

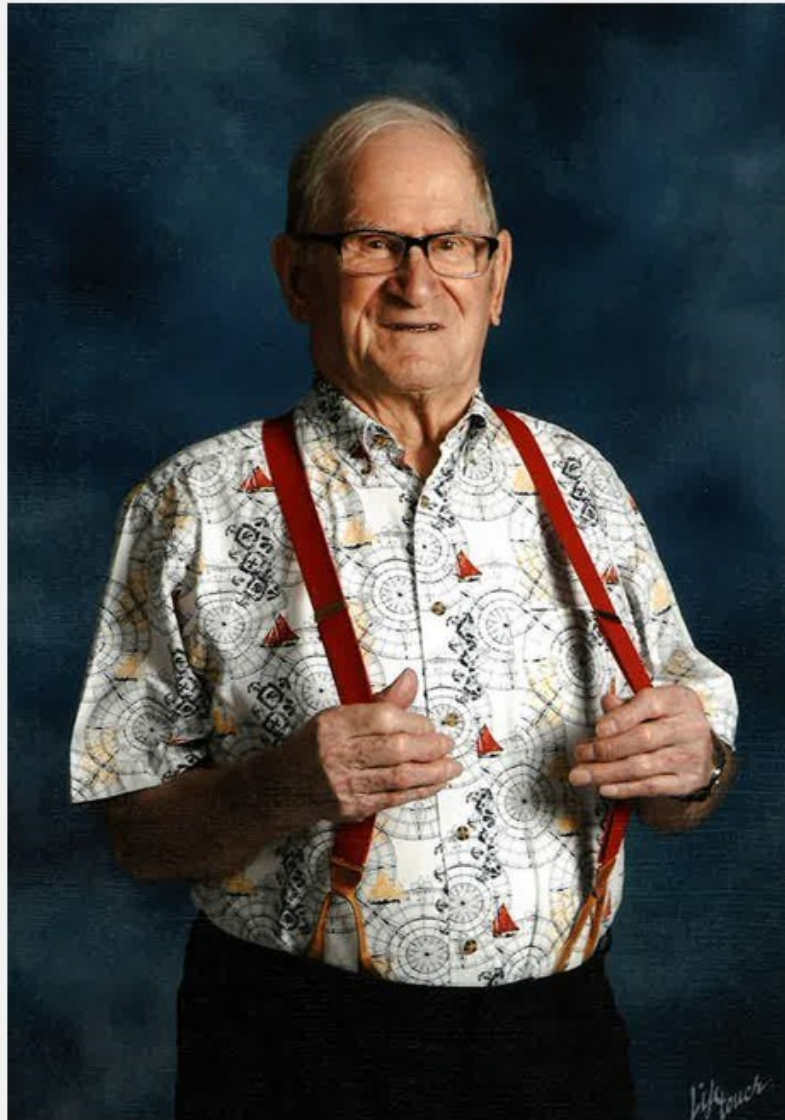


# Les Chabotteries

*Association des Chabot*

*N° 54 spring 2021*

## *Tribute To My Husband René Chabot*



The Chabotteries is a quarterly newsletter published by the Association of Chabot.

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## Message From The President



Message from the President

Greetings all,

We are living in difficult times because of COVID-19. We can't meet our family members or our friends, or hardly if at all. Why not use social media or the phone to check in on our own? We are already at the beginning of March, winter will end soon and spring will make us want to go outside (maybe still in our backyards) to see the beauty of nature awakening to offer us its wonders. We will prepare for our activities before the summer season.

The Association still continues to grow; changes are being made little by little so that your Association represents the Chabots well.

On Facebook, users continue to interact in the Chabot group and on the Chabot page. Add your photos and stories about your families. And why not add the photos of the new Chabots, with the names of their parents? Our website is now up to date and we will attempt to keep it that way at all times. We hope you visit it regularly. Come talk to us on Facebook.

Our next meeting will be held, if we can hold it of course, in one of the most beautiful regions of Chaudière-Appalaches, in the municipality of Berthier-sur-Mer. We will confirm if this takes place in the Chabotteries of June 2021.

