



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

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A Researcher Chabot at Radio-Canada



Kim Chabot, Radio Canada reporter

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Message from the President



Dear members,

We are still in the crisis of the Coronavirus pandemic; I hope that none of our members have had any problems because of this virus (Covid 19).

This will force us to think differently now. Life will never be the same, we will never come back as before. People will be afraid to get together as a family and in a group. But, I believe that we will need human warmth from our brothers and sisters.

WARNING!!! Due to the pandemic context, the gathering of September 20, 2020 in Berthier-sur-mer, QC is unfortunately canceled.

The Board of Directors will meet shortly to determine the next steps for the association. Thank you for your understanding.

As you know, now our Association is in good financial condition. And it's thanks to our members who have decided to come back or renew their membership. Once again, this year the members of the board of directors kept expenses to a minimum.

You know, there were elections scheduled for this year; we have two members at the end of their mandate. Clément and I are finishing our mandate. It is imperative that members get involved if we want our beautiful Association to continue to live. It is vitally important to have members who get involved. It's a lot easier now with technology using Skype or other software. Distance doesn't matter anymore.

Only a few hours per year given your Association can make all the difference and that would allow us to continue this great adventure. If we want the Association des Chabot to continue, we must act. It's time to see if you like your Association.

Clément, Alain, Claudette, Murielle, Adrien and

I we put effort into it so that you are proud of your Association and your Les Chabotteries magazines, but we need you to help us, we are not eternal. For now, health is good, but there is a need for succession. The Association cannot continue without having volunteers.

Many members have returned to the Association; we also have new members who have joined. We would like to send a renewal notice one month before your subscription expiration date, but for this it would be very important that you provide us with your email address. You do not have one? You can ask to use that of a family member. We can contact you that way.

We send the review by mail, but if you want it by email let us know. This is a saving for us as the postage costs keep rising.

We need you to be our eyes and our ears for everything related to the Chabots. Keep an eye on everything that is happening about the Chabots and let us know. You have memories of actions that Chabots have done, sports exploits, inventions, or others? Tell us about them. Even if you don't think you're good at writing, contact us and we'll help you out. Everything interests us.

At the risk of repeating myself, let's keep up the pace. I therefore invite everyone to recruit a new member from among their family, or loved ones, a friend perhaps. Or, you could give a subscription as a gift.

On that, have a good Fall, we will keep you posted on developments following the pandemic. The financial report will appear in the next review.

Take care of yourself!

*Chabotly yours,
Maryo Chabot Tremblay (275)*

A Chabot researcher at Radio-Canada



For nearly three years, I have been a research journalist in the Radio-Canada newsroom in Montreal. Every day, I contribute to the news shows broadcast on RDI. As I do not have a designated position, I am called upon to replace all over the place. I can be in the same chair for three months, work on a special project for a few weeks, or even work on three or four different shows in the same week.

Tell yourself that behind the news, behind shows like "Les Ex, En direct" avec Patrice Roy or "24/60", there is a team that takes care of both the container and the content. Which excerpts are we playing? Who do we invite for an interview? What subjects are we dealing with, and how are we dealing with them? Do we want to reach journalists in the field to tell the latest developments of a story?

Researchers touch on many aspects of preparing for a show. We invite news actors or experts, we talk to them quickly to find out what they have to say, we do press reviews and research files to help our hosts to prepare, we find excerpts from broadcast or even relevant statistics to highlight... And sometimes, we have to change guest and subject at the last minute because the news has changed...

We never get bored. News does not take a break. It continues to ride during the Christmas holidays. And when you sleep soundly, there are still important things happening on the planet. There is always a politician who makes a long-awaited announcement or who does something stupid, there are always discoveries to present, there are always issues to dissect. It's quite a challenge because the day can take a different turn due to breaking news like the death of an important person.

On November 6, 2018, it was around 2:30 p.m. We learned of the death of former Quebec premier Bernard Landry. I was finishing my shift, but there was no way I would leave. We began to feel a feverishness invading the newsroom, we knew we were living through a historic moment. We wanted to tell viewers, but we had to wait for confirmations. When we had them, we had to feed the airwaves with reactions. Colleagues and I frantically called people who might offer good interviews. The calls and reactions followed one another, we coordinated to divide the task. The usually very busy anthill became even more active.

If I had been told 10 years ago that I would experience this kind of moment, I wouldn't have believed it. All my teenage years, I wanted to be an elementary teacher.

