



Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 42 Spring 2018

From Bullied Stammerer To Quasi Pop Star



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Jimmy Chabot became jimchab for Manitobans, who adopted him as morning man.

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

Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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Membership (Canadian)	\$25 CA	1 year
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Membership (Canadian)	\$110 CA	5 years
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Message from the President



Greetings everybody,
We're already in late March, Winter is coming to an end and the maple season has been early in many regions

The Association continues to grow and changes are gradually made so that your Association can better represent the Chabot.

On Facebook we have changed our presence to "groupe des Chabot" and "page des Chabot".

This was done in order to better differentiate between being a member of the Association des Chabot, belonging to its Facebook group or having liked its page. Those who have liked the Facebook page and/or belong to the Facebook group do not enjoy the benefits of belonging to the Association des Chabot.

Our next gathering will take place in the Saint-Grégoire part of the City of Bécancour. Our members (and their guests) in the Capitale nationale and the Chaudière Appalaches regions are offered return transportation by bus between Lévis and Bécancour, using a chartered bus provided at least 48 persons request this service by filling the form on page C4 and returning it before April 30, 2018.

As usual, your Association needs you. First by renewing your membership on time, secondly by mentioning your association to your family and friends and thirdly by being our eyes to un-

cover the exploits of the Chabot in your area, by supplying us with text and true stories about the Chabot and by notifying us of the birth of little Chabot.

We strive to better the association and nothing is neglected when it comes to offer you the best and to better serve you.

A fundraising campaign has been organized to refill the operating fund following the expenses incurred for the new website and the creation of a reserve for fees paid in advance.

I also want to thank all those who give their time so that you are proud of your Association and your magazine.



Erratum

On page 7 of issue # 41 (Winter 2017), the name of Sandra Jean Chabot's mother should have read Pearl Thompson Chabot instead of Mary Ellen Boutin. The latter name was the maiden name of her grandmother who had married Edward Croxton Chabot. Our thanks to her cousin, Nancy Chabot Brejcha (Member #517) from Westchester, Illinois, for bringing the error to our attention.

My on-air career thanks to stammering



“Jimmy Chabot: 2016 person of the year in Manitoba” read Le Journal Express of Drummondville on January 11, 2017. The article’s author started with “Since he willingly exiled himself west of the province of Québec, Drummondville born radio-host Jimmy Chabot is reaping the fruits of his zeal and passion for the promotion of French-speaking Canada. Radio-Canada has named him as one of the persons that most distinguished themselves in Manitoba during 2016.

It a blog posted on October 18, 2106 that made the radio-hosting qualities of Jimmy Chabot known outside Drummondville and Manitoba. The next day the Huffington Post was reproducing Jimmy Chabot’s text in its entirety and many newspapers mentioned it in the following weeks and months. Jimchab’s story deserves to be known by our members and we have decided to reproduce his October 18, 2016 blog here and to add links that will allow you to learn more about him and the tour of the French-speaking world he has undertaken in early 2018.

Who would have thought the little guy who couldn’t put two words together would end up earning a living behind a microphone! Let me tell you how my biggest weakness turned into my greatest resource.

The nightmare began as soon as I entered high school... The stress of a new school and of meeting new people made me speak fast... fast... fast, without pausing to breathe. As a result, I was tripping on my words. During the first class, we had to introduce ourselves. “Hi’mji... ji... ji... ji... MMY. The class erupted in laughter and I was renamed “Ji... Ji... MMY”. People made fun of my little girly voice. I lost my self-confidence... I was tripping more and more over my words.

In my French class, each in turn, we had to read a paragraph from a text... I could see my turn coming...I would go white with fear! One consonant gave me an especially hard time: “L”. I was keeping tracks of whose turn it was...My paragraph would start with “Il”. Normally, to avoid tripping, I would find a synonym in my mind. But in a text by Molière, replacing “Il” with “Tintin”... Not the best of ideas. My turn arrived: “I... I... I...ILLLL”. Guffaws in the class. I tried again, and again. One failure followed the other. I was unable to complete the word without hearing the class make fun of me.

Each French class became a massacre. Each reading in public was the worst situation I could be in. I think I would have preferred death row. At least criminals had a privilege I didn’t have: to choose their last meal. The teacher arranged a meeting with my mother to find a solution to my stammering. That call was a knife in my self-esteem: I had been categorized as a stammerer.

