
ANNUAL NEWSLETTER 2019

Ste-Agathe Historical Society

Maintenant, nous attendons....



Maintenant, nous attendons.... Don Cyr's black and white sketch of the Longfellow School is providing an inspirational visual for what we'd like the one remaining school house in St. Agatha to look like someday. While we are still at phase one of the project, we keep planning. The completion of phase

one was to have the school moved to 534 Main Street. The society was given a parcel of land by Doug and Tammie Lerman adjacent to the existing historic site. On that piece of land we had Hebert Construction Inc., install a concrete slab so that the school house could be moved on to. The landscaping

around the slab was done by Bert Albert & Son. The roof was removed by Noah Gingerich in early November. Then the plans for the move were derailed by early snowfall. It is now the plan to move the school as soon as conditions permit early in 2020. Maintenant, nous attendons....

STE-AGATHE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

INCORPORATED MARCH 23, 1978

P.O. Box 237, 534 Main Street, St. Agatha, ME 04772

Preservation Center

Open:

Last week in June to Labor Day Week-End
1:00 to 4:00 Daily, Tues. – Sun.

Email: stagh77@gmail.com

Web Site:

www.steagathehistoricalsociety.com

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REGISTERED VISITORS FOR 2019 – 578

Le fruit défendu – *forbidden fruit*

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso

Une Conversation avec Ronald Chamberland (1938-2016)

A Conversation with Ronald Chamberland

- Allo Ronald! Qu'est-ce que tu nous a fait pour dîner?

Hi Ronald. What did you make for our dinner?

- Bonjour Jacqueline! J'ai pensé que tu aimerais de la morue salée, des patates avec du beurre aux oignons, et des petits pois verts.

Hello Jacqueline. I thought that you might like some salt cod, potatoes with butter and onions, and baby green peas.

- Bien sûr, c'est un repas de chez nous que je ne mange pas souvent. Ça me fait plaisir! Bon, tu as dit que tu me parlerais des tours que tu as joués dans ta jeunesse.

Of course, it's a meal from here that I don't often get to eat. It makes me happy. Now, you said that you would tell me about the tricks you used to play on people when you were young.

- Oui, tu sais, dans ce temps là, on sortait à la brunante, entre huit et neuf heures, pour voler des pommes dans le verger du couvent. J'aimais les rouges, mais les blanches étaient les meilleures avec un goût un peu sûr.

Yes, you know, at that time, we would go out at dusk, between eight and nine o'clock, to steal apples from the convent orchard. I liked the red ones, but the white ones were the best, having a slightly sour taste.

- Qui étaient tes compagnons dans ce grand crime là?

Who were your partners in crime?

- Ben, je me souviens pas exactement. On y est allé plusieurs fois. Mes "chums" étaient Bébé à Belone (Abel Chamberland), Bébé à Den (Bertrand Ouellette) et Bébé à Raoul (Gilman Chamberland).

Well, I don't quite remember. We went many times. My friends were Bébé à Belone (Abel Chamberland), Bébé à Den (Bertrand Ouellette) and Bébé à Raoul (Gilman Chamberland).

- Et, toi on t'appelait Bébé à Gérard. Moi, on m'appelait Quiquine (mes petites soeurs ne pouvait pas prononcer Jacqueline). Ces noms là nous ont resté longtemps. Bien sûr, vous n'étiez plus des bébés.

And, you were named Bébé à Gérard. For my part, I had the name Quiquine (my little sisters could not pronounce Jacqueline). Those names stayed with us a long time. Of course, you were no longer babies.

- Non, on avait à peu près 13 ou 14 ans. Des "Bébés" grimpaient dans le pommier; ils secouaient l'arbre; et les autres ramassaient les pommes. De temps en temps, les Soeurs battaient des mains, on dégringolait de l'arbre pour tomber à quatre pattes et on décampaient.

No, we were about 13 or 14 years old. Some "Bébés" would climb up into the apple tree; they would shake the tree; and the others would collect the apples. From time to time, the Nuns would clap their hands, we would tumble from the tree to fall on all fours and we would scam.

- Comme tu sais, moi aussi j'en ai volé avec mes amies. C'était pas un grand secret. Presque tous les jeunes y allaient. C'était le fruit défendu, au sens propre et au sens figuré, parce que c'était au couvent, donc très attirant. Moi, j'y suis allée avec notre cousine, 'ti Pat Chamberland, et mes amies, Patricia et Rachel

Michaud. J'espère que ça ne va pas les fâcher que je raconte notre espièglerie. Je me souviens d'un incident où on s'était trainé à plat ventre comme des serpents dans le jardin pour ne pas se faire voir. Le chien avait jappé, et on s'était sauvé vite. Le lendemain, une voisine est arrivée chez nous pour raconter à M'man qu'elle avait entendue des jeunes malfaiteurs qui étaient venus se servir dans le verger; j'écoutais et j'avais de la difficulté à étouffer mes rires. Il y avait toujours un chien qui jappait quand on approchait le jardin.

