

MY FAMILY

I am proud of my family. I would classify my grandparents and my parents, brothers, sisters and cousins a bit above the average. The Marquis came to the Upper St. John River Valley in 1795 and Paul Marquis settled in Upper Frenchville, Me., with his four sons. The Nadeaus came about the same time and settled near the mouth of the Fish River in Fort Kent. The St. Germaines (Cureux) and the Michauds came later. They first took land about ¼ mile west of Baker Brook, NB., and the Michauds settled in Wallagrass, Me., a few miles south of Fort Kent, Me.

Grandpa Marquis was one of the strongest men in the Valley. After he hit a man and nearly killed him with one blow, he was forbidden by law to hit anybody. He was not too careful with his health and by overwork, he shortened his life and died at 62 in 1918. He suffered from bronchitis for years but that did not prevent him from working. He got sick in a lumber camp near Big Brook and walked home to die a few weeks after.

My grandmother, his wife, was the daughter of Jos Cureux, boss for the Cunliffe Lumber Co. in the Musquacook and Allagash district. Grandpa Marquis was a very good worker and helped his father-in-law's business. The latter gave him half his farm, and when he retired, Grandpa Marquis took over his job as foreman in the woods. The house where my father was born is still standing. It has a brick chimney built by my father more than 60 years ago and still in good shape.

My father had three brothers and no sisters. The oldest, Uncle Ernest, took over the farm. My father and the two others went for lumbering. Smart, honest and good workers, they were well liked by their fellow workers and their employers. The youngest, Uncle Arthur, died in his thirties of a lumbering accident and left a son and two daughters. The boy died in early 1981, he was an electrical engineer. Uncle Benoit was an engineer on the log-haulers and an expert at filing those cross-cut saws used to bring those big trees down before the invention of the chainsaws. Like my father, he was a crack shot with a rifle and a good trapper. He was 91 years old when he died in 1979. He had five children with his first wife, Bertha Michaud, and seven with his second, Adeline Baker. Three of his daughters became nuns, two of his sons architects and one a good cook. During World War II, one of them was decorated for bravery. One of his daughters is a registered nurse and one is a school teacher..

My mother was the daughter of Belonie (a Agapit) Nadeau and Desneiges Michaud, both American citizens who emigrated to New Brunswick. They had 14 children; five sons and nine daughters. The boys were all farmers at least for some time. Two of the girls married farmers. Marguerite was married to Olivier Beaulieu. One of her sons was a con-

tractor for the International Paper Co. One of her daughters is a school teacher and one is a Trappistine Nun.

Another sister, Julie, married Victor Morneault. She died in 1918, quite young, and left five or six children. Her son, Sylvio, succeeded his father on the farm and three of her daughters became nuns. Aunt Alphena was married to Rene Levesque, a very successful businessman in the pulp cutting business for the Great Northern Paper Co. Their oldest son is a well known industrialist in Fredericton, N.B. The other succeeded his father but at the wrong time, when pulp cutting was coming into a revolution and he got out of that. One girl is a registered nurse and the other is married to Jos Nadeau, engineer for the Maine Public Service Co. in Presque Isle, Me.

My oldest sister, Alma, is a Sister of Charity (Gray Nun), a dietician, and was superior of the Sisters' Residence in Chateauguay, near Montreal.

My older brother never made it to high school. He worked for my father in the woods; later for Alfred D. Soucy, a successful businessman of Fort Kent and then for Mr. W. Robinson in St. Pamphile, Me. He learned well and fast. Now he owns Robinson Lumber Co., has 50 employees, two secretaries; his daughter, Jackie and his daughter-in-law. He looks after about 75 miles of gravel road in the woods and cuts around 15 million feet of logs and pulpwood a year. His older daughter, Jessie, is Head Nurse at York Hospital in southern Maine. His oldest son is a foreman for Irving Paper Co. in the wood cutting department. Bruce, his second son, is a foreman under his father. One of his daughters is married to a customs officer in Vermont and another, Judy, is married to a school teacher in Quebec. Willie, that is his name, is married to Freda Bernard, a beautiful lady well gifted in talents and virtue.

My other brother, Adrien, is the owner of a little grocery store in Fort Kent, Me. He never went to high school, but takes care of his business very well with the help of his good wife, Jeanne Dufour. One of his daughters is a good school teacher.

My younger brother, Benoit, was a T.V. salesman and repairman. He died in a car accident about 15 years ago. He was married to Genevieve Gahagan and they had a boy and a girl. Their boy Bobby works at Fraser Paper Mill in Madawaska and his sister is a nurses' aide in Washington State.

Regina, my second oldest sister, is married to Rene Albert, salesman for Sears, Roebuck and Co. in Los Angeles, Ca. They have three sons:

Raymond, a carpenter and professional skier; Tom, a salesman, and Mike, a telephone man. The three are well married and have nice children. Regina was planning to come back to Maine after her boys were

married, but now that she has those beautiful grandchildren, she could not live away from them.