Yes, I thought about it... We had just a friend who had committed suicide and my father’s words resonated in my head: “There’s always another solution”. At that moment, I was thin... with no strength. A fly would have knocked me out. Instead of using my fists to defend myself, I had another philosophy:



to show my tormentors that I had succeeded in life when we'd meet for our 10th anniversary reunion.

Before going to bed, I repeated these words to myself: "I will succeed... I will succeed... I will succeed..."

I took my courage in both hands and transformed myself in a tank. I used my secret weapon: self-therapy. Each morning, I would read the newspaper aloud, a cork stopper in my mouth. Little "Ji... Ji... Ji... MMY would run for school president against his best friend and the two most popular girls in school. I felt comfortable, my delivery greatly increased and I was speaking a lot louder. It was my way of saying: "STOP!" Each morning, candidates for school president had to speak on the PA system. For my part, I was shouting. The teachers had to put pillows in front of the loudspeakers so that my voice would sound normal.

Stammerers will tell you they feel under observation. Pronunciation problems are worse. When speaking on the PA system, I was alone with a telephone and nobody could see me. Before going to bed, I repeated these words to myself: "I will succeed... I will succeed... I will succeed..." So, what do you think happened? I was elected president. My first achievement was to create a charter against bullying. Each morning I enjoyed announcing the day's extracurricular activities on the PA system. I had just found my greatest passion, radio hosting.

My stammering came back a few times afterwards, each time I felt I was being listened to. When I arrived at the community radio in Kapuskasing, the two other hosts were in their 40s and had more than 10 years of experience behind the microphone. Each time I would make a mistake, a wrong sentence structure, they'd enter the studio and would insult me to my face. I froze. My boss met with me in his office: "If you can't overcome your stammering, you will have to return home in Québec."

I became Jimchab and every day I show them they were wrong not to believe in my dreams.

At my audition at the most prestigious radio hosting school, I was refused on the first selection because of my low marks in French (I always hated French classes because of the readings in front of the class). For the second selection, I had to do an interview in person. I find myself facing the eight directors. First question: "What is your name?" "Ji... Ji... Ji... Ji... Ji..."

Since that day, I have become Jimchab and each day I show them they were wrong not to believe in my dreams.

Interview my greatest idols : Carmen Campagne, Mathieu Perreault, Claude Giroux

Becoming morning man for a radio station: Jimchab in the morning on Envol 91 FM

Becoming a sportscaster: I covered the Grey Cup and the Winnipeg

Having my own tv program : Jimchab sur la route (52 épisodes in 52 weeks)

Discovering Canada on account of my work: I earn a living in one of the 25 cities to see according National Geographic

When I was thinking of ending my life, my father told me there would always be another solution. Yes, there will always be one. If nobody had been around to show me the straight and narrow, I would never have been able to put a check mark against every item on my bucket list.

Here's a message for you, my friend... Remain hopeful. You're the best, you'll make it. Find your passion and turn it into a livelihood.

Suicide is not an option.

Share this message it could change a life.

Jimmy Chabot Animateur radio et vlogueur

18 octobre 2016

Useful links to learn more about Jimmy:

<http://jimchab.com/project/mon-histoire-est-partout-o/>

<http://jimchab.com/project/ma-carriere-radio-grace-au-begalement/>

<http://jimchab.com/project/jimchab-porte-voix-de-ceux-qui-souffrent-en-silence/>

<http://ici.radio-canada.ca/regions/special/2017/reporters-rdv17/jimmy-chabot.html>

<http://ici.radio-canada.ca/premiere/emissions/gravel-le-matin/segments/entrevue/55766/begalement-radio-video-truc-jimmy>

[https://www.lanouvellerepublique.fr/loisirs/le-jeune-quebecois-vit-son-reve-de-](https://www.lanouvellerepublique.fr/loisirs/le-jeune-quebecois-vit-son-reve-de-fran-)

[cophonie?queryId%5Bquery1%5D=57cd2206459a452f008b4594&queryId%5Bquery2%5D=57c95b34479a452f008b459d&page=1&pageId=57da5ce0459a4552008b456a](https://www.lanouvellerepublique.fr/loisirs/le-jeune-quebecois-vit-son-reve-de-fran-cophonie?queryId%5Bquery1%5D=57cd2206459a452f008b4594&queryId%5Bquery2%5D=57c95b34479a452f008b459d&page=1&pageId=57da5ce0459a4552008b456a)

