



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

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The Making of a Professional Pitcher



Matthew A. Chabot

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Message from the President



Dear members,

As you might expect, the Chabot Association is doing relatively well and has the wind in its sails.

Winter weather and snow-storms will end soon, and spring is just around the corner. Sugar shacks are about to open their doors, and families will take the opportunity to gather sap, so we're taking the time to tell you about our association and newsletter.

The new board is determined to improve its contact with members. For now, our quarterly newsletter is one way that allows us to reach you. We explore several avenues so that they are more interesting and in order to improve quality and diversify the content. Your comments and suggestions are welcome.

We count on you to provide us with texts that speak of Chabot: anecdotes, facts experienced, inventions, and if they are athletes, artists, or musicians, etc. No matter what they have done or are doing (your parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, or even your children, and grandchildren), let us know and we will relate their stories in future issues.

If you feel unable to write, regardless of the reasons, nothing prevents you from letting us know. Contact us, and we will help. We are always on the lookout for new items, so we rely on your support in order to always have a few articles in reserve.

The English version of our website should be online or about to be when you receive your Spring 2016 Chabotteries; we always try to improve the different sections to make it accessible to all.

As we already talked about, our tenth annual meeting is in preparation: we are extending the invitation to participate in large numbers. Talk to your family, invite friends to join you; and write the date October 2, 2016 on your calendar. Some of you have already booked your places.

It is important to inform us of any changes so that we have your current contact information (change of address, phone number or errors in your details). We lack email addresses, dates of birth, etc.

Good news: several members who were no longer active in the association have renewed their membership and new members were added.



Notice!

Here are the prices of membership in the Chabot Association and your subscription to four newsletters *The Chabotteries*.

There are three modes of payment: Through our website (credit card or Paypal) and by checks.

It is a small expense to be part of an Association that aims to promote the actions of Chabot families who are scattered all around North America. Be part of it!

	Canada	US
1 year	\$25.00	\$35.00
5 years	\$110.00	\$160.00
Lifetime	\$225.00	\$325.00

Gerard Chabot founded the Chabot's Dairy in Somersworth, NH



Gerard was born on December 14, 1911 in St. Isidore, Beauce county, Province of Quebec, Canada; and he was the 12th of the 17 children of Arthur and Mary (Bilodeau) Chabot. He was raised in Canada and attended schools in that country. He came to the United States in the 1920's; and settled in Somersworth, New Hampshire in 1937.

Most of the people of this time were laborers or famers to support their families. Gerard Chabot decided to produce milk. He founded Chabot's Dairy in Somersworth in Haverhill, MA

In 1941, he married Beatrice Laliberte; and they had five children: Monique, Donald, Dennis, Estelle, and Marc Chabot.

His entrepreneurial spirit as many others of his native county (Beauce) flowed in his veins.

Gerard had a long and distinguished career in the dairy and grocery retail industry. In 1940, he founded Chabot's Dairy in Somersworth, NH and went on to purchase Cloverleaf Dairy in Haverhill, Ma. In 1969, he founded *The Stop N Go Food* outlets which eventually grew to 13 stores.

He was very active in the Somersworth Community where he was a member of the



Kiwanis Club, The Elks Club, and was a member of the *Somersworth Chamber of Commerce*. He was also a life member of the 3rd and 4th degree of the *Knights of Columbus of Somersworth*.



Gerard enjoyed his hobbies in stained glass and artwork and was particularly fond of making grandfather clocks. He made seven of them, one for each of his children and for his two homes. For the past 32 years, Gerard and his wife would winter in Florida and spend the summers in Wells, Maine—times spent with family making fond memories.



Gerard Chabot died Thursday, December 2, 2004 at 92 after a fulfilled life; and his loving wife, Beatrice, followed him in April 16, 2011 at Dover New Hampshire.

He leaves a legacy of his entrepreneurial pride to his descendants as is proven by his grandson Troy Chabot, who is the son of Dennis & Janet (Delorge) Chabot, who proudly exhibits his tattoo of the Chabot's Dairy on his forearm.

