



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

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Toussaint-Toupin's house at Château-Richer

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Association Fees

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President's line



On October 3rd, we will meet at Château-Richer to celebrate the 350th Anniversary of the arrival of our ancestor Mathurin. It is time once again to hold our annual general assembly. We are expecting you in a large number. Bring your relatives! We will do a commemorative presentation of the event.

Last year, during our annual general meeting, I agreed to take over as president, as our friend Claude Chabot, the founder of our Association, had decided to step down due to health problems.

Now, I am stepping down and will be handing the reins over to our next chosen President. It is good to have new blood to bring a new momentum to our association. Financially, we are in good position and the Association is proud of his 330 members in good standing. I will always be a "Chabot" in my heart and I thank you sincerely for the opportunity to serve as President. I will continue to be involved in our newsletter "*Les Chabotteries*".

Every year, we hold elections and vote in a new administrative Board. It is important to find new people so they can continue to find and to bring the lights on more Chabot families across Canada, United States and other countries. Do not hesitate to get involved.

We ask that you please reserve now because we need to tell the caterer how many plates to expect for the brunch. We also need to know the number attending our meeting so that we can prepare enough copies off all the

documents that are required for the meeting. Our team will be very grateful. Some members from the States will be with us. It will be a great pleasure to meet you all.

André Goggin

Editor's line

After telling us what was going on in her family during the economic crash and the second World War, Marcelle Chabot is coming back to talk to us in reference to what the religion and the education was like at this time.

For our interview, we have met Gaetan Chabot of Ste-Sabine, a passionate gardener who has agreed to talk to us about flowers, especially the daylily for which he is a great specialist.

To celebrate the arrival of Mathurin Chabot, 350 years ago, at Chateau-Richer, we invite you to discover what must have been the panoramic view of the site upon his arrival.

Andrée Chabot will talk about her experience in Georgia during a work contract,

Claude Chabot our founder and past president will be leaving the administration board and will give us a summary of his journey from the birth of our association and his years of research to find Chabot ancestors and descendants.

Finally, like Mathurin, we will go on board a ship that crossed in 1660. You will learn that you had to be strong and healthy to dare undertake such an adventure. Please do not read prior taking your lunch, some of the lines might not have a good taste.

*André Goggin,
(Chabotté by his mother Florence Chabot)*

Marcelle Chabot, life stories - Second part

The religion or the Big Shorty and the Tall Skinny

During the years 1930-1950, my parish got to have two priests. I knew the first one when I was five years old.

I was very stubborn, even at this age, and I got it into my head to make my first communion.

Normally this ceremony was held at the end of the first school year and I was not even in school then.

So I had to grate on the ears of my mother to the point where she went to talk to the priest.

I'm still surprised today that it agreed to meet me. He questioned me, he thought I was ready and got my confession at the rectory, on my knees, my hands clasped over his black cassock with multiple buttons and I communed before everybody else.

This kindness prevailed even in subsequent years. He came to visit us in class to hand in our year-end reports.

He had nothing but good words for each one of us and a recommendation for those who did not provide enough effort.

He ended his visits to us providing his advice for the summer vacations. He did this with his eyes closed as if in prayer, beginning with "My good little children." He was speaking softly and playing with the cellophane wrapping the images that he had given before leaving. We did not grasp much of what he was saying.

In our children's heads he was a good grandfather, a little old-fashioned but full of forgiveness and love.

In 1945, due to illness and old age, he left the parish.

The difference between him and his successor

could not be greater, even physically. The first one was short and fat, the other one tall and thin. As for characters, they were just as dissimilar. While the first was soft and inclined to certain slackness in his last years in the parish, the other one immediately showed his colors and took the parish in iron hand.

He first turned out to be a great administrator, calling the parish afloat financially, while having major repairs be done to the church and providing the community with a parish center.

He managed to finance all this by visiting his parishioners one by one and by having them sign promissory notes over five years. As we were proud of his church and his village, we signed.

He soon thundered from the pulpit against drinking establishments which had flourished for several years in the parish. He went personally to meet the tenants who, it is said, had to go through a severe lecture.

He soon got to know places known as "rendezvous" joints. As one of the women involved was mother of two religious children, he mentioned in a sermon he saw roses blooming on manure. He did not have to name any names

In general, he said, the woman was the great temptress. We had to attend church wearing long sleeves or which went less below the elbow and he would pass straight in front of us, as we kneeled at Holy Table, if, according to him, our cleavage was too strong.

