

Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 23 Summer 2013



*On the right, Marco Chabot
(Les Chabotteries, issue 21, page 11),*

*On February 2, 2013,
receiving the Governor General's Medal
for his ten years of voluntary work,*

*Christiane Chabot (page 9 of this issue),
a brave young woman,
Also received the Governor General's Medal
on February 14, 2013,
for her volunteer commitment.*



*The Association members' congratulate them for this honor and wish
them health and courage!*

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Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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President's Message



Dear members,

First, I want to wish you a great summer.

We apologize for any inconvenience you may have recently had regarding the family database. Everything should be corrected with our

new database that includes all members of the Chabot Association. I want to thank our volunteer, Louis Chabot (Member No. 404), for building this business database, using *Microsoft Access*. We can better track family records with this tool.

As I am personally responsible for maintaining the database of members, I saw that there were errors in data entry. Some have not renewed their membership and we hope they have simply forgotten. We also lost members due to death, illness, etc. This can result in data entry errors. Let me know problems that may displease you, so that I may eliminate them. This is boring, but necessary for the survival of the Association!

The last issue of *Les Chabotteries* was distributed to all members; I hope you enjoyed reading it. Thank you to all those who returned the enclosed information sheet. This allowed us to correct several errors.

Remember: Whether for recruitment, copywriting, translation, etc., the Board needs your support.

I would like to challenge all our members before our October 2013 gathering: What if each one of us would recruit a new member or offer a subscription to a family member or to a friend?

Some of our members have died in the last month. I extend my condolences to the bereaved families.

Finally, be informed that our next gathering will take place on October 6 at Île d'Orléans. The attached sheet has all the information you will need to register.

Maryo Tremblay

(a Chabot by my mother)

Editor's Message



Good summer everyone!

As Secretary of the Association, I share the concerns of the president regarding, in particular, the *Les Chabotteries* newsletter and the Chabot website for which I am responsible. In fact, both of these means of communication allow us,

on the one hand, to stay in touch with our members and, on the other hand, to make known the acts and works of all descendants of Mathurin Chabot, over the years wherever they are. This is basically the main goal of a genealogical society like ours: to show how the union of two people lead to the building of great things, generation after generation.

The president and I both believe there are many stories to be told about the Chabot's who gradually dispersed throughout Quebec, certain Canadian provinces and the US. Everywhere, they have made their mark in one way or another. Their exploits sometimes remain long unknown, like those of Anthony Chabot who brought water to growing big cities of the American West (*Les Chabotteries*, #18 and #19).

Some must dig up such exemplary and inspiring stories, whether they are from a distant past or recent times. They must then be put in words and images. Writing experience surely abounds in the great Chabot family, as shown in this issue by our colleague, Claude. And as has been mentioned before, support for writing and editing is welcome.

In order to increase the desire for writing among our members, we have decided to grant an annual award to the top three authors of a story about the actions, famous or ordinary, of a Chabot belonging to the lineage of Mathurin Chabot. The winners will get a free annual membership (or renewal) for one year to the Association (a value of \$25.00, \$35.00 US). The winners will be chosen by the Board of Directors of the Association under the supervision of the Review Coordinator. So, sharpen your pencils... or your keyboards!

Marcel Chabot

The White birds (Part 1)



Blanche Chabot
(Blanche d'Orléans)
Sr St. Candide

Here is the story of a young nun teacher, who had the vanity to write under a pen name, in the style of the time, which is a little stiff and full of self-importance. I have made very few changes to it in order to preserve its freshness and naïve flavor...The subject is original and the author manages to make us relive, in details through the eyes of a child, that not-so-ordinary hunt.

The Review Coordinator



The poet wrote about the "sweet thrill of their light wings and their joyful antics under the elm without foliage." They want me to recount some of the family or rustic scenes they gave rise to. A more pleasant recreation could not be granted to me because, of all the memories of my childhood, there is none that appears to me as more graceful and more alive.



It is well known that, in March and April of each year, Île d'Orléans is the preferred stay of snow buntings: nice finches which, in the distant flight, appear to be all white, but which actually have only a few feathers of pure

white. The others are black or gray, with the upper end diluted in yellow-brown or rust. By using trickery and hard work, a large amount of these birds can be caught, which can become quite a profitable commerce.

The arrival of the white birds was always an exciting time of year, and we thought about it several weeks in advance. Our job was to prepare the "lignettes," treacherous nets on which the bird would throw themselves carelessly! On winter days when a storm locked children inside the house, we were caught up by this task. I can still hear my father say, "Today it is impossible to go to school, we will be twisting the horde hair."

