

ROYAL COMMISSION ON
ABORIGINAL PEOPLES

CULTURE AND INTERCULTURAL DYNAMICS
THE LIFE STORIES OF THREE WOMEN
FROM SAGUENAY--LAC-SAINT-JEAN
(Volume II)

Camil Girard

Contributors

Anne-Marie Siméon

Yvette Maltais- Jean

Ivy Bradbury

RCAP

1994

ROYAL COMMISSION ON
ABORIGINAL PEOPLES

CULTURE AND INTERCULTURAL DYNAMICS
THE LIFE STORIES OF THREE WOMEN
FROM SAGUENAY--LAC-SAINT-JEAN
(Volume II)

Camil Girard

Contributors

Anne-Marie Siméon

Yvette Maltais- Jean

Ivy Bradbury

RCAP

1994

RESEARCH TEAM/Acknowledgements

Research Director: Camil Girard*
The Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples

Production Team:

Contributors: Vol II Anne-Marie Siméon
Yvette Maltais-Jean
Ivy Bradbury
Vol I Harry Kurtness
Jules Gauthier
Marc Brubacher

Research Assistants: Gervais Tremblay
Nadine Lévesque

Researcher: Jacques Ouellet, Chicoutimi CÉgep
and GRH

- * CAMIL GIRARD, Groupe de recherche sur l'histoire (GRH) and Université du Québec à Chicoutimi, (UQAC). Graduated in history (doctorate, Paris I/Sorbonne; MA, University of Western Ontario). Has taught at UQAC since 1977 and directs le Groupe de recherche sur l'histoire (GRH). Taught at UQAR (1982-83) and was a researcher at the Institut québécois de recherche sur la culture (IQRC) from 1986-90.

Interviewers:

Camil Girard
David Cooter
Normand Perron, IQRC
Clifford Moar, Pointe-Bleue Museum

External Committee:

Jean-François Moreau, Director,
Archaeology Laboratory, UQAC
Clifford Moar, Mashteuiatsh Museum
Marc Gill, Mashteuiatsh
Évangéline Picard, Les traductions
Pessamit, Betsiamites
Annie-Claude Drolet, UQAC
Richard Perreault, UQAC

Student Assistants:

Myriam Bacon, UQAC/Betsiamites
El Mustapha Farram, Masters in
regional studies, UQAC
Édith Gagné, UQAC
Myriam Alonzo, Masters in regional
studies, UQAC

Technical Production Team (desktop publishing):

Christiane Grenon, head
Julie Brassard
Constance Frigon

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SUMMARY

Research Team/Acknowledgements

1. Cultures at the crossroads: three women from Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean
2. A hunter from Mashteuiatsh: Anne-Marie Siméon (life story)
3. A farmer from Laterrière (Saguenay): Yvette Maltais (life story)
4. A Saguenay resident of British origin: Ivy Bradbury (life story)

General conclusion

General Bibliography

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Research Team/Acknowledgements

1. Cultures at the crossroads: Three women from Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean

Introduction

Language

Religion

Social relations

The family

Intergenerational links

The rites of passage

Conclusion

2. A hunter from Mashteuiatsh: Anne-Marie Siméon (analysis of life story)

Introduction

The land

Space

Hunting grounds

The reserve

Other people

The house, the tent

The canoe

The weather

The hunting seasons, the ecological cycle

Forest life

The hunting trade

Food

Men and women

Their tasks

The economic cycle

Group life

The family

The child

Early childhood

Adolescence and the first learning experiences

Education

Beliefs

Stages in life and the rites of passage

Courtship

Marriage

Births

Death

Family life

Conclusion

Appendix

Family Tree

2.1 Anne-Marie Siméon (life story)

Information on the subject

Summary

People mentioned in the text

Places mentioned in the text

Part 1

The first hunts

Education

My mother and father

Marriage

Part II

"I want to build myself a house"

The learning process

Moose hunting

Preserving meat

Part III

The death of Anne-Marie's husband

Anne-Marie's children

Illness

Game wardens

Part IV

Big game hunting

Retirement

Learning to get around in the forest

Lack of game

"They knew about the weather, the old folk"

Glossary

3. A farmer's wife from Laterrière (Saguenay): Yvette Maltais
(life story)

Introduction

Childhood

Childhood and life in an orphanage

Adolescence

Schooling

Stages of life and rites of passage

Dating

From marriage to old age

Religion

The farming world

Family life

Daily life

Food

Conclusion

Time and space in Laterrière

Space

Farm and business

Places of socialization

Village, town and concession

Time

Modernization and change

Conclusion

Appendix

Family tree

3.1 Yvette Maltais-Jean (life story)

Information on the subject

Summary

List of people mentioned

List of places mentioned

Part 1

The death of her mother

Entering the orphanage

Returning home

Dating

The wedding

"I came into the family way"

Part II

Births in the hospital

Life on the concession

Neighbours helping each other

"We were spoiled"

Religion

Large families

Part III

The next generation on the farm

Education

Marriage in the family

Children's jobs

Part IV

Shortage of money

Farm chores

The dowry

Raising children in the country

Transportation

The strictness of religion

Glossary

4. A Saguenay resident of British origin: Ivy Bradbury (life story)

Introduction

Contact with other worlds: Culture shock?

Religion

Working in Japan

Conclusion

A new society, the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region

Daily work

Business

Education

Modern times

Conclusion

Stages of life: a journey

Family life

From birth to death

Places of socialization

Conclusion

Appendix

Family tree

4.1 Ivy Bradbury (Life Story)

Information on the subject

Summary

List of people mentioned

List of places mentioned

Part 1

Born in England

The Canadian west coast

Change of religion

Part II

The Japanese experience

Contacts in Japan

Return to the country

Life in French Canada

Part III

"I started investing"

The children's birth

Return to independence

The children's professional lives

The Catholic religion

Social involvement

Glossary

General conclusion

Bibliography

Cultures at the crossroads

Three women from Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean

Introduction

As we stated in the first volume of this report,¹ analysing the development of the social structure of a group enables us to grasp its cultural foundations. We also conducted a review of the documentation, thus enabling us to define the key concepts linked to the notion of culture. Consequently, we will avoid returning to these issues which were dealt with in the first volume and to which the reader may refer.

In this section, we have restricted ourselves to comparing three female subjects. Given that we were faced with the problem of life stories that reflect attitudes and rely on a wealth of information acquired throughout a lifetime, we have focused on certain themes when trying to define the key common characteristics of the cultures involved.

To this end, we will try to note the existence of cultural similarities and differences between the Aboriginal woman, the village woman born in Quebec and the Saguenay resident, who was born in England. In our study, we analyse the three life stories

¹ See the section entitled "Basis for research: Life story and cultural reconstruction " (volume I of this report), which gives the major analysis criteria for the life stories. On a more theoretical level on the idea of culture, see the chapter in the first volume entitled, "Cultures at the crossroads: three men from Saguenay--Lac-Saint-John".

in terms of the following characteristics: language, religion, social relations, family, intergenerational links and finally, the rites of passage.

We can already distinguish the main characteristics of the lifestyles of each of our three subjects. The Aboriginal representative practised traditional hunting for most her life, while raising her family. The village representative was a farmer; she is French Canadian and the mother of many children. Lastly, the immigrant was from Great Britain. She was born in England at the beginning of the century and went to school in Western Canada. After living in Japan, she worked in the area, where she married an old stock French Canadian. She was also a mother and chose to stay in the area.

Language

In this part of the study, we once again rely on the comparative analysis used in the three life stories of the men. Language is a basic identification variable for a specific cultural group. In virtually all cultures, it is considered an extremely important integration factor.

We should specify at the outset that the Aboriginal woman is bilingual: she speaks Montagnais and French. The subject's childhood centred on learning her mother tongue, Innu. It was around this extended family nucleus of grandparents, uncles and aunts that the young Aboriginal girl learned to speak Montagnais fluently. She also learned French because her mother was French Canadian. The Catholic schooling she received during her stays on the reserve enabled her to improve her knowledge of some prayers in her ancestral language and to study in French at the elementary school. On the one hand, learning Montagnais appears to be a key factor in the preservation and assertion of her Aboriginal cultural heritage. On the other hand, her knowledge of French is vital for communicating with white people or with her nearest and dearest who do not speak the ancestral language.

Since she speaks Montagnais fluently, this Aboriginal woman preserves a culture that she sees in constant decline, while

gaining some prestige from this fact in her community, where traditional Aboriginal activities and lifestyle are being abandoned, particularly by the very young.

The Laterrière resident speaks only French and has had very little contact with other languages, except Latin, which was used in the Catholic church until the early 1960s. Cable television was introduced in the rural areas toward the end of the 1980s, which resulted in the broadcast of numerous television programs in English. In her family circle, however, external linguistic influences are still restricted to a few anglicisms that have found their way into the vocabulary throughout the years. The subject uses English expressions only very rarely. Instead, she uses Canadianisms, words from old French, that are generally limited to people of her generation. In short, we can say that the quality of her French is remarkable, given her schooling, which ended in grade eight.

Until her marriage, the Saguenay resident, who was born in England, had always spoken English. When she married a French Canadian from the area, she started learning the language and integrating into the community. To a certain extent, we can say that she taught herself three languages, because she learned basic Japanese during her stay in Japan. Despite her travels, she never lost her English, her mother tongue, which has remained an identification

factor throughout her life. Through her work, either as a nurse or an active member in the family business, she used her English when necessary. She passed on part of her heritage to her children since she insisted that they receive a Catholic education in French as well as English. They are pursuing further studies outside the area, which encourages contact with other cultures. This cultural transfer is the result of her strong will, which made her educate her children in such a way that they would not forget that they are descendants of two cultures, English and French. In fact, her ties to her first culture have remained throughout her life. This subject made a deliberate decision to integrate gradually into a new culture, while refusing to forget her birth culture.

Religion

Religion appears to be a common characteristic in all societies. From childhood, humans must deal with spirituality. For the generations involved in this study, parents and grandparents were usually the first to pass on a system of values explaining relationships with the world beyond. The school then complemented and reinforced the teaching received at home. Nevertheless, all individuals, when going through the crucial stage of adolescence, define their choices more clearly in relation to the education they received. For religious anchors to be integrated into cultural trends, they must be assimilated in an intergenerational

relationship in which the parents instill a certain idealization of their status in their children. Given this, we will now compare each subject's relationship with religion and spirituality.

The Aboriginal woman copied the religious traits of her mother. From an early age, she took part in church services during her stays on the reserve. This resulted in a Catholic spirituality centred around the sacred, respect for others and charity. The Catholic religion lent itself very readily to the character of this Ilnu. As far as traditional activities are concerned, mutual support was a constant fact of her stays in the forest.

In very difficult living conditions, where famine is related to the lack of game, the difficulties caused by the climate and the risks of communication that can put human lives in danger, solidarity and mutual support are vital. Consequently, the Catholic religion, when considered as a religion based on charity and love for one's nearest and dearest, is easily assimilated into the world of Aboriginal beliefs. In as much as the Catholic religion manages to meet this spiritual world of the Aboriginal people, it becomes an essential part of the Ilnu culture. We must, however, understand that all Aboriginal worlds are touched by great spirituality. In her close relationship with nature, this Ilnu woman who practises traditional hunting perpetuates several Aboriginal beliefs that are part of the intimate relationship of the Aboriginal People with the

real world and the world beyond. Relationships with living beings and dead objects are vital for explaining the place of nature, man and animals in a world where everything is inextricably linked. We therefore find that the Aboriginal woman, while a devout Catholic, succeeds in keeping some of the spirituality of her Aboriginal culture.

The Quebec subject comes from a generation which practises religion in a formal way. The significant influence of the priest in the community results in everyone practising and, at least outwardly, conforming to the Catholic religion. This village woman, however, remains pragmatic as far as religion is concerned. She is aware of the religious presence in virtually all the community's activities. She and her family meet their religious obligations, as do their relations and friends. Her comments, however, reveal some challenge of this authority.

The Church is involved in all aspects of community life. The subject candidly admits that the Catholic clergy try to control everything. She clearly indicates that, while she respects and participates in religious life, she remains critical about a religious presence that can ultimately be intrusive.

For the subject from England, her conversion to the Catholic religion appears to be a deciding factor in her life. Born of

Baptist parents, she became a Catholic as an adult. She is extremely critical about her adopted religion. We might wonder, however, whether her conversion was a willing choice that reveals both a determination to assert her own independence and some soul-searching about her own family. With an independent nature and the desire to demonstrate her ability to take control of her life, she accepted responsibility for her choices, although she took her parent's rejection quite badly. It is worth noting that in the form of Catholicism she practises, this subject finds it hard to accept religious interference in all aspects of an individual's private life. In an area as conservative as Saguenay, she could be viewed as a forerunner of some women's rights movements.

Her conversion is the reason her family rejected her. Her parents never accepted this change in religion. With great determination and the support of certain religious communities, she decided to take charge of her own destiny. Her chosen religion was at the heart of a life marked by exile and the desire to start her own family. Ultimately, her conversion was made in a decisive manner. She was faced with an alternative that had major repercussions on her entire life. To create a home, she decided to marry a French Canadian; this forced her to integrate into a predominantly Francophone, Catholic family and community. As a result, her life became increasingly alienated from her origins.

Social Relations

The environment in which relations between individuals and the group are established is analysed in this section in terms of each subject's specific environment. Three themes in particular draw our attention: the family, social activities and professional relationships. Around each subject revolves a social group often consisting of family members, friends, neighbours and acquaintances. Social relations, whether they involve close or distant relatives, other members of her community or members outside her immediate circle, are seen in terms of their constituent cultures and societies.

The entire life of the Aboriginal subject revolves around two environments: the ancestral hunting ground and the reserve. The hunting ground is where the closest relationships are forged within the immediate family and with other families hunting in the area. This forest life thus promotes a socialization that revolves around one's nearest and dearest and where close and permanent emotional ties are created with the blood family. Childhood centres on learning about how to live in the forest. Since our subject was the eldest in her family, she felt some responsibility for looking after her brothers and sisters. Her position as the eldest child gradually gave her the self-confidence that enabled her to assert her independence. This independent spirit and ability to take

control lie at the heart of the relations with her nearest and dearest.

In the hunting ground, this Aboriginal woman was in constant contact with hunters, including her father, grandfather and uncles. She has integrated into a man's world and seems to be accepted there. She has certainly proved herself. As soon as she returns to the reserve, she must face another man's world, which appears to be less receptive to her concerns. She has made herself a reputation in her community since she was elected to the band council. She also knows who her allies are and calls on them when she has to.

These two concepts of the world appear to be in direct opposition depending on whether the subject is speaking about the ancestral hunting ground or the reserve. The hunting ground, the custodian of traditional culture, has enabled her to prove herself as a woman because she has become a seasoned hunter. On the reserve, however, the values of the white man appear to have been assimilated. However, although she idealizes the hunting ground as the only place where the ancestral culture can be asserted, she also sadly points out that the white man has cut down all the forest on her lands. The game wardens symbolize an unacceptable intrusion into this almost sacred area. Moreover, although the reserve first appears in the life story as a place where the white man's culture

has been assimilated, the subject, a pragmatic individual, knows how to fit into this world, which brings her some benefits, at least material ones. In fact, the social relations of the Aboriginal woman are built on a spatial duality in which two concepts of the Ilnu identity clash. The ideal Aboriginal identity is created in the ancestral hunting ground, whereas on the reserve, the imposed identity is created. This identity borrows from the contemporary reality of the white man and the Ilnu culture, and attempts to develop a new synthesis of the two.

The village woman considers the family the be all and end all. In the nuclear family and the extended blood family, the mother asserts her influence over all members of her immediate family. She keeps in touch with her other brothers and sisters, thereby maintaining links between relatives. Moreover, by marrying a farmer and ensuring the continuation of her family line through one of her sons, this daughter of a farmer perpetuates her family's history within her community. Thus, we have before us a perfect, yet genuine, picture of a French Canadian family: large, Catholic, completely devoted to farming and under the mother's influence.

This subject establishes friendly relations with her neighbours, but at a different level. She instantly recognizes that community support is the most important quality she can offer her neighbours. She believes she has passed on this value to her children, who have

retained, along with their family spirit, a willingness to help each other.

Throughout her story, this village woman shows how she was able to disprove all those people who did not believe in her abilities. She took control of her life and started a remarkable family, and she is aware of this on both an individual and social level, since she integrated into the community through her family. She became an orphan at a very early age and was placed in an orphanage with her sister. Under the protection of her big sister, who literally played the role of a protective mother, she appeared to be lost for a while. With her return to her father's house, however, when her father remarried, the young girl continued her schooling. Although she regrets not having studied more, she was able to pass on her values and personal philosophy, which make her a captivating person.

The conversion of the Saguenay resident of British stock triggered her departure from the family fold. The estrangement of her family forced her to seek elsewhere what she had lost within the family. She maintains close relations with religious communities and priests. Later, she became involved in a women's rights movement of English-speaking Catholics.

A milestone in her relations was her marriage to a storekeeper in the area, an only son with several unmarried sisters. The whole family had its own view of education and of a woman's place in French-Canadian culture. Although she talks very little about her relations with her relatives, her view of things must, nevertheless, have created some problems. Through her jobs as a nurse and storekeeper, she maintained a strong influence over her nuclear family, while creating friendly ties through social involvement in the community. The subject's entire life seems to be a form of personal development that encourages her to assert her differences, yet allows her to integrate into the Catholic and Francophone community.

The family

The family unit is vital for acquiring common characteristics. The families of the three subjects hold an important place in their lives. Some rules focus on respect for one's parents, as well as the concept of family spirit. The mother appears as the protector of the family and the culture. She passes on what she has learned from her mother. She is therefore a model, who, given the opportunity, will succeed in passing the characteristics of her culture on to her children.

Of our three subjects, the Aboriginal subject followed in her parents' footsteps more closely than the other two did. She took part in their lives in the hunting ground and, even after her marriage, she went on hunting expeditions with her parents. Consequently, she has a great sense of the traditional Ilnu family. Coming from a family of hunters, she became an important link in the perpetuation of a culture facing major structural changes. Blessed with such a rich cultural background, she tries to pass this on to others. She is the bearer of a tradition that revolves around life in the hunting ground rather than on the reserve. When she married, she adapted to a half-settled way of life. She built her own house for her family.

She is aware of a rupture with certain traditional values that are disappearing. She assigns herself the role of cultural promoter within her community. Throughout her life story, the subject wants to demonstrate that tradition can survive; in her detailed descriptions, she reconstructs traditional hunts with all the cultural aspects: knowledge of an animal's environment, the killing and respect for the soul of an animal that provides food for the Ilnu. In short, only on the traditional land does the real meaning of the Aboriginal culture come to life; this culture revolves around a concept of the world in which nature and culture are closely linked.

The woman from Laterrière, whose family was torn apart by the death of her mother, creates a family of the farming land with 15 children. Through this family, she acquires a prestigious social position within her community. The large farming family was a symbol of great success in rural French Canadian society in the first half of the 20th century. Her childhood and teenage years were difficult. After a difficult stay in an orphanage, she went back home where her stepmother quickly took her out of school to make her do the housework. Her reaction was to start a family, which in her eyes was extremely important within a matriarchal, rural farming community.

She builds her life around her family, which is her focal point. Even now that they are older, several of her children live near the family farm. She tries to create a world in which the good neighbours of yesteryear are replaced by her own children. This reflects a feeling of security which is part of a mother's desire to surround herself with children, since she is convinced of the importance of family ties in the transfer of culture.

The new Quebecer reveals another side to the concept of family. After her conversion to the Catholic faith, contact with her own family became rare. As a nurse, she found comfort in caring for the sick. She started her own family and at the same time recreated the environment she had lost. She would have liked to

have many children. Unfortunately, her husband thought they were too old. In the course of her life, she distanced herself from her birth culture so she could assimilate into her adopted culture. Through her marriage, she began a process of integrating into her host society.

Intergenerational links

The life stories of the three subjects highlight the different relations between the generations. The Aboriginal woman and the village woman maintained close links with their parents and grandparents. The third woman had difficult relations with her family, especially after her conversion to the Catholic faith. However, by starting her own family in Saguenay, she recreated a lost ideal.

The Aboriginal woman still has a special attachment to her parents. She speaks about them with deference because they taught her everything she knows. Even in death, the souls of her late parents are present throughout this woman's life. Everything she learned about her culture came from them. As a result, she has a great deal of respect for them and is very proud of them. This close filiation between generations seems important to the Aboriginal woman, who fully understands that for her true culture to be handed down, it must inevitably pass through a construction of identity

that relies primarily on grandparents, parents, children, uncles and aunts. This organized life of the traditional family facilitates the transfer of values to the children. Despite this, she is aware of an apparent generation gap. She rarely sees her grandchildren. The children have moved away and the old family nucleus seems to be dissolving.

The villager also has a very great respect for her elders. In her story, however, she reveals some bitterness about certain events that occurred during her life. When her husband's family property was transferred, she was anxious to acquire the farm because her father-in-law had control over the operation. They had to pay for their land in due form to acquire it. She emphasizes that relations between parents and their children were still marked by submission in those days.

She remembers from very early on in her life that the adult world subjected children to many forms of authority, both lay and religious. She found her parents' orders to be very strict. It did not occur to her, however, to disobey her parents. On the other hand, her relationship with her own children seems to be characterized by dialogue--a willingness to communicate that seems to have been missing from her own childhood. The subject takes great pride in the fact that she was able to pass on the family farm to one of her sons. She admits that she always hoped one of

her sons would take over the family property. Thanks to this transfer, the family's survival appears to be assured for another generation.

For the new Quebecer, the links between the generations were severed because of two major events during her childhood and early adult life. First, her family's emigration to Canada, when the subject was six years old, resulted in a break in relations between grandchildren and their grandparents. This break then combined with the subject's permanent departure from the family home to cause a break in relations between the generations.

She claims not to remember the name of her grandparents. Her own parents had only infrequent contact with her children. The alienation caused by the family's departure from their country of origin and her change in religion resulted in a break in relations with members of her birth family. This break did not, however, stop her from starting her own family in the area and beginning a new cycle of intergenerational transfer. Moreover, during the interviews, the subject's daughter and granddaughter were present and revealed their admiration for this matriarch blessed with a remarkable determination, who has truly made a success of her life.

Rites of passage

In all the societies, rites of passage appear to be powerful moments, the milestones of identity. Depending on the culture, each individual is expected to mark these passages in life through certain rituals. Although they are milestones and touchstones, they are integrated into both the general and religious cultures. Thus, rites of passage in their social, civilian and cultural roles are mixed with rites of passage in their religious roles. The three subjects are practising Catholics and can only understand their world by incorporating their civilian life into their religious life, especially in those stages of life considered important.

The Aboriginal woman reveals a partly mystic faith, which is a mixture of traditional and Christian beliefs. From a very early age, her parents encouraged her to attend church. Religious rituals were learned on the reserve. At the same time, some rites took place on the traditional land. Her stays in the forest required her to adapt to the living conditions of this environment. Births, and even deaths, occurred there. For the Aboriginal woman, two distinct lifestyles exist and each has its own rites. Thus the more traditional rites of the ancestral culture can survive only on the traditional hunting grounds. On the reserve, the rites of the white men prevail.

Just as she had to adapt to life in the forest, she also had to adapt to life on the reserve. For this Aboriginal woman, the transition from adolescence to adult life appears to have occurred quite quickly. Marriage, at a fairly young age, appears to be a rite of passage, in which the individual becomes a full member of the adult community. By marrying a man from another Innu reserve, this Aboriginal woman ensured the continuation of her culture. The death of her father has left a deep impression in her mind; she seems to be very close to her late ancestors.

The Laterrière subject was introduced to all the rites of the Catholic faith. Her Catholic education has made religion part of all her social and private activities throughout her life. She does, however, have to deal with change. She witnesses her children's gradual abandonment of religious practices. The increasing influence of change through the arrival of new media accounts for the young people's lack of interest in religion.

In addition, this farmer reveals that birthing methods have changed considerably throughout her life. Her first children were born at home with a midwife, under a doctor's supervision. Her younger children were born at the hospital in the neighbouring town, where doctors started delivering babies in the 1940s. This subject spent her teenage years around her family and learned how to do household chores. Her marriage to a young farmer transformed her into an

adult, who had a certain prestige in this community where faith, large families and farming were highly valued by the elite. The subject realizes, however, that marriage is not as common as it used to be. Many couples live together out of wedlock and divorce is common. With regard to the rite of death, her mother's death seems to have had a significant effect on her as a child, at least until the time of her father's second marriage. She recalls the death of one of her own children, which she blames on a misdiagnosis by a general practitioner. The death ritual is carried out with Catholic rites.

The new Quebecer is the only one of our three subjects who worked closely with the public. However, despite everything, she retained the desire to take control of her own life by starting her own family. Her conversion represented for her both a challenge to and an example of her taking control of her own destiny as an adult. Her marriage to a Catholic French Canadian appears to be a rite of passage that enabled her to start a family, while helping her to assimilate into her new adopted society. Her profession placed her in a position of power in her hospital work and the rites involving birthing methods. In her youth, she worked with Japanese prostitutes, many of whom died due to lack of care. In her new home, she was involved with the first hospitals to open obstetric wards. The subject was a forerunner of women's rights movements. She brought to the community into which she assimilated a vision of

change that put women at the centre of decisions affecting their lives.

Conclusion

In this part of our study, we have attempted to analyse the cultural touchstones that characterize the three elderly women who have lived nearly all their lives in Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean. The objective of this analysis is to identify certain cultural trends common or specific to the Aboriginal culture, the Quebec culture and the culture of a new Quebecer married to a French Canadian from the area.

The Catholic religion is undoubtedly an aspect of identity shared by the three women. They lived at roughly the same time and their relationship with the Catholic faith is similar in many respects. The Aboriginal woman, however, has a certain spirituality inherited from her Ilnu culture; this culture developed from hunting and gathering in the northern areas of Quebec.

In the area of language, each subject began life with a different mother tongue: Ilnu, French and English. The Aboriginal woman learned French at a very early age and the new Quebecer learned Japanese and French. Only the village woman learned a single language during her life. They all believe that passing on the mother tongue is an essential component in the transfer of their cultures. Nevertheless, English appears to be a written and spoken language that can survive even in an environment that is 98 percent

Francophone. The village woman does not seem to think that French is threatened and she values her religion more as a factor of identification. However, for the Aboriginal woman, her language is dying out in the community and its transfer to future generations is far from assured. Only traditional family life will enable this spoken language to be passed on. It is not certain that schools on the reserve will ensure its survival.

