



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

No 26 Spring 2014

*At the last annual meeting, two couples were warmly applauded;
because they had just celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary.
It is our turn to salute them by wishing them many years of life together.*



*Laurette Henry
and
Andre Chabot*



*Jean-Paul Houde
and
Monique Chabot*

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Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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- Regular member (Canadian) \$25 CDN
- Member (living outside of Canada) \$35 US

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President's Message



Greetings to you all!

It is always a great pleasure to take the time to write a few words four times a year in order to wish you well and tell you about your association. Since I cannot meet each and every one of you in person to shake your hands, this is my way of extending my greetings.

You no doubt noticed that the last issue of *Les Chabotteries* was very colorful. It was our way of celebrating the publication of our 25th issue. We have already starting dreaming of our 50th issue.

I am pleased to announce that our seventh annual meeting and brunch will be held in the Sherbrooke region of Quebec this year, on Sunday, October 12, 2014. Be sure to reserve that date on your calendar and tell your family and friends. I hope that we will be able to gather together as many Chabot family members as possible on that day. More information will be forthcoming in the next issue of *Les Chabotteries*.

If you know anyone in the Sherbrooke region who would be willing to help us organize this event, please let us know. As well, any information about hotels in the area that can provide a meeting room and brunch for 200 to 250 people would be greatly appreciated. We need your help!

We have begun sending out membership cards. You will receive your card at the same time that you receive your renewal notice. We are very happy to see that many inactive members have recently renewed their memberships and that new members have also joined the association. If you would like to receive a USB key containing every issue of *Les Chabotteries*, our Coat of Arms, and so on, you can order one online via the French version of the website. Click on *Articles promo* on the side menu; or you can call, or email us. The telephone numbers of our board members can be found in this newsletter.

We have been working very hard to ensure that your association lives up to your expectations and will continue to spare no effort to make you proud!

Best wishes for spring!

Maryo Tremblay

Editor's Message



Hello to our readers,

In reviewing the past 25 issues of the *Les Chabotteries*, I noted with satisfaction, that despite our limited resources, we have been able to maintain a balance in the choice of content since the beginning. The topics are varied and they cover different periods, starting with the arrival of Mathurin in New France all the way to the present. Andre Goggin has aroused our interest in history by his in-depth articles on our Quebec ancestor and his descendants. Claude, our president and founder, and Diane Chabot Pard spotted interesting stories in family encounters and readings and shared them. Jean-Louis Chabot interviewed endearing people. Some interesting stories renewed our childhood memories: stories of the lives of inventors, builders, and tradesmen which may include stories of men and women, young and old involved in their communities, practicing professions or hobbies that may be out of the ordinary. Not to mention all the articles of ordinary people who have accomplished the feat of having a busy life and still realizing their dream.

If you look closer, you realize that some pieces of treasure were uncovered. The fact that the content of the newsletter is notable for its diversity and literary presentation is not in the least, thanks to the talents of Lucie Chabot who created the layout and template of the first thirteen issues.

I intend to soon set up a complete directory of all texts published up to now, which will give an overview of the vitality of the Chabot family; and we hope to engender in our readers, a desire to share their stories or those of their family members. Sharpen your pencils and get ready for our 50th issue!

Marcel Chabot

The Great Exodus To the United States – The Case of Pierre Chabot



The case of Pierre Chabot, our ancestor, illustrates well the great exodus of French Canadians to the United States during the second half of the nineteenth century. What follows expounds on an article published in *Les Chabotteries* during the summer of 2013.

Pierre Chabot was born on June 6, 1848 in St. Gervais de Bellechasse, Quebec. He married Rose Delima Bilodeau on February 14, 1871 at Armagh in the county of Bellechasse where the family settled. Their bed was fertile there, and would witness the birth of six children: Marie Delima born in 1872, Belzemire in 1873, Pierre in 1875, Alfred in 1876, Louis in 1878, and Amanda in 1880.

The family moved to Warwick, Quebec between the birth of Amanda in Armagh in May 1880 and that of Lydia in Warwick on November 1881.

A deep recession affected the province from 1873 to 1879. The times were tough and money was short; families went into debt. It was discouraging for many fathers who worked as loggers for forestry companies and who lost the extra income that allowed them to keep their land. Like many others, Pierre had to sell his land to pay his debts. He went to Warwick in Les Bois-Francs, Quebec where land was more fertile and easier to cultivate. The birth certificate of Lydia tells us that he was a laborer; thus, he no longer had his land.

On April 25, 1882 he bought from Bazile Theroux a piece of land consisting of the northern half of Lot #17 located in the first concession* of the township of Warwick. Pierre said he knew the property well. We can assume that it was on this land that he worked as a laborer. The land costs \$650: \$100 was payable to the notary, plus five annual payments of \$100 and a final payment of \$50, all at an interest rate of 6% per year.

