

Les Chabotteries

The Chabot Association

No. 28 Autumn 2014

Guillaume Chabot Photographer



In front of the Twin Petronas Towers, in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Les Chabotteries is a quarterly magazine published by the Association des Chabot.

Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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Warning—Very Important Notice

This annual meeting is of utmost importance for the survival of our Association. The elections will be one of the hot topics of the day. There will be several vacancies to fill. If no one steps-up, the Board will be obliged to dissolve the Association, as it is impossible for two or three people to do all the work without help. If you like the Association, it is time to let us know. Everything is in your hands.

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Membership Dues

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

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President's Message



Hello to all Chabots,

We are at the dawn of the annual brunch and meeting of our Association where all board members will be to welcome you. It will be on Sunday, October 12, 2014 at the Guy Veilleux Municipal Hall, in Cookshire-Eaton, QC. Claude has taken all reasonable steps to ensure that it is up to your expectations and that it will be a successful meeting. Since this is possibly the last one, we have done everything to make it memorable.

It will be a significant day for the fate of your Association. We have only one choice if we do not have support; that is to dissolve the Association, in spite of our will to continue. Claude is exhausted, and he still gives hours and hours of relentless work. Diane continues her research full time; and I, although my work schedule is very busy, spend more than 25 hours a week for your Association.

We will be sad if we do not get support; if no one agrees to give some of his or her time by helping the board or by doing other tasks so that the Association remains healthy. If this doesn't happen, we will be forced to discontinue the Association. If you like your Association, your newsletters (*The Chabotteries*) and you want the Association to continue, it's up to you.

The Board of Directors (Maryo, Gaetan, Helen, and Yvette) and the staff (Diane and Claude) are overwhelmed with the workload that it brings. Claude's health forced him to slow down, and Diane is just plain tired. Nevertheless, Claude and Diane are willing to continue. As you probably know, Marcel gave us his resignation (he was in charge of the newsletter and the website, and was the Secretary of the Association). That's why I want to thank Claude for agreeing to take the post of Acting Secretary. Our members have not been affected by these events, but it required more effort from our part.

As you can see, we need help. Several positions need to be quickly filled. If you have a few minutes to spare for your Association, it is high time for you to let us know. If twenty people are willing to join the ranks, it could save your Association, which is in great danger of being dissolved.

I think that if you love your Association, it is the time for to get involved.

A single person can do a lot...but together, anything is possible!

See text box on page 6.

Maryo Tremblay President

Secretary's Message



Difficult Decision

Hello to all members and other Chabots who will read this article.

Since the founding of our Association, all the volunteers who have worked with me know the difficulties we have known to keep it alive.

For my part, on June 1 2002, I had to retire due to medical difficulties. I had to avoid stress in order to prolong my life.

To pass the time and leave a legacy for my children, I began my research on my family. Then, on June 1 2007, I founded the *Association of Chabot* with other believers.

As I mentioned in editions no. 8 and no. 12 of *the Chabotteries*, my health is not getting any better, but is actually deteriorating.

Here is the reason for this message. In order for our Association to function properly, it takes many hours on the computer and on the phone to do everything that is required. This in turn leads to a lot of stress. It would be great if several people would join our team to do all this work. In the hope of finding this team quickly, I will retire from the organization—this time definitely. This means that if your Board does not quickly get some significant help, I have a feeling that our meeting October 12, 2014 will be the last of the *Association of Chabot*.

It's up to you to raise your hand and join the team.



Claude Chabot, President founder

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An intrepid and daring man



Joseph Chabot

My father, Joseph Chabot, was born in St. Paul de Montmagny. He was the first man from his village to own a truck. Uncle George told me one day that their father (Hubert), who was a horseman then, told his other son, "Now follow Jos, because the truck will replace the horse!"

I was born in St. Philemon in Bellechasse County, but I spent my childhood in Chandler Gaspésie where my father built a workshop for vulcanizing tires. The practice of vulcanizing tires for the entire Gaspé Peninsula, was a lot before its time.

I've always been very proud of my father who was sweet, funny, creative and generous. I had, in effect, been raised with my uncles who had come to rejoin my father. Also, my father invited the homeless in, and gave them a room, and taught them a trade.