And I still see the little kids get happily to work. The eldest, with the air of an important sub-chief, sat at the end of the table in order to lead his seven or eight brothers and sisters. Every year, a new employee joined the group, and the first minutes were spent giving instructions to the rookie—moments as much fun as they were quaint! Twisting horse hair by the rules is not as easy as you think. There is a way to do it! A small strand of horsehairs, the length of the forearm, is held in the left hand between the ring and little fingers: the index finger and the thumb of the right hand are rubbed in ash, found in a saucer nearby, and then used to grab the horsehair, which is folded in half and twisted between the fingers so as to provide an eye at the top and to form a kind of spiral used as a knot at the other end. This spiral is jokingly called a "frisette" (a curl in the middle of a woman's forehead)." The eye is set aside and will, in time, be used to make the noose on the lace. The operation takes only a few seconds, and it is a pleasure to see these tiny devices pile up on the table. From time to time, everyone looks at neighboring piles, as nobody wants theirs to grow more slowly than others.

So we were there, for a whole day, face to face, doing the same work, enjoying the same pleasures, happy as finches, with only the task of finding the right activity to alleviate boredom. Canadian songs, stories of witches, and jokes were at our disposal: not to mention the prospect of a maple taffy party, and naive projects our ingenious chief offered to our naive ambition. If the intensity of our work declined, we surely would hear him say, "Let's count! Let's see who will go the fastest! "One! Two! Three! And so on, until our mother, tired of the fuss, would say, "Stop! You're making your father dizzy!" But our good father loved to see us work and, after a short silence, he made us count the twisted strands again.

My father never twisted horsehair. According to him, his fingers were too fat. But how many lignettes were due to his skill? I still can see him hunched over a half-squared quarter of a circle, drill in hand, passing a string back and forth, with unsurpassed speed, so as to cover the area of the circle with perfectly regular small squares. When I was very young, it was my extreme pleasure to see him work so well. I always wanted to handle the ball of horsehair and

unwind the strands for him. Many of the very young coveted this honor.

As soon as it was fit with its net, the lignette was grabbed strongly by five or six pairs of small hands and carried in triumph to the designated place where it waited until it was time to complete it. It still had to be garnished with a lace of horsehair at each intersection of the net. This task had to be well done. Therefore, it belonged to the ablest, and permission to try it was a reward ardently pursued. The winner was asked to first complete a small lignette. If he or she was sufficiently successful, the young worker, proud artist-to-be, got the ownership of it and was allowed to put his or her signature on it, in red, yellow or green, and to set it up, if the birds season had come.

Usually the first few days were not successful. We longed to see the beautiful flocks (we called them "sailboats"), watch the birds play in the trees, and make prisoners of as many as possible.

Finally, there were swirling flocks! They were everywhere: on our hills, by the river, close to our homes. Children were jubilant—the time of busy days had arrived! I guess it followed a beautiful evening. The sky kept its stars alight all night, and the cold night caused the crust of the snow to strengthen; or, on the prior day, a new snow had fallen, which made the migratory birds hungry. At dawn, the bait had to be installed. One could see the men come out of the barn with a bucketful of fine grain. They moved rapidly towards the fields where the lignettes were set up. Cages in hand, children arrived. They carried a few birds that were captured on the first day, and with an unconsciously treacherous mission would be used to attract other members of their species with strong and piercing screams or a short and sweet song. Bird-catchers would bend over and hastily throw a handful of grain on the hundreds of lignettes, which were a few feet apart. From time to time they rose their heads to ensure the absence of ravenous crows, the terror of white birds, or to see that the finches didn't already cover the horizon with their graceful flocks. When the buntings and the rustle of their wings was heard, they would wait for a while so as not to frighten the visitors. Quite often it happened that after having enjoyed the idyllic vision of large flocks of white birds, which whirled like puppets as they touched the traps, they would be disappointed to see them fly back quickly to-

ward the blue sky, shouting mocking and joyful screams.

After this morning rush, we would sit down at the dining table with quite an appetite! However, as soon as a nice flock was reported, the meal was quickly ended, or at least suspended. The boys climbed to the attic, opened the windows and watched, admired, and called the others, "Come and see!—Oh! it's beautiful!—Ah! What a beautiful flock!—Look at the lignettes; they are covered with birds! Some of them are caught, I think! In the thorny hedgerows, the trees are full of them! What a rewarding day we will have!" The excitement grows! "We'll catch 150 dozens today!—200," said another. "Quick!" The oldest said, "let's set up all the traps."

At eight o'clock a thousand lignettes were aligned in various rows. But already it was necessary to collect the birds from the traps that would hold from three to six captives. Members of the "stronger sex" would go through the ranks, and replace, with fresh ones, the lignettes that were brought home, where they would quickly get stripped and refreshed, and the broken or worn horsehair laces were replaced. Then it was time for the young female fingers to show their flexibility, enthusiasm, and patience.

In the afternoon, the girls continued the task that they started in the morning. The task of the men was then getting complicated as they had to raise or rebuild the so-called "mules." What are the mules, and what can they be used for? Follow the workers, and you'll see. First, there was a boy who lead the way. He raised each lignette to allow the man who followed him to erect with his shovel, a small mound of snow, on which the lignette would fall back immediately. A second boy would then throw fresh grain onto the trap. This restoration was required because of the effect of sunlight on the lignettes. If there were several builders of mounds, there would also be several aids. There were plenty of candidates for this job, and many friends wanted to be in on the game. This meant that the chore was not lacking in amenities. It was so pleasant that even the girls offered their help in order to see the birds up close.

