



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 24 Fall 2013



*The Château Frontenac
Quebec City
celebrates 120 years
1893-2013*

*The descendants of
L. G. Chabot Inc.
also!
1893-2013*

(Read the article on p. 4)



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Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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President's Message



Greetings to you all!

With Summer coming to an end and Autumn on our doorstep, we are now only days away from our brunch on October 6, 2013. We are happy to be hosting you at the very place where the largest Chabot family gathering was held in 1979. We hope to see many of you there, on what promises to be a wonderful day. Complete information about the day's activities, as well as the itinerary, can be found in the newsletter.

Our association is doing well, thanks to our dedicated volunteers and all those who work behind the scenes on an almost daily basis. I wish to extend my personal thanks to all those who give of their time and energy to our association, with a very special thanks to Claude and Diane, for everything they do. I also wish to thank all our members who support us year after year by renewing their memberships.

At our gathering in October, all our members will receive a surprise gift. You can also take advantage of the opportunity to renew your membership on that day and purchase various promotional items.

We need your help to ensure the vitality of our association. We cannot do everything that needs to be done with only a handful of volunteers, however dedicated they may be.

If you can spare a few minutes every week to help us, there is much to be done. This year there will be two openings on the Board of Directors. Jean-Louis and Gaetan completed their terms and Christian mentioned that he would not present himself for another term. We have at most four meetings a year and all other business is taken care of by email or over the phone. Please do not hesitate to contact me if you consider the Chabot Family Association important enough to take up the challenge and give us a few hours of your time.

Finally, our database has been greatly improved, but some glitches may remain. If you note any errors, please let us know so that we may fix them.

Maryo Tremblay

Editor's Message



Greetings to all!

Following a reading I did recently (Turcotte, L. P. *Histoire de l'Île d'Orléans*. Typographical Workshop of *Le Canadien*, 1867.¹) in anticipation of the gathering of October 6, I thought it would be interesting to draw excerpts from it to show the importance of Île d'Orléans in the early days of the colony.

"[...] In 1666, the island was inhabited from one end to the other. According to a census conducted by the Intendant, Jean Talon, the population at that time was 471 souls. The Island was one of the most densely populated areas of Canada and, for a long time, it even surpassed the population of Québec.

In 1667, the entire population of the colony amounted to 4,312 souls, and was thus distributed: Québec 448, Ile d'Orleans 529, Beaupré 656, Beauport 123, Côte St. Michel and Côte St. Geneviève 187, Notre-Dame des Anges and Rivière St. Charles 458, Cap Rouge and Côte St. Ignace 366, Côte de Lauzon 113, Trois-Rivières, Cap de la Madeleine and Tour Champlain 66, Montréal 766. [...] In 1683, the populations of the five parishes of the Island (were as follows):

St. Pierre, 34 families, 183 souls;
 St. Paul (St. Laurent), 42 families, 242 souls;
 St. Jean, 32 families, 175 souls;
 St. François, 30 families, 165 souls;
 St. Famille, 51 families, 384 souls.
 Total: 189 families, 1149 souls.

"[...] The people of Île d'Orleans, for the most part, originated from Normandy, Poitou and Perche. [...] The large families of Lachance, Gosselin, Godbout, Prémont and Asselin came from Normandy; the Dion, Morency, Gagnon and Pouliot families came from Perche; the Chabot, De Blois, Allaire, Odet and Noël families came from Poitou."

That is why this island (originally was named Bacchus by Jacques Cartier, and a year later, Orléans, in honor of the Duke of Orléans, son of François 1st) awakens in me a strange sense of pride, as we approach our next gathering.

Marcel Chabot

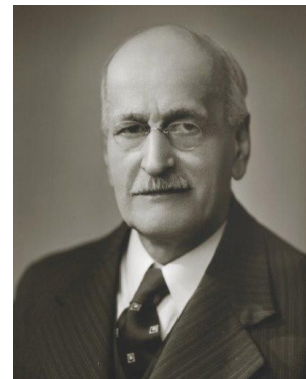
1. On peut télécharger cet ouvrage gratuitement à partir de Google Livres.

L. G. Chabot, a family history — 120 years of passion



Louis-Germain Chabot was born in St. Charles de Bellechasse, in 1866, to Damase Hubert Chabot and Marie Drolet Soulange.

At the age of 16, he moved to Québec City, where he joined the Régiment des Voltigeurs. He climbed the ranks one by one: In 1885, he was appointed sergeant; from 1911 to 1918, he was appointed captain, major, lieutenant, then lieutenant colonel; finally, in 1923, he was appointed commander and Colonel.



Upon returning from the North-West Campaign, he settled in Québec City and learned the trade of bookbinder from Victor Lafrance, master bookbinder, whose shop was at the bottom of the hill on a street called Côte de la Montagne. Louis-Germain married Émilie-Georgiana Poulin in 1887. She died at age 23, probably at the birth of their first child.