As you know, I also stole some with my friends. It was not a big secret. Almost all the kids did it. It was the forbidden fruit, in the literal as well as the metaphorical sense, because it was at the convent, therefore very enticing. I went with my cousin, 'ti Pat Chamberland, and my friends, Patricia and Rachel Michaud. I hope it won't upset them that I am telling about our mischievousness. I remember an incident where we dragged ourselves on our stomachs like serpents in the garden so we would not be seen. The dog barked and we quickly ran away. The next day, a neighbor came to our house to tell Mom that she had heard some young thieves who had come to help themselves in the orchard; I was listening and I had difficulty in suppressing my laughter. There was always a dog barking whenever we would approach the garden.

- Quand on y allait, il n'y avait pas de chien. Plus tard, je me souviens d'un Saint-Bernard très doux qui jappait, mais qui n'aurait jamais fait de mal à personne.

When we went, there was no dog. Later, I remember a very sweet St Bernard who barked, but would never have hurt anyone.

- On était toujours attiré par le couvent et ses habitants.

We were always attracted to the convent and its inhabitants.

- Surtout par les jeunes filles du pensionnat! Il y en avait des belles. Elles venaient de tout le canton – Presque Isle, Caribou, Van Buren, Madawaska et Fort Kent. L'hiver, quand elles se détendaient sur la patinoire le soir, on allait les voir et on leur apportait des tablettes de chocolat. Ensuite, on essayait de les faire sortir de la patinoire pour aller se promener entre les bancs de neige dans la petite route devant Léonide Ouellette. Elles essayaient de désertier pour quelques minutes parce qu'elles avaient envie de voir des gars et elles voulaient bien venir marcher avec nous. Mais, il y avait toujours une bonne Soeur qui les guettait. Alors, c'était difficile de réussir. Il faut comprendre qu'elles n'allaient chez elles qu'une fois par mois. Alors, du chocolat ou d'autres bonbons étaient toujours appréciés. Et nous voulions toujours leur faire plaisir. On allait souvent leur rendre visite dans le tunnel qui joignait les deux anciens bâtiments du couvent. Mais, aussitôt arrivé, une soeur entrait pour nous surveiller.

Epecially by the young girls in the boarding school. There were some pretty ones. They came from all over the place – Presque Isle, Caribou, Van Buren, Madawaska and Fort Kent. In winter, when they would relax at the skating rink at night, we would go see them and bring them chocolate bars. Then, we would try to get them to leave the rink to go walking between the snowbanks in that little lane in front of Leonide Ouellette's. They would try to get away for a few minutes because they wanted to see some boys and wanted to go for a walk with us. But, there was always a good Sister watching them. So, it was difficult to succeed. You have to understand that they went home only once a month. So, chocolate or other candies were always appreciated. And we always wanted to please them. We

would often visit them in the tunnel joining the two old convent buildings. But, as soon as we arrived, a Sister would enter to keep a close eye on us.

- En été, Tasi (Anastasie) était toujours assise sur la galerie d'en haut et elle pouvait voir le préau et tout ce qui se passait dans les alentours. Je la vois encore avec sa longue robe noire. Je me demande si elle nous reconnaissait sous les pommiers.

In summer, Tasi (Anastasie) always sat on the upper porch and she could see the yard and everything that went on round about. I can still see her in her long black dress. I wondered if she knew who we were under the apple trees.

- Oui, Tasi et Maggie étaient deux vieilles femmes qui avaient travaillé au couvent et qui y étaient restées puisque c'était devenu leur demeure. Elles n'avaient pas d'autres domiciles et elles s'y sentaient chez-elles. Pour gagner leur pain, elles épluchaient des patates dans la cuisine ou elles faisaient le repassage à la buanderie. Les jeunes pensionnaires aimaient taquiner Tasi qui avait toujours été célibataire. Elles apportaient un catalogue de Sears & Roebuck pour lui montrer les hommes qui modelaient les vêtements et pour lui demander lequel elle aimerait avoir comme mari!

Yes, Tasi and Maggie were two old ladies who had worked at the convent and who had stayed on since it had become their home. They did not have any other domicile and they felt at home. To earn their living, they peeled potatoes in the kitchen or they ironed in the laundry. The young boarders liked to tease Tasi who had never married. They would bring Sears & Roebuck catalogs to show her the males modeling clothes to ask her which one she would like to have for a husband!

- Le couvent avait toujours été autosuffisant. Deux ou trois hommes

étaient de service pour mener la ferme. Sous la direction de la Québécoise Soeur Josepha, ils élevaient des bétails, récoltaient des produits agricoles et faisaient le tout pour nourrir les religieuses, les pensionnaires et les engagés.

The convent had always been self-sufficient. Two or three men worked to operate the farm. Under the direction of the Québécoise Sister Josepha, they raised animals, harvested agricultural products and did everything else to feed the Nuns, the boarders and the workers.

- Ils entretenaient une soue avec 300 cochons et ils semaient des patates et de l'avoine. Soeur Marie-Claire, une autre Québécoise avec un grand visage rouge, surveillait les garçons du pensionnat. Physiquement carrée, elle pesait à peu près 200 livres.

They maintained a sty with 300 pigs; and they sowed potatoes and oats. Sister Marie-Claire, another Québécoise with a large red face, would supervise the boys who boarded. Physically thick, she weighed approximately 200 pounds.

