

LUCILLE DOLAN  
NO LOCATION GIVEN  
MARCH 27, 1987

SUBJECT: French Canadians

START OF INTERVIEW

LUCILLE DOLAN (LD): Was born at Saint-Anselme, province of Quebec in 1862.

INTERVIEWER (I): His name was Samuel, for my records?

LD: Yes. His mother was Celina Boutin. Also from that area. When he was fourteen years of age, the oldest of twelve children,

I: Could you name those children?

LD: The next one was Tom, and the first girl was Celina.

I: Okay, you said that when your father was fourteen he left home?

LD: He was fourteen, he went to Maine and worked in the woods. And from Maine he went to Saginaw, Michigan, and he came up here in 1882, approximately. And he inquired downtown about work and he was told that Pelissier out on 480 in the Chocolay area was hiring. And he went to work there. And the next thing was romance. He met my mother, who was sixteen at the time, she was the second girl in the Pelissier family.

I: What was your mother's name?

LD: Philonise. And they were married in 1884. And that article about their marriage, says San Bernard there, you see, as he came up here in Marquette he was known as San Bernard.

I: This is it.

LD: He married Philonise Pelissier at St. Johns Church, St John the Baptist Church.

I: And this says by Reverend Father Martel.

LD: Martel. And they had twelve children, thirteen children, I'm the twelfth one. Thirteen children.

I: Can you name your brothers and sisters in order so that it's recorded?

LD: I don't know, I know her family, and I know my father's family too, but,

I: No, your brothers and sisters. Can you name your brothers and sisters so that it's on tape?

LD: My brothers and sisters? Oh, yes. Theora, who was born in this log cabin. She was born here in this house, you can't see too much of it. Her name was McKindles. Theora McKindles. And then Emma was

the next girl. Napoleon. Maybelle. Jeannette. Charles. Edward. Gladys. Marion. Lowell. Ben. Lucille. Wait a minute... We all went to school here in Marquette.

I: What school did you go to?

LD: Some went to the, this was before St. John's had the school. Some went to, they called it the academy here. It was connected with the cathedral. But when St. John's school opened we all went to the grade school there -- until the eighth grade. Through the eighth grade. Then we went to the Marquette high school and graduated, for the high school years. Now, this is where my mother was born. That's the village of Forestville in 1867 when she was born.

I: And that's here in the U.P., correct?

LD: That's north Marquette, somewhere near Northern, in fact. It's really Northern. And, well you can see it was just a little lumbering district or a mill at the time. And that's where she was born. So you're going to find this hard to believe but that Forestville was really Marquette. But when she married my father, he was still a British subject because he hadn't taken out his papers out yet. So by marrying him she lost her citizenship. Now people will say, well, once you're born in the states, you're in. But it was not true then. Because, you can see now my mother didn't get her papers until she was an older person. See, at the time that they were married women weren't voting. So it didn't mean too much until women..., but she was busy raising children and everything and it worried her so much to think that she didn't have her papers. So it says right on here when she went to take them out she's a British subject. Doesn't it? You see that on there?

I: Yes, it does.

LD: But she was all those years, and there's the evidence right there. Now if you're born in the United States, no matter where you go you're still,

I: So she became an American citizen on September 18, 1937?

LD: Right here. And it happened that the Lloyd LeVasseur who signed her papers was her nephew at that time. Lloyd LeVasseur, he was county clerk for years here.

I: When did your father become an American citizen?

LD: Well, he had to take out, he took out a homestead years ago for his lumber, for his forestry work and everything. So, to take out a homestead you had to be a citizen. So he had his papers. But of course he was, my mother couldn't have been voting for years anyway until women's rights came around. But that's why I keep this up in the bedroom here because people say, 'oh no, once you're born in the United States,' well she was born right here in this which is Marquette. It's probably out by the Piqua location now, you heard about that? That's where that was. So she was so proud of that, that she was... because all through the years she'd say in French, 'je [inaudible French] papier.'

I: Which means?

LD: 'I have to get my papers.' Well, it bothered her. Of course, by that time, women were voting.

I: You said that your father owned lumber camps. Whereabouts in the U.P. were they located?

