
REMI ROY
DEC 12 '09

Telephone _____ Date prepared
12 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
- E Endowed
- P Sealed to parents
- S Sealed to spouse
- C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
REMI ROY
DEC 12 '09

Telephone _____ Date prepared
 12 Dec 2009

LACROIX ANCESTORS WHO CAME TO CANADA

Mathurin Langevin Lacroix, 1653, St Vincent de Lude
Antoine Martin, 1645, Montpellier
Denise Sylvestre, 1636, Paris
Charles Sylvestre, 1636, Paris
Marie Pichon, 1636, Paris
Jean Baptiste Cousineau abt 1688, Grand Jumillac
Mathurin Benard Lajeunesse, 1672, Villiers Champagne
Marie Catherine Baillon, 1669, Fille du Roy
Pierre Miville, Fribourg, Suisse, 1649
Suzanne Miville, Brouage, Rochefort, 1649
Charlotte Maugis, St Germain, St Onge, 1649
Jacques Miville, Rochefort, 1649
Marguerite Viard, 1672, Paris, Fille du Roy
Jean Grondin, 1667, Brouage, Aunis
Jean Migneault, 1643, Paris
Louise Cloutier, 1634, Mortagne Perche
Zacharie Cloutier, 1634 Mortagne, Perche
Sainte Dupont, 1634 Mortagne, Perche
Francois Germain, abt 1714, Sury aux Bois, Orleans
Henri Perrin, 1650, Louargat
Jeanne Merrin, 1654, Poitiers, Fille à marier
Francois Pilette, 1660, Saintes
Louis Loiselle, 1647, St Germain de Courseulles
Marguerite Charlotte, 1647, Paris, Fille à marier
Jean Baptiste Guay, abt 1742, Le Havre
Rene Bechard, 1691, Les Cars
Robert Vaillancourt, 1665, Dieppe
Marie Gobeil, 1665, Ste Marie Madeleine de St Liguair
Jean Gobeil, 1665, Ste Marie Madeleine de St Liguair
Jeanne Guet, 1665, Ste Marie Madeleine de St Liguair
Isaac Paquet, 1665, Lucon
Mathurin Meunier, abt 1647, Clermont
Francoise Fafard, 1647, Normandy, Fille à marier
Urbain Jette, , 1653, St Germain
Catherine Charles, 1659, Paris
Mathurin Goyer, 1648, St Aubin de Tourouvre
Barbe Lefebvre Lacroix, 1669, Rouen. Fille du Roy
Cybard Couraud Lacoste, 1670, Angoleme
Nicolas Goupil, 1642, Mensil Durand
Nicolas Pelletier, 1636, Chartres
Jeanne de Vouzy, 1636, Chartres
Anne Pelletier, 1936, Chartres
Francois Bibeau, 1656, Verteuil
Louise Emard, La Rochelle
Jacques Bourdon, 1666, Rouen
Jacques Menard, 1643, Poitou
Catherine Forestier Fille à marier, 1657, Saintonge
Pierre Sauriole, abt 1718, Rennes

Jean Plouf, 1661, Paris
Madeleine Guilleboeuf, 1669, Rouen, Fille du Roy
Pierre Bon Lacombe, 1665, Ste Foy, Beauce
Michelle Duval, 1670, St Come, Beauce, Fille du Roy
Pierre Parent, 1652, Mortagne
Jeanne Badeau 1647, Larochele
Jacques Badeau 1647, Larochele
Anne Hardouin 1647, Larochele
Jean Cote, 1635, Normandie
Anne Martin, 1635
Raymond Pagé, 1648, unknown
Madeleine Bergeron, 1648, Normandy
Noel Langlois, 1634, St Leonard des Parcs
Francoise Grenier, 1634
Robert Caron, 1636, unknown
Marie Crevet, 1637 Beneauville, Normandy
Madeleine Dubois, 1661, La Rochelle, Fille à marier
Michel Baugis, 1641, Poitiers
Francois Baugis, 1641, Poitiers
Denise Mercier, 1641, Poitiers
Madeleine Dubois, 1551, La Rochelle. Fille à marier
Philippe Couillard, 1615. Nevers
Jacques Laporte St Georges, 1653, Noce
Nicolas Pinel, 1645, La Rochelle
Madeleine Maraud Maranda, 1650, La Rochelle
Gilles Pinel, 1645, La Rochelle
Marie Nicole Duschesne, 1657, Vieille Vaude, Fille à marier
Gilles Dupont, Bourcourt, 1660
Marie Francoise Michel, 1670, Sennevoy , Fille du Roy

LACROIX ANCESTORS WHO CAME TO CANADA

Mathurin Langevin Lacroix	Marie Gobeil	Pierre Brie Lacombe
Antoine Martin Montpellier	Jean Gobeil	Michelle Duval
Charles Sylvestre	Jeanne Guiet	Pierre Parent
Marie Pichon	Pierre Guenet	Jeanne Badeau
Marie Sylvestre	Isaac Pquet	Jean Cote
Jean Baptiste Cousineau	Mathurin Meunier	Anne Martin
Mathurin Benard Lajeunesse	Francoise Fafard	Raymond Page
Marie Marguerite Viard	Jacques Barre	Madeleine Bergeron
Jacques Miville	Urbain Jette	Noel Langois
Catherine Baiillon	Catherine Charles	Francoise Grenier
Jean Grondin	Mathurin Goyer	Robert Carobn
Jean Migneault	Barbe Lefebvre Lacroix	Marie Crevet
Zacharie Cloutier	Cybard Couraud Lacoste	Madeleine Dubois
Sainte Dupont	Nicolas Goupil	Michel Baugis
Francois Germain	Anne Pelletier	Philippe Couillard Rocquebriere
Henri Perrin	Nicolas Pelletier	Jacques Lapointe St Georges
Jeanne Merrin	Jeanne de Voisy	Nicole Duchene
Eloi Jarry	Francois Bibeau	Gilles Dupont
Francois Pilette	Louise Emard	Francoise Michel Michaud
Louis Loiselle	Jzques Bourdon	
Marguerite Charlot	Jacques Menard	
Jean Baptiste Guay	Catherine Forestier	
Rene Bechard	Pierre Sauriole	
Robert Vaillancourt	Jean Plouf	
	Madeleine Guilleboeuf	

FRENCH ROYALTY IN LINE OF SUCCESSION

1. CLODIUS II (CLODIE) KING OF THE WEST¹ FRANKS (0006 - 0020)
2. MARCOMIR ² III, KING OF THE WEST FRANKS (0020 d. 0050)
3. CLODEMIR ³ III, KING OF THE WEST FRANKS (b. bef 0050 d. 0063)
4. ANTENOR ⁴ IV, KING OF THE WEST FRANKS (b. bef 0063 d. 0069)
5. KING OF THE FRANKS ⁵ RATHBERIUS (b.. bef 0069 d. 0090)
6. KING OF THE FRANKS ⁶ RICHEMER (b Before 0090 d. 0114)
7. KING OF THE FRANKS ⁷ ODOMIR (B 114, d, 128)
8. MARCOMIR ⁸ IV, KING OF THE FRANKS (b. 128, d. 149)
9. CLODOMIR ⁹ IV, KING OF THE FRANKS (b. 129, d. 166)
10. KING OF THE FRANKS ¹⁰ FARABERT (b. 122 d. 186)
11. SUNNO ¹¹ (HUANO), KING OF THE FRANKS (b. 137 d. 213)
12. HILDERIC KING OF THE ¹² FRANKS (b. 212 d. 253)
13. BARTHERUS KING OF THE ¹³ FRANKS (b. 238 d. 272)
14. CLODIUS ¹⁴ III, KING OF THE FRANKS (b. 264 d. 298)
15. WALTER KING OF THE ¹⁵ FRANKS (b. 289 d . 306)
16. DAGOBERT DUKE OF THE EAST ¹⁶ FRANKS (b. 230 d. 317)
17. DUKE OF THE EAST FRANKS ¹⁷ GENEBALD (b. 262 d. 358)
18. CLODIUS DUKE OF THE EAST ¹⁸ FRANKS (b. 324 d. 389)
19. MARCOMIR DUKE OF THE EAST ¹⁹ FRANKS (b. 347 d. 404)
20. KING OF FRANCE ²⁰ PHARAMOND (b. 307 d. ???)
21. CLODION "LE CHEVELU" KING OF ²¹ FRANCE (b. 395 d. 447)
22. SIGIMBERUS I BISHOP OF ²² AUVERGNE (b. 419 d. ???)
23. DUKE OF MOSELLE ²³ FERREOLUS (b. 465 d. ???)
24. AUSBERT THE SENATOR OF THE ²⁴ MOSELLE (b. 536 d. 570)
25. ARNOLDUS OF ²⁵ SAXONY (b. 562 d. 601)
26. ARNOUL (ST ARNOUL) "DE HERISTAL" BISHOP OF ²⁶ METZ (b. 582 d. 640)
27. ANSIGISEN MAYOR OF THE PALACE OF ²⁷ AUSTRASIA (b. 613 d. 685)
28. PBEPIN MAYOR OF THE PALACE OF ²⁸ AUSTRASIA (b. 635 d. 714)

29. CHARLES MARTEL MAYOR OF THE PALACE OF 29 AUSTRASIA (b. 676 d. 741)
30. PBEPIN "THE SHORT" KING OF 30 FRANCE (b. 714 d. ???)
31. CHARLEMAGNE EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN 31 EMPIRE (b. 742. d. 814)
32. PIPPIN (AKA PEPIN) (CARLOMAN) KING OF 32 ITALY (b. 773 d. 810)
33. BERNARD KING OF 33 ITALY (b. 797 d. 818)
34. PBEPIN II QUENTIN COUNT OF 34 VERMANDOIS (b. 818 d. aft 840)
- 35 HERIBERT I COMTE 35 DE VERMANDOIS (b. 848 d. 902)
36. BEATRICE 36 DE VERMANDOIS (b. 880 d. ???)
37. HUGUES LE GRAND DUKE OF 37 FRANCE (b. 898 d. 956)
38. HUGUES CAPET KING OF 38 FRANC (b. 939 d. 996)
39. ROBERT II "THE PIOUS" KING OF 39 FRANCE (b. 972 d. 1031)
40. HENRI I KING OF 40 FRANCE (b. 1008 d. 1060)
41. PHILLIPE I KING OF 41 FRANCE (b. 1053 d. 1108)
42. LOUIS 42 VI, "THE FAT" KING OF FRANCE (b. 1081 d. 1137)
43. LOUIS VII KING OF 43 FRANCE (b. 1120 d. 1180)
44. PHILLIPPE II AUGUSTE KING OF 44 FRANCE (b. 1165 d. 1223)
45. MARIE 45 DE FRANCE m. HENRI I DUC DE BRABANT (b. Abt 1182 d. ???)
46. ELISABETH 46 DE BRABANT m. THIERRY DE CLEVES SEIGNEUR DE DINSLAKEN
47. MATHILDE 47 DE CLEVES m. GERARD DE LUXEMBOURG SEIGNEUR DE DURBUY
48. MARGUERITE 48 DE LUXEMBOURG m. JEAN III SEIGNEUR DE GHISTELLES
49. JEAN IV SEIGNEUR 49 DE GHISTELLES m, MARIE DE HAVERSKERKE DAME DE STRATEN
50. ROGER 50 DE GHISTELLESS m. MARGUERITE DAME DE DUDZEEIE
51. ISABELLE 51 DE GHISTELLESS m. AMOULD VI DEGRAVE BARON D"ESCOMAIX
52. CATHERINE DEGRAVE 52 D'ESCOMAIX m. GUY I LEBOUTEILLIER (b.
53. GUY II 53 LEBOUTEILLIER m. ISABEAU MORHIER
54. JEAN 54 LEBOUTEILLIER m MARIE DE VENOIS
55. BENIGNE LEBOUTEILLIER DAME 55 DE LABOISSIERE m. JACQUES MAILLARD SEIGNEUR DE
CHAMPAYNE
56. MILES MAILLARD DE BREUILL ET 56 DE LABOISSIERE m. MARIE MORAN
57. RENEE 57 MAILLARD m. ADAM DEBALILLON SEIGNEUR DE VALENCE

LACROIX

58. ALPHONSE DE BAILLON SEIGNEUR 58 DE LA MASCOTTERIE m LOUISE DE MARIE
59. MARIE CATHERINE 59 DE BAILLON m JACQUES MIVILLE DIT DESCHENES

60. CHARLES 60 MIVILLE m. LOUISE CHARLOTTE GRONDIN

61. JOSEPH 61 MIVILLE m. MARIE JOSEPH GERMAIN

62. APPOLINE MARIE PAULINE 62 MIVILLE-DI-DESCHENES m, PIERRE LANGEVIN-DI-LACROIX

63. JOSEPH 63 LANGEVIN-LACROIX m. MARIE-MARGUERITE (GUAY) QUAY

64. JEAN-BAPTISTE 64 LANGEVIN-LACROIX m. MARIE-THEODRE BIBEAU

65. ADELAIDE LANGEVIN LACROIX m SIMON BLONDEAU

66. CLOTILDE BLONDEAU m OCTAVE COLLETTE

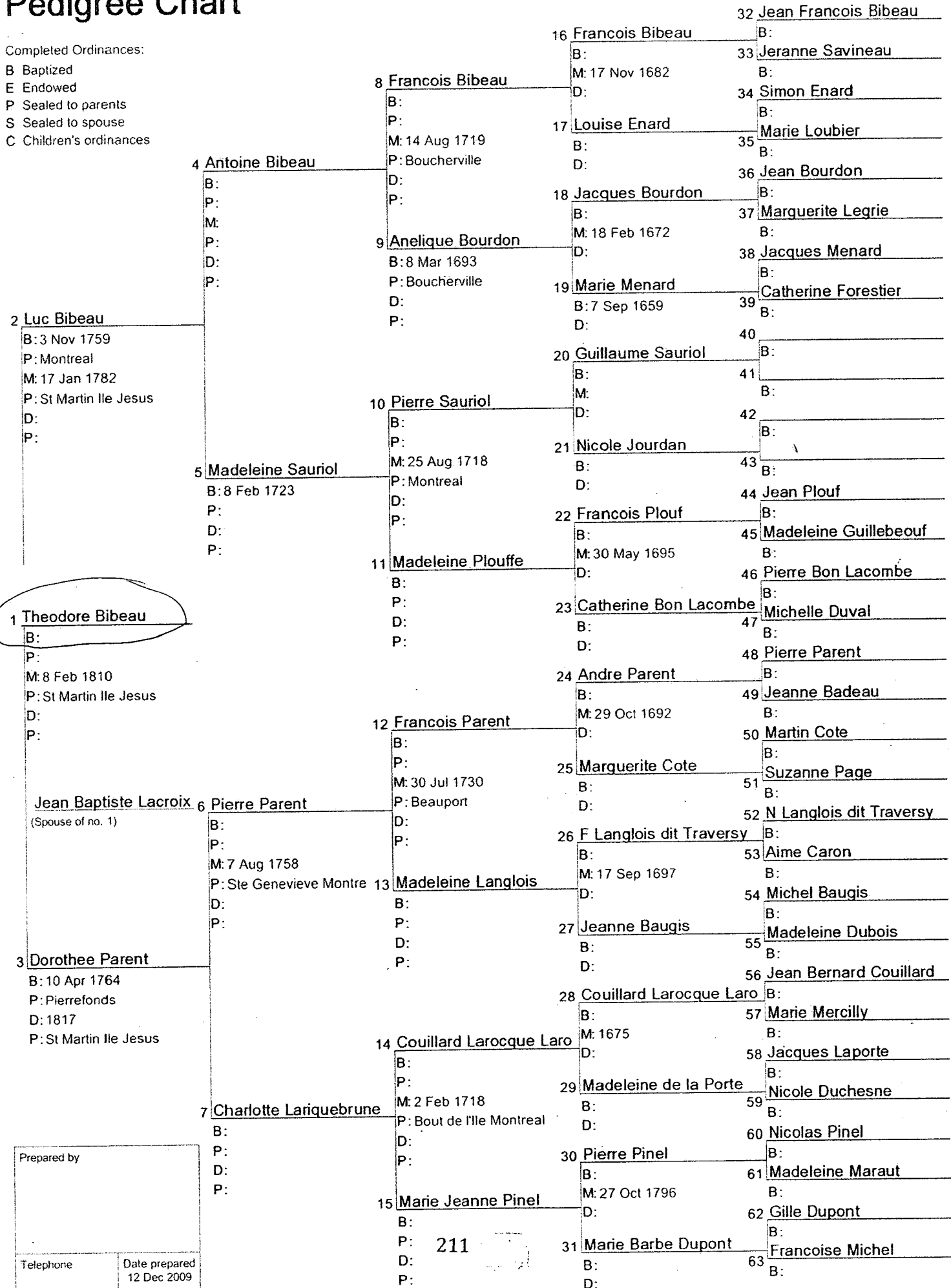
67. JOSEPHINE COLLETTE m HENRI BERNARD

68. HENRI BERNARD

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
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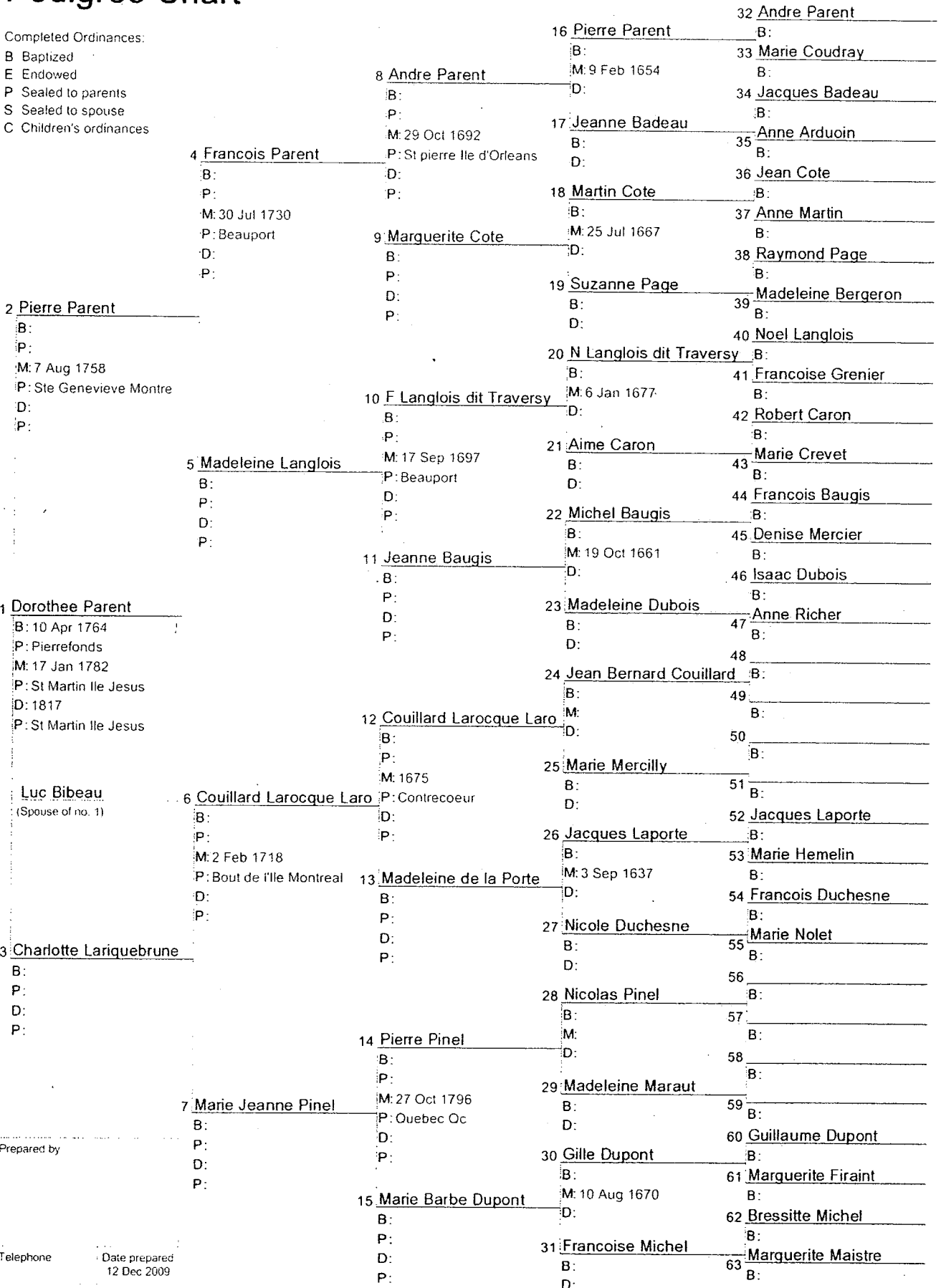


Prepared by	
Telephone	Date prepared 12 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:
 B Baptized
 E Endowed
 P Sealed to parents
 S Sealed to spouse
 C Children's ordinances



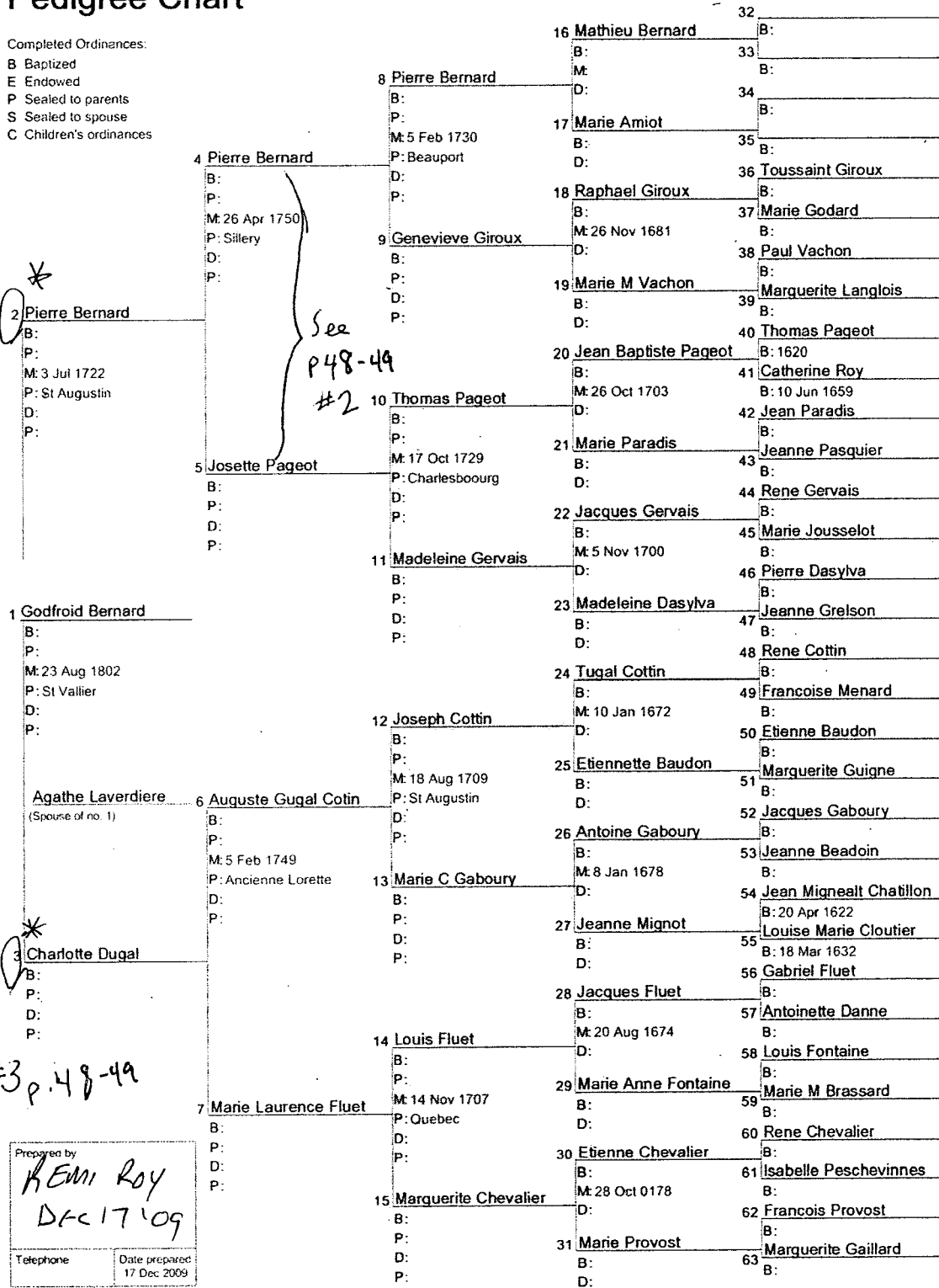
Prepared by _____
 Telephone _____ Date prepared 12 Dec 2009

Dec 17 09
BERNARD - 1

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:
 B Baptized
 E Endowed
 P Sealed to parents
 S Sealed to spouse
 C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
KEM Roy
 Dec 17 '09

Telephone _____ Date prepared 17 Dec 2009

*-#3 p. 48-49

See
 P48-49
 #2

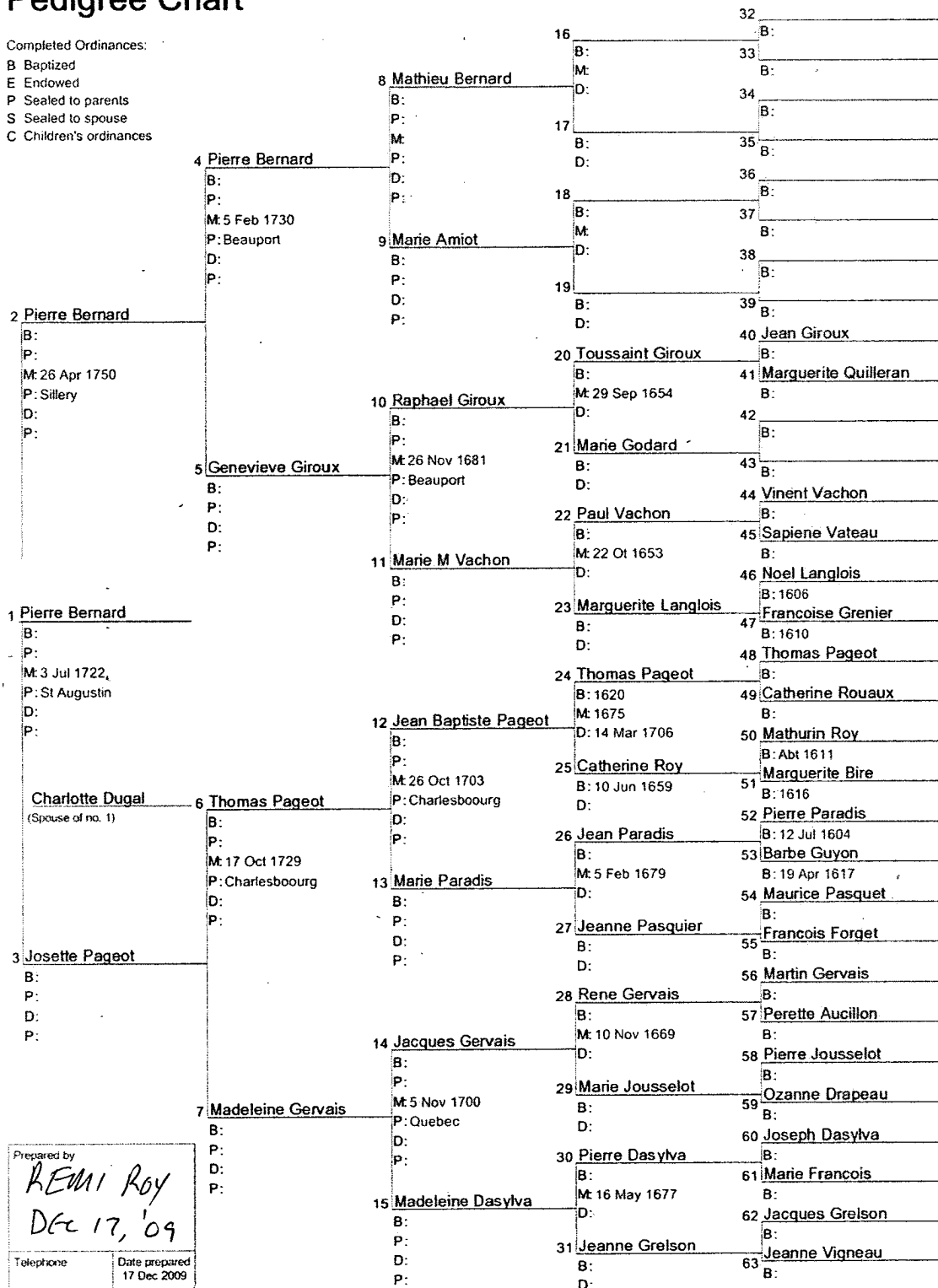
BERNARD - 2

Chart no. 1

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
- E Endowed
- P Sealed to parents
- S Sealed to spouse
- C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
REMI ROY
 Dec 17, '09

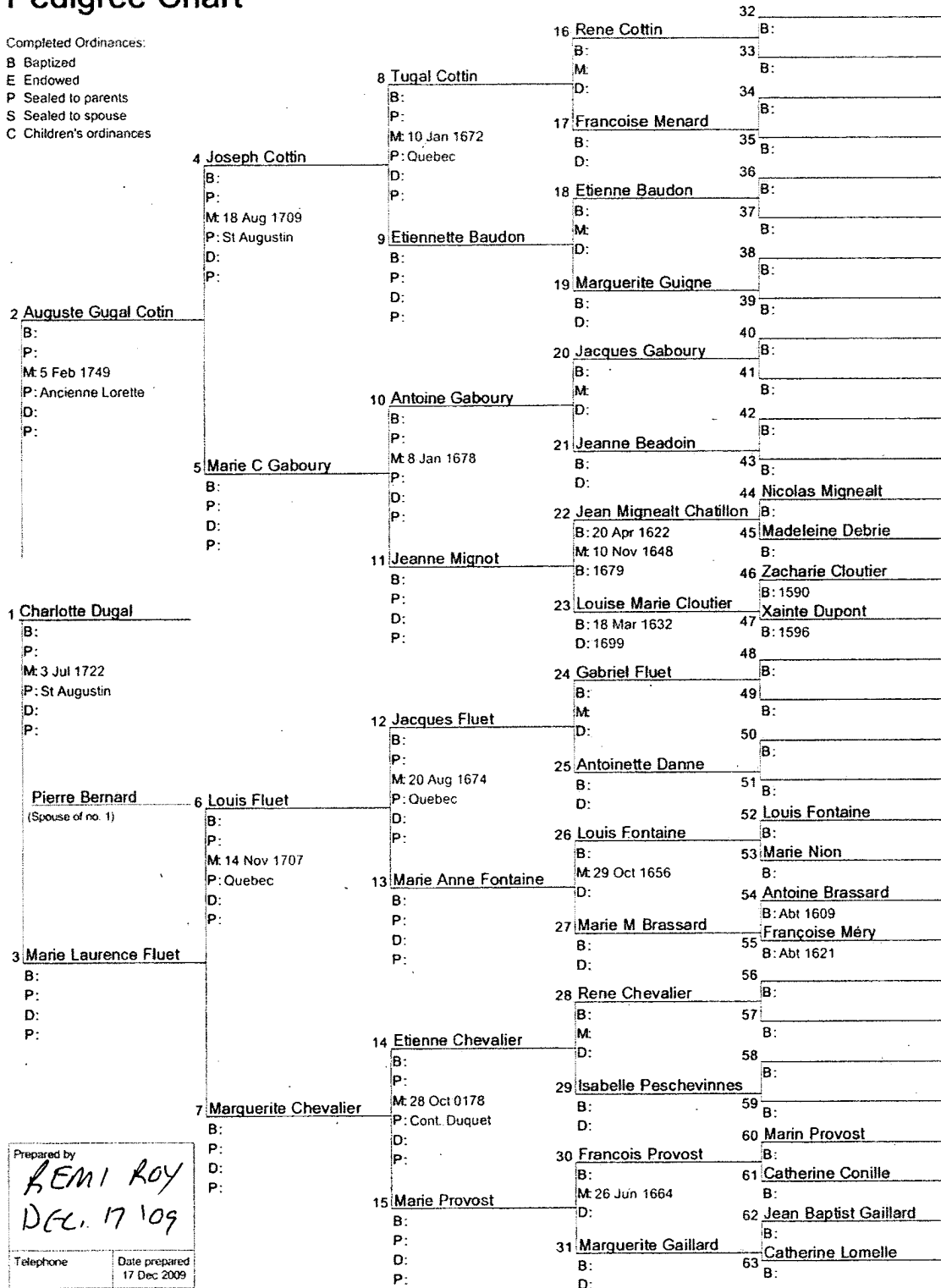
Telephone _____ Date prepared 17 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
- E Endowed
- P Sealed to parents
- S Sealed to spouse
- C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
REMI ROY
 DEC. 17 '09

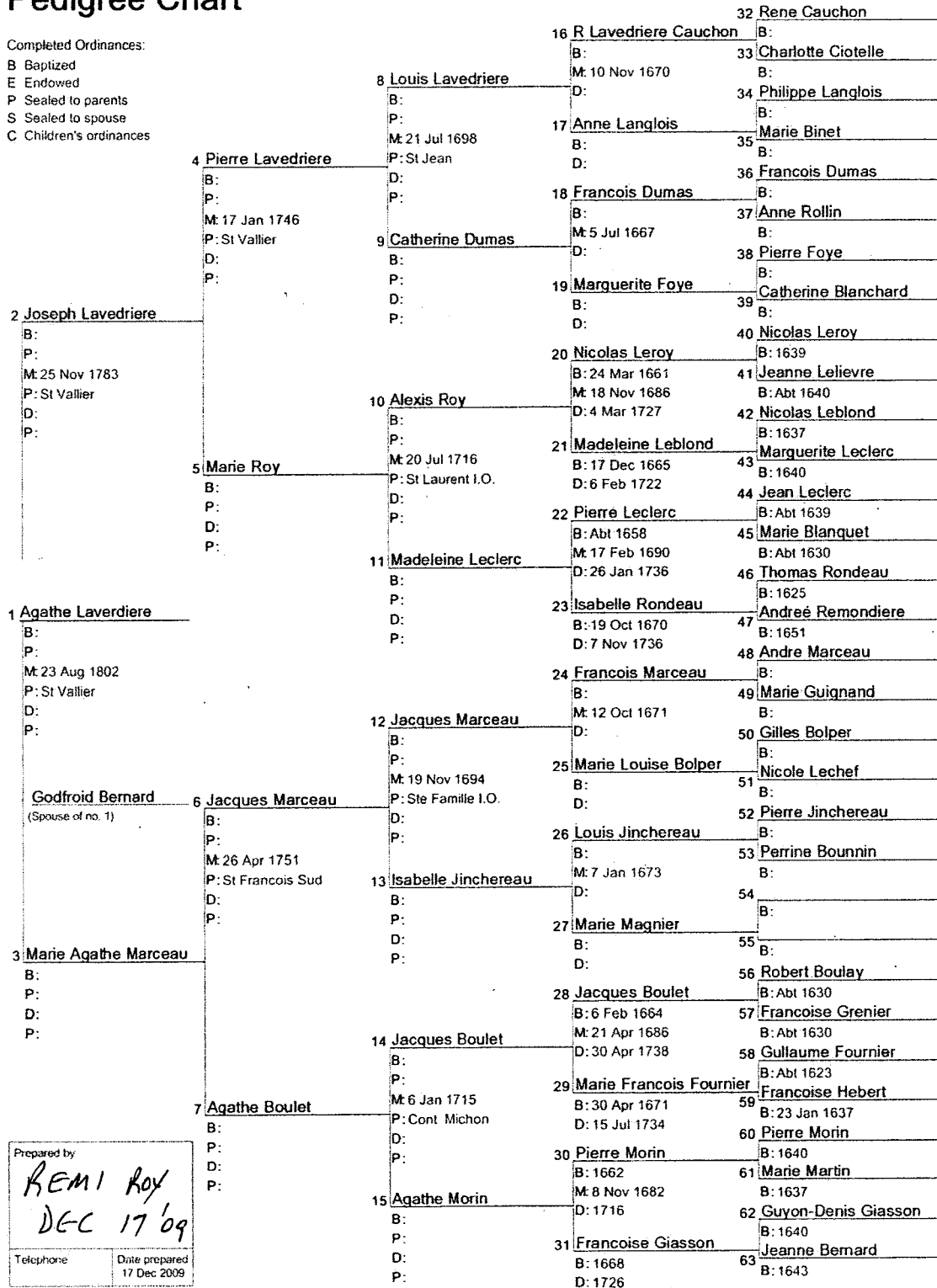
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 17 Dec 2009

BERNARD - 4

Chart no. 1

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:
 B Baptized
 E Endowed
 P Sealed to parents
 S Sealed to spouse
 C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
REMI ROY
DEC 17 '09

Telephone _____ Date prepared 17 Dec 2009

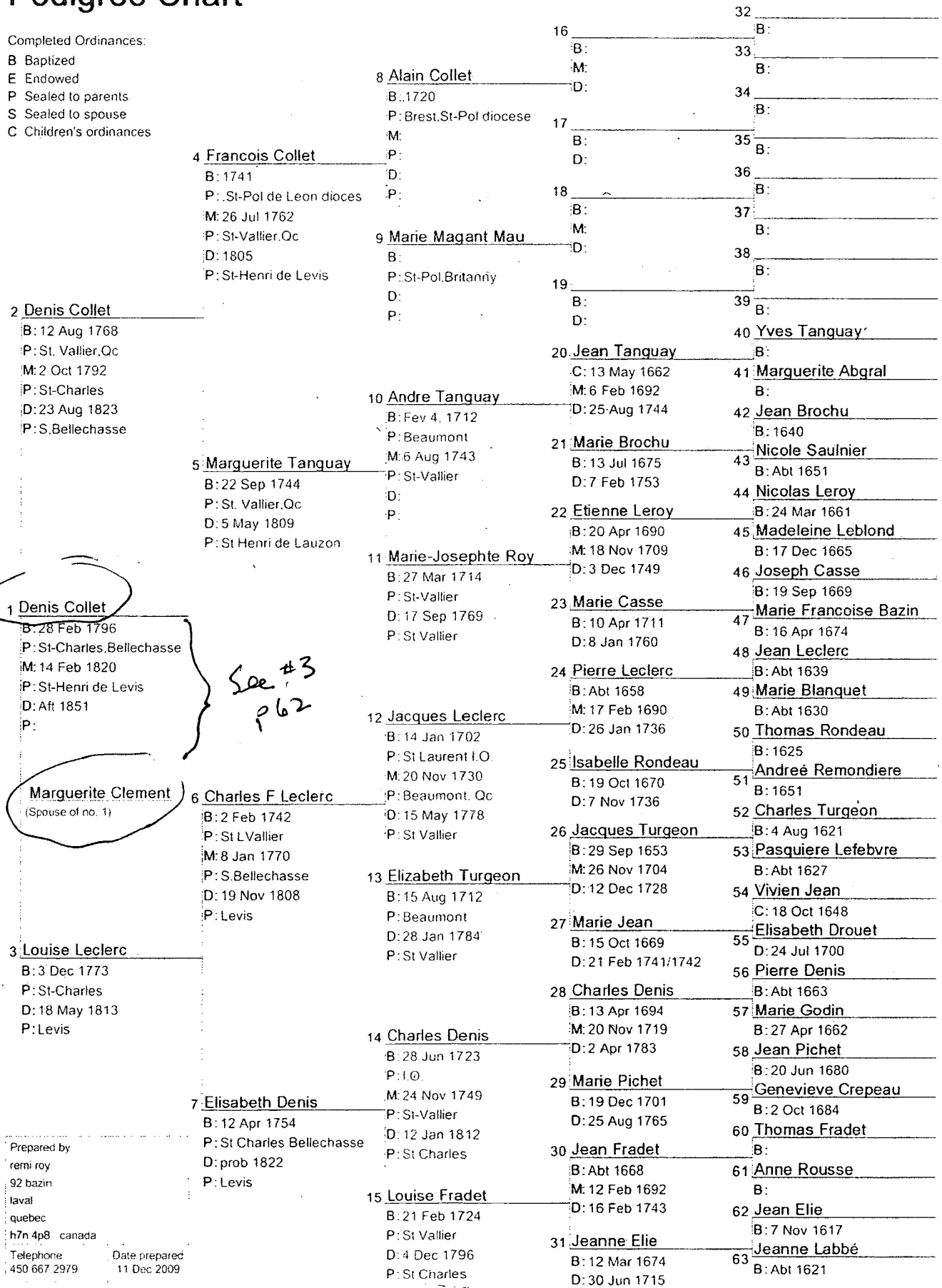
BERNARD ANCESTORS WHO CAME TO CANADA

Pierre Bernard, 1726, St Etienne du Bois
Toussaint Giroux, 1650, Reveillon, Mortagne
Marie Louise Godard, 1654, Charly, Soissons, Fille à marier
Paul Vachon, 1650, Lucon
Noel Langlois, 1634, St Leonard des Parcs
Francoise Grenier, 1634
Pierre Paradis, Mortagne, 1653
Barbe Guyon, Mortagne, 1653
Thomas Pageot, 1659, Le Mans
Mathurin Roy
Marguerite Buré
Jeanne Pasquire
Antoine Gaboury, 1659, La Rochelle
Rene Gervais, 1669, St Vincent de Nieul sur l'Autise
Marie Jousselet, 1669
Jacques Gresleault, 1650, Poitiers
Jeanne Vignaud, 1657, Briou
Pierre Dasilva (le Portugais), abt 1676, Lisbonne
Tugal Cotin, 1666, Laval
Etienne Beaudon, 1671. Paris, Fille du Roy
Zacharie Cloutier 1634
Sainte Dupont 1634
Louise Cloutier 1634
Jean Aubin Migneault, 1643, Chatillon sous Bagueu
Jacques Fluet, 1670, St Jacques de Bialancour
Antoine Brassard, 1636, Rouen, Normandy
Francoise Méry, 1636, Tourouve, Fille à marier
Jean Leclerc, 1658, Dieppe, Normandy
Marguerite Blanquette, 1658, Bacqueville, Normandy
Adrien Blanquette, 1657, Bacquville, Normandy
Louis Fontaine, 1651, Dieppe
Etienne Chevalier, 1666, St Laurent de Montoire
Francois Provost, 1662, St Aubin de Tourouvre
Marguerite Caillard, 1664, Calais. Fille du Roy
René Cauchon Laverdiere, 1665, St Christophe de Blere
Anne Langlois, 1670, Paris
Francois Dumas, 1666, Nanteuil
Maguerite Foy, 1667, l'Hermenault, Fille du Roy
Nicolas Leroy, 1661, Dieppe
Anne Lemaitre 1661, Dieppe
Jeanne Lelievre, 1661, Honfleur Dieppe
Nicolas Leblond, 1654, Lisieux, Normandie
Marguerite Leclerc Fille à marier, 1661
Thomas Rondeau, c. 1662, St-Souille, Aunis
Andrée Remondière, 1666, La Rochelle, Aunis

Renée Rivière , 1666, La Rochelle, Aunis
Pierre Leclerc
Francois Marceau, 1666, Tier
Marie Louise Bolper, 1671, Pont Tranchefetu. Fille du Roy
Louis Jinchereau, 1671, St Mathurin, Lucon
Marie Magnier, 1665, Paris, Fille du Roy
Robert Boulay, 1662, Mortagne, Perche
Francoise Grenier, 1662, unknown
Guillaume Fournier, 1651, Coulmer, Normandy
Louis Hebert, 1617, Paris
Marie Rollet, 1617, Paris
Pierre Desportes, 1620, Lisieux, Normandy
Francoise Langlois, 1620, Lisieux, Normandy
Pierre Morin, 1642, Coulognes-les-Royaux, Poitou
Pierre Martin, bef 1637, Touraine
Catherine Vigneau, bef 1637, Touraine
Guyon Chiasson, 1664, La Rochelle, Aunis
André Bernard 1647
André Guyon 1647

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:
 B Baptized
 E Endowed
 P Sealed to parents
 S Sealed to spouse
 C Children's ordinances



See #3
p62

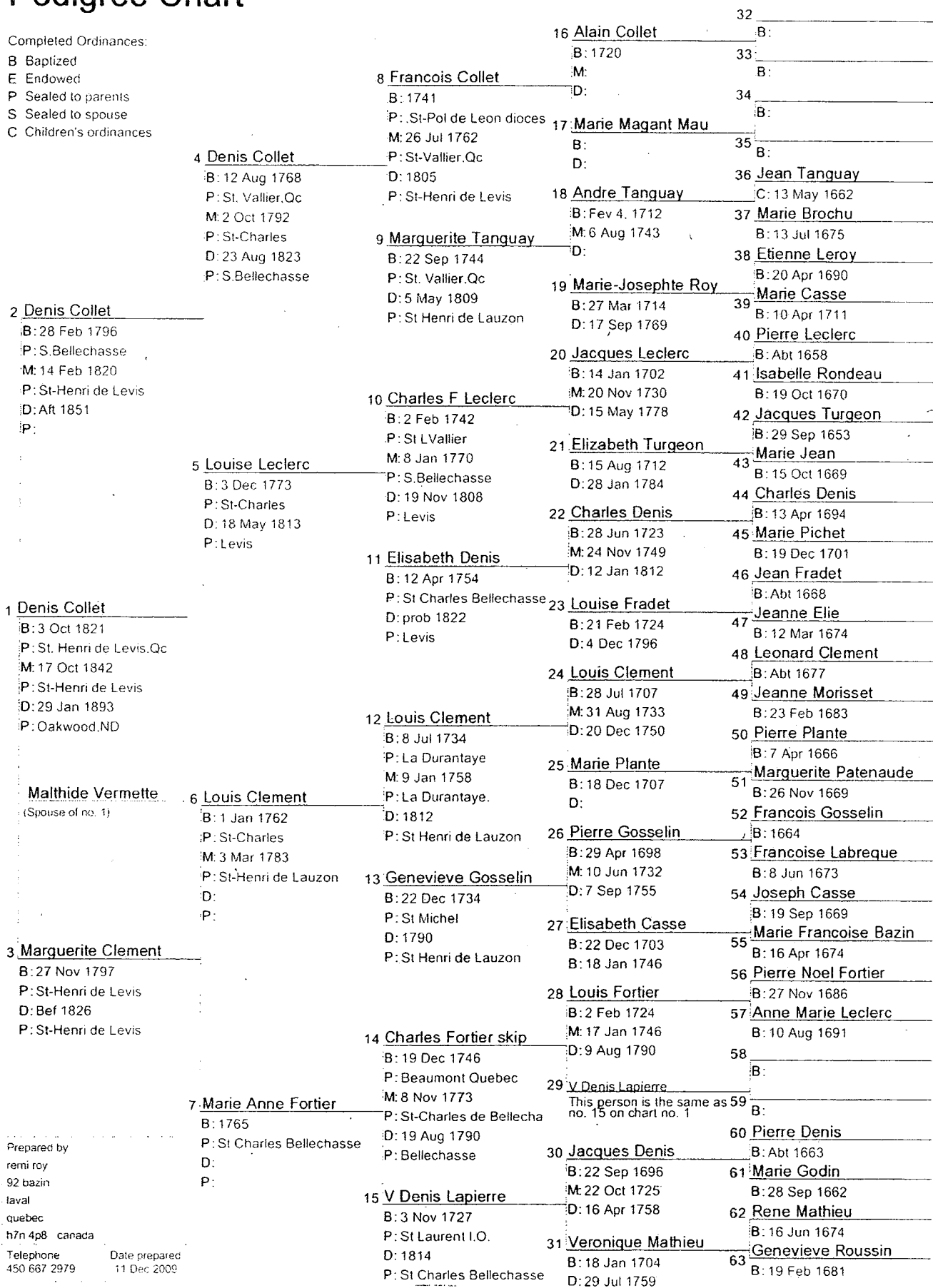
Prepared by
 remi roy
 92 bazin
 laval
 quebec
 h7n 4p8 canada
 Telephone 450 667 2979 Date prepared 11 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
- E Endowed
- P Sealed to parents
- S Sealed to spouse
- C Children's ordinances



Prepared by
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 h7n 4p8 canada
 Telephone 450 667 2979 Date prepared 11 Dec 2009

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
E Endowed
P Sealed to parents
S Sealed to spouse
C Children's ordinances

			16 Francois Collet B: 1741 M: 26 Jul 1762 D: 1805	32 Alain Collet B: 1720
	4 Denis Collet B: 28 Feb 1796 P: S.Bellechasse M: 14 Feb 1820 P: St-Henri de Levis D: Aft 1851 P:		8 Denis Collet B: 12 Aug 1768 P: St. Vallier.Qc M: 2 Oct 1792 P: St-Charles D: 23 Aug 1823 P: S.Bellechasse	33 Marie Magant Mau B:
			17 Marguerite Tanguay B: 22 Sep 1744 D: 5 May 1809	34 Andre Tanguay B: Fev 4, 1712 Marie-Josephte Roy
			18 Charles F Leclerc B: 2 Feb 1742 M: 8 Jan 1770 D: 19 Nov 1808	35 B: 27 Mar 1714
			19 Elisabeth Denis B: 12 Apr 1754 D: prob 1822	36 Jacques Leclerc B: 14 Jan 1702
2 Denis Collet B: 3 Oct 1821 P: St. Henri de Levis.Qc M: 17 Oct 1842 P: St-Henri de Levis D: 29 Jan 1893 P: Oakwood.ND			9 Louise Leclerc B: 3 Dec 1773 P: St-Charles D: 18 May 1813 P: Levis	37 Elizabeth Turgeon B: 15 Aug 1712
			10 Louis Clement B: 1 Jan 1762 P: St-Charles M: 3 Mar 1783 P: St-Henri de Lauzon D: P:	38 Charles Denis B: 28 Jun 1723 Louise Fradet
	5 Marguerite Clement B: 27 Nov 1797 P: St-Henri de Levis D: Bef 1826 P: St-Henri de Levis		11 Marie Anne Fortier B: 1765 P: St Charles Bellechasse D: P:	39 B: 21 Feb 1724
			12 Jean Vermette B: 26 Sep 1745 P: Berthier M: 13 Apr 1768 P: Berthier.Qc D: 1809 P: St Henri de Lauzon	40 Louis Clement B: 28 Jul 1707
			13 Marie Anne Gauthier B: 15 Mar 1741 P: Cap St Ignace D: 1836 P: Lauzon	41 Marie Plante B: 18 Dec 1707
			14 Louis Leclerc B: 14 Feb 1745 P: St Pierre I.O. M: 28 Oct 1765 P: St-Pierre.I.o..Qc D: 11 Nov 1781 P: Quebec	42 Pierre Gosselin B: 29 Apr 1698 Elisabeth Casse
			15 Marie Ursule Noel B: 2 Jun 1745 P: St Pierre I.O. D: 1833 P: St Pierre I.O.	43 B: 22 Dec 1703
			16 Francois Collet B: 1741 M: 26 Jul 1762 D: 1805	44 Louis Fortier B: 2 Feb 1724
			17 Marguerite Tanguay B: 22 Sep 1744 D: 5 May 1809	45 V Denis Lapierre This person is the same as no. 23 on chart no. 1
			18 Charles F Leclerc B: 2 Feb 1742 M: 8 Jan 1770 D: 19 Nov 1808	46 Jacques Denis B: 22 Sep 1696
			19 Elisabeth Denis B: 12 Apr 1754 D: prob 1822	47 Veronique Mathieu B: 18 Jan 1704
			20 Louis Clement B: 8 Jul 1734 M: 9 Jan 1758 D: 1812	48 Robert Vermette B: 8 Apr 1672
			21 Genevieve Gosselin B: 22 Dec 1734 D: 1790	49 Marie Hinse B: 20 Dec 1680
			22 Charles Fortier skip B: 19 Dec 1746 M: 8 Nov 1773 D: 19 Aug 1790	50 Jean Boutin B: 22 Jul 1666
			23 V Denis Lapierre B: 3 Nov 1727 D: 1814	51 Jeanne Audebout B: 11 Oct 1672
			24 Pierre Vermette B: 24 Mar 1704 M: 8 Apr 1727 D: 9 Apr 1774	52 Jacques Gauthier B: Abt 1670
			25 Madeleine Boutin B: 1700 D: 18 Jan 1778	53 Agathe Faye. B: 3 Feb 1681
			26 Pierre Gauthier B: 25 Jul 1716 M: 8 Aug 1738 D: 24 May 1778	54 Antoine Bilodeau B: 1670
			27 Marie Bilodeau B: 24 Feb 1702 D: Oct 1752	55 Genevieve Turcot B: 12 Dec 1664
			28 Francois Leclerc B: 22 Dec 1708 M: 3 Feb 1732 D:	56 Jean Leclerc B: 28 Apr 1688
			29 Helene Coté B: 20 Mar 1710 D: 6 Dec 1759	57 Marguerite Baucher B: 29 Aug 1678
			30 Ignace Noel B: 7 Jul 1700 M: Bef 15 Nov 1724 D: 13 Jun 1759	58 Jean Coté B: 8 Mar 1670
			31 Marie Crepeau B: 10 Mar 1703 D: 30 Aug 1772	59 Marie Anne Langlois B: 1675
				60 Philippe Noel B: 28 Dec 1670
				61 Marie Rondeau B: 16 Dec 1672
				62 Maurice Crepeau B: 20 Jul 1673
				63 Marie Audet B: 4 Sep 1682

1 Philippe Collette
B: Aug 1848
P: St Henri de Levis.Qc
M: 1886
P: Osseo.MN
D: 23 Dec 1915
P: Ste-Elisabeth,Manitoba

Amelia Samson
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 Malthide Vermette
B: 17 Oct 1823
P: St-Henri de Levis.Qc
D: 4 Jan 1887
P: O.Dakota (now N.D.)

Prepared by
remi roy
92 bazin
laval
quebec
h7n 4p8 canada
Telephone Date prepared
450 667 2979 11 Dec 2009

Brother of Octave
see #5
p 62

FRANCOIS Collet's children

1763	b	St-Vallier	Subject	f	COLLET	MARIE MARGUERITE
1765	b	St-Vallier	Subject	f	COLLET	MARIE CLAIRE
1766	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	FRANCOIS LOUIS MARIE
1768	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	DENIS MARIE
1770	b	St-Vallier	Subject	f	COLLET	MARIE JOSEPHE
1773	b	St-Vallier	Subject	f	COLLET	MARIE MARGUERITE
1775	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	JOSEPH MARIE
1776	s	St-Vallier	Father	m	COLLET	FRANCOIS
1777	b	St-Vallier	Subject	f	COLLET	MARIE VICTOIRE
1778	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	PIERRE
1781	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	ANTOINE
		Type	Parish	Role	Sex	Name First name
1783	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	THOMAS
1784	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	ANTOINE
1785	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	ALEXIS
1786	b	St-Vallier	Subject	m	COLLET	MICHEL

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THE COLLETTE ANCESTORS WHO CAME FROM FRANCE (Denis Collete and Mathilde Vermette from last to first in pedigree form)

Name, year of arrival in Quebec, Province of origin (see map in my article).

Francois Collet, 1757, Brest region, Brittany
Jacques Gauthier, 1691, St-Radegonde de Poitiers, Poitou
Jean Tanguay, c. 1691, Ploudiry, Brittany
Jean Fradet, c. 1661, Blaye, Bordeaux diocese, Guyenne
Léonard Clément, c. 1693, Clamency, Nivernais
Antoine Vermet, c. 1667, Arras, Artois
Barbe Menard, 1669, La Rochelle, Aunis
Jean Bernard, c. 1663, Tionville, Lorraine
Marie Dérubé, c. 1666, Rouen, Normandy
Antoine Boutin, c. 1661, Vernon, Poitou
Michel Audebout, c. 1671, Thoringné-sur-Dué, Maine
Henriette Cartois, 1671, Paris
Pierre Faye, c. 1668, Villefagnan, Angoumois
Marie Chauvet, 1668, Saintes diocese, Saintonge
Jacques Bilodeau, 1654, Poitiers, Poitou
Genevieve Longchamp, 1654, unknown
Abel Turcot, 1661, Maillezais, Poitou
Marie Giroux Girard, 1661, Aunis
Jean Leclerc, 1658, Dieppe, Normandy
Marguerite Blanquette, 1658, Bacqueville, Normandy
Guillaume Baucher, c. 1655, Paris
François Noel, c. 1666, Chire, Poitou
Nicole Legrand, 1669, Paris
Thomas Rondeau, c. 1662, St-Soulle, Aunis
Andrée Remondière, 1666, La Rochelle, Aunis
Maurice Crepeau, c. 1661, Les-Roches-Baritaud, Poitou
Marguerite Laverdure, 1665, Paris
Nicolas Audet, c. 1663, St-Pierre de Maulais, Poitou
Madeleine Després, 1679, Paris
Jean Brochu, c. 1665, Luçon, Poitou
Nicole Saulnier, 1669, Paris
Vivien Jean, 1669, Ecoyeux, Saintonge
Elisabeth Drouet, c. 1669, unknown
Pierre Denis, c. 1691, St-Martin de Lyrac, Gascogne
Jean Elie, c. 1668, Menéac, St-Malo diocese, Brittany
Jeanne Labbé, 1669, Paris
Jean Morisset, c. 1661, St-Giron, Guyenne
Jean Plante, c. 1649, Laleu, Aunis
Nicolas Patenaude, c. 1651, Berville en Caux, Normandy
Marguerite Breton, 1651, Paris
Gabriel Gosselin, c. 1650, Combray, Bayeux, Normandy

Françoise Lelievre, c. 1653, Nancy, Lorraine
Jean Labrecque, c. 1651, Dieppe, Normandy
Antoine Casse, 1663, St-Pierre de Douay, Anjou
Françoise Pilois, 1665, Paris
Pierre Bazin, Touque, Normandy
Antoine Fortier, 1663, Dieppe, Normandy
Barthelemy Gandin, 1647, La Rochelle, Aunis
Marthe Cognac, 1647, Quercy, Guyenne
Pierre Paradis, 1653, Mortagne, Perche
Barbe Guyon, 1653, Mortagne, Perche
Jean Côté, 1635, Mortagne, Perche
Anne Martin, 1635, unknown
Raymond Pagé, 1648, unknown
Madeleine Bergeron, 1648, Normandy
Noel Langlois, 1634, St-Léonard des Larcs, Normandy
Françoise Grenier, 1634, unknown
Robert Caron, 1636, unknown
Marie Crevet, 1637 Beneauville, Normandy
Nicolas Leroy, 1661, Dieppe, Normandy
Jeanne Lelievre, 1661, Honfleur, Normandy
Nicolas Leblond, 1654, Liseux, Normandy
Marguerite Leclerc, 1661, Dieppe, Normandy
Charles Turgeon, 1662, Mortagne, Perche
Pasquière Lefebvre, 1662, Mortagne, Perche
Charles Godin, 1656, Rouen, Normandy
Jean Pichet, 1659, unknown
Mathieu Chorel, 1645, La Rochelle, Aunis
Sebastienne Veillon, 1648, La Rochelle, Aunis
Marin Boucher, 1634, Mortagne, Perche
Perinne Mallet, 1634, Mortagne, Perche
Jean Baillargeon, 1650, Londigny, Poitou
Marguerite Guilleboudreau, 1650, Marçay, Poitou
Léonard Leblanc, 1650, Limoges, Marche
Marie Riton, 1650 Bons-sur-la-Roche, Poitou
Noel Fortier, 1663, Dieppe, Normandy
Charles Cadieux, 1641, Thury-Harcourt, Bayeux diocese, Normandy
Madeleine Macard, 1655, unknown
Jean Mathieu, 1659, Tapy, Aunis
Anne Letarte, 1669, St-Pierre-de-la-Poterie, Perche
Nicolas Roussin, 1651, Tourouvre, Perche
Jean Maranda, 1665, La Flotte, Aunis
Jeanne Cousin, 1665, La Flotte, Aunis
Jean Guyon, 1634, Tourouvre, Perche
Mathurine Robin, 1634, Tourouvre, Perche
Annie Lemaistre, 1661, Dieppe, Normandy
Guillaume Lelievre, 1656, Honfleur, Normandy
Jean Leblanc, 1643, St-Lambert-sur-Orne, Normandy

Adrien Blanquette, 1657, Bacquville, Normandy
Réné Letarte, 1669, St-Pierre-de-la-Poterie, Perche
Louise Goulet, 1669, St-Pierre-de-la-Poterie, Perche
Jean Roussin, 1650, Tourouvre, Normandy
Pierre Tremblay, 1647, St-Malo de Randonnay, Perche
Anne Achon, 1657, Chambon, Aunis
Jean Nicolet, 1618, Cherbourg, Normandy

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STORIES

Primarily from Chez Nous

Chez Nous was a small newsletter which I edited from 1985 till it ceased publication in 2002. It began in 1980 and continued as the publication of the now defunct La Societe Canadienne-Francaise du Minnesota, and usually went to about 150 people. I kept the entire collection and indexed it in February, 2009.

The very modest "cut and paste at the kitchen table" collection of newsletters had, in the end, nearly 900 pages, and a similar number of specific articles, most of which were very short, to some quite lengthy. The entire collection is now with Initiatives in French Midwest at the University of North Dakota and may someday be available online at the IFMidwest website www.ifmidwest.org. (I'd be happy to e-mail the index to anyone interested.)

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CLICK CHEZ NOUS

Unless specifically noted, all of the below stories were printed in Chez Nous, in whole or in part.

Dick Bernard, former editor of Chez Nous

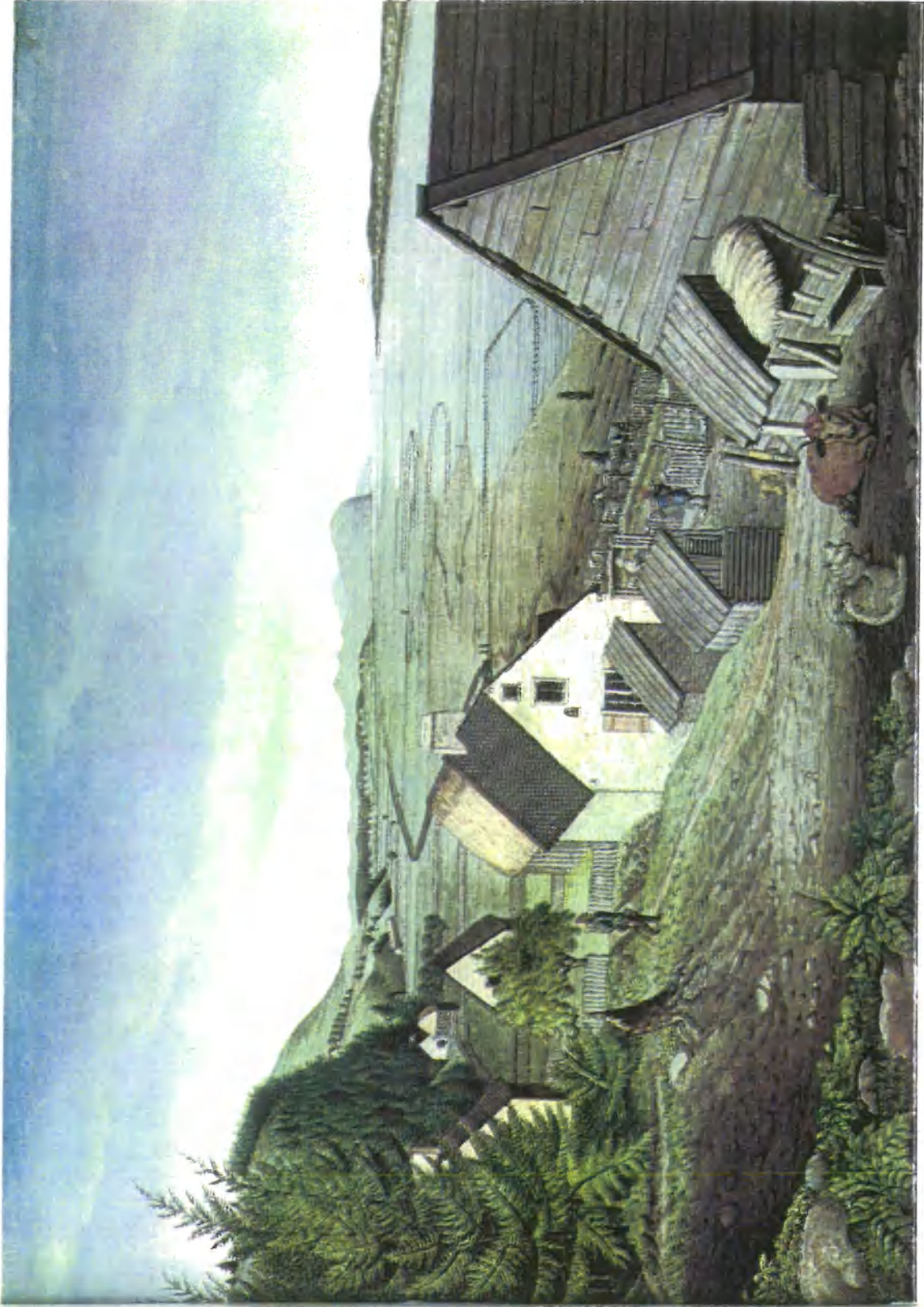
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 321 Some French-Canadian recipes*
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 322 Snowdrift, a poem by Sr. Ellen Murphy (whose mother and grandparents
 were early Oakwood French-Canadians**)
 323 Pea Soup
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 328 The Country Kitchen by Ernest Ebert
 329 Grain harvesting in the old days by Ernest Ebert
 331 It happened in the Dead of Winter by Ernest Ebert
 333 The terrible winter of 1936 by Ernest Ebert
 334 Long, long, long winters by Lowell Mercil
 340 The long hot summer of 1936 by Ernest Ebert
 342 A Quebec Dinner
 345 Henry Bernard recalls his life (none of the rest were in from Chez Nous)
 380 Henry Bernard comments on the Model T Ford
 384 Henry Bernard recalls the 1937 Honeymoon trip with his new wife Esther
 Busch (memories written a year after her death in 1981.)

* Chez Nous included a pretty rich variety of assorted recipes over the years. For an interested person, a review of the index would be worthwhile.

** Sr. Ellen Murphy, who passed away in 2004, was a gifted and published poet. She was part of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul. She grew up in Bachelors Grove ND. Her mother, Helen Normand, was the daughter of Catherine LeBourdais Normand and her husband, early residents of Oakwood.



Undated, unidentified photocopy of landscape print
Sent from Jean-Marc Charron December 18, 1995
Likely a rural setting along the St. Laurent in early Quebec.

from the textbook, France in Modern Times
by Gordon Wright, Norton Publishers, 1981
(use in this family history authorized by Norton)

BACK TO FRANCE

Have you ever wondered about your ancestors life BQ (before Quebec)? *CHEZ NOUS OCT-NOV '90.*

The below comments may give you a clue, since they refer to France about 1700's, and it is around that time in history that migration to Quebec took place.

To the author of the text below, our apologies. Foolishly when we copied this several years ago we neglected to take down title/author, etc. of the book. We continue the search and will, in time, find out. . . and pass along the info. D.B.

"France in 1750 was the most populous of European states. Louis XV's subjects totalled approximately 22 million, which meant that one of every six Europeans west of the Russian frontier was a Frenchman.

Of Louis's subjects, barely two per cent belonged to the socially and legally privileged nobility and clergy. The First Estate, which included members of the monastic orders as well as priests and bishops, numbered about 130,000; the Second Estate, the hereditary nobility, is usually estimated at about 300,000 (of whom 80,000 belonged to the "old" nobility). All the rest were commoners; either members of that ill-defined category called the bourgeoisie, or ordinary peasants, artisans, workers--le menu peuple, as they were usually called. Nine out of ten lived by agriculture, either on isolated farms or in small village clusters. Few of them ever saw a city; at most, they might look forward to a rare visit to the nearest bourg, a commercial town of five or ten thousand people. Paris, with a population of half-million, was the only metropolis; no other city except Lyon exceeded a hundred thousand.

Along side the aristocracy as a privileged order stood the clergy, whose label "First Estate" seemed to suggest even greater pre-eminence. Although there was a clear line distinguishing the clergy from the other estates, it's members by no means constituted a class, in any sense of the word, or even homogeneous stratum of society. It was, her, a professional category enjoying certain social privileges; it's upper ranks came almost entirely from the nobility, it's middle and lower ranks from the bourgeoisie and the peasantry. Although a strong corporative spirit--and in some cases a common

intensity of faith--held these diverse elements together, the gulf between hierarchy and parish priests was growing steadily wider and more obvious during the eighteenth century. Many village cures resented the contrast in income between the upper and lower ranks--a contrast roughly of 140 to 1. The village priests were, however, better off than the average wage earner, and they enjoyed greater social prestige. Dissatisfaction was sharper in the middle ranks of the church hierarchy--the cathedral chapters, for example, and the seminary teachers. Many of these posts were held by bookish young men of bourgeois origin, who chose the clerical career for reasons similar to those that inspire their modern successors to become university teachers. There had been a time when the able and ambitious ones might hope to rise to so distinguished a post as a bishopric; but the interesting difficulties of advancement in the eighteenth century were producing a sense of exasperated frustration among them.

The line that separated the nobility and the clergy from the ninety-eight per cent of Frenchmen who made up the Third Estate was not, strictly speaking, a line between privilege and non-privilege. Historians of the period keep reminding us that privilege, in the sense of vested legal rights or special dispensations granted to certain groups, was varied and widely shared in the hierarchical society of the old regime. Not only the nobility and the clergy, but many well-to-do commoners, many cities, whole provinces, were exempt from direct taxation; while on the other hand even the nobility in certain provinces had to pay the direct land tax called the taille. The idea of equality of treatment for all citizens was still in the future. The fact remains that some Frenchmen were clearly more privileged than others, and that the nobility and clergy as a whole bore a far smaller share of the tax burden than did the commoners. To speak of them, then, as the privileged orders may not be technically correct, yet it does convey the deeper reality that marked the system.

Among the unprivileged, the great bulk of Frenchmen lived and worked on the land. With rare exceptions, these peasants were free men who had long since shaken off all but a few annoying remnants of feudal servitude. It is not easy to reconstruct the rural life of that time; travellers' accounts were sketchy and full of contradictions, and statistics are remarkably inadequate. Some of the evidence

continued next page

BACK TO FRANCE, continued

suggests an almost incredible degree of degradation and misery; mud floored huts, ragged clothing, undernourishment, frequent famine. Other testimony supports the view that, however primitive the existence of the French peasantry, conditions had improved over the previous century and were probably better than anywhere else on the continent.

Most peasants were tenants, sharecroppers, or day laborers on estates owned by the privileged orders or the bourgeoisie, but a great many, perhaps half of all the peasants, had achieved virtual ownership of at least a bit of land. A few of these, the so-called *laboueurs*, were on the way of becoming a kind of rural middle class; they were expanding their holdings, acquiring herds of stock, even hiring field hands and lending money. The great mass of *manouvriers*, on the other hand, lived at a precarious subsistence level, supplementing their meager crops by working part-time on the large estates or taking employment in the rural textile industry which allowed them to spin or weave at home. Their eagerness to acquire land amounted to a passion; but they were even more dedicated to preserving such remainders of the medieval rural structure as the right to graze animals and collect firewood on the common land of the village. The bulk of the peasantry was clearly precapitalist and intensely traditionalist in outlook--except that it wished to free itself from the tag-ends of feudalism.

It was in the cities and towns, not in the countryside, that the ferment of social change was at work. The bourgeoisie, an amorphous and varied category that included industrial and commercial enterprisers, financiers, professional men, bureaucrats, shopkeepers, and some independent artisans, had been making steady income gains during the eighteenth century. Some of this new wealth was plowed back into business expansions, but more of it was used to purchase town houses, country estates, government bonds, government or church offices, or army commissions. This was, on the whole, a professional rather than a business bourgeoisie; the capitalist urge to innovate and expand was not its dominant trait. Its goal for the most part was to gain social status, to broaden out its share of special privilege within a society of inequality, to "live nobly" after the pattern of the aristocracy. To view the social conflict of the old regime as one that pitted a rising capitalist class against a medieval

feudal class is tempting, in an age so strongly marked by Marxist ideas as ours, but it is also more misleading than it is accurate. Classes were much less clearly defined, and their value systems much less clearly in conflict, than the Marxian model would require.

