



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

No 14 SPRING 2011



Eve, call back to his sleeve

Falconer, An ancient art perpetuate here in Quebec by some passionate such as Jean Chabot



Eve, a female Harris buzzard, and
a game, a hare



Jean Chabot surrounded by some pictures of his passion



Samantha, a female pelerine
falcon, and a game, an adult
white goose



Samantha on one of its game, a
female mallard duck

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April 15th, 2011 is the deadline
to receive the texts for the next bulletin.

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Table with 2 columns: Membership type and Fee. Regular member (canadian) 25 \$ CDN, Member (living outside Canada) 35 \$ US

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President's line



Good day to all,

The snow is melting slowly; sugar shack time is at our doors. Soon, it will be the wake-up call for nature with all buds on the trees ready to burst with life. Then to follow that it will be time to put the bulbs, seeds or seedlings into our flowerbed.

Last December, we invited past members of our administrative board for a brunch. We rewarded them and thank them for the excellent job they have done in the creation of our association and bringing it to life. We decided to nominate our founder president as a life member of our association.

When your membership is up for renewal we would appreciate that you write your membership number on your check and the renewal form so that the right person gets credited and not one of your homonyms; as an example 10 Claude and 7 Diane. Some might say well I lost my membership card and I do not know my number. Here is a small tip if you receive your newsletter via the mailing system look on the label address right after your family name you will see a number. We really appreciate your co-operation and thank you in advance.

Some members might be wondering where our next association meeting and annual brunch will be held. We haven't found the location yet but we assure you that all the details will be published in our next newsletters. The only information we have at the present time is that we have selected an area either "Centre-du-Quebec" or "La Mauricie". We are presently trying to finalize the text that we will do for the Commemorative Plate for the Chabot family that will be installed at the Ancestor's Park of "La maison de nos aïeux", Sainte-Famille at Ile d'Orleans.

We are in the eras of communication changes of computers and programs? We would like that each member of the administrative board and different committee members have access to our information and programs and even future members who might serve on committees or the administrative council. This is the main reason why we would like to have our own server equipped with some security features to be able to store the right tools and programs for people who live in other provinces and who might want to get involved more in our association and work for us in different areas. But to go ahead with this project, we must ask for the members who have knowledge with informatics and programs to step forward and to help us.

Thank you in advance for your understanding and your help. You may get in touch with me by my email:

chabotl@hotmail.com.

Sincerely

Luc Chabot

Editor's line



Dear Readers, Good day to all,

I accepted for the responsibility of coordinating the layout of our newsletters "Les Chabotteries". I realized that it would not be an easy task. Artist in her heart, Lucie Chabot had created a model for the layout of the news letter and generously gave it to us and I thank her so much it is an excellent tool for me to us.

Andre Goggin, who assumed the editorial job right from the beginning and with minimal resources managed to create a great quality editorial.

With the skills and knowledge of all our collaborators, I am quite sure that all those articles in this edition and future newsletters will please our readers.

Starting with, André Goggin, who is always anxious to provide the historical truth, he will set the stage and bring us back at the deathbed of our ancestor Mathurin, and share with us his observations on the contents of his will.

Nicole Chabot introduce the colorful tale of a storyteller, Jules Chabot who left Ste-Justine Quebec to establish himself at Marie-Reine in Alberta, Canada.

The adventurous Andrée Chabot continues her story and takes us with her as she traveled in her car, a Renault 4 to a small community in France.

Jean Chabot, who was a dentist and enjoyed hunting birds in a unique way called falconry, this sport has been lost in the mists of time, but we are given a clear picture into it's origin. Then I will talk about my family member's and introduce you to my brother Adrien, an undertaker with a heart of gold.

On the fourth cover page, you will find a perfect illustration of the data and resources that our association has on hand that our founder president Claude Chabot painstakingly collected for years so that we would know our Chabot ancestors and their stories. We also want to thank those members who have shared their old photos and stories with us so far. There is so much more to uncover and share about the Chabot families who came from France and settled in Quebec and then to other parts of Canada and all through North America, our history is very rich. These ancestors and their families gave their blood, sweat and tears to build great nations.

I ask you, do you want to help save this history? Or are you going to let it fade away into the past leaving the next generations that follow you loose out on their rich heritage. Your news letter "Les Chabotteries" needs more stories, your stories. You might say, "he is right" I have some family stories to share but I am too busy right now, I will do it later. If you are laughing right now it is because you agree with me, you are the one thinking that way. Let me tell you life is too short and to procrastinate any longer might cause those stories to go untold. We are begging you, do not hesitate any longer please take a few minutes or an hour or two and write down your stories and share them with us to prevent your history to be lost forever.

Marcel Chabot

The last will and testament of Mathurin



In front of the undersigned *notaire-garde-notes du Roi*, King's notary keeper-of-notes-and-records, in the Provostship of Quebec in New France, was present Mathurin Chabot, resident of the Isle and County of St. Laurent, Parish of St-Paul, presently lying ill in bed in the men's ward of l'*Hôtel-Dieu*

hospital of this town, yet appearing sane of mind, spirit, and understanding to us and to the witnesses named herein, desiring not to die before having disposed of part of his goods for the eternal rest of his soul, has made and dictated his last will and testament as follows:

First, as good Christian Catholic he has recommended his soul to God the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit, begging Him by the merits of the death and passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to be merciful and to admit him after his death to Holy Paradise, invoking for this the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of St-Mathurin, and of his good guardian angel and of all the Saints.

