



# Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 45 Winter 2018

## The 11th General Assembly and Brunch of Chabot's Association



Photo des participants de la 11<sup>e</sup> assemblée générale.



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Regular Membership (Canadian)	\$25 CA	year
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Resident of Canada	\$110 CA	5 years
Resident of U.S.A.	\$160 US	5 years

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## Message from the President



Dear members,

I wish you a beautiful winter with not much snow but a lot of fun. I take this opportunity to wish you a Merry Christmas and a

Happy New Year from the members of the Board.

We would like to thank all the members who came to our 11th Annual General Meeting, we were 60 people for this gathering. Next year we would like to have twice as many people. We sincerely believe that it is possible. From now on, talk to your family and friends about our next brunch.

I want to thank the board members who have agreed to continue or who have renewed their terms. Alain, Clément, Claudette and, of course, Jean-Louis who left us for a better world. I will not hide the fact that the departure of Jean-Louis has left a great void in the Association. Anyone who would like to join the Board is welcome, we need help in all areas. Do you have a few minutes to offer to your Association? we are waiting for you.

Why not also offer a Chabot Association gift subscription to a relative or friend.

As always renewing your membership is a must to keep our Association alive. The renewal date is indicated on the back of the magazine, on the mailing label.

Be our eyes and ears to inform us about all things Chabot in each of your regions. We would like you to let us know when new Chabot arrive (date of birth and picture if possible), we would be very grateful.

We mentioned at our general meeting that our association had temporary financial problems due to our website. Any financial assistance would be greatly appreciated. We are thinking of adding a page for our generous donors and a page for those who have a business or business and would like to advertise on our website. What a great way to help your Association.

In 2019 our gathering will be held in Saint-Lazare. More details to come in the next review.





11<sup>e</sup>



### Brunches



### gatherings







## Association des Chabot

### Minutes of the eleventh general assembly, held at the centre culturel de Bécancour on September 30, 2018

Were in attendance: Maryo Tremblay, president; Alain Chabot, vice-president; Claudette Chabot, director; Clément Chabot, secretary; and 68 Association members.

13h00 The eleventh annual general assembly of the Association des Chabot comes to order

1 - Adoption of the agenda (as circulated)

Moved by Claude Chabot (1)  
Seconded by François Chabot (380)  
Adopted unanimously

2 - Adoption of the minutes of the tenth general assembly

Moved by Marcel Chabot (458)  
Seconded by François Chabot (71)  
Adopted unanimously

3 - Finances: Financial report made by Mr Léon Chabot (43), auditor, dated Mayt 31, 2018.

We presently are in a deficit situation due to one-time expenses for our new website. See the financial report (circulated)

4 - Election of members to the board of directors.

No proposal was made for new members of the board.  
Maryo Tremblay (275) - Proposed by Diane Pard Chabot, (9)  
seconded by Luc Chabot (10)

Claudette Chabot (491) - Proposed by Diane Pard Chabot, (9)  
seconded by Herman Chabot (386)

Clément Chabot (89) - Proposed by Adrien Leblanc (501)  
seconded by François Chabot (380)

It was acknowledged that for the time being, the present membership of the board of directors is maintained, Alain (505) for one year, and Maryo (275), Claudette (491) and Clément (89) for 2 years.

Adopted unanimously.

5- Period of questions from the members present.

Questions were asked concerning the auditor's report.

Mr Léon Chabot (43) answered.

13h45 Adjournment

## Hélène Chabot tells us about her life

Hélène Chabot tells us about her life

I want to write a little about my life experience, with its ups and downs. I was born on May 30, 1944 in Saint-Paul de Montminy in the house of my paternal grandparents, Albert Chabot and Marie Eugénie Rémillard, his second wife. Baptized the day of my birth, my godfather and my godmother are Albert Chabot and Marie Eugénie Rémillard, my grandparents. My father is Paul-Emile Chabot and my mother Irene Lemelin. The day of my birth, my grandfather Albert went to get the doctor because my father had gone to war. He made the trip at least 3 times, because my mother had a severe haemorrhage, which put her life in danger.



When I was two years old, my grandfather brought me to the barn while he was tending to the animals; I had fun with the sheep. At the age of 3, I started to look after my sister Yvette and my brother André while my mother was tending to the animals, which means going to milk the cows. My father worked in the woods and my mother took care of the house and us. All kinds of ideas came to me: one day, I took the scissors and I cut my sister Yvette's hair and put the hair in the oven of the wood stove and my when mom came, she thought that it smelled a bit like burning; I positioned myself in front of the oven. When she saw Yvette, she said to me, "Come here, I'll cut your fingers! I told her that I would never do it again. That's what my mother said to me: I do not remember that, I was too young.

