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Le Trésor des Kirouac

Bulletin of the descendants of Urbain-François Le Bihan, sieur de Kerboach



Geneviève Kérouac and Benjamin Ricard, World Swing Dance champions from 2005 to 2007 (Photo : Louis Laroche)

Kérouac ❖ Kéroack ❖ Kirouac ❖ Kprouac ❖ Kérouack ❖ Kirouack

Le trésor des Kirouac

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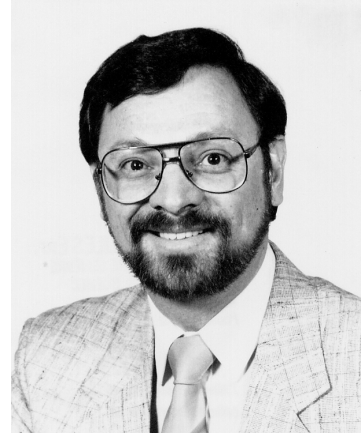
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The President's Word



François Kirouac

This is the 90th issue of our family bulletin the *Trésor des Kirouac*. Since June 1983, when we started with issue number "0", we have produced almost 2,800 pages of stories and news concerning our K/rouac families.

In the last twenty-four years *Le Trésor* allowed you to discover the history and stories of over a hundred people. We read some fascinating stories of the war years including the experience of Mrs. Marie Huguette Morin Karrer and the souvenirs of Jeannine Kirouac Pattison and her family. The *Trésor* editorial team also presented pioneers like François Kirouac from Quebec City, Maximilien Aimé Le Brice de Keroack and Esdras Kirouac from Manitoba, Abbé Hubert Keroack from Jonquière, Louis and Andréas Kirouac from Abitibi and so many others.

In the present bulletin, we carry on the tradition and introduce you to other K/rouac descendants. This time find out about Geneviève Kérouac, artist, acrobat and world champion of "swing". You will also read Gérard Kirouac's memories as an airport fireman who went through various experiences to say the least. Once more, though it may irritate some but will definitely make others rejoice, you will read texts about Jack Kerouac and Brother Marie-Victorin.

The editorial committee finds it quite impossible not to mention them in every issue, or almost, because these two stars of our family and association keep hitting the spotlight and are regularly

written about in the media though Jack passed away 38 years ago and Marie-Victorin, 63 years ago. Glory's ransom! Again this autumn, a new book was published about the correspondence between Brother Marie-Victorin and Brother Léon in Cuba. As for Jack, so much has been made of the 50th anniversary of the publication of his cult book *On the Road* that we have to let you know about the Exhibition held at the New York Public Library from 9 November 2007 until 16 March 2008.

Amongst our objectives in publishing the *Trésor des Kirouac* of course we want to establish and maintain contacts between the KFA members but we also want to preserve our family history in "our Encyclopedia" as we like to call *Le Trésor*, for those who eventually wish to learn more about the members of the Kirouac family. Hence the importance of covering what is said, written and published about Jack Kerouac and Marie-Victorin.

Before the KFA's foundation, in 1978, the little we knew about our Ancestor and his family had been passed on verbally from one generation to the next and with an invented name at that! Now, after lengthy investigations, not only do we know our ancestor's real name, Urbain-François Le Bihan, sieur de K/voach, about him and his family, but also about many descendants from the most humble to the most famous, and it is compiled in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*. This publication is now available in many families throughout North

America and in the National Libraries of Quebec and Ottawa; and it is extremely easy for anyone to consult them. Therefore, you can rest assured that the KFA is wonderfully carrying out its mandate.

QUEBEC CITY 2008

In the present issue you will also find the preliminary programme for our Annual Family Gathering next summer in Quebec City. The Planning Committee would like to add to its rank a few more people, preferably, but not necessarily, from the Quebec City area, to share various tasks. Interested persons should give their name to the KFA secretary, whose address, phone number and email appear on the last page of this bulletin.

Finally, in my name and in the name of the Board Members, I want to wish you and yours a **MERRY CHRISTMAS** and a very **HAPPY NEW YEAR**. In 2008 we will also celebrate the **30th Anniversary of the foundation of our Kirouac Family Association**.



BRIEFLY SPEAKING

News from J.A. Michel Bornais

2007 Happy Events



On 28 November, Gilles Hurtubise (son of Alfred Hurtubise and Germaine Kirouac (00842)), and Lucille Daigneault celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary. Last April the family gathered for a family brunch. Gilles and Lucille have five children, eight grand-children and three great-grand-children. (Photo : Gilles Hurtubise collection)



Photo : Régent Gosselin

At the St. Barthélemy Parish Church in Montreal, the St-Vincent-de-Paul Society of Montreal gave a certificate to Claire (Hurtubise) Legault to honour her thirty years of volunteer services. Claire (photo centre) is the daughter of Germaine Kirouac (00842) and Alfred Hurtubise.



Honors for GABRIELLE HURTUBISE LAFRENIÈRE

Last June, the French-speaking Catholic movement *La vie montante** celebrated its 35th anniversary of foundation in Canada and took the opportunity to mark the important contribution of Mrs Gabrielle Hurtubise Lafrenière to its activities from the very beginning. So, “Gaby”, as we all know her in the KFA, has been involved in this movement since its inception in 1972.

This spiritual and apostolic movement, founded in France in 1962, took roots in Canada ten years later. It is geared to retired and pre-retired people, aged 55 and over. At first she was simply involved as a co-founder of the movement in Longueuil. *Gaby* moved up in the hierarchy until she eventually became a member of the International Committee and Canadian National President in 1986. Through her various functions, every step of the way, she promoted the values preached by the movement *La vie montante** everywhere in Canada, the United States and even in Haïti. During four years, she was also responsible for representing North America at various international conventions.

Last June during the celebrations, *Gaby* received the gold medal for her action within the movement and Bishop Couture presented her with a Papal Blessing during a Thanksgiving Mass in Ste. Anne-de-Beaupré Basilica.

Gabrielle is the daughter of Germaine Kirouac (00842) and Alfred Hurtubise. She married Paul-Maurice Lafrenière and it is with her husband that she first got involved in the movement *La vie montante*. They had two children, Germain and Pauline. She is the grandmother of Ian Lafrenière (spokesperson for the Montreal Urban Community Police Department, often seen on television) and Cédric, also a member of the Montreal Urban Community Police Force. In January 2008, expected baby Kloé will make Gaby a great-grandmother for the first time. Our sincere congratulations, *Gaby*!

The Editors

* In the USA, the affiliate of *La Vie Montante* is **Ascending Life**, an international Catholic organization of older persons founded in 1974 which stresses spirituality, friendship and service.





Clermont Kirouac, son of Pierre (01161) and Lucette Lévesque, and his wife Marie-Ève Duchesne were happy to welcome their 4th child, Ulysse, born 30 July 2007. From left to right: Ulysse, Marie-Ève, Juliette, Clermont, Adam and Tristan.



A very happy event for the Bornais family: Béatrice Leblanc, born on 29 October 2007, with her parents, Caroline Bornais and Paul Leblanc. Caroline is the daughter of our secretary, J.A. Michel Bornais and Yolande Genest.



Four generations: Mrs. Marie-Huguette Morin-Karrer, Pia Karrer O'Leary, Stephen O'Leary and Christina O'Leary, born 11 March 2007. (Photo : collection Pia Karrer O'Leary)

Geneviève Kérouac artist and acrobat

Geneviève Kérouac, daughter of Michel Kérouac and Diane Massicotte, was born 9 March 1977 in Sherbrooke. Her father Michel is a psychotherapist⁽¹⁾ and her mother is a nurse.

Geneviève was lucky to be involved in arts from a very tender age. As she writes in her C.V., she studied piano, violin, singing and dance when she started elementary school in Sherbrooke. She was a very talented child and full of energy. She labels herself hyperactive. She also started gymnastic classes very young. She learned quickly, went rapidly through the various levels and became an instructor. Thanks to gymnastics, she went into competition, and that, she underlines, was enormously motivating



Three and a half-year old Geneviève in her ballerina costume.

because it was very challenging. Her art and sport training prepared her for the circus world in which she, very early on, put all her energy.

From her youth she most fondly remembers the very long walks in the woods behind her family home in North Hatley. For her it was a wonderful opportunity to climb trees, the tallest ones of course in order to see as far away as possible. A prelude to her acrobatic career in a way! Many more happy memories came back as we kept asking her about her youth. She still smiles when talking about the wonderful holidays she spent with her parents on the Atlantic coast beaches in the States.

In 1997, she started studying physical education at Laval University in Quebec City. She graduated with a Bachelor's degree in 2000. In 1997 she also started training at Quebec City **École du Cirque** (Circus School) that had just opened its doors, located in the former church of St. Esprit Parish, on Second Avenue in Limoilou. She taught acrobatics. Her pupils were mainly young students getting ready to enter the National Circus School in Montreal. Other pupils were training to work in the circus



Geneviève Kérouac and Benjamin Ricard wearing period costume for a contract with **Cirque du Soleil** in 2005.

world or the arts and show business.

Though she was working at the circus school and studying at the University she still had time on her hands. So she found work as chief-instructor and artist with **Cirque Eos Circus**⁽²⁾ where she performed between 1999 and 2003. She was obviously so good at it that she was noticed and chosen to take on the lead role in one of the **Cirque Eos** shows.

(1) See *LeBris de Keroack*, Number 18 page 5 and *Le Trésor des Kérouac*, Number 45 page 21.

(2) Geneviève was also able to fill a number of contracts with Montreal's famous **Cirque du Soleil**.



Genealogy of Geneviève Kérouac

I

Urbain-François Le Bihan
Sieur de K/voach
About 1703-1736

Cap Saint-Ignace
22 October 1732

Louise Bernier
(1712-1802)

II

Simon-Alexandre Keroack
dit Breton
1732-1812

L'Islet-sur-Mer
15 June 1758

Élisabeth Chalifour
(1739-1814)

III

Simon-Alexandre Keroack
dit Breton
(1760-1823)

Cap Saint-Ignace
18 November 1782

Marie-Ursule Guimont
(1765-1820)

IV

François Keroack
dit Breton
(1791-1877)

Saint-Jean-Port-Joli
24 October 1815

Marcelline Chouinard
(1796-1858)

V

Édouard Keroack
dit Breton
(1820-1891)

Saint-Roch-des-Aulnaies
29 February 1848

Sévérine Malenfant
(1824-1887)

VI

Michel Kérouac
dit Breton
(1850-1916)

Saint-Modeste
19 October 1874

Hermine Bélanger
(1848-1930)

VII

Georges Kérouac
(1885-1951)

Nashua, NH, USA
15 February 1909

Eugénie Côté
(1889-1960)

VIII

Roméo Kérouac
(1912-1960)

Montréal
21 June 1941

Fernande Descent
(1917-)

IX

Michel Kérouac
(1947-)

Sainte-Foy
22 July 1972

Diane Massicotte
(1948-)

X

Geneviève Kérouac
(1977-)

François Kirouac 11 November 2007

Working with the Cirque Eos gave her the chance to travel not only all over Quebec and the United States but also a great deal in Europe. She performed in different countries including Portugal, France, Belgium and Switzerland.

This was not her first contact with Europe either as, in 1987, when only ten years old, she went to Europe for the first time with her parents. Two years later in 1989, she went back to Europe with her parents and her grandmother as well. She has wonderful memories of that trip. And during our interview it was so obvious how much she loves and greatly admires her grandmother who is now 90 years old.

Before Geneviève was involved with the 'swing' (3), she had been training in classic and contemporary



Benjamin Ricard and Geneviève Kéroutac during a show in Trois-Rivières in 2005

Collection Geneviève Kéroutac



Benjamin Ricard and Geneviève Kéroutac, 2005 *Canadian Swing Dance Champions*

Collection Geneviève Kéroutac



In competition in Atlanta at the *Grand National Swing Dance Championship* in 2006

Collection Geneviève Kéroutac

dances for many years. She loved the "swing" right from the start. She picked up the "swing" through an invitation from a friend, Benjamin Ricard, whom she had met while studying at the university. She would spend thirty hours a week training with Benjamin Ricard, her 'swing' professor who had learned the "swing" in New York City. He soon became her dancing partner. She quickly learned the basic

principles of the "swing" and started teaching it. Soon afterwards of course, she

(3) According to Wikipedia, on line Encyclopedia, between 1907 and the fifties, swing was called Fox-Trot. It includes Lindy Hop, one of Geneviève and her partner's specialties. It was developed in the USA between 1920 and 1930. Lindy Hop was very popular for a while but later nearly vanished from the dance floors but, since the beginning of the 1990s, it is enjoying a revival. Geneviève says that in Quebec alone, there are between 300 and 400 'swing' dancers.



took part in swing dance competitions.