One day he summoned my mother to the rectory. One of my sisters had, apparently, eyes that were "too bright" for her age (meaning she was already looking at boys). Mom replied she watched over us and that my sister was first in her class. She would see if her love affairs ever encroached her school work.



Wedding picture of
my parents

The severity and interference did not please everyone. The notables of the parish, in particular, "kicked over the traces". The doctor, for his part, unwilling to take any party, said he moved to Quebec so as to be closer to major hospitals.

Eventually, however, we got used to his style. We

also knew he had great qualities.

Never in living memory, there had been such a good orator. He addressed a religious theme and could develop over several weeks without being ever boring. His sermons were actual lectures. And despite his knowledge, which was great, he could bring his science within everyone's reach.

We also admired his great piety and righteousness. And what he demanded of others he demanded of himself first.

And we missed him when he was replaced by a rather stocky and reserved priest ...

Ignorance

Ignorance rather than knowledge is the word that best described those two decades.

An example: the whole family loved to read but we could not quench that thirst.

I remember going to what was called the parish library on some occasions. It opened after High Mass and fit in a closet located in a dark corner of the basement of the church. The books were uniformly covered with the same lined brown paper where titles had to be deciphered. The choice, in addition, was very limited. How could not the most enthusiastic reader not be discouraged by this?

We somehow got over it by reading the newspapers. We were among the few dozen families subscribing to daily "Action Catholique" newspaper. I often heard my father say, half-joking, half serious: "It's enough being poor without being ignorant."

On Sunday, we would quarrel over the newspaper "La Patrie" which had the merit of being divisible by three. The white section covering news and sports, the part in color was that of "comics" and the brown one consisted mainly of reports with photos.

The end of the school year brought us some books as prizes but those volumes were large hardback books, on topics of little interest for our age and I do not remember having read through any of them.

My frustrated taste for reading continued in my sleep for years. I dreamed of being trapped in a library after it closes. I would spend a wonderful night not knowing where to turn, trying to read everything at once.

Meanwhile, radio mainly provided us with songs. We appreciated such French stars as Jean Sablon, Reda Caire, Tino Rossi. When the war broke out, we were cut off from the French singers, but we gladly welcomed our own interpreters: Lucille Dumont, Muriel Millard, Jean Lalonde, etc..

At dinner time, mom and my eldest sister would get close to our little radio device to listen to their favourite saga: "Francine Louvain".

My favourite show was "Ceux qu'on aime" ("Those we love"). It gave rise to a whole ritual. Every Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, I would join my best friend, Berthe, to listen to the show at her parents' house. Her home was a lot calmer than mine. We locked ourselves in the living room, wedged in armchairs, facing their radio that was monumental compared to ours. Bertha would usually

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The Big Crossing

Before departure

The big crossing was a once in a lifetime event. Leaving for New France meant that you would probably never see your family or friends again. It meant tearful goodbyes, especially if you had an overly possessive mother.

It was necessary to arrive early at the port, especially if one was not part of the contracted crew as is the case of our ancestor Mathurin. As there were only three or four ships leaving the quays of Rouen and La Rochelle each year, you had to be on time so as not to miss the ship. A normal crossing lasted at least 60 days and often took up to 90 days when the winds were not in their favor.

The people from Poitou generally embarked at La Rochelle. In 1660, only one ship, the Ste-Barbe sailed from this location; we suppose that it is the one taken by Mathurin.

Getting there early did not mean that the departure was on that specific day. You could not leave unless the wind cooperated. Meanwhile, it was necessary to eat and sleep and these expenses could seriously deplete the traveler's meager savings.

Life on board

The ships were filled to maximum capacity. During that period, this one measured approximately 40 meters long (120 feet) and 10 meters wide (30 feet). There were usually 3 decks of 1.5 meters in height which meant that adults had to stoop to go from one place to another. One had to take precautions when helping to load the ship to ensure that the cargo was well-balanced, which was of the utmost necessity in case of storms.

You embarked only after the ship was loaded

with all the provisions for the trip as well as with livestock and the feed and supplies necessary for them. Afterwards, the immigrant's single chest was loaded on board. It usually contained all the clothing and tools that the immigrant planned to use during the first year. There was no room for the superfluous.

