

*STE. AGATHE* *Historical Society*  
NEWSLETTER

FALL 2001



*MARIE V MICHAUD*  
*(1910 - 1983)*



***The Emile "Bill" Michaud Family***

*Front Row L-R: Donald, s/o Camille Michaud, Rachel, d/o Robert Lavoie, Joan (Michaud) Hebert, d/o of Camille Michaud, Peter Paul, s/o Lewis Michaud, and Aurele, s/o Robert Lavoie*  
*Middle Row L-R: Bill Michaud, Leda (Ouellette) Michaud, mother of Bill and Marie, Sr. Aurelie, d/o Bill, Olive (Picard) Franck, and Agnes (Picard) Michaud, wife of Bill*  
*Back Row L-R: Dorilda, d/o Bill (not seen in photo), Norman Daigle, h/o Dorilda, Camille, s/o Bill with 2nd wife, Yvonne Thibodeau, Lewis, s/o Bill with his wife Rinette, Marie, sister of Bill and d/o Victorie and Leda (Ouellette) Michaud, baby Carol Lavoie, Robert Lavoie, son-in-law of Bill, Rita, d/o Bill, Imelda (Franck) Boucher and Germaine (Picard) Guerrette*



## MARIE V MICHAUD - A LADY

Most often than not, small rural communities like St. Agatha regularly surrender their talented youth to the opportunities offered in the heavily populated areas. Occasionally, someone of exceptional talent, character, and virtue escapes the magnetic draw of larger cities and builds a career locally. And it was St. Agatha's good fortune that Marie V. Michaud *never went away*.

Marie V. Michaud was a lifelong teacher. She was a teacher in the purest, most classical sense of the word. She not only instructed her pupils, she inspired the children under her care. Her classes were not only lessons steeped in excellent educational presentations, but were equally grounded in sound Christian values. And though she was wholly dedicated to her work, Marie found time to be about the ablest barber in town.

Marie was born June 2, 1910. She was the eleventh child of Victorie and Leda (Ouellette) Michaud. A month after her birth, her father died. He'd had a brother who contracted tuberculosis while in Mexico, and Victorie had insisted that he return home. While taking care of him, Victorie was infected with the disease, and on the 26th of July, 1910, Leda became the sole support of their large family.

Leda demonstrated unusual courage and strength of character and held the family together. There were great sacrifices to be made and great sorrows to be felt. But Leda was not a woman to give in to weakness. Nor was she going to sit and lament the cruel blow that fate had dealt her. She rolled up her sleeves, *and the sleeves of her children*, and together they managed. They worked long, hard days in the fields. They were able to hold on to the farm. And Leda held on to the family.

All the children had chores and

responsibilities. Sylvio was only four at the time. Although he was too young to follow the others in the fields and tend to the barnyard animals, Leda gave him a responsibility. He had a job to do. While Leda scattered her clan in the fields orchestrating the day's activities, little Sylvio looked after Marie. (To be sure, Leda or one of the older children must have hurried back often to the house to check on the two infants!) The little brother was a faithful and able sitter, though probably not too adept at certain tasks best left in a mother's hands. Nonetheless, it was not surprising to see why Marie and Sylvio remained so close throughout their lives. A strong bond had been forged between the two at a very early age.

Marie attended school in St. Agatha and in 1929 graduated from Notre Dame de la Sagesse (Wisdom High School). Like Sylvio, she took college courses and became a teacher.

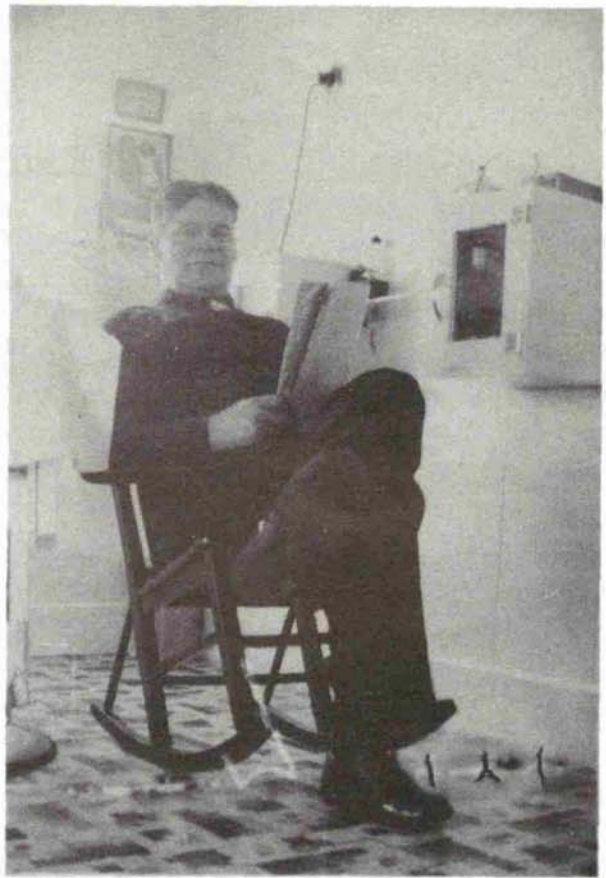
Though Sylvio started his teaching career in Madawaska, he took a position at one of St. Agatha's rural schoolhouses the year Marie became a teacher. Before busing and a central school, children attended neighborhood schools scattered throughout the community. There were one room schoolhouses in the back settlement (Montagne Platte), along the lake road, and around the lake toward Birch Point. There was one particular schoolhouse that had two classrooms. It was located just a short mile from the center of the village on the Frenchville Road. It was called Blaine School. Sylvio taught grades 4 through 8, while Marie had grades 1, 2, and 3 in the other room. And in the summers, they both took courses at the Normal School in Machias or Presque Isle.

Teachers salaries were extremely



inadequate. Getting by on what she was earning required ingenuity and a great deal of thrift. Marie had, as a young girl, fashioned haircuts for her brothers. There were never any complaints from their proud heads. So, an older brother suggested she try her hand at doing it for pay. Madawaska, by then a mill town with a growing population, seemed like a good place to supplement her income. Alcime Cyr, a lifelong barber, liked her work and hired her. But back then, with roles more strictly defined along the lines of "his job and her job", men felt uncomfortable sitting for her gentle, scissored hand steadying their wobbly heads. Undaunted, Marie started her own business. It wasn't in Madawaska. Nor was it in the heart of St. Agatha. But rather, she started giving haircuts at home, way out on the Brook Road. Someone had donated a barber's chair and people came. Neighbors, family, friends, and especially little kids, who biked two or three miles up Brook Road just so they could hear their moms exclaim later, "Oh, what a good haircut. Aren't you cute!" While sitting in the spotless kitchen waiting your turn at Marie's hand, you kept an eye on the large cuckoo clock on the wall keeping pace with Mde. Leda's rocking chair and clicking of her knitting needles. The wonderful aroma of Mde. Leda's cooking made you want to peddle home later as fast as you could for supper. Often enough, Mde. Michaud would have freshly baked cookies cooling on the kitchen counter. You could always count on being offered one or two of those tasty morsels. You knew that supper at the Michaud's was about to be laid out shortly when "Gros Pit", Marie's older bachelor brother, would walk through the door with his dusty boots in hand and a shy warm smile on his hungry face.