In her gymnastic days, she had taken part in so many gym contests that, for her, it was simply normal and logical to enter dance competitions. Geneviève considers competition as an excellent way to make progress because one is enticed to work harder all the time in order to improve, particularly in certain categories where one faces dancers with dozens of years of experience at the international level.

In May 2005, Geneviève and Benjamin won the *Swing Dance Canadian Championship* and, a few months later, they won the *World Acrobatic Swing Championship* in New York. In 2006, there was no championship but they won again in Irvine, California, in 2007.

These two world championships launched them on the forefront of the show business, hence the new stars are called upon to perform on television: “more often than in the past” admits Geneviève. Let’s mention their performance at the gala night of *Match des étoiles (Star gala)* on Radio-Canada’s French television network.

Geneviève Kérouac does not stop at dancing and acrobatics, she also teaches



Photograph: Louise Leblanc

Geneviève Kérouac in a number with *Cirque Éos* Circus in 2002



Collection Geneviève Kérouac

Benjamin and Geneviève competing at the *US Open Swing Dance Championship* in San Jose, California.

both as well as circus acts and clowning. She trains people who want to become professional clowns, this is another quiver in her bow. She takes part in various festivals. She is also choreographer and artistic advisor for various organizations. At her dance studio in Sainte-Foy where she teaches, she is also the business manager for the group of dancers called upon to give shows and emcee at conventions, for corporate events and all sorts of occasions. If you wish any information on the classes or performances, do look up: www.portoswing.com.

Geneviève admits that she loves the performing world in spite of its inherent precariousness. Since 2005, she and her partner, Benjamin Ricard, have taken part in about twenty competitions and won many



Rehearsing at Studio Port-O-Swing in Sainte-Foy (Photograph: Louis Langlois)



Geneviève Kérouac with her grandmother, Fernande, and her father, Michel

prizes. Obviously, she was born with talent but she loves what she does, and works incessantly at it. Discipline and perseverance are most important and make all the difference. She underlines that financial help from her sponsors is also essential and most appreciated as well.

She is looking forward to the future and nurtures many projects. For her and Benjamin, 2008 will start with a trip to New Orleans where they will be teaching. During the coming year, they will also dance on a number of occasions during the 400th Anniversary celebrations in Quebec City. In the next ten years, she plans to produce a number of shows with her group of dancers⁽⁴⁾.

(4) To follow Geneviève's career, please visit her web site at: www.ben-gen.com.

We wish her the best of luck and success. Thank you very much, Geneviève for welcoming us and letting us present you to the readers of our family bulletin *Le Trésor des Kirouac*!

The Editors



Geneviève Kérouac at the Quebec Circus School on 14 November 2007

KIROUAC FAMILY ASSOCIATION, INC.
ANNUAL GATHERING 2008
QUEBEC CITY 2 & 3 AUGUST
PRELIMINARY PROGRAMME

N.B. All registrations must be made before the announced deadline date. Participants are free to put their name down for one, two or three of the activities on the programme: OPTION: A - The Citadel, B - Saturday Supper and Evening, C - Sunday Noon Buffet.

Friday evening, August 1, from 8:00 p.m. - Welcome at Maison Jésus-Ouvrier, 475 Père-Lelièvre Boulevard in Quebec City; (see internet map)



Source : <http://grandquebec.com/capitale-quebec/citadelle/>

Saturday, August 2, 2008 – La Citadelle (Option A)

08:30 – Welcome and Registration at Maison Jésus-Ouvrier;
09:15 – Departure by bus from Maison Jésus-Ouvrier to the Quebec Citadel;
10:00 – Changing of the Guard;
10:30 – Guided tour of the Citadel;
12:00 – Lunch in the Garrison Dining room – (À la carte personnel prices);
13:00 – Guided tour of Canada's Governor General's Residence;
14:00 – Tour of the Redoubt and Champlain's Book Exhibition;
15:00 – Private Memorial Ceremony for the K/rouac at the Citadel (being negotiated);
16:00 – Return by bus to Maison Jésus-Ouvrier;

Saturday, August 2, 2008 – Maison Jésus-Ouvrier (Option B)

16:30 – Welcome and Registration for new arrivals at Maison Jésus-Ouvrier;
17:00 – Welcome and Cocktail;
18:00 – Supper at Maison Jésus-Ouvrier with musical accompaniment;
19:00 – Recreational Programme in preparation;
22:30 – End of Saturday activities.

Sunday, August 3, 2008 – Maison Jésus-Ouvrier (Option C)

Sunday activities are optional and free except for the lunch

09:30 – KFA Welcome at Maison Jésus-Ouvrier;
10:00 – Private Mass in the Maison Jésus-Ouvrier chapel;
11:00 – KFA Annual General Meeting and Board members' election;
12:30 – Buffet (not a brunch) at Maison Jésus-Ouvrier (\$ & reservation needed);
13:30 – Times for exchange of ideas, comments and suggestions;
14:30 – The end - Aurevoir;

As part of Quebec City's 400th Anniversary celebrations (1608-2008), the KFA wants to offer you a memorable gathering, particularly as 2008 also marks the **30th anniversary of the foundation of our Association.**

In order to offer you the best possible accommodation conditions, we decided on the **Maison Jésus-Ouvrier**, a conference and retreat centre owned by the Oblate Fathers of Mary-Immaculate. The Maison Jésus-Ouvrier is conveniently located close to the western entrance of Quebec City and is very easily accessible. There is a private parking lot as well as restaurant services and rooms for over one hundred persons all at a very affordable price. Reserving at **La Maison Jésus-Ouvrier** will also enable you to lengthen your stay either before and/or after in order to make the most of your stay to enjoy the 2008 Quebec Celebrations.

As initially announced, **the Quebec Citadel** has been chosen as the main attraction for Saturday. This **optional** activity includes transportation, guided tour, changing of the guard and, last but not least, an exclusive visit to Canada's Governor General Summer Residence. We have also been authorized to eat lunch with the military personnel (at their special rate, each person paying his/her own meal). This means we will not have to leave the Citadel at lunch time.

The organizing committee

GÉRARD KIROUAC

Memories of an airport firefighter

By J.A. Michel Bornais

FOLLOW UP

After the publication of a first article about his family's history in the *Trésor des Kirouac* of September 2005, Gérard mentioned to me he was eager to talk about his experience as an airport firefighter and particularly his memories of the crash of Québecair Flight 255 on Thursday, 29 March 1979, at Quebec City airport. All three crew members and fourteen out of the twenty-one passengers on board died in that tragedy. Only seven survived, some walking away barely shaken, others suffering from severe injuries. The maiden visit to Montreal of the newest air giant, Airbus A-380 in November 2007, seemed a good enough pretext to meet again with Gérard and ask him to reminisce about the part of his life linked to aviation. Accompanied by KFA president François Kirouac, what a surprise it was to both of us though, that Gérard had not heard about the recent Airbus visit that made front page news. He simply said he very seldom watched television and also admitted not having bought a newspaper for almost fifteen years. However, he said that he was as keen as ever to share his personal memories with the readers of *Le Trésor*. Therefore, we start this story in Sept-Îles at the beginning of the sixties when Gérard became an airport firefighter after working for a number of years with the QPP (Quebec Provincial Police) and for some years with the investigation department team.

SAFETY FIRST, BUT ...

In the mid-sixties, the town of Sept-Îles was experiencing an extraordinary boom because of Churchill



Quebecair Fairchild F-27 CF-QBL, JUN 1963 Montreal-Dorval (YUL), © Mel Lawrence

The Fairchild F-27 that crashed at Ancienne-Lorette airport in 1979

Falls hydroelectric project being built as well as the iron ore mining boom in North East Quebec and Labrador. Air traffic at Sept-Îles airport was heavy and around the clock. At the time, the heavy cargo aircraft were still propeller type. Most of them were large heavy four-engine aircraft like the Douglas Skymasters C-54. They had powerful piston driven radial engines fuelled with high octane aviation gasoline e.g. very flammable. At that time, the C-54s were survivors from the original 1170 built since 1942 for the US Air Force. Gérard was shocked to discover that there were no night shifts for the firefighters at this airport, though air traffic was as heavy at night time as in daytime. He was all the more worried because in colder

weather, the large radial engines of the C-54, and similar planes, were in the habit of spewing about twenty litres of gasoline on the tarmac while being started. Bad enough for the asphalt but far more worrying, knowing that the engine above head kept on coughing and spewing flames while being primed to a start. Thank goodness nothing serious ever happened but, from then on, prevention and preparation became of first importance for Gérard and remained so throughout his entire career as an airport firefighter.

On Easter Sunday, 7 April 1969, Gérard was visiting someone at the Sept-Îles hospital, when the pilot of an Air Canada Vickers Viscount, a four engine turboprop with twenty-



Gérard Kirouac with our secretary, J.A. Michel Bornais, last 21 November, reminiscing about his life as an airport firefighter (photo: François Kirouac)



one passengers on board, fuelled to capacity, declared an engine fire upon take off and circled back to the same runway for a successful safe landing. Due to a difficult engine start and omission to comply with the prescribed delay required to ventilate excess fuel from the engine after three consecutive attempts, number two engine - in-board one from the left - burst into flames as the plane took off. Upon landing, chaos ensued and the passengers rushed to jump directly onto the tarmac, while the plane kept circling around with number one engine still running. According to the various hypotheses considered by the investigators, early extensive fire damage to the electrical wiring within the left wing could have made it impossible to stop number one engine and apply the brakes on the left side landing gear.

The only victim, was a woman who suffered a fractured pelvis upon jumping from the aircraft, thus becoming unable to escape from the nose wheels as the mad aircraft was circling around, her body tragically acting as an arresting block, bringing the plane to a stop. The rescuers



Photo: François Kirouac

Gérard Kirouac (00621),
Airport Firefighter

then had to free her from her coat caught under the tires. She died soon after arriving at the hospital. As the engine fire was still raging, the heat weakened the metal to the extent that the left landing gear collapsed; with its tip resting atop a large snow bank, the left wing broke in two, spilling the content of its fuel tank on the tarmac. According to Gérard, it was a miracle that this accident had taken only one life.

While Gérard was in charge of the firemen at Quebec City Airport, he once demanded that permission to take off be denied by the control tower to an amateur pilot who had recently bought in Nova-Scotia, a small, home-made, pusher type, single-engine plane. For quite a while then, Gérard had observed the owner's various unsuccessful attempts at taking off in an aircraft fitted with an improper engine. In spite of Gérard's warning, the stubborn owner declared that he still wanted to try again with - what he considered to be - a more favourable wind. However, it seems that the controller ignored Gérard's demand that take off permission be denied for security reasons, so Gérard helplessly watched the plane take off, veer to the right, come to a stall, dive to a crash in a nearby small forested area and burst into flames. Arriving on the spot with the firefighters, Gérard noticed that the foolhardy pilot had been be-headed by the propeller located behind the cockpit. These situations are far worse to live through, especially when you know the person and have vainly tried to prevent such misfortune.

According to Gérard, caution and safety are not obvious to everyone; as an example, the following surprising incident while ground attendants were refuelling an F-27 passenger-plane. Ignoring safety rules,



Douglas C-54 Skymaster
(Courtesy of USAF Air Museum)

the hose was laid under the aircraft's fuselage to fill the opposite wing reservoir. Under the fuel's weight, the landing gear suddenly collapsed, causing the fuselage to section off the pipe, spilling plenty of jet fuel all around the plane before the truck pump could be turned off. Once the airport firefighters were there, Gérard spotted the airport manager standing by the fuel puddle holding a lighted cigarette. Gérard ran to him, grabbed the cigarette and immediately crushed it in his bare hand to safely put it out: "It hurt for a couple of days" Gerard said.

THE TRAGEDY OF QUÉBEC AIR FLIGHT 255

On 29 March 1979, soon after supper, Gérard was at home not far from the Quebec City Airport. He was not on duty but, nevertheless, he was at all time responsible for the fire services at the Airport. At 6:45 p.m., the sky was dark; rain and fine snow were falling. At 6:46 p.m. the pilot of Québecair Flight 255, asked and received permission to take off for Montreal. Aboard the twin engine turbo propelled F-27, were twenty-one passengers, the pilot, co-pilot and stewardess. The flight lasted exactly 108 seconds . . . Seventeen passengers somewhat miraculously survived the plane crash on the slope along Boulevard Wilfrid-Hamel (Route 138) and the Canadian Pacific railroad tracks, just after the Sacred-Heart Brothers' College.

