

Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

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Auxilia's Letter



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Postal address:

P. O. Box 10090, Succ. Sainte-Foy
Québec QC G1V 4C6

July 15th, 2010 is the deadline
to receive the texts for the next bulletin.

Drafting team:

Director : André Goggin (418) 628-4786
Email : a.goggin@sympatico.ca

Drafting assistant: Jean-Louis Chabot
Email : chabot08@sympatico.ca

Infographist and layout:

Andrée Chabot-Nadeau (450) 446-1223
Courriel : andreenca@yahoo.com

Lucie Chabot (418) 834-4601
Email : chab@videotron.qc.ca

Translator team: Deborah Armstrong, Jean-Luc Bilodeau, Luc Chabot, JoAn Gregory, Murielle Normand

Collaborators for this number :

- André Goggin (64)
• Claude Chabot (1)
• Renée Chabot (119)
• Jean-Louis Chabot (19)
• Luc Chabot (11)
• Marcelle Chabot (155)
• Louis Chabot (317)
• Lucie Chabot (8)
• Andrée Chabot (320)

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Administrative boards 2009-2010

- President
André Goggin (64) (418) 628-4786
• Vice-President
Luc Chabot (10) (819) 840-6962
• Treasurer
Claude Chabot (1) (418) 831-3362
• Secretary
Lucie Chabot (8) (418) 834-4601
• Director
Andrée Chabot Nadeau(320).. (450) 446-1223
• Director
Christian Chabot (269) (418) 883-2893

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President's line



One of the numerous goals of the "Association des Chabot" is to encourage the members of the large Chabot families to meet. Our get together, is the annual general assembly, it provides the opportunity to do just that. Personally, this event provides me the chance to meet members who I am always anxious to see the following year.

Our next annual general meeting will be on October 3rd at Château-Richer, village where our ancestor Mathurin first established himself in 1660, so this is 350 years ago. This is also the place where he married and started his small family. The meeting site provides a panoramic view on the St. Lawrence River and on Ile d'Orleans. The site will be fabulous as it will be autumn and the leaves will be colourful a plus for the day.

This occasion, will marked by a few surprises and we will be waiting for you in a great numbers. We know that some of our Chabot families are planning to come from the States and also from others provinces to be with us.. Reserve your place. You will find in annex; all the required information that you need.

We will reiterate our call for some volunteers to help us during this day. This is a good occasion to get to know more members of the large and proud Chabot families and to bring your contribution to this event.

André Goggin

Editor's line

The large saga of our ancestor Mathurin Chabot will continue with Antoine Chabot who was a parish priest all his life at Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré. With Antoine's story, we now will know all of the children in this family. The history will then continue with learning more about Mathurin himself.

Religious subject is carried on when Renee Chabot sent us a written letter a century ago by her grandmother to one of her sons who declined the religious vocation that his mother had desperately wished for him..

Marcelle Chabot will tell us her delightful story as a young lady during the Great Depression and the Second World War. During this time in history life as a child was very different when compared to the life style of our youngster today. Marcelle's story is long so we have decided to split it into two parts. The second part of her story which is in the next news letter, she talks about religion taking up a lot of her day and about her education. We invite all of our members to submit their stories about this time in history.

We interview, Jean-Louis who met a young author who found his passion by writing and all especially for the youngster roman.

Finally, welcome to Andree Chabot Nadeau who is joining our team and she will join our team and do the graphics and layout for our newsletters "Les Chabotteries". We have no doubts that she will continue the excellent work done by Lucie since the beginning of the newsletter. Thanks ladies.

André Goggin

(Chabotté par Florence Chabot, ma mère)

Antoine Chabot, the Family Member in the Religious Orders

On April 19 1679, the family of Mathurin Chabot and Marie Mésange increased with the birth of Antoine. He is baptized April 24, 1679 at Ste-Famille, Isle of Orleans. He is the seventh son and the tenth child of the family.

Like his brother Pierre, he is not interested in clearing the land. He will take a very different path, the priesthood. At that time, the only way to become a priest was to pursue his studies at the Seminary of Quebec.