I: Well, he had in late years, in my time he had, that was Carl's End that's down the south end of town and Gordon. This was Carl's End. See R-L-S-H-E-N-V, you see the sign on there? These pictures are his camp at Carl's End. With his crew.

LD: Whatever happened to his lumber camps?

I: Well, they were just, they weren't anything fancy. I mean, they'd work in one area for a couple of years and then move on to another. He was down at Gordons, which is down more toward the lake east of here, and Carl's End, where the last ones that I remember are.

I: Did he sell them later one? Sell out of the business?

LD: Well, I guess after the timber was cut off, there wasn't much left, you know. And he'd sell the logs to the mines. Mining timber was what was in demand then. So that's what he did. Carl's End had a hundredth reunion three or four years ago, and I sent these pictures down for them and they were very happy to have them. That's one of his teams dragging logs. And there's one there of, this is on the old 553 out by the ski lift. That was called the Virginia Bridge. And at the sleigh ride. And where's that one of the log pile there?

I: Here it is.

LD: Show how they piled the logs. Yeah. That's one of my father's. Now that's all ready to be shipped to the mines.

I: Did they send any logs out on trains? Were they shipped out on train or by wagon?

LD: No, they, it was on large horse drawn sleighs is what they. And of course they couldn't get it out..., they work all winter cutting it and everything. But it was a case of hauling it to the mines after that.

I: They never floated any logs down the river or down like the lake or anything did they?

LD: No, uh-uh. Mostly my father would work all winter, always. Now in that picture, the crew, there are three brothers who are part Indian. Half breeds, as we called them. The Kadot [phonetically spelled] brothers. They were hard workers. Real hard workers. This was Billy Clip. I don't know what his right name was. But he is a great-great uncle of Mrs. McClew [phonetically spelled] who's now the, she's got a very fine position here in legal work in Marquette, she was elected just recently. He, his sister, this man's sister, was Mrs. McClew [phonetically spelled], the great grandmother of this woman. But my father would work all winter and get all this piled up and everything. And then they would take it to the mills. Well, he would first of all, he didn't sell anything direct to individuals. He had to go to a broker. Mr. Connors in Negaunee was a broker, as they called it. My father would go to him and tell him what he had to sell, how many feet of this and that. And state a price I suppose. And if the mine wanted it a deal was made. So once a year he got paid, he didn't get any two week salary or anything like that.

I: Do you know what the pay scale was?

LD: No, no. I don't know. Didn't pay too much attention. But I do know that in the spring when he got his money, then everything had to be paid here. And it was two years, let's see, this house was built in 1903. So, they lived in different places, little, very poor places.

I: Until they built this house?

LD: Until they built this house. And the first one, really, on this block. I'm the oldest person living on Champion Street right now who was born on Champion. Now there are some down the street who are just three or four years younger than I am, they were born here, too, but I am going to be eighty years old in July and I was born here in 1907. And the next one in line is 1910 or so. I didn't live here all the time, I was away for years, but I was born here. And I have been back here since 1964. So that is that. This is our family. My youngest brother was a sort of a caboose, he wasn't here yet. He was born after. And he used to, people'd say, 'where are you, Billy?' he'd turn to the back, look for himself on the back. So I'm the youngest one there at the time. You see there were, in those days, a lot of children died in epidemics and all.

I: Did your parents lose any children at all?

LD: Yes, they lost four little ones, that's what I'm saying.

I: Which ones were they?

LD: They died when they were babies.

I: Oh, I see.

LD: Charles, Edward, Maybelle, and Jenny. I have, this is crazy to put, I mean, tell you all of this but it is fun. See years ago they kept things, too. These were Maybelle's shoes.

I: Oh, wow.

LD: One of them.

I: And it's bronze?

LD: She would be ninety-one years old now. And she died when she was two and a half. So you see, they kept things, isn't that something?

I: My parents have my shoes, too.

LD: Isn't that cute though?

I: Um-hm.

LD: And then, what was I saying with father? Oh, when he first came into Marquette from when Theora the first one was born, she was born in that house where they went on the day of their wedding.

I: Do you know where that house was located?

LD: Yeah, on, out on 480 here.

I: Oh, okay.