If France had possessed a rigid and impermeable caste system, no such idea of sharing aristocratic privilege and adopting the aristocratic value system would ever have occurred to the bourgeoisie. But over the centuries there had been opportunities to rise; difficult and devious perhaps, but always available to the opportunist. Some bought office and carried noble status; some married their daughters to an impecunious aristocrat (who might speak contemptuously of the need to "manure his land," but who nevertheless gave noble status to his half-bourgeois sons); some were content to move a few steps up the ladder by the purchase of a minor army commission or a middle-rank church post. Enough opportunities had been available in the past to keep the bourgeoisie generally satisfied with the system and to make them want to share its advantages. To what degree did the situation change in the mid-eighteenth century? On this crucial point, recent years have brought an active historical debate. Many historians have argued that a drastic change did occur--that an "aristocratic reaction" saw the old nobility embark on a successful campaign to monopolize all high offices in the state, thus blocking the upward channels of mobility against the ambitious bourgeoisie. By the 1780's they point out, Jacques Necker was the only remaining top-level bureaucrat who was of common birth. There had been twenty non-noble bishops in 1740; the last one disappeared in 1783. By a royal decree of 1781, officers' commissions in certain army regiments were reserved to men who could show four generations of noble lineage. The result, as these historians see it, was the gradual alienation of much of the bourgeoisie. Forced to abandon its aristocratic aspirations, it began to adopt the views of the reforming philosophes, either in a mood of bitter frustration or in the hope that criticism might make the aristocracy retreat. By the 1780's--so goes the argument--enlightenment ideas were in general circulation in bourgeois salons and publications. Like Moliere's doctor, the French bourgeois was becoming revolutionist in spite of himself.

continued next page

BACK TO FRANCE, continued

One other segment of eighteenth-century society remains to be mentioned. At the very bottom of the social pyramid, marked off from the petty bourgeoisie by no clear line of division, was the small but growing category of urban wage earners. Only Paris and Lyon contained sizable groups of this sort. Most of them were skilled artisans or handicraftsmen who worked in small shops, in intimate association with a bourgeois employer. Frequently they crossed the line that separated them from bourgeois status simply by setting up shop as independent enterprisers, with one or two assistants. Below them, ranging down into a kind of urban underworld that lived by it's wits, was an almost submerged category of unskilled laborers who worked irregularly at menial or rough tasks. Many of them could not have survived without regular recourse to charity; in periods of economic stress, half of them--indeed, half of the skilled workers as well--might be unemployed. Early in 1790, according to official records, one Parisian in five was on some sort of relief roll, public or private. Even in prosperous times, the line between human and subhuman conditions in the urban slums would have been hard to draw.

SE RECUEILLIR

by John England

Mordecai Spector gave us a banquet of food for thought in his article printed in the June *Chez Nous*. He rips the historical image of Columbus apart with the vigor of a pit bull and goes on to mention the clash between Indian Nations and European plunderers. Is Mr. Specktor including the French in this broad spectrum of caucasian devils? I certainly hope that he does not. Indeed, most of the relationships between the Indians and the French appear to be harmonious.

It is my understanding that the English and the Spanish were unduly hard raw-hiders extra - ordinaire when dealing with their Indian brothers. Dr. Robert Fogarty, Professor Emeritus at St Thomas remarked in a lecture that the Spanish were in the habit of removing a foot from their Indian charges in order to prevent them from running away. And the English were no better. Their inhuman treatment of the Irish qualified them for bigger and better things in North America in their dealings with the Indians and French Acadians; a point Fogarty failed to

mention. However, the good professor did state that the French treated the Native American with greater dignity than any other European group settling in North America. The Metis are living proof of this.

The Catholic faith of the French I suppose had a great influence on the manner in which the explorer, the trader and settlers treated the Indians. Eve Gagne, P.H.D. a respected educator submits that there existed a wide difference in the way the Francos and Anglo-Saxons treated the Indians, based on religious beliefs. French Canadians accepted the teachings of the Church of Rome. One of those teachings was that all men possess souls, and in that respect, at least, all men were equal in the eyes of Catholics. Indeed, the Bishop of Québec urged priests to treat the Indians and the French with equal consideration. Several of these priests took the Indians' hardships to heart and accepted the fate of the Indians for themselves. For example, in 1838, Reverend Father Benjamin Petit joined the Potawatomie Indians of his parish in their forced relocation march to the Southwest. Reverend Petit as well as many of the Indians died on that march.

An example closer to home involved Bishop Whipple of the Episcopal Church and Alexander Faribault. After the Dakota uprising of 1862, these two gentlemen provided help, food, and land east of Faribault for Dakota refugees. The local newspapers attacked the men in print as if they were traitors instead of complementing them for their charity.

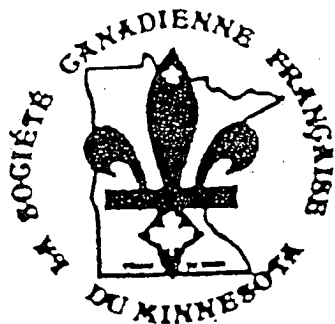
Monsignor Augustin Rovaux was another great friend of the Indian people. He is known to have nursed and ailing Dakota women and to have baptized many Dakota men before their execution at Mankato.

It is to the credit of the French that they adopted Indian customs as voyageurs and intermarried with them. Such unions were not always socially acceptable. And some marriages were intended to improve economic relations. Nevertheless, this new role produced a proud race of people, solid citizens like Pierre Bottineau, Alexander Faribault, and Louis Riel. and yes, Mr. Specktor, I have Metis ancestry too.

continued, next page

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NEWSLETTER OF Mars-Avril, 1998 VOL. 19 NO. 5

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

#106

HUGUENOTS, BRIEFLY

By Treffle Daniels

Note from the editor: In the Nov-Dec issue of *Chez Nous* we printed an article about the Severe (Sevier) family, of Huguenot ancestry, and asked our readers help in some information about the French Huguenots. Four readers "took the bait": Treffle Daniels gives a brief overview below, and Ronald Beauchane gives a very interesting personal family history account in the article following Mr. Daniels'.

Mary Weller sent an excellent five page article "Au nom de Dieu" from the Autumn, 1996, edition of *France* magazine. This article opined that "The particular genius rival Christian faiths have for slaughtering each other found perhaps its most sickening expression in France...." The so-called Wars of Religion began with the massacre of sixty Protestants at Wassy (Haute Marne) in 1562 and continued until the French Revolution of 1789. The article says that "Huguenots" was the popular name for Calvinists from 1550 onwards.

Eugenie Fellows commented that "I have a book in French that lists many Huguenots, some of whom (or their relatives) came to French Canada. This book is *La Rochefoucauld au Peril de Calvin* by Yvon Pierron. Most of those with whom it deals lived in and around Angouleme and Poitiers, which is where my father's name ancestor was born (Clement Leriger de La Plante): Some of Clement's ancestors and relatives are listed among the Protestants of that area but he was not as he was in military service when he came over to Canada. Also, those who did come over had to become Catholic if they were not already, because of Canadian regulations at that time." Readers interested in Eugenie's data send SASE to her at 28042 Lindenhurst Dr, Zephyrhills FL 33544-2705.

Merci to you all!

Mr. Daniels: France was a feudal society until the French Revolution broke out in 1789. Its feudal society had three classes of people: noble, clergy and commoners¹. In French Gothic churches one frequently sees three sets of arches supporting the ceiling. These represented the three classes of society. The clergy, i.e. Roman Catholics, were in league with the nobles and exercised political as well as spiritual authority. That facet of history is a very complex relationship...too difficult to explain in this short article.

When the Protestant Reformation began in the 1500s in Germany [Luther's Ninety-five Theses were issued in 1517], some French also wanted reforms in the church. Naturally, these were opposed by many of the church's hierarchy and clergy. On the other hand, some nobles did espouse the reforms demanded by the Huguenots. Consequently there began an era of religious upheavals and wars in France which lasted almost one hundred years. Some freedoms were granted to the Huguenots but the Catholic Church exercised its political power and caused them to be revoked. It was during this period of civil wars in France when both sides fought not just to gain territory but

¹ A good description of France in these days can be found beginning on page three of the Oct-Nov 1990 issue of *Chez Nous*. Entitled "Back to France", the material comes from the text "France in Modern Times" by Gordon Wright, Norton, 1981.

control of the government by trying to gain control of the monarchy.

Eventually the Huguenots were given a bit of religious and civil freedom though many were forced to leave for such places as England, Holland, Prussia and also our colonies on the Atlantic coast.

When Henry IV, the first Bourbon, finally had enough of a following to become the king of all of France [1594-1610], and stabilized the central authority, he realized that his religion must be Catholic and not Protestant. Previously he wavered from one religion to the other. His famous quote, "Paris is well worth a Mass", summed up his religious and political views.

How does this impact on our French ancestors in Quebec? The original Habitants sent to Quebec were Catholics because the government wanted only members of that church to populate its colony². Usually the early settlers had to be in good standing with their local parishes before being given permission to go to Quebec. Today that area of Canada still clings to its religious heritage, i.e. Catholic. The Huguenots of French ancestry are primarily found in the United States.

This might be a simplified answer to the religious controversy of the 16th and 17th centuries in France, but basically it's really what happened. Reading history can be an enlightening activity if one is searching for answers to today's problems. Most have their roots in the past.

HUGUENOTS, RICHELIEU AND ALL THAT

Why my ancestors became Catholic

Ronald E. Beauchane

My eighth great grandfather, Elié Bourbeau, was born in 1599 in the city of La Rochelle, in what is now called France. His family had moved to this port city on the Atlantic from the nearby city of Poitiers a few generations earlier. The first records of the family in 972 indicate that they were

² The colonization period of what is now Quebec began in the early 1600s, and ended with the defeat of the French by the British at Quebec in 1759. Only a few thousand settlers actually came from France during that period.

"Christians", which at that time meant "Catholic", having earlier been converted from the multitheism of their Roman occupiers. Sometime in the early 1500s, they were evidently influenced by the religious reform movement and eventually became followers of Jean Chauvin (John Calvin) (1509-64), the creator of Presbyterianism. Calvin's followers, including my ancestors, came to be known as Huguenots, which was a name applied to all French Protestants of the 16th and 17th century.

At this time in France's history, the area now known as France was a land of multiple kingdoms, fiefs and domains. Centralized government was slowly being developed under the early "Kings of France". Many cities, including especially La Rochelle, were still "city-states", beholdng to no outside central leadership or country, with their own laws and customs. France had survived the Black Death of the 1300s and the Hundred Years War with England, which ended in 1458. It had regained all of its lost territory, but the plague and the war had left the population devastated and decimated. Generations of families were killed, cities, towns and villages destroyed. Churches, the repositories of family records, were put to the torch. Discontent with the "oneness" of church and state grew rapidly and the French religious reformation grew with it. Religious wars became rampant, with Protestants killing Catholics and Catholics killing Protestants.

The city-state of La Rochelle had greater commerce and alliances with England, a Protestant country, than with the rest of France. Unlike most of France, La Rochelle had developed its own town council and mayor and a strong bourgeois class with an independent nature. The city had been English property during the 12th century, used as an English campaign headquarters in the fighting against the French kings. It grew with the English influence, was recaptured by the French in 1224 and King Louis VIII allowed the city to keep its independent privileges. During the ensuing years and wars, the city again became English and then again French, but always maintained its basic independence. The city's people and customs fit well the new role it would play in the 1500s as the center of Calvinism in France. French Calvinism grew rapidly after 1565 and in 1568 La Rochelle declared itself an independent Calvinist republic. Catholic churches were destroyed, some priests and nuns were killed, and the church property that survived taken over by the Calvinist congregations.

Protestants throughout France were being

killed. Many Protestant families from outside the area came to La Rochelle for safety and commerce.

In Paris on August 24, 1572, the massacre of Saint Barthelemy Day occurred. Over 3,000 Protestants were surprised and murdered. Massacres of Huguenots followed throughout France. But in La Rochelle, there was no massacre. The city leaders closed the gates and so started the first major siege of La Rochelle.... the siege of 1573. The city remained free only because the Catholic Duke de Anjou, who had been leading the siege, was named King of Poland, and was in a hurry to leave for his new post. He quickly sued for peace and the city remained independent and Calvinist.

My family, the Bourbeau, evidently moved to La Rochelle after the siege of 1573. My eighth great grandfather Elie was born near there in 1599 and baptized in the Calvinist Temple. He was married in that temple in 1625. He and his first wife, Marguerite Renaut, had six children. The first son, and perhaps the second son, were born before 1628 and were baptized Protestant in the Temple Calviniste in La Rochelle. The four children born after 1628 were baptized Catholic in the Cathedral of Notre-Dame de La Rochelle. All six baptisms, however, took place in the same building. How can this be? The answer is the infamous siege of La Rochelle of 1628.

The siege of 1628 really started in 1624, when Louis XIII appointed Cardinal Richelieu his Prime Minister. Louis and Richelieu started the final actions to make France one nation and Catholic. By 1627 there remained only one strong and independent bastion of Protestantism...La Rochelle. Richelieu's royal troops and fleet surrounded the city, preventing any help from outside. The siege lasted from September 10, 1627 to October 30, 1628. It took 13 months and 20 days to crush the spirit of the inhabitants of La Rochelle. After food supplies were exhausted, horses, dogs, cats, mice and rats devoured, people ate grass and weeds. Soon they were eating parchment and leather belts, as soup ingredients, to survive. Women went to the beach at low tide, in search of shellfish. As they ventured further and further, they were more often captured or killed. Soon starvation, disease and wounds had killed 23,000 of the original 28,000 inhabitants. The dead littered the streets and covered the ground. The rocky earth afforded few burial places. The survivors staggered out of the walled city to surrender.

The citizens had expected their English allies to help, but the English could not overcome the wooden protection dike and the massed French fleet outside the harbor of La Rochelle. Ironically, 8 days after the surrender, a storm destroyed the wooden dike. The English would have been able to relieve the siege.

The survivors, being Protestant and anti-royalist, expected to be massacred, and to have their city destroyed. The king pardoned the 5,000 left the city standing, destroyed the surrounding city walls and allowed a Protestant temple to be built. The people lost their political and military independence and the municipal government privileges they had enjoyed.

The newly appointed Catholic governor, mayor and city officials quickly encouraged Catholics to return to the city that they had earlier left because of the Protestant threat and barbarism. The Catholics reclaimed religious buildings, and the surviving Calvinists were strongly encouraged to convert to Catholicism.

The Bourbeau had never claimed great wisdom, but they did prove to be very adaptable in the face of extinction. Great grandfather Elie became Catholic! His next four children were baptized in the Catholic cathedral. When his wife died, he married Marie Noyron in the Cathedral de Notre Dame. They had seven children; all baptized Catholic in the cathedral.

My seventh great grandfather, Pierre Bourbeau, was the fourth child of the second marriage. He was born in 1648. The sixth son of the second marriage was also named Pierre. When he became a Catholic priest, the family had accomplished its second 180-degree change!

La Rochelle quickly regained its commercial and trading importance. It once again was the major port from which the French populated New France (Canada). A majority of French-Canadian ancestors had either been residents of La Rochelle before leaving France, or had used the city as a departure point. The successful city, though, was definitely a Catholic city. The former Protestants and their descendants, now Catholic, were still looked upon as Protestants. Most economic doors were closed to them and, as a result, many chose to try their luck in the New World. Pierre left La Rochelle in 1662, at age 14, bound for Quebec.

Land ownership in New France was limited to French Catholics. Jesuit priests had been assigned to Quebec to insure that only "sincere

Catholics" populated the New World. A number of ancestral relatives left France in the 1600s, after becoming Catholic, and settled in Acadie (Acadia), now known as Nova Scotia. In 1755, the English won their war with the French in North America, occupied Acadia, took over the land, burned the farms and villages, gave the French settlers the choice of becoming English and Protestant, leaving, or being killed. My relatives again showed their adaptability and left! Some went to the Quebec area and were welcomed with open arms by their fellow French habitants. Some went south to the English colonies and were treated shabbily by distrusting American colonists, some of whom were Huguenots who had left France three generations earlier. Others went to the French territory of Louisiana, hoping to find the land of milk and honey, and instead were shunted off to the worst bayou jungle areas of the territory. Thus the Acadians became the "Cajuns" of Quebec, Louisiana and the Northeastern United States.

My ancestors were many times subjected to religious persecution and threats of death. First by the Romans, then the zealot Christians, then the Protestants, then by the Catholics and finally by the Anglican English. Several times they lost their livelihood, their land and their homes because of being on the wrong side of a particular religious war. All "In The Name Of God".

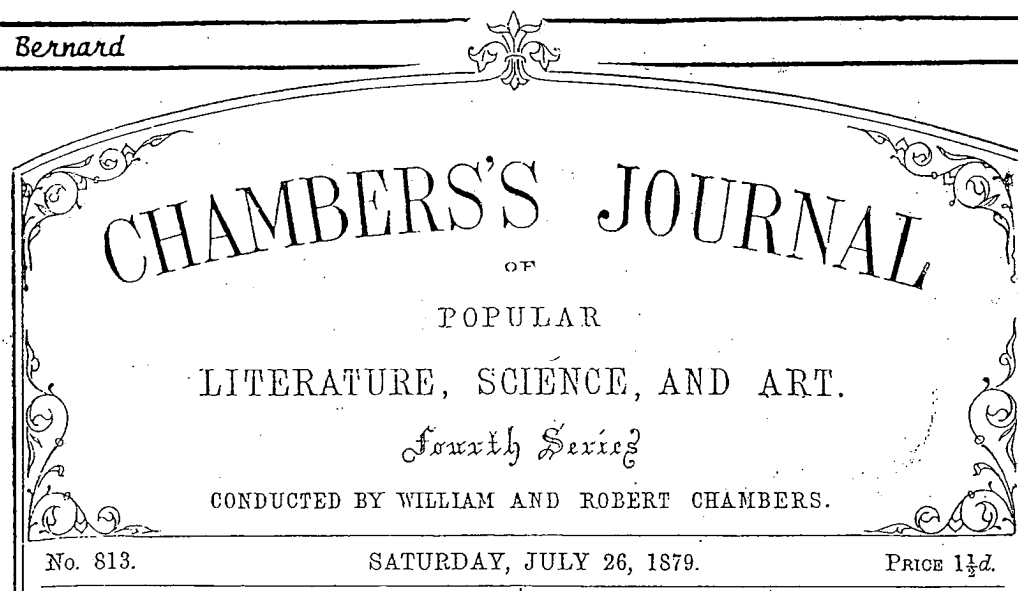


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NEWSLETTER OF Mai - Juin, 1994 VOL. 15 NO. 6

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard



A VIEW OF FRENCH-CANADIANS IN 1879

A note from the Editor: Enroute to other things at the University of Minnesota Library, LaSociete member and officer Treffle Daniels discovered a fascinating article written in the British periodical, Chamber's Journal, in 1879. It is reprinted in full beginning on page two of this issue of Chez Nous.

The article outlines how the writer, a visitor, saw our country cousins in Quebec over 200 years after their descendants had first begun to arrive in Quebec, and over 100 years after the British conquest. The writer seems to make reasonable observations, and in the very last paragraph offers an opinion about the habitants.

The article attracted my own special interest for a couple of reasons: 1) When it was written my grandfather Bernard was a youth of seven years old who was living in rural French-Canada, not far south of the St. Lawrence River and Quebec City. He perhaps lived in the kind of environment described. 2) A year previous, in 1878, my grandmothers family, the Collette's, walked from the Minneapolis area to homestead in northeastern North Dakota near what was to become Grafton. They had migrated from rural Quebec to then-St. Anthony (now northeast Minneapolis) in the 1860s, and perhaps they also lived a life similar to those described in the article. As always, your comments are welcome. Enjoy. Dick Bernard

This section is invisible! It contains a subliminal message for all readers. If you like **Chez Nous** (and we hear often that you do), we'd ask your active participation in its production. If you're reading it for free, consider joining us - or sending an additional contribution by making a check to La Societe C-F. As you might expect, it costs money to print and distribute this newsletter. Also, please contribute your memories and discoveries about French-Canadians. Send to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS OF TODAY

(as appearing in Chamber's Journal
of Popular Literature, Science and Art,
Saturday, July 26, 1879.)

Sailing up the great St. Lawrence from the mighty gulf which bears its name, as the rolling plane of water narrows and the banks appear on each side, the traveller is struck by the appearance of dreary lifelessness which characterizes the groups of houses or sparsely settled villages which at intervals gleam whitely through the sombre shadow of dense pine-woods. Remote from towns or any centres of civilisation, simple and peaceful as the inhabitants of Acadia, but alas! minus their practical prosperity - where there is nothing to be bought, even if they possessed the money necessary for purchasing, which they do not - these people may be said to live almost entirely within themselves. The houses of the peasantry are as a rule built of wood; sometimes of logs laid upon each other, having their interstices filled with mortar, which renders them almost impervious to the cold of winter; though more frequently they are composed of a shell of boards upon which is nailed in sheets the inner bark of the birch-tree. This again is covered with clapboards or planks lapping one over the other from the ground to the eaves. The main idea in building is warmth, on account of the severity of winter; and this double wall as it were, lined with the closely fibred birch-bark, renders the houses much more comfortable than might at first be supposed.

As a rule, the French-Canadian village is more picturesque, as are also the inhabitants, than those of the English-speaking populations of Western Canada and the United States. The houses, though low-roofed, have an air of comfort and a long-settled appearance which is conspicuous from its absence in the hamlets of the west. The curved roofs project several feet beyond the walls, and this of itself is to the eye a great improvement on the square, box-like structure which usually satisfies the methodical mind of the rustic of English or Scottish descent. Instead of innumerable black tree-stumps which by their ugliness deform more newly settled districts, trees and shrubs lend a beauty to the landscape; which, moreover, has the advantage over Western scenery of being diversified by hill and valley. The houses are generally whitewashed or painted; and thus a French-Canadian village, or

even farm-steading with out-buildings, has a charming air of cleanliness and neatness.

Nor do the interiors belie the exteriors. There everything is characterized by an exquisite purity. Floor, tables, wooden benches and chairs, in the kitchen or common living-room - all have arrived at a state of brilliant whiteness which hearty scouring alone can command. The great cooking-stove, supported on legs nearly a foot high, is half through the partition into the next room, for a square opening to admit it has been made. This has been polished, until it has likewise arrived at a condition of brightness very nearly resembling perfection. Upon the floor, at intervals, thus lending an air of comfort to the room, are placed oval mats and strips of rag-carpet. This carpet is quite an institution among the *habitants*, and is made by the women of the household after their other work is finished. It is composed of narrow strips of all colours, which are sewn together, and then woven in a rude sort of loom. Against the walls hang gaudy pictures of the Madonna and Child, the favourite or patron saints of the family, and generally a representation of the reigning Pope, for whom, as in duty bound, they entertain feelings of profound veneration. About the frames of these pictures is twined the graceful ground-pine; while in the corners of the room branches of pine and spruce are fastened against the wall. These, to the uninitiated, might appear to be solely for ornament; but such is not the case - they have a much deeper significance. The common house-fly, though harmless enough in itself, becomes to the householder throughout the summer, when augmented by millions of its kind, a source of great nuisance. This troublesome insect entertains, it would seem, a strong repugnance to the odour of these trees and hence the custom, which at first appears singular to the traveller. The culture of home-plants enters largely into the economy of the French-Canadians. In the windows of almost every house, no matter how mean, are to be seen throughout the long and bitter winter, such flowers as monthly roses, fuchsias, carnations, begonias, in full bloom.

The bedrooms of the houses exhibit as a rule no less careful attention than those into which visitors are ushered. Here is to be found more rag-carpet, more highly coloured saints, and generally a little common crucifix and holy water font hanging

against the wall. Upon the bed is spread a patched counterpane, formed of wonderful combinations of calico in every shade and pattern. These are replaced on extraordinary occasions, in the houses of well-to-do *habitants*, by counterpanes of white cotton, upon which are sewn in crimson, green, and orange the most impossible figures, selected apparently from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is a curious feature with many of the poorer French, even in the cities, that the gaudily caparisoned beds are kept only for ornament, and that members of the family leave these much and gorgeously adorned articles of furniture entirely unoccupied, invariably sleeping on the hard floor, and covered only by a blanket or buffalo robe. In winter-time the stove oven, in the absence of fire-places, affords a comfortable retreat for the feet. Small as the houses are - and among their various economics that of room is not the least - these householders manage to stow away a considerable number of people. Marrying as they do often when little more than children, it is not surprising that they have very numerous families, eighteen and even twenty not being considered anything very unusual.

In all parts of the country where Indians are to be found they are on the most amicable terms with the French-Canadians, and many intermarriages occur between them. Almost all the tribes which have become Christianised have embraced the Roman Catholic faith, but this is of course rather an effect than cause of their intimacy. At the present time the guides, trappers, and buffalo-hunters of forest and prairie, half Indian, half French-Canadian, are the true descendant of those hardy men who were the pioneers of the fur-trade in that wide stretch of country which is washed by northern seas and hemmed in by a vast mountain-range. They possess extraordinary powers of endurance, and are able to undergo any amount of fatigue. But as civilisation advances towards the great North-west, this class, like the game they hunt, must gradually disappear, for they are of too volatile a nature ever to settle down in farm or workshop. As a picturesque figure - as a gay rover of forest and river and prairie, the half-breed, or *metis* of the Red River, of the Assiniboine, and of the Saskatchewan must soon fade away into history and romance, like his old prototype, the *coureur du bois*.

Since the occupation of hunting fur-bearing animals has in a great measure gone from them, the French-Canadians have turned their attention to that of timber-felling, or 'lumbering as it is called in America. In the autumn the lumberers are collected in the great centres for this work - the Gatineau, the Desert, the St Maurice, and the Ottawa; and there for six or seven months during the long and bitter winter, they labour, felling the mighty pines with dexterous arms. Working together in such numbers for such a length of time, with no women or other softening influences, the men have rough times. Their houses are built of great unsquared logs, often with the bark left upon them, and have holes cut in the roofs for chimneys. Their rations, provided by the employers, are cooked by different individuals in turn, and consist of salt pork, bread, and molasses with diluted high wines and tea by way of beverage. During the evenings they amuse themselves with reading, singing, or playing cards; but the life is monotonous, and has not even the spice of danger as formerly, for the work is now conducted with care. In the spring, the 'shanties' (from *chantier*, a log-house) are deserted, and as the streams and rivers thaw, the great 'drive' of logs commences. As long as the lakes and rivers are smooth, this is not difficult to manage; but there are many impetuous falls and foaming rapids to pass ere the great rafts reach their destination, and men of keen eye, skilful arm, and daring heart are needed to guide them aright. It is a fine sight to see one of these great rafts sweeping down the Ottawa on its course to the St. Lawrence, with the men grasping their long oars, ready for any emergency. Log-houses are built upon the rafts for the accommodations of the drivers, and the smoke issuing from their chimneys, and the clothes-lines on which red flannel shirts and other articles are capering in the wind, look very picturesque - from the shore. Of course all nationalities of the people of Canada are employed in the lumber-trade, but the majority is made up of French-Canadians.

The greatest possible contrast exists between those who cannot be induced to stay at home and those who remain from choice on the farms, and cultivate the land to the best of their ability. They possess few modern agricultural implements, and cling tenaciously to the old-fashioned methods of farming. Men, women, and children through out the summer months are busily

employed sowing, reaping, and garnering their scanty crops and stocks of vegetables. Tobacco also is cultivated by almost all the *habitants* for home consumption, and the plant may be seen rearing its broad leaves and delicate pink flowers beside almost every cottage; for the male portion of the community are from childhood, inveterate smokers. During the long winter days, when the dark river is fast bound in ice, when bitter winds howl about their dwellings, and roads are rendered impassable by immense drifts of snow, the women employ themselves in spinning, dyeing, and weaving the wool from which their garments are made.

Farmers who live in the vicinity of towns and cities devote their time to the cultivation of vegetables and fruits necessary for market supplies. These on market-days are frequently intrusted to the women, who sit enthroned among their farm-produce, and guide the rickety wagons to the nearest town. Arrived there they either quickly dispose of their goods to the stall-keepers, or, which is more profitable, hobble their horses, and themselves await customers, who find it more economical to purchase direct from the country-people. These market-days without exception comprise the happiest moments of a French-Canadian woman's life, for at no time is she more in her element. Everywhere are evidences of bounteous harvest - vegetables of every kind in abundance, huge golden pumpkins, and melons with delicate gray tracery over a pale green rind. Great baskets of ruddy tomatoes, and piles of Indian corn with its shaded brown and green silk tassels. Apples of many kinds, pears, peaches, regal plums, rosy and pale golden crab-apples, and huge baskets of small purple wild-grapes. Besides the foregoing produce, and surrounded by great blocks of clear blue ice, there are bottles of thick rich cream for sale; and yellow butter, which is well and carefully made, in dainty pats. Nor are these by any means all the articles which French-Canadian farmers and their wives send to market. All sorts of home-made clothing, woolen comforters and socks, sausages and wooden shoes, maple-sugar, wild-fruit in its season, hats with queer conical or broad crowns and immense spreading brims, made of coarse straw plaited by the women and children - all these and many more things have their part in the conglomeration. Chattering, laughing, scolding,

haggling, so passes the day, until stock is sold out, or the westering sun begins to cast lengthening shadows. Then nosebags are removed from horses' mouths, unsold vegetables gathered up and replaced in the wagons, and the busy scene becomes deserted.

Both men and women of the French-Canadians are as a rule short of stature, and have swarthy complexions, and black eyes and hair; though in some parts of the country the traveller finds families and even whole villages of persons with fair skin, blue eyes, and light brown or red hair. The women are seldom pretty, though almost always bright and animated looking. They age rapidly, and though slight in youth, become in middle age stout and shapeless. As young people, both sexes are fond of wearing gay clothing; the young men confining their attention to bright neckties, silver finger-rings and other jewellery, and being greatly addicted to high taper-heeled boots; while the women endeavour to follow the goddess Fashion as closely as possible, in cheap and gaudy materials.

It is difficult to say in what manner they amuse themselves, unless it be simply in dancing, singing, and talking. Strange to say, the French-Canadians have lost much of the wit and *espièglerie* of their ancestors; though that, in their opinion, does not constitute a sufficient reason for preserving silence. On the contrary, they are always chattering, and do not, apparently, have any false delicacy about private concerns; for their opinions are delivered in the street, in the market, wherever they may be, with great loudness and volubility, accompanied with unlimited shrugs and other gesticulations. The *habitants* delight in singing ballads or chansons, which have long been in vogue among them. These ballads are essentially characteristic of people conservative of old customs and traditions, and are the same in spirit, and often in words, as those their ancestors bought from Bretagne and Normandy, and which were sung in the days of the first settlers. Some have been adapted to Canadian life and scenery; but the majority are European in sentiment and expression. The French-Canadian lumberer, as he swings his axe in the depths of the pine-woods, still sings snatches of songs, which even now can be heard at Norman, Breton, and Provencal festivals. Among many others which are sung by all classes of people,

one of the most popular from Gaspe to the Red River is *En roulant ma Boule*. It is particularly adapted to be sung during rapid motion, as that of the sleigh with its chime of bells, or the light birch-ark canoe shooting over rapid rivers. There are many versions of this gay and lively melody, showing clearly that there is no doubt as to its popularity in all parts of the country. There is however, in all the French-Canadian songs, much repetition, which cannot be properly translated into English.

Frugal, industrious, hospitable, light of heart, these people are also imbued with deep religious feeling. Nor is this confined to the women alone, as is often the case in France; on the contrary, the men are assiduous in rendering obedience to the many rules of their Church. So much so indeed, that those spiritual fathers who in the course of missionary tours have made Canada a field of labour, express much satisfaction at the condition of religious affairs.

Thus in an imperfect and unfinished manner has the writer endeavoured to give his observations of the manners and customs, in public and in private life, of the French-Canadian people. Immigrants originally from *La belle France*, and spreading as they are throughout the great Dominion of Canada, it is a pity that in spite of many excellent qualities, they, with certain brilliant exceptions, do not possess more independent habits. Much could be written upon this subject which would doubtless interest the reader, and yet comparatively little can be accomplished in the way of improvement so long as they calmly submit to being thought for instead of thinking, and being led, in place of valiantly striking out in a new path for themselves. Without doubt, the French-Canadian peasantry might be much worse, as they might also be better, citizens than they now are; but to what nation might not such words be truthfully applied! It is more than probable that as educational institutions spring up in a country whose magnificent resources are yearly becoming more developed, this class of people cannot fail to improve, and may ultimately achieve great success in all branches of mercantile labour.

AFTER MASS IN A FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE

From the Fergus Falls MN Daily Journal, November 13, 1883, reprinted in Chez Nous Decembre-Janvier 1988-89. Merci to Lorraine DeMillo, Hibbing MN.

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



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La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

The French in America

Counting Those Whose French Descent Is Not More Than Twice Removed From Native-Born Emigrants, There Are Now Only 80,000 in the United States.

(BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.)

THE FRENCH IN AMERICA

by Frederic J. Haskin

This article appeared in the March 6, 1907, Minneapolis MN Tribune. (The original headline is reprinted above.) It was one of a series of articles written by the author about various ethnic groups in the United States. While there is some discussion of our Quebec cousins, Haskin's article appears to concentrate on those he feels came to the United States directly from France, rather than on the hundreds of thousands who emigrated from Quebec ("lower Canada") to the northeast. We invite your comments. We are particularly interested in errors of fact or context. The Editor.

There are no great kings of commerce or finance among the French in America today, because France has practically no emigrant class.

Her sunny fields are abundant for her peasant population, and whoever heard of a present-day Parisian who would leave Paris?

During the days of religious persecution in France thousands of Huguenots were driven from the country, and they flocked in large numbers to the American colonies during the formative period before the Revolution. But since 1820 less than 450,000 Frenchmen have landed on our shores. Counting those whose French descent is not more than twice removed from the native-born emigrants, there are now only 80,000 in the United States.

Among the men prominent in present day American life there are only 58 of immediate French extraction.

EARLY FRENCH SETTLERS.

Although the early French settlers merged their identity with the American people until all trace of many of their achievements was lost, it is

to the infusion of their blood that we owe many of our boasted national characteristics.

The first doctor in Manhattan was Johannes La Montagne, who arrived in 1637. The first white people ever in the state of Pennsylvania were four young French couples who went out from New York in 1625.

French explorers made a brilliant record in the discovery and settlement of the west and south. The first two white men in Minnesota were Pierre d'Esprit and Medard Chanut, two Huguenot fur traders.¹ Cadillac, afterwards governor of Louisiana, founded Detroit, Mich. Pittsburg, originally Fort Duquesne, was founded by Marquis Duquesne de Menneville. Auguste and Pierre Chouteau founded St. Louis and named it for the last French king.

Many of the Huguenots of colonial days were people of much influence. The immortal Priscilla was the daughter of Guillaume Molines, the only Frenchman on the Mayflower. Judith Bayard, daughter of Thomas Francis Bayard, became the wife of Peter Stuyvesant. Richard Dana was the people's champion in the fight against the Stamp Act. James Delancey was the richest man in America before the Revolution. Stephen Delancey gave New York its first town clock, which was put in the tower of Trinity church. He also gave the city its first fire engine. Peter Faneuil of Boston gave to that city Faneuil Hall, afterwards called "The Cradle of American Liberty." There was a Huguenot in the Boston Tea Party, and the famous Mecklenburg Declaration was drafted by Dr. Ephraim Brevard, a Frenchman of North Carolina.

PAUL REVERE-LAFAYETTE

Paul Revere was a Frenchman who needs no introduction to even the smallest American school boy. What the continental army owes to Lafayette has never been adequately told, although our orators have been trying for century.

The brilliant services rendered by John Laurens earned for him the honor of receiving the sword of Cornwallis.

The first city treasurer of Philadelphia was John Stephen Denezett. Beauregard, the confederate leader who fired the first shot of the civil war, was a Frenchman, as were Admiral

Dupont and Rear-Admiral William Reynolds of the federal navy, and Major-General John F. Reynolds and General John C. Fremont of the army. Hannibal Hamlin was vice president with Abraham Lincoln.

One of the most unique personages on the American continent is the rural French Canadian of the province of Quebec. The habitant type is one that all students of human nature have found worthy of study. Springing from one race and dwelling among another, the character of this frugal farmer and sturdy backwoodsman seems to present a mass of contradictions. His language is either degraded French or mongrel English; he is nearly always poor, yet invariably happy; his patriotism is of a peculiar sort, in that it does not savor of allegiance to France nor concern for the welfare of Canada, but is measured by the mere ambition to preserve French dominance in the province of Quebec.

LOVE OF HOME STRONG.

The one mark of the habitant is his love of home. The Grand Trunk railway for several hundred miles east of Montreal has a large local patronage which is designated as the "mocassin trade." The French-Canadian who is employed away from his birthplace will spend his last cent to visit the home folks. The reluctance to sever home ties is shown in the character of the farms which are merely long lanes with rows of houses at the ends. When the eldest son marries, the father splits the home place and give the youth a slice of land. The sons often become so numerous and the slices so thin that in order to continue the multiplication a quartering process is necessary.

Matrimony is an honored institution among the habitant folk and they preserve the European custom according to which parents settle a sum of money on children when they marry.

Illustrative of this point there is a story about a Yankee farmer who had married a French girl, and settled in one of the back districts of Quebec. Although he had lived there for years, and his children had grown up among his French neighbors, this man retained enough of his American spirit to refuse to offer a cash bonus to get his girls married off. Consequently they threatened to become a drug on the market. Finally he relented and offered \$500 with each one.

At once came Pierre, a big, lumbering lout, who said: "I 'ear you give fi' 'undred dollar wid

¹In our contemporary history these men are generally referred to as Pierre Radisson and his brother-in-law Medard Chouart, sieur des Groseilliers.

Marie?" He was reluctantly told that such was the offer. "I 'ear you give fi 'undred dollar with Julie?" He was told the same amount went with Julie. "Well, Monsieur," said Pierre, "I tink I'll take be bot o' 'em." The Yankee was so indignant at this attempt to joke about such a serious matter that he withdrew his offer at once, and his girls were forced to wait until they could find husbands who were willing to take them for themselves alone.

A POPULAR TRADITION

A popular tradition among the French-Canadians is that relating to "LaChasse-Galerie." This tells how the shanty men snowbound in the northern woods, used to make a contract with the devil to take them home in the night for a brief visit to their wives and sweethearts. Those trips were made in the air in bark canoes. The arrangement was a desperate one, such as no pious shantyman would enter into. Only profane and sacrilegious characters would venture to take such a risk.

The devil gave them the power to navigate the air for that one night, with the understanding that if the name of God was mentioned, or a church steeple was touched during the flight, that he should have their souls for torture. There is many an old-timer who will solemnly affirm that he has seen the canoes passing overhead, and that he has heard the reckless dare-devils bandying each other as they plied their paddles in the air.

The Louisiana Purchase gave New Orleans to America, the quaint city which even modern commerce and progress cannot rob of its French atmosphere. The southern metropolis is twelfth in size among the cities of the United States and as a seaport is second only to New York. One-fourth of the Crescent City is still French. Its main thoroughfare, Canal street, cuts in twain a municipality which is American and modern on one side, and Franco-Spanish and care-free on the other. In 1836 the controversies between the French and American elements became so violent that the city was divided into three municipalities with separate governments, but they were brought together again in 1852. At that time it was the second city in the United States in population and first in commerce.

IMMENSE TERRITORY

When the immense territory of Louisiana was ceded to the United States in 1803, New Orleans had a population of 11,856. It was all

TO OUR READERS: In an upcoming issue we will be reporting on a visit to an old Connecticut mill town where the workers were largely of Canadian-French origin. You will learn, among other things, of a mill owner named Tiffany from Rhode Island. If you have recollections of parents or relatives (or your own memories) about growing up in a New England mill town, we'd like to hear from you. Send to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.)

under French control and was made up of people from France, refugees and exiles from Canada, and Spanish peoples from the West Indies. Even at that time it was a city of high social standing and the capital of an empire of untold riches. French architecture is seen in the older portions of New Orleans in buildings over a century old, in fact some of them have stood for nearly 200 years. Although its French-speaking people are many generations removed from La Belle France, they cling to the mother tongue, follow the ancient customs, and their influence is felt throughout the whole state.

The only royal love affairs in which America has been involved were those in which the French figured. Jerome Bonaparte married Mistress Betsy Patterson. His brother, Joseph, married Mistress Annette Savage, and established a miniature French court at Watertown NY. Jerome Bonaparte's grandson, Charles Jerome Bonaparte, is now attorney general of the United States. France is represented in the present senate by Rober Marion LaFollette of Wisconsin and Chauncey M. Depew of New York. Her two representatives in the house are A.P. Pujo and Henry Broussard, the representatives from Louisiana.

GREAT FRENCH INVENTOR

The greatest French inventor was Thomas Blanchard, who discovered a new principle of motion called the "Eccentric." His first invention was a machine for heading tacks, and it was so successful that it turned them out faster than the tick of a watch. John James Audubon, whose tireless labors in behalf of birds inspired all Americans to emulate his kindness was a Huguenot, and both Henry W. Longfellow, and John Greenleaf Whittier had French blood. Major Charles Pierre

L'Enfant designed the city of Washington, and a portion of his plans are still to be carried out.

General Felix Angus, the veteran editor of the Baltimore American, has won honors in war as well as journalism. He was the youngest brigadier general of volunteers in the Federal Army. Tiffany, the jewelry king of New York, is a descendant of a Huguenot named Tiphaine. Octave Chanute of Chicago is the foremost French engineer of today. Constant Despradelle is an architect of Boston, Phillip Martiny is a distinguished sculptor, and Victor B. Perard is one of the most successful illustrators.

WORDS BORROWED FROM THE FRENCH
from Chamber's Journal #102, December 13, 1845, pp 373-376 and #103, December 20, 1845. Merci to Treffe Daniels, Minneapolis MN. A note from Treffe: "Remember these terms were as defined in 1845! How meanings do change, all at once in a few articles, etc. Chambers is a British journal which usually has a very English tone to it - i.e. the rest of the world is not up to their standard! This attitude isn't quite so in this article."

The English language is a curious compound of tongues blended together with more or less harmony. We point to the Norman conquest for the infusion of many French words into the Anglo-Saxon vernacular; but this infusion did not take place at once; it was the work of centuries. So has it been with every new element in the composition. The change from rude to polished styles of speech and writing, has been exceedingly gradual, and no one can say that the language is yet by any means perfect, or that it ever will be complete. This is a fact quite in accordance with the national character, which is one of advancement and improvement. Unlike some of the continental nations, the English do not set themselves to prevent the intrusion of new or foreign words into their ordinary speech. [Editors Note: **WE WONDER HOW CHAMBER'S WOULD VIEW THE CURRENT FRENCH GOVERNMENT RESISTANCE TO THE CREEPING PROBLEM OF ANGLICIZED WORDS GAINING CURRENCY IN FRANCE?**] They pick up, naturalise, and make good use of any form of expression, as they would of any fact in science which suits their taste or necessities. Liberal and

compromising, their language increases in richness and variety of terms, in the same manner as the nation and individuals increase their general resources. And thus has the English language continually extended its boundaries, and still is beneficially extending them.

It is interesting to observe how a word makes its way into our language. The people are too conservative to receive the new expression till it has run through a preliminary course, and been, we might say, rendered respectable by familiar use. Many words commence as a kind of slang, and are not for half a century perhaps found in any dictionary. Of this class *mob* and *bore* are fair examples. *Mob* (an abbreviation of *mobile vulgus* 'the easily-moved vulgar' - a phrase which took its rise in Charles II's time) has gained a lodgment, and is now an accepted expression, which it once was not; while *bore* is only in the way of gaining a footing, and may not get into dictionaries for a quarter of a century. That it will gain admission into them, nobody can doubt, for it expresses an idea, and it is the genius of the people to abandon no idea that is really natural. On the same grounds many French phrases cannot escape naturalisation, especially those which express ideas for which we happen to possess no English word of an old date. A few of these it is our purpose to instance and explain. [Editor's note: **I notice, from personal usage, that all of these words, to this day, seem to be pronounced as they would be if used in France. Scholars, am I correct?**]

Aide-de-Camp: From the military use by the French's army...literally a camp assistant. "The duty...is chiefly to act as sort of messenger in conveying the orders of his principal to inferior officers, and to report what is going on in the various parts of the field to which his duties have sent him."

Attache: "Part of a train of an ambassador with duties that are not very clearly defined...translates documents, sends invitations, goes to diplomatic balls and parties to pick up news, waltzes ladies whose fathers or husbands are in the cabinet, plays cards. He is neither a secretary, a clerk or a courier; he is simply attached to the embassy - an ornamental appendage."

Beau: "A man of dress - a man whose great care is to deck his person. An elegant dandy."

Blase: From the verb blaser (to surfeit) and is applied to a person who has lost all relish for pleasure, or even for existence.

Bon-mot: "A good word in the sense of clever. It could be used as a smart saying with a dash of satire...." In the scale of meaning between the puerility of a pun, and the brightness of a piece of wit."

Brusque: The French employ it when we should say of a man that he is "blunt" and of a woman that she is "pert".

Chaperon: Chaperon is a hood. Many uses of the word are found. It is an elderly person who accompanies a young female for decency's sake. "A fashionable female character whose business or pleasure is to take a young timed ladies into society; to act, in short, as a hood; to hide their blushes, and to conceal their little defects from admirers by a species of clever hoodwinking. The old fashioned term for these useful ladies was 'match-makers'."

Coup: The primary signification is a "blow". But this is meant to be a sudden action, especially when compounded into another word: **Coup-d'etat**, a piece of state policy, **coup-de-maitre**, a master-stroke, **coup-de-grace**, the finishing stroke, **coup-de-theatre**, a clap trap (a showy act to get applause or notice).

Debut: An entrance or first appearance as when a young girl is permitted to be introduced into adult society, etc.

Distingue (Distinguished). "A person who has a natural nobleness or intellectual superiority either by dress or circumstances."

Elite: Chosen or taken by preference but now means the best or highest especially in social classes.

Ennui: Being weary in the sense of tedium.

Ensemble: Union of parts as in musical terms or groups.

Gauche: Left. People who make errors in social areas exhibit "gauchery behavior".

Gourmet: "A connoisseur of wine."

Naivete: "Expression of frankness, simplicity, or of ignorance, and often of all at once.

Nonchalance: "A French term for indolence, an indifference as to taking trouble with anything.

Par excellence: "by excellence...meaning with regard to a special quality or attendant circumstances."

Passe: Participle of the verb "to pass". "To say that a lady is passe, it describes a faded beauty and beginning decay, and to pronounce a judgment of old maidenhood."

Programme: "Printed synopses of the performances at concerts, or the proceedings or public meetings...originally meant a preface."

Rapport: "Affinity or similarity of thought."

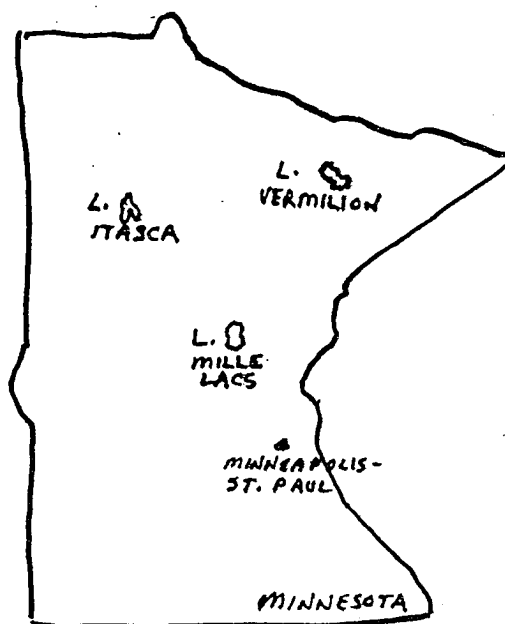
Rendezvous: "A place of appointment."

Soiree: "An entire evening...passed in social enjoyment."

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 the 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.

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 mentioned in Article 4. His mansion still exists in Prairie du Chien WI.

MEMORIES OF FALL, 1858 by Father Joseph Goiffon

ED. NOTE: In Juin-Juillet, 1990, Chez Nous we reprinted Father Goiffon's recollections of his trip by Red River Oxcart from St. Paul to Pembina, Dakota Territory, in late summer 1858.

Here we continue his recollections with his commentary about the first few months in his new home.

These recollections were probably penned sometime after 1881 at either Centerville or Little Canada MN, and were translated sometime later by Charlotte (Mrs. Henry) Huot of St. Paul. They are reprinted as they appear in the translation.

"At last I arrived at St. Joseph of Pembina, which was the capital city of Dakota. It was a town about a mile long, spread on the left bank of the Pembina river, about 35 to 40 miles from its mouth and dotted, from place to place, with tiny homes of logs of a single story and covered with hay mixed with clay. One house of about 50x28 covered with shingles with a basement and a story and a half was an exception. I directed myself towards this home thinking it was the residence of the Rev. George Belcourt, grand vicar of St. Paul. But no, the basement composed of 6 rooms was the home of the new community of sisters of Mr. Belcourt, and the upper floors served as a church while waiting till they could build a bigger one. I asked where dwelt the grand vicar and they showed me, a block from there a house of single story 16x24, covered with branches, and recovered with hay mixed with clay and grass. It was the home of Mr. Belcourt. It was divided in two. The front room 16x16 served as a work shop, the second 16x7 or 8 was his bed chamber and study.

I noticed but a poor bed that Mr. Belcourt wished me to use for the night; but having refused I spread an old buffalo hide on the floor and passed the night as in the journey in the prairie. All was so poor in that little room that the vicar general for more privacy thought better to divide the room. For that purpose nothing better was found than an old piece of oiled canvas which had been used to cover the cart and protect it from the rain during the voyage from St. Paul. It was nearly as black as the rod that it covered. The next day I was making myself a little cupboard in my little part of the room, in which to put my clothes, and made myself a little table to write on, thinking

of spending the winter at St. Joseph, but that evening, or the next day, Mr. Belcourt told me that he had received complaints from the inhabitants of Pembina who had learned that there were two priests at St. Joseph and reclaimed one for themselves. The demand appeared just to us. Pembina was a mission of 425 Metis catholiques. It is situated on the Red River, where the Pembina River joins it, and about 35 or 40 miles from St. Joseph. The house of St. Joseph was founded by Mr. Belcourt, belonging to the diocese of St. Boniface and was situated at 1½ miles from the Canadian limits. It had been about abandoned three years ago, by Mr. Belcourt because of the inundations which, for two successive years had upset most of the houses and destroyed most of the cultivation then in progress. The majority of the Metis had followed Mr. Belcourt in the new mission of St. Joseph, and the others had stayed at Pembina. They were nearly abandoned for 7 years concerning spiritual guidance. I resigned myself to go to evangelize them and Mr. Belcourt took me there the next day.

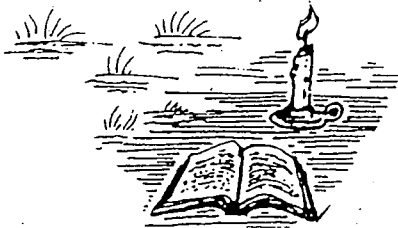
Arriving at Pembina, I found a village in the middle of the prairie, consisting only of a poor little church, made of oak logs and measuring about 20x30; by its side there was a small house inhabited by two sisters of the new society of Mr. Belcourt. Those were teaching school.

The settlement of Pembina had been well established by the time Goiffon arrived in 1858. According to Elwyn Robinson's History of North Dakota (University of Nebraska Press 1966) "in 1848, Father George A. Belcourt, a Catholic priest, built a mission nearby. . . Father Belcourt had been driven out of the Selkirk settlement for siding with the metis against the Hudson's Bay Company in the struggle over free trade. . . After the flood of 1851, Father Belcourt and Kittson chose a new site for the settlement thirty miles to the west, on Pembina Mountain. . . The metis at St. Joseph lived a civilized life. They built one-story houses along the Pembina River, planted fields of barley and potatoes, secured a reaper and thresher, and built a gristmill and sawmill. Grasshoppers or floods damaged or destroyed the crops, and pemmican long remained the staple food."

At about a block distant, Mr. Belcourt showed me a miserable cabin, 12x12, which served him formerly as a blacksmith shop, telling me that I could live there for the winter. I answered that I did not think it a suitable lodging for a priest, but, as the church had no sacristy, I was thinking of building a small addition to it, in which I would make for myself a small room and a sacristy.

Then, Mr. Belcourt called together the principal members of the congregation, and made them a convincing discourse in order to show them the privilege and advantage and happiness they possessed, to have from now on a priest in their midst to instruct them and look after their spiritual welfare. And the next day Mr. Belcourt returned to St. Joseph.

When the next Sunday came, I gathered all the little eloquence I possessed to try to prove to my new parishioners that I had come amongst them for their good and explained to them that, having no lodging, I proposed to make a small addition to the back of the church. I invited them then, to come the next day and bring the necessary wood and



raise a frame work, for this little addition. (I did not know the Metis who like to have a priest sacrifice himself for them but who do nothing for him.) The next day I only saw one young man, coming without tools. From that you can judge how much work was done. The next Wednesday Mr. Belcourt having returned to get what he had left at Pembina, and seeing that we had done nothing told me again that as the winter was approaching, I would do well to go and settle in the old blacksmith shop. Realizing already that if I would make an addition to the church, I could not count on my Metis, I answered "let us go and see". It was a tiny house of oak logs 12x12, and not fitted, and 7 or 8 feet high; it had a wooden floor and the roof was dovetailed. It appeared more beautiful within than without. And I was satisfied, thinking I could take it such as it was. I was much mistaken in my calculation. The winter was approaching; I had no stove; and it was not easy to find one in that section, and the house having no chimney, I was forced to make one, but how?

I could not begin the work because there was in this house a poor family who had begun to build elsewhere, promising day by day to leave but remaining forever. After I had waited a whole month, in the beginning of October, the tenant, at last ready to leave, told me "are you to keep the floor? It is mine and I need it in my new home." "If the floor is yours, you can take it up, I have some slabs of pine wood and will make a better floor than yours; anyway I wish to make also a cellar." It was a big undertaking for such a poor carpenter as myself who had nothing but tools even poorer, because these pine slabs were nothing but the leavings of logs from which Mr. Belcourt had made boards. And these slabs were too large and thick at the big end, too small and thin at the other end.

Anyhow, with perseverance, I finally was able to make a good enough floor. It was only a small beginning. My floor finished, the tenant asked me "are you going to keep the door? The door is also mine." "If the door is yours, you may take it, and I will make a better looking one." I had some boards and I made a door of which the wooden hinges made such a noise that I did not need a bell to announce the arrival of visitors.

At last I thought myself settled in my home when my man came for the third time and told me "are you going to keep the window? It is a window that I borrowed and I must return it." (It was a poor window frame attached against the logs, because the hole which it closed was without shape.) I started making fun of him a third time telling him that he could take away his window and I would make something more suitable. As I had watched the men, the winter before, making window frames for the Cathedral of St. Paul, I tried to imitate them and I succeeded in making a nice frame, which I did not put against the logs but fitted into the opening, and so made a fairly good looking window. When my house was enclosed, I divided it into two parts and in that way making four rooms, two above and two below, one serving as living room, the other as a kitchen, sitting room and bed room. I needed to have a chimney not having a stove. In order to make one, I cut five logs from the bottom of my cabin and replaced them by a wall of earth, as did the people of Lyons. This wall was a foot and $\frac{1}{2}$ thick. I made an oven, thinking of having something to cook in it, and built on the wall of earth, a fine chimney with a

French cornice. I used clay mixed with hay, as was the custom of the country, and made a chimney which went above the roof. I had no sand, no bricks and no cement. The house fixed, it was necessary to have furniture. With a slat of white wood, left from the floor, I made myself a three legged chair. As I had no bed, I made one in the corner of the room which was six feet wide. Above the bed I built myself a closet, and there I was completely established. I was only lacking of kitchen utensils. They soon came. Mr. Joe Rolette brought me a large tin pot, two plates, two forks, two spoons, and four or five pounds of flour, also two pounds of tea and some sugar. There I was furnished with everything and happy as a king in my beautiful castle.

My house ready, I had to think of the Good Lord. My church was of logs, but very poor. It had neither benches nor chairs. Every one, children, men, girls and women, all sat on the floor. There was a tabernacle on the altar, but it was only a little box, without ornaments and without a key. There was also a candle box, I think. I made myself a lathe with two branches affixed to a beam which held them together, two posts to hold

EDITORS NOTE: in our last issue we printed without attribution (and with apology to the author) an article about France in the 1700's

Some detective work has resulted in a solution to our dilemma. The book from which the article came is France in Modern Times by Gordon Wright New York, Norton, 1981. Our thanks to Prof Johannes Postma, teacher of French History at Mankato State University for the information.

my wood to turn, a large arc above my two branches, and a cord attached to the one of my arc. With the aid of my foot, I turned the wood that I wanted to make beautiful. Then I turned four nice posts for the tabernacle, and fitted a key to it.

As I did not want to sit on the floor, like my parishioners, I continued to turn post for chairs, and soon found myself comfortably seated with my two altar boys. There was no stove in the church, but when we are young we can get along without one. I did not worry about that.

Having everything fixed in the church and in my castle, it was necessary to think of making provisions for the winter. As in the year of 1858, the grasshoppers had destroyed all the crops, and that, beside very few

concluded next page

DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF CHEZ NOUS is January 20, 1991. LET US HEAR FROM YOU. Mail contributions to Dick Bernard 7632 157th St W #301 Apple Valley MN 55124 or to Jerry Forchette 214½ N High Street Chippewa Falls WI 54729. This is your newsletter. Let us hear from you.

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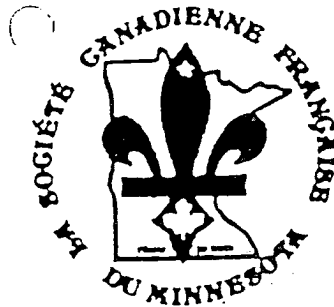
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NEWSLETTER OF JUIN-JUILLET, 1990 VOL. 11 NO. 6

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette

A TRIP TO PEMBINA

by Fr. Joseph Goiffon*

ED. NOTE: Sometime after 1881 Father Joseph Goiffon sat down to write his memories, probably at the Parish house at either Centerville or Little Canada MN (both communities are now St. Paul suburbs; then they would have been distinctly rural communities).

Born and raised and trained to the Priesthood in France. Fr. Goiffon had arrived in St. Paul on November 7, 1857, to serve the Diocese which then "was two or three or four times larger than all of France, and had no more than 15 Priests" (p. 2).

St. Paul and Minnesota were then still in their infancy.

Fr. Goiffon's memoirs talk about numerous events. Here we reprint exactly as translated, his recollections about his first trip from St. Paul to Pembina (now N.D.) in August, 1858.

In this article he talks about the famed Red River Ox Carts, the "charrettes of the Red River", which were for years the standard of transport on the prairies and woodlands between present day Winnipeg and St. Paul. While these carts travelled many different routes it is probable that the trip here described crossed the Red Lake River at Huot, near present day Red Lake Falls.

Read on and enjoy the reminiscences of a marvelous person.

* * * * *

"We were leaving St. Paul about August 8th 1858. Our caravan was composed of a brother of the Holy Family of Belley, brother Timothy, who had spent a year or two with Mr. Belcours in order to act as his servant; of the sister Superior from a new religious community that Mr. Belcours was trying to establish among the Metis of these countries. She was coming back from Montreal

A Note from the Editor: In his outline on the voyageurs, Dr. Virgil Benoit commented on history: "What we call up from the past, what we choose to remember, or what we represent publicly indicates a lot about how we see ourselves." Avril-Mai 1990 Chez Nous

In this issue we have two perceptions of history of relations with the American Indian - from Father Goiffon, and from the American Indian Movement.

Father Goiffon comments in his memoirs about the American Indians with whom he lived in the 1850's. In the accompanying article the comments are brief. There will be further comments in upcoming issues. His comments are doubtless based on what he had learned about Indians before he began his pioneer adventure.

The latter representation, from the program of the May 25-27, 1990, Heart of the Earth Contest Pow Wow in Minneapolis, presents a distinctly different view of colonizing than that presented by Father Goiffon.

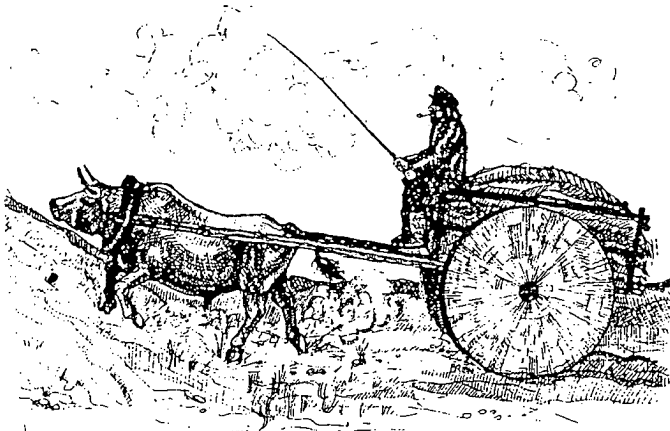
We hope the opinions expressed are of interest and serve to spark some debate amongst our readers.

bringing with her two novices who had been sent to Montreal to be instructed and also to form themselves to the real religious life. There was also a Metis, French Cree, a very honorable man named Louis Marion of St. Boniface, who was also the step father of Mr. Kittson. I have forgotten the names of the others who composed our little caravan. The Rev. Mr. Ravoux had given me, for my journey, the old buggy of Monsignor Cretin. But as I happened to have fairly good legs, I thought more suitable to give the use of the buggy to the sister superior and her two novices, and I travelled on foot during the entire journey of about 500 miles. This journey was to be

continued next page

FATHER GOIFFON from page one

made with oxen or with horses who very often could not follow the oxen without making them trot to keep up with them.



As the country of the Red River was only inhabited by savages and a few Metis hunters, who had no more industries than the savages, it was necessary to come to St. Paul for provisions of clothing and food as it was the nearest place where they could sell fur pelts and provide themselves with the necessary things for the year. This voyage, in which a horse could draw about a thousand pounds, lasted ordinarily about two months and $\frac{1}{2}$: a month to come down to St. Paul, and a month to return to Pembina with 12 to 15 days rest for the animals in St. Paul and to sell their pelts and buy their merchandise and above all to patch up their carts which had been made in a wild country only with the help of a hatchet and a draw knife and some time, of a plane, and made of green wood, and consequently could not always be very solid, especially after 5 or 6 years of service, having nothing in summer and winter but the sky as protection. These carts well known under the name of "Charrettes of the Red River" were very high so they could cross the rivers which had no bridges, the lakes and the large muddy marshes. They were always made with two wheels. The hubs were ordinarily made of white elm and the spokes and rims of oak as well as the axle. The iron did not enter in the fabrication of these charrettes. The bolts and the nails were replaced by wooden pins.

The harnesses of the horses and the oxen were not less simple. They were made of buffalo hides which, not being cured, were strong enough when it was nice weather, but when these hides were wet, by the rain, they became soft and stretched, and that obliged our voyageurs to stop and to put their harness under cover. The oxen were harnessed single file like the horses and

with collars, only the collars of the oxen were made differently. One had only to pull out two little wooden pins to release them; it was quickly done.

Happy the time when man knew how to get along without many things and be satisfied with just necessities.

Amongst the nations who believe themselves to have become civilized one is obliged to announce their approach by the use of bells; the Savages and our good Metis knew better. Not greasing the hubs of their wheels, their carts were heard at 2 or 3 miles distance.

During the travel the simplicity was not less admirable. To make the journey of 500 or 600 miles, our animals, used to frugality, knew how to content themselves with the grass of the prairies. Oats or corn were not known to them.

Their drivers did not nourish themselves any better; a cup of black tea with a few pieces of dried meat, or a piece of dried buffalo, was sufficient to them. Bread was unknown to them. When they had a little flour, they mixed it with the buffalo meat and a little water, which we called Rababou.

The kitchen utensils were not much in the way. Ordinarily a tea pot to make tea, a frying pan and a knife were all that was needed. To eat the meat we used ordinarily Adam and Eve forks - - the fingers, or a piece of pointed wood.

When bed time arrives, the bed is soon made. Each person wraps himself in a blanket or in a buffalo hide, to protect himself from the cold in winter, or to defend himself from the mosquitoes in summer. Each person's arm served as a pillow. In the morning, spending no time at their toilet, they start en route. And so passed happily the days of the week.

When Sunday arrived, we were in the plain. The second and third commandments of the Church tell us to hear Mass. The founder of the new religious community, two novices, all filled with the love of God, a brother who was to be the living model for the poor Metis, a priest sent from the Cathedral of St. Paul, not only to preach religion but also to give to his companions and parishioners the means to practice it, could they be indifferent and pass up a Sunday traveling the same as any other day of the week?

We all wished to sanctify the Lord's day by hearing the Holy Mass. But what were we to do in the middle of a large prairie, resembling a vast ocean, no altar, no

continued next page

FATHER GOIFFON from page two church. A moment of reflection was sufficient to bring us to a decision. We looked above us, all around us, and we were surprised to find ourselves in a more beautiful, richer and better made temple than that which Solomon had, in olden days, constructed. The vault seemed to reach the sky, the pillars were innumerable, the temple was a beautiful rug of grass, ornamented by thousand of different flowers. The church was found, the sun was bright, and the day could not have been more calm. Nothing but an altar was lacking. The difficulty was nothing. The Priest, having served as sacristan and master of ceremonies in several seminaries in France, had learned to improvise altars. He had with him everything he needed to say the mass, and also some beautiful ornaments. Quickly he erected a pretty little altar behind a wagon, and there he is, saying the mass, served by brother Timothy of the Holy Family of the brothers of the diocese of Belley, in France. The mass ended, we all thanked the Grand Master of the universe for having done us the favor of being able to adore Him in person, in that grand prairie, a master piece of His hands.

What we did that first Sunday served as a model for the other Sundays until we reach St. Joseph de Pimbina. . end of our journey.

After having taken a little nourishment, we started on our journey, counting on the protection of God who had blessed us at mass. We were not mistaken in our hope, for we had a very happy journey; no sickness, no accident.

It was not the same for a caravan of Metis who preceded us by a few days. I walked always ahead of the wagons with my companion, Mr. Louis Marion, thinking of no danger whatever, when, all at once, at a turning in the woods, we find a hat of a Metis covered with blood. It was the hat of one the men of the caravan that preceded us. They had been attacked by a band of savage Sioux who had killed this poor fellow and raised his scalp. At that time the Sauteux** and the Metis were at open war and had been for a long time. It was against the Sioux. It was to the one who could take the other by surprise, and kill him and scalp him (that is to say remove all the skin of the hair) a sign of triumph.

In this long journey of 500 miles we had to cross, without bridges, many rivers, with our wagons loaded, but arriving on the shore of the great river of Red Lake, we found it running full banks: what to do? It was large and too deep to cross the wagons; the

current would have taken everything: wagons, merchandises, horses, engulfed all. New travelers, like myself, would have been very much embarrassed. Our Metis, our drivers, were not. Quickly they unharnessed the horses and the oxen and made them swim across; then one of them took a long rope, attaching it to his waist, and swam across following the horses; arriving on the other side, he acts as ferry man. Those who remain on the opposite side take the other end of the cord and attach it to one of the wagons, which being completely made of wood and not having even the weight of an iron nail, floated on the water like ordinary wood, attach to it another cord and throw the wagon in the water. He who had crossed to the other side of the river, pulls the rope and those who remained on the opposite side ??? their rope ? the wagon, supported by these two ropes, arrives easily across the river. The two ropes are detached from the wagon, fastened together and drawn back across the river to be attach to another wagon, and a third and fourth until all the wagon have been cross. The wagons across, the question is now how to transport the merchandizes and the voyagers, and especially the voyagers who ordinarily knew little about swimming. Having neither boat, nor canoe, nor ferry boat the Metis find a way: they go and cut four branches, make them in a long square by fastening them at each end, taking a buffalo hide not tanned, or a thick cotton cloth they attach it solidly at the four corners and thus make a bark in which they cross all their merchandize with the aid of cords the same as they did with their wagon. The merchandize across to the other side, now come the turn of the voyagers who can not swim. It was thus that these dames and your servant crossed the Red Lake river for the first time.

PLEASE NOTE LAST PAGES OF THIS ISSUE FOR DETAILS ON THE HUOT CROSSING CHAUTAQUA. Perhaps you can relive with Father Goiffon the crossing of the Red Lake River.

When we arrived at another river of which I do not remember the name, and of which the shores were too muddy, our men were obliged to unharness the horses, make them swim across, and then take their place and draw the wagons themselves. (That reminds me of what Monseignor Tacher told me, that returning from Rome, after having been made Bishop was obliged to attach himself to the wagon with the other voyagers and drag

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FATHER GOIFFON from page three

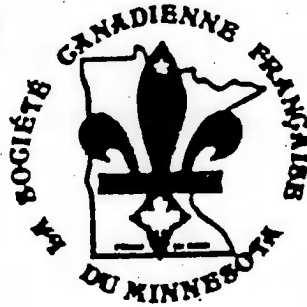
them for miles in the mud with the water up to his waist.)

At last I arrived at St. Joseph of Pimbina, which was the capital city of Dakota. It was a town about a mile long, spread on the left bank of the Pimbina river, about 35 to 40 miles from its mouth and dotted, from place to place, with tiny homes of logs of a single story and covered with hay mixed with clay."

Fr. Goiffon's story to be continued in subsequent issues of Chez Nous.

* - Fr. Goiffons memoirs were apparently written in French, and the typewritten version quoted here notes that the translation was done by Mrs. Charlotte Huot of St. Paul. This story comes to us courtesy of Lois Tuckner of Woodbury MN. The oxcart illustration on page two is from *Sous La Pleine Lune D'automne* of l'Association des Francais du Nord (AFRAN-Red Lake Falls MN) Vol 2 #1 October, 1986.

** - presumably Fr. Goiffon is referring here to the tribe we now know as Chippewa or Ojibway



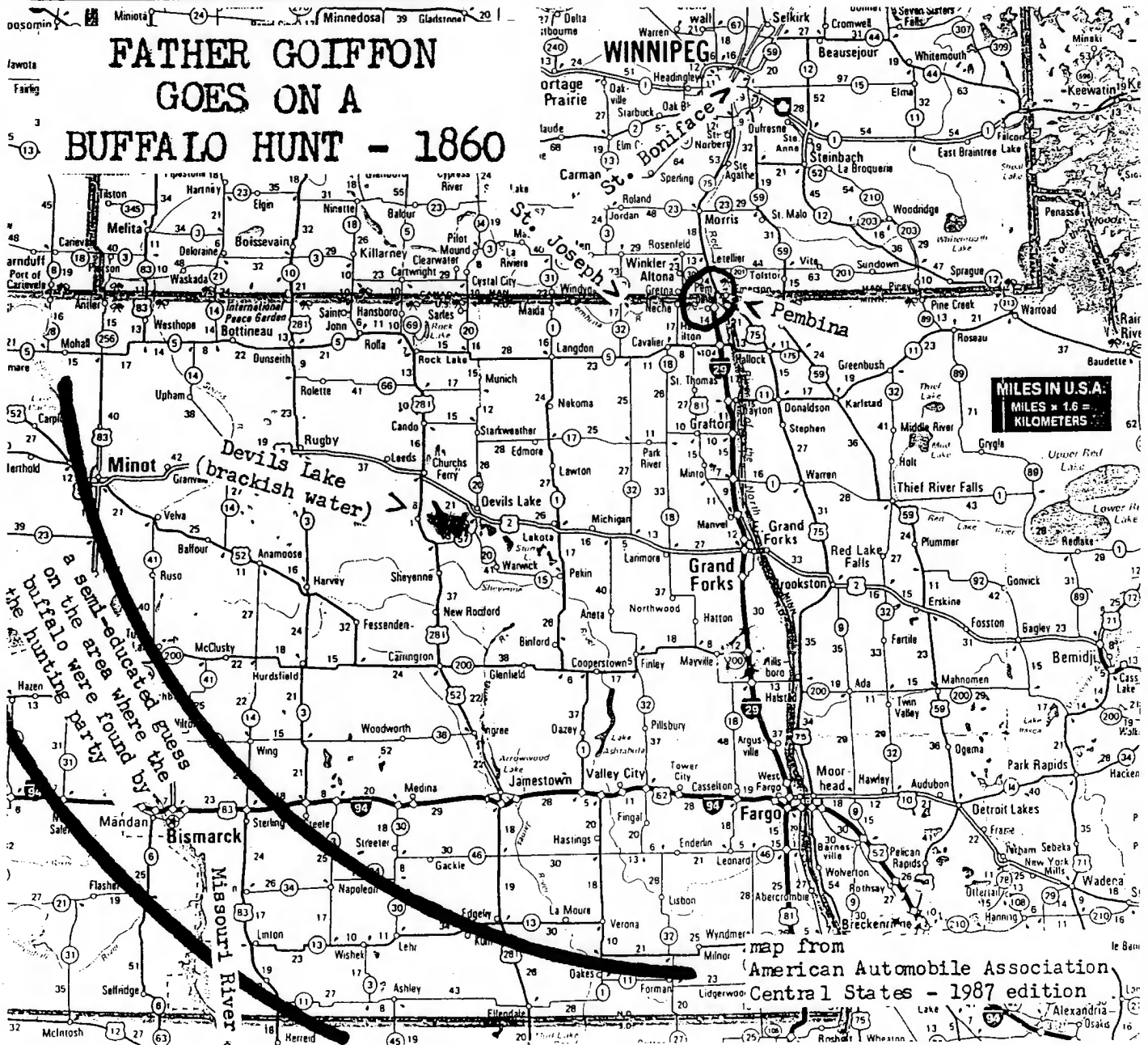
chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Juin-Juillet, 1992 VOL. 13 NO. 6

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette



FATHER GOIFFON GOES ON A BUFFALO HUNT - 1860

On a fait un itinéraire d'un demi-jour sur la route de la chasse au bison. On a fait un itinéraire d'un demi-jour sur la route de la chasse au bison. On a fait un itinéraire d'un demi-jour sur la route de la chasse au bison.



