



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 38 Spring 2017

Charles Washington Chabot



**Charles Washington Chabot with his two youngest children
Marion and Ernest (around 1906)**

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

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Message from the President



Dear members,

Spring is knocking at our door sugand the ar season has begun in Quebec. At this time of the year, nature wakes up and the sun begins to warm up too.

You have just received the 38th copy of the review *Les Chabotteries* and I wish that you will have as much pleasure to read it as we had to prepare it for you.

There are several novelties in this issue:

- twenty pages of text instead of sixteen, and we hope that it will be the same for three others publications, which means more pages for Chabot stories.

- three new chronicles: ***Our members***, ***Gleaners***, and ***Traditional trade***: the 1st article of a series titled Maurice, my brother (Maple syrup producer) written by Marcel Chabot, our 5th honorary member;

- four unnumbered insert pages of consisting of different forms: Membership, Renewal, Registration for the annual brunch, and various other practical information

As you know, our association needs its members, that's why it is very important to renew your membership, to speak about us to your relatives, to send us stories about Chabot, and to send us information on Chabot. It can be: birth, marriage, death, etc. A new baby is born recently: send us his name, birthdate, place of birth, names of parents (maiden name of his mother), names of grandparents. If you have pictures that you would like to share with us; you can send them by e-mail or by mail and do not have any fear, we will return them if you mention it in your letter that you would like them back.

Please note that we have a new mailing address which you can find on the previous page.

Since January 2017, the grace period for those who have not renewed their membership cards will pass from 12 months to 3 months. If you are willing to keep receiving your issues of *Les Chabotteries*, you can renew your membership on our website through PayPal (by credit card) or by mail (by cheque or money order). We keep improving our website, especially updating our information.

Preparations are well under way for the 10th anniversary of the Association. Book your Sunday, September 24, 2017 if you wish to participate. It will be held at *La Halte des Pèlerins* in Sherbrooke. The schedule will be communicated to you in the June issue of *Les Chabotteries*. We also plan to reserve a bus for members from the region of Chaudière-Appalaches and Quebec area with departure from Lévis or maybe somewhere else. More detailed information in the insert pages (unnumbered pages in the middle of this issue).

I am already excited to meet you there. Let's talk about it to your relatives and to all your Chabot family.

Kind regards

REMINDER!

To respond to the request of several people, here are the prices of membership in the *Chabot Association*. 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	

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!

Charles Washington Chabot



When you grow up in the US with the family name "Chabot", people ask you "are you French?" It is at the age of 10, I learned to say yes by my great grandfather. Now I am learning the true story of my ancestry.

My great-grandfather Charles W. Chabot was born in Brooklyn, NY, March 27, 1854. He was the third child of six but he was the first child born in the US. He was the son of Vital Chabot and Suzanne Fortin who got married at *Notre-Dame de Québec Basilica-Cathedral* on June 13, 1848.

Vital Chabot (1821 – 1890) had grown up on a farm in St. Charles-de-Bellechasse, Quebec. He was the 6th of seven children of Jean Baptiste Chabot and Marguerite Trahan (his second wife) and he was previously married to Therese Couture and of this union were born seven other children until the death

of their mother. Six of the seven children were boys who could carry the Chabot family name to the next generation. The two oldest boys continued the family tradition of farming, but the others settled down to Quebec City to learn trades, except for the youngest, Cyprien, who for unknown reasons, immigrated to New York City before 1850.

The mid-1850's was an interesting time to be in New York City. The city was growing rapidly with immigrants from around the world. The family was joining the "melting pot", mixing with people from many places and separated from their large network of extended family.

Vital, with his wife Suzanne and their two children Emma and George both born in Quebec City, followed his younger brother Cyprien to New York several years later, about 1853. It is in New York that the family will grow with the birth of Charles. When my great-great-grandfather Vital lived in Quebec, he was a blacksmith and in New York he worked as a machinist. To my knowledge, the two brothers had no other family connections in New York.

As 1860 and the US Civil War approached, Vital and family followed his younger brother Cyprien again, this time to Philadelphia. The family grew to include George, the surviving son, born in Quebec, Charles, the son born in New York, and Adolphe, Emilie and Anna, all three born in Philadelphia. During the Civil War, Vital served for three months April to August 1861 in Philadelphia Company C, Regiment 18.

In about 1880, Vital, Suzanne, and their family moved again, this time back to Brooklyn, New York, where the oldest son George had settled and married. Second son Charles W. had since 1870 started his own career path. He apprenticed as a jewelry maker at the Deutz Jewelry Factory near Trenton, New Jersey. By 1876 Charles moved to Boston, MA, where he became a successful watchcase engraver. Charles married and started a family in Boston; his wife Caroline Amanda Brazer had her roots in the US as long as Charles' roots in Quebec. Their son Charles W. Jr was born in Boston in 1880.

Charles eventually decided that his best career path was back in the New York area. This was a big problem. Charles and Caroline were living with Caroline's parents, and Caroline refused to leave Boston. This caused their marriage to fail and end in divorce.

During the 1880s Charles was shuttling back and forth between New York and Boston. He worked for the Keystone Watch Case Company, decorating watch cases, and remained with this company for almost 42 years. At first the company was located in Brooklyn, NY where he eventually lived with the family of a fellow artist Daniel Rowbotham, photographer, immigrant from Manchester, England. In 1891, Charles married another Caroline (known as Carrie), the daughter of Daniel Rowbotham and his wife Caroline (Freitag) daughter of German immigrants. In the mid 1890s the Keystone Watch Case Company relocated to Newark, New Jersey, and the Chabot family moved nearby to East Orange, N.J.. By 1900 Charles and Caroline were prosperous enough to buy a house in Bloomfield, New Jersey, where they would spend the rest of their lives and raise five children. My grandfather, Ernest Daniel Chabot, born in 1902, is the youngest child of Charles Chabot and Caroline Rowbotham. Caroline's father, photographer, also lived with the family in Bloomfield until his death in 1918.