On March 26, 1884, two years after the initial purchase, Pierre sold a portion of this land to Johnny Morin. The part sold comprised of two arpents** of frontage on the depth of the concession. The price was \$450 payable as follows: \$100 on May 1, 1884,

\$100 per year thereafter, a final payment of \$50, to be financed at the rate of 6%.

The land included a small house that the buyer had to move. We can see that the sale allowed Pierre to pay in full his obligations to Bazile Theroux. Thus, the part of the land kept, costs him nothing. A clause in the contract stated that Pierre could take back the property without payment if Johnny Morin was unable to pay. There was always concern that a buyer may go into exile in the United States without paying.

Six months later, on October 4, 1884, he bought land on the first road of Tingwick. This land was the neighbor to his south. It was purchased at a price of \$515: \$15 of which was payable on September 29 of the following year, and thereafter in ten annual payments of \$50 with no mention of interest. This transaction demonstrates the difficulty for a seller to dispose of land. Buyers were rare and did not have the necessary resources.

Shortly after, Pierre began to consider emigration to the United States. He was 48 years old and had a family of eight children ranging in age from one to fourteen years. The first indication we have of his American presence is when he became the father of Adelard, born November 1, 1886 in Putnam, Connecticut, where there was a textile mill.

Two years later, Pierre packed his bags. The decision was made to emigrate to the United States. On September 29, 1888, he sold his Warwick land to Albert Monfette. The price was \$1,200: \$400 in cash and eight annual payments of \$100, interest free. The sale included a pair of six year old oxen, a milk cow, a yearling calf, ten domestic fowl, the grain harvest, potatoes and other vegetables, plowing implements, vehicles, household furniture, and the sugar shack equipment. Thus, everything indicated a definite departure.

Three years pass. On July 18, 1891, Pierre showed his intention of returning to Canada by buying another piece of land in the 1st road of Tingwick, neighboring the one that he had retained. Pierre was present for the signing of the contract and declared that he resided temporarily in the United States.

Pierre's family grew again on July 3, 1892 with the birth of Arthur, who was born in Warwick, a sign that the family had returned to Canada.

Tragedy struck when Johnny Morin died on June 16, 1892 at the age of 44. If he had made his mort-

gage payments on time according to the sales transaction, he would have owed nothing to Pierre. However, Pierre realized that the land would be sold, and he expressed his intention to buy it back. It was, after all, his first land in Warwick; and if he had to get rid of it a few years earlier, it would probably have been due to his discouragement over the economy.

The land was sold by auction to the highest bidder. The land was for sale at \$200, and Pierre was the only bidder. He recovered the land for \$205 on November 2, 1892, a bargain if we compare it to the price he sold it for in 1884. This farm would stay in the family. Today, it belongs to Camille Chabot, great-grandson of Pierre.

On August 14, 1893, Pierre completed his return by buying the land he had sold to Albert Monfette in 1888 for \$500. The reacquisition of this land confirmed that Pierre had serious financial problems when he left for the United States.

The family is divided

When Pierre returned to Canada in 1892, he had ten children ranging in age from three to twenty years. The oldest did not follow their parents. They probably worked in the mills since they were 14 years old. At that time, the idea of adolescence had not yet been imagined, yet alone pre-adolescence. The children had to get up early and work. They went directly from the world of childhood to adulthood. They studied until 12 or 13 years of age, and afterwards worked to support the family.

At that time, the Chabot family had four or five children of working age. Most of them remained in the United States where the prospect of having a regular salary was attractive. For them, returning to Quebec to help their parents cultivate the land meant losing their independence and having to beg them for money. They preferred to give the family a portion of their salary.

Thus, Pierre and Delima returned with the youngest children. Delima was pregnant and would give birth to Arthur in July in Warwick. She had two daughters 11 and 12 years old to help her. Two other girls came into the world afterwards, nine years after the return to Warwick, Delima still had her head in the oven to feed ten people gathered around her table every day.

The children remaining in the United States were all minors. There were surely friends or relatives to answer for them, as they had to ensure that they followed their moral and religious duties!

The four oldest in the family remaining in the United States wed other young French Canadian immigrants who lived the same experience. We find that they exerted a great power of attraction on their brothers and sisters who came back with their parents. Two of them would leave the family to imitate the older ones. They would live with them, work in factories, and eventually would marry, and become Americans. In all, six out of the thirteen children adopted the United States as their country, nearly half of the family. Some of them, after several years of living in the United States, would return to end their days in the country of their birth.

These new Americans came to visit their family once or twice a year. They arrived by train and later in a sparkling car, and they had many stories to tell. They compared urban life to rural life. They were welcomed as if they were special guests, and the family squeezed together to make room for them. They brought new eating habits, and only left after having ransacked the garden and their parent's pantry.