LD: The road to the base. Maybe a turn off. When she was two, the second baby was on the way and my mother was very young when Theora was born. And she was scared. And she told my father she wasn't going to have another baby out in the country like that. So they moved into town. And he, I guess he wasn't working in the woods then, he went in to sort of a trucking, you'd call it trucking now, but people used to come to town, it was quite a lot of train traffic in here. When people come in on the train and no

matter how broke people were or how little they had in belongings they always had a trunk when they traveled. So my father would meet the trains. Somebody coming with the trunk, of course, and you had no, couldn't carry them home. So he would deliver the trunk maybe for fifty cents wherever. I remember my mother telling about, he moved a family from Marquette to Negaunee I think it was, on his dray, I've got a picture of the dray here out in the back yard. And he was gone from four o'clock in the morning till about ten o'clock at night and I think he got three dollars for that. And you had to feed the horse and everything on that. It was really something you know.

I: Do you know what railroad came into Marquette at that time?

LD: No, I don't know exactly. No. See later it was the South Shore. But I can find out for you, but I don't know. Now this is something that I have kept for many years now. It was, Saturday Evening Post was a very prominent magazine, a weekly magazine years ago. And I was living in Chicago when I saw this. And you can see what it says here, 'where do you think you are?' These different locations, and I just happened to,

I: Oh, no, it's Marquette.

LD: Pelissier Lake, that's named for,

I: For your family.

LD: Uh-huh. And look, Forestville even is on there.

I: And there's Presque Isle, too.

LD: And I had lost track of that, and when I was looking for this I found it. Saturday Evening Post. It's no longer published.

I: It's from June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1959. Page 74.

LD: Isn't that something?

I: Yes.

LD: If you want a picture of that, you know, I wouldn't part with this, but. I couldn't believe it when I found this the other day because I had been looking for it. It's still Pelissier Lake, too, out there. Still off 480.

I: Did your family speak French at home, in the house, like a second language?

LD: We didn't speak it among ourselves, my father spoke a lot of French and my mother spoke French too, but not always because she was born in Marquette. But we all knew French and we'd talk among ourselves, you know, and we all took it in school, too. St. John's taught French in those days and we took it in high school and I took it further at Northern, you know. So, but my father, he did very well when you think that he grew up in Canada and left home so young. And he kept his own books as time for the men who worked for him and he wrote his own checks and all that, you know, he really did, and he loved to read. He learned English himself. Sit here and read the paper all the time. If he came across something he didn't understand he'd ask. My mother and father were both very interested in education and sorry that they didn't have good education. Now, the Pelissier's out on the farm, where the bridal party went, see all these children were young. My mother's brothers and sisters, she had some younger

than she was and she was only seventeen. Well, they had had their own teacher out there. One of their teachers was Miss O'Keefe from Baraga Avenue in Marquette here. Her father would drive out there on horse and buggy on Friday afternoon to take her home for the weekend and take her back on Sunday afternoon. And they had a little one room school, we don't have a picture of it anymore and the building is down. But, to them, to those children who had her for a teacher she was, she was just wonderful. She lived right with them, too, in that house, she had to! And then they also had a Miss Carney [phonetically spelled] who was a very fine teacher. But Miss O'Keefe, her sister Nellie O'Keefe was the principle of the Ely School up here for years. Wonderful family, real wonderful family. So they, oh I'll tell you, when you talk about Miss O'Keefe, it's really something now. I wish I could see my father's... the barn in the back here before it was a garage. It's here because I had it. And see what I mean when I say a dray.

I: You said that you went to Northern?

LD: Yes.

I: What did you take when you went to Northern?

LD: Well, I thought I wanted to be a kindergarten teacher. But, I determined my secret. I took drawing my first term. And I can't draw to this day. I failed drawing, believe it or not. 101. But anyway, then I decided that it wasn't for me. So I went back into business, because I had been, I took stenography in high school and everything and did very well in it. So, when this war, the little old drawing teacher failed me, I thought, well, get out. I was very hurt one time. I stayed up real late at night. We had to draw a still life. I was trying to make a water picture or something on a table and I could never get it. Perspective, forget it, I couldn't get it. I knew how it should look but I couldn't do it. So, I remember my mother coming to the foot of the stairs one night, 'go to bed, go to bed.' So I went to bed. And I got that paper back, it was the best I had ever done, but Miss Ward wrote right across it, 'who did this?'

I: Oh, no.