Charles and Caroline's house on Dodd Street, Bloomfield, NJ

Charles Chabot was an artist: "A jewelry engraver of extraordinary skill, he decorated gold and silver for the large estates of the day" in the words of a grandson. From the early 1900s to 1910 he is listed as "foreman" for watch engraving. Family stories of his life always mention "gold rolling on the floor" of their home, artifacts of his profession.



A photo of Charles and his staff of this period and subtitled "Keystone Watchcase Company", which was apparently a big company which has acquired several companies of watch cases in the New York area and moreover.

Charles Washington Chabot is in the middle of the picture



**Charles & Caroline 's children:
Standing: Edgar et Gladys
Seated: Ernest and Adelaide
in 1907**

In December 1924, the Keystone Watch Case Company closed its location in Newark, and Charles chose to retire rather than to relocate to keep his job. He died just a few months later, in March 1925. My grandfather Ernest Chabot got married in 1926 to Beatrice Hassfeld and their two sons born in 1927 and 1928 were not been able to meet their grandfather, only from family stories.

My great-grandmother Caroline and her son Edgar, unmarried, were still living at the house in Bloomfield until Edgar died in 1933. During years of depression, my grandfather Ernest and his family, including my father Daniel, had joined them at home, because he could not find work. Ernest's sons (Burton and Daniel) remember the house, their grandmother Caroline and uncle Edgar fondly. The backyard grape arbor, the bathtub goldfish pond and family stories were reminders their grandfather's life at the house.

I am Michele Chabot, Burton Chabot and Hortense Demunter's daughter, and I am the elder of a family of 6. I live in Waltham, Massachusetts, and I had the opportunity to get to the Chabot's gathering at Château-Richer in Quebec with my husband Peter Mager.

* It is interesting to say: Passionate of genealogy and particularly for the Chabot, I bought a book, about 10 years ago, on eBay website entitled "Gardening for everyone The New Greenhouse" Edition 1955 and written by Ernest Chabot. Without really knowing who he was when I purchased it, I have never thought, that one day, I would meet his granddaughter at a Chabot's gathering. Michelle Chabot is a shy and demure woman, but so much passionate by her family history. *Diane Chabot Pard (09)*



Michele Chabot-Mager, member n° 228



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!

Maurice, my brother, maple syrup producer



I wrote it elsewhere, the sugar season was what Dad preferred. As soon as crows shouted and furrowed the sky and announced the spring, it urged Maurice to go to the maple grove to open snowy paths. I often accompanied him, attending the painful chore, of the poor horse having to make his way in a three and a half feet of snow. And if there had been freezing rain during winter, the horse came back of his exhausted expedition, with his bloodstained legs. Meanwhile, Dad was shovelling the roof and the surroundings of the sugar shack.

Then, as soon as the weather warmed up, they began drilling holes into maples trees with a brace, and using snowshoes to walk around. I remember that at the time of my childhood, the buckets that they hung on the trees were small and the maple sugar taps were made of wood. When the operation was over, Dad waited impatiently for the first flow to apply his skills. Boiling the sap on the concrete stove supporting the saucepans, feeding the fire to keep it constant, monitor the progress of cooking, and watch to avoid overflowing, that was what made him happy. The only tools he had were an old thermometer, a wooden spoon and a rind of bacon wrapped in a cloth (to slow down an intense bubbling). When the syrup was at its best, he grabbed the saucepan using both hands and emptied the contents which still quivered on the cloth covering the neck of a large can, with the risk of scalding injuries. At that time, the collected water was stored in a large wooden barrel in which he had to dip in constantly to maintain the appropriate water level in the three saucepans connected by a sort of siphon. Dad particularly liked those nights when the water was abundant and he had to spend the night "boiling." There was a small makeshift bed next to the fireplace where he could meditate while listening the sound of the bubbling sap and sometimes the distant hooting of an owl.

After his death, in February 1969 (after his return of a snowshoe journey up to the cabin, anticipating the pleasure of making sugar time again, he had begun to clear the accesses, and then exhausted because he had worked hard); it is Maurice who followed his footsteps. Until then, he did not want to take away dad's pleasure for "making sugar," but he had observed him closely and he knew how to make clear and golden syrup and sugar loaves tender as his father's made. He therefore continued, without any doubt, the tradition begun of my grandfather Pierre. Maple trees were numerous in the area and it was customary, since the early days of the settlement of Bellechasse, that the settlers make notches in them and produce a few gallons of maple syrup and sugar loaves to meet their needs and make some money with the surplus.

Of course, Maurice modernized the facilities fairly quickly because Dad, being moderated in his decisions, hesitated to invest money to make the necessary changes to increase the production at lower cost and less effort; I think he was a little conservative in that regard. The fact is, he finally replaced the old concrete stove by a new and modern evaporator, the old metal buckets by aluminum buckets of better dimension and new more efficient taps. He even made, one by one, lids to prevent snow or rain to penetrate into the buckets. Patiently, during the winter, he cut some hundreds of them in sheet metal boxes which were scrapped and with tools he had acquired for this purpose. Finally appeared a new method of picking the maple sap by vacuum pumping and pipes and Maurice didn't take long to follow the current changes even if its family exploitation was rather modest.



