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Number 98

Le Trésor des Kirouac

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

Janette (Jan)
Michelle Kerouac
"Princess" of the Beats



Collection Jacques Kirouac



Collection Jacques Kirouac

First portrait of Jan, from David Bower's collection

K rouac ✦ K roack ✦ Kirouac ✦ K rouac ✦ K rouack ✦ Kirouack

Le Trésor des Kirouac

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The President's Word

as we are still at the beginning of a New Year, the KFA Board Members and the Editorial members of *Le Trésor* join me in wishing you all the very best for 2010: health, happiness and joy.

As we always strive for the latest issue to be more interesting and more varied than the previous one, this time we have chosen for you an article by Tony R. Rodriguez, a journalist from EXAMINER.COM who, having read Gerald Nicosia's book **Jan Kerouac: A Life in Memory**, granted Janet Michelle the title *Princess of the Beats* in his article. Jan not only joined our Association years ago but proudly announced that its members, her cousins, were her second family.

Given that her father, Jack, is still very much in the news, we have to let you know about Gerald Nicosia's reaction following the decision of the Court rendered last July in the case of Jan against some members of the Sampas family. Regular readers of *Le Trésor* know that since 1995, Mr. Nicosia has made a point of keeping the KFA members informed of the very latest development in this case and cause that he so deeply feels about; as you can see in his text.

Colette Kerouac, one of Jack's second cousins, shares with you some memories of his visits to her parents' home when she was a teenager. Colette was only nineteen when Jack passed away but she remembers it as if it were yesterday, and she also wrote a poem in Jack's memory.

Jennifer Kirouac Ogonowski, Cathy Kirouac Robinson's sister, brings back many fond memories of the Kirouac annual family gathering in Michigan over the past thirty-five years. This was

even a few years before our Association was founded on the north side of the border! Obviously they all enjoy those gatherings so much that now members of the third generation are now attending with their offspring.

On a sadder note we have to mention that our eldest KFA member passed away last December and we reprint the notes for the funeral prepared by her only daughter Pia Karrer O'Leary. Over the last four years, you have read about Marie-Huguette Morin Karrer in *Le Trésor* and, in various articles, discovered her extraordinary life. She was a granddaughter of Philomène Aurélie Le Brice de Keroack (1837-1912, GFK 01210). The members of *Le Trésor* editorial board and the KFA Board offer their deepest sympathy to Pia and her family.

The KFA Board wishes to inform you that the planning of next summer's gathering in Sherbrooke is progressing very well. A preliminary programme prepared by our hostess, Marie-Paule Kirouac, is included as well a description of the activities offered. She is making sure that we learn all about the rich and colourful history and attractions of Sherbrooke. The whole region has unexpected charm and she is keen to share them with us. In the spring you will receive the registration form to attend the 2010 gathering.

Thanks to Lucille Kirouac we meet a Breton, baker, grocer and restaurant owner, who settled in the Côte-du-Sud not that far away from a village where another Breton settled, that is the one to whom we owe our existence and name. Obviously this region is a favourite with Breton people wishing to adopt a new homeland.



François Kirouac

Collection François Kirouac

The year 2010 marks another milestone: the 75th Anniversary of the publication of the **Flore laurentienne**. Lucie Jasmin was asked to write an article about it to be published in **INDIGO**, the Internet technical botany bulletin whose director is a 'distant K/ cousin', as Lucie reminds us.

I also invite you to read Marie Lussier Timperley's comments after listening to a surprising talk on *Domestic Animals in New France*. It should tickle your curiosity and you may want to know more about the subject from the speaker himself.

Finally, in this, our 98th Bulletin, you will learn some of the history of a musical group famous in Quebec in the sixties and seventies: **Robert Kirouac and his Kozacks**. Some of you may remember that this group, except for one or two, essentially included Kirouacs whose ancestors were from Warwick. During Expo-Quebec, last August, one lady from St-Georges-de-Beauce stopped at our stand to talk about this group because she loved it so much. Oh, what memories she told us about them! In **Le Trésor 88**, we published a first article about this group.



BRIEFLY SPEAKING

MARIE-VICTORIN'S ROAD IN CUBA - TRAVEL GUIDE 2010

The three members of our Association who will have the privilege to take part in the excursion to Cuba from 14 to 21 February 2010 received a wonderful introductory document from Professor Bouchard, the official cultural and scientific guide for this eagerly awaited tour. Here is an extract from the travel guide.

Cienfuegos Botanical Garden

Cienfuegos Botanical Garden, an essential part of this first tour was visited four times by Marie-Victorin during his seven winters in Cuba between 1938 and 1944. Professor André Bouchard, researcher at the Institut de recherche en biologie végétale (Montreal University's Research Institute in Plant Biology) located at the Botanical Garden) writes: "On 16 February 1939, Marie-Victorin paid a first visit to Soledad and he wrote about it: "(...) in Soledad there is a central sugar cane growing enterprise belonging to an ancient rather aristocratic family. Edwin F. Atkins, came here from Boston in 1866. He had convinced some botanists from Harvard University to start the production of new varieties of sugar cane to replace the 'Cristallina' which then was universally cultivated. It was the start of a scientific project for an already most important institution, the Atkins Institute. The Atkins family had given to the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, a vast property (in Cuba) to establish a tropical botanical garden as a subsidiary of the great Boston institution. This garden covers some 220 acres, only forty acres less than the

Arnold Arboretum in the USA. Already nearly 3000 species have been planted. We are very warmly received at Harvard House (...)" Professor Bouchard recommends to re-read some pages from his book entitled: *Marie-Victorin in Cuba. Correspondence with Brother Léon* (Published in French) where he talks about the important American botanists Marie-Victorin met in Cienfuegos, and he adds that more is to be learned in his second upcoming book.

The Cienfuegos Botanical Garden's Web site mentions that "the institution is well over one hundred years old and it is the oldest botanical garden in Cuba. It offers visitors, whether local or foreign, the possibility to admire well-cared-for plants from around the world. The tropical green scenery of the gardens justifies the reputation of the *Pearl of the Caribbean*. Its collection of palm trees is so extensive that some experts consider it the largest in the world. There are over two thousand species from the exuberant Banana Tree to an herbarium including numerous varieties of the splendid Caribbean flora."

The magnificent park of Cienfuegos is a treasure throve of countless wood and fruit trees and includes an area reserved for the conservation of exotic plants. This popular tourist destination is a National Monument. Surfing the English Web site of Cienfuegos Botanical Garden is highly recommended.

Illustrated Lecture by Mrs. Lucie Jasmin

Mrs. Jasmin, whom we are proud to count not only as a member of our

Association but also as a KFA Board member, keeps spreading the history and stories surrounding the writing of the *Flore laurentienne*, a true botany Bible first published seventy-five years ago by Brother Marie-Victorin, Conrad Kirouac.

Mrs. Louise Cloutier, designer and group leader, wrote to Mrs. Jasmin after hearing her talk at the *Maison Léon-Provancher* (science centre) in Cap-Rouge (Quebec City suburb) last autumn: "*I was absolutely delighted by your talk and kept thinking how you so kindly made us discover Marie-Victorin, an interesting scientist and a remarkable human being, whom I wrongly thought was stern and distant. It was also wonderful to discover the important influence and legacy left by Brother Germain to botany in Quebec. All this was new to me.*"



ERRATUM

Please note that an error was found in the previous issue of *Le Trésor* in the article about the transfer of the archives of the *Club Jack Kerouac* to the Quebec Library and National Archives. In the caption under this photo we referred to Mrs. Simone Provost instead of Mrs. Suzanne Provost. We apologize to Mrs. Suzanne Provost for our mistake.

PRESS REVIEW

THE SAMPASES WHO STOLE KEROUAC

By Gerald Nicosia

In our last issue, we mentioned that in the present bulletin we would print Gerald Nicosia's reaction to the Court decision in the case of Jan Kerouac against the Sampas family concerning her father's inheritance.

The text below was written by the author of Memory Babe and first published in early 2010 in the magazine Exquisite Corpse (University of Central Arkansas).

It is reprinted here with Mr. Gerald Nicosia's permission.

On July 24, 2009, Judge George Greer, known as “the toughest judge in Florida,” the guy who stood up to all the right-to-life madness and threats over keeping brain-dead Terri Schiavo alive, ruled the unthinkable—at least unthinkable for the Sampas/Viking Penguin literary empire and all those who have thrown in their lot with it (which is about 98% of the literary/academic world)—that the will of Gabrielle Kerouac, giving the Sampas family the right to exploit Jack Kerouac’s works, image, belongings, and everything else (including the graveyard in Nashua where his family is

buried), was a forgery. Greer couldn’t have been more forceful in what he said about that crime.

“She [Gabrielle Kerouac] could only move her hand and scribble her name,” Greer wrote in his landmark ruling. “She would have lacked the coordination to affix that signature. The [probate] court is required by law to use a clear and convincing standard in determining these matters. However, even if the criminal standard of beyond all reasonable doubt was the requirement, the result would certainly be the same. Clearly, Gabrielle Kerouac was physically unable to sign the document dated February 13, 1973 and, more importantly, that which appears on the Will dated that date is not her signature.”

There were many of us who knew that something was wrong about that will—even if we weren’t sure it was a case of forgery. I used to think that maybe there was undue influence—perhaps the old lady was just “out of it” when the will was signed. But it was a well-known fact that Gabrielle Kerouac loved



Photo: Ken Miller

Gerald Nicosia

(Photo: Cover page of Memory Babe)

her grandson, Paul Blake, Jr. The Blakes and the Kerouacs lived together for long stretches of time—on Long Island; in Rocky Mount, North Carolina; in Orlando, among other places. Gabrielle taught her grandson Paul to sing French songs and cooked French treats for him. All this is in Jack’s books and journals. Gabrielle was absolutely devastated by the early death of her daughter Ti Nin, Paul’s mother, in 1964—after being devastated by the death of her first child Gerard 38 years earlier. It was inconceivable that she would then, in her right mind, write Ti Nin’s child, the grandson she loved so much, completely out of her will.