Social relations centre around the family, the community group and work activities. The three subjects emerge in their cultures as actors ensuring cultural transfer by exerting an influence over all their families. They are mothers trying to ensure that changes are integrated into cultural continuity. However, although this ideal is constrained by numerous considerations, these women, while maintaining their roles within their families (private), expand their areas of involvement (public). Pragmatism leaves them no choice: we find the women much better prepared to manage change in socio-cultural continuity than the men, who restrict their traditional roles to managing public life.

As mothers with families, these women try to pass on their cultural characteristics to their descendants. As contemporary women, they also have careers or are involved in activities usually reserved for men. Finally, the links between the generations seem to be broken in all the cultures, which adds to the concerns, especially

for endangered cultures, such as the Aboriginal culture. Rites of passage reflect the sway of the Catholic religion. Rapid and numerous changes demonstrate that cultures are evolving, which leaves both the individual and society with feelings of cultural insecurity. The identity poles are changing, but we cannot clearly identify the issues of the new cultures that are emerging without our awareness. All indications are that major changes are challenging the age-old roles of cultures.

A HUNTER FROM MASHTEUIATSH
ANNE-MARIE SIMÉON
(Analysis of her life story)

Introduction

This chapter is an interpretative study of the life story of Mrs. Anne-Marie Siméon, a hunter by trade. We will attempt to introduce new information about the life style of an Aboriginal woman through her experiences and practices in the hunting ground. We will see that her whole way of life revolves around one central theme: the land.

The analysis of her life story is presented in three parts. The first part, space, is the common denominator of our study: the land. In this section, we deal with the reserve and relations with the outside world. The theme of time includes the hunting seasons and practices in the forest. In the second part, we look at the people who live and hunt on the land and what makes up the hunter's trade. In the third part, we focus on the family, especially Anne-Marie's childhood and adolescence. We also deal with the various stages in life and the rites of passage in this section.

The Land

Space

Hunting Grounds

Space is defined in different ways depending on the way each individual perceives it. In this life story, space is characterized by the mobility of a Montagnais (Ilnu) family, that of Anne-Marie Siméon. This mobility takes the form of constant travel between the hunting grounds and the reserve. The main factor in the lifestyle of this group of hunters is still the hunting grounds. What makes up this territory that the family will return to next fall?

Anne-Marie Siméon reaches the hunting grounds by a network of lakes and rivers. Water is a key factor to understanding Anne-Marie's lifestyle and that of Indian hunters. The life of our subject is partly centred around values that represent water, which is an integrating factor in the hunting ground. This close relationship with the territory is marked by a specific perception of space. When Anne-Marie goes to a village, she reaches it by waterways. As a result, her first impression of the village and the dwellings is not the same as that of a person who reaches it via regional roads or concession roads. A person coming from inland usually notices the church, the general store and the mill; Anne-Marie first notices the dock and the cemetery. "It was not very far to go to

Saint-Prime. You crossed the river at La Chasse; at Saint-Prime, there was a dock and a cemetery."* (Line #)

Anne-Marie talks about the routes that gave her access to her hunting grounds. The first route was from the Péribonka River to Lac Péribonka. Every August, Anne-Marie's family came down heading towards Chicoutimi, via La Pipe, at Saint-Coeur-de-Marie. This location is important and marks the first contact with another culture, that of the white man. "As we went by, there were farmers and we waved bye-bye to them. Canadian children wave bye-bye; my mother showed us that." (#) On several occasions, Anne-Marie left Chicoutimi, called in at Bersimis and then went up the Péribonka River to Lac Tchitogama. During these expeditions, she ran into other Indian families who were also going up to their hunting ground. To reach Lac Péribonka, Anne-Marie had to go up the Passes Dangereuses rapids up stream from Lac Tchitogama. She sometimes went further than Lac Péribonka to Lac Onistagane. She then spent spring with some other Indian families at Canal Sec, near Fourches Manouanes, above Lac Péribonka. In June, the family set off again towards the Pointe-Bleue reserve.

* Quotations are identified by the line numbers in the margin of the life story narrative.

With the arrival of the forestry industry in the Péribonka hunting ground, Anne-Marie witnessed changes that affected her way of life.

These lands became a major issue. Development of forestry resources transformed the hunting grounds of Anne-Marie, her family and all the other Indian hunters. The concession of this new territory represented a break with the first half of her life for Anne-Marie. Henceforth, she no longer went to Lac Péribonka with all her family.

...Like the rest of us in the Péribonka area, they cut down the trees. They made bridges and roads on both sides of the river. They sent us away from there because the water was dirty. There was no drinking water. There was nothing but fir tree gum. They did log driving. The river was full. (#)

The band council decided to assign Anne-Marie a new hunting ground, located on Troisième Lac, not far from Chibougamau. Our subject says, however, that Troisième Lac was too far away and the portage to reach it was much too long. She now hunts at la Tuque, in Roberval cove and at Lac Bouchette, no longer with her family, but with a guide, her son Benjamin. In the winter, she goes to Saint-Edmond and Saint-Thomas to lay snares.

A distinction can be made between the words that she uses to describe her ground. Before the arrival of the forestry industry, Anne-Marie spoke of her *hunting ground*, whereas she describes the area the government gave her as *land*. She also emphasizes that people must respect the hunting lands of others. The owner of the hunting lands has the power to throw you off, if you are hunting on land that is not yours. This new way of using the land leads us to wonder about the dramatic change in her way of life, especially with the arrival of the white man's culture in her life as a female hunter.

The forestry industry brought about some changes in the geographical location of the grounds and in the regulations governing hunting. The pressure and discipline imposed by the game wardens on the land to enforce the law created tension between Indian hunters and white men, as well as between individual Aboriginal people and the band council. The game wardens symbolize the white man on the land and represent power. To hunt there, Aboriginal people must now have a licence to hunt and to carry weapons. Despite these restrictions, Anne-Marie continues to hunt. She refuses to live permanently on the reserve, although she no longer had access to her former hunting ground.

These two worlds, the hunting ground and the reserve, created a contrast. The hunting ground provided some form of freedom, a sort

of ideal place where the Aboriginal woman could find her true identity. The reserve, on the other hand, was a place of transit during summer or a settlement for the community.

The reserve

For Anne-Marie, the reserve was primarily a place of transit during the summer months. The reserve, however, gives the children of hunters the opportunity to obtain an education. Anne-Marie's children went to the school on the reserve for a short time before returning to the hunting territory in the fall.

The reserve is governed by the band council. The council's agreement had a decisive effect on Anne-Marie's actions during her life. "I had to speak to the council. Here, it was the tribe." (#) Moreover, on the reserve, a woman's life is not always easy, as Anne-Marie reveals in her account of the events surrounding the right to hunt on the land of her choice:

The council then told me: "Anne-Marie, a woman is not entitled to a hunting ground." Now, they give hunting grounds to women. I didn't have the right to one. I was even brought up there! It doesn't make sense. It's damn maddening! (#)

Another point of dispute was the fact that Anne-Marie's husband was from Bersimis; this resulted in some local rivalries.

These people are from Bersimis, they have no right to settle here. They are not accepted (...) They're all the same Indians. Indians from Bersimis, Indians from Pointe-Bleue, it's the same thing. They were married here and they're going to stay here. They're going to raise their children here and maybe they'll die here. That's the end of it! This is their home. They're all the same Indians! The council then accepted us! (#)

The reserve was only a place of transit for Anne-Marie during a certain period in her life. Despite the fact that she preferred the freedom of movement provided by her hunting ground, Anne-Marie in her own way integrated into life on the reserve. She made a political career for herself on the council of the Pointe-Bleue reserve for three years. She was responsible for translating the community's claims from Montagnais into French.

I was a council member, I was elected. I was a council member for three years. They did not want to let me go, they would have talked me into it anyway, you know. I spoke with the agent and with all the council members. I spoke with the Indians--we understood each other--they

had no difficulty at all. To make an Indian understand something, you have to repeat it in Indian. So, I repeated everything in my language, that didn't make me at all tired. (#)

In addition to managing the reserve, the council provides assistance to the elderly in the form of a pension. Anne-Marie views this pension as a way out of her poverty; it represents the road to financial independence. It is a way for her to manage her own life and return to hunting in the forest. Despite her poverty, Anne-Marie states that she has never asked for financial assistance from the council. The council offered her a pension; she never asked for one.

Anne-Marie kept her independence from the council, which was overseen by the white man's government. Anne-Marie is not fully integrated into life on the reserve. She is an independent woman. She prefers the freedom of roaming the ancestral land. As a result, she never settled on the reserve; she did it for her children and then only for a specific period of time. She prefers to leave the community, when the opportunity arises, to go and hunt in the woods. Her relations with the others on the reserve are restricted to contact with the band council and her family.

Other people

Relations with other people are centred around trade between white men and Indian hunters and around meetings between Indians on the hunting territory in a spirit of mutual assistance. Through these relations, harmony reigns. It is not the same with contacts between the Indians, French Canadians and game wardens, who symbolize a strong white presence on the land.

During the final descent in spring, Anne-Marie met Indians in the hunting ground. Families often came down together and shared their meals. At their destination, some headed for Chicoutimi to sell their animal skins. Anne-Marie remembers Paul Natipi from Tambush, his wife, Marie-Louise Bacon and Mr. Valin. She recollects some acquaintances who lived at Betsiamites and around the Manouane River and whom she met at Pointe-Bleue.

Anne-Marie traded with a man called Perron de Saint-Prime. She sold him some blueberries. With the money, she bought food with her aunts. Anne-Marie often speaks of the boss at the sawmill at Roberval. They conducted their business in an atmosphere of mutual trust. Another person who played an important part in Anne-Marie's life because of the sound advice he gave her regarding the authorities in the hunting ground was Harry. "I did what Harry had told me to do: "You go with this licence. If they want to seize

guns, don't refuse at all, hand them over." That's what I did. That night, we returned and I went to see Harry." (#)

In addition to trading contacts, Anne-Marie keeps in touch with her children. Her children all live in Roberval, except Thérèse, who lives in Saint-Thomas. Anne-Marie goes to visit them and in particular, she speaks to them on the phone.

Anne-Marie has some pleasant memories of all her friends, trading contacts and family members. She does not, however, have fond memories of her relations with the game wardens on the ancestral land. Although they allowed French Canadians to camp on the land, they forced Anne-Marie to leave the area. A game warden even went as far as seizing her hunting licence and weapons for reasons that she did not consider valid.

He said to me: "Your gun works well, I'm going to seize it..." (#) I have my licence, Harry gave me a licence. He said to me, "Show me your licence." I showed him the large piece of paper. "I 'm going to seize your licence." (#)

Anne-Marie recalls that the French Canadians also killed beaver, moose, hare and partridge indiscriminately. These stormy relations with white men, who were taking over the land were an important

factor. In Anne-Marie's opinion, the French Canadians did not hunt, they killed animals. The law benefitted them rather than her, an Indian, who had always lived off hunting.

Anne-Marie has closer relations with members of her own family and a few hunter friends than with people from outside. Her contacts with game wardens and white hunters did not result in dynamic relations or positive interaction. On the contrary, the cultural differences were a source of conflict between white men and Indians. These contacts with other people led Anne-Marie to deal with the new laws that had recently changed her way of life in the forest.

The house, the tent

There are a several differences between living arrangements in the forest and those on the reserve. In the forest, camp is set up on a large square. Tents are pitched before the first snowfall. Some families live in small birch huts, called *tshistikantshuap*. Tents are not only used for housing. They are also used for thawing out the animals the parents bring back from hunting. These tents are generally used solely for thawing out animals. The father pitches another tent that he heats. "He used another tent because the lynx had flees and we couldn't sleep." (#)

When Anne-Marie decided to build a house, she was getting on in years and already had five or six children who had to go to school. Her house is her pride and joy. She built it herself, without any help. She paid for the building materials with money she made from gathering blueberries, selling skins, log driving and chopping wood. She was still living in the house she built when we met with her.

Before building her house, Anne-Marie had to ask for permission from the council, which gave her a site. All that remained was for her to build the house. William, her husband, gave her \$300 and left to go hunting. He did not return until Christmas, expecting the frame of the house to be up. Anne-Marie knew nothing about building a house.

I asked for advice so I would know what to do. I knew nothing about wood; I didn't even know what clapboard or a two-by-four was. I didn't know what it all meant. A hunter can't be expected to know these things. I didn't know what rough sawn board or channelled board was. I had to be careful. (#)

She left for the mill in Roberval, where, on the advice of the boss, she bought materials with the \$300 that her husband had given her. The boss gave her credit for another \$300.

Anne-Marie built her house in stages. She first built the frame using double boards, two-by-fours. She did not immediately cover the house with cladding. She moved in after the first stages of construction. There were still holes in the house, Anne-Marie put up panelling and when her husband arrived for the holidays, she had already installed a door, two windows and a stove.

Anne-Marie continues to improve her home by doing renovations. She has insulated it, added another door, windows, a porch and has finished the upstairs. She also built an outside staircase. When Anne-Marie works on her house, she does so together with her son and hired help. The house thus has two storeys, two doors, a porch and stairs. Anne-Marie designed her home in a way similar to how we design our houses: the family partly lives in the kitchen around the stove. What matters is the warmth that emanates from the house; it should be warm in the house. "I'm extremely happy with my little house, it's very warm." (#)

In addition to her house, Anne-Marie built two cottages. The summer cottage, located at Eugène Paul's on the edge of the lake, cost \$600. The other one is for winter. She hunts hare and beavers there. She built it with double cladding and insulated it with sawdust. "Here I am with two cottages (laughter). I've a cottage for the summer and another for hunting." (#)

Anne-Marie does not shy away from modernization. She had electric heating panels installed in her house on the reserve, but kept her wood-burning stove. As she grew older, bringing in the wood for the stove made her tired. From her dwelling in the forest to her house on the reserve, her life has undergone changes. From being a nomad, she has become settled to a certain extent and has adapted to modernization.

The canoe

In the life of a hunter, the canoe is more than a means of transportation. The canoe is an integral part of Anne-Marie's culture.

The family is responsible for transportation for its members and its packs. Several canoes are often needed, depending on the number of people in the family. Anne-Marie's family owned two or three canoes. Usually the men paddled the canoe with the packs. The women and children travel in a separate canoe. They bought them at La Pipe, on the other side of Lac Saint-Jean. Throughout the journey upstream toward the interior of the hunting ground, obstacles kept rising. The family had to get round them in the canoe.

The paddle and pole are used to move the canoe along. The way the canoe moves depends on the season and the weather. For example, hunters must take account of the ice and strong winds running through the lakes and rivers. These unpredictable elements are dangerous to a family travelling in a canoe. Since hunters frequently travel in canoes, Anne-Marie was introduced to this form of transportation at a very early age. She acquired the skills needed to handle it; for example, she learned with her paddle how to stop pieces of ice from colliding with the canoe. She also learned how to find her bearings. When she steps into the canoe, she becomes part of it. She clearly illustrates this point, moreover, when she says that she does not *paddle* her canoe but *swims* with it.

The weather

The hunting seasons, the ecological cycle

The seasons influence the activities of hunters in the forest. The ecological cycle in Anne-Marie's life story may be divided into four seasons: fall, winter, spring and summer.

During the fall, the activities of Anne-Marie's family centre around hunting. Fall is the time to stock up food for the winter. During this time, they hunt caribou and beaver and skin them.

Anne-Marie fishes for trout. When they have enough food, the family goes back down to Péribonka. Hunting usually continues until Christmas.

In winter, the men go and sell their furs and look for supplies, while the women stay at the camp with the children. Anne-Marie pointed out that the search for food can take up to one month. In winter, they hunt hare, otter, lynx, muskrat and mink. They sometimes hunt fishers. When it was nearly time for Anne-Marie's family to settle on the reserve and it became more difficult to hunt in the Péribonka area, her husband and son Benjamin chopped down trees to make ends meet during winter.

The ducks arrive in the spring. In March and April, Anne-Marie and her family hunt ducks, such as common goldeneye and black duck. Food becomes more varied. In spring, they hunt bear, as well as beaver and otter. During this season, the women make small bags lined with beaver. In June, when the flies invade the land, the family goes back down to the reserve. In summer, the family remains on the reserve and gathers blueberries.

Throughout their lives, Anne-Marie and her family plan their activities in tune with the yearly cycle. The seasons determine how the hunters live in the forest. Activities centre around hunting in order to acquire food and furs. They mainly eat small

game. The economy of a hunter-gatherer is based on hunting, fishing and gathering. The men hunt and the women process the game caught.

Forest Life

The narrative of life in the forest mentions the work performed there, the pastimes, the meetings and the prayers. When arriving at a site, hunters must first set up camp; this includes pitching the tent, sawing and carrying the wood, taking the packs from the canoe to the camp, and making a fire and preparing food. We shall see later who performs these various tasks.

After the camp has been set up, the people hunt, fish, lay out snares and visit the traps. Fur-bearing and antlered animals are hunted. Small game, such as otter and beaver, are caught using snares. It takes about two to three days to walk the trap line. After the animals have been caught, the bear and beaver skins are dried then stretched over forms, while the caribou skins are hung over lines. Babiche (rawhide) is made from moose skin and used to make snowshoes. Hare skin is cut up into strips and used to make blankets.

Throughout her life in the forest, Anne-Marie followed her husband when he went hunting and carried traps and supplies in small packs.

She gained her experience in the forest from her father. He taught her various trapping techniques, like the one she describes in the following example:

The otters landed where the earth was broken up. They played there. Their tracks were not visible. They landed with fish and ate them there. We set a trap. My father showed me how to do it. You look for the yellow earth. You hide your trap. You put some white moss beside it where the chain of your trap is held and you attach the end to the branches. You cover that wood with the moss. (#)

She also learned how to move a dead moose. Anne-Marie used a harness to drag it. The skin is removed and placed in a bag. The meat and bones are removed from the animal, and the bones are kept in the moss. For the beaver, the technique involves dragging it by putting a stick through its nose. The stick is turned so the animal is on its back and thus slides on the snow. Beaver skins are also moved on pieces of wood.

In past seasons in the forest, Anne-Marie's family has run out of food. She remembers that they were short of food for one month while at Fourches Manouanes. Spring came early and it rained for

two weeks. Every family throughout the territory went hungry to some extent and needed outside help to survive.

During the period when families get together and spend spring at Fourches Manouanes, the white people come to meet them to buy their furs. The buyers come up to the land and bring supplies with them. The Indians sell them only muskrat. The sale takes the form of barter. The Indians can obtain such items as French Canadian tobacco. Anne-Marie recalls that her father traded ten muskrats for tobacco. Smoking tobacco is a pastime for Indians, explains Anne-Marie, who wanted to copy her father and husband. "A hunter who doesn't smoke doesn't look like a hunter." (#) Anne-Marie smoked to be like the other hunters, not because she enjoyed it. She explains that smoking made her sick to her stomach. She gave up cigarettes and took up another habit. She chews fir tree gum. Despite the difficulties involved in gathering it, she always has some in a small box that she carries in her bag. Anne-Marie leaves the pleasure of smoking hand-rolled cigarettes to the men. She prefers to chew fir tree gum.

In addition to hunting and having a few pastimes, the family prays. Prayer plays an important role in Anne-Marie's life. Every evening, Anne-Marie and her family say their prayers. They trust in God. They have faith and never forget to pray.

We can thus see that life in the forest is linked to subsistence activities that vary depending on the availability of animals on the land and on the seasons. Moreover, each activity around which life in the forest revolves is linked to processing tasks. These hunters are masters of their own lives and are independent.

The hunting trade

Food

Food does not usually come from trading, with the exception of some basic foods. When Anne-Marie leaves the reserve with her family for the hunting territory, she buys some food: flour, salt, sugar, fat, (3 to 5 pounds or 10 to 20 pounds), baking powder and salt pork. In the forest, Anne-Marie eats animals that have been hunted, trapped or fished. These are her subsistence foods. The animals hunted and eaten are hare, bear, beaver, caribou, moose, otter, marten, mink, partridge, common goldeneye, black duck and fish.

The meat is often smoked and made into stock. The partridge and hare are made into stock using flour to thicken it. Anne-Marie's three elderly aunts cook *babeau*, a stock made with flour that accompanies partridge. Bear is smoked and cooked on a spit over the fire. Bear and otter fat are used for softening shoes. Moose is cooked in the same way as bear, i.e., smoked. Anne-Marie thinks

smoked moose tastes like ham. Fish is also smoked. Marten and hare are cooked on a spit. Anne-Marie thinks that otter is too fatty to eat and that mink is not very edible because it gives off an extremely unappetizing odour.

In addition to meat, bannock is a daily food. It is cooked in sand and should be spongy. Bannock is eaten throughout the week. It is sometimes roasted with moose meat. Despite this varied food, families sometimes run out of food. During periods of famine, children eat bark sap and young shoots.

For Aboriginal hunters, eating is part of a simple economy. Food also depends on the resources available on the land, depending on the season. Unpredictability of supply is a constraint on their food and reveals the sometimes difficult living conditions.

Men and Women

Their tasks

Men and women do not perform the same tasks, which usually revolve around hunting and the processing of products. The wife follows her husband into the forest and she handles some of the domestic chores.

The women are also responsible for skinning the animals, preparing the meat, making the fire and cooking the meals. In addition to these activities, Anne-Marie accompanied her husband. She hunted with him and laid out snares for game. In late summer, she gathered blueberries with the help of her children. Responsibility for or looking after the children does not necessarily fall to the mother. The older women look after them while the others go hunting.

The man is the provider and has to feed his family. He also has the job of accumulating furs to sell them either for cash or for food. Fur is an important factor in the economic life of Indian hunters. In addition to hunting, the men also work for the forestry industry.

The economic cycle

Unlike the day labourer, the Indian hunter has no salary and does not depend on his salary to live. He depends, however, on the quality of his hunting and the availability of resources on the land. He does not work for anyone else, except his family, as part of a subsistence way of life. The economic cycle of the man also includes selling furs, log driving and chopping wood, whereas the economic cycle of the women is restricted to selling the fruit they gather.

During the summer, Anne-Marie gathered blueberries and sold them herself. She did not use them for food, but to earn money. The sale of blueberries was her main source of income. She managed her own finances. The forestry industry was another source of income for her family. Her husband and son Benjamin felled trees. Anne-Marie's salary was used to meet the primary needs of her family: housing, food and clothing.

Group life

Socialization takes place mainly in the hunting ground between the members of Anne-Marie's family and other Indian hunters. Relationships between groups usually form out of mutual support. It is often during difficult times (for example, during childbirth in the forest or when there is a food shortage) that the families become closer and help each other. In Anne-Marie's case, the core family, i.e., relatives living with her, played a major role in her social life. In this respect, her grandfather, father, mother, aunts, brothers and sisters were all part of her social life.

The family

The child

Early childhood

Anne-Marie spent her early childhood accompanying her parents to the hunting ground. Her grandfather fostered and encouraged her development in the forest. As early as age seven, Anne-Marie went onto the land with her grandfather, who taught her the basics of hunting. She learned to find her way round the forest, the rivers and lakes.

She does not really talk about the pastimes that children enjoyed in the forest. We can presume that pastimes for the children of hunters revolved around learning the basic elements of hunting and life in the forest. From early childhood, the children learned the basics of hunting.

Adolescence and the first learning experiences

Before her marriage, Anne-Marie's mother, a French-Canadian by birth, knew nothing about the life of women hunters or the activities that life involved. The learning process was very demanding for her mother, who was then in her teens. She had to become familiar with the Indian language, learn to lace snowshoes and prepare the skins. A woman hunter has to know how to skin the

animals her husband brings back from the hunt, since this is her responsibility. Anne-Marie's mother acquired this knowledge after working every day for four years primarily in the forest. Anne-Marie emphasizes that her mother learned quite quickly and she was even skilled at making small bags lined with beaver fur.

Anne-Marie's adolescence, just like her mother's, was spent learning the tasks performed in the forest. During this time, in addition to her grandfather, Anne-Marie primarily relied on two people: her father and her Aunt Christine. Anne-Marie's father showed her how to handle a canoe in the rapids and how to hunt moose. She was 14 years old at the time. Her father's confidence in her, together with her success in learning about the forest life, fills Anne-Marie with pride. She learned not only the tasks that have to be done in the forest, but also how to fulfil herself and achieve a certain degree of independence. At the same time, Anne-Marie was able to learn French from her Aunt Christine.

I was always with my aunt. We were always together. I had problems with my French. I couldn't say what I wanted to. I wasn't able to speak French with another person, to ask for something or to run errands. (#)

Anne-Marie's adolescence and early childhood were spent in an atmosphere of mutual respect and equality between herself, her

father, grandfather and Aunt Christine. There appears to be no marked division of the tasks to be performed in the forest along gender lines. All teenagers learn the tasks essential for living in the forest, regardless of their gender. There is, however, one fact which may account for the lack of distinction based on gender with regard to Anne-Marie's development: since Anne-Marie was the eldest, she represented a continuation of the Siméon family line in her father's eyes. Anne-Marie undeniably behaved like a hunter who performed the typical activities assigned to women, but she also proved herself to be a genuine hunter, who was capable of really taking charge of herself both on her hunting territory as well as the reserve.

Education

We cannot talk about education without drawing a link with religion. Education does not play a key role in the lives of children with hunter parents. The children have to follow their parents, who leave for the hunting ground in August and return to the reserve in June. When they return from hunting in the spring, the children go to school for a couple of weeks. It was not until she was 11 that Anne-Marie stayed on the reserve for a year, with her Aunt Christine, so that she could have a full year of schooling. She finished third grade, which she considers adequate. She learned to do math and to write, which enabled her later on to

take care of her personal affairs and sign documents. Nuns taught the children. In addition to math, writing and French, they taught them the Catechism:

I learned my Catechism as I was supposed to. Every evening, I had to go and see the Mother Superior at the Monastery. She taught me my prayers and the Catechism. (...) I said my prayers in French; I couldn't say them in Indian. I tried and I didn't know how to say "Oh hail, Mary" in Indian. (#)

The French language is seen as an important part in the learning process. French opens the way to many activities relating to buying and selling goods outside the reserve. Education through the school system is kept to a minimum, which clearly reflects that for hunters living on the land, in close contact with nature, schooling does not necessarily fit in with their culture.

Beliefs

Religion is taught in the evenings. This learning passed on to Anne-Marie will remain with her all her life. Her religious thinking, the result of a traditional education, is evident during the rites of passage. Anne-Marie repeatedly states her belief in God; she does not refer to Indian spirituality. Her parents and the Mother Superior on the reserve gave Anne-Marie her religious

values. Praying plays an important role in the Siméon family: it unites the family and enables its members to enter into contact with God.