Then I got hooked on history to the point of taking a master's degree, and my dream was to teach in a CEGEP.

In graduate school, some friends asked me to substitute one evening on a historical popularization program on Laval University student radio. I got the bug again. I did this for a while, then wrote a few articles for the student newspaper. And I ended up diving head-first into journalism.

My dream of an internship: to join Radio-Canada and cut my teeth on a show that I loved, "Second Regard". I learned my trade there with professionals. I was trusted to work on reports. One of them allowed me to go to New York for a few days for a shoot.

Better still: a few months after my internship, I was hired as a supernumerary researcher in the big brown tower of Radio-Canada, in Montreal. The cherry on the sundae: the main report I worked on during my internship was shown on "Grands reportages (Les enfants du 11 Septembre, available on Tou.TV)"

I have had the chance to participate in exciting projects that I never dreamed of after graduating from college. Last fall, I spent two months on the federal election, including one in the CBC election office. A month of doing just that, eating only federal politics, experiencing everything from the inside out, being in the heat of the moment and listening to press briefings, helping journalists who follow the main political parties across the country... It was quite an experience.

I'm still learning my trade. Every day, I understand more of what is going on in the world. I want to be a researcher for many more years. I don't know about you, but information, I eat it. And I am very hungry.



By Kim Chabot

With thanks to Murielle Chabot (member 448)



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

A woman in the shadow

Mama "Thérèse Chabot" was the daughter of Arthur Chabot and Éva Boulet, the ninth of a family of 12 children live born. In Montmagny in 1950, she married my father Rosaire Tremblay, born January 8, 1927 in Saint-François-de-Sales in Saint-Mathieu de Montmagny Church on August 12, 1950.



An amazing mother of 3 living children (Danielle was born July 6, 1951, Mario was born September 25, 1953, and Gilbert was born December 5, 1958), she lost three more children at birth, if I'm not mistaken.



The obstetrician had said that her 3 children were miracle children. I cannot tell you what the name of this disease was, but at 8 months pregnant no one knew she was pregnant. The skin on her belly wouldn't stretch, so it was her internal organs that squeezed together to make room for the fetus in her womb.

Mom always gave everything; even though we weren't rich people, her door was always open to everyone. How many times did she cook for others! She cooked like few people could. A great chef told her, "I have rarely seen someone who cooks like you." I know she gave him advice. Mom learned from her mom, mother of 12, who worked miracles with next to nothing.

It was at home in our little house that all her brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, as well as friends, gathered several times a year, often more than 25 people. And mom was cooking for all these beautiful people. Whether it was Canadian, Chinese or Italian dishes, everything was always very delicious.

She had fairy fingers, she made us clothes from daddy's old clothes and all our friends envied us. They thought we were rich. Because mom worked miracles, what she created for us was very beautiful. She used to make bras out of daddy's old tank tops. I think you could tell she had fairy fingers.

When dad got sick, he spent several months in the Bégin sanatorium. Mom had to work miracles so that we didn't suffer too much.

She was involved in everthing. Whether it was Les filles d'Isabelle, farm women, Biscum meetings, marital renewal or parish guards, to name a few.

Mom was a schoolteacher; for years she taught from grade one to grade seven in the same classroom; I take my hat off to her.



Her favorite hobbies were crossword puzzles, knitting, crocheting, sewing, and cross stitch; you have to see the work she did, and which won an award. What patience! Hours of work!

Our mother passed away on April 25, 2015 at the age of 85.

The Ancestors of Thérèse Chabot Paternal line

Thérèse Chabot	married	in Montmagny,	August 12, 1950	Rosaire Tremblay
Arthur Chabot	married	in Montmagny,	January 7, 1919	Eva Boulet
Magloire Chabot	married	in Montmagny,	February 12, 1877	Marie Coulombe
Augustin Chabot	married	in Montmagny,	January 28, 1845	Emilie Boulet
Antoine Chabot	married	in Montmagny,	January 7, 1812	Véronique Dominique
Pierre Chabot	married	in St-Vallier,	Octobre 8, 1770	Ursule Tanguay
Antoine Chabot	married	in St-Laurent, IO,	July 24, 1741	Marie-Madeleine Leclerc
Jean Chabot	married	in St-Jean, IO,	Octobre 17, 1692	Éléonore Énaud
Mathurin Chabot	married	in Beauport, QC,	October 17, 1761	Marie Mésangé
Jean Chabot	married	in St-Hilaire-de-Nalliers, Luçon, Poitou, Vendée, FR,	February 23, 1632	Jeanne Rodé



By Maryo Chabot Tremblay member (275)



Two teenage girls collect full handbags for homeless women



Emma and Lili-Maude Chabot will continue to collect until mid-December.
(Photo: Le Reflet - Vicky Girard)

Two Sainte-Catherinois sisters combined their respective school projects to give more back to homeless women. Emma and Lili-Maude Chabot launched the “On est sacoche” campaign together in November.