After accelerating on runway 06 (North East) for a few seconds with engines at full throttle, the plane took off and, in the next moment,

the right side turbo reactor rotor shattered, ripping the engine out of its hull, setting the wing on fire and jamming the right side landing gear in down position. The pilot kept climbing, declared emergency, levelled and veered to the right, trying to reach runway 30 (North West) that had been immediately cleared of all traffic. Rapidly the burning plane lost altitude, the right wing tip ripped the ground and the plane crashed upside down in flames, close behind some houses. It had been impossible for the pilot to reach the beginning of runway 30 where the firefighters were already rushing to, responding to instructions from the control tower. Upon examining the debris, investigators would eventually discover other cracks in the faulty rotor and in those cracks, the leftovers of tracing material used during the last and very recent X-Ray examination of the turbine. This proved that the rotor was defective before the crash and should have been taken out, thrown away, and replaced by a new one there and then.

Immediately alerted by the control tower, Gérard reached the crash site and took charge of the fire crew who had been preceded by the volunteers from Ancienne-Lorette's Civil Protection. By some happy coincidence the Civil Protection rescue team was performing an exercise and immediately saw that the plane was in serious trouble as it



A MacDonnell-Douglas DC-9 aircraft; first flew in April 1966 and flew until 2002. It could carry 91 passengers and reach a cruising speed of 789 kilometers (490 miles) per hour. (Photo : www.aircanada.com)

turned just above the Ancienne-Lorette Parish church.

Through his years of work with the Quebec Provincial Police, Gérard had somewhat gotten used to seeing serious injuries and deaths caused by highway accidents, but his most tragic souvenir remains the sight of survivors wandering amid the plane wreckage, and of a dozen corpses already covered with blankets by the volunteers of the Civil Protection. Gerard remembers very well becoming very angry when a rescuer warned him of a man paying too much attention to the victims' pockets. So infuriated, he immediately demanded that the policemen chase away all bystanders from the crash site and prohibit entrance.

The most moving moment he re-

members though was the intervention of Jacques Gosselin, a professional nurse and member of the Civil Protection, who struggled to revive the stewardess whom he knew personally. Her last words before passing away were: "Tell my mother I love her."

NEVER IGNORE THE LESSONS LEARNED

According to a saying, mistakes can be forgotten... as long as one remembers the lessons learned. This goes for air accidents too and Gérard always made a point of getting, from Transport Canada, the investigation reports about the various air tragedies in order to study them and learn the lessons that could be useful at a later date.

On 2 June 1983, a violent fire erupted on board an Air Canada DC-9 flying over Louisville, Kentucky. The pilot dove down to an emergency landing at Cincinnati airport as the flames were bursting out of the fuselage, funnelled in an utility trough, running from cockpit to tail just underneath the portholes. Losses were important, 23 passengers died asphyxiated by dense smoke. The investigation has never confirmed that the fire had been



Put into service on 1 April 1955, Vicker's Viscount flew between Montreal and Winnipeg & was in use until 1974. It could carry 48 passengers and reach a cruising speed of 507 kilometers (315 miles) per hour. (Photo : www.aircanada.com)



caused by the overheating of the toilets' water pump. Puzzled by that conclusion, Gérard took the time to check what could be done if this were to happen again on a DC-9. Then he discovered that the essential tool to quickly access the toilet water pump was a quarter. Consequently he told all the members of his team to make sure they always had a coin handy... nickel, dime or quarter. Sometime later, responding to a smoke alert on board a DC-9 stopping over in Quebec City, all it took was a coin to enable the firefighters to quickly intervene and prevent what could have turned into a major fire.

According to Gérard, every airport has an inbuilt booby-trap that can play tricks and havoc for a less familiar pilot. And Quebec City Airport is no exception; the runway's varying levels can cause some difficulties when the strip is slippery or visibility is reduced. He remembers that even his Excellency Roméo Leblanc, when he was Canada's Governor General, personally experienced this when a twin-engine jet from the Royal Canadian Air Force in which he was traveling, skidded off the end of the runway after landing. A firefighter had to help his Excellency get out of the aircraft stuck in deep mud. According to Gérard, it was not an easy task as the mire was quite deep. Nevertheless, every one came out unscathed from the adventure apart from the pilot's wounded pride.

AN A-380 AIRBUS IN QUEBEC CITY IN 2008?

The world's largest types of aircraft have all already easily landed in Quebec City's airport: the *Antonov 225*, a huge six reactor cargo jet, especially designed to carry on its back the Russian space shuttle *Bouranne* - which was never put to use before being finally converted



L'Airbus A-380, the largest passenger airliner, can carry 525 to 853 passengers depending on the design. (Photo : courtesy of Airbus S.A.S.)

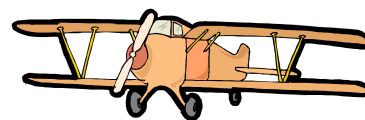
into a snack-bar somewhere in Moscow; the US Air Force *Galaxy C5-A*; the Boeing-747; the Airbus *Béluga*, as well as USAF B-52 eight engine nuclear bomber and USAF B-1 supersonic nuclear bomber, both always getting a lot of attention from the public during the Quebec Air Festivals. According to Gérard, there would be no problem whatsoever to accommodate an *Airbus 380* at *Jean-Lesage Airport*, knowing that it can use all airports adapted to the needs of the Boeing 747. We can always dream to see one in 2008, but given that the deliveries are already eighteen months behind schedule, it is very unlikely that Airbus will find an A-380 to land in Quebec simply to please the population, 400th anniversary or not.

GÉRARD NOWADAYS?

Retired since 1990, most of his leisure time is taken up by fishing... fly fishing; he says he is a fanatic. He also enjoys the warmth of Cuba, the Dominican Republic and West Indian islands. As for aviation, Gerard explains that after leaving the Quebec Provincial Police, he forced himself to stop reading all car license plates and that, upon his

retirement as an airport firefighter, he felt the need to forget about airplanes. But airplanes just could not get out of his system or environment... everything that lands or takes off from the main runway 06-24 at YQB (official acronym for *Jean-Lesage Airport*) flies above his house and very low at that. But would he drive all the way to Montreal just to stare at an Airbus A-380 landing? I do not think so. He has seen plenty of "firsts" in the past.

In the end, I will remember Gérard as a man very conscious of his responsibilities and always wanting to be ready to face the unpredictable... these tragic events he never really wanted to see take place. Let's hope that those who are now occupying the same functions here and elsewhere on the planet, will care as much as he did, because, for each one of us, one day, it could mean the difference between life and death.



In Saint-Bruno-de-Montarville

A Country Doctor - Dr. Donat Fournier (1905-1995)

By Louis Fournier AFA 914

Published in La Souche, Bulletin of the Quebec Federation of Founding Families, volume 24, number 2, Autumn 2007.

April 1933, a twenty-seven year old doctor arrived in Saint-Bruno-de-Montarville, a village located at the foot of Mount St. Bruno (on the south shore) with hardly a thousand inhabitants. It is countryside even if only about twenty kilometres south of Montreal. It is also at the worst of the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Dr. Donat Fournier would spend over thirty-five years working as a medical doctor in St. Bruno and the surrounding countryside villages: St. Basile-le-Grand, Ste. Julie, St. Hubert, St. Amable, as far as the most distant rural roads would take him day and night, in all kinds of weather, all year round. He was a good and generous man, loving and endearing, he loved the people he took care of all his life like a true family doctor. He is one of those country doctors who never calculated hours, efforts or hardships when it came to serving the people of Quebec he loved so much.

A Carpenter's Son

Dr. Fournier was born on 31 October 1905 in Warwick, near Victoriaville, in the Bois-Francs Region of Quebec. The only son of Edmond Fournier and Albertine Martel, he was baptized Joseph Donat Cléophas Fournier. His father was from Saint-Thomas de Montmagny, like his grandfather, Jean-Baptiste Fournier.

In 1910, Donat was only five years old when his parents settled in Montréal where his father found

work as a carpenter building houses. The family lived on Ontario Street, near Panet, in the old popular area known as the "Faubourg à m'lasse" (Molasses suburb = poor working class area). Donat went to Plessis Elementary School in the Sacred-Heart Parish.

Donat was an only son, so with his father's financial help and doing odd jobs, he managed to complete his high school and college at the Jesuit's Collège Sainte-Marie. Then he went on to Université de Montréal where he graduated as a medical doctor in 1932. To pay for his studies, he worked as a labourer on construction sites, as a clerk at the Post Office, as a salesman...

Settling in Saint-Bruno

In April 1933, arriving by CNR train in Saint-Bruno for the first time, the young doctor Fournier first went to meet the local doctor who had been there for some thirty years, Dr. Émile Choquette. The latter was gravely ill with a cancer that killed him a year later, at the age of 58. Hence Dr. Fournier took over from Dr. Choquette.

Dr. Choquette's brother-in-law, Alcidas Dulude, ran the general store. He was the first person in whose home Dr. Fournier 'spent an evening'; he would become one of his best friends in the village. The young doctor also got to know the mayor, Paul-Émile Huet, and the Parish Priest, Hermas Lachapelle.

On 28 April 1933, Dr. Fournier settled in Saint-Bruno, a village of about 1,150 souls. For eighteen dollars a month, he rented a small house on Rabastalière Street. The

house is no longer there but at the time it was almost across the street from the Ponton house. On 8 May, on the front of the house, he proudly fixed his plaque which read: *J.-Donat Fournier, médecin-chirurgien (doctor and surgeon)*. People would come to call him simply "Doc" or the "Little Doctor".

A Nurse for a Wife

Donat's father, Edmond, a widower, aged 56, came to live with his son until his death thirteen years later, in 1946. Donat's mother, Albertine, had passed away in 1929 at the time of the Crash.

On 23 October 1933, six months after arriving in Saint-Bruno, Dr. Fournier married Laurette Tessier, a twenty-year old nurse he had met at Notre-Dame Hospital in Montreal where he did his internship. Laurette, born on 23 November 1912 in Clarenceville in the Eastern Townships, was the daughter of Flore Sansoucy and Placide Tessier, a butter maker by trade. They will have seven children.

This was great for Saint-Bruno not only getting a doctor but also a nurse! And without Laurette, without her affection and constant support and determination, Donat would never have been able to achieve all he did.

The Dirty Thirties

To be a country doctor at the time meant to be also a pharmacist, dentist, psychologist and a trusted ear of one and all who confided in you not only their health problems but also all their human sufferings.

It also meant accepting hardship, particularly at the time of the Dirty Thirties when people were poor even destitute. Life was particularly tough for farmers; most people were farmers and were the bulk of Dr. Fournier's clients. Dr. Fournier

sadly remembers that two of them, were so completely discouraged that they committed suicide by throwing themselves into their wells. Times were very hard not just materially but also psychologically, life seemed to be an endless trail of incurable sicknesses.

On the other hand, at the while, the 'English' owned rich estates on Mount St. Bruno and lived in opulence. The small village where Dr. Fournier settled, like many other villages in Quebec, clearly illustrated the gap between social classes in our society.

A Modest Life

The young doctor lived humbly. Dr. Fournier remembers that, in 1933, his first year of medical practice, his revenues totalled \$835.00 including the sale of medications. The following year, the situation was better: about \$3,500.00 including medications. As a matter of fact, many patients simply did not have the means to pay the doctor. "When people said: I am too poor to pay you; I did not send them an invoice. The worst was that some people never went anywhere near a doctor because they had no money to pay him. . ." On the other hand, the unpaid bills would pile up and were finally expunged.

Dr. Fournier remembers a woman who had twins in the Second Rural Road in Saint-Amable: "The family did not have a penny to its name. The farmers in Saint-Amable were among the poorest. To survive, many made brooms with sticks and wooden ladders. That was before the Parish Priest, Father Gagnon, introduced the potato and asparagus culture that greatly helped to improve their situation.

Every day the doctor, carrying his small black leather bag, visited

people at home. Then, the fees varied according to the distance between \$1.50 and \$2.50. For an appointment at the doctor's office, it cost only \$1.00. Dr. Fournier's home office was very small. There was no waiting room, sometimes people had to sit on the stairs.

The First Children

The house was small. "There was no bath tub, remembers Mrs. Fournier. During the four years we lived there, we used a wash basin."

Mrs. Fournier had her first three children in less than three years: Marthe was born on 28 November 1934, Monique was born on 8 November 1935 and Pierre was born on 23 February 1937. Being a nurse, Laurette often helped her husband in his work. In 1937, the family moved to the Ponton house, located nearby on Rabastalière Street. The house was larger but the family was still renting.

2,500 Deliveries

In 1933, the first baby Dr. Fournier delivered was Jean-Marie Gauthier, son of Albert Gauthier on Rural Road *Rang des* 25. He says he delivered over 2,500 babies in thirty-five years, an average of seventy-two per year. He often used to say about someone: "Him/her, I brought him/her, into the world!"

In those days, women nearly always had their babies at home. "Besides, people would not have been able to pay for a hospital stay, especially because then, after childbirth, mothers had to stay at the hospital for quite a few days for recuperating."