As always, your Association needs you. I know I repeat myself in almost every issue, but it is about the survival of the Association. First, it is very important to renew your membership on time, for those members who were taking advantage of the general as-

sembly to do so; second, tell your relatives and friends about your Association. Third, you must be the eyes of the Association to advise us of the exploits of the Chabots in your area and provide us with texts and true stories about the Chabots.

We are always working to improve our Association, nothing is neglected to offer you the best and serve you better.

Your Association is in good financial health and the difficult years are in the past now. We thank our generous donors and members who take pride in renewing their subscriptions. Thank you for your support and help. We invite you to do the same if you feel like it.

As the last general assembly did not take place, the six members of the Board of Directors agreed to continue the work. We ask you to help us if by any chance you have a few minutes to devote to us.

I would like to warmly thank all those who work so hard for you to be proud of your Association and your journal.

*Maryo Chabot Tremblay*  
member n° 275



**Thanks to the owner of Cabane Chabot**

## A Tribute To My Husband, René Chabot

My husband, René Joseph Chabot, turned 95 on June 21, 2020. I want to pay tribute to this wonderful man who shares my life, and I am particularly pleased that he is still part of my daily life. I am happy to tell you his story.

### The first quarter of his life was spent in Ste-Claire, Bellechasse County, Quebec.

Her father, Henri, was a 200-pound guy with dark hair and his mother, Marie-Ange, was a petite blonde with hazel eyes. From this union, René is the youngest of their five children, he was born on June 21, 1925. A month and a half after the birth of little René, his mother was swept away by anemic tuberculosis, a tragedy that shook this young family, but it is also a miracle that the child survived. The paternal grandmother, Eugénie (née Laflamme) and wife of Joseph Chabot, who was 53 years old at the time and mother of 11 children, some of whom were still living under her roof, had welcomed the five young children with love and generosity. Daniel the eldest was 5, Monique 4, Charles 3, Yvette 2 and René was the newborn who was not supposed to survive. Eugénie looked after him, keeping him warm near the wood stove and he was also loved by his uncles and aunts, some of whom were still teenagers.



When this ordeal happened, his father, Henri, abandoned the farm and went to northwestern Canada, far from Ste-Claire to hide his grief and earn a living in the woods. After a few years, he re-appeared and remarried. The three older children went to live with their father, Yvette had been adopted by her aunt Alice (née Chabot) Coriveau and "little René" stayed with her grandmother Eugénie in the old house.

When René was 6 years old, a ruptured appendix almost cost him his life; he spent 10 days in the hospital, on a bed of ice. A mild polio attack left him with a weaker leg, but his miracle life continued. René grew up on the farm, attended the small village school and the church of Ste-Claire where he made his first communion. He didn't have the chance to play with his grandfather Joseph because he was already too old. Instead, René worked on the farm cutting hay, sowing grain, and gardening with his grandmother Eugénie. At the age of 16 and for the eight winters that followed, René traveled to Clova, in northern Québec, to

work as a lumberjack and he returned home to tend the farm all summer. And the miracle continues ...

### The second trimester of his life was spent in Ontario and Massachusetts.

René's brother, Charles, went to work in Ontario where his uncle Paul Chabot already lived there, in Fauquier. Grandmother Eugénie died in 1950 at the age of 78.

Charles returned for the funeral and convinced René, who was now 25, to go and work with him in Ontario; René said goodbye to his friends. The most difficult separation was mine, as I had been his girlfriend for the previous year. René moved to Ontario where working conditions were better, and later lived in Kapuskasing, working at the Spruce Falls paper mill for a short time.

Six years had passed, and our dating had been by correspondence, our love had grown steadily over the years. It was in August 1956 that we finally got married, in the village where we grew up. René was 31 years old and I was 25. From our love were born first two daughters, Eve and Diane, in 1957 and 1959, and then arrived two sons, Guy and John, in 1961 and 1963, all born in Kapuskasing in Ontario.

René was working hard and bought a house for his young family and so did his brother Charles. René worked as a repairman in a store that sold Pioneer chainsaws to loggers. Then came the newspaper strike in 1963 which had a snowball effect; no more work for the loggers, no more sales or repairs for the chainsaw store, and René lost his job as a result. This led our family to apply for emigration papers in the United States. Within three months, René moved his young family 1,000 miles south to Springfield, Massachusetts, near my sister. He found employment repairing small lawnmower motors and outboard motors in Windsor, Connecticut. Later he worked in a shop that made tools and he painted houses part time.