Now, these young people were more American than Canadian. They were transplanted there and would raise their families there. Canada was the country of their parents and their siblings.

* Townships are divided into bands of land 1¼ miles wide called concessions.

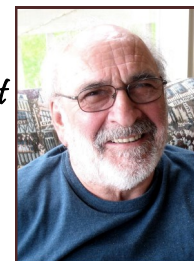
** An arpent is about 192 feet in length but the term is also used to specify a quantity of land such as an acre.

Andre Goggin



and

Lionel Chabot



Citations

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Minute 1504 of notary Hyppolite Laliberte of Warwick
Minute 1606 of notary Hyppolite Laliberte of Warwick
Minute 2738 of notary Hyppolite Laliberte of Warwick
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Canada Census 1901

Amedee Chabot: Miss USA 1962



Amedee Chabot was born in Chicago in 1945, to Amedee Chabot (born in Maine) and Lilian Prelomek (born in Illinois). Sometime later, her family moved to Northridge, California; where in 1962, she participated in a beauty pageant and was crowned *Miss California*.

Her dream did not stop there. She participated in the *Miss USA* pageant, and on September 22, 1962 in Huntington, West Virginia, she won the crown. Amedee went on to represent the USA in the *Miss World* pageant that year in London, and made it to the finals of that competition.

Later in 1962, Chabot was part of Bob Hope's annual Christmas tour of military bases to cheer up the troops visiting: Japan, Korea, Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines, and Guam in the Pacific Ocean. Others on the tour included Lana Turner, Janis Paige, Anita Bryant, and many others.

In 1963, this blue-eyed blond beauty queen made her debut in Hollywood, appearing in two episodes of *The Beverly Hillbillies*. In 1965 and 1966, she had minor roles in at least two additional pictures, one starring Jerry Lewis in *Three on a Couch* and a Matt Helm adventure spoof with Dean Martin, *Murderers' Row*. Her final Hollywood effort came in 1967 when she played a lovely gnome in the Disney fantasy *The Gnome-Mobile*. Other film co-workers included newcomers Raquel Welch and Edy Williams.



Amedee Chabot's first Mexican film was shot in May 1966 where she was given more substantial roles. She acted in the twenty-three films. Most of the Mexican films were comedies, with a number of action movies and Westerns.

In 1969, for some unknown reason, Amedee Chabot dropped out of films. She now resides in California where she's a Real Estate Agent. Her renown is such that, much to the delight of film collectors, we can still find articles and pictures of her on the internet.

Diane Chabot-Pard



Citation

<http://www.amedeechabot.com/joy/history/trio.htm>

My Father's Gift: (The Story of My Father)



In June 1997, my father (Rosaire), my brother (Gilbert), a friend (Luc), and I (Maryo) organized what ended up being my father's last fishing trip. I will remember that trip for the rest of my life—it was the best trip we ever made with Papa.

Papa had actually been a bit hesitant about going, and agreed to join us only at the last minute. What we didn't know was that Papa was preparing a last gift for his sons. In fact, he gave us the best gift possible: he chose to spend the last weekend of his life with us.

There was no sign that those few days spent in our company would be his last. It was a beautiful, wonderfully sunny weekend, and everyone was happy. At one point, Papa gave us a bit of a scare when he had some discomfort in his chest. After a bit of rest, however, everything seemed back to normal. Having recovered from his malaise, Papa was almost unrecognizable. We had rarely seen him so happy, and we had lots of fun throughout our entire trip.

I was used to spending lots of time with Papa and on that last Sunday morning we left together to go out on the lake and fish a bit. The spot we chose was magnificent, like a scene from a postcard. The air was fresh and; to top it off, the fish seemed to be biting; but we always thought the fishing would be better elsewhere; and a few hours later, at some point in the afternoon, Papa said, "The fish aren't biting here. How about going and trying over there?" Even though the fish seemed to be biting quite well where we were, he suggested trying elsewhere a few more times. You know me, it was always a pleasure to give him what he asked. And then Papa said something odd, "It's no fun for you to have to carry things around and row for an old man like me. I should have stayed home." Instinctively I answered, "You know, Papa, when you're no longer around, I won't be able to do all these things for you anymore, and that's what I really find no fun." I had no idea at the time

that those words would be almost prophetic. We continued our fishing trip and Papa was happy. He caught many fish, enough to satisfy the fisherman in him, and he had a lot of fun with us. He was glad to be with his sons and with our friend Luc, whom he liked very much. The remainder of our trip unfolded smoothly, with everyone happy and in a good mood.

Papa didn't seem to react to the end of our trip like he usually did. He seemed very happy and jovial, and was making us laugh.