The livestock on board served to meet the needs of the colony and to feed the passengers during the crossing in case it took too long. As space was very limited, only young animals were transported in this Noah's Ark. We can imagine how difficult it would have been to lower a bull with horns or a full-grown horse down into the hold because of their weight and the height of the decks. A calf or a colt would become adults the following year.

The passengers occupied the rear of the ship in a space called the "sainte barbe", a space commonly used on ships during that century as a powder room or magazine, where life was very crowded and it was impossible to stand because of the lack of headroom. This space lacked proper ventilation, and stank of livestock, and it was usually dark there because of the risk of fire. There were no cozy beds, only foul-smelling mattresses on wooden bunks built into the wall. Some slept in hammocks.

Life on board was very monotonous. They could stretch their legs on the bridge when the weather allowed. They passed their time singing or playing cards. It must be noted that fair weather made the crossing more pleasant, but the absence of wind was inconvenient because it prolonged its duration. They could only light lamps in the interior of the ship when the seas were calm because of the risks of fire; otherwise, they lived in darkness. For the same reason, there was no heating. Combustible materials were use parsimoniously; the voyage could be long, and there was no

question of the captain ever burning any wooden part of his ship. When ships left in springtime, it was the proximity of the people and livestock on board that kept them from freezing.

Water and food

After two or three weeks, the fresh water conserved in barrels had taken on a questionable color and the nauseating odor of rotten eggs because of the larvae that were growing in it. It was necessary to have a strong stomach to drink it. For this reason, a daily pot of cider was allotted to the voyager. On Sundays, a bit of wine was distributed.

The food lacked variety, and one could not be demanding. In the morning, breakfast was biscuits. Their advantage was that they could be stored a relatively long time in barrels. At night, they ate early because of the darkness. The meal consisted generally of a soup made of cereal, beans, or peas, accompanied by fat or olive oil to provide necessary proteins. They also ate dried salted codfish and herring constantly. The salt was removed by soaking the dried fish in sea water. Obviously, when there were storms they ate their food cold, as they could not light cooking fires.

Hygiene

Hygienic conditions were pathetic. In general, people wore the same clothing for the duration of the voyage, and washed themselves very little. There were many reasons to justify these conditions: first, there was a total lack of privacy as they lived crowded together in a single room which did not give them the privacy to undress; there were very few clothes to could change into, and those were often inaccessible as they were crowded into chests stacked in the cargo hold of the ship and could not be moved because of the need to conserve the equilibrium of the ship. Besides that, fresh water was too precious to waste. The only shower that could be taken was fully dressed, under gentle rain, as long as the water

was not too cold. After several days at sea, one got used to the odor. One way or another, at that time they did not bathe every week. This created favorable conditions for lice and rats.

The Storms

Storms instilled great fear among the passengers, as they were all aware that each year some boats sank under those same conditions. Religious fervor increased, and novenas were promised to all the saints for helping them survive this ordeal. The first reaction to rough seas was seasickness, accompanied by nausea and continuous vomiting. Conditions were worsened by the fact that from the very beginning of the storm everyone would be kept inside the closed ship so no one could be washed overboard and to prevent water from entering the hold. In this ark, they quickly lacked ventilation. Imagine the stench when everyone went through this same ordeal in the darkness, as there was no way to light a lantern under these conditions. The deck floor became fouled and very slippery as the ship pitched and rolled. No one was in shape to clean it. When this happened, they used an old seafaring trick, they let a few pigs loose, and those omnivorous creatures took care of the cleaning. These pigs would later be blessed when they were eaten. The livestock also suffered from the storm, besides the fact that no one was well enough to feed them during that time. The members of the crew who were accustomed to this, and the rare passengers who were not affected had to content themselves with cold food during the entire duration of the storm.

The tragedies

Even though a barber-surgeon accompanied the passengers, at every crossing there were a few tragedies. Un-hygienic conditions, deficient food, infectious water, and accidents were the principal causes. It was not rare to arrive at destination

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My sojourn in Georgia



I am 60 years old and I have just retired following an offer for work in Georgia. A six-month contract as an adviser for the Fiscal Reform Project. I haven't travelled outside North America since my return from Africa in 1974 and I am anxious.

I wait in line to obtain a temporary visa at the Tbilisi airport. Everything goes well. A chauffeur is waiting for me, gives me an envelope and drives me to the hotel. I go through the documents. Meeting at 8:00 tomorrow morning. It is almost midnight and I haven't had any sleep for what seems like ages ago, but I will take the time to undo my suitcases and prepare my clothes.