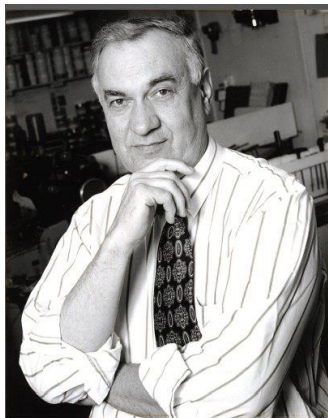
The year 1893 was very important for him, because he married Marie-Josephine Savary. From this marriage were born nine children (Louis, David, Marie-Jeanne, Aurore, Germaine, Juliette, Annette, Marcel, and Cécile). That same year he opened his own bookbinding shop on Côte de la Montagne. This location was at the heart of the district where printers and financiers established their trade.

Louis-Germain, who was a trader at heart, probably inherited his genes from the paternal side of his family. His father was a merchant and blacksmith, and his Uncle Pierre was a merchant in Québec City. Louis-Germain was also interested in the welfare of his fellow citizens. He followed in the footsteps of his Uncle Marcel-Hubert Chabot by getting involved in the *Society of St. Vincent de Paul*. Marcel-Hubert was a lawyer and deputy chief clerk of the Superior Court. Over the years, he accumulated an impressive amount of official documents on the Chabot family. These documents are currently held by the *Association des Chabot*. Another uncle of Louis-Germain, Charles Chabot, was involved in politics and was mayor of St. Charles de Bellechasse.



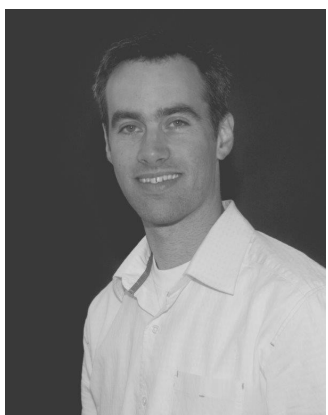
Around 1920, Louis joined the trade of his father and was followed by his brother, Marcel, during the depression of the 1930's. During this period, they added a printing shop to their business and thus ensured the development of their trade until their deaths (Louis in 1962 and Marcel in 1963). Following these sudden deaths, Jean (son of Marcel) took over the printing shop, and applied the knowledge he gained at the *Faculty of Administration of Laval University*. Guy joined the team in 1969 when he graduated from *Laval University* in *Science of Administration*. Along with their professional activities, they have always been involved in service to their community.





Jean died in 1994, and Guy took over the business for a few years.

In 1995, in order to ensure its future, the business was moved to 1375 rue Frank-Carrel at the bottom of the hill called Côte Saint-Sacrement. The same year, Benoît (son of Guy) joined the team. Ghislaine Pleau (wife of Guy), after having obtained training in book-binding, took responsibility for the binding side of the business.



Jean-François, the other son of Guy, joined the team in 1998.

This is truly a family affair. Guy and Ghislaine also have a daughter who practices hair styling in Montreal.

Today, Benoît and Jean-François are co-owners of *L.G. Chabot*, and one senses in them the entrepreneurial spirit of Louis-Germain. They have recently acquired a screen printing company to expand their services. Eighteen people are currently employed at *L.G. Chabot*. While offering printing services, binding, screen printing, and digital printing, the enterprise has



always focused on producing a quality product.

Passion and perseverance have helped to develop this business for 120 years and counting.

The same wooden sign, in gold lettering, is displayed on the building.

Four generations have perpetuated a valuable art, this is quite a feat.

On behalf of the *Association of Chabot*, I offer my most sincere congratulations to the family that represents the exceptional values of determination and perseverance perpetuated by thousands of Chabot's since Mathurin.

Claude Chabot



Are we leaving for the States?

Who among us has not heard our parents or grandparents talk about visits from relatives who live in the United States? There are many people from Quebec who had to cross the border to survive, including my great-grandfather Pierre Chabot. Many members of the *Association des Chabot* are descendants of these emigrants and most of them ignore this part of their history. This article is dedicated to them. From 1840 to the Great Depression in 1929, a period of 90 years, approximately 900,000 people left Quebec for the United States. The demographer, Yolande Lavoie, calculated, "In the absence of emigration of the Franco-Quebecers, Quebec's population of just over half a million in 1840 would have amounted to approximately nine million by 1980. The deficit due to emigration, therefore reached four million people in 1980²." It was a real drain. It is estimated that without this great exodus, the population of Quebec today would be 13 million, roughly equal to that of Ontario.

French Canadians did not leave their homeland light-heartedly. The times were very difficult. Farmers lived almost continuously in a state of economic crises. It became almost impossible to make a living and work the land.

There were many causes: the valley of the St. Lawrence was over-crowded, and the land was impoverished, because they neglected to spread fertilizer and rotate crops. Farms were also parceled out too often to be able to feed future generations.

The second half of the nineteenth century saw a series of economic recessions (1873–1879, 1882–1885, 1888–1891, 1894–1896) in Canada. Trade also changed very rapidly. Great Britain abolished its preferential tariffs in 1846 and the Americans establish protectionist measures by refusing to renew the *Reciprocity Treaty* of 1854. The farmer who needed extra income to support his family on his land lost the opportunity to work as a lumberjack for forestry companies (sawing timber, making boards; and making paper pulp), or to produce butter and cheese for export to England. In addition, the natural disasters in wheat growing and the rapid development of the railroad to the West brought new competition from the prairies where the newly opened lands for cultivation were most fertile. Opportunities to find work in cities like Montreal and Quebec were still very limited. The situation was discouraging for the most part.