At one point he said, "I don't think I'll be able to go fishing with you anymore." He was usually a bit sad to return home and would say, "My boys, I'm already looking forward to next year and our next fishing trip together." This time the tone was different. Naturally, it's with hindsight that we realize certain things and that certain details take on all their importance!

Back at home, Papa did all sorts of little things he didn't usually do, that were not part of his regular routine. On Wednesday, he went to see some friends. That same evening, he unfortunately had a second heart attack, one that would prove fatal. The next day, June 12, 1997, is a day that will remain branded in my memory forever. That was the day I had to make the most difficult decision of my life, that of unplugging my father and letting him go. Believe me, I wouldn't wish that on anyone, not even my worst enemy.

Today I am sure that Papa is up in heaven with God (his "buddy," as he called Him). Papa never did anything without consulting his buddy first. In fact, I'm sure it's his buddy who came to get him because he needed a good fishing partner.

Papa was always very generous. He wasn't rich, but he gave us his love, shared with us his passion for life, and instilled in us many values that I am sure have helped us a lot in life. All those who had the joy of spending time with him became better people for having known him.

With time and over the years, I have come to understand that while he was tired and felt that he wasn't in the best of shape, Papa had really decided to "give" us that last weekend. He had known that it would be his last.

Papa, you were able to keep secret this precious gift that we will always treasure in our hearts. You know, Papa, I would still row for you today, and that will never change. I'd be so happy to row for as long as it would take to get wherever you'd want to go, to find that secret place where the fish would be waiting just for you!

And now I'll finish by telling you who Papa was, because he truly was someone extraordinary!!!

Rosaire Tremblay was born on January 8, 1927 in St. Francois-de-Sales. The son of Jean Tremblay and Elodia Deschenes (both deceased), he was one of ten children. He married for love. His wife, Therese Chabot (whom he called "Therese-dear"), was the daughter of Arthur Chabot and Eva Boulet (both deceased). He and his wife had three children: Danielle, Maryo (Clemence Beaumont), and Gilbert (Line Blouin).



He was always very proud of his little family. Then came the grandchildren: Danielle's children (Dave Morin and Felix Nitello), my own daughters (Eliane and Emilie), and Gilbert's sons (Guillaume and Vincent). The grandchildren were followed by a great-grandchild, Alex, who is Dave's son.

For many years, Papa was the owner of a convenience store called "Depanneur Rosaire," to which he devoted himself completely. Gilbert eventually took over from Papa, but Papa was an active man who believed that a little work never killed anyone. He regularly helped out at the convenience store after Gilbert took over; and in fact, had been there only a few minutes before he had his last heart attack.

My father left us with many precious memories of wonderful moments, but that last fishing trip is the one I will cherish above all.

Papa, thank you once again for such a special gift. I will treasure that gift and your memory forever.

Maryo Tremblay



Fay Chabot, boxer



This young twelve year old boxer already has several victories to her credit.

Since her debut, Fay has won *Bronze Gloves*, the *Adidas Cup* and now, *Golden Gloves*. Her trainer is laudatory in this respect (he says it's a revelation). Fay Chabot will undoubtedly be a name to remember.

Fay won two fights, the first against Audrey-Ann Morin, one year her senior and the following day, against Stephanie Thibeault. These two victories permitted her to win the *Adidas Cup*



Fay has won *Bronze Gloves*, the *Adidas Cup* and now, *Golden Gloves*

Text provided by *Maryo Tremblay*

Andre Chabot, a man listening to his community



Andre Chabot and Madeleine Vezina

Can you tell us the evolution of Chabot Market, since the construction of the building to present?

Andre Chabot: The building was built in the early 1940s, and my father was already the manager of a general store for the inhabitants of Villebois*. In 1947, only a few years after it was built, my father started the family business. Madeleine, my wife and I took over from Chabot Market in 1983. Our first three years as co-owners were the best! There was, at the time, a lot of exploration in the region; and the economic growth of a service company in our sector was often proportional to the mining environment. Those three years were so successful that I thought we would be able to retire in the next decade. In the 1980s, if you added the 600 habitants of Villebois, many exploration camp workers, drilling companies and mines, that was a large clientele! Currently the village is barely 300 habitants and prospecting is not at all the same. And I, at age 63, am still behind the counter!



Leopold Chabot

What inspired you to make the decision to go into business?

Andre Chabot: Of all my brothers, I was the one who had, somehow, been nominated to receive the paternal torch. We were not fully aware of the many responsibilities that were expected, but, as I had always seen my father work very hard, I was indeed aware that we were not going to be unemployed! I already participated in the family business when I was little. The practice was so very present in my case.

What was most helpful to Chabot Market?