LD: I was so insulted. So, that was the end of my kindergarten schools. So, from then I went back to commercial, which I liked and did well. From Northern I taught in Big Bay for two years, grades. Jobs were scarce. I taught in grades for two years. And then I knew,

I: What school did you teach at?

LD: There was just one school in Big Bay.

I: Do you know the name of it?

LD: The Powell Township School. Powell Township. And was kindergarten through ninth or tenth. But I was in the lower grades. And I decided, I loved Big Bay and had a good time. Many fond memories. But I knew that I didn't want to stay there. So I went to Chicago. And I taught at Moser Secretarial School on Michigan Avenue, right across from the Art Institute. I taught short hand and standard type, you know, machine short hand, you see court reporters? I taught that for almost ten years. And I could work when I was married and have a family, which I didn't. But anyway, then, Bill was in the service and I came up here for a little while. For a few months. Only when they called me back, the school I had been at, teachers were short then, so they asked me if I'd come down and help out, which I did. And I stayed there until Bill came out of the service.

I: Was your husband in during the war?

LD: Yeah. In the Navy.

I: Which war? Was it World War II?

LD: World War II. So then, after we got straightened around after that, when he was back, I became interested in braille. I saw in the paper that they needed help with the Guild for the Blind in Chicago, so I investigated. I said, 'do you still need help' and I still made a living. The director answered, 'lord yes.' Well, I was hooked and I learned braille and used to go down there three days a week, work with the blind people. And then we'd transcribe braille at home, we all were given books to put in braille. And I'm still active with the blind.

I: In Marquette?

LD: As a volunteer, I mean. That was all volunteer work for the blind, but it's been a wonderful experience. And, I wouldn't trade it for anything. The people I met and the children we made books for, how appreciative they were. I always think of when they, once a year the volunteers were invited to go to the schools who were using the books, where they were using the books that we made. And of course, I'm a nut on proof reading. I see so many things that should be proofed further. Because, as a secretarial teacher we checked and checked and checked. As a braille transcriber and working with the blind people who proof read, everything had to be proofed three times by a different person, because you can always miss something, you know, when you're familiar with it. So one time when we were visiting the school, this was a combination of blind and deaf children, so the nun said to, you know, the nun introduced us. 'These are the fine, the good people who make the books for you.' And this and that, and she went on, and so she said, 'Jim, would you like to read something from one of the books these people made for you?' Well, hands went all up. They all wanted to read from the books, you know. So this one, and he came across, he kind of stumbled when he came to something. And she goes, 'what's a matter?' and he said, 'sister, shall I tell 'em? There's a mistake!' [laughing] Which had been missed even with three proofings. A dot, just a dot, you know. Well, we got the biggest kick out of that. 'Sister, shall I tell 'em?' And, well, what is it? He said, 'well there's a mistake.' Of course, we got a laugh out of that. But, I've done some interesting things. And find out that money isn't everything. My years, almost forty years that I've been volunteering with the Guild for the Blind. And I wouldn't trade those for anything, it's better than the [inaudible].

I: Were there any customs that your father passed on to the family that were basically from the French Canadian background?

LD: Did he what?

LD: Pass on any customs, like, you talked about bing-a-ling at one time. Could you explain that again?

LD: Well, of course we always had tourtières, those are the pork pies, you know. That's T-O-U-R-T-I-E-R-E-S. Tourtières, oh my goodness. The holidays would never pass without having the icebox in those days piled high with tourtières, because you'd freeze them.

SIDE B

LD: And then the tourtières, years and years ago, they were made from pigeon meat. But in our time they were made with pork. Now, some people say pork is too rich they put a little beef with it, but we still stick with the all pork.

I: And you said your grandmother made head cheese and they called it?

LD: Tête de cochon.

I: Okay.

LD: Tête de cochon.

I: And she made it out of the actual head? And that was from, was that from a cow or a pig?

LD: She'd get the whole pork, pig head. And sit there and, oh, wash it and cut it and take out the good meaty stuff with some fat, of course, and then cook that down. But it was a job to prepare it just to get it ready to cook. And then, well, I told you about guignolee. We use a distortion of that. We say 'bing-a-ling.' But it's really G-U-I-G-N-O-L-E-E. Guignolee. And a guignol is a big monstrosity of a character, something you have in parades,

I: Like a caricature?