Although, I should have been in bed by 8:30 every night, I placed my ear to the grate of the floor to hear the stories told by one or another of my uncles or men that my father had hired. After dinner, the men turned their chairs to support their arms on the back and told anecdotes or jokes about their day.

There was a fire in the family home and business that would dramatically affect our lives and probably everyone's fate. Thus we left the Gaspésie—with only the clothes on our backs.

Before leaving the Gaspésie, we spent a week at Mont-Louis where my father entrusted

ed his men to Uncle George so they would never be homeless again.

I was eleven years old when we moved to Montreal where my father bought a transport company that did outsourcing for large companies such as *Eaton*, *Simpsons*, etc.

Unfortunately, he had only two years of education, and he was tricked into signing a contract that he could not understand. So he and his family had to earn money in southern Cadillac in Abitibi, Quebec where it was mostly woods.

My father loved my mother, Cecile Tanguay (daughter of Peter), very much. Life was very difficult for her, because she was born into a life of abundance, and was accustomed to the services of domestics. Now, she found herself alone with four children.

I had no doubt at that time, that I was being a burden on my parents, since I decided at the age of seven years to become a writer. I insisted on going to the *Classic College of the Sisters of Holy Cross* in Laval.

My father came to visit us regularly. He had nicknamed me "Arthur Buies" (the only writer he knew through *Belles Histoires des Pays-Haut*), because I spent my weekends writing poems or transcribing excerpts from books that I found very beautiful.

Abundance was back in my family when it was discovered in the primary school *Vimont, Laval* that my two brothers, Renald and Gaetan were true geniuses. Their IQ required, according to the director of their school, that they go to a private college where their talents would flourish in a healthy balance between academics and sport.

My mother, however, was very proud and believed that poverty was a disgrace, but she informed the Director of the college of the critical situation in which our family was stuck.

The Director and four teachers asked to meet with my father when he came home for Easter. They proposed to create scholarships that my father would only have to contribute 50%. It certainly was not easy for my father to admit that even at 50%, he was unable to help educate his two sons in the manner that they deserved. It was then that over these discussions, that these teachers had realized that my father was a very ambitious man that might be able to teach men how to be good truck drivers. The Principal and teachers told my father that the Secretary of the School Board was looking for a contractor who could create classes for student transportation in Laval. And so it was that my father started building his school bus fleet.

As for me, at that time, the *Sisters of Holy Cross* had understood the moral misery that I went through. Thus, Sister Bursar of the convent got me a summer job as a housekeeper at the rectory of *St. Irene*, near the *Atwater Market* in Montreal.

I never stopped writing, and soon my stubbornness had allowed me to win a contest of

young authors that would allow me, in the summer of my fifteenth year, to become a journalist for *Quebecor Youth Journal Photos Vedettes*. I took my chance, and it has rewarded me ever since.

Through Claude Chabot, founder and President of the *Association of Chabot*, I learned a few years ago that I was not a descendant of the King's Wards as I had thought, but heir to a lineage of intrepid and daring people: Marie and Mathurin Chabot. I descend from people who can fulfill their dreams of creating their own lives.

I also found, thanks to Claude, that our family line is made up of people who could never say no. He would, one day, while in the height of a health crisis and despair, begin the journey of this Association. We met all day, enabling us to discover the strength of our roots.

Chabots do not descend only from Marie Mesange and Mathurin Chabot who crossed the sea to plant their seeds in fresh soil. Sometimes, in the most difficult moments of their lives, they can find their origin in their audacity and ambition; because their destiny will never tell them, "No!"

Laval, February 2014

Colette Chabot, daughter of Joseph



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About the author

A journalist by trade, Colette Chabot was the first woman radio broadcaster in the country. She founded the radio station CIME FM 99.5 in St. Adele. She returned to writing, publishing the biography of its first media owner Peladeau (ed. Libre Expression, 1987). She often works as a ghost writer; that is, she writes books for other people.

News and Reminders ...

The USB key given to members during the last annual General Assembly meeting contained the 23 first issues of the *Les Chabotteries* newsletter. So that you can continue to enrich your collection, each subsequent issue will be published on the Website of the Association in PDF format, which you will be able to download to your key.