This done, said testator gives and bequeaths and wants taken from his most clear and apparent goods, the sum of one hundred pounds for the celebration of thirty masses in the days following his death, to wit, three in this *Hôtel-Dieu*, ten in the parish of this town, two in the aforementioned parish of St-Paul of the Isle of Orleans, and fifteen by the Reverend Fathers of the order of Récollets of this town: plus thirty masses during the month after the death of the testator to be said in the parishes of St-Paul and St-Pierre of the aforementioned Isle; as to what will be left of the said sum of one hundred pounds after the payment of the aforesaid masses, this shall be given to the church of the aforementioned parish of St-Paul so that a mass for the rest and relief of his soul can be said and celebrated annually for twenty years from the day of his death. Said testator also gives and bequeaths the sum of ten pounds to the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin, established in the aforementioned church of S-Paul.

And whereas the said testator has provided for the first four of his children to whom he has given even more things not deducted at source by anticipated inheritance; and that he has two of his last daughters named Marie-Louise and Marguerite to whom he wants to leave something in particular to relieve them in some way equipollent to what he gave to

others, because of this he gives and bequeaths to each of the two aforementioned daughters, the sum of thirty pounds; this in order to induce them more particularly to recommend him to God in their prayers.

And to execute said last will and testament he has appointed Joseph Chabot, one of his sons, to whom he recommends its fulfillment.

The foregoing was done, dictated and declared verbatim by the said testator, and was read and re-read to him by us the aforesaid and undersigned notary, and the said testator declared that he understood everything to be his true intent and last will, not having in his life made another last will and testament other than this one.

Drawn and passed at the above l'*Hôtel-Dieu*, before noon on the twenty-second of October of the year 1695, in the presence of the said Francois Regnau.

Witnesses who saw the said testator and the said notary sign this Will and Testament

Signed: Chabot, Regnau, Delage

Signed: Genaple

Copy *authenticated* and certified at Quebec the 12 of February 1907 by Me Marcel Hubert Chabot, Lawyer

Observations sur le testament et la mort de Mathurin

- Mathurin died after a long illness, the details of which are unknown. We know from the registry at l'*Hôpital de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec*, the hospital of l'*Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec*, that he stayed there a long time.
- He made his last will and testament at l'*Hôtel-Dieu* on October 22, 1695, more than 7 months before his death. As the notary went to the hospital to draw up his last will and testament, we can believe that Mathurin felt his death approaching and was preparing for death.
- We are unaware if he returned to the Isle of Orleans after this date. Good health and physical condition were necessary for travel on the river during the winter, so it is probable that he did not.

- As all of the members of his family lived on the Isle of Orleans, we can surmise that visits from those close to him were rare in winter and spring. Thus, he lived his last moments relatively **alone**.
- We do not know either if one or more of his children were near him when he died.
- It is through the *Registre des malades de l'Hôtel-Dieu*, or Registry of the Sick at *l'Hotel-Dieu* that we learn that he died on June 12 1696. The fact is stated on only one line in this document.
- The religious document for the burial of Mathurin is impossible to locate. It seems that this is the case with all the deaths that took place at *l'Hôtel-Dieu* of Quebec before 1722. They have either been lost or destroyed. The Registry of the Sick at *l'Hotel-Dieu* is thus the only available source.
- The two hospitals of Quebec (*l'Hôtel-Dieu* and *l'Hôpital-Général*) had their own chapels for the religious services of their patients. Even though the church of *Notre-Dame* was nearby, the funeral services were not transferred there. Nevertheless, the registry of *Notre-Dame* church was examined for that period. This examination did not yield any results.
- *L'Hôtel-Dieu* had its cemetery in what is today Montmorency park, along the *Côte de la Montagne*, or mountainside.
- The will of Mathurin is very simple. Half is devoted to having masses said for the salvation of his soul. We cannot help but notice the importance of religion during that period, and especially the fear of God. Maybe he felt responsible that his son Pierre lived at the time with the Indians of Illinois, a lifestyle condemned by the religious authorities as well as by the civil authorities of the colony. Pierre will wait till 1709 to marry an Indian of the region in a religious ceremony.
- In his will he provides a legacy to each of his daughters, Marie-Louise and Marguerite. The legacy is 30 livres; this amount corresponds to half of the annual salary of a domestic servant. Mathurin probably did not have any more savings. It is surprising that he forgot his eldest daughter Marie, married to Charles Pouliot, a neighbor.
- Mathurin mentions in his will that he has already provided for his four first children (Michel, Joseph, Jean and Francois). He ignores his sons Pierre (the third of the family) and Antoine (the last son, at that time 17 years of age who had destined himself for the priesthood).
- Mathurin first entrusted himself to his son Joseph on June 4 1690 when he handed over 3 arpents of land to him, directing him to care for him and his wife Marie.
- A few months before dying, on March 3 1696, he entrusts himself once more, this time to his son Francois. He leaves him half of his house, which corresponds to half of the community property inherited at the death of his spouse Marie after she died in 1692. The details of this donation came up 3 months before his death at *l'Hôtel-Dieu*, indicating to us that he still had hope of returning to St. Laurent to end his days.
- The will makes no mention of the property that he holds on Sault-au-Matelot Street, which he has probably never lived in. It will be sold by his heirs on October 7, 1697, more than one year after his death. We do not know where the profit from this sale went.
- Note that in his will Mathurin says he is a resident of St-Paul. There is no parish of that name on the Isle of Orleans today. The parish of St. Paul became St. Laurent not too long afterwards.