Father Goiffon

A NORTH DAKOTA BUFFALO HUNT, JUNE 1860

by: Father Joseph Goiffon

EDITORS NOTE: In previous issues of Chez Nous we have reprinted portions of the recollections of Father Goiffon, a French priest in the diocese of St. Paul whose career began in 1857. His earliest years in the priesthood were at Pembina and St. Joseph (Walhalla) near where present day Manitoba, North Dakota and Minnesota meet.

In the following story, written perhaps about 1900 when Father Goiffon was parish priest in Centerville MN (no suburban St. Paul), he recounts in his own words a buffalo hunt as well as his perceptions of relations between the Metis, Sioux, Chippeways, Canadiens and Americans. The words are exactly as written by Father Goiffon. (His references to Indians as "savages" is regrettable but acceptable in the context of the times.) Read on, and enjoy his story of North Dakota in the summer of 1860.

Before the white took possession of the northwest, the buffalo, the elk, the deer, the does, the castor (beaver), the hare, the rabbit, the wild cat, etc. were very plentiful. Game of all kinds was abundant; the lakes were full of large fish. The savages had but to leave their loges to bring back an abundance of whatever they desired in food. They wasted nothing, taking only what was necessary, and conserving the rest for their children.

What would seem incredible to future generations, even in 1820, 30, 35, 40, as I have often been told, and again related the other day by the old priest, Joseph

Bellanger, of New Canada, Ramsey County, of the time, when as pilot of rafts he descended the river from Stillwater to St. Louis, was that the ducks, the geese, the busard (buzzard), etc. were so thick in the waters of the Mississippi, that when on account of bad weather, they were obliged to stop for the night, they could not sleep because of all the noise made by the game.

What about the buffalo? I have heard many times, by those who traveled at that time, 1820, 30, 40, in the North West, to buy furs from the savages, that the buffalo were so numerous that they often traveled 3 days among them, as one would pass through a forest. The buffalo had not yet been hunted, and they let the travelers pass without paying any attention to them.

Father Bellanger, who 66 or 68 years ago, traveled for an English company, in that country, told me again, just the other day, that the buffalo were so plentiful that often in their migration, they would block the road. They were obliged to unhitch and remain there sometimes half a day to leave the animals pass, marching single file, in rows of 4, 5, and 6. These animals used to travel in herds from one place to another, and became so numerous that it was soon necessary to hunt them.

The English Hudson Bay Company and that of the North-West Company, in order to make their fortunes, engaged as many Canadiens as they could, sending them to all parts of the English territory to buy from the savages, all the pelts possible. The results were that they began to kill as many as possible merely for the hides and tongues of these poor animals. The Americans, advancing from the east, and pushing back the poor savages, did likewise.

The young Canadiens who roamed through Manitoba, having served their time, of engagement, found themselves in a vast country, where one could so easily find a living without working by marrying a young Indian woman who was strong and robust, sweet of disposition and did all the work, leaving to their husband, only the trouble of hunting and bringing back to the lodges the game they had killed. Of these two strong races were born numerous children, who became the best travelers and the most skillful hunters of the world. They called them the Metis.

Those who came from the Red River or "Mimitoba" were nearly all Metis Cree or "Montanais". They were civilized and evangelized early by the good Mgr. Provencher. Having become generous and capable of defending themselves against the Sioux, and seeing that they could not only sell the hides of the animals they killed, but also the meat by drying it, they organized buffalo hunts, one which began the 9th or 10th of June and lasted two and a half months, and the second in September and lasted until the cold weather. All of them, men, women and children repaired with all their possessions to the great prairie to cure the meat. That was their harvest. The proceeds of the first hunt, which sometimes amounted to 80 to 100 louis for each family, were often returned to the company of the Hudson Bay, when they returned from the hunt, for tobacco, tea and provisions. The proceeds from the second hunt, when the meat could not all be dried, was different; part of the meat was dried and sold and the rest was preserved for their winter. I will be able to tell you of the manner in which the hunt was conducted and how the meat was prepared when I tell about the hunt at which I, myself, assisted. Let us come back to the Metis; having at their head the Rev. Father Belcourt, they left the English territory and came to establish themselves beyond the English line and on the American side, in order to have a freer commerce (because being on the English line they could only sell their meat to English companies). It was these people who formed my two parishes of Pimbina and St. Joseph in North Dakota. The Metis of St. Joseph of Pimbina and those of St. Boniface, on the Red River as well as the Crees and the Chippewas, their grandparents had always been in open warfare with all the Sioux nations. Up to then it was which could surprise and kill and scalp the other; it is to say, which could remove the other's hair and leave the skull bare. In my time at St. Joseph, still lived an old woman, Gengras, to whom the Sioux had taken off nearly all the skin and the hair on her head.

Some years previous when all our Metis with their families, the Chippewas were making the summer hunt, one morning, after having released their cattle and horses to feed,

and while preparing the breakfast, having no suspicion of danger, the Sioux, in great numbers hidden in the rear, came from behind, drove before them, scaring them by their cries, all the animals of the Metis. That year the poor Metis were obliged to return home as best they could, having lost all. Though our Metis were much better soldiers than the Sioux, and in battle, ten Metis could easily kill one hundred Sioux, who could not, as the Metis, load and fire their guns without holding onto their horses, going like mad, they always had to fear a surprise. On the other side, the Sioux feared the Metis, and with the intention of making peace with them, during the winter of 1860, all the Sioux nations sent us word that they wished to see us on the prairie to make peace with us.

I was happy amongst my good people and I thought but of passing another year with them, when, in the spring of 1860 I received a letter from the good Father Ravoux, ordering me again to St. Paul. He no doubt thought I would lose myself, alone on these great prairies. He was misinformed. I had for my guide, Mgr. Tache whom I went to see from time to time. And who was kind enough to return my visits. I replied to the grand Vicar Ravoux, that, in the circumstances where I found myself, it was almost impossible to go to St. Paul in the spring; that my parishioners were to meet all the Sioux nations in their hunt on the great prairie; that we had reason to fear a massacre and that I did not feel justified in abandoning my people in their hour of peril.

And besides, I had a very large number of Metis children of 14, 16, 18 years who had not yet made their first Communion, who did not know anything, and that I could instruct on the prairie during the two months of the hunt. I could not get them to catechism, except on the prairie, because their parents had no fixed habitation and remained at St. Joseph but eight or ten days to prepare for the grand hunt with the others, and would then winter, somewhere or other, 100 or 200 miles from the village.

I added that with his permission, I would remain with my people during the summer, and that after the hunt, I would make my visit to him. The grand Vicar replied that my reasons were good and permitting me to remain and delay my visit until after I return from the prairie.

In the beginning of June, the grass having grown enough to nourish the animals, the aspect of the village was changed. The shops which had been closed all winter reopened, new ones opened everywhere, everyone started to work, some repaired the "charettes", and others made new ones, while others made harnesses and some repaired them, etc.

On June the 9th, the English Metis of St. Boniface arrived at St. Joseph for the rendez-vous. All was in readiness. The next day the men hitched to their carts, one by one, their oxen and their poorest horses, the runners were not in harness; they were reserved for the use of the cavaliers and of the hunters who chased the buffalo. The women threw, in a small valise, their baggage and the wealth of their homes, loaded it in their charettes, they then go into the shed to get the old piece of buffalo hide, which is to be used as it was at home for their bed; all is thrown on the same wagon. The mother takes her place with her children, the cavaliers mount their horses and all leave together, men, women and children and nobody remains to guard the village.

Your servant who loves them too well to abandon them, follows riding in a cart.

Only those who have seen an army in movement can form but a small idea of the curious aspect, one might say, marvelous, presented by three or four little villages advancing leisurely with all of it's inhabitants, on 1500 or 2000 carts, all covered differently, some with an old buffalo hide of one color, and another of another color and still more with cotton goods. One cart drawn by an ox and another by a horse, with harness made with raw buffalo hide, marching not in single file, which would make it too long, but in 5,6,7,8,9, or 10 rows on that beautiful road of the prairie, which ordinarily is not less than 10 or 20 miles wide. We marched thus for five or six hours from six thirty in the morning until eleven or eleven thirty according to the distance to the places where we were to have dinner and feed and water our animals. Arriving on the shore of the river, or on that of a lake of soft water, (as great many of the

lakes of that prairie are salt water, the same as the ocean), the guide gives a signal to stop; then it is no longer in eight or ten rows that we march, but twenty, thirty, or forty, each one trying to find the best place. In five minutes all is unhitched and installed, the animals feeding on the prairie and the cooks preparing the tea. After two hours on a signal from the guide, all the animals are in harness, and there we are marching again until seven or seven-thirty.

Having found a good camping place to pass the night, the guide signals all as it is not like at noon, when we could leave our wagons here and there on the prairie, the night coming on, we must improvise a grand enclosure to impound all the animals. One may be surprised by enemies, and we must make a fort for protection; before we unharness each one must come, in his turn, to place his cart against that of his neighbor with the back of his wagon in to form the big circle or the big enclosure that will hold the animals and serve as a fort in case of attack. The tents and the lodges are set up all around in front of the carts, and the village is constructed. The night closing down, they enclosed all the animals in the fort and after supper, everyone can sleep quietly and all is secure. The next day they let the animals out of the fort so they can eat, then comes breakfast and to give the signal the fort and village are to be undone and the march starts on, as the day before lasting 10 - 12 hours daily, that until somebody discovers a band of buffalo, which, in my time, 1860, had already become rare. All had been killed in 20 or 30 years. They say that, only the men of my two little parishes and some of their friends from St. Boniface alone, in the two big hunts of the summer had killed 40,000 per year, then when came the fall they only killed them merely for the hide and tongue, and sometimes they killed simply for pleasure for the fun of boasting of having killed so many.

The buffalo having been hunted too much, had become suspicious and wandered far, hiding themselves to save their lives. So in 1860, we traveled for 14 days, marching 10 or 12 hours each day seeing nothing. The 15th day, we discovered way off a band of 1000 or 1500. Quickly all the carts were stopped so the buffalo could not see us. Then all the hunters mounted on the best runners they could find carrying a little whip, with a short handle, loaded with shot and two feet long, attached to their right wrist, having nothing to hold themselves on the horses, but two little stirrups, fastened to two little cushions which served as a saddle, a horn of powder hung on their chest, a flint-lock of the old days, carrying five or six balls; keeping a few balls of lead in their mouths, they advanced all together as close as possible to the buffalo. Then perceiving by the movement of the buffalo, that they have been seen, the chief has them all form in line, as close as possible to one another. When all are placed, the chief taps his hands gently, one, two, three, the third tap given, all the hunters, to the number of 600, 700, or 800 start like lightning, all their horses going like mad and fall upon these poor buffalo before they realize their danger. One hears nothing but gun shots. The Metis are such clever hunters that as the Centaurs of ancient time, they seem to form but a single body with their horses who are so well trained that, going like mad, they know how to direct themselves towards the buffalo. Of all whom I know, neither whites nor even Sioux could accomplish what our Metis of the Red River, mounted on their best horses, driven like mad by these little whips loaded with lead, loading their flint-locks firing, killing, charging, firing, killing charging, firing, killing and continuing as long as remain one good animal to kill. That only lasts for four or five minutes, they say that these buffalo only fall when the ball hits in the heart or along side of the ear. What enables the Metis to load the gun so quickly is that holding before him, on his chest, his powder horn, he has but to stoop to let the powder into his gun and to let fall a ball which he holds in his mouth; he uses neither ramrod nor wad.

There are some Metis who in the course of a few minutes, have killed five, six, or seven buffalo. They have extraordinary memory to recognize the animals that they have killed and the place where the game fell, and he also adds, ordinarily to the ball he has put in his gun, several grains of lead to distinguish his victims from those of his neighbors.

All the buffalo killed, and because of the heat, these animals could not keep long without spoiling if they stayed whole. The hunters returned to the camp as quickly as possible, take the carts, butcher their victims, cut them in large pieces and return

to camp and deliver them to the women.

The task of the hunter is ended. They have nothing left to do but to sit on the grass and to smoke their pipes. The work of the women commences. Each one armed with a big hunting knife, very sharp, sits herself along side of a pile of meat and starts to carve it, not in little pieces, as do the cooks, but in long strips, wider or narrower according to the size of the piece. When the meat is cut, each family makes a sort of enclosure with branches and spreads out the meat, hanging it as they would a cloth in the sun. The meat is exposed to the sun, dries and is preserved quite well without being salted.

While the meat is drying, they gather up separately all the fat of the common kind, and they crush the bones of the animals, they boil them in large cauldron to extract the grease of the marrow which is the best grease that one can find, and is carefully set apart.

I do not think, in all the world, a slaughter house could present a more picturesque aspect than this great spread of meat laid on these poles and drying in the sun. When all the grease has been rendered and put aside, the meat dried enough to be taken up, they pile them up, fold them, and tie them in a bundle of 80 to 100 pounds and load them on their carts, and if all the carts are not sufficiently loaded, they break camp, as before, and march until they find another band of buffalo. The new band of buffalo discovered, the hunters and the women repeat that which they did the first time. If this band of animals is still not enough to load their carts with meat and grease, they will go again and discover a third band, and a fourth and so on until the carts are not only sufficiently loaded that they may return from the hunt, but so loaded that they cannot carry anymore. Then the guide who knows the prairie, directs the caravan to some place where they can find water and wood, which in these big prairies is rare. Sometimes they travel eight days without finding a branch big enough to make a stick or a handle for a whip. The prairie fires each year destroy all the wood. One only finds little patches of wood on the shores of some lakes or in the ravines of some rivers. If the wood was so rare in these big prairies, how in ordinary times could these 1500 to 2000 hunters, during the two and a half months they hunted, make fire to boil their tea and cook their meat? Providence has foreseen this lack of wood. If there was no wood, there was the buffalo, and it was the buffalo that furnished the wood. The cooks, the women and girls went out on the prairie and gathered the dry manure of the buffalo, filled their aprons or their skirts and carried it to the camp where they made a satisfactory fire resembling soft coal or peat, such as we burn in our stoves.

The wagons fully loaded with bails of dried meat, to reduce the volume, they tried to arrive at a place where there was wood and water and remained camped for three or four or five days, they transformed that dried meat into another kind of meat known by the name of "torreau". And this is how it was done: the raw hides of buffalo were soaked in water in order to soften them, others were stretched on the earth in order to serve as a place on which to pound the meat, crush it and pulverize it with branches. The meat was already partly dried, having been slightly roasted, or grilled over a little fire. This is how the grilling was done: they dug in the earth a little ditch about one foot wide and four or five feet long, they made a little fire over which they suspended with the aid of branches, the bails of meat which had already dried in the sun.

When the meat dries, it is grilled and pulverized, the gathered grease is divided, the good to one side the common to the other, in big cauldrons where they were boiled.

It is a great manufacture where everyone has his work. The men and the young fellows prepare the wood and pulverize the dry meat. The women and the girls do the grilling, and make of the soaked hides, sacks. When the sacks were made, the grease sufficiently boiled, the meat sufficiently pulverized, they then poured the hot grease on the pulverized meat and they mix it thoroughly, just exactly as one would mix lime with sand to make mortar. When all is well mixed, they fill the buffalo sacks with this composition, the sacks being about the size of a 100 pound flour sack. The sacks are then sewed up with the nerves of the buffalo and flattened while warm like a sack of

flour. This meat so prepared hardens and can even without salt be preserved for several years. It then takes the name of torreau. They made two kinds of torreau, the common or coarse torreau, that is made from the pulverized meat and the common grease and the fine torreau which is made of a mixture of pulverized meat and marrow grease, that they obtained by boiling crushed bones. If one can gather some small wild fruits, such as the wild cherries, red or black, or other fruits of the prairie, they mix them with the marrow grease and the pulverized meat, and so obtained the torreau superfine which bring the highest price. This meat, on their return from the hunt, was sold mostly to the big English company of the North-West or the Hudson Bay Company. This was the ordinary food of the travelers who did not know anything about bread or potatoes. Their only food was meat or maybe fish, in certain sections, eaten without salt.

The torreau was eaten at every meal, without ceremony, and as a piece of very dry bread. The first class torreau tasted good enough, but one had to be accustomed to misery to be able, without vomiting, to swallow the common torreau made with it's fat like candle grease, however, one becomes accustomed to anything.

When one is rich enough to afford a stove, and to have water, and especially a little flour, one dissolves the torreau and adding a little flour he would make a sort of mortar that was called "rababou" and then he would have a feast. Oh, the happy time when one could have so little and still be content!

During the time of rest and especially in the evening after a day's work, I assembled my young boys and girls of 11, 18, 20, and 22 years who had not yet had an opportunity to be instructed in their religion. I taught them the catechism, and after much instruction, with patience and explication, I arrived at the end of two and one half months, to prepare if I remember rightly, about 44 for their first Communion which was made naturally on the prairie. All of them were Metis. I had brought with me a Chippeway catechism, but not one of the tribe came to my instructions.

On Sunday, to call my parishioners to Mass, I made a tour of the camp playing, to my best ability, my cornopean. My little lodge, where I arrange an altar the best way I could, and the vault of heaven served as a church, and my people attended Mass with great devotion.

The time of our hunt was about over and provisions made, and not yet having news from the Sioux, with whom up to that time, we had always been at war, and of whom we still had reason to be suspicious, we arrived to the little island of the "Morre"; we learned that all the Sioux nations had met and were waiting for us to make peace. Though the messengers talked of peace, we were not without fear because we did not know these islands and were afraid of being surrounded and massacred, that is why we stopped at quite a distance from there. We left our wagons with the women and children and all our hunters, gun in hand, well munitioned and myself, we advanced with great care, fully deciding to defend ourselves if attacked. Arriving at the Sioux camp, we soon discovered that all our precautions were unnecessary as they were honestly disposed to make peace. The arms were deposed and we shook hands most cordially. We visited their camps and they visited ours and we rejoiced together like old friends who meet after a long separation.

After the first gathering we reassembled in council. All the leading counsellors of both parties gathered in the lodges of each of the grand chiefs of the different Sioux nations. I was present at all the meetings of the chiefs and as I recall each deplored their misfortune and complained of the injustice of the Americans against them. Our grandfathers, said some of them, displaying large copper medals, which had been given them by the old English kings, "our grandfathers have always told us to be faithful to our ancient masters, and to be suspicious of our new neighbors, the Americans. The Americans, the English had told us, measuring their arm, would make you promises as long as your arm and give you nothing; they wished you dead."

I saw clearly from their discourses, that they wanted to make war on the Americans and that it was for the sake of having a refuge in case of defeat, that they wanted to make peace with us; it was precisely during the following year, or 18 months later that

they committed the massacre of Buch Couley. It was in 1860, in the month of August, that we made this peace treaty with the Sioux, which had always been kept with great fidelity.

After the peace conference, I was asked to cure one of their grand chiefs who must have been close to one hundred years of age. I found him in his tent, lying on a poor buffalo robe. I gave him as much consolation as I was capable of, and for medicine a good cup of tea to which I had added some. I had brought the cow to the prairie and was now taking her back with some buffalo calves. It appears that my medicine had so pleased him, that on the following day, I was invited by him to a grand dinner. I arrived on horseback accompanied by one of my Metis. The dinner was served, outside the tent, on the grass in an old tin plate containing several pieces of dried meat, and a few wild turnips; it had no salt and was so badly prepared that, in spite of my desire, not to fail in politeness, I could only taste that dish with repugnance. Fortunately, my companion, less hard to please than I, ate nearly all. After the feast, to thank my host, I played on my cornepean one of my very best pieces. Then I mounted my horse and accompanied always by my Metis, I went about through the camps of the savages, playing from time to time some musical airs. I noticed with satisfaction that all the Sioux and their squaws carried themselves well, and that their children were dressed modestly. I saw but one little boy who was naked.

These Sioux were rather miserably ignorant rather than wicked. At one of our meetings, they were telling us that they recognized their faults, and they attributed them to the fact that once having had a priest and refusing to listen to his instructions. They added that now they were deprived of one, were unhappy and would like another priest, promising that they would listen to him this time. To prove their desire to do right and their fidelity to keeping their promises, let me relate some traits which occurred some time after they had made peace with us. First, on the second or third of November 1860, during the great snow storm which fell upon the Red River, (and where I myself was frozen)(Ed. Look for this story in the October/November 1992 Chez Nous), a Canadien, who carried the mail between Crowwing, Minnesota and Pimbina, was lost in the prairie, and at the end of 15 days, was exhausted, as well as his horse, reached a Sioux camp where he and his horse received all the care possible. When the horse and his master had both regained their strength, the Canadien begged the Sioux to conduct him to Pimbina, telling them that he was rich and would give them good horses in payment. Two or three Sioux, believing him, started with him to Pimbina. When the Canadien was close enough to Pimbina and able to travel alone, he told his guide that he had deceived him; that he had told them that he was rich to induce them to accompany him, but that it was not true, that he was very poor and could from here get home alone. Anyhow, that he had nothing to give them once he reached home. What would the whites have done if they had thus been cheated? The poor savages were not angry, "you cheated us, they said, and it is not right even if you cannot give us anything, we will take you home, because you, Frenchman, have not the head to be able to travel in these large prairies; you were lost once on the road which you knew, and will be lost again if we let you go alone from here. Then your horse and your papers, both belonging to your grandfather (that is to say the government) would be lost. We will take you home."

Without loss of time, they arrive at Pimbina just at the time when everyone, for the past month, thought all the papers of the office at the fort, together with the man who carried them, had been destroyed either by the fire or the cold. The Sioux were well received by the Metis of Pimbina, and were recompensed. They were accompanied, on their return, by two or three Metis who fared very well all winter and returned, in the spring time, loaded with pelts.

In the same winter of 1861, a man about 35 years of age, accompanied by his nephew of 12 years, being sent far out to find the Sioux, in order to make arrangements for war, (that I believe they meant to make against the Americans), and being surprised by bad weather and obliged to stop at St. Norbert, at the residence of Rev. Father Lestan, had to pass the winter there. The Sioux took such good care of his nephew and conducted himself so well that the Rev. Father told me that he had never been so well served as by this man, and he was thinking of making him an Oblate Father. However, this never

happened because the good savage was killed the following summer while on a mission with which he was charged.

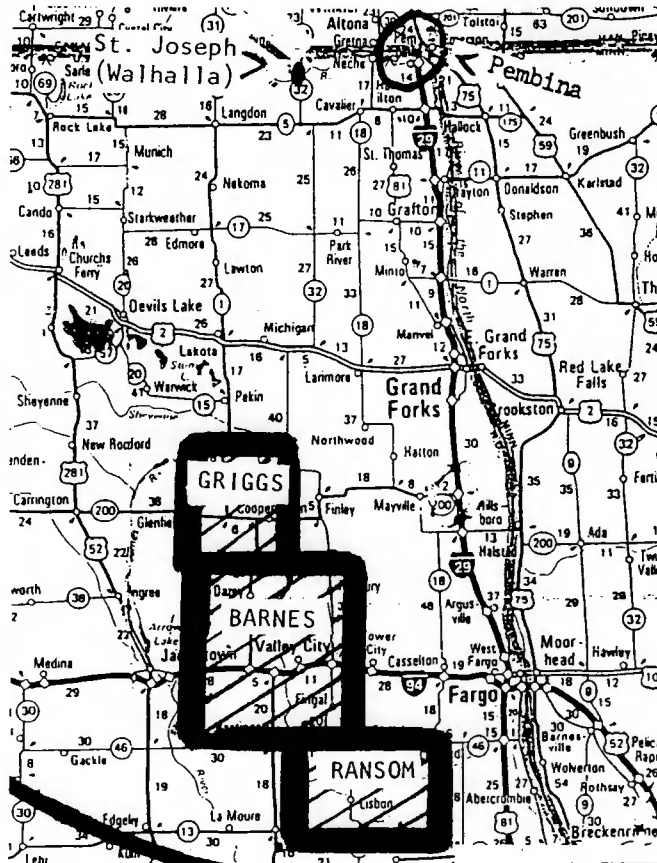
The ninth of June, 1861, the eve of their departure for the grand hunt of the summer, the inhabitants of Pimbina and those of St. Boniface, being assembled at St. Joseph and waiting to start in a body, 20 young Sioux braves arrived on horseback at St. Joseph, stating that these were horses that they had picked up in the winter, thinking them lost in the grand prairie; but when the Sioux had come together in the spring, their fathers and their chiefs had asked them where they had found these horses; they replied that it was in the prairie. They told us, "they are the horses of our friends the French. It is the time of their hunt, and they have need of their horses. you are going to take them back at once. So, we have brought them." They added: "there is also a mare that is not here, but whoever owns it need not worry. Not to injure it, we left it in route, because she had had a mare colt; you will find it in a certain place."

The Metis had a habit of wintering here and there in different parts of the woods, leaving their horses free in the woods, not worrying about them. These horses pawed the snow to find beneath it, their food, and when they were fat in the fall, they were found fat in the spring. That explains how the Sioux were able to pick up these horses, without thinking of doing any wrong.

Such conduct deserved recompense, so these young men were received with the greatest cordiality. They deposited their guns in the house of the chief, and all shook hands and smoked the calumet, a sign of friendship. To honor them with a big feast, our people were looking for a fat dog to kill as it was their idea of a feast. When a miserable Canadien, coming from St. Boniface, gave whiskey to the Chippeways, camped some distance from there, told them, "here is your chance to avenge yourselves against your enemies the Sioux, there are only 20 of them who just arrived at St. Joseph. They are now in the house of Chief Wilky. Go and kill them." These were Chippeways, who, only the year before had made peace with the Sioux, not knowing what they were doing, being under the influence of liquor, came into the house where the young Sioux were, who thought only of friendship, were assembled. Then they opened fire on them in the house, killing one or two and rushed out like cowards. The Sioux, so surprised, seized their guns and began firing, killing one of the traitors who had remained near the house thinking to hold the Sioux prisoners and massacre them.



ND Historical Society Collection
Photo A4365
Metis Family 1883



A note from the editor

1860, of course, marked the approximate time when the Indian nations of the midwest had had it with white intrusions on their land. Not long after, in 1862, the Dakota went to war in Minnesota against the whites. This issue carries an article from the June 10, 1992, issue of *City Pages* (Minneapolis), which describes briefly the Indian point of view.

Thank you for reading our newsletter. We look forward to your contributions. Send to: Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.

Dick Bernard

City Pages 6/10/92

Native Routes

An American Indian history tour explores Minnesota's untold story

by Monika Bauerlein

With this issue we begin our eighth "season" with *Chez Nous*. This is our 41st newsletter, and you have received over 240 pages of news of your heritage. We hope you have enjoyed.

Father Goiffon's story of the 1860 buffalo hunt, and Indian peace treaty, raised some questions and brought some additional observations. A colleague of Swedish extraction and North Dakota upbringing remarked that Goiffon exhibited "European arrogance" in his patronizing view of the Indians and Metis, and we don't disagree.

We asked the North Dakota Historical Society where the treaty in question might have been agreed to, but they could not offer a definite location. They say they have three separate accounts which place the conference in three adjacent counties, Griggs, Barnes or Ransom (Valley City is essentially central in these counties). We will continue the search.

Alice Dumas, a faithful LaSociete member from Hibbing, noted Goiffon's reference to St. Joseph (Walhalla) and sent us part of an 1899 book about Walhalla ND in the early 1850's. Some pertinent excerpts - again written from the white missionary perspective are printed in this issue.

"I don't know how you people feel about this place," Chris Cavender begins, standing on the Minnesota River overlook site at Fort Snelling. "Usually, people talk about this place with feelings of pride. But when I come here, I have very mixed feelings, because 1,600 of my people were imprisoned here.

"Maybe if there are any Jewish people among you, you can understand how you would feel if you visited Auschwitz, or one of those concentration camps. This was a concentration camp."

Cavender is a member of the Wahpetonwan (Dwellers in the Leaves) Dakota; some of his relatives were imprisoned at Fort Snelling, and some may have been among the 300 who died there. He's guiding what may be the first Minnesota Native American History bus tour, an eight-hour trip that starts at Fort Snelling and goes southwest, stopping at towns with Dakota names, treaty places and massacre sites. These aren't the official shrines of Minnesota history; when we called the state tourism office to ask about native history sites, the best they could do was to suggest we go to a powwow. Of 10 travel guides we surveyed, only one had a reference to the prison camp at Snelling. As Cavender acknowledges, "victors write history."

What the victors' history is missing, however, is more than just prison camps and massacres. It's the story of the first 10,000 years of this region, a story that grew from the association of people and land and has something to say about almost every lake, forest, and hill.

The Fort Snelling site, for example, was named *Mdo-te* (pronounced bdo-te), the junction of two rivers. And for Dakota people, this particular junction had special significance: "It

was a place of creation," explains Cavender, "the center of the earth. It was a sacred place. Of course now, with a seven-county metro area and 2 million people, that's hard to see."

The place was pretty significant for non-Dakota people, too. When Zebulon Pike arrived here in the early 1800s, he chose the river junction as the best site for a U.S. Army fort to oversee the northwestern frontier. Pike estimated the land's value at \$200,000; but in 1805, when he convened a few Dakota representatives and convinced them to cede the nine-square-mile area, he left the price blank. The U.S. Senate eventually inserted \$2,000; the Dakota didn't get the money until 1837. "I'll talk more about treaties later," concludes Cavender to our group. "I just want you to remember that Indian people had more than 400 treaties with the U.S. government. Every single one of them was broken."

As we pile into the bus, I end up sitting next to a woman in a sari, a visiting professor from Bombay, India. Her eyes are glowing with recognition: "This is so familiar. In India, they rounded up 2,000 people in a field and shot them. And broken treaties, prison camp—it all happened exactly the same way. It's the same pattern of conquest." But the British, I offer, got kicked out of India eventually. "Yeah. Took us a little while... but we're still dealing with the consequences."

It's almost an hour to St. Peter, and I'm about to doze off when the bus suddenly makes a sharp right into a dirt road; we almost missed the turn. About 100 feet from the highway, in a small grove, stands a three-foot boulder with a plaque designating "the site of the treaty of Traverse des Sioux."

Traverse des Sioux is one of the most important treaties in Minnesota history, but there's absolutely nothing to mark it from on the highway. And as we listen to Cavender talk, it sounds like they've got good reason not to show the place.

This, he explains, is where U.S. government representatives Luke Lee and Alexander Ramsey convened representatives of two council fires of the Santee Dakota nation and talked, cajoled, and threatened them ("We'll drive you all the way to the Rocky Mountains") into ceding most of southwestern Minnesota. Ramsey later became the state's first governor.

"Now, the history books always talk about how our people sold the land," Cavender says. "Many of our scholars, and me, too, believe that what they thought they were doing was granting use of the land—that there could be joint use. They didn't understand the concept of selling the land."

"In Dakota, we have a word *I-na* that means mother. But it also means land, or earth. So for us, 'mother earth' isn't a trite concept or a hackneyed phrase. It's how we talk. That's how it was in our house, and I was born in the 20th century—so how much more must it have been true for our ancestors, in 1851."

Whatever the Dakota thought, the negotiators had put a price on the land—just over \$1 million, or something like 5 cents per acre. But they made sure the tribes would never see most of that money. When it came time to sign the treaty—which the Dakota did after smoking the sacred pipe—Ramsey and Lee took great pains to explain that two of the papers were treaty duplicates. They didn't say anything about the third paper—the infamous "traders' paper,"

which guaranteed the better part of the Dakotas' money to businesspeople claiming they'd sold them goods on credit.

This way, most of the first \$300,000 in treaty money ended up in the pockets of traders; the rest was put in a bank, and the Dakota were to receive only the interest. Eleven years later, after the 1862 Dakota War, the U.S. Senate unilaterally abrogated the treaty and canceled all payments.

The Dakota were promised one more thing in 1851: two reservations along the Minnesota River, about 10 miles on each side for a total of a couple million acres. For 11 years, the Dakota stayed there, sustaining themselves with hunting, fishing, traditional agriculture, and occasional meager handouts; many starved or died of disease.

In the fall of 1862, after a particularly bad summer, several hundred hungry Dakota came to the Upper Sioux Agency (near the present town of Morton) to collect their treaty money and buy food. But the money didn't come; supposedly, the U.S. government had spent it all fighting the Civil War. After several weeks, the Dakota asked the traders, whose warehouses were full, for some food on credit. That's when one of the traders, Andrew Myrick, declared: "So far as I'm concerned, if they are hungry let them eat grass or their own dung."

There are different stories about what happened next; the most common one is about a group of young warriors who ran into some eggs and chickens belonging to a white farmer. They argued about taking them; the argument turned into a fight; and eventually, the farmer, two other men, and two women were killed.

Now, the Dakota knew there would be war. Eggs or no eggs, they had heard what Governor Ramsey once told the settlers: "The Sioux Indians must be exterminated or driven forever beyond the borders of this state."

Over the next month, the Dakota fought at Fort Ridgely and New Ulm, Birch Coulee, and Wood Lake; more than 1,300 people died, about half Dakota and half whites. The names of the white casualties are recorded on monuments, still visible at places like New Ulm and Fort Ridgely; the names of the Dakota dead are remembered only in the tribe's oral history. But the end of the war didn't mean the end of the killing.

As we board the bus, the guide asks us to be silent, and Larry Long's "Water in the Rain" fades up on the speaker system. Where we're going now is Mah-kato, Blue Earth in Dakota, the site of the largest mass execution in U.S. history. At the end of the 1862 war, the Army imprisoned 1,700 Dakota, and all 600 male prisoners went to trial before a five-man military court. As many as 40 cases were tried in a single day; often, the evidence consisted of a witness saying they'd seen the accused firing a gun.

The kangaroo court came up with 303 death sentences, but President Abraham Lincoln commuted all but 38, and the execution was scheduled for the morning of the day after Christmas. Through white eyes—the eyes of a reporter from the St. Paul Pioneer—the scene looked like this:

"All joined in shouting and singing, as it appeared to those who were ignorant of the language... The most touching scene on the drop was their attempts to grasp each other's hands, fettered as they were. They were very close to each other, and many succeeded. Three or four in a row were hand in hand, and all hands swaying up and down with the rise and fall of their voices... Each one shouted his

own name and called on the name of his friend, saying, in substance, 'I'm here! I'm here!'"

It took until 1975 for the city of Mankato and the state of Minnesota to put up a marker at the hanging scene.

We leave the site in silence and board the bus one more time to head back to the Cities—the same way about 1,600 Dakota prisoners were walking that December of 1862, headed for the Fort Snelling prison camp. As they passed the small towns along the way, writes Dee Brown in *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, the settlers, many of them women, lined up along the road in a lynching mood. "Many were stoned and clubbed; a child was snatched from his mother's arms and beaten to death."

Among that crowd, more likely than not, were some of my ancestors. But it's not guilt that I feel as the song fades into a prayer by Dakota elder Amos Owen; more like a sense of recognition, and responsibility.

I stare out the bus windows, at fields full of corn and wildflowers; yeah, I can see how this place looked nice to those German Catholics. They were escaping starvation along the River Rhine, fleeing Central Europe's incessant wars. America, they'd heard, was a land where the only thing standing between themselves and a piece of that rich soil were "savages": non-Christians at best, monsters at worst. And the immigrants had just sworn allegiance to their new government, the United States; they were eager to prove their loyalty.

I stare out the windows a little harder; we're pulling past a Burger King, a Budgetel, a construction site, a freeway loop. Dakota people talk about the spirit of their ancestors living on in the land; after 10,000 years or more, these fields must be full of spirits. Those who died in Mankato, then, also live on; and if they do, what hurts more than hanging must be the way

the place looks today. Maybe, I think, our responsibility is not just to mourn the dead. The best way to pay them respect is to respect their land.

The photographer and I have to split from the tour. But the trip isn't over, nor is the history of the Dakota nation. The tour group will go on to the Shakopee Mdewakanton Dakota Community, a tiny reservation 25 miles from downtown Minneapolis, where they'll hear the rest of the story. They'll hear of relocations to Montana, Nebraska, Canada, and the Dakotas; of \$25-\$75 bounties on the heads of those who dared to stay; and, finally, of piecemeal land grants establishing reservations at Morton, Granite Falls, Prairie Island, and Shakopee. Only one thing didn't change: the tribes' status as sovereign, independent governments dealing directly with the U.S.

For more than 100 years, the reservations were avoided by their neighbors like the plague. The Shakopee community, for example, was sandwiched between the cities of Shakopee and Prior Lake, but could get neither city to serve them: "We had to fight for water, sewers, and over which city would take our kids in their schools," recalls Rose Campagnoli, a spokeswoman for the tribe's Little Six Inc. But in the 1980s, as the Dakota watched the explosion of tribal gambling, they had an idea: "There was the question," says Campagnoli, "if this is sovereign tribal land, couldn't something be done here even if it's against state policy?"

The Dakota negotiated with the state, and in 1983, they opened their first bingo hall. In 1984 they got video slots, and last year, they

opened the largest casino between here and Las Vegas. More than 12,000 people drop money there on an average day.

But the new profits have a long way to go to make up for tribal losses. On reservations and in cities, statistics on poverty, unemployment, and health among native people are staggering; according to one recent survey, one in every six native teenagers had attempted suicide at least once.

"I like Minnesota," Cavender says. "It's a liberal state, it's a progressive state, and besides, it's Dakota land, it's ours."

"But you have to understand that me, Chris Cavender, Dakota person, I don't feel any particular loyalty to the political entity known as the United States. Precisely for this reason, because of things like what happened at Traverse, Mankato, Fort Snelling. Because they lie, steal, cheat and if they don't get what they want, they go in and take it by force.

"This is part of our history—and part of yours, too. Anyone who claims Minnesota as their home state should understand that." CP

American Indian history bus tours are sponsored by Women Against Military Madness. For information and tour dates, call (827-5364).

**From: "The Long Ago" by Charles Lee
Published in 1899 by Walhalla (ND)
Mountain Press**

The following sections come from pages 23 thru 26 of the chapter entitled "The Martyrs of St. Joe" and relates an account of several Protestant missionaries during the early 1850's. St. Joe (St. Joseph) later became Walhalla, ND. It was one of the towns served by Father Goiffon in the later 1850's. Residents of this town went on the buffalo hunts described by Father Goiffon in the last Chez Nous.

"Walhalla in more recent years, a quaint little out of the way village and quiet summer resort for weary people, was a very different place forty or fifty years ago in the 1850's. Then it was a busy hustling town with a mixed population ranging from twelve to sixteen hundred souls.

It was a principal rendezvous for traders and Indians from all quarters as far west as the Missouri river. Two or more large trading posts were established there, and many thousands of buffalo and other skins were carried to St. Paul in carts each season.

The following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Spencer, soon after their arrival there, June 16, 1853, conveys a very graphic description of the place and it's inhabitants at that time.

The town had about 30 homes; some look quite neat and pretty. They are built of hewn logs, mudded quite smoothly out-

and in, and have shingled roofs; one has window shutters. Most of the people, however, live as yet in tents of skin.

The people are entirely under Roman Catholic influence, there being a priest and church here. Many however, are anxious to send their children to a Protestant school and are prepared to appreciate the advantage of an education much more than the Indians and are in a state to be benefitted by our labors.

A large number of the half-breeds with their families, are now on the plains in search of buffalo and will be absent for two or three months until they can fill their carts with meat.

Referring to the frequency of the mails and of the difficulties in the way of procuring supplies she continues: "When Mr. Spencer first came into the country (Red Lake, MN) ten years ago, he received no mail whatever for a year and a half. And for the first two or three years I spent at Cass Lake I thought myself favored to receive an answer to a letter in three or four months."

Mr. Kittson is now starting for St. Paul with about sixty carts loaded with furs. He has more than four thousand buffalo skins, besides many others. Several other traders accompany him; and there will be over one hundred carts in all. They will go across the plains to Mendota (near Ft. Snelling) and will arrive there in about a month.

"We have been a good deal annoyed of late by the Sioux prowling about our peaceful village and disturbing the quiet of the inhabitants. The former are at enmity with the Indians and half-breeds in this part of the country. The latter formed a party and went out upon the mountain to see if there really were any Sioux there. They found a number and spoke peaceably to them; but they answered not, and raised their guns to fire. The half-breeds then fired and killed three. The rest of the party hung around the village a few days and then departed. It is expected they will return in a few days with a reinforcement to avenge the death of their comrades. Last December the Lord gave us a little son whose smiling face cheers many a lonely hour."

"In a few days the Indians did return and it was probably one of their number who fired into that peaceful, happy home and stilled the heart that beat so lovingly for her friends, her husband and her children, as well as for the poor ignorant heathen to whom she so longed to tell the story of 'Jesus and His love!'"

Toward the close of the summer (1852) a young man by the name of Benjamin Terry was in the midst of his enterprise, full of hope for the future expecting soon to have his preparations all completed and with his prospective helper to enter upon his chosen work, he was suddenly stricken down and all his earthly plans forever dissipated.

As he was going into the woods one morning from the old French trading post, his lodging place in charge of Antoine Gingrass, (Note reference to Gingrass in Goiffon article) now on the Sheldon Horning farm in order to get out some timbers for his building, he was waylaid by a party of hostile Sioux Indians at the edge of the woods and fell pierced by a shower of arrows; the bone of his arm was broken; probably by the blow of a tomahawk and the entire scalp of the young missionary carried away—a trophy of their savage hate.

With great difficulty, Mr. Tanner obtained permission from the resident priest, Belcourt to bury the remains of his martyred companion within the sacred precincts of the Roman Catholic cemetery, which stood

in the center of the village and was enclosed with a rude fence of poles.

Here his poor body, unmarked, uncoffined and unknown remained until discovered by Father Scott and myself years since, lying confusedly in a shallow grave just under the edge of the decaying remnant of a fence, in the extreme corner reserved for "unbaptized infants, suicides and heretics." Next to this was the grave of a French half-breed killed in a drunken brawl. Happily at last the bones of the young martyr have been recovered, placed in a coffin, reinterred with appropriate services in the now sacred spot upon the neighboring hillside reserved for the "Martyrs of Walhalla."

Mr. Terry is described as being very slight and youthful in appearance, quiet and retiring in his disposition and is still referred to by the half-breeds in the region as "Tanner's boy." Thus sadly closed the first chapter in the brief history of early missionary effort in behalf of the native population of Dakota nearly a half a century ago.



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

Deadline For News

Sept. 23
Nov. 10

Reaches Members

Oct. 14 - 19
Nov. 27 - Dec. 1

Please now send Twin Cities news and notices to Dick Bernard, who is the editor of Chez Nous, 7632 157th St. West, #301, Apple Valley, MN 55124. I will continue to assist him as associate editor for the Twin Cities, so, if I receive something, you may be sure it will reach Dick.

William B. Horn
341-2581 or 922-9013

ELECTION RESULTS

The new LSCF officers and board members for the ensuing year are:

President	Leo Guette
Vice President	Justa Cardinal
Secretary	Treffle Daniel
Treasurer	John England
Program	Dick Bernard
Membership	George Labrosse
Other Directors	Sr. Mary Henry Nachtsheim
	Leroy Dubois

Congratulations to these dedicated members!



Briefly, about the Treaty at Huot's Old Crossing October 2, 1863

By Dick Bernard, co-editor

We have all learned in our history about the Civil War. But fewer of us know much about the final conflicts which led to the final subjugation of the Indian tribes of Minnesota and what was to later become the Dakotas.

The hanging of 38 Sioux (Dakota) at Mankato in 1862; the imprisonment of 1600 Indians at Ft. Snelling that same year; the Whitestone Hill Massacre of hundreds of Indians not far south of present day-Edgeley ND in 1863 - all of these events, and many others, represented the writing on the wall for native American autonomy.

George Armstrong Custer's misadventure at Little Big Horn Montana in 1876 - "Custer's Last Stand" - was really the Native Americans last stand. His unsuccessful foray from Ft Abraham Lincoln at Mandan, ND, was a white man's loss, not a red man's

victory. And it was one of the few victories the red men could show for their efforts.

History, it can be said, is the creation of the victor, and not the vanquished.

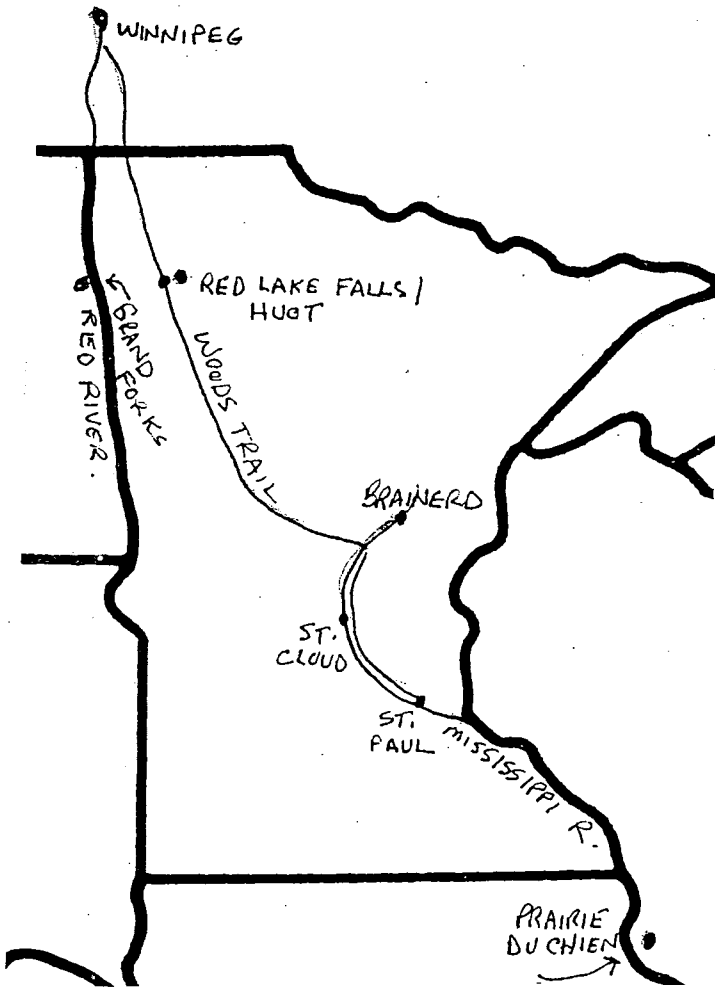
The end, at Huot Crossing on October 2, 1863, was "negotiated" (the word in quotes, because it was not voluntary. The outcome was likely assured before the first words were spoken.) Regarding words, it is said that Pierre Bottineau, gifted in languages and relationships among the parties, was interpreter between the parties at the Huot gathering. It was here, perhaps, that he first thought of moving north from his then home in Osseo.

As described by John Saugstad in an article apparently written about 1933, and appearing in the 1976 history of Red Lake County MN, "an invitation was sent out from Washington to the Red Lake and the Pembina bands of the Chippewa Indians to assemble at the Old Crossing for a Pow-Wow where a treaty could be agreed upon whereby the said Indians would cede to the United States nearly all of that vast tract of land known as the Red River Valley of the North..."

"At about the middle part of September [1863], the Red Lake bands of the Chippewa Indians assembled at the designated crossing and there pitched their wigwams. With them came U.S. Agent Morrill. To this same place came the official party with Alexander Ramsey, representing the U.S. Government, escorted by a small detachment of U.S. soldiers and pitched their tents on the 21st day of September. On the 23rd day of September the Pembina band of Indians arrived and the first session of the treat council was held on that day..."

[U]ntil October second the chiefs and headmen bargained and discussed the terms of the treaty, always seeking better terms and conditions for their respective bands. On October first all the chiefs had agreed to the terms except Chief May-dwa-gun-on-ind of the Red Lake bands, who steadily opposed the terms... The following day, however, [without the dissenting chief and after three and one-half hours, six] chiefs, eight warriors, and one head warrior [signed the treaty as did] Alexander Ramsey and A.C.Morrill and witnesses....

Thus the Red Lake and Pembina bands of the Chippewa Indians ceded to the United States of America that most wonderful and fertile tract of land that has become known as the "bread and butter basket" of the nation, making it possible for thousands of families to acquire homes and happiness...."



A Bit of Geography

"In the beginning" travel was either on foot or by river. Even horses came later. The Indians, here for hundreds of years before white settlement, knew the environment well, so that the whites early on had reliable guides. These were not empty lands.

By the 1840s steamboats were plying the Mississippi to St. Paul. St. Anthony Falls at to-be Minneapolis was a major barrier to river travel. Upstream were other rapids, at places like Sauk Rapids and Little Falls.

From 1820 to 1870 a number of ox cart trails were developed and used between St. Paul and then-Winnipeg, and places between. The - Woods Trail, through Huot, was developed primarily to evade occasional bands of Indians who caused trouble for the traders. Travel was slow.

By the 1860s, railroads were well established to St. Paul. By 1878, a railroad connection was completed by James J. Hill and company from the Twin Cities to Winnipeg, opening the flood gates for settlement.

"And the rest" as they say, "is history".

Some Dates to Note in the History of the Red Lake Falls area

- 1534 Jacques Cartier initiates French contact with North American Indians.
- 1608 Samuel de Champlain founds Quebec City
- 1731 Sieur Verendrye arrives in Minnesota area
- 1780 Prairie du Chien WI founded in 1780s
- 1790
- 1800 Lewis and Clark expedition begins 1803
- 1810 Selkirk founds Red River Colony (Ft. Garry, later Winnipeg) 1811
Pierre Bottineau born ca 1814
U.S. - Canada border estab 1818
Fort Snelling (near Minneapolis) 1819
- 1820 contact between Prairie du Chien and Red River Colony. Ox Carts begin From/to St. Paul/Red River
- 1830
- 1840 Pigs Eye (later St Paul MN) 1841
Woods Trail (Old Crossing - Huot 1844)
- 1850
Minnesota becomes a state 1858
- 1860 U.S. Civil War 1861-65
Dakota Conflict 1862-63
Old Crossing Treaty, Huot, Oct 1863
- 1870
Red Lake Falls founded ca 1875
Railroad to Fisher's Landing 1875
Custer's last stand 1876 (MT)
Railroad Mpls to Winnipeg 1878
Gentilly established - late 1870s
- 1880
- 1890
Pierre Bottineau dies, Red Lake Falls 1895
- 1900

ON COMING TO THE 'STATES:

Below we present the story of Georgianna Guimont's migration from Cap St. Ignace Quebec to Dayton MN in 1877, as well as the story of her family in Dayton, MN. Dayton village is still a small rural community on the Mississippi River about 30 miles northwest of downtown Minneapolis, but in all respects the former township is now a suburb of Minneapolis. It was founded in July, 1852 by Paul Godine and Isaiah Cowet.

With variations, Georgianna's story matches that of most of our immigrant families. Most of our ancestors moved to the United States from Canada beginning about the 1850s. Popular folklore to the contrary, most of our ancestors were not Voyageurs, nor directly descended from Voyageurs. Our ancestors came, by and large, from rural Quebec communities, sometimes with a few generation way-stop in a New England milling town.

(In the next issue we will write about the general migration of French-Canadians to the northeastern United States. Your recollections are solicited if your family came from this part of the country. Deadline April 15 to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St. W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.)

Why did our ancestors migrate? There were many reasons, but a primary one was the pressure of space in their home province. For example, on January 23, 1995, Evangeline Clement of Maple Ridge, British Columbia, wrote about her family, Collette, who moved, about 1862, from St. Lambert de Levis Quebec to then St. Anthony (later Minneapolis) to North Dakota. Later her grandfather, Philippe, moved from North Dakota to southern Manitoba, and one of his brothers, Alfred Collette, moved back to Dayton MN where he raised his family and lived the rest of his life. (He perhaps knew Georgianna Bouley well).

Evangeline says this: "the Collette family left St. Lambert de Levis, PQ. because there was no place to establish the boys (there were seven), and as there were homesteads available that is why they came west. Later, when homesteads came available in Canada, Grandpa came to Ste Elizabeth Manitoba because he had a second family [his first wife had died] and he could not expand his farm in Oakwood, ND. as the land was all taken."

So, a simple and reasonable explanation for the migration was that there was too little land for "the boys" (in these transactions, the girls did not generally count!) in the usually very large French-Canadian families, and to establish themselves they had to relocate.

There is another generalization which can be safely made in many cases: Migrants tended to move to places where they knew someone. Thus, like today's migrants to the Twin Cities from southeast Asia, whole families and members of communities would move to the same general area in this country.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

by Georgianna Guimont Bouley, Dayton MN

written December, 1965

A few years ago, Charley Bouley gave to us the memories written by his grandmother, Georgianna. She came to the United States at the age of five, when her family settled in the French-Canadian community of Dayton, MN - a town on the Mississippi River about 30 miles northwest of Minneapolis.

These memories were written thirty years ago, and it is interesting to think about the many changes that have occurred since then, not only in Georgianna's family, but in our own lives. History is indeed in constant change.

Enjoy Georgianna's memories and let them be an encouragement to you to pen your own during this winter season! Our thoughts are with Charley, who passed on in 1992.

"I am about to embark on a long journey and recall my past. I was born November 25, 1872, at Cap-St.-Ignace, Quebec, Canada, so it is a long journey in more ways than one. I arrived in this country with my parents, Celestine and Delina Guimont at the age of five on May 10, 1877, in Minneapolis. One of my uncles took me in his arms as I got off the train. The family lived with the old Paul Goodins [Godine ?](the Bonne home) for a while, and then my father bought a place from Mr. Urban Boutin, which is the place where Robert Guimont lives now, that is the third generation. I had three brothers and four sisters.

The area was all woods. It took many a day of hard work to clear the land, but as the years rolled on, more acreage was cultivated. Corn, wheat and marsh hay were the principle crops. I did a lot of corn husking. My sister, Mary, and I walked way to the end of the farm, bringing our lunch to save steps, for those fall days were pretty frosty and cold sometimes, but we were assigned to the job, so we did it. Other outdoor work was raking hay with a little hand wooden rake. We had to make little stacks or mounds and also make bundles during grain-cutting time. The grain binders with knotters were not in existence yet, so we had to take a little handful of the grain itself and make a certain knot to keep the bundle secure. Milking cows was a regular night and morning chore. We made our own butter. There had to be at least five or six days accumulation of milk to have enough cream to churn a batch. The cream was kept in covered tin cans and lowered in the well to keep cool. That was the only cooling system anyone had at the time. I and my sister, Mary, walked many times to deliver butter and eggs to the village grocer in Dayton. Some of those hot summer days the butter got mighty soft by the time we reached our destination, but my mother put it in tin pails, so nothing was really lost.

The only storekeepers name I recall was Louis Peters. The store changed hands frequently.

One of the tasks every spring was setting hens which usually took place in May when the weather was warmer, and caring for the little chickens after hatching (they were al the heavy breeds). We let them roam around the yard all summer, then we housed them in the fall when the cold fall days set in.

In those days the women went out to help the men folk with their work besides doing their own housework that had to be done. It was real togetherness, not just a saying, but that was the way of life, so everybody pitched in. Job opportunities were not too plentiful, but one means of earning was doing housework if one was interested. This I did for six months when I was seventeen. I worked for lawyer George Fortin, who by the way was married to Victoria LaCroix. They were living next to the little schoolhouse.

I attended school three months out of the year when I first started, but later it was voted to have six months. It was a one room schoolhouse. The same one all my children attended. It is still standing today but is not in operation. The District (No. 387) was dissolved in 1964) now belongs to Anoka-Hennepin District 11. My first teacher was Miss Victoria LaCroix. Her sister, Harriet, also taught in the same school. I went to religious instruction also and had to walk to Dayton everyday for three or four weeks to prepare for my First Communion. I was ten years old then.. Father Leonard was the resident Priest.

The winter following I was married to a neighbor boy, farmer Louis Bouley, on January 26, 1891. We were married by Father Andre in the old Church in Dayton. (The church that is now standing was built in 1903). My husband-to-be had purchased a brand new buggy a few weeks previous so on the morning of the wedding we drove to the church for the ceremony in the new vehicle. The weather was not too warm and we had very little snow. I wore a brown dress; white was not thought of too much then. So life started out without knowing all the work and sacrifices that were in store. Like in everyone's life, there are sorrows and happiness and many anxious moments.

Fifteen children were born to us, eight girls and seven boys. We lost two boys, one at the age of ten months, the other at birth.

Two of my husbands brothers made their home with us when they were not working in the woods in winter time and driving logs down the Mississippi in the summer. Their mother had passed away in July, 1888, so my father-in-law lived with us also for almost 13 years. He was a big help to me, taking care of the children, churning the butter, helping to turn the washing machine what had to be done by hand and bringing in the stove wood - until that fatal morning, December 7, 1903, when I opened the back door to sweep the steps. I saw him lying face down in the snow. He had succumbed to a heart attack. That was a great loss to me as well as the family.

I could not get to town very often. Usually the groceries were bought on Sunday when we attended Mass.

In the winter time a team of horses was hitched to the sleigh and some of the neighbors would hook on for a ride. Social activities were few, but once in awhile we were asked out to supper at a friends or relatives house, and I in return would do the same thing. I didn't have much time for sewing, but I did some of it, especially for the girls. Mending was done mostly in evening by the light of a kerosene lamp. It was somewhat relaxing after the days work.

Every spring, soap making was in the offing. I'd make my own lye by putting wooden ashes in a big barrel three or four days before making a batch. Water was put in the ash barrel to seep through a cloth in a container below. This was very strong and I'd make it in a large black kettle on an open fire outdoors. I used it for the washing and for scrubbing floors.

Our present barn was built in 1898. Since then, an addition was built in 1917.

1910 was a year to remember. We had a very hot, dry summer. My husband became ill in late August with a stomach ailment. His brother, Pete, and the older children did the farm work. In 1911 we decided to build a new house. The old one was too small and so cold, so a two-story frame house was erected with twelve rooms. We moved in it in late fall. It sure was a relief to have room and comfort with the family I had and the two brothers-in-law still with us.

In July, 1912, my mother passed away and in late August of the same year a brother-in-law, Pete, also passed away. My oldest daughter was married in November. The other brother-in-law, Charley, met with an accident about the same time. He fell down the stairs in the Lincoln Mill in Anoka and suffered a fractured skull from which he never fully recovered mentally. He came back from the hospital and stayed with us nine years until his death in February, 1921.

In October, 1913, the second oldest daughter was married. Their life together was short as her husband passed away in April, 1919. She came to live with us for a while, then found employment in Minneapolis and was married in July, 1921. In 1916, the next daughter was married.

In 1917 World War I broke out. We were heavily rationed on flour and sugar. Five pounds of sugar was all we were allowed per week and with the size family left at home, that didn't go very far. I made a lot of rye bread and bran muffins. The children enjoyed this type of bakery so as far as flour was concerned, I got along quite well. The two older boys were on the verge of leaving for service then the Armistice was signed in November, 1918. This was the same year of the flu epidemic when thousands of lives were lost. We all had a spell of it, but luckily pulled out of it. That same year the family enjoyed a big thrill. Web Smith and James Ward sold us our first new car, a Dodge. I think we were one of the first ones in the neighborhood to make such a purchase, but it wasn't long after when all the neighbors weakened to the same idea.

In 1918 we built a washroom onto the house, which in these modern times they call a utility room. Quite a change took place. A shaft was put in by a good friend of ours, Mr. Charles Gemlo. We purchased a gasoline engine so now the washing machine, cream separator and pumping water could be done all at the same time if necessary.

In 1920 we started to ship whole milk, so we dispensed with the separator. By the middle twenties, the three older boys were married. In 1924, my husband and I, two of our nephews and their wives drove to Duluth for an overnight visit with another nephew who was living there. On Sunday we drove to the docks to watch the boats come in. These particular ones were loaded with coal, but it happened that they stopped at the bridge. Therefore, we didn't have the opportunity to see the bridge open up.

My father died in February, 1928, at almost 92 years of age.

In 1929 the nation experienced one of the worst depressions anyone ever knew and it lasted well up into the middle 1930s. The New York stock market went down and a lot of the small banks closed. The government put up different projects such as CCC camps for boys, WPA and other to give employment. Many people were on relief.

Another one of the boys married in 1930. A tragedy occurred in November that year. My husband's sister (Mrs. Martin) suffocated due to an explosion from a gas stove in their house. Because of being an invalid she was unable to be saved before the fireman pulled her out of her bedroom window. She died three hours later.

During this period, two of the girls sought employment in the city. One of them was married in 1932 and the other in 1936. 1934 was a very dry year. There was almost a complete crop failure and no price for crops made it very hard going. Many farms were lost. 1936 was also somewhat of a dry year, not as bad as 1934, but as far as prices were concerned, nothing had moved up. Also in 1936 we were hard hit with sickness. Our youngest daughter took sick with typhoid fever in September. She spent three months in bed. With all those worried hours and extra work because of having to have a day and night nurse for several weeks, it was

lucky I had another daughter at home to help me. It took her almost a year and a half to recover fully from that long illness.

In August, 1938, my husband passed away after a short illness.

Our youngest son and two daughters were still with me. Now a decision had to be made: either leave the farm or make improvements. As this was the home place where my father-in-law had homesteaded in 1851, it made it very hard for me to leave after living here all these years. After much thought and consideration, my son decided to take over. With much help from some members of the family, three old buildings were taken down, some of better lumber was salvaged, a new henhouse was built and improvements were made on the barn. We increased the number of milk cows and raised more chickens. Due to all of this we hired help for the farm work. From here on improvements were made on the place from time to time. Milking machines were installed, a milk house and two silos built, and we started hauling our milk to Superior Dairies in Minneapolis for there or four years.

My youngest daughter was married in April, 1939.

World War II broke out and prices soared. Here again we were rationed on sugar, meats and other foods. Gasoline was another big item. One of my sons and a son-in law decided to put up a creamery in Anoka. It wasn't long after that we hauled our milk there. This we did for four or five years. Then they dissolved partnership and quit the business, so we went back to shipping to T.C.M.P.A (Twin Cities Milk Producers Association?).

During the early forties, either the second or third year, I took a weeks trip to Sault Saint Marie, Michigan, with a daughter, her husband, their son and another daughter. We went to visit cousins who had visited us in 1929. We took a boat ride up the St. Mary River. One of the men we were visiting was a Customs Officer, so he loaded his car on the boat as he was going to drive us up into Canada a ways to where there wasn't any trouble crossing the border. We came back the same day. In the evening, sitting on the porch of their cottage, I watched the boats come in to dock and that beautiful June sunset. The trees casting their shadows on the waters was a sight that still lingers on my mind. It was the most enjoyable week I ever spent. In 1945 World War II ended. I had a son-i-law and six grandson who served our country in this conflict. One of the grandsons received shrapnel wounds, but luckily all came back safely..

A hard blow struck the family in October, 1947. One of my son's wife passed away a few hours after giving birth to twin girls. There were four other children. The oldest, a girl of 13, was not capable of taking over this big responsibility. So, as God taketh away, he also plans for the survivors to be taken care of. My daughter, who was single and was working in Minneapolis at the time, decided to quit her employment to care for the family, and is still there today (1966). From this family, the oldest boy studied for the priesthood and was ordained in September, 1962.

It wasn't long again we were-engaged in another war. This time in Korea, June, 1951, and lasted till July, 1953. Only one grandson was in service this time. He had been living with us for a few years. My son, who was left alone with all the farm work, didn't think he would be able to take care of it and decided to sell all his cows and go into the poultry business. He did this for over two years, so when this grandson came back from service we bought cattle again and started shipping milk once more. We cut down on the amount of chickens because a new hen house was built in 1950 and we could only house about 400 chickens.

Both these boys were married in the fall of 1955. We decided that living apart would be better for all concerned so immediately a little four room house, all modern and full basement, was built next to the big frame house. The daughter who had been with me all the time and taken over the run of the house is still with me. I didn't think I was able to do the work and furthermore I do not care to live alone, but I had a hobby of making quilts and braiding rugs. I gave most of them away. I am somewhat handicapped now. My eyesight is not very good, but I still mend and patch clothes for the grandchildren next door, and still do some knitting, so these last few years have been pretty easy living.

Looking back to the days when I started housekeeping, and what the people have to work with today, progress that has been made in improvements for the daily housekeeper, for instance, in household appliances, the refrigerators and freezers are the big food savers. Make ice in your very own kitchen instead of having it melt away in the old fashion iceboxes we used to have. We wired all our buildings in 1944 with NSP so a big

change took place: just at the press of a button we had lights and today practically everything is automatically controlled. It was not long thereafter all electric appliances were used.

We put up a new garage in 1957 which was badly needed. They did most of the work themselves to cut down expenses. In 1962 my third oldest sons wife passed away in August. She had been sick with leukemia for about a year and a half. She willingly and peacefully resigned to the Holy Will, to which we will all one day answer the call. Also in 1962 my oldest daughter and husband celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary. It seldom happens that any of the parents are still around to attend such an occasion, but I was able to, so I enjoyed meeting relatives and friends who I had not seen in many years.

North Central Gas put in a pipeline coming from Dayton past our way in the fall of 1964. We hooked on immediately and are now heating with natural gas in both houses. More economical than tank gas, remembering the old buck stoves of years ago that burnt only wood for heating purposes and also the big heavy range for cooking is something seldom seen today. When the big frame house was built in 1911, a hot water system was installed to heat upstairs as well as downstairs, a furnace that would burn wood or coal. At the time a system of this kind was thought of as being the most efficient and comfortable heat a home could have. The family wash is a cinch today. Many of the homes have clothes dryers, no worry about the bad weather. Ironing is still somewhat of a job but at least the kitchen range doesn't have to be kept going to heat the irons. We have the steam irons now where the clothes do not have to be sprinkled if one wants to do the job right away, and many other items I won't list as it would make the list too long.

But, there is one I must mention and that is TV. Having entertainment in the home from a thousand miles away the instant the set is turned on. Our first telephone was installed in 1919: a box type with a crank we had to turn to get our party and the operator. Today we had the push button dial with chimes if one cares to have it. I have very few words to say about traveling or transportation because it is incomparable from horse and buggy days to jet flying, but I think the automobile is the means of traveling people enjoy most. Our roads and super highways are either concrete or black top which makes it easy for driving. It is not too often roads are impassable in the winter time with the equipment they have to keep them open, although it has happened with a three and four day blizzard. Our ways of farming now have taken a big change from years past. There is not a piece of machinery that is horse-drawn anymore. All is done with the use of tractors where most farmers have two or three on the place. Much of the heavy work and time involved has been alleviated for the farmer through the use of this modern equipment. I must say expenses are higher too, but one wouldn't make much headway if we didn't keep up with the times.

My son who is working the farm decided to rent some of the land in 1965. Therefore, he sold all the cattle again and kept fifty acres for himself for corn and hay. These crops are always in demand so they are not hard to dispose of. He is now working at Mercy Hospital in Anoka which opened in February, 1965, doing janitor work.

This concludes my journey to date. As I look back through these 93 years, even though there were hardships and grief, there were also many pleasant and happy days. All the changes that have been made and the way we are living now I'm glad I am still here for. I am happy in my little home and well taken care of. The family has grown to a large number. Besides my own 13, there are 57 grandchildren, 167 great-grandchildren and 7 great-great-grandchildren. They have all been very good to me. May God bless them all and keep them in His care.

Pierre Bottineau: some brief thoughts

Few names of Midwest history are more recognizable than that of Pierre Bottineau. His life framed the turbulent transition days from frontier to white settlement.

He was born, depending on accounts, between from 1810 and 1817, near the mouth of Turtle River north of present day Grand Forks ND. His father was a French Huguenot trader originally from Boston; his mother, native American, born of a captive Sioux warrior father, and an Ojibwa mother of the Lake of the Woods tribe.

He died in 1895 in Red Lake Falls MN, a town he founded. He is buried at Red Lake Falls.

He married twice, and had 26 (or was it 23) children (sources differ). His first wife, Genevieve Larance, a Metis, bore 9 children. His second wife, Martha Gervais of Little Canada, mothered 17 children. (They married at St. John's Little Canada on Jan. 6, 1852.)

In all ways in life, he seems to have been an often larger than life character, including the following accomplishments:

In 1840 he brought his family to what would be St. Paul MN, and he is one of the eight settlers who built the first log "Cathedral" for the fledgling town.

About 1845 he pulled up stakes and bought land in what was to become northeast Minneapolis, and donated the land for St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church there.

In 1852, he became one of the first settlers of what is now Osseo MN. The locale was first known as Bottineau's Prairie.

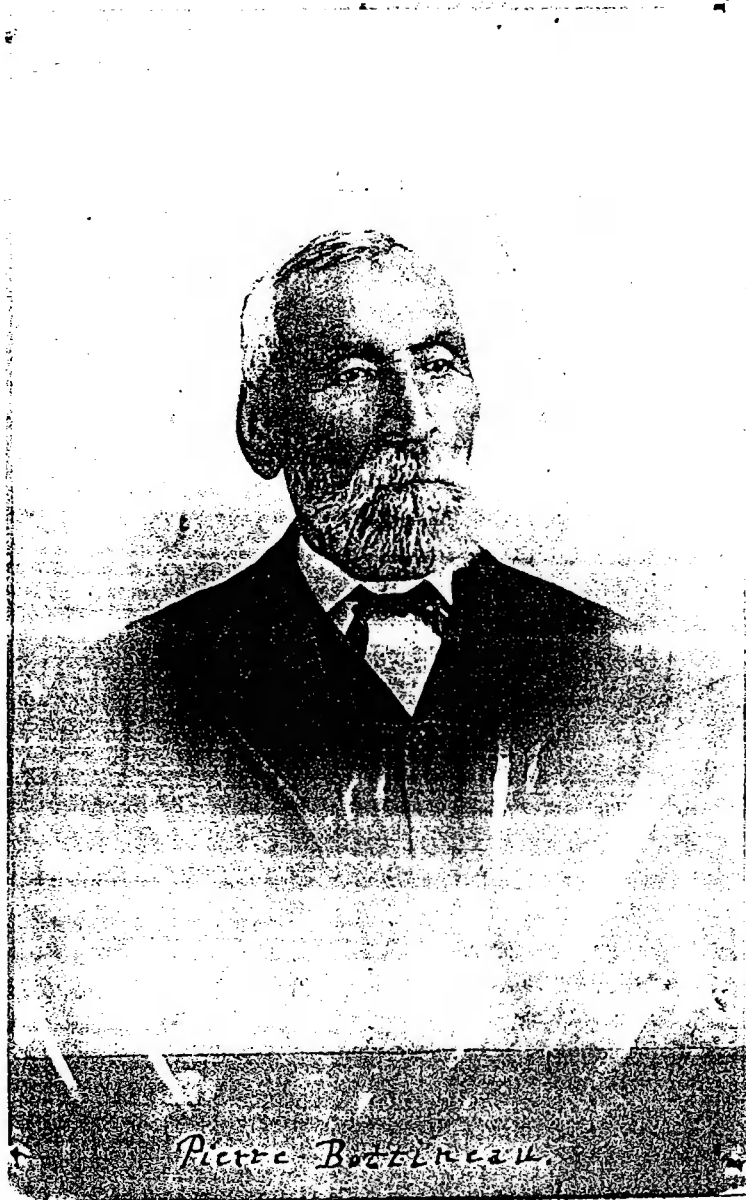
In 1863, he served as translator at Old Crossing, Huot, when the treaty was negotiated.

In 1875, Pierre moved with his family and some friends to Red Lake Falls, going by ox-cart train. The trip from Osseo took 19 days.

In all his adult years he was a renowned scout and guide

Source is primarily the Story of Pierre Bottineau by Jane Hallber,

Brooklyn (MN) Historical Society, 1991.



Undated photo courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society. Photo was taken at W.A. Riechel Studio, Red Lake Falls MN



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Mai - Juin 1993 VOL. III NO. 6

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette

WINNIPEG

SOME BRIEF NOTES ABOUT THE WORLD OF PIERRE BOTTINEAU by Dick Bernard

The photos in this issue of *Chez Nous* identify to some degree the celebrity status of our ancestor Pierre Bottineau in pioneer Minnesota and Dakota. At the time of the photos he was, and had for many years been, coveted as a guide for very important expeditions.

Pierre was a unique character even among the many colorful characters of his time. It is believed that Pierre was born in 1817 while his parents were on a buffalo hunt. The probable place of birth was about a dozen miles west of present day Grand Forks ND near the Turtle River. His parents were a French Huguenot father and a Chippewa-Dakota mother.

Bottineau became a famous scout and guide for many important expeditions including the 1853 survey for the Northern Pacific Railroad route, treaty gatherings between Indians and whites, and even the Dakota conflict in 1862.