It is possible to obtain this key for the nominal fee of \$10.00 by addressing yourself to one of the Board members whose contact details appear on the Website. You will thus be able to collect and save a group of documents related to the Association and your family.

Board of Directors

No More Excuses

Everyone can help; distance is no longer an obstacle with all of today's means of communication. There is the Internet, and there are e-mails, Skype, teleconferencing, and others. With the new technology, we are all near one another.

There are several ways to help the Association: talk about what your ancestors did, write true stories about your families, translate texts, make corrections, contact outstanding Chabot individuals, talk about what your children have done in all areas, and many other ways. As you can see, the Association des Chabot can only continue to live and grow with the support of its members.

Maryo-Chabot Tremblay

Message of Love



Annie Bilodeau, Charles-Antoine et Jérôme Chabot

For years I have been sharing with you in our journals, the authentic actions of humans who have moved me by the greatness of their gestures towards their fellow man. I am

still profoundly attracted by these men and women who give the gift of self, those who have understood that material goods do not bring happiness or love.

I also know that through all these years of research and meeting with members belonging to different lineages, that each family has its share of misery. In confidentiality, I kept to myself the idea of telling the story of my grandson Charlie; who, from the very beginning of his life, often made his parents live moments of pride; but, as in the majority of families, the parents stay at their post and envelop their child with their love. Since his birth in 2001, I have admired their resignation to live their lives as parents.

I often feel like congratulating them, and tell them that I am proud of them, but I do not tell them often enough. Kudos, Annie, mother who is attentive to all his needs, and to my son Jerome who stayed at his post to give support to his wife and son. And a big kiss to Charlie who has been a fighter since his first hours of life.

Bravo to other parents who are supporting their children in the face of their own battles.

grandpa Claude



We can be a hard worker, but we must also be intelligent

Biologist, Dominique Chabot, a PhD from McGill University, had had enough of being attacked by swarms of furious terns that vomited and defecated on his head when he was counting their nests on the coast of New Brunswick. He bet that a drone (a small plane that flies without a pilot) would count them as well as he could, from up in the air. He put his theory to the test last summer, with success.

After programming into the computer of the drone, the altitude and itinerary of the flight, Dominique launched his 2.2 lb. drone like he would throw a javelin: running, device in hand, to better project it skyward. The plane climbed to 410 ft., then made dozens of back and forth passes over the tern colony. With a camera attached to its belly, it strafed the ground at regular intervals. Once the drone had returned to the ground, there was nothing more for Dominique to do than count the nests in the pictures, sheltered from the droppings!

"Above all, we do not scare the birds by walking in the middle of their colonies," explains the 29 year old biologist. "At this altitude, the hum of the engine is barely audible. The birds do not pay any attention to it."

It is precisely this buzzing that has earned this device the name "drone," an English word that means male honeybee.

Like *Teflon*, the *GPS* and the *Internet*, drones have their beginning in the military industry, but now they have made a major breakthrough in the civilian world.

Now, drones patrol around petroleum refineries and outside prisons all over the United States. They locate illegal fishermen in Canadian waters, observe the evolution of California forest fires, survey the state of the cereal fields in the prairies, film movie scenes in Montreal, watch for the presence of sharks near the beaches in



Australia, and take the census of bird nests in New Brunswick!

Dominique is the son of Alain Chabot and Alene Van Leeuwen. Born in Yarmouth in Nova Scotia, he is newly married to Sarah Martaison and even more recently, on February 19, 2014, he received his doctorate in Biology from McGill University.

Info written by Daniel Chretien in L'Actualite on 3/12/2012.

Claude Chabot



Here is a young man who gets to the bottom of things



Guillaume in front of the building that symbolizes the new direction of Singapore

From August 1–19 2013, as a young ambassador for the *Global Vision* organization, I went with a Canadian delegation of about 35 young people aged 17 to 25 years to South East Asia, more specifically to Hong Kong (seven days), Guangzhou (three days), Singapore (six days) and Kuala Lumpur (four days).

Before departure, we had to raise the sum of \$5,500 from diverse groups to represent them and create links with Asian counterparts. I received financial help from the local MLA (Member of the Legislature), divers companies dealing with metals, the tennis school where I teach, as well as my university. This project was parallel to my program of International Studies at the *University of Montreal*, but indirectly related. I had the opportunity to meet senior officials working for the government of Canada and also representatives of very enterprising companies.