André Goggin

Notes

- 1) Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec, Registre des malades de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec.
- 2) Discussion avec un spécialiste des Archives nationales du Québec le 6 janvier 2011.
- 3) Idem.
- 4) GOGGIN, André, Les CHABOTTERIES, numéro 7, été 2009, p.4.
- 5) GOGGIN, André, Les CHABOTTERIES, numéro 10, printemps 2010, p. 4.
- 6) GOGGIN, André, Les CHABOTTERIES, numéro 11, été 2010, p. 4.
- 7) GOGGIN, André, Les CHABOTTERIES, numéro 5, hiver 2009, p. 6.



This is with sadness that we have been aware of the death of Mrs Fernande Malo on December 19, 2010, she was the spouse of our friend and excellent collaborator towards the Association, M. Gaétan Chabot.

Our deepest sympathy.

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 deepest sympathy.

Administrative boards of your Association

History of a founder of Marie-Reine Alberta



In order to preserve the style of the text written in January 1979 by Jules Chabot, I have selected extracts and occasionally gently modified the text in order to form a link between 2 ideas, yet always allowing the storyteller's style intact.

Presentation

"I was born the 27th of September 1911 in Ste-Justine, Dorchester county P.Q. My father Joseph, son of Juste took as his first wife Alice Renaud, who died in childbirth after the birth of her second son. He then married my mother, Lucie Lessard"

"My wife, Rose Beaudoin, was born the 22nd of July 1917. We married in Ste-Justine the 3rd of October, 1938. Following the birth of nine children in Ste Justine: Pauline, Jean-Nil, Jeannine, Louise, Marc, Laurette, Jocelyne, Dolores and Marie-Marthe; four more children; Jacques, Carole, Claude and Doris were born in Marie-Reine, actually in the Peace River hospital, in Alberta.

I am disabled as the result of a logging accident. My right knee is fused and I am unable to bend it at all.

Decision

I'd long desired to visit Peace River, I decided to leave and work there during the harvest. I spoke with many friends around town and several expressed interest; but when the time came to actually leave; only one came along; Paul Gagnon, a friend from rang 12. We traveled by car to Montreal, and then took the train to Ottawa, where we were strongly advised not to 'go west' but there was simply nothing to stop us.

Work after our arrival

Our train trip was without incident. We arrived in McLennan early one morning at the end of August 1948. The colonizing abbot, Pierre Pothier met us at the station, took our baggage and we arrived in Nampa the same day. Two days later, we were in Stephen Zak' fields making 100lb stocks of wheat....We were not used to this kind of work and it was not long our bare arms were scratched and

bleeding. Even worse was the embarrassment of not working as hard as Madame Zak, a very strong woman....

The following day we took the bus to Donnelly, for their harvest. In November, with the harvest complete, we worked as loggers in the woods. It was quite cold that winter, 70°F below zero.

The building of a village

With the arrival of the month of March, the abbot Pothier organized a small reunion in Nampa to discuss building a village, to be named Marie Reine. Paul Gagnon and I arrived with Jean-Paul Tremblay to build a log cabin. Since we were among the first to choose our 20 acre lots, I selected the second lot nearest the church.

My first cabin

Although we had nails, a role of tar paper, axes and saws, we lacked many necessary items, including planks to build doors. We lacked enough draught proofing for all four walls, thus one wall was quite airy. As for the missing door, we simply hung an old tent. After we installed the stove in one corner, the beds at the other end and the table of split logs in front of the stove with several stumps for chairs, we felt quite at home. This construction could not however resist the strong north winds and one morning, the interior was completely covered in snow. I teamed up with Fortunat Levasseur and Edmond Chouinard to repair the cabin where they lived with me while awaiting the completion of their own on neighboring lots. One of the inconveniences of a standard door rather than our tent door was that we needed to open it in order to shoot the rabbits....we had adopted the habit (after supper in the evening) of killing them with one 22 caliber bullet without having to displace our tent door hardly at all.

The family arrives in May of 1949

What an incredibly wet spring. The horse I was riding on the return to Nampa had to swim between the log cabin and the road. In May 1949, my family arrived in Nampa. When the preparatory work for seeding began, the Marie Reine building project

seemed to fall apart what with the snow melt and the lack of colonists. The propaganda was amplified and several arrived directly from the east including the Proulx, Arsenault, Pare, Boulianne, Levasseur families etc.

The mosquitoes

After the snow melt, we had to drink in the muddy ditches when we worked far from the village. We had to blow the foam off the water and close our eyes in order not to see the many mosquito larvae that we had to swallow.....as for the mosquitoes, there were so many that we felt as though we were entangled in spider webs.

The construction difficulties

.... We had cut a few poplar trees and had begun to build the frame of a house...when the snow melted it became a lake.

....we undertook the project of building a large 2 story structure to serve as both church and parish hall...we had constructed the roof with absolutely green wood that was frozen solid. We had to both wear gloves and hit the nails very hard in order to go through the planks, which often split and if we missed the nail, it whistled as it flew through the air.

The paneling was a bit arduous since I was alone. I had to unroll the insulating paper and quickly nail one or two boards because if there was gust of wind it would either detach or tear. I also had to go up and down the ladder for everything I needed and with a stiff leg, this was not convenient to say the least.

Not yet bilingual

In 1951 several families and a few bachelors arrived. Most stayed only briefly in the parish; they told stories of eating a great deal of soup during their voyage. Not understanding English, they chose the first item on restaurant menus; it was always soup! As time went on, they chose the second line. That was also soup. In order to avoid this again, they opted for a line much further down; it was pork and beans, exactly what they'd eaten all winter in the woods.

Family life: hale men and hearty women

After the holidays, almost all of the men were at the logging camp...In march after this was finished,

Rose gave birth to our tenth child. It was a difficult time for both the family and the newborn because of the mosquitoes and the lack of comfort in our log cabin.