By the time I was 9, I had a dog I used to harness in the winter to go do some errands at the general store. It was closer than having to go to the village when my parents had forgotten some errand. I remember straw mattresses, they were our mattresses. Mom made big cloth pockets and stuffed them with straw. It made us good beds. I loved it when Mom said, "Today, we change our mattresses." What a great activity for us the oldest, and in the evening, we made beautiful little nests of love. It was in the spring and autumn.

I like animals, especially cats and horses, and my father bought a goat, so I took the opportunity to harness her. I had a dog sled, it was good. Once, she did not want to move on, I kicked her backside, she looked at me and sat on her butt, saying, "You do not kick me." I found it funny, it took me a dish of oats to get her moving again.



I grew up with lots of love and congratulations from my parents. One evening while I was in bed, I heard my father say to my mother, "She is brave, we could tear her heart out! She never says no. I admit that it gave me great pleasure to hear that.

I worked in the woods with my father Paul Emile during the spring to pluck the trees. It means removing the bark. I did this with my sister Yvette. We returned in the evening all gummed up and tired, but we still had the taste to rope dance. In the evening we were milking cows and sometimes I went to help at Mr. "billiards", the third neighbor from our home, to tend to the animals and work on the farm for 10 cents per night. As a reward, on Sunday my father brought us to Mass. My parents were Catholic and practicing. Dad left with the older ones and Mom stayed with the little ones and made us a nice dinner.



Often in the winter, my mother kept me at home, especially when the weather was not good. She would send me to accompany my brothers and my sister to school and pick them up at night with my horse and of course the sled and a good cart skin. It was a mile and a half to get to school. Since I did not like school, it was alright with me. In the morning, before leaving for school, we would draw water from the well so that Mother could do the laundry for the whole family, and for the animals in the barn. I and my sister Yvette we held to each other so as not to fall into the well. It was winter, and it was slippery. We were very cautious, and we did not want to find our mom at the bottom of the well at night when coming home from school. The water froze in the pipes and of course there was no water in the pump.

At 14, I met Ulric Fournier, a gentleman from Montmagny. I started working at the Youville de Montmagny home, for the chaplain. I was lucky that my sister Yvette worked with me, because I was forced to leave after 6 months because of eczema on the hands.

My parents moved to Montmagny and I started working in a sewing factory. I kept dating Ulric. We spent two years and he talked to me about marriage and I married him on September 7, 1960 in the Church of Montmagny. I was only 16 and he was 25. My mother was not in favour, but she gave me her consent. It was a bit of misery, Ulric had no job because of his disability (an amputated leg). It's not easy to start your life as a couple with your parents-in-law. I was missing my mother; I looked in the distance where she lived. Saint-Omer is far away; not to see her for a few months, I cried every night, shut in a room and pregnant. A few months later, on January 10, 1961, I had a miscarriage: a boy; he lived 1 hour. His name was Joseph.

My husband started working at the Montmagny silk factory. We rented an apartment and I became pregnant again. I gave birth to a 7-pound daughter of at the Hôtel-Dieu de Montmagny and it is my husband who gave her name: Marlène. The night she was born, he had listened to a war movie in which a girl's name was Lili Marlene.



My daughter was born on December 30, 1961. A very difficult and long delivery: 48 hours of pain. I was anaesthetized at around 5 am and woke up at midnight. There was a crowd around my bed. They could not wait for me to open my eyes.



We built a house on the land that my father sold us in Montmagny. Three years later, on February 19, 1965, I gave birth to a boy at the Hôtel-Dieu de Montmagny and it was I who gave him the name of Alain. He weighed only 5 pounds and 7 ounces.

I had liver attacks for 7 months; I hardly ate. I had a liver surgery on April 20, 1965. And life went on. Because of the closure of the street where we lived in Montmagny, we bought a house in Saint-Pierre in 1970 and I gave birth to a 6-pound daughter. Her name is Nancy and she was born on March 29, 1971 at the Hôtel-Dieu de Lévis. My husband wanted to call it Flore but I did not want to. But to think about it, today it would be a rare name.

Our couple was floundering. Jealousy kills and for me love was no longer there. So, it was a divorce in February 1976. It's not fun for the children to see their parents separated, the house sold and to move, but rather than see their parents arguing, they told me it was better like that.