For yet more information

- [Le site web de Jimmy Chabot](#)
- [Jimmy Chabot sur Facebook](#)

Subscribe to his YouTube channel: [La chaîne YouTube de Jimmy Chabot](#)

A special thank you goes to Caroline Lepage who was kind enough to grant us permission to use the photo first published on January 4, 2018 in le Journal de Québec and le Journal de Montréal (<http://le-monde.ddns.net/nouvelles/un-begue-saccroche-a-son-reve-detre-animateur-de-radio>) on our cover page.

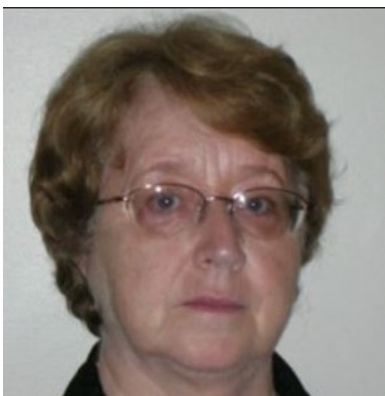
Research: Maryo Tremblay Chabot and Jean-Louis Chabot

Genealogy of Jimmy Chabot (patrilineal descentance)

- XII Jimmy Chabot, born in Drummondville on May 5, 1995, is the son of
- X1 Yves Chabot and Johanne Bertrand
- X André Chabot, married to Rolande Dion in Trois-Rivières on July 31, 1948
- IX Wildy Chabot, married to Cécile Désilets in Saint-Célestin de Nicolet, on September 29, 1925
- VIII Hector Chabot, married to Wilhelmine Martel in Sainte-Monique de Nicolet, on January 29, 1894
- VII Georges-Pierre Chabot, married to Louise Doucet in Saint-Célestin de Nicolet on August 11, 1862
- VI Pierre Chabot, married to Marguerite Bergeron in Saint-Grégoire Nicolet on October 28, 1823
- V Louis Chabot, married to Marguerite Naud-Labrie in Saint-Charles-de-Bellechasse on February 9, 1790
- IV Pierre Chabot, married to Thérèse Leclerc in Saint-Laurent Île d'Orléans on April 17, 1752
- III Jean-Chabot married to Marie-Madeleine Dufresne in Saint-Laurent Île d'Orléans on April 26, 1718
- II Jean-Chabot, married to Éléonore Énault in Saint-Pierre, Île d'Orléans, on 17 November 1692
- I Mathurin Chabot, born in Nalliers, married to Marie Mésangé in Notre Dame de Québec on November 17, 1661.



Marie-Marthe Chabot, an exceptional woman



Coming from a family of 12, Marie-Marthe Chabot is the daughter of Amédée Chabot and Joséphine Gallant. Her father was born in Saint-Magloire, in the County of Bellechasse, and he married his lovely Joséphine who lived 500 km away in the Saint-François-d'Assise parish in the County of Bonaventure and where their 8 daughters and 4 sons would be born.

In the Plateaux*, exceptional women are many. Each, in her way, contributes to the economic and social life of her community. Following is a summary of the life of one of them. Born in Saint-François-d'Assise and have lived in L'Ascension-de-Patapédia** for many years, Marie-Marthe Chabot Gallant does not go unnoticed. Her 34-year teaching career is responsible for her fame from Escuminac to l'Ascension-de-Patapédia

Early in her career, the schools in Matapédia and les Plateaux saw her in action. Every subject matter was on her plate. In January 1970, while she was teaching at Saint-Alexis-de-Matapédia, the school's plumbing froze. Classes were moved to Matapédia in the High School still under construction. "We could hear all the noise made by the workers through our windowless doors" she says. Marie-Marthe would teach mathematics there for twenty-seven and a half years.



Early on she took the school bus to travel to work, but then, following a change in regulations, she had to drive her own car, 68 km every day, in all seasons, in any weather! The problem is that hills and curves are many on the Plateaux... Our heavy-footed teacher did not allow herself much time to get to work. On a certain morning, a policeman drove her. She paid a few speeding tickets a year. Once, she even taught after having a crash... She was one tough cookie, our friend!