However, the main factor for the emigration was that people were in debt. Even the best farmers

were not protected from the economic crises. To compete with the farmers of Western Canada, they needed to improve yields, modernize, and mechanize. When times were good, credit was easy. But every recession brought misery. Incomes fell and lenders became usurers by wanting to be paid more quickly or by increasing high interest rates based on risk. At a time when bankruptcy was a real social stigma if not a crime, one needed to consider the ultimate solution to pay debts which would have included emigration to New England which boasted a thriving economy because of the beginning of the industrial revolution.

The ideal solution for French Canadians would be to move to the land of the Eastern Townships, but the farmers were too hesitant to move. There were too many obstacles for them: the exorbitant prices charged by speculators and big English landowners such as the *British American Land Company*, the isolation from those close to them, the rarity of Catholic priests, they would be surrounded by those speaking English which they did not understand, the absence of French schools for their children, and roads that were not very passable throughout the year. The French Canadians waited too long; they would have to look further.

The Big Departure

For the majority of migrants, the exile was supposed to be temporary. They had firmly intended to return to their country when they accumulated enough savings to pay off their debts, to help a son to settle down on a farm, or to take care of aged parents. It was a constant movement across the borders; they came and went to the rhythm of economic recessions. Those who left would always be homesick. Thus, more than 325,000 migrants who left before 1900 would return³. To add to the humiliation, those who left were often treated as traitors by the religious and civil authorities. The clergy considered U.S. cities as places of damnation.

The recent advent of the railroad greatly facilitated emigration. You could go to New England for less than \$10, and the trains had begun to circulate throughout Quebec.

The decision to leave was greatly influenced by the many French Canadians who preceded them, and by the recruiters from U.S. factories. Indeed, the bragging of friends or relatives who returned to visit from the States generated high hopes. These visitors with their air of superiority became symbols of success by flaunting their Sunday best and the prover-

bial gold watch (false in most cases). The villages saw the same scenario repeated weekly. Country roads were empty. Every Sunday, at the doors of the church, they announced animal auctions meant to cover the cost of the trip and of settling in the States. The day of departure, with tear-filled eyes, they locked the doors of their house without knowing if they would ever return.

They would go towards the "factories" of Massachusetts (Fall River, Lowell, Holyoke, Worcester, New Bedford), New Hampshire (Manchester, Nashua) and Rhode Island (Woonsocket, Providence). The textile, footwear, and construction industries attracted them.

"Those who have already settled play a major role. They inform family and friends who stayed in Canada of the employment opportunities, and of the salaries and the terms of employment; they provide them with information on the routes to travel, often pay their train fares, and wait for their arrival and introduce them to employers. They often found them housing and helped them to get credit at the grocer, the butcher, and the baker⁴."

Work

Working conditions were difficult: they toiled 14 hours a day for a salary of \$3 or \$4 a week, which was better than on the farm in Quebec. After 14 hours at work, there was but one thought, going to bed, which would only serve to encourage the growth of the family. The French-Canadian worker was very appreciated by employers: he or she was capable, conscientious, and not very demanding.



From:
http://fdl.org/txlordspce/bitstream/handle/2249.3/201/04_text_mills.htm

When government authorities were asked to reduce the work week to 60 hours, there were objections; the employers claimed that leisure time would merely incite workers to drink, smoke, and be lazy!

The pay was low, but regular, which was new and reassuring. However, to make ends meet and to save money, all the members of the family needed to work. While the wife stayed at home, all the children of working age were sent to the factory. As no one had identification papers, it was not uncommon to find 12 year old children working in a factory (even though in principle, they should be 14) especially when a child looked a bit older than his or her age. As the parents were, in theory, in the states for only two or three years, they felt justified in telling themselves that they would worry about their children's education when they returned to their country. When children were too young to work, the mother would have to take in boarders.

"The working conditions at the factory were hard. The steam used made the atmosphere very humid, which caused colds and pneumonias. In summer, temperatures above 95° F (35° C) made the dehydrated workers lose consciousness. The lighting was insufficient, and the noise was overwhelming. The increased pace of work, in addition to the lack of safety measures, the inexperience, fatigue, and monotony, all resulted in many serious accidents. Industrial diseases were a more insidious threat to the worker after a few years spent in badly-ventilated rooms that were too humid and dusty. Few Canadians could tolerate this life more than ten years^{5 6}."

The United States experienced several periods of recession during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Each time, U.S. employers cut wages and work hours, going so far as dismissing the workers. So the migrant had the choice of tapping into his savings and deferring his return to his country, or returning home until the situation was corrected. In the latter case, he quickly returned to the States as soon as he heard that the economy had recovered there. Upon returning to the states, he was not welcomed with open arms, because he was in direct competition with those who remained and had exhausted their savings to survive.

The man who was used to living in the open air on his farm finds working in a confined area inside a factory difficult. As the urbanization of New England was developing rapidly, the men were offered opportunities for outdoor employment: building houses and factories, and developing and maintaining the road systems, and the water and sewer systems. Other men manufactured shoes which was a harder job than manufacturing textiles.