Alphée Chabot's family, Maurice the elder son of the family, second row, first from left

Ingenious as it was he had the idea to bring a power line to the sugar shack, the main power was about half a mile from there. He bought old Hydro-Québec poles, ties, insulators, wire; and did the work by himself, probably helped by his eldest son.

He too, just like dad, loved the sugar season. Sensitive and a bit romantic, he enjoyed those moments when, seated in front of the boiler, he abandoned himself to the silence, inhaling the sweet odor that mingled with the steam. His love for the maple sugar season, he passed it on to his son who, so far, continues to operate the family maple grove, bringing each year several improvements. But times were changing and family sugar shacks and family farms were disappearing at the same rate as small farms that have no future in a profit-oriented world.. We can have regrets, but that's the way it goes. One thing is certain, my brother Maurice has helped to perpetuate a very pleasant tradition that makes me a little nostalgic as I write these few lines.

The picture is the one of the sugar shack which appear in to this article. I photographed it in the mid-1980s, little before my brother's death. At that time, it had not changed much since my early childhood, except for the green corrugated iron roof. Note: the huge maple trunk, probably multi-centenary, was just in front the door. Each year, three or four buckets were hung which was filled daily in favourable weather. A maple tree that has seen many people pass by!

* Maple syrup filtration system, made of cotton or felt fabric, into which hot maple syrup is poured as the exit of the evaporator to remove impurities.



In 2016, Mr. Réjean Bilodeau from St-Damien-de-Bellechasse has published a book titled **L'histoire de l'acériculture et des sucriers de Bellechasse, berceau technologique mondial acéricole**, Tome I. (translation: **maple sugaring and producer history in Bellechasse, the world's technological cradle of maple syrup**, Tome I. This book would cover 300 years of history (1716 to 2016) but would also touch what we call the " prehistory time of maple trees culture and processing of its products " which began with the arrival of Jacques Cartier in 1534. It can be obtained from the author (104, Pointe Lévis, Saint-Damien-de-Bellechasse, Quebec, G0R 2V0, tel. (418) 789-3664). Its cost: \$ 49.95/can. It is a unique bible on the subject and it is abundantly illustrated with unpublished images and rare objects of ancient times and assumes that it is in Bellechasse that everything begun.



Marcel Chabot, member n° 96

The 80th birthday of my grandfather Bernard Chabot



My name is Irene Paquet and I'm the 7-year-old little girl with a gray dress and beret (in the front row) kneeling and looking slightly to the left on the picture. I was born in 1930 in St-Pierre, Ile d'Orléans and I am the daughter of Irene Chabot and Oscar Paquet who were married on September 12, 1927 in the parish of Saint-Laurent, Ile d'Orléans. All the people on the forecourt of the church were gathered that Monday's Thanksgiving mass of June 28, 1937, 14 days after my grandfather's birthday, Bernard Chabot, who had just celebrated his 80th birthday. He was married to my grandmother, Auxilia Plante, on January 30, 1883 in Saint-Laurent, Ile d'Orléans. In the last years of his life, he was wearing a white beard that he stroked with elegance and pride until he died at the age of 85 (he was three rows back from me, he has white hair). Grandmother Auxilia was not on this picture because she died on May 6, 1925.

My grandparents had 20 children, three of them died at an early age (Auxilia, Caroline and Emilien) while Blanche, a Good Shepherd sister, died on October 27, 1930 at the age of 42. In 1937, the sixteen others were alive. They were gathered for this feast, with the exception of Bernadette, African Missions sister, who was in Kisubi in Uganda. There were two other nuns and three priests. My mother was the last of the girls (the 18th of the 20 children) and she was born on July 15, 1905.

Of course this venerable grandfather had some grandchildren, in fact he had 82. On this leaflet it was written on the front page: Children's crown presented to Mr. Bernard Chabot on the occasion of his 80th birthday. Inside, the names of all his grandchildren and the descendants of their ten children who were married. Paul remained single and among the grandchildren, two were priests.



Bernard Chabot & Auxilia Plante



Leaflet

I did some research with my cousins who participated of this gathering to know how they have experienced this event. Several of these present grandchildren are now died and I collected only little information. Thus here is what I have found.

The day began with a mass at the church during which the family was enshrined to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The participants then went to the St. Laurent's convent, Ile d'Orléans for a meal. In the evening, then everybody went to my grandfather's home where he lived with his son Eugene, his daughter-in-law Laetitia Plante and her ten children aged between 18 and 3. Grandpa called them "my morpions".



Bernard & Auxilia's family in 1919

My brother Jean remembers that all his grandchildren presented him a flower when the family was gathered in the living room. The only thing I remembered was my mother and Jeanne-D'Arc, my father's cousin, who lived with us, had knitted me a dress and a hat. It was quite an event for me and I knew that I would go to "a big party".

There was probably a moment where they cited my grandfather's prowess : a political fanatic. I heard that he was going to Quebec City on foot to listen political speakers. Before 1935, the bridge of Ile d'Orléans did not exist. So my grandfather walked around 6 miles from St. Laurent, Ile d'Orléans to Ste. Petronille, Ile d'Orléans from where he boarded on the ferry to get Quebec City.



Association des Chabot

**Brunch on September 24, 2017 in Sherbrooke
11th Annual General Meeting
10th Year Anniversary of foundation**

Bus transportation project for members of the Quebec City and Chaudière-Appalaches regions

Your Board of Directors has conducted a price audit for bus transportation to the Eleventh Annual General Meeting which will be held at the Halte des Pèlerins in Sherbrooke.

Bus businesses will not be able to confirm the availability of buses by August 25, 2017, but they have confirmed us what it would cost for a 56-passenger bus leaving Lévis at 7:30 a.m. on September 24 and departing from Sherbrooke towards Lévis around 4 p.m. the same day.