In addition to her Catholic beliefs, Anne-Marie maintains an extremely close relationship with the world beyond. She is part of that nature which nourishes her; all her spirituality is a mixture that takes elements from both the Catholic religion and native spirituality, in which the interdependence of humans, animals and nature as a whole is connected by a spirit that gives them life and a meaning to the world. Against this background, Anne-Marie always talks about death with great respect. Her story clearly distinguishes whether a person is dead or alive. She thus speaks of her late father or late mother as if they were still present in the spiritual world of humans. This relationship with the souls of the dead is so real in Anne-Marie's life that she seems to live with the everlasting presence of her nearest and dearest.

Stages in life and the rites of passage

Courtship

Courtship between men and women seems very short and happens around age 15. In this case, the boy took the first step and went to look for the young girl he liked. Anne-Marie speaks about her mother and father's courtship:

Every time my mother went to milk the cows, she saw that boy, the Indian passing by in his canoe. He turned in front of her and went away. I suppose he found her beautiful, that girl who went to milk the cows every night at the same time. He knew the approximate time. I think that when it was windy, he couldn't come in his canoe. He came on foot. He was always alone. When my mother didn't come, my father had to wait for her. He climbed up on to the fence and she approached him with her pail. After that, she spoke to him. (#)

Anne-Marie met her husband in the hunting ground. He came from Betsiamites. He knew her parents and spoke French with her mother and Indian with her father. He hunted with the family and had time to get to know Anne-Marie and especially to assess her hunting skills. It seems that what dictated the choice of spouse for the men was the physical attributes of their future wives. Anne-Marie had a solid constitution.

I was quite tall. I hunted with my father and I portaged the canoe. I remember what he said to me:

- "How old are you?"
- "I'm not very old."
- "You're very strong! You look young."

- "I think that if I were a little older, I would be stronger."

He laughed and laughed. He really wanted to know how old I was. I was not yet 15 when he asked me that. I ended up by saying to him:

- "I'll be 15 in September."

- I'll come back next year when we've finished hunting.

(#)

A man looks for someone who can help him, a companion, a woman who is able to hunt with him or at least a woman who knows how to do the jobs related to forest work. Courtship was short and love did not necessarily have anything to do with the choice of a spouse. There does not seem to have been any official engagement before the marriage ceremony.

There was no question of spouses-to-be enjoying leisure time together during courtship. Nor did economic factors or the transfer of goods influence the choice of spouse. It could be said that economic choice, i.e., the boy's financial resources, is not part of the process of choosing a spouse, particularly among nomadic people who live off hunting. On the other hand, the husband does not necessarily have to come from within the community.

Marriage

Weddings are performed in the Catholic religion. Anne-Marie was married at 15; her husband, William Valin, was 27. They were married in July at Pointe-Bleue. Father Boyer, an acquaintance of Anne-Marie's husband married them in the presence of God. Anne-Marie's mother was also married at 15. It seems girls, at least those in this family, married very young in their teens, whereas boys married in their twenties, as adults.

Most of Anne-Marie's children married and left the Pointe-Bleue reserve. They married French Canadians, which at that time often deprived them of the right to live on the reserve. Anne-Marie's children courted people from outside the reserve and moved away once they married. Of her children, Marthe and Victoria are married. Two of her daughters and her son have common-law spouses. With Anne-Marie's children, we see new relationships being forged and changes in attitudes occurring within the couple. "Life has indeed changed since our day. Everything has changed. Before, you never heard of that. It probably happened, but you didn't hear much about it." (#) When Anne-Marie's children married, they set up permanent homes and no longer went hunting like their parents or ancestors. They settled off the reserve, thereby creating a new family network.

It seems that the women do not marry for economic considerations. No indications exist that lead us to believe that property is transferred between spouses upon marriage. When the two spouses are hunters, as was the case with Anne-Marie's grandparents and parents, they do not go and live in a home on the reserve. When they marry, they do not settle, but continue to go up to the land to hunt for a good part of the year. Hunting is their economic choice to ensure the family's physical survival.

Births

Anne-Marie brought eight children into the world: six girls and two boys. She gave birth to three of her children in the hunting ground: Benjamin, Berthe and Victoria. She had Benjamin in March at Fourches Manouane and Berthe in November at Lac Tchitogama. Victoria's birth was the most difficult of the three forest births for Anne-Marie. She was born in May at Lac Onistagane. Anne-Marie's other children were born at Pointe-Bleue, but Anne-Marie does not say whether they were born in the hospital, at home or with or without the help of a midwife.

I'm going to get out of the canoe; I don't want stay in it while I'm ill. There was still quite a bit of snow in the forest. The rivers had all melted... I climbed onto the snow bank. That supported me a little.

There was a fir tree. I broke off pieces of the fir tree; I had a small armful of it. I began to put the fir branches where the tent was going to be pitched. I had a mattress of caribou skin, a small mattress. He got out of the canoe. Then, they pitched the tent there. I had Hélène with me when Victoria was born. I had Hélène and Berthe. They were standing in the snow. I don't really remember what happened. The child came. (#)

A form of mutual support exists among hunters for Indian women who give birth in the forest. When Anne-Marie thought she was ready to give birth to Victoria, she organized linens, a blanket, scissors and string for the baby. It was a fellow hunter, Mr. Boivin, who helped her after the delivery: he cut the umbilical cord. He also helped her rejoin her parents in the hunting ground when the baby was only four days old.

With frequent births and difficult delivery conditions, support between hunters on the land and the sharing of tasks become important factors during births in the forest.

Death

The dead are buried as expected in the Catholic religion. When a person is dying, the family priest is called. Death is experienced within the family through the Catholic faith.

When Anne-Marie's grandparents died, they were buried in the cemetery. Her grandmother was laid to rest in the Saint-Prime cemetery and her grandfather was buried at Saint-Coeur-de-Marie. Her grandfather died in March in the hunting ground. Anne-Marie points out that illness and death in the forest cause problems, because the family has to bring the body back for burial. Anne-Marie's parents were quite old when they died: her father died at about 62 and her mother at 86. Her mother died of old age. Closer to her, two of her children and her husband are dead. Berthe died at age 12 and Benjamin at 50.

When Anne-Marie talks about the dead in her family, she always speaks of them with great respect. She always uses the term "late" to describe a person who has died.

Family life

The family is modelled on the clan. The clan consists of uncles, aunts, grandparents, parents and children. Anne-Marie's

grandfather was named Malek Siméon. Her Uncle Daniel, the son of Malek, first of the name, and her father's brother. Anne-Marie's father, Thomas Siméon, was the eldest in the family. Anne-Marie's mother was named Almanda Fortier. Like Anne-Marie, who was raised by her Aunt Christine, Mrs. Fortier was brought up by one of her aunts, Mrs. Paul from Pointe-Bleue. Anne-Marie's mother spent her childhood in the company of her uncles, Joseph, Louis and Simon Paul. Anne-Marie's parents had nine children. They were all born two years apart. Anne-Marie is the eldest in the family. She has four brothers, Ernest, Antonio, Clément and Gérard, and four sisters, Jeanette, Gertrude, Virginie and Laurette.

Anne-Marie lived with her husband for 50 years and she had eight children: Hélène, Berthe, Victoria, Thérèse, Léona, Benjamin, Raymond and Antoinette. She has an interesting way of talking about her family. When she mentions her children by name, she says whether or not they are married, whether they have children and whether they have been sick. All Anne-Marie's children have their own family. They all have children, except Léona who is a spinster. Anne-Marie says that she does not see much of her grandchildren, apart from Hélène's children. Her children visit Hélène more frequently than they do her, because Hélène partly raised her brothers and sisters. It is interesting to note that often the task of raising children does not necessarily fall to the mother.

Before his death, Anne-Marie's husband was worried about his family. He particularly wanted his wife to return to the land, with the help of their sons, even if he were no longer there.

- You're still able to go up to the Péribonka area. There's Benjamin, who is able to go, as well as Raymond. They could take your motor. You can also take your motor on the lakes.

- It's a seven horse-power motor and I can take it. I took it for two weeks to La Lièvre. We went to gather blueberries. The motor worked well. He then said to me:

- You can do it. If Raymond gets married and goes away, you'll still have Benjamin to take the motor and go up to the Péribonka area.

He still wanted me to go up to the Péribonka area.

(#)

A closeness exists between family members, which revolves round hunting and the clan. The couple apparently does not move far away from the core family, even if they have their own family. On the other hand, social and interpersonal relations in the forest are intense. When Anne-Marie settled on the reserve with her children, however, we no longer feel the strength, determination and energy the family had so much of in the hunting ground, despite the difficulties. Family life in the hunting ground thus centres

Analysis: Anne-Marie Simeon

around the extended family: uncles, aunts, grandparents, brothers, sisters and children.

Conclusion

The reconstruction of Anne-Marie's life story enables us to enter the cultural world of an Ilnu woman. She establishes her identity around several central themes, including family and her life spent hunting in the ancestral grounds. All the story's meaning is derived from the hunting territory, which provides an excellent classroom for learning the customs and habits of the genuine original culture of the Aboriginal people.

We note that from early childhood, Anne-Marie learned the basic skills and traditions of hunting from her grandfather, father and Aunt Christine. Part of her identity is shaped by her family. In addition to the hunting ground, the family emerges as being another major factor in her life. Anne-Marie's grandparents lived off hunting, just like her parents, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles. All the activities experienced on the land as a family, providing for themselves, hunting, fishing, trapping, processing the animals caught, made up Anne-Marie's daily life. Special relations between the members of a community of hunters emerge from behind the planning of her daily activities on the land.


The tradition is carried on from generation to generation. Even after her marriage and a little later with her children, Anne-Marie continued to wander around her hunting ground until changes

Analysis: Anne-Marie Siméon

occurred: the arrival of the forestry industry made the hunting ground less accessible. The new land granted to her by the government was too far away. Settling on the reserve became an alternative for Anne-Marie and her children who had to be educated.

Anne-Marie Siméon is the model of a women full of vitality. She is one of the last representatives of a specific social and cultural group of hunters. She will always be Anne-Marie Siméon, hunter by trade.

APPENDIX



Siméon family tree based on life story

Woman

Man

Marriage

Relationship

[Insert family tree from French version]

Graphics: Jean-François Moreau,
Archaeology Laboratory, UQAC

2.1

ANNE-MARIE SIMÉON

(Life Story)

INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT

FAMILY NAME	Siméon
GIVEN NAME	Anne-Marie
DATE OF BIRTH	17 September 1904
PLACE OF BIRTH	Pointe-Bleue
MARITAL STATUS	Married
DATE OF MARRIAGE	circa 1917
SPOUSE'S NAME	William Valin
CHILDREN	9 children: 7 daughters, 2 sons
OCCUPATION	Hunter
EDUCATION	3rd grade

Interviewer: David Cooter

SUMMARY

Anne-Marie was born at Pointe-Bleue. She was married at 15 to an Amerindian from the North Shore. At a very early age, she accompanied her parents when they went hunting. Most of her story focuses on the customs and habits of hunters.

Children followed their parents. They went to school for only a few weeks each year. Sometimes the women and children stayed alone during the months when the men hunted and went trapping. Anne-Marie tells us how she prepared everything for the hunting season: the packs, the canoes and the supplies.

Anne-Marie's mother was French Canadian. She also married at age 15. She lived with her uncle who was a farmer in Saint-Prime. She knew nothing about forest life. She learned how to hunt and perform the various tasks expected of an Amerindian woman. She had to learn her husband's language.

Anne-Marie met her husband in the forest. One year when she did not go hunting with her husband, she built a house to shelter her family. With a limited budget, she bought the materials, built her house and waited for her husband to return. She was able to finish building her house by gathering blueberries with her children and

selling them. The house was built at the Pointe-Bleue reserve. She now owns two cottages where she goes to hunt small and big game.

Anne-Marie learned to do everything when she was a girl. She tells us about various hunting experiences, including the killing of her first moose.

During the hunting season, babies were sometimes born in the forest, with all the ensuing problems and difficulties. After her husband's death, she continued to hunt. She tells us about the circumstances surrounding her husband's death. Game wardens play an important role in Anne-Marie's anecdotes.

When she gets her old-age pension, she uses the money to make improvements to her house. She has poor eyesight, which prevents her from hunting as much as she would like.

She describes her hunting expeditions with her parents, grandparents and aunts. She claims to remember every detail about what happened when she was young with her parents. In her youth, she remembers seeing caribou on her father's hunting ground. She describes the various methods used by Aboriginal peoples to predict the weather using the moon and sun.

She was a council member for three years at Pointe-Bleue, but she would have preferred to go into the forest and hunt.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

Her husband	William Valin
Uncles	Daniel
	Malek
Hunters	Paul Natipi
	Tambush
	Marie-Louise Bacon
An aunt	Christine
Christine's father	Malek Siméon
Her mother	Almanda Fortier
Her father	Thomas Siméon
Relations	Joseph Paul
	Émile Paul
	Louis Paul
	Simon Paul
Her brother	Ernest
Her sister	Jeannette
Jeannette's husband	Xavier Gagnon
Her brother	Antonio
Her sister	Gertrude
Gertrude's husband	Alphonse Guay
A sister	Virginie
Virginie's husband	Charlot Basile

Her brother	Clément
Her sister	Laurette
Laurette's husband	Laurent Skeene
Her brother	Gérard
A companion of her husband	Dominic Saint-Onge
A priest	Father Boyer
Anne-Marie's son	Benjamin
An uncle	Joseph
Indian Affairs agent	Laboissière
Neighbours	Ti-Tom Raphaël
	Charlot Buckell
One of Anne-Marie's daughters	Marthe
A companion	Eugène Paul
An aunt	Marie Pekutelegan
A hunter	Atshen
Some of Anne-Marie's children	Raymond
	Léona
A hunter	Germain
Anne-Marie's children	Hélène
	Berthe
	Victoria
	Thérèse
	Antoinette
A hunter	Charles Boivin

Charles Boivin's son

A hunter

One of Hélène's daughters

Raymond's children

A hunter

A game warden

Hunters

An aunt

A blueberry buyer

Bazot

Jack Simpson

Cécile

Narcisse

Éric

Mailloux

Drolet

Isaac Simpson

Xavier Raphaël

Michel Dominique

Ernest Raphaël

François Savard

Joséphine

Perron

PLACES MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

Alma

Bersimis

Betsiamites

Canal Sec

Chibougamau

Chicoutimi

North Shore

Eaux Mortes

Fourches Manouanes

Île de la Perdrix

La Pipe

La Tuque

Lac-à-Jim

Lac-Saint-Jean

Lac Bouchette

Lac Clair

Lac Crapaud

Lac des Habitants

Lac Jacques

Lac Le Culotte

Lac Onistagane

Lac Tchitogama

Life History: Anne-Marie Siméon

Passes Dangereuses

Pointe-Bleue

Quebec City

Rivière-à-la-Chasse

La Lièvre River

Manouane River

Péribonka River

Roberval

Saint-Coeur-de-Marie

• Saint-Edmond

Saint-Prime

Saint-Thomas

PART 1

The first hunts

I was born on 17 September in Pointe-Bleue. I married only once, to William Valin who was from Betsiamites on the North Shore. I was married in July, but I don't remember what year, maybe 1917. I was 15 when I got married. I lived 50 years with my husband. He was 27 when we married. Together we had nine children: seven girls and two boys. My husband was a hunter. Every year, I had to go up to the forest with my mother and father. My mother was still alive when we got married.

My father and grandfather were still with me at that time. There was one of my uncles, who was called Daniel. He hunted. In the winter, they went down to get supplies. The rest of us stayed with my grandfather, my aunt and Uncle Malek. We were all together and we waited. Sometimes, they were gone for a month in search of supplies. One of my aunts, who was a spinster, put out snares. I dressed properly; I wore hare skin mitts and my fingers were never cold. We visited the snares with my aunt. We brought back hare and cooked it. We made a hare stock with some flour. We economized; we couldn't make too much bannock. We made small meals and only took small portions each. We ate more hare meat and used

our flour carefully. I was used to that. I never realized that we were poor.

In the spring, my grandfather said: "I'm going to set my bear traps; we're going to eat bear." I liked bear. I liked meat. I ate it with bear fat. We smoked our bear meat--it was good. We also cooked it over a fire on a spit. We made stock with bear meat. In June, we had to go back down. We went up in August and came back down in June. The flies were beginning to appear and the children's faces were covered with bites.

Every time when we came back down, we went to school for a while. They sent us to school for a couple of weeks. In the fall, it was the same thing again, we left again in August. There was no question of going school, we had to follow our parents. There was nobody to look after the children here at Pointe-Bleue; it's not the same today. They have boarding schools so they can stay. We had nothing like that.

We left Pointe-Bleue in canoes. I had a small paddle. My grandfather had made it for me. I also had to paddle. I sat at the back with my aunt and we went round Lac Saint-Jean. Sometimes, we made two trips and the wind was strong. When the lake was low and there was not much water, we had to get out far from the shore.

It was a long way to carry our packs to set up camp. Sometimes we children were afraid of getting out of the canoe. They carried us underneath our arms and took us to shore.

We went by wagons from La Pipe to the other side of Lac Saint-Jean. They loaded the canoes and put the packs in them. We could also get in. It was a wagon, as it was called. It was horse-drawn wagons in those days. As we went by, there were farmers and we waved bye-bye to them. Canadian children wave bye-bye; my mother showed us that. She said to us, "Wave bye-bye." The Canadians said, "Oh! Look at the Indians going by!"

We took the Péribonka River when we travelled. We travelled with a lot of supplies. We had flour, sugar, salt, fat, all sorts of things. All the family went up, including the children. The dogs climbed on to the shore and followed us. They were sled dogs. We needed them for hunting. The dogs pulled the tent, stove and the supplies in a toboggan.

Sometimes we stayed alone during the months that they hunted. When they returned, they brought back beaver, hare--everything they had killed. There was no moose at that time. There was plenty of caribou. My Uncle Daniel killed a hundred caribou one year. It was at Lac Jacques in Fourches Manouane in the Péribonka area. We

often saw a run made by caribou who were leaving; there were nearly two hundred of them. They came out of the forest and went to the lake. They looked like a rope; they all followed each other. It was beautiful to see. We said to my grandfather: "Look, there are caribou over there." He could not see very well. "Go tell your Uncle Daniel. He'll go."

My Uncle Daniel left with his gun. He was going to meet them at the other end of the lake. He killed some. He carried the meat and we had plenty of it for the fall. My aunt prepared the caribou skins. She put up a long clothes line and all the caribou skins were well prepared. There were nearly a hundred of them, all very white. It was really beautiful because it was well done. My aunt often said: "I am fed up of always eating meat, go and fish!"

There was trout in the lake there. I made a hole, about one square foot in size, and she gave me a bone for bait. I could see the bone, there was about four feet of water. I saw fish swimming all around it. I caught a four-pound trout. It was red with small dots of various colours. I liked fishing! Sometimes, I caught four or five trout. I hooked them on to a piece of wood by their heads and I took them to the tent. I said to my aunt: "It wasn't difficult to catch them because I had a large piece of meat as bait."

After preparing all the caribou skins, we went down the Péribonka River. We set up camp again. We had meat for the rest of the winter. Ducks started to arrive in March or April. We had a change of meat and ate duck. Sometimes, they brought back four or five ducks. There were all different types: common goldeneye, black duck, etc. We made stock with them. There was a large pot of it and all the children took some. They used a cup to get it and put it in a small bowl.

In the spring, we returned to hunt bear. We set traps and ate bear. We also set beaver traps. We made small packbags lined with beaver fur. It was heavy, but the lynx, muskrat and mink weren't. At that time, there were also fisher and marten. I remember it well: we caught them with hare snares. We also caught them with bait traps.

There were not many houses at La Pipe. We took our canoes to La Pipe, but we didn't go directly across Lac Saint-Jean because it was too dangerous when it was windy. We went round the lake. Sometimes, it took us three days to go round the lake and arrive at Pointe-Bleue when there was no wind. When it was windy, it took us four or five days. We had to get out, since water was coming into the canoe.

In those days, we had two or three canoes. The women got into a separate canoe. The men loaded quite a few packs in it. The children, my mother and my old aunt travelled together. My grandfather was all alone in his canoe. He put a lot of packs inside. My father was also alone because he had packs with him. When there were too many packs in the canoe, they did not put the children in it because there was a danger it might capsize. When we were coming down, we met other Indians. In the Péribonka area, there were other Indians coming down. Sometimes, we went down with them. Before we reached our tents, they took their guns and fired some shots to say hello. The people heard the shots and said "Some people are coming down." When they arrived, they fired more shots. They ate with the rest of us. We all left together. Some were going down via Chicoutimi. I remember Paul Natipi, Tambush and Marie-Louise Bacon very well.

Marie-Louise Bacon died here at Pointe-Bleue hospital. She was with her old man and they had no children. They also came down from the Péribonka area. Sometimes they had a hired man with them; they had a lot of furs. That's all we could see from the canoe. They went up quite high, to the head of the Péribonka. Some even came via the Manouane River. In those days, some people from Betsiamites came to Pointe-Bleue. They went down to Chicoutimi.

Paul Natipi sold his furs at Chicoutimi to Mr. Clément Dufour. When we arrived at Pointe-Bleue, they didn't fire shots, because there were a lot of people; it's dangerous, it's not like being in the forest. When we arrived at Pointe-Bleue, we had been away for a whole year. All the children were big; they had grown quite a bit in one year. They all shook our hands and we went up. My father had his house there. It is still standing. It was near to the church at the bottom of the hill. So, we entered my father's house with my grandfather, aunt and Uncle Malek. Then we had to get ready to go to church, which was not far away. Of course, we climbed the hill and were at the church. We liked going to church. We often missed not going.

Education

My mother said, "Make yourself presentable and go church." I had my little sisters with me and we climbed the hill together to go to mass. Then, in the little bit of June that was left, we went to school. That always did us good. When I was 11, I had my first communion and was confirmed. I was already big. My Aunt Christine virtually raised me: she stayed with me so that I could go to school for at least one full year. I learned my Catechism as I was supposed to. Every evening, I had to go and see the Mother Superior at the Monastery. She taught me my prayers and the

Catechism. She never had any problems with me because my mother had showed me how when I was young. I said my prayers in French; I couldn't say them in Indian. I tried and I didn't know how to say "Oh hail Mary" in Indian.

I was always with my aunt. We were always together. I had problems with my French. I couldn't say what I wanted to. I wasn't able to speak French with another person, to ask for something or to run errands. When I was 11, I went to school here for one year with my Aunt Christine. There, I learned French properly. I did grade three; it was good all the same. Today they learn dynamics, as they call it. A nun taught us at school. That's how I learned French. My mother was French Canadian and couldn't speak Montagnais. Everyone spoke both languages at home. My father spoke Indian. My mother lived with the Indians for four years before she learned to speak their language. She spoke broken Indian, but she learned it nonetheless.

My Aunt Christine never married: she was a spinster. She stayed with her father to help him and prepare his meals. Her father was Malek Siméon. I have already spoken about Uncle Daniel. He was Malek's son. My Uncle Siméon was the youngest of the family. My father was older. My mother's maiden name was Almanda Fortier. My mother's parents were from Saint-Prime. When she lost her mother,

she was still very young; she doesn't remember her at all. My mother's father, Mr. Fortier, married twice. It was then that he gave his children to one of her aunts. She was a Paul. Mother was brought up by one of her aunts. Her grandmother was buried at Saint-Prime. We searched for the gravestone and found it.

My mother and father

My mother married when she was 15. She was living with her aunt and uncle who were farmers. They kept cows for milk. They also had chickens. My father was at Pointe-Bleue. In those days, the people lived in tents, since there were no houses yet. It was not very far to go to Saint-Prime. You crossed the river at La Chasse; at Saint-Prime, there was a dock and a cemetery. There was a pasture where the cows grazed. My father went in the canoe a little way and he turned that way. Every time my mother went to milk the cows, she saw that boy, the Indian passing by in his canoe. He turned in front of her and went away. I suppose he found her beautiful, that girl who went to milk the cows every night at the same time. He knew the approximate time. I think that when it was windy, he couldn't come in his canoe. He came on foot. He was always alone. When my mother didn't come, my father had to wait for her. He climbed up on to the fence and she approached him with her pail. After that, she spoke to him. My

father spoke a little French, but not much. She thought he was handsome. She thought that he was polite to talk like that. She told her aunt--the one who had raised her--about him. She told my mother:

"Don't tell me you're going to marry an Almanda Indian! You're going to suffer. Do you know what Indians are like? They always suffer in the forest. You're not used to it. What are you going to do?

- I'll get used to it. I'll speak Indian and they'll show me how to talk so that I can understand them. As for suffering, we're no strangers to that here. There are times when we eat nothing but flat bread and pancakes.

- Do what you think best. If you think you can do better like that, then try it.

They started to go to Pointe-Bleue to see the Indians. They all lived in tents. My mother said to herself, "Dear Lord, a tent is not very big. I'm going to try. Listen, I have no parents, I have nothing to lose. I have nobody but my uncles and aunts who are old." She also had to make a home all her own. She said to herself, "I'm going to try." They were married in the summer.

They married the first year they met. Prior to that, they never made love. You only had to talk with a person to know what they were like, my mother said. It was very true. My father was a very

shy man. He drank a little, but never got angry or quarrelled. My father's name was Thomas Siméon. On my mother's side, her parents were Pauls. There was Joseph Paul, Émile Paul, Louis Paul and Simon Paul. They were all my mother's uncles. The Pauls of Pointe-Bleue were nearly all related to her. They are almost all dead now.

I was the eldest child in the family. My brothers and sisters were all born two years apart. My brother Ernest died when he was a baby. Then there was Jeannette Siméon. She's still alive; she's a widow. She married Xavier Gagnon and lives in Alma. Next there was Antonio Siméon, who was the fourth child. After Antonio came Gertrude, who married Alphonse Guay. There was also my other sister Virginie, who married Charlot Basile. Next came Clément and Laurette who married a Skeene. The baby was Gérard Siméon. There were nine of us in our family. That was quite a family! When I got married at 15, there were only three or four children who were younger than me.

Marriage

After I got married, I continued to hunt just as before with my father and grandfather. When my grandfather died in the forest, I had been married for one year. It was winter, the month of March,

and we went down on a sled. He was buried in Saint-Coeur-de-Marie. After that, my mother, aunt and I stayed here. Only the men returned to the forest. They went spring hunting. I could not go up because I was pregnant.