What did the Life of a Seminarian Consist of?

Monsignor de Laval had founded the Seminary in 1663 to form the priests that the young colony would require. Not long after his arrival in New France, he had noticed that it was not possible to continuously call upon the mother country to serve the local needs. The Seminary formed secular priests, those who did not belong to any order such as the Jesuits or the Sulpicians who were trained in France.

At the Seminary, schooling was principally oriented toward the formation of priests destined for the country's parishes. There, they taught preaching, catechism, and chants and ceremonies associated with the sacraments and the mass. The Bible was learned for preaching.¹ Latin was the principal language used.

Who paid for Antoine's Studies?

The students came from all the areas of the colony, but principally from the region of Quebec. In 1686, the Seminary had 40 seminarians. At the start of the 18th Century, 5 to 8 students from all social classes were admitted annually. Scholarships permitted all to be admitted². The tuition required was around 300 *livres* a year (almost a year's salary), but the tuition paid on-

ly amounted to 75 *livres* with a scholarship³. Mathurin probably assumed the cost for his studies to have a priest in the family who might make him forget the flight of Pierre to the Pays-d'en-Haut, or Upper Country. His brothers probably took over from Mathurin after the donation of his property to his children before his death in 1696.

To become one of the privileged admitted to the Seminary, Antoine surely must have received a strong recommendation from the parish priest of St-Laurent of the Isle of Orleans where his parents resided. It was often said that Antoine received the support of Monsignor de Laval to enter the Seminary. That would be surprising. Let us suppose that Antoine if completed his studies for the priesthood in eight or nine years, he would have entered the Seminary around the years 1693 or 1694. Monsignor de Laval fell sick in 1681. Three years later, he handed in his resignation as his health had deteriorated. He chose as his successor, Monsignor de St. Vallier who would exercise his episcopal functions during a long period, from 1688 to 1727.⁴ Thus, if Monsignor de Laval had favored him, it could only be under the title of Seigneur of the Isle of Orleans. Monsignor de Laval who came from very high French nobility⁵ had the reputation of being well-loved and respected by the clergy, but we know that because of his social rank, he kept a certain distance from the *habitants*. Thus, there is as much chance that it was Monsignor de St-Vallier who was at the origin of Antoine's entry into the priesthood.

Antoine the Priest

A month before he became a priest, his brother Michel sets up as pension for him a lifetime annuity of 150 *livres* "to promote him to the holy orders". The notarized act states that he was at that time a tonsured cleric.⁶

The 29 of October 1702, he is ordained priest by Monsignor de Laval at the church of Notre-Dame de Quebec and is named immediately as parish

priest of Ste-Anne-du-Petit-Cap (its name was changed to St-Anne-de-Beaupré).⁷ He is but 23 years old. At first glance, it is surprising to see Monsignor de Laval reappear after his resignation for health reasons in 1684. It is easily explained, as the successor he had named had alienated Governor Frontenac and the Jesuits, and was called back to France to explain himself. He will be absent from the colony for more than ten years, and will return only in 1703 after having been among other things a prisoner of the English for five years. It is during this absence that Monsignor de Laval takes on the task, and under the title of “*évêque ancien*” or former bishop ordains Antoine as priest.

It would be false to assume that Antoine was the first parish priest of Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré. The parish existed since 1650 and the first parish priest was Father Thomas Morel who was priest from 1661 to 1667.⁸ From the very beginning, Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré was recognized for miracles on behalf of sailors who always invoked her during storms. We do not find any mention of Antoine as parish priest of the place. Thus, we can be led to believe that he directed the parish to the satisfaction of his parishioners. It is said of him that he was “*amiable and well-loved, and that he never left his parish of Ste-Anne*”.⁹

Research in the notarial database indicates that Antoine bought or sold several plots of land in the region. It is not very likely that he exploited this land as his responsibility as parish priest probably occupied a considerable amount of his time, as even then Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré was highly frequented by pilgrimages because of the miracles that had happened there.