The family moved often, first buying a small house on Morgan Road in 1965. Two years later another baby girl was born, Lucy. The next step was to move into a larger house on High Street in West Springfield in 1968, to be more comfortable there. In 1971 the family moved to Longmeadow. Each move generated a small profit which was applied to the next purchase. René worked for Hamilton Standard in Connecticut where he learned spray painting. He is really proud to have painted the vehicle that went to the moon and which is still the same color.



Because of his hard work, our family's future was secure, except that the children were growing up fast. In 1970, I started working in the evening and around us were a lot of Canadians, which was conducive to meetings to play cards, share a turkey or play music. René worked in a body shop as a spray painter.

The ventilation was not very good, and his health suffered; he decided to work with his hands in the construction industry, installing drywall. Arthritis in his legs and hands made this job very difficult for him over time. The winter of 1972 was unusually cold; some family friends had moved to Florida for its warmer climate and said life was easier there. He believed that the warm temperature could be beneficial for health. And the miracle continues ...

### **The third quarter of his life was spent in Florida.**

In 1973 René moved to a mile and a half south of Hollywood, Florida moving in with a friend; he found a job there in a paint and body shop down the road and could get there on foot. The kids and I stayed in Longmeadow. During this time, the separation was difficult. René and I had not been separated for a very long time. The children cried frequently, reading the love letters René sent home. I went to see him at the beginning of July and together we made the decision to move again.

The Longmeadow house was finally sold, and we moved into a house on Plunkett Street in Hollywood where we have lived for 25 years. During this time, I worked for the county while René formed a partnership and bought Super Paint and Body. The kids grew up and graduated from high school with honors.



When René lost his brother Charles, the small inheritance allowed him to buy rental properties, which he maintained and sold for a profit. The children all had the opportunity to go to college and when they got married René was always there to put a down payment on a house. In 1985, a car accident caused René to lose part of his dexterity, he had to give up spray painting.

He began another career doing maintenance work in condos and apartments. Over the next 10 years, René built up a client base of 200 clients, mostly northerners who came to the south to spend the winter in Florida. Over time, Rene's arthritis continued to get worse. In 1997, he underwent knee replacement surgery. And the miracle continues ...

### **The fourth trimester of his life continues in Florida.**

In 1998, after 25 years in Hollywood, we moved to central Florida and our family now has one more member; my older sister Blanche. This is also where our daughter Diane and her young family live; her husband being very ill, we were closer to them to help him in this ordeal, he died in 2007.

When René retired, he spent most of his time taking care of his yard, fruit trees and flowers, thus enjoying a peaceful life. The hardest part was living away from his French-Canadian friends who visited Hollywood every winter.

It was around this time that our youngest son, John Victor, died of cancer at the age of 46. René spent a few weeks in 2009 caring for John towards the end of his life, certainly the most difficult days of his long, eventful life.

In 2015, when our daughter Diane's children got old enough, she moved back to South Florida, settled there and found a little condo for both of us; two floors lower and facing the sea. In 2017, René had serious intestinal problems and he spent 10 days in the hospital. We were afraid of what was going to happen, but the miracle continued, and René was able to leave the hospital on his own two feet. Our daughter, Eve, had been his caregiver throughout his recovery and she continues to take care of us every week.

René walks, eats and sleeps well. He is not taking any medication and his mind is sharp. He reads his newspaper every day, loves reading the Chabotteries magazine and enjoys playing cards and other board games with his family.

We continue to live in our apartment, near our children, near the church, and near God, on the 8th floor, facing the ocean, watching the wonderful sunrise and sunset every day.

***Félicité (née Bellavance) Chabot***



## Anne-Marie Chabot, A Miraculously Cured Child

Anne-Marie Chabot was born on June 27, 1937 in a hamlet called Preissac, in Abitibi. Moreover, the locality of Preissac was founded in 1934 by settlers who, for the most part, were from St-Raphaël de Bellechasse and who had come to settle this part of Abitibi while fleeing the great depression.



Her parents, Adélard Chabot and Léonilda Bilodeau, were established in St-Etienne de Beaumont, in the county of Bellechasse, when they made the decision with their nine children to go and settle in a corner of Québec where black flies and fir trees were part of their daily landscape. They had to toil from star to star to build a house, fell trees and remove rocks that grew in their fields to sow food for their children.