I started working as a cook at the Bel-Air restaurant in Montmagny and then at the Bar La Relâche in Saint-Pierre. I did not receive child support. My ex could not give it to me: because of his infirmity, he was no longer working.

I met Hilaire Létourneau. He lived in Saint-Pierre. Mechanic, he was widowed with 8 children, and his mother lived with him, but I liked him, and he liked me, so we started to date, and we went to Florida to get to know each other better. But I kept my apartment for my children. Every night I was with them in my apartment. They had their place and did not to cause too much trouble. It is not easy for children of either side to adapt to change. We must not take the place of anyone. I lived close to his home. When the older ones left home to find work, I helped out with housework and meals. When his mother died, he asked me to go live with him. I thought about it twice: there were still children. I still had Alain and Nancy and him his youngest, and I decided to take this big step, out of love. It takes courage and respect on both sides to be able to agree about children.

He had a maple grove. I was working with him in the spring and it was a party every weekend: the children came to have fun and eat good maple taffy on snow. I always enjoyed receiving them all together and in the holiday season, I was cooking the Christmas meal and we received all the children. They played music and myself, some tunes with my accordion: it was a party. I must say that two of my brothers are in relationships with Hilaire's daughters: Hélène with Guy and Jacqueline with Jacques. The holidays were spent as a family.

I also worked along with Hilaire with my sister Yvette in her sugar grove when her husband died and with my brother Guy for the notary Goupil during some spring. I like wood and nature.

I started working at the Montmagny Golf Club in 1987. I worked there as a cook for 17 years. Finally, in the 2000s, I retired at 60 years of age.

I lived through many bereavements. My brother André at age 23 on May 23, 1970, from a heart attack. Then Pierre, at age 17, in an accident on May 25, 1980; he was my nephew, the son of my brother Claude. Dave, from a stomach cancer at age 33, on January 22, 2006. My brother Claude, from a stroke like our mother, at age 60 on February 9, 2011. My father Paul-Émile Chabot, on May 27, 2000 at 83 years of age; my mother at age 66 on December 12, 1993, from a stroke.

And that's when I started writing her life after the funeral. Having taken care of her for 11 months, I saw her wither and die slowly. Fortunately, my sisters came to help: we took over every day for 11 months to make her eat every night. My brothers came when they could. Me, I am the eldest, so I remember mom's life, and she said I would have a beautiful book to write about her life. I was so sad. It helped me to get through my mourning. I can say that I often cried. I gave the book the title "Irene's Challenges". Every morning, when we get up and put our feet on the ground, we face a challenge for the day. I wrote for 3 years and the launch took place on March 24, 1997, the day she would have turned 70, had she lived. In the meantime, I married Hilaire Létourneau on August 19, 1995 at the Saint-Pierre church. With my husband, I went on fishing and hunting trips and two years went by.

One night, the phone rang at 3 o'clock in the morning. It was my daughter who said to me, "Mom, I just had a phone call from Alain's girlfriend; she told me that Alain had had an accident and died." We did not believe it and she said, "I will contact the police to find out more." She called back to tell me that it was very true and that the next day we had to go to the morgue. I sat on my bed, I looked at the crucifix at the foot of my bed, I told him "I have a ordeal to face and you must help me to face it." I felt my child re-enter my womb. I am very religious, it helps me to face ordeals. I had to be strong for my two daughters who had a hard time with the loss of their only brother. It was I who prepared the funeral. He died in the evening around 10 am: there was a torrential rain. He had just given the wheel to his girlfriend who was learning to drive. It was July 17, 1997, but he was declared dead on the 18th. I was very sad, but I had to be strong. I lived through my mourning by taking walks in the path to the hut and crying. We can never forget the loss of a child; you learn to live with it every day and a few years ago, the father of my children, Ulric Fournier, died on July 23, 2010, of lung cancer and he rests with his son at St. Peter cemetery.



I survived these bereavements through working. I am very active in my parish, I have been part of the choir for 25 years (and I lead it), and of the liturgy committee for some years. I've been a churchwarden for 6 years and now I'm the one doing the maintenance of the church; I've been a beadle since 2012, as they say, and I also do the maintenance of the presbytery. A chance that I'm retired; I still have a good health for my 73 years. I hardly think I'm at this age.