Andre Chabot: This is unquestionably the family support that has helped us the most! We would not be in business, and that, long ago, if we did not have it. And this is still the case today. It is to our families and friends that we owe our thanks for our continued entrepreneurial adventure.

What skills have you developed during your entrepreneurial process?

Andre Chabot: Good management is necessary in order to adapt to a small population and to ensure proper inventory of food products, whether perishable or not. A good grocer must demonstrate an accurate and timely monitoring to constantly adjust their orders to various suppliers. We learned to trust our wholesalers. I say "wholesalers" since it has survived longer than our first franchise. I got a short education in the butcher shop. A butcher came to the store to teach me elements of the profession. A trader must also develop the ability to recognize his own skills. But for us, this ability was innate.

Madeleine Chabot: My math is limited; I had to enroll in adult school to gain an education in accounting. Moreover, in addition to an overview, it is important to observe and improve many small details to customer loyalty. From this derives the basis of personalized service. Because, ultimately, it is the customers who shop and not the opposite! Finally, an essential ability is organization in general. There are lots of little things that we did not think about before starting a trade or business. For example, a

refrigerator is comparable to us as the care of a child that must be constantly monitored. If it stops working, this can cause great concern. That is why we must be organized and see everything.

Who are mainly your customers?

Andre Chabot: Our customers are the best ever! Our clientele consists of one third mining workers and two thirds citizens of the village. Some others come from a nearby village which is 10½ miles away.

What are the characteristics of your business that promotes its success?

Andre Chabot: We operate as they did in the days of my father, that is to say that we offer a bit of everything. In addition to a conventional grocery store, we offer a variety of other products. Customers may shop for meat, cheese, hardware, and equipment to finish their playground. It was like that since the time of horse-drawn vehicles

You will be given the name "man listening to his community." Why is this important to you?

Andre Chabot: Yes, it is important to be attentive to our community; because, although there are products that we can not offer, we must nevertheless do our best to fill the shelves with the needs of our customers. As times change, customer needs change just as quickly!

Are you satisfied with the trajectory of your business so far?

Andre Chabot: Our market has been following a natural progression. The first years were very good. But then I quickly realized that I would work a lot and that I would never become rich.

What do you want for your business and for you both in the future years?

Andre Chabot: I wish for our business to continue to exist for several years. To do this, I must sell to someone who will care for it and lead the adventure a little further. I set a retirement age of sixty-five. I'm not far from that age. My wife, Madeleine, is also ready to retire.

Madeleine Chabot: I wish for a couple of hard-working people who take over. We would even be willing to assist purchasers at startup time until they get used to the entrepreneurial reality.

What advice would you give to new entrepreneurs?

Andre Chabot: If I had one piece of advice to new entrepreneurs it would be that they absolutely must believe in their project. Why? Because they will see, over the years, that to stay in business, not only must they work extremely hard to start, but they must also maintain efforts throughout the entrepreneurial process. Anyway, they must believe staunchly in their project!

Article taken from the Nordic Centre entrepreneurship organization, dedicated to the development of an entrepreneurial culture. Published as Andre Chabot, a man listening to his community through entrepreneurial Chronicle written in collaboration with Martin Loiselle, edited by Louise Duplessis.



* Villebois is a locality situated in the South of the Municipality of Bay (Berry) - James, administrative region of Nord-du-Quebec.

Article provided by *Claude Chabot*

The Chabotteries on Your USB Stick

A USB Key was provided to members at the last annual meeting containing the first 24 issues of *The Chabotteries*. So that you may continue to enrich your collection, all new issues will be published on the Association website in PDF format, which you may download and put on your USB key OR YOUR COMPUTER.

It is possible to get the key for the modest sum of \$10 by contacting one of the Board members whose contact information is on the website. You will be able to download and maintain a variety of documents relating to the Association and your family.

Board of Directors

Charles Chabot and Sons, a Family Story (1st part)

Son of Nazaire Chabot and Anastasia Paradis, Charles Chabot was born in St. Etienne, Beaumont, on May 7, 1869. When he was still very young, he worked in a sawmill, in a frame shop, as a bricklayer's helper, and as a carpenter's helper.

Around 1890, Anastasia was hired by F. X. Jobin, a carpenter of St. Lazare-de-Bellechasse, for the construction of the church of St. Come de Beauce. In the spring of 1892, he was hired again by F. X. Jobin for the construction of the church of St. Zacharie.

There, at the age of 23, the young man would fall in love with a young lady, Audelie Allaire, daughter of Theophile Allaire, a farmer, and Rosalie Lefebvre. He will lead the girl to the altar April 10, 1893; it is the first wedding to take place in the new church. In the meantime, on November 20, 1892, he was hired as the church beadle. At a meeting of churchwardens held at the rectory on the current date (1892), it was resolved to hire as beadle and sexton, Mr. Charles Chabot of this parish, at the cost at \$45.00 for one year starting from this date.