Article: Few people can boast of having participated in an economic and diplomatic overseas mission. At only 21, the Terrebonnien* Guillaume Chabot is, however, part of this small group of people who had the opportunity to meet high commissioners and consuls, and most importantly, to take advantage of their experience to better

enrich their community. It was a meeting with an ambitious, inspiring young man, now rich in very unforgettable experiences.

Enrolled in the Bachelor of International Studies at the *University of Montreal*, Guillaume Chabot has a long standing interest in the economy and in world affairs, but because his studies did not allow him to live a field experience, he decided to try his luck with the *Global Vision* organization to participate in the first economic and diplomatic mission on Asiatic soil.

"As soon as I was made aware of the existence of this organization, I submitted an application. Prior to leaving for the mission, I had to participate in workshops and networking, as well as a four-day national caucus in Ottawa. I then had the chance to meet parliamentarians and entrepreneurs who made me aware of the importance of the links that I would weave and experiences that I would be living overseas," confides the Terrebonnien.

He also had to establish partnership agreements with organizations to fund his trip, agreements that could be coupled with different mandates, including market research and lobbying activities. "To this end, I allied with *Pro-Metal Plus*, among others, which was exploring opportunities to open up the Asian market; and thus wanted me to assess its business potential by producing a report on observations," says Guillaume.

Meeting with senior diplomats

After months of preparation, the young man from Terrebonne finally set sail for Asia on August 1, 2013 as Junior Ambassador in the *Global Vision Junior Team Canada*. At his side, the Canadian delegation had around thirty other young people from 16 to 25 years of age, of which only five were Quebecois. "Until August 19, we had the opportunity to spend seven days in Hong Kong, three days in Guangzhou, six in Singapore and the rest in Kuala Lumpur. Each of these cities had its own peculiarities which caught my interest and enriched my experience."

Throughout his stay in Asia, Guillaume notably visited Chambers of Commerce, met with senior commissioners and consuls, exchanged ideas with representatives of Ministries of Foreign Affairs, talked with employees of the *World Bank*, discovered Quebec and Canadian companies based abroad, and more. "I even had the opportunity to be invited into the private residence of the Consul General of Singapore and Hong Kong. To meet with senior diplomats has been for me an unforgettable learning experience."

Experiences to be shared

The Terrebonnian also took the opportunity to learn more about the culture of each of these cities and their inhabitants, particularly by participating in rallies and taking advantage of his free time to visit various facilities and attractions. "I have visited in particular the *International School of Hong Kong*, which really impressed me. There, everything is built upward and it is special to see how they manage to gain space so as to provide their students with high quality facilities. I had no sooner left the walls of the school, that I wanted to go back and work there." A coach for the Terrebonne Tennis Club added, "Given his passion for tennis, he also used his trip to lay the groundwork for a possible exchange program between players, an idea that seemed to capture the attention of the Singapore side as well."

All in all, it is with a head full of ideas and experiences that Guillaume returned to Quebec, a month ago. "I learned a lot about the mentality of Asians, which differs greatly from ours. It also allowed me to develop skills in my areas of interest and to create lasting relationships with people there."

And whereas sharing is part of *Global Vision's* mission, the young man now wants to share his experience with his community. "I developed my leadership skills and I hope, one day, to become a leader in my community," concluded this young man who is poised to continue his studies in England for a period of one semester.



* Terrebonne is an off-island suburb of Montreal, in western Quebec, Canada.

Claude Chabot

Tip of the hat to the cause of Cancer



Jean-Michel Chabot wanted to do his part to help. He is the son of Louis Chabot and Lyne Belsey. He has a little boy named Victor Chabot. On May 31, this year, he decided to join the the *Leucan Shaved Head Challenge* and raise

funds for children with cancer. This Shaved Head Challenge is a major fund raising activity of Leucan during which participants put a price on their own head to raise funds for children with cancer and their families. It is also a gesture of support for children who, during chemotherapy, suffer a change in their body image because of a loss of hair.

Together we can make a difference

\$25 provides a child two sweaters adapted for treatment.