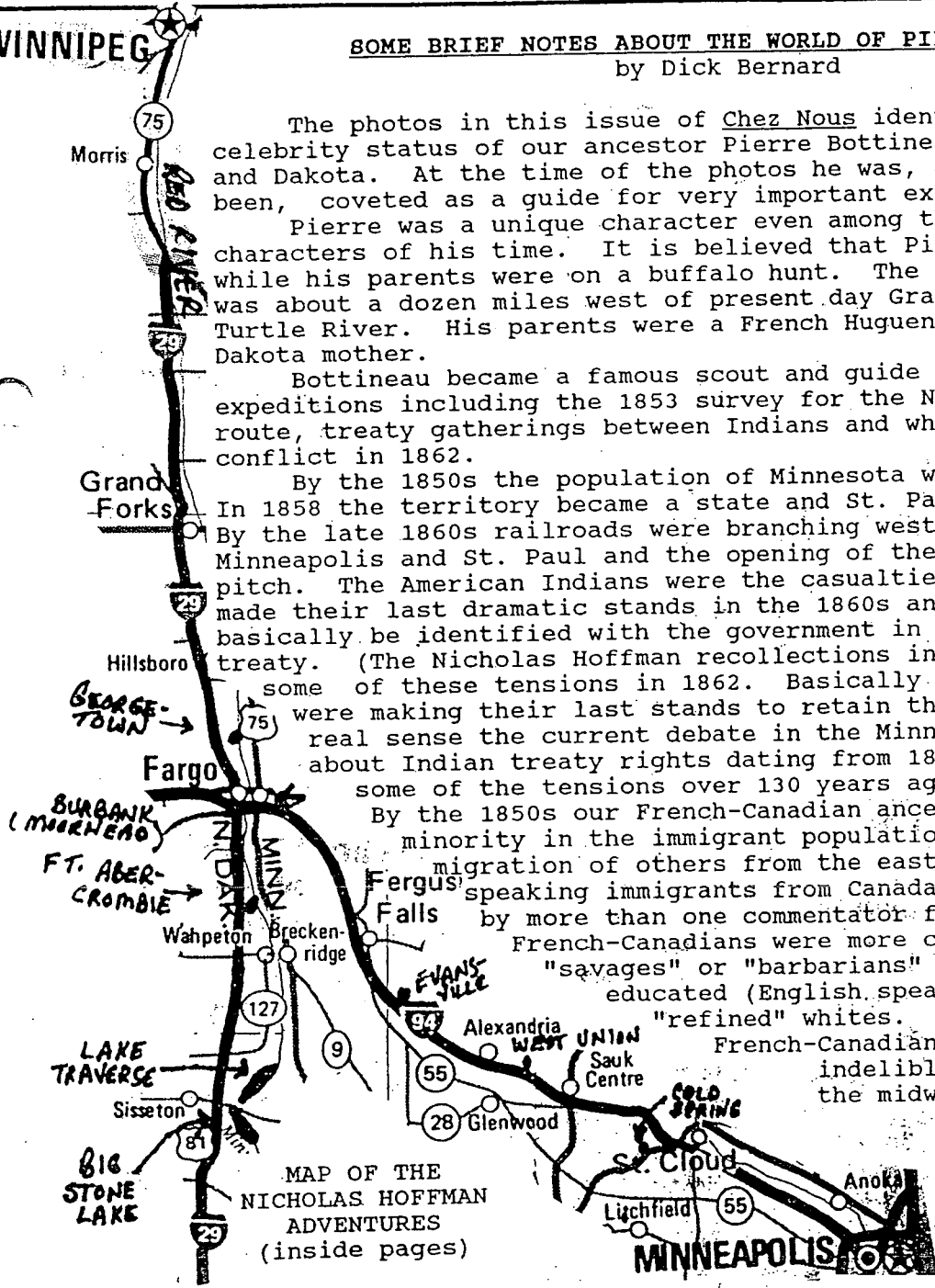
By the 1850s the population of Minnesota was beginning to explode. In 1858 the territory became a state and St. Paul was in its ascendancy. By the late 1860s railroads were branching west and north from Minneapolis and St. Paul and the opening of the great west was at a fever pitch. The American Indians were the casualties of this settlement and made their last dramatic stands in the 1860s and 1870s. Bottineau would basically be identified with the government in these days of conflict and treaty.

(The Nicholas Hoffman recollections in this issue recount some of these tensions in 1862. Basically the American Indians were making their last stands to retain their own lands. In a real sense the current debate in the Minnesota legislature about Indian treaty rights dating from 1837 and 1855 revisits some of the tensions over 130 years ago.)

By the 1850s our French-Canadian ancestors had become a tiny minority in the immigrant population, far outnumbered by migration of others from the east and Europe, and English speaking immigrants from Canada. Indeed, it is suggested by more than one commentator from the times that the French-Canadians were more closely kin of the "savages" or "barbarians" than of the more educated (English speaking) and "refined" whites. Still, our

French-Canadians had made an indelible mark on what is now the midwestern United States.

more data from
*A Genealogy of the
 Ancestors & Descendants
 of Pierre Bottineau by
 James W. Chesler 6/24/79*



MAP OF THE
 NICHOLAS HOFFMAN
 ADVENTURES
 (inside pages)



(Photo from the Minnesota Historical Society) Some members of the 1869 Northern Pacific Railway Expedition. Front, left to right, are Pierre Bottineau, MN Governor William Marshall, Expedition leader George Brackett. Back row, from left, Bayless (NY), Harry Cobh, Holmes (Jay Cooke Rep). Jay Cooke was a wealthy eastern financier.

Among his brethren, Pierre Bottineau appears to have been generally successful. He was one of the earliest landowners in first, St. Paul, and later in present northeast Minneapolis. His holdings may have numbered in the hundreds of acres in both cities. An apparently committed Catholic - surprising because of his fathers Huguenot background - Bottineau helped build the first Catholic church in what is now St. Paul, and donated the land for the first Catholic churches in Minneapolis and Osseo.

While Bottineau was not poor, nonetheless he never became wealthy from his purchases. Others reaped the financial benefits of the lands, as Bottineau moved on - away from the madding

crowd, as it were.

In the early 1850s he founded Osseo, and later Red Lake Falls MN, which is where he died in 1895.

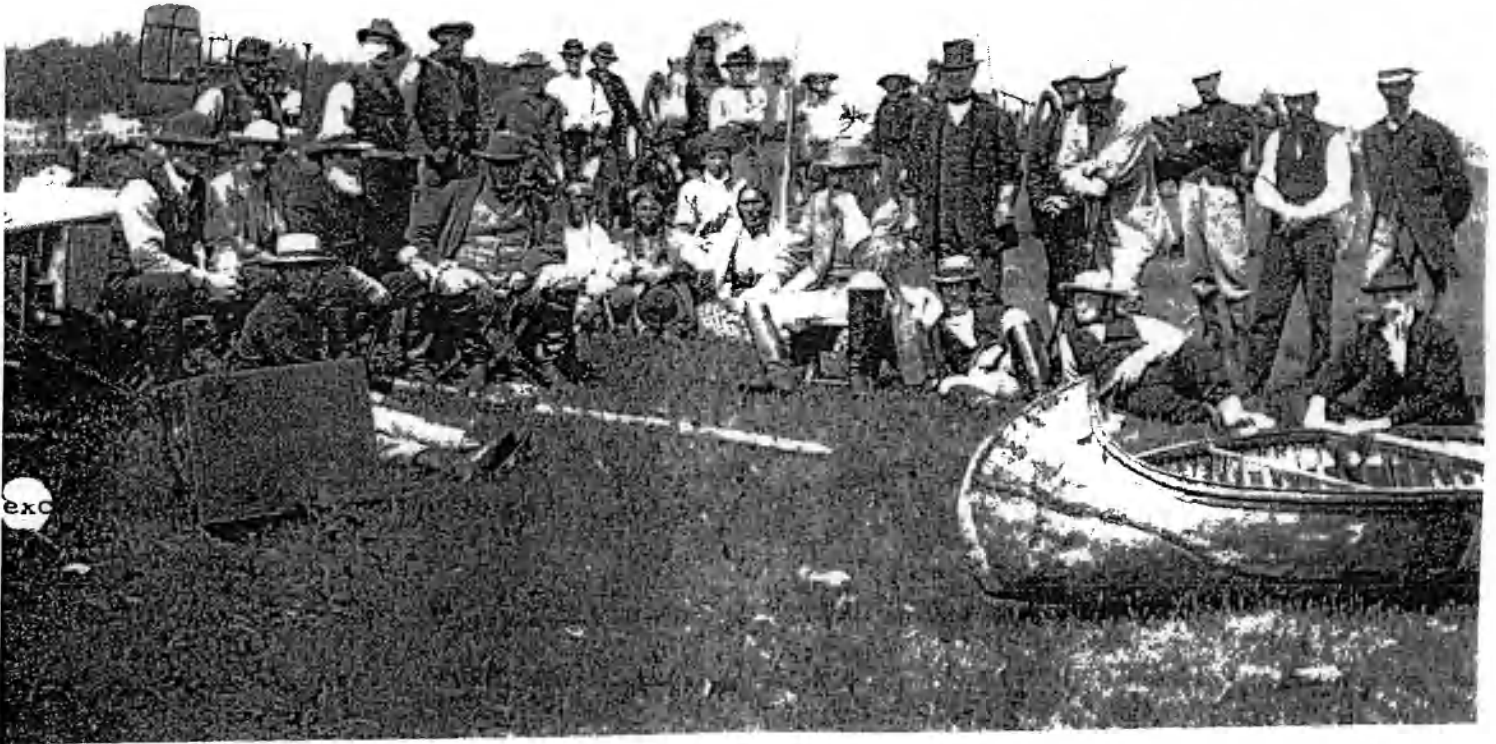
The July 27, 1895, Daily Pioneer Press (St. Paul) published a long and glowing account of this larger than life character of the frontier. Among the comments made was the following:

"No man in the Northwest ever passed a life of more romantic adventure, thrilling experiences, hair-breadth escapes, and accidents generally by floor and field. He traveled over nearly every square mile of the Northwest, and knew the country as thoroughly as a farmer knows his lands.

"He spoke every language in the

region - French, English, Sioux, Chippewa, Cree, Mandan and Winnebago. Experienced in all the particulars of frontier and savage life, he was equally proficient as a hunter, trapper, boatman, guide, interpreter, trader and business man, and he could build a house, fashion a boat or work a field with the same facility. Fully six feet tall and straight as a

grenadier, with clear, piercing black eyes, he was of attractive appearance in spite of his swarthy complexion, due to his Indian blood. He was naturally of manly instincts and gentlemanly deportment, polite, agreeable, and of a kindly disposition, and always true to his word and to his fellow man. From time to time he engaged in various enterprises."



(photo from the Minnesota Historical Society Archives). Members of the Northern Pacific (a.k.a. Brackett's) Expedition in July, 1869, at Camp Cook on the banks of the Sauk River. This was Camp Number One, and it is possible that this party had reached this first destination by steamboat from above St. Anthony Falls to Sauk Rapids MN. This "expedition" may have been an early version of a tourist junket (see below) as the actual railroad survey expedition had been completed in 1853. Included in this photo are at least two Governors (Smith of Vermont and Marshall of Minnesota). Included in the photo is Dr. S.W.Thayer, then of Burlington VT, later of Brainerd. Most expedition members were from northeastern United States. You can note at left background a buggy. Pierre Bottineau is believed to be the man with the rifle, reclining on the ground behind the canoe. A report about the trip described it as follows: "In 1869, Pierre Bottineau led his last expedition. Sixteen years after leading Governor Stevens on his Pacific Railroad expedition, Pierre Bottineau led the directors of the Northern Pacific on a re-survey of the route he had guided Governor Stevens through in 1853. This final expedition was, however, different in character from Pierre Bottineau's previous explorations. Rather than establish new routes, this "expedition" was more of an "adventure" for "tourists." As Bray (p. 35) has aptly noted, "Organized under a directive from Jay Cooke, it included Governor J. Gregory Smith of Vermont and Governor William Marshall of Minnesota and a party eminent citizens and, for a distance, even their ladies." Pierre Bottineau apparently had little trouble adapting to this new situation, for the account provided by Boston Journal reporter Carleton Coffin on this "expedition" led Bray (p. 36) to observe that, "Bottineau was not above playing up to his audience. He told hair-raising tales of his escape from the Sioux."

From the Editor: In five issues of the Grand Forks (ND) Herald, October 28 - November 9, 1992, columnist Jack Hagerty revisited the travels of Nicholas Hoffman, one of the first residents of what was to later become Grand Forks, North Dakota.

While Hoffman was not a French-Canadian - he was Prussian by birth - he first travelled the then-trails between the Twin Cities and Grand Forks just prior to the explosive growth of the territory in the 1860s and forward.

Hoffman settled in St. Anthony - present day Minneapolis MN - in about 1854. In 1860, he traveled by stage coach to the then-frontier Red River Valley. By 1869 he and his partner Gust Loon were engaged in carrying the mail between Ft. Abercrombie and Pembina (both Dakota Territory and on the Red River of the North), and Hoffman had built the first house in what is now Grand Forks ND.

Hoffman died "at his own hands" in August, 1896, in Grand Forks. He apparently had lost most of his fortune through a bad investment.

His partner Gust Loon's story is fascinating in itself. Loon's real name was Augustus Huard and he was a Frenchman from Quebec. It is said he changed his name to Loon because someone told him that Loon was the English translation of Huard. Loon (Huard) stayed only a relatively short time in Grand Forks, moving first to the tiny Acton (east of present day Grafton ND), and later to Warroad MN. (The Fevrier-Mars 1990 Chez Nous carried a brief story about Loon, including an assertion, found in Minnesota History magazine, that Loon was a Swede!) But that's another story.

Read on, and enjoy some of the travels (and travails) of Nicholas Hoffman, as related in his own words. And special Thanks to Jack Hagerty and LSCF member Loria Kelly of East Grand Forks MN for bringing this story to us.

"Hoffman made his first trip to the [Red River] valley in the spring of 1860, with three other men, on the first stage coach trip from St. Cloud to Georgetown, Minn, then the site of a Hudson's Bay Co post and the leading settlement in the upper Red River Valley.

"The first day," he wrote, "we reached a hotel kept by Baptiste Rounsvet at Cold Springs. The roads were bad, and there were no bridges across streams. We carried oats enough for the round trip. This obliged us to unload quite often. A fence rail was carried along to lift the stage out of the mud.

"The next night, we found good and comfortable quarters at a place kept by Mr. Stewart at what was called Stewart's Crossing. We forded the Sauk River two or three times driving to what was then called West Union. There was no

settlement then at what is now Sauk Center.

"At Chico's Lake, Madson Gordon kept a station in a small shack. Fish was the principal article of food. The next day we reached Alexandria. The roads were, if possible, worse than what they had been before we struck timber. A Mr. Gregory, his wife and two sons kept the station at Alexandria in a little log shanty.

"The next day we went to Evansville, where John Carter was building a station. We slept that night on the soft side of a board, but the supper was all we could wish, and we did it justice.

"We stopped the next night about eight miles south of Fergus Falls, where Mr. Wright and four sons lived. Mr Wright had a dam for a saw mill, built the winter before, which made for excellent fishing and we had plenty of sturgeon.

"From there we went to Breckinridge, a mile or so from the present site. Here was Mr. Bentley, Mark Carpenter and Sam Carpenter at work on a big hotel. It was three stories and basement. I should think it was big enough for Chicago in those days.

"There was also a saw mill to cut the lumber for the hotel, and they had men in the woods to get out the logs. Breckinridge was a decidedly busy place.

"We left the next day for Abercrombie, but the fort was closed so we stopped with J.R. Harris in a small shanty, where a man by the name of Willie Gilpatrick and an old Irishman was stopping and selling whiskey to the Indians, who it was claimed was afterwards drowned by the Indians.

"We started for Georgetown the next day, but as it was too long a drive to make in one day, we got supplies from Gilpatrick. About midday we found a townsite. There was a shanty, but no roof on it. It was called Burlington. That was the first night I ever slept outdoors without a blanket. We were a little short on supper and breakfast, but reached Georgetown the next day all right."

Thus a journey which an automobile on today's highways could make in half a day, took the stage coach more than a week.

* * * * *

When Nick Hoffman and three other men arrived in Georgetown, Minn, on the first stage coach from St. Cloud in the spring of 1860, they found 10 or 15 men already there - Dutch, Swedes, English, Scotch and Indians - all employed by the Hudson's Bay Co.

"They had plenty of supplies and little to do but eat," Hoffman wrote in his remembrance published in The Record after his death. "We had roast pork and other good things. After about a week, they all went away but me and three others. We remained another week, when a new boss came up from Fort Garry [now Winnipeg area]."

Unhappy with his employment by the Hudson's Bay Co, Hoffman decided to go back to St. Cloud - on foot. He got only as far as the present location of Moorhead, then called Burbank, where he worked for about a month. Then he took off again, going south to what was called Appleton Station.

"Stage coach stations had been built along the road and teams by the hundreds were hauling freight for Fort Garry and Georgetown. The old steamer Anson Northrup was then making regular trips from Georgetown to Fort Garry."

"For a time, Hoffman worked on another river steamer, the Pioneer, but said, "There was no pleasure in this as the water was so low and the men had to haul on the line all day and chop wood all night by lantern, and we had a hard time to get the boat to Georgetown."

But if that was a difficult operation, his next assignment was even more so. It was to be part of a crew to bring another old steamer from laying aground in Minnesota River shallows about six miles below Big Stone Lake and into the Red River. The steamer had been abandoned there in 1857. It had been planned to transfer it into the Red during a flood on the Minnesota. But the water went down before it could be accomplished and the boat had been stranded.

A Welshman crew member had been left in charge of the boat and there he stayed nearly four years, with nothing to eat except what he could come by from hunting or fishing.

The boat had subsequently been sold at a Sheriff's sale to Burbank of the stage company, who detailed Hoffman and others to take it in pieces and reassemble it at Georgetown.

"We found the boat and the little Welshman all right," Hoffman wrote. "His hair had three years growth and his whiskers were long. You may be sure his clothes were not of the latest fashion or in first-class condition. Coffee sacks and window curtains had been used to keep him covered."

Hoffman and friends divided their clothes with him, though they were a poor fit because he was so small.

The parts of the boat finally were in Georgetown after Christmas of 1860.

Once the boat had been reassembled, Hoffman and others hauled freight between Alexandria and Georgetown to be shipped to Fort Garry during the following summer.

After returning to Fort Abercrombie from Breckinridge with the woman and her children [about 1862-63], Hoffman reported what he had found there and the fear that the Indians had attacked. A party was organized to return to Breckinridge. Ten men on horseback, led by a half-breed guide, hoped they would yet be able to

save Hoffman's friend, Russell, and the three men helping him with haying when Hoffman had last seen them.

As they neared Breckinridge and crossed a coulee, the horses began to snort. The guide got off his horse to investigate what had alarmed the horses. He reported that the Indians had killed an ox and said from appearances the party might be heading into a trap. He advised returning to the fort.

They did so, planning to return again the next morning, when better prepared for what they might find.

In the morning, a group again left the fort with a government mule team and some spades and shovels, which might be used to throw up defenses in case of need. Hoffman was on guide duty and could not accompany them.

This time, the party found that Russell and his three men had been killed by the Indians. The half-breed guard said the bodies of the four men had been dragged around, up and down stairs by a chain around their feet, in the unfinished hotel Russell had bought.

Hoffman wrote that he had never been in Breckinridge since, apparently because of the memories it would bring back.

While burying the remains of the four white men, the party from the fort thought they saw an Indian in a sawmill about 1 1/2 miles away. On investigating, they found, instead, that they had seen an old woman, named Scott, who had been living with her son and grandson some 16 miles from the mill. The son had been killed by the Indians, she said, and her grandson taken prisoner. She had a bullet wound in her chest, but had been able to crawl the 16 miles to the mill on her hands and knees.

The woman also told them where they could find the body of a stage driver named Joe Snell. The party from Abercrombie found and buried Snell's body. They then took the woman to return to the fort. On the way, Indians attacked the party, killing a teamster named Bennett, and came near taking the wagon containing the wounded woman and Bennett's body. But the party got back to the fort without further trouble.

"We had seen no Indians about the fort," Hoffman wrote, "but were fortifying it and preparing for the attack which we felt must come."

It eventually did, and the fort was under siege for some six weeks, but the defenders were able to withstand their attacks.

During one Indian attack, Hoffman was able to kill one Indian.

"That is the only Indian I could say for sure that I killed," he wrote in his remembrance, "but I have shot at a good many."

JAN-FEB 93 478-490

LES CANADIAN-FRANCAIS DE QUEBEC

by: Ernest Ebert, Grand Forks, ND

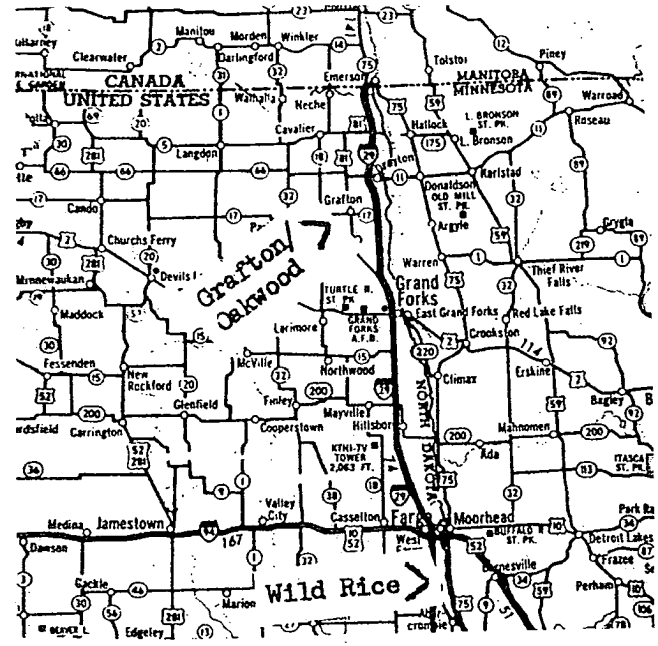
The first bonafide farmer in North Dakota was Charles Bottineau, a Frenchman who came to Dakota Territory in 1859. Not all early settlers had time or were in a position to raise the food that they needed. He saw an opportunity to produce it for them in the form of wheat, mutton, beef and vegetables and this was in the area now known as northeast North Dakota.

The first French-Canadian community in Dakota Territory was at Wild Rice southwest of Fargo. The settlers began to arrive in 1869. They came from small farms in Quebec. They wanted larger farms and came to stay.

Further north and in the area now known as Walsh County, early settlers in large numbers arrived during the years 1878, 1879 and 1881. German, Norwegian, Bohemian, Polish and French-Canadian people answered the call of the siren song of publicity which spoke of cheap land and bountiful yields to be harvested, from the as yet, largely unbroken prairies of Dakota Territory. This vast expanse of land could accomodate many farmers and larger farms, it was intimated.

Mostly, the French-Canadians came from small villages not far from the island-city of Montreal and some had spent some time in New England and Minnesota on the way. My grandparents came from one of those villages—St. Remi, Quebec. My mother remembered the long, narrow farms laid out in that way to afford a maximum number of frontages on the river. In a sense, it was like living in a town. Each farm contained about 25 arpents—an old French unit of length equal to about an acre.

Oakwood village, now Walsh County, was the center of a French-Canadian community located on the Park River seven miles west of it's junction with the Red River and about four miles east of later developed Grafton. It was here that Joseph Charpentier had established a settlement in 1878 on land that he had bought the rights to from some Indians for \$25. Later, when he gained title to the land on which he lived, he gave 10 acres for the purpose of building a church, convent, and establishing a cemetery. French-Canadian families came in large numbers in the late 1870's and early 1880's. Their family names included Brunelle, Barnaby, Collette, LaRoche, Girard, Savard, Deschenes, Laberge, Lessard, LaChappelle, Parent,



Pellant, Huard, Boutin, Vary, Patenaude, Suprenant, DeSautel and others. My grandparents, the Bernard Failles, came in 1881. Of these early pioneers the names DeSautel, Collette and Lessard are still prominent in the Grafton-Oakwood area.

The early settlement name of Park River, was changed to distinguish it from the name of the river and named Oakwood because of the many oak trees in the area. Of necessity, early pioneers were inventive. They used the strong oak trees to fashion neck yokes for their oxen, to make eveners and to construct parts for their wagons and other equipment. As soon they could, the settlers obtained a cow for milking and two or three pigs as a source of meat. They all had vegetable gardens which they planted with seeds brought from Canada. Sometimes, they ground their own flour at home with a grinder; other times the men went to Grand Forks to buy flour and salt.

Here are some of the French foods used for festive occasions, others for everyday consumption: CRETON, which consisted of cracklings from rendered lard, LA SOUPE AUX POIS (pea soup), TOURTIERE (meat pie), PORC SALE (salt pork), BOUDIN (blood sausage). Creton was used on bread like butter.

French priests occasionally visited the little cluster of homes of early Oakwood. One of these priests was Father Bonin who urged them to build a church. By 1881, the settlers had erected a church on the land donated by Charpentier. The

lower part was to be used as a chapel and the second floor provided a residence for the clergy. It was fitting that Father Benin offered the first Mass in June 1881.

Father Malo was the first resident pastor. Since Grafton was a mission of Oakwood at that time and they had no church, Father Malo said Mass in a public hall over a saloon until the congregation built a church in 1883. A separate rectory in Oakwood was built in 1886. The first sisters from France.

Once established, the Oakwood parish

resembled every North Dakota French community in its celebration of St. Anne's Day (July 26) and St. John Baptist Day (June 24). On special feasts, an assortment of processions, blessings and festivities broke the summer routine. Mardi Gras, a time for mid-winter excitement, men dressed in special costumes, visited farm homes throughout the day and invited neighbors to join in their revelry, for the Lenten days of restraint were approaching.

Christmas Recollections:

Chez Nous Dec-Jan 1988-89

CHRISTMAS IN GRAFTON, N.D.

by Henry Bernard

Our Lady of the Snows, Belleville, IL

This is of no particular year though most refers to the years between 1910 and 1920 when I was not yet a teenager.

I recall the hardcoal heater that was set up in the corner of the living room just off my parents bedroom. It was put up in the fall and taken down in the spring. When it was real cold, there was a reddish glow from the burning coals that almost gave sufficient light for a room.

The space behind is where we hung our Christmas stockings (one of the clean black stockings we wore). Standard filling by Santa Claus was an orange in the toe, some candies, usually hard rock candy, that was

not wrapped; popcorn, an apple, and maybe an article of clothing. If the single toy was able to be fitted into the stocking it was put there, but if not, it was put on the floor. I mentioned SINGLE TOY; I remember getting an erector set one year, tinker toys another year and a windup locomotive, cars and tracks another year. Joe Bernard, who was also my Godfather, gave me a roll of nickels as combination birthday and Christmas gift each year until I was a senior in high school.

Midnight Mass was always attended regardless of the cold, snow, or storm. We walked the ten blocks to the church. Some people had a big meal when they returned home. I am sure that my grandparents Collettes had this to in their rural church parish in Oakwood. I am sure that we children were ready for bed right away when we got home BECAUSE SANTA CLAUS HADN'T VISTED YET!

A Short History of the Faille Family

(Pete Faille was Henry Bernards best man at his wedding in 1901)

A short history of the Faille family: Married in 1870. Came to Oakwood in 1880. Lost a nine year old daughter in 1885. Lost a second nine year old daughter in November 1890. Grandma died giving birth to their 13th child on December 15, 1890. She was 43 years old. Grandpa lost his farm in 1892.

Why did Bernard Faille lose his land? Most pioneers had very little cash and were immediately in need of credit. With the oxen or horse power available to them, about 10 acres of sod was about all they could plow and fit up for a crop for the following year. Meanwhile they needed food and money for ongoing expenses. General stores handled most things that their customers needed and extended credit for same. If the bill could not be paid for a year or two, the storekeeper asked for security before he would extend more credit. Once the merchant held the mortgage, he could foreclose whenever he saw fit to do so; I am sure it was justified in some cases, but the name "Joe Deschenes", prominent Grafton merchant and my grandfather's creditor, does appear on many quarters of land in the 1893 plat book of Walsh County.

My grandparents as well as many other pioneers, suffered many privations and endured much tragedy. May they rest in peace.

My grandparents, Bernard and Delphine Faille and their six children, the oldest of whom was nine, were met at Grand Forks by Joseph Charpentier with his wagons in 1880. The railroad didn't reach Grafton until December 1881. One of the children died at age nine in 1885 and is the first registered burial in Oakwood. Grandpa Faille filed on a quarter of land in Acton Township in 1885.

Chez Nous Jan-Feb 1993

Below is a story Henry Bernard related about an event involving a French-Canadian farmer in North Dakota in the early 1900's.

The story as told by Henry was told to him by his father about 1920. He illustrates the dilemma of "moving" from one language to another. A version of Mr. Bassette's monologue in French, is in this issue. Mr. Bassette was a French-Canadian farmer who lived in the Oakwood (ND) area. He was a good farmer but somewhat illiterate in the English language.

One day in the winter, he came to Grafton driving a bobsled (a wagon with runners instead of wheels for winter use). He was sitting on the seat in front and as he was driving down the street of the town some boys were going to play a trick on him.

The boys had found a frozen cat and were going to put it in Mr. Bassette's bobsled. They overestimated their strength and threw the cat too hard and it hit Mr. Bassette on the back.

Bassette's monologue followed:
"Whoa (to the horses).

Who threw that freezecat at me?
Show him to me and I will give him his satisfy."

TRANSLATION OF MONSIEUR BASSETTE

We are unsure about how to say "whoa" in French. There must be a way to tell animals to stop, but we haven't found it yet. We also haven't had much experience with frozen cats, so hope this is ok!

Here's what we'd suggest:

"Arretez, les chevaux!
Qui a jeté ce chat congelé envers moi?
Montrez-le-moi et je lui donnerai ce qu'il mérite."

Merci to Tom Nordby and Stephanie Wolkin who collaborated.

THE GOURDE'S OF OAKWOOD NORTH DAKOTA

By Marie (Mrs. Frank) Byzewski

Note: This story first appeared, without byline, in the 1976 book **Walsh Heritage, A Story of Walsh County and its Pioneers**. This book was a four volume compilation of stories written by residents of Walsh County about their ancestors and their life in the new county and has many stories about early pioneers. This one was the most informative, in my opinion. This article was reprinted in large part in the October-November, 1987, and December, 1987-January, 1988, issues of *Chez Nous*, and most recently it can be found on the internet at <http://members.aceweb.com/oceanbum/gourdes.html>. Edits of this most recent version are indicated within brackets []. Marie wrote a long hand-written letter to me in the late 1980s or early 1990s (it is undated), and provided very useful information about Henry and Josephine Bernard in Grafton. Her information is incorporated into the history.

Dick Bernard

January 8, 2010

Joseph Gourde, Sr., and his wife, Philomene Pageotte, left St. Elzear, Beauce County, province of Quebec, Canada, which is located [south and west of Quebec City, Quebec]. How they traveled I don't know, but Grandpa always told us that he put on his skates in Canada in November of 1888 [? 1887? See below] and skated all the way until he arrived [at the area of Oakwood ND] the next July. [Joseph died in 1920 at age 79.]

Their nine children accompanied them: Delvina, Dezilda, Elmire, Leonine, Eugenie, Joseph, Jr., Domicile, Alphonse and Arthur, the baby. Eugene Rheame and **Joseph Bernard**, their **sons-in-law** who were **married** to the two oldest **daughters**, [Delvina and **Dezilda**] **traveled with them and each couple had a small child**. A little girl was born later. She died in childhood. [Henry Bernard later came from Quebec and joined his brother in Oakwood, becoming a carpenter.]

Joseph Gourde Sr. came from Grand Forks to Walsh County after their arrival in North Dakota in the fall of 1888. He bought 80 acres of land from the original quarter from Alfred Boutin, whose father Urbain [quite certainly neighbor of the Blondeau's in Dayton MN, and father of Philippe Collette's first wife, Julie Boutin] had filed a claim from the United States in 1882 for which he had paid \$186. Urban Boutin came to Dakota Territory in 1879. He got the E ½ SE ¼ of Section 10, Twp 157, Range 52 on which a log house had been built on the south bank of the Park River near the timberline, which would be near water supply and trees for their needs, and rich farm land. This land was located 1 ½ west of the Park River settlement, which later became the Park River Mission and sometime later turned to be called Oakwood because of the many oak trees growing in that vicinity.

July 11, 1880, Rev. Fr. Bonin came from St. Joe (Leroy) to visit the Park River settlement and said the first Mass here in the Boutin house that is there yet on the Jeanette Gourde farm.

In December, 1888, the Gourdes moved into that log house and began their many years of farming in a new country. Plowing the fields with a walking plow with one mold board, raising some wheat, oats, barley, a patch of Indian corn, and a small plot of potatoes for their own use. For a few years they would borrow money in the spring from Mr. Leistikow, or John Cashel and pay it back in the fall, until they managed to stand on their own feet.

These French Canadians had very crude furnishings, some of which were made from the wood of trees that grew on each side of the river on their land. The oak trees furnished strong timber from which they made yokes for oxen, neck yokes, veneers and parts for their wagons and other machineries. Every settler obtained a cow and a couple of pigs as soon as possible for milk and meat. They raised their own vegetables from seeds they had brought from Canada; flour was sometimes ground, which was carried by boats on the Red River. Salt was a necessity in those days to preserve their food.

The Boutins and the Gourdes were fortunate to be near the river for water supply [for] the animals. Besides, there was a spring of fresh water on the Bessette farm, not far northwest, on the edge of the Park River, from which clean drinking water was available when the rainwater collected from the roofs in wooden barrels ran out. Later, these barrels were replaced by zinc tanks on a platform, with a faucet at the bottom so a pail could easily be placed under it to get water. They were always on the north side of the house when possible to keep [the water] cool. That was some improvement, believe me. In wintertime, each home had a wooden barrel near the kitchen stove for water. It was filled [with] ice that was hauled from the Red [Park?] River, or with snow, each day.

The men were kept busy all winter when the weather permitted, sawing ice in blocks and hauling them home. Neighbors got together for these tasks. Fuel was another all winter problem. Those who lived by the woods were very fortunate as they cut down their own trees, sawed the logs into blocks with a crosscut saw, or used a sawhorse with a bucksaw when one man worked alone. These 1 ½-foot blocks were used in the pot-bellied stoves and some were chopped with an ax into smaller pieces for the cook stoves. Everyone had a large wood box by the stove for this and the larger round blocks were piled behind the heater as it took quite a number each day to keep these homes warm. It was the job of the kids, when they returned from school, when there was school, to bring in snow, ice and wood so there wasn't much time for nonsense. Then there were some chores in the barn to tend to. These early barns were made of poles covered with straw. But the kids still had fun hiding in the dark and scaring each other, as chores were done by the light of a kerosene lantern in winter.

There was a small bridge built across the river for the cows to graze on the other side. One day, a boy put an old rocker on that bridge in the dark and placed a dummy on it. The wind made it rock and no-way would anybody get the cow that night as too many ghost stories were told in those days. One of the family had gone to visit someone across the river and on his return thought it was someone disguised to scare him, so he took a good speed across the bridge, knocking the dummy off his rocker, and never looked behind until the next day.

They lived at the top of the riverbank and in winter the children spent many hours sliding down the hill and building snow forts.

Sometimes the snowstorms were so bad that you could not see the barn from the house as the banks in between were higher and the snow and wind kept on for three days in a row. A rope was sometimes tied to the corner of the home and held on to for fear of getting lost, as you couldn't see a foot ahead of you. In the winter of 1888 there were days when the temperature was 40 degrees below zero. Sometimes the cattle were not fed nor watered for a couple of days, and had to chew on the straw that lined the dirt floors.

Whenever an animal got sick, linseed oil was often poured down their throats from a bottle. Other times when they got bloated from eating too much or from food that they were not accustomed to, the farmer knew just where to make a narrow slit between the ribs at a certain spot for the gas to escape and save the animal. The cattle had nice green pasture in the woods that followed along the river in the summer. Later on, horses came into the picture and were fed hay, oats, and corn in wintertime. Although during the dry years straw was also used.

I remember my dad telling [that] all the children slept upstairs, covered with five or six crazy quilts that grandmother had made from woolen pieces. The mattresses were filled with corn husks or straw. Some pillows were made from the down of cattails. Every fall the cracks between the logs had to be patched up with clay; but in spite of it, snow still blew in during a storm and in the morning they'd grab their clothes and run downstairs, leaving footprints in the snow.

The women were busy in those days, as most of their clothes were homemade except shoes and men's clothes. Overalls were bought but seldom washed, as that was too hard on them. [Washing] used too much water and scrubbing them on a washboard was a difficult job. Often times, clothes that were too soiled were placed in a boiler of hot water on the kitchen range, homemade soap and lye added, and boiled to make them clean. The children went barefoot all summer as no one could afford shoes, or at least only a few could. These pioneers had a lot of sewing to do for their children, besides making crazy quilts, baking and cooking, filling the kerosene lamps and washing the blackened lamp chimneys. They saved all the suet or tallow whenever they butchered a steer. The old lard that would get rancid was used to make soap during the summer when it could be done outside in a large iron kettle. Sometimes a few of the neighbors would ask to come over and make a batch,

too, as few had those big iron kettles. Dishwater was saved along with potato peelings and scraps to fatten the pigs. In the fall pigs ate acorns that fell from the oak trees.

In late fall, when the pigs were ready to butcher and the weather was cold enough to freeze the meat, it was time to use that large iron kettle again to boil water for scalding the pigs. Another boiler full was brought to a boil on the kitchen stove, as this would not be enough. The neighbors always exchanged times and helped each other for these tasks. One was the experienced stabber, and others got a wooden barrel filled with the boiling water. The pig would be dipped back and forth until it was just right to be scraped. Then it would be pulled out onto a platform or boards and everyone got busy scraping before it cooled off. Then it was turned on its back and slashed from the hind legs to the fore legs. The liver and heart were taken out first so they could cool them off quickly and have a meal of fresh meat by the time the men were done.

When the stabbing was done the blood was collected in a kettle, salt added to it, then stirred so it would not curdle. This was to be used for making blood sausage. The intestines were placed in a dish pan where the women removed whatever fat on on the m[eat] to make lard. Then the casings were scraped and cleaned very carefully and used for filling with blood sausage or pork sausage. Afterwards, the pig was washed inside and out and hung up by the hind legs on a three-pole scaffold and left part of the day to stretch and partly freeze, carried inside on the table to be cut, carried back outside as soon as possible to spread it out on elevated boards or on roofs until frozen hard enough to be placed in barrels for winter storage outside. Some of the roasts were kept for making the famous meat pies the French always made for Christmas Day. Those would also be wrapped and placed in the barrels to be kept frozen until needed. These barrels had to be carefully covered to keep the meat from airing out and big stones placed on top so dogs would keep away.

Throughout the winter they had this meat but when warm days came in the spring, salting had to be done. Brine was made of water, molasses or brown sugar and enough salt to float an egg. Hams and bacon pieces were packed in barrels or crocks and covered with brine for six weeks and then smoked for a few days. This was planned to be ready for Easter Sunday. The rest would be hung in a dry place and the larger hams would be paced in the wheat bin and covered, as it kept fine there. The pig's head was made into head cheese a few days after the butchering, placed in the barrel to freeze and used when needed. Lard had to be rendered too and the cracklings used to make some "Gorton" as the French called it. It was mixed with meat and used as a spread. The pig's feet were used to make a ragout. Not a thing was wasted, as the tails and ears were placed in the oven and kids enjoyed chewing on them when they were nice and crisp. So there was very little waste for the dog. Later on, people learned to can meat in sealers or fry the side pork, place in jars and cover with the melted lard. When the lard hardened this could keep for weeks and was very handy for men's lunches when they had to take dinners out.

Molasses and syrup must have been cheap in those days as it was used often on bread for children's lunches. Molasses cake made with buttermilk was delicious, and seems like every winter apples were bought by the box and placed under the folks' bed if there wasn't a cellar, and shared only when company came. Oranges were celebrated on that day [?] among the French-Canadians than on Christmas [NOTE: until the 1950s, perishable (and exotic) fruits like oranges were rarely available and then only for very special events, like a single orange for a Christmas present.]

There was an old custom from France where Christmas was especially a church day and everyone attended Midnight Mass when it was possible. This we all looked forward to, but it came only in later years...the singing was done in Latin and French hymns that everyone enjoyed. You would drive a mile and a half with horses hitched to a bobsled and pick up some of the neighbors on the way and hear others going by the sound of sleigh bells. When you returned home at about two-thirty, lunch was eaten.

Presents: As was the French custom, [presents] were given only on New Year's Day and all the relatives came to wish "A Happy New Year to All," after which supper was served, including some of that blood sausage and meat pies that were made in the late fall. The evening would be spent playing games, cards and some dancing. Usually some of the furniture had to be taken outside, including the heater when the dancing started because the space was small and the people furnished enough heat. Some old time fiddler was the entertainer.

In the summer flies were bad and as there were no screens on doors or windows, it was a nuisance. The houses were hot. Doors could not be kept closed when the cook stove, burning wood, was used most of the day. The women and children used dishtowels to wave back and forth to chase the flies out before each meal and every now and then. The potato bugs were another problem because if they were not picked, they ate the vines and spoiled the crop. So the children's job was to see that the bugs were collected when the time came. The boys and girls would walk down the rows each carrying a can and a stick which was used to knock them down into the can. This was done in the larva stage before they grew wings, so they wouldn't fly out. Kerosene was poured on to kill them.

Another job was hoeing weeds by hand in the potato and corn fields. Mustard was a bad weed in the early days and was pulled by hand. The children would line up in the fields about ten feet apart when the plant was in bloom, so it could be easily spotted and pulled out. Everyone had to carry his bundle home or to the river so no seed would spread. A few weeks later when more of these wild plants bloomed, they had to repeat the task.

In 1908 Arthur Gourde, their youngest son, acquired this land from his parents and spent four years there with them, after which Mr. And Mrs. Joseph Gourde, Sr., moved to Grafton. After a few years, they moved to the village of Oakwood to be

with their relatives and friends in their old age. His wife, Philomene, died of a heart attack in 1913, and was buried in the Sacred Heart Cemetery at 67. Her husband died in 1920 and was buried at her side at 79.

Delvina Gourde and her husband, Eugene Rheame, were married in St. Elzear, Canada, and arrived here with one child in 1888. They acquired land a short distance across the road from her folks. They had a family of 18 children: three of their daughters joined the order of the Sisters of St. Mary of the Presentation in Oakwood. They were Amanda, who became Sr. Eugene Marie, now teaching CCD classes at Lisbon; Eva, who became Sr. Bernice (deceased); and Josephine, who took the name of Sr. Delvina of Rolla. There is only a grandson left here, Andrew, who lives in Grafton. Mrs. Louise Rheame, his mother, is at Sunset Home. Olga, wife of Richard (deceased) lived in Grafton, too. Ray Campbell has their farm now.

Dezilda Gourde married Joseph Bernard, Sr., in St. Elzear, Canada, and came her with her folks in 1888. They had a small child, Joseph, Jr. They settled in Grafton where Mr. Bernard went to work at the Grafton Roller Mill, as that was the kind of work he did in Canada.

Eugenie Gourde came to North Dakota with her parents in 1888 when she was eight years old. She later married William Durand who came from Minneapolis, Minn., in 1896. That was the winter when there was a very heavy snowfall in the Red River Valley and the temperature dipped to 40 degrees below zero. Then in the spring of 1897 there was a big flood when the trains did not run for a whole week. Many wild animals drowned, including many deer. The farm animals stood on a few of the high spots but some were lost too. A lake 30 miles wide and 15 miles long remained for some time in the Red River Valley.

The few farmers who made boats traveled to Grafton for groceries for all the neighbors for miles around. They rowed with their boat right across the fields, as the water was deep enough. The old Joseph Campbell house that was located by the road, which is now highway 17, was the only home on dry land. For a long time afterward, they were called the Campbells on the hill.

Now return to the Durands. They raised a family of six children, four sons and two daughters. The[y] purchased the Sam Comb farm northwest of Oakwood where Dolans now live. The daughter, Amanda, (Mrs. Albert Demers) and a son, Wilfred, live in Grafton. There are many of their grandchildren living in this vicinity. Mrs. Durand died of a heart attack in 1934 while on her way with her son, Joseph, to the Rheames where she had been called because Mrs. Rheame had just passed away of the same ailment.

Arthur Gourde, the youngest son of Joseph, Sr. acquired this 80 acres of land from his folks in 1908, and they lived there with him for four more years. He married Roseann Parent and his brother, Domicile, married Irene French, and the two couples left for Montana where they filed claims and named the first town Flaxville.

After a few years they returned to Oakwood. Arthur Gourde then bought a restaurant named "Hungry Man's Place" in Grafton, in partnership with Jack "Bob" Burns, who was Mrs. Ben Molde's dad. They had a family of five children when they left Grafton to live at Longview, Washington.

The Domicile Gourde's bought a quarter of land two miles east of Oakwood and they had six sons and three daughters, who are still residing here [including] Mrs. Amanda Lessard, Oakwood Village, and Therese (Mrs. Dan Demers), who lives on the farm about three miles north of Oakwood. A son, Rev. Fr. Leo OSB, is librarian at the Niagara University library in New York City. Another son, Albert, is a member of the Secret Service, Washington, D.C.

Joseph Gourde, Jr., my father, was 13 years old when he came to North Dakota with his folks in 1888. He married Alphonsina Campbell in 1901, and they lived with his folks for a couple of years, then moved to Martin Twp, 1 ½ miles NE of Cashel. In 1905, three small children died within a period of six weeks of diarrhea and whooping cough. Dr. Countryman made many trips with horse and buggy to Cashel and many house calls in those days.

In 1913, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gourde, Jr., with their four sons and one daughter, Victor, Louie, Marie, Alfred, and Albert left Cashel and bought the home place from his brother, Arthur, who left for Montana.

We never forgot the day that we moved from Cashel back to Dad's original home on the banks of the Park River, that his dad had bought in 1888. The furniture was all piled on hayracks and moved with teams of horses while the machinery was tied behind. The family of mother and the children rode in number one style. Lorenzo LaMarre took the Durand family to live on the farm by Cashel and brought us back to Oakwood Township. What a trip that was for both families as it was the first automobile ride for all of us. I was only five at the time and there were only three cars in Martin and Oakwood townships, as far as we knew. One belonged to Cyprien French, one to Ovide Collette, and the LaMarres, and if I am not mistaken it was a Maxwell and had the top down as it was a beautiful day.

Another highlight of my Cashel memories was the party mother made for us and the neighbor kids who were our cousins. In those days we had a lot of meals with salt pork and pea soup for which the French-Canadians were well known. Once in a great while we'd have chicken that was really a treat as they were scarce and had to be saved for egg laying. But mother got a bright idea and took us all to the chicken coop as it was always full of sparrows who came in to eat wheat with the chickens. She closed the door and we caught all the birds that were inside. They ate the same feed as those good hens, she said, so why wouldn't they be good to eat? We repeated this a few times until we had quite a bunch. Then they were scalded, drawn, washed and placed in a large pan in the over to be roasted. With fresh homemade bread, butter, her special molasses cake, we had a picnic fit for a king. Even the queen would have enjoyed it. So did the neighbor kids.

Dad and my uncle had a threshing machine together as early as 1910. The engine was an old oil pull.

There were times when help would be needed by a neighbor and a white dish towel would be hung on the corner of the house and either a neighbor came quickly, or maybe a passerby, but that was few and far between at that time.

Another interesting visitor was the old time peddler who came about once a year. We were always happy to see his nice colored goods as kids never went to town and he always stayed at our house overnight, which he paid for with merchandise, and gave us news.

Joseph, Jr., was an active member of the Sacred Heart Church of Oakwood and was treasurer of the township for many years. He had reached the third grade in the French School [in] Canada, but when he arrived in the United States he went to night school to master the English language, but he insisted that French would be spoken in the home whenever there were no English people around and not one of his kids knew an English word when we entered school at the age of seven or eight. Almost all of the grandchildren of Joseph Gourde, Sr., attended school at the Catholic Academy in Oakwood at one time or another. Many graduated from high school there, as did some of the great-grandchildren.

In October, 1915, a son, Jeffrey, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gourde Jr., in the four room frame house that had then been built on the eighty [acres] that they purchased [from] Arthur Gourde. The following year, the spring of 1916, Joseph Gourde, Jr., rented the farm east of him from his cousin Joseph Pageotte, where the family moved into an eight room house that had a cistern in the cellar with a pump in the kitchen and a sink, even a telephone with about 12 neighbors on the same line. There was an artesian well by the barn for the cattle, horses and pigs, that kept on flowing in a trough, then drained down to the river where a fresh hole was kept open all winter. There, about a foot long fish could be caught all winter. The river was wider there and made a nice skating rink in winter, on which the boys skated all the way to Oakwood, sometimes on their way to and from school to check on their traps for minks, Muskrats, and weasels. Sometimes a skunk got caught.

One morning, the oldest son, Victor, got a skunk in a trap and got rid of it on his way to school, but wow! The smell on his overshoes! One of the Nuns got a whiff of it and thought she would find out whom it was when they assembled in each classroom. But when he removed his rubbers and left them outside, she couldn't find the guilty one.

There, the last member of this family was born in April of 1926, the first to be born in the hospital in our family and during a dust storm, April 11, the Oakwood store, which was operated by Turgeon, burned. This was the building that was once a church in Oakwood before building the other. The farmers were out in the fields

then but no one could see the fire on account of the black dirt blowing almost every day. The telephone spread the news fast.

The years between 1929 and 1933 were dry and dusty. Joseph Gourde, Jr., was appointed to mark the cattle that were very thin and run down to be slaughtered and buried, while the farmers received a small pay for them. Much of the grain shriveled and dried up and there was no feed for the cattle. Some farmers were foreclosed and some banks closed and money was lost and many things like food, gas and tires were rationed.

Joseph Gourde, Jr., [born about 1875] died in 1935, unexpectedly [at about 60], and was buried in Sacred Heart Cemetery at Oakwood.

Alphonse Gourde also came here in 1888, married Aurore LaRoche and they raised a family of seven. They lived one mile northeast of Cashel. He was seriously injured in a farm accident in 1912 and died. His widow, with her six remaining children, moved to Oakwood. None of [them] live here any more.

The original log house is now covered with clapboard and still stands on the farm of Mrs. Victor Gourde. It had been used for a granary for years.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gourde, Jr., [married in 1901, the same year as Henry Bernard and Josephine Collette] had 11 children, the three oldest, as was mentioned before, died in Martin Township in childhood. The next six, Victor, Louie, **Marie [author of this article?]**, Alfred, Andre, and Albert were also born in Martin Township on the farm near Cashel. Andre died of measles when he was about six months old. Victor and Louie attended the Cashel School for two years before we moved to Oakwood. Chores had to be done and each had to do his part.

Uncle Alphonse lived just across the road from us and had as many kids of our age, so we got together every day and my mother always had a little something planned for us. She knew a lot of fairy tales, which she told us in the evenings, especially in the long winters which were mostly spent at our house. Often times she would sew crazy quilts, which [we] kids would embroider with zigzag rows of colored thread on every seam. Even the boys did this and liked it. Other times she braided rag rugs and we'd practice making little ones of our own.

Two of the neighbor's children were older than us and once in a great while would baby-sit for us if the folks went out. Then we'd play games like hide the button or blind man's bluff. That was a rough game to play in the house so mother always left the wall kerosene lamp on when she left to make sure no one would run into it when she was away. Sometimes it was Dad's turn to read to us and he had a book of Bible stories, which he read while we sat around in a circle and listened and enjoyed, learning our religion at the same time. He loved to read and read all the books of Tarzan and many westerns that he would tell us about later. He had another book

that was A Thousand and One Nights, which contained one thousand stories, which were very interesting.

Our home was a two-story house with a kitchen and the folk's bedroom downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. We had a hired man until the boys grew big enough to help milk cows and do chores he spent the winter with us just for his board and room. We had a red barn, enclosed within the pasture, so we always had to go through a wooden gate to go play by the pond near the barn to water cattle. There we caught frogs for which we built mud castles and swimming pools for the water bugs. We had a few horses and a couple cows and calves in the pasture which were usually at the other end where the grass was better, but an old mare name "Fly" would come running towards us with her ears down, ready to bite, whenever she came for a drink. So we had to be on guard and be ready to climb over that gate in a hurry.

Another game we like[d] in the summer time was hide and go seek, outside in the dark, with the neighbors or visitors. We lived right by the road with a ditch on both sides and the kids across the road had a pet sheep who followed us everywhere, but when he got tired he would come straight at us with his head down to ram into us. Mother told us to kneel down whenever we saw him coming, so we did and it worked. I don't know if it was because he thought we were praying or we didn't run away scared. Often we could see his shiny eyes in the dark and that sure looked spooky. Then when we'd come indoors we each got an apple when there was company and we had to be quiet and listen to the grown-ups stories, or watch their games of checkers or cards.

After we moved to the Pageotte farm 1½ miles west of Oakwood, we attended school at St. Aloysius Academy. At one time there were six of us in school, driving with a horse and buggy morning and after four. There was a barn on the school grounds which made it convenient. By the time that Agnes, the youngest, started school, most of the older ones were through and she went along with some of the neighbors. She accompanied Jeffrey, the youngest of the boys, for a few years, and when he graduated from high school, she was still quite young.

There are only four of us [left ca 1976?], Albert and Jeffrey in Oakwood Township with their families; Marie and Agnes in Grafton with their husbands, their children are either married or living away.

Mrs. Joseph Gourde, Jr., died in October, 1965, at 82. She was buried beside her husband in Sacred Heart Cemetery at Oakwood.

Alphonse Sabourin took a homestead 1½ miles south of Cashel. His wife, Bridget, came from Ireland and they had nine children. Some of them were James, Annie, Joseph, Bridget, Christiane, and Flora. They came here in 1880. Three of their daughters were confirmed in the first Confirmation class of the Park River Mission,

(now Sacred Heart Church of Oakwood), in 1884, by the Rt. Rev. M. Marty. They were Christiane, Flora and Bridget.

Edward Lafreniere came from St. Pauline, Quebec, in 1897. He married Bridget Sabourin and reared a family of nine children. Bridget was the daughter of the Alphonse Sabourins and was eight years old when she came to the United States and on to North Dakota, coming all the way from Ireland. They went to live at Leroy, then to Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Later they came to Oakwood and bought a farm about five or six miles northeast of Oakwood. They had seven children. Their son, Albert, was one of the first pupils of St. Aloysius Academy, which opened its doors for classes September, 1906. After going through the eighth grade he attended Cartier Seminary, Canada, and was ordained a priest in 1918 (now deceased). A daughter, Virginia, became a nun, Sr. Marie Edward, in 1911, and is now retired at Spring Valley, Ill. Their youngest daughter Jeanette, married Joseph Gourde, Jr.'s son, Victor, and she now is a widow and lives in Grafton.

Eustache French and his wife, Lalonde, came to North Dakota in the late 1800's, in 1882, with their four sons, Cyprien, who was seven years old then, [and] Joseph, Andrew, and Alcide. They settled on a farm north of Cashel in Martin Township. Alfred Parent, came to this Oakwood community in 1800. He had first stopped at Fort Abercrombie where his first wife died and his daughter, Ida Parent, then 1 ½ years old. Was taken care of by Ovide Collette's parents, which I think were Mr. and Mrs. Edouard LaBerge. She lived with them for two years until her father remarried and took her back to his home.

She married Cyprien French and farmed near Cashel in Martin Township. They had two sons, Ernest and Joseph, and three girls, Ernestine, Eva, and Arbella. After Cyprien was left alone with his youngest daughter, Arbella, the two moved to Oakwood where Mr. French died and was buried in the Sacred Heart Cemetery. Arbella married Louis Gourde, son of Joseph Gourde, Jr. They continued to live in her dad's house in the village and operated a grocery store and tavern for several years. After they sold their business place, they bought land 1 ½ miles east of Grafton, then later moved that house to Grafton on McHugh Ave, where Arbella continued to live after her husband died.

A complete pdf copy of the
1981 Centennial History
of Sacred Heart can be found
at www.chez-nous.net/fc.html

Chez Nous

The newsletter of **La Société Canadienne Française** du Minnesota

Novembre-Décembre 2000 P.O Box 581413, Minneapolis, MN 55458-1413 Vol. 22, No. 6, Issue 122

**The tiniest of thumbnail sketches of
Oakwood, North Dakota, and it's parish,
Sacred Heart Catholic Church**
Information from the Centennial Book of
Sacred Heart Church, 1981, and
Volume I of Walsh Heritage,
the History of Walsh County ND, 1976.

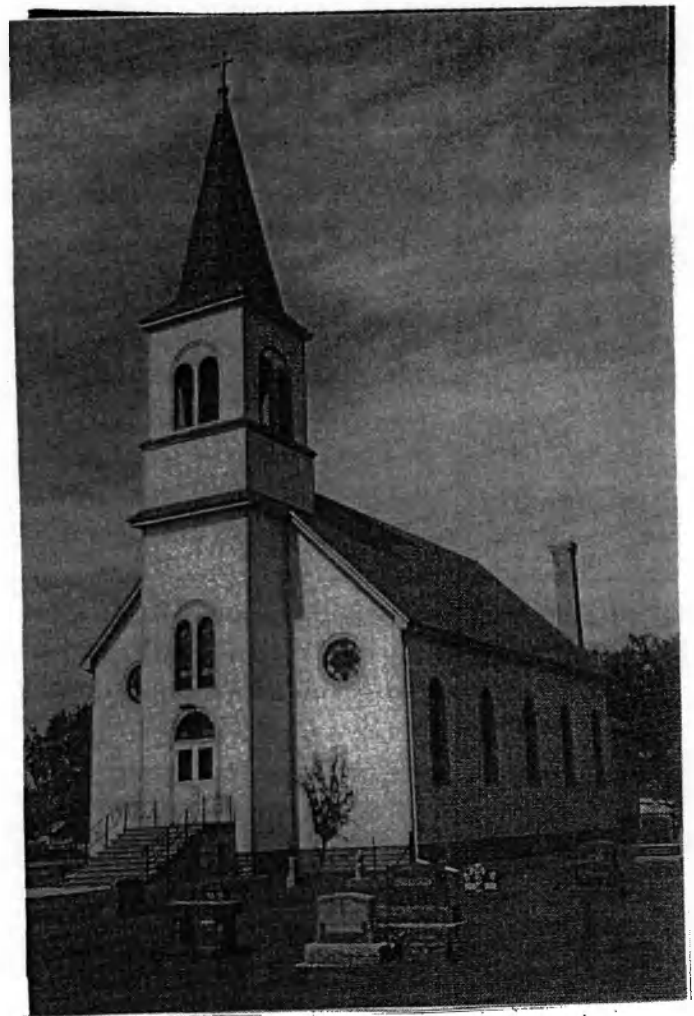
Oakwood ND is the tiniest of villages, no longer appearing on any maps, located perhaps four miles east of Grafton, in northeastern North Dakota. While it predated the founding of Grafton by several years, it was early "left in the dust", since the railroad came to Grafton... and not Oakwood.

Today's Oakwood is a pristine and beautiful little place with several houses, one or two businesses, all surrounding a beautiful prairie Catholic church. Long gone, but still an active memory, is a large Catholic school which educated thousands of local children until it closed in 1967.

This issue is a small tribute to this community and to one of its progeny, Bishop Raymond Lessard.

What was to become Oakwood was first settled by Mr. Joseph Charpentier. Charpentier and his wife Louise (Allard) and family left Cochrane (probably Corcoran), 23 miles west of Minneapolis, in 1872, settling first near Fort Abercrombie (near Wahpeton ND), and by 1874 arriving at the general area of Oakwood.

In 1878, and years following through the late 1890s, many French-Canadians homesteaded in the Oakwood area. There are innumerable stories. Many came from eastern or lower Canada (as Quebec was sometimes called). Many others came from Minneapolis-St. Paul and other areas. Some of the many French-Canadian surnames in the initial settlement were as follows (many of the below names are represented several times)¹:



Sacred Heart Catholic Church, Oakwood ND,
August, 2000

1878 -Barnabe, Brunelle, Charpentier, Collette, DesChenes, Girard, Huard, LaChapelle, LaRoche, Savard, Trudeau,

1879 (new surnames) Boivin, Bourcier, Boutin, Chaponneau, Desautels, Donelly, French, Goulet, LaBerge, LaBonte, Lessard, McLernan, Parent, Patenaude, Pellant, Poole, Sullivan, Suprenant, Vary.

1880 (new surnames) Bellegrade, Bolduc, Bradford, Campbell, Couture, Daley, Demers, Faille, Fortier, Lacoste, Lamarre, Garant, Sabourin, Sevigny, Soucy,

And on, and on, through 1897, many more French-Canadians, mostly farmers, appear in Oakwood.... Even with a sprinkling of Irish², this was a French-Canadian parish in all ways.

On July 11, 1880, Father Louis Bonin made his first visit to the community, then called Park River settlement, and "celebrated the first high Mass in Oakwood, where on this same occasion he also baptized ten children. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated in a log cabin, located on the south side of the Park River about one and one-half mile west of the present church site. That building still [stood in 1981] serving as a granary." (Sacred Heart Centennial History)

In 1906, St Aloysius Academy was founded at Oakwood, and until 1965 (high school) and 1967 (grades) the school staffed by nuns served the children of Oakwood Parish. (Even earlier, an ambitious priest had endeavored to begin a college in Oakwood, but his dream, while it actually came to fruition, was short-lived.)

This was a parish in which vocations to the religious life were apparently taken seriously. Through 1981, one bishop, five priests, two brothers and twenty-two sisters claimed Oakwood, Sacred Heart and St. Aloysius Academy as home.

¹ - This partial list represents about a third of the names listed as settlers through 1897 (the last listing is LaFreniere). Often the names are repeats as entire families, as sets of brothers, migrated to the community together, some from Canada, some from Minneapolis area, some from other places. The initial settlement date of 1878 coincides with the completion of the railroad from Minneapolis to Winnipeg, and thus the settlement time may not be coincidental. Some non-French names appear in the list, but even this can be deceiving. The family name Campbell, for instance, is virtually 100% French-Canadian - the surname ancestor Campbell, from Scotland, was in Canada in the early 1700's, and all subsequent marriages were within the French-Canadian culture.

² - The interaction of ethnic groups was a dilemma even in these early days on the almost empty prairies. One pioneer French-Canadian woman was warned by her parents to be wary of the Indians and Norwegians.

Connections: some brief observations

By Dick Bernard, editor, *Chez Nous*

I probably first visited the tiny village of Oakwood, North Dakota long prior to my ability to remember such visits. My grandparents lived in nearby Grafton ND, and Oakwood was home to many relatives and friends of Grandpa Henry and Grandma Josephine (Collette) Bernard. Josephine grew up in Oakwood, and husband to be Henry surfaced there from Quebec ca early 1890s, following his brother Joseph, who had migrated there with his new wife and her family (Gourde) in 1888. Josephine and Henry (his baptismal name was Honore) married in June, 1901, at Sacred Heart church a half mile or so from her home.

In 1981, in my infancy of searching for family history, I returned to Oakwood, meeting people such as cousin Rene and spouse Lil Collette, long time residents of suburban San Diego CA. Rene grew up in the Oakwood area.

I toured, of course, the bulletin board of any community's history - the cemetery. The gravestones in the Sacred Heart churchyard were a potpourri of very French names. There was even a family name "French", which appeared frequently.

It was at Oakwood, at age 41, where I finally got in touch with my French-ness.

About the same time, in the very early 1980s - through some unrecalled serendipity, I met Alice Sell, a Collette cousin of my grandmother, who had grown up in Dayton MN, and now lived in north Minneapolis. (Her father, Alfred, had originally migrated with his siblings and parents from Minneapolis area to Oakwood, but a short time later had decided to return to the Minneapolis area. The family had earlier, in the 1860s, migrated from St. Lambert PQ to the forerunner of Minneapolis, St. Anthony.). In turn, Alice introduced me to Anna Plaisance, yet another Collette cousin, whose voice was an absolutely identical twin to my Grandma Bernard's. The resemblance was almost eerie. Her voice was Grandma, no mistake, even though I had no recordings of Grandma's voice. I had known Anna's son, Vernon Plaisance, when he was a Minnesota state legislator in the early 1970s. I had no idea, then, that he and I were relatives! (Alice, Anna and Vernon are all since deceased. May they rest in peace.)

Through them, I think, I learned of a Bishop Raymond Lessard of Savannah GA diocese, who had Collette roots on both sides of his family, and who had grown up in Oakwood, North Dakota. In late 1988, I first corresponded with Bishop Raymond, and it was nine years later, in October, 1997, when I first met him in person in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Bishop Raymond Lessard

Note: At the end of November, 2000, retired Bishop of Savannah, GA, Raymond Lessard, was in Savannah to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Savannah Diocese, and the completion of a major renovation of the beautiful Cathedral there. Raymond Lessard, a country kid from rural North Dakota. Here is his story, as told in the 1981 Centennial History of Sacred Heart Parish, Oakwood, North Dakota

Raymond William Lessard was born at Oakwood, ND, December 21, 1930....

After graduating from St. Aloysius Academy in Oakwood and attending business school for one year in Grand Forks, he began studies for the priesthood in 1949 as a college freshman at Nazareth Hall Preparatory Seminary in St. Paul MN. Two years later, he was

enrolled at the St. Paul Seminary, also in St. Paul, where he earned a B.A. Degree. In 1953, he was sent to Rome by Aloisius Cardinal Muench, then Bishop of Fargo, to study theology at the North American College. He was ordained a priest in Rome on Dec. 16, 1956, by Bishop Martin J. O'Connor. In June of 1957, he was graduated from the Pontifical Gregorian University with a license in Sacred Theology.

He returned to the United States in July of 1957, serving for three years as an assistant to the pastor of St. Mary's Cathedral in Fargo. In 1960, he returned to Rome as secretary to Cardinal Muench, who was then assigned to the Curia (administrative officers) at the Vatican. At the same time, Father Lessard continued graduate studies in theology and canon law at the Gregorian University. After Cardinal Muench's death in 1962, he was named assistant superior of the North

Prelate enroute to Georgia



Grand Forks (ND) Herald late April, 1973

BISHOP-ELECT RAYMOND Lessard chatted with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Victor Lessard, Oakwood, N.D., as they waited to board a plane Thursday morning at Grand Forks International Airport. Msgr. Lessard will be installed as Bishop of the Savannah, Ga., Diocese on Friday afternoon. (Herald photo by Ken Kleven)

Msgr. Raymond W. Lessard, 42-year-old native of Oakwood, N.D., left Grand Forks International Airport Thursday morn-

ing for Savannah, Ga., a city he has never visited.

It will be in Savannah on Friday afternoon in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist that Msgr. Lessard will be consecrated Bishop of Savannah. Taking part in the consecration will be the Most Rev. Justin A. Driscoll, Bishop of the Fargo Diocese. The Savannah Diocese covers an area of 36,346 square miles and has a Catholic population of 35,280.

Joining the bishop-elect on the flight from Grand Forks were his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Lessard of Oakwood and other friends and relatives. On the plane from Grand Forks was Rev. Robert Mullins of the University of North Dakota. Joining the group in Savannah will be Msgr. Lessard's sister, Mrs. Charles (Evelyn) Smith, Longview, Wash. and Rev. Kenneth Gallagher of Grand Forks, a cousin of the bishop-elect.

Msgr. Lessard has spent the last 13 years in Rome, Italy, serving in various positions in the Vatican. He has spent the past 10 days visiting with friends and relatives in Oakwood. Many friends and relatives attended a special parish service on Easter Sunday honoring the bishop-elect.

American College Graduate House in Rome.

During the Second Vatican Council (1962-65), Father Lessard served as a "peritus" or theological advisor to the Bishops.

In January of 1964, he was assigned to the staff of the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for Bishops, a position he held until his appointment in 1973 as Bishop of Savannah.

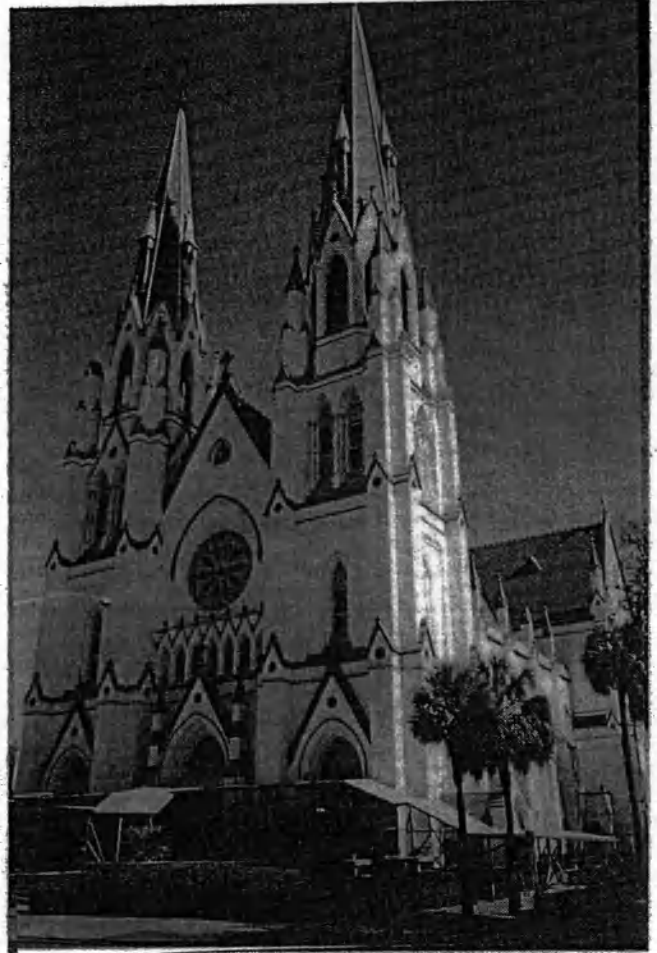
Also from 1969-73, he was director of Villa Stritch, a residence erected in Rome for American priests and bishops working at the Vatican.

He was named a papal chaplain, with the title of monsignor, in March of 1971, by Pope Paul VI.

His appointment by Pope Paul VI as Bishop of Savannah was made during a Consistory held on March 5, 1973, at the Vatican. He received Episcopal ordination in St. John the Baptist Cathedral of Savannah on April 27, 1973.



Bishop Lessard with Pope John Paul II (1993)



St. John the Baptist Cathedral, Savannah GA, January 1999

Catholicism with a French accent: French Refugees in Savannah and Augusta

By Rita H. DeLorme

From The Southern Cross publication of the Diocese of Savannah GA, April 1, 1999.

They were into music and the arts and they spoke a different language. Yet, foreign tongue and all, they were central to development of the Church in Georgia. Who were they? They were the French who immigrated to the cities of Savannah and Augusta in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. At first mistrusted because of their differences and because of the slaves some of them brought with them, they found sympathizers among those who realized that they had survived not one, but two revolutions.

They had left behind them a France scarred by bloody revolt. Members of nobility or friends of the nobility or even, as the little seamstress in Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, employees of the nobility,

soon became fugitives in their own country. In jeopardy, too, were the lives of those who practiced Catholicism in an age when questioning of Christianity and everything else became both popular and accepted. Priests and nuns were among those hunted by the new, "enlightened" French state.

These people, then, had fled France and gone to St. Domingue, a part of Haiti where the French had been operating prosperous coffee and spice plantations by using African slave labor. The refugees were not long in St. Domingue before, as often happens where there is the evil of slavery, another revolution took place, causing Frenchmen living there to seek asylum in this country. They emigrated to the United States all along the eastern seaboard, with the city of Charleston as their chief gateway to a new life in South Carolina and Georgia.

With these transplanted Frenchmen came Catholic clergy, notably the priests LeMoine, LeMercier and Carles. Father Jean (John) LeMoine evidently administered sacraments in Savannah in the early 1790's, as his death was noted in the *Georgia Gazette* of November 20, 1794.

One week later, the *Georgia Gazette* contained an announcement by one Francois Courvoisie, agent for the French consulate, of the sale of "...all the personal estate of John Lemoyne (sic), deceased." Father LeMoine was buried in Colonial Cemetery in Savannah. A marker in his memory stands in the cemetery just across the street from the second location of the Church of Saint John the Baptist, on Abercorn Street, between Liberty Lane and Hull Street.

When Father Olivier (Oliver) LeMercier came to Savannah in 1796, one of his first duties was to perform the Christian rite of burial at Father LeMoine's grave because no priest had been available to provide these rites for the man who had been called "the first parish priest" of Savannah.

Father LeMercier, who was called the "Missionary of Georgia," had also been authorized in 1796 by Bishop John Carroll of Baltimore to take care of Savannah's Catholics. It was LeMercier who tended the Catholic flock, largely French at this time, when the first Catholic Church was located at 123 Montgomery Street.