I met my husband in the forest. He was hunting with us. He also went into the Péribonka area and Fourches Manouane. He was with Dominic Saint-Onge, his associate. When I met him, his parents were no longer alive. He came from Betsiamites and had lived at Chicoutimi for a while. There were Indians at Chicoutimi. I met him in the Péribonka area. He spoke proper French. He spoke French to my mother and Indian to my father. On all our travels, when we saw him, he always said a big hello. It was like meeting a relative: we were happy to see him. I was quite tall. I hunted with my father and I portaged the canoe. I remember what he said to me:

- "How old are you?"

- "I'm not very old."

- "You're very strong! You look young."

- "I think that if I were a little older, I would be stronger."

He laughed and laughed. He really wanted to know how old I was. I was not yet 15 when he asked me that. I ended up by saying to him:

- "I'll be 15 in September."

- "I'll come back next year when we've finished hunting."
- "Yes, that's good."

Fifteen is young to marry. My mother said to me, "A lot of people marry at 15. I married at 15. It was worse for me because I left with the Indians and I didn't speak a word of Indian. They spoke to me and I didn't understand a thing."

When spring arrived, the Indians arrived from Bersimis. William, my husband, asked my father for his daughter's hand. My father said to him, "That'll cost me dear, I have nobody but her to help me. She even portages her canoe. It grieves me to give her away because she's the eldest. My sons are not as big as she is to help me. We'll try. We'll be together just the same."

And it worked. We married in July at Pointe-Bleue. Father Boyer married us. My husband knew father Boyer well; he had lived at Bersimis. We returned to hunt the following year. He bought a beautiful canoe. They went up through Chicoutimi. I was at Bersimis. I did not find Bersimis very beautiful; it was boring. I said, "We're going to return to Chicoutimi and we're going to meet my father at Lac Tchitogama."

We him there and went up together. I lived nearly all my life with my father. When he died, we were still with him in his house. The

year of his death, we built a house here. At that time, I had five or six children. I was beginning to get older and I didn't have much strength. When I was younger, I could easily climb mountains because I liked to work. I was always in the forest, I climbed up to the blueberry patches. I always won because I gathered the most. At that time, we went to La Lièvre. Now, it's the same thing everywhere; it's all been cut back. Before that, gathering blueberries was lovely. We went as far as Eaux Mortes, as it was called.

PART II

"I want to build myself a house."

My husband said, "You can start your house here. Benjamin and I are going hunting this fall. You'll stay with the children. They'll go to school and you can get on with your house."

I asked for advice so I would know what to do. I knew nothing about wood; I didn't even know what clapboard or a two-by-four was. I didn't know what it all meant. A hunter can't be expected to know about these things. I didn't know what rough-sawn board or channelled board was. I had to be careful. I had a good mind, though. It's still good today. My husband and Benjamin left.

William gave me some money. I had nearly \$300. I didn't have a lot. I said to myself "Well now! \$300 to build a house. I can always have a try. I sent the children off to school." My father was still alive in those days. I said, "I'm going to take Uncle Joseph to Roberval with me."

Uncle Joseph sold milk and lived in the back country.

One morning, Uncle Joseph Paul arrived at our house and I said to him, "I would like to speak with you, Uncle. Can you go with me down to Roberval?" In those days, there was a sawmill at Roberval. Once we had reached the mill, I went to speak with the boss. He was fat and I knew him well. He sold boards. He was in his office. I said to him:

- "I'd like to build myself a small house where I could spend the winter because I have children in school."

- "Yes, that's right, your children must go to school. How are you going to do it?"

- "I have \$300. I've come to buy boards with it. I'll give you my \$300 and you'll give me credit for another \$300. That'll make \$600. I want to do a good job so I can spend the winter in my house. I'll certainly need double cladding. I don't know much about wood. I know for example what it means when my frame is up. Then comes the panelling. Even so, I can start with rough wood."

- "You're going to need rough beams, rough pieces of wood, such as two-by-fours. Even if you don't put up cladding right away. You can panel the inside and that will be warm enough. You'll put sawdust in after that."

- "Alright! That'll work. I've heard that if you put sawdust in a house, it's very warm."

- "Yes, that's right. It's warm even if you put only two layers of cladding. For the moment, that's all I can do."

- "My hunters have gone until Christmas. When they return, they'll have furs. They'll sell them and we'll give you what we can. The children at school must eat something. I must think of that."

- "Of course! Send your husband to me, I must meet him."

I said to my uncle:

- "That was a good idea I had."

- "Yes, it was a good idea."

I had to speak to the council. Here, it was the tribe. I said to them, "If I have to pay for the site, I'll never do it." Mr. Laboissière said, "I'll ask all the council members. You'll have a small site for your house. You have to have a site because your children are going to school and you need a cabin to shelter them. It's cold in winter." It didn't take long. All the council members agreed. They said, "Listen, since she is capable of building her cabin, we'll give her this site."

I was then told that my site was ready. It was where the large truck had unloaded my wood. One council member was not there the night that Mr. Laboissière had arranged all this. It was Ti-Tom Raphaël who lives here on the other shore. He was not happy. He said "These people are from Bersimis, they have no right to settle here. They are not accepted."

After two or three days, Mr. Laboissière said to me, "It'll pass. They're all the same Indians. Indians from Bersimis, Indians from Pointe-Bleue, it's the same thing. They were married here and they're going to live here. They're going to raise their children here and maybe they'll die here. That's the end of it! This is their home. They're all the same Indians."

The council then accepted us! They drew up a paper for us and they filed the whole thing in the office.

When my husband arrived at Christmas, I had a door and two windows on either side. It was not very large. I had a large stove in the middle. He was happy when he arrived home. He said, "It's warm inside here. We're comfortable." I told him about everything; I told him that the boss who had sold me the wood in Roberval was very satisfied with the arrangement I had made. He gave me \$300 more to finish my house. My husband said "I'll go and see the boss. I know the man."

Of course, I was very happy when he told me he knew the boss. He went to see him and gave him some money. He paid him nearly everything because I think he had sold beaver, lynx and otter. The man from Roberval was very happy. On another trip, my husband chopped down trees and he was able to pay off the rest.

There was no clapboard, just double cladding. When I entered the house, there were some knot holes in the boards. But, I had to go back; it was snowing and I was living in a tent. There were knot holes and we could see daylight. So, Charlot Buckell said to me: - "My goodness! You're going to freeze here, Mrs. Valin; there are holes everywhere."

- "It's not finished. They're going to panel inside. They're going to put sawdust and cladding."

Then Benjamin and my husband returned from felling trees. We ended up paying for the house in full. Since we needed money, I went to gather blueberries again in summer. I made money from blueberries. We also had to have money for food. We had to buy supplies. We put money aside for the house. I'm extremely happy with my little house, it's very warm. I'm still living in the house I built. I've never moved. It's the same house as in the beginning. As I made money and the others did from log driving and cutting wood, I had a door made in the back for the summer kitchen and I had the frame put in and the upper level finished. Now I know all about

boards. I made three rooms upstairs. It's still quite big. Then the children began to marry. Marthe married and the others as well. They all left when they got married. They married French Canadians. They didn't stay here when they married. They knew that by marrying French Canadians, they didn't have the right to live here

On the whole, I managed well, I muddled through quite well. Today, I'm a widow and elderly. I have two cottages. I built a cottage for \$600 at Eugène Paul's. It's not finished inside. It's on the edge of the lake. It's a really beautiful cottage! I have another at Saint-Thomas. It's slightly smaller, but very warm. There's saw dust inside it; it was built for winter with double floor boards. We also go there in winter to look for hare and beaver. I set the traps myself; they're traps for muskrat, mink and lynx. My son is not able to do very much, because he had a lung operation. He doesn't go very far.

I can't tell you the exact year of my father's death. I know he died when he was 62, because he didn't have his pension yet. He must have been dead for at least 20 years. When my mother died, she was about 86. I can't tell you what year it was. She died a long time after my father. She lived in the house with her children for a long time. Gérard, the youngest in the family,

lived with my mother for a long time. She didn't die of any illness, but of old age. The doctor told us that. She had always been active. When she married, she went up to the forest with my father. When she married, she didn't speak a word of Indian. It took her four years to learn it and to make my father and the other Indians understand her.

Before she married, my mother knew nothing about the forest; she had never been in the forest. She had to learn all sorts of things. As she said, it was difficult to begin with. She had to learn how to lace snowshoes and skin mink, beaver, lynx, otter and everything my father caught. My father had to do the work because she wasn't able to do it; she had never skinned an animal before. Nevertheless, she learned quite quickly. I think that after four years, she knew how to speak Indian and how to lace snowshoes. After that, my mother always prepared the skins. She didn't have children right away. I think she had been married for five years before she had her first child. She was 15 when she got married and she was five years without children. I was the eldest; I was late. She had five years to learn the trade of a woman hunter; she had the time she needed. Sometimes, she went hunting with my father, she followed him. When I was old enough, at about 14, they left me all alone. They left together and I looked after the baby. My father left wood for me to keep us warm. I was all alone in the

forest. We had dogs, but I was all alone. My parents left for two or three days to inspect the traps. There were lines of traps. She went with my father and prepared his meals.

At that time, the baby was two years old. I always called him my baby. It wasn't funny! My little sister Virginie and I heard owls at night. In the evening, I knitted stockings and Virginie always sat close by me. She heard the owls which shrieked: Who! Who! Who! That's what it sounded like. She said to me:

- "I'm scared!"
- "That's not frightening. It's a bird. There's no need to be scared."
- "Really?"
- "Daddy will kill one and I'll show you what an owl looks like."
- "Alright!"

After that, she didn't cry and she fell asleep. I heated the stove. It was a small sheet-metal stove. I had to heat it up so the children wouldn't get cold. I was already like a little old woman and I was only 14. The children said:

- "What are we going to do? They've been gone for a long time."
- "No, they've not gone for a long time! They've gone to look for beaver. You're going to eat the tail. You're going to eat hare. They're going to bring back all sorts of good things."

They were happy. I came up with ideas to stop them from crying. They were afraid at night. They asked:

- "Why are we all alone?"

- "There's no need to be afraid, Anne-Marie is here. I'll look after you. I won't leave you alone. Go to sleep! I'll heat up the stove."

They were all happy. When our parents arrived, they saw the lynx with its large head and big eyes and said, "That's frightening!" My father pitched another tent and heated it. He had to thaw the animals he had brought back. He used another tent because the lynx had fleas and we couldn't sleep. My mother didn't want him to bring the lynx into our tent. He thawed the animals in his tent and skinned them there. That's how I learned to do everything when I was a young girl.

The learning process

When we went up to the forest, my father put me to the test to see if I were any good. He made me go up the rapids not far from the Passes Dangereuses. The rapids were above Lac Tchitogama. There was a beautiful rapid with a pretty good drop. We went up it using a pole. My Aunt Marie Pekutelegan was a widow and I always hunted with her. She stayed for quite a while with us. I remember that my father bought dowels for making poles. He made them just right.

The poles were not very big, but they were long and would bend sometimes. My father said, "We're going to let you stand up in the canoe and you'll see that it's easy to use the pole."

The first time I went up the rapid, I went a good way. My father went up it. The whole family was in the canoe: all the children and my aunt. I tried again to get up the rapid. I gave a good push and landed on top of the small point of land. It was hard there, but I managed. I was proud of myself. That's how I got used to doing it. I had to do it. When you are not used to doing something, it doesn't work. I was already strong enough to do it and I was only 14.

My father hunted at Fourches Manouane. He went up into the Péribonka area and even further. All three of us hunted: my father, my aunt and me. My mother and the others stayed with the children. The others could cut wood. Jeannette was quite big; she was the second eldest in the family. She sawed wood with a younger child. Jeanette and the others cut wood for my mother, while I helped my father. There were no boys near my age. There were small boys, but they were still very young and could not work. There was Clément and Antonio. I continued going into the forest for quite some time after my marriage. I was always with the men.

When we left, there was my husband, my father, Virginie, Gertrude and me.

Moose hunting

I enjoyed killing moose. My father always sat in the back of the canoe and my husband in the front. Since my father was beginning to have problems with his eyesight, he gave me his gun. Sometimes he would see a moose and say "Go on, Anne-Marie, go on shoot!" I was sitting in the middle of the canoe. We saw the moose eating in a clearing. It was a young two-year-old moose. There was not much water in the lake, about four feet. My father was afraid I would miss it. He said, "He's going to come after us. A moose is goes mad when wounded. He gave me some 30/30 cartridges. He was a good shot; he fired several shots in a row. I fired and hit the moose right in the lower back. Oh my goodness! How it charged! My father paddled the canoe into the lake. The moose was heading straight for the three of us. After that, we put harnesses on it. The group of us dug in, all four of us grabbed hold and dragged the moose out. We got it to dry land to skin it. My father said "It's fine to keep the skin of the moose, but I don't do it that way during the trip. It's too much bother."

He was happy and said, "I'm going to make myself a pair of snowshoes with that."

A young moose is beautiful. It's not thick and it makes beautiful babiche for snowshoes. Then, we had to portage. We were quite loaded down; I was carrying a lot on my back. I had my blankets, dishes and all my supplies. I was also carrying some large steaks, nearly a full hind. I had difficulty carrying that. So, my father said, "Leave them there, I'll go and get them."

He helped me a lot. He took a small pack and lifted his canoe over that. It was a heavy load. He set off first and we followed behind. When one of us was tired, we rested. After that, we set up camp and prepared our meat properly. The men were happy to have women to prepare the meat and to make a good fire, some tea, flat bread, etc. We ate. How I loved that! I often think about it now. I think I'll never see such things again, as when I hunted with my father. I still like to eat. I like to roast myself some meat in a casserole. It's really good with flat bread!

In the Péribonka area where we hunted, it was very nice. They have logged the whole area; they have cleared the trees on both sides. There are paths everywhere in the mountains where caribou, moose, lynx and mink used to live. There were also beavers in the streams that ran into the river. Now, there are cottages everywhere. There is a cottage at Canal Sec where we usually spent the spring, at Fourches Manouane. There used to be a camp site

there, but it all burned down a long time ago. There was also a cabin made out of bark; it's called a "tshistikantshuap". The man who lived there left with his children to go and walk his trap line. When he arrived back at his bark cabin, it was on fire. He set off again and went back down the river. The others said it was someone called Atshen who had set fire to it. Trees no longer grow where it burned down. They won't grow; the soil is like coarse sand. Nothing grows in it at all.

Preserving meat

Sometimes, we dug holes and put our supplies in that sand. We could put bear fat in there and it didn't melt. We put a cover on top and that kept it cool all the time. We put a large rock on top to prevent animals from eating our supplies. They said that it had burned down a long time ago. My grandfather also said that. I don't know if that's true but in any case, if the fire was started by an Indian, the trees should have grown back a long time ago. It is still covered with sand and there is some white moss.

If you go to see it, it's flat and there are trees around the area. They say the land is recovering there. There are some small fir trees, but they're not growing quickly. Apparently, there are two lovely cottages there. It was our place before. We camped there

in the spring. We smoked our bear and beaver meat there. We dried the skins. We stretched out the bear and beaver skins over a form and dried them. Now they fish and shoot otter there. My brother Gérard went up to the Fourches last fall. They shoot at beaver. Apparently, there are still quite a few of them along the river. The beaver wander around, the hunters kill them and leave them there to rot on the river bank. It's maddening! It seems they want to destroy all the hunting ground that was there. There's nothing left but cottages and fishing--that's the way it goes. It was so lovely there. I was there for a long time, even after my husband dies.

Still I went hunting with my son, Benjamin. He was the baby of the family. He has been ill recently; he had a lung operation. He couldn't come hunting. I went up there again two years ago. There were beaver. We caught beaver and otter. There were a few muskrat and moose. When I found myself on my own, I could no longer go there. No woman alone could go up there. I had my canoe and motor. It's a five or nine horsepower motor. I have a 19-foot-long canoe. I also have a small canoe that I bought. It's a 16-foot long canoe for carrying gasoline at the back. I am still well equipped.

The government has never helped me. I continued to hunt after my husband's death. I hunted with my husband's traps. It was only my father's traps that we could not find. He had hidden them in the river where we were hunting. He left with his traps and went up into the mountain and probably hid them in the moss. He buried them. He put wood on top of them because if someone had tripped over them, they would have found them. We looked everywhere and couldn't find them. It certainly was a good hiding place! He never told us where they were. He hid his bear traps, but we never found them.

PART III

The death of Anne-Marie's husband

When I lost my husband, he died quickly. He had been ill for about three days. It was his heart. He was working here in the office, he was shovelling the driveway to go to the agent's office. He was clearing the driveways and I was doing the housework in the offices. When he fell ill, he told me exactly what to do. I found that strange. He said to me, "You're still able to go up to the Péribonka area. There's Benjamin, who is able to go, as well as Raymond. They could take your motor. You can also take your motor on the lakes."

It's a seven horsepower motor and I can take it. I took it for two weeks to La Lièvre. We went to gather blueberries. The motor worked well. He then said to me:

- "You can do it. If Raymond gets married and goes away, you'll still have Benjamin to take the motor and go up to the Péribonka area." He still wanted me to go up to the Péribonka area. I said to him:

- "Yes, that would be good."

- "I've just about had it with this illness I have. My father died of the same thing. I can't survive this."

That night, my brother Antonio came by. I said to him:

- "Go upstairs and see him."

- "I'm going to pray this evening. I'll go and see him for a short while. I won't be long." It was about half past six. Antonio said to my husband:

- "Why don't you go and see the doctor?"

- "Even when I go and see the doctor, he doesn't know what's wrong with me. I saw the doctor on Saturday. He said I have a sort of pleurisy. I don't think it's that. He doesn't know."

So that's where it stays. He was sitting on his bed and he said to us:

- "The bell is tolling, I'm going to leave you."

Antonio, my brother, said to him:

- "Try to get some treatment, try to go to the hospital."

- "I feel ill."

I got up. My daughter, Léona, worked here at the school. I said to her:

- "I think your father is much worse."

It was January. Léona left like that--no coat, nothing at all--and went to get the priest at the top of the hill. I stayed there. He held on to my dress and said, "Don't go." When he lost consciousness, he fell on to his bed, laid out. I went downstairs, I hurried because I wanted to see people. As I was leaving, the priest arrived with my daughter, Léona. He went upstairs. I asked

for my son, Raymond. He was at the restaurant and he came. Germain was in the forest. He was near La Lièvre. He had been hunting hare with some other people and they had left the day before. I said to Benjamin:

- "Someone must go and get him."

- "I'll have talk to the guy who took them there. He should know where they're camped."

So, we sent the man who had been their guide to go and find Germain. That night, when we went to bed, we stacked wood at the door. We stacked some wood, for one night. All night, the wood rattled. I didn't know what the noise was. The wind wasn't blowing. It seemed like the wood was rattling all by itself. We went outside to see what was going on; nothing was disturbed. We came back in and the same thing happened again. It was as if someone was shaking the wood. We couldn't sleep that night.

Benjamin left early the following morning to go snowshoeing. He had to come back, the strings of his snowshoes were always coming undone. He said to us: "That's the first time that's happened to me. I can't walk with my snowshoes."

The others who had been in the forest arrived that night.

My husband had been very ill quite a bit before his death. When we were in the forest, he always had a pain in his side, which had been bothering him for some time. It was always the same; he had difficulty breathing. It took his breath away. He often said, "I know my father died of this. I'm going to die of the same thing." He often went to see the doctor, but he didn't know what the problem was. The doctor said to him, "You have pleurisy." He was treated for this. He had a sort of pleurisy. After that, he was hospitalized because he had attacks. When he had one, he had to hold on to his sides like this and he had difficulty breathing. He never saw a doctor who could really tell him what was wrong. When my husband died, my family was nearly all grown up. My baby was nearly 14. That was Antoinette; she was born last.

Anne-Marie's children

I have not yet mentioned all my children. The first child I had was Hélène. After her came Berthe, but I lost her. She was 12 when she died. Then I had Victoria. After Victoria came Thérèse, then Léona, Benjamin and the last two children, Raymond and Antoinette. We had two boys, Benjamin and Raymond and six girls, Antoinette, Hélène, Léona, Berthe, Thérèse and Victoria. That makes eight children in all. I lost only one girl, Berthe. I never had any miscarriages. Today, my daughters all live in

Roberval. Only Thérèse lives at Saint-Thomas. It's nice for me, when I go to Roberval, I see them all. They telephone me every day. This afternoon, three of them have already telephoned me. The telephone is certainly very convenient.

Benjamin was born in the forest at Fourches Manouane. Berthe was born at Lac Tchitogama. Once again, we were in the forest. The others were born here at Pointe-Bleue. Victoria was born at big Lac Onistagane. She was born far away. We had gone further that time. We went quite a way up. We knew we were quite capable. Benjamin was born in March, Berthe in November and Victoria in May.

I'm going to tell you how I had Victoria. That spring, we went down with a man named Charles Boivin. He went up quite high, well above Onistagane. We were quite a way up as well. However, we came down a little on the ice with our canoe before reaching Lac Onistagane. We had a dog to pull our canoe and packs. We camped there for the night. I pulled my packs in the portage. I had my small pack of blankets and I was with our second youngest who was young. It was about midday and I said, "I'm going to get out of the canoe; I don't want to stay in it while I'm ill." There was still quite a bit of snow in the forest. The rivers had all melted.

Charles Boivin said to his sons:

"If that's the case, go and carry the packs, the rest of you. The portage is not very far. The rest of us will land here and pitch a tent. Then come and find us."

I was just a little frightened that they would not return. So he said, "I won't be long, I'm going to get my empty canoe."

We landed there. I climbed on to the snow bank. That supported me a little. There was a fir tree there. I broke off pieces of the fir tree; I had a small armful of it. I began to put the fir branches where the tent was going to be pitched. I had a mattress of caribou skin, a small mattress. He got out of the canoe. Then, they pitched the tent there. I had Hélène with me when Victoria was born. I had Hélène and Berthe. They were standing in the snow. I don't really remember what happened. The child came. There were only four stakes on each side of the tent. Only half the tent was up. Then Mr. Boivin came back. I said, "The child has arrived." It was Mr. Boivin who did the work: he cut the umbilical cord and did everything. I had a small bag and scissors. Oh! my goodness! That small bag was not very big, it was about a foot long. I had just one change of clothing for the baby. I had a blanket. There was a small dress, scissors and some string. That was all. I put everything nearby, I had a hunch. We were very proud of the baby when she was born.

We didn't stay long there. We had to go down. The baby was about one day old. Paul Natipi said, "They're waiting for you down there, in Onistagane. I'll take Anne-Marie down. I'll carry her on my back. She can't walk because there is bound to be water at the portage."

Mr. Boivin therefore gave me his son Bazot's boots, Bazot, so I wouldn't get my feet wet when we were going down. After that, Paul Natipi took me down on his back. He took a small pack of furs and sat me across it and I held on to his neck so I wouldn't fall. The others carried the baby. We reached Lac le Culotte further down. We had gone through there on the way up and we were going through it on the way down. They left us there and he said "We'll speak to your mother and father. They'll send some men to come and get you."

I was tired, so we set up camp there.

The men arrived early the following day. Jack Simpson was with them. One of my sisters was also with them. Jeannette came. They carried the baby. They carried Berthe who could not walk. Hélène was not big enough to walk in the portage. There was no water in the portage, it was beautiful. That's how we made it to my parents. We stayed there for some time. I think the baby was only four days old. I don't know how I did it; I must have had the constitution of an ox.

It was hard! I really thought I was going to die. I nearly lost consciousness when I got into the canoe. There was still ice there. On the way down to Onistagane, the current was quite strong and ice was coming down the river. Paul gave me my paddle. There was only the two of us and the children. He said, "If you see any ice about to hit the canoe, use your paddle to stop it. Ice can sometimes cut a hole in the canoe, it's sharp."

But I didn't use my paddle once. My arms were quite limp. I was nearly unconscious when I got into the canoe. It was dreadful! When I got out on to the point of land, we had to portage because there was too much ice on that side. We crossed the clearing. I didn't walk with the others. They carried me on their backs. Once we reached the tents, Mrs. Natipi made me eat something. I tell you, I didn't take long. I laid down in my bed and got my blanket. They changed the baby. There, I rested. I couldn't take any more! I thought I was going to die. I was exhausted. The people were kind, they took care of me. I was lucky. They were good people.

People would do the same today. There are no Indians today who give birth in the forest like that. I don't know if there are any elsewhere, but it must be rare. So in other words, as we grow older, it seems people are less able. We grow old, and time grows old too. Today, I think, I would never be able to do that.

Illness

When the children were quite big, I had yet another thing. You know what it's like when you're raising children. I was only 41 and I still had to go through the Passion. I didn't know what was wrong with me. They said "Go down to Roberval." I had no blood, none at all. They took some blood samples from my finger. To take the samples, they had to squeeze my finger to make the blood come out. They didn't find any. I had no more blood. I only had blood in my heart. The doctor said:

- "You have a tumour."

- "I'm going to die. How much time do I have left?"

- "You had only a month left to live. We'll operate and you'll be fine."

I had an operation. He said the tumour was as big as his head. It was like thousands of hairs with tips. They kept it at the hospital and put it in alcohol. It's in a jar at the hospital. I don't know if it's still there. After that, I was fine. It was hard to go through because I was only 41.

Today, I'm healthy, very healthy, except for my eyes. I can't see clearly. I'm always going to try to take care of myself. I suppose I'll always be able to see a little, enough to eat and carry my supplies. I still work, I do most things, I feel my way

around. I do my work well nevertheless. It goes better when you can see a bit more. As my children said to me today:

- "Mother, why don't you remarry?"

- "Don't you know why I don't want to get married again?"

Sometimes I make them laugh with that.

"It's because of my money, I get the full amount of my pension."

If I were to marry, they would cut that in half. I wouldn't have as much. A mere \$100 every month! My children laugh. "Of course, I could do that for money."

My daughters don't have many children. Hélène has no family. She had an operation when she was young. She is well, she works. She has also raised children. She adopted a young Haitian. She also adopted another child. Her first is called Cécile, I think. There is the little black girl and another boy. The boy belonged to my other daughter Thérèse. Thus, she looked after two girls and a boy. She lives with a married man who has two children. That makes five children in all. Victoria is married and lives in Roberval. She never had any children; she is always sick.

Thérèse had a large family. She had two sets of twins. After that, she had another girl. She was the last, but she lost a girl.