Article: Vautrin, P, Q, of 01/19/1939

Cured of tuberculosis

Signed: Mr. and Mrs. Adélard Chabot

Little Anne-Marie had just celebrated her first birthday in June 1938, when she suddenly fell very ill and here is the story of her parents.

On the advice of the nurse, we took her to the hospital, where the doctor said she had phlegmon ligated on her right leg.

After slitting his leg open near the ankle and putting wicks in it for a month and seeing that the leg was darkening and not looking better, the child was x-rayed; the doctor declared our baby tuberculous. Neither the curettage of the bones, nor even the amputation of her leg could save her, since tuberculosis was rife throughout the body. The doctor tells us she could live up to a month; it was at the end of August.

Desperate at this news, and unable to resign ourselves to losing this child we loved so much, we turned to Good Saint Anne.





We made novena after novena, we promised a lifetime subscription to the Annals, the publication of her healing and alms for the Basilica. Without tiring, we asked Saint Anne for a miracle, if it was the will of God.

For fifteen days the condition of the child was the same; very weak and in great pain, then, little by little, she began to regain her strength. Her wounds closed slowly, and, on the eve of All Saints' Day, we brought our dear baby back to the family, healed. Fifteen days later, she was walking and running around, as if she had never been sick. Her leg is very straight, and we only see a few scars. Saint Anne, whom we had invoked so much, had taken

pity on our distress and had given us the requested miracle. Thank you to this good Mother, whom we will never forget and whom we will do our best to make known and loved as much as possible

This family was tried more than once. On March 1, 1947, their 19-year-old son Gilles lost his life in a mine in Malartic and a month later their eldest son, Marcel, aged 28, also perished in another mine in Malartic following a fire.

**Anne-Marie Chabot**, now 83, is doing well despite her age. After getting married in 1960 to Lucien Gauthier, two sons were born Patrice and Nicola. She lives happy days surrounded by her sons and granddaughters.

Thank you for this beautiful message of hope

With the help of her son Patrice Gauthier



# Genealogy Does Not Date From Yesterday

MINNEAPOLIS MINN., VENDREDI, 17 MAI 1912

## Echo de l'Ouest

MINNESOTA  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY.

Fais ce que dois adviene que pourra

A few weeks ago, the telegraphic dispatches announced the death in the American West, of a rich French-Canadian, named Chabot, who would have left a fortune estimated at four million. Mr. Octave Chabot, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, has reasons for believing that there is some truth in this news. This gentleman has the complete genealogy of the main families of the name of Chabot, descendant of Mathurin Chabot and his wife Marie Mésanges, established around 1660, in Saint

You no doubt know that for more than 13 years I have been doing genealogical research for the Association des Chabot in parish registers through the Ancestry.ca website and for the last few months in digitized newspapers with Newspapers.com

I'm making some great discoveries, but one of them caught my attention on the morning of April 6, 2020, in the midst of the coronavirus pandemic, that of an article taken from the newspaper Echo de l'Ouest published on Friday, May 17, 1912 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. To my great surprise, this American newspaper was all written in French and what is more, it talked about genealogy.

Here's what you can read there:

**A few weeks ago, the telegraphic dispatches announced the death in the American West, of a rich French-Canadian, named Chabot, who would have left a fortune estimated at four million. Mr. Octave Chabot, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, has reasons for believing that there is some truth in this news. This gentleman has the complete genealogy of the main families of the name of Chabot, descendant of Mathurin Chabot and his wife Marie Mésanges, established around 1660, in Saint-Laurent, Île d'Orléans.**

The one referred to in the text is probably none other than Anthony Chabot, born Antoine Chabot in 1813 in St-Hyacinthe, Quebec, son of Joseph Chabot and Josephite Brossard, and dead in 1888 in Oakland, California. He was nicknamed the "king of water"; moreover, those who have been members of our association from the very beginning may have read his story in issues 18 and 19 of our magazine Les Chabotteries. It is also true as he died millionaire; married twice, he had only one daughter.