LD: Yeah, uh-huh. But that's where that all started. Going from place to place, the procession stopping for a little wine or a little sol [phonetically spelled] or something. We always had bing-a-ling here. Several in our family played the piano, and then they would usually stop at the different relatives along the way and they would then have beer.

I: And that was on New Year's Day?

LD: New Year's Day. Yeah, New Year's Eve didn't mean anything to us it was just New Year's Eve, that's all. But the New Year's Day was it.

I: It was like a big party, basically everybody went through house to house?

LD: And that's when we ate the tourtières. The pork pies. Big piles of them. Put them in the oven. Three or four at a time. Heat them and eat them and love them, of course. You know, good and tasty. So that, and then, well gradually, of course, there have been a lot of changes through the years here. And there's no... went away, married. We got how many grandchildren? And, they all come back to meso de nado [phonetically spelled]. They like to come here because we had such good times here.

I: Your grandparents took a newspaper subscription from a paper in Canada, didn't they? Called, La Presse? Wasn't it?

LD: La Presse. Yeah. That's the one that my grandmother, here's grandma reading La Presse here, isn't she?

I: I remember you did show me a picture of her reading the paper. And that came from,

LD: Well, the one of my aunt reading to grandpa is on the wall over here. He was blind here, you see.

I: That came out of Canada, didn't it?

LD: They kept up with their news about Canada. Now here is a book about Yamaska where grandma and grandpa Pelissier were married. Now this I got ten years ago or so when they had their,

I: Is Yamaska in Ontario, Canada?

LD: Province of Quebec.

I: Oh, province of Quebec, excuse me.

LD: In the picture, this is the church, this is the church that my grandparents were married in, in Yamaska. And I visited that years ago. [inaudible] Now how much French have you had?

I: I had two years in high school. Not a lot.

LD: Are you going to follow up with it, though, or?

I: I can't right now. In graduate school maybe. Right now I can't because I've got secondary education, American history, and English. So, that's filling my schedule. But I am of French descent.

LD: How did you happen to come to Marquette in the first place?

I: Northern has a good history program, and that's why. They've got like one of the best American history programs in the state.

LD: See, we brailled books in French, too, you know, really. It's been quite an experience. You can put any language in braille. Different, I mean the alphabet. But I like that picture of that church. Imagine how long ago that was that they were married.

I: You had a, you talked about St. John the Baptist Church before, and you said that there was a Methodist church that had been there in its place?

LD: Yeah. I'll get the picture. I've got this church, now that's is right in here, this is our history... Read that quietly and see what you want to know.

I: Okay, the church was started by Fr. Jodocy you had said before?

LD: The new church, he was in the new church. But we had several different... I've got a list of all the names of priests who served. They were all French originally, before. But that, that tells right here about... They purchased the Methodist Episcopal Church located... See. And as the parish grew, as Marquette grew they wanted their own church. A French church where they could have services in French and everything. Up to that time, everybody in Marquette, the Catholics, belonged to the cathedral. But they decided... So, you see this was, 1872 and Fr. Jodocy didn't come here until several years later. But he did build the new big church. Were you ever in St. Johns?

I: I only got to look in through the door, really.

LD: Oh, you poor darling, that's so sad. Here are some pictures of the inside. These windows were made here in Marquette.

I: The stained glass windows?

LD: Yes. They were beautiful, and they're gone now.

I: They didn't even give them to the historical society?

LD: I don't believe...

I: They should have.

LD: See at first, we had three wooden altars. But then in time, after Fr. Jodocy was here for a while, he had this built in Italy. Marble. And he promised the women, the altar society women, that he would have their names carved on the back if they saved up and they are carved on the back. Now it's gone. So then, a few years later we were able to get the side altars to match. This is the tombstone on Fr. Jodocy's grave, it's a replica of the church.

I: Where is he buried?

LD: Out here in Holy Cross.

I: Okay. Now, you said that when they tore down the Methodist church they took one of the towers off and they put it on the,

LD: Yeah. Did you watch when you went by?

I: Yes, I did.

LD: But I can't get a picture of that. I want somebody to go take a picture, because the smaller one is the one that was,

I: That they took off of the old,

LD: That one. It's still standing after all those years.