Marie Marthe got married in 1966; she would give birth to three children. One, a bit in a hurry, seemed to come before he was due. After teaching four classes that day, she gave birth in the evening... In

those days, women enjoyed the “advantage” of forty days of maternity leave after delivery.

She retired in 1997; since volunteering did not keep Marie-Marthe busy enough, she proposed to work part-time in a residence for seniors, where she enjoyed cooking for 8 years. “I always would have liked to take cooking lessons” she says. She has been a municipal councillor for the past 20 years. A very active participant in religious affairs in her community, she chairs the liturgy committee, is contact person for the revitalization committee, and person responsible for liturgies of the Word, she prepares masses, funerals, etc.

Also in charge of first responders, during her emergency outings, she enjoys her spouse’s occasional help, especially at night, in carrying all that heavy equipment. Of course! There is a René somewhere, with whom this year she celebrates fifty years of life together. Even if, as she says: “it was rock’n rool at times”, Marie-Marthe values every aspect of her lifestyle: her profession, her pupils, her seniors, her volunteering... are engraved on her heart.

*The Matépédia et les Plateaux region is situated in the western part of the MRC (regional county municipality) of Avignon in the Gaspésie — Les-Îles-de-la-Madeleine region. It comprises five townships: Matapédia, Saint-Alexis-de-Matapédia, Saint-André-de-Restigouche, Saint-François-d’Assise and L’Ascension-de-Patapédia for a total population of 2129 inhabitants on a 565 sq km territory separated from New Brunswick by the Restigouche River.

**Accessible via Road 132, L’Ascension is a plateau situated between Amqui and Matapédia, the village which gave its name to Gaspésie’s freshwater body. The municipality of L’Ascension-de-Patapédia has a small population, but is well known by the area’s inhabitants because its territory ends on the border between the provinces of New Brunswick and Québec, that is the Restigouche River. The latter is prized for a valued activity in the Matapédia Valley, salmon fishing. 200 km in length, the river has its source in the neighbouring province of New Brunswick. The Mi’kmaq word “Patepedia” means “uneven and unpredictable current”.

Reference : <https://amecq.ca/2016/05/03/marie-marthe-chabot-une-femme-remarquable/>

This article was published on May 3, 2016 and is adapted here with the kind permissions of Ms Diane Dufour, president of the Tam Tam, a community newspaper in Matapédia et les Plateaux, and of the author, Ms Céline Tremblay.

Isabelle Chabot, house painter



Isabelle Chabot was born in Montreal in 1981, daughter of Jean Chabot and Claude Larue. She was teacher in a CPE (Early Childhood Center) for 13 years, but her passion for painting and handicrafts as well as the prospect of being her own boss have prevailed over the safety of a career already planned.

"I was 4 years old and my father gave me a paint brush to paint the moldings. I followed him with tools," says Mrs. Chabot of Saint-Bruno-de-Montarville.

Mrs. Chabot met Alicia Schwartz in the summer of 2015, on a construction site where they were both employed by a renovations contractor. Mrs. Schwartz had already accumulated several years of experience in the student painting business, while Mrs. Chabot was on sabbatical to perform work in the field of construction.

"There were many things that the contractor for which we worked was telling us. We were talking to each other and we thought we would do them differently, explains Schwartz, of La Prairie. We started to think about creating our business because there was a bond between us. "

The duo specializes in interior and exterior building painting. Most other employees that they rub shoulders with on construction sites are men. Since creating their residential painting business in 2015, Alicia Schwartz and Isabelle Chabot have heard all manners of comments about women in the field of construction.

Their firm determination has however allowed them to develop their business PeinturElles, based in Saint-Bruno-de-Montarville (an off-island suburb of Montreal), into a flourishing project. Nothing yet everything predestined Mrs. Chabot and Schwartz to start their business in October 2015.