Another French clergyman and refugee, the Abbe Anthony Carles, also was on the scene. Abbe Carles' relative, Madame Cottineau, began the operation of what may have been the first school in Savannah. In late 1803, Father Carles signed church records as "priest rector *per interim* of the church", Father LeMercier having been named pastor at the troubled Saint Mary's Church in Charleston. Later Father LeMercier was lost at sea on what was probably a voyage to the West Indies. Abbe Carles first identified himself as "pastor of the



Bishop Lessard and Dick Bernard, October, 1997

Church" in 1804 and, except for brief intervals of travel, continued as pastor of the Church of Saint John the Baptist until 1819.

Given the provenance of so many of the diocese's early priests, it is no wonder that archival records of the first churches in Savannah and Augusta are dotted with the names of Frenchmen, many of whom brought their entire families and remaining slaves to receive the sacraments. The names of these people echo from that distant time to our own: Boulineau, Gaudry, Rossignol, Roma, du Bignon, to cite just a few.

Some of the French in Savannah moved on to Augusta, site of another French refugee enclave, while others remained in Savannah or sailed back to their homeland once the situation there settled. Remarkably, in an emotional climate which still was not altogether favorable to Catholics, these "foreigners" had charmed their way into acceptance.

The French brought, it was said, a certain "lightheartedness" to the communities in which they lived. Early parish registers in both Augusta and Savannah, written in their language, confirm the fact there was a time in Georgia when the Catholic Church, indeed, had a French accent.

Bishop Ray Lessard recalls his 1975 visit to Ste Anne Beaupre Quebec

To all members of the Lessard family:

from Bishop Lessard
written September, 1975

When I returned earlier this month from a brief trip to Quebec City, I decided that I simply had to share with you my joy and impressions from this first visit to the land of our origins on the North American continent. I arrived in Quebec the evening of Thursday, August 28. Since the business meetings I came to attend did not begin until Saturday, I could count on a good part of Friday, August 29, to tour through some of the old city of Quebec, dramatically situated as it is on the sharp banks of the majestic St. Lawrence River and on the edge of the history-filled Plains of Abraham. That afternoon, in the company of Cardinal John Dearden, of Detroit, and Bishop James Rausch, General Secretary of our National Conference of Catholic Bishops, I had the good fortune of driving the 20-mile stretch northeasterly along the St. Lawrence River to the little town of St. Anne de Beaupre, where the first Lessard, Etienne by name, settled back in 1653 when he arrived from Normandy in France.

This historical fact would be sufficient to make a visit to Beaupre worthwhile. Yet, the hamlet, with its world famous shrine to "la bonne Sainte Anne", nestled between the rolling Laurentian hills on one side and the banks of the big river on the other, holds for the Lessard family a most particular significance. In the year 1658, Mr. Etienne de Lessard donated a piece of land for the building of a chapel in honor of Saint Anne. Today, a magnificent basilica rises from this spot, proclaiming to the world the faith of our forefather Etienne and the fervent devotion which he and his people had to the mother of Mary and grandmother of Jesus.

You can well imagine my excitement in visiting this holy spot and recalling with pride the virtues of our first ancestors in the New World. The thrilling high point of the experience was when I noticed the stained-glass window in the basilica commemorating the name and gift of Etienne de Lessard. My enthusiasm was shared by those who were with me, Cardinal Dearden and Bishop Rausch as well as the good Redemptorist Fathers who care for the shrine and were graciously showing us around. As one of them said, "You've come home!"

The visit to the shrine was climaxed by the celebration of Mass at the shrine altar containing a major relic of Saint Anne. It was a pleasure and joy to offer that Holy Eucharist for the intentions of all the Lessards, living and dead, who as a family began here more than three hundred years ago. I thought of the courage of these first pioneers who left home and possessions to start anew on this continent, bringing with them little more than the faith that was theirs in Catholic France. I thought of the Lessards who later left Quebec for the west, landing somewhere along the Red River of the North in the Dakota Territory. I thought of Grandpa and Grandma Lessard, who retained so many ties of memory and devotion with this past. And I thought of us now in our generation, perhaps unmindful and unconcerned about those who came before us and, more sad to say, maybe estranged and removed from the faith that was such a part of our family, and our heritage down through the centuries. For all of us, I prayed.

For those of you who wonder where you fit in as part of this magnificent and fascinating mosaic of the Lessard family, I am attaching a sketchy listing of descendants, through the male line, from Etienne down to our day. My information of dates is rather skimpy, but I'll share that which I have. If there is any more information - names, dates, places, children, addresses, etc. - that you might have, I would be delighted to receive it to add to the family tree.

Since I do not have all your names and addresses, I am going to ask those of you who receive this letter to share it with your immediate family. I have reason to believe that most of them, like yourselves, will be pleased and interested.

With a closing good wish that "la bonne Sainte Anne" continue to intercede for us, I remain,

Signed by Bishop Raymond S. Lessard

Affectionately yours in Christ,

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS AND MIDNIGHT MASS

by Marvin Campbell
Brainerd MN

(Editors Note: Campbell may sound like a Scotch name, and it is, but Marvin Campbell is definitely a French-Canadian through and through. Marvin's earliest ancestor was a Scottish soldier who came to Canada during the French and Indian Wars, and who later married a French-Canadian woman. Thereafter, all his ancestry was French-Canadian. Marvin's cousin wrote about the family history in the Juillet-Aout, 1994, Chez Nous.)

My Mother was born in the village of Oakwood ND in 1895. Oakwood, a French-speaking farming community, is located about five miles east of Grafton. The "town" was made up of a livery stable, a "general" store, Sacred Heart Church, a Catholic elementary and high school, and a convent. Mother was always proud of having graduated from St. Aloysius Academy in both French and English.

Albert Campbell, a "foreigner" from northern Minnesota, and earlier Somerset WI, met Blanche Collette on the humble Collette farmstead located just one half mile from the church only two years after Blanche graduated from school. They were married at Sacred Heart when Mother was 18 years of age.

Contact with the Oakwood church was lost for a time as Mother and Dad rented farm land away from the thriving Oakwood area. But with time, we found ourselves near enough to call Sacred Heart of Oakwood our parish church. It was 7 miles to Oakwood from our farm and the country roads were such that often it was impossible for our Willys-Overland to overcome the black mud of the Red River Valley. This necessitated bringing into service our horse-drawn buggy, transportation which assured reaching our destination, but which "tried men's souls". Of course, we knew that when winter really "set in" that good old Bill and Ben would be called into service to pull the farm sleigh for our winter trips.

The highlight of these excursions was our annual nocturnal sleigh-ride to Oakwood to attend midnight Mass.

Father Bastien, a French-Canadian, was the Parish Priest for many years. He was a large burly man, not good looking, but very kind and loving. His entire existence was devoted to his Parish and

the good people he served. His summer visits to the farm of each parishioner in his old touring car were sources of joy to him and the people whom he visited. He would bless the crops, the animals and anything else which needed sanctification. We all looked forward to his friendly visits. Another call was made in the dead of winter with members of the parish chauffering him from place to place in a farm sleigh. He usually spent the night with our family, and his presence was always a special occasion for us.

We were accustomed to complying with Church rules outlining our need to fast and abstain from eating meat on certain days during the weeks of Advent. Naturally, this religious compliance only whetted our appetites for the many "treats" and special dishes which would be ours on Christmas Day and the weeks following.

Preparation for Christmas actually began in October and November of each year. We had no refrigeration, so the icy cold days of early winter heralded the butchering of beef, hogs, chickens and turkeys. Vegetables had already been canned and stored in the "cellar" along with an abundant supply of sauerkraut, potatoes and processed eggs. Fresh cuts of meat were wrapped and stored outdoors in barrels. Sausage, head cheese and bacon were salted and smoked. Salt pork, especially prepared for Dad's famous baked beans, was designated its special space, all in preparation for the long winter and Christmas Day!

A specific amount of ground and seasoned pork was put aside for French meat pies known as "Tourtiere" by all of the housewives in the Oakwood area. This "cholesterol" delicacy is unique. [Note recipes in following section of this newsletter - Editor].

Mother would often make a dozen pies which were frozen for later meals. The baked pies were served piping hot. I loved them with plain old-fashioned mustard.

Dad's forte was baked beans. He would soak the beans overnight after which he added cubed salt pork, molasses, brown syrup, onions, salt and pepper, some dry mustard and catsup. There was a cooking shelf on the back of the living room hard-coal heater where Dad placed the crock of beans early in the morning of Christmas eve. Invariably, they were perfect to eat when we returned home from Midnight Mass. We still use Dad's recipe to this day!

The intestines of the hogs were cleaned and

used as casings for blood sausage, known as "boudin" in French, a very special delicacy which Dad took great pride in preparing for the Christmas season. Other "festive" French foods were prepared for the "Holidays". Creton which was made from cracklings from rendered lard was used as a substitute for butter. One can easily ascertain that little of the hog was wasted!

In preparation for the Christmas Eve sleigh ride, a grain box which afforded maximum protection from the wind with a degree of safety was placed on one of the farm sleighs. Yard benches were located on each side of the box and an abundant amount of clean straw was spread on the floor. Horse blankets, which could be used later to keep the animals comfortable during the two hour service were placed "on board" for use by all of us en route to the church. We boys wore four buckle overshoes, sheep skin coats and warm caps with ear laps - ugly but warm. Bricks which had been heated in the kitchen oven were placed under the benches where Mother and "the girls" would sit so their feet could be kept warm. A ten gallon cream can of fresh water was also made a part of the equipment. That which was not used as drinking water was given to the horses when we arrived at the church. Despite the bitter cold, the horses were covered with "sweat" at the end of their journey.

Many of our friends and relatives added sleigh bells to the horses' harness, wove the tails and mains and generally "showed us up" as far as appearances were concerned, but we still enjoyed a very special pride in the dependability of good old Bill and Ben.

The seven mile ride was always a pleasure and joy. It seemed as though the stars were much brighter on this special night, and we always managed to find a "special star" which we agreed must have been the Star of Bethlehem! Jingle Bells was sung with gusto and we reverently practiced singing Silent Night and Adeste Fideles. We knew that the choir would be singing several Latin hymns. We also recognized that many of the more popular and modern Christmas songs would be considered too "secular" to be sung at a Mass commemorating the birth of Christ!

Clouds of vapor preceded our entry into the decorated little church as we climbed the steps which ultimately led to our regular pew. The pungent smell of fresh incense filled the air and the evergreens surrounding the altar made us all wonder where such beautiful trees actually grew. Electric

lights cast new shadows in every direction accenting the stained glass windows which seemed much brighter this very special evening. After removing our scarfs and heavy coats, we strained to get a glimpse of the Christmas creche which the "good sisters" had built and located where all could see. It was a ritual for the parents to guide their children to the foot of the Nativity scene where all could witness the "Baby Jesus" with his outstretched arms as we imagined him pleading with us to love him and each other.

Despite the happy nature of this yearly celebration, we were accustomed to being quiet and very reverent. Holiday greetings could wait until we exited the Church.

The Mass was celebrated only in Latin and Father Bastien insisted on sermons delivered in both French and English, so we children knew that we would be "victims" of Father's Christmas celebration for at least two hours. Heads would bob, but we had been warned, "You had better stay awake if you don't want Santa Claus to forget you." We really didn't expect much, but we surely wanted to receive the gifts which Mother and Dad had hidden for all of us for when we got home.

It was after two a.m. by the time we started back in our straw filled sleigh. The stars shown brighter than ever and the moon which had moved to another part of the winter sky seemed to be prepared to guide us safely home.

Dad took care of the horses as we all scampered after Mother into the front room, where a brightly trimmed Christmas tree greeted us. "Boughten" decorations were sparse, but the garlands of popcorn and cranberries thrilled all of us. Maybe we didn't realize it at the time, but we probably appreciated our parent's sacrifices more than we recognized.

While we reveled in the surprises of the day, Mother moved to the kitchen where we could all join with Dad in devouring the wonderful and tasty Christmas surprises. When bed time came, we tripped upstairs to our comfortable beds, happy that Christmas was such a special day and aware that we were blessed with the most wonderful Mother and Dad in all the world!

Chez Nous

The newsletter of **La Société Canadienne Française** du Minnesota

Septembre-Octobre 1999 P.O. Box 581413, Minneapolis, MN 55458-1413 Vol. 21, No. 2, Issue 115

JE ME SOUVIENS . . .

The Catholic Church and its Role in the Lives of our Ancestors

by Dick Bernard

I am in my sixtieth year.

This fact is important because I am old enough to have seen the end of the "olden days", and lived, mostly, in modern times. Others are more senior than I, and have more traditional memories than I carry in my head and heart; many others cannot imagine the "olden days". ("Olden days"? These are defined later in this article).

Over the years of editing *Chez Nous*, many articles have appeared which refer to the Catholic Church, as well as its priests and nuns, as known by our French-Canadian ancestors. We've read a bit about the Church's relationship

Continued next page



Edmond J. Massicotte's print: "Le Retour de la Messe de Minuit"

**ARCHDIOCESE OF
MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL**

**Chronology of Some Churches with a
French-Canadian Pedigree¹**

Source: The Catholic Church in the Diocese of St. Paul by James Reardon, 1952 (Readers are invited to amend this list.)

- 1840 St. Peter, Mendota (October 2)
- 1841 The Cathedral of St. Paul (November 1), dedicated as Cathedral July 2, 1851. The present Cathedral is the fourth structure. The outline of the original church can be seen in a river front park at Kellogg Boulevard and Minnesota Street in downtown St. Paul. All the builders of the original church were French-Canadians: (Pierre and Charles Bottineau, two named Pierre Gervais, Vital Guerin, Isaac and Joseph LaBissoniere and Francois Morin. The land was donated by a French-Canadian.
- 1848 Church of the Assumption, Pembina, North Dakota²
- 1851 St. Anthony of Padua, Minneapolis
- 1852 St. John the Evangelist, Little (New) Canada
- 1853 Holy Family, Belle Prairie (Near Little Falls)
- 1854 St. Joseph, Walhalla, North Dakota
- 1855 St. Genevieve, Centerville
- 1863 St. John the Baptist, Dayton
- 1868 St. John the Baptist, Rocky Run (near Winsted)
- 1868 Church of St. Louis, King of France St. Paul (December 20)
- 1877 Our Lady of Lourdes, Minneapolis (July 27)
- 1882 St. Joseph, Stillwater
- 1884 St. Clotilde, Minneapolis (April 24) Now known as St. Anne's
- 1902 St. John the Baptist, Hugo



¹ This is an incomplete list, and readers are asked to provide other parishes in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Iowa, which might be considered of French-Canadian ancestry.

² Until 1875, when the size of the St. Paul Archdiocese was shrunk by 5/6, it covered an immense and essentially uninhabited area including the Dakotas and all of Minnesota.

with the common folk who formed its congregations in small towns and large cities in Québec and in the Midwest.

One cannot escape notice of the strong influence of the French and French-Canadian church in the upper Midwest. This strength was usually embodied in the local pastor and nuns, who impacted strongly the lives of the families who occupied the pews on Sundays, and holy days, and even at daily Mass.

It can reasonably be stated that French clergy and sisters were at the very roots of the church that became the Diocese of St. Paul. The rolls of clergy are full of names like Galtier, Ravoux, Cretin, and Goiffon. Even the famous Archbishop John Ireland was trained in seminary in France. For many years there was a steady stream of priests and nuns from Québec and France who came to minister to French-Canadian and other Catholics in the diocese of St. Paul.

From the earliest settlement days in Québec, the Catholic Church was a dominant force among the Canadian French. This was rooted in the settlement practices of France. St. Louis, Roi de France, after whom the downtown St. Paul, Minnesota parish is named, embodies the Catholic connection to France. As does Our Lady of Lourdes in Minneapolis, and a long list of churches named St. Jean-Baptiste, after the patron of French-Canadians, or Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, the patroness of France.

Many if not most readers of my age or older, and perhaps some who are younger, still remember the days of the ethnic church which lasted, in some places, until the mid-1950s. Indeed, if one looks hard enough today, one can still find vestiges of ethnic parishes even in St. Paul – witness the primarily Vietnamese Catholic Church in the frogtown neighborhood, or Our Lady of Guadalupe, serving the Hispanic population on St. Paul's west side. Such ethnic churches are rare these days.

Though I did not grow up in a French-Canadian community, I experienced the power of an ethnic church – in the early 1950s in Karlsruhe, North Dakota, in a German Catholic parish. Save for our family, and one other who was Protestant, everyone in this town during 1951-53, including the priest, was German and Catholic, and spoke German as their primary language. (We kids never knew the parish priest, Father Zimmerman's, first name – to us, the priest's first name was always "Father"!)

Continued next page

Down Memory Lane

In the early years of settlement here and elsewhere, national groups tended to settle together in small communities or neighborhoods. They possessed the commonality of culture and language and even nativity. Their mobility was limited largely to their neighborhood. It was here that they lived, worked, and worshipped. The story repeated itself endlessly across this country, and was not restricted only to Catholics of French-Canadian descent.

In the pre-Vatican II days (pre-1963-65), as readers of my generation well know, the language of the Mass was Latin. Every parish, regardless of nationality, heard the Mass in Latin. Those of us in the pews had Missals, in which one page showed the Mass in Latin ("Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa"), and the facing page, showed the translation into French, German, English, or whatever language we happened to favor. ("Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault").

To those of our ancestors who were illiterate in the written word – and there were many – bilingual missals were not relevant. But even though Latin was the formal language of the Mass, there were many ways that tended to cement the pre-eminence of a certain language in a church.

In the early days, the sermon was in the native language of the congregation. As integration of others into the congregation occurred, it became necessary to say the sermon in both English and French. To a parishioner whose first language was French, there was great ease of communication at the rectory with a pastor who shared the same first language. The parish priest was relied upon by some parishioners to write or read their letters for them.

These were the days of ritual – incense, communion cloths, hard bench kneelers.... The parish priest had a great amount of status and authority – perhaps much more so than bestowed by his flock today! We knew the priest wasn't God, but his authority was understood and accepted to be in a pretty direct line!

Continuing through much of the 20th century, priests and sisters were plentiful. Vocations were common. The priest who baptized me in 1940 recalled that on his graduation from seminary in Wisconsin in 1938 there were so many newly ordained priests that there were insufficient jobs for all of them.

Every now and then, the church appears to have been caught up in local ethnic conflicts, some of which could be very divisive. Perhaps this is a reason

the French-Canadians at St. Anthony of Padua in Minneapolis moved a mile or so down the street to the new Our Lady of Lourdes church in 1877.

(In my German grandparents' home area near Dubuque, Iowa, there are two country Catholic churches within a mile of each other. They apparently resulted from a squabble between the Germans and the Irish around the turn of the century).

There are many similar stories.

The End of the Olden Days

When the olden days ended can perhaps be endlessly debated. For some, it would be due to the major changes of Vatican II in the 1960s.

It appears that churches specifically organized to cater to certain ethnic groups became uncommon after 1900. Still, until the middle of this century, ethnic parishes remained common here and elsewhere. The transition from homogeneous to heterogeneous congregations happened gradually.

For me, it seems the olden days began to die by the 1950s due to several factors, among which were the following: First, improved transportation made it simpler for people to get around. Second, the ethnic neighborhoods became more anglicized as the kids grew up with English as their primary language, and the predominance of one ethnic group over another faded. Third, as the 1900s progressed, perhaps by 1950, the number of parishioners who were most comfortable in French were such a small minority of the congregation, that bilingual sermons were dispensed with. Finally, the supply of priests and nuns fluent in languages other than English began to disappear, to say nothing of a decrease in vocations generally.

Nowadays, one is left to look for church names, and the names of those who contributed the stained glass windows, to deduce which nationality built the original congregation. French-Canadian founded churches like Our Lady of Lourdes have the history, but it takes considerable work and dedication to preserve the French-Canadian tradition...and often this is an impossible task.

Readers: Your thoughts? Send them to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.



chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Mai-Juin, 1998 VOL. 19 NO. 6

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

#107

GOING TO WAR – SPRING, 1898

By Dick Bernard

Editors note: Most of us know of the sinking of the Battleship Maine in Havana harbor in February, 1898. We know about Teddy Roosevelt leading the charge up San Juan Hill, and perhaps even about the Spanish-American War 100 years ago, and the fact that it not only related to Cuba, but to Puerto Rico, the Philippines and Guam, and that the war officially ended with the Treaty of Paris December 10, 1898.

Few know that the war didn't end with Spain's cession of it's territories, and the following story, about my Grandfather Henry Bernard Sr, gives another dimension to this story.

When the Battleship Maine sank in Havana harbor February 15, 1898, Henry Bernard was nearing his 26th birthday in Grafton ND. He had

migrated from Quebec perhaps six years earlier, and was certainly not yet fluent in English, having come from a completely French background. He was probably a U.S. citizen by the time "Remember the Maine" resonated throughout the U.S.ofA.

The passions of the time led to an outpouring, most likely, of patriotic zeal against Spain, even in landlocked North Dakota. It seems to have taken little effort for the National Guard to build a full company of troops in Grafton. One was my grandfather, another was his future cousin-in-law Alfred Collette, then an 18 year old in the nearby farming community of Oakwood.

Their company – Company C of the First North Dakota – began basic training at Fargo on



Grafton ND resident Henry Bernard, standing at left, with some of his fellow soldiers in 1898. We are uncertain where the photo was taken, but it most likely was in Manila or San Francisco. Reclining on the ground, at right, is Henry's future "cousin-in-law" Alfred Collette, 18, of nearby Oakwood. (In 1901 Henry married Josephine Collette of Oakwood.)

May 2, 1898. This was the day after the Spaniards had effectively been defeated at Manila! Nonetheless the company took the train to San Francisco for more preparations for the Philippine campaign. Before they embarked to Manila via Honolulu on June 27, 1898, the need for an American campaign against the Spaniards was essentially past. And Philippine leaders had declared their country's independence much like our founding fathers in 1776. In fact, the country of the Philippines celebrates its centennial on June 12, 1998!

That made no apparent difference to our countries leaders. "The boys" sailed on, arriving in Manila on July 30, 1898. They stayed on Luzon (the island on which Manila is located) until July 7, 1899, when they returned for the states via Yokahama, arriving again in San Francisco on August 29, 1899.

(Some American units did, to be sure, some "mopping up" of the Spaniards after May 1, 1898. In fact, the Filipino freedom fighters led by Aguinaldo helped the Americans force the final capitulation of the Spanish commander in Manila in August, 1898. But the Filipinos had different ideas about what this defeat of the Spanish meant. To them, they felt the Philippines was now a sovereign nation and the Americans would recognize this and leave. Much to their chagrin, the Americans did not see it similarly, and the war continued – now, American vs Filipino. (Other troops from other states came later, and the "war" was really not over until about 1904. At times it was a rather dirty guerilla war, even as wars go.)

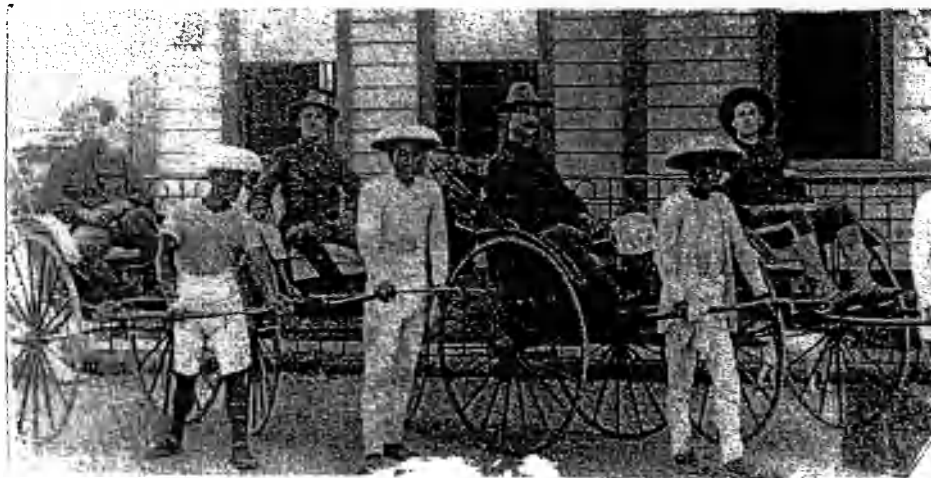
Henry and Alfred, as foot soldiers in

Company C, spent their one year fighting not against the Spaniards, but against native Filipinos led by Aguinaldo. Soldiers do what they are told, and that was likely true for Henry and Alfred as well. It made no difference who the enemy was; the enemy was the enemy, and they slogged through the territory between Manila and Paete, including Pagsanjan, defending new-found American interests against Filipino patriots. They likely never saw a Spaniard.

The "American interests" they were defending were very unclear – I read somewhere that then-president McKinley initially didn't even know where the Philippines were; and then Secretary of War Teddy Roosevelt was most interested in a war against somebody to both help the economy and his own political ambitions. If so, it worked very well for Teddy.

There were other factors, such as the advent of yellow journalism, about which "the Boys" from North Dakota could not possibly have been aware, and which helped fan the flames of patriotism in the U.S. They had their day to day duties, suffered from tropical diseases, were ambushed, and lost a few men in skirmishes now and then. A few years after they returned home to Grafton, a monument was erected there to the veterans. On it is a plaque that says "You can't stampede the First North Dakota."

Grandpa was exceedingly proud of that monument, which was just down the street from his home. Until he died in 1957, he and an ever dwindling group of soldiers from 1898-99 would gather each summer at that monument to commemorate the past.



Henry Bernard (third soldier from left) and buddies on shore leave in Yokahama, Japan, in late summer, 1899. They were returning to the U.S. after over a years service in the Philippines in the Spanish-American War.

Company C mustered out in San Francisco on September 25, 1899. Grandpa bought a gold watch in San Francisco, which I still retain, and my brother and I still have some other artifacts from that year in the Philippines. These artifacts include Grandpa's leggings and bayonet, his eating utensils in a leather case, his straight razor case labeled "raza Pilipinas"; some chunks of shrapnel and some medals.

Years later, my Dad told me that their service was apparently not well rewarded. "The Boys" apparently had to pay their own way home from San Francisco, which raised their ire, and redress of that grievance, and pensions, were apparently not to be forthcoming until an act of Congress many years later.

Grandma Bernard's cousin, Alfred, after a number of years back in the states, re-enlisted and went back to Philippines during World War I, and lived the rest of his life there. He became a highly successful businessman in the Philippines, married Mimi Dime at the old Manila Church at Malate, and, it is said, became a member of Manila's prestigious Polo Club.

The family fortunes changed drastically when the Japanese occupied the Philippines in early 1942. For a time period Alfred was a prisoner in the notorious Santo Tomas POW camp in Manila.

One of his young children – named Marie Josephine after my grandmother (who was Alfred's cousin) – was killed in her mother's arms by shrapnel from, probably, an American plane during the liberation of Manila in 1945. Along with many others, the family was fleeing to hoped for safety of a church, when the death occurred. After the war, Alfred and Mimi and family resettled with his family in Bacolod, on the Philippine island of Negros and Alfred lived the rest of his life there, owner and operator of movie theatres. He died in the early 1960s, about the time of death of one of his teenage children. He is buried in Manila. His wife, Mimi, who I met a few years ago, was a charming woman. She lived in the Bay area of California until her death a few years ago.

The two surviving Collette children, Alfred and Julie, moved to the states 30 years or more ago. They live in the south bay area of California. I keep in close touch with them to this day.

I wonder how my grandfather would view the Philippines centennial of independence this year, June 12, 1998. Doubtless, he knew little or nothing about what was really going on at the time he went to Manila, and even if he had, he still would have acted as loyal soldiers have always acted....

Happy Independence Day.



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NEWSLETTER OF Janvier-Fevrier, 1998 VOL. 19 NO. 4

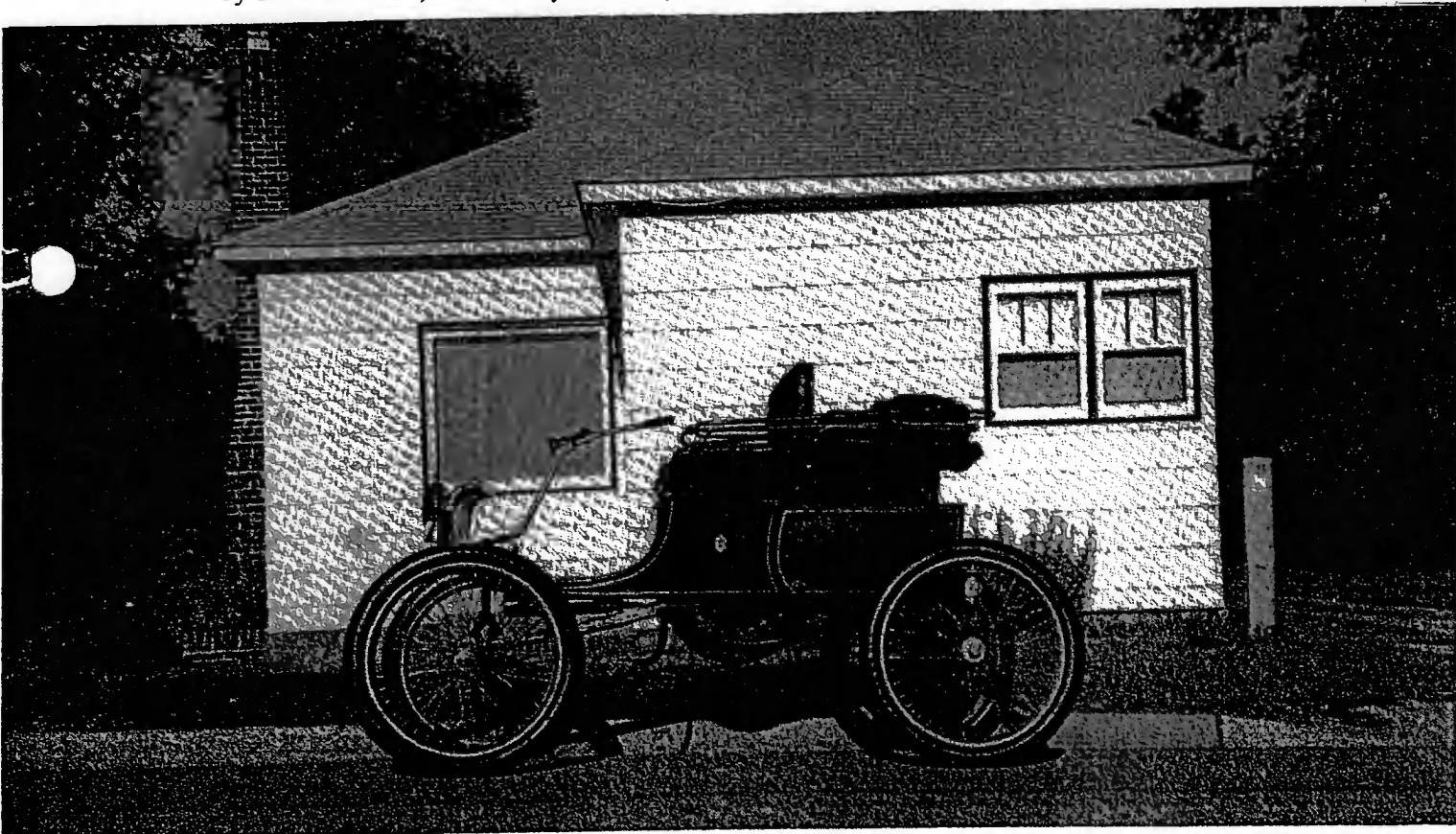
La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

#105

GRANDPA'S AUTOMOBILE

by Dick Bernard, in memory of Henry Bernard, December 22, 1907-November 5, 1997



Henry Bernard Sr's 1901 Oldsmobile, in front of his original home in Grafton ND in Summer, 1997.
Photo taken by Tony Bowker, present owner of the voiture.

By Dick Bernard, Editor
7632 157th St. W #301
Apple Valley MN 55124

Editors note: This story is dedicated to the memory of my father, Henry Bernard, born in Grafton ND, December 22, 1907, died in Belleville IL, November 5, 1997. Henry learned to drive in his father Henry's 1901 Oldsmobile,

the car pictured above (the car in the picture is the exact same vehicle in which Henry learned to drive). The family had lost track of the vehicle for all of the 1990s, but in a truly serendipitous series of events rediscovered the car in late September, 1997. Henry Bernard saw the above photo, and made tape recorded recollections about the car less than a month before he died. With grateful thanks to Rene Collette of San Diego, who saw a September, 1997, article about the

car in the Grafton ND newspaper, and sent it to me; and to Tony Bowker of the San Diego area, the current owner of the car, I offer the following recollections

Henry Bernard, my grandfather, owned the 1901 Oldsmobile for over 50 years. I saw Grandpa drive the car in several July 4th parades in Grafton, North Dakota, his home.

I knew Grandpa for 17 years. He was 68 years old when I was born, and died at age 85 in 1957. From a kids point of view he was a great Grandpa.

Henry migrated to the Grafton ND area from rural Quebec, just south of Quebec City, most likely in the early 1890's. He was probably in his early 20's when he arrived in this frontier town, which had been founded only a few years earlier in 1882. His older brother, Joseph, had come to the area in 1888.



Henry, photographed in Grafton probably not long after he arrived from Quebec, at age 22, 1894.

Grandpa was a common man, one about whom no books were written, nor newspaper

articles published. But he seems to have been a very interesting man.

He had only a first grade education in Quebec, and that education was in French, and early in his life he went to work. He talked about working in the lumber mills at Ste Marie-Beauce; being a lumberjack in the area of Berlin Falls NH; mining asbestos at Thetford Mines PQ.

As a kid, I knew him to be a great raconteur. Others who knew him, including my Dad, paint a picture of a very intelligent, proud and ambitious man, who was never one to back away from a fight - and usually won. I often wonder what he would have accomplished had he been able to complete a college education, rather than ending his education at grade one. He was a big man for the times - about 5'11" 190 pounds according to his Spanish-American War enlistment record in 1898.

He began a long career as chief engineer of the Grafton Roller Mills sometime in the early 1900s; was very active in the Grafton Volunteer Fire Department, and was its president; and is said to have been among the founders of the Grafton City Park.

He married Josephine Collette of nearby Oakwood ND in June, 1901. Three children were born to this union: the second, Henry, was my Dad. Josephine and Henry were married 55 years. Josephine died in 1963.

THE 1901 OLDSMOBILE

It is not known for certain when Henry Bernard first came into possession of the Olds, but thanks to Dad, Tony Bowker and others, a pretty clear picture has emerged about the history of this car.

It is known that this Olds was the 369th produced by Oldsmobile in 1901 (Oldsmobile's Centennial was 1997. The 1901 Model was apparently the first to be produced by Oldsmobile in any quantity.).

The car was first owned by J.A. Risvold, who bought it for \$650 - a princely sum in those days.

This horseless carriage apparently created some consternation in the town of Grafton. The Centennial History of Grafton says this, quite clearly in reference to the 1901 Oldsmobile: "...Risvold...brought the first automobile to the city. It was a one cylinder, four and one half horsepower chain driven car with a steering lever. Referred to

as a “nightmare” at first, there was talk at the time to have the city council pass an ordinance forbidding the owner to run the



The 1901 Olds with “T. Roney at lever...” This photo is undated, but goes back a long way. Until learning its true “birth year” this year, assorted versions called the Olds of 1897, 1902 or 1903 vintage.

contraption upon the public thoroughfares....” (p. 186).

Henry Bernard, my father, described the car as having the engine in the back and under the seat, and the radiator under the floorboards. Before cranking to start the motor, the sparkplug was removed and a gasoline “charge” was put in the cylinder. The “drive shaft” was a bicycle-like chain.

THE HENRY BERNARD YEARS

We will probably never know how Henry Bernard first became custodian of the car. The process of speculating would create, perhaps, a more interesting story than reality.... Could it be...?

Henry Jr. remembers that his father initially stored the car for someone named Rindal. So there seems to have been at least one owner subsequent to Risvold and prior to Henry Bernard.

The original arrangement seems to be that Henry was to store the car in his barn behind their home in Grafton in return for some rent. It seems that this arrangement went on for some time, and that the Oldsmobile was never used. For some reason, Rindal did not pay the rent, and indeed left the area. Perhaps by the time Rindal left, he viewed the auto as a useless contraption - perhaps his new

location had no gas station and, besides, there was the expense of transporting the vehicle to the new place! At any rate, after a time, Grandpa Henry took possession of the car by default. This was probably before the advent of the automobile assembly line and more cars appearing in the town.

Dad’s earliest memory of the car is its being stored, on jacks, in a corner of the barn. Because it was inside, it did not suffer the ravages of weather. He recalls it was not useable, initially, because the tires were flat. And no tires were available - replacement parts from “Mr. Goodwrench” were not to come to pass for a long while.

In 1908, Henry Ford produced his first Model T, and cars became more accessible. People in Grafton and other places began to buy more cars. By 1917, quite a number of people in Grafton had cars, and replacement parts were available.



The Bernard family in Grafton about 1917. Standing in front is Frank Peter (who later was killed aboard the USS Arizona on December 7, 1941, at Pearl Harbor HI); seated were Henry and Henry; standing Josephine and Josephine. It was perhaps about this time that Dad first took the lever of the Olds.

Grandpa prided himself as a fixer of things, and according to Dad, came to the conclusion that the Model T rims were quite similar to the Oldsmobiles. He made the necessary changes so that the Oldsmobile would accommodate Model T wheels, and now the car was operative. For a time it became a useful car in the family, and it was, indeed, the car in which Dad learned to drive.

DRIVING THE CAR

In an October 10, 1997, interview with Henry Bernard, he recalled driving the little Olds.

First was the process of starting the car, earlier described. The crank for the engine was on the left side of the car.

A lever was the steering wheel. It certainly was not a speedway vehicle, having only one cylinder, and a bicycle type chain drive, but it did work.

Dad recalled driving his mother uptown in Grafton (a matter of several blocks). It was a rainy day, so they put up the umbrella, and motored down the street. When they reached their destination, he simply stopped the car in mid-street and had to be reminded by the local gendarme of the need to park at the curb.

Another time, some neighborhood ladies took the Olds to go to the country to pick berries. They encountered an overpass over the railroad tracks, and the Olds could not make the grade. So everyone but the driver got out of the car, and helped push it up and over (in the early days, overpasses were not the gently graded roads we now have - they could be quite steep. Their function was to get wagons and other conveyances over the railroad tracks, and convenience to the automobile driver was not a prime consideration.

It seems, from Dad's retelling the stories, that the Oldsmobile never got extensive use. The family had other automobiles. And by the 1920s it was already viewed as a curiosity by residents, rolled out on occasion to show to visitors. By 1932, it was permanently housed in the barn, and Marvin Campbell, who lived with the Bernard's and was a young teenager at the time, recalled that the kids clearly understood that they weren't to mess with the car!

(The Olds, from its vantage point in the barn, viewed hard times with the Bernard family. In 1927, before the Great Depression, both the flour

mill in which Henry Sr. was chief engineer, and the bank in which they had their savings, went bankrupt. Henry was only 55 years of age at the time. The family then subsisted on a small Spanish-American War pension, odd jobs, and Henry's work as a night watchman at the defunct mill).

In 1937, the Bernard's sold their Grafton house and barn and virtually everything in them - except, apparently, the Oldsmobile. They began a pattern of living in the winter in Long Beach CA, and summers in a much smaller house in Grafton.

Henry worked out an arrangement with the City of Grafton to store the car in the Fire Hall area. This was perhaps an easy decision for the city to make, since Henry had long been very active in the Grafton Volunteer Fire Department, and indeed had been the president of the department.

The car stayed under cover except for the times when Henry Sr. drove it in July 4th parades. I remember seeing it drive past in the parades, and even then, in the 1940s and early 1950s, it was quite an attraction.

Dad recalls that these parades were community education events, and Grandpa was not enamored of driving the little Olds in the parades because he would then miss seeing all but the units in front and behind him. There were no videos or movie cameras in common use then, of course.

AFTER THE BERNARD'S

In the summer of 1956 Grandma Josephine had a stroke and became disabled for the rest of her life. Grandpa Henry's physical condition deteriorated quite quickly, and he passed away less than a year later.

Sometime in 1956-57, probably, Grandpa divested himself of the car, selling it to the Oldsmobile dealer in Grand Forks ND. There the car stayed for many years.

ON THE ROAD TO SERENDIP¹....

In about 1990 or so, Dad and I stopped at the dealership to see the car, and found that it had been sold to a collector in Colorado. We lost track of the car. It was subsequently sold to another party, and then to the present owner, Tony Bowker of the San Diego area. As previously described, it was true

¹ "Serendipity [coined by Horace Walpole (c 1754) after his tale *The Three Princes of Serendip* (i.e. Ceylon) who made such discoveries] an apparent aptitude for making fortunate discoveries accidentally." Webster's Unabridged

serendipity that brought us back in contact with the car. Had Rene Collette no longer subscribed to the Grafton paper, we would probably have never learned of the car. Had Tony Bowker not had a relative in Winnipeg, which is nearby to Grafton, he would have had little reason to come to Grafton. Had Tony not been interested in the human "roots" of his little car, he would not have tried to find out who owned it. Had Grandpa not taken an active interest in preserving the car, it would have long ago expired as a pile of rust somewhere. Had Rene not known who I was - we are relatives who share a long time interest in genealogy of the family - it would not have occurred to him that the article in the Grafton paper would be of interest to me. In short, many people, and serendipity, brought the car back into our families life. There are several more items to add to this list, but these will suffice.

THE OLDS GOES ON THE ROAD WITH MR. BOWKER

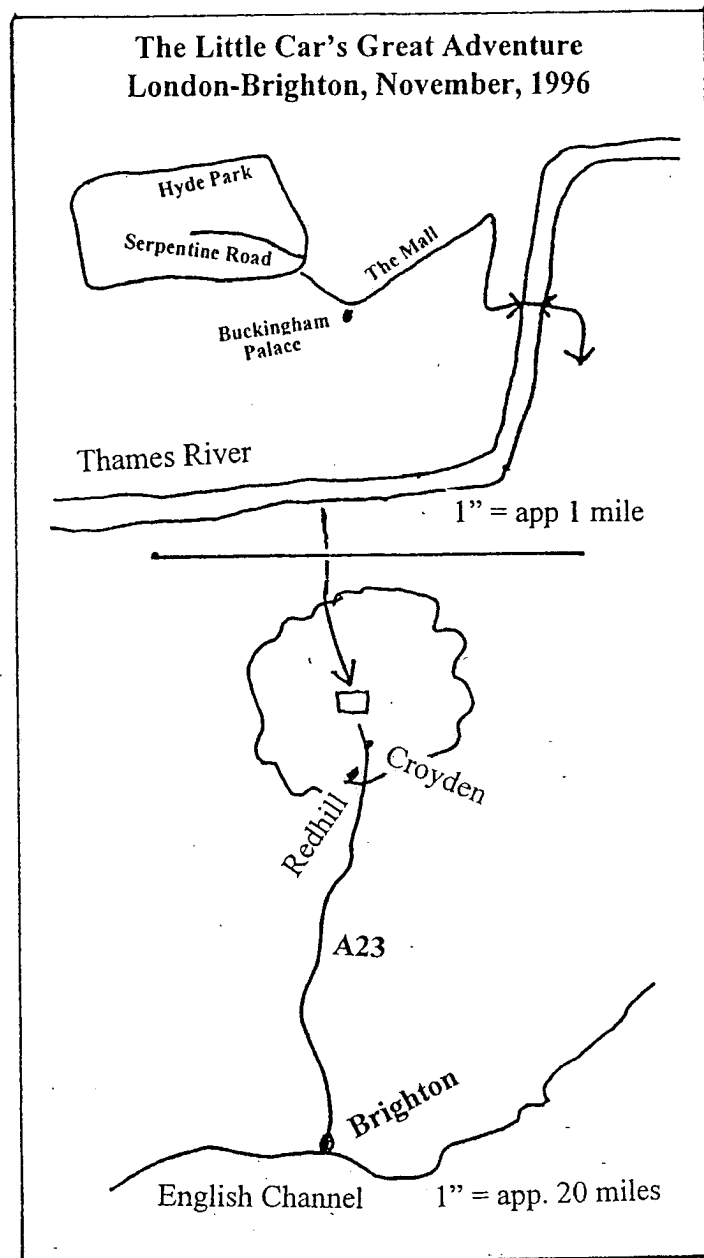
Especially because I knew Dad's health was deteriorating rapidly, I went into high gear to find out more about Tony Bowker. I found him, and he responded almost immediately - the miracle of e-mail! It developed that he was English by nativity, had lived about 30 years in the United States, and that the Olds had gone across the big pond (Atlantic Ocean) with him in late 1996. He sent me an article he had written and had published in several magazines in the United States and England ("One Man's London to Brighton" reprinted below).

I also learned from the Bowker's 1997 Christmas letter that the little Olds had been among 3,000 Oldsmobiles of every year at the Oldsmobile Centennial in Lansing MI in 1997, and had made NBC's evening news.

From humble beginnings in a Grafton ND barn, it has become an international "celebrity", thanks to the Bowkers!

ONE MAN'S LONDON TO BRIGHTON² by Tony Bowker

It's 6:30 a.m. on a damp, cold November morning in 1996 and I am cranking the 1901 Curved Dash Oldsmobile (CDO) surrounded by over 650 pre '05 antique automobiles in central London. Just how did I get into this predicament?



Nearly fifty years ago, World War II was over and the world was full of excitements to a suburban ten year old visiting his uncle who lived in London. A man of few words, one Sunday morning he invited me for a trip out to Redhill. A few hours later we were standing on the roadside expectantly waiting for the "old crocks". At the time I wasn't sure what old crocks were, but the expectancy of the crowds was infectious and after a while the first veteran chugged by. Over the next two to three hours, they continued to pass our location, climbing the hill of Redhill. To this ten year old it was heaven, my first motoring experience....

Since then I have owned motorbikes ranging from Lambrettras to Norton Dominators and automobiles from Model Ts to Porsches. I've loved

² See sketch map in next column.

m all, and today in London I will live the dream of that ten year old back in the late forties.

My CDO has a rather unique history, in constant use by Henry Bernard in Grafton ND from 1901 to 1930³, who then kept it in a local museum until his death in 1957. After that it was owned by a Caddie dealer, two car collectors and now by me. I really bought it for this one event. The car was shipped from San Diego early in September along with two other veteran automobiles from Southern California. Late in October, my family and I arrived at London Heathrow, hoping the CDO was somewhere in that seething mass of humanity. Sure enough, we found it safe and sound in a little warehouse on Victoria Street. On Friday we drove our modern rental down to Brighton, impressed by all the signs that had been erected to direct the Veterans on the following Sunday.

On the Saturday morning we donned our best antique clothes to attend the re-enactment of the original start in 1896. The original starting place was the Metropole Hotel, which now houses the Ministry of Defense, and had been roped off to protect the twenty or so pre-1897 cars from the crowds of spectators. The grandson of the original Lord Winchilsea read the original proclamation. It was surprisingly prophetic, expressing the sentiment that much development of automobiles might be expected. I wonder what he would think of the latest Oldsmobile???? After the speech, most of these early veterans drove round the block to the applause of the crowds. Following a quick lunch we wandered over to the hotel where the CDO had been delivered. Sure enough, after we added a little water, gas and oil she started right up. We drove out of the basement parking lot into the streets of London, making for Knightsbridge that runs along the South side of Hyde Park. With surprisingly little problem we made our way to the underground parking garage at Hyde Park as most motorists gave us lots of space. Later that evening we attended the VCC dinner at Cafe Royal, the food was magnificent, more utensils that you could count on both hands and such superb service. The toast to the Queen was followed by several speeches. The chairman of the Jaguar Motor Cars gave a moving speech which was warmly embraced by all present.

³ This article was written based on incomplete historical information available to Mr. Bowker at the time.

The excellent company and small talk went on until late in the evening.

On Sunday morning we drove a borrowed modern up to Hyde Park corner and wouldn't you believe it there was a traffic jam at 6:15 on a Sunday morning.... We eventually arrived in plenty of time, the CDO again started right up and we joined the crowd of over 600 veterans that were assembling on Serpentine Road. Many familiar faces were in the crowds of drivers and passenger, including Royalty, present and past race drivers and entertainment celebrities. Promptly at 7:58 we arrived at the starting line and we were off. So much energy, time, effort and here we are on our way. In recognition of the centenary of the original event, the route went through Admiralty Arch, normally reserved for Heads of State, down Constitution Hill, past Buckingham Palace and up the Mall. This really was a dream come true. For the first few miles the route was closed to all but the veterans. The route then proceeded past the statue of Winston Churchill and his beloved Westminster Palace, more commonly known as the Houses of Parliament, over Westminster Bridge and into busy streets of South London that we shared with more modern vehicles. Every traffic light, traffic circle and significant junction were operated by the police who tried very hard to give us a clear run. On one occasion, a lady cop mis-judged our speed and we had to slow down as she was unable to clear the junction. She apologized, no need of course, but it was a wonderful gesture, typical of the day.

At Brixton we encountered our first hill. We were told that the event plans had called for three lanes on the hill, two for the moderns to go up and down and one lane reserved for the veterans. A couple of days before the event, the sewer line burst and the road was down to one lane.... Some smaller veterans drove up the sidewalk, later ones found a detour. We struggled up the hill, fighting the traffic. At the top, we thought we were home free when "bango", no drive and no brakes. Any experienced CDO owner knows this is a broken chain. It was then we found what holds the back axle on, yes, the chain. After feeling sorry for ourselves for awhile, we found a spare link, reconnected the back axle while spectators lifted the car and in less than an hour we were back on our merry way. We stopped in Croyden at a cafe that offered free coffee to contestants and the spectators

really crowded round the little car. The cafe owner had a gold mine for the day. A little while later we stopped at Redhill, checking gas, water and oil in the CDO. We made the hill with no problem, the little CDO pulling really well in the cool damp weather. All too soon we approached the George Hotel in Crawley where we had another coffee and had our route card stamped. Again the crowds were impressive, the newspapers later estimated that nearly one million people lined the route. I would guess that every car club in Southern England was out for the day, watching the veterans. At one pub we spotted a group of Morgan sports cars, probably over 50 in total. I wondered if Peter Morgan has ever seen so many at one time????

Until Crawley the route had been through congested suburbs of south London, complete with all the attributes of modern traffic. I recall one Model T tour where participants complained about the 30 traffic lights on one day's route. The London to Brighton route had exceeded that by at least a factor of ten. The London to Brighton is really quite unique.

South of Crawley the cars moved off the A23, which is now a six lane divided highway, to the quiet back roads of the Sussex Downs. Many hills awaited the veterans, but the CDO was in great form, only slowing to accommodate other slower cars. Some were weaving across the road to lessen the gradient, others required some human horsepower. We just rolled along. At Cuckfield, we stopped to visit with our family, some of whom work nearby. After some refreshments and photo session, we were again on our way. On leaving Cuckfield, the route took us down rather a steep hill. I remember discussing with my navigator our plans

should the chain again break. Bailing out was a viable option....

Prior to entering the Brighton suburbs, we returned to the A23 and even had to move into a middle lane, getting really brave. At Preston Park our route card was again stamped and we started out on the final leg, surely nothing could go wrong now. We passed the famed Brighton Pavilion and were then directed onto Madeira Drive. By sheer chance we entered the finish area alone, no one immediately in front or behind and the crowd estimated at 30,000 lining the road applauded us. What a fitting entry to Brighton for such a great little car. We were interviewed, photographed and hugged by our families. Oh what memories that will evoke.

We had lunch with the family in the marquee, then drove the CDO to the Metropole Hotel, along the Brighton promenade, jostling with the modern holiday traffic. After a little rest, we dressed for the RAC dinner in the Grand Hotel. With essentially the same company as the previous night, same speakers and similar superb quality of food, the evening passed like a dream.

Following a good nights sleep we found the car haulers who were to return the CDO to the warehouse on Victoria Street. This would be the first step on the CDO's return to the warmer surroundings of Southern California. That the event was a success would be a gross understatement. Our thanks must go out to the hundreds of volunteers who staffed the route, the pleasant police who cleared the way for us and the RAC officials who helped those in need. It really was the fulfillment of a childhood dream, and unexpectedly it was even better than I ever expected.



*Holiday
Greetings
1997*

1901 Oldsmobile in
Grafton, N.D. 1997

*Tony & Heather
Banta*

Henry Bernard remembers the 1901 Oldsmobile

I did write about my experiences with the Model T Ford that we had so I must add this to tell about the first car that we ever had.

This was an Oldsmobile that was acquired by the family about this way: It was owned by someone in town who stored it in our barn. It stayed and stayed until Dad claimed possession and no one disputed this.

He finally got working on it and after some futiel attempts to get the proper tires was able to rivet on rims from a Modelt T. car and then was able to put that tire on the rims.

We had a lot of fun with this machine. I remember that in order to start it we had to take the spark plug off and pour in a little gasoline and then put the spark plug back on, throw the knife swith that was attached to a coil and several dry cells and crank. Sometimes we could get it going and we ventured out with the machine.

Two experiences stand out in my mind.

One day we were gong to the edge of twon to pick gooseberries. We got the machine going and went over to get Mrs. Carriveau to go with us. We had to cross over the railroad track and the incline was too high so most had to get out and push the car up over the track. We went out of town about a mile and picked gooseberries and then came back home.

Another time Mother wanted to go up town and I got the car started and drove her up town. It was sprinkling a little and mother had her umbrella open and riding along. I parked on the corner of the street the wrong way and remember that the polic came and told me that I was parked illegally. Don't remember How old I was but it must have been in the early teens.

Dad kept this car for a long time. Whene ver there was a parade in town he was sure to be in it with the Oldsmobile. He tired of this as he said the only part of the parade he saw was the float in front and the float behind him..

He often said that he would be glad to trade the car to the company if they would ggree to give him a new one in trade but they never did come to terms.

Later on he did sell it to the Olds dealer in Grand Forks, ND who still has the machine in running order.

The last time we saw the machine was during the BiCentennial year 1976. We went down to the shop and had our pictures taken seated in the machine.

*Al son in 1983 I saw it in the show room
and had a picture with Walter Hara sitting in the machine*

JMJ

HENRY L. BERNARD
APARTMENT COMMUNITY
OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS
9500 W. STATE RT. 15, APT. 88A
BELLEVILLE, IL 62223-0115

6-22-96

GOOD MORNING, AND GOD BLESS YOU NOW AND FOREVER.

Rarely do I write to a correspondee within a two days from receiving a letter from them.

THIS IS DIFFERENT because of the clipping you sent me about the OLDSMOBILE that my Dad had ,
and

the battery of questions about it I thought you knew all of the answers so I will hope that my answers are factual.

Yes, Dad acquired this car from a friend who had store it in the barn at 103 Wakeman and for some reason he did not pay any rentals and gradually Dad felt it was his own. He started fixing it up and was able to replace a rim on each wheel that would take the tire size from the Model T.

I got to driving the car after I knew how to take out the sparkplug and pour in a little gas. Put the plug back in its place and then was "lucky" enough to get it running. I remember bringing mother down dotown and there was a slight rain and mother had the umbrella open I parked into the corner of Hill Avenue beside the grocery store and the police said I could not park that way so I moved.

Dad had the car for many years and when they broke up housekeeping there the car was brought down to the fire house garage and was gradually deteriorating and Dad sold the machine to the Oldsmobile Garage in Grand Forks. They kept it in mint condition and when they moved to a new garage in south Grand Forks the car was kept in the car part of the establishment. I did see it there some time later and then suddenly I heard that some Antique Car person in the Denver, Co. are bought the car and moved it there. Beyond that I do not know about it.

Here is another thing about that car that I don't know much about. I recall that Dad had some dry cell batteries and I guess a coil for the spark to the spark plug which , I suppose supplied the spark to explode the gasoline to give it the power. Maybe some friend of yours can add some of this mystery of the chug, chug, chug.

Recollecting the Campbell family

Chez Nous Jui-Aou 1994

Note reference to Somerset WI

(ED. NOTE: The following letter came from Paul Campbell of Grafton ND. Mr. Campbell is a new member, invited to join by his second cousin, and LaSociete member, Marvin Campbell, of Brainerd MN. In Paul's letter we see a connection between the French-Canadian communities of Somerset WI and Oakwood ND. There were numerous "connections" between places like these. Note also the reference to Felicite Bessette. There was a farmer named Charles Bessette at Oakwood (note Chez Nous Jan-Feb 1993.) Charlie was related to the Campbell's as well as to Blessed Brother Andre Bessette, whose life work resulted in the famed shrine, the Oratory of St. Joseph in Montreal. A direct relation to Brother Andre is Sr. Monica DuCharme, who grew up in Little Canada area and is a Sister of St. Joseph in St. Paul. Another is Lorraine Bessette Weber of Brainerd.

THANKS PAUL.

May 28, 1994

Dear Dick:

Even though the name Campbell is definitely Scottish all our forefathers spoke French.

Our forefather William Campbell joined the Scottish Regiment of the English Army and came to Canada for the French and Indian War. When the French ceded all of Canada to the English in 1763, the soldiers were given a choice either to remain in Canada and given a strip of land, or a trip back to England.

William Campbell married Josephpte Chartier between 1760 and 1764 at a place then called Acadia about 39 miles south of Montreal. It is most likely that she couldn't speak English and he couldn't speak French but it seems that from then on everyone spoke only French.

Their son Alexander married Josephpte Bisailon at Acadia November 17, 1788.

Their son Joseph married Felicite Bessette at Acadia February 6, 1815. He died at St. Remi in July, 1871. Two of their children were Vital born November 3, 1821, and Nicholas born in 1825. Vital emigrated to Somerset, WI, and Nicholas married Frances Gauthier at St. Remi June 30, 1846.

Nicholas and Frances had nine sons and no daughters: Marcel, Cyril, Arsene, Camille, Severe, Aime, Domina, Joseph, and Wilfrid.

The first four remained in the Montreal area. Severe and Aime went to Columbus Ohio. Domina (Marvin Campbell's granddad) went to his uncle Vital in Somerset. Joseph (my grandfather) homesteaded east of Grafton ND near Oakwood in April of 1880. Wilfrid, the youngest, travelled between Somerset and Grafton his entire life; he worked in the woods in Minnesota in the winter and helped with the farming at Oakwood in the summer.

My mother was a LaBerge. Robert delaBerge was born at Columb-su-thon Normandy France May 24, 1638, and came to Chateau-Richer

in 1658. He went back to France in 1663 and immediately returned to Chateau-Richer where he married Francoise Gausse (widow of Nicholas Durand) on May 28, 1663.

Guillaume LaBerge married Marie Quentin on February 14 at Ange-Gardien.

Timothee LaBerge married M-Anne Amelot November 4, 1727, at Ange-Gardien.

Joseph LaBerge married Anne Boursier at Chateauquay, November 10, 1769.

Pierre LaBerge married Claire Brault at Chateauquay October 27, 1793.

Jean-Baptiste LaBerge married Marie Jeanne Grould at Chateauquay January 16, 1826. He fought in the revolution or insurrection of 1837. He was captured by the British and sent to Australia for life but returned in 1845. Edward LaBerge married Josephpte Suprenant at St. Martine, November 7, 1854. He migrated to Oakwood with his four sons and three daughters in 1879.

Thanks,

Another Scotch Frenchman
Paul E Campbell
211 W 16th St
Grafton ND 58237

Chez Nous Sep-Oct 1994

LETTRES

Jean-Marc Charron, whose commentary about Tadoussac appears elsewhere in this issue, sent along a Montreal newspaper article about the French-Canadian strong-man Louis Cyr (Mai-Juin, 1994). He also said that "Louis Cyr was born of Acadian descent and baptised on 11 Oct 1863 and raised in Napierville."

He also commented about Paul Campbell's letter in the Juillet-Aout issue as follows: "The town Paul Campbell refers to as "Acadia" is actually called "L'Acadie". Look on the map about 6 miles west of St-Jean. It was first called Petite-Riviere-de-Montreal, Petite Cadie, Blairfindie and finally L'Acadie. The name of the parish is "Sainte-Marguerite-de-Blairfindie". After the cruel "deportation des Acadiens" (mostly in 1755), about 500 of them made their way from Boston to the area just west of Fort Saint-Jean (around 1767). Governor Francis Bernard of Boston (a relative through European connections?) was particularly sensitive to the plight of the Acadians and was very human in their regards and so allowed them their wishes to seek a new home. Some 890 left the Boston area and by 1768, 500 of them made their new home at "la Petite Cadie". By 1882, the descendants of these 500 had spread along both shores of the Richelieu River, down to the U.S. border, and counted for some 12 to 15 thousands. Their descendants easily number four times that amount today. Today's population of L'Acadie: 4,450.

MEAT FOR THE WINTER

(RAISING PIGS IN THE TWENTIES)

by: Henry Bernard, Belleville, IL

Chez Nous Jan-Feb 1993

The Bernard family was one of those families in our town of Grafton, North Dakota who raised pigs to supply meat products for the family.

It was early spring. After the cold winter it was time to get a couple of piglets to raise. Chester White was the breed.

I think the pigs were just past the nursing stage when dad brought the pigs home. I recall that they were male pigs and at a suitable time they were castrated. The pig pen was back of the barn and dad fed the pigs a mix of shorts and middlings, a by-product of the wheat that was milled at the flour mill. We got buttermilk from the local creamery after they made butter. I don't think that the buttermilk cost anything but the middlings and shorts were bought.

The pigs got bigger and bigger and some weighed over 200 pounds when butchering time came. They just laid on their sides when dad scratched them. Dad was so fond of the pigs that he had to call a neighbor when it was time to butcher.

This happened in late October when there was a decided drop in the temperature as we had to depend on natural refrigeration. Butchering day came; there was much hot water available so that the hair could be scraped off the skin after the pigs were butchered. Mother was right there to catch a quantity of the blood so that she could make blood sausage.

The fat layer under the skin was fully an inch thick; no lean pigs were the diet then.

I recall when mother cleaned the intestines to use as casings for the blood sausage.

The salt pork sections were carefully salted and put into the 20 gallon crocks with careful attention that there was a film of salt between each piece. No touching each other or they would spoil. Head cheese was made also. Pork roasts were cut and frozen in the natural refrigeration of that time.

I cannot recall for sure but I feel that the local butcher shop had a smoke house and the hams were processed there.

I cannot recall whether we had sausage made but can recall operating the grinder for mother as she prepared meat pies. Mince pies were also made. The fat made good pie crusts and I was busy grinding apples,

raisins etc. for the mince pies. The famous meat pie (tourtiere) was made in quantities and frozen for future use. The lard made the doughnuts and I can recall that they were frozen solid and we used to take one and break it into chunks and gradually softened it in our mouths to make it edible.

The ham hocks made good heavy gravy and made a real healthy covering for potatoes, etc. with no thought of cholesterol.

I don't think that very much of the carcass was wasted. Bones were cooked to get the last part of the nourishment.

As I write this I am reminded of the pig killing in the "Grapes of Wrath". They did not waste anything but they had no chance to freeze like we did.

The salt pork pieces were taken and boiled to get rid of the excess salt before cooking.

This was a yearly event. Can't remember how long it lasted but I am sure that I was still in high school when this ended due to the fact that it was easier to get the meat at the butcher shop and could get more variety of beef products, etc.

(Recollections written July 7, 1992)

COUNTRY COOKIN'

by Janet Stenfors, Ewen, MI

Cooking-wise, my grandmother Beatrice Collette was pretty good. She had PLAIN cooking and a typical meal would include fresh vegetables from the garden, ground beef patties, fried to a crisp, boiled potatoes, if it was a noon meal, gravy. In addition there were always soda crackers placed on the table, along with salt and pepper. If it were the evening meal, in the summer, the fare would be similar except the potatoes would be fried. The potatoes left over from noon were saved for the evening frying. Leftovers were given to the dog, both noon and nighttime. He was quite fat - "Sport."

I am going to try and find the recipe for blood pudding, did you ever eat it? We could also use the soup recipe which had as its main ingredient field peas - it was good.

Back to the cooking for a moment, I don't remember any elegant sauces being prepared by Grandma Beatrice. As I have said, her cuisine was very plain. Although she was a good baker, I don't recall any light fluffy pastry. How was your experience with French cooking?

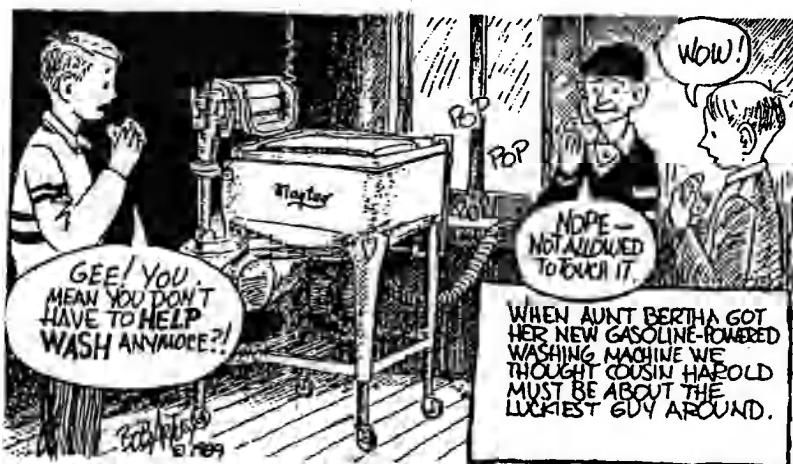
Chez Nous Sep-Oct 1986

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 Features

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 dady 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 cheets, 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!"

Chez Nous Au-Sep 1989

LA SOUPE AUX POIS
PEA SOUP

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

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

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

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



John F. Cote Jr.
Brooklyn, Ct.

*La Cuisine de la Grandmere II-by American
French Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 2113,
Pawtucket, RI 02861
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R E C E T T E
Oct-Nov 1987

This is my grandmère's recipe, she used white bread, soaked 1/2 cup raisins in a little hot water to soften, and added cinnamon to taste to the milk mixture. I find it easier to use cinnamon raisin bread.

Bread Custard

16 slices cinnamon raisin bread
1 stick melted butter
4 whole eggs plus 2 yolks
3/4 cup sugar
3 cups milk
1 cup cream
1 tbl. vanilla

Brush both sides of the bread with butter and line a 9 x 13 pan.
Whisk cream, milk, sugar and vanilla and pour over the bread slices.
Place pan in a pan of hot water that comes halfway up the side of the pan.
Bake 350 for 25 min. or until slightly browned and set.
Remove from oven and let sit 15 min. Cut into squares and sprinkle with powdered sugar, serve with fresh berries.

Jerry Forchette

GOING TO LEROY, NORTH DAKOTA IN THE 1920'S
by Henry Bernard, Oct-Nov 1987

Leroy was an inland town between Walhalla and Neche. It was so called because the railroad did not go there.

All around the town was a "nest" of French Canadian farmers with farms of about a section (640 acres-a square mile), with all horse powered machinery and large families. Sometimes I think you could really call it a rural setting similar to those in lower Canada. (Quebec)

South of this French Canadian area, was a "nest" of Icelandic people around the towns of Mountain and Backoo.

During the summer, we could expect a trip or two up to this French Canadian settlement. My folks were good friends of these dirt farmers.

There was a rural church in Leroy and a French priest was the pastor. I don't recall, but I am sure the sermon was in French.

After Sunday Mass, we would go to one or another of the families for a typical banquet of just plain farm fresh food, chicken, beef, pork, natural milk and butter which was home made and perhaps some home churned ice cream with strawberries from the garden. There were potatoes, radishes, lettuce, corn, cucumbers and other vegetables that were grown in the home garden and perhaps just picked that morning.

We traveled by "Model T" over dusty dirt roads with no signs. You either knew the roads or had to stop and ask direction. "Go south until you get to the cross roads and turn left three miles and then go right could be a typical direction.

Trips were not taken on the spur of the moment and in those days, we prepared for days ahead. There was always the threat of rain but I can't remember any trips that were cancelled by rain.

I remember one incident that I perhaps told of the young unmarried daughter who taught school in the rural school just across the road from her home. Very friendly, but the only thing I can really recall was her statement "I hate to bother you to pass the butter."

Don't know how much training she had to become a teacher or how old she was, but I don't suppose she even had a high school education. It was convenient for her; I think it was just going across the street from home to school.

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

LETTERS-LETTERS-LETTERS

Dick,

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

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

Sincerely,
John England

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

RECETTE by Pat Ciochetto

JOHNNYCAKE

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

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

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

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS OLD SAYING?

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

YELLOW PEAS, GREEN PEAS

by Pat Ciochetto

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

Peas brother!

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

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

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

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

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

Chez Nous Oct-Nov 1989

seven years while my parents lived on the first floor. At first, we had no running water. The simple sink and pump I installed when time and money permitted has long since been replaced. The outside door is still functional but the private, outside stairway that we used so often to carry baby girls and their paraphernalia and to reach the ground level, has been dismantled.

The two east dormer windows provided an excellent view of our small farm as well as the main road leading to and from our farmstead. I recall how one of these windows framed a smiling Georgia waving at me as I drove the tractor to the field that first day in the spring of 1936 when we began what was to be 39 years of farm life together. The trend toward a hot summer was established early in the spring. No substantial amounts of rain came until early in June. Then one Sunday evening, dark clouds moved in from the southwest and life-giving rain poured down throughout the night. We felt relieved. It was in this bedroom with its slanting, uninsulated ceiling that Georgia had to lie in bed for many days after the birth of our first girl in 1936.

The erosion of numbers in our family began, in a sense, with Ellen's graduation from high school in 1953. She continued to work for a year for a law firm with whom she had been taking office practice during her school years. She then attended the University of North Dakota for one year. Alice graduated in 1954 and also continued to work for the firm she had been taking office practice with during her school term. In the fall of 1955, they were both ready for college but due to two subnormal crops, we could not afford to send them to school. Georgia and I reached a spiritual low; we felt that we had failed them. After an all-night discussion, the two girls decided to seek employment in Salt Lake City - a city that had been recommended to them by the local employment office. The following Sunday, this house became the scene of a farewell party attended by many relatives. There was much good cheer on the outside but many heartaches within. After they arrived at their destination, letters shuttled back and forth several times each week. And oh, how we missed them!

Five years later, we helped one of them through college and the other one chose to marry. This house witnessed the first wedding in our

family in 1960. This was followed by two weddings in 1965, another in 1968 and a final wedding in 1973. Events in this old house reached a climax in 1974; our youngest daughter, Diane, graduated from UND, Georgia and I sold all our farm equipment and retired from farming. We continued to live in a much quieter house for about a year. But there is nothing so empty as that which was once so full! In the winter of 1976, we moved to Grand Forks where we would be near three of our daughters and five of our grandchildren.

This aged structure also brings back fond memories of my boyhood days when my parents, brothers and sisters farmed this land. All hoped and prayed, experienced triumphs and frustrations, as they sought to wrest a living from this land, to battle a sometimes hostile Mother Nature and often harsh economic laws. But they enjoyed good times too, especially in the late fall and winter months when social activities were more frequent. This dining room is silent now, but these walls often reverberated to the music of the fiddle, the stamp of dancing feet, the call of the caller and the happy sound of laughing voices. Party games as well as card games were also a popular form of entertainment. Unannounced evening visits by Ernest and Fabian Desautel or Eloi and Albert Major were regular occurrences in this house - they lived down the road a little way. I can recall listening to friendly as well as "hot" arguments as to the relative merits of horses versus tractors; the merits of one threshing machine over another; the merits of one township candidate over another. Nobody ever changed anyone's mind! Whatever the outcome of the always unresolved issues, the evening ended on a friendly note when coffee and lunch were served.

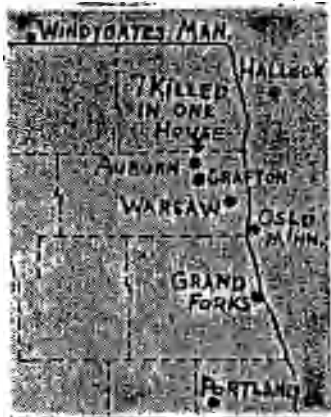
Back then, kerosene or gasoline lamps furnished light for these rooms; only natural light filters in around the blinds now. In order to make efficient use of heat and lamps, the family members congregated in the kitchen and dining room. The living room, sometimes called the "parlor", was reserved for Sunday visitors or special occasions. There were two bedrooms upstairs; the big one was for the five boys and Grandpa and the other was for my two sisters. Both rooms were heated by whatever heat found its way up a narrow stairway. Ample covers were of the utmost importance.

Time moves inexorably. After celebrating their Golden Wedding, my parents retired from farming in 1942 and moved to Grafton. They had lived in this house for 29 years. For the first time in their married lives they were free of debt!

Some milestones for this place: Party line telephone, 1917; First car, 1917; First tractor, 1924; First radio with speaker, 1925; REA electricity, 1939.