The two teenage girls decided to work together so that the joint project make a bigger difference, they say.

“We pick up warm items, along with handbags. We put them inside or not, to give them to the organization La rue des femmes,” explains 12-year-old Emma Chabot.

The sisters say they have realized how lucky they are in life to have a home and everything they need. So, they wanted to get involved.

"I am in the PEI program (International Studies Program) [at Charles-Lemoyne College in Sainte-Catherine] and my sister in grade 6 [at Saint-Marc school in Candiac]. For me, that counts as volunteering and for her, as a job," adds 14-year-old Lili-Maude Chabot.

They heard about the Montreal organization they will be donating to on Facebook.

"At first, we only thought of picking up warm objects and distributing them in the streets, but it was not safe," said the mother of the young women, Claudine Bisailon.

She adds that the idea of putting them in handbags came from the intention of being environmentally friendly.

Since the launch of the "On est sacoche" campaign, inspired among other things by the expression "être s'a coche", the duo has received more than a dozen bags filled with scarves, toques, stockings, jewelry, and even a winter coat, much to their surprise. Emma and Lili-Maude each have filled boxes at their school they have to keep track of.

The project made the sisters want to do more things like this.

"We like to see the impact it can have," says Lili-Maude Chabot.

Donations

Those who want to donate warm items, saddlebags or other things can contact Claudine Bisailon at cbisailon8@gmail.com or go to <https://www.jedonneenligne.org/lesetincellesducoeur/onestsacoche>

We would like to thank Ms. Vicky Girard and Le Reflet as well as Ms. Hélène Gingras, News Manager for allowing us to use this text.

le Reflet

GRAVITÉ
MARKETING MEDIA WEB

By Vicky Girard



Saint-Lazare Elder Honored



Marguerite Chabot-Dion from Saint-Lazare (Photo: courtesy).

Marguerite Chabot-Dion de Saint-Lazare recently received the Lieutenant Governor's Medal for her involvement with seniors.

This official recognition is given to people aged 65 and over for their volunteer actions which have contributed to positively influencing their community. Ms. Chabot-Dion has worked as a volunteer for over 60 years in several organizations in the Bellechasse region including the Cercle de fermières, the Buckwheat Galette Festival, Viactive, les Brebis de Jesus, the Association Perpétuel Secours as well as on the residents' committee of "Villa sous le clocher."

Madame Marguerite Chabot is a 237 member of the Association des Chabot

We would like to thank Mr. Éric Gourde and La Voix du Sud for giving us permission to use this text.



ESA lends its 3D printer to manufacture respirators



Photo : William Chabot-Labbé

ESA lends its 3D printer to manufacture respirators

In a worldwide competition, William Chabot-Labbé, an employee of the manufacturer of air exchangers for agricultural buildings ESA, took on quite a challenge. He and his team urgently designed a ventilator capable of meeting the hospital needs for people with COVID-19.

The Code Life Respirator Challenge competition, an initiative of the Montreal General Hospital Foundation and the Research Institute of the McGill University Health Center, aimed to choose the best device concept from among those proposed.

"We are used to innovating," says the instigator of the BreatHere project. I got the support of management without hesitation when I asked if I could bring in the 3D printer that was in the factory. We were able to use it day and night to print parts for the system that regulates the pressure in patients' lungs. The device had to be safe, efficient, accessible."

Just over 1000 teams from 94 different countries took part in the competition. Of all the concepts submitted, BreatHere stood out as being on the very short list of the nine finalist teams. Unlike most prototypes, the ESA employee's respirator leveraged available technologies for rapid, large-scale production.

We would like to thank Madame Johanne Martin and the media La Terre de Chez for giving us permission to use this article.



