



Les Chabotteries

The Chabot Association

N° 35 Summer 2016

The Château Frontenac and its doorman



*Bernard Chabot
in front of the
prestigious hotel*



The Chabotteries is a quarterly newsletter published by the Association of Chabot.

The Association of Chabot and Chabotteries

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Message from the President



To all Members,

It's always a pleasure to write a few words in our beautiful quarterly newsletter *Les Chabotteries*.

We are preparing the tenth annual meeting of the *Chabot Association* to be held on October 2, 2016 at the Municipal Hall of St. Raphael, located at 104 rue du Foyer, St. Raphael (Quebec) GoR 4Co. Your invitation is included with this newsletter. Several members have already booked their places, so take advantage to invite your relatives and friends. Book now!

I also want to thank the members who helped us by renewing their subscriptions. In addition, ten members who were inactive rejoined the ranks of the association; and we registered eight new members. Thank you for your loyalty dear members.

As always, we need your help to enrich our texts bank. In order to always offer you interesting and varied newsletters, we need articles recounting true stories or achievements of Chabot family members.

For several years, we have had a computer data base that makes us better equipped to keep contact information: names, addresses, membership numbers, etc. of our members. This program gives us the ability to locate your contact information more easily and quickly. For those who have forgotten to submit their email addresses, it is important to send it with your next renewal.

Some members have asked us when their subscription ends. The expiration date is on the mailing label which is on the last page of your newsletter. We mailed membership cards last December. Unfortunately, there were language errors on some of them, and we apologize for that.

We are preparing membership cards that will become permanent; that means that we will not have to redo them again, unless you lose it.

Remember to reserve your place for the brunch on October 2, 2016 that will be our tenth annual meeting, which will be held in St. Raphael de Bellechasse.



Important Notice to Members

As it becomes increasingly expensive to send the renewal notice by mail, I thought, for reasons of economy, to add the expiration date of your subscription on your mailing label on the back of your newsletter *The Chabotteries*. In this way, I believe you will not have to ask whether it was paid or not.

At the same time, members who agree to receive their newsletter electronically (by email), would also help the association to save money. For all others, we will continue to send your newsletters in paper format.

It is important to note that the association will allow you three months to pay your subscription after your expiration date. Once this period has elapsed, you will be considered non-active

The English version of our website is not completed yet; but for others, I invite you to visit our website at: www.association-chabot.com and to send us your comments.

Note: Those who would be interested in receiving the newsletter via Internet, please send me your confirmation to the following address:

info@association-chabot.com

Le Château Frontenac in Quebec City and its doorman



Panorama of the City of Quebec from Lévis. Le Château Frontenac, the Complex G, to the left, is the dominant element of the skyline of the city.

Quebec City is the city of choice for romance and history. The Hotel Chateau Frontenac is located in the Upper Town of the historic district of Old Quebec. It bears the epithet of "the most photographed hotel in the world." It overlooks the Cap Diamant and its location on Dufferin Terrace offers a view of the St. Lawrence River, and a cable railway connects the Petit Champlain district.

History

A castle was built near the historic site of the Citadelle of Quebec, on the site of another old castle, Haldimand and next to the Dufferin Terrace covering the archaeological site of the fort and the Château St. Louis.



December 20, 1893 Inauguration of the first wing of the Château Frontenac

At the end of the nineteenth century, Quebec City wanted to build a large hotel. In 1890, the architect Eugène-Étienne Taché, to whom we owe the National Assembly of Quebec, presented a plan for Fortress Hotel, an imposing building including a luxury hotel and a grand opera. The symmetrical plan flanked by three round towers was reminiscent of French castles.

Le Château Frontenac is the first of many hotels styled like "castles" which were built for the Canadian Pacific Railway in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century to popularize travel by train. These hotels have in fact become national symbols of elegance and comfort.

It is now operated and managed by the Fairmont Hotel Company.



Athlone, King, Roosevelt & Churchill

The Château Frontenac has been a Canadian historical site since January 15, 1981. It is also one of the monuments associated with the city of Quebec and the Province of Quebec at large. According to the *Michelin Guide*, the best vantage points to view the castle are the Terrasse of Lévis, the Citadelle of Québec or the Observatoire de la Capitale located on the 31st floor of the Marie-Guyart Building.