"We did not choose that profession only to make money. It was chosen because it is rewarding, says Mrs. Chabot. Knowing that the customer is satisfied, that is our goal. "

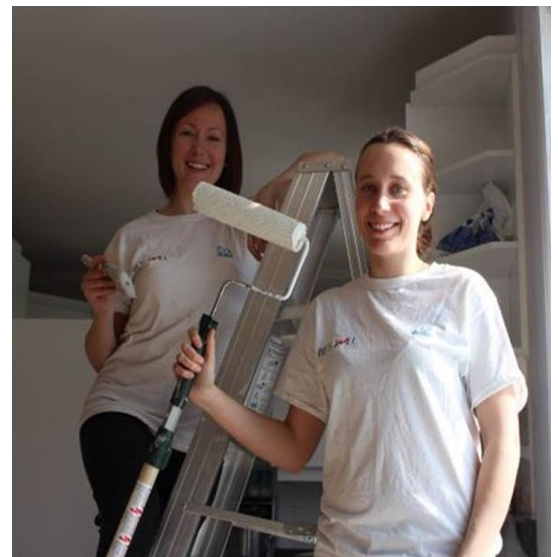
They are especially proud to have made the decision to go into entrepreneurship, despite the doubts of some of their relatives. In the residential painting domain, women seem to be more present than in other fields of building trades, according to the two contractors. "Let us hope that our path will inspire others!" they say.

References: <http://www.versants.com/deux-femmes-dans-un-milieu-dhommes/>

<http://www.lereflet.qc.ca/actualites/2016/3/7/deux-femmes-peintres-dans-un-domaine-masculin-.html>

Journalists : Audrey Leduc-Brodeur, du Journal le Reffet et Frédéric Khalkhal, du Journal Les Versants

Photos: TC Media - Denis Germain

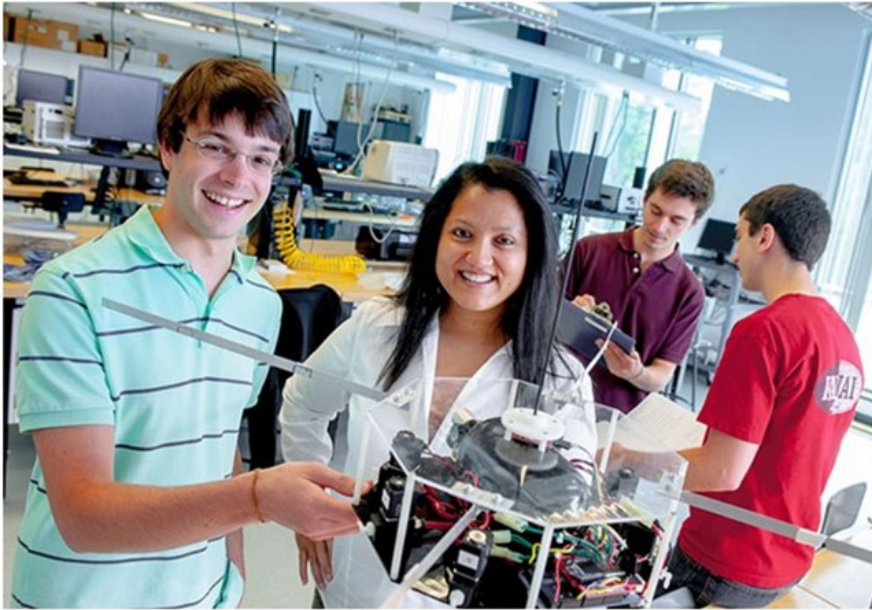


Isabelle Chabot (left) and Alicia Schwartz(right)



Diane Chabot Pard # 9

From Manchester, New Hampshire to the Moon



Joshua Chabot '13 and his two project teammates have received the prize for best mechanical engineering project at the UNH Undergraduate Research Conference -Interdisciplinary Science and Engineering (URC-ISE) symposium. Here he poses with his professor of Mechanical Engineering, May-Win Thein, and with the fruit of three years' labor: a tabletop NASA satellite simulator that will be used to analyze the dynamics of real satellites soon to be orbiting Earth. His teacher, who immediately recognized him as a bright, hardworking, creative student,

invited him to participate in her ongoing NASA satellite navigation research.

As a boy, Josh Chabot's Christmas list always included something he could take apart – an old VCR, say, or a microwave from the local Goodwill. Since he was a little boy “I always knew I wanted to study science or engineering, but I also knew I wanted to do it someplace other than UNH,” he says.

Raised in Manchester he is the son of two UNH graduates, Guy R. Chabot, civil engineer and Susan M. Charpen-tier, who majored in biochemistry.