The Canadians faced competition from Irish immigrants in the factories. The Irish had immigrated to the United States before them and unlike the Canadians, they chose to stay. The Irish constantly demanded better conditions, and sought the support of Canadians in many strikes, but the Canadians did not support them. They were only birds of passage (a transient or migratory person) who sought to return to Canada as soon as possible with their savings. It was unthinkable for them to forego immediate gains in the hope of earning more in the future.

Daily Life

The Canadians who were here temporarily did not buy their own homes. They lived in tenement houses, large buildings of several stories high, constructed by the employers which could accommodate 20 to 40 families each. This promiscuity encouraged the spread of communicable diseases and alcohol abuse.

Social measures were unknown at the time, and when disease or death struck, it was catastrophic. The dream ended. The owner of the general store which gave them credit now refused to extend additional credit and asked to be paid. They were forced to borrow from usurers or return home.

They needed children to achieve their goals. A child who left the nest to marry, seriously undermined the economy of the family. All the more so, since the new couple was doomed to a miserable life until their own children were old enough to work.

Loneliness affected the first Canadians. Contacts with the other compatriots were rare, and poor knowledge of English was a serious handicap. The employer was difficult to understand, as were the neighbors and merchants, and they felt that Americans looked down on them. They felt uncomfortable in the Irish Catholic church where they did not understand the sermons. They could not confess or confide in these Irish priests.

The Little Canadas

After the Civil War (1861–1865), Canadians were in sufficient numbers in each manufacturing town to form types of ghettos called *Little Canadas*. It was a social reflex that gave them hope to continue their existence as if they were still in Canada. Thus, customs, language, and religion were preserved while living in a tight knit society. This tradition continues today; we find that many of our Quebecers who spend the winter in Florida act the same way.

The *Little Canadas* were structured around the parish, the school, mutual societies, and newspapers.

Canadians built parishes headed by Canadian priests, or at least those able to speak French so that

services were available in that language. In the space of two generations, more than a hundred parishes were erected. For the Canadian community, the parish was a safeguard of national identity and the protection of the French language.

The Canadians would always remain in conflict with the Irish-American religious leaders, as Rome had decided that in the United States, all Catholics, regardless of their ethnic origins must speak English, and that speaking one's native language was not a right, but rather a privilege.

The parochial school's goals were to instill in the young a religious and moral training while passing on the French language and the cultural traditions of their parents. For Canadians, the English public school was seen as a form of Americanization. For example, they studied US history rather than Canadian history. Parents who wished to send their children to secondary school had to turn to boarding schools of Quebec in classical colleges and in convents.

Mutual societies collected dues from their members to bring relief to those stricken by illness, accident, or death. At the death of a member, all the others contributed \$1 each to the bereaved family. Those who did not participate in mutual societies received nothing and had no other alternative but charities and public assistance.

Newspapers were the means for Canadians to unite and to learn what was happening in Canada. Their numbers were even higher than newspapers in Quebec.

The Assimilation Problem

Starting with the end of the nineteenth century, French-Canadian migrants became Franco-Americans, that is to say, Americans that could still speak French. The first generation spoke French almost exclusively. The second generation, born in the United States, became Americanized; they spoke French at home, but once the threshold was crossed, they mainly spoke English. The children of the third generation spoke French only with hesitation; it was the language used to visit the grandparents. They ended up forgetting the old customs of Quebec such as Midnight Mass and St. Jean-Baptiste. The future was now in English. The franco-phones (French-speaking) were increasingly absorbed into the American melting pot.

In the early twentieth century, the economic conditions improved in Quebec, and there were fewer reasons to emigrate to the States. In the *Little Canadas*, the non-renewal of the population by French migrants coming from Quebec had the ef-

fect of constantly diluting the French presence in New England.

The Franco-Americans began to realize that because of their numbers (often around 20% of voters), they might have the balance of power if they were united. They could then further the causes they held dear. It was a race to naturalization so they could obtain the right to vote.

The First World War accentuated Americanization. The Franco-Americans were mixed with American troops. They learned English and the prejudice against them dropped sharply.

The Great Depression of 1929 had as a consequence the closing of the borders to immigration. The United States surrounded itself with protectionist measures that favored their citizens. From then on, visas were limited to workers assured of employment in the United States and able to meet their needs. It was the end of the great exodus.



Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., Manchester, NH

From Wikipedia

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6. ROBY, Yves, idem p.52
7. ROBY, Yves, idem, p.80s
6. See Marcel CHABOT, Du rêve au cauchemar américain, Les Chabotteries, no 22, printemps 2013, p. 12s. This story about his grandmother describes perfectly the health problems encountered by the French Canadians in New England.

André Goggin



Artistic streak under one roof



Father and daughter

Roland Chabot, son of Hector Chabot and Aline Toulouse, married to Chantale Breton
Sophie Chabot, their daughter

Throughout their working life, Roland was a tinsmith and Sophie a nurse. But when he retired, Roland sought a hobby, and decided to join his manual skill to the artistry of his daughter. The result was spectacular.