Most expectant women were never followed by a doctor while pregnant, neither before nor after the delivery. They waited until the last minute to call the doctor. "By 1940, says Dr. Fournier, I insisted that women go to a hospital to

deliver their babies, particularly those who were expecting their first. I was attached to Notre-Dame Hospital in Montreal, but I also delivered babies at other hospitals like La Miséricorde, Saint-Denis, and Beaulac Hospital. There were also many twins. Usually I could tell just by looking at the mother. During the thirties, a home delivery was about ten dollars."

Illnesses and Accidents

The most current illnesses were the contagious diseases because vaccination did not exist then, except against smallpox and tuberculosis, i.e. BCG vaccine. Consequently cases of chickenpox, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, diphtheria had to be treated. Other vaccines appeared during the forties. "But around 1948 antibiotics marked the true revolution in medicine. The first ones were the *sulfate* (sulpha drugs). Then penicillin arrived around 1950."

In 1934, Dr. Fournier had to deal and treat the victims of a first major accident when two cars collided on Chambly Road (Boulevard Laurier, Route 9, did not exist then). He had to do twenty-eight stitches on a young woman's face. "That was a real case of plastic surgery and Laurette helped me. The young woman later came to thank me and she looked good indeed!" recalls Dr. Fournier.

Of the various emergency calls for major accidents, one he remembers particularly well is the air crash in November 1951, when a plane from St. Hubert military base crashed on the mountain. There were six dead but the doctor helped save the seventh passenger who was seriously wounded. He also remembered another tragedy in 1944; it was during the Second World War, an explosion at the Canadian army shooting range killed many.

A Large Territory

Dr. Fournier had lots of patients in Saint-Bruno and on its many rural roads: (25, 20, 12, 40, etc.), but he also covered St. Basile-le-Grand. He also attended to patients in other villages, like St. Amable, St. Hubert, and Ste. Julie where he helped an older less-active Doctor Jodoin.

“My territory was very large indeed. The nearest doctors were in Beloeil (Dr. Archambault, Dr. Brunelle), in St. Lambert and Chambly. I also visited patients in McMasterville, workers at the CIL explosive factory. They used to travel by train to come and see me. The Company had its own doctor but he only spoke English.”

Winter...

It was tough being a doctor and even more so in winter because of the bad road conditions. Dr. Fournier remembers: “Until about 1943, snow was not cleared off the roads. The only way to go to Montreal was by the CNR train (Canadian National Railway). When people needed a doctor, they would pick me up at my home with their box-sleigh⁽¹⁾ and bring me back home afterwards. Later on, the Goyer family added a snowplough to their truck, then Bruno “Tom” Gris  , added one too and ploughed the entrance to my home.”

But the rural roads were still closed; “to go to Ste. Julie, first I drove to the St. Gabriel Brothers’ farm; they cleared their road to be able to deliver their products to Montreal. There the people from Ste. Julie would pick me up in their sleigh. The doctor from Varennes also went to Ste. Julie in his snowmobile.⁽²⁾”

Dr. Fournier bought his first car in 1933, a two-seater Ford Victoria. He cannot recall how many times he got stuck in the snow in winter. Once during a blinding snow storm,

he had to walk home wrapped up in the wool blanket he always kept in his car.

The War Years

The first years as a country doctor were tough to say the least and, oddly enough, with the beginning of the Second World War, things started to improve. “The economy picked up and it was better for everyone, remembers Dr. Fournier. People finally had work, which meant a bit more money. Many people bought trucks to transport goods, especially between the Dulude Quarry and Goyer Quarry. Others worked in war factories like the engineering aircraft firm: Pratt & Whitney in Longueuil, or for the railroads in St. Lambert. The village was slowly expanding. That is when Boulevard Laurier, (Road #9) was built to reach Montreal. Before that one had to use Mont  e Sabourin, the former King’s Road as far as the Chambly Road. In general, however, people took the CNR train to go into town . . . e.g. Montreal.”

Dr. Fournier mentions that as there was no signal at the railroad crossing near the station “there were many accidents and even deaths before the CNR decided to install gates at the crossings.”

The Fournier House

In 1943, midway through the war, Dr. Fournier and his family moved into a large house on Montarville Street in front of the village church. This beautiful Quebec style house built in the 1860s is now known as the Fournier House.

Dr. Fournier bought it from the Durivage family who owned the Durivage Bakery in Montreal. His previous very small office was now replaced by a much larger one with a waiting room, which he had built in.

So for almost thirty years, until

1972, the large house at 1649 Montarville Street was home to the Fournier family. Later it was bought by the Town and moved near the village lake where now it is included in the historical heritage buildings of St. Bruno.

Children (again)

Unfortunately 1944 was marred by a bleak event for the Fourniers when their fourth child, Robert, passed away. Born on 3 June 1940, he died in August 1944, from a toxic hepatitis caused by an infection.

As if to forget this sad event, three more boys were born within the next three years: Louis was born on 5 February 1945, Luc was born on 12 November 1946, and Jacques was born on 21 December 1947. Ten years apart, this was the second wave of Fournier children.

Mayor of Saint Bruno

During the years following the end of the war, the village population gradually increased. At the end of the forties, the population reached over 3000 because lots of veterans and their families arrived and settled in St. Bruno.

In 1949, a group of city councillors and citizens solicited Dr. Fournier to put his name up for mayor in the upcoming election as Ernest Dulude was leaving the position he had been occupying for ten years. Amongst the town councillors were Arthur Jett  , Georges Palardy, Lionel Gris   and Henri Pintal, as well as the municipal Secretary, G  rard Lalumi  re. But there was also another candidate for the post, the lumber merchant and outgoing councillor Hubert K  roack⁽³⁾.

So in May 1949, there were elections and Dr. Fournier was elected with a large majority. During his two-year tenure, St. Bruno got its first public street



lighting: 65 lights... and its first cement sidewalks 1500 feet of concrete replacing the old wooden ones. At the time, these were great accomplishments!

The citizens must have been satisfied because, in 1951, the "Doc" was re-elected mayor by acclamation. But, due to internal clash amongst the councillors, he decided to resign in 1952.

Church Warden

During many years, Dr. Fournier was also Church Warden in his parish. Another Church Warden was Gérard Filion⁽⁴⁾, a very well-known citizen of St. Bruno who was then the publisher of the Montreal intellectual daily *Le Devoir* and President of the School Board.

The Wardens' meeting were sometimes the occasion to taste the Church Wine made by the Parish Priest, Gilles Gervais, in the presbytery's basement... Donat enjoyed life; he liked to have a drink, he was sociable, loved company, good food, and loved to play cards, particularly "500" and never refused a good cigar either.

Replacement

Dr. Fournier's heart and mind were on his medical practice and that took most of his time. The population kept increasing and he was still the only doctor in St. Bruno, St. Basile, Ste. Julie and St. Amable.

In 1957, when there were over 4000 inhabitants in St. Bruno, André Dalpé was the first pharmacist to settle in the village; with Dr. Fournier's support, he became known.

At the beginning of the sixties, St. Bruno was growing very fast and changed its status to small town. Only then, a second doctor, Dr

Philippe Matteau, opened a medical practice to help Dr. Fournier; Dr. Guy Bonenfant and Dr. Claude Graveline followed; then a dentist arrived, Dr. Jean Leroux. Future medical needs would be covered.

Until Retiring

In 1968, at the age of 63, Dr. Fournier decided to put an end to his thirty-year medical practice in St. Bruno and the surrounding countryside. For a few more years he kept looking after a few older patients.

Still, he was not abandoning medicine, far from it, because, until 1975, he kept working as a general practitioner at the Louis-Hippolyte-Lafontaine Psychiatric Hospital in Montreal. After that he worked at the Longueuil Medical Clinic for three years, followed by many years as official doctor at the Berthiaume-Du-Tremblay Retirement Residence, as well as doctor to the Carmelite Nuns in Montreal.

At the age of 75, in 1981, he finally agreed to retire. It was a well deserved retirement; soon after he was decorated with the Order of Merit of St. Bruno-de-Montarville.

Almost 90 Years...

In 1980, Dr. Fournier and his wife, Laurette, were members of the 'Yes' committee in St. Bruno, in the Chambly district, during the referendum campaign for the Quebec independence. Fervent nationalist, he was getting ready to vote YES again during the second referendum in 1995, but he passed away quietly a week before the vote.

Dr. Fournier died on 23 October 1995, eight days short of his ninetieth birthday.

He was predeceased by four of his children; for parents, that is always a traumatic experience. Besides

Robert who died at the age of five in 1944, the three eldest died of cancer: Monique, a nurse, in 1983; Pierre, radio announcer, in 1989 and Marthe, a Sister in the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy name of Jesus and Mary, in June 1995, just four months prior to her father's passing.

When Donat passed away, he left his wife, Laurette, who is still living, loved by her family: their three children Louis (Marie-France Wagner), Luc (Élizabeth Journault) and Jacques (Hélène Talbot), their eight grand-children: Nicolas, Jean-François, Christopher, Catherine, Francis, Louisiane, Anne-Marie, Isabelle, as well as six great-grand-children, Keegan, Kayla, Daniel, Justine, Raphaëlle and Gabriel.

The *doctor* rests in peace in the St. Bruno-de-Montarville Cemetery, where he was the country medical doctor during thirty-five years serving people of his Quebec country he loved so much.

(1) The traditional sturdy and strong **box sleigh** was really the truck of its time.

(2) Snowmobile: on the web see the then newly created snowmobile by Bombardier at <http://inventors.about.com/od/sstartinventions/a/snowmobile.htm>

(3) Hubert Kéroack (02488) was Mayor of Saint-Bruno from 1955 until 1959. He is descended from Simon-Alexandre branch in our family tree. He was the son of Édouard Kéroack and Joséphine Chouinard. He married Yvonne Leclerc on first October 1917 in St. Félix-de-Kingsey. After the death of his first wife, he married Marie-Rose Bréault on 11 August 1928 in Montréal.

(4) Gérard Filion: 1909-2005, Canadian businessman and journalist; one of the most vocal critics of Maurice Duplissis's government.

Saint-Louis-de-Blandford

Visit to the Cranberry Interpretation Centre

By Marie Kirouac

On Wednesday, 3 October 2007, the Kirouac Family Association invited its members to an exceptional visit in Saint-Louis-de-Blandford in the *Centre du Québec Region*. Hélène Kirouac (00839) was ready to take us on a discovery tour of the world of cranberries.

In the heart of the village of St. Louis, under the big top behind the parish church, our guide Hélène Kirouac welcomed us. First she gave us an historical overview of the use of cranberries by the North American native Indians before 1929, when cranberries were first introduced in the province of Quebec, particularly in the Bois-Francs Region. Then she explained to us the various stages in the production and the numerous health benefits of this tiny red fruit harvested in the autumn. Hélène, a retired nurse, was proud to tell us that the cranberry is a fruit of the genus *Vaccinium subgenus Oxycoccus* extremely rich in vitamin C and well known as an antioxidant, which explains why this fruit is so popular on our planet.

After the historical part came the actual visit and Hélène invited us to board a school bus to go to one of the cranberry bogs where we witnessed the harvesting process. As we drove along,



From left to right: Jean, Hélène, Marie and Pierre Kirouac together for a special guided tour at the Cranberry Interpretation Centre in Saint-Louis-de-Blandford

Hélène took the opportunity to tell us about her village called the *Cradle of the Bois-Francs Region* and the *Provincial Cranberry Capital*. That was a very informative history and geography course as she also told us about the parish founders and other regional products.

What a surprise it was when Hélène told us that, contrary to common belief, cranberries do not grow in water, indeed they need a well-drained acidic soil to grow and mature. She also described how the bushes need to be protected during winter. Then she revealed a secret: what is hidden at the centre of this small fruit that enables it to float on the water surface when separated from its stem at harvesting time.

When we finally arrived at the vast flooded fields called "cranberry bog" (holding 1,500,000 gallons of water) all dug in the same direction in order to be in line with the dominating winds, our guide

seemed to be 'in heaven'. She was so happy to see some forty people in a state of rapture gazing at a colossal pool full of zillions of tiny red fruits. In the middle of this scarlet red sea, stood some men guiding the cranberries towards a vacuum system sucking the cranberries into a huge truck that would carry them directly to the processing plant. The whole process is on a giant scale.

On the bus, on the way back to the Interpretation Centre, Hélène enjoyed questioning us to check our newly acquired knowledge about cranberries, just to see if we remembered what she had taken pleasure in telling us. Our small group proved to be disciplined and most keen to learn and we got a ten out of ten. How could it have been otherwise with such a smiling and dynamic professor?