Jack died in 1969, leaving everything to his mother in his will—which also said that if his mother wasn’t around to inherit his estate, he



wanted his nephew Paul Blake, Jr., to get it. Gabrielle, “Memere,” outlived Jack by four years, and when she died the will leaving everything to Stella Sampas Kerouac was filed in the Pinellas County Courthouse—though the living Sampases now claim they “had nothing to do with it.” Apparently the forged will filed itself, or some helpful stranger came along and filed it for them. How the Sampases managed to hide the theft for so long is a long story. It involves the fact that neither of Gabrielle’s grandchildren, Jan Kerouac nor Paul Blake, Jr., was notified of her death, though the Sampases had the addresses of both. But perhaps a more interesting story is how the forgery came to be discovered—since the odds were it would, and should have, remained unknown forever.

In one of Jan’s notebooks, now on deposit at the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, she scribbled at the top of a blank page: “The Greeks Who Stole Kerouac.”* She never lived to write the story.

The Sampases were banking on the fact that the victims they were robbing were two dysfunctional kids. Jan had grown up on the streets of the Lower East Side in the drug-

ridden Sixties—with no dad, and a marginally effective mom. Her veins were filled with methedrine and LSD, and at 13 she was working the streets to pay for drugs and parasitical boyfriends who—she would later tell me—had the virtue of reminding her of her uncaring father. By her late teens she was rampaging through Central and South America in search of her father’s ghost—and being abused by a succession of destructive men. That this kid had any chance of discovering a forged will was virtually nil. As for Paul Blake, Jr., he came home from high school at sixteen to find his mother dead on the couch—having starved herself to death to punish herself, a good Catholic woman, for losing her husband to another woman. Three years later the philandering husband drank himself to death. Paul, then orphaned, soon lost the only two other people who cared about him: Grandmother Gabe and Uncle Jack. He rambled through Alaska and elsewhere, working as a carpenter and losing job after job, as well as two wives, because hitting the bottle was the only way to quiet his ghosts. Again: no chance this deeply troubled kid was going to start probing courts for an answer to his

disinheritance.

Within weeks of Jack’s death, the Sampases had scooped up his manuscripts and papers and spirited them to a small apartment above Nicky’s Bar in Lowell—the bar belonged to Nicky Sampas, and the apartment to his brother Tony, both of them brothers of the recently widowed Stella. A friend recalls Tony tapping on one of the cardboard boxes of Kerouac files, saying, “These things will be worth millions—not now, but someday.” Even prescient Tony couldn’t have imagined how many millions.

Blake’s handwriting analyst said in court that the forgery looked very much like the work of Stella. But somebody—probably one of her several brothers—would have had to help her file the will. Stella worked in a laundromat and took in sewing—she would not have known about filing a will, forged or otherwise. Moreover, it was Stella’s lawyer, George Saltsman, who drew up the forged will. Norman Baraby, Stella’s in-home nurse, and Baraby’s roommate, Clifford Larkin, witnessed it. The Sampas family can claim they had

Editor’s note

**Parody of “The Grinch Who Stole Christmas” by Dr. Seuss.*

nothing to do with the forgery, but too many facts get in the way of anyone taking that statement seriously. Clearly, some people named Sampas had an interest in cheating Jan and her cousin Paul Blake, Jr. And clearly, those members of the Sampas family kept overreaching till they brought down the whole house of cards.

U.S. Copyright law said Jan was entitled to 50% of her father's renewal royalties, which come in after a copyrighted work goes into its second term. The Sampases never told her of that law. After John Steinbeck IV told Jan about it, in Boulder in 1982, the Sampases spent three years stonewalling her lawyers, including Ira Lowe, Allen Ginsberg's lawyer whom he lent to Jan, in an effort to keep from paying her the royalties. Then in 1985 they were forced to sign an agreement with her, promising to pay her the renewal royalties, in order to get *On the Road* properly renewed. They were afraid of losing the money from their most lucrative book if they didn't renew it properly. So they signed an agreement with Jan, and then they kept "forgetting" to send her checks.

She was so angry about being continually cheated by the Sampases that when she called me in 1992 she spoke of needing a good lawyer to get things straightened out once and for all. This led to me introducing her to Thomas Brill in 1994. But even then, the forgery would not have been discovered if John Sampas had not given out copies of the forged will. After Stella died in 1990, he was elected by the Sampas brothers and sisters as their literary representative, and he took off selling Kerouac papers and belongings as quick as he could. But apparently, rich collectors like Johnny Depp were a little uncertain about dropping 50,000 bucks for items they weren't sure Sampas had a right to sell. So, to convince them he had a right to sell Kerouac's most precious possessions, Sampas began handing out copies of Gabrielle's will to his best customers. One such customer was a collector/scholar named Rod Anstee in Ottawa. Anstee had come down to Lowell to purchase a handful of Kerouac letters; and when he got back to Ottawa, he sent me a copy of the will as a token of gratitude for the help I'd been giving him on an article he was writing about *Mexico City Blues*. The will landed in my mailbox a few weeks before

Brill and Jan arrived at my home in January 1994, planning to talk about royalties.

Instead, Jan took one look at the will on my kitchen table and came running back into the living room, waving it in the air and yelling, "This thing is a forgery!" She'd seen her grandmother's signature and this wasn't it. It was way too strong to have been made by an old lady who'd been lifted on and off a bedside potty for seven years—who hadn't even been able to feed herself. You could see where the lines started and stopped, and the last name was misspelled "Keriousac."

The Sampases fought for fifteen years to keep that case from going to trial, because they knew the evidence was so overwhelming that the will was forged. Larkin had recanted as soon as Brill and Jan had interviewed him—on their trip to Florida in March 1994—a couple of months after she saw the will. Larkin told them he'd been talked into signing by his roommate Baraby, but that he'd never seen Gabrielle sign it. A world-class handwriting analyst, Ron Rice, called it an "obvious forgery." When Jan died in 1996 and made me her literary executor to carry the case to trial, the Sampases



made a deal with her heirs, John Lash and David Bowers, to dismiss the case—and when I refused to dismiss it, the Sampases and Jan’s heirs fought together to get me thrown out, succeeding in 1999. But a wise judge in Florida, Thomas Penick, refused to let Lash dismiss Jan’s entire lawsuit. He let Lash dismiss *Jan’s part of the lawsuit*. Penick pointed out that there was another potential heir, if Gabrielle had died intestate: Paul Blake, Jr. Penick had insisted that Blake, though homeless and penniless, be represented by a lawyer, and that is how Bill Wagner came into the case as Paul’s lawyer. After many more years of Sampas stalling, Wagner and his son Alan finally won that forgery verdict from Judge Greer.

And now the Sampases are refusing to give any of it back. They are hiding behind a Florida inheritance law, called a non-claim statute, that says you can keep anything you inherit if nobody objects within two years. The Sampas brothers and sisters inherited all of their Kerouac properties from Stella, through an uncontested will. Stella died in 1990, and Gabrielle’s grandchildren didn’t even know till 1994 that they had anything to object to. Bill Wagner and his son have

now got to find some legal ways around the non-claim statute—and there are many. The Sampas family is plenty worried, even though they say they aren’t. That’s why they have already filed three separate appeals.

The Sampases keep getting rid of assets as fast as they can. At the same time, they have marshaled a whole passel of their old academic and literary supporters—from Dave Amram to Ann Charters—to tell people what good custodians they have been of Jack Kerouac’s literary legacy. Their propaganda machine is in full swing. When I put on an event to honor Jan Kerouac in Lowell this year, right in the heart of Kerouac Week—after being told to stay away by the head of the Sampas front group, Lowell Celebrates Kerouac—a Sampas supporter heckled me, interrupting the tributes to Jan to ask, “Why didn’t she just drop all this crap about a lawsuit? ... The Sampases are good people.” This was a guy, as I pointed out, who’d probably scream for a week if I took five dollars out of his wallet, but he declared that Jan should have “let go” of the fact that she was robbed of maybe 10,000,000 dollars.

Paul Blake, Jr., meanwhile, lives in a trailer in Arizona

with no toilet, cared for by his good-hearted son, Paul III, also a real Kerouac, who can’t work now because of major back surgery. And the Sampases keep saying, “We won’t give back a penny.”

The Sampas supporter said, “This is just a matter of family members squabbling.”

I said, “No, it’s a humanitarian issue, a human decency issue ... And an issue of justice.”

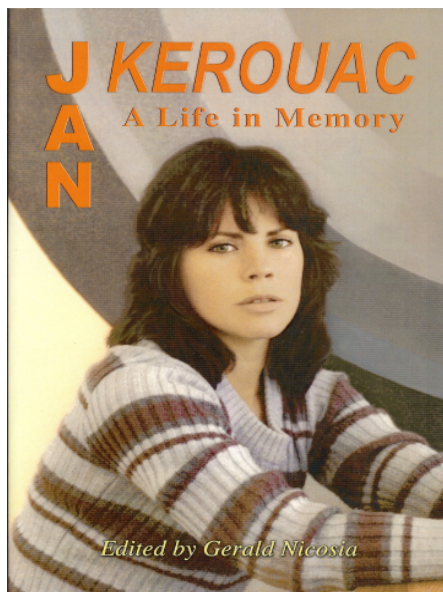
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BREAKING NEWS

We just learned about the passing of Mrs. Lucie Jasmin’s mother on 18 January 2010 in Montreal. Funeral on 23 January. More in our next Bulletin.

The production team of *Le Trésor* and the KFA Board members offer their deepest condolences to Mrs. Lucie Jasmin, one of our Board members, and to her family.





Jan Kerouac: A Life in Memory,
edited by Gerald Nicosia

JAN KEROUAC... A CROWN INSTEAD OF OBLIVION

If Judge George Greer's verdict in a Florida Court offers Paul Blake Jr. very little hope in the sense of justice, it already provided a soothing consequence by bringing attention to one person that some badly wanted to be brushed off the Kerouac portrait: Janet Michelle (Jan) Kerouac, Jack's only and legitimate daughter.