I spent a Sunday at the Carrefour de l'Érable, in the Victoriaville area, I was amazed by the beauty of artfully built vanes, fruit of the cooperation of these true artists. These works of art are made from a blend of stainless steel and glass.

Chabot told me that he often visited the flea markets in search of old lamps, and also called on a glassblower to fashion for him the desired shapes, but in the latter case the prices were prohibitive.

Many fathers would envy that retired man for the chance he has to team up with his daughter. I also met the wife of Roland and I saw the pride of the wife and mother which dwells in this woman. The beaming smile of their daughter is a clear sign of the relationship that binds them together.

They deserve our admiration for their wonderful achievements and certainly a long and happy retirement for Roland and Sophie!

Claude Chabot



The white birds (Part 2, following No. 23, p. 4-6)

Finally, it's party time! The time for the whole household to get together. Ah! what nice evenings we had! They were worth a hundred times more than those parties we could have had elsewhere, away from home. For us, working with the family was like a wonderful game; and during bird season, it took on a special character. Then the basement of our house looked like a real factory. It was there where captured birds were freed from the "lignettes" (rope traps) then plucked. This is also where the traps were repaired when required.

Near the entrance, close to the many piles of lignettes loaded with birds, stood the "dépreneurs," the people in charge of removing dead birds from the lignettes. This was a field where my father could display his skills. There were none like him to quickly find the hidden horsehair under the birds' feathers...except perhaps the son of my Uncle Edward whom, according to some nephews, without scruples, cut off the knots that were too hard to untie...

Indeed, a lot of patience was required to unravel sometimes up to five or six strands of horsehair encircling their neck, wings, and bodies! The legs were cut without hesitation, but never the heads. To save heads, the lace was sacrificed and cut instead.

Once released from the nets, birds formed a pile that, through our scrutinizing eyes, looked a little like an undulating mountain on the table, a mountain that we were proud to look at. When a particular catch looked amazing, it was lifted high in the air for everyone in the room to see and fuel the enthusiasm of the workers, if necessary; because fatigue always managed to seep in, even with the bravest among us. I remember seeing my father fall asleep, a twine on his knees, a bird in his hands, and looking for the invisible horsehair; but usually it was not easy to sleep with us around.

Not far from the dépreneurs, and on each side of a long table, stood all the youth of the house, plus one or two aunts, and a few friends of the village, for a total of at least fifteen people. They were the occasional repairers, whose task was to straighten, rebuild or replace, as applicable, the nooses in the horsehair twines, which leaned sideways on the edge of the table in front of each member of this "Group of Fifteen." The horsehair first had to be softened by the action of water, which is why a large tank filled with water was placed on the floor. A little "soaker" was in charge of immersing the lignettes in this tank and then draining them in a smaller bowl.

Among his functions, this "soaking officer" had to pass the lignettes to those who repaired them, and take the traps away once the repair work was done. This meant this boy had to be active, impartial, and polite, otherwise he was quickly dismissed as this office was coveted.

Perhaps you would find it a bit monotonous. It would have been without an uninterrupted flow of stories, songs, and riddles! It went on all the time, and in addition, it was not bad for anyone to have a look at the work of their neighbor to see how it progressed and how well it was done. Harmless teasing lead to easy laughter. A look at the piles of repaired lignettes rising up from one minute to the next, also helped to keep the spirits high, not to mention all the happy tunes that small girls constantly sang which would have cheered up even the most tired among us. They had so many things in store to say, those girls from the neighborhood! They knew all the news, and they told it without hesitation. It was always possible that actual conversations would grow out of these little tidbits of news. Agriculture, trade, politics, and even future plans were a means to loosen tongues and lead to laughter.

Moreover, we were happy to hang out around "plucking corner," standing in a corner of the room where our mother was in charge. Plucking requires a special garment and a wide piece of oilcloth on the knees that allowed the rolling avalanche of feathers to fall in a wooden box placed on the ground. It goes without saying that we had to be still as much as possible, as the slightest breeze caused the feathers to swirl around our cheeks, nose, eyebrows, and hair, and to cling to our clothes. Woe to those who didn't follow this rule, as it was not easy for them to get rid of this unwelcome plumage! It could be found everywhere and follow you everywhere, even to church! "Pluckers" had to be quiet, which, explains why children were not accepted among them. Plucking is also a serious, delicate, and important job. The suitable appearance of the game depends on it. The skin must remain intact, the neck must be exposed so that the head does not appear larger than the body, and all the down must be removed. Therefore, not anyone can claim to be part of the plucking team: many candidates were disqualified after several attempts to join the team. Typically, few men succeeded, but if they managed to do the job, they were hard to match. One example is my brother Adelard, a true plucking

champion! In a few movements with his ten fingers, he was able to pull out all the heavy plumage, while birds in the hands of other members of the team were still cozily covered in feathers. His presence in the feather business was a sign of good fortune.

I'm not saying that I was the fastest at plucking, but exquisite images emanate from the memory of those feathered scenes! How many delightful hours have I spent with my mother or my sister Marie! The mere recollection of those charming tête-à-têtes still fill me with unparalleled happiness.