In an article published in the Montreal daily *Le Devoir*, Saturday, 13 October 2007, Mr Philippe Mollé (food counselor and chronicler) who can be



Hélène Kirouac talking to a group of visitors at the Cranberry Interpretation Centre in Saint-Louis-de-Blandford (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



Harvesting cranberries, autumn 2007 (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)



A group of visitors with their guide, Hélène Kirouac (Photo: Pierre Kirouac)

heard every Saturday morning during Joël Le Bigot's programme on Radio Canada's French Network, extolled the many qualities of our dear Hélène: "At the Cranberry Interpretation Centre, under the big top, Hélène unabashedly expresses her pride and convictions. She is an outstanding pedagogue who effectively praises the ATOCA and explains the essential role this local culture plays in Quebec agriculture and in the food chain."

Hélène's implication at the Interpretation Center goes back to 2001 when she started working there as a volunteer, first in the restaurant, then in 2002 and 2003 as responsible for cranberry juice tasting for the visitors. Since 2004, Hélène has been a guide at the Centre. With great care she prepared an information booklet new used by the tour guides. No wonder she knows it all so well. Hélène is also a Board Member of the Cranberry Interpretation Centre.

Thus, next autumn, if you wish to learn more about cranberry production and harvesting, you know where to go and who to ask for. Hélène will be most happy to welcome you in Saint-Louis-de-Blandford.

Cranberry Interpretation Centre,
Saint-Louis-de-Blandford:

Telephone: (819) 364-5112.

Internet Address:

www.canneberges.qc.ca

Norwegian Christmas

by Marie Lussier Timperley



Ida and Thomas eating the candies given to them by *Nissefar*.

Looking at these two very fair children wearing the BUNAD, the traditional Norwegian national costume, who could imagine that they are K/ descendants? I am particularly proud to introduce the children of my niece, Catherine, and her husband Arne-Morten Lefsaker (married in Norway on 7 June 2003). Catherine is the daughter of my brother, Laurent, and his wife, Patricia Gobeille. Thomas was born on 16 March 2004 and Ida on 25 November 2005.

This photo was taken in January 2007 at their grand-parents farm. Every year, in January, the Lefsaker organize a **Juletreffest** for their friends, children and grand-children. During the Christmas Tree Festival, people sing and dance around the decorated tree. Afterwards the children enjoy the candies that *Nissefar* give them. **Juletreffest**=Jule=Christmas; tre=tree; fest=festival, is often celebrated after the New Year between friends. Many companies organize **Juletreffest** for their employees and their families especially with small children.

Nissefar in the barn

During the **Juletreffest**, children are invited to find *Nissefar* who fall asleep in the barn after eating his large bowl of **risgrøt**, a traditional rice soup (pudding), served with butter, sugar and cinnamon. Grandma Grete's **risgrøt** is particularly delicious; however, it is Grandpa Gunar who brought it to *Nissefar* in the barn. *Nissefar* wakes up very happy and tells lots of stories to the children. Then he invites them to sing Christmas carols and dance; afterwards he gives each one a small bag of candies. If *Nissefar* somewhat resembles Santa Claus by bringing gifts, nevertheless, he is a very different personage.

In Norway, there are lots of gnomes, goblins and elves, and some are called *Nisse*. There is at least one on each farm to look after the animals and sleep with them in the barn. At Christmas time, it is essential to take care of the chief elf, *Nissefar*, and to give him a bowl of **risgrøt** otherwise one can expect some unpleasantness or calamity, or he could even play tricks on the children. This legend may go back to the Vikings.



Morten and Catherine, Thomas and Ida wish you:
Gledelig Jul ! God Jul ! Merry Christmas!



To share a Norwegian Christmas with them is a dream that will eventually come true. One thing I know is to be prepared for a culinary experience. Instead of turkey, a traditional dish for us, in Norway, in the eastern part of the country people eat a lot of pork dishes; in the north, lamb and, everywhere, fish is on the menu, including the special **lutefisk**, then there is fish soup, fish balls, fish salads, also marinated, grilled, or poached fish. For the Christmas season people drink **Juleøl** a specially made beer. What about dessert? Imagine a light white cake, filled with whipped cream, jam, and covered with almond paste, (i.e. marzipan)? Dozen and dozen of cookies are baked in every household, there must be at least seven different kinds including of course the famous **pepperkakor**, the extra thin ginger cookie. Let's not forget the delicious **Julekake**, a rich bread dough filled with raisins, candied peel and flavoured with cardamom. For more information and recipes: on a web search engine, type in any of the bold-letter word.

Perhaps reading about Christmas traditions brings back memories of your own celebrations when you were younger, in the 'good old days'? Well, let this be an invitation to you, dear readers, and to all the K/rouacs, no matter how you spell your surname, why not take out the old photo albums, go through them and write down your souvenirs. Please do it for your children and grand-children and, if you feel like sharing some with the great K/ family, it would be our pleasure to publish your offerings in the **2008 Christmas Trésor**. Many thanks for contributing to our family encyclopedia.



What an Extraordinary Person!

By Marie Lussier Timperley

Jacques-Victor Morin, a Quebec labour union pioneer, passed away on 5 October 2007 at the age of 86. He was a great-grandson of Philomène Le Brice de Keroack and Victor Côté. His father, Réginald Morin, was one of the older brothers of Marie-Huguette Morin Karrer, so he was Pia Karrer O'Leary's first cousin. He leaves his dear sister, Magdeleine, his niece, Angèle Coutu, his two grand-nephews, Guillaume and Gabriel Coutu-Dumont, numerous cousins and friends and colleagues.

On Friday, 2 November 2007, a memorial evening was held at the Centre St. Pierre Apôtre in Montréal. Although I knew Jacques-Victor Morin only by name, I am very happy to have attended this special evening as it gave me the opportunity to discover an extraordinary man. At least a hundred people were there to remember what an extraordinary person he was and pay a well-deserved homage to Jacques-V.

His only niece, Angèle Coutu read a very touching poem she had written. Everyone praised the *personnage* who, physically, was no taller than his famous grandfather, Notary Victor Morin. He always sported an unmistakable hat and carried a well stuffed briefcase at all times. He loved to talk, discuss, and it seems that no one ever tired of listening to him. His sense of humour was both sharp and sparkling. His generosity was exemplary. When a neighbour became a widow, he "adopted"

her two daughters. Today in their twenties, they spoke with much love and gratitude for the man who, though he was still single when he died, was their "father" for twenty years.

There were endless and very moving testimonies from his former colleagues. Then a young man told how Jacques-V. Morin, already in his eighties, seemed to have all the time in the world to talk about his life experience. He was available and ready to answer all questions and explain at length. This went on during numerous interviews, scheduled for after supper but usually starting as late as nine or ten o'clock in the evening; but Jacques-V., with young rather green students, was carrying on his work as a passionate and committed teacher tutor/coach.

If the achievements of the man, the militant and the professor are most impressive, after listening through that evening, I will remember his personality which well deserved the comment he used to make every time he had been talking and describing someone: "C'était un personnage!". In English he might have said: "What a personality!"

About Jacques-Victor Morin, most unquestionably we can say: **C'était tout un personnage! He was a very colourful character with an extraordinary personality!**

Memories of militant youth

Here is a short extract from an article written by Louis Corneillier, published in Montreal's intellectual daily, *Le Devoir*, on Saturday, 3 May 2003, under the



Jacques-Victor Morin title *Mémoire et jeunesse du militantisme* on the occasion of the publication of a biography of Jacques-Victor Morin.

"... Being a militant trade-unionist, today like in the past, here and anywhere else, has never been easy ... Therefore, being a militant trade-unionist remains a mission, a vocation demanding an honest fighting spirit."

"... Published (in French) under the title *Jacques-Victor Morin: syndicaliste et éducateur populaire*(1) (JVM: trade-unionist and working class educator) ... besides its historical purpose, the book also wants to pass on the experience of the post-world War II generation of militant Quebecers, to the generation who would be 25 years old in 2000." In this book, Morin, now in his eighties, talks about the clashes, hopes, achievements and defeats of a generation of militants motivated by an ideal of social justice..."

(1) Mathieu Denis, VLB Éditeur, Montréal, 2003, 256 pages.

Independent Column - A pioneer in workforce education has left us

Tuesday, 23 October 2007
LE DEVOIR.COM

Fernand Daoust,
Past President of FTQ
Fédération des travailleurs du Québec
(Quebec Workers Federation)

Last week, Jacques-Victor Morin's passing was highlighted in a press release by the FTQ but, if I am not mistaken, was not picked up by the media. This is sad, because with his passing, the union movement loses one of its pioneers in workforce education.

Born in Montreal in 1921, this grandson of the man who created the legal procedures for the Quebec National Assembly (his grand-father was Notary Victor Morin⁽¹⁾, the creator of the *Code Morin*, defining the procedures to be followed in any meeting or assembly) Jacques-Victor remained, until the very end, the living memory of the union movement of the years following World War II. I knew him personally and rubbed shoulders with him from the early fifties on.

Quebec Secretary of the CCF, i.e. Co-operative Commonwealth Fed-

eration⁽²⁾ of which he was a member since 1943, he entered into the union movement by taking on the responsibility for the Permanent Committee against racial and religious intolerance. Later on, Bernard Landry⁽³⁾ was the secretary of this inter-union committee for human rights.

In 1952, Jacques-Victor started to play a key role in the Quebec union movement. In fact, during that year the FUIQ (Fédération des unions industrielles du Québec (Quebec Federation of Industrial Unions), was created and he became its executive secretary; a position he held until 1957, the year the FTQ was created. Already very experienced in workforce education, Jacques-Victor instilled a remarkable dynamism into the young Federation. Thanks to the many lectures, training sessions and radio programmes he organized, the FUIQ's public image was far greater than its small membership would warrant.

It is important to remember that at the time he was one of the initiators and writers of the *Manifeste de Joliette* (*Joliette's Manifesto*)⁽⁴⁾ (FUIQ, 1954), that recommended nothing short of the creation of a Quebec workers' political party, independent from the Canadian CCF. After a few years, he became an organizer and union negotiator for the unionized workers in meat factories, and then he became Quebec's Director of Education within CUPE, Canadian Union of Public Employees. We owe it to Jacques-Victor to have made trade union training for the workers an essential weapon of labour strategy. During his tenure at CUPE, this very dynamic union which was already solidly rooted

in the municipalities would experience tremendous growth especially when Hydro-Quebec workers joined it.

For Jacques-Victor, trade union commitment and political commitment always went hand in hand. Founder and main leader of the *Ligue d'action socialiste* (Socialist Action Movement) at the end of the fifties, he was among us in 1963, when the Quebec Socialist Party was founded. And like all of us, he would later join the ranks of the *Parti québécois* (Quebec separatist political party).

Convinced of the importance of the third-world, and as a convincing spokesperson, he took part in a number of missions in Africa and Asia under the auspices of the *International Labour Organization*. During eighteen years, from 1968 until 1986, he was associate general secretary of the *Canadian Commission for UNESCO*. When he retired he went back to his first love and worked to re-launch and revitalize the education services of CUPE, that he had helped set up two decades earlier.

Men like Jacques-Victor Morin, little known to the public at large or to today's trade unionists, have nevertheless greatly contributed, from the inside, to creating a trade union movement deeply rooted in the Quebec reality as well as open to the world.

(1) Notary Victor Morin, (1865-1960) see *Le Trésor* in 2005-2006-2007 and on the web

(2) CCF: forerunner of the present New Democratic Party

(3) Bernard Landry, (1937-....) lawyer, politician, a former separatist Premier of the Province of Quebec

(4) *Joliette Manifesto*, First declaration of popular democratic demands adopted in 1955

Photo: FTQ Internet Site



Fernand Daoust, General Secretary of the Federation of Quebec Workers from 1969 to 1991 and its President from 1991-1993.



Jack Kerouac's Works: A Lecture by Pierre Monette, doctor in literature, at the Ahuntsic Library in Montreal

Report by Pierre Kirouac
of Boucherville

Our friend, Michel Bornais, a treasure for *Le Trésor*, is always on the look out for anything going on about Marie-Victorin or Jack Kerouac. He sent an email informing us about a lecture by Professor Pierre Monette entitled **Jack Kerouac's Works**.

Having two activities on the evening of 23 October, I was not sure I could make it. Finally, I managed to go to the Montreal-Ahuntsic Library where fifty to sixty people were attentively listening to Professor Monette.

The lecture was most interesting, presenting the author's many sides and was obviously given by one who loves Jack Kerouac and has for a very long time. Mr. Monette frequently illustrated his talk with audio documents where Jack himself was reading his own texts.

Mr. Monette was most eloquent particularly when he ironically criticized the French translation of *On the Road*. In the summer of 2006, he published an article on this subject in the literary magazine *Entre les lignes* (*Between lines*). Here is a passage from this article:

"Translation, treason"

"The French translation of On the Road, by Jacques Houbart, is honestly ...a flop. And this is a polite way of putting it! For example, one of the most famous passages in the book, in the original English text reads:"

"(...) the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved desirous of everything at the same

time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes 'Awww!'"