THE TORNADO OF 1947

It was through this north window of our dining room that I saw the devastating effects of one of the worst tornadoes in the history of North



from the Grafton News & Times
July 9, 1947

Dakota. This storm occurred July 3, 1947, and came at the end of a hot, muggy day. When an extremely strong wind accompanied by heavy rain bent the nearby trees over to an alarming angle, my family and I sought shelter in our small, secure cellar. But I was curious about the storm and shuttled back and forth from the cellar to the north window. And each time I saw a new stage of destruction - a yawning maw after the large doors on the machine shed had been blown off; later, the shed was now crushed down on the machinery; just north of our buildings, a huge tornado funnel was visible through a veiled shroud of mist. When I returned to the cellar, Georgia was leading in prayer, 11 year old Ellen and 10 year old, Alice. 3 year old, Marjorie, was trying to keep up but 1 year old, Joyce, was noncommittal. Meanwhile, this house, a stable structure, shuddered from the fury of the gale without.

Violent storms often end abruptly. Soon, all was calm and the sun was shining beautifully. When I walked out toward the machine shed, I had

an unobstructed view to the north and sensed that something was very different - an immense void. After I marshaled my somewhat dulled wits, I realized that an entire farmstead was gone. The tall, stately cottonwood trees that had ever sheltered that farmstead, lay almost in a horizontal position. The three buildings that had always stood outlined against the north sky had been completely obliterated and now there was an awful openness. We learned later that seven of the many Mexican laborers who had lived there had been killed by that devastating storm.

THE 1950 FLOOD

On the morning of April 19, 1950, we looked out from our west kitchen window and saw a great lake to the west of us. It was not unexpected. The Grafton area had received 84 inches of snow since the fall of '49 and it had become apparent that the coming flood would equal or even exceed the extensive inundation of 1948. Early in the morning daughter Ellen and I had taken a tractor ride to survey conditions west of us. The old, familiar neighborhood had taken on a new, strange look. The many farmsteads that had dotted the broad acres of farmland had become islands of trees in a huge lake. It was unreal. It was eerie. It was awesome! And all that was holding back that reservoir of potential destruction was a small levee formed by freezing water combined with twigs and straw washed up from already conquered-by-high-water farm fields. We hurried back and all of us mentally braced for the coming onslaught.

We didn't have long to wait. The small, frozen levee was but a temporary impediment that soon succumbed to the pressure generated by a body of water that extended many miles to the northwest. The onrushing water quickly made its way over or around any obstacle in its path; each became a short-term island of dryness; the gray water cascaded down the steps of the potato pit. Our oldest daughter, Ellen and Alice, rode on the tractor with me as I drove from one building to another watching the "progress of destruction". All day long, the dirty water rushed by the north side as well as the south side of the house leaving it its wake transient potatoes, sugar beets and straw it had swept up from the many farm fields it had crossed.

We were having our noon meal about the time our cellar was being filled with muddy water. Each time the water level reached to a higher shelf

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The Country Kitchen

Someone had built a new house on the farm that the Eberts rented just three years before we moved in. From the very first, the small kitchen posed a problem - we were 10 of us. On cold, stormy days when going to school or working outside was impossible, too many of us sought the warmth of the kitchen range within its narrow confines. Even in this off-season of the busy home-canning summer months, my mother and one or both of my sisters found the winter influx of a father, grandfather and several brothers quite overwhelming. Because of the scarcity of space, chairs had to be moved out when not being used. The chair that rated a fixed position was Grandpa's plain, unupholstered, wooden rocking chair. From this vantage point, Grandpa enjoyed his pipe and was central to most of the family conversation and goings-on. I was the youngest in the family and in my pre-school years often enjoyed sitting on Grandpa's well-padded lap, using his ample waistline as a backrest. In his world of pipe-chair-contentment, he seemed unconcerned about his too-generous rotund girth.

Over the many decades, the biggest improvement in home living has been in the kitchen. From 1913 to 1945 we depended on rain water and a surface well for the soft water needed in the kitchen and laundry use. Our cellar was fairly cool so we used it to keep our perishables. We didn't know what non-soft butter was in the summertime until we constructed an ice-well near the outside door in the mid-thirties. The curbed hole in the ground filled with ice for the summer months served us well in its time. Our farm home was updated tremendously when Rural Electricity made it possible to have refrigeration and the convenience of cooking with electricity. The lighting was a great improvement over the Aladdin kerosene lamps and Coleman gasoline lanterns we had before. We got our first running-water in the house in 1945. Before that, it was a cistern pump or carry it in.

My mother was a late-winder who worked late and liked to sleep in the morning. My father was an early-riser, so he made breakfast. He made pancakes once a week and either oatmeal or cream of wheat porridge all other mornings. I don't know how to describe the toaster except that it held four pieces of bread and one held it over the hot stove. It could be said that Dad's culinary art was not extensive. One morning in particular, there were many lumps in the cream of wheat. When someone remarked on that, Dad had a solution - "chew them lumps, they're good, too." Another morning,

he decided to venture from the long established cream of wheat-oatmeal routine and made porridge out of cornmeal. This is when he learned that cornmeal has a great capacity to absorb water - he had some porridge in three kettles before he was through!

Before the advent of the coffee percolator, my folks bought whole coffee beans and ground them as they needed them. Although our kitchen wall provided a secure anchor for the coffee grinder, it also served as a large amplifying sounding board for the grinding operation. In our house we didn't wake up to the smell of coffee, we woke up when it was being ground.

Most farm kitchens were generous in size not only to accommodate a large family but an additional 10 or 12 when threshing time came. Sometimes, these additional men stayed for 4 or 5 days. The yeararound boarding as well as the harvest-time extras had to be fed without the benefits of electricity for cooking, refrigeration and lighting. Fresh meat was essential for hardworking threshmen. Everyday, someone had to drive to town with the horse and buggy to get meat. It took 22 men to run Dad's threshing rig so he had a cookcar. Like our kitchen, it too operated without running water.

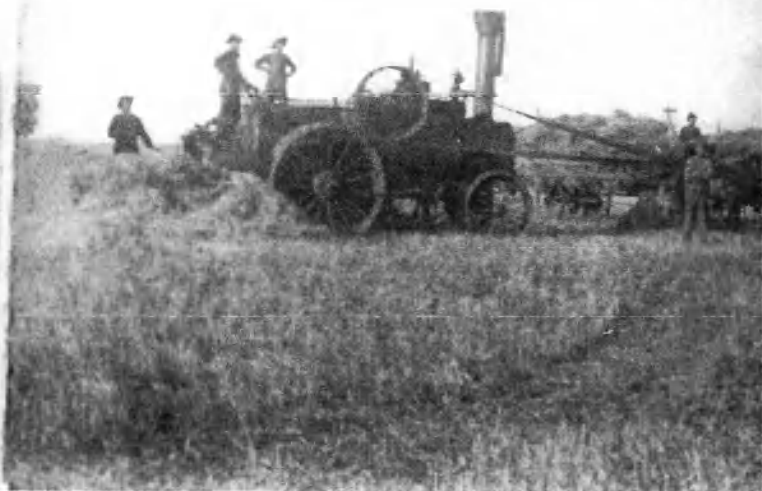
The good old days are only in memory.

Ernest Ebert
Grand Forks ND

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that was stocked with Mason Jars, we could hear the tinkling sound of newly-floated jars softly nudging one another as each sought floating space for itself. By this time, we were a bit slap-happy from a multiplication of recent events and we giggled like small children each time a new row of jars was sent a-tinkling.

Well, it's been a long day. It's time to leave this former dwelling place - perhaps for the last time. But the memories will live on; there are many more than have been recorded here. So, to the old house which long sheltered the ones I loved and the ones I love. Thanks - for the memories.



A threshing scene on the North Dakota prairies. When

ON GRAIN HARVESTING IN THE "OLD DAYS"

by: Ernest Ebert, Grand Forks, ND

Mr. Ebert is a retired French-Canadian farmer in North Dakota. He is an avid writer and in this and an upcoming issue will talk about farming in the old days.

November 6, 1992

Your page-wide photo of an early day threshing rig (above) brought back many memories. Thank you for the picture.

The steamer in the foreground is an Advance Straw Burner—my father had one. The man standing on the ground behind the pile of straw is the fireman, he poked straw into this insatiable monster from 3 a.m. to about 7:30 p.m. The man standing on the engine is the engineer. His most important duty after the machine was set for threshing was to see that the water level in the boiler was maintained over the crown-sheet of the firebox—unpleasant things like a blow-up could occur if this were not done. The third man is the "tanky". Where flowing wells were available, his was an easy job. A 4-F (military slang) could haul water or haul straw.

The man atop the separator is the separator man. A second man was often employed to oil the separator and to help stretch out the long heavy drive-belt when the machine was being set for action. Present day farm economics would no longer tolerate the prolific use of manpower as practiced at that time.

This separator has the old time tall elevator; that's what we had too. After the grain had been separated from the chaff

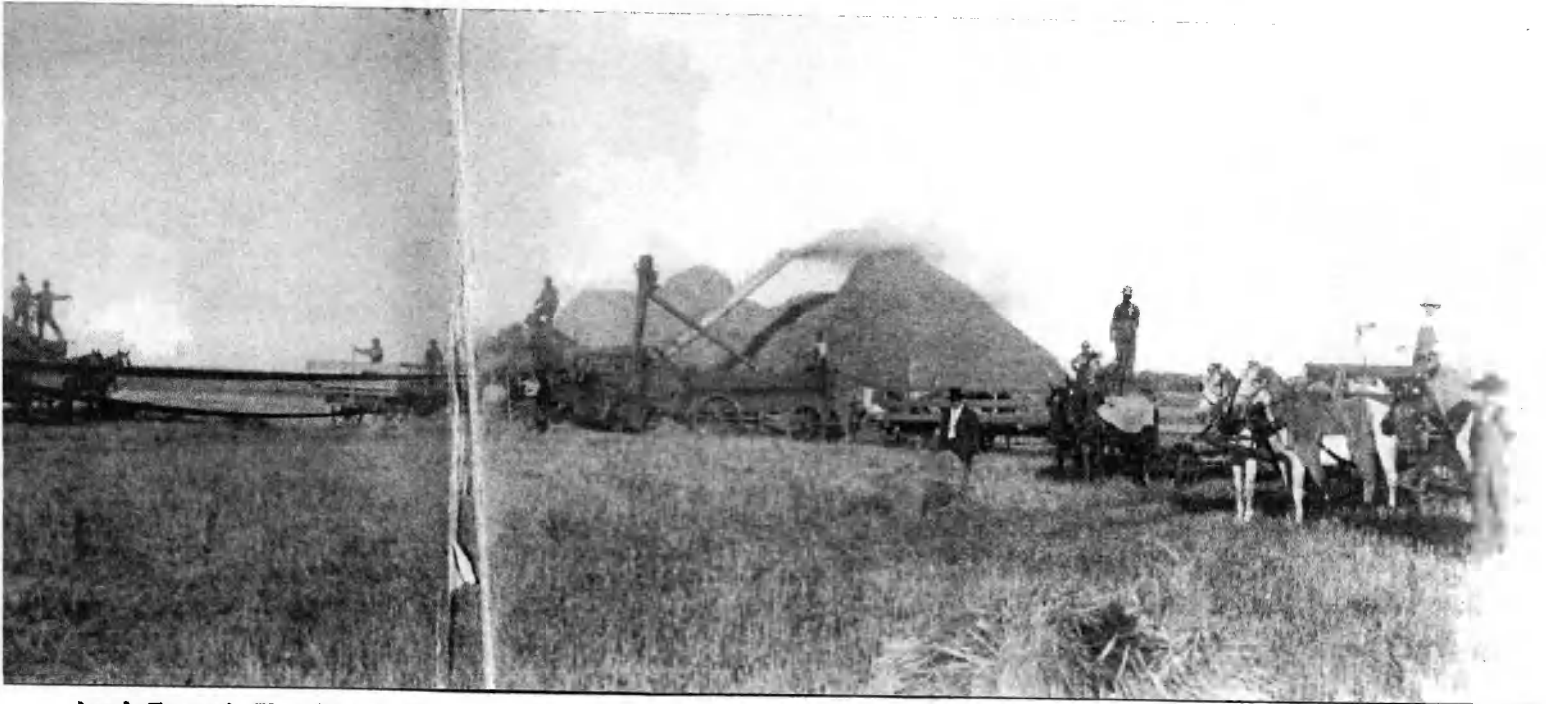
and straw in the busy innards consisting of cylinder, concaves, straw shakers and air blast fanning mill, it was elevated high over the machine into a half bushel bucket which dumped its contents into the long slanting spout and into the grain box mounted on a wagon. Each dump was registered on a tally which kept track of the number of bushels on a given field. Most of the time the whole elevator assembly was referred to as the "tally" or "weigher". For obvious reasons, the tall tally disappeared from the scene about the time telephone lines made their appearance—World War I. It was replaced by the auger-spout coupled to a short tally.

I would say that this picture was taken before 1920. Also, they intended to burn this straw pile after they moved away. The straw pile is too bumpy to shed rain; piles to be saved were piled steep and high.

The following is an article written by Mr. Ebert and published in the Walsh County Record, Grafton, ND, August 10, 1977.

Threshing Now Lacks Glamor of Yesteryear

(Editor's Note: Ernest Ebert of Grand Forks, a retired farmer who writes a regular column on agricultural matters for the Record, prepared this special feature article for harvest season, looking back at what many readers may find are quite familiar memories.)



read Ernest Ebert's informed opinion, and lots more, below.

It's pay day down on the farm. The mechanical monsters with their insatiable appetites for wide windrows of grain, travel along at the rate of three or four miles per hour. A flat stream of yellow straw fans out from each of the several machines and a continuous cloud of dust flows each of these efficient separators of grain from straw and chaff. Each operator sits comfortably in his air conditioned cab, ever watchful of the broad swath as it enters the combine. He occasionally glances at the grain hopper to observe the quality of the job being done and to know when to empty this 150 bushel travelling grain bin.

One of the several watchful truck drivers comes alongside when the hopper needs to be emptied. The combine operator presses a button and the golden stream of wheat is delivered into the huge truck box. After the stream stops, the operator presses another button to stop the unloading auger and the truck driver pulls away to pick up another dump from another combine. It's all done on the go.

After the truck is full, it is driven to the bin site where a high capacity elevator elevates the grain into a large steel bin. The driver opens the truck's endgate and slowly tilts the truck box so that the grain slides toward the endgate opening the elevator hopper. It's all done through the magic of electricity, gasoline diesel fuel and hydraulic power. A girl boy or wife can be a driver.

Modern harvesting is expensive because of the enormous capital investment in

equipment that is required. But the cost would be prohibitive if it were done as it was in bygone days. The new way is fast, smooth and efficient but there is no glamor, no color everything is so mechanized that people and machines move about like push-button robots.

So let's return to those thrilling days of yesteryears:

My father did custom threshing for twenty-five years. At one time his crew was partly home-grown. My oldest brother, was the separator man; Oscar was engineer; David ran the grain elevator and hauled grain and my mother and sister Edith did the cooking. Another sister Kate kept house and did many other things for the rest of us at home.

The old time threshing rig produced lots of action in its time with it's motley crew of lumberjacks, who rolled up their overalls legs over their eight inch shoe tops; young tender feet that had trouble with blisters and grey beards and old drifters who had seen better days but were still capable. Some of the crew members did a bit of joshing (kidding); some in the crew were characters others were strictly the no-nonsense type.

There were usually several farm boys working, but the custom thresher obtained most of the teams he needed from farmers whose crops were going to be threshed. They often sent their sons to drive those teams. It helped to pay the threshing bill.

Twenty-two men coming from different backgrounds produced quite a mix. For about a month, most of the men slept together

CONTINUED from page five
(Story begins on page four)

in a big tent; straw was used as ones mattress over which individual blankets were laid. Smoking was a constant hazard but luckily nothing ever happened. On rainy days and Sundays, there was often a small stake card game going with inevitable onlookers. Dad watched for "hustlers" and fired them. Hustlers were card sharks who travelled from crew to crew to gamble the men out of their money.

The fireman, engineer, separator man and his helper (oiler) slept in a separate small tent near the steam engine. Fire was an ever present threat with the steamer. Also the men who ran the rig were near their machine and could do some fixing outside of the threshing hours.

In spending much time together working, sleeping, sharing common miseries and just simply talking, a spirit of camaraderie developed within the crew and the members of my family. Toward the end of the threshing run and whenever a few gathered, there was much retelling and embellishing of humorous incidents that had happened. This was especially true on "pay day" when all were in a good mood. It was a bit like a class reunion.

There was always a bit of sadness when the crew left—we had shared many common experiences together for a few weeks. There was much handshaking and some said they would be back next year and several did come back year after year. Everyone in our family experienced a physical and emotional let-down after the many weeks of intense activity. Although we were a naturally talkative family, "thundering silence" ruled for a few days.

Do you remember the steam threshing engine? Four men were needed to keep it going. It needed a constant supply of water and straw and its "tender" was its ever present companion—as necessary as the gas tank on your car. A tender is a water tank on wheels and the tank has a straw rack on top of it. The steamer used about 60 barrels of water every day so the tender's supply needed replenishing several times each day. It was necessary to have a tankman or "tanky" for this purpose. The engine burned several loads of straw in a day's run and a man was needed to haul some of the freshly threshed straw from the separator. It was essential that a tender be fully loaded before any long move was made—to eliminate the possibility of running out of the vital necessities of a steamer.

The fireman poked straw into the fire-

box for about 16 hours every working day. It took three hours to "steam up" in the morning. Also, he was supposed to have a working knowledge of operating the engine so he could take over if the engineer was temporarily away.

"Smokey" the fireman, had the knowledge but he was very excitable. One afternoon when the engine was chugging along effortlessly, the governor belt came off. This had the same effect as an accelerator stuck to the floor boards. Suddenly, his quiet running engine had gone wild and he did not remember which lever to pull or push. Someone got things under control after a bit but at supper time, Smokey was still quite shaken.

As he recounted the incident, his excitement grew and his accent became even more pronounced. At the high point of his retelling he said "Ven de government belt came off I didn't know vat to du." After that and anytime when Smokey wasn't around, any reference to the "government belt" called for a good round of laughter.

The bundle hauling teams were in the vanguard of every move to a new field. The racks, mounted on wagons which were team drawn, were loaded with shocks taken from the area in the center of the field in order to clear an area for the threshing rig to "set". "Setting" meant aligning the engine to the separator so that a long belt could transfer power from the engine to the separator. Doing it quickly and accurately with all those men waiting called for a good measure of skill.

Dad always used two men to each bundle rack, but two men could be saved if four field pitchers were used to help load the eight racks and two men at the separator were used to help pitch off the loads when they got to the separator. These last two were known as "spike pitchers".

Custom threshing meant PRESSURE. Bundles or sheaves were pitched on and off the racks by sweating men. Barley was a shortstrawed crop in those days so a bundle that had been bound by the binder had a nasty way of becoming unbound about the time the pitcher had it above his head. A shirt full of barley beards could make one very unhappy especially on a hot day.

In the early days, threshed grain was handled in bags—each bag weighing from 120 to 150 pounds. If there was a renter-landowner relationship, each took half of the number of bags. It was the common way of dividing or sharing the crop. The landowner could store his in one place and the renter in another. In either case the bags had to be handled by hand.

19
The grain hauler handed the bag up to a man who stood on a shelf-like platform mounted just under the granary door, which was high up on the side of the grain bin. That man dumped it inside. After a considerable amount of grain had accumulated in the bin it was necessary to have still another man to spread it around inside. This inside job was a dusty one. Farmers usually exchanged time with each other for hauling grain from the machine. Husky men were required.

About the time of World War I, farmers went to bulk grain handling. Farm owners and renters then stored their grain in common bins and the dividing was done at the elevator after the grain had been hauled and weighed. Using the bulk method, the grain was allowed to run directly into the wagon box from the thresher. It was then hauled to a granary and hand shoveled into the bin. Later on, rather primitive grain elevators powered by gasoline engines elevated the grain into the bin but some shoveling was still necessary to get it into the elevator hopper.

Most any job around the rig was a dusty one. Working hours, not including care of one's team, were from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. with one hour off for dinner. Lunches were eaten while the load ahead was being unloaded or while some spare man pitched off the teamster's load. Wages ranged from \$7.00 per day during World War I to about \$2.00 per day during the depression.

Once in love with a steamer, always in love with one. Notice the attention the steamers get at threshing bees, which are very popular among old timers. The steamer was sm-o-oth. There was something about the combination of exhausted steam and burned straw that produced a pleasant, unforgettable smell. On sunny, dry afternoons it was poetry in motion, rocking gently back and forth with each stroke of the piston. The exhaust was practically inaudible. But on foggy, damp mornings, when the bundles were "tough", the steamer's voice rose in anger and it exhausted loud ground shaking objections.

The whistle on the steamer was used sparingly—it frightened some of the many horses. Teamsters were cautioned to hold their horses before it was used. Each whistle in the area had a sound of its own and could be heard far and wide in the early morning. When we heard a whistle, we knew it was Hans Lykken's, Louis Lykken's, or Alfred Oihus whistle that was being "tooted".

An engine, tender and separator together formed a rather long train as it travelled down the road. My older brother, Oscar, was quite an engineer. Before moving he would screw down the governor to give the engine more travelling speed. The hard-working engine exhausted puffs of steam and smoke that was almost one continuous stream, rising high above the engine, arcing to a horizontal stream and gradually dissipating. After reaching the open clearing in the field that was to be threshed, he stopped the engine just long enough for brother Bill to unhook the separator from the tender, then circled the engine around to line up with the separator. He prided himself on the short time it took him to "set".

Much food was needed to feed a couple dozen hard working men. The men ate in a cookcar usually staffed by two lady cooks. (Men cooks had been tried and found drinking). This kitchen was on wheels and located in the farmer's yard where water and fuel were close at hand. As mentioned before, my mother and sister, Edith, often served in this capacity. These days were long for these cooks—breakfast consisted of pancakes, meat and potatoes and was served at 5 a.m. This was followed by lunch at 9, dinner at noon, lunch at 4 and finally supper at 7:30 p.m.

The "tanky" hauled water from the farmer's well, also located in the yard, and was often a source of help for the cooks. Doing such chores as peeling potatoes, emptying refuse containers and carrying pails of water. He had time to do this as well as have an extra cup of coffee while the flowing well was filling his tank. The long day for the cooks ended about 10 o'clock.

I remember one day vividly. We finished threshing for Lynn Miller very late that night. We moved home (3 miles away) after we finished so we would not have to steam up again the next morning. After parking the engine, my brother Lawrence who had been the engineer that fall, pulled the whistle cord for a final long, lingering blast. This was the customary way of "letting off steam" after a long fall of hard work.

We didn't know it then but it was to be the final blast from that distinguish three-toned whistle. The exciting days of the big rig were over in our area.

IT HAPPENED "IN THE DEAD OF WINTER"

by Ernest Ebert, Grand Forks ND

Editors Note: The following two articles were given to us by Ernest Ebert, and seem most appropriate at the end of one of the worst winters in memory in this part of the world. Mr. Ebert has written frequently for Chez Nous. He is a retired farmer from the Grafton, North Dakota, area.

Whatever has become of that time-honored expression, "In the dead of winter?" What did it really mean? Presumably, it meant the low point of an uneventful time of the year - mid winter or mid-January. At this time of the year, physical and spiritual activity was at a low ebb following the furor of the preceding holiday season. Those engaged in the seasonal occupation of farming, settled down to the uneventful daily grind of tending to livestock and making an occasional trip to the little city of Grafton, ND, for supplies and to chat with some of the townspeople.

In the pre-REA (Rural Electrification Administration) era with its lack of power and effective lighting, farm shops were not practical. And before the advent of battery operated radios in the early 1920s there was little to do indoors except to talk and play cards. Reading in a room full of people imposed too great a challenge. I remember that most conversations dated to or from some seemingly important event past or anticipated in the future such as a neighborhood house party, someone's extended sickness or some big storm. The family spent most of its winter evenings in the kitchen or the adjoining dining room where the warmth of companionship, conversation and the light from our best kerosene lamps dominated. The "front room" or "parlor" didn't offer the coziness and informality of the other two rooms. It was more often used to entertain special guests.

In 1917, we became members of a party-line telephone group. We could call each other on the line without going through the Central office in Grafton. If we wished to call someone on another line, we had to ring through Central in Grafton. In a

sense, the old party-line was a precursor of the present day Internet - you could and did get lots of news off of it! Simple as it was to operate, the neighbor men seldom used it to tell us when they were coming for a evening of visiting. They simply donned clean overalls, walked over and joined the family shortly after its members had moved away from the supper table.¹ It was here that such momentous subjects as to the relative merits of horses and buggies versus those new automobiles, draft horses versus the steel muscles of tractors and threshing machines versus combines were discussed and argued over at great length but never settled during that particular evening. No matter how "hot" the arguments had been, all was forgotten when the evening's refreshments were brought in.

In the "dead of winter" in 1917, a team drawn wagon containing a tall, canvas covered object pulled up to our back door. The driver explained that a furniture dealer in Grafton had received more pianos than he had room for and would we like to try a new player-piano for a few days? We could play it as much as we wanted to and were under no obligation to buy it. Undoubtedly, the dealer was gambling that once he got it in the house we wouldn't want to part with it. He was right. It took Dad a while to come around to the idea that his family "needed" a piano, but he did.

Each family member took turns operating that player-piano and it was played from morning until bedtime every day. It also provided a source of entertainment for our neighbors and other visitors. It became an established practice for my brothers to take their girlfriends home and for my sisters to take their boyfriends home for a singalong songfest.

We enjoyed that player-piano for several years. However, after earphone radio wedged its way into our household and soon was followed by loudspeaker radio in the early 1920s, this once magnificent musical instrument which had captured our hearts for all those years, quietly spent its last year, unwept, unhonored and unsung!

¹ Farm women had their own social rituals, and perhaps Ernest will comment on some of these in a future issue.

Blizzard vet remembers long spells snowbound

from the Grand Forks ND Herald, January 10, 1997

by Marcia Harris

Get a horse?

Maybe that's what each of us should do to get us through this winter. A horse and a bobsled got old-timers through many a harsh winter.

Ernest Ebert of Grand Forks is 87, and he remembers those winters on his farm northwest of Grafton ND.

The winter of 1936 sticks out as one of the worst. He had been married just one year.

"That winter, the highway that went by our place was blocked for three weeks," Ebert recalls. "It was quite a thrill one Sunday morning to hear a Caterpillar trying to plow out three weeks of compacted snow. It was sweet music to our ears.

"We were down to using our horses and bobsleds to come to town and get supplies."

The horses came in handy for relief of cabin fever, too. During that winter, a neighbor who lived three miles away asked the family for dinner. So, Ebert and his new bride, Georgia, and his mom and dad lined their sled's box with straw for warmth, set up chairs for the women and took off.

"We had a nice ride, had a nice meal. And it was really quite an experience for all of us. We hadn't ridden in sleighs for years, and I remember thinking that the horses had pulled us through once more."

Most of the time during bad winters, families would stay put. Without TV, video stores or computer games, what did they do?

"I have six daughters, and they all ask me that, too," Ebert said. "Some played cards, some read and sometimes there was a lot of conversation. There were 10 of us, with grandma and grandpa."

Farm families made sure they had plenty of food stored up to get them through, but sometimes heating was a problem. During 1936, the Ebert family burned scrap lumber and fence posts in the daytime, saving their coal to burn at night. Even so, they nearly ran out of coal. So, on what Ebert recalls as "one of the nice days -20 below and a

ground blizzard," Ebert took the horses and set out cross-country for Auburn, about two miles away.

"That was really a greenhorn thing to do," Ebert says, because the horses had a great deal of trouble getting through the drifts. Nevertheless, he made it and brought back the coal. But he took the horses on the safer route - using the road - during the return trip.

Ebert was born in 1910, and the whole decade from then until 1920 was distinguished by harsh, snowy winters.

"School was a mile and a half from home, and not a tree the whole way. No running water and not lights, of course. Fortunately, we never had to stay overnight because there was no insulation."

Ebert remembers the kids huddling near the stove until about noon to get warm after walking to school.

But Ebert is kind to those of us who may have it a little easier these days. He doesn't think we're wimps.

It's all relative. By the standards of that time, it was one thing. Now, of course, if the car doesn't start, it's a big thing."

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chez nous

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La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

SIXTY YEARS AGO - THE TERRIBLE WINTER OF 1935-36

by Ernest Ebert, Grand Forks ND

Editors Note: In our country, we seem to celebrate bad winters by celebrating other winters which may even have been worse! So does Ernest Ebert in the following article remembering the winter of 1935-36. Mr. Ebert has previously submitted interesting articles for readers of *Chez Nous*, and the following is no exception. He writes about farm days near Auburn, North Dakota, a hamlet which was located a few miles north of Grafton. In the next issue, we will have a wonderful "...Visit to the Old Farm Home" by Mr. Ebert.

A foot of snow fell on Armistice Day in 1935. Even that too-generous amount was scarcely a harbinger of what was to come - a total of 69.3 inches of fallen snow in the Grafton area during the winter of 1935-36. The heavy snowfall and the intense sustained cold combined to make that winter the worst in my memory.

At that time, our farmhouse was not insulated so a considerable amount of coal was needed to keep it comfortably warm. Early in January, our supply of coal was running low and I was waiting for a decent day to make a five-mile trip to Auburn ND to replenish our supply. In the meantime, Dad was busy buck-sawing oak fence posts that had rotted off at ground level and were now useful in supplementing our waning fuel supply. By 1936 standards, January 20th was a relatively nice day. It was only 20 below and the constantly moving snow was reduced to a ground storm. So the team, bob sleigh and I headed for Auburn. Surprisingly, except for the team having to struggle through some deep snow at times, the trip



The author, Ernest Ebert, with his father Janvier Ebert, at the home farm near Auburn ND in the early 1950s.

was uneventful.

In 1936, the country was still in the throes of the Depression; funds to remove snow were very inadequate. Equipment was deficient in quality and quantity. Highway 81 [a major highway] near our place was frequently blocked. Townships had no money to open roads either. Sometimes, we would use a team and wagon to "break" a trail through the fields, say Saturday morning, for a car equipped with chains to follow in the afternoon. If it didn't blow again before Sunday morning, the same trail could be used for a couple hardy ones in the family to attend church services on Sunday. We always traveled in pairs - so one could push if it was needed.

Early in January, we had to give up on using the car because of the snow depth. This meant that

we had to rely entirely on our horses. Highway 81 was blocked for five weeks. Having lived in the automobile age since World War I, we no longer had fancy cutters and high-stepping driving horses. In fact, we were thankful we still had reliable draft horses. We found out all over again that a bob sleigh equipped with a wagon box, straw on the floor and blankets to wrap up in, was not such a bad way to travel - especially when it's the only way available.

I had two brothers, they along with their families, were members of two households under one roof. My parents, my bride of the previous summer, Georgia, and myself had a similar arrangement. They asked us over for a noon meal one day and the only way we could go was by team and bob sleigh. We had been in touch by telephone but hadn't seen each other for weeks. We were as happy as the pioneers must have been when they were reunited with old friends! There is something

wonderful about getting back to basics once in a while.

Early one Sunday morning, we were awakened by the most wonderful sound of the winter - the authoritative voice of what we surmised to be a huge caterpillar tractor cleaning off Highway 81, our lifeline. How thrilling it was to see this mechanical monster belching black smoke with each Herculean effort to dislodge snow well-compacted from many weeks of below-zero temperatures! We felt like we were being "liberated." It was nice to be back in the right spot of the twentieth century - to be able to drive the car again and be able to do such basic things as to go to town for groceries, go to church, visit friends and relatives.

Our sojourn in the past was ended. Our faithful horses, as they often had in the past, had pulled us through once more.

THE LONG, LONG, LONG WINTERS

by Lowell Mercil, Mentor MN

Editors Note: Mr. Mercil has been and continues to be a loyal contributor to Chez Nous. In a note accompanying this article Lowell "wishes to dedicate this article to his sister, Nora Mercil Brusseau, who died November 26, 1995 in Vancouver, Washington, after a prolonged confinement with Alzheimer's disease. Her contribution to Chez Nous, "Nora Remembers", was published in the Aout-Septembre, 1990, issue. The author also wishes to thank his sister Lorraine, and brother Jerry, for jogging his memory and keeping him on the straight and honest factual road!"

"But where are the snows of yester-years?" Francois Villon asked over 400 years ago. They may be back based on the recent weekend blizzard of 1996. I wonder if, with our great advances in weather predicting technology, the use of satellites, the doppler, etc., - are we any better today at predicting weather than the great ability developed for many generations by our native Indians?

I hear that many years ago Yvette and Joe Mafroe were driving down Highway Two, through the Chippewa Indian Reservation in northern Minnesota, when they saw an old, wrinkled, stately, gentleman sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch of his teepee (some teepees had rain shields over the entrance). It was late fall and Joe wanted to know if it would be a good year for his fuel supply business so he decided to stop and find out if he could take advantage of Indian lore to predict the season. He could gage the purchase of stock accordingly. Joe introduced himself and after they exchanged a few pleasantries, he asked: "what kind of a winter do you think we will have this year?" The response came quickly: "heap, long, cold winter!" Joe was curious: "what makes you think it will be a long, cold winter?" The answer came without hesitation: "Indian see white man bank house with straw - heap long cold winter!"

Well, I can't answer Francois Villon's snow question or make predictions as accurate as our native Americans but I will try to respond to a request that I describe how some of us farm children in northern Minnesota amused ourselves during the long Minnesota winter months.

Kids today have all those wonderful, safety designed, mind developing toys, games, television programs but still are bored. How come? Is it that today kids are hyperactive and we were just plain slow? Is it, as I have seen in some cases, that kids have so many things to choose from that they get mixed up and the child just doesn't know where to start - the child must make a decision and pick one of a hundred toys to concentrate on - decisions, decisions! When he selects a toy, he must go through a thousand pieces to the ones that belong to

that selected. We did not have those problems because it is much easier to pick one out of two toys than one of a hundred.

Our clouded memories can do strange things to us. It seems to me that I remember much snow and endless days of frigid weather in the late 1920s and early 1930s. This in spite of the fact that our secluded farm near Crookston MN was north of the "snow belt" that runs through central Minnesota to the Great Lakes area. Also, these were the drought years when there was little humidity so little snow. I doubt if there could have been as much snow as I remember. But I do think these were also the winters of the black snow. Not the blue snow that Paul Bunyan survived but the black snow which was the same shade as the North Dakota topsoil. That snow seemed to last forever and it was only the warm spring winds that could dispel the dark moods that accompanied those snows.

Our living conditions exceeded most others with respect to the important qualities of meaningful family values. However, we dragged behind most of our neighbors with respect to the amenities of the "easy life". Our grandfathers had left Canada to settle in the Red River Valley of the North. They were a prolific people those Frenchmen - one with eleven children, one with fourteen and another with fifteen. It was great for farming but the individual portions of the inheritance pie are not very big when you cut it into that many pieces. We lived about a third of a mile from the "new dam" but never hooked up the electricity. Not only had television not been invented, but we could not take advantage of such basic other wonders as indoor plumbing, electric lights, radios or any of the dozens of appliances and entertainment devices that we now require to live even at the lowest standards.

As a result of our lack of "luxuries", we were required to help perform many chores that kept us occupied. Most of the time the chores were accomplished under the guise of doing the job - which was actually done by Mama, Papa or one of the older brothers or sisters. We spent a lot of time "helping". The girls helped Mama with the cooking, mending, cleaning, etc., etc. The boys helped Papa feed the horses and cattle their fodder and grain, the pigs their slop, the chickens their chicken feed, helped clean and bed the stalls, etc. When I think about it a lot of children's time was consumed learning how to do things in the company of parents - the children of two employed parents today miss much of this contact. Thus, when the cows were milked it was necessary that one of the young ones be present to haul the full milk pails from the stalls where the cows were being milked to the milk separator room. Of course, it was the helper who received credit for milking the cows when he was really just "hanging around" in today's idiom. But I suppose "hanging around" with the kerosene lantern in ones hand was really helpful during those pitch dark, long winter evenings. I still think the sense of smell remains with us longer than any of the other sense memories for I can still recall the different, pungent winter odors of the barn, the pigpen, the chicken coop, etc. Whenever I attend county fairs I find that the odor memories don't go away.

Another example of a chore that consumed some of our time was "helping" with the winter laundry. Man! That laundry was a back-breaker. The memory of Mama bending over a boiler or tub and old fashioned copper washboard was engraved in my memory. I always thought that the laundry may have been the principal cause of her many backaches and those horrible migraine headaches. The ones that at times required that we walk on tiptoe and not make a sound in the house and be quiet outside. One summer a traveling salesman came to our out-of-the way farm and demonstrated one of those beautiful, gasoline put-put powered washing machines. Wow! I was only about five years old but I dreamed of the day I could get a job and buy the washer so Mama would not have to bend over that washboard on those hot summer days.

But in winter the washing was done in the kitchen. The water was heated in the copper boiler on the kitchen range - some also in a pail on top of the pot-bellied space heater. There usually was clothes hanging to dry or to warm-up around these heaters. However, because of the resulting high humidity and quantity. It was necessary to hang most of the laundry on the outside clotheslines. We were too short to reach the lines but we did have to help carry the frozen clothes into the house. The pliable cloth became as stiff as a board but the fresh, pungent, airy smell was very pleasant. As I recall, we got a lot of laughs out of this chore. Especially, when we brought in the long-handled underwear (how did that name originate?) Man, those were practical. Especially, the drop seat model. They were very handy when you were in trouble in below-zero weather and you shunned the under-bed pot in favor of the outside two-holer.

Of course the first thing we children did when we woke in the morning was to shiver in bed for a while - I guess there was a contradictory sensation. We could feel the cold air on our faces and the outside of the blankets and knew there was a shock waiting to hit us as soon as our feet would hit the ice cold wood floor. But we were real comfortable under the wool blankets and quilts that Mama had made - except for our feet. Our arms and hands would be warm if we kept them under the blankets but our feet were usually cold - the hot water bottle was fine when we went to bed but had cooled during the night.

Eventually, we would build up enough courage to make a dash out of the bedroom, down the stairway and next to pot-bellied stove or the kitchen wood-range. We would rotate for if the stove had not been poked-up for very long, the stove side of your body would get hot while the opposite side would cool. We would be dressed in our pajamas (long-handled under-wear) and robe (wrap around blanket). These were also our breakfast clothes.

After returning to our room I often spent time at the window. There was usually a layer of ice on the window caused by the extreme cold on the outside freezing the humidity on the inside - especially after wash-days. The ice would be thick on the bottom decreasing to thin on the top. There were beautiful patterns that resembled a miniature winter-wonderland. We would spend a lot of time leaving our melted finger prints on the glass, breaking off large pieces of thin ice, moving the pieces around the non-iced surface, trying to pry pieces off the surface without breaking them, and day dreaming about far distant places. Were we bored? Would the kids today while away their time by doing such things? Is it good or bad? H-m-m-m!

I must admit that we did, also, while-away many hours with the "dream books" - the Sears-Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalogues. Wow! Those high laced boots looked beautiful - or you could look at the washing machines, houses, or cars that you were going to buy for Mama and Papa some day after you had grown up and made your fortune. When the temperature got below zero one did not spend much time reading last years catalog that was utilized in the little square house in the back yard. We did spend some time with the Farm Journal and similar magazines that had those beautiful idealized pictures of farms with rolling hills and beautiful homes and people. Our life just was not like the living depicted in those magazines.

As small children we did spend considerable time playing outside in the snow. We must have because I remember how raw our wrists would get. I think now that we lacked common sense. The snow would cake-up between the tops of our mitts and the cuff of our coats, melt, freeze, etc. The result would be chapping like I have not seen for many years. The wrist would be red on the bottom and sides and just about blue on the top where the horizontal cracks formed. It would usually take prompting from Mom: "y'an isit ton-fou!" (come here you fool!) before we would finally have enough sense to come inside and dry off our mitts, socks and under-wear by standing next to the wood stoves. Pass the jar of petroleum jelly! We used a lot of it. Also, a lot of Vicks Vapo-rub on the chest and under the nose which usually was raw - how come we never had dry handkerchiefs? As I recall, we had "hot" Vicks with a red devil on it that would make one scream when it got in the raw cracks.

When one tries to account for how children amused themselves on those long winter days in the twenties or thirties, it is necessary to reflect on the sick days. There were plenty of them! Mumps first on one side and then the other - even as kids we were afraid of the possible future effects. Was it true? Impotence? Sterility? We were very young but it still scared us. Red measles, German measles; chicken pox, flu (they did not have the fancy names for the different kinds of flu then.) diphtheria, bronchitis, sinus, adenoid and tonsillitis and always headaches, sore throats, coughs, etc. On the high temperature days there was no problem of what to do. We just laid there. It was the low temperature days that were rough! Mama just about had to tie us to the bed. Our bedrooms were upstairs so there was a lot of yelling going on: bring me some crayons and a color book! I'm hungry - when do I eat! And what did one get when it came? Hot milk soup with home churned butter accompanied by buttered toast. Sometimes, home canned tomatoes in the milk soup. Or maybe chicken broth - we did not know its medicinal effect! When we started fighting with each other epidemic was over and we were released from confinement.

Sunday was still a day to look forward to. Mama and Papa took the day off too - that is except for necessary chores such as milking, cooking, etc., etc. If possible we would go to Mass at St. Anne's Catholic Church in Crookston - four miles by sleigh or buggy. We would sit in our usual pew - third seat from the rear

right aisle. There were some of the sets without name markers where those who could not afford to pay the seat rental could sit. The altar was raised a few steps so the taller people could see what was going on - but all the little people could see was a lot of backs that were standing-up, kneeling-down and sitting-down. (Non-Catholic friends were always amazed at the amount of exercise we had in church). We could hear some Latin but I am afraid it sounded like mumbo-jumbo to us. Or, we might hear the French sermon, which some could understand, or the repetition of the Sermon in French-accented English which few could understand - all done at a decibel range guaranteed to "scare the hell out of you". I am sure that all parishioners who survived a number of those celebrations could make claim to a high place in the after-world. But we could look at those bas relief's of the stations of the cross. We could really get saddened by looking at the station over our pew: "Christ falls for the second time." Oh well! We could always look at the strange people: the guy with the full beard, the women with big noses, the tall ones, the tiny people (we had a bunch of them), etc.

Winter Sundays at home were fun days. No question "Mama was the best cook in the world!" (I suppose a few others have made that claim!) I think, in those early years on the farm, we had our Sunday banquet in the evening. We were poor farmers but we ate better than any of the prosperous farmers. The house would be full of the beautiful odors of baked chicken, pork or beef roast - all cooked and served with the trimmings. Every one in the family had dinner at the same time. None of that leaving the table early with permission, or being too busy to eat at the same time as the others. One would go hungry like that!

Oh! We spent considerable time teasing and fighting amongst ourselves. We were like two families - Nora, Elphage and Lorraine at the top, and Jerry, Lowell and Ray at the bottom. I, Lowell, complained that there was no justice! Jerry could beat me up and not get caught, but if I tried to get even by beating up Ray, I usually got what I had coming. There were plenty of Sundays that we got kicked out into the cold outside to cool off a little - and I still remember how difficult it was on some occasions to apologize because I was in the wrong. Sometimes it would take a half hour in the corner of the room staring at the blank wall (it seemed like ten hours) before I would decide that humility was better than imprisonment. Man! Those walls were boring! It was not too bad when Mama took pity on me and permitted me to sit on a chair but it was pretty rough when I had to kneel without slumping or to stand still in one spot. I suppose today's family psychologist's would say that all that was good - that we learned how to get rid of our aggression. Well, maybe so. But it did cost me a few black eyes.

Winter Sunday afternoons were usually fun times. Mama might make divinity, fudge, burnt sugar candy or, a real treat, toffee. We kids got to scrape the pans - we would try to induce Mama not to do too good of a job when she poured from the cooking pot to the hardening sheet - the more left in the pot the better for us. Those toffee days were special. Everyone got a chance to "pull" first. I still remember the toffee skeins drying, wound in the butter coated platters - then the great moment when the skeins would be broken into one or two inch pieces and sampled.

Some Sundays we had rich home-made ice cream - no problem freezing - just put the makings outside and stir once in a while. Due to the fact that we produced the cream the resulting delicacy was about as rich as possible - that, accompanied by home made cookies or dark chocolate cake. Other Sundays, Mama might make a bread pan of popcorn (home grown of course) and pour on that rich butter and sprinkle with Morton's salt and voila - who gets to the pan first?

The "goodies" were just the accompaniment to the games we people played. Different kinds of card games. Let's see - how did "pig" go? Was it that three cards were dealt to each of the players, each drew from the deck in turn, when someone got the "pig" (the jack of spades?), he would try to conceal putting his finger to his nose, and the last one playing to do the same was eliminated. Sounds rather simple now but we did spend many happy, laughing hours together playing that game. We, also, played Battle, Hearts, Old Maid "even with our old maid aunt - the game might be shunned today as being politically incorrect.", etc. Some games we played were the store bought kind that we had received as birthday or Christmas gifts: Authors (one had to guess the name on the back based on the portrait on the front.), Chinese Checkers, Pick-up Sticks, etc. Many, many great family hours that I just don't see happening today.

Some Sunday evenings we might be given a special treat and we would have some "floating islands", I guess the whipped white of eggs over the yolks mixed with cream and sugar with a dash of nutmeg. I had not

had any for many years until I ordered a custard dessert several years ago while traveling in France. Several their foods that must have been handed-down from generation to generation that I could identify closely with my Mothers cooking were: leftover pieces of dark chocolate cake and bread pudding covered with hard sauce, head-cheese (tete-de-Fromage) and various ways of preparing pork, it seemed to me that I could identify some of those tastes that would have had to have been handed down from mother to daughter from France to Canada to the United States over a period of three hundred years, it was a sort of homelike feeling - like a fiber of my heritage.

Many of those long winter days and evenings were spent helping Mama with her rugs and quilts. Before she was married in 1909, she had been a seamstress of the highest quality. We did have store-bought overall and coveralls but about everything else was homemade.

Quilting and rugs remind me of an aside: A program was established during the depression years that was belittled and brunt of many jokes - especially if you were well enough off that you did not have to participate. It was known as the WPA - Works Progress Administration (in derision: "We Poke Along"). The program was established under the Roosevelt Administration to provide jobs and incentives to some of the millions of unemployed. One phase of the program was a project to index articles in early newspapers - I recently utilized those indexes while doing historical research at the Minnesota Historical Society. I understand that more than sixty thousand bridges were built under the program. The region "sports arena" in Crookston where I ice and roller skated and danced to big bands was built under the program - the arena is still used by young people. Maybe those who criticized the program as a waste had seen Papa when he was employed on the arena project -this was after he had to abandon farming. The story goes that his supervisor saw him throwing up behind a shed and he told Papa that he had no business there, that he was too sick to work. It turned out that Dad was riddled with stomach cancer and the supervisor was right. He did not last through the summer. It was with greeat courage that the family managed to survive those dark, trying days.

A phase of this program was designed to encourage and employ artists, writers, craft persons, etc., to keep them off the bread lines. Some recent art exhibits have promoted the works accomplished during this period. Prizes were offered in competitions of craft people that took place at the local level. Our family, under Mama's direction, won many of the prizes by taking the competition in crafts through rug making.

We usually had a number of frames leaning against the wall with the basics of a rug. We made hooked rugs with strips of leftover cloth (maybe one rug wool and the other cotton), leftover yarn or silk stockings - no wonder I collect so much junk and can't throw things away.

Some were "braided rugs". They were made by braiding short strips of cloth or stockings into a long tubular shaped component which was wound in a circle or ellipse and sewed together in that pattern. Maybe a light strip next to a dark strip or three colors braided together. it was sometimes necessary to dye the cloth and us kids often had the job of cutting the strips. The scissors were not always very sharp and blisters often resulted.

Some were "hooked rugs". First, a piece of burlap, maybe six by eight feet, would be tacked to a wood frame, then Mama would draw a pattern on the burlap with charcoal or crayons and each portion of a design would be labeled as to color - the procedure to that point was similar to that utilized in the production of "painting by numbers" ("you too can be a painter!") that was a popular pastime a few years ago. The next step usually was to define the pattern with an outline hooked onto the burlap - probably a black, narrow strip of cloth or yarn - depending on which was the basic fabric. Then came the fill in of the pattern blocks. Early-on we used standard hooks - a pointed notched shaft of steel set in a wood handle to make about one half inch loops on the top side - very closely woven. We later obtained a contraption that was held on the upper side that worked on somewhat the same principle as a sewing machine. It was necessary to slide the shuttles up and down with the hands. No matter which method was used ones fingers became numb after a while. But the worst chore was when we had to cut the top of the loop - we thought we would grow up with our fingers molded in the scissor cutting position.

We were very young when we were first able to "help" Mama with her knitting - she made warm wool socks, mitts, sweaters, etc. We would hold the skeins of yarn while she sat on her rocker rolling the thread into a ball. I wonder, how did we survive such peace and quiet?

We did obtain one luxury - a beautiful floor cabinet model, seventy eight RPM, phonograph. Our bachelor uncle Clem (everyone should have a bachelor uncle Clem!) had sent Mama \$10 or \$15 to buy us something for Christmas and Papa used it for a luxury. That was a fabulous experience when he brought it home, cranked it up, and we heard sound out of it for the first time - I doubt if Thomas Edison was as happy as we were to hear that sound. Many hours were enjoyed listening to that prized possession. We had a few records: The Meditation from Thais, something from Xerxes, a German band, an old fashioned talking comedian - storyteller, etc. The oldest children in our family, Nora and Al, purchased some of the records from a few pennies saved from the little money they earned from odd jobs. I think that phonograph was responsible for the birth of a love of great music that we developed and from which we received many hours of enjoyment over many years.

Every night a portion of the evening was devoted to a practice that is fading into the past - the family Rosary. We thought it took hours but it actually was from thirteen to fifteen minutes. I know - I frequently timed it. It usually took place in Mama and Papa's room but on sick nights. It was in the sick one's bedroom. We said it in French "*Je vous Sainte Marie, plene de grace, le Siegneur est avec vous.*" etc. etc., Like the Latin prayers, we did not know too well what we were saying and if we lost our beads we could fake it with our ten fingers. The problem without the rosary was that one would get mixed up on the number of decades completed and not know how close to the end one was. Man! It got sleepy sometimes but if we slumped over the bed too much we heard about it. I must have been influenced by the other side for I got in plenty of trouble needling others and spent considerable prayer time in the corner. That would have been a good time to go because after doing that penance I am sure St. Peter would have welcomed us directly.

I recently visited the house we had live in. It was an experience in perception! Wow! In my "minds eye" I had remembered the home as huge - with plenty of room, many steps to the second floor, etc. Now, I can't understand how a family of six could live comfortably in that place. I learned, once again, the difference between the child's mind's eye and the adult minds eye. I suppose the same applies to those "Snows of Yester-year". Maybe they were not as deep as I remembered and maybe those those winters were no worse than the one we are now experiencing.



Visiting was a common activity among the French-Canadians, as among all nationalities. Visiting was most common on Sundays. The above photo was taken sometime in the early 1920s at the home of Henry and Josephine Bernard (3rd and 5th adults from left) in Grafton, North Dakota. Standing at left is Henry Bernard, Jr., the father of the editor of *Chez Nous*. To the right of Henry Bernard Sr. is their daughter, Josephine. Among the youngsters - probably second from left sitting in the 1902 Oldsmobile - is their youngest son, Frank Peter, who later was to lose his life as a sailor on board the USS Arizona at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

Henry Bernard owned the old Oldsmobile for many years, and virtually every year up to the mid-1950s drove it in the Grafton July 4th parade. When last checked, the car was in an automobile museum in the Denver area.

Henry Bernard Jr. recalled that among the two families visiting the Bernards on this day was the Bilodeau family of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

THE LONG HOT SUMMER from p.1

harvested over 125 bushels of potatoes per acre. We didn't fare as well but we did harvest 85 bushels an acre and at \$1.50 per bushel, it helped fill some of the gaping financial holes left by the Depression of the early 30s.

So, the long, hot summer of 1936 turned out well for the Eberts. We were the happy recipients of a new little stranger who came to live with us; Georgia fully regained her health; financially, 1936 was one of our better years. All this despite the fact that it was the hottest, driest year we experienced in all the years we farmed in the Grafton area. So....

A "toast" to the long, hot summer of 1936!!!

A QUEBEC DINNER

Many of the recipes printed below come from a 1981 section of the Los Angeles Times which was kept by Karen and Marshall West, then of Los Angeles. Marshall has close ties to the Twin Cities, though he never lived here. His grandmother was Laura Bernard Dumas, who for years was organist at Our Lady of Lourdes in Minneapolis. His great aunt was Rachel Bernard Gaudette, also of Our Lady of Lourdes, whose recipe for Tourtiere appears below. (Rachel and Laura regrettably are not relatives to the Editor of this publication!)

Three Recipes for Tourtiere:

1. from Rachel Bernard Gaudette

- 1 # lean ground pork shoulder or leg
- 1/2 c dry bread crumbs
- 1 T salt
- 1/4 t pepper
- 1 clove garlic
- 1/4 t nutmeg
- 1/8 t savory
- a few grains cayenne
- 1/2 T cornstarch
- 1 c water (or enough to keep from sticking)
- Pastry for 2 crust pie

Add seasoning, cornstarch and water to pork. Simmer covered in saucepan for 30 minutes and uncovered 10 minutes more. Remove garlic. Pour into crust (use smallest pie pan). Put on top crust. Bake at 425 for 10 minutes, reduce to 350 and bake 30 minutes more. Serve with homemade tomato catsup.

2. from Jerry Forchette

- 3 # of seasoned ground pork
- 1 large chopped onion
- 1 # ground veal
- 4 large cooked potatoes
- Small amount of garlic
- 1/4 t cloves
- Salt and Pepper to taste.

Simmer all together for about 35 minutes. Cool and put into a double crust and bake at 400 degrees for 35-40 minutes. Slit crust before baking. Ingredients should make two large pies.

3. from the LA Times

- 1 # coarsely ground pork
- 1 # coarsely ground beef
- 2 med onions, minced
- 2 large cloves garlic, minced
- 1 t mace or nutmeg
- 1 t salt
- 1/2 t thyme
- 1/2 t sage, crumbled
- 1/2 t dry mustard
- 1/4 t cloves
- 1 c reserved potato water
- 2 med. potatoes, cooked and mashed
- 2 eggs
- Pastry for 2 double crust 11-inch pies
- Marinade de Tomates Rouges (recipe below)

In large saucepan cook pork and beef until they crumble and begin to brown. Add onions, garlic, mace, salt, thyme, sage, mustard and cloves. Saute 3 to 4 minutes to combine flavors. Add reserved potato water. Bring to boil and reduce to simmer. Cook, uncovered, for 45 minutes to one hour or until water is absorbed, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and gently fold in potatoes. Add eggs and mix well to combine. Chill mixture thoroughly.

Line an 11x7 inch baking dish [or large pie pan] with 2/3 of the prepared dough, allowing 1/2" to extend over rim. Fill pastry with chilled meat mixture. Roll out remaining dough and place top crust on filling. Wet edges with water and seal and crimp pastry together. Cut several slashes in top crust to allow steam to escape. For a golden-shiny crust, brush top with whipping cream. Bake at 450 in lower 1/2 of oven for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 for another 30 minutes. Cool 15-20 minutes before serving. Serve with Tomato Catsup.

Marinade de Tomates Rouges (Tomato Catsup)

- 5# tomatoes
- 1/2 c sugar
- 1 c white vinegar
- 3 med onions, diced
- 1 c celery, finely diced
- 1/4 t pepper
- 1/4 t cloves
- 1/4 t cinnamon
- 1/2 t nutmeg
- 1 t whole mustard seeds
- 1 t celery seeds

Pour boiling water over tomatoes. Peel and

cut in large chunks. Dissolve sugar in vinegar. Combine vinegar mixture with tomatoes, onions, celery, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, mustard and celery seeds. Simmer 1 1/2 to 2 hours, stirring often. Ladle into hot sterilized jars and seal. Allow to cool. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Makes 4 to 5 cups of sauce. (Note: prepare the sauce in an enameled, glass or stainless steel pan. Do not use aluminum or cast iron).

Cretons Grand-Mere (Grandmother's Rillettes)

1 # pork shoulder, diced
1 # salt pork, blanched and diced
water
1 med. onion
3 whole cloves
1 bouquet garni
dash cinnamon
dash nutmeg
Salt, pepper

In a large saucepan cover pork shoulder and salt pork with water. Stud the onion with the cloves. Add onion, bouquet garni, cinnamon and nutmeg to the meat. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Bring to boil and simmer 1 1/2 hours or until meat falls into pieces. Allow meat to cool in liquid 1 or 2 hours. Remove warm meat from liquid and put through food grinder or process in food processor until coarsely flaked or shredded. Remove bouquet garni. Strain reserved liquid and incorporate some back into meat mixture until Cretons are the consistency of thick oatmeal. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer mixture 2 or 3 minutes longer. Pack into small crocks. Seal and refrigerate overnight before serving. Serve with French bread. Makes 8 appetizer servings.

French Peas (from Carmen West)

2 slices bacon
2 green onions, finely sliced
1 c finely shredded lettuce (wilted)
1 t flour
1/3 c chicken broth
1 - 5 oz can water chestnuts
seasoned salt

Cut bacon crosswise in 1/2" pieces and cook until crisp. Add green onion and cook till tender. Add lettuce. Cover and simmer five min. Stir in flour. Add chicken broth and cook until thickened,

stirring constantly. Add drained peas (or cooked frozen) and sliced water chestnuts. Mix lightly and heat. Season to taste with seasoned salt. Makes four servings.

Carottes Glacees (Glazed carrots)

10-12 med. carrots, peeled and cut in 2" cylinders or olive shapes

1 1/2 c beef or chicken stock, fresh or canned

4 T butter

2 T sugar

1/2 t salt

Freshly ground black pepper

2 T finely chopped, fresh parsley

In a heavy 8-10" skillet, bring carrots, stock, butter, sugar, salt & a few grindings of pepper to boil over mod. heat. Then cover and simmer over low heat, shaking occasionally. Check to see that the liquid is not cooking away too fast; if so, add more stock. In 20-30 min. when carrots are tender and braising liquid brown and syrupy, roll carrots around in glaze and transfer to a heated dish and sprinkle with parsley.

Orange Salad

6 oranges

Powdered sugar

3-4 T rum or brandy

Watercress

Peel oranges and remove all the white membrane. Slice evenly and discard the seeds. Cut away as much of the pith as possible without breaking the slices. Place these in a glass bowl and sprinkle each layer liberally with powdered sugar - they should be very sweet. Dribble over all the rum or brandy. Chill several hours before serving. Garnish with watercress. Serves 6-8.

French Biscuits

3 c sifted flour

1 1/2 t baking powder

1 t sugar

1 t salt

1/2 c butter

1/4 c shortening

2 eggs

1/2 c milk

Combine flour with baking powder, sugar, and salt and sift together into a mixing bowl. Add butter and lard, softened at room temp., and blend. In a separate bowl, beat the eggs with the milk. Stir

this mixture into the flour mixture. Blend until just mixed. Roll or pat the dough out on a lightly floured board to between 1/2 to 3/4" thickness. Cut out with a 2" biscuit cutter. Place on a baking sheet and bake at 450 for about 15 min or until light golden brown. Makes about 18.

Tarte au Sirop D'Erable (Maple Syrup Pie)

2 T butter or margarine

1/4 c flour

1 c pure maple syrup

1/2 c water

3/4 c chopped walnuts

1/2 c walnut halves

Pastry for one 8 or 9" pie shell

Melt butter in small saucepan. Add flour all at once. Cook, whisking constantly, until mixture is golden brown. Add syrup and water and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Allow to cool 5 to 10 min. Add chopped nuts. Roll out pastry to fit an 8 or 9" tart pan or shallow pie plate. Crimp edges. Pour in filling. Top with walnuts. Bake at 350 for 30-40 min. Top with whipped cream.

Henry Bernard Jr on his own life, in his own words, unedited

Today, February 15, 1981, I, Henry Bernard, being of sound mind and body, do attempt to recount events of my life from earliest recollections down to the present. This will, in the main, recount my "hidden" life from birth, December 22, 1907 to the time I left home for my first time away from home in 1927.

It was only a couple of months since I graduated from high school. I was old being 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ years of age. I started school when I was seven or a little older and went through the grades and high school as an average and perhaps below average student.

I remember that I was conditioned in arithmetic in every grade in grade school and repeated algebra in high school. Mathematics did not seem to be a favorite of mine though now I think I can add and subtract with the best of them even though the check book doesn't balance every time we check it out.

When I was trying to organize my thoughts as to how to start this story I had a difficult time trying to decide which of the two events I should start with but you will learn now just which one I did decide to use first.

I must have been four or five when this incident occurred. My father was the chief engineer at the flour mill where he worked for 27 years. During the summer the fellows caught a woodchuck (groundhog) and put him in a cage. He was named "Pete". Pete gave a lot of amusement to visitors. His ability to peel and eat a banana was a source of awe to visitors. However, his ability to eat a soda cracker without losing any crumbs was remarkable. Pete was kept in the cage until fall when he became very drowsy and slept almost all the time. Dad decided that Pete was ready to hibernate and took him home and released him in the unfinished basement we had. Pete got busy and dug a hole in the dirt wall, "stole" bananas, apples, carrots, etc and took them inside the hole and sealed it from the inside.

Dad remembered the story about the groundhog and on February 2nd told Mother to watch and if Pete came out to send the "Boy" (that was me) over to the mill to tell him. Sure enough Pete did come out, saw his shadow and went back into the hole for another six weeks. We must have had more winter. Then he came out but was sickly and died shortly after. The veterinarian said it was because he lacked certain things for his diet that he would have picked up if he had run wild. Dad had Pete mounted and kept him for many years. This story was often repeated and even I have repeated it many times since that time.

The other incident that I remember vividly before I went to school was when I was three or four years old. Mother dressed me up and took me to a nearby neighbors for a visit one afternoon. While there I had to do Number "2" but didn't tell Mother and messed in my pants. Mother was very embarrassed and took me home, made me take off my clothes, take a bath and then made me clean up the clothes. I remember crying a lot but that really capped my toilet training!

As I said before I started school at the age of seven with no knowledge of the English language. My teacher had 30 or 40 students in first and second grades and could not take the time to give me special attention except after school. I remember especially trying to learn how to read.

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KIPPED SCHOOL! This was the only time in my school career that I intentionally missed a class. That takes me through grade, high school, college, university and beyond! Maybe the lesson I learned at my mother's that fateful day in the first grade stayed with me.

Anyway, the trouble with telling time bothered the teacher so that I was told at noon one day that I would have to stay after school that day. With that on my mind I walked home for lunch and then started back to school. I never arrived! I was playing along the railroad tracks between home and school. The teacher called mother and she started out to look for me. The railroad men had spotted me and told mother where I was. She got me and took me home and gave me a good spanking. Then I put on clean clothes and she escorted me to school. I was late but had no mercy from the teacher. I stayed after school and studied the clock to tell time.

Another incident while in the second grade stands out in my memory. One noon I couldn't find my cap. There was one left but that wasn't mine. The teacher took a handkerchief and knotted the four corners for a cap. Then I found out when I got home that the missing cap was the one that was left over. It had been a new cap that mother gave me that morning and I didn't remember.

In the third grade I remember a time when we had oral reading. Each student in turn had a paragraph or two to read. The session ended with the pupil in front of me so I figured that I would be first the next day. I really studied the portion that I was to read but alas, the teacher had someone else read first and then I had an unfamiliar passage to read. I certainly didn't get a very good grade that day.

My teacher in the third and fourth grades became rather friendly with my parents. She often came to visit. She and another teacher had purchased a touring model car. At that time there were not too many expensive cars. There were a lot of Model T's but the more expensive like Buick, Pearce Arrow and Franklins were few and far between. I don't recall exactly the model that the teachers had but I remember that the tires cost over \$100 apiece! One day after school the teachers came over to the house and mother and I went with them about five miles out in the country to Uncle Paul's farm. They were threshing that day. We had lunch and then came on home.

I might add that the cars mentioned in the previous paragraph Pearce Arrow and Franklin were truly luxury cars. The Pearce Arrow could be compared to the Cadillacs or Lincolns of Today. The Franklin was an aircooled engine model and had a whistling sort of noise as it moved down the streets.

I remember that when Dad bought a used Model T Touring model we asked my sister Josie who was away to Devils Lake at school just what kind of a car Dad had purchased. She was sure that it was a Franklin. Of course she had no idea of money like a lot of kids have and thought that we would have an expensive car. We never did.

In the fourth grade I contracted Pneumonia and nearly died. I was not expected to live and the folks had my sister Josie come back from Devils Lake school for the deaf. I survived, however and was out of school for six or seven weeks. While I was convalescing at home I asked my brother Frank who was still pre school to get me a glass of water. This was not easy as there was no faucet to turn on but entailed a trip out to the pump to pump water. He got the water and I took a sip of the water and gave it back to him. He was disgusted and threw the rest of the contents of the glass in my face! I don't know what mother did but I am sure he had cause to remember what he did.

Before I returned to school for regular classes that spring I want to visit! I remember going to school and standing out in the cloak room for several minutes before I got courage enough to knock on the door. The teacher came and invited me in. I did not sit in my own seat but with one or more of the boys of the class. They were all glad to see me but that didn't last for when I came back to class in the regular way I was just one of the fellows.

Backing up to how I caught Pneumonia. Mother and I went out to the farm where she had been born and raised. Her youngest brother, Uncle Alcide and wife lived in the house. Usually in the winter the upstairs was not heated. I remember there were five bedrooms upstairs. It was bitter cold and we were to sleep in one of the upstairs bedrooms. They opened the pipe opening in the floor shortly before we went to bed. The bed clothes were very, very cold. Mother and I slept or tried to sleep in all of our clothes and froze all night even though we huddled together for warmth. I am sure that I caught a bad cold because of this and it developed into the serious pneumonia.

In grade five I went into another room "conditioned in Arithmetic" as usual. It seems that one language exercise we always had at the beginning of every year as to write an auto biography. The only thing I remember about the fourth grade auto biography was to ask the teacher how to spell Amonia "pneu monia."

The Chase school where I spent the time through the sixth grade is no longer there. The building was moved to Warsaw, about 15 miles away/ I think that it was made into a house and bar. They have a new school which is still named Chase. The original Chase school was next to the Court House. One day there was a lot of excitement in the county superintendent of schools office. He invited the teacher and the class to go to his office. It was spring and a cocoon had burst open and there was the butterfly! A nature study lesson and I am sure we had plenty of chance to talk and study about this. Another time we were taken to the taxidermist place which was about a block from school and had a chance to see many mounted animals. Field trips they call them now.

At the beginning of the sixth grade we had the first opportunity to go to a parochial school. A number of Benedictin Sisters came from Dultuh to buy a country estate house half way between Chase school and my home. They converted part of it into class rooms and many of the Catholic students went to school there. There are some incidents that I can recall from this experience.

Charles Donnely, a classmate and I were late for school one stormy afternoon. We had gone out to play and did not hear the hand bell that sister used to call us back. Even though the sister did not believe our story I feel that it was true and that we were punished unfairly. How often does that happen?

Another incident referred to the learning of the questions and answers in the old Baltimore catechism. I happened to be one of the finalists but I was beat out by a girl! I was broken hearted and ran home crying. Mother apparently called sister and sister realized that perhaps a consolation prize would help me. She asked me to come back to school and she gave me a medal as second prize. I recall the girls name because it was so unusual DESANGE GARANT This was a French family and the first name translated meant "of the angels" We went to school I think mostly through high school but she was not a member of the class so she must have either left school or something else happened. She did not like the name so she was called "DEE" in later years.

I had my last fist fight with a boy in my class who went to the public school while I went to the parochial school. We were both in the sixth grade and we met near the parochial school with the usual crowd of on-lookers. There were a few blows on each side but nothing serious. We parted as enemies but later became friends. Went to school together but he did not graduate with me from high school. At that time many of the boys especially thought that the 8th grade was the end of their education.

About March of my sixth grade the sisters suddenly decided that they could not operate the school successfully because of low finances and left for Duluth. We students were shunted back to the public school. I can imagine the thoughts of the teachers to suddenly get a dozen or so extra students near the end of the term. However, I think everyone survived in one way or another.

I had attained almost my adult height about this time. I was called Beanyard, Ichabod Crane, Daddy Long Legs and other such forms of endearment. Some of the boys ganged up on me and tried to rough me up on my way home. One of the other boys who had some influence and strength to back it up took my side and made it possible for me to get home without any more than terrorizing and some cute remarks.

In the summer between the sixth and seventh grades we had reports of Dominican sisters coming from Massachusetts to operate a school. They opened in a remodeled house on the far south west end of town. I took my seventh and eighth grades there. They built the beginnings of a church school on the lots next to the house and had three classrooms in it. That is where I went to the 8th grade. The school operated another year and these sisters went back to Massachusetts. They could not become financially sufficient.

We had homemade desks in the seventh grade and the converted rooms in the house served as classroom. I remember my teacher quite well while I was in the 7th and 8th grades. Sister Dominique. I had a few problems with her and these two incidents stand out in my mind.

In the seventh grade we were studying the geography of the Amazon River. I read the lesson and thought I knew the facts. Sister asked me how wide the Amazon River was at its mouth. I said in was seven miles wide. Sister said I was wrong and I proceeded to argue with her. It is in the book I said. Sister made me show her in the book that the Amazon river was seven miles wide. I read the fact that the Amazon river was several miles wide at the mouth. I tried to argue with her that seven and several was the same thing. She convinced me then and after school that the words did not mean the same thing.

During the between summer I worked for the sisters doing yard work, etc. I did not do too much but they paid me a pittance. I think I got 50¢ and the noon lunch.

The other incident that I can recall was connected with the middle grade teacher when I was in the 8th grade. We were all standing by the back door of the school and the sister was supervising us doing nothing. I got bored and made a disparaging remark to the sister. She duly reported this to Sister Dominique who was the Mother in charge. I thought I had gotten away with something but Sister Dominic made me stay after school and apologise to the supervising sister and get a few belts with her leather strap across my hands. There was no hesitation about discipline. We did not go crying to our parents about what was meted out in school.

As with Mother's recounting of her early life there are certain things that I mention that she didn't know about and things that I left out that she reminded me to add. That goes the same for the things that Mother is relating.

For instance she reminded me of an incident that happened when I was 11½ years old. I was tall for my age as I have mentioned before. They had a fourth of July celebration in Grafton and had foot races for the different ages. I was entered in the under 12 group and won the first prize which was a whole dollar. One of the losers came up to my Dad and said "How old is your kid?" I remember that there was a merry go round down the street that sold rides for ten cents. I sat on the machine and rode the thing for ten tickets! Easy come and easy go, for that money.

When I was in the eighth grade my brother Frank was ready for school and I had to ride him on by bicycle during good weather. Dad fixed up a seat in front of me and little stirrups on the front fork of the bike and I had to ride him to school.

This bike riding was easy by that time but I can remember the hard time I had to learn to ride the bike. I used dad's bike which was a big one. I could not sit on the seat as I could not reach the pedals. I had to ride through the frame. At that time there was no such thing as a coaster brake. In other words the sprocket for the chain and pedals moved all the time.

What DISGUSTED ME MOST WAS WHEN MY SISTER CAME BACK FROM SCHOOL AT Devils Lake one summer and she got on the bike and rode off without any trouble at all. Here I was struggling for a long time to get the art of bike riding mastered.

While in the eighth grade the county superintendent came to visit school and at that time they always took charge of the class for a little while. He dictated a column of numbers and asked us to add them. I pretended to be fast at figures and called out the answer before anyone else was ready. I was wrong and he proceeded to lecture me about being slow and certain. "Conditioned in Arithmetic" came to haunt me once again.

In the eighth grade we were given released time to walk the ten blocks to the high school to take manual training class. There were no such things as power tools. All had to be done with the hand tools. I remember making a little step stool that mother used for a long time after. I am sure that the instructor carried me over the rough parts of the job.

I finally finished the 8th grade and was ready???????for high school. Father McDonalds was three grades ahead of me and with Charles Donnely we formed the "Great Triumverate" as far as Altar Boys were concerned. Charlie did not go to high school but went to work to support his widowed mother and sister.

I did not have any need for this as Dad was gainfully employed and was able to give us as comfortable a living as anyone. Summers were spent playing and doing the little chores that mother laid out for us. I remember the weeding of the garden was the biggest chore. Going out to the woods near town to pick chokecherries, and gooseberries were other jobs that we had.

One of my good friends about this time was an identical twin. The two boys were sons of the creamery manager. We all three would play together and sometimes get angry with each other. However, sometimes I would get angry at one of the twins and would not play with him

One day I was playing with the "right" twin. We got along just fine all day and just before he went home he told me that he was the "other" twin. Was I disgusted but it goes to show that liking or disliking a person is a very shallow feeling.

We spent many an hour on the river that came by our place. Dad had a flat boat and we paddled all around up to the Great Northern Railway dam and down to the "Little" dam. I never did learn to swim so I can't understand how I managed to survive not being drowned but I did.