For 50 to 56 passengers, we could offer round-trip travel for **\$35 per person**, including taxes and tip.

Please let us know if you wish to make the bus trip safely, rather answer by email: **info@association-chabot.com**

Do not forget to indicate your membership number and also the number of people who will accompany you. No deposit is required at this time:

You may also call Clement Chabot at 418- 572-2324 to confirm your desire to travel by bus.

We will confirm **not later than August 31st** if transportation by bus to Sherbrooke will be possible on September 24th.

Board of Directors are working to prepare our 10th Foundation Anniversary. You have ideas to share with us to, you would like to welcome members at their arrival at La *Halte des Pèlerins* (*vineyard business name*) on September 24, you have presents to be offered, do not hesitate to let us know by e-mail, by letter, or give us a call.

This year, we commit ourselves to reveal the name of each person who will be offered a gift on the occasion of a random draw, will be known by the participants at the general meeting, will be published in our next issue No. 40 Les Chabotteries, unless the person wants to remain anonymous



Association des Chabot

Expiration date and/or Period of grace

Member 275 EXP. May 30, 2017
Mr. Maryo Tremblay
599, rue du Griffon
Lévis Qc Canada G6V 3H5

POST CANADA
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Return the address blocks to the following address:
Chabot Association
3, rue De Gaulle
Lévis, Quebec G6V 3K9



The expiration date of your membership is quite easy to understand. According to the rules of the association, it is the date on which you cease to be a member. On the mailing label, **placed on the last page** of your issue *Les Chabotteries*, your membership number is on the left and the expiration date follows the member number (example above: member number 275 and Expiration date: May 30, 2017). Do not run the risk of missing the arrival of your next review *Les Chabotteries*: send us your renewal before the expiry date. and **do not forget to register your membership number.**

The period of grace, that is to say the period during which the Chabot association continues to send you *Les Chabotteries* even if your membership has expired, **is now 3 months.** For example, if your membership expires between December 13, 2016 and March 15, 2017, you will not receive your issue no. 39 unless you have renewed your membership before June 15, 2017. One of our board members may contact you during this grace period to invite you to renew your membership in your association.

P.S. You can always renew your membership directly on our website

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

An Update

The address of our active members is up to date. No copies of issue 37 of our magazine *Les Chabotteries* were returned to us because of a wrong address, a first time in five years. A big THANK YOU to all our members who gave us their new address. We invite you to continue to do so... (**Moving**) is coming soon.



Association des Chabot

Membership or Free renewal

To celebrate our 10th anniversary of foundation

At their meeting on January 24, the Board of Directors decided to offer, as a gift, one year of free membership to 5 members of the Association des Chabot. The winners will be announced in a drawing at the 10th Annual General Meeting in Sherbrooke on September 24th 2017.

A first winner will be drawn among the new members who will have joined the association for a period of one year between January 1, 2017 and September 15, 2017

A second winner will be drawn among the new members who will have joined the association for a period of two years and more between January 1, 2017 and September 15, 2017

A third winner will be drawn among the members who have renewed their membership to the association for a period of one year between January 1, 2017 and September 15, 2017

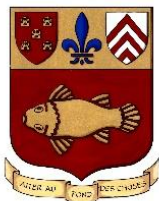
A fourth winner will be drawn among the members who have renewed their membership to the association for a period of two years or more between January 1, 2017 and September 15, 2017

A fifth winner will be drawn from among those who have already been members but and who have not renew their membership in the three years preceding October 2, 2016 but which renewed their membership for a period of one year or more between January 1, 2017 to September 15, 2017.

Each winner will receive a letter or confirmation e-mail within one week following the Annual General Meeting of the September 24, 2017. The expiry date of their membership will be postponed for one year and will appear on the label of issue Les Chabotteries # 40

We invite current members to talk to former members they know, who are still hesitant to become members, as well as their children and grandchildren.

Our goal, not to say our ultimate dream, is to have 250 members in good standing by the end of 2017 and to add at least 15 new members per year to compensate for the departure of some of our members because of their age or health.



Association des Chabot Membership or Renewal Form

Help us achieve our goal!

Renewal Membership Number _____

1. Identification

Last Name	First Name		
Address	City	State	Zip Code
Phone #	Email Address		

2. Membership fees

Canada \$25 for one year \$110 for 5 years

United States \$35 for one year \$160 for 5 years

Please make your check payable to: Association des Chabot

3. Would you like to help your Association? Tell us in which area:

4. Genealogical contribution for

Date of Birth	Place of Birth
Spouse, Last Name	First Name
Date of Marriage (common law)	Place

Parents

Father	Date of Birth	Location
Mother	Date of Birth	Location
Date of Marriage	Place	

The Association undertakes to ensure the confidentiality of the information that is disclosed and to use it only for the purposes of its day-to-day administration.

Signature	Date
-----------	------

**Please forward at the following address: Association des Chabot
3, rue De Gaulle
Lévis, Québec
Canada G6V 3K9**

I would not be surprised if he had heard Honoré Mercier, Louis-Alexandre Tachereau and Joseph-Adéard Godbout's speeches, three distinguished prime ministers of the Province of Quebec. Was he supporting the arrival of the young trifluvian lawyer Maurice Duplessis? I have not been able to know if he was a "red or blue". *

I am more specifically interested in genealogy since the commemorative festivities of the tricentennial surrounding the arrival of our ancestor Mathurin Chabot who arrived in summer 1659 in Quebec City. The 4th of August 1979 is engraved in my memory to have been the biggest gathering of Chabot on the Island of Orléans which had gathered 2,000 participants.