Antoine occasionally acted for the notaries, receiving official documents that would be afterwards notarized.¹⁰ It was an unusual practice. It is thus that he drafted the marriage contract between his brother Pierre and Dorothée Mercier at Ste-Anne.¹¹

Antoine the Guardian of his Brother Pierre's Children

We have seen in the last issue that his brother Pierre had confided his children Pierre and Catherine to him before returning to Kaskaskia in the Country of the Illinois.¹² On January 15, 1720, Antoine purchases in their name a piece of land measuring 18 *arpents* and 48 *perches* (units of measurement in New France) at the cost of 7,392 *livres* from the Seminary of Quebec, which was then seigneur of Beupre at that time. It is specified in the official document that this good parish priest would retain usufruct of this land during his lifetime, and that the children of his brother would not be able to use and enjoy this land till after his death.¹³ On May 8 1723, he purchases again from the Seminary another piece of land for them at St-Joachim, near Ste-Anne.¹⁴

Antoine passes away on February 16, 1728 at Ste-Anne at the age of 49. He is buried in the church of Ste-Anne, in the middle of the altar below the steps, or *marchespieds*.¹⁵ On April 13, a few days before dying, he had composed his last will and testament, and by this had willed to Catherine and Pierre two pieces of land he had bought for them at St-Joachim, including the livestock there. To Catherine, he also willed a piece of land situated in the Seigneurie of Bellechasse, as well as a pig.¹⁶

By André Goggin

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11 LES CHABOTTERIES # 10, Printemps 2010, p.5

12 LES CHABOTTERIES # 10, Printemps 2010, p. 4

13 Document déchiffré et certifié par Me Marcel Hubert Chabot le 27 février 1907

14 Document déchiffré et certifié par Me Marcel Hubert Chabot le 25 février 1907

15 ANQ – 4M00-0410

16 Document déchiffré et certifié par Me Marcel Hubert Chabot le 19 février 1907

Letter from Auxilia Chabot to her son

Renée Chabot, one of our members, sent us a letter written in 1907 by her grandmother Auxilia Chabot, born Plante, who had just learned that her son, a student at the Quebec Seminary, would go to law school rather than become a priest. You will see in this text all the bitterness of a mother who had hoped for a priestly vocation in the family.

Reading this letter is very eloquent on the great disappointment of the mother, the little regard she had for the legal profession, even the disdain she had for this career; her lack of faith in her son's success in financing his studies and finally the coldness of the mother towards her child.

The letter was originally written in French. Given time at which it was written, we were impressed by the quality of language. We reproduced faithfully this letter to her son.

Saint-Laurent, Orleans Island, February 15, 1907.

Dear son,

Everything is finished. My fondest hopes have gone way upon the receipt your last letter. Although for some time that confidence in the realization of my desires was somewhat diminished I did not want to believe it. Bernard told me about your views about your vocation, however, I dared not believe it.



But after a statement as open as you just made me I must believe in spite of myself. Dear Hermogène, although somewhat prepared to receive from you such a decision I could not help but make bitter tears while reading these lines, written in your hand, and I believe these tears were indeed legitimate, because it is not without reason that a mother weeps over a beloved son.

Why cannot I speak as clearly as you and make you understand all the anxiety and sadness that a mother's heart can feel when she sees his best hopes crumble on a dearly loved son.

But I hope you will know understand these few lines I write. They are not as harmonious as yours but they are no less sincere

Indeed, as you say it yourself, my desire since your childhood was to see you one day become a priest. This is why we sent you to the Seminar and made sure you would get an education at the cost of thousands of sacrifices sometimes. On the basis of these sacrifices on our part I will order you and force you to become a priest if this is not your destiny. Oh no, because it would not be acting as a Christian mother. You might perhaps take a bad road by my fault and I would repent all my life for having made you unhappy.