- Soeur Alfred enseignait la "classe des bébés". Quand elle nous a raconté "La Dernière Classe" d'Alphonse Daudet, ça m'avait beaucoup impressionné. Même aujourd'hui, quand je la lis avec mes étudiants, ça me fait penser à ce temps là. Si on était sage et de bon élève, on nous récompensait avec du "pain des anges", qui était les découpures de pain sans levain qui restaient après la fabrication des hosties. J'ai été demi-pensionnaire jusqu'à ce que Ste-Agathe rassemble les petites écoles rouge pour constituer l'école Montfort en école publique.

Sister Alfred taught the "baby class." When she recounted Alphonse Daudet's "La Dernière Classe," it made a great impression on me. Even today when I read it with my students, it reminds me of that time. If we were

well-behaved and good students, we were rewarded with "pain des anges" or angel bread, which were the leftover cuttings of unleavened bread remaining after the fabrication of communion wafers. I attended school there as a demi-pensionnaire (day student) until Ste-Agathe assembled the little red school houses to create Montfort School into a public school.

- Moi, ma demi-pension au couvent a duré jusqu'à la quatrième classe. J'ai commencé à l'école Montfort dans la cinquième classe et Irène Michaud était mon enseignante.

For me, my demi-pension lasted through the fourth grade. I went to fifth grade at Montfort and Irene Michaud was my teacher.

- J'ai commencé en deuxième année sous la tutelle de Soeur Delorèse. Ensuite, c'était Marie Michaud qui enseignait la troisième et Elsie Chassé la quatrième.

I started in second grade under the tutelage of Sister Delorese. Afterwards, Marie Michaud taught me in third grade and Elsie Chassé in fourth.

- Maude Marin a quitté pour assister le Père Doiron. Soeur Alphonse

entraînait les garçons dans le basketball. Soeur Berthe et Soeur Mary Francis sont arrivées de New York, et celle-ci est devenue la Principale.

Maude Marin left to assist Father Doiron. Sister Alphonse taught the boys basketball. Sister Berthe and Sister Mary Francis arrived from New York, with Sister Mary Francis becoming the Principal.

- Mon mari, la première fois qu'il est venu à Ste-Agathe, a remarqué qu'il y avait un très gros et grand "barbecue" devant le Couvent. Bien sûr il parlait de la grotte! Il n'avait jamais vu ça. Je me souviens qu'on faisait couler de l'eau dans la grotte en imitant Lourdes.

The first time that my husband came to Ste-Agathe, he remarked about the large "barbecue pit" in front of the Convent. Of course, he was talking about the grotto. He had never seen this. I remember that water sometimes flowed down the grotto in imitation of Lourdes.

- Oui, et on l'a transportée au cimetière d'en haut. Le vieux couvent n'existe plus et de tous ces grands bâtiments, il reste seulement ce qu'on appelle maintenant Montfort Heights. Notre Papa, en

1967, a construit le nouveau couvent que les soeurs occupent à cette heure. P'pa profitait aussi d'un autre fruit des arbres des Soeurs. Au printemps, elles lui donnaient toujours un pot de fleurs de tilleul pour faire des infusions pour bien dormir.

Yes, and it was transported to the upper cemetery. The old convent no longer exists. Of all those large buildings, the only one left is what is now known as Montfort Heights. Our Dad, in 1967, constructed a new convent that the Sisters now occupy. Dad also profited from another fruit of the Nun's trees. In the spring, they would give him a jar of linden flowers to make infusions as sleeping aids.

- Alors, qu'est-ce que tu nous a préparé comme dessert?

So, what did you make for our dessert?

- Une tarte aux pommes!
Apple pie!

[Déjà publié en Français dans Les Belles Histoires du Couvent de Ste-Agathe, de Marc Chassé, Avril, 2004]

[Originally published in French in Marc Chassé's Les Belles Histoires du Couvent de Ste-Agathe, April 2004]

Ste. Agathe Historical Society Preservation Center

August 11, 2019

It was a packed house with an afternoon of great music with this group of travelling musicians. After the afternoon of music, Claudette Sirois and Diane Belanger treated the guests with tasty "beignets" and ice cream.

*L-R: Mary A. & Roger Godin,
James & Germaine Pelletier,
Kathy & Tom Martin Jr.,
Allen Rudy Pelletier*



Antoinette (Cyr) Lizotte

Mother of the Year – 2019

Ladies of St. Anne –
St. Agatha, Maine

Our Lady of the Valley Parish

Antoinette was born June 3, 1930 in Madawaska, Maine to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest & Mary (Roy) Cyr on a potato farm with her other siblings – five brothers, one sister, and two step-brothers. Her brothers, Edwin, Maurice, Alphy, Raymond, and Conrad one sister, Jeannette, and two step-brothers, Jean and Roland. Growing up in the 1930's was hard times. I learned at a young age to help out with the household chores. The boys took care of the animals, milking cows, doing hay and working in the fields.