\$100 makes it possible to give, at the time of diagnosis, a medical information kit for families.

\$200 allows a teenager with cancer to break the isolation by participating in an activity, framed by qualified personnel who understand the reality of the disease.

\$250 ensures the provision of an accommodation grant to help a family cope with unexpected expenses that arise during hospitalization.

\$500 allows the purchase of educational and game materials for one of the playrooms in the hospital for a month.

The Board of the Chabot Association decided, on behalf of the membership, to participate by giving \$100 to this cause.

What family is not affected by this scourge?

On behalf of the Chabot Association

Congratulations Jean-Michel Chabot

Claude Chabot

A very courageous Chabot



Albert Chabot and his wife Annie Boulet.

Albert Chabot was born June 5, 1895 in Montmagny son of Magloire Chabot and Marie Coulombe. On October 12, 1915 in Monmagny, he married Annie Boulet, born December 22, 1896. They lived in Montmagny for four years. Albert worked as a lumberjack for a contractor on Highway 138 between Montmagny and St. Paul. By that time, they had three children, Paul-Emile, Jeanne-Aimee, and Georgette.

Albert did not have much work and needed something else to support his family. He thought to settle in the countryside, on a farm. He was offered land at a good price in St. Paul-du-Button. He bought it in 1920 from Mr. Boillard. When he made the purchase, the man said to him, "You will not be lucky on this earth, because it has unexplained phenomena," but he bought it anyway. He did not believe in ghosts or haunted houses.

Annie was pregnant with her little Fernande, and the family would grow, during the years, to thirteen chil-

dren. However, they lived in extreme poverty. It was not uncommon in those days for families to suffer from famine, especially when they had so many children.

Albert started by buying animals to raise and fill his stable. He acquired a horse and other animals; but some time after, he lost the most beautiful horses and then added other animals. He did not understand that he was never able to keep a couple of animals without losing one. He began to believe what the man had told him, that he had to buy an odd number of animals. As money was tight, he could not afford to buy more. He was working with one horse or cow for a few years; but during that time, the family continued to grow and contracted a lot of diseases as well. Fernande was three years old when she contracted infantile paralysis. Her father slept with her; because when she got up, she could not walk; she spent her entire life confined to a wheelchair.

Annie, his wife, was a woman of character especially when she was pregnant or sick. When she said something, her husband had to listen and not upset her. He said he had a good wife, and Albert was a good guy with patience and a very good character, and he possessed good health. It was good for his children. Children could lend a hand at home and in the fields and some of them began to go to work in Quebec in private homes.

Annie worked her hands to the bone to successfully have food to feed her seven children. She continued to be ill with tuberculosis for several years. She was in great pain and fear of having to leave her family, and she died on October 5, 1938 at the age of forty-one. How sad for Albert and his family. Before dying, she told all of her last wishes to her son, Paul-Emile, in whom she had great confidence. She asked him to carry her to the cemetery; but to do so, he had to lead the hearse. The poor son did it despite his sadness, grief, sorrow, and misery; because he was scared of the dead.

During that time, mass was said daily for seven days, and she had made him promise to go every



day to the church at 7:00 in the morning. One evening, Paul-Emile asked his father how he would get up in the morning, because he was very tired. Albert said, "Ask your mother; she'll wake you up;" and that is what he did. The next morning, he received at the right time, one of those slaps on the shoulder. He got up and asked his father if he had awakened him. His father said, "No, my boy. Your mother woke you up." That morning, Paul's shoulder was numb all morning; he never again asked to be woken.

Albert was now all alone to take care of his family, apart from some of his children who had gone to work outside. The youngest, Monique, was only two years old, and Albert could not leave her alone.

In time that he was called to rebuild his life, but it was not easy being the father of thirteen children. Paul-Emile introduced him to a widow of St. Gervais; she had lost her husband at about the same time that Albert lost his beloved wife. He visited her home for a few weeks, and was already talking of marriage; they were in love. But it was not that

easy for Marie Eugenie Remillard, as her husband, Philippe took care of everything for the last five years. It was left to the eldest of the family Jos, to continue to raise the rest of the family, because it was he who inherited the land.