Only once I was able to go to the seat of war. It was in the evening, after supper. The sun was setting, the western horizon was on fire. It was sad to see innocent victims enclosed in these traps seemingly benign but actually unstoppable! As we approached,

they all shook their feathers, and limbs, and got exhausted by their desperate efforts to free themselves. There were indescribable swings and bursts. What a joy if the strand that made up the trap gave way, but it did not happen often. Some animals even strangled themselves from pulling on the lethal piece of horsehair. Poor little things! Their fate was not less pitiful than that of any survivors, for in one moment, their life would be over. See that lean torso, the arm that extends, the hand that passes through the trap and which, with a nudge, ends their fragile existence. The exterminator did not even stop to consider his victims, but went on with his work of destruction. Others collected the lidgettes, loading them on a small sled stretcher that boys towed toward the house. If you asked them how many birds they caught, they responded without stopping, "Ah!! So many birds! It's scary!" As soon as their load was dropped off at the house, they would run back to the field to soon return with yet another load, their faces even more animated and their complexion even rosier than before.

To be continued...



Blanche Chabot (Blanche d'Orléans)

Born: January 25, 1888, St. Laurent, Île d'Orléans,

Dead: October 27, 1930, Quebec City.

Her father (on the left) Bernard Chabot

Born: June 14, 1857, St-Laurent, Île d'Orléans,

Dead: October 9, 1942 1942, St. Laurent, Île d'Orléans.

And her mother, Auxilia Plante

Born: June 24, 1861, St. Laurent, Île d'Orléans,

Dead: May 6, 1925, St. Laurent Île d'Orléans.

Did you know?

That according to the book *Histoire de l'Île d'Orléans* by L. P. Turcotte (Atelier typographique du Canadien, ed., 1967) not less than 225 immigrants of French origin settled on the island between 1651 and 1680? Many of them did so while Jean Talon, a staunch defender of a thriving colony of New France, was the Intendant. Our ancestor Mathurin was one of those brave pioneers, having acquired his first piece of land in 1665.



That Guy Chabot, son of Rosaire Chabot and Blanche Rouleau, a professional accountant, was a founding partner of Raymond Chabot Martin Paré, we know today under the name of Raymond Chabot Grant Thornton and which we hear about almost every day, since it is now known internationally.

That Paul Baillargeon (third from left), a member of the famous family of strong men of St. Magloire (Bellechasse) got married on June 24, 1950, to Rita Chabot, daughter of Georges-Roman Chabot and Amanda Larochelle...whose sister, Gertrude Chabot was married to Maurice Baillargeon, son of Damase Baillargeon and Marie-Anna Chabot? It should be



noted that Paul's parents were Joseph Baillargeon and Marie Goulet.



Gaetan Chabot, a committed man



I was born August 11, 1948 in St. Cajetan d'Armagh, Bellechasse County. I did my primary education at the country school of la Fourche. For my high school, I went to St. Joseph's College in Armagh. Then, after four years of working in a sawmill, I returned to school at Déziel College located in Lévis.

During the summer holidays, at the time, I worked in lumber camps at Clova in Abitibi, for the *Price Company* in Chicoutimi and in the *Laurentians National Park*. In 1968, I worked on road construction, first for *Spino Construction*, then for *CCC Construction*.

In 1971, I took a course in heavy equipment operation. From 1973 to 1980, I was employed successively by the *Armand Guay Company*, then by the *Beudet & Marquis Company*.

Following the death of my two brothers, André and Laurent, I decided to return to the Chabot farm which had been in our family for four generations. This is a dairy farm with a maple grove. On May 4, 1974, I married Denise Labrecque, born at Notre-Dame-du-Rosaire. From our union were born four children: Josée, Annie, Isabelle, and Olivier.

Being an active person, I was involved in several agricultural organizations: Director of the *Agricultural Society of Bellechasse* from 1980 to 1984; founder the *Agricultural Exhibition* in St. Anselme, elected as director of the *Agrinove Dairy Coop* in 1991, and as President in 2000. Then, from 1998 to 2000, I became director of the partnership *Lactel* which includes all dairy cooperatives in Québec, except *Agropur*. At that time, I sat on the Board of Directors of the *Quebec and Canada Milk Conventions*. From 1993 to 2001, I served on the board of directors of *SO-CODEVI*, a subsidiary of *CIDA International*.

I participated in several missions in Africa; Côte d'Ivoire, Togo, Benin; and in South America; Peru and Bolivia. I initiated cooperatives for small farmers and I built asparagus greenhouses in Peru...

A *Knight of Columbus* from 1969 to 2005, I was *Grand Knight* from 1990 to 1994.