I learned from my mother how to sew, knit, cook, garden and cleaning the house at the age of thirteen. Around the age of 7 or 9, there were many diseases going around – scarlet fever, polio, and pneumonia. I went through all that. It was a miracle I survived it all. One time a doctor from Edmundston came – there were no other doctors around. He told my parents to call the priest. I had a fever of 106 and was unconscious. When I finally came through, I looked at the man standing at the foot of the bed and smiled. The priest said, “She’ll live,” as my family was saying the Rosary. Some were crying.

We didn't have electricity and had to go to the neighbor's to use the phone or get help. I was the only one in three girls around home who didn't stay cripple from polio.

In 1946 I started going out. I met Roger Lizotte Sr. and we got married on March 30, 1948. We lived in a

little house located near his parents house – Victorie & Azeline Lizotte. We raised four children:
Nancy m. Jessie Michaud
Judy m. Richard Martin
Roger Lizotte Jr. m. Evelyn Boucher
Kathy m. Jeffrey Cyr

In 1951, Mrs. Azeline Lizotte passed away. We moved in with Mr. Victorie Lizotte and took care of him for 13 years before he had to go into a Nursing Home. In the fall Antoinette and the kids went potato picking for several farmers in St. Agatha, Frenchville, Fort Kent while Roger Sr., worked at the Page Starch Factory.

After his retirement in 1989, we travelled to many places. We went to Connecticut to visit with family and California, North Carolina, Tulsa, Oklahoma and to see our son, Roger Jr. graduate from Spartan School of Aeronautics when he was stationed in Germany at Hahn Air Force Base with his wife Evelyn and young son, Jamous. At the same time we saw many places and had a chance to attend the October Fest. Also went on a boat ride on the Rhine River . The Vouch March they call it in German – A trail of six miles in the woods where they stop every two miles to rest. We received a medal for doing it.

We took a bus tour to Paris and went to see Notre Dame Cathedral and it was the first time we heard a pipe organ. Such a beautiful sound in such a big church. We went to see the Eiffel Tower and walked around Arc De Triomphe . We ate at the Moulin Rouge with some people from New York who were on the same bus tour. They didn't know how to speak French and we had to order for them. They were very happy to have



us around. We came back home on the 747 and my brother picked us up at the New York Airport. We visited a few days then came home.

Roger and I were married for 63 years. We have 11 grandchildren: Naomi, Nathan, Noah, Nina, Launie, Jake, Jamous, Lorin, Kether, Manny, Richard. 15 great-grandchildren: Noah-Gabriel, Isabelle Hope, Faith, Timo, Liam, Crosby, Beau, Brittni, Gavin, Sean, Lucas, Olivia, Kameron, Tazz Nicole, and two great-great grandchildren: Noah and Camden

Roger Sr. passed away December 12, 2011 at the age of 84 and Roger Jr. died in a car accident on Dec. 9, 1996. He was only 42 years old. Both were born in May and both died in December. It was very painful but God helped me make it through. I am blessed to have my three daughters living nearby.

Written by Antoinette Lizotte
August 19, 2019

Thoughts of Spring

By Pat Gervais Flynn

There was still snow on the ground and the landscape was bleak, the lake still covered with thick ice but on some milder days you could tell its color was subtly changing to gray and more watery. Changes were on the way, spring was finally in the air. The human spirit was ready for its promise of renewal. A time to plan.

Mom had already pored through her Burpee Seed Catalog from cover to cover and ordered her vegetable seeds for the garden. "I ordered those "long green" cucumbers that we planted last year, we harvested a ton of them and I have enough pickles for 3 years. The boston leaf lettuce grew well and remember those green beans that we picked through at least five times? I had trouble with cabbage worms last year and need to find a more effective remedy for that. See how well my tomatoes are growing on the windowsill? Memere Hebert told me to always plant them on Good Friday," said my mother.

My memory hears the conversation:

L'automne passé on a étendu du fumier dans le jardins. Ca faisait une secouse q'on l'avait pas faite pi c'était le temp. Maique la neige fonde toute, pi ca seche un peu a la fin de Mai, on va faire laboure ca par Mr. Gilbert pi on aura de la bonne engrais pour 2 - 3 ans. Benoit, il va falloir relever la clouture, les bans de neige a pas mal ecrase ca sur be bout vers le chemin. On va mettre nos tomates dans ce bout la cette annee, c'est moins mouilleux. Dans le milieu, tu me fera 4 carres pour mes carottes, ma salade pi mes raves, mes bettes pi mes greens. Oublie pas mes beaux gros onions, sonts assez bons. Apres ca fait moi sept ou huit rangs d'un bord a l'autre pour mes faives. On va

mettre notre couche de concombres dans le bas, c'est plus mouilleux dans ce coin la. Essayons ca. J'avais envie de m'planter du ble d'inde c'tannee mais ca prend tros de place, il faudrait rallonger le jardin encore du bout d'en bas, never mind c'est bon ca, s'en fait moins a canne....

Tending the Flock

After the seeds were ordered and the garden planned, it was time to order the chickens. There were several kinds available at Mr. Fred Soucy's in Fort Kent. Mom preferred the white Plymouth Rocks over the Rhode Island Reds or the Grey Leghorns. Mr. Soucy had like an Agway Store that sold animals, feed, and agricultural items.