The words of Eugenie, my mother¹

A devastating tornado

September 1926. Maurice and Adrien, the two oldest, were at school and I went about my daily business looking after my three other children, Rita, 4, Jeanne, 2, and André, 3 months, who was in his cradle. At the beginning of the afternoon, Rita asked me permission to go find her father who had gone to repair the fence of the sheep pasture. As the morning had been sunny and the distance to be covered was not that great, I agreed, and she jogged off happily. I could follow her with my gaze until she passed behind a mound of tall fir trees. I wasn't worried, her father had to be there, very close.

Shortly thereafter, Alphée, my husband, who could interpret the warning signs of a change in temperature better than any meteorologist, urged Rita, who was frolicking some distance away, to get home as quickly as possible and to warn me to close the doors and windows, because there was an imminent risk of violent storms and strong winds (My husband was not afraid of much, except the wind...). So, Rita arrived home breathless and passed the message on to me. I hastened to see if all the windows and doors were closed and to make sure the latches were secure. Worried, I invited the two little girls to come and sit next to me, around the cradle where André was sleeping, and be well behaved. In the meantime, Alphée entered and closed the door leading to the aisle, a sort of lean-to where we ate our meals throughout the summer. It was then that a terrible uproar erupted like an explosion, accompanied by cracking sounds and jolts that left us speechless.



The family house, with its exterior cedar shingle cladding replaced. Behind it is the aisle that has remained as it was since I was a child

Believing my last hour had come, I threw myself on my knees, taking the children with me, and recited my act of contrition, begging the Sacred Heart, whose statue sat enthroned on a shelf, to save us all. This statue was very precious to me, because I had received it from Madame Alphonse Bilodeau, my boss when I was working at the general store owned by her husband.

The hellish noise had only lasted for a moment and then suddenly everything was surprisingly still and silent again. Suddenly, I was overcome by a strange feeling: I was still frightened, but at the same time I was eager to see the aftermath of the tumult that had rocked the house like an earthquake. Fortunately, Alphée was of great help in these occasions, as he knew how to keep his cool. He calmly examined the damage and his composure reassured us.

When he opened the door to the guest room, on the north side, where, it seemed, the shock had occurred, a heartbreaking sight presented itself to my eyes: the whole room was reduced to dust: the plaster walls had shattered, the floor was strewn with rubble, pieces of jagged wood and shards of glass. The point is that the tornado that had struck (because it was a tornado!) had completely washed away the roof of the barn and the planks and torn shingles had violently struck the north wall of the house, shattering the windows, scratching the walls. Debris was found as far as the sugar shack, half a mile to the south. As for the aisle which Alphée had left three seconds before the disaster, it had detached itself from the house and had rolled into the garden, the stove, the table, the chairs, and the cupboards upside down.

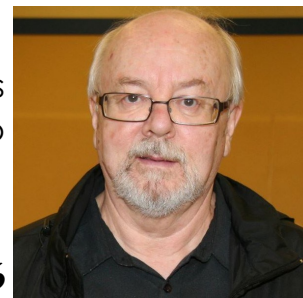
When Maurice and Adrien returned from school in the late afternoon, they were stunned, not believing their eyes in the face of this apocalyptic spectacle. What had happened? At school and on the journey home, they hadn't felt or seen anything that pointed to such a disaster.

As they walked around the buildings with their father to measure the extent of the damage, they noticed that the small hut used to shelter the pigs had swirled for several tens of meters before coming to rest with its face against the ground. They thought the poor animals had been crushed to death since they couldn't see them anywhere. When they finally managed to turn the hut over and put it back on its feet, they were pleased to find that the pigs were alive and well and not suffering any injuries. They left grumbling and moving quickly, happy to regain their freedom.

The barn was destroyed, and the house had suffered greatly. The former had to be rebuilt as quickly as possible before winter to save the fodder already gathered. As for the house, although it had withstood the fury of the wind and was still standing, it was in need of repair. It would take courage and valor for Alphée to overcome this severe test, for times were hard and we had to make do with little. Fortunately, at that time, we could count on our neighbors and on all the inhabitants of the parish. We were safe and sound, that's what mattered. Life went on.

1, Daughter of Marcel Chabot and Rose-Délina Goupil, Eugénie was born in the so-called Petit Buckland range, in the extreme south of the parish. She and dad were distant cousins and they probably had to get a dispensation to have the right to unite before the Church.

2. This annex adjoining the house on the north side is still there 90 years later. It's a relic that takes me back to my childhood every time I stop to visit my nephew who is still the owner of familial home.