I worked here and there at clearing and pulling roots, burning, seeding, harvesting and also at both logging and construction sites. I worked in virtually every farm in the parish and many outside the area as well. I worked in Judah, Peace River, Three Creek, Harmon Valley, Nampa, Reno, Springburn, Donnely, McLennan, Falher, Jean Cote and Girouxville. As a result, I was often not at home.

The family home

We were anxious to leave our tiny log cabin. The family had grown, thirteen children.. The wind gusted frequently and because the tar paper we had put on the split and warped wood was not very resistant, it often tore allowing the water to occasionally pour into the house in torrents. The bunks placed in the northeast, where the children slept, were fortunately spared most of the time. It also did not rain on our stove; but on the south and west sides, where the table and the large bed were, the roof almost always leaked when it rained in spite of the fact that I repaired it frequently. Half of our bed was often flooded and I had to sleep wrapped in my raincoat.

Finally in the fall of 1951...we were able to move into our new home; it goes without saying that my wife was thrilled.

The conveniences!

On the 22nd of June 1962, we acquired electricity and the 13th of October 1966, natural gas. As for the telephone and running water, we have enjoyed it since 1972. The bath and toilet were installed in 1973.

The Education

In 1977, we rejoiced at the arrival of the Oblate Sisters...they taught at Marie Reine for several years and did much for our children.

....St-Boniface, Manitoba, where two of our daughters were living at the time. Laurette was at the Oblate Sisters convent and Dolores studying home economics.

The return to Quebec and bereavement

In September of 1963, my mother died in Quebec and I returned for the first time in 14 years.

I was still in Quebec when I received a phone call; our daughter Laurette was gravely ill. I left to go to see her without delay..in the spring, she entered the hospital at Peace River where she died on the 22nd of June 1964.

Retirement

I keep myself busy with my trees in the spring, and in the summer and fall, there's the garden. I always find something to help pass the time in the winter.

Death

Jules died in the hospital at Peace River on January 10th 1980 and is buried in Marie Reine, Alberta.

Rose followed him two years later on the 20th of January 1982.

Nicole Chabot



Weds on June 8th, 1940
at Dubuque, Iowa, USA



The Association des Chabot are joining our American members, Mrs Lynn Chabot Long and M. Russell Chabot, to send our best wishes for the anniversary of their centennial father, M. Alfred H Chabot, 102 years old. They celebrated this event last September 17th. We have to mention also that M. Alfred H Chabot and Mrs Lucille M. Schafer did celebrate their 70th wedding anniversary in June 2010.

Congradulation to this happy couple.

Genealogy of Jules Chabot

Jean Chabot married Jeanne Rodé on 01/23/1632 at Nalliers,Lucon,Poitou,France

Mathurin Chabot married on 11/17/1661 Marie Mesangé at Notre-Dame de Québec

Jean Chabot married on 11/17/1692 Eléonore Enault at St-Pierre I.O.

Jean Baptiste Chabot married on 04/27/1746 Marie Madeleine Frontigny at St-Laurent I.O.

Jean-Baptise Chabot married on 11/05/1766 Geneviève Lafontaine at St-Joseph de Lauzon.

And remarried on 04/16/1782 Marie-Louise Lacasse at St-Charles Bellechasse

And remarried on 08/13/1789 Marie-Anne Laverdière at St-Charles Bellechasse

Francois Chabot married 10/22/1805 Charlotte Lacasse at St-Charles Bellechasse

Pierre Chabot marriee 02/25/1840 Angèle Laflamme at Ste-Claire Dorchester

Juste Chabot marriee 04/10/1869 Mélanie Renault at Ste-Claire Dorchester

Joseph Chabot married 01/22/1901 Alice Renault at Ste-Claire Dorchester

And remarried 07/03/1905 Lucie Lessard at Ste-Rose de Watford Dorchester

Jules Chabot married 10/03/1938 Rose Beaudoin at Ste-Justine Dorchester



Jules Chabot



Rose Beaudoin

Andrée Chabot's lively life (2^e part)



Leaving for France. Since most French advisors go home for the summer, there is a charter flight. At the Bouaké airport, all passengers are being weighed with their hand luggage. I really don't know what to expect and I feel nervous.

I have rented a villa from one of our French friend's aunt in a small village not far from Lyon. I do not even remember the name of the place. Our friend's parents pick us up at the airport and take us to their home for the night. They drive us to the garage the next morning to take delivery of my Renault 4. And here I am on a road I do not know, in a country I do not know, looking for a house I do not know, with my brand new temporary driver's license, in my brand new little car not yet run in and my three children in the back. There were no seat belts in those days. I am really a novice driver and I find it difficult to get used to the "give way". It is fine when we can identify who arrived first at the intersection but it is another story altogether when there is a car at each corner. All start, stop, start and stop again, and finally the most daring makes the move. The most daring is not me.

The whole village is waiting for me. They have no difficulty recognizing me since I am the only one with a car which makes me very popular. The villa is comfortable. Not only am I the only one to own a car, I also have the nicest house, with my own wash-basin for clothes, would you believe? The other residents must go to the public wash-house. Yes, I may have my own wash-basin, but I must also do my own washing with a brush, like in Africa. This does not bother me too much though since the whole village is there to entertain the children.

I am in one of those villages where, except for the cheese-maker, the baker, the mini store keeper and myself of course, all are farmers. The butcher and the fish monger come once a week and blow their truck horns to signal their arrival. The women hurry to the street. Everyone knows who will eat what again this week. And what a golden occasion to gossip about the neighboring village residents.