The other person mentioned in the text is Octave Chabot, born in 1876 in Contrecoeur in Verchères County, Quebec, son of Octave Chabot and Joséphine Ménard, and dead in 1961 in Fitchburg, Worcester County, Massachusetts. In the 1940 census, he worked as a butcher. He was married to Donalda Brodeur and from this union were born 6 children. Who would have thought that in 1912, a Chabot had in his possession the complete genealogy of the main Chabot families?

After a little research on this Echo de l'Ouest newspaper, here is what I found:

Founded on April 25, 1883, l'Echo de l'Ouest was the newspaper representative of French Canadians in Minnesota and the surrounding Upper Midwest region. It was published as a four-page weekly in Minneapolis under the direction of publisher Zéphirin Demeules, or members of his family, for its entire 45-year span.

Demeules was born in St-Philippe de Laprairie, Quebec on July 22, 1837 and moved to the United States in 1855 to work with Captain Louis Robert, a river boat captain and one of the first settlers of St. Paul, Minnesota, who owned several general stores and traded with the natives. Demeules became Captain Robert's representative in Osseo, Minnesota, in 1857. In 1859, he moved to New Ulm, but left in 1861, just before the start of the war between the United States and the Dakotas in 1862. He then owned his own general store in Osseo, then a grocery store in Minneapolis, until the purchase of the Echo de l'Ouest newspaper in 1883. FR (Francis Robert) Leroux, who married Demeules' daughter in 1891, was its editor and was considered a writer of great ability. Many of Leroux's articles were reprinted in French publications from Canada to Louisiana. After the death of Zéphirin Demeules in 1898, his son A. H. (Augustin Herbert) took over the publication of the newspaper.

In 1895, there were 70,000 French-Canadian immigrants in Minnesota and the bordering states, and the August 14, 1896 issue of l'Echo de l'Ouest indicated that it had 5,000 subscribers. The newspaper played a major role in the preservation of the French language and traditions and was closely linked to the French-Canadian Catholic parish, Notre Dame de Lourdes, in Minneapolis, which was established in 1877.

The content of l'Echo de l'Ouest was more or less coherent: a serial novel, a directory of French Canadians engaged in public affairs in Minneapolis, a large number of advertisements, several columns of reports from French-Canadian communities across the state, commercial reports and an editorial page listing meeting of French-Canadian organizations. The newspaper favored businesses owned by compatriots and published print advertisements for all kinds of goods and services in French. In general, l'Echo de l'Ouest was viewed as Republican in politics, Catholic in religion, Puritan in mores and morals, and a staunch defender of French-Canadian interests.

The newspaper constantly advocated for parish education, especially if French was taught. In its August 4, 1887 issue, it called on parents to send their children to the Notre Dame de Lourdes school in Minneapolis, where French was required for admission.

On September 1, 1887, in an address to the Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste de Duluth, the editor-in-chief of l'Echo urged his listeners to preserve an identifiable community by supporting French-Canadian schools, by actively participating in French-Canadian organizations and using the French language in everyday life.

This strong support for maintaining the French language to avoid assimilation appeared repeatedly in l'Echo de l'Ouest. In an editorial commentary on the National Convention of French Canadians, held in Nashua, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1888, l'Echo de l'Ouest argued that they had to strive to preserve their identity. An article appeared later that year denouncing the practice of anglicizing French surnames (Allard to Lord, Larue to Street, Dubois to Wood, etc.) In its opposition to linguistic assimilation, l'Echo de l'Ouest lashed out in its February 23, 1893 issue at Irish Catholics who insisted on the use of English, claiming that speaking English did not make Irish people better Americans. A decade later, an editorial sadly proposed three reasons for the decline in the use of French: workers seeking employment had to speak English, English was the language of American politics and Francophones had remained in Quebec and not migrated.

In the 20th century, l'Echo de l'Ouest published news from Europe during World War I, with an ongoing column starting in August 1914 titled "Echoes of War." Although the newspaper did not normally have large photos or illustrations, on October 4, 1918, it included an illustrated supplement promoting the freedom obligations: "That freedom shall not perish from the earth." It was accompanied by an advertisement in French: "4th Liberty Loan - Be Cent for Cent American and Patriotic". Later, on July 4, 1919, the newspaper reported, "The Peace Treaty is signed" - when the Treaty of Versailles officially ended World War I.