During the 30's and 40's, when Fort Kent and Edmundston were not places that people went to so readily, and a trip to the dentist was not only feared, but most often avoided, another one of Marie's skills come to



*Marie's brother "Gros Pit"  
reading the newspaper in Marie's barbershop*

the forefront. Many neighborhood kids were sent to Marie, as she had become quite adept at tying a string around a loose tooth and yanking it without inflicting much measurable pain. Everybody knew that in an emergency, Marie "*had the secret*". She could stop the flow of blood.

Back in the 40's, teachers were grossly underpaid. Furthermore, during those Depression years, the Town treasury more often than not could not cover the teacher's salaries. Instead of a paycheck, teachers had to accept "vouchers" from the town. Some enterprising, more prosperous person with cash "in the strong box" would hand over hard currency at the rate of ninety cents on the dollar. Teacher salaries were already pitifully inadequate and the extra 10% bite off the voucher made the situation ludicrous. Besides, because of the depressed economy and war breaking out in 1941, school attendance, as reported by School Superintendent Edward McMonagle, had dropped to an alarming and lamentable level.



Mr. McMonagle reported that in the 1941-42 school year, there was an average of 75 out of 434 students absent from school every day. To a dedicated teacher, figures like that spell nothing but substandard educational results. And so, in 1941, both Marie and Sylvio decided to try something else. Sylvio, after 15 years in the classroom, left to assume the duties of St. Agatha's town manager. Marie took a position as clerk in Wilfred Dufour's general store.

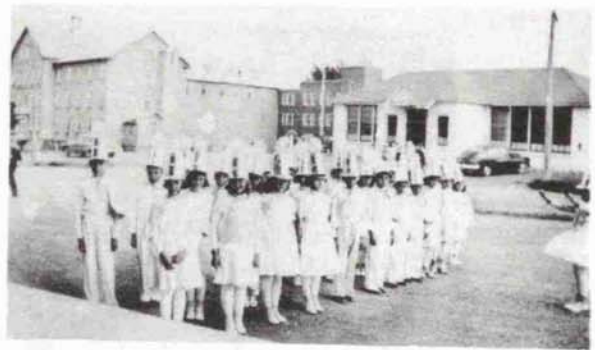
Though Marie continued to work part-time at Dufour's, she returned in the fall of 1942 to her first love. She was back in the same classroom at Blaine. She was in her element. Surrounded by eager young faces, Marie beamed. Many of her students remember the ice cream treats she would provide for good behavior on Friday afternoons.

Perhaps the most credible testimonial to Marie's teaching comes from Phyllis Paradis. Phyllis was Gladys and Raoul Collin's eldest daughter and lived next door to the schoolhouse. Phyllis had been very anxious to attend school, and though she wasn't yet five years old, her mother allowed her to run off to Blaine. Early in the school year, the school superintendent, Lawrence Violette walked in for a visit. While scanning the class register, he noticed a discrepancy. Poor little Phyllis was too young. She would have to go home and wait another year before enrolling in Miss Marie's class. In tears, Phyllis trudged next door to her mother's arms. Yet, a few days later, Phyllis was back. And she stayed. The next time Mr. Violette was in for a school visit, Phyllis was quickly and quietly shunted off to a cloak closet. The other students never betrayed her nor their loving teacher. To this day, Phyllis insists Miss Michaud was the very best teacher she ever had.

In 1948, several one room district schoolhouses were raised off their foundations and moved to a central location in

the center of town next to the convent and across from the Church. Blaine School, being larger and having two rooms, was also moved and became the front part of the new building. A new, common roof and white clapboard siding gave the seven separate structures a new life and a new look. The only clue giving the patchwork construction away was slight, wavy sweep of the large hallway floor linking them together. And Marie, who had always given her school lessons in one of Blaine's two rooms, continued to teach within the same four walls at the new location in the center of town.

It is doubtful that Marie had to raise her voice in the classroom. She was strict, but fair. Terry Ouellette remembers Marie walking down the hall at Montfort and all the rowdy students would immediately quiet down and slip into their best behavior. She never had to scold. Her presence and countenance were sufficient.



*Marie's Marching Group*

Marie was meticulous in her appearance and absolutely generous with her possessions. She was always impeccably dressed. She was a model of good posture. Often, she would buy a new article of clothing and give it to one of her nieces, insisting that "the color wasn't right for her". If someone was going someplace or getting ready for a

big event and didn't have a camera, Marie would appear with one and insist they could keep it. *"Here. Take it. Keep it. I have two more at the house."* A niece would admire a ring on her finger and Marie would slide it off and slip it on the appreciative niece's finger. And the niece would beam with pride as Marie's face broke into a great big smile.

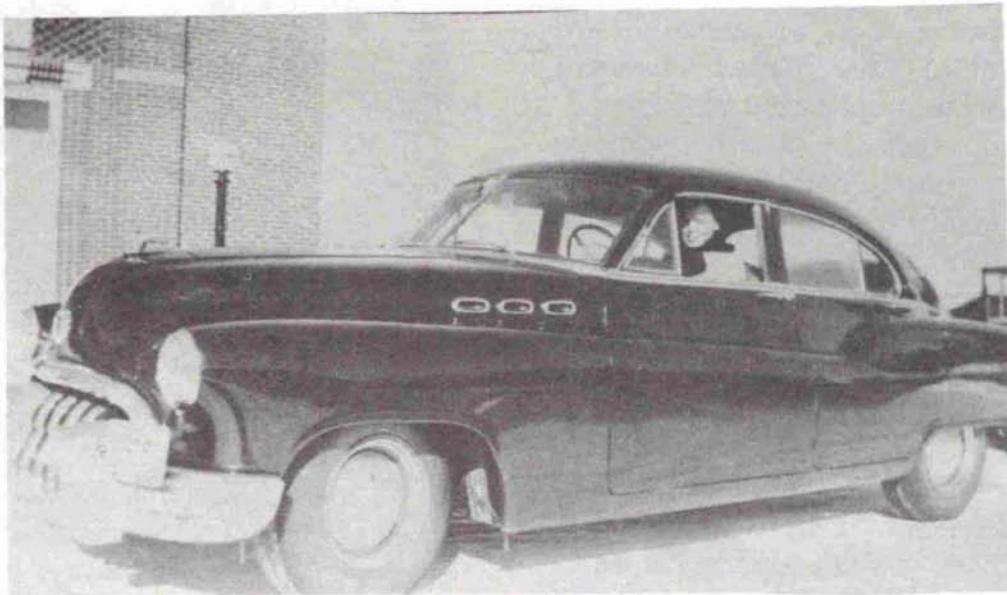
Marie had a fascination with black cars. One of her favorites was a great big black Buick with an awful lot of chrome. The mystery surrounding that Buick was that it was always spotless and dust free. Was it that she either drove very slowly, or just dusted the dirt off after every little jaunt down Brook Road?