The whole K/rouac family can only express its immense gratitude to Examiner.com's journalist, Tony R. Rodriguez for his bright and generous inspiration through which Jan can now proudly bear the crown as The Princess of the Beats. Thanks to him, she will now be the Princess of the Beats forever and shame on those who would dare to oppose.

On Wednesday, 7 October 2009, City Lights Books in San Francisco hosted an event to celebrate Jan Kerouac. There were special guest appearances by Brenda Knight, John Allen Cassady, Adiel Gorel, Carl Macki, among others. During the event, deep in spirit, we can be certain that Jan was smiling down upon all of those in attendance.

Press Review

Jan Kerouac... Princess of the Beats

Taken from: East Bay Literary Examiner

Written by: Tony R. Rodriguez – 4 August 2009

"It must have been difficult for the late Jan Kerouac to have been born the daughter of Jack Kerouac, a man known in the global literary consciousness as the King of the Beats. Well, if Jack's the King of the Beats, then that would rightfully make Jan the Princess of the Beats. And that would be a well-deserved title for a woman who led a beautifully rhythmic life. As a writer, Jan soon became a mystic in her own accord. Using her life's vivacious happenings, Jan belted out a literary voice that possessed an impressive sense of *je ne sais quoi*.

Though critics may have expected her writing to be similar to Jack's, what they experienced was a literary voice far different from her father's. Therefore, her literary legacy should never be placed directly alongside Jack's, but proudly rendered on a different road, an atypical direction that embodied so much fortitude for living life.

"With *Jan Kerouac: A Life in Memory*, editor Gerald Nicosia arranges a necessary gathering of absorbing pieces by many intellects who've researched the life of Jan Kerouac, or who have even shared life moments with the Princess of the Beats. In a quite pleasing piece of *A Life in Memory*, Nicosia, a longtime friend of Jan, offers to readers an often heartrending interview with the Princess of the Beats. Because Nicosia had known Jan since she was twenty-six, the dialogue shared between the two was instantly intimate and instantly magnetic.

Jan shares her early life with her father not around because of her parents' separation; her father at a time denying Jan was his daughter, Jan and her affectionate concept of "noodlebrain"; Jan growing up on the streets; and so on in an earnest fashion. The interview is quite comprehensive and essential. It's clear Nicosia and each contributor to *A Life in Memory* took the appropriate amount of time to share their recollections and perceptions of a woman who made her own unique voice explode "like spiders across the stars".

Jan Kerouac: A Life in Memory - Noodlebrain Press, 2009, 190 pages, ISBN 978-0-615-24554-6.

For more information: tonyrodriquez@hotmail.com

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OUR ELDEST MEMBER IS NO LONGER

Marie-Huguette Morin Karrer – 12 May 1906 – 11 December 2009

Born in Montréal, the eighth of thirteen children, Huguette Morin was a sickly baby who was not expected to live and whose parents vowed to call her “Marie” if she survived. She not only survived but outlived all her brothers and sisters.

She had an idyllic childhood being home schooled with her three sisters and spending half the year in the country at Mt. Bruno. There she rode cows, adopted lambs and proved her bravery to her older brothers by attacking wasps nests and participating in a rather dangerous game of ‘chain-link electrocution’ with all her siblings.

Having survived her childhood, she developed into a strong but very compassionate adult who helped raise her oldest brother’s orphaned children, taught French to the future philosopher, George Grant, one of the first inter-provincial exchange students to stay with the Morins and, for years, volunteered in a shelter for expectant and new mothers. She also earned a diploma in tourism from the University of Montréal and volunteered as a tour guide for the city of Montréal.



The 102 year-young great-grandmother with her one year-old great-granddaughter

From her father she had inherited an innate curiosity characterized by a love of learning and traveling. All her adult life she continued his research on the Morin and Kerouac genealogies. She learned Italian and was the Canadian winner of the Italian government’s scholarship to study for a year at the Università per Stranieri in Perugia, Italy. In 1939, she married Carlo Karrer and spent the war years in Rome. From 1948 to 1980 she followed her husband to Toronto, Boston, Binghamton and the New York City area. Everywhere she went, she enjoyed discovering the region and making new friends.

Being the eighth child in a family of thirteen children and

having survived her older brothers’ ‘boot camps’ had made her adaptable and resilient in the face of adversity but no one could have imagined all the challenges she would have to overcome. Marrying an Italian army officer on the eve of the Second World War was her first major hurdle. Then, she had to adapt to married life in a different culture while sharing an apartment with her mother-in-law and brother-in-law! She gave birth to her only child, Pia, by Cesarean section, was unable to breastfeed and did her best to raise a baby on the war-time rations of one half cup of milk a day. She and her husband had to sell their most cherished possessions, Carlo’s gold medals in gymnastics and even their wedding bands, in order to put food on the table. There was no longer any water, electricity or gas in their apartment building.

Hunger and thirst were compounded by cold and fear. When Carlo refused to serve under Mussolini and was taken hostage by the Germans, Marie sought refuge with Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate-Conception, a French-Canadian order who had a convent near Rome. This time, she survived disguised as a nun...the perfect camouflage so long as Pia remembered not to call her "Mamma".

But the war years were not to be the only challenge. Twice more she would be uprooted and become an 'outsider'. In 1948 Carlo started working for the Independent Order of Foresters in Toronto (Ontario, Canada). Once again, Marie had to adapt to a new language and another culture at a time when Toronto

was far from being a cosmopolitan city. The arrival of the first actuarial computation machines and the resulting downsizing at IOF left Carlo unemployed. It was a struggle to make ends meet.

Between 1959 and 1979 the Karrers lived in Boston, Binghamton, NY, Roselle and Rutherford, NJ while Carlo worked in the Hotel business. All that time they carried American immigration Green cards which identified them as "aliens" a term which can refer to foreigners as well as to extra-terrestrials. One way or the other they were again outsiders... but that was nothing new for Marie!

After Carlo's retirement, they returned to Montréal where

Marie was able to reconnect with her remaining siblings. In 1996, after the death of her last sister, she settled in London to be closer to Pia and her four grand-children. Since 2002, she has resided at Mount Hope where she made many new friends, enjoyed the garden and participated in several of the activities provided.

Marie's good genes, healthy lifestyle and strong family ties along with her mastery of three languages, her openness to others and to new adventures served her well for 103 and a half years!

Pia O'Leary, 17 December 2009



Pia Karrer collection

Photo taken on her 103rd Birthday. Sitting from l. to r.: Marie Lussier Timperley, Marie-Huguette Morin Karrer, Sister Huguette Turcotte, M.I.C.; standing: Pia Karrer O'Leary and her husband, Paul O'Leary.



Summer Reunions at Uncle Jack's

By Jennifer Ogonowski

Growing up in a big family is always an adventure. When I was young there were always special days that I could not wait to happen. One of those days was the Kirouac family reunion picnic at Uncle Jack and Aunt Rolande's home. It always took place the second Saturday in August.

I remember my mom staying up late into the night getting the food ready and making sure there were plenty of goodies for the day. In the morning, I would get up and rush downstairs to see her packing up the big gray metal cooler with pop, salads, lunchmeat, and ice. There were clothes to pack for when the night turned cool and baseball bats, gloves, and balls for the family softball game.

It seemed to take forever for my Dad to get the chairs and blankets and coolers packed in the car. When that was finally accomplished we would

pack ourselves in the car and begin the long drive. It really was not a long drive, just less than an hour, but to this young girl it seemed like a lifetime!

There were instructions on how we were to behave, reminding us that we were guests and should not act up. We were to stay outside and only go into the house to use the bathroom. We were not to bang on the

piano and chase after the cats. There was a ton of open space to play on and that's where we belonged.

When we finally arrived, we would jump out of the car and say our hello's and begin the long process of carrying all our belongings over to the picnic table. We always chose the one near the trees in hopes to get some shade. My brothers



Family picture May 1966. Don't you just love the hair style and the outfits? Back row: Diann (00906), Timothy (00908), Mary Catherine (Cathy) (00905), Stephen (00907) Middle row: Gilbert (00909), Jules (00904), Genevieve Morang-Kirouac, Gordon (00910) Front row: Daniel (00913), Jennifer (00914), Christopher (00912).



Photo: Jennifer Ogonowski collection

Souvenir photo taken at an early 1990's picnic - almost twenty years ago!

and I would take off after that, heading down the big hill to the open field where we would later gather and play the annual softball game.

My Uncle Jack loved to farm and raise rabbits. We would walk through his huge garden and visit with the rabbits. I thought it was so cool that he had so many pet rabbits. It wasn't until I was older that I realized the rabbits were not pets!

Since my Dad had so many siblings, there was a large range of ages from the oldest cousin to the youngest. In fact, there was a thirty year spread. That put me closer in age to my second cousins. I could not wait to see them. We only saw each other maybe twice a year. More, if there were a lot of funerals. We would watch the adults play horseshoes and cards. We would



Photo: Jennifer Ogonowski collection

Jack and Rolande Kirouac (00880) Pickett, holding the KFA logo flag, welcoming us to their home all these years for our annual picnic.



search for tree frogs and run from bees. But the one thing we longed to do every year was to ride behind the tractor being pulled all over the fields. We would sit and wait forever for Uncle Jack to fire up the tractor and take off. We would scream in delight as he took off on our ride. Sometimes, we would scrape our arms on the low, tiny tree branches as we drove by.

Finally, the time would arrive for the big softball game. Everyone was allowed to play. We would have about ten people playing the outfield and another ten playing the infield. Those that did not want to play would sit along the sidelines and clap and cheer no matter if you got a hit or you were struck out. I remember my Uncle Gus would pitch. One year, while he was pitching, my young cousin blasted a line drive right back at him. Since, he was probably close to being seventy, his reactions were not quite quick enough and he took one right in the face! We all held our breath for a moment. He finally got up, with a little help, and announced that he would



In 2002, Uncle Jack Pickett with several nieces, nephews, and cousins on a trailer ride that always thrilled the little ones. Jennifer's daughters, Meaghan and Sarah are sitting together on the left, Meaghan in flowered top and glasses and Sarah, to her right. (Photo: Jennifer Ogonowski collection)



One of the lively euchre games that is always a part of our annual picnics.

be fine. He asked for a beer and took a seat on the sidelines. Later that afternoon, he was checked out at the hospital and had

a broken nose. He looked like he had been boxing, with his black eyes. My cousin felt horrible but Uncle Gus was fine. Over the years some of the rules changed to keep everyone



Gus Kirouac (00887) on his return from the hospital after catching the ball in a most unusual way.

safe but we always played that softball game.