We did a lot of fishing and sometimes caught some. I don't remember if mother prepared any for meals but I do remember Dad snaring many pickerel in the river one year and catching a lot of fish at the open water hold near the house. This hole stayed open all winter because some waste hot water came down from the mill and kept it open. We were always warned not to try to go on the ice around this hole. Water was not deep but still it could have resulted in wet clothes and perhaps even words

Now and then we would go traveling in the old Model T. A trip of a few miles would call for much planning. Going to Park River, 17 miles away was a real trip. Sometimes we would go to visit relatives in and near Oakwood and sometimes we would go to the Red River and cross the Ferry. This was an extended trip and we went as far as Thief River Falls. I guess the distance as about 40 miles!

The trips to Devils Lake to get my sister after school term ended were real events. Once we made the trip in one day. Left early and then came home late. It was a long trip at that time, over 100 miles. One time Dad got so tired that he fell asleep at the wheel and went down into the ditch. Luckily he was going slow and this jarred him awake so that he could finish the trip home without any other unusual events.

Reminds me that after we were married, Mother and I came from Amido to Berlin. We were driving very late at night and I fell asleep and went into the ditch. Luckily there were no stones down there and I managed to get back up on the road at the next mile line.

Some of the photos that we have in our collection helps me to remember things of my early childhood days. For some strange reason I do not have any pictures of school events. Can't recall why not but there I will have to rely on my memory.

I do recall that our English teacher called us all to the steps of the high school to snap a picture of the class. I met her in Grand Forks a few years ago and recalled that to her. She was going to try to locate this in her collection but if she did she never told me about it.

Our summer clothes were really simple. Shirt and bid overalls and no shoes. Our skin got so tough that we could walk on very hot pavement or over cinders without any trouble. It was tough to get dressed up for Sunday to go to mass.

As I mentioned before we three, Ed McDonald, Charles Donnely and myself were the triumverate and we trained?????the others who served mass with us. Father Turcotte was a stern taskmaster and really made it tough on us. One time I was kept from the altar by my mother because she thought Father Turcotte was so mean. He came down to our pew to get me and Mother would not let me go. We straightened this out later and I continued on the altar until I graduated from high school. By that time Father Ed had begun his studies at St. John's at Collegeville which eventually led him into the seminary, became a priest and became the principal witness at our wedding in 1937

Father Turcotte was a priest of the old school. He had a great deal of compassion for his parishioners but some of the things he did were very odd.

For instance: he had a large house with many bedrooms and other rooms. He rarely had a housekeeper and sometimes in the winter he would close off all of the house except a front sitting room and bedroom. He kept a wood fireplace and stove in this area. Several falls he had us boys over to stack the kindling wood that he bought from the farmers. We had a stack it in neat piles in the basement. He must have paid us something but I can't remember what.

Every fall he would have all the altar boys over for a steak dinner. He prepared the meal himself and it was good. He was an expert at frying steaks and we had all we could eat.

One time a friend of the family was going to get married at 7 A. M. It was winter time and the groom, his father and friends were at the church on time. So were the altar boys. Seven o'clock came but no bride. Father Turcotte started saying the mass and the bride finally got in half way through the mass. It was winter time and she had to come in from the country. After the ceremony the Father in law gave us altar boys a few pennies for our efforts.

It was common talk around Grafton that whenever Dr. Glaspel made the rounds in the country to visit sick people that he would stop in and take Father Turcotte with him. Spiritual and physical needs were attended to. Nothing like coming to the doctors office or to the hospital in those days!

Finally the big day came to enroll in high school. There were about 100 in the high school about evenly divided. Most of us had never had any idea about going to classes with different teachers and the orientation was hard. Of course initiation was part of it. About the only thing that happened to me was the fact that the senior boys got me after dinner and took me down to the locker room and gave me a shoer with all my clothes on. I had to sit in class all afternoon with these wet clothes. It was early fall so I did not catch cold but mother was real upset.

I remember that my first classes were English I, Latin I, General Science and Algebra. Latin was taken as most people thought that I would continue on to become a priest. After the 1st half of the year I was asked to drop Latin. I can still remember Ed McDonald, a senior that year, coming across the assembly room from his row in the senior section to my row in the Freshmen section and asked "DID YOU DROP LATIN?" I never again studied a foreign language in school even though I think that with a little more effort on my part I could have handled it.

In the summer between freshmen and sophomore years I got a job working unloading freight cars of building materials. The pay was real good, I thought, so I did not intend to go back to school. The money was too tempting but mother had the final say, I went to school even though I objected rather strongly. I'm glad now that she insisted even though the work was hard for me most of the time.

In the summer between my sophomore and junior year the folks took a month's vacation and went to Quebec to visit Dad's family. We were left alone with my Uncle Joe as guardian. Josie did the cooking and other housekeeping chores and I was left pretty much by myself. I don't recall what happened to Frank but he must have been around or perhaps with some relatives.

I had been working at the mill as a sweeper. I had to sweep the floor and pick up the piles of flour that the millers had to take out of the blocked up elevators. I don't remember what I was paid but it was a 12 hour day with no coffee breaks or time off for lunch. We did take time out for lunch but it was not provided for.

The state fair was in Grand Forks so I asked a friend to work for me one day while I took the Model T on the 40 odd miles trip to Grand Forks. I left about 4 A. M. for the journey. I had written a friend of mine in Grand Forks to meet me at the state mill about six o'clock. He did not show up and I went the rest of the way to his home in the south end of town. It was the edge of town at that time. He was still in bed.

we visited the fair that afternoon and evening. Being kids we sneaked over the fence and watched the auto races in the afternoon and visited the carnival and dance pavilion in the evening.

An incident happened in the afternoon that could have resulted in serious injury or perhaps death to me but the good Lord expected me to live this long and I was not at the place the accident happened. The cars were roaring around the circle and one of the cars could not make the northwest turn and went through the fence and into the crowd. Just minutes before I had been standing in that spot. Several were killed or seriously injured.

Later on in the summer I bought a Smith Corona typewriter to prepare myself for taking typing that fall. I bought it on time and paid for it from my savings. Typing was something else again. No one was allowed to learn to type unless he was enrolled in shorthand. Learning to type was difficult. The keys had no letters and we had to learn the keyboard. We had the usual exercises but every exercise had to be a perfect copy. No erasing was allowed. Some of us tried to erase and did an excellent job but the teacher had sharp eyes and if she found an erasure she had us do several copies of the exercise.

Shorthand was something else again. We used the Gregg system and even though I studied it for two years in high school and one quarter in college I never got over 75 words a minute. I do recall the phonetic spelling that went with shorthand and found out for the first time how the word YACHT was pronounced. (Yot) for those who are uninitiated.

I enjoyed the business courses and the history and made my best marks in them. In my senior year we took bookkeeping and a friend of mine worked with me and we made such good progress that we were way and above the rest of the class. I even got an "H" was six weeks. That means an A in regular marking now.

These high marks I got in the business courses got me on the honor roll for the only time in my high school. This meant that we did not have to go to the assembly when not in class. We had to report to the class when they were called. I got such a big head that I never got that honor again. Didn't do any studying during the off times. Just goofed away the time

We had good football teams the first years in high school. I did not go out for the team until my senior year. There were no physical education classes until about the junior year. It was very informal and had no real organization at all. The boys played football and basketball. This included only a very small group. The girls did nothing in that line. Didn't even have cheerleaders or anything. The big argument was that all of us had plenty of work to do at home with the chores and that was enough exercise for anyone.

I got interested in raising chickens so Dad built we a hen house which was about six by ten with a shed type roof. My chicken adventure prospered. I took to sweeping out grain cars after they had been emptied at the mill and got bushels and bushels of wheat for feed. I built a roost and underneath had nests for the chickens. The ^{hens} laid well and I can remember that in the middle of the winter I was getting 10 cents apiece for eggs. Mother complained that I didn't leave any for her cooking but I guess we got that problem solved. I had a series of pans that went together like shelves and sprouted oats for the chickens. I used to boil potatoes for them to eat. I learned a lot about raising chickens and in the spring set some broody hens to hatch eggs. I would candle the eggs daily and would discard those that were not growing little chicks. This activity continued on until the early part of my senior year when I tired of this and sold the chickens on the open market.

I had learned how to caponize young cockerels and had a number of them in the bunch that I sold. Capons were a delicacy at that time. Wonder if they still have them on the market. The operation was not too difficult. I remember the last time I did this work was when we went to Sykeston in the fall of 1945. We had chickens there for the two years we were in the Hefner house.

My senior year was marked by several special events. Lst of all I went out to play football. All of the other fellows had been in football for two or three years so I did not get to play very much. I did go on one road trip but did not get into the game. During the last week we had practice I got a bruised knee and was in a semi cast for about six weeks. I still feel that injury now and then though it never handicapped me in any way. I remember the physical that Dr. Glaspel gave me prior to going out for football. I went up to his office and he took a good long look at me and said OK to play.

Dr. Glaspel had been our family doctor since before I was born. He had assisted at my delivery and when the birth occurred he went out into the living room and said to my Dad, "It's a boy. That nickname stayed with me all through the years and sometimes in my adult years some person would come to me that I had known in earlier years and use the nickname to me. The last time that happened when I was in Harvey and we had gone to Minot to a tournament game. Our superintendent had talked to the Minot band director who was in high school at the time I was and told him what nickname I had. He had a lot of fun calling me by that name.

Dr. Glaspel also treated me when I had blood poisoning in a wound in my head as a result of a fall on the rocks from the Northern Pacific Dam not too far away from home. I was forbidden to go there but I went anyway and fell. I don't think I became unconscious but came home. Mother scolded me and treated me but the ^{next} day I developed blood poisoning and Dr. Glaspel treated me. I wore a hallo^e around my heard for a couple of weeks as the bandage for the dressing. This happened when I was in the third or fourth grade in school.

Another incident was the playing of basketball. We had the regular team but for phys ed we played intermural basketball. I recall that we played a full game with the score at the end being 2 to 0. We were on the short end of the score. The court was the floor of the national guard armory and the dressing room was the boiler room in the basement. They did set up a shower but it was really a cold place with uncertain supply of hot water. I had the dubious honor of stopping at the pool hall to get a little blackboard to haul down to the home games and record the score as the game progressed. No fancy electronic score boards in those days.

The third event worthy of noting was the Senior Class play. I happened to be one of the members. I recall it was named "The four Flusher". We diligently practiced and finally put it on at the movie theater in town. In those days that was the only set up that had stage curtains, etc so when there was a home talent play they did not have a movie that night. We got through it without any major problems and earned a tidy sum for the class which was duly banked at a leading bank in town. We were going to use this money for something but I don't remember what.

This bank had my savings--what there was of them--in anticipation of using it for a start at the University in the fall. My folks also had money in the bank. We thought it was solvent but it closed its doors suddenly and about four years later we got about ten cents on the dollar. This was a catastrophe in the town. Shortly the mill closed and Dad was out of a job after 27 years working as chief engineer at the mill. It was a certainly gloomy time and shortly after we had our graduation on the stage of the theater.

Don't remember too much about this. I do remember sitting in the back row. We had no processional or recessional or robes. We got seated and the curtain was lifted. The speaker was some lady from the University. Her topic can't be recalled. How many graduating high school seniors ever remember anything their speaker said?

I must go back to the proms. We had two of them. The first was the Junior prom which honored the seniors and then the Senior prom where we thanked the Juniors. I went stag for the Junior prom and did not attend the senior prom. It was very formal with dance cards very much in evidence.

You might notice that I have never mentioned any girl friends. I had none. Strictly a woman hater at the time. Did not go out on dates until I went to college and not much then either.

The spring of 1927 was a gloomy one. Here I was graduated from high school. Jobs were very scarce and the folks were existing on a meager pension that dad had from the army and the nightwatchman work he did at the closed mill.

In July I saw an ad for a porter in a bakery in Grand Forks. I went down on a Friday night on the train. Applied for the job and got it. \$15 a week with board. On Saturday I was a trainee and the fellow whom I replaced showed me the ropes. Mother's cousin Ernest Collette helped me find a room about ten blocks away on Chestnut street. I had stayed in the hotel the Friday night and paid for my room with the last money I had, a \$2.50 Gold piece that my uncle had given me the Christmas before. The Sunday was a long, long day. I had no money for food so I did not eat until Monday when I reported to work at the bakery. The smell of food was overpowering but I managed to get enough food so that I did a passable job on that first day. Had to report at 6 A. M. and work almost constantly until about 7 in the evening. Usually we had a break in the afternoon for an hour or so but not always. Scrubbing the hardwood floors from the front of the store to the doors of the firebox of the oven was a daily occurrence. The Boss insisted on hot water, not from the tap but boiling hot water that we heated in an open kettle. Also frequent changes of water. "You can't wash clean with dirty water" I was told over and over again until I got the message.

I worked at this job until about the middle of January when I took sick and went home for a rest. There were several things I can recount about this time at this job. I bought a record player and brought it home on Christmas Eve. I took off from work in time for the evening train and then came back on the evening train on Christmas day. I had to do my mopping and cleaning up after I got back to town. I did the same on New Year's Eve and had to mop up after I got back on New Year's day. The bakery was not open on these two days.

During the month of August I was told of the death of my Uncle ~~Joe~~^{Joe} Bernard and borrowed one of the fellows car to go to Grafton for the funeral. I had done my mornings work and then did the cleaning after I got back to town about 6 in the afternoon.

In the fall I joined the Knights of Columbus and made use of the club rooms in my off hours. I maintained my membership through several councils in the state and had my last active membership in the Minot Council. I had planned to join a Canadian council while we were up there but the transfer was so slow that we were back in the states before it came through. That was the only secret society that I ever joined. I was not and am not a joiner.

While working at the bakery I decided to take a bookkeeping course at a commercial college in Grand Forks, I never did finish the course. I also took a correspondence course in railway mail and finished it and took a few examinations for postal service. I was appointed to three but by the time these appointments came through I was already committed to school teaching.

I went into teaching in a rather unusual way. My cousin Ernest Collette had a growing family and sometimes they would have me babysit the kids while they went out on the town. Apparently they were impressed at my ability to babysit that they suggested that I apply for teaching.

By summer school time I had recovered from my failing physical ^{health} ~~health~~ and after a stint at working on the railroad and cutting potatoes I had enough money for a quarter at Valley City.

We chose Valley City over Mayville because a friend of the family had gone to Valley City so she went with Mother and Dad and myself to Valley City on a Sunday morning. We left real early and were able to get to Valley City for the 10:30 mass at St. Catherines with Monsignor Baker as the parish priest. I was able to get a room in the third floor attic room of a house about three blocks away from the college. There were two double beds and I had three roommates. Thus began my college life.

We were told by the ones that were old students that we should get to the auditorium early to get front seats so that we could enroll early. That meant the crack of dawn--four o'clock. Someone found a window of the auditorium open (on purpose?) and we started to crowd in. I imagine that 500 students were in their seats before the doors officially opened. The faculty was surprised????but good natured about it and we enrolled.

At that time we could start teaching after one quarter of college provided that we had taken our senior reviews in high school. I hadn't and even though I had a contract to teach a rural school near Grand Forks, I had to give it up because I did not get in the number of required necessary to begin teaching that fall of 1928.

I did the usual class work during this summer quarter. There were 1200 students enrolled and classes were large. I took the first psychology course from Mr. Kodstoe that summer plus the senior reviews I should have taken in high school.

At that time the summer registration fee included the tickets to the Chatauqua that was held each summer in Valley City. It was near the end of this era and I believe that was the last big one that was held in Valley City. We used to walk the distance from college area to the park every night for the various educational entertainments. I do remember that many people from away from the area would come and camp out to take in the activities. It was the custom.

I don't particularly remember many of the events that took place. I do remember Billy Sunday a fire eating evangelizer who preached fire and brimstone for about an hour. I don't remember much of what he said but his antics were something bizzarre. He would start his sermon very calmly but as he warmed up to the occasion he would take off his coat and tie, jump up and down on the stage and sometimes as a climax he would get up on the table and shout. No microphones so they had to be leather lunged in order for the audience to hear. I think most people were impressed with his antics rather than what he said.

I started playing tennis that summer and also any of the other inter-mural sports that the athletic coach brought out for us. I must have impressed him as later in the early fall asked me to come to the training session for college football. I did not go as I did not have the money to go back to school that fall quarter.

There were few cars with the students and very few married students going to school. The married student time had not yet come. The dances were populated by mostly girls. Ten to one was the average so we fellows had plenty of chances to dance or learn to dance. We had little dances in the little gym which was the third floor near the auditorium area. Can't remember what kind of music we had but it was very strictly supervised. These were in the afternoon.

I ate at the dormitory that summer. We had three meals a day. Usually there were few for breakfast. Lunch and dinner were very formal. We had tables assigned to us with either a faculty member or some mature person at the head of the table. Two were named to bus the food from the kitchen so if we were at the far end of the dining room were were handicapped by the distance. Sometimes we tried to get a head start so as we were singing the doxology we would try to move up into the area between the two halls and then make a mad dash to the kitchen for the food. Sometimes we were successful.

Sunday dinners were special and it seems that we most always had home made ice cream. We were also given a sack lunch for supper as there would be no dining room meals at that time.

All in all I learned a lot that summer in the classroom and out. It was the first great experience I had with the outside world. I made a lot of friends but only two stand out in my memory now. Miles Stanton and John Jonkman. Wonder if they are still living and where are they now? I did meet some of the girls but noting special developed. I had been a loner for a long time and still had that tendency. Would rather go along by myself than with anybody.

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At that time they had full summer quarters so we got out of school the last part of August. Harvest was in full swing at home when I got there so I had a chance to work on a bundle team for a threshing crew. We got \$5 a day and board and worked from before sun up to after sun-down. We had to take care of our horses before breakfast, have breakfast and the boss expected the 1st bundle to go into the machine by 7 A. M. Long hours of work often times practically freezing in the early morning and very warm during the day. We did not work on Sunday but we were expected to care for our teams on this off day.

After this was over we went out picking potatoes for ^{10¢} 10¢ a bushel. This was piece work and the more you picked the more money you got. I averaged about 100 bushels a day. This work ran out and then I had a job at the poultry house feeding chickens to get them in shape for butchering. We had many thousands of chickens in batteries that continued about 6 levels. Several chickens were put into each pen and we gave them a high powered mash for several days before they were ready to be processed. This was not so good in pay but I don't remember how much we got. This ran out about Christmas time. Then I loafed around home until after Christmas and then went back to Valley City to school again. They gave me a birthday party and presented me with a suitcase for my travels to school. I thought and everyone else thought that I would be on to school until I finished the course. I had enough money for a quarter and so in March I came back to school-home and got part time work until summer school started again.

At the end of this summer quarter I got my 1st elementary certificate and was qualified to teach school. This was in 1929 and luckily the school I had to give up the year before was again open and I was ready for school. The quarter ended in late August and Dad came down after we and I was taken directly to my boarding place at Jack Bennett's about two miles from school. School started on the following Monday, so I had just Saturday to prepare to receive the pupils.

This Bennet home proved to be my home while teaching the first three years. It was a modern home complete with indoor plumbing and hot water heat. I had my own room and was well taken care of. The Bennett's were living on just about hand to mouth existence and I am sure that the \$25 that I paid each month for room and board made the difference between extreme want and comfortable living.

You see the Wall street crash came that fall even though I didn't realize that hard times were upon us. I got \$80 a month and thought I was in luxurious living. I didn't save much money, enough so that the next summer I could go back to school for more schooling and being with the new friends I had made in college. I just didn't realize that it was necessary to save.

Usually I got back to Bennetts just before school was to begin and lived a spartan existence the 1st month until I got my first check. I remember that the church always had its fall supper before the 1st month of school was out and I had to scratch to find the necessary dollar to pay for the meal that was a big part of this bazaar. I didn't learn from year to year. I spent everything I had. Sometimes I had to borrow on my watch for the \$5 or \$10 I needed to tide me over until the next paybad. I really didn't learn thrift until I was married and from then on we didn't live up to or beyond our means.

I was naive and didn't bother checking on contracts. The second year I got it later in the fall and so it was the third year. I was stuck on \$80 a month for nine months. I didn't worry about it and just came on year after year. However, in the early spring of the third year I had a visit from one of the board members. After preliminary greetings she came out with this startling statement. "We hired our new teacher last night!" Quite an unusual way of being fired but I did not think much of it at the time.

I can mention that near the close of that third school year the Bennetts lost their farm and had to move out. I stayed there until the last day that they were there. I did not make a move to get a new boarding place but just planned to stay in the school house until the end of the term. I slept on the floor with just my winter coat for a mattress. I used Sterno heaters to heat the foods that I ate. Sometimes I babysat for the Tannahill children while their folks were in Grand Forks shopping. Sometimes it was six or later before they came on to take the kids home.

I visited at the Tannahills some times. Mrs. Tannahill always had an enormous supper for us. Little did I know that Jean Tannahill would later become my sister in law by marriage.

Jean was a good student and even in the third grade I took her to the spelling bee in Thompson. I walked over to Tannahills that Saturday morning and John Tannahill, the father, let me use his car to drive to Thompson with Jean. She did not win but had the distinction of spelling against 7th and 8th grades. I recall that she wasn't the first one to be "spelled down" so that was some consolation.

The Tannahill well was the source of good drinking water as it is today. They did not have a pump as John could dip water faster than any hand pump that they could install. Now and then we would come from Bennetts for drinking water.

It was extremely dry and Bennetts had trouble getting enough water for the stock. Many a night Jack would hitch up a team to the water wagon and travel more than two miles to Joe Huard's to get a tank of water. Joe and Mrs. Bennett were brother and sister. When we had the January thaw we would go out to the slue holes to get water to fill up the cistern which was usually about dry by that time. Many times I would come home early from school, hitch up a team to the water wagon and go out in the field to the nearest water hole and pump the tank full of water before supper. This was a double action pump and took a pair of hefty arms to fill the tank. I think it held 3 to 4 hundred gallons of water. Usually we got the cistern full again before winter set in again for the next two or more months.

I dressed for winter travel when I went back and forth to school. Often I would leave my school clothes at school and change after I got there. When the temperatures got down below zero and the northwest wind was blowing it was a long and cold journey. I don't think we ever called school on account of storms until the last spring I taught there which was 1937.

Weekends I would try to get to Grand Forks. Sometimes I walked to a little flag station at Merrifield and boarded the 8:30 A. M. train for the trip. I would come back on the mail train at 10:30 P. M. on Sunday nights. This was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bennetts and quite an experience at night.

One time I was scared very much by the appearance of a man walking on the road beside the track. I usually walked on the tracks as it was easier. This man walked at the same speed I did. I stopped and he stopped. I ran and he ran. I was becoming more scared every minute when I suddenly discovered that the moon was casting my shadow on the road and it was my shadow that I was afraid of.

This reminds me of the poems that we learned in school. Maybe some will remember the poem MY SHADOW by Robert Louis Stevenson. That would be one that could be used with the above encounter.

We learned a lot of poems and in a moment of weakness I told the school group that I would make a nice typewritten copy of every poem that they memorized. Little did I know that the enthusiasm, especially of the Tannahill tribe, would keep me up all hours of the night typing and retyping poem after poem. I think that Jean told me some time ago that she still has that collection of poems that she learned and I typed for her way back then.

As I said before I was uniquely fired from this job but still I didn't realize that the depths of the depression was upon us and jobs were scarcer then ever. I came home and thought that school boards would beat a path to my door. They did not and when schools started in the fall I was out of a job.

I did manage to get some harvest work but most of the winter I just stayed home and existed. Josie was the only one working. The family existed on Dad's meager pension and we seemed to get along OK. In the spring I worked at cutting potatoes but nothing much. I finally got a lead on a job about 50 miles from Grafton and went out to apply for it. I got the job, 45 dollars a month for eight months. The school building was the same kind as we had in Allendale so I was acquainted with the set up. I boarded at the clerks home.

Most of the families in this neighborhood were Bohemians and they talked the language all the time. A couple of the first grades did not know how to talk English and I did not know what to do. However, with the help of other students and the Sears catalog we did manage to get some knowledge into their heads. Of course it was expected that they would be promoted to the second grade. I did that even though they were ill-prepared.

About that time radios became more common and I noticed that the people would talk more English because of the Radio. This helped the parents as well as the students.

The family I stayed with had a boy who was just beginning school. They were English speaking and the mother had been a teacher. I used to laugh at myself watching how they trained him. When he did wrong they would spend much time explaining to him why he shouldn't have done the wrong. I often felt that a good spank would have solved the problems quickly.

We had many dances in the town hall about a mile from the school boarding place. These dances were Bohemian style and we danced to the wee hours of the morning. Bohemian sausage was the family food for lunch. Everybody danced from the little ones to the old ones. There was some drinking going on and sometimes some of the fellows had too much and had to be taken care of by others. I don't know what they did but the family usually took care of the erring sons.

I tried several ideas in school and how successful they were I will never know. First I thought that the only way to get good English talking from the students in general ~~I would have programs~~ and we certainly did. Thanksgiving Day, Christmas day, Easter. So we were studying and memorizing our parts almost all of the time.

As this was an 8 month school there was no school in January so I came on home. Took a branch line train at Whitman and traveled eastward. It was a cold day and it was cold in the train. We had to sit on the south side of the car with all the clothes we had available even though the stove at the end of the car was red hot. We finally made it to the junction with another railroad and I hired a fellow to take my baggage across town to wait for the other train. Finally I got home. When I returned the last of January I had an unexpected lift. Bert Campbell, a cousin, came from Minto just about the time I was to leave for the train and he said he would take me to Minto for an overnight at their home and drive me to Ardoch the next morning to take the train back to Whitman. That was fine as it would save train fare and hotel fare in Ardoch. I was short of money, as usual. We got started on the train but a blizzard came up and the train stopped at a junction and then decided that they could go no further west but could go north. I decided to go to Lankin and stay overnight and then take my chances on getting out to the school on time. This was Saturday. We finally got to Lankin and I got a bed at a private home. I then contacted the mail carrier who said he could take me halfway to my boarding place in his rig. I went to mass and then we started off. We got to the half way point and after an afternoon of games etc these folks took me to my boarding place. I got there and then after unpacking I went over to the school to start the fire to thaw it out a little after it had been frozen for over a month. My landlord was a little bit disgruntled as he had gone to Whitman for me the day before but as I have said the train did not make the route so he had to come home without me.

School started again. I don't recall much of the following days. I do know that the County superintendent came out and was glad to see that I used a plan book. There was no regulation on using a plan book in Walsh County. We had a picture taken with the superintendent but I feel that this is one picture that was lost somewhere.

They had a county spelling bee and an eighth grade girl won the local contest and the older brother and sister offered to drive to Grafton for the contest. She lost out in the first round. We had supper at home and then came back to the school.

About that time I thought of trying to get the job again for the next year. I had tramped around the entire district during the winter and visited with all the families. I wanted to go to the March meeting which was really hiring time. The clerk who was my landlord told me that I could not go unless I had had permission. I did have the permission of the president so he took me along without an agreeable attitude. The school board mulled around over various matters. I made my presentation but had no definite answer.

Later I tramped the fields to contact board members and stopped them in their spring work. This gave the horses a rest while I talked to the fellows. No committal so I felt discouraged.

When I got back to my boarding place after the final visit, I had a letter from the clerk of the Allendale school saying that the board wanted me to come back there to teach in the fall. Apparently John Tannahill was impressed.

impressed by me and had insisted that I be hired. Needless to say I just forgot about the school I was in.

I finished the term and gave the children a little picnic in a wooded area about a mile from school. My brother Frank borrowed a pickup truck from a neighbor and came out with the ice cream. All this was paid for by me out of the \$45 a month I was getting. I had also been expected to pay for paper clips, etc and also to provide candies and oranges at the Christmas program. I paid \$15 a month for board and room so I finished out the season with little money left over.

The folks were still living in their home by the river so I spent the summer at home. Later on in the summer I went down to look over the school and seek a boarding place. I got a part of a room with the Walter Huard's who lived a mile and a half from school. There were two double beds in the room. The hired man used one and I used the other. It was upstairs and cold in the winter. No luxurious living like I had had at the Bennett's. Saturday night was bathnight and we heated water in a wash boiler in the kitchen and we men took baths. The "chick sale" was out in back and we did not linger out there meditating.

I played my first Bridge there and I think I learned as much as I know now. One time I accidentally got high score at a party and the best bridge player in the area told me "you cheated". It wasn't so as I did not keep score or really have any knowledge about score keeping.

Church was at Thompson several miles away and we always went when the weather was right. Walter's parents lived in Thompson and we usually stayed there for dinner before coming home. Little Keith was still under three and at that time cloth diapers were used so there was a constant washing and drying of diapers.

As usual I spent a lot of weekends in Grand Forks. Sometimes I would stay with the Collettes and sometimes at the hotel and one time I stayed over night in the club rooms of the Knights of Columbus. Walked to Merrifield to catch the train. The walk was over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles so it was sometimes very cold but I had to go. Dances, etc. But I was still a "loner". The dance was old time and cost 75¢. Sometimes it was hard to raise the money. Then at 12 when the west side dance closed we would go over to the east side to the Eagles where their dance continued until 1 or later. Afterwards we would gather in a restaurant in Grand Forks for an enormous feed, steaks and everything.

School proceeded normally with some unusual events some of which were pleasant and others that were not so pleasant. I recall trying to convince the students to say the word FEBRUARY correctly. They would always forget the "BREW syllable so I decided we would have a program with February days as the theme. Seems sort of ridiculous the emphasis I placed on the correct pronunciation as now both pronunciations are acceptable.

A fly in the ointment was when I had a stubborn little fellow in school. He was the youngest of a large family and I suppose as it happens in big families the last one is pampered. I spanked him and the mother was very upset. She even went to the county superintendent to complain about my treatment of Mathew. We got it straightened out but it left bad relations.

About that time I decided I wanted a bicycle so I got a bicycle man in Grand Forks to put one together for me. Not a new one but he had a shop with lots of parts and he got it ready for me.

The routine was quite established. We taught school in the winter and in the summer we returned to Valley City for a summer session. Sometimes it seemed that we had no earthly reason to come back to school but we did. The circle of friends and acquaintances grew, changed and lessened. That is the way of life.

I lived three quarters in the Foster House the first one that I lived in. The two summer sessions I lived in the third floor with different people. I can recall The Cink brothers, and Miles Stanton and another fellow from near Valley City. Wonder if they are still living? The winter quarter I had a small single room on the second floor. For some reason or other I was not a member of the group even though we were speaking. They were the regulars. They went to school during the school year and continued on toward a degree. Here I was getting an education piecemeal so I wasn't in the group, only part of it. We did learn later that the owner of the house was a "rum Runner" who would make periodic trips to Canada to buy liquor for the fellows in and around Valley City. Eventually he got caught. Don't remember if it was when I was there or not.

I lived in ~~four~~^{two} three other places. Four was right. Three on the avenue facing the dormitories and one place quite a distance away. Also a place directly across from the Foster House. This is somewhat mixed up but I think it is correct now. The one directly across from the dorm was rented by the cook. We ate at the dormitory that summer. The one across from the college was a unique situation. We had three in our room. One of the fellows worked nights at a restaurant down town and John Jonkman and I had the bed at night and he had it during the day. We also had two young mormon missionaries who lived in the other room. They had services down in the living room every week. We did ~~not~~^{not} attend these services. We were ~~friendly~~^{friendly} as we could be.

The place I lived in that was farthest away was the only place where I was the single roomer. I had my bike that summer and used it for transportation to and from school. I usually parked in the area between the main building and the model school. I was the only person in school who had a bike and only one other man, a shoemaker, was the only other adult in town who had a bike which he used to ride back and forth to work.

School and other activities progressed in the usual way. I did not go out much. Did not date^{much} and built no lasting friendships. I was still looking for the right girl and I did find her.

An unusual event came during one of the summer sessions. We were promoting a dance in the big Gym and the fellows got together and got me to the the "fall" guy. We were going to have a Chapel as the general meetings were called. There was to be an English woman who was going to give a lecture. The fellows asked me if I would ride a bicycle up and down the aisles firing off the starters pistol. I did that and it scared the English woman so that she ran off the stage and they had a hard time to convince her that this was only a prank. I suppose she thought that the cowboys and Indians were at it again. I don't think I was reprimanded by the higher authorities but I think the stunt served its purpose to publicise the dance that was going to be held that evening in the gym.

I am not sure just which summer it was only that it was not the first summer I attended college. I know that I lived in the Foster House and that John Jonkman and Miles Stanton were also living there. John had apparently been dating Lucina and one Sunday afternoon he brought me along to introduce me to Lucina and Esther. Esther and I did some dating during that summer. We did a lot of hiking and I think we managed, over the period of the summer, to walk up and down the ring of hills that surrounded Valley City. I remember that Esther was taking a course called WEEDS and, in our wanderings, she picked up various samples for the class. They were identified and pressed. I remember that later on in my college course I took the same course.

I am not sure if we did any corresponding after summer school was over but anyway we lost contact with each other. I remember one time when I was on my way to Bismarck to a State Convention I stopped in Jamestown and sent her a postcard from there. In the meantime we went our separate ways.

During the summer of 1936 I decided that I would like to renew my acquaintan-ship with Esther and I wrote to her at Berlin, N. D. It so happened that she was working in a restaurant in La Moure and Dad Busch brought my letter to her. I must have received an answer and then we had regular correspondence.

In The fall the State Teachers convention was to be held in Grand Forks and I invited Esther to come there. It took some maneuvering on her part as the Geneseo teachers were going to continue school and not attend the convention. Anyway she arrived in Grand Forks with another teacher. This was to attend the convention. I had borrowed the Model T. from Dad so we saw to it that the teacher friend was on her way and we could be together. It happened that I had coached a series of one act plays and I am not sure but we took the plays to Reynolds where they put the plays on for the benefit of the church. We had a big steak dinner afterwards.

The fellows ^{in the plays} had convinced me that I should bring a bottle of whiskey from Grand Forks "as they were coming down with colds". I naively agreed and they started taking nips and the plays were almost a disaster but they got through them somehow. I as coach was almost beside myself trying to follow the script and doing what prompting was necessary.

I proposed marriage to Esther while she was in the Allendale school house where I had taken her to see my school. She accepted and I was in 7th Heaven. I hope she was too. We were old enough to know what we were doing. I was 28 and she was 27. The morning after this we went to an early mass in St. Michael's and I am sure that some of our prayers included a petition that God would watch over us and bless us in our future lives. I am sure that this was so as we have had a beautiful relationship all these years and were blessed with five great children all of whom have very different personalities, have made good, and still are much concerned about our welfare. For this we are truly thankful.

On Sunday morning following the teachers convention Esther and her friend boarded the morning train for their trip back to Geneseo. I brought the car back to Dad and we resumed the regular routine of school, etc. The winter was a harsh one and brought some pleasures and also some sorrows.

Christmas time was an opportunity for Esther and I to get together once again. She came by train on Dec. 24 and I flagged the train down at Merrifield. We then took the branch line train to Grafton where Dad was waiting to get us and we went home. This was the first time that the folks had seen Esther. She had been without sleep the night before traveling so it took her a little time to rest up. We attended midnight mass and in the days between Christmas and New Years the folks "showed off" their prospective daughter in law to friends and relatives.

Shortly before New Years we started on our trip to Berlin. We went by train. Took the afternoon train to Grand Forks, There we changed trains to go to Fargo arriving there at about eleven P. M. It was bitter cold. Now we had an eight hour wait for the branch line to La Moure. We walked to the other depot in Fargo which was about a half a mile or more. We had planned to sit up in the depot until the morning train but about midnight they cleared everybody out and said that it would open again at 5 A. M. Where to go? We wandered the main street and sometimes stepped into the downstairs lobby of upstairs apartments or offices and somehow worked out the night.

When the depot opened again we were ready to come in and get warm. It was bitter cold. By the time the train was ready to pull out we had thawed out. When we got to LaMoure we had a brunch at the restaurant where Esther had worked the summer before. She got in contact with the folks at the farm and while we were waiting I got a haircut. George, and Lucina came after us in the old Dodge. It was cold but we did not get too cold on the way out to the farm.

When we got there everyone was curious as to what Esther had caught. Lucina was the only one who had seen me before. I don't remember just how old Vincent and Art were but they were young boys at the time.

The weather all week as cold and snowy. I remember that Frances Kraft came over with a Model A and Esther bought it for \$100. I did not have that kind of money. The Monday Lucina was to go to her school to begin the teaching after Christmas and we took her. George had a time to get the Model A going and the going was tough. We got to her school started the fire but no pupils came. Too stormy. Anyway we went back to the farm and a few days later we had to get going to our schools. George took us in the bob sled to Grand Rapids where we took the train to La Moure. We changed trains there. I took the one to Fargo and Esther took the one to Oakes. If the weather had been nice I think Esther would have taken the car to Geneseo but it stayed on the farm until spring.

Th winter continued cold and about February 1, I came home from school feeling sick. Had stomachache I thought. Ate no supper and had no breakfast and walked to Merrifield to flag the train to Grand Forks.

When I got there I went to see the doctor and he discovered that I had acute appendicitis. and surgery was urgent. I went down to the cream station and saw John Tannahill and told him that I would not be back to school for awhile. I took a taxi to St. Michael's hospital and Sunday morning they operated on me.

My stay in the hospital was 17 days and I convalesced at home in Grafton for another two weeks. I really was not ready to go back to school but the substitute teacher could not stay any longer so I came back to the job. It was not easy with 28 active children but I seemed to manage and gathered strength as the spring approached.

In April I had managed to buy an engagement ring and wedding ring at Wards for about \$25 and was anxious to ~~give~~^{have} Esther ~~have~~ the engagement ring. We made arrangements to meet in Moorhead so I took the evening train from Grand Forks and got into Moorhead about eleven. Esther was there to meet me with the Model A and we rode to Geneseo and arrived there at her boarding place. She had made arrangements for me to sleep there and we stayed there until late afternoon Saturday.

We then left for the farm and got there late Saturday night. I remember we stopped in Oakes for a Dairy Queen (5¢ size). Early Sunday morning I remember Florence and Mary peeking in to see if I was still sleeping. I was waking up and not too much aware of what was going on. I think that they were away at Christmas time but I am not sure.

After mass and early dinner we left for our schools. This time we took the Model A with us. We went to Geneseo and I took the car to my school up in Allendale. It was not an uneventful trip.

Before I got to Wahpeton I had a flat tire and needed a new tire. I had to get a ride into town so we could change the tires on the wheel. Then I rode into town and discovered that I needed another tire before I could take off for the school. Lucky that I had a few dollars to pay for this unexpected expense. The road was not good. They had wide detours on the highway. I got to Hillsboro very tired and stopped for a light lunch. I finally did make it back to the school late at night. It was a full weekend and I was not really fit for school the next day but I managed to carry on reasonably well.

From then on to the end of school we were desperately searching for school jobs for the next year. We must have sent nearly a hundred applications. I was not successful but Esther did get a contract to teach grades in a school up north.

After school was out I went home to Grafton and then later in July I went down to the farm for a few days and Lucina and Esther came back to Grafton with me. We were just visiting and not doing anything special about the planned wedding.

Finally, I remember I was sitting on the front porch at home when Esther came and without many preliminaries said that we should set the date for the wedding. We finally decided on August 9 which was my mother's birthday. Shortly after the girls left for Berlin with the car and the preliminaries for the wedding began. It was required that we have several sets of instructions from the priest.

It so happened that Father Mulloy was our parish priest and I remember biking down to the priest house for these sessions. Father Mulloy later became a bishop of the Covington, Kentucky diocese. Was quite well known for his activities with Catholic Rural Life.

I asked Marvin Campbell to be my best man and also asked Father McDonald to preside over the wedding. I asked him directly but found out that I had to ask the parish priest, Father Cormier to invite Father Ed to perform the wedding ceremony.

A few days before the wedding Esther drove up to Grafton and Dad helped us to fix up the car as a honeymoon car. We took out the front seats and constructed another set with a drop down back that we could use to roll back a mattress for sleeping purposes. We also had a campstove, dishes, folding chairs, table, etc as we were going to use this on our trip. A couple of days before the wedding we got the marriage license in Grafton and then took off for the farm.

Now that we had jobs we could rest easier. Early in the morning we left on sight-seeing. Went as far as Belfield where we did a little grocery shopping, wrote letters and had breakfast. We also wrote letters telling the folks where we were and of our good fortune. Esther also returned the teachers contract she had as we now had jobs!

We toured the Marquis de Mores House in Medora and did a little sight seeing before going on east, ^{we} stopped for an overnight at Richardton ND. We went to confession at the Abbey on Saturday night as the next day was Sunday and also the feast of the Assumption. We parked in a pasture east of Richardton and in the morning we went back to the Abbey for mass. Then we headed east toward Bismarck. We got there later in the day and I remembered that Miles Stanton was supposed to be in town. How to find him? I thought maybe the police would know and sure enough they gave us his address and we went to see him. We visited awhile and then we went up north on the highway to an open area out of town and spent the night.

We came back to Bismarck to do some more visiting with Miles before we left to continue our journey toward Minot. We kept on going and got into Canada before dark. The Canadian officer found out we were newlyweds and gave us some flowers. We went a little way further before turning into a gravel pit to spend the night.

When we woke in the morning we had practically a solid wall of mosquitoes just waiting to get into the car. We fooled them. We drove the car out of the pit and up the road to a high bluff where there was a breeze and then got out and had our breakfast. Then on we continued towards Winnipeg where we arrived in later afternoon. We did stop at the tourist camp in Assinaboine Park and paid the fee. I don't remember how much. The next morning we stopped at one of the big department stores, I think Eatons, and bought a dozen of buns for 10¢ and a pound of hamburger for 10¢ and planned to have a bruch sort of meal on our way back to North Dakota and Grafton. However, it started to rain, the first wet weather we had on our trip, so I set up the camp stove in the car and Esther Fried the hamburgers there and we ate them. Don't know how many or what other food we had but must have had other things.

Then on to Grafton where we arrived in the late afternoon. We had told the folks that we would get there about that day so they were expecting us. We were glad to see them and then we started to make preparations for the move to Amidon. The made up seat in the car was disposed of and the regular seats were put back.

We didn't have much in the line of furniture. Had the spring and mattress so that could be stored on top of the car. Other stuff like the camp stove and cooking utensils and clothes were stored.

Before we left the folks had a house party for us and friends of the family. Ole Tjosheim who played the accordion provided the music. He certainly made parties liven up with his music. "I played terrible" was his expression, It meant that it was real good. An immigrant from Norway so he could not talk English very good but his enthusiasm made all the difference.

We then left for Berlin to pick up things for Esther. We spent a few days there loading and stowing our possessions. Trying to decide what to take and what to leave. We were loaded to the maximum with the mattress, spring and rear seat cushion on top of the car and all the other things in a rear trunk and the running boards. We started out and finally made it to Amidon late one night.

We got into the school house as we were going to have a classroom in the 1st floor for our home. Nothing was locked and it was evident that loiterers had made use of the building. Anyway we set up the cot and put our belongings in and around the room, got a few chairs and things from the other rooms plus a table and we were "home". Wonder how many people had their first home like this. Anyway we were full of enthusiasm and made do. I started making shelves and cupboards with orange crates and appleboxes. The board furnished some lumber and I made a temporary wall on one corner of the room so we could have some privacy in a bedroom. There was a closet so we could hang our clothes in there. An old teachers desk furnished our writing space.

We used the two burner camp stove for the cooking of the meals. One of the ladies down town loaned us a lamp so we could see a little in the dark. We established a line of credit at the grocery stores until we had money to pay.

We did not realize until we had actually settled in to teach that the school teachers had not been paid for several years before. They had to discount their warrants a great deal to get ready cash. However, we were lucky that Amidon was the first school that was aided by the state in the payment of teachers salaries. They could pay the current ones but nothing in the past.

In October the folks sold their home in Grafton and everything in it and decided to move to California. They came to Belfield on the train and we met them. They spent a week with us and I am sure that they could not believe that we could manage it there. We had purchased a bedstead and mattress at a sale but found out after that this family had bedbugs so we burned the mattress and I put kerosene through the springs and frame of the bedstead and fired it and killed all the bugs. I saw one bedbug but nothing else. We used that bedstead for the two years we were there and then left it for someone else. We had no mattress so we used all the extra blankets we had for sleeping on.

The folks slept on this. The Saturday the folks were there we left for Dickinson so they could take the train for Los Angeles the following day. We slept in the hotel that night. Dad and Mother gave us a radio and wincharger and battery so we could have radio and also some light. They left town in the afternoon and we went the fifty miles back to Amidon. Things were looking up. We had a radio and after the wincharger was set up I could charge the battery and in the course of time I got more 12 gauge wire and we had lights in three different places in the room--WHEN THE WIND BLEW to charge the battery.

We had a heater in the room even though they had steam heat to heat the radiators. We burned lignite coal and it was powdery and we had ashes all around. Esther always maintains that I cleaned the stove after she has cleaned our room but we have never resolved that statement. Anyway we kept warm even though it meant stoking the fire at least once during the night.

Last minute preparations were quite hectic. Sunday, the folks, with Marvin and his mother got in from Grafton. We went to the church to do a little rehearsing and things were a mess. Tempers were kind of hot and I decided to sleep in the car as it was crowded in the house. We had unkind words to say to each other. What a way to end the night before a wedding.

Monday dawned clear and bright and hot and dry. The wedding was just perfect though I don't think we realized what an important step we had taken. Father McDonald officiated. We had two other priests and a seminarian at the wedding mass. The Seminarian had a beautiful voice and sang several hymns. I don't remember much about it.

After the wedding the party went to La Moure to have pictures taken. It is worthy of note that we were so short of cash that we could not get any pictures until late in the fall. They turned out all right and we were glad to have a record of this momentous occasion.

Then on to the farm home where we had a very nice chicken dinner. I suppose there were a lot of trimmings but I can't recall much except that there were more Busch family present than the Bernard side but that didn't matter.

About four o'clock we decided we would leave on our honeymoon. We did not tell anyone where we were going but we knew we were going to combine honeymooning and job seeking. A couple of the fellows tried to make the start a little bit hard on us. They put a piece of rubber innertube between the cylinders and manifold of the car. When it got hot it would really stink us out. We discovered this shortly as we stopped briefly at the church in Berlin before we continued.

There were many snaps taken at the farm home but the one snap that got "lost" somewhere was when the group "riced" us as we went to the car to take off for parts unknown. I hope someday that someone will find a copy of that picture in their bunch of pictures. Ours was lost in the basement flood in Sykeston some years later.

Our destination was an area near Bowman, N. Dak. where we had a lead on school openings. It took us a few days to get out there. I still can trace our route. Last night in Aberdeen tourist park where we paid 50 cents for the privilege of parking. That was too much so the next night we parked on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River and Mobridge S. Dak. The next night we parked on a high hill overlooking Hettinger, N. Dak. The following day we got to Bowman and stopped in to see the county Superintendent and got directions as to the location of the opening. After we got there we found that it had been filled. Seeing that we were close to Amidon we stopped in there to see the County Superintendent and found out that the school had not hired its teachers. We immediately inquired and the president of the board Mrs. Hablutzel said they would have a special meeting of the board the next night. That night we parked on a road near the town dumpground. The next day we visited board members and then in the evening they had a board meeting and after some discussion offered us the jobs. \$65 for Esther and \$70 for me. We could hardly believe it. August 13 and Friday besides. When we left the town we drove a few miles toward Dickinson and stopped overnight in a gravel pit. We just had to examine the contracts again before we went to sleep.

Even though we were at the southwest corner of the state we had a visit from Lucina over Thanksgiving. A friend who taught in Berlin school with her had her home in Hettinger and she brought Lucina over. We enjoyed a visit from back home. We did not get lonesome as I can recall. Our school activities kept us busy.

I had the 7-8 grades and 2 years of high school and Esther had the lower 6 grades. We had lots of space in the building as it once housed a full high school. We had five rooms upstairs plus the library and toilets plus two rooms downstairs and a gym besides the shower rooms and the boiler room. Finances closed most of the school so we had what was left. In fact the year after we left the place burned down. I always wonder why it didn't burn while we were there. The rooms had individual heaters as most of the radiators had burst and were no longer useable. The chimneys went into the fresh air vents that were not designed to carry smoke. The stove pipe for our living quarters was a culvert that extended to the roof and had an outlet on the 2nd floor for the pipe from Esther's room heater.

Books in the library were non existant and the science supplies had long disappeared. Remember, it was practically an abandoned school that we were in. Many of the desks had been broken and I used a lot of the pieces as quick heat when the lignite would not burn fast. The school had a very good well of pure fresh spring water. We pumped it into a pressure tank and had a water fountain that worked. Before the 2nd year I went around ^{to} ~~down~~ to get donations to buy white wash and we whitewashed the upstairs hallway and library. 50¢ pieces were hard to come by.

The credit rating of the school district was so bad that when I sent an initial order for school supplies to a supply house they sent back the order and said they could not sell any more on credit to that school district. We raised the money, somehow and got the supplies we needed.

Personaly ^{or} finances were not too good. You remember we got 65 and 70 dollars respectively. I might say that we had my unpaid hospital bill to clear up. We did that and managed to save enough money the two years we were there to take off for a summer school in between years and then take 15 months off while I completed my degree. We wre able to do this without borrowing a single penny and had money left over to get started on a new school year.

We also had our first child Richard during this interval. No unpaid bills. Esther saw to that. We did some part time work in the restaurants and I set pins in the bowling alley all the last year at 10¢ a line sometimes getting as little as 50¢ for a nights work.

We were lucky that Mary Busch was going to school in Valley City and she was able to get us a one room apartment about a block away from school. We had to do the cooking on the laundry stove in the laundry room and wash ourselves in the laundry tubs but we did not mind it too much. We were still looking toward the future with pleasant anticipation.

The time at school did not pass too slowly. The interim between the summer and fall quarters we worked at different restaurants in town. Esther worked at Manoles' and I worked at the Lee's. These were all night jobs so we slept during the day. I remember that during that while the World War II started in Europe and we were gathered around the radio in Lee's restaurant listening to the news. Little did we realize that this was to be the war that it was and how it would touch our families.

We pooled our tips and ^{were} ~~was~~ able to buy a small table radio for about \$10. This was the only radio we had because the battery powered one was at the farm and was the wincharger and we would not use it until we left Valley City.

Later on in the fall my brother Frank stopped off to see us and he and Esther had quite a time especially in the cooking department. I was still busy at the bowling alley and one night after work we all three piled into the Chevrolet and took off for Berlin. Lucina had married the summer before and we were going to visit them in their home in Berlin. Duane was teaching. We got there about 2 A. M. and roused them out of bed. We had lunch before we went to bed. Next day we visited Duane and his classes in the school before we took off back to Valley City. The radiator sprung a leak and we tried to stop it. Frank suggested saw dust and we got some at a farm and also the needed water. It held together till we got to Valley City but it caused trouble the rest of the time until we had to have the radiator cleaned the next spring.

Esther made a few good friends in the apartment and played Chinese dominoes with one of the ladies. We also babysat for their little girl to earn extra money. In the early spring I got the job of caring for the apartment house. Main job was to see that the hopper was full of Coke coal. I also changed from storm windows to screens. It did cut down on our rent by half which helped.

Esther was pregnant with Richard and she progressed to term which occurred on May 4, 1940. It was a momentous occasion. The first grand child on either side of the family. Richard was born in the afternoon and I did not know about it until I came up to the hospital in the evening to see her. I immediately went down to the depot and sent a telegram to my folks and also called the Busch's to tell them that we would have Richard baptized the next day. Grandpa Busch and Grandma Bernard were to be the sponsors.

There was no reason for baptism on the second day but I didn't think of that. Father Koehler used to kid me a lot about it in later years because of my haste to have the baptism which occurred in the chapel of Mercy Hospital in Valley City.

We were proud parents and intended to raise Richard by the books. It didn't take too long to find out that Richard was not going to be raised by the book. We bought a second hand baby carriage and we walked around the college area quite often. The folks in the apartment house held a baby shower for Esther and everyone was very nice to us.

Finally the end of the summer quarter came and I graduated with a B. A. degree in education. I had a contract to teach in a consolidated school near Forman, N. Dak. and we were anxious to get out to our new home.

I had applied for openings in schools during the spring and got a favorable response from a three teacher rural school near Forman, N. Dakota. It had three years of high school. I was to be the principal and teach most of the three years of high school, be the coach, janitor, etc. All for the sum of \$990 a year. Also was included a teacherage of six rooms. The proviso was that the other teachers could have rooms in it. There was to be free rent, free telephone and free electricity, and free fuel.

After a few days rest at the farm we packed up our belongings in the chevrolet and two wheeled trailer that we had acquired the second year in Amidon and went down to move into the teacherage. It was a very empty house but we made it into a home. Did not have much furnishings but the bare necessities. We bought a space heater a cookstove and other needed equipment as time went on. The washer was a second hand washer that we had gotten in Valley City. The motor was a 10 volt affair so Dad Busch let us have a 32 volt motor he had which we used on the washer while we were there. It was not powerful enough to both wash and wring at the same time so the washing periods were prolonged. I made a chest of drawers out of apple crates which we used for several years. In fact I think the children might remember them in the North House in Sykeston. The expenditure of money was very carefully thought out. I remember when we negotiated the purchase of the second hand kitchen stove that we walked up and down the street in Forman for quite awhile before deciding that we could spend \$15 for this stove. We also bought a sewing machine, brand new, from Sears. Our radio was the battery powered one that we got from the folks in Amidon and the wincharger was on the shed near the house.

The school was lighted with a 32 volt wincharger which also lit the teacherage. We had lights most of the time but when we had a long still spell the batteries would be discharged and we were in darkness. It didn't happen too often.

The main social events of the community were the meetings of the Farmers Union. They were held in the school house once a month and everyone came. That included all children and grown ups. Had interesting meetings. Basketball was played by the high school boys. I had only five boys in the high school but they were natural players and we beat the neighboring towns more than we lost. Our gym was small and the baskets were only 8 feet from the floor as opposed to the standard 10 feet but the boys adjusted easily. The county tournament was always a big event and we won some games but never any trophies.

We were in the heart of the pheasant country and many hunters hunted in the area. Some way a dog was "lost" and we had him for awhile until he got the mange and we had to have him destroyed. Esther had a lot of trouble with him in the house as well as a cat that we had. She did not appreciate animals even though the kids liked them and they still do.

Our church was in Forman and we went most every Sunday even in cold weather. Sometimes we went to Cayuga which was a little further away. The old Cheverolet usually started but I had purchased a heater which I put under the hood to get the engine warm. It helped but I still don't understand how I kept from burning up the barn. More than once I looked out at night to see if the barn was in flames, but it did not so I guess we were just fortunate.

The grandparents Bernard had not yet seen Richard so in the spring of 1941 they came ~~to see us~~ from California. They spent a week or so with us and then said that they would buy us another car if we would drive them back to California and spend some time there. We were happy to get this gift so we managed to get to Fargo with our old '29 Chevy and went to Ford and Dad bought us a 36 V8 Ford. It was used but in good condtion. It even had a radio in it. We did some visiting in North Dakota before we left for California. Stopped in to see the Busch's at Berlin, then on through the Black Hills of South Dakota and then on through Wyoming where we saw our first oil wells, and continued on to Salt Lake City and I remember stopping at a motel at St. George, Utah. Early in the morning I could hear water running and I got up and behind the motel there was an irrigation ditch running full of water. That was the first I had ever seen.

We continued on and reached Los Vegas after dark. We saw all the neon light of the gambling dens but we were interested only in rest. Had a good supper and then to bed. We had heard that the desert crossing was an adventure and were warned to get started early so we did and made the crossing without any great incident. I remember stopping at a filling station about the middle of the desert and among other things asked for a drink of water. This was reluctantly given as water had to be hauled in from many milres away.

We reached Long Beach in due time and stayed with the folks in their small apartment. I recall that it had three rooms and a bath and also a front porch. It was set in the alley and there were several attached apartments somewhat like the modern condominiums. It was about two blocks from the beach and we could put on our bathing suits and walk to the beach with ease.

Jos~~e~~ was living in Los Angles and we saw her frequently. We were surpris~~e~~ one day to hear that "the fleets in" and shortly after my brother Frank came over. He had leave and several times during the six weeks he was in port we had a chance to visit with him and go on trips here and there. Little did we realize that Pearl Harbor was only six months away.

I remembwr one time while we were riding around the suburbs of Los Angles that we came by an area of Japanese homes. Each one had huge radio aerials and Frank said that he was sure that they were in communica- tions with the home land. He already felt that we were going to be in the war soon. Security was heavy with the fleet and we did not get a chance to vist the ARIZONA the ship ^{on which} Frank was stationed. We would be just curious but no spies like the Japanese.

We left Long Beach on July 5 for the long trip back home. Up the Californ coast to Oregon and Portland where we visited the Krafts and also the Battlesip Oregon and on through Montana and then stopped at Amidon to visit people we had met there while teaching and then back to the Busch's before getting on back to Rutland Consolidated where I would be teaching a second year.

I had a chance to do some shōking of grain and threshing before school started. This little bit of extra income was certainly welcome.

Esther was now pregnant with MaryAnn and we were happy about that. However, one day when I was out szhōking I had a call from her that sent us to the Doctor at Oakes right away. She was having trouble related to pregnancy and so she stayed in a rest home bed in Oakes while I went to the farm to get Mary to come to help out awhile.

Esther recovered though she was still far from well. However, she was able to travel so we made a trip to Pettibone, N. Dak. where I had signed to teach school that fall. She was not happy with this move as it was an inland town and seemed so far away from every thing. I had a lead on a job in Pingree which was on a main highway and only 25 miles from Jamestown. I got this job and we planned to make the move.

They had no housing available for the teacher so they bought a house across from the school that was to be the superintendents house. In early August I got a trucker who hauled cattle as his main occupation to move us to Pingree. He said he would make his truck "extra clean" after he unloaded his next load of stock to West Fargo. We loaded our belongings "using a lot of paper" for the padding and in the late afternoon we took off for Pingree. I took Esther to the folks at Berlin and then they took me back to LaMoure where I sat on the corner for about an hour before the truck showed up so I could get on and finish he trip to Pingree. We unloaded in the dark and didn't make too much effort to place things properly. The house and the yard were a mess. I wonder how many of our modern day teachers would accept this kind of housing?

We came back and I met the folks at church in Berlin. It being Ascension Thursday. Later I took Esther, Richard and other things back to Pingree where we set up housekeeping. It was quite makeshift as Esther didn't do much but direct activities.

It was war years so there was a great shortage of farm workers. I got a job as a bundle team man on a threshing crew and put in some days working in an around Pingree.

This school was the largest one that I had taught in in my 11 years of teaching and almost proved to be my last. We had five teachers of which I was one and also was the superintendent, principal and coach. We had a full time janitor for the first time. I immediately inovated a 6-6 plan where we had the seventh and eighth grades as a part of the igh school and all three of we teachers taught one or more of their classes as well as the regular high school courses. One of our high school teachers resigned about midyear to get married and we got another one who left a school near Fargo and who became engaged and married an airman who was in training at Jamestown college. We had all sorts of restrictions due to the War among which was a 35 mile per hour speed limit, gas rationing and coupons for meat, etc. We did manage to play basketball and make a few trips and take part in the county tournament where we came in third.

Esther did a minimum of housework during the early months as she was carrying MaryAnn. The folks came up from Grafton to see us and when they went back home they sent us one of those indoor toilets where it was vented into the chimney and we had to carry out the pail when needed. We certainly were not blessed with conveniences. We had electricity and had to haul the water from the school well. Heating was with our parlor heater and kitchen stove. We managed but when we think back about it we wonder how?

Early, I mean early on November 10 Esther wakened me and said it was time to go to the hospital. A neighbor lady took care of Richard and off we went. At that time the speed limit was 35 miles per hour but as we got closer to Jamestown Esther would tell me to go faster so that by the time we got to town I was going about 60. I don't remember if I stayed until MaryAnn was born but I do remember I got back to Pingree in time to be at school and my classes.

About two weeks later we had her baptized. This time it was Grandpa Bernard and Grandma Busch who were the sponsors. I don't remember if either one was there but a neighbor friend stood up as proxy. It so happened that the parish priest in Pingree was an old French priest whom my parents had known many years before as he had been the priest at LeRoy N. Dak. an inland town near Waltham, N. D.a. Father Hurtibise was his name.

In the early spring we had softball as physical activity and one day we went to a neighboring town to play both boys and girls. It was supposed to be a fun outing but the son of the farmer who lent us his truck to haul the kids down gave me trouble and I disciplined him and later had to expel him from school. The last month of school was a series of harassments but I managed to finish the school.

I was disgusted with school teaching and had an opportunity to lease a filling station in Jamestown. Gas rationing made it difficult to make money and after two months I sold my lease and drove a bulk gasoline truck for a month before school started.

The county superintendent knew about my situation and encouraged me to apply at the school in Eldridge a few miles west of Jamestown. I did and was hired as the superintendent. We lived in Pingree for the two months I worked the filling station in Jamestown and then moved upstairs in an abandoned store in Eldridge. It was not at all good and Esther worried a lot. However, we were lucky and were able to get a small house on the outskirts of town. This had a divided living room, kitchen and a small bedroom. Had a large yard and garden spot. Also a chicken house and a makeshift garage. We got an oilburner heater and put the cookstove down in the basement for extra heat and had the kerosene stove in the kitchen

I made several improvements. I got an old bureau and cut a space in it for a kitchen sink. Got a vinegar barrel and ran garden hose from it to a pump by the sink and we had running water. That is if someone pumped the water and if the barrel was full. I rigged up a sled to haul water, borrowed two ten gallon cream cans from the cream station, and hauled them from the school well every day filled with water. Did this the two years we were in Eldridge. There was a dry well near the house and I rigged up some cans and a rope windless and we were able to cool butter, milk, etc because we had no refrigerator.

We had two children and Florence was coming along. We had just one bedroom and it was small. I built a bunk bed and cut down two regular springs to fit. These bunk beds gradually disappeared but I think that Florence has some pieces of it out at ~~Grand~~ Rapids. I think I told her about these wood pieces when she took them from Grand Forks.

Teaching at Eldridge was certainly better than Pingree. We got along fairly well. Played a lot of basketball as the gym was part of the school

school activity. They had both boys and girls teams. The girls made it to the state tournament as representative of the district. The boys had a mediocre season but it was enjoyable to have this activity to break the routine of school work.

This incident is worthy of noting. It serves to illustrate the need for careful examination of facts before arriving at a decision. We were watching a 1st round game at the county tournament when the coach of Pingree, (The school I left a year before) came to me and said that one of our boys, Paul Schutt, had been playing independent basketball with a team from Eldridge. This would make him ineligible for play with our team. It would greatly weaken our team as the substitute was very inexperienced. Without giving him (Paul) a hearing I took him off the team and consequently we lost our next game. Later I found out that he had traveled with the independent team as a member of the group, had shot a few baskets before the game BUT HAD NOT DRESSED TO PLAY even though he sat on the bench with the fellows who played independent ball. If that had been told me before I am sure that I would have played him in the game that we lost. I don't think he held it against me but I was sorry and am still sorry that I was naive enough to believe that coach.

THIS IS A COINCIDENCE! I happen to be writing this page on March 14, 1981 and remember that 37 years ago in the Trinity Hospital in Jamestown our little Florence was born. She called this morning to remind us about it, but we did not need reminding. *

We remember the late night ride to Jamestown. A neighbor lady came to stay with Richard and MaryAnn while I took Esther to the hospital. I remember that my folks came to stay a few days with us while Esther was in the hospital with Florence. When it came time to come home we had Bernard and Florence Wieland act as sponsors. We went to the church in Jamestown on the day Esther left the hospital for this baptism. It was a typical March day with slushy roads. I can remember when I went into the gateway into our home that the car slipped out of the ruts and I knocked one of the fence posts down.

The war was still going on and I had been classified as IA and soon I was called to go with a group to Fort Snelling to take the physical examination. I passed and stayed in the category of A until I passed my 35th birthday so I was no longer eligible for the draft.

Early in the summer between the first and second years at Eldridge we traveled to Grafton to visit the folks. After I came back I got a job as a night man at the creamery in Jamestown where I worked until time for school to begin. Most of the times I took the car and got home about 4:30 A. M. Sometimes I would take an evening train to Jamestown and come back on the 8:30 A. M. train /Gas rationing was still on and the boss at the creamery had enough influence with the rationing board to get me the needed stamps for gas to travel back and forth.

Late in the summer the circus came to town and I wanted Esther and the kids and Lucina who was visiting to come to Jamestown and I would stay in a hotel until they got there TO SEE THE CIRCUS! Richard was growing up and I wanted him to see the wild animals. Maybe he was interested, I don't think MaryAnn was, and I am sure that little Florence wasn't happy about it. Anyway we did this though I don't remember too much about it.

We spent two years at Eldrige and as a climax to the years there were several events worthy of note.

One Sunday we went down to Ypsilanti south of Jamestown where we picniced and fished. Richard had a line in and hooked a large catfish which could have pulled him in the river. We came to the rescue. We gave the fish away to someone who liked to eat that fish.

Another incident was the annual High School picnic. We went to Spirit wood Lake where we picniced, fished and roller skated.

Another was the Senior "Skip Day". The kids, three boys and two girls wanted to take a trip to Fargo. The war was still on so gas restrictions dictated trips. However, we could see the end of the war in Europe as very imminent and I felt that it was not disloyal to accept gas stamps from one of the boys. Farmers had an almost unlimited supply of them. We took off early one morning for Fargo in my car the '36 V8 which we still had. When we got to Valley City we stopped at a restaurant which was across the street from the Northern Pacific depot. I don't remember what the boys and I had but I think I will always remember what the girls had. FRENCH TOAST. Every time we have French toast now I remember that trip.

We had a nice time in Fargo. Had dinner at the Powers hotel and were served very little butter, "rationing, you know) One of the boys excused himself and went to a nearby grocery store and bought a pound of butter. Again the farmers had all sorts of food coupons and he had a butter coupon with him. He opened up the entire pound of butter and put in on the table and we had all we wanted. Don't know what happened to the part that was left but I am sure it was not wasted.

I had been angling for a new job and had applied for the job in Sykeston. I did not make a personal interview but apparently my credentials were good enough so I was offered the job. We made a trip up there in the late spring and came upon a church dinner where we met a number of people. George Mackove, a friend from college days, was a teacher in the system and he introduced us to a number of people. Everett Woiwode had resigned as superintendent and he took me up to the school to see the physical set up.

Now we would be in a town where there was a Catholic Church and school. We were looking ahead to the time when the kids would be old enough to have a basic Catholic education. They were mostly Catholics in the town and country. The elementary enrollment in the public school was just a token number. Most of the elementary students went to St. Elizabeths. Father Sommerfeld was pastor of St. Elizabeths.

We thought we would be settled in before school started but there was no housing available. I finally had to leave Esther and the children in Eldrige for the first two months while I roomed in the attic of the school and boarded with the Martin Huss family across the street. Finally the Hefner house was available and we moved in in October. It had been especially hard on Esther for she was carrying Frank. Jean Busch had come to fill a high school position and we traveled to Eldridge every weekend until we had the family together in Sykeston.

Now we had a home in Sykeston. It was just off the school ~~year~~^{yard} do we didn't have far to walk to school, church or town. We had a double garage and so we had housing for the car. I fixed up a chicken pen in the garage and also a yard for them. The hens laid quite well during the winter and we had all the eggs we needed. I set up the cookstove in the garage and provided heat sometimes for the car and chickens.

We had a ~~hot~~ water furnace and burned lignite coal. We had our portable toilet in the basement and ~~st~~stored all of the pictures and other stuff away from the children. They were all active, the ~~four~~ of them, and Frank was due to make an appearance in November. ~~Three~~

I surprised Esther with a bedroom set of bed, bureau, and chest of drawers. Brand new and cost \$75 from Spiegel's in Chicago. We had a time seeing to it that she was away from the house long enough for us to set the set up and get it all ready for use. We kept that set for quite a long time. Don't remember what happened to it.

In November we started basketball season. I was the coach and we traveled to Pettibone to play a game. Esther stayed with the Woiwodes. I suppose the kids stayed with her. Everett Woiwode helped with the driving down o Pettibone. We got home and later that night Esther was due at the hospital. Jean Busch came over to stay with the kids. Our son Frank was born in the hospital at Jamestown. ✓

We named him Frank in memory of my brother Frank who was killed at Pearl Harbor. We had decided that if another child was born to us and it was a boy he would be named Frank.

Two other events worthy of note occurred while we lived in the Hefner House. The first was the fact that Florence fell down the basement steps and broke her collar bone. She wore a brace for the healing time.

The second event was an illustration of God's mysterious ways. We had a sudden spring flood and the basement suddenly flooded to about four feet. Remember we lost all of our pictures and other things. I did manage to salvage the bible which we still have. We had to get the water out and I set up the motor which we used to empty the septic tank ~~to hose~~ and began to drain out the basement. For some reason the overload blew the fuse and I had to get it changed. The meter and the fuse box was on the wall of the basement and I had to wade over to it and change the fuse. This was most foolhardy as I could have been electrocuted. However, God was with me and I am here yet today. Remember that when God wants us he will take us and we have very little to say about where, when or how.

After two years in the Hefner House we found that we had to move as the Hefners were going to retire to town. Still no housing available but we heard of a house for sale out in the country so decided to buy it and get two lots on the north side of town and move the house on a foundation. We were short of money so my folks loaned us \$700 which we paid back over a period of years. This house had been used as a grain bin and so we found lots of grain between the walls. It didn't look too good but it was our home and we spent the next four years fixing and adding to it as we had the money,

We were quite home bodies. Besides church and school we were usually at home. True, we did visit the folks at Berlin and Grafton but only during good weather.

We decided to raise rabbits and I built a couple of hutches for them. Rabbits multiply and we had over fifty by the time we called a halt to this adventure.

We had only a small area excavated for the furnace when we started but by the time we left we had dug out most of the rest of the basement. The kids helped by hauling little pails of dirt as I filled them up. We put this dirt down in the lower end of the lots. I had a little workshop there and we also had an area for vegetables especially potatoes. Our apple boxes and orange crates came in handy for shelving.

We put in a septic tank and had a toilet with running water. The city was extending its water lines and we got ours put in. This water was good for toilets and washing but we still had to haul drinking water from down town.

The garden was good and we raised a lot of our vegetables there. Esther had a "green thumb" and we had all the vegetables we could use. She also planted a few fruit trees that matured after we left the place.

Money was always in short supply and we spent only when we had it. We had been cooking on a kerosene stove for a very long time but now we felt that we could get the 220 power that an electric stove needed. We also got a small refrigerator, the first we ever had. I'll always remember one staple that mother put in the refrigerator when we got it. It was a 2 pound box of Kraft cheese.

About that time we got a second hand piano and also had the telephone installed. Also Dad Busch came up one week and helped me get started on the lean-to that would be the garage, workshop and washing room. We also had a fifty gallon barrel up on the corner of the garage and filled it with water. During the summer it would get hot enough so we could take showers out there. We were as comfortable as could be but we did not stop fixing things up as we had money to do this.

One fall my folks surprised us by coming to spend several days while we went on our second honeymoon. It so happened that that was the weekend of the Teachers Convention in Fargo. We started off with the old V8 but when we got to Courtney we have a broken spring. Lucky the garage there had a replacement so after it was fixed we went on to Willands and spent the night. We then went on to the convention in Fargo.

The spring when John was due to make an appearance the Busch's came up from Berlin and took all the other children out to the farm. There was still school and I was at the school after school when a neighbor lady came up to tell me that "it's time for Esther to go to the hospital". I took her over to Carrington where she delivered our youngest, John. We didn't know it then but our family was complete. Five children in eight years. A young growing family that gave us much more pleasure than sorrow and still do.

There were many things that happened during the four years at the North House. The most traumatic was the spring that I was dismissed from the superintendency of the school. I had been there for six years and felt that I was doing the right kind of a job. Apparently the board thought otherwise. I did not ask what went wrong. I just accepted this as a way of life.

We heard about Karlsruhe from Father Sommerfeldt who was a good friend of Father Zimmerman of Karlsruhe. We got the job and I said "we" because when it came time for school to start they did not have an 8th grade teacher so Esther took on the Job. It was the first job she had at teaching since Amidon days. Then with the exception of one year she taught with me in the various schools we were in. We were a team.

As a family we made our trips together. Rarely did we go together without the family. Teacher's convention, trips to the relatives, invitations to homes of friends. These were family outings. They continued until the family started leaving home. The last full family trip was to Yellowstone the spring that Richard graduated from high school.

Richard was first to learn how to drive and from 1955 on until John graduated from high school we rarely did the driving. When there were more licensed drivers they would always decide OUTSIDE OF OUR HEARING who was to drive and how much and so we had smooth driving most of the time.

There is much more that I can say but I will leave it as this part now. Remember that the school years are quite well documented in a special book that I prepared some years ago after we retired.

The retirement years have not been fully developed but I hope that this writing has stirred me enough so that I will fill in and have them available for interested readers.

My earliest recollection of a Model T was in the ^{early} late '20s when I was a teenager.