She didn't go to full term. She nearly died. She was living in Chicoutimi in those days. Now, she is always sick.

Léona never married. She never had any children, none at all. She had something from birth. That's what the doctor said. As a result, she couldn't have any children. She should have had an operation, but he was not sure he could do it. Raymond got married. All his children are quite big. First, there was Narcisse and Éric. Then came two girls. That makes four. There was another and a little boy. He lost the last one, the little boy, when he was still a baby. He died; I think he choked on his bottle or his food. It happened while he was sleeping. Antoinette had three children. She is not married; she is living with someone. That has become the fashion. I don't particularly like it. It wasn't like that for us.

I don't see the children very often, apart from those that Hélène raised. The others are married and they have their families and their work; they are not free. Sometimes they come and see Hélène who raised them. She's like their mother. After that, there's Raymond. He was married to a girl from Pointe-Bleue. He left his wife. He fell in love with another girl. They had a baby boy this spring. He's still living with the same girl. She is also from Pointe-Bleue. He's a police officer. Life has really changed

since our days. Everything has changed. You never heard of that happening before. It probably happened, but you didn't really hear about it.

Today, it's all organized. Everyone has his hunting ground. If someone has not been invited to come and hunt on your hunting ground, then you have the right to throw him off. You have the right to report that person, if he won't leave. Like the rest of us in the Péribonka area, they cut down the trees. They made bridges and roads on both sides of the river. They sent us away from there because the water was dirty. There was no drinking water. There was nothing but fir tree gum. They did log driving. The river was full. Try going up that in a canoe. There was nothing but wood coming down all across river. So the rest of us left. We were sent via Lac à Jim. There are still lakes there.

Game wardens

When we arrived, it was already fall. I had Benjamin with me. Raphaël who was there said, "This hunting ground is mine, the rest of you must go further up." The river was far away. It backed onto the Chibougamau road. We had to go to the fourth lake. I said, "We can't go there, you can't portage the canoe." In the end, we left early in the morning; we brought our diner with us.

There was a lake. We crossed the lake in our 16-foot canoe and set snares on the other side. There was also a beaver lodge. There was a portage there. I told myself it must belong to Raphaël because he had made a mark. I said to Benjamin, "The beaver there, on the other side, belong to Raphaël because he has already found them. They are marked. He said, "That makes no difference, we'll make snares in the same way." The following day, we had to go and find our snares. Ice was beginning to form. We had to break it up to go to the other side to inspect our snares. We had caught about three hares. That wasn't a lot because we had put out nearly 20 snares.

We went to our tent. I said, "I'm wondering what we're going to do here. I'm quite worried about spending the winter here because it looks as if the man guards his land quite well. I don't know what he might do to us. He could send us away right in the middle of winter. We would do well to move about two miles lower down. We would nearly be across from the hunting ground the council gave us." We had to leave there before there was too much snow. The lake was beginning to freeze over a little. We had made a beautiful square and had put up a large tent. There were about six strips of material. It was a beautiful, square tent that I had bought at the post.

I didn't have many supplies. I bought them as we needed them. I went down to Saint-Thomas to go and get some. So I said "We would do well to go down." We left our square there and all the wood that we had cut. We left. One of my daughters, Thérèse, said, "I'll help you move." We moved two miles further down. There was quite a bit of snow. The ground was frozen. Once again, we made a four-foot square and pitched the large tent on it. We had just finished and were getting ready to make ourselves something to eat. We were tired; we had carried our wood and packs to our tent and the road was quite far away.

But what happened? Raphaël arrived with two game wardens. Benjamin was in bed because he was tired. He had just taken his pills. He got up. He was not happy to see the game wardens. The game warden said:

- "Why have you left a car on the road?"
- "We do have the right to stop on the side of the road. Why have you come to tell us these things?"
- Raphaël said "You have no right to camp here."
- "You have no right to camp along the road either."
- "We have the right to camp anywhere; we're Indians. You let French Canadians camp near your tent."

The others didn't have the right, but we did.

Benjamin was angry. An argument followed. There were two game wardens. One of them ran away. I restrained Benjamin. I didn't want him to go and fight down there, especially poorly dressed like he was. Raphaël returned and was going to take hold of Benjamin's sleeve. I wanted to get him away. I said to Raphaël:

- "You've no business coming here. We have the right. They sent us to hunt. Down there, in our hunting ground, they've cut down all the trees. The water is no good for drinking. They sent us here. Why did you come?"

- "Take him, he has no business coming to argue with us. We left there near to them because I knew it was his hunting ground. We are just hare hunters; it's not dangerous."

They carted him away. The two game wardens took him. Raymond arrived that night. He had brought all my papers. My hunting ground was in fact at the third lake higher up.

Raphaël--I can't remember his given name. He is still there where he was. We left there and went down to Saint-Edmond. There was quite a bit of snow. When we arrived at Saint-Edmond, I said to Benjamin, "We're going to try to find a piece of land somewhere around there. There must be hare there."

We stayed some time there. We were there nearly a month. But it was not warm in a tent. Raphaël didn't treat me very well. I left there when I saw that's how things were. Afterwards, the council

said, "Go up again into that hunting ground. Go up again, we'll send him a paper. If he complains or does something, he'll lose his hunting ground. That's what we'll do. He'll come down from there and no longer have the right to go to his land."

When we left there, we went to Saint-Thomas. That's where I built a small cottage. We took snowmobiles and followed the road. There were hare on both sides of the road. There were also beaver. Ti-Jean Raphaël had a hunting ground there. There is Lac à Jim, the concession road, then after that, on this side of the mountains, my cottage. It's quite far from Lac Crapaud. The company chopped down the trees there and made the road. That fall, we set snares everywhere. Then Mailloux said, "There's too many people travelling through here." He definitely didn't say that to us. He said it to the French Canadians. There were lots of French Canadians going up there and killing beaver, moose, hare and partridge. That took a lot of them from us. Mailloux said, "I'm going to cut off that road." Benjamin could not go hunting around there.

There was also another road that the company had made. To protect his hunting ground, the man cut that one off too. They used a plow to cut off the road. He had to pay \$300 because he blocked the road. He had to fix it. They'll end up being cowed. My cabin is

still there. I fixed it up again this fall, it's all painted. There are outhouses. I dug holes to make nice, properly done outhouses. I'm going to go there again this spring for hare and lynx. Ti-Jean Raphaël, he's not bad. He'll never say to us, "The rest of you, this is not your land." He's also getting old. He has started to become more placid. So, when spring comes, we'll go there again. This is the only hunting ground we can have. I have not been up to the Péribonka area for some time.

PART IV

Big game hunting

When I became a widow, I went up there. I hunted beaver. In the fall, I caught loads of them. There was also fish. I put out nets and I smoked the fish. Sometimes, I came down with?? a large packet of fish. The council then told me "Anne-Marie, a woman is not entitled to a hunting ground."

Now, they give hunting grounds to women. I didn't have the right to one. I was even brought up there. It doesn't make sense. It's damn maddening! But when they needed someone to interpret, it was always me. "Come on, Anne-Marie, interpret for us. Come and tell us what they're saying." It was always the same. I never

said a word. It's the first time I have spoken about these things--the difficulties I have had since I became a widow.

My son did what he could. He set snares. He often brought back a beaver. He set traps. That meant we could always survive. I had difficulties for quite a while. I thought to myself, "Very soon I'm going to have my pension." Once, the council asked to see me. They said, "Mrs. Valin, I think you're going to get your pension. You can look after yourself. We won't help you.

They knew me. I was able to run my own life. They knew how old I was. I was beginning to get old through hunting. I said, "Okay, first of all, in the fall, if I have pension, I'll go and buy my supplies. I'll go up to the forest to hunt. They said, "That's fine." That's how it began. I still hunted for quite a long time. Here I am with two cottages! (laughter) I've a cottage for the summer and another for hunting. Once, I went up through La Tuque. I said to myself, "I'm going up to kill a moose." I had my moose licence. It was when they had just started to issue licences for moose. I thought, "I even have a licence, a paper." There were some of my people who had a new snowmobile. I said, "Clément, do you know if there are moose in the cove at Roberval?" There are some there. He said, "Yes, there are some. There are also some lakes over there. There's bound to be moose." It was round about

early April. One of my daughters was living at the cove. Early in the morning, we left with my brother. We arrived there and there was a lake. Clément said, "Here, there are bound to be moose." I set off with him. We were at the other end of the lake. There was a small mountain there. Clément said to me: I'm going to round the small mountain. I'm sure there will be moose there."

I crossed the small bay. Clément went behind the mountain. The moose came. There were two of them. One of them came toward my direction. The other headed for the cove. It went straight to the lake. It was a female. I walked a little more. There were no tracks there. I thought it had turned round and followed its mother. A two-year old moose was its mother. They went into the forest heading straight for Lac Saint-Jean.

Clément said to me, "There's no way we can go after them, the snow is too soft." We made our way to Lac Saint-Jean. There were cabins in the cove. The game wardens lived there. The two-year old moose and the female had spent the night an arpent away from the game-warden's house. There was also another man. He had a house. He was a hunter. He went up and down the shore. He crossed the fields and hunted rabbit and hare. He saw the tracks of the moose that went there by the side of the game warden's house. He went there and the moose got up. The female was about

to give birth. There were alders on the other side of the fields. We left in the morning. We could clearly see where the moose had gone, but could we find it? It must have crossed the lake and made its way to the island in the middle of the lake. The man killed it near the alders. It had not taken long. He had killed it, skinned it and already sold it.

The following morning, Clément and I set off towards the road that runs up to Lac Bouchette. We camped at the side of the path again. Clément said, "We're probably going to find some here. We have a licence, we should be able to find moose." I also had my licence. Clément left that night, saying "I'm going to see if there are any partridge." It was mild that night. It looked as though it was going to rain. I said "There's going to be a layer of ice tomorrow. That's going to freeze. It's going to be cold." Clément left to see if there were any partridge. They were for making stock. Just after he left, he shot a partridge. He came back right away. He said the snow was wet. One of my daughters was with me. We didn't wait very long. Two game wardens arrived in a pick-up.

They also had two snow mobiles. We were camped not very far from the road. The game warden said to us, "We've been told that you were at the cove. They say that you chased after the moose that

was behind our house. It was lying down there. The moose took fright. It ran away into the cluster of alders on the other side of the field. It was killed there. Apparently, the meat has already been sold." I said, "Indeed! We weren't the ones there. We put up our tent here."

We found another two moose, not very far from the road. We were waiting for it to freeze a little before going to kill them. The game wardens knew there were two moose there. They had seen the tracks. The game warden's name was Drolet; he was from Lac Bouchette. He was a S.O.B.

- He asked us, "Do you have guns?"

- I said yes.

Clément had two 22-rifles. Drolet said:

- "Do your guns work well?"

- I said to him, "Go and stand over there. You'll see. I'm going to try my 22 and you'll see. (laughter)

- "Hey! Mrs. Valin, don't do that."

He knew me.

- "Bring me your gun."

There was a magpie perched there. He shot the magpie and it fell to the ground.

- "Your gun works well. I'm going to seize it."

- I said "Listen, here, I'm the boss."

- "My brother is the guide and the guns belong to me. I'm the one who wants to go hunting. I don't have much to eat in the evenings. I have no bread, nothing. We didn't bring any flour with us. We're going to be here long. It's because we saw some tracks. We're going to find moose tomorrow.

- Drolet said, "Well then, I'm going to take it."

- "I have my licence. Harry gave me a licence."

- He said to me, "Show me your licence."

I showed him the large piece of paper.

- "I'm going to seize your licence."

- "Do you want me to die? You're going to take everything away from me. I have nothing to eat tomorrow morning before leaving."

- "We're going to give you your partridges. You don't have the right to hunt here. You'll eat your partridges and then you'll leave tomorrow."

They seized my guns and my licence.

- I did what Harry had told me to do: "You go with this licence. If they want to seize your guns, don't refuse at all, hand them over." That's what I did. That night, we returned and I went to see Harry.

- He said to me: "He seized your licence as well. The S.O.B.!"

- "There are moose about an arpent away from our tent."

- "Go on, I'll lend you my gun, my rifle."

I didn't have enough money to go there by taxi. I had spent nearly \$30 just to get me a ride there.

- He said to me: "If you can't, you can't."

Harry and the others were there. They told me afterwards. They killed the moose under the nose of game warden Drolet. There were two large moose. It was maddening for a widow.

Clément would have been able to shoot a moose, but it was damn far away. It would have meant carrying it. So he didn't want to shoot them there. He wanted to follow them so that it would be nearer to carry the meat. We saw four moose, but we had no meat. In the Péribonka area, it was spring. My husband was still alive. We had no rifles, nothing at all. We had borrowed a 20 that Isaac Simpson didn't really want.

- I said, "How are we going to hunt with this?"

There was a moose in the lake walking through the alders. The water had risen. I had to take the barrel and hold it underneath so it didn't slip. I shot the moose. After killing it, I let go of the gun and it separated in two. The barrel had come apart from the butt. I was lucky I didn't hurt myself with a gun like that. My husband laughed. He was rowing, of course. He swam quickly so he could reach the moose.

When we went hunting, it was no laughing matter. I was quite used to it. (laughter) I haven't lost my courage. I still toy with the idea of returning there to have another go, because I can still do it. I'm in good shape and I can walk. My legs have never bothered me. If I can get my eyes seen to, I'll go again in the spring.

Retirement

Since I've been getting my pension, when I want to do something, they repay me. I do without some things so that I can put money aside for when I want to do something. Last summer, I had the front of the house insulated. I bought what was needed. I hired some men and I was the one who paid them. I didn't complain. They let me do what I want. I also had a new staircase built. I hadn't changed the staircase since the house was built. It was beginning to fall down. It was dangerous. I bought some boards to make the stairs. I threw away everything that was no good. After that, I left. I tried to go and gather blueberries, but I couldn't see very well. I could not see the blueberries. That's how I used to make money. Since I could not see the blueberries, I stood still. I said to myself, "I'm going to stay somewhere for the summer, like the others, on the shores of Lac Saint-Jean. From time to time, I came to see my house, to see how it was going to be for the winter. I couldn't change my porch. At the back, I had to install a rail

because I had twice nearly fallen off the porch. It's about four feet high. I now leave through the back, it's not as dangerous.

I don't know what it'll be like in the spring. I may be able to see more clearly because with cataracts maybe I'll be able to work more. I won't have an operation for my cataracts. There is a new machine nowadays with a red light. They make the cataracts melt away. I might have to go twice. They've said that it'll be better. I'll go to Chicoutimi rather than Quebec City for another operation. It's the second time I've had an operation.

Sometimes, I no longer know what to do. My son had a lung operation. He can't work any more. So although he's a man, it's like living with a woman. Sometimes, he washes the dishes and runs errands when I can't, when I have the flu. When we need more expensive things, I go. I pay for all my own electricity. It costs me more because I have electric heating. I have had electric panels put in. With those, we have some warmth. It's not worth me bringing in wood, to kill myself again. I was exhausted when I brought wood in. And, my stairs were covered with ice. I had to be very careful, I fell down them twice. I hurt myself quite badly. I never liked bringing in wood. I still have plenty of wood. The canoe shed is full of it, about five cords of it.

We don't always have electricity. I can always heat up the house. I bought a small cast-iron stove that gives off a lot of heat. I've had the chimney since the house was built. I noticed that it was cracked at the top. People said to me, "Get the people from Roberval. They know about these things. They'll tell you if your chimney is good or not." I thought to myself, "How much is that going to cost me this time? It's expensive. Those people don't work for free. I asked them to come. They cleaned the chimney.

- They said to me, "Your chimney is not very solid; there are cracks everywhere."

- I said, "How much will it cost me to have it cleaned only?"

I had a lovely, brand new vacuum that I had bought. They used it to remove what had fallen down, the soot and the pieces of brick. Of course, they dirtied my lovely vacuum. I didn't even want to dirty it. I thought they should have things to clean up with.

- "How much is that?"

It hadn't taken half an hour.

- "Thirty dollars."

- "How much would it cost to build a new chimney?"

- "To build a new, safe chimney would cost \$2,000. Take your stove, there is nothing underneath. Put something underneath the stove, so it doesn't burn."

- "Thank you! I'm all alone."

Bleue who had treatment can now see clearly. I'll never believe they won't go away. I could work. I think it's sad when a person who has no pain anywhere in their body, is in good health and good shape, but who can't see anything. That's the worst. Sometimes, I cry about it, especially when I'm alone. I like to go hunting. But I am not one to torture myself about it. So, I'd like to repair my porch and build a veranda. When I do work on the house, I hire a man and we help him a bit, my son and I. We pass him the boards, we pass him what he needs.

I once had a letter, but I didn't pay much attention to it.

- The letter said, "If I needed a man to do some work."

I didn't reply to the letter. I built my staircase all by myself. I have my cottage that is built. I paid \$600. For a woman, I think it's damn good. Maybe I'm very independent. The other old women don't do what I do. It's very rare to find a woman who can manage at my age. I mean, women who don't require help.

Learning to get around in the forest

When I was talking about hunting, it came back to me. When we went up to hunt, I was always with my husband. I helped him all the time. I walked with him right into the forest. When he had beaver to carry, I also carried them. I carried his traps. I carried the

dinner. I made the fire to make tea. He set his traps. When he had finished, he came to eat. I was able to learn to hunt easily because I began when I was quite young. I remember that I was eight years old when I went on a trip with my grandfather.

- He said, "Do you think you'll be able to do this? You're going to lead us to the river where our canoe is."

I said to myself that I couldn't do it. I was still young.

- He said to me, "Do you hear something?"

He was standing up and was laughing at me. I was nearly seven, I think.

- I said, "Yes, grandfather, I hear something."

- "What do you hear?"

- "I hear the river and the rapids."

We had landed at the foot of the rapids.

- "Exactly. Can you lead me to them tonight? I can't see very well at night."

We had caught beaver in the traps. I was carrying a small beaver. I was happy, I was still young. My aunt was carrying a large beaver. My grandfather had two beavers and his traps.

- He said to me, "Do you know where you must go? You must go straight, don't make any detours."

I was young and I was scared. I was timid and I still am today. I'm scared at night. We could see the stars that night. The sky was clear, but the moon had not come out.

- So, my grandfather said to me, "You must keep going straight, because I only hear the river at times."

He followed us. I was in front. A young slip of a woman was leading the way, believe it or not!

- "Do you still hear the river?"

- Yes, grandfather, I hear it. I'm going straight there."

- "Good, keep going. We'll reach the river soon."

There were birch trees, spruces and a lot of branches. Sometimes, I went underneath the branches. I was not very big, but I was always very able.

- "Don't go too far ahead because we'll lose you."

- "Oh no! There's no danger of that, I'm scared."

- "You needn't be afraid of any of the animals in the forest. There's nothing to be frightened of. People are more frightening.

- There's nobody here in the forest, grandfather. There's only us." He laughed. Then after that, we continued moving down. There were some large overturned stumps.

- My aunt said, "What's that ahead? Do you see it."

- "Yes, I see it. I don't know; it's like an uprooted tree." It was dark.

- "Don't go on. It's a moose there."

It was nearly on the other side of the path.

- "I don't know what it is."

My grandfather came up from behind.

- "What's there?"

- "I don't know. It looks like a stump. I don't know."

- "Oh! It's not dangerous! Where's your aunt gone?"

- "She has gone to find some bark to burn. We are going to twist it and light it."

He waited a while, sat down and rested. Then she turned the bark upside down and grandfather lit it. She held up her torch. We walked about four or five feet. It was an upside-down stump. It looked as though it had antlers. My grandfather laughed at us. He laughed.

So that's how we went down to the river. We came out right beside our canoe. I was really pleased about that. I'm used to hunting. But in spring, I had to go to school. I did learn some things, though. When I have to do my finances or sign my papers, then I need what I learned at school.

Once I got married, I had to follow my man everywhere he went. I had to prepare meals and make bannock. I used to prepare the dinner bag: tea, sugar, everything we needed. My husband portaged his canoe. I carried the blankets and the supplies. I put my

supplies on top of a pack of blankets. That made two large packs. We went to set up camp. There were two beaver lodges. I'll never forget that.

- I said, "I'm going to set a trap for otter."

There was a beautiful spot where the otters landed. There was white moss. It was a beautiful place. The otters landed where the earth was broken up. They played there. Their tracks were not visible. They landed with fish and ate them there. We set a trap. My father had shown me how to do it. You look for the yellow earth. You hide your trap. You put some white moss beside it where the chain of your trap is held and you attach the end to the branches. You cover that wood with the moss.

- My father said, "Your trap is good."

When we finished, we splashed water with the paddle to wash it, so there was no scent. We didn't need to put any bait in, since the otters landed with their fish.

I was with my husband and father. My father was in charge. He said to us:

- "I see waves at the point, as if a moose is going round the lake. There must be a moose there. It has to eat."

So, we arrived at the point quietly. We saw the moose eating at the edge of the lake. I was half sitting down, Indian style. My father had a 30/30. My father said:

- Anne-Marie, shoot that moose there. It'll make us a good steak for dinner.

It was a two-year-old moose. So, I took my gun and put two cartridges in it. The canoe was turned to the moose, which was in front of me. I couldn't shoot in front because there was someone there. It was still quite far away. There wasn't much water. My father said to me:

- "If you wound it, it may come after us. Some of them are evil." I injured it with the first shot. I shot again. It fell to the ground this time. We landed it using harnesses. We skinned it. It didn't take long. We removed the hair from the skin, everything was neatly done. He put it into packs.

It was my father who prepared all that. We took care of the meat. We buried the bones. We put moss on top. We didn't leave it in the open air. We removed the whole tongue. We took care of everything; we didn't leave a mess. After that, we left. It was still early. We had dinner at another point. There was young wood (ouskashkayan, as it is called), some new shoots. We ate there. It was a lovely point. We saw loons not far away. We had set up camp at the other end of the lake. There was a portage that went toward the cape, toward the des Passes road in the Péribonka area. The portage was quite beautiful. We took packs. The following

morning, we had to leave. We were at the other end of the portage and we began to set the traps. We stayed there for about a week. - My father said, "Let's go and visit the first traps that we set over there."

It took a whole day. We left our tent there to go and visit our traps. I had caught a lovely otter in my trap. They had caught beaver. My father had also caught an otter. My otter was bigger than my father's. Mine was a male; my father had caught a female, which was smaller. But he was happy since he had caught beaver. Once back at the tent, we skinned our animals properly. My father had made some forms. We both took his forms. My husband said, "You're lucky when it comes to hunting. How come? You're always luckier than the rest of us."

I don't know why they said that to me. A person who is lucky may live longer, I don't know, because the others are already dead.

I haven't forgotten anything about what happened when I was young with my parents. Sometimes people came to buy the furs. We were at the Fourches. That was the place to wait for the Indians coming down in the spring. Some small buyers went up. They came to meet us with supplies. We didn't sell them the large beaver. We sold them muskrat. Sometimes, my father bought tobacco. He sold ten muskrats to buy tobacco. We were leaving again on another trip and he couldn't be without his tobacco. He smoked French Canadian

tobacco. My husband smoked cigarette tobacco. I smoked, but not heavily. That's why I gave up smoking, I think. Tobacco didn't suit me. Sometimes, after dinner, we were going along the river there. They were smoking cigarettes. I rolled myself a cigarette like the others. I had to do exactly the same as the others. Of course, all hunters do the same thing. My father was filling his pipe. He smoked before leaving. I rolled myself a cigarette just like my late husband. Of course, I was used to smoking with the others. A hunter who doesn't smoke doesn't look like a hunter. Sometimes, I felt sick to my stomach.

- "Why do I feel sick when I smoke? You don't feel sick with your French Canadian tobacco."

- "We don't feel sick."

I threw the cigarette in the water!

In the forest, I searched for fir tree gum. There were blazings along the portages. Gum oozed out of them. I put it in a box of baking powder, then I put it in my back-pack. I always had a large wad of gum. Fir tree gum was a pain to collect, but once you had collected it, everything was alright, you had something to chew. When we set up camp, there were always three or four of us. My sister, Virginie, also travelled with us. My sister and I made bannock in the evenings. We had to cook the meat for the morning. We each had an empty pot to put on the fire outside. We always had

some black pots to go on the fire. We had to wrap them with a piece of tent so they didn't make everything else black. It was quite bothersome. The teapot was also black. We put them altogether.

Lack of game

We often made flat bread in the sand. This bread was huge. Our flat bread was like a sponge, well cooked. It was about four inches thick and nearly two feet wide. (laughter) We had enough for the whole week. We cut it into large slices. We roasted it with moose meat. We always had fat, which we bought. It was white. It was in pots. We had three pounds, five pounds, 10 pounds and 20 pounds. Sometimes we had none. We ran short of supplies in the fall. We were above Fourches Manouane. My father said, "We must go down and get some supplies." We came back with flour, salt tea and tobacco. Always tobacco for my father. We went down to Saint-Coeur-de-Marie to buy all that. We had to come back up before the ice formed. The rivers swept the ice along. It was dangerous for canoes. Sometimes it was mild, that gave us a real opportunity.

We have completely run out of food in the forest in the past. We had no food for one month. On that occasion, spring came in March. It was far too early. It had rained for nearly 15 days. We were

still at the Fourches, Fourches Manouane. I was pregnant with Raymond, the one who is now a police officer. I was four months pregnant. I was with Xavier Raphaël, who always lived at Lac Tchitogama. He had gone up to Fourches Manouane with his daughters. His son and my husband had come back down. So, we stayed with the old man and his two daughters. I was with my children. I had Hélène, Victoria and Benjamin as well. I had to stay there. My canoe was on the other side of the river. I was afraid to stay without having my canoe on my side. There was a man a little lower down. His name was Michel Dominique. He was at Canal Sec. He had come to explore with his son.

- So I said to him, "You're going to get my canoe, it's not far. Hurry up, the ice could move out all of a sudden."

The water was rising all the time.

- "I don't know if you'll be able to land on the other side, but the ice is still good in the middle."

It was a fair distance before reaching the ice. I said to myself, "If I can have my canoe, then when the ice disappears, I'll be able to go ahead of my husband. He won't be able to come up because he doesn't have a canoe. In any event, Michel Dominique brought me my canoe. He had been able to go and get it. Old man Xavier and the others went up to put out nets to catch fish.

The river was completely clear.

- I said, "We're going to load the guns, cartridges, our blankets and then my children. After that, we'll go ahead of your father. So, we went down a little lower towards Lac Tchitogama.

- "Some times he went up with another person and we could meet him. There are many people down there at Canal Sec. We'll wait for him where the dunes are."