Venney, another sister, is married to Roland Bolduc, superintendent of the woods department for Boise-Cascade in Rumford, Me. He is a big strong man, well gifted intellectually. His experience in lumbering makes him a good asset for the company. Venney has a beautiful voice, loves music and people. She has a very active life and is known as a good friend of the poor. They have two boys and two girls. Claude is a good carpenter; Claire, with an I.Q. above the average, is active in Social Justice and is involved in Educational TV. programs. Paul is a carpenter and Sue is still in school. My younger sister, Martha, is married to Bill Klypak from Winnipeg, Manitoba. Bill is an engineer for the Bell Telephone Co. They have three nice girls.

My mother's oldest brother, Lazarre, lived in Baker Lake, N.B. He had a farm and worked for the railroad. He had a nice big family. Their oldest son became Chief Immigration Officer in flair, NB. Another uncle, Honore, was a farmer and brought up a nice big family. One of his boys lives on the farm with his good wife and a nice big family, too. Another of my mother's brothers, Alphee, was a carpenter and lived in Biddeford, Me. He had two sons. And another, Hector, was a veteran of World War I and lived in Connecticut.

My mother's youngest sister was married to Claude Benville. They had three sons and one daughter. The oldest, Roger, is president of a company in Connecticut and the second, a doctor in Business Administration, is a professor at St. Inuis University. The daughter is a school teacher like her mother.

My father died at 91 years of age and my mother at 77. In 1981, three of her sisters are still livthg.

I have said that my grandfather Ben Marquis was known as a very strong man. The story is told that one day, on a log drive, a log jam blocked the river from shore to shore at Baker Brook, five miles below Fort Kent. The reason was a little island in the middle of the river and perhaps also low water. Anybody could cross from shore to shore by walking on the logs. At lunchtime, Mr. W. Cunliffe was there, and looking at the jam, said to Grandpa, "Ben, if you can put this barrel of flour on your shoulder and bring it to your doorstep across the river, I give it to you." Now, a barrel of flour is kind of bulky and weighs 196 pounds. Grandpa took the challenge, put the barrel of flour on his shoulder and slowly carried it over the jam across the river to his doorstep.

In those days, it was not the custom to buy flour by the pound. You would buy a barrel and have flour for a while. I remember when I was a

boy, my mother would cook a barrel of flour a month. She would bake our bread like all the mothers in the neighborhood did. We did not have pastry often but she was generous with her doughnuts and especially ginger bread. We loved it. It was sweet, tasty and nourishing.

I mentioned that my Uncle Ben was a crack shot with a rifle. It seems that he always understood firearms and knew how to use them. I was told by my grandmother that one day, when she was alone with him in the house, she saw a big moose near the barn. She managed to get out and run to her brother's house next door. When she was gone, Uncle Ben took the rifle and shot the moose. When Uncle Michel came with my grandmother, all he had to do was to dress and skin the moose. Uncle was not 14 years old then. When dad was a boy, there was a militia corps in town. He and his brothers were too young to be part of it but when the barracks where the rifles were kept burned down, they saved some of the rifle barrels. They rigged them on solid pieces of wood, bartered with the sons of the commander for powder and caps. They had no bullets but they used small stones and nails. It is a wonder that none of them got hurt

I don't trust a gun and I have good reasons. When I was a student for the priesthood in Saskatchewan, we were allowed to use .22 rifles for hunting rabbits and gophers. One day I was coming out of the house with a loaded rifle (...) and it went off by itself when I was going through a group of students!!! I can't understand how nobody got hurt but I am very happy that nobody did. Another time, I was alone and I had shot a groundhog that ran into a woodpile. I reloaded, stood the rifle pointed away from me and started to remove the wood to reach the groundhog. Again, that rifle went off by itself. So you understand why I don't trust guns ... I don't trust myself, either.

How often we read of a hunter who shot his companion. Not too long ago, it was in the papers about a hunter downstate who shot his companion by mistake. He said he thought he was a rabbit. Now there is quite a difference between a man and a rabbit. Maybe the shooter did not see much of the victim but I have my opinion and it is that when you want real hard to see something, you see it even when you are looking at something very different. When you go hunting, be real sure that what you are shooting at is not a human and that there is nobody in your line of fire.

What Jam going to tell you now comes from an old guide and a professional woodsman. He was living on a farm not far from Baie St. Paul on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. From his house, he could see the woods at the end of his fields. For weeks he had seen two does and a buck walk out of the woods and across his field early in the morning. On opening day of the hunting season, he was hiding near a stone pile not far from the place where the deer used to be. It was foggy but he could see. By

and by, he heard a little noise and saw something walking out of the woods. He was sure that it was the two does and he raised his rifle ready to shoot the buck that was supposed to follow them. Well, what he had seen were two hunters and they were followed by a third one who happened to light a cigarette. That is what saved him. The old guide was so upset that he threw up his breakfast, took his rifle and went home ... I sincerely believe that when we want to see something real hard, we see it even when it is not there...