But I will not tell you to become a lawyer. Furthermore, you will never have my approval for such a profession. I hear you cry out and ask for the reasons that force me to push you away from your vocation, you say. First, are you certain that it is in this world that God calls you to. Be aware of

your illusions about it and getting foolishly involved in a position other than the one you were destined to.

Sometimes we have of misconceptions, such kind of life seems to please us and draw us; growing up with this idea and when it comes time to choose one thinks of nothing else. It is with this idea and to our misfortune we follow and are ensnared too. Pray a lot, think a long time since perhaps the time has not yet come for you to hear the divine call.

If, as you say, you are not called to priesthood, which may well be, could you not take another profession than lawyer. Lawyer, that word sounds wrong to my ear and even more to my heart. I can not bring myself to hear that infamous word. You are perhaps surprised to receive such words from me but if I say so it is for your own good.

First, dear Son, consider all difficulties. If I am writing today, do not think it is for the fun of it, on the contrary, and if you were able to read in my heart you would not find it very happy. I know you understand my pain because it saddens you. I think you probably will hurt even more after reading this letter. These few lines make me bleed inside more, but I am a mother and a mother must have the courage to speak when duty commands.

You may think you have acknowledged such difficulties and you managed to prove it to us on occasions. I thought I would be rewarded today. The reward I longed you have known it for a long time. How happy I would have been happy to see you Minister of the Lord! What a blessing to a family.

But I stop, I'm too sad. This thought, or rather the desire that would fill me with so much happiness if it should be realized one day breaks my heart right now, because I feel disappointed in my hopes as you enter law school. Where will you get the money? You want to ask Didace, it is a very poor resource and I do not see any chance of success on that side. You show a lot of courage and zeal for work, but in spite of your good will I do not think you could earn enough to undertake such expenses on your own. You know, we can not help you much. Suppose that in one way or another you reach your goal and that you become a qualified lawyer, how much deprivation and misery you will go through before reaching success a bit if you ever succeed.

You know better than I do how many there are of those little lawyers who are starving, so to speak, and that their lives are more miserable than that of a mere journeyman. This misery of the body does not matter if the soul remains intact in the midst of so many perils. This is where the danger lies and this is what really worries me the most. You are not without thinking about it either, I am sure. You are full of promises and have high hopes for the future, I agree with your good intentions. If it were only about the present time, I would wish you a lot of success but when it comes to the future, it is quite different especially in a dangerous environment like the one you are heading for. I need not dwell longer on those things that you know as well as I do without the desire to acknowledge them however, perhaps.

Now you know my opinion about the lifestyle you want to embrace. It is up to you to act as you

(Suite page 9)

Writing is a passion for Rodéric Chabot

I met Roderic Chabot, resident of St Redempteur, in a charming café called "Conscience Terre Café" where we freely exchanged information over an organic coffee. Here is a report of our conversation .

Jean-Louis - If you would, I'd enjoy hearing about your family.

Rodéric - My mother and father were born in Beauce and I in Quebec. I am the son of Lise Roy of St Prosper and Viateur Chabot of St. Zacharie. My father was an officer for the Sureté du Québec (Provincial Police); I do not remember when he received his first assignment in Ste-Anne-de-Beaupre. We were there for 3 years after which he was transferred to the Hull Ottawa region, specifically the city of Aylmer. This allowed me to become perfectly bilingual to the extent that I write more easily in English. I write my novels for adults in English and those for youngsters in French.

Our family lived in Ottawa for 21 years and my father then completed his service as a security agent for the Quebec parliament. I remained in Ottawa for another three years. When the occasion presented to return to Quebec in 1994, I never hesitated as I adore Quebec. Subsequently, I had the opportunity to work in Montreal during an 8 year period prior moving definitively to Quebec in 2005.

Jean-Louis - Is Beauce important to you?

Rodéric - Beauce is a part of my roots; I like the quality of the people who live there, in terms of their welcome, their warmth and their friendship. I have only fond memories of Beauce and returning is always a pleasure. Actually my publishing house is in Beauce, the Editions du Mecene at St. Prosper; the owner is M. Jacques Bernard.