Tribute



The Château Frontenac was featured several times on one and two dollar Quebec Carnival coins. These symbolic coins were sold in shops of Old Quebec during the Carnival, and their value ended at the end of the Carnival edition and also at the strike year of the coin.

One of their Doormen

Bernard Chabot, a native of Ste-Claire, a village in the Bellechasse Regional County, was a doorman for this prestigious hotel for 28 years. After which, he traveled around and lived in California for many years; he is very happy to be back home. It has been found that the residents of the Province of Quebec were friendly people. They are sincere and have values that are not found anywhere else. Bernard Chabot was born April 30, 1936 and is the sixth of nine children of Joseph Alexandre Chabot and Agnes Brown. He is also the proud father of two daughters, Nathalie and Dominique-Anne Chabot.



Here are Bernard Chabot genealogical roots

Bernard Chabot married on July 29, 1963, to Marcelle Gagnon in St. Léon-de-Standon
 Joseph-Alexandre Chabot married, July 1, 1926, to Agnes Brown in St. Claire, Bellechasse
 Edmond Chabot married on June 27, 1893, to Amanda Dorval to St. Claire, Bellechasse
 François-Xavier Chabot married on April 13, 1858, to Rose Fortier in St. Claire, Bellechasse
 Charles Chabot married on August 21, 1827, to Marie Paquet Lavallee in St. Charles, Bellechasse
 Basile Chabot married on June 26, 1787, to Josephte Prévost to St. Charles, Bellechasse
 Pierre Chabot married on April 17, 1752, to Therese Leclerc in St. Laurent, Île d'Orleans
 Jean Chabot married on April 26, 1718, to Marie-Madeleine Dufresne in St. Laurent, Île d'Orleans;
 married in second marriage, November 11, 1737, to Genevieve Bouffard in St. Laurent, Île d'Orleans
 Jean Chabot married on November 17, 1692, to Eléonore Enaud in St. Pierre, Île d'Orleans
 Mathurin Chabot married on November 17, 1661, to Marie Mésange in Church of Notre Dame of Quebec

Reference: https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ch%C3%A2teau_Frontenac



Diane Chabot Pard (9)



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.

REMINDER!

To respond to the request of several people, here are the prices of membership in the *Chabot Association* (including subscription to four issues of the *Les Chabotteries* and access to the Internet site). You may pay by using any of these three methods: check, money order, or Paypal.

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

This is a very modest cost to be part of an association that aims to share the stories of the holders of the surname Chabot who are scattered throughout North America!

The education of a girl in the middle of the last century (continued)



(Continued from newsletter #34) Personally, I did not receive many visitors during the years that I lived in Portneuf. My parents only came twice. It was not easy for them without a car. Once was during a party organized for aunt Emma and uncle Jean. I think that was their golden wedding anniversary.

The rectory was a very busy place. Besides being of service to his parishioners, uncle Adelard frequently received—almost all the weekends—native parish priests visiting their families. In that time, the rule was that the priests must return to the rectory every night for sleep and to have breakfast after morning mass. There were also regular visits from the Bishop for the celebration of the Sacrament of Confirmation for children old enough to be confirmed. The Bishop was accompanied by five or six priests of his parish.... So I had the opportunity to learn all the rules of decorum and politeness, the English service method, etc. In addition to protocol visits, there were those of relatives, boyfriends, girlfriends, or other people that they may have known.

As we were in wartime, we also received people in distress. Beggars knocked on the door several times a week, sometimes twice a day, for a meal. Personally, I do not remember having suffered rationing due to the war....

I witnessed the death of uncle Jean. He was conscious until the last minute. He died peacefully, although unexpectedly, because he was still on his feet that morning. I knew he was very ill, however....

It was in Portneuf, that I became aware of our majestic St. Laurence River. At first sight, I was fascinated by its size and power. I observed huge freighters carrying wood or coal. Almost every evening or at early night, I could admire *L'Épinglette* an illuminated schooner which, according to what was said by locals, was carrying mail between Montreal and Quebec.