We didn't have many supplies for a month. The children stripped bark from birch trees. Under the bark, there was sap. They ate this.

- I said to them, "Don't eat that. It'll stick to your guts. You'll be sick."

We didn't have any flour. From time to time, Xavier went to visit his snares. He had difficulty walking, the old man did. We had been without food for about a month. Sometimes, he caught a hare. Of course, he had his two daughters and himself to feed off one hare. I had my two small daughters and Benjamin who was still young. He was about seven. The old man occasionally gave us a little flour, just enough to thicken the stock. I was pregnant and I had nothing but that in my stomach.

- I said to the children, "The moment we're able to leave, we'll go."

A little bit of ice was still being swept along. It moved out as the water backed up. We saw the ice disappearing. It was still going down the river, but it was in small pieces. Xavier and his

daughters left in the morning. They didn't go down, they went up. We went down.

I packed everything away and we left. It was cold! I had only a 16-foot canoe. I had my three children with me. Hélène was in front. I had loaded the blankets, the tent and the stove into the canoe. I wasn't afraid of capsizing. I didn't think of it at all. We went down a little. All of a sudden, we saw a hare sitting on the river bank; he was warming himself in the sun. I had a 22, I shot the hare. He dropped down dead. Hélène went to get it. She held on to a branch and put it into the canoe. It didn't take very long.

- We said, "We're going to set up camp on this point. There are plenty of fir trees, but not a lot of snow."

We landed there and camped.

- Hélène said: "Let's set some snares, there are hare tracks."

- That's a good idea, we'll go do it."

We had a little tea and a little fat. We boiled the hare we had just killed. We ate a little meat with some fat, but no bread, none at all. We climbed up a hill. One child couldn't walk: he was too young.

- Hélène said: "Look, there are hare tracks."

- "Set your snares."

- "There's too much snow, we're sinking."

The snow was melting. We were stuck up to our knees. We didn't have any snowshoes.

We returned to the tent; it was already late.

- I said, "Hélène, tomorrow we'll leave early, before the wind gets too strong. We'll go down quietly."

We had only a small tea pot for getting water.

- Hélène said, "We'll go right away and get some water to put on the stove. Tomorrow morning, we'll make some tea."

We had a little tea, not much. We ate a little more of our hare again, about three or four mouthfuls each and the stock that was on the plate. We took it like water.

Hélène said, "There's a moose coming down the river; it's running and causing the water to splash.

We had a 30/30 rifle, a 22 and a 16 or a 20.

I said, "I'm going to take your rifle. I'm going to put three cartridges in it. You're going to climb up the hill and you're going to hide your little sisters there, so they won't scream because if the moose hears something, it'll go back up." I went ahead.

I set out with my rifle, I climbed up the hill a little. The moose was nearly at our tent. It was drawn by the tent's smell of smoked meat. Coming down, it stopped right by a large spruce. It began to look right where I was sitting. It lifted its head. I shot it. It fell to the ground in the river.

- I had told Benjamin, "When I fire two shots, you come. You'll run and find me."

I saw him coming after the first shot. I fired again at the moose's head. Sometimes, it might get up. Benjamin came down the hill and climbed on to the moose.

- I said, "That's terrible, you're not afraid!"

He went to find the harness. A good thing he was able. He attached it around its neck. We were afraid it would drift into the middle of the river. There was still a little bit of a current. But there was no deep water.

I exerted myself to help them. I had hitched everyone up, even the smallest one at the end of the rope. They had half pulled the moose out of the water.

- Then, I said to Hélène: "I can't help you any more."

Hélène knew that I was pregnant. At that time, she was 14, I think.

She said to me, "Never mind, mother, I'll remove the guts. I'll throw them into the current. After that, it'll be much lighter." They slashed it right along its side and removed the guts. The current carried them away, of course. It was much lighter. They landed it almost whole. We were able to skin it a little. The more we cut it up, the lighter it became.

- When we had finished skinning it, I said, "Tomorrow morning, we must leave early."

I completely deboned the moose. I took only the meat. After that, I completely removed the hair that was there. The skin was thin.

- "We'll dry it over there and use it for snowshoes."

Before leaving in the morning, I loaded the canoe with Hélène.

Oh Christ! It was loaded four inches from the top.

- "Oh damn! We're going to sink, Mom."

- "We'll go down along the bank, we won't go out into the river too far. If there's not too much wind and you don't wriggle about too much, there'll be no danger."

I made a blaze toward the river. I took my pencil, signed my name and the date on which I killed the moose all by myself with the children.

- I said to myself, "Everyone will still know, even if we drown here, they'll say Anne-Marie came by here, it must be her who drowned." The children laughed, they had no idea of the danger. Ernest had gone down behind the rest of us. We reached Île de la Perdrix, not far from Canal Sec, where there were people. Michel Dominique was already there with his good wife. We wanted to go there, but we had to set up camp there. The wind was blowing a little and it's quite wide to cross.

- I said, "We won't go through there, when the wind blows like this, we can't go."

We unloaded our meat. There was a large piece of ice. I put all the meat in the ice. It was like a fridge.

- The little girls said, "We don't have to worry about the flies."

The flies were beginning to appear. It was April. It was a beautiful evening. The girls were outside and saw a canoe coming.

- "Look, there's a canoe coming. There's a man in it."

- Well I'll be damned! I'm happy to have company, but I don't know who.

He was also coming down. Of course, we were smoking the meat; we had finished setting up camp.

- They said, "It's Ernest Raphaël."

He hadn't brought his wife, he had been all alone in his cabin. With the spring flood, he had lost all his supplies. Everything got swept away by the water. He had just enough time to save his canoe. He had been lucky.

So, he said to us, "If you want to leave tomorrow, I'm willing to take half of your packs."

"That's great."

He had an 18-foot canoe, I think. He was all alone. He had nothing to eat. He had only his blanket and a few furs. There are hard times in the forest. I eventually met my husband at Canal Sec. He had found someone else who was going up. It was François Savard. He found us there.

He was pleased to see us. He told us that he had been to see the priest at Lac des Habitants, but that was not its correct name. It was at Saint-Coeur-de-Marie. He had been to see the priest and told him that he had left his family in the forest and that they had not eaten since March. The priest told him to try to find us, to try to save us. "We'll help you and the good Lord will help you as well." The following day, François Savard went up the Péribonka. He went with him. They had a few supplies with them, they were also loaded down. We prayed all the time, every evening. We had faith. We did not give up on the good Lord, not for one day. It's important to have faith. Apparently, we were not the only ones caught that way. It seems that everywhere that spring, people were caught in the forest without canoes and without supplies. There was a plane, it was small. It saved many people by bringing in supplies.

There had been no accidents, however: no drownings or anything. I saw my companions who had arrived. They had had a good trip. They had killed a bear and had caught fish. They had smoked them. When we arrived at the Fourches, they were already there.

- They said, "It was awful Ann-Marie to go like that. We thought you were going to wait for us. We wanted to bring you some bear meat."

After that, we spent the rest of spring there. I went up again with my husband. We had two canoes. I had mine and another one. We continued to hunt that spring. We had a few supplies. In the spring, when the river was clear, we went down to Lac Tchitogama. It takes about two days. My father often went to find supplies. Sometimes, we went down only in June. It took few supplies to hunt in the spring. My father set bear traps. The rest of us smoked the bear meat. It was the same for moose meat. It was like ham. When you cut the meat, it was red like ham. There was a sort of crust on top.

An Indian woman told me that she had eaten everything, except otter. She couldn't eat it, it was too fatty. I also ate some, when I was younger. I got sick. We were crazy too. You know what children are like. We were playing outside. My mother roasted the fat and put it into a dish. She put the roast into another dish. We thought it was for eating. She collected the fat. It was for greasing shoes! We stole the roast from the dish. I ate a good piece of it. It was large, well roasted and very yellow. I vomited in the night. Oh! I was sick! I've never eaten it again after that. It tastes too much like oil. It doesn't taste like that when it has just been killed. But after two days, it tastes like oil.

I have also eaten marten. They cook it on a spit. It's like hare, it's good. As for mink, it's not edible. You know, the smell of it, they say all the meat smells like that. It's not tempting. It was at Nichicun that I spoke with that Indian woman. Her husband was sick and she had very little to eat. I was on an island where there were very few hares. I didn't put out any snares because there were not enough tracks. Afterwards, I discovered that a couple of owls also lived on the same island as me. They were eating all the hare. I was angry; I killed one of them. The other escaped. After examining the owl, I discovered that it looked quite fat when it was flying, but when plucked it was no bigger than a small chicken. In any case, I didn't feel like eating it. I gave it to the woman, who ate it with her children. We also hunt beaver in winter. We drag our beavers by putting a stick through their nose. It's a small stick and the beaver is on its back. It slides well on the snow. We also pulled our packs like this. We pulled our beaver furs. You put a piece of wood and another on top. It makes a good sled when there is no toboggan.

Saint-Coeur-de-Marie is at the Péribonka River. La Pipe, as it's called, is in Lac Saint-Jean. It's there on the other side, opposite Pointe-Bleue. It was on the French Canadian side. At La Pipe, there were already houses and a dock for landing. We set out from there to go round Lac Saint-Jean with our packs. We landed

there. There were always a lot of people with horses. We went through the village of Péribonka to go up into the Péribonka area, into our hunting ground. The name La Pipe came from the French Canadians rather than the Indians.

We also went on short hunts. The short outings sometimes were not very long. My grandfather was already sick when we went up into the forest. Even if they had tried to leave him here, he didn't want to be left behind. He wanted to go up to the forest. So, they took him up. We reached the Péribonka area, at the top, where we hunted. The further we went, the worse he got. He couldn't walk any more. When we had to change locations, we put him on a sled and wrapped him in blankets. We pulled him everywhere we went. We went down a little way to get a little nearer, to bring him down. The river should have been frozen. We stayed there for some time until the ice was good for going down. My father hunted a little there. We made him a fire and warmed the tent so he wouldn't be cold. We brought him some hare to eat. He had killed a caribou. We gave him caribou meat and stock. My grandfather used to hunt but he had become too sick. He was old. I don't know how old he was. I think he was at least 70. When they left in the fall, they took salt pork, beans, a little flour, baking powder, salt and a little sugar with them. That's all they had. When everything was used up, they couldn't come down every month to get

new supplies. We gave what we could. When we had no more supplies, we had to go down.

My aunt lived with my father. She was not married. She was also quite old. So she lived with the rest of us. We took his body down in the same way. We had put him on a sled and wrapped him in cotton. We took him down as far as Saint-Coeur-de-Marie. It's difficult when a person dies in the forest. You can't have a gravestone, nothing. You have no nails, you have nothing to work with. There was also my Aunt Marie Siméon. She was married; she had two daughters and a son when her husband died. It was at the time of the Spanish flu. My Aunt Marie and her husband were living near Lac Chicoutimi, at Lac Clair. There were Indians there. They had made their way down and then became sick. They weren't able to go back up. Her son and her husband are dead. She lives alone with her two daughters. It was hard in those days!

She also came to find us. I had my two aunts with me and my late father. They stayed for a long time with us. I am thinking about what my grandfather said. He saw all these things happening. I think of the times he said: "Anne-Marie, people who are old, you must never be mischievous to the old. You must always give the old folk a chance, if you want to live for a long time. A person who doesn't look after the old people is not a good person. The old

also need to be protected. The good Lord sees over them. He makes a person grow old. It is the good Lord who grants us old age." We must not mistreat them because they are old. Sometimes, people who are old can't work at all. They can't see very well and they can't hear.

That's why I looked after my aunts who were old. There was my Aunt Christine, my Aunt Joséphine, who was a widow, and my Aunt Marie. I took them all up to the forest. When we went up to La Lièvre, we went gathering blueberries with them. It was funny, you know, they were happy when we set out for the forest. When we were in the forest, we killed partridges. They also liked hare. Sometimes, we laid snares. They made what they called *babeau*: a stock made with flour. They made *babeau* when there was partridge. They put a piece of salt pork in it. They said it was to complement the partridge. It was good. Sometimes, they made beans, a huge pot of beans. They also gathered blueberries. They always made a little money for themselves. One of my aunts always stayed at the tent to look after my little ones. Our portage man was always with us, with a harness. Then he brought some people some people up. I think that they were real trouble makers. They came up. Those people said, "In those tents over there, there's nobody. They're savages." My aunt who was camped deeper in the forest said to the little girls, "We'll take the portage. We'll escape. We'll hide

on the other side of the mountain." They left there and hid behind the mountain. They took the portage. So, the trouble makers went up there and smashed everything. They had a cabin higher up at Eaux Mortes, toward Le Lièvre. They smashed it all up. I don't know why they did that. We were lucky they didn't land where the tents were. That was when the girls were afraid.

We sold our blueberries. When the man arrived, all the boxes were laid out on the road. He loaded the boxes and gave us the money. He paid us for all the boxes. We always sold them to him. He was from Saint-Prime, his name was Perron. Old Perron is now dead. His son looks after the butcher's shop. After we had sold our blueberries, another man came by selling supplies. He was selling bread, butter, canned goods, meat, all sorts of things. My aunts also bought things. Believe you me, they ate. They bought supplies. They had their salt pork. When the beans were cooked in the evening, we ate those. We traded food. We gave them potatoes and they gave us beans. Sometimes, we brought three or four partridges. I tell you, they were happy.

"They knew about the weather, the old folk"

In the Péribonka area when I was young, there were caribou. It was in my grandfather's day, around 1910. Once, when I was still

young, I was with my grandfather. I was covered up with blankets that were made from hare skin. The skins were completely braided and woven. It was cut in strips and rolled. It was not very big, just about the right size for a child my size. So, I covered myself up properly and I was never cold. My grandfather said to me:

- "You can't be cold. Didn't you know that your blanket makes fire?"
- "I didn't know. You're saying that just to tease me."
- "Not at all, it's true. It's makes fire."

There was a hare next to me. It hadn't been long since they had brought the hare back. Grandfather grabbed the hare. It was still a little frozen. He rubbed the hare's hair and this caused sparks. I never thought it could do that.

- "The hare is never cold."
- "I really believe it. There's fire in it."

Let's talk about the sun. Let's also talk about the moon. The Indians use the sun and the moon. How the sunsets are lovely sometimes. That tells us everything about the weather. My grandfather said that. All the types of weather it's going to be. If the sun is extremely red, my grandfather said it would be cold. In fall sometimes, it's like that. And then sometimes, if you've noticed, it's mild for quite some time. It's the sun that

foretells this when it goes down. The sun is not red, it's more yellowish, like orange. Yellow is when it's going to be mild. He was never wrong when he said that.

At about three o'clock, he always looked at the sun when he was walking. He always used the sun or the moon to guide him.

Once he said:

"Have you seen the sun? It has horns."

- It's going to be cold. You need to go and chop some wood." We transported the wood using a sled. We sawed it with a hand saw. He also said, "When we're going to have snow, the sun looks like an umbrella."

I really believe they knew about the weather, the old folk. When it's going to rain, for example in April at about three o'clock, the sun's rays are low. Then it's going to rain. When the moon starts to wane, then it becomes a little colder. That's what my grandfather said. It'll continue to be cold until the moon is round. When it is round, the weather will continue the same until the end of the new moon. I've heard of White Men who also look for that. Nowadays, I often hear about people who follow the moon. In the spring, in May, grandfather said to me, "In May, the sun is beautiful, I tell you. It's above the mountains and it's red. It's beautiful when the sun goes down."

In April, the days start to grow longer. Benjamin also knew things about the weather. It was beautiful one day. White women don't know about these things. They don't look at the sun, the moon, what the weather is like. Sometimes, they notice that it's beautiful, that the weather is beautiful, but that's all, nothing more. So, Benjamin said:

- "You see there, it's beautiful today, but it'll rain tomorrow."
- "There's not a chance of it raining, it's far too nice!"
- "Tomorrow, it'll rain cats and dogs." He knew that by the sun, when it went down.

Sometimes we're taken for liars, I'm beginning to know about it quite well. My father knew about the weather.

Apparently, he was at Bersimis once and they were fishing. They had harpoons. The wind sometimes blew and they went out into the sea at Bersimis. They were going to kill ducks. They went when they saw that the wind was going to blow. When he said that it would not be nice weather, he was right. He was never wrong. Benjamin learned all that from him. When he was young, he went with his father into the Péribonka.

For the hours, you follow the sun, but for the days, you need a calendar, otherwise you could lose a day. They were like small books. In ancient times, Oblates used a pin for every day. They

took out a pin every day. However, the old folk had sun dials. My aunt said:

- "I don't always worry about the time, about how to tell the time"
- "You only have to look at the sun."
- "I don't know whether it's midday."
- "Stop and we'll see."

We picked up a piece of driftwood. It's like a stripe because the sun is right in the middle. So that's where the shadow is. Look where the stripe is. You don't see the shadow because it's in the middle. You don't see the edge over there either.

Anyway, I have no regrets, what I learned from my grandfather and father, I do not regret. I still use it today. My mother was pure French Canadian. I feel more Indian than French Canadian because of my father. He did not often speak French. He spoke French only when he had to, when my mother didn't understand. Once, he sent for ankle boots. He had them sent from Roberval for his wife. He said, "You'll give me shoes for my wife."

So, the man brought summer shoes.

- Look, I told you to bring ankle boots 5.

I started to laugh. I had been to school a little, I was not as naive.

- "Father, you don't say ankle boots 5."

He wanted to say that she took size 5. My mother was pure French Canadian, but she became an Indian. She laced snowshoes, made shoes and spoke Indian. She understood Indian, but she could not speak it like an Indian person who pronounces the words correctly. It's hard to learn. I don't think she was on the council here at Pointe-Bleue. I know that she often went to see the agent to be with one of the women who did not know how to speak French.

I was a council member, I was elected. I was a council member for three years. They didn't want to let me go, they would have talked me into it anyway, you know. I spoke with the agent and all the council members there. I spoke with the Indians--we understood each other--they had no difficulty at all. To make an Indian understand something, you have to repeat it in Indian. So, I repeated everything in my own language, that didn't make me at all tired.

It's just as I told them, "If you want to get rid of me, it doesn't bother me. I really like it in the forest. I can't stay here with you for ever and not be paid. I have to go and do some hunting."

I am not one for working in an office; listen, I'm a hunter. A hunter has to go up into the forest when fall comes. It's fun. In the forest, hunters live peacefully. They are well off. I'm bored to death. I really have to get out of this cabin. An Indian is

not made to be cooped up. After three years, I was no longer a council member. I was set aside, too.

- I told them, "You can do what you want."

- Then the others, that wretched trouble-maker Raymond, Benjamin and the whole group wanted to keep me here at the house. It was driving them mad to prepare meals here. They plotted to vote against me. They said nothing to me afterwards. They laughed a little afterwards. "You bunch of damn wretches," I said. After that, I told the council chief about it and he laughed. He said:

- "Mrs. Valin, we'll keep her all the same. We'll still bring her back."

- Oh no! I'm not going back! I won't go back. I'm going into the forest. I'm going hunting.

He laughed again.

GLOSSARY

[Not necessary for English version]

3

A farmer's wife from
Laterrière (Saguenay):

YVETTE MALTAIS-JEAN

(Analysis of Life Story)

Introduction

This chapter is an interpretative study of the life story of Yvette Maltais, a homemaker and farmer's wife. In all the life situations of our subject, such as farming, housework, raising children, marriage, religious life, etc., we attempt to identify the components that were the focus of this woman's traditional life style. We will also see the elements that disrupted the traditional life style associated with farming.

In the analysis of her life story, our subject and her family's way of life unfold around three points. The first deals with the various stages of her life, beginning with childhood. The second focuses on her family life, on daily tasks accomplished over the year and on preparing food. The third is divided into two parts. Space corresponds to the central elements which structure our study, life on the farm, relationships with neighbouring towns and villages. We will also deal with areas of socialization. Finally, the historical development covers modernization, which slowly made inroads in her concession, and the change this triggered for a family living on a farm.

Childhood

Childhood and life in an orphanage

When Yvette was six, the death of her mother changed her life. Her father was forced to place her and her sister in an orphanage in Chicoutimi, where she began her schooling. Yvette has painful memories from this time in her life. The task of raising her was taken over by the nuns in the orphanage. They educated and raised the children boarding there as well as the orphans.

The boarders were kept on a very strict schedule. Every moment of the day was regulated by rigid discipline. Yvette would get up early in the morning and wash up. Then, she would attend mass, which was followed by breakfast, class, lunch and recess. The children returned to class at 1 o'clock. Supper was served and the children went to bed around 8:00 p.m. Yvette has no good memories of her schooling. She did not listen in class, she did not want to write and was even less interested in studying. Yvette refused to obey, she rebelled against authority. Our subject was a "difficult" child. Her refusal to obey lead to punishment.

I didn't talk, but I didn't listen either. At night, they inevitably would put us in a big white night shirt and then they would plunge us into a cold bath. The good little women

were shouting. It was either the bath or the black dungeon. The dungeon was a darkened room. They would put you in there and lock the door. This might last half an hour or three quarters of an hour. It wasn't as bad as the cold bath. I was afraid of the bath, it was cold, it was awful. (#)

Yvette's behaviour was unacceptable in such a disciplined environment. After an aunt visited her from Chicoutimi, the candy she brought was handed out to the other children in the orphanage, which was an unbearable injustice for the young orphan.

The fact that Yvette suffered physical punishment and deprivation and was isolated from the community caused her to reject rules that the nuns imposed on her. Returning to the orphanage always proved difficult. The children were allowed to visit their families for short periods, two days every month. Returning home always gave rise to memories. In the end, Yvette could only remember the bad. During class, she felt far from home. She never submitted to the nuns' requests to change her behaviour. Yvette left the orphanage after a year to return to her family. Her sister stayed there for two years.

Through some of the events of her childhood, we understand that our subject was forced to obey strict rules set by the nuns. We can

argue that Yvette did not rebel against the nuns as much as against the authority they represented. Furthermore, her early childhood marked the start of attending mass and participating in the religious activities of the Church. Even as a young child, these religious values were instilled in her. Her upbringing and education were shaped by emotional or physical punishment by teachers who had the power and, in a way, acted as a mother figure, a role of which Yvette saw very little or nothing.

At the start of her teen years, Yvette encountered a similar type of upbringing which was just as strict as that received in the orphanage.

Adolescence

From adolescence to adulthood, boys and girls were subjected to parental supervision. The parents' authority left no room for discussion by the adolescent. Like her brothers and sisters, Yvette submitted to her mother's authority and considered her mother an educated person with had good morals. "In the past, children didn't have the freedom they do today. What they did was determined by their parents." Yvette was rather fearful of her mother and thus submitted to her. Her mother would use this feeling as a tool to raise the children in keeping with the standards and values of the time.

During this time, play activities were divided along gender lines. During their adolescence, children would play in groups: tennis in the summer and skating in the winter. These two activities were done together. A boy could ride his bike to the movies while a girl on a bicycle would be looked down upon and would bring disgrace to her family. The movie theatre was replaced by another group activity in the village, singing in the choir.

Despite the restrictions parents placed on their children, some contacts did occur within the community. Some meetings occurred during the teens' play activities. The boys would often play games that did not include the girls. The boys' social environment was broader than that of the girls. The values the parents instilled in the boys and the girls were not the same. These values were not necessarily voiced. They unconsciously influenced the actions of the adolescents. The parents therefore had control over their children's activities by constantly repeating the good values and principles to be respected within the local culture.

In the end, an identification process began at the age of six. The nuns at the orphanage who, through education and moral instruction, made Yvette begin her socialization. This process continued into her teen years through the values and principles conveyed by parents at group activities. Under these circumstances, school also became a fundamental social influence on the children. Some

education was entrusted to the teachers, moral development was no longer set in motion and dispensed only by the parents.

Schooling

Yvette finished her eighth grade at the village school. The teachers used rigid teaching methods.

Once, Miss Yvonne hit my hands with a large ruler. I told her, "I'm going to tell my dad about this tonight." She didn't make a big deal about it. That night, I told my dad about it. He said, "My little one, I have sent you to school to learn to read and do your homework." I never spoke to him about it again. That's just how it was. (#)

Yvette's parents did not question the teacher's disciplinary decisions. Each teacher held power in the classroom and punishment was left to their discretion. Teachers had a duty to raise the children. This education was carried out in conjunction with the parents and complemented their efforts. As well as teaching specific knowledge, the teachers taught the children to become good Catholic citizens.

After finishing eighth grade, Yvette returned to her mother to learn the role the community expected of her as a future wife and

mother. In those days, it was not uncommon for boys and girls to work on the farm or in the home before finishing elementary school.

In the Maltais family, the father was the staunch defender of "schooling".

He sent all his daughters to school. All of them were educated. My brother, Maurice, went to the seminary for two years but he didn't want to go back. My father was in favour of education. He always told us: "I never wanted to be a farmer. I wanted to be a lawyer." We always told him that he made a better farmer than a lawyer and that he never would have been a good lawyer. My father came to me and said: "You have lots of children. Don't earn money but give them an education. Money puts bread on the table but not an education."

(#)

On one hand, it is interesting to see that becoming a doctor, priest, lawyer or teacher conferred superior social status. This may be one reason why education was so important to Yvette's father and mother. On the other hand, through the path Yvette followed, her parents perpetuated the traditional life style of an agrarian society. It is obvious that there were many strategies for instilling values in children and these involved both traditional

and contemporary values, which are achieved through a variety of individual strategies for each member of the family.

In the context of a decreasing agrarian economy, education became increasingly accessible and even necessary. Girls were now allowed to leave the community and their family environment. Yvette's daughters were all educated. Three of her daughters completed a university degree. Yvette's sons preferred to move into the labour market. Unlike her children, Yvette only had a primary school education because of circumstances in her life.

I wasn't educated. If I could do it over again, I wouldn't have stayed at home, I would have gone to school. I would have done something else. I might have done poorly, I'm not sure. When I got married, I always said that if they wanted to, my girls would get an education. In my case, I really missed getting an education. (#)

Over the years, family patterns changed and Yvette's children were no longer destined to bring up children or work on the farm. These behavioural changes arose and were incorporated into the existing culture. Yvette adapted to different customs. She kept a large part of her old culture within, but she adapted to the changes. Yvette lived by the values and standards rooted in tradition while assimilating the changes that formed part of a continuum, that were

consistent with the meaning she gave to her life. The whole community shared the same rules. In a society dominated by the family, these rules were expressed through the rites and passages of life.