Over the years, 60 French-language newspapers have been published in the Upper Midwest. Of the 12 published in Minnesota, The Canadian (1877-1904) in St. Paul and l'Echo de l'Ouest in Minneapolis are the oldest. When l'Echo de l'Ouest published its last issue on January 4, 1929, it marked the end of the era of French-language newspapers in Minnesota.

Reference: <http://www.mnhs.org/newspapers/hub/echo-de-louest>



*Diane Chabot-Pard  
Membre n°9*



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

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

## A Miraculous Life

Gaétan Chabot, former board member of the Association des Chabot, is the son of Valère Chabot and Bernadette Shink.

He still lives on the land that his ancestors have occupied for four generations.

Note: We have already spoken of him in Les Chabotteries, no 23 on page 7.

He tells me that when he was younger and had just bought the family farm, he fell hard on his back at the bottom of the scaffolds, while doing a repair at the top of the barn with his father. He was lying on the ground. Blood was coming out of his ears. Her father was screaming to get the doctor ASAP. And then Gaétan heard a neighbor (Léger Lemieux) say that it was useless, and that the embalmer should be called instead because he believed he was dead. Luckily, Gaétan would get over it.

Several years later, in 2008, he suffered a first heart attack; he had to be operated on urgently and during the operation, his heart stopped beating ... Doctors managed to resuscitate him and explained to him that he was very lucky; but that was not what was going to slow him down.

In the fall of 2008, while logging on his land, a large branch from the top of the tree he was cutting fell and hit him in the head. He lost consciousness and spent several hours on the ground. His final hour had not yet arrived. He came to his senses and, being alone and confused, he got on his tractor and came back home. Some medical examinations took place, and life resumed.

Gaétan is a brave man and one day in March 2019, he decided to take a snowmobile ride in the wooded area on his farm just to check things. Unfortunately, he got stuck in the now soft snow, and after great efforts to free the machine, he was struck by another serious heart attack. Seeing that his strength was failing him, and being covered in sweat, he decided to come home and somehow managed to put on his rackets. He advanced with all his strength, but lost consciousness a hundred yards away and fell face down to stay there for more than four hours.

The clock was ticking, he still hadn't come back. Knowing him, his wife decided to call some neighbors and friends. No one had seen him. The hours passed and she decided to communicate with their son, Olivier, who just happened to be in the area that day.

Once there, he took snowshoes and a backpack and headed for the wooded area which is 1 km further inland. He found his father lying in the snow and believed him dead. Touching him, he found that he was still alive, but suffering from severe hypothermia. He immediately called 911 and them them that his father's life was in danger, and that they were stuck in the woods. It would take a long time for rescuers to get him out of there and drive him to the nearest emergency room (a 1-hour drive).

Unconscious for at least 24 hours and with a dead heart, doctors predicted the worst for him. Yet he woke up and even asked to go for a walk. Cardiologists couldn't believe it, they called him the miracle man.

He still logs on his land, he hunts, fishes, plays bowling, petanque... and CARDS!!! For him, life goes on.

**Claude Chabot**  
**Member n° 1**



## *The Words Of Eugenie, My Mother<sup>1</sup>*

---

A late birth

I am, as they say, the baby of the family. Of course, I got special attention, especially from mom. When I was old enough to understand why I didn't have, like the neighbors, young brothers and young sisters to play with, I asked Mum why. Here is what she taught me over the years, because, with exaggerated prudery when it comes to procreation and sex, it is in bits and pieces that she ended up revealing the thread of my story to me.

*Your sister Carmelle was born seven years earlier, in 1935, and I was almost 49 years old. Our doctor, Doctor Chabot<sup>2</sup>, then suggested to me that this beautiful baby girl would undoubtedly be the last of the brood. A couple of years later, he confirmed to me, during a consultation about discomfort, heat, temporary fatigue, which he attributed to the end of my fertility cycle (the term menstruation and others in the same vein being so to speak taboo), that the risk of me giving birth to another child was tiny, if not zero. So, I had stopped worrying about my connections with Alphée, my husband.*