In winter, when the ice thickness permitted, a village of huts for Atlantic tomcod fishermen appeared. Fishing time can be for a couple of weeks depending of the whims of nature....

I liked walking along the shores of Portneuf River which flowed to the St. Laurent River and was close to the rectory. Defying obstacles, the waters offered a fabulous show.

I was fifteen and I was finishing my tenth year of studies. I had to make a decision as to my continued schooling. In those years, for girls, the choice was simple: nurse or teacher. I opted for teaching. As for the choice of the Normal School,** I had to choose which school I wanted to attend, and I opted for St-Damien-de-Buckland. The school was run by the Sisters of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The distance that separated me from my family was not a problem, it delighted me.

** A school created to train high school graduates to be teachers.



Jacqueline Chabot (411)



Aunt Emma was very generous by purchasing a huge trunk that was filled with all the things I could possibly need,... so I went back home to prepare for another experience.

In summary, the four years spent in Portneuf were, for me, a resident experience and my adolescence took place in inconvenient spurts. There were difficult times. I had to constantly monitor my behavior, because I had to avoid the risk of causing any scandal. The reputation of the parish priest depended on it. However, I recognize that the experience I have gained was knowledge which is useful to me, and I would not gain elsewhere. I adapted to the fact that I was away from my home, which served me in many ways.

In September, I made my entrance into the Normal School of St. Damien. The schedule would be four years in which three degrees and diplomas could be achieved: basic, complementary and superior. Students could register after the ninth grade school for an elementary education diploma. With the certificate for tenth grade school that I had already earned, I was registered in the second year teacher tract, which allowed me to get a complementary diploma.

I was a resident, which means I lived in the dormitory and utilized the community dining hall. I got up early, went to daily mass, and was not allowed to leave except for family holidays at Christmas and over the summer. My father was able to obtain a scholarship for me that allowed him to pay the tuition...

All teachers were nuns, except the mathematics teacher who was a married man. Besides regular classes, the school offered craft activities (sewing and knitting), singing lessons, drawing, and cooking classes. The only outings were in the school yard. When the weather permitted, we went for long walks down a treeless dirt road. We went almost as far as St. Lazare.

[...] continued to page 13



Association des Chabot

Sunday, October 2, 2016, a date to remember!

The 10th gathering of the Association of CHABOT

We remind you that on Sunday October 2 we reach our tenth gathering of the Association of Chabot and we'll hold our 9th Annual General Meeting at the Community Center of St. Raphael in the MRC of Bellechasse.

To mark this event, the members of the Board of Directors with the assistance of the special committee of H el ene Chabot, Yvette Chabot, Clemence Beaumont, and Diane Bouffard will prepare for us all, a "festive" rally, which should be memorable.

A reception and a hot lunch will be served at this occasion. We invite you to include this activity in your diary or on your calendar. You could win one of many door prizes this will be for the celebration of the tenth annual gathering of members of the Association of Chabot issue from the marriage in Quebec November 17, 1661 Mathurin Chabot and Marie M esange.

Now, we solicit the talents of artists or handicrafts or specialists of the great Chabot family to make this day alive (music, exhibition of works of any kind [novel, paintings, sculptures, photographs], etc.) or any products or services of companies "Chabot". We ask you to contact us as soon as possible to organize this beautiful festival where we want to hear from Chabot of all regions of Quebec, Canada and the United States.

To help us in our planning, we ask you to fill out the registration form located on the back of the text. Help us make this 10th gathering a memorable day!

Chabottely yours,
members of your board

Chabot Maryo Tremblay, President,	418-304-1574
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Clement Chabot, Secretary,	418-572-2324
Catherine Chabot, Director,	450-441-3921
Jean-Louis Chabot, Director,	418-838-0782



Annual General Meeting and warm Dinner of the Association of Chabot

Do you know that at the Annual General Meeting 2016,
we will celebrate our tenth meeting of the Association of Chabot?