Eventually, we all began getting married and taking our own children to the reunion. They still got tractor rides and visited the bunnies. Horseshoes and cards were still being played but the softball games eventually ended.

For over twenty-five years my Aunt and Uncle welcomed us into their home for the Kirouac reunion. We no longer take that drive to their home but we still have a reunion every year. There are no tractor rides or bunnies but we share the memories of those days gone by. My brother and sister-in-law, Stephen and Neysa Kirouac, now host the picnic in Romeo,

Michigan. We still play cards, talk, eat, and sometimes they still play horseshoes but mostly we gather and celebrate. We continue the tradition because that's what our parents would want us to do. The group has gotten smaller. We have lost a lot of our loved ones over the years. We now see the third generation beginning to

arrive. We hope that they will continue what started so many years ago by brothers and sisters that were so close. They believed that it was important for family to gather together and celebrate. Celebrate life, celebrate time together, and celebrate family.



Steve Kirouac (00907) sliding into the base as Gus Kirouac (00887), Mark Pattison, and Roger Kirouac (00864) watch at the annual baseball game.



Current picture of Jennifer's family: Meaghan, Tim, Jennifer, and Sarah. Jennifer is the daughter of Jules Kirouac and Genevieve Lucille Morang and the granddaughter of Philippe Kirouac and Alphonsine Jolicoeur.



Preliminary Programme For the Kirouac annual family gathering Sherbrooke, Summer 2010

Friday, 13 August (Activity A)

- A. M. Welcome and registration at Delta Hotel in Sherbrooke, 2685 King Street West,
Tel.: 819-822-1989, or Toll free: 1-888-890-3222
- 12:00 Free time for lunch
- 01:30 Guided Tour of Sherbrooke's Frescoes (see description on next page)
- 04:30 Return to Delta Hotel
- 05:30 Dinner at Delta Hotel
- 07:30 A Town and its Rivers with Eric Langlois
- 08:00 KFA annual general meeting

Saturday, 14 August (Activity B)

- 07:00 Registration and Breakfast at Delta Hotel
- 09:00 Guided tour on the footsteps of Senator Howard
- 11:45 Return to Delta Hotel
- 02:00 Train Tour aboard the Orford Express
- 06:00 Return to Delta Hotel
- 07:00 Dinner
- Evening hosted by Lysanne Galant "Imprints & Memories"
- Raffles of regional products: Cep d'argent Wines, Rose Water, Cheeses, etc.

Sunday, 15 August (Activity C)

- 7 a.m. Breakfast at Delta Hotel
- 10:30 Mass at the Beauvoir Sanctuary
- 11:30 Lunch at the Sanctuary's cafeteria
- 1 p.m. Visit of the vineyard *La Halte des Pèlerins*
- 4 p.m. End of Activities

Description of Activities

Offered during the K/ Annual Gathering 13-14-15 August 2010

Theatrical Tour of Sherbrooke on the Frescoes

You are invited to take part in a theatrical adventure to discover the heart of the City accompanied by fifteen actors who will take you back to the 1950s and showing you the present-day treasures of Sherbrooke. Travelling by bus and on foot, under the sun or an umbrella, come discover the past and present through the town's great frescoes. You will visit the Howard Estate with its beautiful gardens, the North Ward and the Granada Theatre. Enjoy the Lac des Nations and the town centre. You will be carried away by the fast pace of this City Tour on the Frescoes Path. Please visit the English Web Site at: <http://www.tourismesherbroke.com/en/circuits.html> for the history of the town and a full description of the various tours offered.

Senator Howard Tours

Sherbrooke's history would not be the same without the endearing Senator Howard who touched the lives of the people while he lived and left a precious legacy for all future generations to enjoy.

The tour starts at the **Domaine Howard**, the estate and residence of Charles Benjamin Howard and his family. Admire the beautiful gardens surrounding the stone mansion built in the British style.

Accompanied by Senator Howard, a.k.a. a local actor, you will also discover the area surrounding the Estate, including the North Ward renowned for its Victorian mansions, the historical city-centre and its frescoes, the Magog River and gorge, the popular Jacques-Cartier Park and its Lac des Nations promenade. It is always possible to stop for some photos and refreshments.

How about a visit to the old Elmwood Cemetery where the Senator is buried, as well as many other local historical personalities, to complete the two-and-half-hour tour.



Source: City of Sherbrooke; Photo: fgechecs

The Orford Express -- Special Train Excursion

Step into the past, the world of rail transportation. The Orford Express takes you through lush scenery, a time to enjoy nature, culture and heritage. In comfort and safety this is an unusual and memorable adventure. Rain or shine you will appreciate the warm ambience on board this unique train running between Sherbrooke and Magog.

"Imprints & Memories" (Saturday evening indoor programme)

Witness the boldness of those who founded the town and the region. You will be impressed by these pioneers reincarnated through professional actors telling their stories in an unforgettable manner. Different times and different mentalities, perhaps a bit of a shock but it sure will make you smile.

Sacred Heart Sanctuary/Beauvoir

A Sanctuary dedicated to the Sacred Heart stands above the whole area on top of a hill at Beauvoir. The magnificent panoramic view alone is worth a

visit. The outdoor chapel welcomes up to 1000 persons, weather permitting, at the 10 a.m. and 11:30 a.m. Sunday Masses. Over the years the gardens have been extended and beautified. There is also the Gospel Walk, presenting eight scenes from the Gospel, which is very inspiring. For those who wish to enjoy a quiet walk, a Peace Path is crisscrossing the best scenery of Beauvoir.

La Halte des Pèlerins Vineyards

A few minutes from Sherbrooke city centre, *La Halte des Pèlerins* Vineyard offers you a double treat. A guided tour of the vineyard will delight you with its superb scenery and, at the winery, visitors can taste some of their delicious products. A team of vine and wine lovers is looking forward to welcoming you.

The second treat is to follow Alfé and discover the **Secret of the Giant**. Throughout the vineyard, there are eight Wardens waiting for you with enigmas to be solved, challenges to be taken up, and more . . . This is an invitation to play along as you walk along, a clever interactive project designed by Normand Chouinard.



COUSIN JACK COMES TO OUR HOUSE

By Colette Kerouac

Editor's Note

Jack sporadically visited the family of his cousin Harvey and did so until his death in 1969. Colette, Harvey's daughter remembers. She talked about Jack's visits on 3 October 2009 in Lowell and afterwards, she wrote the following text and poem in English for Le Trésor.

The door bell rings, Ding, Dong. I run to the front window, there he stood; so handsome, black hair, with a twist of curls; deep blue eyes; the look of a movie star. I knew Jack was special, because when he would come to visit my parents, Harvey Kerouac and mother Doris Boisvert Kerouac, would act excited and always happy to see Cousin Jack.

My grandfather, Joe Kerouac and Jack's father, Léo, were brothers. Joe was married to Léontine Rouleau, my grandmother whom Jack loved very much.

First he would go upstairs to visit mémère, that is my grandmother Léontine, then he would visit with mom and dad, and then with us kids. We were on the backyard swing just swinging away!! "Come on, Jack, come join us."

The swing was made of wood and it could go real fast. I have wonderful memories of Jack swinging with us. Hop on Jack and off we went. Jack started to sing one of his little French songs to us: *Au clair de la lune*, *Frère Jacques*, and my favourite, *Ti Jésus, Bonjour*. Time went by so fast, laughing, singing,

and swinging. As the sun was setting and the daylight turned to dusk, dad came over; (temps pour vous coucher) time to go to bed he would say in French as we always spoke French at home.

After saying our goodbyes, off Jack went with dad in the old fifties' green Ford.

We were all in bed when dad came home, knowing he would come to tuck us in! "Daddy, I asked, where do you take Jack when he leaves?" "Well, Colette, I take Jack down town. That's where he wants to go." "But where down town?" "By the railroad tracks, Colette, by the railroad tracks."

Colette Kerouac, 30 October 2009, Allagash, Maine



Colette Kerouac in the 60s when Jack used to visit her family (Colette Kerouac collection)

Below is a poem written by Colette in memory of her Cousin Jack. Colette was only nineteen years old when Jack died.

Kerouac

Writers come, writers go.

Some are special; Kerouac was, years ago.

Taken too soon from self-destruction

A man who moved and changed a nation

Ahead of his generation a short time borrowed a gift given

Tragic as it was too soon taken.

Kerouac remembered, time goes on

Tribute to a man,

Kerouac the only one

Kerouac's writings will always be read,

Lifeless Jack's body lay dead.

But alive, he'll always be.

Kerouac lives on in his literacy.

La Côte-du-Sud, a section of the St. Lawrence South Shore is still a magnet for visitors

By Lucille Kirouac

Friday, 22 December 2009, some descendants of Urbain-François gathered in Montmagny in order to meet a 'Breton compatriot' Mr. Yann Texier, owner of *L'Épi d'Or*, all in one bakery, grocery, and restaurant. At one o'clock, Michel Bornais, Jacques (02298) François (00715), Marie (00454), Gertrude (00455) and Lucille (01307) Kirouac, walked into an aromatic paradise, the perfect prelude to a good meal.