Marie and the Daughters of Wisdom (the sisters teaching in St. Agatha since the early 1900's) developed a deep and genuine

admiration for each other. Marie had a big car and was more than happy to chauffeur the sisters around. She would be off to Lille or Madawaska or Edmundston where the DW's had other communities. But it wasn't the car so much as the faith, trust and admiration that she and the community of sisters had in each other that explained their close bond.

Marie was a very special lady. Though she remained single, she remained singularly devoted to her mother, her family, her students, and all the people in her community. She died in the hospital in Fort Kent after a short illness on April 11, 1983, at the age of 72. She had touched many lives. She had added quality and meaning of purpose to countless individuals. Marie V. Michaud was a lady. And Marie V. Michaud *never went away.*

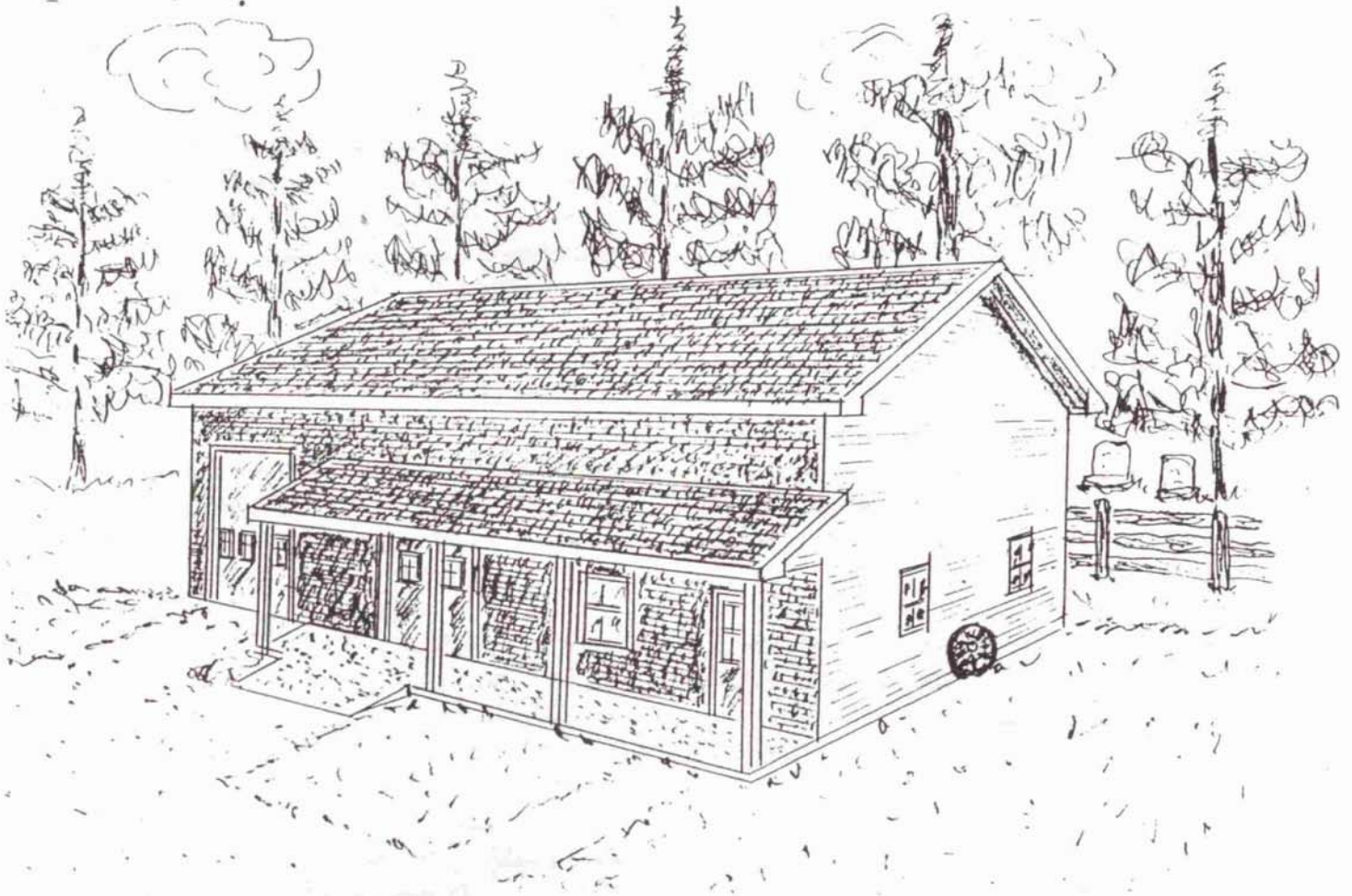
Paul Marin and  
Helen Melvin



*Marie behind the wheel of her "big black Buick"*



## CULTURAL PRESERVATION CENTER



*Proposed Cultural Preservation Center*

Construction of our new Cultural Preservation Center, which will be located behind the Ste. Agathe Historical Museum has begun. The parcel of land on which the Center will be built was donated to the Historical Society by the Edwin Pelletier Family.

The Preservation Center will be used as an addition to the Museum to house some of the many artifacts that we have accumulated over the years. There are also plans for a reception area and research center in the building as well.

The estimated cost for this project is \$80,000.00. Thanks to funds from grants

awarded to the St. Agathe Historical Society by the Town of St. Agatha and the Centennial Committee, we were able to get the project started. The cement foundation has been poured and some pre-construction plumbing work has been completed.

We are now in the process of applying for more grants in an effort to secure the funds needed to complete construction. Anyone interested in adding to our Building Fund is certainly welcomed to do so. Any and all contributions may be forwarded to The Ste. Agathe Historical Society Building Fund, PO Box 237, St. Agatha, Maine 04772.



## **HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS**

by: Marie Florine Bosse  
East Windsor, CT

Connecticut has been my home for fifty-seven years, and yet, when someone asks me, "Where are you from?", I still sometimes answer "Maine". This is usually followed by, "Whereabouts in Maine?". I smile and say "Ste. Agathe". I'm always asked to repeat, "Ste. Agathe". To enlighten my interrogator, I have to bring Fort Kent into the picture. For many years, I found it somewhat strange that at times, I still thought of St. Agatha as my home.