There was one last operation: threading dozens of birds through their beaks and packaging them for their delivery to the market in the city. Dépre-neurs and plucking operators united for this final task, and each one tried to reckon the number of birds caught that day: "50 dozen in one bag, 80 in the other, and a big box and a basket! I bet there are 150 dozen," said one. "I bet we have 180," added another. And so on, until all things considered, we proclaimed the exact number of catches. Let's say 195 dozen. Ah! we were so happy! A fortune seemed to be in our hands. And with fortune came a sudden need for new things. "Dad can you bring me a new coat tomorrow, and a hat like that of Albertine?" Ten other requests of this type were quickly formulated and added to the shopping list, like dozens of white birds on a thread. Our father listened sympathetically. There was no wonder why he was the father of twenty Canadian children who smiled at life! "Write it all down," he concluded. "I will try to have time to go to Pâquet general store. But first I want to pay the last semester of tuition at the seminary for Hermogène and buy a first communion dress for Albertine. In the meantime, let's have dinner and celebrate!"

It was close to midnight. The watchmen had not slept and were about to retire to their rooms. That's when my mother would say, "The prayer has not been said, but you are tired, so one rosary will be enough for tonight."

That was the end of those white bird busy days.

Boxers: like father, like son

Thomas Chabot, our hero, was born on August 8, 1999. He is the son of Constant Chabot and Lydia Vaillancourt. He began boxing at the age of 11.

The taste of boxing is primal. Thomas' father said he was into amateur boxing back in his days and his son, upon looking at pictures of that time, said he would like to do that too. To get back into shape, he resumed training with Thomas under the direction of his training buddy and coach Stéphane Lachance at a boxing center in Robertsonville near Thetford Mines. Since then, Thomas has done 17 amateur fights, which earned him the Bronze Gloves at a competition held in Lévis on April 22, 2012. He then won the title of *Champion of the Province of Quebec (Golden Gloves)* on May 12, 2012 in Chicoutimi. He is currently preparing for the National Championships.

To date, he has a record of 16 victories, including two by knockout, and one defeat.

During the weekend of June 7, 2013, he fought three times in Vaudreuil-Dorion to qualify for the National Championship. As he is outrageously dominant in his category, he fought in a higher class, Juvenile (114 pounds), against boxers that were two years older than him. Because Thomas had such an enormous talent at such a young age, the *Olympic Boxing Federation of Quebec* made an exception to the age rule to allow him to box. As a three-time winner, he is now the Canadian champion in his class.



His dream and goal is to one day become world champion. His favorite boxer is Lucian Bute, a left-handed boxer like him.

From left to right: Pierre Chabot, his grandfather, Thomas, Stéphane Lachance, his coach, and his father, Constant Chabot.



Claude Chabot

For those who would like to learn more about it: "Les oiseaux blancs de l'île d'Orléans," documentary by Diane Létourneau, Canada National Film Board, 1977, 29' 44.

CDL, a homegrown company, signed Chabot and son

The company CDL Inc, which manufactures equipment for maple trees was started in the early 1970s. Mr. Denis Désilets, a researcher of the Faculty of agronomy of the Laval university, contacted me, as I was an engineer at IPL (limited provincial Industries) of St. Damien. His intention was to make me part of his research work on the effect of the applied vacuum system to slashes of maples to sugar. As I had intimate knowledge of the engineering of IPL in the area of plastic tubing, he asked for me to help him with his research project in the Laurentienne forest. Already committed to the University of Vermont, he needed the pipe and the necessary splices to validate his first results that showed an increase of the production of the sap of 250% with regard to the traditional method (with the help of buckets).

Having caught the lure of manufacturing maple syrup from my grandfather Alphée, I had been hit as if by lightning by this request, and I accepted the invitation to engage IPL in this project at once. This was to be the meteoric beginning of the collection system under vacuum of the maple sap, the one that made the recognition of CDL today. Since that time, I applied to become the leader in the development of components and hardback facilities of maple syrup; I had it in my head to make a major industry of it in the food industry in Quebec.

Because of the difficult speculation due to a surplus of maple syrup in the beginning '90s, the maple syrup division was put up for sale by IPL. Believing strongly that this entity had a certain future, I opposed this sale firmly to the board of IPL. The Métivier family, owner of the enterprise, asked me to propose a solution that could allow IPL to pursue the production of plastic while abandoning the merchandising of the pipe system.

My brother Christian, at that time, sold and installed pipe for IPL. Raynald Désorcy, also sold and installed pipe; and Donald Lapierre, was a customer of IPL who purchased certain pieces of plastic of which I was the supervisor. They were all three disposed to make an offer to purchase the assets of this division. A project was worked out, and submitted to this end. An understanding was reached with IPL, and thus was founded CDL (C for Chabot, D for Désorcy and L for Lapierre).

Soon a misunderstanding as for the location of the main offices of CDL (St. Lazare-of-Bellechasse or St. Ludger in the Beauce) had the effect of paralyzing operations for several months. Of course, owners of IPL could tolerate this situation a long time. I was called to intervene for IPL, the creditor, to adjudicate this major litigation that could have the effect to terminate the transaction with purchasers. I proposed then, with Yvan, another of my brothers, to buy parts of Désorcy and Lapierres to solve the conflict and to put an end to the blockage of operations of CDL. This purchase was made in 1991. The three Chabot brothers took possession of CDL and included the two other founders, Désorcy and Lapierre, in the sale and the manufacture of the components of the system.