Elected councilor for the Municipality of Armagh in 1995, I held that position until my election as mayor in 1997. I headed that municipality until 2001. I am now acting as the host to the *Citadel Coop* which manages the maple syrup market of Quebec.

Gaetan Chabot

My family tree (in brief)

Olivier Chabot, son of Gaetan

Valere Chabot, father of Gaetan

Émile Chabot, father of Valere

and grandfather of Gaetan

Ambroise Chabot, father of Émile

and great-grandfather of Gaetan

A call to everyone!

The 2013 annual meeting will be held on October 6. It is customary that after this friendly meeting prizes are awarded to participants. We appeal to all our members to inform us if they wish to offer a gift, however small it may be. This would be a highly appreciated gesture, especially since your Association is not rolling in money! We would be happy to report your generosity!

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The members of the Board

Gaetane Chabot¹, woman of action



I am the daughter of Eugene and Bernadette Plante, and my grandparents were Bernard Chabot and Auxilia Plante². Married in 1977 to Michel Bélisle, I gave birth to three beautiful boys: Francis-Xavier, Charles-Etienne and Louis-Jérôme. In agreement with my husband, I stayed at home to take care of our children.

In 1994, when my youngest was ten years old, I decided to rejoin the workforce, at least part-time. So I took a preparation course for those returning to work, which lasted about ten weeks, in Quebec City, at the Louis-Joliet school.

Then a position opened for work as a guide-interpreter at the *Maritime Park of St. Laurent*. I applied for the job, had an interview and, to my surprise, I was hired. I must say that I knew nothing about the *St. Laurent shipyard*, because my family was rather agricultural and commercial and generally had little manual experience.

I was granted a full week of training in a new program which was being put in place. With college students and other beginners like me, I had to learn the history of the shipyard, participate in workshops for making marine knots, and for the identification of different kinds of lumber.

In all my life, I had never felt more uncomfortable. As I was coming straight out of the "housewife" world, it was difficult for me to speak in public and to absorb all the information that was given to us in French and in English. For a while, I was thinking of dropping everything, but after having recovered my determination, I decided to take up the challenge. I began to create files containing all the important terms that I would have to use in French and in English. I would read them every morning. As guided visits were offered for every hour, I had to

fend for myself and make sure everyone understood.

It was a tough first summer! Then, during the two years that followed, as I became more comfortable, I began to love the work. In 1997, Helene Michaud, our coordinator, was leaving her job; so I applied for the position; but I was not chosen.

I held other jobs, here and there, before working (during seven and a half years) for the *Federation of Ecological and Horticultural Societies of Quebec*. Meanwhile, I was elected a municipal councilor, a position I occupied from 2001 to 2007.

In 2006, the entire Board of administration of the Park, and its General Manager, resigned. As a result, I assumed the position of interim CEO for the acting new board until February 2007. Then, I applied for the permanent position, which I got. But, I had to leave, due to sickness. In January 2010, I returned to the Park, but as a supervisor in organizational work, which I still very much enjoy today. That is my story relative to the *Maritime Park of St. Laurent*, a site situated on Isle d'Orléans—the most beautiful place I know.

Did you know that, at one time, more than 400 small boats per year were built at Saint-Laurent-de-l'île d'Orléans? Did you know that the *St. Laurent shipyard* manufactured wooden schooners for the Canadian Navy, among others? Did you know that this touristic site receives more than 8,000 visitors each year, including a good number of schoolchildren?

Visit their site: www.parcmaritime.ca

Gaetane Chabot¹

1. The half-sister of Paul-Eugène, the President of our large Chabot gathering of 1979, at St. Laurent.

2. Parents of Blanche Chabot, author of the article *The white Birds*, page 4.

Christiane Chabot, a fighter



In January of 1999, when I was twenty-three years old, I learned that I had an inflammatory bowel disease (IBD). However, I can say that I felt its symptoms since September 1998...I was often sick to my stomach, I was losing weight by the minute...I could tell that something was wrong, but I thought that with time everything would come back to normal.

I worked hard, because I had just obtained a job in biomedical engineering at an English hospital. Being a woman among men, I constantly had to prove that I was up to their expectations and, being a perfectionist, I always wanted to do better...

At first, I was able to hide my problem. People felt that I was losing weight, and asked me if I followed a diet. They even congratulated me for my new "look" as I was rather "Round" by nature. In my case it was easy to hide my problem since I did not always work at my desk: easy, for example, to go to the bathroom between each call on the floors. But after a few months I was at the end of my rope.

In January, I went into emergency at the hospital where I worked, completely dehydrated. I had lost 50 pounds (about 23 kg) in three months! I was not even able to drink, I vomited everything, even water. Despite the fact that I worked in a hospital, I had waited too long.

It was only when I was hospitalized that I was told I had Crohn's disease and that I might even have to undergo surgery, because my colon was quite damaged. Phew...At that time I had no idea what Crohn's disease was, and they were raising the possibility of surgery! I had the chance to have a good

gastroenterologist, the best, according to me. At the time, he encouraged me, and told me he would do his best to avoid the necessity of surgery.