(Reply coupon (no later than September 1, 2016))

Name _____ First name _____

Membership number _____

Address (n°, street) _____

Town /village _____

Province, state _____ Postal or zip code _____

Tél. ____ - _____ Courriel (e-mail) _____

Number of participants : Adult _____ (Children -12 years) _____

Return with your check or money order in the amount of \$ 30.00

(made payable to the Chabot Association) to:

Association des Chabot
599, rue du Griffon
Lévis (Québec) G6V 3H5

You can register online by filling in the form for this purpose and pay the cost through
PayPal (see details about it on the Association's website)

www.association-chabot.com

Note that all those who book in advance can be reimbursed if they can not be
present. Only one condition: to inform us before 1 September 2016.

Expiration date of your annual membership to the Association of Chabot

Dear members,

The costs of printing and shipping of our magazine and Chabotteries the various letters that your association destined to you continues to grow and we are trying by all means reduce the cost to avoid increasing your fees .

In issue 33 of Chabotteries, our president announced that your membership number and the expiration date of your membership now appear on the shipping label on the last page of your quarterly journal and wrote: "This so, I think you will not have to ask whether it was paid or not. " Unfortunately, the label has not been affixed to the last page numbers 33 and 34 of Chabotteries but on the shipping plastic envelope that everyone is quick to throw away before you start reading the revue expected since three months .

We transmit in the Chabotteries number 33, your new permanent membership card in order to avoid shipping costs with each renewal.

Reducing the 12-month grace time in three months.

The last paragraph of section seven of our bylaws provides that "Members who have not paid their dues for one (1) year will be delisted but will become members on request after paying the dues of current year. The custom was that the association continues to transmit the Chabotteries free until this year expires.

The Governing Council decided to reduce this time to three months, which will allow us to print fewer copies of Chabotteries and not to ship to the members who are retarding too long to renew their membership in the Association Chabot. This orientation will be submitted for ratification to the General Meeting of 2 October.

Your email address, change of address and your date of birth.

We urge you to provide us your email address if you have one. Send an mail and receive is free, it would be easier to reach you for your date of birth if it is not in our member records and ask your new address if your copy of Chabotteries is back due to a wrong address. We count on your collaboration to improve our services to members.

All personal data you provide are and will remain confidential.

Members of the Board of Directors: Maryo Tremblay, President, Clement Chabot, secretary, Viateur Chabot, treasurer Catherine Chabot, Director, and Jean-Louis Chabot, director

Gift of family documents to the Association of Families Chabot

This letter is for anyone interested in that important documents regarding the Chabot families are not lost or destroyed.

Goal

Ensure the sustainability of the documents Chabot families.

Program

Donation to the association of Chabot families of all forms of documents concerning the history of our families. (Numerical data, texts, books, newspaper articles, photos, videos, story books, etc.)

Means

1. donate while living (now) to the Association.
2. donate by will to the Association.

In the second case, it can be done directly in your first will or the opportunity to revise your will for any reason (no extra charge for the provision of donation to the association) or by the addition of explicit codicil to your existing will (fees you will be charged by your lawyer). If you make your gift by will, the Association will take possession only after your death.

How to proceed?

In one case as in the other, please notify the Association by mail to:

Association Chabot
650, rue Graham Bell, SS-09 office
Québec (Québec) G1N 4H5 Canada

Or by email to:

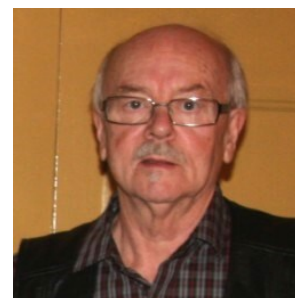
info@association-chabot.com

... Continued from page 8

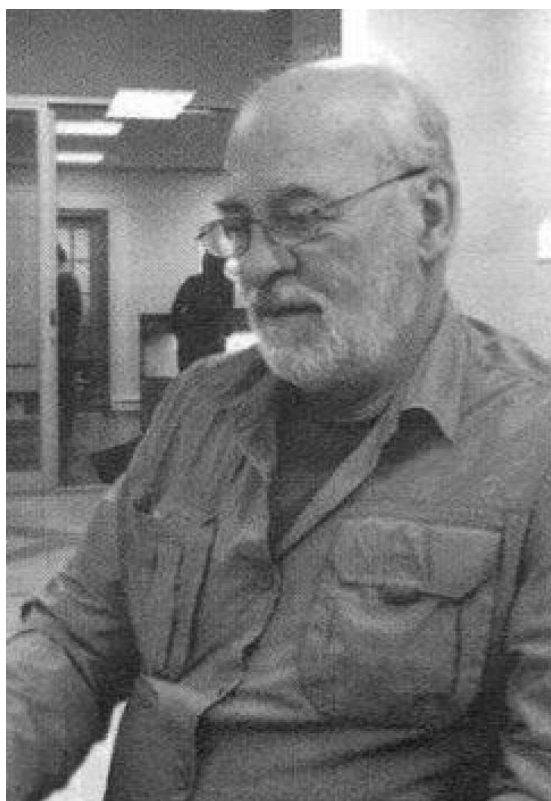
In St-Damien, I found some companions with whom I had studied in primary school. The atmosphere of the school encouraged camaraderie, and I made some good friends.

And now... retired for a few years, I have time to reminisce over parts of my life from a long time ago.

Marcel Chabot (96)



Alain Chabot, the trumpet man



There are people who have a way of surprising us. Such is the case of Alain Chabot, a native of the Île d'Orléans (Island of Orleans), a 64bit programmer for accounting systems. This man who lives in Douglastown is not the boastful kind.

One day he came to check out the accounting system for the newspaper office of the *Fou de Bassan*. Faithful to our habits, to satisfy our curiosity, we asked him, if by any chance, he had a favorite hobby, a collection, or a passion for any art. Mr. Chabot divulged the most unusual hobby in the world, "I play the trumpet without an instrument."...Before our asto-nishment and skepticism, he wet his lips and began to inflate his cheeks. A copper sound came out of his mouth and then emanated throughout the room. It was the theme song of the former *Montreal Hip-podrome* (which was earlier the *Blue Bonnets* Raceway and casino). Employees nearby our office surprised and shocked, were wondering from where came this clarion sound that echoed throughout the building.

Alain Chabot started this unusual hobby when he was a resident at the Seminary of Quebec. He was barely twelve years old at the time that he discovered a passion for "mouth trumpet." As our manager was absent at the office that day, he was an instant success! It's been fifty years, and Alain Chabot continues to trumpet tunes with his mouth. There is no limit to his repertoire: jazz, Strauss waltzes, classical and popular. "It is muscular and it takes a bit of force," modestly says the Louis Armstrong from Douglastown who, his work done, walks away whistling a tune of his own creation...

Note: Alain Chabot is the son of Yvonne Boucher and Paul-Eugene Chabot, who was the President of the largest Chabot gathering in Île D'Orléans on August 4, 1979. On that occasion, there were between 2,000 and 2,500 participants present.

Reference: Journal Taken "The Fou de Bassan Chandler - March 2015

My grandmother, Joséphine Renaud Chabot



I was only 14 when my paternal grandmother died, and I had met her only four or five times, because we lived 124 miles (200 kilometers) from her home. However, I've heard so much praise about her from my parents and many other people. I asked my aunt Therese Chabot, who had always lived close to her, to provide me with a story about her mother, which she gladly did.

My grandmother was born in Ste-Claire, Dorchester County on May 5, 1872 from farmer parents, the eldest of a family of nine children. She was introduced to my grandfather Ferdinand Chabot who lived in Ste-Justine, Dorchester County, a neighboring village, by a friend of his. During the next two months they wrote letters and saw each other twice, but it seems that Grandma knew at first glance that it was "him." The wedding took place at St-Claire on April 23, 1895 on the eve of her 23rd birthday, and they settled at Ste-Justine. From this marriage, were born thirteen children; nine boys and four girls, two of whom became nuns.

When we become aware of what she has accomplished in volunteering it is beyond imagination. She was helped by her daughters at home.

She was primarily the initiator of what was called a "ouvroir" (room where women gather to work on different sewing projects) to help many families in need. With help of fifteen volunteers in a room of the general store, she sewed bedspreads, various knitwear, clothing, etc. She wrote to *Eaton, Dupuis & Sons* and *P.F. Renaud* (the largest general store in Beauceville) asking them for end rolls of fabric for that purpose.