On the menu, '*crêpe bretonne*' of course, but those paper-thin Breton pancakes are the owner's delicious signature and bring the diners back again and again. He uses locally produced buckwheat flour to make the main course pancakes adding locally grown vegetables. I particularly recommend the '*crêpe à la ratatouille*', *ratatouille* being a vegetable stew; it is light and delicious when served inside a '*crêpe bretonne*'. There are of

course the dessert '*crêpes!* in many mouth-watering varieties – for those who can indulge. As if reading through the list was not tempting enough, our host also brings us samples of typical Breton cakes. One is simply called *gâteau breton* and the other one is called in Gaelic *kouing*

amann; *kouing* meaning cake and *amann*, butter. Here I will borrow the description given by Pierre Champagne, a journalist for *Le Soleil*, a Quebec City daily, who discovered it before us: "It is a Breton specialty from the town of Douarnenez invented by chance in 1860 by a local baker, Yves René Scordia. The cake is made with sugar and butter. The *kouing amann* is found everywhere in Brittany. While it cooks, the hot mixture of sugar and butter saturates the bread dough and the resulting *pâte feuilletée* melts in your mouth." And, I join the journalist in saying: it is well worth the detour.

After the meal, to our delight, Mr. Texier even added an impromptu concert. He played the accordion with Mr. Claude Boulanger a former neighbour of Michel Bornais in Trois-Rivières. Mr. Boulanger, his wife, Doris Robinson-Boulanger, and Michel knew each other well in the 'good old days' but had not met for over fifty years! Lady luck was really by our side that day.



Mr. Yann Texier, owner of L'Épi d'Or in Montmagny

Photo: François Kirouac



Claude Boulanger and Yann Texier giving an impromptu concert greatly appreciated by some KFA members on 22 December 2009. (photo: François Kirouac)



Biographical Notes

Mr. Yann Texier was born in Quimperlé, (Finistère) near Lorient. His mother was from the Berry, a province in central France, his father, a court clerk by profession, was born in the 'pays gallo' that is in the eastern part of Brittany also known as lower Brittany, where people speak 'gallo' a Roman/Latin language; by opposition to the western part of Brittany, Upper Brittany, where people speak Gaelic, or *Breton bretonnant*, as written in the Larousse French dictionary. It is also the way the local people refer to themselves. Mr. Texier studied and trained in the restaurant business in Dinard, an extraordinary seaside resort famous for its century-old villas built by the English. No wonder Mr. Texier keeps warm memories of this town. Then he did his (compulsory) military service, serving aboard a vessel based in Mayotte in the Indian Ocean and sailing along the African coasts. Afterwards, he worked as a wine-butler on a *Multi Cruises* ship with company headquarters located in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

During a stay in Montreal, a friend made him discover Montmagny, where he settled for a while. Working at the *Manoir des Érables*, he took time to discovered the area; but life on the oceans drew him away again.



Yann Texier, from Brittany, in his bakery in Montmagny, adopted the Côte-du-Sud region just like our ancestor Urbain-François Le Bihan, Sieur de Kervoac did two hundred years before.

Falling in love with the area had yet to happen.

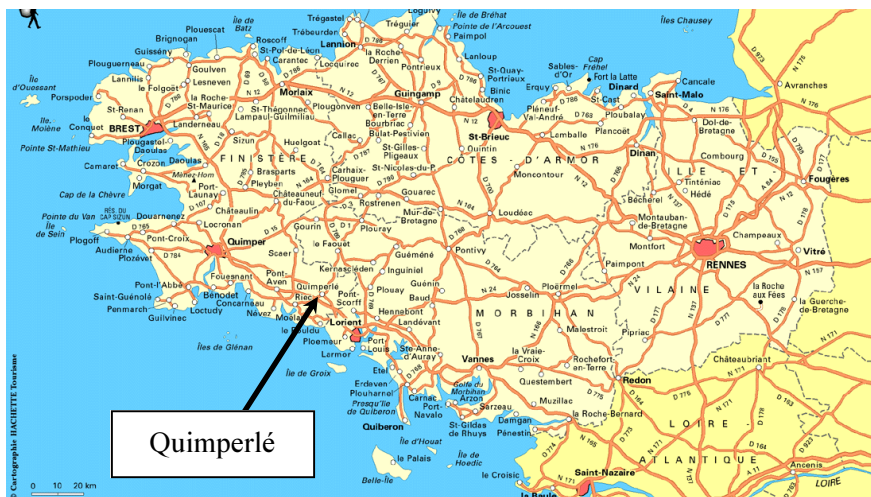
Eventually terra firma pulled him back to Montreal, but just long enough to fill immigration papers, because the Gaspé Peninsula was where he really wanted to settle and start his own business. Well, Lady Luck had other plans for him. In Montmagny, the new owner of *La Maison Rousseau*, who had met Mr. Texier during his first short stay in

the area, and in need of improving the quality of his restaurant in his highly reputed inn, attracted Mr. Texier back to Montmagny with a work offer he could not refuse.

L'Épi D'Or (The Golden Cob)

The idea of starting his own business was still Yann Texier's dream. Montmagny's beauties and opportunities charmed him. For someone who loves the ocean and sailing, the nearby St Lawrence River was most attractive and the surrounding scenery offered endless walks and forest escapades. From a practical point of view, the constant demand coming from service industries in the area was the best argument to make him decide to stay. He realized that in the Gaspé Peninsula, the extremely busy summer is followed by a long 'dead season' forcing one to close down, which is not the case for the Montmagny region.

Therefore he opened his first bakery-grocery-restaurant on Saint-Jean-Baptiste Street. The business was so successful that he had to move twice into larger premises but now, it should be his final address as he prefers a more intimate establishment



Map found on the Web Site: http://www.routard.com/pop_up_visuel/id_carto/17.htm

that offers a warmer atmosphere to the customers. We heard many comments to this effect. The student who comes in for his morning 'croissant' loves the family ambience, like the lady buying her preferred daily loaf; the customer who discovered his favourite pastry, and the couple coming back regularly whenever they feel like a delicious buckwheat *crêpe bretonne*, and more.

Combining restaurant and bakery is not a new idea in Brittany. It seems to be rather popular there and has been for some time. At *L'Épi d'Or*, only lunch is served except during the *Carrefour Mondial de l'Accordéon* (International Accordion Festival). Every year, the *Carrefour Mondial de l'Accordéon* attracts many world-level accordion artists and thousands of fans to Montmagny, so there is an obvious need for the Chef to offer a

full dinner menu for the evening meal.

Mr. Texier found a wonderful way to create the perfect Breton atmosphere in his restaurant. A very impressive fresco adorns the main wall; it represents true-to-life fishing scenes. Camaret, the famous ocean port on the south western tip of Brittany, inspired the artists, (Mr. Fleury and his son), from the *Charles-Huault* Gallery in Montmagny. It is very striking. In a way, it is a reminder of Paul Gauguin's style as he painted many fishing scenes, particularly with small boats coming back into port, loaded with their catch.

One of the Locals!

Mr. Yann Texier has now been living in Montmagny for fifteen years. His wife is from Saint-Cyrille de l'Islet. As he says, "he is slowly becoming

part of the furniture". But it takes far more than time for one to be fully integrated in a new place. He can talk about the town, the area, the institutions, the artistic and cultural activities as well as sport and of course, the many advantages offered locally, but he does so like only very few 'locals' can do. He is much interested by the history of Quebec and regularly listens to Jacques Lacoursière's Sunday morning programmes on Radio-Canada (French-speaking CBC network).

He also teaches accordion at the *Montmagny International Music School*, newly created in 2009.

Every four years he loves to go back to Brittany to visit his parents who are still living there. He enjoys it very much but he loves to come back home . . . to Montmagny.



KFA members with Mr. Texier at *L'Épi d'Or* in Montmagny. From left to right: Jacques Kirouac, Michel Bornais, François Kirouac, Lucille Kirouac, Yann Texier and Gertrude Kirouac. (Photo: Claude Boulanger)



“O my wonderful book” [1]

by Lucie Jasmin

The following text was published in December 2009 in the electronic technical bulletin INDIGO, a horticultural enterprise at: www.horticulture-indigo.com.

In Lucie Jasmin's own words: "This technical bulletin INDIGO is a very pleasant monthly publication about the indigenous Quebec flora published on the Web by Isabelle Dupras, a K/ relative through her great-grandmother. Isabelle follows in the footsteps of her illustrious cousin being an horticulturist specializing in cultivating indigenous plants."

Greetings to my clients and friends! The year 2010 will mark the 75th anniversary of the publication of the *Flore laurentienne* written by Brother Marie-Victorin. In order to highlight this anniversary, we have invited Lucie Jasmin, the author, to give us her account of this momentous event. True to herself, Lucie Jasmin gives us an inspired and inspiring text presenting a vision both well documented and personal of this tribute to the Botany of Quebec. Just a few days before Christmas, it is with great joy that INDIGO offers you this marvellous text.

The *Flore laurentienne* is altogether a scientific, pedagogical and patriotic work of Brother Marie-Victorin [2], that appeared on the Quebec scene in the Spring of 1935. It is an in-quarto of over 900 pages, describing and com-

menting 1568 species [3] and, according to its author, it was only meant to be a "useful work" meant to offer to his compatriots "a means to acquire general knowledge, but as precise as possible, of the natural flora of the country" [4]. . . . Marie-Victorin must have said this with tongue-in-cheek as he was most certainly fully aware of the magnitude of the work he had accomplished.

This project demanded over a quarter century of patient research and fieldwork. But I like to think that, as early as 1905, with Brother Rolland Germain (1881-1972), his colleague and life-long friend, he had already started this extraordinary voyage - that will never end - through the mythical Laurentie [5] [6].

Until then, botany in French-speaking Canada had been essentially limited to cataloguing plants. Botany, was much maligned and considered one of the "small sciences" [7], but thanks to Marie-Victorin, botany was to become far more important. Brother Victorin was a convinced evolutionist and, as such, understood botany and considered it within phytogeography, also called geobotany, a branch of biogeography concerned with the geographic distribution of plant species around the globe. Phytogeography covers all aspects of plant distribution, the causes and controls



Photo: François Kirouac

of the distribution of individual species, their ranges and the factors governing the composition of entire communities and floras.

As Marie-Victorin always did,

[1] Brother Marie-Victorin, talk given at the launching of the *Flore laurentienne*.