Under commitment, the beadle is required: 1st: to ring the bell according to the discipline of the Diocese; 2nd: to heat the stoves, the church, and the sacristy at convenient times for the offices; 3rd: to sweep and dust at least weekly, remove the snow from the steps of the church and off the path to the sacristy; and 4th: to clean the lamps and the chandeliers, light the candles for offices, and do everything that is required for the divine service.

J. H. Bouffard, Priest¹

Charles Chabot was the sexton without interruption until 1942. Before that time, the work was done by the priest or his hired help.

For many years, Charles Chabot and his brother-in-law Joseph Allaire operated a sawmill in the village. Being a skilled carpenter and proud of his work, he acquired a very busy wood shop; and was



offered several contracts for the construction of buildings, among which were country schools and the current convent situated at the center of the village. His wood shop was adjacent to the family home. It was a two-story building about 20 by 40 feet. Inside, there were many wood working machines; a planer, a lathe, a mortise, a table saw...All of these devices were driven by a belt system. Under the ceiling there were many pulleys, and these pulleys were put into action by a steam engine, and to actuate a device you had to slip the belt on the pulley on top of the device you wanted to use. Also, there were two large wooden chests contain-

ing many hand tools such as wood chisels of every kind and trying-planes with a variety of blades to make moldings. In the Chabot family, we still find furniture made by grandfather Charles.

Small anecdote: Rosario would tell that his father sharpened his wood chisels and to make sure they were sharp, he would shave the hair on his forearm.

The foundation of the Credit Union of St. Zacharie took place on Sunday, June 19, 1910, in the afternoon. The members were gathered in the church, and the Rev. F. X. A. Dulac, parish priest, proposed the appointment of Charles Chabot to the Commission de Surveillance. At the meeting of June 30, 1920 the amount of \$50,628, representing the members' savings, was revealed.

(On the death of Charles Chabot, a letter from his pastor was given to the Chabot family.)

Charles Chabot, physically imposing with his six foot height and strong structure, was also imposing by his upright and Christian life. As honest as the king's sword, we knew him incapable of lying and of any deception. His ambition was to do well in all he had to do. "Charles," he would be told, "you'll make

me such or such a thing like this or like that." "Yes," he replied, "but I do not know if I will be able to. I'll try, but I can not promise that it will be very good." We knew very well that Charles would conscientiously work with all the skill of which he was capable. Of great piety, our beadle began his day with prayer in the church, followed by the Way of the Cross. Beadles have the reputation of doing a simulation of genuflection when passing before the altar, but Charles Chabot never failed to hit the floor with his knee; and one could also say that he was a fervent visitor of the communion rail.

At the end of his life, Charles Chabot built a small chapel in the parish cemetery, under which was a vault, where he and his family would rest in peace.

In 2014, the chapel is still standing. Several members of Charles' family are buried there. This building has a basement about ten feet deep, made entirely of concrete. The frame and door are made in the Gothic style. Inside, there is an altar, and the ceiling (vault) is like that of a church. The exterior is made of brick, and the roof is covered with sheet metal.

After the celebration of the Mass of Corpus Christi, the parish would get together in a procession outside the church and Charles Chabot, sexton, led the way, clothed in the ceremonial black vestment decorated with red and gold. For the occasion, an altar was installed in the chapel; and the procession stopped there.

On June 20, 1943, at the Cardinal's Palace, Charles Chabot received the *Bronze Medal of Diocesan Merit* from the hands of His Eminence, Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec, for 50 years of loyal service. He was accompanied by his pastor, his sons Thomas and Rosario, his daughter Anna-Marie, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allaire.

Charles Chabot lived with his mother and father-in-law in the front of the church. Having inherited the

property, he bequeathed it to his son Rosario, his son, who, in his turn, became sexton.

The following text was found in a letter: "Wednesday, June 25, 1947, the knell tolls for the death of one of our elders, our good Charles Chabot is no more. The Good Lord has taken him at the age of 78 after an illness of eleven months. First sexton of the parish, he held the office for 50 consecutive years. Rosario, his son, succeeded him as sexton for several years; and in 1945, he officially became the sexton. Camil, son of Rosario, assisted his father for a few years; and thereafter, replaced him until about 1957.

As sacristans, at first class funerals, they had to hang black banners above the choir, cover all the large windows with long strips of black fabric; and finally, on the eve of the ceremony, after dinner, they had to toll the knell with three church bells.

Thomas Chabot, son of Charles, served as an officer of customs at the U.S. border to St. Zacharie. When this position was eliminated, he went to work at the customs post of St. Aurelie. He was mayor of the municipality of the village of St. Zacharie from 1963 to 1967.