IBD includes two inflammatory diseases: Crohn's disease and ulcerative colitis. Do not confuse these with other functional bowel disorders such as the irritable bowel syndrome or gluten allergy. What differentiates the two? Crohn's disease may attack in any part of the digestive system, from the mouth to the anus, while colitis attacks only the colon (large intestine) and rectum. Biopsies are used to identify the type of inflammation and give an accurate diagnosis.

In Canada, more than 200,000 people suffer from it, and this figure is increasing. Today, almost everyone knows someone who lives with IBD. An epidemiological study from 2003 to 2005 shows that Canada has the world's highest rates of Crohn's disease, and the prevalence of ulcerative colitis is one of the highest in the world.

Even if you know someone who lives with this disease, it is still little known, because it is not always easy to talk about it. Symptoms are all very unpleasant and are not very interesting to describe, especially in the detail: diarrhea, vomiting, bleeding, weight loss, fatigue...to name a few!

What a shock to learn that I had a chronic disease, which I must get used to live with for the rest of my days. A stoma? When I learned what it was, it was another shock! I was telling myself that my career in the biomedical field was over, that I should put aside the desire to have a husband...

From there, we go through all stages: shock, denial, acceptance, information, adaptation, development. For me, the first steps were the most difficult. It is thanks to the research nurse who worked with my gastroenterologist that I got to know about the *Canadian Foundation for Inflammatory Bowel Disease (CFIBD)*.

I contacted the Montreal office to learn more. I showed up at the information and support evenings, and I came to know people who, like me, were living with IBD. It is reassuring to know that we are not alone and that there are opportunities for different treatments.

The funds raised by the CFIBD are used to subsidize medical research in Canada, to raise awareness of the disease by publishing information brochures, and organizing information and support evenings. This support is made available for people who need to talk to someone. People can call the regional office or send an email through our website for further information. This year, is the seventh since I began to volunteer². Those years include two as President of the Montreal chapter.

Today, I sit on the national board of CFIBD. I will represent Quebec as its National Vice-President for the next three years. These functions have allowed me to gain confidence at the professional level. I realized that I had management skills, and I enrolled at the university for the Health and Social Services Management Certificate. I prepared myself diligently, but without rushing, and I hope that in a few years I will have opportunities for advancement in biomedical engineering...This motivates me to keep going.

I can say that without CCFC I would not be where I am today.

*Health Partners*² is very important for CCFC because it allows us to make ourselves known to a lot of people through fundraising campaigns in the workplace. It is important to promote the Health Partners campaign, because not only the funds raised help CCFC, but also 15 other health organizations.

Christiane Chabot

1. A surgically constructed opening made in the abdominal wall to permit the passage of waste.
2. HealthPartners Quebec, 8550, boul. Pie-IX Suite 110, Montreal, Quebec, H1Z 4G2
Tel.: (514) 374-7918 Tel. Toll Free: 1 866-676-9110
information@partenairesante.qc.ca

Yves Chabot, you're involved!



After being in charge of the handball event for the 1976 Olympics and having been its director for five years from 1996 to 2001, Yves Chabot³ was returning this year to the Claude-Robillard Sports Complex, as President of AlterGo, the umbrella organization for *Défi sportif*.

"I felt a little like being in the movie *Back to the Future*," was Yves Chabot's first remark. "I worked as a civil servant in Montreal for 35 years, and it is as if I had just stopped working yesterday. By setting my feet here, it's like being back in my slippers, especially as former colleagues recognize me and greet me. This welcome has warmed my heart. It was a first challenge to be president of *AlterGo*, but it was only a first in volunteering for *Défi*. I certainly do not think it will be the last." The president even looks forward to 2013 when the 30th anniversary of *Défi sportif* will be celebrated.

"On the occasion of the 30th anniversary of this event, we plan plenty of surprises for those familiar with it. If possible, we want to increase the number of international activities. We also want to increase the number of hours set aside for school activities in the morning and afternoon. We still want to advocate a more healthy lifestyle and underline the importance of the sponsors' contributions over the last 30 years. For me, *Défi sportif* is a tool for the final performance of athletes, but it also gives an example of a healthy lifestyle," adds Mr. Chabot.

Being a good president, Yves Chabot recognizes that *Défi sportif* is only one of *AlterGo*'s components. "We are also involved in the universal accessibility for disabled people, in training volunteers and businesses, and of course, the *Défi sportif*. Personally, I have a fun role to play as President of *AlterGo* and part of it is to support the efforts of members of the team that is now in place. They have an incomparable experience," concluded Yves Chabot.

Article by *Denis Fortin, Group-Québec Hélo*

1. Yves is the brother of Marc-André, following article.

An everyday hero: Marc-Andre Chabot



We often talk of stories that happened long ago (belle lurette as Fred Pellerin would say), but I will tell you a story which takes place in the present; that of a director of a primary school (*Jules-Verne school*) located in the disadvantaged area of North Montreal, where street gangs reign supreme along with violence, corruption and poverty. He opened not only his school, but his heart to us.