Among the many blessings of my retirement came time to reminisce, remember, reflect, and write. More and more I mourned the fact that with my parents gone, I had lost the opportunity to record our family history. Whenever I told my husband some of my childhood memories and the stories my parents had told me, he would ask, "Why don't you write that down for your children?". After verifying records at the St. Agatha Town Office and looking up information at the Ste. Agathe Historical Society, with his help and encouragement, I did. I started writing. Two years later, I have family members a seventy-five page book entitled *Mom's Memories - Birth to Eighteen*. Several of the stories I recorded were about my visits to my grandparents' farms. The following is an excerpt.

*"When I was young and my Derosier grandparents lived on the farm, we often went to visit them on Sunday. I don't remember how we got there in the summer months, but I do remember our trips coming back to town at night in the wintertime. (My father did not own a car until I was in high school.) My memories center on our horse Sandy, the sleigh we rode in, the sparkling moonlit snow, and the bitter cold of the night—but the feeling*

*of warmth under the big fur (I think it was horse fur) blanket Dad had tucked around Roger, Terry and me. I can still picture the million twinkling stars; the stars seemed so much brighter and closer then.*

*While they lived on the farm, and regardless of who was coming over on Sunday, my grandmother would bake eight to ten pies every Saturday; she would kill and prepare three or four chickens for roasting; she would bake several loaves of white bread; and she would make sure she had plenty of her homemade butter, jams, pickles, and relishes on hand. On Sunday, while the chickens were roasting, she would make a huge bowl of cole slaw and a stack of "poyes" while Mom or whoever else was around would help peel, cook, mash the potatoes and prepare other vegetables. I can still smell the wonderful aromas coming out of that kitchen! During the cold weather, the men would sit and chat at the other end of the kitchen; when the weather permitted they would sit outside on the porch. During the summer, Roger, Terry and I would play outside; during the cold weather months, we would play upstairs or in the attic. We often got in trouble when we played inside—especially with Uncle Maxime, my grandfather's bachelor brother who lived with my grandparents. He did not like us and we did not like him. When we came to visit, he would spend most of the day in his room. He would come out only when it was time to eat. He stayed in his room, I think, to protect his possessions. We loved to sneak upstairs and go through his things. One time, we snuck into his room and ate a pailful of tiny, delicious, wild blueberries that he had picked earlier in the day. He had hidden them in his room because he knew we were coming and*



*he did not want to share them. We tried lying our way out of having eaten them, but our telltale bluish teeth and tongues were a dead giveaway."*

Other memories and stories about Pepere and Memere Bosse's farm and my aunts and uncles, my childhood friend, neighbors *Ti Joe*, Max, and Sophie Chasse, and the Dufours, Parents and Michauds, quickly filled up the pages.

When I reread some of them, I realized how lucky I was to have been born and reared in *Ste. Agathe*. I no longer find it strange when I'm asked where I'm from that sometimes my answer is "*Ste. Agathe*". After all, if Tony Bennett could leave his heart in San Francisco, it is entirely possible for me to have left at least a part of mine in *Ste. Agathe* - "*The Prettiest Town South of the Border*".



***Russet Potatoes - 1938***

*Left to Right: Celia & Alexis Derosier, son, Donat Derosier, and fertilizer salesman, George Emile Dugal. Background: Wilson Schoolhouse*



## MR. EMILE

by: his number one son, Marc Emile Chasse

Emile-a-Simeon-a-Philous-a-Pointe-a-Gorleau.....that's my dad! I was known as Pit-a-Emile. And if you still couldn't figure out who I was, you could add "a-Simeon" and go back all the way to "la Pointe-a-Gorleau". That's how you could differentiate young people in the old days. Nothing much has changed. In order to figure out who young people are today, you have to ask who their parents are, and sometimes, their grandparents. People back then had it figured out. There were, in my neighborhood, Bebe-a-Den, Bebe-a-Gerard, and Bebe-a-Belone; Pit-a-Emile, Pit-a-Sam and Gros Pit; Ti-Sweet-a-Archille and Ti-Sweet-a-Donat.

Mr. Emile was born on March 28, 1910 in Skowhegan, Maine, where his father had gone to work in a paper mill. When the family returned to Ste. Agathe in 1917, the young Emile could not speak French. Imagine that if you can - Ste. Agathe - 1917 - and you can't speak French. It didn't take him long to learn, and then to forget, his English. He finally made it to the 7th grade, going to school when there was nothing else to do - such as planting in the spring and harvesting in the fall. He remembers plowing the fields at the age of 9, walking behind a plow that was taller than he was, and pulled by a horse. Whenever the plow would fall out of his grip, he would have to guide the horse all around the field, and start over where he had left off.

During Prohibition, Pepere Simeon made some "Biere de malle", and during the summer, young Emile would sell it to customers for 5 cents a glass.

At the age of 14, Emile started spending winters working in the woods. His most memorable winter is the one, when at the age of 16, he spent October to Easter in the Allagash. He shaved his head before he

left (he wouldn't have to do that now!) because he knew he wouldn't get a haircut until spring. He remembers the camps, when he would leave before dawn and walk three miles to where the trees would be cut. As soon as daylight came, they would start cutting. They worked until dark and then had to walk the three miles back to camp. Walking back after a day of that kind of work was the worse part of his experience. Beans and lard were on the menu three times a day. All the men sleeping under one large blanket on pine boughs was how they spent the night. Washing their clothes, mostly to drown the lice, was done on Sunday. When work was done in that Spring of 1927, he walked all the way to St. Francis, took a train to Fort Kent and got a haircut, got on the train to Frenchville, and walked to Ste. Agathe, declining a ride with the mailman who wanted to charge him 25 cents. He walked to his parents' house and gave his father the \$400.00 he had earned during the winter. He kept \$10.00 for himself.

In 1936, he married Marie Estelle Franck, a teacher and one of sixteen children of Thomas and Olive Franck of Ste. Agathe. He borrowed \$500.00 from Pat Franck, his brother-in-law, and purchased 600 feet of lake frontage about one mile from downtown Ste. Agathe. (Downtown was where the convent was and the Church still is.) On that parcel of land, he built a house for his parents, one for Mr. & Mrs. Archille Bard (Mde. Agathe), one for Mrs. Helen Chasse, one for himself, one for Jos Plourde (who had married his sister Irene), and one for Donat Chasse.

By that time, he had become a carpenter's apprentice and became a full time carpenter when Dr. Leonce Albert's house was being built in Fort Kent in 1939 and the head



carpenter quit. Mr. Emile was asked to take charge of the project, so he just told the other carpenters to continue what they were doing and he learned as he went along. During World War II, he worked as a carpenter at the Presque Isle Air Force Base.