In Early May, they were delivered by the mailman, TiVin Sinclair. There were 50 peeping chicks in a large square box with holes around it for air. We couldn't wait to see those tiny, yellow fluff-balls, constantly peeping and pooping. The "brooder," an off ground rectangular wooden box, similar to a rabbit hutch, was placed in the downstairs bedroom. The chicks had to be kept warm inside for at least 3 weeks before they would survive in an outside "coop." For warmth, a 60 watt light bulb on an extension cord was plugged into the socket of the ceiling light and dangled from the top trap door. From a 50 lb bag of starter feed, some feed was poured daily into the feeding troughs which lined the outside of the brooder. An inverted gallon glass jar was placed and constantly refilled to provide drinking water.

The chicks seemed happy as clams in there and we loved to watch them or poke our fingers inside to be pecked. Without TV, it was entertainment and education at the same time.

If you're wondering how we "cleaned" them every day, mom had a method for that too. Before she initially placed them in their new home she had lined it with a few layers of newspaper. Each day, or whenever it obviously needed it, we would open the trap door on the top and the chicks would run to the far end. We'd roll up the dirty, soggy paper and replace it, we'd go to the far end and do the same....voila...clean quarters.....

We always lost a few in those early weeks. Anytime one got sluggish or sickly, we'd find it dead in a corner, pecked to death by its coop mates. Chickens have an inborn instinct to destroy the weak. I guess that's what is meant by the term "pecking order."

They grew quite fast and would almost double their weight weekly. They molted and their white feathers started to grow. In the meantime, the outside chicken house and pen were prepared for the move. It had to be secure and fox-proofed. One year, the neighbor's dog broke in during the night and killed several of our chickens. The owner put him down because once a dog gets the taste of chicken blood, he can never be trusted not to return for more. Mom was always so happy to finally get them out of the house. By then it was the end of May, no more frosts were expected, but of course there was also a light set up in the coop for warmth, just in case. The brooder was cleaned and stored away for one more year. No more cleaning, no more smell and....someone got their bedroom back....

In August, the chickens were grown enough to start eating. By then we would open the door during the day and let them "free range" and gather them in each night and bar the door securely. As soon as they were big

enough, mom started making fried chicken for picnics on Sundays. They were so tender and delicious. When they got full grown (5-6 lbs) we had roasted stuffed chicken with mash potatoes and fresh vegetables once a week and on special occasions. It was delicious!! Whatever chickens were left by the end of September or October, would be canned for the winter.

In the early years, we would winter 6-8 hens, and one rooster, for laying. They walked around freely during the day and roosted high on the rafters of the boutique at night. We fed them and provided laying nests for them in the hayloft and picked up fresh, warm eggs every day. Sometimes, one of the hens with high hormones, was a "couveuse," and went around clicking all day and was hoarding eggs in preparation for hatching her own chicks. We'd follow her and find a large "cache" of eggs, hidden in the tall grass. After their productive years, the hens would eventually face the same fate as the others did... and the rooster also. These roosters thought they were kings of the harem and would become aggressive with us kids, jumping on us and pecking us in the back yard. My brother Joel was a repeated victim of one of them one year. They didn't like each other at all.

Wholesale Slaughter

Whatever chickens were left after our picnics and Sunday feasts, usually in September, would be canned for the winter for stews, *fricasses*, and other good dishes. Usually 8 – 10 chickens were processed in a day. Mom would handle that alone in earlier times but in the late 40's and 50's, I recall us kids pitching in to help. The process would go like this: This project was announced the previous day. We knew to get up early, get dressed, get the young ones changed and dressed and have breakfast. A quick clean up and we were assigned

our duties: "*les petites filles*, I need you inside, Patsy watch the little ones and don't let them play in the back... Jeannine get 10 large mouth quart jars and wash them well in this soapy water, rinse them and lay them face down on the end of the sink.....Bob and Joel, help me put this full boiler on the stove and then I'll fill up the large round aluminum *cuve* with cold water for soaking...go get an empty barrel for the feathers and discards then start picking out the 8 biggest chickens and chop off their heads (*coupe le cou*)...throw them as far as possible so we don't get splattered blood all over the person....."Mom, Bob chopped last time, it's my turn to chop today,"....."No, you catch them and Bob will chop...o.k." "Pat, go get me the large knife (*le couteau de boucherie*) from the top shelf in the *laiterie*, very carefully, and also grab a box of large mouth rubber seals..... *Simone, tire moi une couple de tabliers pi des linges a vaisselles dans l'armoire d'en haut, veux tu?*" We had our marching orders, no complaints or fooling around, we were depended upon to do a job and ready for execution....Mr. Perdue, eat your heart out!

Soon we hear the clucking and ruckus outside as the chickens are being chased, cornered, and caught and then....chop...chop...chop. We watch intently from the screen door at the headless chickens, one by one, jumping, jumping, jumping, until they finally settle down and bleed their last....."Man, how many? *Huite, mon garcon, huite*"..."*Joel va poigner le gros la qui cours derriere la cabanne...Oui, Oui, c'est lui qui ma picoche hier...*"

Next the feathers must go. Mom picks the limp bodies up by the legs and dips them in boiling water to loosen the feathers. The plucking has to be done right away before it cools. We smell the steamy, chicken feather smell as she very quickly pulls out the feathers. They go inside for the first wash and Jeannine and I have our

aprons on and our small knives ready for the time consuming job of removing the dreaded pin feathers, (*les repoussons*). Once, smooth and clean, they are placed in the *cuve* to await the evisceration process.