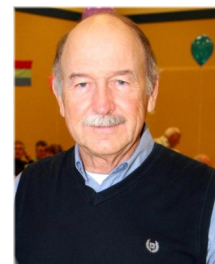
Anna-Marie Chabot, daughter of Charles, was first an educator in country schools. Later she held the post of chief operator and secretary to the telephone exchange of her brother, Rosario.

Rosario Chabot was born on July 3, 1906 in St. Zacharie. On July 9, 1929 he married Antoinette Tanguay of the same parish. Fourteen children were born of this union. Following the example of his father, he worked from sunrise to sunset.

¹ Acts and Proceedings on Mission St. Zacharie Metgermette.



Viateur Chabot



A Chabot from Quebec Contributes to the Development of British Columbia



We had written previously in issue 20 about this great man, but we wanted to go deeper into his story by telling you more about his life.

James Chabot was born in 1927 at St. Romuald of Farnham in Quebec, the fifth of eight children of Gustave Chabot and Blanche Bernier. James Chabot dropped out of school after the ninth grade to begin working as an agent for the *Canadian Pacific Railway*. As many families of that time, his family decided to move to Invermere, British Columbia.

In 1948, a huge flood in the Fraser Valley in southern British Columbia put 50,000 acres of land under water and forced the evacuation of sixteen people. James volunteered to come out and help, as he was a telegraph operator and would go out to the railway lines and keep an eye on both ends of the flood, and report back if they needed more people there. In the commission of those duties, he met his future wife Grace, who was then a teacher employed in her first job in North Bend, in the Fraser Canyon. There she taught grades three through six in a two-roomed school. After the flood, James returned to Quebec, but five months later he was back where his heart belonged.

James began his career in politics by serving on the District of Invermere Council before entering provincial politics. Invermere is in eastern British Columbia. The *Social Credit Party* was the only one that made sense for him. From 1963 to 1986, he took a leave of absence from the *Canadian Pacific Railway* while serving his seven terms in office as deputy. His party dominated British Columbia politics for four decades. In spite of his lack of education, James Chabot excelled at his job and in his speaking in the legislature. Whenever there were town hall meetings, because he was such a charismatic speaker, he could stand up against any of the other individuals with his speaking and arguments. Everyone loved him in the valley, because he listened to their problems.

Jim Chabot, as he was called, held multiple cabinet roles including the *Minister of Labor* and the *Min-*

ister of Energy, Mines, and Petroleum. He was instrumental in spurring commercial development in Athalmer, getting the train infrastructure built in Golden, BC and helping to develop industry all across British Columbia.

In spite of all the energy which he put into his work, it was in July 1950 when he married Grace. They had six children. Grace was born in 1927 at Kenville, Manitoba. They described her as a solid woman, a warm and kind person. Grace had great strength, and she handled the family well, even when James was away from home for his work. She was the wife who could support her husband, and they had a great love and respect for each other. While raising her family in the valley, Grace continued to substitute teach.

When James was back home, the family spent time at the beach at what is now the James Chabot Provincial Park. But in those days, a drive through a swamp wasn't very funny. After many years of work and effort, James aided in the province's efforts to assemble land in Athalmer around what became the *Lakeside Inn* and *Pointe of View Condominiums* and many other shops. The land, then called Athalmer Beach Park, was made into a provincial park in the 1960s.

James' son Allan recalls when he was a teen that he and his siblings would take turns going to Victoria and spending time with their dad. It was a real treat for a kid from a small town to stay at the *Empress Hotel*, and watch how the legislature worked, and go out for supper. Sometimes the restaurant owner would know whom he was serving, and would insist that Jim not pay for the meal. "He hated being put in that position," said Allan. "After we left, he'd say, 'We're never going back there.'" Grace recalls a businessman who tried to offer Jim money. Jim's response was that he didn't take bribes. The man said, "Oh, this money isn't for you. It's for your children." Jim replied, "My children don't take bribes either."



James Chabot met and rubbed shoulders with people in high positions on a daily basis, including Queen Elizabeth II, Pope John-Paul II, and many other leading figures; but he was before anything, an ordinary man; and he was not above being with farmers, poor people, and the most deprived. He was the kind of man, who in spite of all the honor that was paid him, remained a simple man.



In October 1989, during his seventh political term, John Chabot died of a heart attack at the age of 62 in his house in Invermere. After James' death, the District of Invermere made the request to rename the park in recognition of Mr. Chabot's efforts in



building the park and serving the constituents of his electoral district. The fourteen hectare* provincial park was re-named in 1979 for James Chabot Provincial Park. Next time you're down at Jim's

beach enjoying the amenities; take a moment to remember the extraordinary politician and his school teacher wife who made it happen.