While all this was going on, his wife Marie Estelle, started a small grocery store in their two story house. Eventually, it expanded into a hardware store, and in the late 1940's, two large warehouses were built to contain building materials. In 1945, the family moved to the 2nd floor of the building, and the whole downstairs was devoted to expanding the business.



*Marc Chasse - 1958  
Working for his dad, Emile*

The store was still a country store, however, and every night neighbors would spend the evening having their Pepsi and peanuts or chips. In the winter, they would sit on small empty nail barrels, and with a 3 x 3 piece of plywood on their knees, play charlemagne until 9 P.M. when the store closed. (The store was open from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., six days a week.) Every night during the week, at 6:45 P.M., everyone would stop talking and playing cards to listen to "Seraphin" on CJEM radio in Edmundston. N.B. Mr. Emile was in the store every night

except Tuesdays and Thursdays, when he would take his wife to the movies in Madawaska. His very able assistant, Lawrence Boucher, would work on those nights.

The store was a very popular place, and several salesmen would visit us each day. My father's favorite response to the mostly English speaking salesmen who greeted him with "How are you, Emile?", was "Not very pas pire!"

I remember "keeping" the store when I was a youngster of 12 or so, and there would be no customers all day, except for a few bottles of pop and whoopie pies, and thinking, "What am I doing here?" However, sometimes, during the early evening, a couple would walk in and tell Mr. Emile that they wanted to build themselves a new home and could he figure out what they would need for building material and how much would it cost. With his 7th grade education, he had all their confidence. And he did it right.

Starting in the late 1940's, my parents took a yearly winter trip to Washington, Florida or California, when going to those places from Ste. Agathe was a real adventure. They usually took another couple with them - relatives - who would never have dared go by themselves.

Mr. Emile retired in 1965 at the age of 55 and transferred his business to his daughter Rae, who established Central Building Supplies in Madawaska. Today, the business is in the capable hands of Jamie Wetmore, his grandson. Mr. Emile's three sons, Marc (Fort Kent), Tom (Waterville), and Roland (Saco), all became chiropractors.

After he retired, Mr. Emile and Marie Estelle spent nineteen winters in Florida, where golfing was their main entertainment. In 1984, Marie Estelle started to show sign of Alzheimers, and he converted the store into four apartments, where they stayed until 1987 when Mom was transferred to St. Joseph's



Nursing Home in Frenchville. She died one week after her 81st birthday on June 29, 1991. He was devoted to her all these years, visiting her daily. In the winter, he'd go visit her on snowmobile, from Ste. Agathe to Frenchville.

Mr. Emile was not done with his life though. On July 4, 1992, he married Lillian Bourgoin Parent, who had been widowed six years earlier. She had been married to Henry Parent and Dad had known them for years. Mr. Emile was 82 and Lillian was 83. They still live today in the same apartment in his old store on the shores of Long Lake. Today, he is 91 and she is 92. He goes golfing at Birch Point every day and Lillian drives his cart. On September 16, 2000 they accompanied us to Skowhegan to celebrate the 90th birthday of Doris Chasse, widow of his only brother, Arthur.

Watching what goes on in the world today, Mr. Emile feels very lucky and says "I lived in the best of times". Even though those times included two world wars and the Depression, I believe him. We hope that Mr. Emile - my Dad - and Lillian will be with us many more years, and if he lives long enough, I may be able to beat him at cribbage some day. Right now, he's still got the edge.



*In front of the Statue of Liberty - 1950  
Emile and Estelle Chasse and Rosario Franck*



## REVERAND MICHAEL DOUCETTE

In early July of this year, the parish of St. Agatha welcomed our new priest, Father Michael L. Doucette.

Fr. Mike was born in February of 1947 and was baptized on February 13th. He was raised in Waterville Maine.

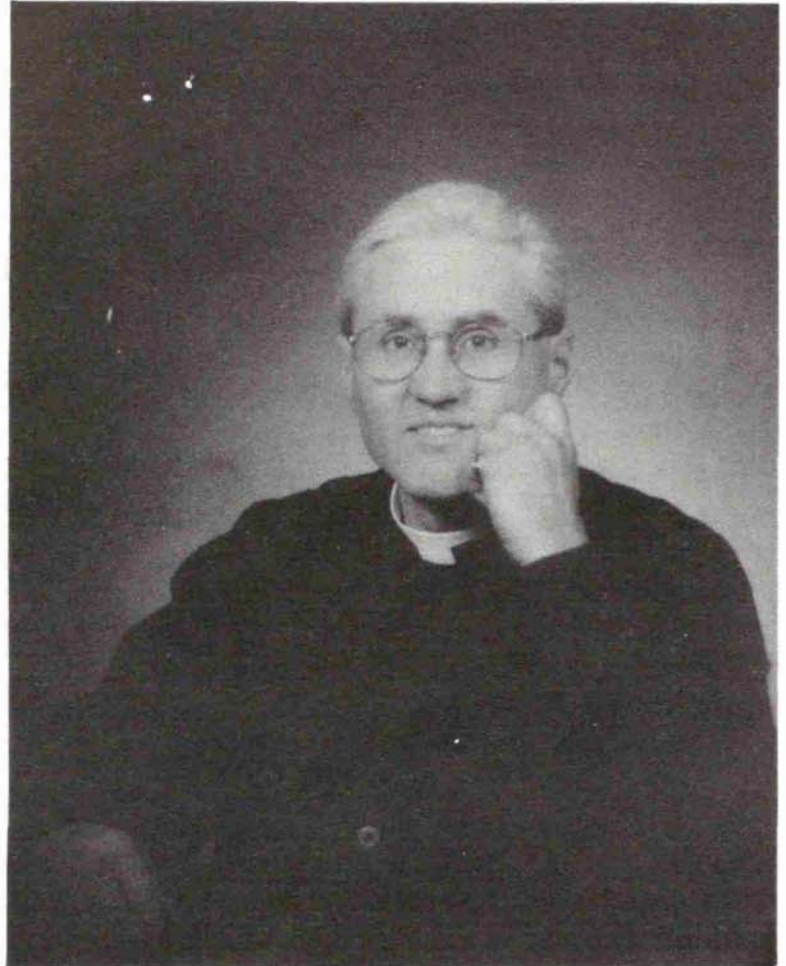
After spending four years and some months of novitiate, preparing to be a teaching brother, Fr. Mike received the Call to enter the seminary, and was ordained to the priesthood for the Diocese of Portland on May 26, 1975.

Since his ordination, Fr. Mike has served as parochial vicar at St. Martin de Tours in Millinocket, St. Andre in Biddeford, and St. Louis in Fort Kent. His first pastorate was at Sacred Heart in Caribou and St. Theresa in Stockholm.