The Inside Job

What happened next was as close to a biology dissection class as we ever got. Mom made a cut in the posterior and a neat v-shaped cut to carve out the "*trouffion*" then reach in and discarded the intestines. Next above the breast, another cut and the round, dark gizzard came out. What a fascinating organ! A slice down the center would open to a cavity full of pebbles, the lining was peeled off and discarded with the pebbles. What a great stew that would make. Our noses were close as we wanted to see the innards but we did not care for the smell too much. Also fascinating for us was the little heart, and the liver, those would go in the stew also. We questioned the name and function of all of these organs and Mom would elaborate in both French and English as best she knew.

We ate every part of those chickens, even the neck and the legs. My grandmother's favorite part was the legs, they had to be completely peeled and I recall her simmering a pot full of legs with a lot of onions, salt and pepper and sucking at every delicious joint....natural, organic glucosamine. Papa's favorite was the wings and the part that goes under the fence last.

The disjointing and cutting up process was next after a good inside and outside body wash using coarse salt as a scouring agent. The parts were squeezed into the jars as many as it could hold. Water and a spoonful of salt were added as a preservative, then the rubbers and tops were expertly secured and the jars were put into the copper boiler for a 3 hour boiling time. That's all there was to it. All in a days' work.

August 18, 2019

Street Rod Maine Central Visit the Ste-Agathe Historical Site.

Street Rod owners were guided to the Preservation Center by Philip & Linda Dumais of St. Agatha.

*Patsy Husson with the
1936 Chevy Coupe
Owned by Patsy & Jim Husson*



Group Photo of Street Rod Maine Central Members



Volunteers meet September 7, 2019

Volunteers meet to remove floor boards in the Longfellow School House.

*Front: Stan Albert
L-R: Harold Chamberland,
Gary Boucher, Gaylen Thibeault,
Roger Gervais and Philip Morin.*

Summerfest Parade

August 4, 2019



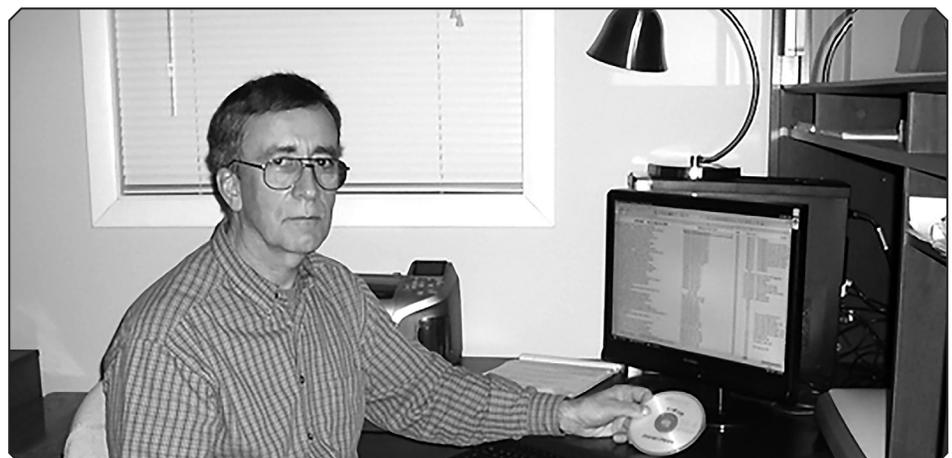
T.O. and Philip Morin watching the parade.



Board Member Roger Gervais carries the U.S. Flag

61 years of scanned history

The Ste-Agathe Historical Society received '61 years of scanned history' from Daniel & Norma Berube during the summer of 2019. It is indeed a most valuable tool to have the St. John Valley TIMES copies from its inception in 1957 to 2018. We appreciate that the Berubes donated these files so we could add them to our growing collection of local history. Pictured above is Daniel Berube at the scanner.



New Acadian Flag

July 17, 2019

In 1883, the Societe St- Jean-Baptiste of Quebec, designed the Acadian Flag. The symbol of Mary, Stella Maris, who guides outcasts through storms and sufferings, was chosen. The field it rests upon represents to persons consecrated to her; while the papal colors, god and white, show their inviolable attachment to Holy Mother, the Church. Their chosen hymn was Ave Maris Stella, and their motto,

Surge Acadia. The first flag was made by Mrs. Alphee Belliveau (Marie Babineau) and is conserved at the museum of the cathedral Notre-Dame de l'Assomption in Moncton, N.B.

Roger Gervais installs the new Acadian Flag donated by the Maine Acadian Heritage Council.



June 28, 2019

Trail Guides Sylvia Belanger and Joyce Plourde (made possible by the Maine Acadian Heritage Council) pictured here with visitors from Connecticut – Greta Cyr and Fern Beaupre.