In order to fulfill this role, Marc-Andre must be broad-minded, resourceful, know how to use imagination and, most importantly, have a heart like that of a loving father toward his children.

As with those who attend this place of learning, I was, at first glance, surprised at the unique arrangement of the interior. His classes are open areas surrounded only by partitions to prevent the eyes of the little ones from the distractions of activities in the corridor. Although the partitions do not reach the ceiling, it is nonetheless a very peaceful and quiet space.

Most "normal" schools have about five kindergartens...the *Jules-Verne school* has seventeen. Just imagine all these little people who literally need to be surrounded.

These children are, for the most part, from single parent families and of many ethnicities: Haitian, Latin American, Arabic as well as others. Many are to be found in a four year old pre-school program similar to our Head Start, both to provide stimulation and structure in a family environment.

In spite of their young age, most of these children have experienced a difficult past; many have experienced hunger, occasionally violence, and sadly very often lived in a dysfunctional family. As a consequence of these events, they often have deficiencies requiring intervention by remedial instructors, psychologists, social workers etc. in order to progress.

These children are not only eager to learn, they require other basic essentials such as good food as we all know, "a hungry belly has no ears."

I remember that during my childhood, all of our class received a carton of milk. The youngsters at the Jules-Verne school receive not only a carton of milk but a muffin or a piece of fruit and cheese in the morning. Later, because many of them did not have anything to eat the previous evening or undoubtedly swallowed anything for breakfast, they will receive, for the modest sum of fifty cents, a hot meal that they can either eat at school or carry home. Imagine the organization required to accomplish this!

During the winter season, many of these children shiver in the cold; the school calls on many different organizations such as St. Vincent-de-Paul to assist these kids in getting to school in warm clothing. Marc-Andre and his stakeholders must use a great deal of imagination in order to provide winter clothes for the children without offending the parents, who, in spite of their destitution and misery, have their pride to safeguard.

It is uncommon, but occasionally an instructor needs to send a message to the parents, and he must do it with the aid of pictograms or simple drawings since many of the parents do not read French or are simply illiterate.

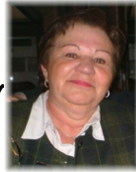


Marc-Andre and his colorful small family

I will conclude by saying that having walked in the corridor at the time of departure for this gaggle of school children, I observed several waving and smiling at us. Marc-Andre meanwhile watched the swarming brood, taking a few more unruly children and returning them to order but gently, kindly, like any good father would.

Bravo to this man and to his team of a hundred or so instructors, educators, and stakeholders of all sorts for the good work they do for these young children, and all to prepare them for a better future. Are they not veritable heroes, the heroes of the day?

Diane Chabot-Pard



An impromptu visit...

On March 29, 2013 very special visitors knocked on my door... Taking advantage of their vacation, Mr. William Chabot, and his son, Caden Chabot, who reside in Winnipeg, Manitoba came to visit Quebec.



They were accompanied by William's uncle, Marcel Jobin, husband of Nicole Chabot who is the sister of his father Andre Chabot. The latter had served as guide for his nephew and great-nephew as they discovered the city of Quebec, as well as historic areas important to the story of the Chabots in Quebec, namely Chateau Richer and L'Île d'Orléans.

They were kind enough to take a detour to meet and greet me. Mr. Jobin, who was the president and founder of the Association des Jobins and who speaks English, is able to appreciate the work realized by the founders of the Association des Chabot and the volunteers who have taken over responsibility. I thank them for having taken the time to stop and share information about our ancestors.

Claude Chabot



Gens de plume (Penmen)...

Mathurin was literate in all probability. It is thus not surprising that we can find many "gens de plume" or writers among our descendants. Below are a few writers found by our tireless and curious researchers...

Claude Chabot



Denys Chabot, son of Florent Chabot and Anita Montpetit and brother of our first treasurer, Nicole Chabot, is a writer and prolific historian. He has even been honored by the lieutenant governor.

Born in Val-d'Or, on February 9, 1945, he completed his classical education at Amos and at Rouyn, and enrolled in the arts at the University of Montreal. He has been honored for his involvement in his region of origin, L'Abitibi. He was also awarded first prize from the Governor-general of Canada for his novel *La Province Lunaire*.

Here is a partial list of his works...

- *Le village minier Bourlamaque*. Éditeur officiel du Québec, 2009.
- *Hectoc Authier, le père de l'Abitibi*. Lidec, 2004.
- *L'Abitibi minière*. Société d'histoire et de généalogie de Val-d'Or, 2002.
- *L'Abitibi centenaire, 1898-1998*. Société d'histoire et de généalogie de Val-d'Or, 1999.
- *La tête des eaux*. XYZ, 1997.
- *Histoire de Val-d'Or des origines à 1995*. Société d'histoire de Val-d'Or, 1995.
- *Mooz le petit orignal*. Meera, 1986.
- *La province lunaire*. Hurtubise HMH, 1981.
- *L'Eldorado dans les glaces*. Hurtubise HMH, 1978.