[2] Born Conrad Kirouac (3 April 1885 – 15 July 1944)

[3] From the 1917 vascular plants then known in the Quebec flora.

[4] Brother Marie-Victorin, *Flore laurentienne*, Preface, p. 1

[5] The first written mention of this project is found in his private journal, *Mon Miroir*, on 6 April 1910. Brother Marie-Victorin, *Mon Miroir Journaux intimes 1903-1920*, complete edition annotated by Gilles Beaudet and Lucie Jasmin, Montreal, FIDES, 2004.

[6] *Laurentie*: refers to part of the province of Quebec "where French-speaking Canadians live; its main geographical feature being the Saint-Lawrence River." Definition found in GAUVREAU, Marcelle, *Glossaire, Flore laurentienne*, p. 865

[7] Expression by which natural sciences such as: botany, biology, geology, etc. were then known ... the expression greatly riled Marie-Victorin. It seems to have come from Monsignor Clovis K. Laflamme.

he explained it with far more elegant wording: "When in the forest, it is important to ask every being (plant) why it is where it is, and why not somewhere else, what makes it grow and what stops it from growing, what kills it or what makes it multiply [8]." These are the questions the *Flore laurentienne* was to answer and, as a consequence, was to present the first geobotanical analysis of the southern part of the Province of Quebec. In addition, the *Flore laurentienne* can be considered as the manifesto of Victorin's evolutionist thinking [9].

It is quite striking to note that this work appeared during a particularly frigid intellectual era right in the middle of an intense economical crisis. La *Flore laurentienne* was then a long distance beacon directing its life saving light in the darkest night in the darkest time.

But of course each era has its dark periods and ours was no

exception. Could it be, that even today, Marie-Victorin could still light up the fragile lantern of the Homo sapiens that we are? I am absolutely convinced of this. And I believe it in spite of the fact that seventy-five years after its birth, Victorin's *Flore*, might be out of date. Of course the most competent botany specialists consider it slightly passé. However, Brother Victorin would possibly be the first one to rejoice in hearing this.

So be it! On the other hand, I am not a botanist, not even very knowledgeable in sciences; I look at it from a completely different point of view. Nevertheless, the *Flore laurentienne* is one of my favourite books, even my bedside book, as we sometimes say. And I must admit that if, sometimes, it is a pillow, it is also my alarm-clock: a pillow because I find subjects to dream, large dreams and my alarm-clock because it opens my eyes to one reality: the great fragility of 'our domain under the skies'[10].

In the *Flore*, I took a lot of time to study the black-ink illustrations that, I admit, cannot be compared to the magnificent colour photos that one can admire in modern botany books. But, could we possibly imagine the *Flore laurentienne* without its 2800 hand-drawn illustrations by Brother Alexandre Blouin (1892-1987), a professor at Mont Saint-Louis College in Montreal? Each drawing acts like a magnet forcing us to turn the pages?

I read over and over again the

masterly *Esquisse générale de la Flore laurentienne* – the general introduction – written by Marie-Victorin at the very beginning of his book. I get the feeling that I am looking at sceneries / scenes with new eyes, because Marie-Victorin is teaching me to imagine each scene moving in time and space.

If I need indoor sunshine on a grey day, nothing beats opening my wonderful book, it does not matter where I open it; I read one of the hundreds of encyclopedic notes that the Brother added after a rigorous and often forbidding botanical descriptions about the varieties and species. These encyclopedic notes are usually the comments I prefer because they were written by Marie-Victorin the humanist and professor, the wonderful human being who was so determined to make the *Flore laurentienne* a lively book and a very human one too" [11].

There are other times also when I need to take refuge away from the hustle and bustle of the world, so I enter the *Flore* on tip toe, just as quietly as when entering inside a small familiar quiet chapel. But what is it that I



Cover of the *Flore laurentienne*, original edition published in 1935.

[8] Marie-Victorin, *Le bois de plomb*, from the *Bibliothèque des Jeunes Naturalistes*, Tract 36, p. 4. Unfortunately I did not note where I first found it.

[9] About this, please see the second part of *Esquisse générale de la Flore laurentienne*: "Dynamisme de la Flore laurentienne" p. 61

[10] One of Marie-Victorin's wonderful happy expressions: «Pour connaître notre domaine sous le ciel; le concours de botanique» (*To know our domain under the heavens; The botany Contest*) in *Le devoir*, 14 June 1930

[11] *Flore laurentienne*, Preface, [8]



find there that so easily reassures me so completely? Poetry; very simple poetry! Would you like to read some? Here it is. Full pages of aromatic poetry; thus all these beautiful popular plant names, the very names that our ancestors gave to the humble plant life that surrounded them; these names are music to my ears, resonating like a pleasant litany.^[12] It is important to know that Marie-Victorin wanted to collect all these precious terms/expressions because he felt it was very important to preserve and pass on this heritage. In doing so he managed to collect 400 names used for 300 species growing in the Province of Quebec. However, even though well rooted in the *Flore*, will these treasured words that sprang from the imagination of the Amerindian, the French, the English and the French-speaking Canadians, will all these vernacular names survive the passage of time? I very much doubt so. Already in 1935, the botanist forecasted that "this heritage would not expand any more^[13]."

Nowadays, Brother Victorin would cry like a child seeing how threatened his dear Laurentie is: our plants, our trees, so often we seem to be

[12] Lucie Jasmin, *Litanies de la Flore laurentienne*. These *Litanies* are inscribed on one of the wooden panels found at the *Maison de l'Arbre*, located on the *Sentier poétique* in Saint-Venant-de-Paquette, no one could have thought of a better place and way to publish this text. These *Litanies* were written in homage to Marie-Victorin. Please see the Web Site of St-Venant-de-Paquette.

[13] *Flore laurentienne*, Preface [5]

[14] *Flore laurentienne*, p. 11

so indifferent to their presence. Who really worries, even just a little, about their absence and their silent disappearance? Throughout his life, Marie-Victorin was led by the profound conviction that the true culture and the true humanism somewhat demand that we return to the Earth, and that we make new contact with nature, our mother." In this way we will find again "the strength to live, to fight, to take flight towards rejuvenated ideals!"^[14]

"O my wonderful book"! This incredible *Flore*!

So for 2010, my wishes for you are:

May my comments incite you to carry it with you whenever you walk in our Laurentian country.

May the *Flore laurentienne* occupy the place of honour that is hers by right on your bookshelves.

May Brother Marie-Victorin become your travel companion!

In 2004, Lucie Jasmin and Gilles Beaudet published the complete annotated edition of Marie-Victorin's private journals under its original title: *Mon Miroir – Journaux Intimes 1903-1920* - Frère Marie-Victorin (FIDES). Since 2007, Lucie Jasmin has been giving a lecture entitled: *Marie-Victorin et l'Odyssée de la Flore laurentienne*. For more information, please write to The Kirouac Family Association at: afkirouacfa@hotmail.com or contact Mrs. Jasmin at: jasmin.lucie@videotron.ca.

Happy Holidays!



Claude Deslandes hails from Sorel, a town at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers.

Early in life he was attracted by medicine and bovine surgery, so he trained as a vet and, at the beginning of the eighties, started teaching at Montreal University's Faculty of Veterinary medicine in St. Hyacinthe (the only French speaking veterinary school in North America).

Afterwards, he settled in the Bois-Francs region, Eastern Townships, where he has been a vet for the past twenty years. In 1982, while leafing through the famous Tanguay genealogical dictionary, he noticed there was only one ancestor to all the Deslandes. Wanting to know more led him onto the research path and genealogy led him to history via paleography.

He found out a great deal about his ancestor's life and compiled the data on all the descendants of Jean Deslandes dit Champigny, to this day. In April 2001, with a few others, he founded the North American Family Association of Jean Deslandes dit (known as) Champigny's descendants.

His ancestor was a soldier from Champigny-sur-Marne in Isle-de-France; nothing unusual about that but learning about the ancestor's character enables the reader to find out a great deal about the daily life of ordinary settlers in Ville-Marie (Montreal) at the end of the 17th century.

Domestic Animals in New France

Commentaries and Invitation By Marie Lussier Timperley

In 2005, in St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, a new book was published entitled: *Jean Deslandes dit Champigny ancêtre des familles Deslandes, Champigny, Deland*. The author, Mr. Claude Deslandes, a veterinarian, amateur historian, genealogist by conviction, paleographer by necessity and founding president of the Association of the descendants of Jean Deslandes dit Champigny was awarded the *Percy Foy Prize* in 2005 for his book; this important prize is awarded annually by the SGCF, the French-Canadian Genealogical Society.

The story reads like a novel, his ancestor was a most colourful character, to say the least. It is fascinating because one learns so much about the customs of the time and it is certainly far more fun to read 363 pages following the ups and downs of a family than a dry 'history book'. On 21 May 2009, Dr. Deslandes was invited by the *Société d'Histoire du Haut Saint-Laurent* (Upper-Saint-Lawrence Historical Society) in Contrecoeur, to give his fasci-



Front cover - Claude Deslandes' book published in St-Hyacinthe in 2005.

nating talk and I was very lucky indeed to hear him. We think we know about domestic animals in New-France, but it seems that our information is often based on legends more than facts. Obviously there is a lot more to it than meets the eye.

As Dr. Deslandes puts it: "We know a great deal about the first Europeans who travelled to the new continent but very little about the animals these explorers brought during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. What about pigs and bovines? Why were they brought and what were they used for? Cats, as we know, were most useful as mousers and ratters onboard ships but were they 'members' of our ancestors' families?"

Here are a few more questions he answered often to our great surprise. Were there any domestic animals in New France before the arrival of the Europeans? Put another way: did the local Indians have any domestic animals before the coming of the 'white men'? Which domestic animals were first brought across the Atlantic and why? What happened to the first pigs? Bovines? Donkeys? Goats? Dogs? Who brought them to New France for the first time? The second time? How many? Why? Did they survive? Multiply?