As for Chabot's next steps, in the Fall, he'll be starting a Master's program in aerospace engineering at the University of Colorado at Boulder, though he's not sure yet if his long-term plans include a doctorate or a position in industry.

Freshman year, he signed up for a piano class to continue the lessons he'd started at the age of seven, joined the Campus Recreation rock climbing club, and immersed himself in his engineering prerequisites.



Joshua Chabot with his parents (last May 2015)

Chabot's younger brother Zack, also a civil engineering major, varsity runner, and who's studying at Stanford University, in California.

Indeed, while Chabot's future may very well lie among the stars, his roots will remain deep in Manchester, New Hampshire.

His genealogical family tree and where his roots were from

Guy R. Chabot married 4 October 1986 to Susan M. Charpentier in Manchester, NH

Ernest E. Chabot married 28 July 1951 to Therese J. Paquet in Biddeford, Maine

Ernest E. Chabot married 4 July 1916 to Rose D. Brunelle in Manchester, NH

Elzéar Chabot married 16 Feb. 1885 to Victoria Rivard in Saint-Liboire, Bagot, QC

Francois Xavier Chabot married 14 Feb. 1843 to Monique Langevin in Saint-Damase, QC

Michel Chabot married 14 Oct. 1816 to Marie Anne Dufresne in Saint-Marc, Verchères, QC

Pierre Chabot married 8 Oct. 1770 to Ursule Tanguay in Saint-Vallier, Bellechasse, QC

Antoine Chabot married 24 July 1741 to Madeleine Leclerc in Saint-Laurent, Île d'Orléans, QC

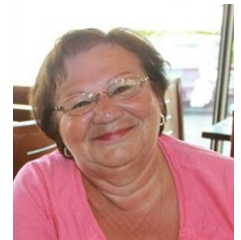
Jean Chabot married 17 November 1692 to Éléonore Énaud in Saint-Pierre, Île d'Orléans, QC

Mathurin Chabot married 17 November 1661 to Marie Mésangé in Notre-Dame, Quebec City, QC

Reference: <http://unh.edu/unhtoday/2013/05/manchester-moon>

Text taken in part from: UNH Today)

Thursday, May 16, 2013



Diane Chabot Pard # 9



Interesting stories to tell

Do you know interesting stories about the life of Chabot who have left their mark on their community or excelled in their professional lives (the arts, education, sports, community life, politics, etc.)? Let us know and we will bring them to our members in in future issues of *Les Chabotteries*.

Thank you for your help.

Thérèse Chabot, one true Chabot!



Thérèse Chabot with her five daughters and one son

I was born on June 26, 1926 in the 8th rank of Saint-Lazare-de Bellechasse and was the 15th child in large family, something not uncommon in those days. But life was good at the time, that is until my mother, gravely ill, was hospitalized at the Hôtel-Dieu, in Québec City; she passed away in March 1937. It was sad to see our mother die because the youngest, Marguerite, the 18th child in the family, was only 20 months old.

I went to the Sœurs Notre-Dame du Perpétuel Secours orphanage for girls at Saint-Damien to continue my studies be-

cause I had an aunt who was a nun there, my father's sister, who could watch over me and follow my evolution until grade 9, when I would take over from my sister Marianne, whom my father had kept at home to take my mother's place and look after the younger ones and keep house. Marianne didn't know much about cooking and housekeeping. After eleven boys, she was the first of seven girls to be born between 1923 and 1934. Thank goodness the older ones had already left the house.

My father was a farmer; he had about fifteen cows, horses, pigs, chickens, an orchard, a very large kitchen garden and a maple sugar shack My brother Darie took care of the farm with my father. It was in this environment that at the end of the school year in 1942 I arrived home, aged 16, to take over from my eldest sister so that she could complete her studies in a private school. She was 20 by then; in the space of 3 years she would follow the entire curriculum from grade 9 to grade 9 and would get her grade 9 diploma in French and English. Such courage!

For my part, in 1942, I became the head of the household in all respects, including the farm, the garden and the fields during summer and at the kitchen table. My father was still around, but it was my brother Darie who ran the farm. We were the only one in the rank to have electricity. My father had installed a windmill (we called it a *winchargeur*) on the roof of the barn; it supplied 32-volt electricity to power the barn machinery, provide lighting in the barn and the house and for electric fences for the cows and pigs when they were outside their shed.