We apparently do not have any time to waste even on a Saturday morning. We are informed that we will all have a chauffeur as the Chechens are threatening to kidnap Americans for a ransom. Since our nationality is not written on our forehead, we are all at risk. We then leave as a group to visit a long list of apartments.

Everything looks ugly and depressing. We do not even feel like going inside but since they insist! What a surprise! Antique furniture and paintings, extraordinary light fixtures, and a piano in several apartments. The men give me the first choice (I am the only woman). I choose the nicest one which is in the best area. They do not object but I suspect that the fact that it is on the 8th floor may be a factor. The owner gives me a huge set of keys that takes half of my handbag and instructs me to use them all, and to secure the thick metal door with a heavy bar once inside. We are in 1999

but there is still social unrest even if the civil war ended in 1995. People are suspicious and worried. I follow the instructions when I am inside the apartment but disregard them outside as the system is so complicated that I figure that I could be killed 3 times while trying to open the door.

The building where we work is in the middle of nowhere, smoky and the state of the washrooms is disastrous. The room assigned to us is crowded. My interpreter spends a lot of time on the phone and disturbs everyone. The job is frustrating. The Revenue Department's employees (and other public servants) haven't been paid for 8 months but as much as we can tell, this does not prevent them from eating one's fill, smoking like chimneys, and for some of them, from driving to work in Mercedes. To be sure, multi-generations live in the same house and they club together to pay expenses. However, except for those who work for international organizations, the average salaries are less than \$1,000 per year. It must be said though that when the communist regime collapsed, those who had lived in the same dwelling for a given number of years automatically became owners. The most clever families piled up on one another to free up properties such as those that we rent at high prices. Nevertheless, the corruption is rampant at all levels and money does not reach the Treasury's coffers. Nobody sees the proposed changes favorably as it would force them to change their lifestyle. I am getting used to my new environment. No need for an alarm clock, the neighboring roosters do the job at 4 o'clock in the morning. I am getting used not to have water during the night. I am getting used to my chauffeur who drives like crazy like all the others. "Eh, don't kill

granma" I tell him. He laughs. I am wasting my time. There is a reason for all these under street crossings.

My colleagues are Australian, American and British and we make a good team. We see one another more than eight hours a day, yet we spend time together whenever we are free during the week-end. We go to the wonderful flea market and park for artists where they sell extraordinary antiques and excellent quality paintings. The population needs money and sells objects transmitted from generation to generation. They even sell their ancestors' love letters.

We receive an invitation to attend a Georgian Table which is a form of socialization where the food is plenty (they even pile up the dishes on top of one another) and also the alcohol. The table host gives philosophic toast after philosophic toast and serves drink after drink to a particular guest. The guest does not dare refusing but is not having fun. The others pretend to be having fun. I decline all other invitations.

With the exception of the street of the President's residence (also the street of the Parliament and of the Opera), the main street where I live and the old Tbilisi which is very charming but in need of repairs, Tbilisi is a depressing city. We see gray buildings everywhere, some of them left unfinished due to rule changes during construction work. We sometimes see rusted cranes left in the middle of the building sites.

We decide to spend a week-end in Shatili, a historic village and medieval fortress at about 11 kilometers from Chechnia and 100 kilometers from Tbilisi. We must push the van in difficult areas in the mountain, walk along a road that has disappeared while one of the Chechens driving in front of us tests the water depth and our driver attempts to go through. Sometimes

the road is blocked from mountain scree and we must clear it. We arrive 8 hours later. There is no road between Shatili and Chechnya (to make it more difficult for Chechens to enter Georgia). Our friends must leave their car in Shatili and go horseback riding through the mountain.

We also go to the Vardzia fortress called Cave City, a monastery dug in the mountain in the 12th century as a protection from the Mongols. It became visible following an earthquake which partially destroyed it in the 13th century. Alongside the road, we go through villages where they sell beds on each side, wicker baskets and other objects, hammocks, etc. Employees were paid with manufactured goods when the factories closed and they are trying to recover their money. The reason why there is a piano in so many houses is similar. In Vardzia, a few colleagues and myself decide to go through the tunnels. It is pitch black and we only have a mini flashlight. We go up and down numerous stairs. No two steps have the same height, and we constantly stumble. After what felt like an eternity, we finally end up in the chapel. Our colleagues are relieved to see us re-appear.