The importance of remembering of our ancestors is to rediscover the values they wanted to leave us. The 80th birthday of my grandfather Bernard Chabot is a legacy for me; Heritage that highlights the family!

This text was written by my sister Marguerite, according to my research and my notes.

* *Blue* was usually associated with Conservative Party and the Red with Liberal Party



Irène Paquet, member n° 98



Philippe Chabot, Admiral de Brion

In June, 2016, my spouse and I were in Vendée, France. We decided to visit a castle of the region. We thus went to the castle called Château d'Apremont.

We arrived at the bpx office of the castle, and I told the employee that my ancestors were from Vendée and that I was curious to know the country of my forefathers, the Chabot. The lady at the ticket office answered me, "Oh sir, you will be

pleasantly surprised!"

She gave us a leaflet-guide and written on the front page: *Philippe Chabot de Brion, childhood friend of Francis I and Admiral of France, built in 1534, a castle in Revival style, a wide lodging house flanked by two towers, a balcony allowing the circulation on the top of these towers, a frieze of anchors and emblems alongside the façade. This castle is conceived so that the visitors of the Admiral can arrive by boat, land on the mainland at the foot of the castle, ride on horseback to penetrate under the vaulted roof, which was unique in Europe.*

During the visit which followed, we saw Philippe Chabot's bust, his statues, and even his coat of arms which looks like as the Association des Chabot with the bullhead fish (called Chabot in French) above.

The day after, wanting to know more about it, we visited Historial de la Vendée (a museum which retraced the history of the Vendée, and which also is located very close to the Logis de la Chabotterie (the typical houses of the Lower Poitou and high place of the War of the Vendée). In this museum, I learned that it was Philippe Chabot who negotiated the liberation of Francis I who was a Spaniard's prisoner. It was at this time that the King named him Admiral of France. As Admiral of France, Philippe convinced Francis I to give the mission to a young captain from Saint-Malo to head west to discover new lands in the name of the King. Oh yes! Finally, we can almost conclude that it is due to a Chabot that Jacques Cartier discovered Canada.



Yves Chabot, member n° 274

Audrey Chabot tells her story



From left to right :
Top: Alyson, 11 & William, 10
Bottom: Julianne, 6 and
Thomas, 3.

Hello, dear members of the Chabot Association,

May I introduce myself, Audrey Chabot. I am 36 years old. Pascal, my husband and I have been a couple for 17 years and have been married for 13. We have four children. I am writing to explain our journey since the birth of our children and relate what it's like to raise a large family in 2016.

When it came to marriage, it was always about children. We started out with an agreement to have one, but what we really wanted was totally different for both of us. Pascal wanted only two, but I wanted six. I've always dreamed of having a big family. Pascal was not necessarily closed to the idea of having more than two. So that's how we started.

Our first child was born prematurely on January 22, 2005. Everything went so quickly...at my 32nd week, I did not expect to give birth so fast! A little girl was born, and we named her Alyson! We were overjoyed knowing she was healthy despite her small size! Everything went well and she came home three weeks later.

As we wanted our children to be close, our second child was born on August 28, 2006, a year and a half after Alyson. The funniest thing about it is that our beautiful William was born exactly on the same date as my three sisters and my maternal great-grandmother Regina Picard-Boucher. William was born at 36 weeks of pregnancy. He was very small for the number of weeks, but the doctors ran tests on the second day after William's birth. As it turned out, he had no thyroid gland. The thyroid gland is the gland of growth, so that explained why he was so small. It's called congenital hypothyroidism. It is treated very well with Synthroid's pill taken daily. Still, William is totally healthy.

Then, our little Julianne came into the world on January 23, 2010. She was born at the 37th week of pregnancy. She was a beautiful plump little girl weighing six pounds and two ounces. Thanks to Julianne, I was able to realize the connection between a child and her mother by breastfeeding her until she was two and a half years old. It was her who decided when it was over. I loved this beautiful bond and the little ritual that we had every night before sleeping, although when it ended I felt a void, and there was a little mourning to do.

Then Thomas, our last one, came into the world on November 13, 2013. Thomas was born in my 37th week of pregnancy. He weighed six pounds and twelve ounces also. Our biggest gift package! With him too, I had an extraordinary connection because I breastfed him for two years.

Each of our children is special for their character and their first name. Let me explain: we thought that since we did not know the sex in each of the pregnancies, that if the first was a girl it was me who chose and vice versa if it was a boy. As the first was a girl, it was up to me to choose. I had several names in mind, but she had the small face of an Alyson! Then there was William whose first name was chosen by his dad. Julianne,

was a bit special. We agreed on this first name, first because we liked it, but also because part of his name is after my grandfather Jules Chabot. Finally Thomas was named after a favorite uncle on his father's side, Uncle Thomas. It was also a name that we appreciated a lot, but all these links bring us back to the point which is a very important thing for us, the family. So that's what it is for children.



You are surely wondering if the family is over for us. Well! We have not closed the door to future children, so we will just let nature take its course!

Now, in 2016, when it comes to discipline, it's quite difficult. With two pre-teens of 11 and 10 years and two smaller ones of 6 and 3 years, it is not always life in the pink, but if we start listening to everyone, we will no longer know where to head! For our part, sometimes we pass for extraterrestrials, I explain: for example, with all technologies—computers, iPads, Nintendo Ds, iPhones, and so on—that they have at their disposal; children no longer have the sense of values. So, for us, our children do not have Nintendos, video games, iPhones, etc. We have a computer for my husband's company and when the children use it, it is because they deserve a privilege and they have a time limit, no more than 15 minutes at a time! I hear you think and say, "But they are crazy!"