After a one year sabbatical, during which time he achieved a Master's degree in Pastoral Counseling from Loyola University in Baltimore, Fr. Mike returned to Maine to become pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas in Madawaska. He then served as pastor of St. Charles in St. Francis with the twinned parishes of St. John in St. John, and St. Paul in Allagash for one year.

Fr. Mike now comes to St. Agatha, pastoring the parishes of St. Agatha, St. Luce in Frenchville, St. Joseph in Sinclair and the summer chapel of St. Michael at Birch Point. He sees this very much as "coming home" since his great-grandmother, Anastasie Chasse, was born and raised in St. Agatha.

Fr. Mike's journey has been one filled with God's great mercy, and so, his fundamental conviction and message is to quote Bernanos: "Grace is everywhere".

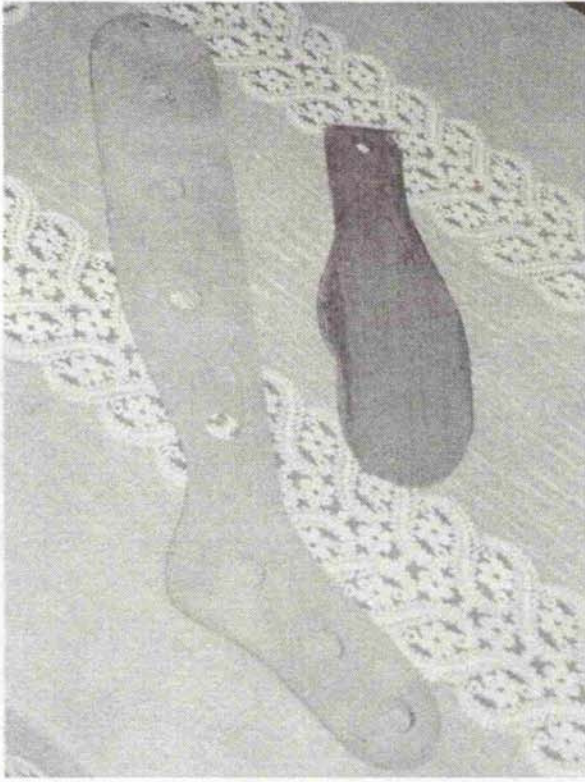


*Bien Venue, Father Mike!!*

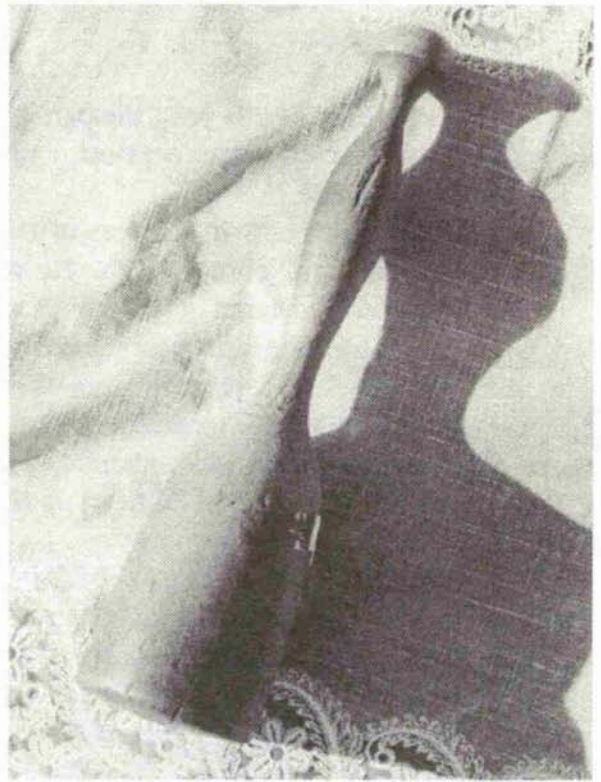


# WHAT IS IT?

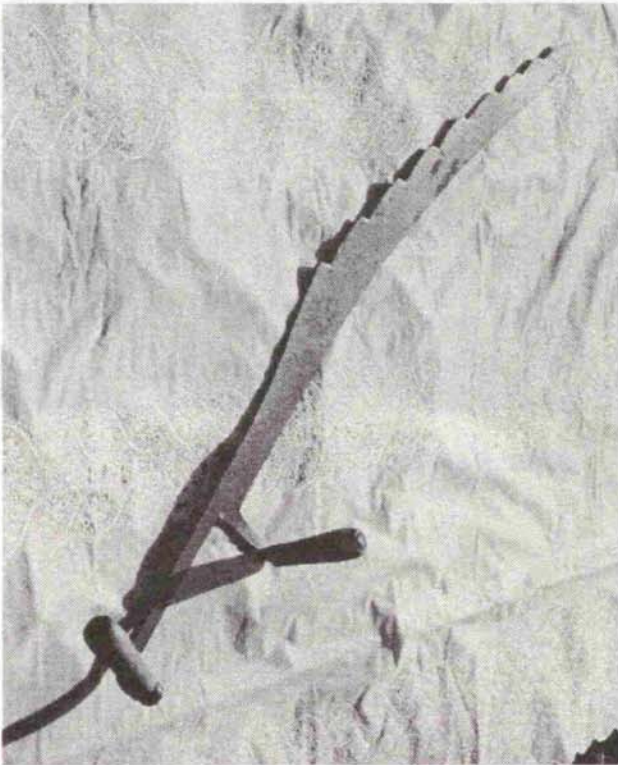
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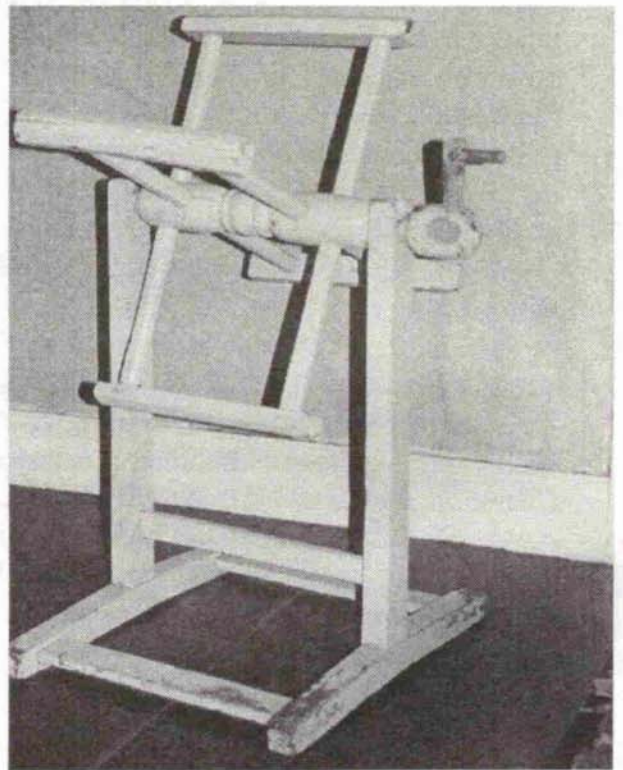
What is it #2:



What is it #3:



What is it #4:



ANSWERS: #1 - Formes à mitaines et bas (forms for mittens & socks); #2 - Pilon à légumes (mashers); #3 Scie à glace (ice saw); #4 - Un Dévidoir



## **ORILLA (PELLETIER) BELANGER**

2001 MOTHER OF THE YEAR

On May 13, 2001, Orilla (Pelletier) Belanger was crowned this year's Mother of the Year. A reception, hosted by les Dames de Ste. Anne was held afterward in the St. Agatha Parish Hall.