The six months quickly went by. I have become fond of my owner, of my floor neighbors who, I know were protecting me, of the street beggars who were doing the same thing and of all the children to whom I distributed my bananas when coming back from the market.

When I leave, the civil servants are still not paid.

Andrée Chabot Nadeau

Château-Richer at the time of Mathurin ¹

As we already know, the Chabot family reunion will take place next Sunday October 3 at Château-Richer to commemorate the 350 anniversary of the arrival of our ancestor in North America. Why not take advantage of this event to try to show what this parish was like at that time! This is more or less a glimpse of a precise moment in history that we want to trace in broad strokes.

As surprising as it might appear, the origin of the name of this parish of the Seigneurie of Beaupré is unknown. By consulting the Internet site of the municipality Château-Richer, we learn that the first mention of this name appears as early as 1642 on surveyor Jean Bourdon's map. Only the promontory where the actual church was built is designated as such. We are also reminded that several legends or stories attempt to offer a plausible explanation for the name of this village and no château has yet been identified.

After St-Joachim, Château-Richer is the second place settled by the French colonists on the Côte-de-Beaupré. In 1626, under Champlain, the first farm in the valley of the St. Laurent is established, serving as both pantry and attic to the habitants, the first settlers of Quebec.

If we go back a bit in history, it is in 1636 that the seigneuries of Beaupré and the Isle of Orleans were created. However, let us remember that it is only in 1660 that Mathurin Chabot, newly landed on Quebec soil, signs a *bail à métayage* or *tenant's lease*, also called a *lease at equal shares* with Toussaint Toupin for the duration of 5 years. Later, in 1661, he marries Marie Mésange at the church of Notre-Dame de Québec. According to the terms of the contract, they establish themselves in the Isle of Orleans, first in the parish of St. Pierre, then later in St. Laurent.

The territory of the seigneurie of Beaupré is 6 *lieues* deep (1 *lieue*=2.8 miles) and includes the lands located between Sault Montmorency and La Rivière du Gouffre at Baie St-Paul. A *lieue* is an ancient measure of distance of approximately 4 to 6 kilometers.²

Let us return to the subject of Château Richer. The lands of the Seigneurie of Beaupré are fertile, and from the first moments of the seigneurie its parcels of land are rapidly distributed to the French colonists also called *censiraires* or *roturiers* who render "homage and faith" to their seigneur by payment of a *cens*, or payment in kind, as they did not have available liquid assets or cash.

It is not surprising that Monsignor De Laval acquires both the Seigneuries of Beaupré and of the Isle of Orleans in 1662 to assure the support of the Seminary of Quebec and of the future priests.

One man will play a large role in the development of Château-Richer. Olivier Le Tardif is considered as one of the founders because of his implication in and close connection to the development of the territory. He was one of the trusted confidants of Samuel de Champlain (who died on Christmas day, in 1635). As Seigneur of the Seigneurie de Beaupré from 1646 to 1662, he allots the first sites, about 20 concessions. He sets up a windmill in the village in addition to the water mill on the river called Sault-a-la-Puce (Flea's Leap). Le Tardif settles on the coast of Beaupré, first at Cap Tourmente, and later at Château-Richer.

Let us go back a bit to the social organization of that period in New France, the seigneurie. The colonists who committed themselves signed a *bail à métayage* or *tenant's lease* by which the seigneur conferred the care and cultivation of a parcel of land in exchange for a portion of the

harvest, but which also included diverse obligations such as certain tasks. Thus, the seigneur contributed the capital, and the *métayer*, or tenant, his labor.³

Both of these parties had precise obligations: the seigneur had to build roads, a mill, and had to provide a piece of land for the construction of a church, a rectory, etc. Jean Talon imposed on the seigneurs the obligation of living on the land they were in charge of. He also served as judge in the settlement of disputes.

We must not think that the life of the *métayer* was easy. First, he had to build a place to live, and clear the land before he could sow and harvest his crops. He is isolated, with only the bark canoe that the Native People had taught the French to use as his only means of transportation during a large part of the year. In the winter, the French imitated the Natives and used snowshoes. Let us remember that the horse did not appear in New France till 1665.

For a long time, everywhere in New France the church was the center of the parish, the pivotal point of community life. At Château-Richer, beginning in 1636, a little wooden chapel built at the foot of the cape made it possible for missionaries to celebrate mass for more than twenty years. Later, Monsignor de Laval will build a stone church and a rectory on the same site as it is today.