Stages of life and rites of passage

Dating

Dating began with adolescence. At about age 15, the young people would attend the Sunday night vespers. This was where young people would meet to enjoy their youth. At this stage, we could easily describe this dating as meetings among friends. No one was seriously seeking a mate.

Later, we fooled around a little but during this time it was limited. There was no way of going out alone with a boy. We went to evening vespers to meet. (#)

One of Yvette's uncles suggested that she accompany him to Dolbeau for three weeks. While there, she dated an engineer without many restrictions. After she returned home, her suitor wrote her letters. This engineer was the first to propose to her. She was just sixteen. Yvette turned down his offer because she was so young. She still wanted to enjoy her youth. After this, she dated other young men until she met her future husband.

The dating began to focus on marriage. The young man came courting Yvette at home.

At first, we rarely went out and we had to meet at my house. At ten o'clock, he had to leave or the chairs would start to shuffle loudly. We didn't like that but we didn't talk a lot. (#)

In visits to his future bride's home, the young man showed great respect to and remained under the watchful eyes of her parents.

There are two distinct phases in dating: passive dates and active dates. Passive dating took place at vespers. This gave young people an opportunity to experience some freedom in a peer group within the community, while active dating took place in the family home of the young woman. The young man would visit and talk with the family. The young people would become adults and learn to know each other better. At this stage, a marriage would be announced for the future couple.

From marriage to old age

Yvette got married on 6 September 1935 at the age of 23. She married Camille Jean, a farmer. Before the marriage ceremony, her future husband carefully saved his money. His father worked out plans for his son's future and gave his son some land. This was

handed down to him verbally. The future wife received a dowry from her parents, consisting of livestock and household articles. Yvette received a bedroom set and a cow from her father and bedding from her mother. After the ceremony, the newlyweds lived on their land, in the Saint-Isidore concession in Laterrière. When the new couple settled down, the cycle was repeated. The marriage created a new family of farmers.

This new family cell lived in an economy where to have a large family became advantageous for working the farm. After her marriage, three years elapsed before Yvette bore her first child. After that, she gave birth to 15 children, one each year. The couple did not use contraceptives. The first six children were born at home. The doctor was called in, assisted by woman from the parish. Once the hospital opened in Chicoutimi, Yvette's doctor informed her that children would now be born in the hospital. Yvette's other children were born there, except one which arrived too soon for her to reach the hospital. Yvette preferred to give birth in the hospital because after a child was born at home she immediately had to resume her housework. The hospital allowed her to rest for at least four days, for a fee.

After I had been in the hospital, I kissed the house goodbye. (...) I didn't hear anything about giving birth at home anymore. (...) Things were all right at home, but it was the women who came with the doctor. (...)

There was a big hoopla and the children were there. At the hospital, we would stay three or four days and rest. It wasn't the same thing. The hospital was expensive, it cost \$150.00 to \$200.00. You had to pay the doctor, too. (...) The first doctors I had we paid \$15.00. When the last girl was born in 1958, it cost \$45.00 or \$50.00. For my husband, it was sacred. He had to have money to pay the doctor. If the work was done, the doctor was paid." (#)

Yvette's children did not continue the traditional life style, nor did they marry someone from the community. They moved to the city and worked in large industries. Most of Yvette's children were married. Almost all the children found a mate outside the community. Only one of Yvette's sons bought a farm. The other children bought property close to the family homestead and settled there with their families close to the grandparents.

The cycle repeated from generation to generation underwent changes with Yvette's children. They no longer married people from within the community. The geographic origin of their mates varied and the girls followed their husbands once they were married, two reasons why these farm children left the agricultural community and moved to the urbanized world. The values, behaviours and principles that Yvette's children learned in the community began to break down. They adapted the new standards emerging from an urbanized society.

We have seen that for Yvette, having many children was essential for running the farm. Yvette's children, on the other hand, do not have very large families. Her sons and daughters have each had two or three children. Yvette considers children gifts from God. When Yvette was sick, at the start of her marriage, the doctor suggested that having children would help her feel better. This is why Yvette agreed to an operation that actually allowed her to have children.

The doctor played an important role within the community. Yvette explained that he always checked-up on his patients after they had had an operation. Generally, the distances involved meant that the farmers consulted doctors only in emergencies. To replace professional doctors who practised in the city, special people in the country would improvise to care for minor cases. For example, one of Yvette's neighbours would help people who had tooth aches. He would pull out the patient's tooth with a pair of pliers for 25 cents.

Not everyone wanted to see the doctor. Elderly people often wanted to live with their illness and die in their home with their family. This is how Yvette's father wanted to die.

Two days before my father died, Father Tremblay decided to administer the last rites. He came that afternoon. My father washed up and went and sat in the living room

waiting for the priest to arrive. He died two days later. He suffered a lot, but he could still walk. He didn't want to go to the hospital. He wanted to die at home in his own bed. It has been 14 years since he died. He always went to church. He helped out with the service and sang. (#)

At the time, an old person was not sent to a retirement home. One of his children would be responsible for him until he died. Several factors may explain this phenomenon. First, the old person would not bequeath his inheritance until he died. His assets, which usually consisted of the land or the farm, would be verbally willed to his sons. For the old person, this verbal will ensured that his children would respect his wishes and provide him with security until he died.

Through all these moments mark a life, the family also enjoyed times of relaxation and fun. Weddings and bees were opportunities for farmers to get together. At the wedding, they would dance, sing and eat. At the bees, neighbours would gather together. The men would cut wood and the women would cook meals. This event gave farmers a welcome opportunity for celebration. The celebrations were also a time when people had to put morals into practice. The young people were supervised by their parents as well as the parish priest.

These rites showed that Yvette's family lived by values and rules rooted in tradition. Everyone living along the concession or in the parish abided by these same community standards. Everything in the lives of the Laterrière residents helped promote the integration of individuals into the local community.

Religion

Attending mass and participating in religious rites was very important for the community. Yvette pointed out that everyone had to pass through the church rites such as first communion, confirmation and attending mass each week. These religious acts were sacred. Confession was practised. In Yvette's home, the rosary was recited by each member of the family. Every night, they said their rosary while kneeling in the kitchen. Generally, the mother or eldest child said the rosary.

The parish priest where Yvette and her family lived had a certain measure of power. The community looked upon him as a learned man. He knew how to read and write and, of course, he knew the Bible. The priest took the liberty of monitoring the actions of members of his community. He punished his followers for their misconduct by refusing to absolve them or simply by refusing to let them receive communion. Yvette remembered that the priest used to watch the people dancing at the parish celebrations. He said that dancing was not allowed by the Church.

We might wonder why dancing was forbidden. In disclosing this fact, Yvette revealed that the Church opposed certain behavioural changes among its followers. If the changes affected part of the community, part of local life was threatened by change. The religious institutions rejected the changes initiated by urbanized society. For the priest in Yvette's parish, the solution was to reject change.

The behaviour of the community was controlled, in part, by punishment. Discipline was meted out by the parish priest. He determined what was considered right and wrong. Since the priest was the most respected and important person in the community, everyone accepted the penalties he inflicted on the faithful. The people had faith. Yvette's family and all the other families formed a social unit. They shared everything as a social unit, the same models of behaviour allowed by the representative of their Church.

The farming world

Family life

Family life focused around the nuclear family, parents and their children. It also extended to relatives and neighbours living along the Saint-Isidore concession. Yvette's usual contacts were

restricted to her family, her relatives and the neighbours who formed a part of an intimate circle of friends.

The family consisted of many people. Yvette's paternal grandfather's name was Louis Maltais. Yvette's father's name was Joseph-Élie Maltais and her mother's name was Léda Desbiens. Yvette's parents had five children. Yvette had three sisters and one brother. Her father married Célestine Tremblay in his second marriage. Often, when a mother who had young children died, aunts or neighbours would adopt the grieving family's children. Children from large families would be raised by moving from one neighbour to the other or from one aunt to another. Thus, when her mother died, one of Yvette's sisters was taken in by an aunt.

Our subject and her husband, Camille Jean, had a family of fourteen children: Loïs, Denis, Léda, René, Maurice, Viateur, Odette, Francine, André, Joseph-Élie, Paul, Denise and Cyrille and Céline, who both died as children. Camil's father was a sacristan in Baie-Saint-Paul before he bought land along the Saint-Isidore concession after his son got married. Yvette's father-in-law lived with them to learn the basics about farming and living off the land. In everyday life, each member of the family would share in the responsibilities and all were in constant contact with each other. On the farm, the children would help their parents. They would grow up in such a way that they could function within the parish's life. They attended school in the area, in the village or the

neighbouring towns. They went to the village church. They would meet other Laterrière residents at celebrations and bees. These interfamily and intercommunity relationships formed a micro-society that, despite many outside influences, remained sure of its identity.

The sense of community among the Laterrière residents is rooted in the family. Throughout her life, Yvette focused on keeping those close to her nearby. Although most of her children worked outside of the community: "I feel supported by my family and they're good to me, very nice." (#) Through daily life, housework, farm chores, attending school and church, playing, and even establishing business ties, the family was the central focus in the development of the traditional identity of Laterrière. Yvette managed this production and consumption unit as a unit of integration into and identity of Laterrière culture.

If we consider the fact that the family must have the necessary resources to work the land, to become a quasi self-sufficient production and consumption unit, the family needs a certain number of active workers. This explains why Yvette and her husband had to have such a large family. In the case studied, Yvette's family life was rooted in and based on the relationships established between family members and the household and farming chores to be performed as an independent production unit. As a cultural integration factor, the family achieves a psycho-social synthesis

of the external and internal influences that individuals must incorporate into their lives to identify with their community.

Daily life

A man, a woman and children are all indispensable for carrying out the work required to run a farm. This family unit succeeded in working the land and providing for its needs through mutual assistance and very work.

The men's work was very physically demanding. They would prepare the land for sowing, and harvest the crops from what was sown. They also cared for the farm animals. Yvette did not specifically outline what her husband did on the land. The man's work probably was done outside the home, mostly in the fields. Work in the fields and cutting and sawing wood were jobs done by men. Yvette's husband cut nearly 100 cords of wood a year. Some of these were sold. The children also had a part to play on the farm. They helped their parents; the boys would help with the outside work and the girls with the housework. At the age of eight, Yvette's sons would help their father and began to learn the farming trade. They milked the cows and took care of the farm animals day and night. They were given a small allowance for the chores they did. Yvette shared the housework with her daughters.

The men's daily work varied from one season to the next, while the women's housekeeping tasks remained the same throughout the year. On the other hand, the preparation of certain foods is associated with specific times of the year. Once the housework was completed, Yvette would sew. She would sew clothing for the children, except for their Sunday clothes, which were bought. Unlike her step-mother, Yvette claimed she was not a very good seamstress. Nevertheless, she sewed the children's school and work clothes with fabric bought by the yard. She would make pants for the boys and dresses for the girls. She would recycle the older children's clothes and mend them for the younger children. In addition to housework, making meals, doing laundry and sewing, Yvette would weed the garden. Yvette liked this job, which she considered to be a past-time more than a chore. Her garden included raspberries and strawberries. Yvette worked in the home and in the garden; she rarely went to the barn. After the daily chores were finished in the evening, the whole family would gather in the home. The family members would meet and kneel to say the rosary before washing up and going to bed.

We can see that the daily chores Yvette, her husband and their children performed reflect a traditional way of life. The man did not help the woman with the housework. The women worked as hard as the men but in the domestic sphere. Yvette never worked the land. She was a farmer's wife who looked after her home and children.

Food

Farmers made productive use of their environment. Animals were raised to meet the family's own needs. A large part of the food was produced on the farm or came from the garden.

In this economy, in addition to milk cows, poultry and pigs were raised domestically. Before the big freeze in winter, some of the animals were killed at bees, when neighbours and parents would lend a hand. This home butchering would provide a large part of the family's needs during the cold spell. Yvette's family would kill hogs weighing 250-260 pounds, which were carved up for their meat. They would cure the pork for one year in brine. The meat coming from the animals was stored in the milk shed and then canned after the spring thaw. Yvette would occasionally sell poultry to people from the city at their request.

In the summer, the women made butter. The men would churn the butter and the women would salt it and put it in the cellar to keep it over the year. Yvette pointed out that she did not visit the grocer every week. Some basic food was bought from the store. At the market they would buy flour for bread, ten-gallon drums of syrup, hundred pound bags of sugar, and beans. Every Saturday, Yvette's husband would go to the Saguenay-Mercantile to buy a stalk of bananas and apples for the children. During the year, the family ate pork, beef and chicken. They would make tourtières and

pork and beans. Yvette explained that she never lacked food for herself or the children.

Within the context of these simple economic activities, the first goal was to meet the family's nutritional needs. Surpluses were used for trade. Thus, farm produce was destined first for immediate family consumption and then for sale. Even then, in the early years of Yvette's marriage, the farm seemed to be managed in a traditional production mode. As the farm grew, production intensified and focused on increased capitalization, which required mechanization.

Conclusion

We can define farming life through family relationships, daily chores and food. We also learn that these activities linked families together. Farmers created their own world based on the geographic proximity of neighbours and relatives. The group which the family formed with its neighbours and relatives was small and did not pretend to be close to those living in the village or city. Farmers and the villagers or city folk established several contacts, however. Through religious activities, dating, marriages or simply for business, we can see that these groups were constantly in contact with one another.

Time and space in Laterrière

Space

Farm and business

From the very beginning of her adult life on the Saint-Isidore concession, Yvette farmed her father-in-law's land without owning it. There was a method for handing down of the land and the farm. Farmers would pass on their land from generation to generation in several ways: have the children work it, sell it to a child or verbally bequeath it.

During the Depression, Yvette's father-in-law bought the land in Saint-Isidore with money he earned from the sale of his farming operation in Baie-Saint-Paul. The Depression forced changes on farmers. Many families declared bankruptcy. Farmers lost their land and their farms, and moved to the cities. Some capitalized on the opportunity to buy land and this is what Yvette's father-in-law did. When he bought this land, it had only three or four cows, some horses and a few hand tools to work the land. There were no wood lots on the land so the family had to buy some. Over time, the farm property expanded and the family acquired furniture.

The furniture I had in the house consisted of a cute little round table and four chairs. Grandfather had this

set made by someone named Côté who had completely finished the home. Everyone thought I was one of the best established in the concession. I was always a little pampered. Because I was in poor health, Granddad put down linoleum. (#)

When the farm started up, Yvette had only a few chickens; over the years, production rose to 500. Yvette would earn money by selling turkeys to people in Chicoutimi and calves and cattle to the slaughterhouse.

The children had two options: farming or working for a large company. Yvette's husband offered the land to several of his sons, but they apparently preferred to work elsewhere. Yvette's sons never wanted the farmer's life because of the heavy workload and the low pay. Finally, one son inherited the paternal farm, and became a farmer by choice.

Places of socialization

Socialization was acquired by helping family members and neighbours at bees and home butcherings. In difficult times, the neighbours would pull together.

Our subject pointed out that farmers helped each other a lot in those days. She remembered that the concession residents would

meet together to cut firewood. For this chore, 20 to 25 men would gather and cut wood all day. At butchering time, it was the same thing, everyone from the concession would be there.

Group life also became important when a neighbour suffered hardship. The farmers would help each other or would just do a favour. Members of the same family would also help each other out.

They all pitched in and built him a house. They helped him. It's like that around here; we help each other a lot. If one needs something, they come and they help. André is not alone even though he has the land. If he needs someone to help him in the barn, they come over. These were generous kids. They're united. They don't squabble. (#)

These bees were a group event. The farmers gathered together on a voluntary basis and did not ask for any payment to do the work. Cooperation between neighbouring families developed through these bees because the work required many pairs of hands. This same spirit of cooperation was present at the butcherings.

Village, town and concession

The family maintained contacts not only within the parish, but also beyond. Along the concession, the family seemed self-sufficient.

Each family could feed and clothe itself with little outside help. For Yvette, the country was the ideal place to raise a large family, something she believed was impossible in town. Yvette had lived in the village of Laterrière as a child. After she married, which marked the start of her life in the concession, she missed the village. The concession was not very far from the village, which provided a sense of community and a touchstone for a farming community centred on the family. In the interview, Yvette often compared life in the village and in town with country life. She believed that in town, people lived an anonymous life and lacked access to the conveniences that a large farm could offer. The country provided the opportunity to grow a garden. Yvette also felt it was essential to establish relationships with the people around her. The main tie she had to the village or town was family. Yvette never visited a neighbouring parish or town if she had no relatives there, unless she had to go shopping.

Yvette's children did not share their mother's attitude toward the village or town. For them, the town offered economic prospects. Most of Yvette's children worked in the neighbouring towns. They were truck drivers or heavy machinery operators for large companies such as Alcan, the forestry cooperatives and the mines. Apart from working off the farm, family ties established through marriage resulted in most of Yvette's children choosing mates outside the community. Three children lived outside the community. One taught and lived in Chicoutimi. The rest settled around the family

homestead and worked in the neighbouring towns. The village could not provide stable employment. The young people moved to the towns. Those who did not inherit the paternal land had to ensure their financial independence. Thus the young adults from large families moved to industry or teaching to earn a living.

We found that the goal of life for men in Yvette's generation and that of her ancestors was to own a farm. At that time, young adults would model their behaviour on that of farmers. Today, realizing that they will not own a farm, young adults look for work in the city. Changes in behaviour and attitude have occurred over the generations. The agricultural community which Yvette grew up in has passed away with the children's choice to move from an independent community into a dependent community. These changes affect the farmer's culture which, to that point, had been more self-sufficient. Customs are changing. Urban customs have filtered into the Saint-Isidore concession. Yvette's life focuses on the old cultural elements but she has managed to adapt to all the changes where they have respected the value system of her generation.

Farming operations in the Saint-Isidore concession are not very far from the urban centre of Chicoutimi. To some extent, the agricultural parishes are still part of modern society. In all likelihood, it is people from the rural areas who have left to populate the surrounding towns. Yvette spends her life in two

different cultures, one she discovered through the paths taken by her children and the old local culture which was her own, the culture she has built from her own experience. She has lived in a world of change. She has lived in a farming community and her children have become part of a more modern and urbanized world.

Time

Modernization and change

The old local culture was capable of greater self-sufficiency. On the other hand, the new culture needs outside culture to grow. This passage to a dependent economy has forced farmers to accept a new type of culture.

The changes Yvette's generation have seen are sweeping. Among these developments we find the introduction of electricity. Yvette stated that electricity arrived in her concession a couple of years after it appeared in the village. At that time, the farmers used aladdin lamps for lighting. Laundry was done by hand. With the invention of electricity came washers and dryers, radios and television. Yvette thought her first second-hand washer for \$35.00. She received one of the first radios from an uncle. During that era, Yvette thought it was a luxury to own a \$12.00 radio. When she bought a television, the family's way of life changed. They no longer said the rosary at night.

I think what stopped the rosary was the television. When the children were old enough they would say: "Ah, Mom, don't bug us with your rosary, our program's on TV." I would say: "There will be more programs on TV tomorrow." But they didn't want to anymore. Sometimes my husband wanted us to recite it later in the evening, but we stopped saying it. When I realized that this didn't interest them any more, I decided to let it go. (#)

In fact, family life was increasingly dependent on the external influences that changed the relationships between members of a family.

Other changes were introduced in the parish. Horses were replaced by cars. Trucks, tractors and buses appeared on the market. Yvette bought her first car in 1955. Gas was expensive so the car was only used for necessities. As well as the car, Yvette bought a tractor. "I found this to be convenient because it did a nice job." (#). On the farms, a tractor would become an additional tool for growing the same agricultural products. Farmers considered this machine a convenience because it lightened the family's workload.

Yvette was aware of all the changes in her life. She made an important point about the lives of farmers' wives and the children they bore. At that time, women had no freedom. Yvette believed

that women acquired freedom by working outside the home. They participated in community life by getting a job. Although Yvette worked very little off the farm, she raised her children with another attitude, which gave her children opportunities. Yvette taught her children to be responsible for their actions. Children are no longer raised in that way.

What has changed the family today is the working mother. This provides a freedom we didn't have before. A working woman who earns two thousand dollars a month is independent of her husband. She has more freedom. In my time, when I asked my husband for ten dollars, he would say: "We don't have it, you'll have to wait." I didn't say a word, I just waited. The fact remains that we have to live in our own time. I didn't live in my mother's time. But too much freedom, I say that can sometimes bring problems too. (#)

The adoption of urban elements by farmers in the Saint-Isidore concession made the agricultural parish increasingly dependent on the centres. In the parishes, these new elements were modified in a way to adapt them to the old culture. Yvette lived through upheavals; she experienced changes in her daily life that altered her whole view of the world. However, she remained faithful to herself and her value system and developed an ability to adapt to the changes while still respecting the identity anchors specific to

her generation and her community. She experienced an ambivalent culture based as much on her former values as on the new ones. However, this certainty about her own culture did not limited her belief in other cultures based on values different than her own:

I was never for Quebec separating. Everything that breaks apart begins to slip away and crash to the ground. It comes to a bad end. It's like the Indians, they said it was their land, that they owned it. But if they were left alone to run the country, they would have been no good. When they have money, they spend it. They don't look for ways to save it, they just spend it. They live day-to-day. It's another culture. The Indians will want to stay with Canada. I'm sure they won't break away from Canada. (#)

Conclusion

At each stage in Yvette's life, we find that changes have occurred. The changes may be explained in part by the dynamics and limitations of her own culture, of her village, Laterrière and by the proximity of urban and rural cultures.

We see through the stages of Yvette's life that the community lived in keeping with the values and rules rooted in tradition and accepted by the local culture. The Church played a vital role in the rural parish and the traditional lifestyle was sanctioned by religion. Each person lived under the same group standards. We see that from childhood to adulthood, upbringing and education were achieved through moral or physical sanctions enforced either by parents, school teachers or priests. These values, which were highly regarded by the members of the community and the Church representative, underwent changes over time.

Yvette's life was built, in part, around her family and her domestic chores. Years ago, a large family was the first condition for operating a farm. We began to see the first significant changes when Yvette and her husband had to depend, in some way, on the cities to give their children's future. The old economy, that of Yvette and her ancestors, focused on looking after the family. This economy was based on the availability of land on which the children could settle. After her wedding, Yvette followed her

husband to the Saint-Isidore concession in Laterrière, to the land her father-in-law had bequeathed to them. In contrast, before Yvette's children were married, they sought employment in industry. They worked in the urban centres in the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region. They created new family units that no longer lived as farmers.

Technological innovations spread through the community. Where no farm before had had electricity, practically all the farms now had more radical innovations such as televisions, radios, washing machines, dryers and refrigerators. Furthermore, this kind of change affected production methods that traditionally were done by hand. Manual techniques were modified and farmers bought tractors, cars, etc. The old traditions slowly disappeared with the introduction of these new items in the urban and rural markets. All these changes made Yvette a witness to the spread of these urban traits through the country.

There was a break with the traditional lifestyle as each new generation brought change. The break did not occur in a brutal way, however, as we will see in reading Yvette's life story. Instead, the old cultural elements were erased or modified by the local culture and new elements were assimilated. Yvette adapted to the changes brought about by industrialization and urbanization. This does not preclude the fact that with their arrival, the old traditions disappeared.

APPENDIX

Maltais family tree based on life story

Woman

Man

N.B. Number indicates the marriage order from oldest to most recent.

Marriage

Relations

[Insert family tree from French version]

Graphics: Jean-Francois Moreau,

Archaeology Laboratory: UQAC

3.1

YVETTE MALTAIS-JEAN

(Life Story)

INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT

FAMILY NAME:	Maltais-Jean
GIVEN NAME:	Yvette
DATE OF BIRTH:	18 January 1912
PLACE OF BIRTH:	Laterrière
MARITAL STATUS:	Married
DATE OF MARRIAGE:	6 September 1935
SPOUSE'S NAME:	Camille Jean
CHILDREN:	15 children: 9 boys, 6 girls, 3 died at a young age
OCCUPATION:	Homemaker, farmer
EDUCATION:	Eighth grade

Interviewers:	Normand Perron
	Camil Girard

SUMMARY

Yvette Maltais-Jean was born in Laterrière on 18 January 1912. Her mother died when she was six years old and she and her sister were placed in an orphanage. She explains a few ordeals she experienced in the orphanage and admits that she never appreciated it. Upon returning to the family home when her father remarried, she left school quite early to help around the house.

After a brief courting period, she married Camille Jean in the fall of 1935. They had 15 children. In her account, Yvette tells stories about mothering a large family. The Jeans lived on a farm not far from the village. She maintains good memories of times when neighbours would help each other. Most families during this time were large. Yvette's life story reflects the difficulties related to a shortage of money and, as a result, to the fact that each family member had contribute to working the farm.

This story takes us deep into the heart of a French-Canadian family in the mid-twentieth century. The presence of religion, the influence of the clergy and the people's submission are the focus of her reminiscences.

After raising their children, the couple bequeathed the farm to one son who was prepared to take over from his parents. As a result, a certain family tradition was carried on which revealed a desire

to preserve an asset that for decades had allowed the Jean family to earn a comfortable, if not easy, living.

LIST OF PEOPLE MENTIONED

Her mother	Léda Desbiens
A neighbour	Mrs. Philibert Simard
One of her sisters	Emma
A priest	Father Gaudreault
One of her sisters	Georgette
An aunt	Marie
A nun	Mother Saint-Jean-Eudes
Teachers	Yvonne Girard
	Laura Côté
Her step-mother	Célestine Tremblay
Célestine's father	Johnny Tremblay
An elected member	Girard
An uncle	André Desbiens
A neighbour	Charles-Eugène Maltais
Doctors	Gaudry
	Lemieux
One of her daughters	Odette
A neighbour	Pedneault
A salesman	Marcotte
An uncle	Edmond-Laouis Maltais
A businessman	J.-E.-A. Dubuc
A neighbour	Desgagné
A butcher	Adhémar Lavoie

A customer

Her brother

Her children

George Lapointe

Maurice

Loïs

Denis

Léda

Maurice

Viateur

Odette

Francine

André

Jospeh-Élie

Paul

Denise

Cyrille

Céline

René

A son-in-law

Jacques Turgeon

Daughters-in-law

Émond

Monique Maltais

Carmen

Saint-Gelais

Gobeil

Her father-in-law

Mr. Jean

A neighbour

Mr. Collard

A miller

Gauthier

A former homeowner

The premier

A carpenter

The priest

The bus driver

An uncle

The dentist

A nun

Girard

Duplessis

Côté

Tremblay

Adrien Gagné

Edmond Gagnon

Mr. Gagné

Mother Saint-Charles

LIST OF PLACES MENTIONED

Arvida
Bagotville
James Bay
Baie-Saint-Paul
Bassin de Laterrière
Canada
Chibougamau
Chicoutimi
Dolbeau
La Baie
La Malbaie
La Romaine
La Tuque
Laterrière
Montreal
Quebec City
Saint-Isidore concession
Saint-Jean-Baptiste concession
Saint-Louis concession
Saint-Félicien
Saint-Gédéon
Saint-Honoré

PART I

The death of her mother

I was born in Laterrière on 18 January 1912 and have always lived in this area. I lost my mother at the age of six. My father was 33 when my mother died. She died while giving birth. Her name was Léda Desbiens. The baby lived two months. Mrs. Philibert Simard, a neighbour, took the child to raise it because our family was too large. At this time, neighbours helped each other a lot. Mrs. Simard had six daughters. She came to take the baby the day after my mother was buried. It didn't live long. It was a girl.