July 3, 2019

Visiting the Pelletier/Marquis Museum House are Bernadette Meurnier and Joan Ouellette. Center is Trail Guide Donna Boucher.

Slab waiting for the Longfellow School House



*Background:
Preservation Center*



*Noah Gingerich
working on the roof of
Longfellow School*



*Longfellow School
now waiting for the move.*

41 Annual Historical Society Breakfast

October 20, 2019



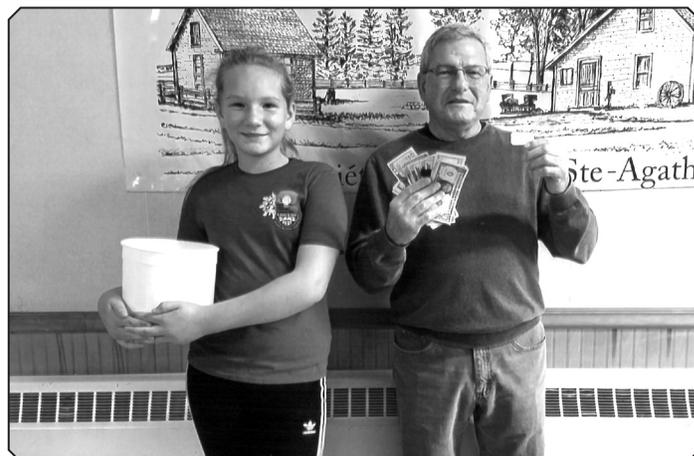
Serving Line: Sylvia Belanger, Roger Gervais, Shirley Chasse, Harold Chamberland, and Carole Plourde.



Tonya Michaud, Rachel Michaud, Michelle Chamberland, Tanner and Drew Marquis.



1st Breakfast Guest: Raymond Hebert with Sylvia Belanger who sold him the breakfast ticket.



Half and Half Winner Conrad Cyr with Kayleigh Michaud.



Potato Man at the Breakfast – Gaylen Thibeault



Lise Sirois with friends from Edmundston: Colette Ouellette, Georgette Thibodeau, Eileen & Bob Dufour.



Acquisition of the steam engine

Acquisition of the steam engine operated cedar shingle mill. It was moved to the historic site by Bert Albert & Son from Frenchville. The cedar shingle mill was donated by Paul Lavoie from Gagnon Rd.

In photo l to r: Bert Albert, Gary Boucher, Eric Blanchette and Mark Albert.

Annual Meeting July 17, 2019 Ste-Agathe Historical Society Board of Directors



*Front: Carole Plourde, Gloria Gervais, Diane Castonguay, Jackie Michaud, Judy Chamberland.
Standing: Philip Morin, Gaylen Thibeault, Gary Boucher, Harold Chamberland, Roger Gervais and Terry Ouellette.*

STE-AGATHE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEMORIAL DONATIONS

November 30, 2018 – November 30, 2019

In Memory of, Mrs. Bertille Beaulieu Chamberland Beaulieu, Terry M. Ouellette, Harold Joanne, Angie Chamberland, James & Patricia Morin, Patricia J. Morin, Philip Morin, Directors of Ste-Agathe Historical Society,

In Memory of, Mr. Ronald Belanger, Stan Albert, Philip Morin, Terry M. Ouellette, Carole Plourde, Donna & Gary Boucher, Doris Staples

In Memory of, Mr. Fernand & Yvette Ayotte Plourde, by Doris Beaulieu.

In Memory of, Mr. Fernand Morin, by Philip Morin, James & Theresa Foster.

In Memory of, Mrs Mildred Michaud Bossie, by Stan Albert, Philip Morin

In Memory of, Mrs. Fernande Albert Plourde, by Stan Albert, Philip Morin, Gary & Donna Boucher, James & Patricia Morin, Patricia J. Morin, Gerard Morin, Lorraine Zimmerman.

In Memory of, Mr. Maurice Sirois, by Terry M. Ouellette.

In Memory of, Mrs. Jacqueline Michaud Roy, by Philip Morin

In Memory of, Mr. David Dow, by Philip Morin

In Memory of, Mrs Hilda Albert Myers, by Terry M. Ouellette, Bob & Pat Bourgoïn, Gerard Morin, Patricia Morin, Philip Morin, Carole Plourde, Peter & Rachel Lapointe, Phyllis F. Morin, Stan Albert, James & Patricia Morin, Donna Levesque, Francis & Claudia Morin, Florine, Andrew, & Elaine Michaud, James & Rita Chamberland, Doris Staples, Doris-Mai Deschaine Caldwell, Donald & Rachel Daigle, Gloria Gervais, James & Theresa Foster.

In Memory of, Mr. Robert “Bob” Collin, by Roberta Guerrette, Terry M. Ouellette.

In Memory of, Ms. Marie Maude Marin, by Gerard Morin, Terry M. Ouellette, Don & Rachel Daigle, Simone A. Kramer, Carole & Francoise Plourde, Clifford “Dede” Nancy Bourgoïn, Roger & Bernice Martin, Mike & Doreen Daigle, Donna Levesque, Odette Levesque, Paul & Avril Marin, Lorraine Zimmerman, Philip Morin, Stan Albert, Norman & Dorilda Daigle, Bob & Rachel Marquis, Allen & Patricia Dow, Alan & Denyse Michaud, Danny & Roberta Labrie, Bob & Vi Chamberland, Gerald R. Wentland, Gerard & Diane Castonguay.