As for me, I continued to use IPL for research and development of the system, whereas Christian assumed the presidency of CDL and Yvan, the vice-presidency, responsible for finances and administration, this all to the satisfaction of the partners.

The Chabot brothers undertook a major restructuring of operations of production and sale of the newborn company then. The finished understanding initially with IPL was prolonged thereafter until 2008. This was very profitable for CDL and IPL who stayed leaders of the industry of the production of maple tree facilities to this day. In 1991, the industry of equipment for maple syrup was very scattered, but CDL was in position to quickly grow being given its vast network of sales in Canada which was developed by IPL during the years. At this time, CDL sold plastic produced by IPL, evaporators manufactured by *Dominion & Grimm*, and equipment bought from *Lapierres* and other suppliers. But this entire beautiful world wished to become less dependent on CDL, and their control began to crumble because of the potential growing of the market of maple syrup.

CDL was forced then to orient itself toward the integration of the conception, the manufacture and the sale of all supplies and all intended facilities to the maple syrup industry in North America. It began its expansion by a set of acquisitions and implantations. It was as well in 1995, that CDL acquired the domestic society evaporators *Dallaire Inc.*, of St. Évariste of Beauce, manufacturer of boilers, reservoirs and other hardback facilities to the

manufacture of maple syrup. In 1999, the company inaugurated a center of distribution at Cabano, Témiscouata to serve the Low St. Laurent, New-Brunswick, and Nova Scotia areas. Then, in 2005, it made the acquisition of *Waterloo Small USA*, (now known under the name of *CDL USA*) situated at St. Albans in Vermont.

In order to make this big upheaval operational, it became imperative to restructure the staff. Vallier, my eldest son, left his position as Project Engineer at *IPL* to take on the direction of the enterprise evaporators at *Dallaire Inc.* of St. Évariste; Jean-François. Yvon's son quit *CDL de St. Lazare* to manage the *Center of Distribution of Cabano*; Christian's daughters, *Stéphanie* and *Marie-Ève*, took charge of the functions of marketing and administration of the main offices of *St. Lazare*. Martin, another of my sons, left his position as Director of Quality at *IPL* to assume the position of Direction of Operations to *St. Lazare*; and, finally, Marc-André, my cadet, driver at *I Thibeault Inc.*, resigned that position to start the department of piece machining in rustproof steel, in a building annexed to the main office of *St. Lazare* which had been the barracks of firemen acquired from the township.

To this, *CDL* added several higher staff positions with persons of very high caliber in order to support the Chabot family in this unbridled expansion. To name one, Marcellin Lavoie, a specialist in sales and marketing was recruited in 1991 to support Christian in the development of sales. Ex-businessman and owner/partner of the family *Lacroix in Beauce*, Marcellin brought invaluable knowledge in the marketing of the products offered.

The strategy of *CDL* was inspired by the one used at *IPL*, which was characterized by the continuous innovation of products, of quality, and technologies that contribute to lower costs of manufacturing maple syrup. Some innovations that revolutionized this industry are as follows:

- The 5/16" spout (small patented spout) that reduced the damage to the slash by more than 50%.
- The supple 5/16" hose that eliminates ruptures in the cold weather and prolongs its use up to 30 years;
- The 5/16" splice to the master-line (patented) that solves the problem of tightness so that the vacuum in the pipe is maintained;
- The stainless steel spout whose length of use is nearly indefinite;

- Splices in various types of plastic that facilitate the installation and the upkeep by more than 50%;
- The cleaver (patented), which concentrates the sap and surpasses the competition in its ability to do so;
- The evaporator to the biomass (granules and shaving of wood) (patented) that reduces the cost of fuel for energy by 70%;
- The siroptier multi-compartment whose function is to continuously balance the rate of sugar for the syrup;
- The machine to automate the maple butter and the machine to automatically granulate sugar (patented) which assures a uniform texture of sugar and prolongs its shelf-life;
- The automated washer breakdown that functions as a dishwasher.
- Barrels of syrup are provided in a disposable sack to avoid all contamination and to preserve the freshness of the product for up to five years.

This list proves that innovation is at the heart of the philosophy of the enterprise of *CDL*. It has now become a multinational company: *CDL Canada* and *CDL USA* which sells in 14 American states and four Canadian provinces, serving more than 20,000 customers. The vast available product range can be seen on the internet site: cdl-dallaire.com.

The distribution is assured thanks to a network of regional corporative stores established in provinces and states which are interconnected and bound to the head office which is situated in St. Lazare-of-Bellechasse.

The biggest wealth of *CDL*, is its employees who allow the company to benefit from their ideas, show their commitment and devotion, and show their support in all instances, including the failures so that all benefit from the successes that inevitably come with the development of the enterprise. For example, the complete destruction in a fire at St. Evariste, of the factory where the evaporators and equipment used to rustproof steel are manufactured, provided the proof that our employees are our most precious asset: two days after the fire, our customers began to be served again. This is an unforgettable fact in the annals of *CDL*.