Jean-Louis - To what do you attribute your penchant for writing?

Rodéric - I actually have never studied literature other than in secondary school. I have an innate passion for writing; it is something I've always wanted to do along with music as well. I've always written my personal dairy, news etc. While in school I was recognized for my excellence in oral presentations and fictional stories. I have a fertile imagination; I love the fantasy. I've always felt the need to write; I have neither family

nor friends who write. It's truly surprising as I was never very infatuated with it in school. In contrast, my parents gave me the gift of reading and I've devoured tons of books.

Jean-Louis - Do you write full time?

Rodéric - My work was in the music industry which did not please me nearly as much; my ambition is to write and play music. At the age of 20,



even ventured to Los Angeles to try to break into the music world. My youth was totally oriented to playing music and writing. During that era, I was quite self-focused as I always wanted to be a musician. Prior to going to the US, I attempted to get a start in Toronto. None of that ever became reality as you can see. I

am not there but rather here. "J'ai beaucoup roulé ma bosse" [I lived an adventurous life], as we say.

Jean-Louis - Why did you return to Quebec in 2005?

Rodéric - I was not happy with my work (in Montreal) so I decided to return to Quebec, to accept less remunerative work and to recommit myself to writing. My first task was to write my memoirs in English, a tome of some 300 pages entitled "The Roaring Day." Later, I wrote books for the young, the first entitled "Les Péripéties de Roc Ringuette, un héros en devenir" and the second "La Solution G". These two books talk about young super heroes. I adore super heroes, they inspire me. The books are sold in independent bookstores in the areas of Quebec and Beauce and are geared to youngsters ages 8 to 12.

Jean-Louis - After so many adventures, what has given you direction in your life?

Rodéric - Coming back to Quebec in 2005, to stop the megalomania and to return to a simple life; one that gives me pleasure and is pleasing to my family as well. I have ended the whirlwind of a bigger salary, a bigger job etc. I've really focused on my true voice, writing.

My mantra is "Les détours sont nécessaires afin de ne pas arriver en retard avec son destin", [the detours are necessary in order not to arrive late with your destiny]. This is how I see things at 38 years of age after years of turbulence and searching. One saying has marked me, a saying taken from a film and I will always keep it up on my wall; "N'abandonne pas et tu n'échoueras jamais" [Never give up and you will never fail].

Jean-Louis - What are your current projects?

Rodéric - Write, write and write; to earn a living with my pen. I know this is not easy. Equally, I enjoy informal presentations speaking to young people in their classes. I can share my expe-

riences and communicate my passion for books. These two activities give me great pleasure.

Jean-Louis - Thank you for making yourself so graciously available for this interview. Thanks a million and a pleasure to see you.

Jean-Louis Chabot

(Suite de la page 7)

please but take care not to regret your choice later. Do as I told you already, pray and think a lot so as not to engage on the wrong road. As far I am concerned, I am stopping here, as I do not have the strength to write anymore. I feel my heart overflowing with tears, may they be only temporary!

Goodbye dear son. Your saddened mother still keeping some hope in the future.

Auxilia Chabot

NOTA : Hermogène became a lawyer and practice in the area of Thetford Mines.

* For those who are interested by the genealogy, we have to say that Auxilia Chabot was married to Bernard Chabot. They had 20 children as for Hermogène; he married Corona Boisvert. On the front page of this newsletter, you will find out a picture of Auxilia's family. You will find her in the center of the picture. Her son Hermogène is the 3rd from the left on the last row.

Marcelle Chabot, a life story

History with a little « h », from 1930 to 1950 - First part

Prologue

I was born in 1931. My point of view for this story is between 1930's to 1950's when I was a child to my teen years.

It was the time of Great Depression and the War and what place the religion was taking at this time and also the education into my small world.



Crisis from Dorchester to Portneuf

Just like my father, I am born in Ste-Justine. This county does not exist anymore, it was integrated with Bellechasse County and I was not very happy about it.

When I was born in 1931, I was the sixth child of the family and at the end we could count eleventh siblings.