Reference:

<http://somersworthnow.com/now-and-then-chabots-dairy/>

<http://www.legacy.com/Obituaries.asp?Page=LifeStory&n=Gerard-Chabot&personID=2883791>



Diane Chabot Pard (9)

Forgotten stories

It's always a surprise when we find stories that were either forgotten or kept by families. Here's one that Diane Chabot Pard found by chance, as if fate made us finally speak to her.



The front page taken from the Lethbridge Herald, Lethbridge, Alberta, dated Monday, April 28, 1947.

Title: Their efforts failed

Attempts to rescue the eleven miners in the *East Malartic Gold Mine* trapped in the mine at 1,699 feet below the surface were unsuccessful. Here are two men who had sought to rescue the trapped team: Roger Villeneuve (left in photo) and Maurice Chabot (right).

Diane had put me on two possible tracks, but I wanted to know more about this Maurice Chabot, so I contacted Gerard Chabot in Abitibi, and he told me that Maurice Chabot was not his brother whom we spoke of in the article, but unfortunately a Chabot was part of the funeral list.

After checking our records, we realized that Marcel Chabot, born December 8, 1918 in Beaumont indeed died in the mine on April 24, 1947 at the age of 28 years. He was the husband of Gilberte Villemure, and the father of a young child, Remi Chabot, aged two years and with whom I have had the chance to talk. He told me that his mother was pregnant during the collapse of the mine, and she gave birth to another boy on May 15, 1947; he was baptized Marcel in honor of his father.



At the funeral of the eleven mine workers



As compensation, the mine paid to the bereaved widow a sum of \$45 per month and \$10 per child; which is very little to feed and cover the needs of an entire family.

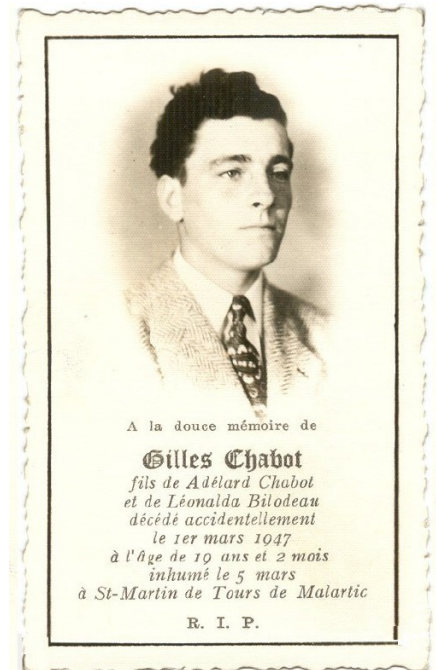


When we discover a story, we look into it thoroughly as our motto is "get to the bottom of things." We discovered that a plaque in the memory of the worst mining tragedy to this day in Quebec was erected on the replica of the head frame (structure that is used to lower and raise the minors, and the ore by a cage elevator) next to the Mineralogical Museum in Malartic. On the plate are the names of the miners who lost their lives, including that of Marcel Chabot.

What we had not told you is that Marcel Chabot had a brother named Gilles, who was the eighth of eleven children who constituted the family of Adélard Chabot and Leonalda Bilodeau.

He was born on January 23, 1928 in Beaumont, but coincidence had it, he also lost his life in an accident at work on March 1, 1947, in the parish of St. Martin de Tours, in the Malartic Township. He worked for the same mining company as his elder brother and the two mines lived just five miles from each other. He was single and he was only 19. He was on board a vehicle when his head slammed into a beam in the mine and the blow was fatal to him.

Can you imagine the grief that those parents must have felt at having lost two son, less than two months apart after they had departed from them in order to go make a living in the mines of Abitibi.



Being always on the lookout to find perhaps clues that might have escaped us on the web, Diane found another article.



Taken from: the *The Val-d'Or Star* dated September 10, 1980

Title: **Benoit Chabot proposed for bravery medal**

Benoit Chabot, Malartic, did not hesitate to put his life at risk to rescue his fellow workers trapped in the mine. Twenty-four miners were trapped when the roof of the mine collapsed. The tragedy claimed the lives of eight men on May 20, 1980. Benoit saved the lives of three men when he jumped in an underground loader (scoop tram) and brought them back safely. The Commission decided with the agreement of its members to suggest Benoit for the medal of bravery. Some thirty people sitting in the room warmly applauded him when he returned to his seat.