In Memory of, Mrs. Nancy Foley Morin, by James & Theresa Foster.

In Memory of, Mr. John D. Morin, Mrs. Constance Morin Desrosier, Mrs. Bernadette Morin Collin, Ms. Avis Collin, & Mr. Norman Martin, by Ms. Simone Morin

In Memory of, Mr. Robert “Bob” Michaud, by Florine, Andrew, & Elaine Michaud.



Ste. Agathe Historical Society

534 MAIN STREET

P.O. BOX 237

ST. AGATHA, MAINE 04772

January 2, 2020

Dear Friends and Supporters of the Ste-Agathe Historical Society,

We have a short window of time to showcase the historical site – Mid June to Labor Day Week-end – but it seems we're busy throughout the year. The historical society's Board of Directors meet every 1st Tuesday of the month. A majority of the monthly meetings take place at the Long Lake Public Library and we are grateful to have such a comfortable place to gather. The historical society's photo collection as well as the genealogy materials are housed at the Long Lake Public Library during the off season so that we can have access to go on working in the albums or do research. The LLPL's own collection of genealogical materials is growing all the time providing new avenues to folks interested in doing genealogy.

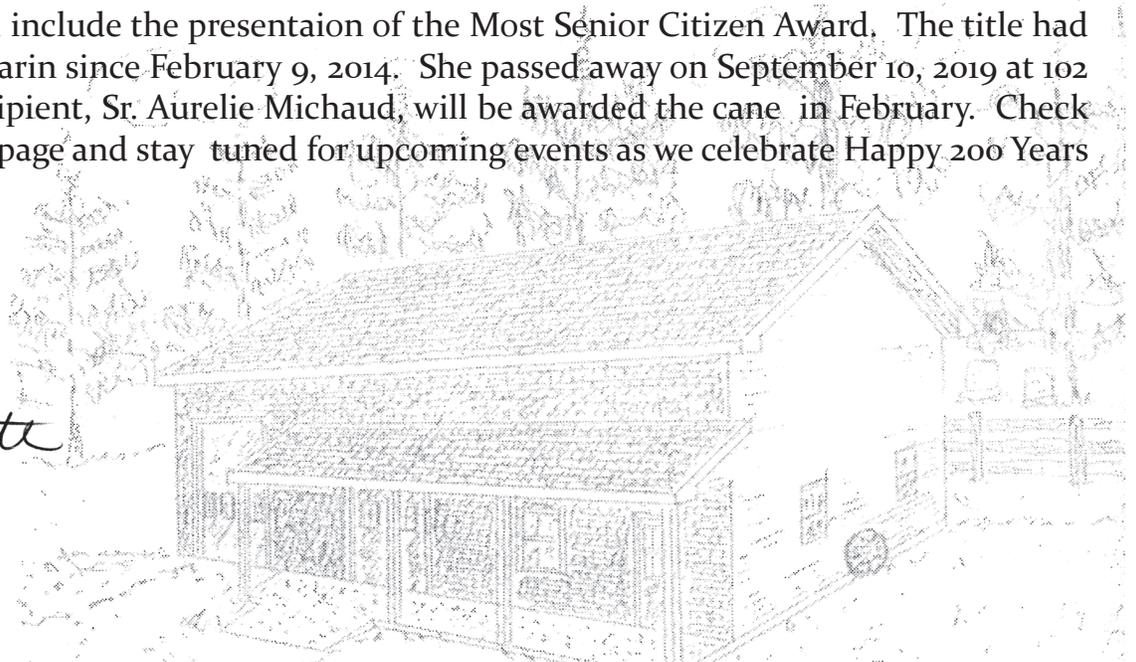
Summer of 2019 turned out to be a very eventful summer with the town's Summerfest week-end and the surrounding towns' own special celebrations. We're fortunate to have board members volunteer their time to keep the site open on Sundays and the Trail Guides, made possible by a grant from The Maine Acadian Heritage Council, keep the site open from Tuesdays to Saturdays.

At the close of nice fall weather we obtained a most unique artifact from Paul Lavoie on Gagnon Road. The rare (only one other left in the United States) cedar shingle mill was moved from Gagnon Road to the historic site. This was done right before that early snowfall that derailed the moving of the Longfellow School. Gary Boucher along with other board members were able to wrap the cedar mill in blue tarp shortly after Bert Albert & Son finished moving the mill to the 534 Main Street site.

Upcoming events will include the presentaion of the Most Senior Citizen Award. The title had been held by Maude Marin since February 9, 2014. She passed away on September 10, 2019 at 102 years old. The new recipient, Sr. Aurelie Michaud, will be awarded the cane in February. Check it out on our facebook page and stay tuned for upcoming events as we celebrate Happy 200 Years to the State of Maine.

Sincerely,

Terry Ouellette





Ste-Agathe Historical Society
534 Main Street
P.O. Box 237
St. Agatha ME 04772

Change Service Requested