Orilla Pelletier is the daughter of Henry and Catherine Pelletier. She was born on October 28, 1925 in Caribou, Maine. When Orilla was only six months old, her father died in an accident. Her mother then took her baby daughter and moved to St. David to stay with her parents. Her mother then married Donat Gervais and had four more daughters. Being the oldest of five children, Orilla, at the age of thirteen, had to stay at home to help care for her younger sisters. Education was not available to her due to the adult responsibilities that she assumed as a child.

When Orilla was fifteen, she met her future husband, Johnny Belanger. After a two year courtship, they were married in Biddeford, Main on September 29, 1942. Shortly after they were married, Johnny was drafted into the Army. Orilla moved back to St. Agatha so she could be close to her family. Johnny and Orilla raised six children. They are Claudette (Belanger) Sirois, Arlene (Belanger) Ouellette, Theresa (Belanger) Michaud, Linda (Belanger) Bouchard, Diane (Belanger) Castonguay, and John. After 42 wonderful years, Orilla lost her beloved Johnny on June 17, 1984.

Orilla instilled many values in her children. They were taught early on about commitment, loyalty, helping those in need, and being there for each other.

Orilla is a talented seamstress and a very creative and crafty lady. As a member of various community organizations, Orilla is always willing to do her share. Her husband

Johnny was the St. Agatha Volunteer Fire Department's Fire Chief for seventeen years, and Orilla is still an active member of the Ladies Auxiliary. She can always be counted on to sell tickets or cook food for various community functions, as well as support her own children and grandchildren's various organizations.

*Congratulations Mde. Orilla!!!*





**GERALD B. DUBOIS**  
2001 FATHER OF THE YEAR

In June of this year, Gerald Dubois was selected "Father of the Year" by the Knights of Columbus. He has been a member of the Knights since 1973, and became a 4th degree Knight in 1974.

Gerald was born on January 26, 1929 in Madawaska Maine. He was the fourth of ten children born to Paul and Marie (Clavette) Dubois. Raised on a farm in Grand Isle in the concessions des Doucettes, Gerald's family raised potatoes, and together with his brothers and sisters, worked the fields. Gerald attended Madawaska schools and graduated from Madawaska High School in 1947. He then attended the Coyne Electrical & Radio School in Chicago Illinois where he graduated in 1948.

He then returned home to Madawaska and worked at Fraser's until 1951 when he was drafted into the Army for a two year term. Gerald's selected field in the Army was radio/radar. He was selected to take part in the Nike Missile program as a radar technician at the White Sands Proving Ground.

Gerald married Rose Marie Parent from Lille, Maine on November 22, 1954. They raised seven children: Leola, Claire, Paul, Ann, Rachel, Daniel, and Monique. Living in Connecticut from 1953 to 1973, Gerald worked as a machinist and repairman. When Gerald, Rose Marie and five of their seven children moved back to Maine, he worked for the Madawaska School Department as a custodial supervisor until his retirement in 1994.

Gerald is an expert woodworker. His interest in wood started out of necessity. While living in Connecticut, he needed a larger kitchen table to accommodate his family of nine as well as much needed storage

space. His very first piece was a large wall tongue and groove bookcase, followed by a long kitchen table. When Rose Marie saw his interest in woodworking, she cashed in an insurance policy so he could acquire the necessary tools. And the rest is history. His reproduction of the St. Agatha Church that was built for town's centennial celebration in 1999 is extraordinary. His attention to detail is phenomenal and the "little Church" remains on display in the St. Agatha Parish Hall.

Gerald's hobbies include traveling, visiting his children, refurbishing old tractors and woodworking. He is presently on the Building and Grounds Committee for St. Agatha Parish and a director on the Board of the Ste. Agathe Historical Society.



***Much deserved, Gerald!!***



**THE STE. AGATHE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**MEMORIAL FUND**

*September 2000 - August 2001 Donations*

In memory of **Mrs. Gladys Collin**: Terry Ouellette, Paul and Avril Marin

In memory of **Mr. Norman Wiltsie**: Terry Ouellette, Allan and Patricia Dow

In memory of **Mrs. Helene Dumond**: Philip Morin

In memory of **Mrs. Barbara Martin**: Philip Morin, Florine Michaud

In memory of **Mr. Armand (Pit) Bourgoin**: Robert and Patricia Bourgoin

In memory of **Mr. Gerard Chamberland**: Alan and Denyse Michaud, Gerry Morin, Terry Ouellette, Paul and Avril Marin

In memory of **Mrs. Catherine Bourgoin**: Stan Albert, Philip Morin

In memory of **Mrs. Laura Markie**: Lucien and Connie Desrosiers

In memory of **Mr. Ira Miller**: Directors of the Ste. Agathe Historical Society

In memory of **Mr. Alfred Parent**: Directors of the Ste. Agathe Historical Society

In memory of **Mrs. Normande (Cote) Morin**: Stan Albert, Philip Morin, Gerard Morin, Donna Levesque, Terry Ouellette

In memory of **Mrs. Irene (Marin) Michaud**: Stan Albert, Philip Morin, Florine Michaud, Patricia Morin, Evelyn Costa, Mary Costa, Paul and Avril Marin

In memory of **Mr. Louis Chamberland**: Directors of the Ste. Agathe Historical Society

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**STE. AGATHE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEW LIFETIME MEMBERS**

Elaine M. Michaud



## **DONATED ITEMS**

The following items were donated  
to the Ste. Agathe Historical Society during 2000 and 2001

### **Year 2000**

Corrine (Michaud) Parent.....Singer sewing machine  
Edward & Althea LeClair.....Pedestal display case  
Leo Tardif.....Framed photo of Paul & Euphemie Marquis  
Daughters of Wisdom.....Jubilee Yearbook  
Rosaire & Lucille Michaud.....Baby crib and mattress  
Holy Family Parish.....2 Baltimore Catechisms, 2 silver trays,  
1 Cross with stand, 1 Catafalque with cover,  
1 wall-mounted Holy Water fount, 1 Church  
pew, various booklets and pamphlets