Benoit received the *Medal of Bravery* in 1982 for the great courage he displayed during Belmoral Mine collapse which occurred in Val d'Or on May 20, 1980; the medal was awarded by the *Canadian Institute of Mining, Metallurgy and Petroleum*. On June 29, 1982, he also received from the hands of the Governor General of Canada (Her Excellency the Right Honorable David Johnson) a decoration for bravery, which is actually the *Star of Courage*.

Our records indicate that quite quickly Benoit who lived around Malartic and Val-d'Or at that time, was the right guy. His father was Maurice Chabot, son of Onesime Chabot and Emma Rioux and married to Emilia Lemieux at St. Sabine, Bellechasse county, Quebec.



Unfortunately, Mr. Benoit Chabot passed away January 13, 2009, and we wanted to honor him posthumously.



Medal of Bravery



Star of Courage

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http://www.cim.org/fr-CA/Services/CIM-Awards/Medal_for_Bravery/PastWinners.aspx

<http://ici.radio-canada.ca/regions/abitiabi/2014/06/27/002-incendie-mine-east-malartic.shtml>

<https://news.google.com/newspapers>



Claude Chabot



Diane Chabot-Pard

The education of a girl in the middle of the last century



My elder sister was able to continue her studies after primary school. She was able to go to high school, because of our aunt Emma Bilodeau. Emma Bilodeau was a servant for her brother, Adelard Bilodeau, who was a priest for the Parish of Portneuf. This exceptional woman was the mother of 16 children, educated, and was favored to acquire an education.

The text below consists of excerpts from a biography she has written at my request. My sister relates a chapter of his life at the rectory of Portneuf at the end of World War II.

“According to my idea, after my sixth year of school, it was obvious that I continue my studies at the village school. [...] However, someone else already had plans in mind for me. Uncle Adelard Bilodeau (brother of Aurelie, my paternal grandmother) and her sister Emma had spread an array of benefits that I would gain by living with them. It was suggested, among other things, to provide a companion to her cousin Doris (daughter of Alfred, brother and widowed dad) who was bored, as she was disabled. Dad’s godmother, Aunt Emma had hosted my sister Jeanne knowing that my parents were not very fortunate. My parents left me the choice to make my own decision. I feared the unknown but not enough to refuse this challenge. And here I am now rushed overnight to the rectory of the parish of Notre-Dame de Portneuf. [...]



Her younger brother Marcel



several with bedroom suites to accommodate residents or visiting priests. [...]

I guess the reception was cordial. I might have seemed uninteresting and embarrassed in front of all these strangers although they were relatives.

The rectory was a huge three-story building with no less than twenty rooms including several

with bedroom suites to accommodate residents or visiting priests. [...]

What was new for me was that there was electricity everywhere, a telephone and a bathroom. I think I got used to this quickly and appreciated the luxury. I shared my room with Doris, our beds were separated by curtains. There was a wardrobe for clothes, a desk, and a lamp near by my bed. The rectory was located south of the church. Courtyard side, the front door there was for staff and, on the outside wall, stood a veranda on two floors. The Portneuf parish council owned a large plot where were built a barn and a shed to house animals and farm implements. [...]



The parish church stood in the center of the village. It was a beautiful church with rood screens*. Five minutes from the church was the convent of the *Sisters of Charity of St. Louis* (girls' school); and a little further, the *College of the Brothers of St. Gabriel* (boys school). The main street was split by the Portneuf River. [...]

The daily routine was quickly installed. In the morning, at about six o'clock, I followed my aunt for church mass, and then I went to the priests service breakfast before getting ready for school. Aunt Emma had not been slow to enroll me for the next school year. She introduced me to the nuns who explained the mandatory clothing, the classroom I would be in and who would be my religion teacher that first year. I must admit that the nuns intimidated me; and as usual, I had not talked a lot. Aunt Emma took the initiative to sew my black tunic—the right length—and to provide books and note-

books I would need. I felt I had faced a good challenge when I perceived some suspicion about the quality of education I had received previously. [...]