Marcel Chabot, member no 96, spring 2016

The long career of Father Gilles Chabot



Father Gilles Chabot's first mass, on June 24, 1957, in Saint-Léon-de-Standon, surrounded by his parents, uncles and aunts and several friends.

Since the foundation of the Association des Chabot, I have met Father Gilles several times, but without really knowing him. Here is what Guy-Marc Fournier wrote about him in his book *Mieux Connaitre* (personalities, institutions and companies of Lac-Saint-Jean.):

"A very great intellectual curiosity, lively intelligence, easy and pleasant words, an optimistic outlook on the world around him, a capacity for adaptation which makes him endearing from the first contact, such is the case. Father Gilles, parish priest of the Saint-Jean de la Croix de Dolbeau parish.

Originally from Saint-Léon-de-Standon, Dorchester, Gilles, a Marist father, was born on November 5, 1930, sixth in a farming family of 11 children.

His father, he says with pride, was a farmer and it was in the middle of the family farm that he took his first steps. After primary studies in his native parish, he began his secondary school in Sillery, with the Marist Fathers, a community he would never leave thereafter.

He remained in Sillery from 1945 to 1951 and it was there that he decided to permanently embrace the priesthood.

He continued his studies and made his novitiate in New York, where he made his religious profession on September 8, 1952. Studies in philosophy at Marist College in Framingham, Massachusetts, and subsequently, training in theology which brought him to Washington, DC., Boston and Ottawa, allowed him to be ordained priest (Marist Father) on June 23, 1957, during the Eucharistic Congress in Saint-Damien de Bellechasse. And then a very active career began for this solid man who is interested in just about everything.



Gilles's vitality and solid academic and religious training led him as early as 1958 straight to teaching and he found himself in front of the students of the Sillery Seminary, where he himself had done his classical studies a few years earlier. A well-liked Professor of Latin, geography, mathematics and earth sciences, starting in 1960. He devoted his summers to the Kéno camp on Long Lake in the county of Portneuf, where he was a pioneer with Father Paul Bélanger and their colleagues for the construction of the initial road and the first huts and installations. He remained there until 1967.

He left to study for a year in France, more precisely at the Maison Mariste in Lyon, and returned in 1968 as a five months replacement as pastoral animator at the Polyvalente de Mistassini. In fact, he stayed there for nine years, multiplying initiatives, participating in the concrete life of students and educators. The Maison-École he opened in Sainte-Marguerite-Marie will long be remembered, as well as the hundreds of youth camps he ran.

Father Gilles with a jackhammer

In 1976, his community recalled him, and he found himself at Saint Paul University in Ottawa, where he perfected his training by acquiring a master's degree in family pastoral care.

And then there was another homecoming, as Father Gilles found himself at the head of the Sillery Seminary community. He held this post of superior until 1980 and due to the scarcity of priests, his community again called on his services for a change of assignment. On August 16, 1980, he arrived in Dolbeau, where he held several positions in addition to his parish. He was president of the pastoral zone of the North of the Lake, which includes



All this does not fully sum up the story of the very busy life of Curé Gilles. To this must be added his numerous trips to the Arctic, James Bay, eastern and western Canada and the United States, the Yukon, Alaska, working and training trips, which also led him to visit about fifteen countries across the Atlantic.

He also studied geography, has a bachelor's degree in pedagogy, is interested in the arts, and is also a sculptor and a photographer; at one time he taught this art at Mistassini high school. He is in addition an astronomer, likes small game hunting and he visited and studied in Israel."

Since this article by Guy-Marc Fournier in 1986, Father Gilles has always been active. In 1986, he was appointed parish priest in the Gaspé, in Grande-Rivière, a region he loved very much, and which marked him. In 1996, he accepted responsibility for the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart of Beauvoir in Sherbrooke as rector, a position he seems to have greatly appreciated. Since 2004, he has been chaplain with the Dominicaines Missionnaires Adoratrices nuns. He enjoys having more time to pray, study the Bible, and ponder the meaning of life.

Despite everything, Fr Gilles Chabot remains an approachable man, deeply human, who can discuss with equal intelligence, equal interest too, almost all aspects of contemporary life.

A complete human being, one must say when speaking of this religious man, affable and much liked, in an environment where he renders, without ever counting them, numerous services to the community.

In 2020, he will be 90 years old and he is still very active. How lucky we are to be part of his story!



Claude Chabot Member # 1

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