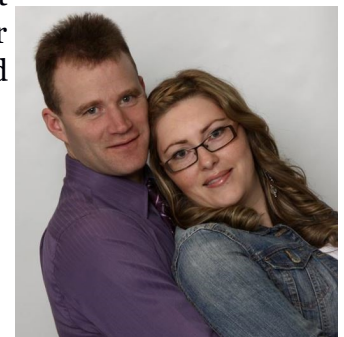
We are often told that we will not always have control over this, but I tell them that for the time it lasts will be well earned, and then we will see. What I find most difficult in raising a large family is always juggling time. We live in a society where everything goes so fast that we have difficulty making the good times last, because we always have to hurry to move on. That is our reality today, and we have to live with it. You just have to try as often as possible to stop time in your own way.

Given our love for camping, when the opportunity comes in the summer, we go on an adventure and find it a rather desirable way to make unforgettable moments with our family, as if we were in our own little bubble and everything else no longer counts.

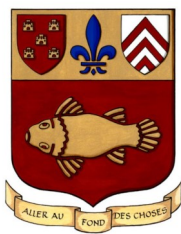
In conclusion, I will not lie to you by saying that there are not some people, who find us crazy to have so many children. Our goal is this and it is also our wealth. Yes, I agree that it is not a feast every day, but I tell you that later, it will be the others who will bite their fingers when we strut with dozens of grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren! I do not regret this choice to have so many children!

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL! THANK YOU!

Audrey Chabot



Members of the Association des Chabot



First of three short headings regarding our members

The Association will soon have 10 years old existence. Mrs. Jeanne Chabot (member no 494) from Montreal is the last person who joined the association last December.

Here is a short graphic to illustrate how many people became members from year to year since June 1st 2007 to May 31, 2016

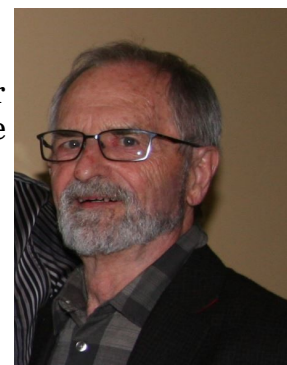
Year	Engaged members	Women	Men
2007-2008	212	92	120
2008-2009	88	43	45
2009-2010	62	28	34
2010-2011	33	16	17
2011-2012	11	2	9
2012-2013	23	11	12
2013-2014	22	15	7
2014-2015	20	8	12
2015-2016	16	11	5
2016-2017	7	6	1
Total	494	232	262

Year 2007-2008 was our most successful with 212 members recruited, representing 43% of all members who joined the association in 10 years. The month of July 2007 received the largest number of membership (47), followed by September 2008 - 2nd assembly in Saint-Lazare-de-Bellechasse - (37), October 2007 - 1st gathering at the Sugar Shack Chabot in Neuville - (35), June 2007 (32) and, finally, October 2010 - 4th gathering at Château-Richer - (18).

I am pleased to see that women represent 47% of our members and I want more of them to get involved on the board.

In the next issue, we will talk about the geographical representation of our members, the members which remains faithful to the association since the beginning...

Jean-Louis Chabot, member n° 190



These women and men from whom we are descendants



Gleaners (Information picked here and there)

Here is an extract¹ in which the figures on the origin of the Franco-Quebec population are quite astonishing. I leave the reader to judge.

"In 1966, Hubert Charbonneau and a team of historian demographers founded the University of Montreal's Historical Demography Research Program. They launched a vast reconstruction project for the entire population of Quebec until 1850, based on parish registers, genealogical documents and census data that Trudel² and others had refined. This exceptional project has produced a study of unparalleled depth, rigor and completeness. It was found that there were more than eight million people of Franco-Quebec ancestry in North America at the beginning of the twenty-first century. These individuals were all from about 1,425 women who crossed the Atlantic between 1608 and 1680, and approximately 1,800 men³. They were even less likely to produce this Acadian population that spread throughout the world, and there were other interesting trends for Métis populations."

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1. Hackett Fisher, David. **Le rêve de Champlain** (Champlain's dream). The Editions du Boréal, 2012, 998 pages. P. 661. The author, an American historian, devoted part of his life to writing this work, which is an inescapable sum about the founder of New France. Without Champlain, his courage, his perseverance, we would not be there and this handful of women and men who conceived us would never have crossed the sea to found a new country.
2. Marcel Trudel, mentioned in the excerpt, is a Quebec historian, author of a fundamental work in several volumes on New France. He has written other books, including the **Catalogue des immigrants** (Immigrant Catalogue), indispensable to any genealogist.
3. We are bold. These women had to have very beautiful voices, because their descendants of the 21st century, our popular singers who ride the waves, make Quebec's reputation in France and throughout the world for the excellence of their voices (strength, timbre, pitch).

For those interested in our history, I can recommend the reading of Mr. Hackett Fisher's book, which tells us much about our origins and our national character, the legacy of Champlain.

Marcel Chabot, member n° 96



Marriage of the sun and of the snow



Here is Rosanne Chabot's love story, engineer agronomist, born in St-Hubert in Quebec, daughter of Noel Chabot and Marie Odesse and her husband Souleymane Coulibaly (which we called Youl in the story) born in Africa and which united their fates in 2010 at Dedoougou, Burkina Faso).