No one in the little village had money we were in the area where our land was rocky, and the winter season was very long and there is more snow than anywhere else. The "Rivière Chaudière" and his valley are not there anymore to bring softer temperatures and the fertile land like its neighbour county, "la Beauce".

The border of the United States was at our doors and so were the forest. My dad, like many others men of the village, maintain our subsistence by working very hard in Maine and New York State lumber camps, for ten years.

The situation changed during the winter of 1932 when Roosevelt was elected President in the United States He wanted to cleanse the

banking system and carried on by doing a general verification into this sector. There was no money in circulation and camps were closing.

During this time of the crisis the jobs were hard to find. My dad precipitated to become a sales rep and so he went door to door for a well-known certificate remedy and also sold some food products. We had to move 200 kilometres from his home village because of my dad's new job and we moved to Portneuf County, it was the only territory they had to offer a family.

The thing that motivated his decision was the village was large and it had a College his children could continue their schooling. It was very important to both my parents to give us the opportunities that they didn't have.

It wasn't long before my parents realized the move was the best decision they ever made because it allowed our family to go through the years of crisis without too much pain.

Our family kept growing but thank God, my parents were able to raise us without the help from "St-Vincent de Paul" or "au secours direct" as at this time in history would have been a disgrace.

Dad was gab, he was a respectable man and he joined a few associations that existed in the village and became well known.

Money was scarce but the barter system existed so without any money my dad still managed to bring home such things as meat, chickens, eggs, butter and so on... that was very good for our large family.

My mom took care of a husband and children and laboured in her large garden and made preserve which we could eat in off seasons. She knit and sewed and got compliments when people told us we were all well dressed. She had many talents.

For Christmas, we received presents like second hand skates, toboggans and sleds made by a neighbour carpenter. We appreciated all gifts. We also received an orange, an apple and a few candies. My parents had no money but lots of imagination and love.

Dad's job lasted five years, and then he had to go to camps located in the States, without us, because we were too large of a family to go with him.

Mom was very brave and kept on raising us with a large smile. Dad was unable to come home as often as we all would like but he wrote us letters and there was some period of unemployment depending of the seasons.

In 1940, he was hired by the Government of Quebec as a heavy equipment operator. It was at this point the crisis of having no money was behind us. When the war ended, my dad and many others found full employment and a better standard of life for all.

Finally, during those hard years that followed this fabulous decade of 1929, most of the French-Canadian showed that they were proud descendants of the Normands, Bretons, Poitevins who had left their native France three Centuries ago and immigrated to start a new life all along the St. Lawrence Shore.

The second World War

Between 8 and 14 years old

Beginning of the hostility

I started school on Tuesday September 3rd, 1939 for the first time and was put in the Fourth Grade. Our teacher was Sister Ursule. She was older and not very pretty but she was fair, and for me I was thankful for having a teacher with good teaching qualities. My sister had Sister Ursule before me and she liked her too. I enjoyed school that year and it was my best one I can remember.

One day when arriving home I was about a few hundred feet from our house when I saw two neighbours talking very loud and I was able to catch some of their conversation.

They were saying that France had declared war and this was when the world turned upside down. La France, for me, was very far away but we still had that connection it was our roots even though we were French-Canadian. Mom always talked to us about "La Bretagne" homeland of her ancestors.

This was the first time that I was confronted with a large-scale situation. I am looking forward to the end of the day to talk to my parents about it. I did realize at this point that our lives would never be the same and our little world in Quebec had let the world of war into our living-rooms.

Uncle Eugene

Mom had a single brother who was already 46 years old when the war was declared. Everybody was surprise, he volunteered to fight. Mom explained his reason by telling us that he wanted to participate in the First World War but his father who was a farmer disagrees with his son's decision because he had not gotten permission from him.

Uncle Eugene entered the Forestry Corps and joined the British after a few months of training.

My Mom reassured herself and us by saying that Eugene was far from the front lines so he was not in much danger. He came to visit us prior to leaving for overseas. We had our pictures taken with him and said our goodbyes.