What about horses? Where did they come from? Did the Natives have horses before the 'white men' set foot on the continent? Nowadays in south-east Quebec, along the Vermont border, where we live, we see more and more great big black wild turkeys wobbling up to our house attracted by the sunflower seeds scattered on the ground under our bird feeders; but when did they appear in our North American skies?

Talking about birds, what do you know about *tourtes*? You and I have never eaten any but our ancestors used to feed, even stuff themselves whenever they literally fell from heaven like manna in the desert in the Bible stories.



Photo: François Kirouac

Marie Lussier Timperley

I could not find the English translation for 'tourte', possibly a dovelike bird? '*Tourtière*' in Quebec, refers to a meat pie with a very different content and shape depending where it is made and we love to eat it at Christmas time, but what was the link between the 'tourtes' and tourtières' in the old days? What about the ideal laying hen? Have you ever heard how 'she' was created by a Brother in Quebec?

If these questions were part of a history test, 'we' would all flunk it. If you look for answers on the Internet, you will find some but very little and often incomplete. Claude Deslandes sets the record straight; fiction is exposed and facts brought to light. He is a fast talker with a colourful sense of humour and his illustrations are lively and most helpful. I guarantee you will want to hear every word he says. By the end of his talk, the first question that comes to mind is: have you published a book on domestic animals in New-France? Not yet, he said, but it is in the works. Let's hope it comes out soon for our pleasure and benefit. Until then, why not invite Claude Deslandes to give his talk in your neighbourhood? Simply send him an e-mail care of the KFA at: afkirouacfa@hotmail.com

N. B. Neither Claude Deslandes, who collected the genealogy of his ancestor's descendants, nor François Kirouac, who has been compiling the K's genealogy for over thirty years, have found a single link, a.k.a. union/wedding, between our two families. Is that for the future? Deslandes Family web-site at: <http://pages.videotron.com/jeandesl/>



TRAGIC HISTORY

The Church in Sainte-Justine-de-Langevin burned down 74 years ago



Gift from Mrs. Lyse Pâquet



Gift from Mrs. Lyse Pâquet

Inside view of the “small cathedral” as the Church of Ste-Justine was known. Photo taken on 17 January 1926.

Mrs. Lyse Pâquet gave to our Association a treasure-trove of photos further to meeting KFA representatives at *Expo-Québec* in August 2009. Although the following photos bring back sad memories, we publish them because of their historical value.

The construction of the second church in Sainte-Justine-de-Langevin started in 1912 when Abbé Jules-Adrien Kirouac was the Parish Priest. This impressive building replaced the village’s modest first chapel built by the Benedictine monks in the 1860s.

It is well known that Abbé Jules Adrien Kirouac was extremely proud of his new temple.



Gift from Mrs. Lyse Pâquet



Gift from Mrs. Lyse Pâquet

On Saturday, 23 May 1936, the pride and glory of Abbé Jules-Adrien Kirouac went up in flame as well as at least ten other buildings in the village amounting to a loss of \$150,000 at the time.

This tragedy was too much for Abbé Jules Adrien Kirouac who, soon afterwards, gave up his post as Parish Priest and retired to the Mother House of the Sisters of Notre-Dame-du-Perpétuel-Secours where he died on 9 September 1945. He was buried in the crypt of the Chapel of Sainte-Anne in Saint-Damien.

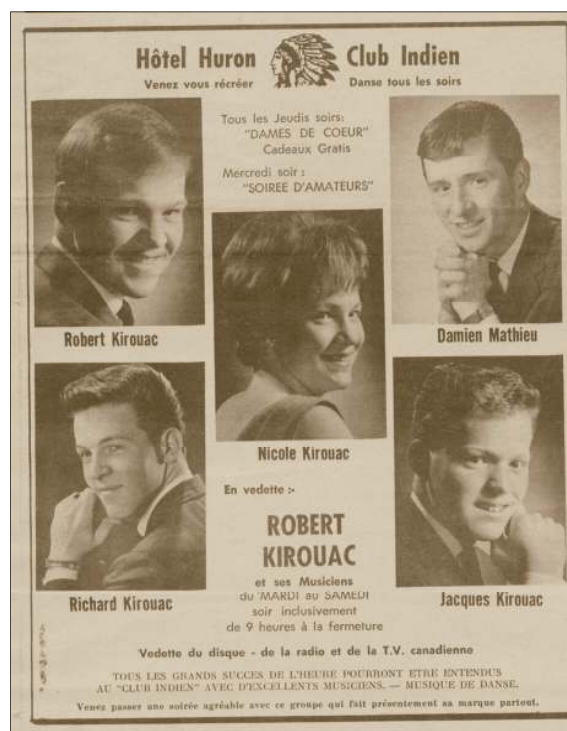
Jacques Carries on the Kirouac Musical Tradition

by Simon Busque, 18 May 2007 (Réseau Hebdo-Québécois) (Québécois Weekly Newspaper Network)

This article about Jacques Kirouac was published on 18 May 2007 in the newspaper L'Éclaireur in Saint-Georges-de-Beauce, Quebec. The group called **Robert Kirouac and his Kozacks** was very popular in the Province of Quebec during the sixties and seventies. Two years later, we think it is still worth reprinting the article because Jacques Kirouac is still the star of the show every Thursday evening at **Bar 4000** in Saint-Georges-de-Beauce; in addition, it gives interesting facts about this family of musicians.

The ad shown on the right was printed in L'Union des Cantons de l'Est, on 5 August 1964, when the Kirouac Orchestra was very popular in Quebec. We also wish to point out that Robert's daughter, Nancie, was our KFA regional representative for the Greater Montreal area from 1998 to 2001. We thank Mr. Simon Busque, Director of information at the newspaper L'Éclaireur in Saint-Georges-de-Beauce, who kindly authorized us to reprint his article in the French Edition of Le Trésor. English translation by Marie L. Timperley for Le Trésor des Kirouac, number 98.

The Editor



KFA Photographic Heritage Collection

On 27 September 2006, the passing of Robert Kirouac seemed to be the death knell of the legendary group known to many generations. But, from now on, the name Kirouac will keep on ringing in the musical world because Robert's brother, Jacques, has decided to carry on with the karaoke tradition.

Robert Kirouac is a true legend in the music world. He founded the group called *Robert Kirouac and his Kozacks* in 1963. This group was highly acclaimed until it was disbanded in 1978. After a few years' respite, Robert re-introduced karaoke, performing across Quebec and particularly in the Beauce region. That was about twelve years ago. Just three weeks before his death, Robert sang in public with his brother Jacques. During an interview this week, Jacques said: "Robert told me that he wanted

me to carry on the karaoke tradition so, as I love singing, I accepted the challenge".

Starting on 31 May (2007), every Thursday evening, Jacques will be performing at the *Vieux Saint-Georges*. His karaoke repertoire includes 8000 songs and he recently bought a new sound system with a giant plasma TV.

Huge Success

Robert Kirouac and his Kozacks were hugely successful during the sixties and seventies, founded in Courcelles in 1963. As Jacques remembers: "Originally we were from Rouyn-Noranda (Abitibi). Then we moved to Sherbrooke (Eastern Townships) and after that to Courcelles (1). As we had all studied piano, Robert thought we should form a

group. And he adds: "For the Kirouacs, it all started by chance when we were hired to play at a cousin's wedding in Témiscamingue (South-Abitibi Region). "On the way there, Robert decided to stop at a hotel in Rouyn-Noranda for a gig. It was instant success; so much so that the local hotel owners were overbidding each other to hire us. People then were not used to hearing a group sounding like a symphony orchestra. Our reputation carried us way beyond the frontiers of Abitibi everywhere in the province of Quebec."

For the Kirouacs, the Beauce area was a choice destination. Every year in April and May, they would be playing at the *Manoir Chaudière* filled to capacity. "Beauce seemed to be the perfect place and we wanted to



settle here upon retirement and we did."

At first, the group included the brothers Robert, Jacques, and Richard Kirouac as well as their sister, Nicole, and Roger Beaudoin, the guitar player from Saint-Georges. Later on, Damien Mathieu replaced Beaudoin. Then when Nicole decided to leave, Luc Caron joined the group. We were all good musicians but Robert was the undisputed group leader. He was a perfectionist; on the stage everything had to be perfect."

Never on Television!

However, given so much talent, Robert and his group did not obtain the success they really deserved. They were never on television and produced only one album at the outset of their career. They even had the nerve to refuse a contract offered by

Genealogical Tree

Ascendancy of a musical branch of the K/ 7th generation

Gérard Kirouac married Marie-Anne Pellerin
on 5 September 1947 in Rouyn-Noranda, QC.

6th generation

Alphonse Kirouac married Mary Howard
on 17 June 1907 in Warwick, QC.

5th generation

Eusèbe Calixte Kérouack married Clarisse Desharnais
on 11 August 1862 in Warwick, QC.

4th generation

Louis-Grégoire Kérouack married
Catherine des Trois Maisons dite Picard
on 10 January 1825 at Saint-Pierre-de-la-Rivière-du-Sud, QC.

3th generation

Pierre Keroack married Marie-Anne Joncas
on 17 October 1797 at Saint-Thomas-de-Montmagny, QC.

2nd generation

Louis Keroack married Catherine Méthot
on 11 January 1757 in Cap Saint-Ignace, QC.

1st generation

Urbain-François Le Bihan married Louise Bernier
on 22 October 1732 in Cap Saint-Ignace, QC.



'Every Thursday' - Publicity found
at: www.enbeauce.com

Guy Cloutier (2) and René Angelil (3) to perform in the first part of René Simard's (4) show during his tour in Japan. Jacques adds: "Robert took that decision because he felt that our kind of music did not fit at all with what René Simard - then only a child - was doing. Cloutier and Angelil did not appreciate being turned down."

In the seventies, after the discos were created and became very popular, the group ended its activities. Says Jacques: "A group like ours was more expensive to hire that only a DJ who worked a turntable in a bar." "However, those were the best years of my life. And now I will carry the torch again" adds Jacques who

is eager to launch his new adventure.