The seigneurial system was abolished in 1854.

Jean-Louis Chabot

BUTEAU, Lise, *Château-Richer, terres de nos ancêtres en Nouvelle-France*, Éditions La plume d'oie, Cap St-Ignace, 2005

GARIÉPY, Raymond, *Les seigneuries de Beaupré et de l'Île d'Orléans dans leurs débuts*, La Société Historique de Québec, Québec, 1974

² Dictionnaire Antidote

³ Les CHABOTTERIES, numéro 1, p.6

The big crossing

(Continued from page 7)

with losses of 10 %. Bodies of the deceased were buried at sea after tying a weight to their feet.

The arrival

The sight of the coast of Newfoundland with its icebergs and its fogs signified that the worst was over, even if the sailors informed the passengers that sailing up the incoming tide into the river was treacherous because of the reefs, the conflicting winds, and the current. They took advantage of the hills of Newfoundland to fill up with fresh water, and to fish for fresh cod, which is different from the salted food that they had been eating since their departure. They learn that they still have two weeks of sailing left.

Upon arrival in Quebec, they leave the ship and transfer to a bark to finish the trip, as there is no quay and the captain does not want to run aground. Contrary to what we think, no was running out to meet them. After two or three months of crossing without hygiene, one can imagine that a day or two to clean up, shave, delouse, and do laundry gives them some feeling of well-being before presenting themselves to the local population. It is hard to believe that Champlain crossed the ocean 29 times before dying in his bed! Just think: the cost of one crossing was 75 *livres*...three months of salary.

Now, I have great barbecued ribs, a beautiful fresh salad, and a nice cold beer that await me.

Bon appétit!

André Goggin

¹ CAMPEAU, Charles Vianney, *Navires venus en Nouvelle-France*, sur Internet, <http://naviresnouvellefrance.com>

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NOS RACINES, Les Éditions T.L.M., 1979, p.21s

LACHANCE, André, *Pour le Christ et le Roi*, Libre Expression, 1992. p.51s

Interview with Gaétan Chabot, at the northern perennials



On our journey on July 29th, André Goggin and I drove to Ste-Sabine village in the Bellechasse County, and met Gaé-tan Chabot. He is well known for his perennials gardens and especially for the "hemerocallis" daylilies flowers. You will find below our interview with him; he is an emeritus and erudite horticulturist.

Jean-Louis – Thanks to welcome us. To start our interview, would it be possible to know more about you.

Gaétan Chabot – I am born in Ste-Sabine and I am the elder of 12 children in our family. My father's name is Adrien and my mother Rosa Tanguay. I am myself a father of three children and the name of my best half and my precious collaborator is Monique Moreau and she is native and live her childhood at St-Alexis-de-Matapédia.

Jean-Louis – Let's talk about your career.

Gaétan Chabot – I started my career as forestry worker. Then, I choose to go to work in Montreal in a carboard factory. This is also where that I did meet my future wife. I stayed there for seven years after that we didn't feel like been at home in a large city and in a comun agreement, we came back to stay into our native village. Then I worked for 18 years in the forestry industry for the CIP Company until they shut down the manufacture in 1991. Afterwards, I did end my career by working 6 years in a wood mill at Ste-Justine.

Jean-Louis – What brough you towards perennials horticulturist?

Gaétan Chabot – Once back in Ste-Sabine, we did cultivate a large garden. Within the years, the garden got smaller to make room for more and more flowers. Once the children gone, the garden has been abandon for a while and the 6,700 square feet was available for perennials flowers and we can count up to 1,200 different species. In 1997, I had to take a premature retirement and I was declared invalid due to my knees. Then, I had to be hospitalised and operated for an oesophagi cancer after that I went for four bypass operations. This is the flowers that allowed me to get back my health; today, I feel good.

Jean-Louis – Among all those flowers families, can you tell us if there is any that you like more than the others?

Gaétan Chabot – One of my friend in St-Gedeon cultivated daylilies and I fell in love with them. Actually, I do own approximately 700 different species, well identified and my spouse keep an update records in the computer and also an inventory of all those species that we took picture and identified. On those 700 species, 300 are of my own creation that I obtain by hybridization.



Jean-Louis – What is by hybridization?