The day he left by train I was in class and when the train passed behind the convent and I heard its long whistle when it reached the grade crossing, my thoughts of him on that train was like someone tore my heart out.

Aunt Marie

One of Mom's sisters Marie had married a Franco-American. She was living in Berlin, New Hampshire she and my mom wrote each other letters.

During the war when it was my turn to pick up the mail from the Post Office, I tried to destroy the post-mark because it came from my aunt who lived in "Berlin", even though it was Berlin New Hampshire the name was German and it was embarrassing.

I never mentioned this to my mom or my siblings. The whole Berlin thing really bothered me and I think I was the only one afflicted by such qualm.

Rationing

The word ration was a synonymous of privatisation didn't mean anything to me. Our family was large and we were unable to use all the coupons that we were allowed for sugar or meat. We gave some of the coupons to the neighbour who had fewer children so they could use them.

Gasoline rationing, we weren't bothered by because we had no car.

The only thing that affected us since the beginning of the war was underwear which was held in place by buttons, as elastics were required for the war industries. Lucky most of us had large hips to help hold them up. It wasn't the case for our younger sister, who was very thin with no hips and often had to hold her underwear to keep them from falling down. Sometimes she would forget and have an accident and not always under the best of circumstances .

Deserter Hunt

The worst dramatic thing that happened was in autumn 1943 when a friend of the family, knowing that he was going to be called up to fight decided to volunteer hoping that they would give him better treatment. It was a terrible experience for him and shortly after he joined he decided to go A.W.A.L. (Absent without any leave).

I was coming home from school one evening in November when I spotted a crowd in front of the church. I asked what was going on and learned that some military policemen were looking for our friend. I saw some that seem to surrounding the perimeter of where his house was located.

As I headed home policemen were everywhere with lamps and dogs combing backyards for any sign of our friend. I saw two of them climbing brusquely where the outdoor steps lead to his apartment on the second floor. I could hear the noise of their hobnailed boots on the iron step.

I prayed they wouldn't find him and I ran away as fast as I could.

That evening my older brother told me that the policemen left and did not find our friend during their vigorous search and they had search also into his in-laws house who was living near by.

Most of the people knew he was hiding in the woods with others deserters, who would stay hiding until the end of the war..

Nobody had seen him, here or there, in the village but no one would dare give him up this good young man who felt completely stranger to this war that was happening so far away.

End of the hostility

On the morning of the 8th of May 1945, life was normal in our small and quiet village.

Nothing has been said so far about the great events that happened a few hours ago in Europe.

Since a few months already, we are waiting to hear if the war was soon coming to a close as we had heard rumours that it was. We knew that allied forces joined other forces at Normandies Beach and the radio and the newspapers informed us that many had died during this battle but our armies kept going on inexorably.

This particular morning, as usual, I was at school in the Tenth grade but there were only seven students and annex with grade eleventh. We were called "les grandes" that I really appreciated a lot because I was quit short, round and the youngest of the group.

Among all our teachers we could easily remark

the nun who taught us English. She had come from the United States and arrived to the convent just a few years prior.

We thought she was a bit odd and there were rumours she liked men too much something they had never dealt with at this convent before.

It was during our morning lessons that the door opened widely right in the middle of the lessons. Sister Rollande large in stature ran into the class and was dancing never before seen and she said "The war is over" and left..

To be continued next addition of "Les Chabotteries" news letter...

Marcelle Chabot



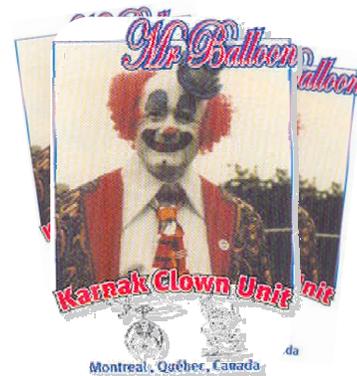
During the last quartely, many among our members have lost a love one; it could be a partner, a child, a father or mother, a borther or sister. We take this moment to offer our deepest sympathy.