Dad bought a touring model. This was a used car. He bought it in the winter. He hired a man with a team of horses to pull the car home. I was "honored" by being allowed to steer it home.

Dad, being a mechanic, worked on the engine and got it going. After the weather turned warm in the spring he had the car operational. There was a lot of work to be done. All the tires were flat and had to be repaired. No demountable rims yet so the 30 by 3½ casings were hard to force on and off but the job was finally done. We were able to make many short trips around our home. *House 97341*

We started the engine by cranking it. Retarding the spark was also a must and the correct way to hold the crank was insisted upon. Dad didn't want any broken arms and we had none. There was a wire ring by the bottom of the radiator which, when pulled, choked the car so that a richer mixture of gas would get to the cylinders. It was certainly an awkward position that we were placed to start the car. Thumb with the fingers, and the other hand pulling the choke wire. Usually we had trouble starting and sometimes two or three of us would take turns before the engine would start with a roar. Then it was a mad dash to put the spark lever down and then we couldn't ready for a drive.

Trips were usually in the day but sometimes we would get home after dark. The headlights were dim unless the engine was "raced". The rear lamp was a kerosene lamp which had to be lit with a match.

Learning how to drive was by trial and error. I did not have any accidents or near misses. Traveling at 15 to 20 miles an hour was top speed and we seldom exceeded that. The engine would "knock" something fierce. Gasoline was not plentiful and filling stations were just beginning to appear. I remember that one garage had a pump inside the building and we had to drive in the front door to get gas.

Finally in 1927 the last Model T came out and Dad bought a four door sedan. Bumpers, spare tire, speedometer and dashboard light were extra equipment. However, this model had a battery and a self starter. Of course the mad crank was still in place. That was doubly handy in cold weather as the battery couldn't turn the engine over. The oil was not changed to light oil for some reason or another.

Usually the car was put on blocks during the cold winter and the battery taken out and put into the warm basement until spring. The oil was drained out and saved and the radiator was drained.

We kept this car until the late '30s. As it grew older it became more difficult to start. Dad fashioned a portable jack to raise the rear wheel. When we got ready to start we would raise this wheel, put the engine in high gear and get out and crank it up. The entire transmission operated and gave the fly wheel effect so that it was easier to start. Many memories of this car remain in my mind. Trips, etc here and there never at more than 35 miles an hour. We got there and came back ~~but slowly~~. Had a chance to enjoy the scenery.

We must also recall the dip stick that we had to measure the amount of gasoline we had in the tank. It was a gift from the early gas stations. It was graduated so that we could tell how many gallons we had left in the tank. Wonder if any antique collectors have one of these in their collections. How about the "monkey" wrench and the stud bolt wrench that came as standard equipment? I have one of these with my tool collection. Also the notched stick that the gas station people had to reach under the car to the flywheel housing to turn open the ^{Per-cocAs} spigots to see if we were low on oil? It was a standard joke at that time was to check the gas and pour in a quart of oil.

I had many incidents that I could recall with the Model T which were not jokes like the Model T jokebook that was published some years ago. Wonder if any copies are still around?

For instance: I remember that when we went to winter dances it was hard to get the cars started and we had to go out every hour or so to start them up and run them for awhile to get warmed up. One time we missed and no one could get their cars started. After a lot of work one fellow got his started and then he pushed another and then after a few cars were started this way the others were helped. It was cold and the cars were cold. We had no heaters even though some had a device on the manifold that pushed hot air into the car. We had to bundle up and cuddle up to keep warm.

Another incident that I can recall. We had gone to a ^{Springwood} neighboring lake for a picnic. The roads were narrow and the hills were steep. One such steep climb called for a new type maneuver. Dad tried to get up the hill by making a run at it. Half way up the engine died. We backed down again and made another run. The engine died again. This time Dad knew what was wrong. The gas tank which was under the front seat was lower than the engine. Gravity feed was needed and he knew that the tank was lower than the engine. He turned the car around and backed up the hill. That way the tank was higher than the engine.

My final recollection of that car was the year 1936. That fall the Teachers convention was held in our town and my girl friend was coming. I met her at the depot with the Model T. Before she left town to return home we became engaged to marry and did so the following summer. That was more than 43 years ago and perhaps we can thank the good old Model T by being a faithful party to our rides during the convention and at Christmas time that year when my fiancee came to visit my folks. Dad was at the depot with the car even though it was cold, cold cold.

Batson

Model T legend omits one fact — royal pain

The legend of the Model T Ford gains luster every year. Not long ago the magazine *Country Journal* described it as the perfect country car. Even now, 53 years after the last one was made, the Model T has fan clubs, its own national magazine and admirers in every hamlet and high-rise building.

I've long suspected that most of the claims made for the Model T are baloney. There were still a lot of them around when I was a small boy and my memories are pretty clear.

Every Model T I ever had anything to do with was a royal pain. As Dr. Johnson said of the dog trained to walk upright, it wasn't that the Model T ran well but that it ran at all. One thing you could say for the ma-

chine was that it kept its owners out of the saloons and poolhalls — unless driven there in despair. It was almost impossible to keep a Model T running and find time for other vices.

However, since I never personally drove a Model T, I've held my tongue until now.

But now I've talked with Roger Meyer of St. Croix Falls, Wis., a man with an orderly mind, a scientific nature and a good first-hand memory of life with a Model T.

For every hour I drove my Model T," Meyer said, "I think I spent 10 repairing it."

He was interested in a piece I wrote

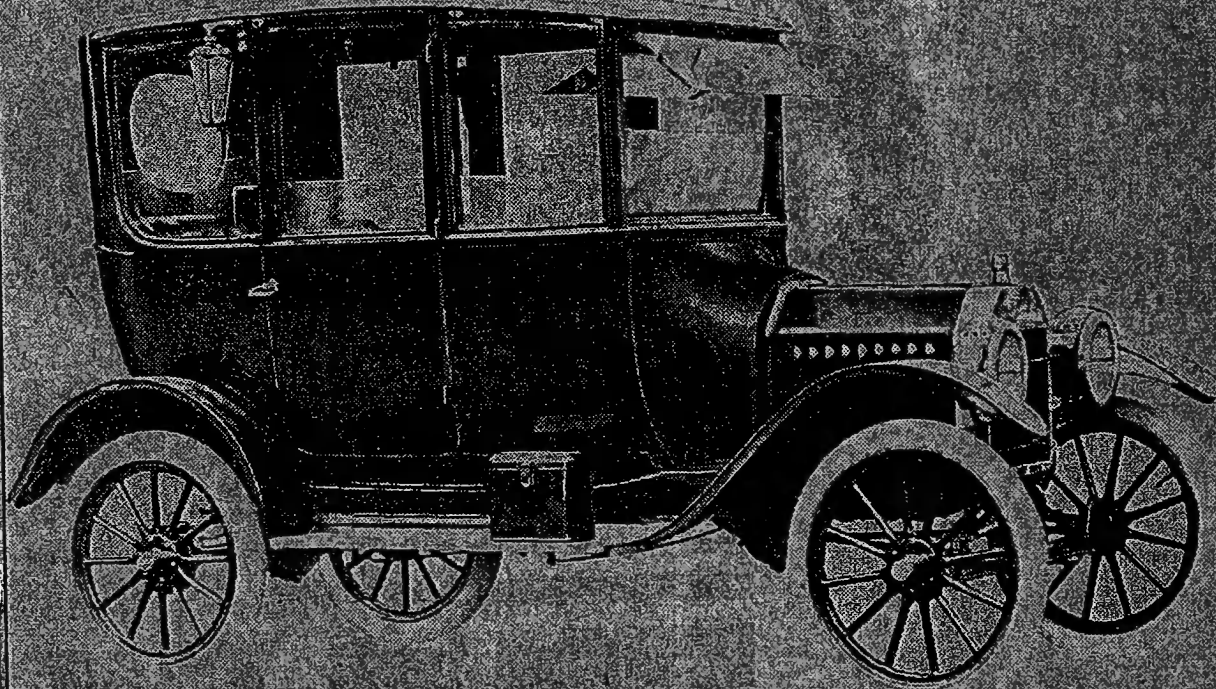
about a 1917 Model T that has been driven only 26 miles. The first owner put almost six miles on it. Later it was stolen and driven 20 miles before it broke down. That attracted Meyer's attention. Twenty miles of trouble-free service was a pretty good run for a Model T, in his experience.

His own Model T was about 20 years old when he got it in the 1940s. It had been garaged and cosseted by an elderly couple who seldom drove it. At least, that's what they told Meyer.

"My dad paid \$80 for it and I had to drive it home," Meyer recalled, "though I hadn't driven before. I recommend all driver education teach-

Batson continued on page 5B

Appendix
A



The famous Model T

ers use Model Ts for teaching. One short trip would qualify for one for an 18-wheeler license.

Home, safe and feeling comfortable with the machine, a sale that lasted about 30 minutes, Meyer took off the side curtains "so I would look sporty" and set off to dazzle his friends.

The battery, which was located under the seat, fell out. Meyer didn't notice. That's how he learned that a Model T would keep running on its magneto until it was stopped. Of course, without a battery, the generator would burn out.

"Fortunately, I was able to buy a complete engine and transmission for \$5," Meyer said, "so I had a working generator."

Older drivers liked to gather around and give him advice. They had devoted the best years of their lives to Model Ts and it seemed to give them some obscure, and possibly malicious, satisfaction to see a kid starting down that path.

The car wouldn't start when it rained. An oldtimer told Meyer to bake the coils in the oven to dry them. The low-band clutch was badly worn. An oldtimer explained that he could simply turn the car around and use the reverse band to back up hills.

The spark retard lever broke off and Meyer nearly broke his arm trying to crank it. Another veteran showed him how to crank with least peril to thumb, arm or shoulder. Cranking required a special grip and a muscle-wrenching, spine-cracking upward spasm that explains why half the men in this country over 60 walk hunched.

A large body of folklore has grown up around the spark-retard lever. It is, to me, something like baseball's infield fly rule. I have never met anyone who could explain it satisfactorily; nevertheless, I've lived a full and happy life. Meyer, who teaches physics and chemistry at St. Croix Falls High school, understands the general concept of the spark-retard, but he'd just as soon not think about it.

Meyer was 18 when he got the Model T and his goal was to get it in running order while there was still some reason for him to go out and meet girls. But he and some buddies reached a point where they could walk no longer. There was a dance about 10 miles away.

"I was reluctant to drive at night because the lights were so dim," he said, "but one friend brought a flashlight and he lay on the right fender pointing the beam at the light so

that I could navigate. We made it both ways, although Meyer got his share of ing.

That was the high point of Meyer's affair with the Model T. Everything from there on was downhill.

"My second most humiliating experience," he said, "came on a hot summer day as I was chugging up to a red light on Main St. in Chippewa Falls, sweating and paint-smudged after a hard day's work in a lumberyard. The town was full of Illinois Cals; cars bumper to bumper.

"Some tourist pulled out of a parking spot and forced me into the left lane — facing oncoming traffic — as the light turned green. My engine sputt.

As Meyer jumped out to crank the Model T, it began to roll backward. He had to chase it down Main St. while other drivers honked and pedestrians hooted.

Finally he caught it. He had never wanted anything more in his life than to take off in a cloud of dust. "But Henry Ford never had that vision for his Model T," it got underway like an arthritic ox.

Not long after that Meyer was again on Main St. and was trying to achieve a respectable rate of speed. "I had my foot shoved down until it felt like it was in the carburetor." An acquaintance on a motor scooter passed him.

"That was the greatest humiliation my 18-year-old ego had ever suffered," Meyer said. "I got rid of the T and bought a 1936 Harley Davidson 74 motorcycle. That's another saga of sweat, pissing and one extra element — fear.

"If you get any letters from people like me," Meyer told me, "let me know. I would like to start a Model T haters club."



Henry Bernard
and
Esther Busch
Wedding
and
Honeymoon Trip
August, 1937

Wedding, 8-9-37 Marvin Campbell,
Father ~~Branconner~~ ^{Casper}, Father Bannon
Henry, Esther, Lucina Busch,
Father McDonald, Mr. ~~Branconner~~ ^{Casper}



WEDDING TRIP SCENES IN
AUGUST, 1937



MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1982

This would have been our 45th wedding anniversary. It is also coincidental that it is Monday. Our wedding was on a Monday so I can relive those wonderful days, day by day. I think I have mentioned this either in writing or otherwise but I don't think I have factually recounted the particulars. I will add to this each day of the HONEYMOON as I can recall.

Monday had dawned bright and clear and hot. We had had a thunder shower during the night but nothing to dampen the parched earth. I had slept in the car as we had set it up for that purpose on our trip. I was parked outside of the garage, the lean-to on the granery, when the storm broke so I drove it into the lean.

The wedding was at ten in the Berlin Church. We had three priests and a seminarian plus a host of relatives and friends. The Seminarian had a beautiful voice and he sang several hymns. Lucina and MARVIN CAMPBELL WERE OUR ATTENDANTS. Father McDonald was the officiating priest.

After the wedding we went to LaMoure to get photos taken. Incidentally we did not see them until much later in the year as we did not have the money to get them right away.

The dinner was mainly chicken with the usual other foods. After a social gathering and then about 4 o'clock we decided to take off. We did not tell anyone where we were going but we knew the general area to which we would be traveling. We were "riced" as we went to the car. Pictures were taken but we lost our copy and never could get another one from anyone.

We stopped at the Berlin Church briefly and I had a sixth sense and looked under the hood. George and others had placed a piece of an inner tube between the cylinders and the manifold and after some driving would have gotten hot enough to burn and smell up the place. We got that out before that happened and we were on our way.

We stopped at Ellendale to buy some necessities. I remember getting a tea ball and some tea as we expected to drink tea because we would not need cream or sugar but only hot water.

We spent the night in the tourist park in Aberdeen, South Dakota and paid 50¢ for that privilege. We decided, then and there that that was an unnecessary expenditure of money and we did not do that but once more on the trip. You will read that later in this recouting of the trip.

I don't remember what gasoline cost but I think it was around 25¢ and two gallons would take us some distance. We did not have all that extra money to spend. The Model A was an oil user so I bought a 2 gallon can of oil so I could save money by adding oil when necessary.

My Dad had helped me fix up the car for camping. We put a long tin box on the running board with the cover opening outward. I remembered Dad saying that it would furnish a table for things we took out of the box. And it certainly proved to be right. We carried out spare tire and wrestled with it all the time. If we had known we would not have flats we could have left it home, but who knows the future?

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1982

The day dawned bright and clear in Aberdeen, South Dakota where we had spent the night. We had breakfast, I don't remember, but we must have had tea to drink. The small camp stove which I had was used. We had stools to sit on and a small folding table.

After breakfast we went down town where Esther had some shopping to do. While waiting for her I talked to a fellow that came from North Dakota. Had some small talk. We gassed and oiled up and we were on our way west.

I can recall stopping at McLaughlin S. D. to send a postcard to the family that I had in Allendale School. The name of the town reminded me of them. We also stopped at another town where there was an unfinished church. It seemed that many places they built the basement of the church and used that until they had money to build the main church itself.

We drove and drove until we reached Mobridge, S. D. As we had decided not to pay fees at a tourist camp we drove to the other side of the river and parked on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River. Here we were, out in the open, unprotected against any unsettled weather conditions, but we were lucky. Everything was calm and peaceful, this night and all the other nights that we were on the road.

Don't remember much about what we ate but I am sure that we had supper and breakfast there before we left the next morning.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1982

Forty Five years ago we were still on our honeymoon, job seeking trip. We were now out of Mobridge, S. D. headed north and west. We knew where we were going but traveled at a leisurely pace. I am sure that 35 miles an hour was the top speed. Don't remember too much about the roads or towns that we passed through. There were no bypasses as now. Every town was anxious to have the highway go through their main streets. I am sure we stopped for staples and ate either in road side areas or in parks in the towns we passed through.

I remember we stopped at Lemmon S. D. and remarked upon the spelling of the name. Then on into North Dakota once again and to the town of Hettenger. It was not time to stop for the night and again we chose a high bluff overlooking Hettenger for the night's stop. Again, we trusted in the quietness of Mother Nature. No wind or storm to mar the peaceful night.

We were nearing our objective and tomorrow we would make the first contact for a school opening that we had heard about. I am sure that we thought and prayed for success in our quest. How good it is that the Lord does not allow us to foresee what the future will bring.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1982

The day dawned bright and clear and calm on the bluff overlooking Hettenger where we spent the night. Usual morning activities and then we took off in great anticipation. We were going to go to the county seat of Bowman County, Bowman, where we would contact the county superintendent about the job opening in a school in the county. We had been given that lead by the Employment service of the North Dakota Teachers Association. They had assured us that WE WERE THE ONLY ONES THAT WOULD BE NOTIFIED OF THIS OPENING.

We got to Bowman, went to the court House and talked to the county superintendent and got directions to the school. We had never been in the range country and the roads were not the highways we have today. "Go to the next corner and turn left, see the big barn, get that far and turn right" were samplings of direction finding. After some mistakes we finally did locate the president of the board who was working out in his pasture and talked to him.

The blow fell! They had just hired their teachers for the next year!

We were heartbroken, but managed to get going toward Amidon which was the County Seat of Slope County. May, just maybe, we would find some leads at the courthouse there.

Here we were, just married and jobless. I might add that Esther did carry a contract to a school in the northern part of the state where we would locate if worse came to worse.

We got into Amidon in the afternoon. Here was a county seat of just a few hundred people. It was an inland town, one of two county seats in North Dakota that didn't have a railroad.

The court house was an enlarged house, nothing elaborate but we made our way to the County Superintendents office where we met Clara D. Brown, the county superintendent of schools. We told her what we came for and she gave us the startling news that AMIDON HAD NOT YET HIRED THEIR TEACHERS.

We noticed that the school was a large cement structure on the outskirts of town never dreaming that they would need teachers this late in the season. We were to find out why later on.

I am not sure if we contacted Mrs. Hablutzel, the president of the board this night or early the next day, but anyway we decided to stay overnight and make more definite contacts the next day.

Where to spend the night? This time we drove on a road out of town and decided that just getting off the road across from the town dump would be the place to spend the night.

Can't tell for sure just what went through our thoughts that night. We had started the day with high hopes and now we were clinging to the hope that the next day would be our happy day.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1982

The day dawned, bright and clear, near Amido, N. Dak. 45 years ago. We felt that this was the day that would give us jobs and a chance to prove ourselves in the work of teaching.

We made preliminary contacts with the president of the board, Mrs. Hablutzel. She told us the names and locations of the other members of the board and asked us to tell them that she had called a special meeting of the board that night to consider the business of hiring teachers. I think that she was rather certain that there would be no objection.

As I think back, the clerk had copies of contracts made and they were ready to be signed even before the board meeting. She dated the contract for August 6 rather than the 13. I don't know why but I suppose she thought the 13th was an unlucky day. NOT FOR US.

Anyway, we went out into the district and found the men of the board and talked briefly to them. They were busy with their farm and ranch work so we did not keep them too long.

We had heard of the burning coal mine near Amidon so we went out in the direction and found it, I think. Of course it was hot and it was the middle of the day so we couldn't see the awesome sight that persons can see after dark.

After supper we gathered at Hablutzel's and faced the board. Apparently there was very little said. They learned a little about us. We had no credentials that they could examine, but I guess everyone was agreed to take a chance on these two poor newlyweds from the eastern part of the state to teach their children.

I can't remember if we were asked to leave the room while they made their decision but I know that we signed the contracts and bade them good night and left to go on our way.

We were traveling after dark and had to find a stopping place for the overnight. About a few miles east of Amidon we spotted a gravel pit and drove off there to spend the night.

BEFORE WE WENT TO SLEEP WE HAD TO LOOK AT THE CONTRACTS ONCE MORE TO SEE IF THEY WERE REAL!

I remember a carload of young people went by us parked in the gravel pit and called out to us as young people do when they overtake someone parked. Little did they know that we were newlyweds and that we would be in the community for a couple of years. I wonder if we ever met any of them at school and public functions while we were in the community.

We were so excited that I am sure it was awhile before we dropped off to sleep.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1985

Thinking back to 1937 and the events of that day and where we were and where I am now seems so unrelated. However, that day was part of the foundation of what today is.

We must have gotten up real early and started out of the gravel pit toward Bellefield. Now, that we were no longer job seeking we could afford????a little site seeing now that we were in the badlands of North Dakota. We had read about them and now we were in them.

About the first thing we did when we got to Bellefield was to get food for breakfast. We must have stopped in a park because a couple of the few snapshots we took on the trip were taken here. After breakfast we had three letters to write. One to my folks, one to Esther's folks and one to the school board at the school where Esther had a teaching contract. She resigned her position saying that she was now married and would not be able to teach there. I don't remember for sure but I think that it was very common at that time that married women were not allowed to teach if their husbands were working and certainly not teach in the same school! How we managed in Amido is a mystery.

Anyway, we decided to go over to Medora and see the Marquis de Mores chateau. and also part of the Roosevelt National Park. This was not so highly commercialized as it is today. Then we retraced our route and traveled eastward not sure of how far we would go. We remembered that it was Saturday and we had to be somewhere where we could go to mass the next day.

We went on through Dickinson and stopped at Richardton. This was the location of the big Benedictine Abbey. We went to the church and went to confession and found out the time for mass the next day and we went out of town a little way and stopped overnight in a pasture area where we spent the night.

I remember that the monks at the abbey came while we were in the church and gathered in the front part near the sanctuary and recited their group prayers. It was an impressive sight to listen to the group. I think there must have been a hundred or more men of all ages dressed in their black habits with cowls.

I am sure we stopped to eat several times during the day. We bought necessities as we needed them as we had no refrigeration of any sort and it was hot and dry. Highways did not go around towns and every town from small to big had the highway going right down their main street. Bypasses were not known, at least in North Dakota at that time. I am sure that the roads were surfaced with gravel and if the wind was blowing right we would get the dust of oncoming cars. Speed was not common and if a car went 50 miles an hour we almost dubbed the driver a "Barney Oldfield" a known car racer of that time who was known to travel over 60 miles an hour in car races.

AUGUST 15, 1982

Sunday, August 15, 1937 dawned bright and clear. Here we were in a cow pasture about a half mile off the highway east of Richardton, N. Dak. I remember as we were getting ready to vacate the premises a car drove up, they took a look and then went on. I suppose it was the owner of the property and he wondered what we were doing there. I am sure that we left the premises in as good or better condition that we found it.

Off to Richardton to an early mass and then a leisurely trip toward Bismarck. I am sure we stopped now and then for eating or other reasons but I can't recall anything specific. We were happy and had a great deal of hope for the future. We were married, had jobs. What more could we ask?

When we got to Bismarck we were thinking about Miles Stanto, an old college friend who had been my roommate a couple of times. I don't remember how I found out but I happened to know he was in Bismarck. Where to find him?

We drove over to the police station on the chance that someone there would know where he was and luckily, they knew, gave us his address and we proceeded to look him up. We visited for a time and then we made arrangements to meet him the next morning for a further visit.

We drove up north of Bismarck and parked in an open field for another night out under the stars. Calm and peaceful as usual. We were lucky I shudder to think if we had been subjected to violent summer storms that often come in North Dakota at that time of the year. The LORD certainly was watching over us as he has always done and gave us the courage to go on.

AUGUST 16, 1982

As usual, the day dawned bright and clear. We were within sight of the North Dakota state capitol. After we were ready to went down to the capitol and found Miles in the highway department office. He was behind a desk and apparently working. He took time out to visit with us and told us a story that makes me somewhat wary of politicians. It seemed that Miles was out of a job and his father was a good friend of the governor, Bill Langer. Miles father asked the governor to get a job for Miles. The governor said "send him up to the highway department." They really dudb't have any work for Miles so in order to keep busy MILES LEARNED HOW TO TYPEWRITE! That is an aside to our story.

Later on in the morning we started off again toward Minot. We were not really sure of our travel plans but made them up as we went along. I am not sure but I think we went through Minot heading north and finally took a highway going east. We now planned to visit the PEACE GARDENS and so we headed in that direction.

I have to say that my memory fails me as to whether we made it all the way to the border and slept just inside of Canada IN A GRAVEL PIT.

AUGUST 16, 1982 (Continued)

I am not sure if we went to the Peace Gardens on our way into Canada but I do remember that we had a nice friendly talk with the Canadian Customs man. When he learned that we were newlyweds he went to his flower garden and picked a nice bouquet for Esther.

The Gravel pit was nice and quiet. I wonder what would have happend if we had had a sudden storm down in the pit. Would we have had trouble getting out? Again the good Lord was on our side and nothing serious happened during the night but when we woke up inthe morning it was another story!

~~THURSDAY~~
TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1982

That other story? When we woke up we looked at the cheese cloth screens we had over the open windows of the car. They were practically filled with mosquitoes. What to do? If we opened the doors we would be attackked by hordes of these vicious creatures. We thought we should drive out of the gravel pit and get on the highway and hopefully get some place where the breeze would blow the creatures away. We went down the road a couple of miles and were able to park on a high bluff where there was a good breeze and they were blown away.

We had breakfast and then continued on our way. I am not sure of the exact timing or route but our objective was to reach Winnipgeg for the night. We were nearing the end of ourhoneymoon and we were anxious to get back to our homes to pack up and get going out to Amidon where we were going to teach.

I remember that we got to Winnipeg in the early evening and went to Assinaboine park where they had a tourist camp. We paid the fee, I don't know how much, but we were doing smmething that we had not done since the first night out, that is to camp in a regular place set aside for campers.

I remember that there must have been a carnival close by but we did not go there. I suppose the main reason was that we were not blessed with an extra amount of money. We knew that it would be more than a month before we would have a salary check and we had to make the few dollars we had do until we were earning our way.

There were many campers in the area where we were but we did not go out of our way to meet any of them. We were content to be with each other and that was that.

Can't remember any disturbances during the night. We must have slept a dreamless sleep and when we awoke in the morning it was time to get the breakfast and "hit the road" once again.

Site seeing in Winnipeg was a minimum. I had been there bffore and had relatives somewhere but we did not visit any of them. This was Esther's first visit to this big city. Don't think it impressed her too much.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1982

The last day of our honeymoon back in 1937, (I thnk). Try as I will there seems to be a cloud in my recollections. Did we spend two over-nights between Bismarck and Minot? Anyway, this is it.

We broke camp at Assinaboine Park and went town into the downtown area of Winnipgeg. Vistied the Eaton store and bought some provisions for the last day on the road. Got a pound of hamburger for 10¢ and a dozen of hamburger buns for 10¢ and planned to have them later on in the day.

We traveled southward toward the border and Grafton. I don't remember if we ate lunch on the Canadian or American side of the border but I do remember that our good weather changed into rain and we were forced to have lunch in the car.

I set up the campstove in the car and Esther made hamburgers. Don't knowhow many but I am sure she cooked up everythig because we didn't have any refrigeration and it was still a hot summer. I think they were the tastiest hamburgers I have eaten but I guess I might be accused of being a little prejudiced.

Anyway we rolled on toward Grafton and reached there in midafternoon. The folks were glad to see us and of course many questions were asked about our trip and our new jobs. Dad had already located Amidon on the map so he knew that we were about as far away from Grafton as we could possibly be and still be in North Dakota.

I am sure that he knew firemen from the area towns.

The folks had a reception for us. Many friends and relatives came for a dance and refreshments. Ole Tjosheim our local accordionist played for the dance and everyone had a good time.

This report covers Wednesday and the days following. I don't know for sure when we left Grafton but we had to rearrange the car by putting in the regular seats and decide what things we were going to take and what we would leave.

Did we go to Berlin before Sunday or not. I don't know.

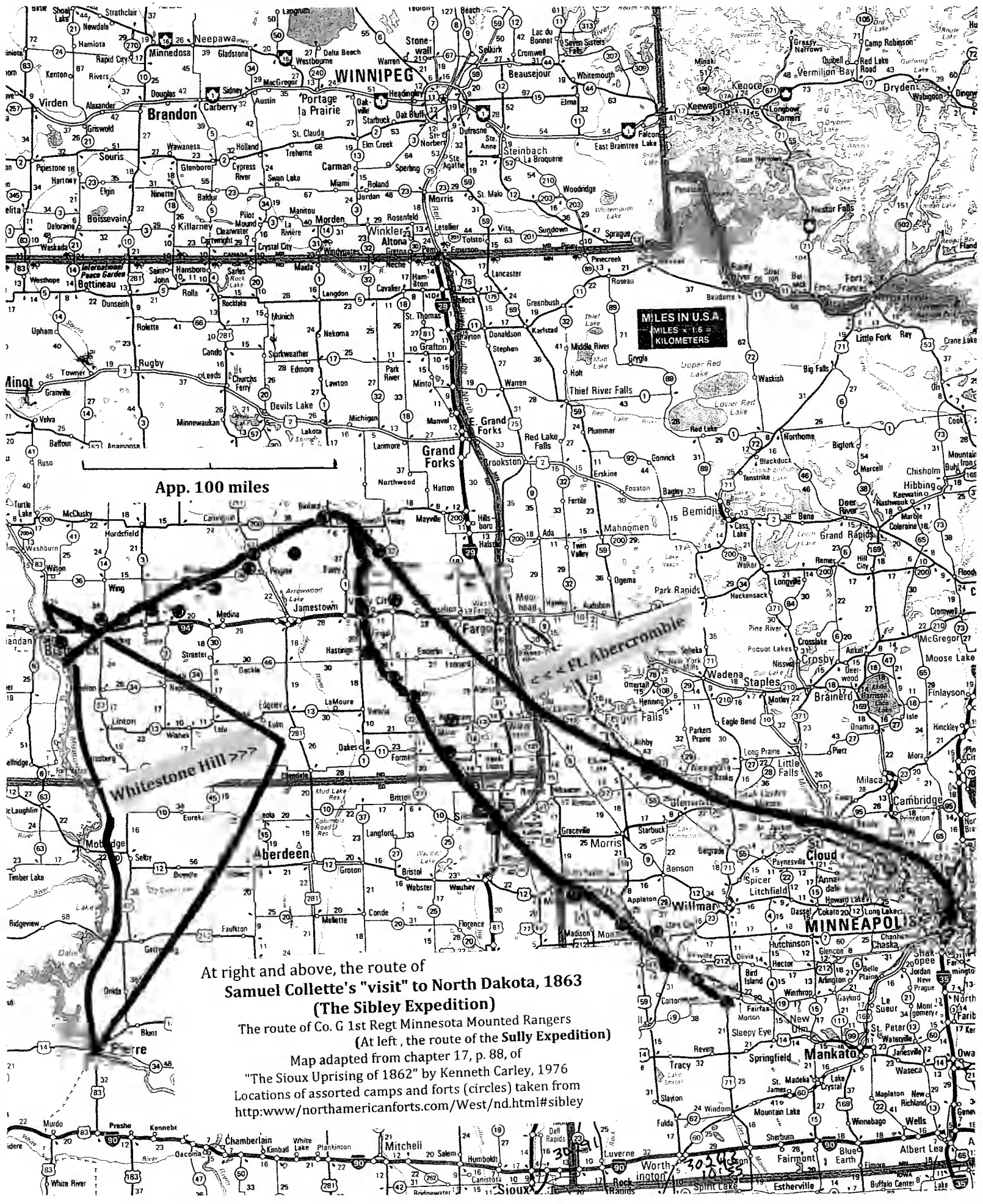
I know that we left things that perhaps I would have taken if we had known that the floks were going to sell their home and move to California permanently.

They did stop at Amidon later in the fall on their way to California and spent a week with us.

We were filled with high expectations of the future and we weathered all the storms that came our way with the help of God.

I close this with the thought that I am alone now, but the presence of Esther is always felt. My wonderful family and friends and relatives make me feel that I will have the courage to face the future unafraid.

SAMUEL COLLETTE'S UNIT IN INDIAN WAR 1863



App. 100 miles

Whitestone Hill >>>

At right and above, the route of Samuel Collette's "visit" to North Dakota, 1863
 (The Sibley Expedition)

The route of Co. G 1st Regt Minnesota Mounted Rangers
 (At left, the route of the Sully Expedition)

Map adapted from chapter 17, p. 88, of
 "The Sioux Uprising of 1862" by Kenneth Carley, 1976
 Locations of assorted camps and forts (circles) taken from
<http://www.northamericanforts.com/West/nd.html#sibley>

MILES IN U.S.A.
 MILES x 1.6 = KILOMETERS

30243
 10153

Camps of General H.H. Sibley's Campaign MINNESOTA

(1863), various locations

(see also NORTH DAKOTA and SOUTH DAKOTA pages)

Federal encampments during the 1863 campaign to put down the Sioux Uprising.

Camp Pope about one mile northwest of *Redwood Falls*. General Sibley's starting point of the campaign.

Camp Crooks near *Delhi*.

Camp Miller across the Minnesota River from *Sacred Heart*, below the mouth of Yellow Medicine Creek. The Battle of Wood Lake occurred near here in 1863.

Camp Baker near *Granite Falls* at the **Upper Sioux Indian Agency**.

Camp McPhaill across the Minnesota River from *Montevideo*.

Camp Ramsey (1) near *Cerro Gordo*.

Camp Averill across the Minnesota River from *Odessa*, on the Yellow Bank River.

Other Federal encampments not associated with General Sibley were:

Camp Marsh near *Groghan*.

Camp Goodhue near *Henderson* on the Rush River (?).

Camp Burns near *Fairfax* on Little Rock Creek (?).

Camps of General H.H. Sibley's Campaign SOUTH DAKOTA

(1863), various locations

(see also NORTH DAKOTA and MINNESOTA pages)

Federal encampments during the campaign to crush the 1862-63 Sioux Uprising.

Camp Marshall near *Big Stone City*

Camp Jennison near *Hartford Beach*

Camp McClaren opposite *Browns Valley, MN*

Camp Bradley (1) northeast of *Sisseton*

Camp Cook near *Veblen* or *Claire City*

<http://www.northamericanforts.com/West/nd.html#sibley>

Camps of General H.H. Sibley's Campaign (State Historical Sites) NORTH DAKOTA

(1863 - 1864)

The main Federal expedition to put down the 1862-63 Sioux Uprising.

Camp Buell SHS near *DeLamere*,

Camp Weiser SHS near *Kathryn*,

Camp Sheartown (or **Sheardown**) SHS near *Valley City*,

Camp Arnold SHS at *Oriska*,

Camp Corning SHS at "Sibley Crossing" near *Sibley*,

Camp Atchison (or **Atcheson**) SHS, northeast shore of Lake Sibley south of *Binford*, fortified and occupied for a month.

Camp Kimball SHS west of *Pingree*,

Camp Grant SHS south of *Woodworth*,

Camp Whitney SHS north of *Tappen*,

Camp Banks north of *Driscoll* (Chaska SHS).

Other sites on private property (in order of the route taken):

Camp Parker near *Cayuga*,

Camp Hayes near *Lisbon*,

Camp Wharton east of *Fort Ransom*,

Camp Smith north of *Valley City*,

Camp Pope near *Luverne*,

Camp Forbes near *Kensal*,

Camp Olin east of *Edmonds* near Mud Lake,

Camp Sibley south of *Pettibone* near Big Mound (on Chase Lake ?). The Battle of Big Mound occurred here in July 1863.

Camp Pfaender north of *Steele* at Dead Buffalo Lake. The Battle of Dead Buffalo Lake occurred here in July 1863.

Camp Shoemaker north of *Driscoll*,

Camp Stees north of *Sterling* on Apple Creek,

Camp Slaughter near *Lincoln*.

<http://www.northamericanforts.com/West/mn.html>

Minnesota
In The
Civil + Indian Wars
1861-65.

1891 - Pioneer Press Co

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NARRATIVE OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF MOUNTED RANGERS.

BY CAPTAIN EUGENE M. WILSON.¹

This regiment was recruited in the fall of 1862, on account of the urgent necessity of having cavalry for the purposes of the Indian War then being prosecuted in Minnesota against the Sioux Indians. In the month of August previous this merciless and savage foe had perpetrated a massacre all along the frontier that, for extent of mortality and horrible details, was without a parallel in American history. The Sioux were naturally a fierce and warlike race, as their name "Cut Throat" implies. They undoubtedly were suffering some injustice from the neglect of the general Government, which was then bending its every energy to the suppression of the great Rebellion, and was excusable for failure to carry out treaty obligations with the Indian tribes with the promptitude that had characterized its action in times of peace. But this formed no adequate excuse for an outbreak of war, and not the slightest apology for the fiendish outrages that spared neither infancy, age nor sex, and that followed even death with mutilations so diabolical and obscene that common decency forbids their publication.

The outbreak commenced at Acton. On August 17th Capt. Strout's company was defeated. On the 18th, Capt. Marsh's men, while crossing the river at the Redwood Agency, were surprised and butchered. The fiends spread themselves like prairie fire all along the frontier, from Otter Tail Lake to the Iowa line, and in the course of a few days more than 1,000 persons were slaughtered by the remorseless savages. Some of the more attractive females alone were spared for a fate worse than death.

The great majority of those subject to this terrible attack were foreigners. Knowing nothing of the Indian character, incapable of defense, and without suspicion of danger, they fell easy and unresisting victims to the whirlwind of death that swept over them. Where there were settlements of native-born citizens, and particularly of those acquainted with frontier life, they generally organized a successful defense. The Indians spread eastward with their attacks as far as Forest City and Glencoe, and persons were killed within thirty miles of Minneapolis. Stockades were erected all along the inner frontier line, and the few who had not rushed as refugees to the river towns were in a continual state of siege. The citizens immediately organized irregular relief corps, and went to the aid of the beleaguered places. New Ulm and Fort Ridgley, in imminent danger of capture and slaughter, were relieved. The Indians were defeated at Birch Coolie, and afterward in a much more extensive engagement at Wood Lake. General Sibley had been placed in command, and his knowledge of Indian character, his prudence and ability, led to the victories and the release of hundreds of white prisoners whose lives were in the greatest danger. A large number of Indian prisoners were taken, but the great mass of the bands, and the worst of them, scattered from Wood Lake westward to join with their cousins of the plains, and prepare for a renewal of hostilities.

The experience of the campaign so far had shown that cavalry was absolutely indispensable for the prosecution of offensive war. Infantry could only fight Indians when Indians chose to make the attack. When they chose to get out of

¹ This narrative was written by Mr. Wilson in January, 1890. His lamented death occurred at Nassau, Island of New Providence (Bernudas), April 10, 1890.

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the way there was no difficulty in doing so. Infantry could not patrol the long line of frontier, and were necessarily confined to the various stockades and garrisons. An order was therefore procured from the War Department for the organization of a twelve-company regiment of mounted men, who should not merely be cavalry, but be armed with such long-range guns as would fit them for all emergencies of Indian warfare. No sooner was the order published than recruits began to pour into Fort Snelling, and but a short time elapsed until the regiment was organized. The roster of the regiment follows this narrative.

The privates were citizens of Minnesota, and many enlisted with hearts aching for wives and children and other relatives who had been slaughtered by the barbarous knife and tomahawk. It may well be supposed that they felt more than ordinary interest in the campaign, and had no tender feeling for the Indian. The majority had been out in the citizen organizations that went to the relief of the settlements, and had participated in the battles of the August and September previous. The First Battalion of the regiment was sent out to the frontier as soon as organized, and remained there all winter, guarding and patrolling against incursions of Indians. The remainder of the regiment was stationed later at various places in the state.

INDIAN CAMPAIGN, 1863.

In the spring of 1863 General Sibley organized his expedition for following and attacking the Sioux in Dakota, whither they had gone. Six companies went out with the expedition from Fort Snelling, and the First Battalion marched down across the state and joined the main body at Camp Pope, twenty-five miles beyond Fort Ridgley. Nine companies of the regiment thus accompanied the expedition under command of Col. McPhail; the other three companies remained and did patrol duty on the frontier under command of Lieut. Col. Pfaender. The expedition moved out of Camp Pope on the 16th of June, 1863. This was before the day of railroads in Minnesota. There was really nothing but a thin line of settlements along the river. The communities beyond were, before the massacre, few and far between, and by it were virtually obliterated. The west line of Minnesota was further off than the Rocky Mountains of to-day. All provisions and supplies had to be hauled from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Troops could not move until the grass on the plains was strong enough to support the stock of the quartermaster department and the horses of the cavalry. There had been a drought in 1862, and it continued through 1863. The plains of Dakota were so parched and dry that dust rose along the march as from a public highway. The lakes and streams were so alkaline as to cause suffering and sickness to the troops. The dogs that accompanied the expedition died from thirst, or were shot to prevent their becoming mad. Horses and mules became poor and weak, and many died. Prairie fires ran over the uplands late in June. The custom was to have the reveillé sounded at two o'clock in the morning, and a start was made as soon as it was light enough to see, which came very early in that high northern latitude. A march could not be extended beyond noon, as the rest of the day was necessary to allow the stock to feed on the little grass that could be found in the lowlands and around the lakes and marshes. Stock could not be grazed at night, as the Indians would have stampeded it, but had to be tied to the picket rope and fed on grass cut with scythes when any could be found to cut. Often on coming into camp the water was found so bad that the troops had to dig wells, and by sinking ten or twelve feet at the edge of a marsh generally found water which, though far from pure, was not impregnated with alkali. The principal fuel was buffalo chips.

The cavalry, although having the privilege of riding during the march, had really a harder time than the infantry. The latter when in camp had little to do but to rest. The work of the cavalryman had just commenced. He had to graze his horse during the afternoon and cut grass for his provender at night. When night came he was placed on picket guard on a circle far outside the common camp guard. He was in danger from the wily Indian without and the nervous infantry guard within. Indeed, the habit of having the cavalry guard shot

at by the camp guard, under supposition of being an Indian, became so frequent that private instructions were given to return the fire, and this reciprocity soon cured the trouble from within.

BATTLE OF BIG MOUND.

The main body of the Indians was not reached until the 24th of July, when the scouts reported them in large numbers. The train was soon brought into corral by a shallow and alkaline lake, under the shadow of a high hill, which was called Big Mound, and gave name to the battle fought that day. The Indians appeared in large numbers on Big Mound, and in larger numbers still to the west of it. Through the interchange of communications between the scouts the Indians expressed a wish to have a conference with General Sibley. He, having been warned of danger, declined. Dr. Weiser, the chaplain of the Mounted Rangers, however, went among the Indians, many of whom he knew, and returned to the camp saying that they only wanted peace. He shortly returned to the top of Big Mound with two or three other persons, and was almost immediately shot and killed. His companions escaped by hard riding and from the bad marksmanship of the Indians. Lieutenant Freeman of Company D of the Rangers had been killed several hours before while out hunting, but this was not then known in camp. As soon as the killing of Dr. Weiser was known General Sibley ordered the First Battalion of the Rangers to attack the Indians, which they did, followed by some companies of the Sixth and Tenth Infantry regiments. Part of the cavalry had to dismount on account of the steepness of the hill, and they fought their way up on foot, driving the Indians before them. A fearful thunder storm came on during this attack, and it seemed as if offended nature was going to participate and destroy the other combatants. One cavalryman only, however, was killed by the lightning, which was playing about with fearful recklessness. Two others, with their horses, were knocked down, but eventually recovered. The Indians retreated soon after the first attack, and, the cavalry following, a running fight was kept up for some fifteen miles, when darkness put an end to the conflict. It was not till next morning that the cavalry returned from the pursuit. It was difficult to tell how many Indians were killed. Several Indian scalps were taken. The taking of these was not noticed by the officers in the heat of the conflict. They were in every instance in the possession of those some member of whose family had been murdered by the savages, or who had been trappers and hunters, and acquainted with Indian habits and customs. They knew how much the Indian felt the disgrace of having any members of his tribe start scalpless to the happy hunting grounds, and the savage superstition as to the improbability of a bald man's success in the next world. Many of them had lost their families by Indian massacre, and it was not surprising that in this instance they forgot the humanities of civilization. Part of the infantry marched in this battle after the cavalry to a distance of some ten miles from camp. The fighting after the first attack was necessarily done by the cavalry.

The mistake of the campaign occurred at the close of the battle that day. Lieut. Beaver of Gen. Sibley's staff brought an order to Col. McPhail to return to camp during the night, which was unfortunately obeyed. And the more unfortunately, since it turned out that Lieut. Beaver had mistaken the purport of the order. The cavalry should have waited where they were until the Seventh Regiment came up, and then bivouacked on the ground. The families of the Indians were close by. They could not have escaped. The warriors would not have deserted their families. An end to the conflict could have been made in two days, and more Indian prisoners taken than ever before or since. But the cavalry was marched back. Upon meeting the infantry, it too was turned back, and the whole night was spent in reaching camp. The march of the day before had commenced at three o'clock in the morning, and continued until noon. A little after two the men were again in the saddle, and in the saddle they were kept until the next morning. All they had to eat after leaving camp at Big Mound was dried buffalo meat found in the Indian camp, about as palatable and as tough as a leather saddle-skirt. The long march and fight had exhausted men

and horses. A day's rest was absolutely necessary. The Indians thus got two or three days' start for their families, who traveled as only squaws can. The warriors remained behind to fight and delay our troops, and give better chance for the wives and children to reach and cross the Missouri River.

BATTLE OF DEAD BUFFALO LAKE.

On the 26th of July the savages were again found at Dead Buffalo Lake. After our troops had gone into camp, a large number of them made a dash for some hay cutters and mules that were off some distance on the lake shore. One company of cavalry was standing to horse, and immediately started for the rescue. Another saddled at once, and reached the Indians about the same time as the first. A charge was made upon them, and a fight at once developed, which was soon participated in by other cavalry and Indians who came to join their comrades. It was a smoky day, and as the horses of whites and Indians stirred up the dust, and the contestants mingled with each other, it was often difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The Indians were so excited, and their aim so faulty, that they seemed unable to hit anyone twenty yards distant, and after a half hour of this close work they made off as fast as their ponies would carry them, leaving behind a number of dead. The first charge of the Indians in this fight was led by Grey Eagle, a chief of considerable distinction. Although naked, he was finely painted, and his head profusely decorated with feathers. He was a splendid looking fellow, and fought bravely, but was soon killed.

BATTLE OF STONY LAKE.

Again, at Stony Lake, on the 28th of July, the Indians made an attack. As the train was moving along in the morning they were discovered by the scouts, and soon proved to be in great numbers. They were mostly mounted warriors, and must have numbered some 2,500. It was afterward ascertained that they had been reinforced by the Teton Sioux from across the Missouri. They attacked with great boldness, and showed an ability in the management of their forces unusual in savage warfare. Signal men could be seen waving signal flags on certain parts of the field, which was always followed by a rush of Indians to that quarter. They made repeated charges, but were easily repulsed. The light artillery discouraged them very much, and, finding success impossible, they abandoned the field. They evidently intended this for their grand final effort. They were painted for battle, and naked as at the day of their birth, with the exception of shot pouches and knife belts.

This was the last battle, and the next day the Missouri River was reached near the mouth of Apple Creek and some five miles below the present site of Eismarck. The Indians had, however, gotten across the river. As part of the plan of the campaign, General Sully was to march up the Missouri from Sioux City with 3,000 men, and be on the other side of the Missouri before General Sibley and the Indians arrived. His transportation of rations and baggage was to be sent by steamboat. The extreme low water in the river, however, so delayed the steamers that he did not arrive in time, and the nicely laid plan to trap the savages failed because one side of the trap was left open.

It was impossible to continue the campaign further. The transportation was greatly exhausted. There was only left sufficient rations for a return to the supply left at Camp Atchison. So, after waiting three days and hearing nothing of General Sully, the return march was commenced. The campaign had not proven the success desired, which was the complete destruction of the hostile Sioux. But it was a complete success so far as relieving the State of Minnesota from future attack. The bands that had been located in the western part of the state, and all those east of the Missouri in Dakota, were driven west of that river, never to return. From that day Minnesota was as safe from Indians as Massachusetts. Successive defeats and the sufferings of their flight were not to be forgotten and not to be risked again. They had taken the year before, from the massacred settlers, a large number of horses, wagons and other property, and had much of this plunder in 1863. From Big Mound to the crossing of the Missouri their

track was strewn by abandoned property; wagons, horses and household goods lined the way. Their tepees were left behind. At the Missouri was found a large number of wagons and a great quantity of abandoned property which in their flight they could not take across. These, with some of our own army wagons that the weakened mules were unable to haul any longer, made a parting bonfire.

During this campaign the Indians were tolerably well armed with the trade-gun which they used in killing buffalo and the arms they had taken from troops and settlers. Many still retained the bow and arrows in addition to their guns. At close quarters this was a more dangerous weapon than a revolver. They shot their arrows with great rapidity and precision. Although made of light arrow-wood, they were tipped with iron, and given such velocity that they would go clear through a man and show the barb on the other side from its entrance.

The return march was uneventful except for the suffering on account of bad water, and at Lake Jessie the finding alive of George Brackett, whom we had supposed to have been killed along with Lieut. Freeman. When Lake Jessie, where the invalid corps, surplus supplies and transportation had been left on the way to the Missouri, was reached on the return march, Col. McPhail, with several companies of the regiment, was ordered to return to Fort Ridgley, via Snake River and the Lake Shetek country, and accordingly, August 12th, they parted with the main command, taking up their march in a southeasterly direction, and reaching Fort Ridgley September 1st; while the main column, under the immediate command of the general, resumed its march toward Abercrombie.

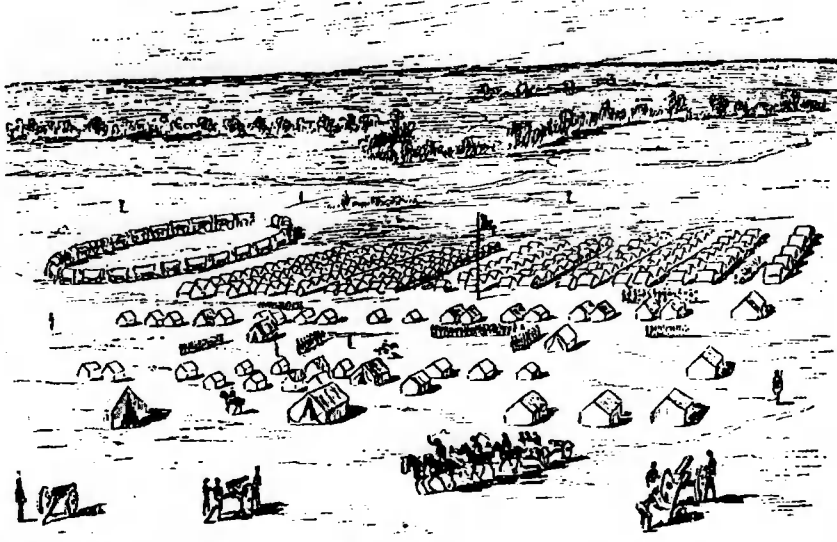
Before arriving at Fort Abercrombie the First Battalion of cavalry was sent through the northern part of the state to Fort Ripley, and the remainder of the command marched to Fort Snelling. The various companies of the regiment of Rangers were mustered out of service during the late fall and early winter. A large number of them re-enlisted in various regiments, and particularly in the Second Cavalry Regiment, which was engaged, under General Sully, in a further Indian war beyond the Missouri.

The men who formed the First Mounted Rangers were as fine a class as ever enlisted. The roster of the regiment shows names connected prominently with the history of Minnesota from its earliest days to the present time. They have been chosen to fill the various offices of the state from governor on down. They have held high rank in the state senate and house of representatives. They have represented Minnesota in the federal Congress. They have graced the bench and bar of the state, and in the various avocations of life been among the chief promoters of the great and rapid progress of the commonwealth. Many, ripe in years and honors, have been gathered with the harvest, but their memory is still green with their comrades and fellow citizens. The survivors cannot, in the common course of human life, expect many more years of service. But those years will still be years of usefulness. And as, one by one, the final order comes for mustering out, it will be obeyed with the same calm courage that has characterized their lives.

NOTE.—The following account of the service of Company M in the battle of Dead Buffalo Lake is taken from "A Journal of Sibley's Indian Expedition," by Arthur M. Daniels of Company H, Sixth Regiment, Minnesota Infantry, and published at Winona in 1864: "We left camp this morning about five o'clock and came rapidly forward southwest. It was very cold; we had on our overcoats or blankets, and we could stand it to march fast. We came upon the Indian camp in about an hour and a half, and halted a few minutes. Many relics were secured. Every conceivable article of Indian apparel and paraphernalia was strewn all along the track of their retreat for six or seven miles, indeed as far as we have come. It was not long before Indians were reported in our advance, and the train was put in a solid mass. Companies A and B of the Sixth Regiment, which was in advance, deployed as skirmishers, others being the reserve. We advanced thus. The cavalry were also in line behind us, and other regiments on either flank, and everything was in perfect order to receive an attack from any direction. We moved on in this manner until we had made some ten miles more and were probably fifteen miles from this morning's camp. We, the advance, had then passed a lake called Dead Buffalo Lake, selected as the site for camp, and halted.

"Indians were immediately in our front, on ponies, riding backward and forward and evidently trying to feel us a little or draw us on. Guns were fired occasionally by them, and once in a while a response was made by our skirmishers. Thus the farce went on for an hour and a half,—a sort of

a play fight. The reserve skirmishers were ordered back to camp. Just before we returned, a section of a battery came up, and when the Indians had huddled together a shell was dropped among them; then, as soon as they saw the smoke—before the shell reached them, they made another beautiful 'skedaddle.' We had hardly reached camp and stacked arms on the color line, when Indians were reported coming over the bluff to the northwest. The cattle and horses and some men were out on the prairie away up to the bluff. All who were on the bluff presently came rushing in, and soon the Indians appeared within half a mile of camp. There seemed to be no one left to guard camp, and there appeared to be danger, for a few minutes, that they would capture some cattle and horses; one, in particular, rode clear down the hill and fired his gun; we were immediately ordered up as skirmishers, but Company M of the cavalry (First Regiment, Mounted Rangers) beat us, rushed up the hill, and finally, after a few minutes, made a charge, killing five of them. Companies A and L were also in line, and charged over the hill after the savages. We laid down just behind the brow of the hill, and then the cavalry retreated, hoping to draw them onto us, but they kept a respectful distance from us. We laid thus for an hour or two and then came back to camp. One man of the cavalry was wounded in the charge." Company M, during the Indian expedition of 1863, was commanded by Lieutenant Daniel B. Johnson, Jr.



CAMP POPE near Redwood Falls was the starting point for Sibley's 1863 expedition to the Missouri River. Some 3,300 men gathered at the camp. A train of 225 wagons was required to carry the supplies for the march. FROM CONNOLLY, *Minnesota Massacre*.

"THE SIOUX war may be considered at an end," wrote Pope to Henry W. Halleck, general in chief at Washington, on October 9, 1862. Thirteen days later Governor Ramsey informed President Lincoln that the conflict was "virtually closed."

In Minnesota the reaction to these statements was immediate. From several parts of the state came shouts that a definite Indian threat still remained. The Democratic press charged that Pope and Ramsey had made the announcements only to forestall a move by the administration to replace Pope as department commander with a civilian, Senator Henry M. Rice of Minnesota, whose term was about to expire.

Pope and Ramsey soon made it clear that they had no intention of removing all the troops from the frontier, as many panicky Minnesotans feared. Even though there was a great need for soldiers in the South, Pope said that he would send only the Third regiment to fight in the Civil War. The remaining five regiments would be retained at home, he said, "to restore confidence to a people panic-stricken at the awful outrages but recently perpetrated by the Sioux."

As distributed by Sibley, now commander of the Military District of Minnesota, the troops garrisoned numerous posts in two crescent-shaped defense lines from Fort Abercrombie east and south to the Iowa border. (See map pages 46-47.) Headquarters for the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth regiments were, respectively, at Fort Snelling, Mankato, Fort Ripley, Fort Ridgely, and Le Sueur, with individual companies stationed at posts elsewhere. The soldiers patrolled designated areas daily to guard against Indian raids and prevent whites from plundering deserted settlements.

While defense measures were being reorganized in Minnesota, some eight hundred Lower Sioux and perhaps four thousand Upper Sioux roamed about Dakota Territory. The latter left their villages near Lakes Traverse and Big Stone because they had little faith in Sibley's promise

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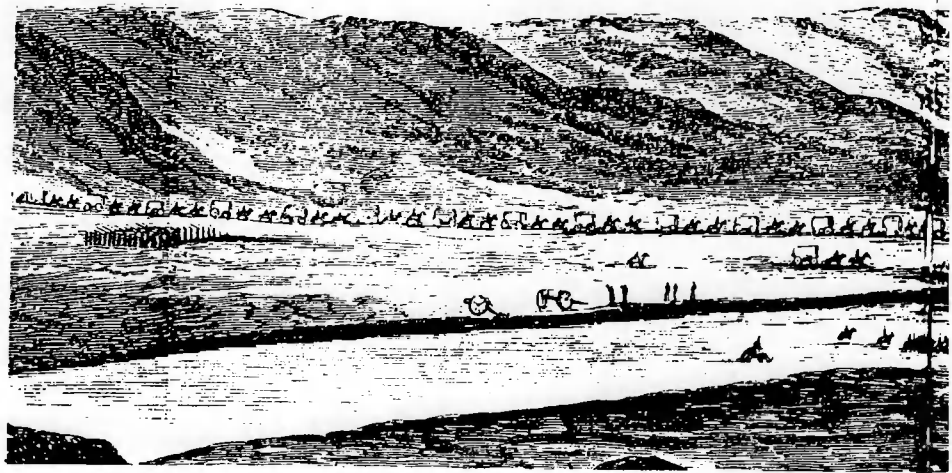
17. SEQUEL TO THE 1862 UPRISING

The
Sioux
Uprising
of 1862
by Kenneth
Cusley.

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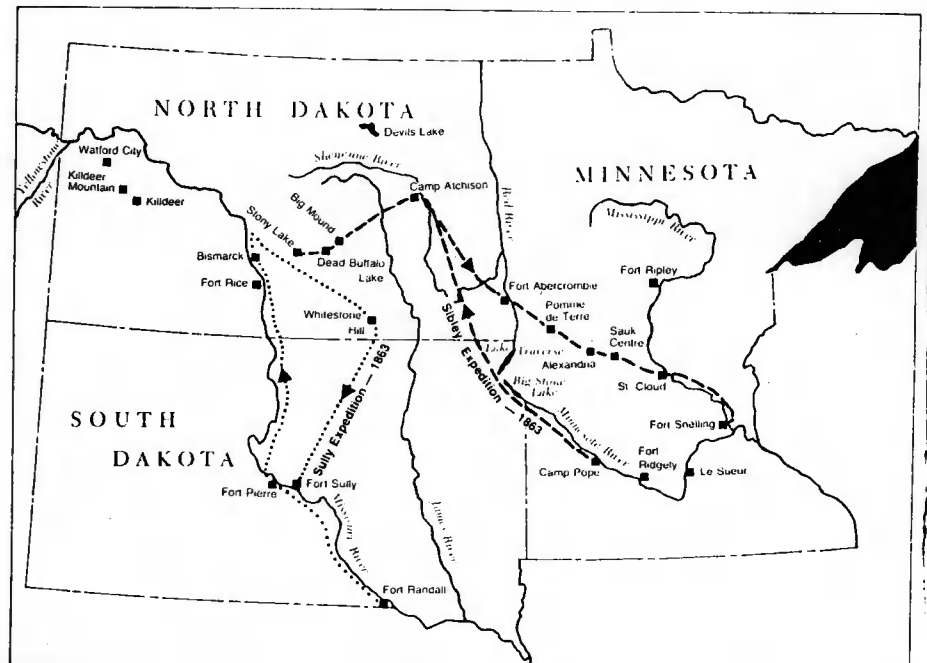
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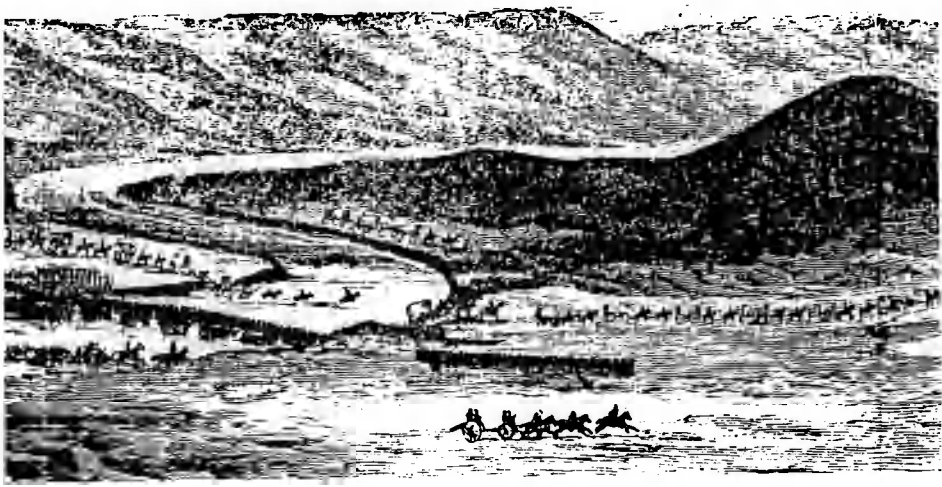


of safety if they surrendered. Also on the plains were thousands of Yankton and Yanktonai, who were thought to have joined the Minnesota Sioux still at large.

General Pope was convinced that these Indians would attack the Minnesota frontier during the coming summer. He therefore decided early in 1863 to send a two-pronged punitive expedition into Dakota Territory. One column, led by Sibley, was to be made up largely of infantry; it would march northward from near Fort Ridgely to the Devils Lake area. The other would be a cavalry unit headed by General Alfred Sully, who had fought in Civil War battles in the East. Sully would move up the Missouri River Valley from Fort Randall and then meet Sibley near Devils Lake. The Indians, it was hoped, would be caught in this pincers movement.

THIS MAP shows the routes of military expeditions in Dakota Territory in 1863-64. MAP BY ALAN OMINSKY.





SIBLEY'S EXPEDITION *crossed the James River in Dakota Territory on July 20, 1863. SKETCH BY ELSBURY, FROM Harper's Weekly, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.*

In June, 1863, Sibley concentrated about 3,300 men at Camp Pope, near present-day Redwood Falls. The chief units represented in his command were the Sixth, Seventh, and Tenth regiments, the First Minnesota Mounted Rangers, and the Third Battery of Light Artillery commanded by Captain Jones, the hero of Fort Ridgely. In addition there were a hundred men from the Ninth Minnesota and seventy Indian and mixed-blood scouts. The Eighth regiment stayed at home to guard settlers and protect the all-important supply line between St. Cloud and Fort Abercrombie from such posts as Sauk Centre, Alexandria, and Pomme de Terre.

As Sibley's expedition moved out from Camp Pope on June 16 it formed a column five miles long. Over two hundred wagons carried enough provisions for ninety days. After a month's march, made tedious by dusty prairies, alkaline lakes, locusts, and heat, the command reached a point about forty miles southeast of Devils Lake, where a field base called Camp Atchison was established. Learning that six hundred lodges of Sioux had left Devils Lake and were heading toward the Missouri River, Sibley prepared to take out after them.

Early on July 20 about 2,300 men set out from the base camp, and four days later Sibley's scouts reported many Indians on the prairie and a large encampment not far distant. Sibley halted the column, and while camp was set up many Sioux watched from a range of hills about a mile away. A sizable group was stationed on the summit of the highest peak, called Big Mound, in what is now Kidder County, North Dakota. Some of these rode toward Sibley's camp — not, as the general hoped, in a show of friendship, but to warn him of the Indians' intention to fight. The battle of Big Mound was suddenly touched off when a young Indian, unmindful of the consequences, shot Dr. Josiah S. Weiser, surgeon of the Mounted Rangers. The outnumbered Indians (some 1,500 of them) fought until late afternoon before giving up the battle and retreating westward.

The Sioux were similarly routed in encounters at nearby Dead Buffalo Lake on July 26 and two days later at Stony Lake northeast of present day Driscoll, North Dakota, where, Sibley reported, "there took place the greatest conflict between our troops and the Indians,



GENERAL ALFRED SULLY, *an experienced army man who had earlier served as colonel of the First Minnesota, led expeditions against the Sioux in Dakota Territory in 1863, 1864, and 1865. FROM A TINTYPE TAKEN IN THE 1860s.*

so far as the numbers were concerned." In each instance, Sibley's soldiers fought not against a war party but against a body of hunters whose major concern was to delay the expedition while their women and children crossed the Missouri River to safety. Although only one soldier was killed in all the battles, Sibley estimated the Sioux deaths at from 120 to 150. The Indians also suffered great losses of utensils and equipment in their hasty retreats.

On July 29, the day following the fight at Stony Lake, Sibley's command reached the Missouri's eastern bank. There, in the vicinity of present-day Bismarck, North Dakota, he waited for General Sully. Two days passed without a sign of Sully and, because his supplies were running low, Sibley decided to return home. His main column reached Fort Snelling on September 13.

Sully, delayed by low water in the Missouri and other difficulties, had not left his advance base near Fort Pierre (South Dakota) until August 21. About a week later he reached the Bismarck area and learned that Sibley's forces were on their way back to Minnesota. He then turned to the southeast to track down some Sioux hunting near the headwaters of the James River. After three days of rapid marching, his troops arrived at Whitestone Hill, now a North Dakota state park. There one of his forward battalions suddenly came upon a large group of unsuspecting Indians and immediately formed a battle line. The main force of the expedition came up about two hours later and found the Indians breaking camp. Sully ordered his men to advance and charge through the center of the Indians, who made a "very desperate resistance." Darkness put an end to the engagement, in which Sully lost twenty killed and thirty-eight wounded. He set the Indian losses at between 150 and 200, including women and children.

THE CAVALRY of Sully's brigade charged the Sioux forces at the battle of Whitestone Hill on September 3, 1863. Sully successfully routed the Indians in this brief encounter. The site in North Dakota is appropriately marked. FROM AN OFFICER'S SKETCH OF THE BATTLE IN *Harper's Weekly*, OCTOBER 31, 1863.





SULLY'S BRIGADES set up wagon corrals near Fort Berthold in Dakota Territory on the return route of his expedition in 1864. PHOTO TAKEN IN 1864.

On November 13, 1863, Samuel J. Brown, nineteen-year-old interpreter at the Crow Creek agency on the Missouri, wrote a letter to his father, Joseph R. Brown, that presents the Indian side of Whitestone Hill and puts something of a cloud over Sully's victory. "I don't think he ought to brag of it at all," wrote Samuel, "because it was, what no decent man would have done, he pitched into their camp and just slaughtered them, worse a great deal than what the Indians did in 1862, he killed *very few* men and took *no* hostile ones prisoners, he *took* some but they were friendly Yanktons, and he let them go again . . . it is lamentable to hear how those women and children were slaughtered it was a perfect massacre, and now he returns saying that we need fear no more, for he has 'wiped out all hostile Indians from Dakota,' if he had killed men instead of women & children, then it would have been a success, and the worse of it, they had no hostile intention whatever . . ."

For two days following the battle of Whitestone Hill the expedition spread over the countryside destroying everything the enemy had abandoned, dispersing small bands of Indians, and capturing others. Sully returned to his base on the Missouri with 156 Sioux men, women, and children as prisoners. The 1863 expeditions had driven the main body of Sioux farther from the Minnesota border but had failed to kill or capture many of the Indians' fighting men. It was not long before the Dakota were again back across the Missouri hunting buffalo.

General Sully led another expedition to Dakota Territory in 1864. He marched up the Missouri Valley with a brigade that included one Minnesota unit, Brackett's battalion of cavalry. On June 28, he was joined by a second brigade from Minnesota under Colonel Minor T. Thomas of the Eighth Minnesota. In addition to that regiment, Thomas' force included part of the Second Minnesota cavalry and two sections of Captain Jones's Third Minnesota Battery. The combined brigades, about 2,200 men, crossed the river and established Fort Rice on its western bank in present North Dakota.

The climax of this expedition came at Killdeer Mountain, southeast of present-day Watford City in northwestern North Dakota. There on July 28 Indians from an estimated sixteen hundred lodges watched

as the soldiers approached. The Sioux apparently were confident of victory, for their women and children had come out to witness the battle that followed. No match for the experienced and well-equipped soldiers, the Indians fought hard but with little success until sunset. Then they joined their women and children and fled, leaving behind lodges, food, utensils, and even some dogs and horses. Five of Sully's men were killed and ten wounded. The Indian loss was thought to be from 100 to 150. Following the battle at Killdeer Mountain, the expedition pressed westward through the Badlands to the Yellowstone River and then turned toward home. On October 8, after having marched 1,625 miles, the Minnesota brigade arrived at Fort Ridgely. Further marches were made into Dakota Territory by the military in 1865, but no Sioux were encountered.

Occasional Indian marauders still broke through the cordon of posts and patrols to create panic along the Minnesota frontier. A case in point was the murder of four members of the Andrew J. Jewett family on May 2, 1865, near Garden City in Blue Earth County. As a result, a mob at Mankato lynched John L. Campbell, a mixed-blood, who had been convicted of the crime. Some forts in the state were garrisoned as late as 1866, but gradually the Indian raids ceased, and settlers slowly began to filter back into the wide area depopulated by the Sioux Uprising.

In a broader sense, however, the Sioux War went on for many years. As the frontier moved westward, other Dakota tribes rose against the white man. Little Crow and the Minnesota Uprising of 1862 were still fresh in the nation's memory when it became aware of such Indian leaders as Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and Crazy Horse. Bloody battles at Fort Phil Kearny, the Little Bighorn, and, in 1890, Wounded Knee, brought to an end at last the generation of Indian warfare that had begun at Acton in August, 1862.

THE BATTLE OF KILLDEER MOUNTAIN in North Dakota, which was fought by Sully's troops on July 28, 1864, successfully scattered the Sioux. OIL BY CARL L. BOECKMANN IN THE MINNESOTA CAPITOL.



about 150 Indians had been killed by the Army in September, 1863: Their crime: possibly harboring some of the perpetrators of the Minnesota Valley uprising. A large monument had been erected in 1909 to the 20 soldiers who were killed at Whitestone; it was not until the 1930s that a small monument to the massacred Indians had been erected. The injustice perpetrated at Whitestone on the Native Americans outraged me when I first learned of it, and still does outrage me. It is a haunting place to visit.

In April, 1997, I decided to finally find out exactly what activity Samuel Collette's company had been involved in during the Civil War. The research at the Minnesota History Center was easy - the Civil War is heavily documented. What I found surprised me.

It developed that Samuel Collette's Regiment, the First Minnesota Mounted Rangers, was called into service with a specific task to defeat the Indians in what later became known as the Dakota Conflict. In the summer of 1863, under the command of Henry Hastings Sibley, with Pierre Bottineau as a scout, the Regiment went to the west, ultimately reaching the Missouri River before returning, and engaging in three battles with the Sioux (Dakota) in the general area north of I-94 and between Jamestown and Bismarck, North Dakota (near present day Tappen, Dawson and Driscoll)..

The chronicler of the activities of the Regiment, Captain Eugene Wilson, recalled events of 1862 in memories written in 1890. In six pages of narrative, Captain Wilson devoted one sentence to the plight of the Native Americans: "They undoubtedly were suffering some injustice from the neglect of general Government, which was then bending its every energy to the suppression of the great Rebellion [Civil War]. And was excusable for failure to carry out treaty obligations with the Indian tribes with the promptitude that had characterized its action in times of peace." The rest of the narrative was the expected one-sided military history, including justification for the actions taken by the First Regiment. (William E. Lass in Minnesota, A History (1983), described the same events differently: "...it certainly is a classic example of the failure of United States Indian policy." (p.109))

Private Collette and his fellows had not gone to the Civil War. They were probably hurriedly

called into service after most of the "boys" had already left for the eastern front. Most likely they were quickly called to arms to defend Minnesota against the red man, and they probably enlisted with some fledgling patriotic fervor. The Sioux (Dakota) did not fare well in the "public relations" campaigns of the time.

Exactly what Private Collette and Company G did during its tour of duty was not chronicled by Captain Wilson, except that its mission was to suppress the Indians. It was in North Dakota a year before Whitestone Hill. It seems to have suffered no casualties, and thus may not have even directly engaged the Indians. Elements of the First Minnesota Mounted Rangers apparently witnessed the hangings at Mankato. It is unknown if Samuel was one of those on horseback that awful day.

Did Private Collette go willingly or was he in some way conscripted? What motivation did he have for entering the service? Four of the 85 enlisted men in the company were listed as from Canada, and some were listed as from other countries. Did they even understand or care about the issues that led to the war? There are many questions I'd like to ask Uncle Samuel. But because of him I have developed a little better perspective about part of the relationship between Native Americans and the United States of America..

ABENAKI OF ODANAK

by Esther Wawanolett Nolett

(from a conference presented at Manchester NH on April 27, 1991)

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"I have always enjoyed listening to the old people talking of their past, telling stories, and legends. I wanted to know the paths that my ancestors had followed during the three centuries of our history. During the last twenty years, I have become more interested in researching, and I have been fortunate to have more time for it. Research is an emotional and sentimental journey, but thrilling for it allows me to talk and to teach those who are interested in knowing.