At her home, she organized "chores" for making quilts, bed covers, blankets, etc.... When the raw material was flax, she knew and taught the various treatments to perform: retting, grinding, combing, spinning, and then weaving. Cakes, cookies and tea were served. Once alone in the evening, she often worked by the glow of an oil lamp; because electricity was not introduced into that area until 1936.



Ferdinand and Josephine and some of their children in 1918

She was also present for the personal needs of her entourage (those who surrounded her) for example: she helped a neighbor during the Spanish flu where nine people were affected. She also took care of a neighbor who was bedridden for four years.

Another fact; In those days, there was no embalmer in the parish. No one volunteered to prepare the body of a woman said to be "of ill repute." Grandma went there to assist, but nearly fainted when the lungs of the lady were loudly emptied of their air.

Of course, she was always available for the family of her eldest son (George), who lived in the same village. This family of twelve children, included ten boys and two girls. Grandma sewed for them, helped with their laundry, ironed, darned damaged clothing, and supplied them with pies, cakes, and cookies. Stepdaughter, Imelda, was eternally grateful, and said that she had been an angel for them.



My grandparents lived in the center of the village in a two-story brick house that they had built in 1918, diagonally to the church. They were both devout Catholics. My grandfather Ferdinand Chabot was Cantor at Mass every morning; and Grandma, for a long time, was President of the Ladies of St. Anne. The Parish Priest, Father Kirouac, was a great friend of my grandparents. Every Saturday, he came to have lunch with them enjoying my grandma's pea soup. This priest was very proud of his church. Son of a wealthy family, he had invested his own money in it. When the church burned to the ground, he collapsed in my grandma's

arms. His age and the depression would end his ministry.

Grandma herself was aged 65 at the time, and her health was deteriorating. The last four years of her life, she suffered from tachycardia (heart failure) and had to sleep sitting up. She died May 19, 1945.

I end this story by quoting the words of aunt Therese "Mom was the woman with a big heart, the strong woman of the Gospel."

Marcelle Chabot (155)



Simone Chabot tells us



I am Simone Chabot Roy-Tancred, and I was born on April 17, 1914 in Ste-Justine, Dorchester County (now Bellechasse), in the province of Quebec. I was the eighth child of a family of eleven. My father was Edouard Chabot, and my mother was Melanie Ruel.

A few months before my birth, there was no more meat to feed the household, and no money to buy any. So the whole family knelt to pray, and miraculously a small deer came to die nearby our door.

Wages were very low during the year of 1914, so my father decided to move from Daaquam to Ste-Justine (19 miles away). My father had a farm and a big house. He was selling wood logs, a profession in which he did well, but he invested money in a phone company, and unfortunately he lost everything.

When Dad was elected mayor of the parish of Ste-Justine, it was a beautiful evening, everybody was singing; this was for me, a beautiful memory.

One summer, there was a big fire; everything was burning around us. My father placed all of his children in a wagon and wrapped it with wetted blankets. When we were going to the church for shelter, we thought we were all going to die. Suddenly the wind stopped blowing, and the fire was extinguished. After the fire, my father sowed turnip seeds, and the harvest was abundant. We had enough for the whole village.

Justine, my sister, often played piano; and I sang. I know many love songs. For Christmas, my father bought twenty pounds of hard candies, and we were all very happy. At age five, I was sitting behind the wood stove with my brother, Florent, who was nine years old. My mother wanted to take hot water from a large pot, and the handle broke, and it spilled on us. We screamed a lot. My brother was scalded on his back, and me on the head. My brother spent that winter in his bed. He suffered greatly, but recovered fully.

Adrienne often had ear aches, and my father rocked her every night. He blew pipe smoke in her ears, and that healed her. I envied her a lot, because I would have loved to be rocked too. Adrienne was too young to go to school, but she went anyway. After a year she could read; the teacher, Miss Alice Drouin, was very surprised.

Even with such a big family, our mother was so kind and so patient with us. A year before her death, the priest came for his parish visit, and we were all dressed up properly, and all in a row, from the youngest to the oldest.