Houses and stables are attached to one another in rows. The farmers own pieces of land here and there. There are talks about redistributing the land according to size of ownership but for the time being they must move their herds from pasture-land to pasture-land and keep watch all day long since there are no fences. Yes, there are many herds in the streets mornings and evenings, and yes, one must look where to walk. I have a tendency to avoid these rush hours with my little white car. Two families among others have adopted us and take the children with them in the fields again and again. The children love that as it is like a picnic to them. They are told to stories, some true and some untrue.

It is at that place that I am exposed to stinging nettle for the first time. I go to the garden and I suddenly feel violent burns. My legs are all red with small blisters here and there. I panic and immediately go to my neighbor who we call auntie Rose. Seeing my distress, she is trying hard not to laugh and comes to introduce me to the guilty plant. As soon as the children come back from the field, I hurry to educate them on the subject, but uncle Alfred has already done it.

If my neighbors take the children to the field, I take them to town. We visit various sites together and it is often for the first time even for them. On certain week-ends, auntie Rose and I go to the neighboring village to dance while uncle Alfred babysits the children. He has a gift with children even if he and Rose have none of their own.

The house owner comes for a week and we are like a large family. She has plenty of energy and loves cooking. We invite neighbors, drink, eat, talk about the past and laugh a lot. I am sure that most are rather poor but everyone is relaxed, helps one another and seems happy.

My husband arrives in early September. This way of life is not his style and people are uneasy. The atmosphere is completely changed. My husband and I go to Paris for a few days and leave the children to Rose and Alfred. I am amazed by Paris of course but I feel guilty as it is the first time I leave the children behind.

(see page 15)

Jean Chabot : Falconer and ... horse breeder

Jean Chabot is practicing as a denturist in Rimouski. He is the father of two girls who are studying in University, one daughter in Montreal and the other one in Quebec. He staid at Pointe-au-Père, near Rimouski, for a few years prior to establishing himself in 1989 on a small farm in St-Valérien just south of Le Bic, Quebec, Canada where he practice his two passions. Falconer, an ancient art of hunting he practiced since 2002; teaming up with his peregrine falcon, he hunts mainly duck and the snow goose. He also for the past twenty years, breeds and trains warmblood horses, as a hobby. Jean is a happy man who appreciates the peacefullness of nature and is attracted to noble beasts like his horses and the birds of prey.

"He is the author of the following text, publish in 2009 in the "Aventure Chasse & pêche" de l' Association Québécoise des Fauconniers et des Autoursiers (Quebec Association of falconers and goshawkers). The text below is a shortened version of his book but it gives you a great insight into this form of hunting and will hold your interest as you read it.

It's a fact, hunting is often a passion from the heart. Some like to hunt with a bow or a crossbow, because they like to be near of their game. For some others, this is the opposite, the fact of taking a game with a fire arm at a greater distance where you can see it barely make them very proud of it. But did you know that some people like to trade their weapons to be a better match with real prey birds? Indeed, hunting with a bird of prey (falconry) is a passion shared by many fans in Quebec.

Falconnery

[...] Although this form of hunting, generally called "falconry", this is newly permitted in Quebec, it has been already practiced since several thousand years. First, it came from Asia, while the sovereigns of Europe have made it, one of their favorite pastimes. Falconry was name at the rank of High Art, it was studied and taught to the nobility, most techniques developed at that time are still used today. Not really a big surprise for that since the prey and the games haven't evaluated with the years. You practice it without weapons, mainly for small games. The prey birds well trained, free for this occasion to catch a

game, this is exactly what it would do if it was free. By reading these lines, some may believe that falconers have game bags well filled, that the bird of prey, on the top of the food chain, has so many advantage that the small game have no chance to survive. Think again. The balance of power between the game and predator will benefit slightly the bird of prey, just enough for the two populations to survive side by side. The natural balance, allowing the stock to maintain game despite predation, had plenty of time to refine the rules that govern them. Game, through the process of evolution, has changed, adapted, organized to resist the onslaught of predators. Traditional hunters often do not realize they have a supernatural advantage on the game: their guns. The game took thousands of years to evolve and to avoid birds of prey, not guns. Often, for example, I hear that the grouse is not very bright. However, the ruffed grouse is almost impossible to capture on a regular basis with a falconry bird so it is in control and well adapted to its environment.

Team works

Falconry is a team sport. Despite the efforts of their owner, most birds of prey softened the captivity would not compete in terms of efficiency their hunts, as compare to wild raptors that must kill to survive. But the falconry bird has the advantage with the presence of an assistant smarter than him, the falconer. It is in situations where this alliance greatly favors the bird of prey at the expense of game hunting is the most successful. The bird of falconry, left alone would have only a little chance to complete and capture his game.

Species

Quebec regulations authorizes the members of falconry to keep the main species of raptors generally used for this type of hunting such as hawks, buzzards, goshawks, sparrow hawks and kestrels, but only if they were born in captivity. Unlike most jurisdictions in Canada and the States, was taking nature birds of prey are not authorized in Quebec. The training of the young bird of prey, purchased from a breeder quiet often in Ontario or Quebec, begins by its taming. To start, they will make short distances attached by a string and they will increase the length of it to catch its food. Two to four weeks later, he is

usually ready for its flight and its first release on hunting an easy prey, often farmed. All these trainings will be strengthened during the hunting season and repeated each year. The birds are generally kept in an aviary of around 20 cubic meters (700 cu.ft.). It must be bright, well-drained and suitable for cold hardiness of each species kept. Perches and a bath will be added. The raptor are fed daily on small prey whole, like mice, quail chicks or the need for higher parts of the game caught during the season are also on the menu of the birds of prey. They have in common their hooked beaks and their claws for the rest, they differ greatly.