My brother Darie got married in September 1946 and my father decided to build a house for himself in the village, across from the school for girls.

My father, my sisters Denise and Marguerite and myself moved in it in the summer of 1947. I would stay there until my wedding to Paul-Émile Breton on August 8, 1953. My youngest sister, Marguerite had obtained her teaching certificate in June and the school board hire her to teach at the school for girls across from my father's house, which was run by the Sœurs Notre-Dame du Perpétuel Secours from Saint-Damien.

My husband and I moved into a large house in the lower part of the village, a former hotel with several room on the first floor and a kitchen, a dining room, a living room and a billiard room on the ground floor. We had a large kitchen garden and a fruit orchard where Paul-Émile would relax by grafting various cultivars on his trees. We lived there in perfect harmony for 23 years of work, family life and projects. Between 1954 and 1964, I gave birth to 6 children: 5 girls and one boy.

I lived only 23 years with this man who was kind-hearted and proud of his family: he was a victim of an industrial accident on October 28, 1976, while installing windows on a construction site, and passed away 47 days later, on December 13 at the Hôtel-Dieu de Lévis, never having regained consciousness.

Life goes on. I will be 92 this June 26. I bought a house (a bungalow on a large piece of land and with a large garden and a few fruit trees) in Lévis when I was 80, so I could get closer to my children. I live there alone, I still drive my own car.

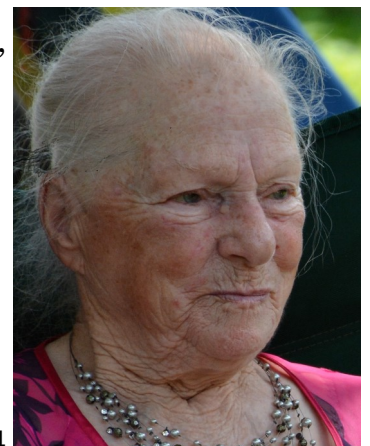
I will add a few more chapters of my life in the Summer 2018 Chabotteries.

Genealogy of Thérèse Chabot (Patrilineal descendance)

- X Thérèse Chabot married to Paul-Émile Breton in St-Lazare-de-Bellechasse on August 8 1953
- IX Louis Chabot married to Priscilla Labrecque in St-Lazare-de-Bellechasse on January 10 1905
- VIII Pierre Chabot married to Marie Goupil in St-Lazare-de-Bellechasse on July 18 1871
- VII Pierre Chabot married to Adéléide Trudel in St-Charles-de-Bellechasse on February 17 1846
- VI Pierre Chabot married to Geneviève Gosselin in St-Charles-de-Bellechasse on July 31 1810
- V Jean-Baptiste Chabot married to Marguerite Lacasse in St-Charles-de-Bellechasse on January 8 1781
- IV Pierre Chabot Laurent, married to Thérèse Leclerc in St-Laurent, Î. O, on April 17 1752
- III Jean Chabot married to Marie-Madeleine Dufresne in St-Laurent, Î. O, on April 26 1718
- II Jean Chabot married to Éléonore Énault in St-Laurent, Î. O, on November, 17, 1692
- I Mathurin Chabot married to Marie Mésangé in Notre-Dame de Québec on November 17 1661.

I am one true Chabot, descendant of Mathurin!

Thérèse Chabot, member no 494

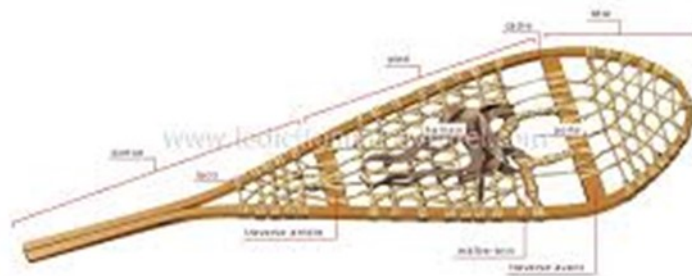


Snowshoe maker : a vanishing art

Part of a series, Maurice, my brother

He could do everything, my brother Maurice, even though he had quit school after grade 4 to help our father at the farm. Our father didn't like farming and when his eldest son was old enough to lend him a hand, he was more than happy to give him as free a hand as possible, especially since this son liked farming the land got along well with the animals.