These lines could be translated as follows:

«(...) les seules personnes qui comptent pour moi sont les "malades", ceux qui vivent comme des malades, qui parlent comme des malades, qui veulent êtres sauvés comme des malades, qui veulent tout avoir en même temps, ceux qui savent comment ne jamais s'ennuyer et ne pas répéter la même chose que tout le monde raconte, mais qui se brûlent, brûlent, brûlent comme de magnifiques feux d'artifice jaunes explosant comme des araignées dans les étoiles et, au milieu, on voit l'éclair bleu qui fait «pow» et tout le monde fait: "Aaahhh!"»

Now, here is what one can read in the novel's "official" French translation:

«(...) les seules gens qui existent pour moi sont les déments, ceux qui ont la démence de vivre, la démence de discourir, la démence d'être sauvés, qui veulent jouir de tout dans un seul instant, ceux qui ne savent pas bâiller ni sortir un lieu commun mais qui brûlent, qui brûlent, pareils aux fabuleux feux jaunes des chandelles romaines explosant comme des poêles à frire parmi les étoiles et, au milieu, on voit éclater le bleu du pétard central et chacun fait: "Aaaah!"»

What else can we do but laugh . . . or cry?



Pierre Kirouac

During the question period that could have lasted for ever, as questions kept popping up, a lady wanted more information on the Breton origins of Jack. It looked like Mr. Monette did not know too much about that, so I felt I should say something.

I introduced myself. Surprise! I could see that the name Kirouac created quite a stir. Instantly the eyes turned towards me and I was kindly permitted to give some information that most Kirouacs who regularly read issues of our Association's bulletins know. I finished by inviting people to visit our web site.

To conclude, I can say that Professor Monette really did his homework and he knows his subject. He took us along the appropriate road to well understand the real Jack Kerouac. Now, it is our turn to do our homework if we want to increase our knowledge.

Damn Jack, we will never forget you!

New York Public Library's Exposition - Jack Kerouac exposed

Le Devoir 24 November 2007

Jean-François Côté

The 50th anniversary of the publication in 1957 of Jack Kerouac's novel *On the Road* was the reason for the exhibition presented at the New York Public Library from 9 November 2007 until 16 March 2008. As the title indicates, *Beatific Soul: Jack Kerouac on the Road*, the exhibition is essentially about this work, by showing, as its main exhibit, the legendary scroll on which the novel was typed between 2-21 April 1951, as well as about the *Beat Generation* fraternity that Kerouac, as we know, christened referring to the English word "beat" meaning 'beaten' and the French word "béat" meaning "happy in God".

For Kerouac's fans - and there are many of them on all continents - this exhibition will seem the occasion to penetrate in depth the multiple strata of the writer's existence and also the occasion, even for the specialists of the artist and his works, to have access to documents rarely displayed in public. Lastly, for those interested in the perennial significance of this work, it is a kind of invitation to pursue Kerouac's open questioning about America's destiny; however, the exhibition purposely does not do so.

The exhibition concept and design is already visible on the giant billboard adorning the front of the venerable New York institution on Fifth Avenue, and carry this image of a road and it goes on in the exhibition hall in the Humanities and Social Sciences section of the famous library. Entering the D. Samuel and Jeane H. Gottesman Exhibition Hall, one faces the scroll, half its length: 60 of its 120 feet, impressively unrolled under glass like a

vanishing line. Therefore it is possible to pour over this mythical emblem of Kerouac's writing in a style he wished to follow the rhythm of his life on the road. Corrections, deletions, and additions are also visible all over showing the long process of rewriting - as well as what is missing on the typed scroll that later on would be found in the book, even the title, as Kerouac hesitated for a long time between many titles before deciding on the one we know. Indications noted in many places on the scroll enables the visitor to find chapters and sections of the work, and this is made easier by an explanation leaflets pointing out certain aspects of the writing process: it shows, among other things, that certain expressions were censored or the intervention of Viking Press's editors, who would eventually allow the book to be published.

Eight themes

On either side of the central hall, the walls are covered with various handwritten pieces (notes, diaries, etc.) and various objects are also exhibited (including one of Jack's old pair of boots, most likely worn out along the roads...). In two other sections of the hall, around the main exhibit, under eight themes, are gathered a large quantity of photos, drawings, parts of manuscripts, letters, even music Kerouac used to listen too (earphones available) as well as a few paintings done by the writer, often as self-portraits. All of it is briefly but well presented in the exhibition pamphlet.

Thus, the proposed journey is very enlightening and very well documented as to the various aspects of Kerouac's life, starting from his family background: (quote from the exhibition) "His French-Canadian

parents... were the children of Québécois [sic] immigrants to the United States... Kerouac's first language was jouale [sic], a French-Canadian dialect..." Also covered are his beat entourage (Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Lucien Carr, Herbert Huncke, Neal Cassidy, etc.), his literary contacts (Thomas Wolfe, Dostoïevski, Melville, Thoreau, Whitman, Céline, etc.), philosophical ones (Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Spengler, etc.), and his spiritual ones, in his research on Buddhism. Again, all this is very well documented in the beautiful exhibition catalog*, published by the Exhibition Curator.

Kerouac's consecration during the 50th anniversary year of *On the Road*, is celebrated in many ways; in the publishing world, simultaneous publication of the "original manuscript" by Viking Press, as well as Kerouac entry into the Library of America's prestigious collection; through other manifestations: books, exhibitions, conferences, lectures, etc., would probably have rejoiced... and possibly also annoyed Kerouac himself, because, in spite of all the promises to rediscover America "that great America we all talk about but is still unknown to us..." or simply ignored.

* Found on the web

The Author as Artist: Jack Kerouac and Friends, Chang Octagon, RBML, Butler 6th Floor East

November 12, 2007 through February 29, 2008

Selected from the collections of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, this small exhibition features drawings and paintings (mainly portraits of one another) by Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, Robert LaVigne, Peter Orlovsky, Larry Rivers, and Philip Whalen. It is presented in conjunction with the major *New York Public Library exhibition Beatific Soul: Jack Kerouac on the Road*, on view from November 9, 2007 through March 16, 2008, Humanities and Social Sciences Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street.



Jack Kerouac's Posthumous Life

“UNCLE” KIROUAC REMEMBERS

YVON PELLERIN

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Jacques Kirouac, founder of the Kirouac Family Association has been a fan and disciple of Jack Kerouac for years.

If the most famous member of the family of Jean-Baptiste K  rouac, from Saint-Hubert de Riv  re-du-Loup, was still living today, he would be 85 years old . . . and his legitimate daughter would not have been able to share his fight with his Quebec “parents”, the Kirouac Family Association to uphold his rights to his colossal fortune.

Jack Kerouac, author of *On the Road*, the world acclaimed classic of the *Beat Generation*, celebrating its 50th anniversary this year, died a pauper at 46 with only \$91 to his name but now he is worth over twenty million dollars and the fight over his estate is still an ongoing court battle between those who want to grab the various scattered pieces. The Kirouac Family Association, true to its family line, has been closely following this saga for years and has clearly taken side with the author’s daughter, Jan Kerouac, also a writer who died prematurely in 1996 at the age of forty-four.

“Uncles”

Recently in Quebec City, looking through the pages of a precious photo album where one can see Jacques Kirouac with Jan in Lowell, also in New York and even at the now defunct restaurant *Chez Camille* in Quebec City, Jacques reminisced: “She used to call us her dear aunts and uncles”. Famous Jack’s daughter died before she could bring to court the legal action she instituted against the estate holders, the Sampas’ family from Lowell, relatives of the third and last wife of the author. Mr. Kirouac was with her when she tried to disrupt an exhibition about the author in Lowell, sponsored by the Sempas and presided by none other than the American poet Allen Ginsberg, a faithful friend of Jack and also prevailing figure of the *Beat Generation*. “I remember it as if it had just happened yesterday, we were escorted to the door by the police to prevent us from demonstrating”, says Jacques. It is also to him that, a few months before her death, she wrote to ask him to carry on the fight “to preserve her father’s honour” because, she said, I have no more strength left”.

A Difficult Life

Mr. Kirouac is shocked yet again when visiting a Jack Kerouac exhibition in Lowell, as he did this week, and notices that the souvenir of Jack’s daughter is

completely obliterated. “It is as if Jack never had a daughter”, he says indignant. Jan’s ashes are, thanks to his cares, resting in a small cemetery not far from her father’s, in Lowell’s nearby town of Nashua. It is also Mr. Kirouac who organized a funeral Mass there to be sung in her honour at the time of the burial. “She was an extraordinary woman and she had a tough life.” According to Mr. Kirouac, she was haunted by her father whom she admired but that she was able to meet only twice in her lifetime. She may have been painted by the American media as a woman with a troubled life, a self-destructive temperament, and as a hard drug user, but this is not at all the woman that Jacques Kirouac knew. “She was very open and a fighter and, above all, very endearing”.

Every three months, the Association, publishes a news bulletin *Le Tr  sor des Kirouac*, relating the vicissitudes of Jack’s estate but also continues, with respect and dignity, to celebrate the memory of its most famous relative and his daughter. “We consider ourselves like a privileged information source and a dispatching point for all those who, in Quebec and elsewhere, are interested in Jack.”

*Published on 19 October 2007 in *MediaMatin*, official newspaper of the locked out unionized employees of the daily *Journal de Qu  bec*.



Jacques Kirouac and Jack’s daughter, Jan, at Chez Camille, a Quebec City restaurant, during one of her visits.

THE BOTANIST

Story by Lucie Jasmin © 2007

"Stories (have to) live in us for a long time before we can tell them" said Lucie when, in June 2007, she sent me this lovely story which I had the privilege to be the first one to read.

As a professional researcher, Lucie is always on the look out for information, consulting archives, scrutinizing papers and photos, etc. In May 2007, while consulting the archives at the Montreal Botanical Garden, she discovered a photo of Brother Marie-Victorin resting on a balcony. Inspired by the personality of the subject, the idea came to her in a flash; the story that had matured for so long in her mind was finally taking shape in her head. At last she had found the missing piece so she had to write down the story! Thus was born *The Botanist*, a text rich and full of emotions, intense like a love story.

As she used some colourful old words in her text, did Lucie wish to make Marie-Victorin smile? I think so, because Cousin Conrad loved them and promoted their use. As proof here is a comment he wrote to **Félix-Antoine Savard**⁽¹⁾, about his book **Ménard maître draveur**⁽²⁾, where he used old words: "Words have come of age, they are free and equal among themselves! If you love old words, and you are quite right to do so as you know them so well, then, why not give them full right to be and be used!"⁽³⁾

Lucie Jasmin knows the famous botanist very well indeed. She met him through his personal journal, *Flora*, literature and scientific progression. Therefore she claims that her inspiration comes from her 'spiritual' meetings with him, intangible reunion but nevertheless significant and important because of their effect on our lives.

So let us be carried away by this mysterious story, the suspense will keep you on the edge of your seat . . . to the end.

Céline Kirouac



Marie-Victorin on the balcony in Havre aux Esquimaux in 1926.
Photograph © Montreal Botanical Garden

The Botanist is a story whose inspiration comes from the following elements: A conversation, during a meal with a theologian lady, friend of mine, concerning important meetings with profound implication in one's life, meetings that can be called "spiritual"; signs along life's road, illuminating coincidences. And last but not least, this incredible photo of Victorin, discovered during my visit at the Botanical Garden's archives in May 2007. I felt that the time had come for me to tell this story.

Lucie Jasmin

"And like Linné, I saw God in his works."

Brother Marie-Victorin
born Conrad Kirouac
(1885-1944)

When the sun was tumbling in shades of reds behind the black fringe of the conifers, I saw him. When flocks of anxious birds spiraling in silence low above our heads, looking for a place to nest for the night, I saw him. I had heard that

the botanist and his companion had arrived in our area the day before yesterday in order to botanize in the fields. The Parish Priest had welcomed them in his presbytery and, at daybreak, the two friends were outside getting ready, in spite of the burning sun or the soothing rain.

At the end of the day, I saw him. He was slumped into the old armchair, on the presbytery balcony, tired, wanting rest and coolness. All alone. His companion had gone to sleep. And I, totally motionless, stood on the other side of the road. Unobtrusively, I watched him from afar, and did not take my eyes off him for a second. He looked tall to me, even very tall, stern and handsome. He was dressed in clergy black, in spite of the heat. This unexpected visitor was radiating some ancient nobility,

(1) Bishop Félix-Antoine Savard (1896-1982) missionary and scholar, was one Quebec's most important and influential 20th century writers.

(2) Published by FIDES in 1937. For years was compulsory reading in Quebec high schools.