Hawks

The hawks are birds well adapted to open environments, such as agricultural fields especially in the southern part of the province (Quebec). Their shape is slender, pointed wings and stiff feathers. They fly quickly, and often quite long distances, which predisposes them to be stolen by experienced falconers. In Quebec, they are used mainly to flight upstream on the duck. When a group of ducks is located, or in a field or on a small pond, the falcon, often a peregrine or gyrfalcon, is released. Through his training, he will rise to position itself above the falconer at a height proportional to ground clearance and wait for the falconer to scare the ducks so they will fly away and leave the pond. At this point, it begins its spectacular dive and then struck the flying duck with his paws. In the following passage, it falls to the ground to complete his game weakened by the impact. Hunting upstream gives good results if the falcon is well positioned high above the pond, if the land is cleared and finally if the ducks leave the small pond at the right time.

Buzzards

The buzzards are stocky, soft feathers and their wings are large and rounded. They fly rather slowly away little and generally seek to roost. They are often chosen as the first bird hunting. The species most commonly kept in captivity are very popular and Harris buzzard and the tailed hawk buzzard. Quebec buzzards are mainly used for hunting hare. The buzzard is driven forward from tree to tree and will follow the falconer who moves through the forest in search of game. This way, because of his gravity and the height of the branches, the buzzard will significantly

increase the speed of his attack. If the bird of prey spotted a hare or partridge, of itself, it will do a pursuit. When the distance between the buzzard and the hare is limited and that the area is not too dense, the catch may be successful.

Goshawks

Goshawks, like hawks, their cousins, are nimble and impulsive. Their slender bodies, short and broad wings and long tail are designed to travel through the forest. Their great acceleration makes them very effective for wrist hunting. The goshawkers in Quebec used the goshawk primarily when hunting hare, and sometimes duck and sometimes to the hazel. The goshawks are generally faster than the buzzards, where he often succeeds as compare to a buzzard. But, the hawk is known for his unstable character and he is more difficult to handle by a novice.

In Quebec, it is possible to keep in captivity some of the main species used in falconry, such as hawks, goshawks, sparrow hawks, buzzards and kestrels, provided they were born in captivity. Furthermore, you must hold a provincial license to keep them in captivity. The permit may be requested from the Department of Natural Resources and Wildlife. In addition, if you want to practice falconry, you must obtain a hunting license with a bird of prey.

Becoming a falconer?

The vast majority of traditional hunters had significantly encounters a person with a bird of prey during their autumn outings. However, few had the opportunity to see them in action, in full chase. What a marvelous show to see a hawk dropping from the sky to hit a duck so hard that he literally falls to the ground, unconscious. Some will be particularly affected by these encounters, the point of wanting to extend their enjoyment. Others, fascinated by the animal and all he represents, want to buy one. Here, some points to consider before embarking on the adventure of falconry.

Time and budget

Learning about falconry requires sometimes. Several hours of reading, discussions with experienced falconers, meetings on the hunting ground and perhaps even training will be needed to succeed. The bird requires daily care throughout the year. Even if the raptors do not feel any attachment to their master, the basic care is fairly simple when they are not in training or hunting. Expect a substantial budget for the purchase of the bird, accommodation, mandatory telemetry, equipment, food, permits and transportation. Hard to get for less than \$ 3,000 the first year, but spending twice is pretty easy.

Access to game

Hunting with a bird of prey is a very specialized activity requires access to a hunting area perfectly suited to the selected species. Moreover, the place must be safe enough for the greedy and full of game to provide more opportunities for each output. Everything starts with the game. Choosing the best bird hunting and pleasure to be derived largely depend on availability of prey near his home. No need to live away from cities. The suburbs, where hunting with firearms is impossible, are often available for falconry and game is generally less fierce.

Permits in Quebec, our government, like many other jurisdictions, has chosen to regulate strongly falconry, hunting, however the greenest and most natural way. A first license issued by the Ministry of Natural Resources and Wildlife (MNRF) is necessary to keep in captivity, a bird of prey. Then we should get, always with the MNRF, permit hunting with a bird of prey. The hunting seasons are the same as the fire arm, one exception farmed game may be hunted all year around. Wearing bib for hunting small game with a bird of prey is not mandatory, but suggested. For waterfowl, it is mandatory to hold a permit hunting migratory birds managed by the federal government. Finally, it is always prudent to check with your municipality to the custody of a captive bird of prey is authorize. Otherwise, AQFA (Quebec Association des fauconniers et autoursiers) might help.

L'Association Québécoise des Fauconniers et Autoursiers

The AQFA includes owners of birds of prey and people interested in becoming from all regions of Que-

bec. It was created in 1989 to encourage the Quebec government to legislate in favor of hunting with a bird of prey on its territory. Now she works mainly to consolidate its gains and promote this ancient art.

The future

The province already has a nice community of falconers who practice this type of hunting and advance. Unlike other provinces, we are in our first generation of falconers. Many combinations raptor-game-strategy, developed elsewhere, remain to be developed on our territory [...]

Conclusion

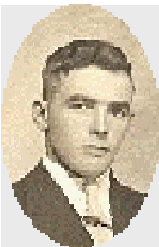
Hunting allows anyone join, hunter or not, having a desire to visit more of the wild world. Thus, the long history of falconry continues, here in Quebec ... privileged relationship with whim of nature and our environment. Falconry goes even further: those who practice becomes both actor and witness the feats of these great birds. Can anyone join, hunter or not, having a desire to visit more of the wild world. Thus, the long history of falconry continues, here in Quebec ...

Reference : **Aventure Chasse & pêche, hiver 2009**
Site Internet : <http://www.aqfa.org>



Jean Chabot also breeds and trains Warmblood horses. Above, Nikita and her foal of three months, Radical.