Marriage of the sun and the snow (in Canada where it snows in winter and in Africa where the sun is omnipresent)

I never imagined that one day I would write the story of my marriage and that people might be interested. Many of you have asked me, even several times, so I decided to get started. I started it a long time ago, but it is to celebrate our first anniversary of marriage that I finish this writing. These marriage days were very special: the realization of a distant dream, almost forgotten. I let myself be carried away by the events

and you will see that I really did not control much. So I just tried to enjoy the moments that passed and that often surprised me, but especially made me so happy. Despite the presence of many people, these moments are very personal: I hope that I will succeed in making you feel their intensity and to integrate you to the celebration!

Preparations of the Civil Marriage

A) Logistics—I did not get much involved in the preparations. I missed time with my work, particularly because of several things that must be done during my working hours: Town Hall reservation, depot of identity documents for witnesses, authentication of our signatures, Proof of residence, deposit of marriage application at the town hall, etc. A reality in Burkina Faso is that's never, I mean never, you cannot have a service and have an immediate response to your request: there was nobody on that day, people were in meetings, the responsible person was at a funeral, there are no more copies of the form or the photocopier is broken down, the signatory is too busy, we were not warned that such a document was also required, there are too many people and so we will not have time to answer you. etc. I am not telling you how we must be patient I managed to be patient to make all the preparations!

It is, therefore Youl, with his status of "self-employed worker," who was able to take time to carry out the majority of the preparations: to see the griots [African historians, story tellers, musicians, singers, etc.] to buy the food, to reserve the Maquis [restaurant], to make sure that we had all the documents necessary, book tents, chairs, and sound system, prepare the house, etc. Youl's friends had the responsibility to make the distribution of the invitation cards. Nothing else for me!

(B) Clothing—Youl and I took care of our wedding clothes together. The fabrics were bought in advance (bazin [High quality damask cotton fabric] and linen) but the sewing was done just a week before the wedding. It was Youl's half-sister who took care of sewing and the embroidery. Youl and I chose our models and she did a wonderful job. Wedding ceremonies at the town hall, women are generally dressed in white, a fashion that comes from our western countries. I did not want to be in white, but I wanted an original colorful model, and we were finally very satisfied with the result.

C) Temporary move—For the time of the marriage, we decided to move to Youl's family courtyard where his mother, his step-mother some of his brothers and his half-brother Abdoulaye lived. Youl, his son Mica and I live together in a house, but not in his family courtyard, despite Youl having his own home over there. We moved into this house with my brother and his girlfriend for about two weeks. Before the wedding, Youl and his friends built a hangar made of séko [kind of high herbs which look like the straw] so that we could sit out in front of the house while being protected from the sun.

(D) Witnesses—The choice of witnesses was not straightforward. In fact, as my brother was to be present at the wedding, I hoped he could be my witness. This choice was quickly rejected as a member of my family and he can not be my witness. My second choice was with my colleague and working partner since the beginning of my stay, the first one I met in Burkina: this choice was not accepted either because he was not ten years older than me. Indeed, in order to ensure those witnesses can play a real supporting role for the new couple, the witness must have more experience than the (groom or the bride) to be able to give good advice! During the ceremony at the mayor's office, witnesses are directly challenged to be genuine support for the bride and groom, and the bride and groom are always asked to refer first to witnesses in conflict situations. Here in Burkina Faso, when there are conflicts in everyday life, people often turn to an intermediary, usually an older and respected person, to settle the situation. For example, if you want to ask someone for forgiveness, an intermediary will do it for you at your request. So witnesses should play this role between my husband and me. This way of doing is obviously surprising for Westerners, but it is a cultural reality in Burkina Faso that is not at all to be neglected.



Karimou , Rosanne, Youl and Kadenza

So I had to make a third choice of witness that was finally accepted; Karimou Dembélé, the President of the Union where I work. I was finally happy with this choice, because Karimou continually cares about my well-being here as well as Youl and Mica (Youl's son). He must also have experience in the conflicts of couples since he has himself three wives!

Youl chose, on his side, the leader of Dedougou as witness, which the latter had cheerfully accepted. The problem was that eventually he was not available that day. Youl's choice ultimately centered on Lamoussa Adenza, the President of Human Rights in the Boucle du Mouhoun region.

Muslim marriage

So far, I have spoken to you mainly about the civil marriage recognized by Canada. However, this marriage was preceded by a traditional Muslim marriage. Imam Seré, a Muslim religious leader chosen by Youl, had explained to him that he had the right to marry a Christian because it is allowed in the Muslim Religion. He said that it would be good that he could meet me to explain the bases of Islam. I found this request interesting because Youl, did not talk about his religion very often (he is not very practicing and even tends to believe a little at all, wearing a Catholic medallion of St. Benedict and making sacrifices on animistic fetishes, in case all this would work better than the Muslim religion), it would allow me to know it a little more.

This encounter took place on February 17, the eve of our traditional marriage. We had chosen this date a little late so that my brother and his girlfriend, who had arrived the day before, could be present. Seré had asked a colleague and friend to come and support him; especially for French translation (my Dyula [language spoken in Burkina Faso, Ivory and Mali] was not good enough for me to understand this kind of discussion!). Finally, I was mainly explained how prayers were made, why they must be made (perform the ablutions, type of ablution [purification of certain part of the body] according to your level of impurity, etc.), the words to be known, etc. At the end of these explanations, the speech begins to become a little surprising: they told me of taking a Muslim name and finally to recite the necessary verses for the conversion: surprise! There I no longer understood anything. "You want me to be converted, like that, within 2 minutes?" All this is comedy! They explained us that if we wanted the Muslim marriage in the mosque, I should necessarily be converted. In my mind, I reviewed at full speed all the people, especially old Muslims villagers of Youl's mother and old people of his dad's family, who had been warned of the religious marriage. For Youl and me personally, making a Muslim wedding or not would not change anything because we could not even go to the mosque. But all the invitations had already been sent out, what are we going to do? On the other hand, I could not either agree to be converted like that, in front of my brother who had never been notified and by the potential impact to my family who had not been informed. I thus explained them all this. What was the most convincing was, it was not what we had understood at first, that my brother, present here, had never heard of a possible conversion. I could not do this without the family being informed. As here, the support of the family is still very important, everyone agreed. Youl did not know what to say, because the Imam had never spoken to him about conversion; but he did not want to confront him. Here in Burkina Faso we do not confront, in public, an old person or someone we owe respect. We all came out of this encounter without understanding what did happen. Especially as the imam said that the marriage of a Muslim with a Christian is allowed but not at the mosque but only at the city hall. Strange though!