When Mom got sick, she did not go to the hospital, because it was too far. She passed away on February 18, 1920; she was pregnant with her twelfth child. We were all gathered in her room, each to say their farewell in turn. The day of her funeral, her eleven children were dressed up in black and we were so sad. We so badly needed our mother!

A month later, we all had diphtheria; we were all bedridden except our sister, Gracia, who brought us water. She was our guardian angel, always ready to help us. Then our beautiful and bright little sister Cecile died at the age of four. Grandmother Ruel came to stay with us for a while, and uncle Jos and Aunt Marie Carbonneau came for Irene, and took her with them. She was only three, and did not walk or talk too much, so they took good care of her.

They brought her twice to the Sanctuary Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, then she started to walk and talk. It was a miracle. There was so much love in my aunt Marie's house. She and my uncle Jos had three daughters, but they had a son who died of meningitis at 14 years. Irene remained with uncle Jos and Aunt Marie for three years. When my sister Gracia turned 17, she was employed in a private house in Quebec City. She loved working in a big city, she liked to visit the shops.

One day my father decided to sell everything and Justine, Rose, Adrienne and I went to stay with grandmother Ruel at Ste-Justine. We liked it, because there were such good schools, good friends, and several cousins. Those were the good old days.



During the evening, grandmother told us stories, and we sat on the floor combing wool. Grandma had a nice clean house. One day, in November, grandmother died suddenly. I ran to seek the priest; funerals again.

Our father, who had moved to far north Ontario with my brothers, came to close my grandma's house. Grandmother Ruel left us an inheritance of a

hundred dollars, which was divided by ten. Adrienne and myself had been placed in the St-Charles orphanage in Quebec City where there were 350 girls below the age of 14.

It was hard to adjust ourselves to another life style. I did not like the food that was often just bread, soup, and onions with some lard. We also ate pistachio and molasses sandwiches.

The nuns were very severe. If our class notes were not good, we got the strap: a big leather strap, that really hurt. I got it twice for bad notes.

During the summer holidays, the big Quebec jam companies put on the market hundreds of crates of strawberries, and we worked all day to clean them. When the other children were playing outside, we were working. Our diet was also lacking in vitamins, so I developed foot eczema. The doctor told me not to walk for a month; then I was fine.

We stayed two years and seven months without any letter from our father or other family members. We thought we had been abandoned. But it was hard for our family to survive in Fryatt in far north Ontario. It was a two mile walk along the railroad tracks just to get to a grocery store.

At the convent, I sang very often in the Mass in Latin. I sang in concerts, and I studied a lot. I was often first rank in my class. To reward me, they gave me a story book that I learned by heart. My father remarried, and our stepmother came to pick us up to live with them in the north. It took two days and two nights by train, going through Abitibi, to finally arrive at Fryatt. Then we had to walk two miles on the railroad track to get to a big shack. My father was building a nice big house. After leaving the orphanage, the building burned and 33 of my friends died. The convent was never rebuilt.

In 1924, my two sisters, Justine and Gracia got married. We had missed it, because we were living in the convent at the time. The two couples were living in the woods, in round wooden shacks. The men cut wood for the Spruce Falls Company and the women prepared food, washed clothes, cleaned their shacks, and cut wood for the stove. It was a hard life. They were two miles from home and had only a trail in the woods to exit.

Our father then sold a lot of wood and built a large house. What a joy when we moved into the new house! It was so beautiful with its four large bedrooms: the four girls in one bedroom, and the four boys in the other, a bedroom for my parents, and one for the teacher Jeanne Vaillant.

One year, we had Christmas song practice at home. The gang came, it was very beautiful, but I must also say that the church was two miles from home.

One winter my father had hired four men to help him to cut wood. With them there, we were 15 gathered around the table during winter season. We made food all the time. Adrienne was making 15 pies every week, and I was making the bread. What a job!

In Mattice, Ontario, we had a small school, and it was cold. When Jeanne Vaillant taught us, there were 52 students; so I helped her with the youngest. That's why I wanted to be educated and teach others, because it was too expensive to study elsewhere.

At home, there was discipline. When my father spoke, everyone listened. It was Gracia who was doing all the work, because Justine was often sick. Philip had sore eyes, but with glasses he could see. He studied at an agricultural college for a while. Valere was a very good worker, and Antonin was a good mechanic. Florent was so kind to us; he was nice and told us funny stories.