*Gilles, Yvette, Jacques, Yves, Claire, Helen, Lise, Diane, Guy  
and forward Denise Chabot and Marie-Josée Boutin*

I have been in the Chabot Association almost from the beginning. I have the membership number 103. I was on the board of directors in 2013 and 2014, 2 years as vice-president, and I helped in the lunches of the association. I wrote about my grandfather Albert Chabot in issue 28 of the Chabotteries in 2014, about my father Émile Chabot in issue 31 in 2015, about my brother Gilles in issue 36 in 2016 and about my sister Diane in issue 39 in 2017. I like reading the adventures and experiences of my ancestors. I end by saying that I love this association and that I often talk about it to my daughters.

I have good relations with my daughters; we talk almost every evening. I have a good ear to listen to them. I am the grandmother of 6 grandchildren, the children of Marlène (Jonathan and Christina), Alain (his twins Jaëlle and Joëlle) and Nancy (Sébastien and Odilie) and great-grandmother of 5 little boys, Jonathan's children (Émeric and Zacharie) and Joëlle's children (Jacob and Émeric) and Logan, Jaëlle's son, and I'll have a granddaughter! at the end of April, from Christina. She will be named Mary-Jane. I am very proud of my family; I thank God. And as a hobby, I'm do line dancing, and three times a month I go to an old-time dinner. At 73, I have a busy life.

***Hélène Chabot no 103 mai 2017***



## In the series, Maurice, my brother

Trapper and hunter

Curious, thirsty to learn, Maurice mastered the art of trapping while still very young. It was probably our father (or maybe our grandfather Pierre) who taught him the basics of snaring hares, because at that time our woods were teeming with them. A rather clever game hunter, Dad trapped muskrats, weasels, martens and other small predators whose fur he sold for a few cents. In these hard times, after the big crash, any income and surplus meat was welcome.

So, it was Maurice who taught me all the "tricks of the trade" when I was ten or eleven years old. Armed with a dozen snares made of brass wire he had made the day before, showing me how to properly wrap the wire so that the "noose" thus formed be solid and of the right size, he'd take me to the edge of the forest, near the maple grove, where small firs (known as "holy Michel") abounded. There, he'd point to me the small paths made in the thick snow by the hares to move and find their food. While taking care not to walk in these paths and not to disturb the area too much, it was necessary to find a favourable spot install to put the snare. That is, where the long-eared rodent could not easily get around the trap if he detected it.

The spot located, my brother carefully set the snare and built what he called an "argibouère", made by weaving branches and fir branches to counter any possibility of circumvention. Often, he completed this installation by folding a young tree close by, fastening the end in a notch that he made with the ax in another tree to finally tie it to the snare with a rope. Thus, when the animal was taken and struggling, the tree would unhook and relax, suffocating it and preventing other predators from devouring it. To multiply our chances, we repeated the operation as many times as we had snares. (to be continued)

*Marcel Chabot, membre n° 96*



### Important notice to members

I would first like to thank you for supporting your Association by renewing your membership for one year, or for five years.

Now, as it is very expensive to send notices by post, and for the sake of economy, I added the expiration date of your subscription on your mailing label at the back of your magazine "The Chabotteries". In this way, I think you will not have to wonder whether it has been paid or not.

At the same time, members who agree to receive the magazine electronically would also save the association money. Of course, we will continue to mail magazines to members who do not have access to the Internet and to those who would prefer to continue receiving their magazines in paper format.

It is important to note that the association grants you a grace period of three months to pay your subscription. Once this time has elapsed, you will be considered non-active.

I invite you to visit our new website at: [www.association-chabot.com](http://www.association-chabot.com) and to send us your comments: [info@association-chabot.com](mailto:info@association-chabot.com)

N.B. Those who would like to receive the magazine by Internet will have to send me their confirmation to the following address: [info@association-chabot.com](mailto:info@association-chabot.com)

The Board

## Descendants of the Chabot.

Native of St. Magloire, of Catholic and farmer parents, I am the 9th in a family of 11 children, 4 girls and 7 boys. The school holidays were spent picking hay, picking berries from the fields, listening to the birds that accompanied us, filling pails (empty of fat) with 20 pounds of strawberries, raspberries or blueberries. With these fruits, Mom made us some pies; afterwards, we filled 3-pound containers, and we went to the village to sell them for \$ 0.03 per small tub. At that time, we had our regular customers that we supplied every year.

One summer, our elder sister asked us to save the money for her so that she could buy a watch. The next year was for the next, Rita. Subsequently, I think that this did not continue. So, no watch for the others.