We thus had to advise people of the cancellation of the marriage at the mosque. On the other hand, blessings could take place after the prayer at the mosque. This day, I also had to do some shopping because the traditional Muslim marriage would take place at home. At the end of the day, I thus left with Youl's sister-in-law to the market to buy two pareos, a pair of thongs, a wicker basket, a traditional sponge, a bucket, a mat and some cream. I did not know at all what all these things were going to be used for and no one explained it to me.

That evening, on the eve of the traditional wedding, I had to ask my godmother what I had to do for the next morning. Indeed, it was Youl's step-mother, who had been designated to be my "godmother" for the traditional marriage. She told me that I had to be ready early, around 7 a.m., and that I had to wear clothes that I would then give, because the blacksmith (forgeronnes) [the griots and the forgeronnes are women who promote and apply African traditions] will leave with them. So wearing a pareo with a t-shirt would be fine.

Traditional Muslim Marriage

Early on the morning of February 18, 2010, I was ready. There was already a lot of action in Youl's courtyard. All during the marriage and several days later, Youl's sisters who were from Ouagadougou or Abidjan (Ivory Coast) were staying in the courtyard. Damata, Youl's sister from Abidjan, came for the occasion with Harichata, Youl's daughter, who lives with her.

This was for me the first opportunity to meet them. Her sisters from Dedougou, Burkina Faso were also there to help with the preparations. So, neighbors and extended family that I did not know were always around.

Obviously, nobody came early for my preparations. It was not until about 9.30 that Adjaratou, a young neighbor, arrived veiled in black from head-to-toe. Very few Muslim women in Burkina Faso are so veiled, which in fact surprised me a little; more than I didn't even know her. On the other hand, once she sat down right next to me she use a henna stencil for my feet and my hands, then she removed her veil covering her and she was wearing a very attractive black dress. I discovered a cheerful young woman, funny, who was a pleasant company and who was joyful and enthusiastic when I met her.



my feet dyed with henna



my hands dyed with my husband's first name

Henna is a plant with which a powder is made. This powder, mixed with a little water, becomes a thick paste which, placed on the skin for several hours, dyes it red. After removing this paste, the Burkinabians put on the red color of the ash mixed with water and a kind of salt which produces a reaction emitting a strong smell of ammonia which finally dyes the skin black. Women often have hands and feet dyed with henna but the latter is particularly used for weddings. Obviously, I later was at rage with tattooed hands and feet, because women adore that the white people follow their traditions and in our case, the black color stands out a lot on our white skin, which they find particularly nice. The following days, the henna also recalled to our minds our marriage of which people were sincerely happy.

From the time that Adjaratou began to prepare me with henna, I did not leave the house all day... Every time I had gone to a wedding before and I saw the bride locked up in the house, I obviously found this a strange situation. There I lived this tradition myself. I heard the women who were beginning to arrive in the courtyard and there was more and more action outside. It is a little before 10 a.m. that Adjaratou finally put on her veil and that the women, especially the griottes and blacksmiths, entered the house where I was. Griots are the people of African society who maintain oral tradition. They have several roles. They are the ones who know the stories of families and can sing the praises of your ancestors.

(to be continued in the next issue n° 39)

Rosanne Chabot





The 101 years of Charlotte Roy-Chabot



Mrs. Charlotte Roy-Chabot surrounded by her daughters

From newspaper Haut-Saint-François, dated August 24, 2016— Her keen eyes, aware of everything around her, Mrs. Charlotte (Roy) Chabot was sharing a meal with her daughters to celebrate her 101 years. For this occasion she accepted a glass of beer, regretting however the cigarettes which she smoked up to the age of 95. Resident of long-term accommodation center in the City of Weedon since January 2016, Mrs Roy-Chabot gets acquainted with her new environment. She is now nearer some of her children and her grandchildren there. She is mother of two daughters, Micheline and Marie-Therese, and foster mother of her niece, Huguette, placed at her home when she was quite young. The centennial had only one word in the mouth " work, work, work! " she said. Mrs. (Roy) Chabot grew up in a family of 14 brothers and sisters. Five of her brothers who are more than 90 years old. She enjoyed preparing desserts and as a Member of the Educational Feminine Association and Social action (AFEAS in French), she has exhibited near about forty cakes and pastries, among which were her famous love squares which made her reputation. Today, Mrs (Roy) Chabot is proud of her eight grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren to which two others were recently added for a new generation.

Unfortunately, when I found this newspaper article, I discovered Mrs. Charlotte (Roy Chabot) passed away peacefully on January 27th, 2017 at the age of 101 and 8 months. She was born on May 20th, 1915 in St-Georges-de-Windsor, Richmond County, Quebec, daughter of Jean-Baptiste Roy and Albina Grandmont. She married Gerard Chabot, son of Rehul Chabot and Josephine Collard, on December 3rd, 1934.

On behalf of the Association des Chabot, we would like to express our sincere sympathies.



Diane Chabot-Pard n° 09

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