It was not easy for poor Marie Eugenie to leave her family to go take care of and raise another family; it took great courage. They finally set a wedding date, because traveling in a carriage from St. Paul to St. Gervais which was far away, was very difficult. Albert married his second wife Marie Eugenie Remillard on October 27, 1941 in St. Gervais de Bellechasse.

Marie's daughter, Irene (Lemelin), was bored, because she took care of her brothers. Paul-Emile Chabot noticed this beautiful fifteen year old girl, and from time to time he went up to her place to visit her. Two years later, he made a great proposal. To the delight of Irene, they were married on January 26, 1943 in St. Gervais to be closer to his mother.

Of course, Marie Eugenie got money and it started to get better for the family. It was a true blessing from God to be able to eat and dress the children for school. She began to buy animals in her name. It was a bizarre fact that Albert lost no more animals.

Things were better, but disease continued to kill the family. Jeanne-Aimee was born October 20, 1917 and fell ill when she became an adult. at the age of 26, she contracted TB and had severe stomach pain that prevailed a year for over a year.

I must say that I speak a bit of paranormal phenomena that occurred in this house, but one night when Helen, Aunt Yvette, and Monique were in the bedroom, a huge fireball suddenly appeared at the window. Aunt Monique said to close the window, because it would come in, and she just had time to close the window. It lit the whole room, and then returned as it had come, but we had been afraid, so we were hiding our heads in the pillows and our feet were in the air.

Another time in the room, all the window glass broke and flew on the bed that was on the opposite side of the room. They said it was probably a bad soul. Grandmother Mary said that when she was praying on her knees beside her bed, it felt like an invisible hand was moving and it wrinkled her bedspread. She sometimes felt it up to three times.

Mary wasn't cowardly, but she did not want this hand near her, so she said, "Get out of here," but the unexplained phenomena continued.

Albert and Marie acquired a hen and they provided eggs for the whole village, it was a good income for the family.

This family boasted many good musicians. Paul-Emile played harmonica; Fernand, Gaston, and Thomas accordion; and others sang. We shared many wonderful times in the holiday season.

Gaston, the tenth of the family, road women to the high road by horse, and sometimes we children went with him. It was not always beautiful, and the climb was not open to travel by car. Albert passed his caribou* to everyone to give us a shot, and we had to take it all at once. They called it a rap and all took the same glass.

It was his great pleasure to see the house full of his family. We never forgot the beautiful evenings that ended in the early morning. Mary cooked good food and crept among us with her fudge, and the tables were always well stocked. Thank you to my grandparents. I always found it quite funny to see Albert eat with his knife instead of his fork.

He was always happy to see us. When happiness happened, we took it; but when the disease struck again, we resigned ourselves to it. Blanche, Albert's daughter died at the age of thirty-four of tuberculosis on June 7, 1957. She was married to Ernest Lemelin, and was the mother of two children; but life goes on, even with its losses.

Marie Eugenie was also sick; she had cancer of the blood and intestines; but despite good care, the disease would win a few years later. On June 2, 1968 at the age of seventy-five years, she passed away. Before Marie died, she knitted them a box full of socks and mittens so they would be warm in winter. As for Albert, he always said he loved both women equally.

He lived with his two boys, Fernand and Gaston. Four years passed and still another tragedy struck. One evening, April 7, 1972 in St. Paul de Montmagny, Fernand and Gaston warmed up the car to warm the

chicken eggs so they would not freeze, Albert saw that they had not returned. He looked out the window and saw that nothing was moving in the car. This was a time for panic. He went to call Omer, his other son, and said, "Come quickly, your brothers seem dead in the car with the dog." Omer said to his wife, "Father is mad this morning, I better go right away." Indeed, Fernand, forty-four, and Gaston, forty years old had suffocated due to carbon monoxide poisoning from the car.

In grief, Albert found himself alone in his big house every night. He said he heard foot steps on the second floor, and he said it was Fernand and Gaston; but every time he went upstairs to see, there was only silence—another unexplained phenomenon.

Grandfather Albert was a good man who never spoke ill of others, and his daughters loved him very much. Alone, he got bored, and the days seemed very long for him. Desperate to see him, his son Thomas asked Albert to stay with him in Quebec. Albert's health declined and after a few hospital stays, he sold his house. He died a few years after that on October 17, 1979 at the age of eighty-four years and ten months.