Adrien Chabot, my brother, a contractor with a big heart



The following is part of a series of brief portraits that I have drafted in order to keep track of my family: my mother, Eugénie, my father Alphée and my 9 brothers and sisters. If I chose to first introduce Adrien, it's because he was an enterprising and hard-working man. Father of twelve children, he worked tirelessly to feed and educate them. Two of them, bolder and more confident in themselves, have built a major company in the maple syrup industry.

I would be glad if this kind portrait would become a model followed by other writers.

Adrien Chabot was born on September 2, 1920 in Saint-Lazare-de-Bellechasse. He married, on August 12, 1944, Jeannette Henry, ow. He was always hard at work, his head full of projects. For example, as a teenager, he set his mind to build a violin ... According to Rita, his sister, he put this plan into execution, and with some success ... This gave way to his brother Andrew the desire to learn to play this instrument (which he still plays at the age of 82). His trials, not always successful, earned him rebukes from his dad who did not like Adrien or anybody else to use his tools. More a go-getter than his elder brother Maurice, Adrien took the latter more than once in his sometimes risky adventures ... I have a vague recollection that he once tried to put a motor on a bicycle and on an old washing machine which mom operated by hand, an idea she did not especially like as she found the motorized machine to be too noisy ...

He was a born entrepreneur. Barely sixteen, having learned that the trade in fox fur was lucrative, he decided to set up a fox farm. With \$ 200.00 borrowed from her paternal grandmother (Aurélie), he acquired a first pair of foxes. He built pens and cages to house them and their descendants. He reads, learns, and experiences, so much so that a few years later, his farm grows well and pays off (I remember one occasion when, back from Quebec City where he had sold his stock of fox skins, he exhibited, very happy, a wad of dollar bills)

It must be said that Adrien had a keen talent for handling animals. We all know that foxes, especially female foxes, are unpredictable and may bite and injure treacherously if we don't watch out. Adrien knew how to cajoled them and ... hypnotize them ... When he entered their enclosure, they behaved like cats in heat, and when they calved, a rare and risky situation, they simply accepted, without reacting, the fact that he opened the cage and examined their offspring to estimate his future earnings (the skins that were dyed in platinum were more popular and more expensive than silver or black skins).

Once his herd got larger, he had to find ways to feed it at the lowest cost. He acquired an old car from the 1920s that he turned into a truck by cutting the rear part of the roof and replacing the seats with a wooden box. It is with this makeshift vehicle that he would go around butcher shops and slaughterhouses searching for guts and carcasses unfit for human consumption.

A fox farmer must, in addition to caring for his cattle, slaughter foxes at the appropriate time, skin them properly and treat the skins to maximize profits. Curious and resourceful, Adrien learned in books and on the job, through practice, techniques and processes that gave the best results. He could butcher a carcass line no one. He did it quickly and, most importantly, without damaging the skin.

Mischievous, trickster (according to his brother Maurice), Adrien was a "live wire", a bon vivant. I once saw him dance like a Russian dancer (crouching down like a little guy) and I saw him play "shoot the fox, a game of strength and skills at which he excelled. I also saw him play the harmonica, which he did with talent. I saw him hunt squirrels and hares and each time, it was a true hecatomb. As a young man, he was always exuberant and a bit excessive ... Later, often working more than twelve hours a day to feed his family, this demonstrative side of his somehow subsided...

When the time for his wedding came along, dad sold him a parcel of the family land for the sum of \$1000. There, he built, with timber cut on the spot, a house with two floors and a small barn and other enclosures for foxes, because he still was into this breeding at that time. Adrien and Jeannette lived

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there for about four or five years as Adrien, like his father, was not too keen on farming. Around 1948 or 1949, he exchanged his little farm for a house in the village, down the hill in the middle of the town. At that time, he worked for his brother André, who had inaugurated the opening of his garage a few months earlier. Then possibly for the purpose of improving its financial situation, as the family grew by leaps and bounds, he worked briefly at the Davie Shipbuilding yard in Lauzon. But commuting and a job which was likely humdrum eventually tired him. The agricultural cooperative of St-Lazare needed a miller and they hired him. The wages were surely modest, but he was close to his family and he could to go to work on foot.

He worked hard in environment that was dusty and not too clean, lugging around all day long the bags of feed he had bagged. Strong and resilient, he performed his duties without complaint until the day when the demand for ground grains had grown to the point where it was proposed to expand the mill. Adrien, well known for his talents as a carpenter, was entrusted the responsibility for this important work. He worked on the task with haste and determination, working late every night after his day at the mill was over. So was the man, ignoring his limits!

Meanwhile he received an offer from one of his former customers of the garage to assist him in setting up a propane gas station in Saint-Romuald. This man knew the value of Adrien, his ingenuity, his resourcefulness, his hard work, his honesty: everything he was looking for in a partner ... Lacking confidence in himself, Adrien refused the offer. The project became a reality without him and prospered.

Time passes and children were growing. There was a time where 14 people were sitting around the family table at meal time. Then the older ones left the nest one after the other to study outside the town. Adrien drove them to do so, as he always felt limited because of his lack of education (not having studied beyond the seventh grade) and, consequently, never earning big salaries despite his many talents and his assiduity at work. He was convinced that a good school degree was the best legacy he could leave them. Therefore, he helped each one of his children in every way he could when it was time to choose an institution and to enrol and persevere. We can say that on his success rate is high. Feeling undervalued because of his lack of education, he had education at heart. This did not prevent

him from accepting, despite his fear of not being up to the task, the heavy responsibility of Commissioner at the time of the establishment of regional school boards in the mid 60's. I lived afar but the feedback that I got is that he admirably fulfilled his mission.