As relief is important when it is about assuring the everlastingness of an enterprise, Christian and Yvan's families retired from *CDL* in the beginning of 2000, for strategic reasons, each of the three families being numerous. Yvan gave up his duties to my

named above sons. Christian gave up his to an outside shareholder of the Chabot family, Daniel Lalanne, who is now the general director of the American entity and member of the board of directors of CDL Canada. He is a business man whose domestic vision is invaluable to accelerate the expansion of the company.



Daniel Lalanne

These important changes have been made in harmony with the view to encourage an opening on the future as well as the autonomy and expansion of the three founding brothers and their family's members.

CDL is now an essential player in the industry of maple syrup in America due to its business philosophy and the distinction that it acquired over the years.

The future is, therefore, promising for the Chabot's of St. Lazare that now revolves on the worldwide arena, sustained by more than 150 direct and indirect employees.



The three Chabot brothers, son of Adrien, son of Alphée of St. Lazare-of-Bellechasse, co-founders of the CDL company, unite for a photo last June (2013). In the usual order, Jean-Marie, Christian and Yvan, in the hall of the social seat of St. Lazare.



Jean-Marie proudly posing with his three sons:

(Martin, Vallier on the left and Marc-André on the right),

that directs operations of this enterprise in full flight.

Jean-Marie Chabot, ing.

Co-founder and Present Chief executive Officer of CDL



Main offices of CDL

The dream of a man!



Joseph-Alexandre Chabot, son of Edmond Chabot and Amanda Dorval, was born August 15, 1902 in St. Claire (Dorchester) and died October 7, 1992, in Québec City.

On July 1, 1926 he married Agnes Brown who gave him nine children. He completed his life with Germaine Jutras, whom he married May 23, 1981. At the early age of 29, he became Major-General in the Canadian Army.

In the Province of Québec, the 50's were characterized by the development of the cooperative movement. Alexandre Chabot, general merchant located in St. Claire in the district of Dorchester, was very successful in business. On December 21, 1950, he founded *Marchands Unis*, (United Merchants). Mr. Chabot's idea was quite simple; to group the merchants together in order to enjoy a greater purchasing power. The benefits were intended to be passed on to the consumers.

The beginnings were difficult and the company evolved slowly. Gradually, the group abandoned the dry goods, clothing and shoes, to specialize in hardware. After two major expansions at Colbert Park, in 1975 and 1978, *Marchands Unis* embarked, in 1979, on the sale of sporting goods

In 1982, the organization was moved to the current premises, located in the *Duburger Industrial Park*, Québec City. *Marchands Unis* also became involved in the field of design and building materials.

In 1987, the company was involved in a new business sector, horticulture. Today, being engaged in five diverse sectors, *Marchands Unis* realizes sales of over 200 million dollars.

Its main markets are Quebec, Northern New Brunswick, and Western Canada.

Marchands Unis is part of prestigious bulk-buying organizations that offer a full range of services to their

dealer-owners: marketing, computer science, sales, management consulting, customer service, etc.

The motto of J. Alexandre Chabot: One must believe in his dream, put the necessary efforts to attain it and persevere. Therein lies the secret of success!

Claude Chabot



Reminder — Membership fee

Here is the fee to become a member of the Chabot's Association depending on the period you prefer.

	Canada	USA
1 year:	\$25	\$35
5 years:	\$110	\$160
Lifetime:	\$225	\$325

*Be proud to be a Chabot!
Ask for your member card.*

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

They offer condolences to those who lost loved ones.



The best way to honor the founder of the Association of Chabot, Claude Chabot, is to show, by a concrete example, how he proceeds to recruit members. We can say that he is an unparalleled ambassador when it comes to approaching people to get them to share his dream of finding and collecting the names of all the descendants of Mathurin and of making their stories known. Here is the short account of an encounter he had with a group of people in the region of Québec.



From left, back row: Marguerite, Agathe, myself (Claude), Jean-Guy and sister Colette Chabot

Front row: Pauline, sister Jeannette, Madeleine and Michel Chabot

Parents: Jules Chabot, married September 5, to Cécile Dorval in the parish of St. Malachy of Dorchester.

Many thanks to all of them for their warm unforgettable welcome!

A memorable Saturday

(May 25, 2013)

After an appointment with Sister Jeannette, who was on holiday at her brother's, Jean-Guy, I arrived, as agreed, at the business of Small Capsa, in St. Augustine, near Québec City. As is my habit, I arrived on the site at least 30 minutes before the scheduled time. I was informed, then, that the group of participants in the gathering would be more than what I was previously told.

I hurried to set up my laptop to have my computerized database of the Chabot's ready for presentation and to display the past editions of *Les Chabotteries* magazine. Later, I introduced our pins with our coat of arms.

As for the participants, they brought family pictures and funeral cards to enrich our archives.

We were 12 people, including nine Chabot's, so you can imagine the atmosphere of the place. The weather was rainy and cold outside, but inside the sun shone. The time flew away like the wind...having arrived at 9:30 a.m., I did not leave that warm family atmosphere until the middle of the afternoon, somewhat breathless after sharing a great meal.

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