*Time passed and in February 1942, I began to experience symptoms that were strangely similar to those I had experienced when I had borne my children (the term pregnancy hardly passed her lips). I confided in Alphée, who at first was incredulous, then, at my insistence, took me to the doctor who announced, proudly, that I was going to give birth to an eleventh child. At the time, I did not share his joy, nor did Alphée, I think. Even though I enjoyed perfect health, having hardly ever been sick, the prospect of giving birth and having to take care of an infant, to change it, to feed it, to watch it when it would be sick, scared me. I was not helpless, having already raised nine children, and I could always count on Alphée; so, I quickly made up my mind that this fortuitous event was a gift from heaven.*

*At the request of Alphée, your sister Rita, who had just turned 19 and who was to marry a boy from the rank in the summer, accepted with good graces to postpone her marriage for a year to support me during the months preceding the birth and lend me a hand throughout your first months. Which she did with admirable dedication and courage. She took care of you, cuddled you with incomparable zeal, for I'm sure now, she was preparing to play her role as a mother<sup>3</sup>. During the first few weeks, she was sorry to hear this baby cry incessantly, attributing this behavior to colic... Until the day when we both realized that you were a foodie and that you were just hungry, the breast milk and that of the cows that were added to it being probably too poor to fully support you. It was Rita who was chosen to be your godmother and Maurice, the eldest of the family, as your godfather.*

Then, you grew up and I believe, without offending your sisters and your brothers, that I spoiled you more than reason, granting you all your whims, watching over you, pampering you when you were sick, to the point where your father thought that I was exaggerating and that I was making a weakling out of you, a wimp. He would get angry, for example, when he saw you walking around at five years old with your nursing bottle in your mouth<sup>4</sup>.

But I survived anyway, having become what I am!

1, Daughter of Marcel Chabot and Rose-Délina Goupil, Eugénie was born in the so-called Petit Buckland rank, 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. An article about him was published in issue 3 of Les Chabotteries, on page 6.

He was this doctor who assisted the birth of all the children in the family.

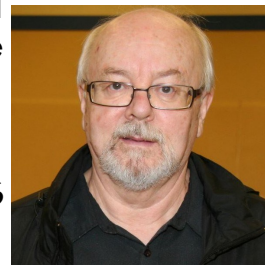
3. Rita was a mother 15 times. A wonderful mother like never before, patient, generous, devoted, humble, simple ... Having her as a godmother, a true guardian angel, was for me a happiness and remains a consolation.

4. In July 1947, when I was due to head to school in September, she had no choice but to wean me from this bottle. Not knowing how to do it, she decided to mix some salt with the milk. The mixture was obviously undrinkable, and I put aside my hateful habit... forever... because I never swallowed a drop of milk afterwards, except in coffee or cereal. And the morning I walked to school, heartbroken at the thought of being away from my mummy all day, she could hardly hide her tears under daddy's gaze who was certainly boiling inside. I was as miserable as a stone in class and I burst into tears to the despair of the kind and patient Marcelle Labrecque, the teacher. At the end of November, Mum took me out of school, judging that I was still too young to walk the mile from it at night. As she had her teacher's diploma, she taught me reading and arithmetic until March when I went back to school. I had matured and from that point on I stopped whining and complaining... and moved on to second grade with no problem.



Marcelle Labrecque at the time.

*Marcel Chabot, spring 2016*



Marcel at school (first on the left of the first row, head tilted a little) at the age of six or seven, in front of the 5th rank West school. A fairly large multi-degree class, made up of Labbé, Marceau, Leblond, Laverdière, Lacasse ... The teacher must have been



## *Association Des Chabot Update*

**As of December 2020, your Association had:**

171 active members comprising:

- 4 honorary members
- 8 lifetime members
- 159 regular members (for 1 to 5 years)
- 63 deceased members

10 new members have joined since the last general assembly held in September 2019.

We have published 4 issues of les Chabotteries.

We have modified the Web site of the Association.

We created for you:

- a Facebook page
- a Facebook group

We corrected errors in the association's membership database, and we hope none are left. If you see any, please advise us as soon as possible so we can correct them.

It is important that you look at the renewal date printed on the back of your Chabotterie wrapping so as to not miss the next issue once the 3-month grace period is over.

Until the next time  
The Board of directors

*Address Label*

**CANADA POST**

Under Post-publication convention number 40069967

To be returned to the following address:

Association des Chabot  
1200, boul. Alphonse-Desjardins  
CP 46084  
Lévis (Québec) G6V 6Y8