I: So they took it off and they put it on the other Methodist church on Wood Street?

LD: Yes.

I: So that's why the smaller, there's two towers, the smaller one is the one from the old church, and the other one is from the new one. I noticed when I went by that they made the new one to match.

LD: I call the office of the church once a year or so go and ask if they have any picture of it that would show the two of them so that I could put it in the history here you know and they didn't. But I'm going to go have somebody go and take a picture from on Ridge Street. And then get a... But isn't that a shame that's gone?

I: You said that your parents had a typical French wedding. What would a French wedding be like, a French Catholic wedding?

LD: That was an afternoon wedding. Now, for years, everybody was married at mass in the morning. But even as far back as 1880 something they had afternoon weddings. I suppose by the time that people get in from the country. Because, see, there were a lot of French farmers down in that area. Cultivateur Catholique. And there was a window, a beautiful window in St. Johns that they paid for, those farmers. Saved their pennies, I don't know who got it. Isn't that terrible?

I: It is.

LD: Really awful.

I: Can you think of anything else that is basically different about a French wedding. I mean, is there anything,

LD: I got a kick out of that, 'they were made one flesh.' Isn't that something? Yeah. No... I really can't. From reading that article, I never asked my mother and father, but I guess maybe it wasn't a mass, it was a service, a ceremony, but not mass. Because in those days they didn't have mass except in the morning. So, whether that had anything to do with it I don't know.

I: Are there any other French communities like communities, French communities that are up here in the U.P. besides, well, obviously Marquette had some, and Forestville, are there any other areas of the U.P. where the French settled in great numbers?

LD: Well, there were a lot of people in Escanaba, and Lake Linden, up in the Copper Country is a very French town, Frenchie area, real. Fr. Jodocy's history is interesting. He is a graduate of Louvain University in Belgium.

I: Wow.

LD: And his niece is a friend of mine, she's married, lives in Lower Michigan now. She lived with him at the rectory here when she went to Northern. And she is very fluent in French and Spanish. She talked both and she was in Spain, she studied in Spain and everything. She's just sick about the church coming down, sick about it.

I: What is her name?

LD: Jodocy. Oh, her name now is, wait a minute, it's an odd name, I have to think of it, it will come to me. I'll find it, just a minute. She's Mottillo, M-O-T-T-I-L-L-O.

I: What's her first name?

LD: She's Mrs. Joseph. Her name was Alice Jodocy. And a very, very fine person and just sick about this, tearing that down. And her, this, her brother, younger than Alice, became a priest. And he happened to be named Mathias, too, the same as his uncle who was the priest. And he was sent to Rome as a young priest, to study. And he was taken sick over there and flown back. He died at thirty-two at Ford Hospital in Detroit. So, that was a heart breaker. So, that..., goes on and on. But if you hear of anybody who's got a picture of that church... I'm going to ask somebody to go up especially and go over east and take it from there so they get the proportions. It's smaller than the front one. Imagine, staying up there all that time. Our church was put a stoop forever, but it wasn't to be, I guess. Don't forget, now this I told you before, is where pa was born, Saint-Anselme.

I: You said that your grandmother, I think it was your grandmother Pelissier, was a, or maybe it was your father's mother was a sheepherder?

LD: Cartier. She was a Cartier. Philomene Cartier.

I: This was your father's mother?

LD: That's my mother's mother.

I: Oh, you're mother's mother, okay.

LD: Yeah. Cartier and Pelissier are my mother's side. Bernard and, what was Grandma Bernard's name, I'll have to... Boutin. Boutin and Bernard are my father's. And Pelissier and Cartier are my mother's. And I told you, too, I found that article about the boy who disappeared from Boy Scout camp. I found that article. It's here somewhere. Is it there?

I: Yeah.

LD: Now, I'm going to write to them again, too, to that area and see if, because this is, this is twenty years old, I think.

I: And he was a Boutin?

LD: He was eleven, yeah. He was a Boutin.

I: Paul U. G. Boutin.

LD: He was this one's great grandchild.

I: And he disappeared and was never found?

LD: Disappeared during their siesta at scout camp. And they never heard of him. They dragged the rivers and they did everything.