Gaétan Chabot – This is the action of crossing two varieties of the same species by taking the flower pollen and to bring on the pistil of another flower, and all this to obtain a new variety. This is not done so rapidly and its take times, patience and numerous precautions. A minimum of 3 to 4 years is required to create a new variety and this is not always a success. Believe-me!

Jean-Louis – Let's talk about your daylilies?

Gaétan Chabot – This is a one day flower that we can find also in their indigenous state. A flower requiring some heat and a lot of sun, six to seven hours of daylight per day is necessary. This flower, except at its beginning do not required that much water. Like others perennials, they are able to obtain its humidity in the depth of its roots in the ground. In my research of new variety, I am trying to obtain a rigid stem and bright colors on the petals. Nobody up to know has been able to grow a daylily with a bright blue color. More than likely the person who will success this will be millionaire

Jean-Louis – Does this passion bring you towards others activities?

Gaétan Chabot – Yes, as example last year I gave a conference about the daylilies, and another one this year in regards to easy flowers to cultivate. I do offer also my service as guide to any person who desire to come and to visit our garden. I am also involved in the activity of Route Fleurie among the different municipalities of my region.

Jean-Louis – Can we say now that this hobby became your job today?

Gaétan Chabot – Yes, I always wanted to find time for gardening and for the horticulturist once retire. Today, after my sickness, I have learned to listen more to my body and to take some rest during the day. We shall not forget my spouse Monique that was always very active with me among those 30 years that we share this passion.

Jean-Louis & André – Thanks, M. Chabot, it was very interesting to talk to a floral expert who hasn't lost his simplicity. Brother Marie-Victorin would be very proud of you and your spouse.

Jean-Louis Chabot

Marcelle Chabot, life stories - Second part

(Continued from page 5)

bring along a big juicy apple. As soon as we heard the theme music, we were out of this world.

On the theatre scene, there were some companies in Montreal, but the Canadian Metropolis was so far away ...

What we had available, however, was the local amateur theatre company. Mom always found the money necessary for us to attend their annual performance.

Never the three traditional strokes announcing the beginning of a play have had an effect on me as they did back then. The curtain would then rise, too slowly for our liking, as we could not wait to see the stage set.

The play was usually a drama or a French comedy. It was well played. The director of the company was a man of taste and culture. At the time of casting, he would make sure the main roles would go to people with some acting experience, but he also gave a chance to beginners. We were all happy when one of our brothers or sisters was selected for the play.

In 1948, Gratien Gélinas came up with his "Ti-Coq" character. Our drama was born. It was our words, our language, and our situations.

I was in a boarding school at that time and much envied my sister who had got to see the play in Montreal. A young priest with modern ideas had taken my sister and some other teenagers to the theatre.

That same year, I turned seventeen and got a brand new teaching certificate. The world was mine and I was not going to let anything or anyone put a cap on my thirst for learning and living.

Marcelle Chabot



A little world from Claude, our treasurer

Salutations to all the members,

Just about this time last year, I spoke of my deteriorating health in this newsletter. Despite medical advice to discontinue my participation in the growth of our association, I chose to continue. Since the last assembly in Montreal we have added 45 new members for a total of 330.

Our database now has 20, 500 descendants, with more than 2300 inscriptions added this past year. All of our members have received their pin inscribed with our coat of armor which gives meaning to our initiative.

Our website is used as a research database on a daily basis. Our revue, Les Chabotteries, keeps us in contact with our members. And lastly, in renewing your membership, you help to insure the financial security, thus the future, of our organization. We have no debt and a reserve for future needs.

Such is not the case with my health. Sadly, it has continued to deteriorate in the past year. For this reason, I must retire from the administrative council.

Three years have passed since the founding of the Association des Chabot and much has been accomplished. Consequently, many active members are perhaps looking to do something else and this is understandable. From experience, we know that once an association dies, it is difficult if not impossible to put it back onto its feet.

Thus, the 3rd of October 2010 will be a defining day for the large family of Chabots. The destiny of this association will be in the hands of a new team.

I would like to thank my sister Lucie in particular; she has been an exemplary partner from the beginning both as secretary and in assuming responsibility for setting up each and every issue of our revue. Thank you for your patience and your devotion. Thank you for sustaining me in this dream of creating l'Association des Chabot. Thanks to the rest of the team. Thanks to all who encouraged me in their own way. Thank you to all who believed in us. Lastly, long life to the ASSOCIATION DES CHABOT.