Albert was my grandfather and godfather, and Marie Eugenie was my grandmother and godmother, and I loved them both very much. I was born in my father's house on May 30, 1944, and I am the descendant of these two families.

Albert Chabot married Annie Boulet and Marie-Eugenie Remillard. Paul-Emile Chabot married Irene Lemelin (daughter of Joseph Lemelin).

* Alcoholic beverage made out of some combination of Port, Brandy, Wine, Vodka, and Maple Syrup.

Helene Chabot



Hats off to...

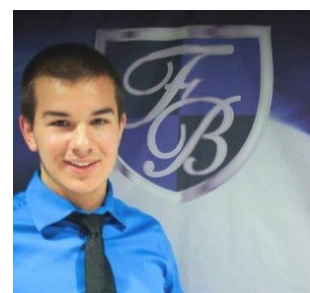


Jean-Guy Chabot and Lisette Valois celebrated their 50th anniversary in 2013, which earned them a spot in the regional journal.

What attracted my attention, however, was another article on the obtaining of a grant by their grandson Olivier in which his grandparents took the opportunity to congratulate him.

This encouraged me to get in touch with the couple. In these photos, we see happy people; but in speaking with them, I could also see their kindness and interest in the family. This family has a particular con-

nection to the Ile of Orleans as they are descendants of Michel, the first son of Mathurin, our common ancestor. Considering the interest this young man showed in his ancestors, we are providing him with his genealogy. Congratulations again for your example of love and motivation. We hope that this article will stimulate other young people to become interested in their family history.



Jean Chabot marie Jeanne Rode Poitou married in France on 01/23/1632 at Nalliers, Lucon, Poitou, France

Mathurin Chabot married on 11/17/1661 Marie Mesange in Notre-Dame de Quebec

Michel Chabot married on 1/23/1690 Angelique Plante in Château-Richer

François Chabot married on 2/13/1730 Ursule Ferland in St. Pierre I.O

Augustin Chabot married on 1/13/1764 Marguerite Noël in St. Pierre I.O

François Chabot married on 6/21/1803 Madeleine Turcotte in St. Pierre I.O

François Chabot married on 2/9/1829 Genevieve Couture in St. Pierre I.O

Lazare Chabot married on 2/8/1876 Julie Plante in St. Pierre I.O

Napoleon Chabot married on 1/29/1905 Philomene Lachance in St. Pierre I.O

Roland Chabot married on 6/20/1938 Marie-Anne Gauthier in St. Gregoire

Jean-Guy Chabot married on 6/8/1963 Lisette Valois in Courville

Steve Chabot partner with Josee Boule in Quebec



Claude Chabot

Welley and Adelard Chabot, trappers on the Manicouagan and north coast of Quebec



The brothers, Welley and Adelard are on the Manicouagan River with all their baggage for the trapping season. They lived with and like the Indians. The canoe, as well as portage, was necessary to get to their trapping zone and set up camp before the arrival of winter.



From 1933 to 1940, photographer Paul Provencher followed the "Montagnais" (natives who resided in the mountains) in their every day life. Several photos are available at the *Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec*.

The email address is:

<http://www.paulprovencher.ca/Photos/photos.html>

Here is a bit of history about the brothers Chabot identified as trappers in Quebec. Adelard and Welley were born in St. Raphael de Bellechasse, sons of Francois-Xavier Chabot and Emma Thibault. Adelard married Josephine Collard (of Montagnais origin) in 1945 and Willey took as a spouse, Jeannette Langlais some two years later.

We do not know a great deal about their lives; but in looking at these photos of the two brothers, we see not only the blood that unites them, but an almost visceral attraction for all that is the most beautiful and difficult about the work. They had to be strong to live as woodsmen. They tended their traps in order to attract small game and kept an ear out for others.

We don't know what made these brothers choose to live in the manner of the Montagnais of the region. Was it simply a desire to communicate with nature, that they loved the smell of wet leaves in the middle of the woods or they enjoyed the sound of their paddles as they splashed in the calm waters in their canoe?