(3) "Ménard, master raftsmen, facing nature and naturalists" (1938)





Lucie Jasmin

goodness and intelligence, I was transfixed. With my whole being, I was calling him:

"Please turn your eyes in my direction, I beg of you, look at me."

The wind had to get involved. The *sou'wester* started moaning, and it knows how to do it; then the man noticed my presence. Ho! His smile when he discovered me in the half-light! When I think about it, I am still trembling. A grateful joy, infinitely sweet ran up my spine. A soothing hurricane. I shivered from head to toe. And him, you should have seen his turmoil. Although so tired and exhausted, even against his will, he could not turn his eyes away from me, as if afraid that I would disappear or that, perhaps, I was only a vision and did not really exist. Every time, my heart jumped and went towards him. Ah! His look! Once he had glanced at you, his eyes penetrated right to your soul and illuminated you from the inside. You could never forget it.

So, to help calm him down, I

started singing softly. He finally dozed off below the starlit sky. I watched him sleep lulled by the solstice wind.

"Sleep in peace, my prince, I watch over you."

The following morning, I slept late in the sun. When I finally emerged from my sleep, with a heavy head, I saw him almost at my feet. I held my breath. So intensely concentrated on his study and contemplation, the botanist took no notice of me. He knelt down in the damp grass, in front of a flower, to better observe it at leisure. Most delicately, he turned it again and again in his hands, and inhaled deeply to breathe its perfume. After such sweet beginnings, he started to feel delicately the multiple corollas. His fingers, carefully feeling every tiny fold in order not to miss any, ever so gently pushed aside the petals with an infinite care. Finally he reached the standing pistil. As he lightly brushed it with the end of his finger covered with the gold pollen, he spoke to it with words of veneration, and love which I could not understand:

"*Cypripedium, Calceolus Mariae, Sabot de la Vierge*".

The flower accepted to open itself even more for him to better explore, accepting all his fancy and showed no restraint whatsoever. In the end, she accepted the wound, asking for it even. I turned my head away, trembling.

In the twilight, the two companions placed large cartons on the ground, on the mound next to the church. On these cartons, they painstakingly placed the dead plants they had collected during their expedition.

I could hear him giving instructions to his companion: "This bellflower with round leaves is for you Rolland, these changing forget-me-not are for the college's herbarium. This other one is also for you. And this Jack-in-the-Pulpit":

I recognized the flower seen in the afternoon.

"This Jack-in-the-Pulpit is for me!"

"So many dead. So many dead after your visit!" In silence I hurled abuses at him, agitated, incapable to see beyond my anger and resentment. Finally I calmed down. These effigies, preserved from annihilation, could they attain some form of immortality? Patiently, the botanist built a sanctuary to their beauty.

Nevertheless, with darkness coming fast, I felt very lonely, tormented. Normally unmoved, I did not understand anymore. I was waiting for him to appear again, like the night before, to be within my sight. I sent my voice in the direction of the wind to call him and urge him to join me outside.

He finally appeared and took up his place in the armchair again. He was looking at me, motionless.

I was so desperate that I kept stupidly whispering: "Come closer! Come closer!" As if he could hear me. Because his expression became serious. He got up and walked slowly towards me. He was puzzled by my presence.

He kept walking around me. Circling me on his long legs. Dizzying towards each other. I could clearly distinguish his long manly breath and, when he put his open hands on me and put his head on my heart, I opened my arms to embrace him

lovingly. I rustled with joy: My tinder, my glow!”

Bent in the night, under the weight of an immense love, I baptized him with my dew.

“Oh! Can you feel that it is my very soul that you are looking at?”

Me, known to be made of wood, exalting his prayer: “You are enchanting, he whispered, you make feel as vast as the universe. You fill me with eternity.”

And I was filled with gratitude:

“Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.” (1)

That night, he fell asleep against me. He left me at dawn, impregnated with my scent.

When morning came, the two companions, after gathering all their gear, hit the dusty road again. I looked at him as he passed in front of me, paralyzed with pain, my long limbs tossed by the wind. Up on the hill, he turned his head to look at me one last time. He was walking backward, his hand above his eyes, as if to fix my image in his mind and send me a last adieu.

With my eyes I followed until he became a minute dot floating on the horizon. He had taken the summer with him. The temperature was looking sad. It was going to rain.

After his departure, from as far as I can remember, he was part and parcel of my thoughts and dreams. And this is why I lived so fully, so profoundly and so intensely, every day that I was given to live. I gorged myself on sun and birds, winds and squalls, downpours, snow and scorching heat, children squawking, the lively commotion

of creatures and august silences. I provided for my posterity. I managed to live to such a ripe old age that I thought I had acquired wisdom.

So during a stormy night, in my old age, delirious, while alarming flashes streaked the sky, a terrible rumour reached us through the branches. On that day, 15 July 1944, my soul was devastated. I shook with rage. I roared with fury, powerless and sad. Even the ground under my feet shook. I bawled at the moon. I was a frightening sight.

This man, who had placed his head on my heart, this man, Marie-Victorin, the botanist, had just died, there on the road. I could feel it in every fiber of my gigantic wooden body. My roots shook so much that stones broke up. Fever burned my needles. I lost the reason and the will to live.

During this deadly year, my brothers, the elms, were decimated by a strange and sudden illness, called the Dutch elm disease. The great elms of North America waned and died. This is how they cried, in their own tree way, his brutal passing (2).

I, the great black pine by the presbytery, died in August, during the long night of the “Perseids”(3). I died standing up with my arms outstretched, burning with love.

(1) “Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.” (St. Matthew 21:9)

(2) The deadly Dutch elm disease was first noticed in Canada in 1944.

(3) *Perseids* are the shooting stars visible in mid-August every summer.



ERRATA



In the September *Le Trésor*, page 8, upper photo, instead of Lucie, the name is Luce Boivin.



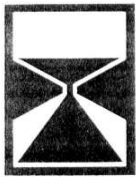
On the same photo, at the right the last person is Caroline Kirouac Laplante, not Julie Laplante.



Finally, on the same page, lower photo, the 4th person on the left in the front row is Julie Kirouac Laplante and not Émilie Laplante.

Our apologies to these persons
The Editors





SOCIÉTÉ D'HISTOIRE
DE SAINTE-FOY



PRESS RELEASE
For immediate publication

LECTURE

Brother Marie-Victorin (Conrad Kirouac 1885-1944) And the Odyssey of the *Flore laurentienne*

Québec, 12 November 2007 — The Sainte-Foy Historical Society, the Kirouac Family Association and L'Ancienne-Lorette Historical Society, together are happy to invite you to a lecture by Mrs. Lucie Jasmin about ***Brother Marie-Victorin (Conrad Kirouac 1885-1944) and the Odyssey of the Flore laurentienne***. This lecture will be given on **Tuesday evening, 20 October 2007, at 7:30 p.m. in the Sacristy of the Historical Park La Visitation**, located at the corner of De l'église Street and Sainte-Foy Road, in the Sainte-Foy-Sillery area of Quebec City.

In 1904, Brother Marie-Victorin, with his learned friend, Brother Rolland-Germain, started his extraordinary voyage at the heart of his beloved *Laurentie* in order to draw up a countrywide plant inventory. This journey, now legendary, was carried out in a rigorous scientific way but was also influenced by his literary poetical mind. This talk will let you discover why the *Flore laurentienne*, Conrad Kirouac's major work, that required twenty-five years of his life to complete, is considered an essential book in the history of the Province of Quebec. This obviously is the reason why Brother Marie-Victorin is considered one of the most outstanding personalities of the 20th century.

Mrs. Lucie Jasmin is a professional researcher, but also one of the greatest admirers of Brother Marie-Victorin. In 2004, in collaboration with Gilles Beaudet, she prepared and annotated the complete edition of the integral text of *Mon Miroir - Journaux intimes 1903-1920 - Frère Marie-Victorin (FIDES)*. She has a Master in Musicology. She composed music for movies, radio and television.

Thus, you are invited to an evening of discovery on Tuesday, 20 November 2007, at 7:30 p.m. at the Sacristie du parc historique de La Visitation.

Free - Parking access by Chanoine-Martin Street, east of De l'église Street.

Source : Alain Côté
Secretary, Sainte Foy Historical Society
Tel.: (418) 999-8955

Comments after the Lecture

"It was a pleasure to navigate along the *Odyssey of the Laurentian Flora*. Your lecture, magnificently illustrated and documented, made me understand Marie-Victorin's modern vision."

(E-mail from Mrs. Claire Morel to Lucie Jasmin on 23 November 2007.)



Lucie Jasmin giving her lecture at the Ste. Foy Historical Society on 20 November 2007.



Scale model of the Ploërmel House in Ancienne-Lorette, made by Mr. Raymond Huot who gave it to the Ancienne-Lorette Historical Society. (Photography: François Kirouac)



In spite of the first snow fall of the 2007-2008 winter, thirty people braved the elements to hear about Brother Marie-Victorin.



Maison Ploërmel in Ancienne-Lorette, property of Chevalier François Kirouac and later of Édouard Laurin (Photography: AFK collection)



From left to right: Alain Côté, Vice-President of the Ancienne-Lorette Historical Society and Secretary of the Ste. Foy Historical Society, Raymond Huot the artist who made the scale model of the Ploërmel house where Marie-Victorin stayed when in Ancienne-Lorette, Lucie Jasmin and Jean-Yves Landry, President of the Ste. Foy Historical Society.

MARIE-VICTORIN
IN CUBA

CORRESPONDANCE
WITH BROTHER LÉON

ANDRÉ BOUCHARD



ANDRÉ BOUCHARD

Marie-Victorin
à Cuba

Les Presses de l'Université de Montréal

Marie-Victorin (1885-1944) is the best known scientist in Quebec. His reputation is based essentially on the Montreal Botanical Garden which he founded in 1931 and on his world famous *Flore laurentienne* (Laurentian Flora) published in French in 1935.

Starting in 1938, he traveled seven times to Cuba. During these stays he was able to contact Brother Léon, a French man who had emigrated to Cuba and author of the *Flora de Cuba*, and with whom he published the three-volume *Itinéraires botaniques dans l'île de Cuba* (Botanical Itineraries in the Island of Cuba). For decades, these works were the utmost references for the botanical history of the Pearl of the Caribbean's.

Marie-Victorin and Brother Léon exchanged letters between 1907 and 1944. As their correspondence was regular, it helps us to better understand their respective paths and development. This correspondence, full of wit and wisdom, is an excellent window on Marie-Victorin himself and his 'Cuban experience and years', his health was not good, he disliked the Canadian winter, he took refuge in a hotel in Havana and wanted to live differently for two or three months of the year, away from his Botanical Garden and the demands of his religious order. The dedication and passion of both botanists as well as the connivance of the two scientists who had made religious vows are palpable.

André Bouchard is the titular professor of ecology in the Department of Biology at the University of Montreal and a researcher at the *Institut de recherche en biologie végétale* (Plant Biology Research Institute) attached to the Montreal Botanical Garden.

Marie-Victorin à Cuba

Correspondance avec le frère Léon

André Bouchard

218 pages · \$29.95 André Bouchard

Press attaché: Natacha Monnier (514) 343-6933 ext. 124 · natacha.monnier@umontreal.ca

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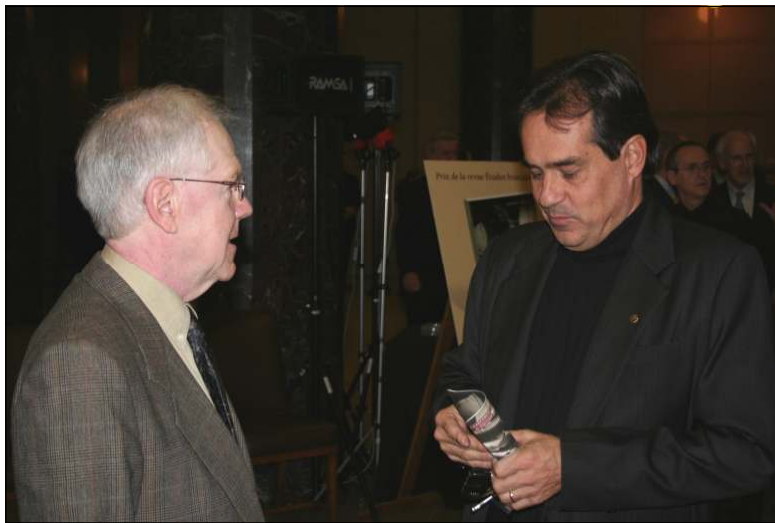
5 November 2007

University of Montreal
Book launching
of André Bouchard's
Marie-Victorin in Cuba

Our association was present



From left to right: Céline Kirouac, Laure Bouchard Director General of the Young Naturalists Circle, Marie Kirouac, Marie Lussier Timperley and Lucie Jasmin (Photography: François Kirouac)



Our secretary, Michel Bornais, the Director of the Montreal Botanical Garden, Mr. Gilles Vincent (Photography: François Kirouac)



Gilles Vincent and Marie Lussier Timperley
(Photography: François Kirouac)



Marie Kirouac, André Bouchard, Gilles Vincent, Céline Kirouac and Lucie Jasmin (Photography: François Kirouac)



Professor André Bouchard signing a copy of his book for Marie Kirouac (Photography: François Kirouac)



Marie-Victorin and the Humanized Flora

Le Devoir, 24 November 2007

Michel Lapierre

“Marie-Victorin, loved earth, loam in the fields, dirty soil, the earth that blackens the hands and holds the native country... And he died a brother *ignorantin*⁽¹⁾, leaving us some of his dignified pride.” These words from Jacques Ferron⁽²⁾ cleverly sum up the life and work of the eminent botanist who was a humble religious brother. Coming from a writer who made fun of the self-importance of certain Quebecois clergy, particularly of Lionel Groulx⁽³⁾ the implication is significant.