Administrative boards of your Association

Louis Chabot also known as « Mr balloune »



Louis talked to us about a particular volunteer activity: he made handicapped kids laugh by being a clown at the circus or at the hospital for many years.



This is when I was 35 years old and I became a clown for the Shiners Association. At that time there were approximately 850 members within the great region of Montreal. I volunteered because it gave me a chance to brighten up the sick children and put smiles on their faces. I participated at circus, parades and shows because it helped raise money for the additional care the children needed.

Everything was about volunteering and I still participate at some activities, but, at 78 years old, the parades are much longer and I get tired more easily...

I gave my love to the causes because they were dear to my heart and brought lots of happiness. Shriners Circus provides care for sick children and you should not hesitate to go to that circus. You can have fun with your family and know the money you spent is going to care for a lot of sick children and bring smiles to their faces as well.

It is my pleasure to inform you about the Shiners' Hospital.

It was built in 1925, and its first vocation was for the orthopaedic paediatric care. This hospital is located on Cedar Street, Mount-Royal in the Montreal, Quebec area and it owns some laboratories which specialize in the domain for the genetic, bones and cartilages physiology research. The Shriners Hospital is affiliated with the Montreal and McGill University .

Shriners hospitals are located in Mexico, United States and Canada. The Montreal Hospital has 40 beds for personalized care and where the parents can stay with their child. At the Shriners Hospital, they believe that it isn't just the medical care but it is important to rehabilitate the spirit of our children as well.

Louis Chabot

We have lost two members that supported us since the foundation.



On February 15th, Mr. Gaston Chabot of Québec (Vanier) passed away at the age of 86 years old.



On February 20th, Mr Ronald Chabot of Lévis passed away accidentally at the age of 63 years old.

Our deepest sympathy to the family.

You have some stories to talk about ?

We would like to remind you that your newsletters *Les Chabotteries* depend on you, dear members. Share your stories with us, they shall not be forgotten and you will help us to keep the newsletter alive.

Get in touch with us !



We are searching some volunteers to assist us to fulfil different tasks for the Association.

For more information, please contact André Goggin (418) 628-4786 or send an E-mail at the following address:
a.goggin@sympatico.ca

Our best anniversary wishes for our Jubilees

- Madeleine Chabot** of Quebec
July 1st - **79 years**
- Jacques-A Chabot** of St-François-de-Montmagny
July 11th - **86 years**
- Rollande Chabot** of Limoilou
July 12th - **77 years**
- Gaétan Chabot** of Ville St-Pierre
July 12th - **86 years**
- Laurette Henri** of St-Lazare-de Bellechasse
July 18th - **83 years**
- Fernande Chabot-Sauvageau** of St-Casimir
July 19th - **87 years**
- Jean R. Chabot** of Ottawa
July 27th - **76 years**
- Robert Chabot** of Montreal
July 29th - **75 years**
- Jean-Paul Chabot** of Lévis
July 30th - **87 years**
- Marcelle Chabot** of Longueuil
August 1st - **79 years**
- Ruth Chabot** of Quebec
August 13th - **76 years**
- Rolland Chabot** of Warwick
August 14th - **87 years**
- Jean-Charles Chabot** of Quebec (Loretteville)
August 28 th - **82 years**
- Anita Chabot** of St-Lazare-de-Bellechasse
September 10 th - **80 years**
- Jeannette Chabot** of Quebec
September 11 th - **84 years**
- Léandre Chabot** of Montmagny
September 15 th - **85 years**
- Denise Chabot** of St-Lazare-de-Bellechasse
September 16 th - **79 years**
- Monique Chabot** of Quebec
September 17 th - **85 years**
- Françoise Chabot** of Albertville
September 18 th - **75 years**
- Lucille Chabot** of Trois-Rivieres
September 23 th - **82 years**

Compile by Luc Chabot



Marcelle Chabot and her family

Label address

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Fédération des familles souches du Québec

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