Others would say nothing is quite like the taste of game meat, of simmering wild caribou with wild mushrooms; a beautiful fish filet or a partridge cooked over an open fire. Surely this was the manner in which these trappers fed themselves. It must be remembered that these explorers learned to bake bread (la banique: a mixture of flour, water, salt and a spoonful of baking powder) in the traditional way in a clay oven or on a stick held over a wood fire.

It is certain that they provisioned themselves in a general store before beginning their journey, but they also most likely went several months without seeing a living soul. Their makeshift shelter was made on a base of logs to cut the dampness. Branches lined up against one another stuffed with mud and leaves in the cracks sufficed as a roof.



A canvas was added to the roof to keep out the winter weather. I have the impression that hunting, fishing, and the love of adventure is a quality inherited by many Chabots from those ancestors that lived in proximity of the people of the First Nations. They learned to survive in this grand country with it's four seasons.

We do not know how many years these brothers trapped in the woods, nor do we know how many children were born to them, but they left a mark in the area as there is a Lake Chabot in Riviere-aux-Outardes, Manicouagan.

Adelard Chabot most likely spent his life in the North Coast of Canada as he died in 1967 and is buried along with his wife at Pointe Lebel. As for Welley Chabot and his spouse, we unfortunately were unable to trace them.

Collaboration of Claude Chabot

and Diane Chabot-Pard.

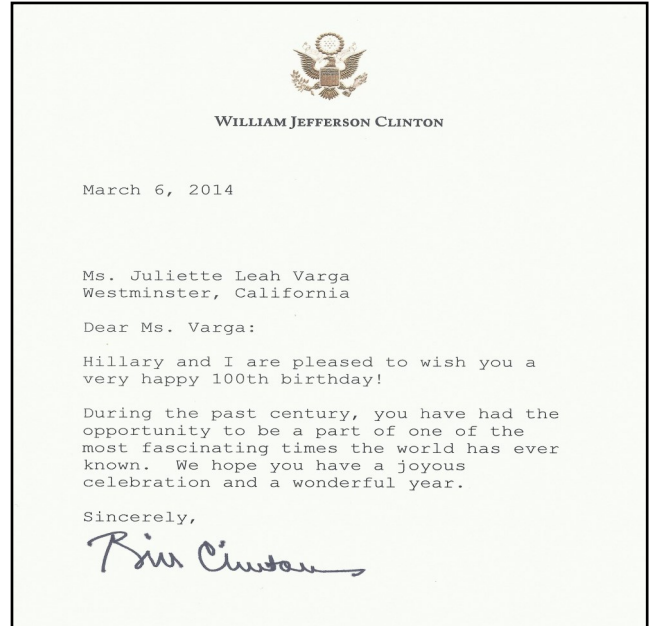




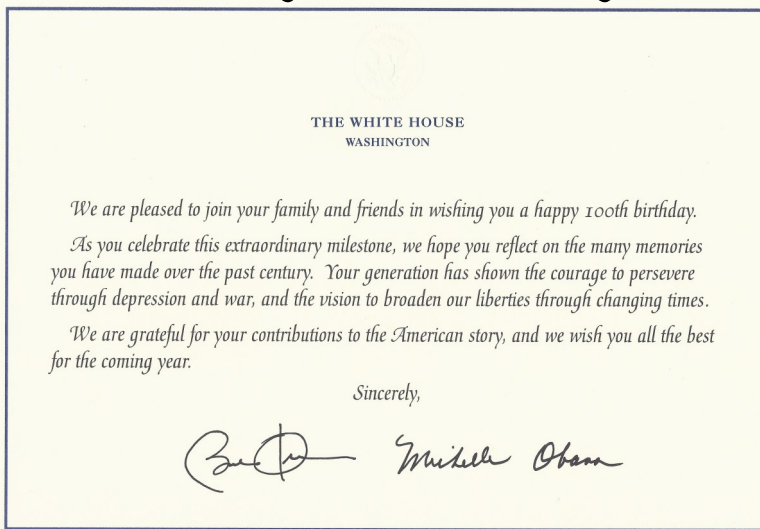
A 100th birthday deserves a grand celebration!



Juliette Chabot-Varga on her 100th birthday.



Well wishes from former US President William Jefferson Clinton.



Well wishes from US President Barack Obama and his wife Michelle.



There will be an article on Juliette Chabot-Varga in our next newsletter.



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