BRUNCH for the annual assembly
for the « Association des Chabot »

We will be waiting for you

Sunday October 3rd 2010 at 10:00 AM

At the « Centre Olivier Le Tardif »

We ask you to confirm your participation
by contacting Luc Chabot at 819-840-6962
or by email to chabotl@hotmail.com



It will be our pleasure to see you

Your administrative council

Death notice

Unfortunately, we have lost
two of our members.



*Léandre Chabot, 84 years,
of Montmagny
(one of the founding
members)*



*Yvon Chabot, 71 years,
of Ste-Marie de Beauce
Our deepest sympathies to
the families.*

You have some stories to share ?

We would like to remind you that
the newsletters

Les Chabotteries depend on you, the Chabot.
Share your stories with us so
that shouldn't be forgotten!

During this last quarterly, many among our
members have lost a love one; it could be a
partner, a child, a father or mother, a brother
or sister. We take this moment to offer you our deep-
est sympathy.

Administrative boards of your Association.

A very happy anniversary to our Jubilees

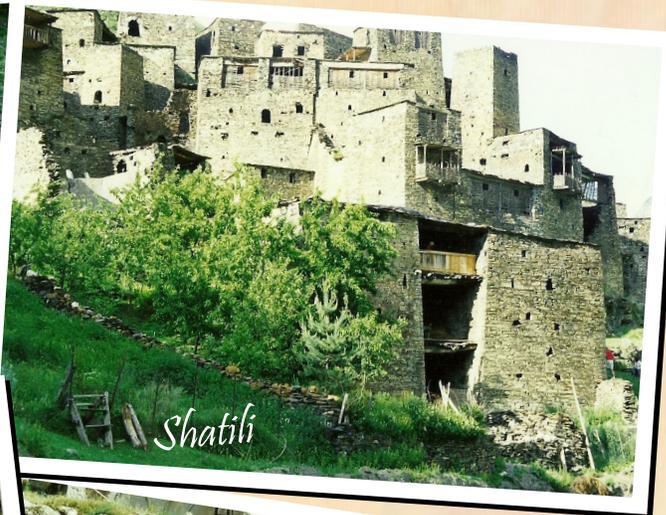
- Cécile Chabot* of Asbestos
September 4th **93 ans**
- Colette Chabot* of Lévis
October 2nd **82 ans**
- Victorin Chabot* of Québec
October 11th **78 ans**
- Rémi Chabot* of St-Mathieu
October 15th **84 ans**
- Yvette Chabot* of Québec
October 21st **79 ans**
- Jeannine Chabot* of Gravelbourg,
Saskatchewan
October 27th **78 ans**
- Aimé Chabot* of Ste-Sabine
November 4th **78 ans**
- Gilles Chabot* of St-Augustin
November 5th **80 ans**
- Claude Poisson* of Lévis
November 8th **79 ans**
- Jean-Louis Chabot* of Québec
November 18th **75 ans**
- Raoul Chabot* of Neuville
November 25th **78 ans**
- Alphonse Chabot* of Québec
December 7th **77 ans**
- Noëlla Chabot* of Gravelbourg,
Saskatchewan
December 28th **88 ans**

Compiled by Luc Chabot

Les Chabotteries



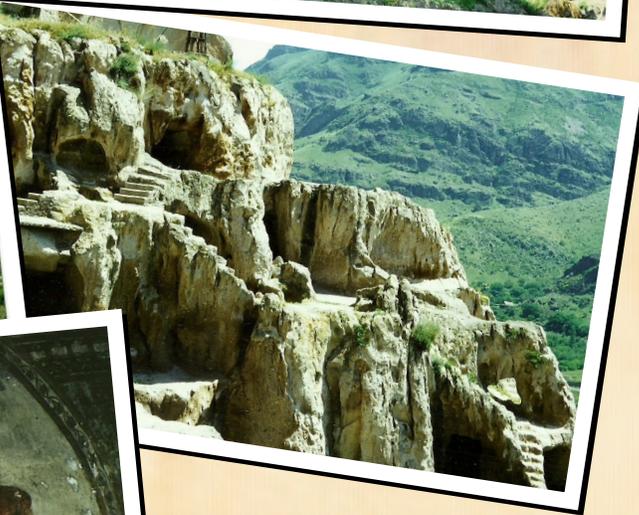
The road disappear



Shatili



Dwelling houses town



The Chapel. Ouf!

Andrée Chabot Nadeau in Georgia

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