Citations:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_Chabot
<http://www.columbiavalleypioneer.com/pdf/vol10issue42.pdf>
 *10,000 square meters (100m by 100m)

Diane Chabot-Pard



Childhood memories



At the far right of the photo, before this beautiful old car, Josephine Brochu beside her husband, Octave Therrien, the grandfather of the author of this text, Rose-Helene Chabot.

I am the ninth of eleven children. I am 70 years old. My parents were farmers, which is to say that we had to pick up rocks in the spring and worked in the hay during the summer. The summer holidays were spent between work on the farm and picking berries in season: strawberries, raspberries and blueberries. Upon our return home, with the buckets filled with these fruits, mom was making pies that we ate, hot, with real cream made that day. It was wonderful, eating it fresh made that day!

When I was little, around the age of three, my maternal grandfather, Octave Therrien, lived with us. The older of my sisters, who have was 16 or 17 years old, did not like this grandfather. For my part, I liked him a lot; because he pandered to my every whim. I asked him for a rocking chair which was occupied by a brother or sister, and he forced them to give it to me. With reluctance, they gave it to me.

Unfortunately for me, this grandfather died when I was not yet five years old. Since I was very young, I did not realize what the word "DEATH" meant. Mom told me he slept, and I watched him sleep. When they picked him up on the day of the funeral, I did not know what was happening. I wanted to accompany my parents to church.

It was with tears and regret that I stayed home, because according to my parents, I was too young to live this moment that would traumatize me forever. At five years of age, I had been around the death of a loved one.

My godparents were our neighbors. There was sugar every spring. When I was seven or eight years old, they presented me with a small heart made of sugar, which totally delighted me. When I arrived at home, in a sign of sharing, Mom asked me to share with the others. As my oldest sibling was gone, the little heart was divided into eight pieces. There was just a small piece left for me.

At 19, I registered for my teaching certification at the *Ecole Normale de Levis*. At 20, I taught 32 third graders at the school of St. Magloire. After two years of teaching, I had to leave after an operation for polyps on the vocal cords. On the recommendation of my doctor, I focused my energy on a new career. I went to work for Desjardins (a financial institution) where I worked for 35 years.

This summarizes my fondest memories from my happy childhood to today.

Rose-Helene Chabot
daughter of Joseph and Anna
Chabot Therrien,
St. Magloire
Text submitted by
Pierre Paul Letourneau



The Board of Directors wish a very happy birthday to all members, their spouses, children, and parents, who have aged (or got younger!) during the last quarter. Wishing you all health, happiness, and a long life!

We offer our condolences to those who have lost a loved one.

News & Reminders

Winner of our contest

In issue No. 23 (Summer 2013), it was announced that the Board of Directors had agreed to create a contest to reward the author of an article written by a member who is not one of the usual writers.

It was unanimously agreed that Board members have endorsed the choice for 2013. The winner is Yvette Chabot Welland of Ontario which entitled her to a one year membership to the Association (worth \$25). The title of her text: *Ah! Grandfather Octave, if you knew...* was published in issue No. 23, p. 14. It is a touching keepsake, simple, and well told. We hope that this will encourage others to write articles, because the competition is being extended for another year.

Promotional Items

Our President, Maryo Tremblay, recently suggested in an email, a good way to promote pride in the Chabot family while allowing the Association to offer its members a better and increasingly diverse service is to sell promotional items: USB key, key-chain, pin, and reproductions of our coats of arms. You can find the list of items on the French version of the website. Click on Articles promo in the side menu. You can also contact a board member whose phone number appears on page 2.

Speaking of the website—this is an important informational tool—provided that it is used. Check it out, and tell us what we could do to improve it and meet your needs. We appreciate your suggestions!

The Coordinator



Before the next issue appears, Mother's Day will be here.
Following is a very touching text from our president who will inspire you to celebrate your Mother

Mom!

Mom, I just wanted to tell you, I love you!
Mom, have I told enough, I love you, too little, I think!
Mom, you gave everything for me, I love you!
Mom, I have not always been demonstrative of my love, but I love you!
Mom, I would always tell you that I love you!
Mom, for giving me life, I love you!
Mom, for the sacrifices you made for me, I love you!
Mom, for always forgiving me, I love you!
Mom, for the gift of your mother's heart, I love you!
Mom, because you love me unconditionally, I love you!
Mom, for all the times you wiped my tears, I love you!
Mom, for all the suffering you endured for me, I love you!
Mom, because you are my gift from God, I love you!
Mom, for always giving me everything I needed, I love you!
Mom, for having deprived yourself of many things for me, I love you!
Mom, I'll never tell you enough, I love you!
Mom, I thank God for giving me a mother like you, I love you!
Mom, for all the tears you shed, I love you!
Mom, here is in a few words what I wanted to tell you, I love you!



Your Son, who loves you!

Maryo

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