In 1959, at the age of 16, my 11th year completed, I enrolled at the École Normale de Lévis to obtain my level C Teaching Certificate. From 1960 to 1963, I taught in my native parish. What beautiful years! Unfortunately, I had to see an ENT specialist because polyps had settled on my vocal cords. A very delicate operation at that time, and on the advice of the attending physician, I had to leave teaching.

On September 2, 1972, I married the man (Roger Guy) who would become the father of our children, on a beautiful sunny day. We had 2 boys, life was beautiful. We bought our first home on the West Island of Montreal. My husband died at the age of 56, at home in 2002 because of cancer: a disease that lasted 3 years.

Today, my eldest son (Patrick) is the daddy of a 9 year old girl. She brings happiness to her dad. For his work, he is assistant director of the Master Montreal Company, a ventilation and aeration company. He supports the directors of the various branches.



The youngest (Jocelyn) is dad of 4 children, 2 boys and 2 girls. These kids are adorable. He worked for several years as a computer technician whether for the CSST, or in a doctor's office, and so on.





However, he is in business and has his own company as a computer technician. He has had a well-established clientele for several months. Being very sociable and generous of his time, supported by his wife (Cynthia), who supports him in all his work, he can soon have in his service an employee, according to his criteria. He always makes himself available for a quality service and in a good mood. This is the story of a daughter of Joseph Chabot (9th of the family) of St-Magloire.

**Rose-Hélène Chabot Guy. (360)**



*The Board of Directors wishes a very happy birthday to all their members, their spouses and parents, who have aged (or become younger!) by one year during the last quarter. Good health and long life to you!*

*The Board of Directors also offers its deepest condolences to those who have lost a loved one.*

## The sayings of Eugenie, my mother<sup>1</sup>

### The "vardet"

When my nephews and I were a little too upset, Mother threatened us, with a smirk on her lips, to get out the vardet. Of course, we did not know what a vardet was and it was a pleasure for her to explain us what it was.

The teacher who taught at the Petit Buckland rank one-room school where I was studying was very strict and did not tolerate any form of indiscipline, babble, whispers, sneers, and even less jostling or dirty talk. It must be said that at that time the classes consisted of pupils aged six to fifteen or sixteen, from the first to the seventh grade. Some of them were fellows who knew about life, sons of farmers or lumberjacks. The teacher had to show firmness in order to maintain order and ensure that the objectives of each year of study were attained, because the inspector, the stern gentleman who visited each school two or three times a year, kept a close watch, asking questions of students who were often intimidated, to get an idea of the state of learning. His verdict could mean the dismissal of a teacher, so everyone made it a point to prepare their students for this ordeal.



The fact is that this teacher, who did not let herself be intimidated, had what she called a "vardet", hanging prominently on the front wall of the classroom, near the blackboard. It was a kind of whip consisting of a handle to which were attached a dozen leather laces about twenty inches in length (50 cm). From the first day of class, she assured us that she would not hesitate to use it whenever one of us made a mistake. This happened a few times because, as in all classes, there were bad apples who did not like to study, made antics, disturbed. Me and my sisters, raised in a peaceful climate, by a father and a mother who rarely raised their voices, of course that famous "vardet" frightened us and we closed our eyes when it was used.

I could have been a teacher, she added, because thanks to Dad who was in favor of the education of girls, I was able to get my grade 11 diploma which allowed me, at that time, to teach in primary schools. But this work never attracted me and I chose instead a more pedestrian job, but one I loved, as clerk in the village general store. It may be the story of "vardet" that diverted me from teaching, who knows? But the real reason, I believe, is that I did not feel patient enough to put up with a bunch of children five days a week for ten months<sup>2</sup>.

1. Daughter of Marcel Chabot and Rose-Delima Goupil, Eugenie was born in the so-called Little Buckland rank, at the southern end of the parish. She and Dad were distant cousins and they probably had to get an dispensation in order to be married at the church.

2. I did not understand because Mom was a fountain of patience and dedication.



*Marcel Chabot membre (96) janvier 2016*



Our next general assembly will be held in Saint-Lazare-de-Bellechasse



Whether coming from the West or the East on Autoroute 20, take exit 337 toward highway QC-279 (the exit for Beaumont, Saint-Charles and Saint-Damien)

Upon coming to the stop on Avenue Rousseau (QC-279), turn left (if coming from the West) or right (if coming from the East), onto QC-279 S

Follow QC-279 S for 24.5 km

Turn left on Rue Saint-Georges

Drive 700m

Turn right on Rue de la Fabrique **At the salon des Bâtisseurs**

Drive 120m, your destination is on the left hand side



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