Adrienne was also very wise, however I wanted to follow my brothers. They frightened me with small snakes. I was also very curious. My definition of happiness was to sing, to eat sugar squares, and read books. I felt I was in my place when I was at school. I do not remember having any toys before the age of 12, which was when I got my first doll.

Irene was lovely, with beautiful dark eyes and rosy cheeks; she loved pancakes. Rose, who was the baby, was very kind, and she learned quickly, but she had no friends of her age; however, everyone loved her. This then was my duty to take care of Irene and Rose in going and coming from school, and then to help them do their homework. We learned our lessons while making pancakes in the morning. At home we went to bed at 8 p.m., even if we did not like it.

Our stepmother, Malvina, had four children left after having had 15. There was Pit Nobert, Nobert Aurelius, Cecilia, and Andrea. Pit who was married to Rose-Aimée Larochelle had twelve children. Aurelius had five children, all died of tuberculosis at the Sanatorium. Even so, there were so many family members to visit us.

Our father worked hard. He was an informed man with a lot of interest in agriculture and the field of forestry. He knew how to trace boundary lines to divide them into lots. In the fall, he became a butcher, because we had full barrels of lard and frozen beef for winter. My father was a very skillful house builder, and what an honest man; when he gave his word to someone, he kept it.

Justine remained close to our house for some years. How I loved her little, Reginald, Raymond, and Rita.

In 1928, my father went alone to cut wood north of the farmhouse. The ax slipped from his hand, and he received a severe laceration to his leg. His horse brought him back home, and neighbors took him to the hospital. It took him all winter before finding his top form. The following spring, he went to Quebec, where he bought a hotel near the Gare du Palais (Palace Station...is a train and bus station in Quebec City). It was a lot of work for him, so we stayed there from April to September. Then my father sold the hotel and we went back to Mattice, where meanwhile our house had been rented.

That summer, Irene, Rose, and I visited almost all the churches in Quebec City. We loved walking around the Gare du Palais. We saw many newlyweds who were fresh off the train.

It was so beautiful, like a dream. Our family was very devout; every night we recited the rosary and we never missed Sunday Mass, even if it was freezing to walk two miles along the railroad. It seemed even colder, as we had only small rubber shoes instead of boots. It took very courageous people to live in this north part of Ontario.

Every Sunday mass, our father volunteered for collection at church. I think he has done this for 60 years. What a beautiful example to give his children!



For at least ten months one year, our teacher, Miss. St. Cyr, who was playing organ at the church, gave me piano lessons. When she left the parish, there was no one to give lessons.

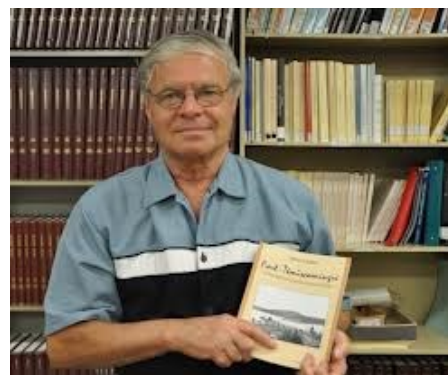
One winter, our teacher, Jeanne Vaillant, bought a record player. She had only four records, so it was always the same music that was playing, but we liked it. At that time we did not have radio, television, or telephone, so very often we just sang.



Our stepmother, Malvina, was very strict. We had to obey her on everything. One Sunday, as she had to go out, she had locked the organ, because she did not want us to play with it. Antonin, my brother, the mechanic, took a large nail and made a key, so that afternoon I played the organ and all the gang sang. The neighbors heard us, and came to sing with us.

On the farm, we loved playing in the barn during haying season. One day my brother Philip wanted to throw me up on the load of hay. I fell down between the load and the...

Here ends the manuscript written by Simone Chabot Roy-Tancrede, where every word is precious. Claire Chabot (niece) asked me to type it out. Simone's daughter, Irene Backholm, will make every effort to find the rest of the manuscript. The rest to follow, I hope....



Denys Chabot, nephew (90)



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