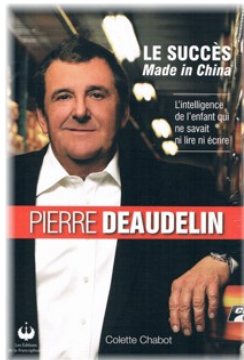
Prix et récompenses (liste partielle)

- 1978—Prix Gibson pour *L'Eldorado dans les glaces*
- 1981—Prix littéraire du Gouverneur général pour *La Province lunaire*
- 2001—Prix de la création artistique et littéraire Québec pour l'ensemble de son œuvre littéraire
- 2002—Prix Hommage de la Commission de développement culturel de Val-d'Or

Site: <http://www.abitibiexpress.ca/Culture/2012-08-18/article-3055067/Le-Fort-Temiscamingue-sous-la-plume-de-%26rsquohistorien-Denys-Chabot/1>



Daughter of Joseph Chabot and Cecile Tanguay, Colette Chabot is a journalist and writer. She was the first female broadcaster in North America having founded CIME FM 99.5 in 1977. She has several books to her credit, notably the authorized biography of the founder of l'empire Quebecor, (Pierre) **Peladeau**, (*Libre Expression*) where she made her debut as a journalist. More recently she published the biography of Quebec businessman **Pierre Daudelin** (*Editions de la Francophonie*) a book that honored Claude Chabot.



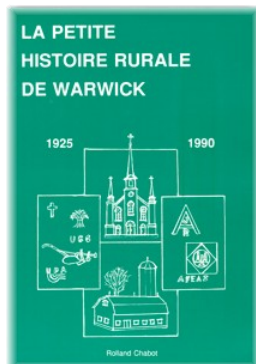
She earns her living coaching authors and also as a "ghost writer", i.e., she serves those who have something to say but whose occupation is not that of a writer. Since 2011, she has been working on a documentary on the life and work of Canadian philosopher Placide Gaboury for the production house of LowikMedia (<http://lowikmedia.com>).

This film should be distributed on the Tele-Quebec network in 2014.

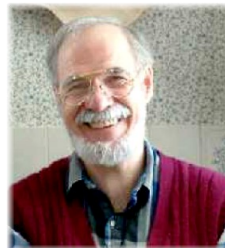
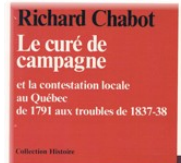


A third generation farmer, Roland Chabot is the son of Arthur-Joseph Chabot and Marie-Anna Poisson. He has been very active in diverse community organizations: *Cooperative agricole*, *Compagnie de téléphone*, *Caisse populaire* (credit union) and many others.

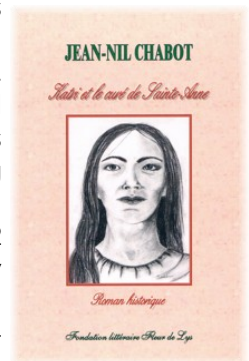
With his book, *La petite histoire rurale de Warwick*, he wished to leave a heritage to his family and neighbors of his corner of the country.



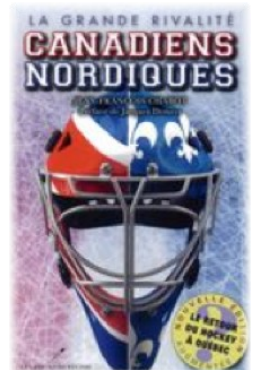
Writer and teacher, Richard Chabot is the son of Dr. Emilien Chabot and Marie-Rose St. Pierre. After completing his classical studies, he obtained a Master's degree in History from the University of Ottawa and another in Literature from McGill. His 241 page book, *Le Cure de campagne*, was a veritable painstaking work.



Teacher, retiree, deacon, writer, Jean-Nil Chabot is the son of Jules Chabot and Rose Beaudoin. He has several books to his credit including *Katri et le cure de Ste-Anne* (Antoine fils de Mathurin) a 212 page historical novel edited by the *Fondation littéraire Fleur de Lys*. He publishes in French, English, and Spanish.



Sportscaster for Radio Canada, Jean-Francois Chabot is the son of Jean Chabot and Monique Lepage. He has published a book on *La grande rivalité Canadiens Nordiques* reflecting the best years of hockey in Quebec. This 290 page work, preface by former trainer and now senator Jacques Demers, illustrates the magnificent photos of Jacques Brault.



Ah! Grandfather Octave, if you only knew...



My name is Yvette, and I am the oldest in a family of eleven children. My parents lived on a farm in Bellechasse. They were not rich but had enough to live well. When I was 12 or 13, my maternal grandfather Octave came to live with us. My mother had raised her family with my father during the 40's and no one spoke of separation in those days. My precious grandfather said that my grandmother, his wife Josephine, did not like the country and he did not like the city, this disagreement had been going on for about ten years.