My contacts with people in the house were reserved and polite. I spoke little. Aunt Emma had authority, Uncle Jean being rather reserved, his comments agreeing with those of his wife. He spent his time mostly outside, working on the farm and taking care of animals.[...]

I dreaded the entrance to the school and, in this regard, I was not mistaken. The beginnings were painful. I perceived myself as a dog in a bowling game. It seemed that the other students saw me as someone who comes from another planet. They watched my actions. I was isolated. I had to prove myself quickly to restore the situation and make some real friends. What did not help was that I had caught lice. Oh supreme humiliation! However, Aunt Emma was watching my hair carefully every day. I then had to let my hair be cleaned and used a fine comb and coal oil. During this episode, I had to endure much more sarcastic glances. It took a long time to create a friendly group. I was shy and reluctant to be ahead of something.

I liked my teacher and she treated me fairly. My grades were strictly controlled. I believe that, at this point, I managed to give satisfaction.

*It is typically an ornate partition between the chancel and nave.

Apart from school work, I took part in a calligraphy contest. I had the chance to have piano lessons, and I contributed to various shows organized by the convent. At a celebration organized for the pastor, I interpreted, on piano, a musical piece for a duo. It was a way to thank him for the courses he had offered me. I also profited from some parish activities: bingo, card games, and plays shown by the troops of Henry Deyglun.

During the first two years of my stay there, my activities were limited to the preparation of school work, piano practices, and participation in various household tasks. I also did some shopping at the grocery store and at the butcher. I also helped serve the meals to residents priests, and visitors under the able direction of Aunt Emma.

In 1945, after Doris' departure for Quebec, I added secretarial work for the pastor. These tasks were to:

- receive visiting priests;
- write in two (2) official records, the different acts: birth, marriage, death;
- transcribe the Sunday sermon;
- type the mail, which allowed me to learn to write on a typewriter;
- count money transactions;
- roll the currency;
- prepare the slips for the bank;
- make bank deposits sometimes, etc.

Saturday mornings and Sunday afternoons were busy.

In summer, weather permitting, I took advantage of free time to walk through the streets of the village with Doris before her departure. These streets led us to the banks of the river or to the Coteau, a busy development of the parish. [...]

In the evening, when my schoolwork was finished, I took the opportunity, before going to bed, to read. So I read many books, complete sets, often late at night, despite the disapproval of Aunt Emma. I received a lot of complaints about it. The parish library was rich with treasures and was accessible by Uncle Adelard's office. [...]

To be continued on the next issue No. 35

Marcel Chabot (96)



The Making of a Professional Pitcher

By Rob Chabot (Proud Dad)



The *Fort Wayne Tincaps* didn't want to lose a second game in a row. They had been blown out in their season opener losing to *Great Lakes Loons* 9–0 the previous day. Today, April 4, 2014, the *Tincaps* held a slim 3–1 lead in the top half of the fifth, but the *Loons* were threatening with men on first and second and only one out. The team manager came out to the mound, took the ball, and called for relief pitcher Matt Chabot, a 6'2", 200 pound right-hander to put out the fire.

Matt was happy to have the opportunity to pitch, but he was disappointed that he had been sent back to the *Tincaps*, a Class-A minor league affiliate of the *San Diego Padres* for a second stint. He had spent the 2013 season in Fort Wayne and he had just completed an excellent Spring Training in Peoria, Arizona. At one particular outing that spring, after Matt had completed a five-pitch inning, including a strikeout, one of the coaches came up to him and asked, "Is it always that easy for you?" Matt felt he was ready to move up the ladder.

As Matt was taking his warm-up pitches the play-by-play announcer was anxious. He commented that although Matt had been used a lot the previous season, he hadn't often been put into pressure situations.

Matt's 2013 season, his second in professional baseball, was just okay by baseball standards. He was solid, but not exceptional. Worse, he got lit up for six earned runs in the last game of the season and it ballooned his ERA to 5.31. The *Tincaps* won that game 11–10, but the damage had been done. The memory of that game apparently stuck. The fine spring training outings did nothing to change management's mind about where Matt was going for the 2014 season.