I: Your grandmother, Cartier, okay, you said that she raised sheep and she carded the wool and,

LD: No, that was Grandma Bernard here.

I: Oh.

LD: Raised the sheep. I've got a blanket upstairs, that's not in very good shape now. She raised the sheep and carded the wool and everything. And another thing, see, she and her three youngest daughters and her youngest son left Canada and went to Wooster, Massachusetts, and she worked in the textile mills there. And the girls, like I said, were two. Well, then they ended up coming to Marquette, because, well, I guess pa had a big house here. [laughing] But anyway, they came here and she did housework over at the Harlow, you know the Harlow house on Fourth Street?

I: Yes.

LD: She did house work over there. And she lived up on Rock Street, which is the next street over, where the Cathedral is. She lived up there and she had to go home at noon for her lunch.

I: That's mean.

LD: Harlow's are rich, rich people. [laughing] But every time I go by that house, but see, my oldest sister, Theora, the one who was born, she remembers that, see, she was the oldest one and she remembers all those things. And I think grandma made about fifty cents a day and she had to go home at noon, which was about two blocks away, I guess. But the Harlow's, and now, the Clark's own the mall. Those are descendants of Harlow's. Harlow, Clark's mother was the grandmother of these people who own the mall. It was a Harlow. So, that's really something. But just by the way, as Maybelle, she's the one, this was her little shoe, she died when she was two and a half of pneumonia. It was a heart breaker. But I

think that's cute. See that little fabric. No, that top is metal, too. So that's, one thing, families all stayed together, see this is grandma Pelissier and her daughters and her daughter's-in-law. And the same thing with the Bernard's. They all, you know, there wasn't all the break ups in the families that there is now. They got along well together. And as I told you, this is down at Carl's End, and that's pa standing there. It's my father. See those three, we called them half breeds. They were Kadot [phonetically spelled] boys, they worked real, real hard in the winter. Come in for their pay in the spring.

I: Did your father ever miss Canada?

LD: Did he ever what?

I: Miss Canada?

LD: No. He and my mother went back. He had been away forty years and he and my mother went back in 1920. By train, of course. And they had a real, real nice visit, but my father worked hard, he worked hard. And I have on one thing here, the Pelissiers, some of them stayed there in Yamaska, but one of grandpa's nephews went to New Hampshire.

I: Do you know the name?

LD: Aristide. A-R-I-S-T-I-D-E Pelissier. And he had a harness shop. And we were back there in 1956 or so. The gas station just for fun we asked, if the Pelissier shop was still there. The fellow at the station, he told us 'yeah,' he told us where to go, and sure enough it was still, still had the same name on the window. And then another cousin, a brother to this one who had the harness shop in New Hampshire, had a jewelry store in Montreal. So we all went in to, but mostly they left Canada and went to the East. Massachusetts.

I: What was his name, the one who had the jewelry shop?

LD: Oh... We had dinner at his house, too, I think. He was a Pelissier. In fact... don't look at the silverware, it needs cleaning so badly, but the one from the harness shop happened to be here when my mother and father celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary in 1909. And he gave them that covered vegetable dish, that silver dish up there. I'm ashamed of it now, because it's time to clean them. But anyway, he was here. So they always stayed close as a family, no breakups anywhere, you know. Now, families don't mean so much anymore, and I think it's mostly because the mothers aren't home too much or something, you know.

I: Okay, you had a cousin, Lillian,

LD: Cartier. Yeah, she's on this side, you see.

I: And you said that she had a dress shop, or something that she owned up here?

LD: No, she was a dressmaker. She'd go to homes and sew, you know. She came here, she was a cousin of ours. And she came here to visit one summer, in fact, the summer I was born. And she liked it, because she had a lot of cousins her age and everything and she liked Marquette and she stayed here. Well, she went back that summer, but she came back later and she stayed here and married here and raised a family here. They're all gone from here now. One is a nun down in Atlanta, Georgia, and their all over the place now. But Kankakee, Illinois, is a very Frenchie town. Very Frenchie. It's south of Chicago, sixty miles.

I: I've been there.

LD: You have? I've got prayer books, French prayer books that came from somewhere, I don't know, Kankakee father this and father that. Very French. Bourbonnais, the college is there, the boy's school. Oh, yeah.

END OF INTERVIEW