### **Year 2001**

Phil & Karen Chasse.....Rocking chair, ice clamp, large saw,  
part of a still, ax/saw/scythe sharpener  
Paul Michaud.....Asbestos siding cutter and puncher  
Lucien & Solange (Ringuette) Martin.....Handmade wooden ironing board  
Wilfred Dufour Jr.....Scythe, two-man saw  
Wilfred Dufour Jr. & Aurelle Daigle.....Wheel from Albert Michaud Starch Factory  
Eddie Paradis.....Royal Typewriter with cover  
Rose (Ouellette) Poulin.....Cast iron buckwheat roll pan  
Robert & Viola (Lavertu) Chamberland.....Lavertu Genealogy Book  
Edward & Althea LeClair.....Fire Extinguisher  
Ross & Judy (Ayotte) Paradis.....Senate desk, chair and blotter, framed  
photo of Speaker John L. Martin, glass  
paperweight, various steins and coffee  
mugs  
Maurice & Eunice (Doucette) Tardif.....Photocopier

*Un gros merci to all our generous patrons!*



**KEEPSAKES**

The following items can be ordered from the Ste. Agathe Historical Society:

Le Centenaire de St. Agatha Maine.....	\$25.00
History of Ste. Agathe Parish 1889 - 1989.....	\$10.00
Ste. Agathe Cemetery Records 1889 - 1989.....	\$10.00
Marriages of Ste. Agathe 1889 - 1989.....	\$10.00
St. John Valley Souvenir Postcard Book (new item this year).....	\$12.00
“As Luck Would Have It” by Henry Albert.....	\$ 5.00
“Le Parler de Chez Nous” by Don Levesque.....	\$ 5.00
Year 2002 Calendar.....	\$ 5.00
Montagne Platte Concession Maps.....	\$ 5.00

To place an order by mail, circle each item that you would like to receive, specifying how many if applicable. Please include \$3.00 for the first item and \$1.00 for each additional item to cover mailing costs and mail to:

**The Ste. Agathe Historical Society  
PO Box 237  
St. Agatha, ME 04772**

Name:.....

Mailing Address:.....  
.....

Amount Enclosed:.....



## **ST. AGATHA PARISH - 2001**

On April 10, 2001, our town suffered a great loss when St. Agatha Church was severely damaged by an electrical fire.

Damage was estimated at \$225,000.00. Insurance monies would cover some of the reconstruction costs, however the parish would have to absorb the \$100,000.00 balance. As a result, a major fundraising campaign was needed to help offset these costs. In no time, the St. Agatha Church Reconstruction and Restoration Committee was assembled, headed by Father Claude Gendreau, with Maynard Martin serving as Chairman. Other committee members included Diane Castonguay, Roberta LaBrie, Phyllis Paradis, Donna Chamberland, Phil Michaud, Linwood Crosby, Bob Chamberland, Alan Michaud, Danny Ouellette, Jeanne Chamberland, Dick Smith, Wilfred Saucier, Jr., Beurmond Banville,

Terry Ouellette and Ryan Pelletier. Their goal was to raise \$100,000.00 in 60 days.

Thanks to the generosity of many, many wonderful people, both from here and *away*, the \$100,000.00 goal was not only realized, but surpassed! As of July 11, 2001, \$110,744.00 had been raised...with more donations coming in.

Under the guidance and perseverance of Father Claude and Phil Michaud, construction supervisor, the reconstruction and restoration was able to be completed by the target date of July 22, 2001, when a Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated the reopening of Church. Bishop Joseph Gerry led a contingent of seventeen priests concelebrating the bilingual Mass in the completely refurbished church. "We are here to thank God for preserving this beautiful church from total destruction," Bishop Gerry said in his homily. "Today I join you in your joy."



*St. Agatha Catholic Church  
Built for a capacity of 1,050 people and designed  
by Ed Graham of Boston, Massachusetts.  
First High Mass was celebrated on August 10, 1941.*



**UN GROS GROS MERCI!!!**

The Ste. Agathe Historical Society would like to take this opportunity to thank our loyal and dedicated patrons, without whom this newsletter and our yearly calendar would not be possible. We are very grateful that, year after year, we can count on your support and generosity.

*Fraser Papers/Nexfor*  
*St. Agatha Federal Credit Union*  
*R. F. Chamberland, Inc.*  
*Gerard & Sons Auto & Truck Repair*  
*Lakeview Restaurant & Camping Resort*  
*Cozy Log Cabin Rentals*  
*LaBrie Farms*  
*Gary Babin's Groceries & Meats / Sandra's Kitchen*  
*Henry Michaud & Sons Well Drilling*  
*Montfort Heights Apartments*  
*Chamberland Farms, Inc.*  
*Long Lake Motor Inn*  
*Michaud Furniture*



## *Upcoming Projects*

### 4th Quarter 2001

The Annual Ste. Agathe Historical Society Breakfast will be held on Sunday, October 21, 2001 at the Wisdom High School cafeteria. This years theme is "Woodcrafts". Handcrafted items made by some of our very talented citizens will be on display. Tickets are \$5.00 for adults and \$3.00 for students. The public is invited and tickets may be purchased beforehand from any one of our directors.

### Year 2002

The Ste. Agathe Historical Society is in the process of compiling a new book. "Les Familles de la Montagne Platte" is a compilation of photos and stories of the families that lived in the concession during the first half of the 1900's. It is an extenuation of the beautiful project Roger Morneauult exhibited during the St. Agatha Centennial celebration, "Tour des Concessions".

### **But we need your help!!**

We are looking for photos of the families that lived sur la Montagne Platte, as well as photos of their homesteads and barns. Become a part of history by letting us borrow your family photos so we can scan the and include them in the book. All photos will be returned to their owners and any input would be greatly appreciated! We are sure that this "labor of love" will be an informative and treasured publication.

## *Ste. Agathe Historical Society Board of Directors*

### Officers

President.....Terry Ouellette  
Vice President.....Gloria Gervais  
Treasurer.....Phil Morin  
Secretary.....Constance Desrosier

### Directors

Margaret Blais\*  
Harold Chamberland  
Judy Chamberland  
Gerald Dubois  
Jackie Michaud  
Roger Morneauult  
Carole Plourde  
Fernand Sirois  
\*Newly elected

We wish to thank our outgoing Board member, Lucien Desrosier for all the years of dedication and hard work during his term on our Board.

*We'll miss you Lucien!*

**The Ste. Agathe Historical Society**  
**PO Box 237**  
**St. Agatha, ME 04772**



## *St. Agatha Federal Credit Union*

P.O. Box 130  
St. Agatha, Maine 04772  
(207) 543-7383  
Mary Ann Chamberlain, Manager



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