All the past history didn't matter now. Here was an opportunity for Matt to prove himself, to prove he could play at a higher level. He needed to live in the moment! My wife Margo and I were following the game live on internet radio. The announcer was positively calm compared to the anxiety Margo and I were feeling. We were keenly aware of Matt's disappointment and his desire to prove himself.

The first batter Matt faced was called out on strikes. The play-by-play announcer was over-the-top elated. Two outs! The *Loons* then pulled a double steal and now had runners on second and third with two outs. The play-by-play guy was overtly stressed. Margo and I were sitting on the edges of our seats anxiously awaiting what would happen next. It seemed like forever and I flashed back to another time.

It was never easy watching Matt pitch. Matt first pitched when he was a little boy in the Catholic League. He was about six or seven years old. When Matt was eleven years old, I thought he was done with pitching. He was pitching a Little League game and the batter hit a line drive right back at Matt's face, knocking out three teeth. We picked up two of them out of the dirt, and the third was pushed straight back in his head on a 90-degree angle.



Two of them were baby teeth, so that I guess you could say it wasn't so bad. But one that fell in the dirt was a front tooth and somehow that one managed to survive when it was reinserted. Matt said to me that he never wanted to pitch again. Margo and I had absolutely no problem with that. A couple of days later Matt told me he was sorry he said that as soon as the words came out of his mouth.

When Matt was about 14 years old he told me, "If it wasn't for pitching I wouldn't play baseball at all." I personally preferred watching Matt hit and play the field, and not so secretly hoped that he would gravitate to an everyday position. But for Matt, the game is too slow. He doesn't enjoy playing a position in the field where he may only get a couple of balls hit to him in an entire game. He also doesn't like waiting for eight other guys

to hit before he gets another turn. He much prefers the one-on-one competition between the pitcher and the batter. He likes being part of the game on every pitch.

Matt did get called to pitch another inning in that *Tincaps* game. The first batter struck out swinging. The play-by-play guy was wowed. The second batter struck out swinging. The announcer was raving about Matt's performance. The third batter struck out looking. I don't recall what the announcer said at that point. Margo and I were in awe. As far as I was concerned Matt had proven himself. The inning was over. Success! He had just struck out five batters in a row.

I expected Matt to be asked to pitch one more inning. Instead, between innings we got a text message. Matt said he took himself out of the game. He said he felt something pop in his elbow when he was pitching to that last batter.

The whole world went upside down with that text. That pop was the ulnar collateral ligament, more frequently referred to as the UCL. If you've heard of Tommy John surgery, it's when they operate on the UCL. The surgery involves attaching a ligament from another part of the body and threading it through a hole drilled in the elbow. The ligament is then tied back in a figure-eight knot. The healing process takes about a year to a year and a half. Like all operations, there's no guarantee of success.

Matt hasn't thrown a single pitch since the day he felt the pop in his elbow. His pitching days were over. Matt always knew he had to plan for the contingency that one day his baseball career would come to an end. As a pitcher you're always keenly aware that you're one pitch away from the end of your career.

Matt is 24 years old and he has completed a little more than three years of college. He's currently enrolled at the *University of California Riverside* where he is studying Business Economics. He expects to graduate in June, 2016. Leaving baseball is not the end of the world for Matt. He can stand proud knowing that he gave it his best shot. He knows that he is that rare, fortunate individual that even gets a chance to try.

Baseball has taught Matt about leadership, commitment, focus, determination, and teamwork.

Matt has a lot going for him. I'm confident he'll be okay even if he can't play ball. He is tall, good-looking and extremely fit. He goes to the gym every day for a workout. He is intelligent, he chooses his friends carefully and he makes good decisions. He carries himself straight and confidently. He has a ready smile and people naturally gravitate to him. He is a good teammate. Matt far exceeded my expectations, playing college ball and then pro. Everything that has happened for Matt beyond high school has been gravy as far as I'm concerned.



Matt didn't do what he did because he was so naturally gifted or anything like that. He put a lot of work into it. Yes, he was gifted with enough fast twitch muscles in his arm that he eventually got up to a throwing speed of 96 mph. Beyond that, he had to have the desire to compete at ever higher levels and the focus to stay the course.