It covers two facts often undervalued: first, individuality, a rather unusual trait at the time and in his environment; second the authentic, daring, and creative humility of Marie-Victorin (1885-1944), Brother of the Christian Schools, born Conrad Kirouac in the Bois Francs region of the Province of Quebec.

In his presentation and notes, André Bouchard, a plant biology and ecology specialist, sheds light on these aspects of the religious man's personality in the excellent recently published book of the letters exchanged, from 1907 until 1944, between Brother Léon and the founder of the Montreal Botanical Garden. The book is entitled *Marie-Victorin in Cuba*. Bouchard indicates that the scientist, born into a well-to-do family, became an ordinary brother, in spite of his father's preference for the priesthood: a more prestigious vocation.

In a comment, Bouchard quotes Marie-Victorin speaking in 1941, the religious man declared with a sharp sense of humour: “Perhaps you think that today I have be-

come a more seasoned man and that I could defend, even against the cleverest Jesuit, the right to choose a vocation more humble than the priesthood. Possibly!”

But within the brothers' order, Marie-Victorin did not find more freedom. In 1933, he confided in Brother Léon something quite revealing. Brother Léon was a French man, who taught in Cuba and recorded its lush local flora. Both brothers belonged to the same religious congregation. After Marie-Victorin's superior had refused him permission to go to Europe to take part in a scientific convention, he wrote to his correspondent: “Some days one feels like an injured monk whose neck and shoulder muscles are sore because of the yoke he carries: you certainly know the feeling.”

After his father's death, he inherited some of the hundreds of thousands of dollars from the sale of the family business, *F. Kirouac and son*, founded by his grandfather in Quebec City and specializing in grain and flour. Though the money was his by inheritance, he could not dispose of it without the consent of his Superior because of his poverty vow made when he became a religious brother. In spite of this, using his acute sense of diplomacy, Marie-Victorin accomplished wonders.

During the economic slump of the dirty thirties, he managed to convince the Church and the State that intellectualism must be accepted by the French-Canadian society, known for being suspicious of everything intellectual. In 1931, when he founded the Montreal Botanical Garden in the eastern part of the metropolis, this vast project of public works, that brought hope to hundreds of unemployed, was also symbolically



André Bouchard,
University of Montreal,
Plant Ecology
(Photo: Forest Study Center)

recreating the links with the agricultural past of the fertile land of the island of Montreal, as well as giving a popular base to our new scientific life.

Rediscover the New World

The crowning achievement of his true social, national, ecological and intellectual vision was the publication in 1935 of the *Flore laurentienne*. Ferron understood the power of Marie-Victorin's united vision. The seven trips he made to the West Indies between 1938 and 1944, in order to write the *Itinéraires botaniques* in the island of Cuba with Brother Léon, are part and parcel of this second discovery of the New World's flora and human population.

Marie-Victorin's heart and lungs

1) Ignorantin: according to the French Larousse Dictionary, a derisive expression referring to the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

2) Jacques Ferron, 1921-1985, trained as a medical doctor, best known as a leftist-separatist writer, founder of the Rhinoceros political party.

3) Lionel Groulx, (1878-1963) “Canon Groulx” was a Roman Catholic priest, traditionalist, historian, writer, and ultra-nationalist.

were weak and he found Quebec's cold winters more and more painful. Staying in Cuba, enjoying the warm sunshine could only benefit him; because there the botanist was able to distance himself from the rather stifling atmosphere of his religious order not only through his scientific research but also by staying in a hotel in Havana.

But there is a lot more than that. The trips to Cuba were also part of a spiritual experience. Marie-Victorin, in a letter to Brother Léon, claims that "Nature's Gospel is so close to the other one." He also wrote to his correspondent: "I have noticed that people who enjoy excellent health think a lot less about the Infinite and Eternal God."

Sensitivity to mystery was, according to him, a "grace given by God to paupers and to sick people", thus he believed it was easier for him to appreciate human diversity. It made him more curious about the Cuban multiracial society than Brother Léon who saw it as a pagan challenge to the catholic fervour preserved in the Western world.

His collaborator blamed him for giving too much importance to black people. Marie-Victorin accepted to alter his text in the *Itinéraires botaniques*, but later he wrote in a sad but mischievous tone: "Now Cuba is 'whitened'⁽⁴⁾ but, between you and I, possibly a bit too much!" His candid love of various plant families pushed him to scrutinize humankind with the same attitude: amazement!

Marie-Victorin in Cuba
Introduced and annotated by André Bouchard
Published by Montreal University Press
Montreal, 2007, 224 pages

4) In French the phrase: «Voilà Cuba *blanchi* peut-être un peu trop entre nous!» *Blanchi*: can be translated by: whitened, cleaned, bleached, even acquitted. Marie-Victorin obviously wanted to talk about the coloured/colourful people of Cuba... His remark is a clever play on word with a double meaning



IN MEMORIAM



BÉLANGER KIROUAC, AGNÈS

At the Unité Transitoire de la Canadière in Quebec City, on 11 October 2007, at the age of 80 passed away dame Agnès Bélanger, wife of the late Donat Kirouac (01175). She leaves to mourn her children: Johanne Kirouac (Daniel Roy), Line Kirouac and Pierre Kirouac (Julie Girard); her grand-children: Carl, Mathieu and Ève as well as her brothers and sisters. Funeral was held on 15 October 2007 in the Parish of the Sacred-Heart of Jesus in Quebec City.

KIROUAC, LUCIE

At the CSSS Arthabaska and de l'Érable in Victoriaville, on 15 October 2007, passed away at the age of 47 years and nine months, Mrs. Lucie Kirouac (00286), daughter of the late Claude Kirouac and Marie-Rose Millette. Funeral was held on 20 October in Notre-Dame-de-la-Visitation Church in Trois-Rivières (Pointe-du-Lac). Burial will be in Pointe-du-Lac Cemetery at a later date.

She leaves to mourn her daughter, Marlyn (and her father Germain Lachance); her son, James (and his father André St-Pierre (Marie-Claude)); her mother, Marie-Rose Millette (the late Claude Kirouac); her grandmother, Lucienne Lebel (the late Émile Millette); her sisters and brothers: Jacqueline Kirouac (Joël) and their children Marilou, Evelyne, Thomas-David and Claudina, Jean-Pierre Kirouac (Nathalie), Diane Kirouac, Brigitte Kirouac and Jacques Kirouac.

KIROUAC MICHAUD, JACQUELINE

At Enfant-Jésus Hospital in Quebec

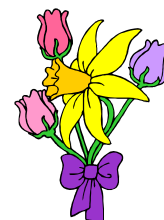
City on 29 September 2007, at the age of 78, passed away dame Jacqueline Kirouac (00599), wife of the late Rosaire Michaud. Religious service was held on 5 October 2007, in Notre-Dame-de-L'Annonciation Church in L'Ancienne-Lorette. Burial was in Parc commémoratif La Souvenance Cemetery.

She leaves to mourn her children: Jacques (Johanne Simard), Pierre (Linda St-Hilaire), Denis (Christiane Drouin), Richard Kirouac and all her grandchildren; her brothers and sisters: Thérèse (the late Henri Parent), Marie-Paule (the late Rosaire Dionne), the late Madeleine (the late Yvon Bélanger), the late Jean-Guy (Jeannette Guay), the late René, André (Jocelyne Auclair), the late Marcelle (the late Roger Beaumont) as well as her Michaud brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law.

PELLETIER, JACQUES

In L'Assomption on 3 October 2007, at the age of 59, passed away Mr. Jacques Pelletier. He leaves to mourn his son Simon, his sister Huguette (François Le Ber), his former wife Lisette Kirouac (02511). Funeral was held on 6 October 2007 in Ste-Thérèse d'Avila Church.

**Our deepest
condolences to the
bereaved families**



GENEALOGY / THE READER'S PAGE

The KFA computer genealogical database includes names of persons but the spouses' names or the parents' names are missing. To help us fill these gaps and complete our data, answers to the following questions would be greatly appreciated.

You are also invited to look at previous issues of Le Trésor where many more questions are listed in the Readers' Page but have yet to be answered. Answers will be published in future bulletins.

Thank you.

François Kirouac

Question 136

What is the name of the parents of Léo Roy, spouse of Marie-Ange Parent, daughter of Eugénie Kirouac and Eugène Parent?

Question 137

What is the name of the parents of Marcel Larouche, spouse of Noëlla Parent, daughter of Eugénie Kirouac and Eugène Parent?

Question 138

What is the name of the parents of Roger Letarte, spouse of Joanne Cadorette, daughter of Jacqueline Kirouac and Fernand Cadorette?

Question 139

What is the name of the parents of John Lash, first husband of Janet Michele Kerouac, daughter of Jack Kerouac?

Question 140

What is the name of the parents of Bernard Hackett, second husband of Janet Michele Kerouac, daughter of Jack Kerouac?

Question 141

What is the name of the parents of

Ghislain Thibault, spouse of Carole Gamache, daughter of Albina Kérouac and Jean Gamache?

Question 142

What is the name of the parents of Réjean Lamarre, spouse of Réjeanne Gamache, daughter of Albina Kérouac and Jean Gamache?

Question 143

What is the name of the parents of Benoît Bélanger, spouse of Louiselle Gamache, daughter of Albina Kérouac and Jean Gamache?

Question 144

What is the name of the parents of Jim Campbell, spouse of Guylaine Kirouac, daughter of Joseph Kirouac and Rita Coulombe?

Question 145

What is the name of the parents of Nathalie Simard, spouse of Bertrand Kirouac, son of Joseph Kirouac and Rita Coulombe?

Question 146

What is the name of the parents of Jean-Marc Tremblay, spouse of Adeline Kirouac, daughter of Paul-Émile Kirouac and Élisianne Marcil?

Question 147

What is the name of the parents of Johanne Tremblay, spouse of Gilles Kirouac, son of Paul-Émile Kirouac and Élisianne Marcil?

Question 148

What is the name of the parents of Marie-Paule Michaud, spouse of Gérald Kirouac, son of Paul-Émile Kirouac and Élisianne Marcil?

Question 149

What is the name of the parents of Pierre Demers, spouse of Marie Moreau, daughter of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Please send us your genealogical questions; we will try to answer them and if possible, the results will be published in a following issue of *Le Trésor*.

The Editorial Team

Question 150

What is the name of the parents of Réginald Lamothe, spouse of Pauline Moreau, daughter of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Question 151

What is the name of the parents of Roger Lavoie, spouse of Normande Moreau, daughter of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Question 152

What is the name of the parents of Colombe Gaudrault, spouse of Jean-Yves Moreau, son of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Question 153

What is the name of the parents of Louise Trotter, spouse of Louis Moreau, son of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Question 154

What is the name of the parents of Adrien Tremblay, spouse of Carmen Moreau, daughter of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Question 155

What is the name of the parents of Marina Boulianne, spouse of Lucien Moreau, son of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Question 156

What is the name of the parents of Paul Vachon, spouse of Lucille Moreau, daughter of Adéland Moreau and Régina Kirouac?

Question 157

What is the name of the parents of Nicole Millet, spouse of Bruno Noël, son of Henri Noël and Gracia Kirouac?

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Incorporated: February 26, 1986
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C. Alexandre Duclouach

Our ancestor's signature on a request addressed to Governor Beauharnois in November 1733

To contact us:

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www: www.genealogie.org/famille/kirouac

Webmaster: Pierre Kirouac

Search Notice

We are looking for photos, films or videos taken during the 1980 gathering in L'Islet-sur-Mer and during the 1982 gathering in Cap Saint-Ignace. If you have any such documents, we would be most grateful to you for letting us know. Please contact the KFA Secretary as soon as possible.

Many thanks for your generous cooperation!

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!

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