My mother had several children during the time my grandfather was living with us. As I was the oldest, he did not like me, and often said "Maudit, you resemble your grandmother." Nevertheless, he liked my brother Raoul, now deceased. He made him pretend he was dead. He was about three or four years old and grandfather made him lie down on the ground and pretend he was dead! What an idea! My sister Irene was his favorite, she got whatever she wanted. He had his preferences! In his last years, he decided to move to the hospice of Montmagny but not for long for he fell ill, My father went to retrieve him in his snowmobile in the month of January. He was paralyzed and not very patient...

The youngest in our family was only a year old, this made for many people in a small house in the country....I remember well, I was 18....and we are

not always genteel at that age...and I said to him: "If you are not happy living here, then go somewhere else." I believe he went into his room and cried, something I never told my mother.

He died on February 17, 1948. At that time, the deceased were waked at home. The embalmer came and he placed the remains in the casket the morning of the service. The funeral was held the following Saturday. My grandfather had seven sons and two daughters who lived in Ontario and it could take up to two days on a train to make the trip between Welland and St. Magloire. My father, Joseph had to drive to St. Camille, a neighboring village about nine miles away, to meet them. My grandfather was waked for a full week from Sunday to Saturday. The people in the village remained with his body day and night.



The famous grandfather Octave Therrien. His daughter Alice in the back, Eva and his daughter, Anna Therrien, in front.

To conclude my story, my grandfather traumatized me so much that I was still scared of him one year after his death. I had troubles with him in my dreams. To go through this was hell! It's been 60 years since he died and I still think about him even if it's in the past; there are things that one cannot forget.

I remember one day when my mother was on her way out to go take care of the cows. She said, "Yvette, wash the windows while I'm at the barn." "Okay mom, I said. All that time, with my grandfather, I read and sat in a rocking chair. Upon her return from the barn, my mother asked me if I had washed the windows and I said "Yes, they're clean. "Huh?" my mother Anna, said, "ah, yes..." casting a quick glance...and Octave accused me, "Damn liar, she did not even wash the windows, damn kid!" A memory that is forever etched in my mind...Ah! dear grandfather...

Thank you for reading me.

Yvette Chabot

an eighty-four-year-young lady
living in Welland, Ontario!

Text sent by her son, *Pierre-Paul Létourneau*, who lives in Montréal.

I invite all our readers to imitate this talented young writer, and send us stories that relate so many interesting memories of the past.

The Director

The Board of Directors wish a very happy birthday to all the members, their partners and parents. Health and long life!

They offer their condolences to those who lost loved ones.

New Service!

In order to ensure the financial stability of the Association, and to allow all members of the greater Chabot family to make their business, their product, or services known, the Board decided at its last meeting to authorize the publication of advertisements in both the newsletter *Les Chabotteries* and the Association's website, provided that, initially at least, the following conditions are met:

- The Chabot Association will only accept sponsorship in the following cases: the Sponsor's name is Chabot or the object of the advertisement is a recognized charitable cause.
- Given the low volume of the journal, the space reserved for advertising will be limited to Business card size (2½ x 3 in or 5 X 9 cm) except back cover page (p. 16).

Rates

A) *Les Chabotteries* newsletter:

- Business card size (2½ x 3 in or 5 X 9 cm) page 2 through 15, black & white: \$25.00
- Back Cover (p. 16) color (about ¾ page): \$150.00

B) Chabot Association website webchabot.com

- Home Page: \$50.00/year for setting up a clickable button referring to the contents of the advertisement (page of text and illustration provided by the sponsor*)
- Other pages on the website: \$25.00/year for setting up a clickable button referring to the contents of the advertisement (page of text and illustration provided by the sponsor*)

*Additional fees may apply if it is necessary to create or find additional text or if other images are required.

Individuals or companies interested in using this service should contact :

Association des Chabot

Att.: secretary

P.O. Box 10090, Stn. Ste-Foy

Québec, QC, G1V 4C6

Email: chabotm@me.com

Tel.: 450 960-1197 or 450 750-4874 (cell)



L'île d'Orléans: where it all began...

Autumn, what a wonderful time to visit Île d'Orléans where our ancestor Mathurin settled in 1665 along with many of his compatriots who recently arrived from France to found a new country. They soon discovered that it had fertile soil capable of providing plenty of food for their families.



"Le Relais des Pins," where the 2013 annual meeting will be held, is located at 3029, Chemin Royal, Île d'Orléans



*The plaque that was unveiled in 2011 on the occasion of the annual meeting held in St. Cyrille-de-Wendover is located at the **House-museum of our ancestors**. This plaque commemorates Mathurin Chabot, our common ancestor's arrival in New France. The house is located at 3907 Chemin Royal, just a few kilometers from the "Relais des Pins" restaurant.*

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