So what did Margo and I do as parents that helped Matt to excel? Honestly, I'm not entirely sure. Sometimes magic happens. If I had to quantify it, I'd say that first we recognized that Matt had a gift; he could throw hard. Beyond that, he showed a willingness to work at it until he mastered the pitching skills. All we did was nurture that "gift" and give encouragement and support.

I think Matt is serving our family name well. We can all feel proud that he is one of us...a Chabot.



Robert Harvey Chabot (251)

Here are the genealogical roots of Matthew A. Chabot



Matthew Adam Chabot is born on September 11, 1991 at Riverside, California, USA
 Robert H. Chabot married on December 29, 1972 Margo L. Ready at New Canaan, Connecticut, USA
 Herve G. Chabot married on July 20, 1944 Beatrice I. Landry at New York, NY, USA
 Achille Chabot married on September 16, 1907 Palmena Racine at Sainte-Justine, Bellechasse, Quebec, Canada
 Joseph Chabot married on February 14, 1871 Adeline Audet/Lapointe at Sainte-Claire, Bellechasse, Quebec
 Louis Chabot married on August 7, 1832 Marguerite Rousseau at Sainte-Claire, Bellechasse, Quebec, Canada
 Louis Chabot married on November 6, 1804 Marie Lafontaine at Saint-Charles, Bellechasse, Quebec, Canada
 Jean-Baptiste married on April 16, 1782 Marie-Louise Lacasse at Saint-Charles, Bellechasse, Quebec, Canada
 Jean-Baptiste married on April 27, 1746 Marie-Madeleine Frontigny at Saint-Laurent, Île d'Orléans, Quebec
 Jean Chabot married on November 17, 1692 Éléonore Énaud at Saint-Pierre, Île d'Orléans, Quebec, Canada
 Mathurin Chabot married on November 17, 1661 Marie Mésange at Notre-Dame, Quebec city, Quebec, Canada



Notice!

For those who wish to offer a membership card to a loved one, you can do it by visiting our website at:

<http://www.association-chabot.com/DevenirMembre.html>

For those who are less comfortable with the computer, it is always possible to send us by mail a check or money order payable to:

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The Board of Directors wishes a very happy birthday to all their members, their spouses and parents, who have aged (or become younger!) by one year during the last quarter. Good health and long life to you!

The Board of Directors also offers its deepest condolences to those who have lost a loved one.



Three Chabot brothers married to three Boulet sisters!

Did you know that it is the three sons of:

Chabot Magloire (born November 2, 1849 at Montmagny)
who was married on February 12, 1877 St. Thomas of Montmagny to
Marie Coulombe (born November 25, 1853 in Montmagny)



And three daughters:

Louis Boulet (born June 1872)
who married on January 14, 1890 at St. Ignatius of Loyola, Montmagny
Celestine Mercier (born June 25, 1867 in Cap-Saint-Ignace)

The names of the couples who have united their destinies:

Arthur Chabot (born November 20, 1897 in Montmagny)
Married January 7, 1919 at St. Thomas Montmagny
Eva-Marie Boulet (born January 23, 1899 in Montmagny)
From their union were born:
Florence, Aurora, Jeannette, Germaine, Beatrice. Emile, Roger, Marcelle,
Therese, Mariette, Rolande and Francoise.



Albert Chabot (born June 4, 1895 in Montmagny)
Married October 12, 1915 at St. Thomas Montmagny
Marie-Annie Boulet (born December 22, 1896 in Montmagny)
From their union were born:
Paul-Emile, Jeanne-Aimee, Georgette Fernande, Sabine, Blanche-Eva, Omer,
Fernand, Jules, Gaston, Thomas, Monique and Suzanne



Chabot Napoleon (born June 27, 1890 in Montmagny)
Married July 20, 1915 at St. Thomas Montmagny
Alida Marie Boulet (born April 17, 1891 in Montmagny)
From their union were born:
Yvonne, Mauritius, Laurette, Antoinette, Marie-Ange, Robert, Laurent, Jean-
Fernand, -Raymond and Raymond



Nowadays, it is rare to see so many similarities within the same family.



Maryo Chabot Tremblay (275)



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