But if I tell you about him, it really is an excuse to reminisce about vanishing practices and know-hows that required uncommon capacities and skills transmitted down the generations or acquired from a master, himself often self-taught.



Making snowshoes looks easy. Nowadays, they are made from plastic or metal and it's quite practical. But in the old days, in the 1940s, when I was a child, it was a different matter altogether. It often took place in February, when the ground is asleep and farm work is reduced to taking care of the animals. Then Maurice would bring in the house a stiff cow hide he'd bought from a tannery in the area. He'd put it in a tub of boiling water to soften it, which of course made a mess in the house and caused the women to sulk a bit. Once the hide was softened and gooey, Maurice would cut it in thin strips about a half an inch wide, the

way our mother would do when making rag for a bedspread. It could take all day because, despite appearances, it required a lot of skill.

The next day, he'd take the frames out of the root cellar. Those were oblong-shaped and made of long strips of beech that he had cut and bent, using steam, and reinforced with struts where the harness was meant to be attached. This precision woodworking, he would have done during the fall, in the shed where he had his workbench and his tools, some of which he had inherited from our grandfather Pierre, gimlet, spokeshave, brace, all manners of shaves, with exotic names like "guillaume", "doucine", "guimbarde" and "varlope", each with its own use

Always in a good mood, he whistled to himself and hummed while working meticulously, just like our father. Since I was often in the way and that he put up with me at his side, I was captivated by his skill, his attention to details, his patience. His work was almost a work of art that would have not been out of place in a museum...

Then he began the stage of weaving, an activity that might seem simple, insignificant, even. Well, no! The weaving of a snowshoe must be done according to a precise plan and each step must be done while keeping in mind what is to come, just like one plays checkers or chess. Besides, having to manipulate leather laces that are wet, sticky and a bit foul-smelling is not exactly a walk in the park. Especially since they must be wound, pulled, tightened, but not too much, just enough to get the proper tautness.

I was five or six in those days and spent a lot of time watching my brother at work, trying to retain in my small head the manner he weaved his web. But all in vain, because I would fast become bored, probably disheartened by the enormity of the task. Thus, I did not learn how to make snowshoes (something quite useless nowadays), while my brother, who had barely gone to school, had mastered this art. For it was an art, one among many my brother had developed,

Later, at the start of the 1980s, I bought a pair of those “babiche” snowshoes that are weaved in the



Native American way, so I could get back in shape during the winter. Then I gave up my snowshoeing for cross-country skiing for many years. About seven years ago, I went back to snowshoeing, but this time using these new and very expensive gadgets that would provoke laughter of our Native American brothers who invented this practical way of moving around in the snow.



Marcel Chabot (96), printemps 2016



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.





Moïse Marcoux-Chabot's *Lespouère*



Gaspesian cinema takes the stage at the Cinema on the Bayou festival

Moïse Marcoux-Chabot has been awarded the prize for best documentary short for *Lespouère*. Photo : Antoine Amnotte-Dupuis Published Tuesday, January 30, 2018

Three of the 8 films presented by the Gaspé Percéides International Festival have won awards at

the 13th Cinema on the Bayou, held January 18-30, 2018 in La Fayette, Louisiana's state capital.

My Father's Tools (Heather Condo, 2016). A short silent movie about the sense of tradition in the Mi'kmaq community. Presented in world premiere at the Les Percéides Festival and at the Sundance Festival in the US in 2017, this short feature has been presented at more than 20 festivals. **Documentary Short Special Jury Award.**

Entre la mer et l'écorce (Mathieu Cyr, 2017). A short movie dealing with family rifts and featuring Gaspesian author and actor Kevin Parent. **Le Train Bleu Award.**

Lespouère (Moïse Marcoux-Chabot, 2013), short documentary feature about environmental activist Bilbo Cyr, Gaspesian slam poet who talks about the Gaspé Peninsula in a poetic and committed way. **Best documentary short.**

The movie *Lespouère* can be seen on the director's website : <http://moisemarcouxchabot.com/>

Sources : <http://ici.radio-canada.ca/nouvelle/1081162/cinema-gaspesien-festival-cinema-on-the-bayou>

<http://perceides.ca/2018/02/le-festival-de-cinema-les-perceides-en-gaspesie-ouvre-ses-inscriptions-pour-son-edition-2018/>

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