He concludes with a special thought for his brother: "Robert should have enjoyed an international career." Why not?

(1) Courcelles was settled after 1850 along the Rivières aux Bleuets (Blueberry River) in a hilly area where the Beauce Region and the Eastern Townships meet and where the Abenakis used to hunt in winter. Present population 1000. (French website)

(2) Guy Cloutier: (1940-) famous and infamous Quebec impresario - Various websites.

(3) René Angelil: (1942-) Famous Quebec impresario, husband of Céline Dion; first married to Anne-René Kirouac. - Various websites.

(4) René Simard: (1961-) Quebec singer, actor, producer - Various websites.



**Auclair Kirouac, Aline
(1915-2009)**

In Drummondville, on 16 November 2009, at the age of 94 years, passed away Mrs. Aline Auclair, widow of Alci-de Kirouac (GFK 02358). Funeral was held in the chapel of the Lemire Funeral Centre in Drummondville on 21 November 2009.

She leaves to mourn her children: Gilles (Marlyse Demers), Claude (Louise Paquet); her grand-daughters Geneviève and Marie-Hélène Kirouac; her sister Jacqueline Auclair (the late Georges Noël); her brothers-in-law Paul Dumaine (the late Lucienne Auclair) and Jean-Paul Caouette.

**Karrer Marie-Huguette,
née Morin (1906-2009)**

Peacefully in her 104th year, she slipped away in a better world at Mount Hope Residence in London, Ontario, on 11 December 2009. She has now rejoined her parents, Victor Morin, notary, and Alphonsine Côte Morin(1) from Montreal as well as her twelve siblings: Lucien(2), Réginald, Simone, Marc, André, Gisèle, Claire, Renée, Roland, Guy, Michel and Roger, as well as her beloved husband, Colonel Carlo Karrer.

Nana will be greatly missed by her only daughter Pia and her son-in-law, Paul O'Leary, her four grandchildren: Stephen (Yashu Zhang), David, John, and Susan (Stephen Cheng), her great-granddaughter, Christina, and her numerous nephews and nieces. The Funeral Mass was held on Thursday, 17 December 2009, in the Chapel of Mount Hope Residence.

Kirouac Kevin M. (1962-2009)

On 14 August 2009, at the age of 47 years, passed away after a motorcycle accident, Kevin M. Kirouac (GFK 00397). Born in Northampton, MA, USA, he was the son of Real and Barbara Ruth (Sanders) Kirouac.

IN MEMORIAM

Kevin leaves to mourn his son, Mathew R. Kirouac, his daughter Leonora R. Kirouac, his former wife, Holly Wilson, his brother, Alan Kirouac and his wife Patricia, his sister Janine Kirouac and her husband David Sage. The Funeral was held on 18 August 2009 in Northampton and burial was at St. Mary's Cemetery.

Kirouac, Léo-Paul (1931-2009)

At the St-Joseph Residence on 28 July 2009, passed away at the age of 77 years and seven months, Mr. Léo-Paul Kirouac (GFK 1602), husband of Mrs. Jeannine Castonguay-Kirouac. Funeral was held on August 1st 2009 and burial was at the St-Patrice Cemetery in Rivière-du-Loup, Quebec.

He leaves to mourn his wife and his children: Serge, Germain, Guy (Line Paradis), Dany (France Bélanger), René, Gilles (Nancy Dumont) and Nancy, his grand-children and great-grand children, his brothers and sisters-in-law, his nephews and nieces, members of the Kirouac and Castonguay families as well as many other relatives and friends.

Pelletier, Diane (1945-2009)

In Granby, on 27 November 2009, at the age of 64 years, passed away Mrs. Diane Pelletier, daughter of the late Rita KIROUAC-Pelletier(GFK 02223) and the late Alfred Pelletier. She leaves to mourn her children: Robert Cameron (Nathalie Brouillard) and Sylvain Cameron (Nathalie Viens). She was predeceased by her son Steve (Johanne Chouinard). She also leaves to mourn her grand-children: Dany, Francesca, Jessica and Kelly Cameron; her brother and sister: Father Jean-Marc (of the Trinitaire Congregation) and Nicole (Denis Daviau).

Funeral was held on 2 December 2009 in St-Eugène Church in Granby followed by burial in Monseigneur Pelletier Cemetery.



Tardif Gisèle (1929-2009)

Sister Gisèle Tardif, S.C.Q. passed away on 2 December 2009, at the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity of Quebec at the age of eighty, after sixty-two years of religious life; she was known as Sister Sainte-Bernadette-de-l'Immaculée. She was the daughter of the late Louis Tardif and the late Bernadette Sirois-Tardif from Amqui, Quebec.

Funeral mass was on Saturday, 5 December 2009, in the Chapel of the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity and was buried in the Notre-Dame-de-L'Espérance Cemetery in the Congregation's Section. She leaves to mourn, besides the members of her religious congregation, her sisters and brothers, her sisters-in-law, and brothers-in-law: Éliane (Clément Kirouac), Émilien Tardif (the late Louise Klopz), Jean-Claude Tardif, Reinelde (the late Réal Gagnon), Rita Vaillancourt (the late Ulderic Tardif as well as many nephews, nieces, and cousins.

She was the sister-in law of Clément Kirouac who was President of our Association from 1994 to 2000.

Translator's Note:

(1) Alphonsine was the daughter of Victor Côté and Philomène Le Brice de Keroack-Côté. You may wish to re-read the texts that *Le Trésor* has published about Mrs. Karrer: bulletin number 48 (June 1997), 79 (March 2005), 83 (March 2006) and 84 (June 2006).

(2) In 2000, Lucien Morin, also a notary, the eldest son of Victor Morin and his first wife, Fannie Côté, passed away at the age of 106 years. Mrs. Karrer would joke about wanting to live as long as he did. She almost succeeded as she reached 103 years and seven months! She made the most of life except during the last two weeks.

**OUR DEEPEST CONDOLENCES
TO THE BEREAVED FAMILIES**



GENEALOGY / THE READERS' PAGE

The KFA's computerized genealogical database includes a number of couples where the name of one of the partners is missing.

Answers to the following questions would enable us to complete this data.

You are also invited to consult previous issues of Le Trésor. If you know the answers to any of the questions, please forward them to us and we will publish them in the Readers' Page in future issues.

Thank you very much

François Kirouac

Answers from our readers

Question 255 is Le Trésor 97

What are the names of the parents of Daniel Gagnon, spouse of Chantal Kirouac, daughter of Yvon Kirouac and Françoise Gamache?

Nicole Kirouac's answer: Daniel Gagnon's parents are Roméo Gagnon and Dorothée Kearney-Gagnon.

Question 256 dans Le Trésor 97

What are the names of the parents of Guy Brodeur, spouse of Marielle Lapointe, daughter of Antoine Lapointe and Blanche Kirouac-Lapointe?

Ghislaine Lapointe's answer: Guy Brodeur's parents are Jean Brodeur and Aurore Messier-Brodeur.

New questions

Question 257

What are the names of the parents of Gilles Renaud, spouse of Guy-laine Brodeur, granddaughter of Antoine Lapointe and Blanche Kirouac-Lapointe?

Question 258

What are the names of the parents

of Robert Bujold, second spouse of Yolande D'Assylvas, daughter of Auguste D'Assylvas and Blanche Cécile Kirouac-D'Assylvas?

Question 259

What are the names of the parents of Rolland Cummings, first spouse of Yolande D'Assylvas, daughter of Auguste D'Assylvas and Blanche Cécile Kirouac-D'Assylvas?

Question 260

What are the names of the parents of Mary Van Kerkhoven, spouse of Guy Létourneau, son of Philias Moïse Létourneau and Joséphine Kirouac-Létourneau?

Question 261

What are the names of the parents of Huguet Bourget, spouse of Luc Létourneau, son of Philias Moïse Létourneau and Joséphine Kirouac-Létourneau?

Question 262

What are the names of the parents of Raynald Maltais, spouse of Claudette Lapointe, daughter of Antoine Lapointe and Blanche Kirouac-Lapointe?

Question 263

What is the name of the spouse of Gabrielle Kirouac, daughter of Joseph Hubert Kirouac and Rosa Dandurand-Kirouac?

Question 264

What are the names of the parents of Roland Legault, spouse of Gilberte Jacqueline Kirouac, daughter of Joseph Hubert Kirouac and Rosa Dandurand-Kirouac?

Question 265

What are the names of the parents of Jacques St-Pierre, spouse of Lise Francoeur, daughter of Jean-Claude Francoeur and Rita Kirouac-Francoeur?

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

The Editorial Team

Question 266

What are the names of the parents of Paul-Léon Lussier, second spouse of Yvonne Martineau, daughter of Alphonse Martineau and Paméla Kirouac-Martineau?

Question 267

What are the names of the parents of Della Kirouac, spouse of Hubert Laplante and mother of Ida Laplante married to Adrien Martineau?

Question 268

What are the names of the parents of Hubert Laplante, spouse of Della Kirouac?

Question 269

What are the names of the parents of Cyrille Worth, spouse of Nathalie Kéroack, daughter of Jean-Paul Kéroack and Pauline Leclerc-Kéroack?

Question 270

What are the names of the parents of Benoît Émond, spouse of Valérie Martel, daughter of Pierre Martel and Louise Kirouac-Martel?

Question 271

What are the names of the parents of François Chouinard, spouse of Caroline Martel, daughter of Pierre Martel and Louise Kirouac-Martel?

Question 272

What are the names of the parents of Steve Lavertu, spouse of Line Kirouac, daughter of Benoît Kirouac and Angéline Angers-Kirouac?

Question 273

What are the names of the parents of Donald Langlois, spouse of Carmen Kirouac, daughter of Benoît Kirouac and Angéline Angers-Kirouac?

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

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Have you renewed your Subscription for 2010?

This bulletin is the fourth and last issue of 2009. In order to receive the next bulletin of the *Trésor des Kirouac*, you must renew your membership to the KFA. Many thanks indeed for faithfully supporting your Family association for over thirty years.

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