He toiled away (and wore out his health) to make the cooperative store where he worked prosper. When the manager retired, he was offered the position. Lacking confidence in his abilities, he likely would have declined the offer if his son Yvan, who was already involved in the accounting of the company, had not been there to support him. Of course, this position was better paid, but it caused him, literally and figuratively, many headaches. He was a man to strive for excellence and to take everything on his stride ... Stress and, I believe the abuse of salt, contributed to the clogging of his arteries and came a time when he brushed against a heart attack every second. His children finally convinced him to see a doctor who decreed on the spot that surgery was needed as soon as possible.

It is his son Jean-Marie who, I believe, got him admitted at the emergency of the Hotel-Dieu de Lévis hospital where he underwent a triple bypass. Of course, feeling threatened, he had no choice but to accept the verdict of the doctors and the wishes of his children, but in my opinion, he never accepted to have his capacity reduced as a result. Here is an anecdote. At the time of his surgery, I was visiting Saint-Lazare with my wife. So we went to visit Adrien at the hospital. He was glad to see us. We chatted. On our way back from the hospital, my companion pointed out to me that, at some point during our visit, Adrien got up and, putting his back against the footboard, he tried to lift his bed. He did so as if it was nothing at all to do. She was convinced it was a way for him to test his strength ... That was Adrien alright!

After this episode, Adrien was never the same ... His character was sombre, pessimism often took over him. He had left his position at the cooperative and, being a work addict, he surely got bored, although he never missed an opportunity to help his children by repairing a roof or building a cottage...

The children had all left home, except perhaps the youngest, Etienne, who was still in school. All were well established and earned an honest living by the profession they had chosen. All of them, everyone in his or her own way, had inherited a trait, an atti-

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tude that would serve them well all their lives: self-confidence. And this trait of character, it is their mother Jeannette who bequeathed them. It is well known that Chabot often show shyness, being exaggerated reserved when times comes to show their abilities, to put forward their ideas and projects...

Jeannette transmitted this precious gift to her children, an unshakable confidence in the future, a boundless optimism, no matter the circumstances, regardless of the pitfalls and perils. That's what Adrien was missing, the confidence in himself.

Adrien could have lived a few more years if he had just taken it a little easier on himself, but this was not in his nature...

On February 12, 1984, a Sunday, he started to feel bad and his son Clement, the first on the scene, lead him to the hospital. His heart was about to fail ... It did a few hours later. Adrien died, simply surrounded by Jeannette and some of his children. A head of household had died ... A real one!

As head of a family, he may have sacrificed a career or turned down projects for the sake of his children, but he did so knowingly as the good-hearted man of duty he was.

Marcel Chabot



(from page 9)

... **Andrée Chabot 's lively life**

As soon as we return, we must prepare to go back to Ivory Coast. The children and I feel sad as we have learned to love these simple and generous people. There are a few tears shed on both sides when we leave.

In retrospect, it is probably the nicest summer I have ever had.

Andrée Chabot



A very happy anniversary to our jubilees

Armand Chabot of St-Laurent, I.O.	April 5th	83 years old
Marcel Gagnon of St-Lambert de Lauzon	April 12th	77 years old
Thérèse Chabot of St-Mathieu	April 13th	84 years old
Cécile Chabot of Québec	April 15th	77 years old
Viateur Dorval of Québec	April 22nd	81 years old
Roland Chabot of Lac Beauport	April 24th	78 years old
Gertrude Brisebois of Ferland, Saskatchewan	May 3rd	86 years old
Louis-Serge Chabot of Laval	May 3rd	80 years old
Hélène Chabot of Québec	May 9th	80 years old
Lionel Chabot of Victoriaville	May 10th	78 years old
Yvon Chabot of Lévis	May 24th	82 years old
Paul-Henri Lachance of St-Laurent, I.O.	June 3rd	80 years old
Gilbert Chabot of Laval	June 8th	81 years old
Gisèle Chabot of Longueuil	June 13th	75 years old
Henri-Louis Chabot of St-Georges-de-Beauce	June 20th	87 years old
René Chabot of Eustis, Florida, USA	June 21st	86 years old
Monique Chabot of Montréal	June 25th	90 years old
Clément Chabot of Ste-Foy	June 28th	81 years old

Compiled by Luc Chabot



A database that is worthy ...

A few thousands documents stored in the database of the Association des Chabot, created by our founding president, Claude Chabot, showed once again his utility. This is Claude who did provide us those documents.

Here is an excellent example, started by a mortuary card of M. Joseph C Chabot (above), born on June 15th 1902 and trespassed on December 13th 1934, at 29 years old, son of Arthur Chabot and Anna Frechette, spouse of Yvonne Bourgeois... and thanks to the contact between Diane Chabot-Pard and Mrs. Yvonne Antoinette Chabot Ridder, we were proud and able to show for the first time to an entire family what their father look like and they provide us the lineage of this man that we insert into our database. This man passed away much too young.



Evelyn Chabot



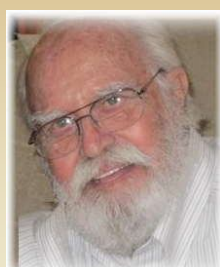
M^{me} Yvonne Bourgeois; spouse of Joseph C. Chabot surrounded by their six children



Ronald R. Chabot
B: 10-13-1930



Rita Chabot



Richard-Alphonse Chabot
B: 10-26-1926



Raymond-Georges Chabot
B: 1925\Died on 03-25-2000



Henry-Roland Chabot

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