I remember one thing when my mother died. The day after she died, I was with my little sister and we laughed a bit. One aunt told us: "Don't laugh. Your mother is dead." When you're young they say you'll forget. Later, it seemed like something was missing, like we were looking for something. We seemed like lost children. My mother's death touched me. Very often an aunt would come to get me to stay with her for a while. Then, I would return home. I was bounced around from house to house. Although we weren't living in poverty, that didn't mean anything. A person is lucky to have her parents when she is young.

Entering the orphanage

Two months after the death, my father decided that my sister Emma and I would go to the orphanage because we were the oldest. After Father Gaudreault intervened, he decided we would go to this place for a certain period of time. When a relative felt it was possible, the uncles or aunts would take the orphans. In our case, my little sister Georgette was two and a half when mother died. My Aunt Marie raised her. When father remarried, mother found that five children was a lot. She was 33. That's why my aunt raised Georgette. She educated her. She did quite well.

I was in the orphanage for one year and my sister was there for two. My father would come to see us once a month. Every month, Father Gaudreault would come to pick us up in the evening at dusk with his horse and carriage. He would arrive on Saturday night and take us back on Monday night when it was dark. I always asked myself why he did that. It was strange. We would arrive at home. My father's aunt was living in the house. She was very old. My grandfather also lived with them. His aunt would take care of the house, the two men and the three children (two girls and a boy). My youngest sister was two and a half and the other was four. My younger brother was five.

I really didn't like the orphanage. We woke up early in the morning and washed up. Then we would go to mass and eat breakfast. We had classes until 11 o'clock and then lunch until noon. We would play outside until one o'clock, when we would return to class. After supper, we would play a bit and go to bed at eight o'clock. The rules were very strict, a little too much so, I thought. I don't know anyone who liked the orphanage.

I was unruly. I didn't listen to the nuns at all. Mother Saint-Jean-Eudes was very strict and she couldn't do anything with me. I wouldn't listen. My sister would always say: "Calm down or else you'll get the cold bath tonight." I didn't talk, but I didn't listen either. At night, they inevitably put us in a big white night shirt and plunge us into a cold bath. The good little women were shouting. It was either the bath or the black dungeon. The dungeon was a darkened room. They would put you in there and lock the door. This might last half an hour or three quarters of an hour. It wasn't as bad as the cold bath. I was afraid of the bath, it was cold, it was awful.

I would come out but with no intention of listening. During class, I looked like I was lost. I didn't want to write or study, I didn't feel comfortable. This is probably why I left after one year. My father came to get me and my sister stayed for another year. I was not submissive at all. I didn't like the nuns. When a seven- or seven-and-a-half-year-old child loses her mother and

from one day to the next, is with strange people, she becomes vulnerable.

One of my aunts lived in Chicoutimi and every Sunday she would come to see us. She never missed a Sunday. She would bring us candy and syrup. We liked that a lot but I never got to eat any because I had not listened. They would give the candy to all the other children because several didn't have visitors.

Returning home

Upon returning home, I went back to school. I was not very smart. I lagged behind the others because I didn't want to listen. Yvonne Girard and Laura Côté were teaching at that time. They were very strict teachers but I think it was like that everywhere in those days. The children would go to class to study, learn to read and do homework. My father was all for learning.

Once, Miss Yvonne hit my hands with a large ruler. I told her: "I'm going to tell my dad about this tonight." She didn't make a big deal about it. That night, I told my father about it. He said, "My little one, I have sent you to school to learn to read and do your homework." I never spoke to him about it again. That's just how it was.

After three years, my father remarried. My father's second wife was Célestine Tremblay. She was Johnny Tremblay's daughter who had lived for several years in Bassin de Laterrière. Her father was a reporter and he owned a hotel in Saint-Gédéon. He was a good friend of Mr. Girard, an elected member. My father went to pick up my sister Emma and she left the hospice to return to the village. We went to school and I studied until eighth grade. After eighth grade, they decided that the others would go to school and I would stay at home to help out. As I said, there were many people at the home. During this time, we didn't have washers or dryers like we do today. We had to scrub the floors and do the housework.

In those days, I think we were a little too submissive. I don't hate the young people of today. I tell them that life is good for someone who wants it. In my day, submission was the rule. If our father or mother made a decision about something, we didn't have the right to talk back. That was it, period, that's all. We didn't have a lot to say. Célestine was very strict, but I always liked her because she was straight and she would only teach us good things. She was skilled, she made everything--hats, coats. When she made something, it was perfect. If it wasn't perfect, she would make it over again it.

Dating

Later, we fooled around a little but during this time it was limited. There was no way of going out alone with a boy. We went to evening vespers to meet. I remember when I was 16 there was my uncle, André Desbiens, my mother's brother. He was between 25 and 27. He came and picked me up and we went to Dolbeau to one of my uncle's places. We spent three weeks there. I was with my sister and my cousin. We ran a little wild, without much restriction. We went out with the engineers. My uncle was well off.

I went out with an engineer from the company. He was a young man of 24 or 25. He asked me to marry him. I said to my sister: "Forget it. I'm not going to get married at 16." He wrote me when I returned home but I kept telling him I would not marry him, that was final. The relationship ended.

I had a few other boyfriends but it didn't work out. One fine day, I met my husband. He had always lived in Laterrière but I didn't make a big deal of that. At first, we rarely went out and we had to meet at my house. At ten o'clock, he had to leave or the chairs would start to shuffle loudly. We didn't like that but we didn't talk a lot.

One Sunday night, I will never forget it, my husband and my sister's future husband came into the village and walked around

after vespers. They were both quite drunk. We were about to go into the house because it was raining and there they stopped to talk to us. They came into the house and spent the evening with us. That's how it all began.

The wedding

In 1935, at 23, I told my father that I was going to get married. He said: "What are you going to do on the Saint-Isidore concession? I really can't picture you there!" There was no running water or electricity when we arrived there in 1935.

My father-in-law went to Baie-Saint-Paul where he was a sacristan. He had bought the land in Saint-Isidore concession for his son to settle on. He told him: "I have bought you the land, you'll stay on the land." He lived with his son for one year to get him started. He was 20 or 21. When my father asked me what I would do in Saint-Isidore concession, I responded, speaking of my future husband: "I love him very much." My father said: "If you love him, you'll go there." It was the only thing he said to me.

I got married on 6 September 1935 at the age of 23. We went to La Malbaie for our honeymoon. My husband had \$150.00 in his pocket to get married. He chopped 125 cords of firewood at \$1.25 a cord. He had to do it. Along the concession, they said we were rich. We weren't rich.* It was because my husband's father paid for the

land in cash. We didn't owe a thing. We just lived, that's all. As well, during the first two years, we boarded two school teachers. They paid us \$8.00 a month. They taught at the school across from Charles-Eugène Maltais' place. They taught grades one to seven.

I didn't have children for three years. I was sick and I had an operation. The specialist, Dr. Gaudry, had sent me home to die. After a year, I had another operation and the doctor called us in eight days before Christmas. He said: "Mrs. Jean, your health is very poor but it seems to me that if you had children this would improve your health. But I will have to operate on you." In those days, we travelled by car from the village to Chicoutimi. We would go into the city about twice a year. We went to the doctor only when it was absolutely necessary. Due to my operation, I went to see the specialist almost every three months.

* Supplementary information gathered in 1993. See (*) on the following pages. It should be noted that when the stories were collected, some topics initially were omitted, and were covered in detail in later meetings between the subject and the researcher(s).

"I came into the family way"

My husband and I talked about it and I had an operation. I told my husband: "I may as well have the operation to try to have a child. Maybe my health will improve. If I can't have any, we'll give up the land." There was too much work for just two people to run the farm. I had the operation and I returned home after four days. I came into the family way within a month.

I was so sick, you can't imagine. I couldn't get up anymore on my own. I lost the first baby at five months. It was a girl. After two months, I was pregnant again. I went back to see the specialist, Dr. Gaudry, and told him: "Doctor, I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm so sick and I can't get up on my own." He said to me: "My dear, you're with child again." I didn't say a word. I looked at him and I said: "This can't be."

My first six children were born here in the house. After the hospital opened for births, Dr. Lemieux called me to say that this was the end of home births and that I had to go to the hospital for my next babies. So I had all the rest in the hospital. I only had Odette here. It was in the morning and that was an exception.

PART II

Births in the hospital

After I had been in the hospital, I kissed the house goodbye. I found it safer. I didn't hear anything about giving birth at home anymore. I had many children and the day after the birth, a young girl would come to look after the children. It was hard staying quiet. After three or four days, I would start to work again. Things were all right at home, but it was the women who came with the doctor. We would hire a young girl to help out afterward. We would pay her \$8.00 a month.

We didn't have a lot of money then. I remember that the first paydays were \$23.00 or \$24.00 for two weeks. There was a big hubbub and the children were there. At the hospital, we would stay three or four days and rest. It wasn't the same thing. The hospital was expensive, it cost \$150.00 to \$200.00. You had to pay the doctor, too. I never had a midwife. The first doctors I had we paid \$15.00. When the last girl was born in 1958, it cost \$45.00 or \$50.00. For my husband, this was sacred. He had to have money to pay the doctor. If the work was done, the doctor was paid. My husband was not a man to get into debt. He didn't like debts. He said: "Tomorrow we won't have any more than we do today."

In those days, they wouldn't give you much medication. In the morning, I couldn't get up. My husband would make the coffee,

pour the orange juice and bring it to me in bed. Our neighbour Pedneault's little girls helped me a lot. They weren't paid much back then. We had great neighbours and I'll never forget that. We paid them, but very little. Wages of \$10.00 a month weren't much. No one would work for those wages today.

Life on the concession

When I left the village, electricity had been installed, but not out on the concession. Only two houses on the Saint-Isidore concession had a toilet--Mr. Pedneault's and ours. After three or four years, we got electricity. Before that, we used aladdin lamps.

After we got electricity, I bought a washing machine. Dad came to see me and said: "You have to have an electric washing machine; you have electricity now." A man named Marcotte sold washing machines at that time. He sold me a second-hand washer for \$35.00. We used it. It turned and washed, that washer. I really appreciated it. Electricity was a big thing for us. When it reached our concession we said it was a step forward.

My uncle Edmond-Louis Maltais, who worked for J.-E.-A. Dubuc, brought me my first radio. I was his goddaughter. I think it cost \$12.00. It was really expensive, very extravagant. I was a bit spoiled.

I had 15 children in 18 years. We worked hard and we rarely went out.

In my time, the neighbours were like brothers and sisters. If there was a wedding along the concession, we would all be invited. The lunch or supper would be provided and we were invited. We all belonged. Everyone had a lot of fun. We knew each other and we had a lot of fun together.

Everyone along our concession had a big family. Charles-Eugène had 16 children, Mr. Pedneault had 10 and so did the Desgagnés. That made for a lot of kids. They went to the school on the concession. Charles' eldest daughter taught school. When the school closed, the children went to school in the village. After seventh grade, transportation was arranged and they went to Chicoutimi.

Neighbours helping each other

If something happened, the neighbours would come to our aid and ask if we needed help. We would do the same when we saw a neighbour in need. I remember that my husband cut wood in those days. All the neighbours cut their firewood. It was a 20-25 man bee. The whole concession would turn out and cut wood all day. We made soup and tourtières. A pitcher of wine was prepared and all the neighbours had fun together.

When it was butchering time, it was the same thing. Butchering was done in the fall when it was cold. Since we didn't have a refrigerator, that was the only way of preserving the meat. It was necessary for it not to thaw so the meat wouldn't be lost. We froze it in the milk sheds. In the spring, we would can the leftovers. One year, we put up 500 cans of preserves. It was meat, chicken and turkey which was left over. We didn't have a fridge. We put the meat in cans and jars which Adhémar Lavoie came to pick up. He had a machine to heat and seal the cans. He would say: "Come by tomorrow morning and everything will be ready." We paid for this service.

Those who could lend a hand during the butcherings would be a great help. We helped each other a lot. I really liked this wonderful time. We sold turkeys to the stores in Chicoutimi. Several of them would call and ask us to set some turkeys aside for them. It was income we could earn. From time to time, we sold calves and beef to George Lapointe. Slaughtering was done here. We also ate game. In the early years, moose came down the road. One afternoon, around 2:30 or 3:00, they shot two of them. Mr. Pedneault called to warn my husband that two moose had come by. My husband had the only shotgun powerful enough. The moose were across from the school in the middle of the afternoon. They killed both them and shared the meat among the neighbours. (*)

"We were spoiled"

We were spoiled. Every Saturday, my husband would go to the Saguenay-Mercantile. He would buy a stalk of bananas for the children. It weighed 40 to 42 pounds. He would also bring home a large crate of apples, which had to be eaten. We would take a tithe to the priest. We didn't pay in cash but in oats.

My sister often came from the village with her children. Her husband worked in the forests for the government. She came on the weekends. The stalk of bananas didn't last long. By Thursday there was nothing left. The children remember this. They had a lot of good times. When you're young, you love to eat.

I went to mass once a year. I wasn't able to go more often because I was in poor health and I wouldn't leave the house very often. Sometimes I would leave my husband with the kids. There was a small bed in the room downstairs. My husband would take this bed and move it into the kitchen. The children came and slept with their father. When I returned home, the house would be completely turned upside down. That's why I hesitated to go to mass. I spoke to the priest and he said: "It's not bad if you are sick; it's better for you to stay at home and take care of the children than to come to mass." I would get those children ready who were able to go. They went to mass in a wagon.

Religion

Today we talk to them about mass but it doesn't interest them much. Times have changed. We're no better or worse, it was just the times. Mass, communion and confession were sacred. Each month, the children were sent to confession and communion. We saw to that.

In our house, they didn't miss a rosary. They all knelt and I said the rosary. When it wasn't me, it was the eldest who would say the rosary for the family. We did that for a long time. I think what stopped the rosary was the television. When the children were old enough they would say: "Ah, Mom, don't bug us with your rosary, our program's on TV." I would say: "There will be more programs on TV tomorrow." But they didn't want to anymore. Sometimes my husband wanted us to recite it later in the evening, but we stopped saying it. When I realized that this didn't interest them any more, I decided to let it go. We would only say a prayer. We cut the rosary out. The children said it was too long and that I said too much for nothing.

Today, some of the children go to church, others don't. I let them make their own decision but they weren't very interested. I told them: "You were baptized, you went to church and you have your own ideas." I didn't want to force it on them at a young age. When it's young, I tell myself that the tree must be righted, but once it has taken root, it must take on its own responsibilities. I'm not sure if my opinion is right or not, but at some point, we have

to live our life as we see fit. We don't all have the same personality and that doesn't mean we're evil just for that. There is good in everything. Everyone must follow his own drummer. I tell myself that if I had not lived with so many children, I probably wouldn't be used to the changes in life that can happen today. There is no comparison between then and now. Today they have freedom. Freedom is one thing, but also there must be limits. Too much freedom isn't good either.

Today we are living in quite an advanced age. Our time is over. There is one thing that I find strange. On New Year's Day, sometimes 33 or 34 people are here. Last year, the fourteenth child said to me: "Mom, how did you manage to have so many kids?" I answered: "I left myself open to the will of God." He said: "That wouldn't be possible for us. We couldn't do it. It's impossible for us. We would never have the means." I replied: "Don't say that. We didn't have money, but we did a lot with very little."

Large families

When I got married, I didn't know much about large families. In my father's house there were four girls and a boy. My father had a farm and he ran the post office. We were rather spoiled as kids. He sent all his daughters to school. All of them were educated. My brother, Maurice, went to the seminary for two years but he

didn't want to go back. My father was in favour of education. He always told us: "I never wanted to be a farmer. I wanted to be a lawyer." We always told him that he made a better farmer than a lawyer and that he never would have been a good lawyer. My father came to me and said: "You have lots of children. Don't earn money but give them an education. Money puts bread on the table but not an education." With so many children, he never discouraged me. He always told me: "You're happy, you have a lot of children and you have sons." He would tell me that I was happy. I'm not sure why, but he always told me that. In order, my children are: Loïs, the eldest, Denis, Léda, Maurice, Viateur, Odette, Francine, André, Joseph-Élie, Paul and Denise. We lost Cyrille, Céline and René.

I would have liked to have well educated sons, I'm not hiding that, but when they finished eighth grade...the last went to secondary V. I told him: "You're going to go to university." He said: "No, mom, I've had enough." I told him that he had disappointed me and that we had the means to send him to a good school but he said he knew enough and that he wouldn't go to school anymore. He was 18. He went to work in the mines at Chibougamau as soon as he finished his school year. I really found this awful. It was my Paul. He had made up his mind and he left to work in the mines for two years. One of his brothers had worked there for several years. I said to Paul: "Have you realized that you're going to work 700 feet underground?" He said: "Yes, I've thought about it but it you have to go where the money is." He stayed there for two years.

He lived in a hotel. He saved his money and bought a car. After two years he came back here. He got hired at the Niobec mine in Saint-Honoré. He is building his own home. He wants to build it himself as he saves his money. He doesn't want to owe anything to anyone.

PART III

The next generation on the farm

André, however, took over the land from his father. We gave the children land to build on.

I never thought Maurice would get married someday. He was still going out with the girls when he was 33. I said: "Maurice, when you get married, I'll give you the piece of land where the raspberries are." I said that with a laugh because I thought he would never get married. At one point, he came and said: "Mom, you always said you would give me the piece of land where the raspberries are, will you give it to me today?" His father said: "That's what you get when you open your big mouth." I retorted: "Listen, young man, if that's what I always said it to you, it's yours. Your father will go into town with you and the papers will be signed over."

I'm happy. I have several sons living on each side of the house. I have André, Maurice, Paul, Joseph-Élie and Léda next door. I have five who live on lots nearby. I'm happily ensconced in my own little world.

Education

I sent all my daughters to school. They all have their diploma. Léda, the eldest, did all of her schooling with the Ursulines. She went there for seven years and earned her diploma. She didn't just go along, she was the one who made the decision. It was very strict there. When the girls went out, they were not permitted to stop at the restaurant, but Léda was stubborn. She stopped at the restaurant to buy an ice cream cone. As punishment, they refused to give her her diploma. She had to pick it up in Chicoutimi. She married Jacques Turgeon, a retired police officer. They have three grown children: two sons aged 22 and 20 and one daughter aged 19. They are all in university this year.

Odette did her bachelors at the university in Chicoutimi. She taught for two years in Chibougamau then to Chicoutimi. Francine went to university in Quebec City. She studied chemistry at Laval. She married a geologist who is André's wife's brother. They lived in Chibougamau for 10 years before they moved to Quebec City. They have three sons and a daughter.

Denise completed her B.A. in education at the university in Chicoutimi. She worked for two years in Chibougamau and two years in La Romaine. She taught the Cree and Montagnais. After two years, she requested a placement in Chicoutimi, where she was hired. She spent six months in La Romaine. She liked the experience. She learned a lot about these people, who don't live like we do. In the fall, when they feel like leaving school, they go hunting with their parents. I think it would be difficult to change them. The Cree don't go out much during the day, but rather at night in groups. Denise went back to La Romaine twice to see her friends. My daughters didn't have any problems. They wanted to go to school.

Marriages in the family

Joseph-Élie married an Émond from Chicoutimi. Her grandfather was from Laterrière. He worked for Alcan in Arvida. Loïs, the eldest, is the fourth house over from here. He lives in the old Laterrière elementary schoolhouse. He married Monique Maltais, who was a neighbour. He has three children. He worked for the cooperative for a long time. When it closed, he went to work in a mill in Jonquière. Today he's a truck driver. Paul works at the Alcan plant in La Baie. He doesn't have any children. He's also a truck driver. He has a girlfriend from Dolbeau. Her name is Carmen. They don't have any children.

René left home at a young age. He worked at Expo in Montreal in 1967. Then he worked for General Foods for a year. He was lonely in Montreal. He left and worked in a grocery store in Chibougamau. He worked there for three or four months. During the summer, General Foods called him back to offer him a machine operator's position. He didn't really like Montreal but he went back. He built his career there. He died in an accident a few years ago.

Maurice worked for 13 years with Adhémar Lavoie on the Saint-Jean-Baptiste concession. He was a grocery store manager. When Mr. Lavoie died, Maurice handed in his resignation and went to work in James Bay on the machines. He operated a bulldozer at the cooperative in Laterrière. He has two children. He's married to a Saint-Gelais from Chicoutimi. The men are a little too rough for them. They do heavy labour. They work on the farm and in the sawmill next door.

Denis works in the mines in Chibougamau. He went to Chibougamau when he was very young. At 23, he married a girl from Saint-Félicien. They have three children, two girls and a boy. Joseph-Élie is in Arvida and André took over the farm. He has three children. He married a Gobeil from Saint-Louis concession. Viateur lives here with us. I don't think he'll get married. He stays around and helps his brother. When we passed on the land, I called in all of my sons to find out who would take it over. They said: "No, Mom, it doesn't interest us. You have to work on

Saturdays and Sundays; we don't like that. Dad didn't pay us enough when we worked on the farm."

Children's jobs

When Paul and Joseph-Élie went to school, they had to do chores in the morning and at night. It was understood that the children would get up and help with the animals. When a child left to work off the farm, the other would take over and help his father. When Paul, the youngest, started he was the most difficult of all the children. I told Paul: "My son, you're eight years old and you have to get up and help your dad because it's your turn. He'll give you five dollars a week. You're going to school but you have to get up to do your chores." He said: "Mom, I'll get up." It was hard, but he always got up to help with the morning chores. At 7:30, he had to take the bus to Chicoutimi. He told me: "Mom, you don't pay me very much for waking up at five in the morning." At night, when he returned home, his supper had to be ready. He got changed and went to do his chores. He would come back in around 7:30 or 7:45 p.m.

When I talked to him about taking over the farm, he found that it didn't pay enough. Joseph wasn't interested either. André had been working for Consolidated Bathurst in La Tuque for five years. He indicated that he might be interested in taking over the farm if no one else showed any interest. When we saw that no one else

wanted it, we called André. He agreed. They all pitched in and built him a house. They helped him. It's like that around here; we help each other a lot. If one needs something, they come and they help. André is not alone even though he has the land. If he needs someone to help him in the barn, they come over. These are generous kids. They're united. They don't squabble.

My husband wasn't very healthy. At 38, he became asthmatic and was really sick. He raised his family, he cut wood, he worked with this sickness. After all, he didn't get his father's land for nothing. We were here for 10 years without anything for ourselves. It was my husband's father who ran everything. He came, he gave orders and that was that. When I got married, the first year I wintered here with my husband, grandfather Jean ran it because the land belonged to him. He would say to us: "You are going to winter here. I will give you \$100.00 for the whole winter." That was to pay for the doctor if necessary. It wasn't hard to spend money on sickness. Yet the \$100.00 lasted the whole winter. When it was time to pay the taxes, if something wasn't done on the farm, you had to do it right away. He was the one who managed it.

After ten years, my husband and I were talking and I said: "If your father would like to sell us the land maybe we could buy it." We spoke to grandfather. In those days, that's how business was done. Grandfather said: "I will sell it to you for the price I paid." He didn't say: "I'll give it to you." So we bought the

land at the price he paid for it. My father said: "We'll ask for a farm loan." The rate was 2.5 percent. We took it for 15 years. We were accepted right away, they helped farmers, it didn't take very long. (*) In those days, that's how it was. What we had, we owned. In the past, the older people would bequeath it after their death, not before. They had no money to finish their days, so it was their old age pension.

In those days, they didn't send the old people to retirement homes, even if they were paralysed. They kept them at home. In the Collard household, the grandmother was paralysed for eight years. Charles-Eugène Maltais' mother was paralysed at age 54. She lived eight or 10 years in that state. There were 16 children in the house. They didn't put the old ones in homes, they kept them at home and cared for them. No young people would do that today. That's just how it was done. The old people said: "You'll inherit everything I have when I die." What they really meant was: "If you don't take care of me, you won't get anything."

PART IV

Shortage of money

No one had much money in those days. Grandfather Jean paid \$5,000.00 for that land but there was nothing on it: no electricity, three or four cows. There were no tilling machines.

Practically everything was done by hand. There was no tractor; there may have been two old horses on the farm.

Today we have 80 head of cattle and it makes all the difference. We didn't use chemical fertilizers so the land didn't produce. There was no wood; we bought two wood lots. I must admit, things have changed a lot. In those days, paying \$5,000.00 was like paying \$200,000.00 today. People have turned down more than that for there land here.

I still find though that the farmer was well off. We had a lot of chickens and pigs. We didn't have wealth, but we weren't wanting for anything. We bought flour to make bread. We bought 10 gallon barrels of syrup. The farmer grew oats. In the fall, we would take our oats to the village, to the Gauthiers. They had a mill. They would bring it back here for the animals. We bought very little from the outside. We made do with what we had. We had about 10 chickens, which was enough to provide for the family. Some years we had as many as 500 chickens.

In the early days, we bought 100 pounds of sugar for the winter. We bought 400 pounds of flour and a ten gallon barrel of syrup. We also bought beans and pork fat. We killed the hogs at 250-260 pounds. I saw 300-pound hogs being slaughtered at Charles-Eugène's. In those days, a pig was fatty; you would have lard for

the whole year. You had to preserve the pork fat in brine, a small barrel of brine. That was enough for a year.

Farm chores

In the spring, we would can anything that was left over: chickens, geese and turkeys. It was a lot of canning. We didn't go shopping every week like we do today. We made our own butter. The women salted the butter for the summer. We had cellars outside.

The men churned it, but it was the women who made the butter. The women worked hard. The men didn't help very much in the house in those days. I didn't see my men helping in the house. Today, the young men help their wives.

The man would cut wood; there were no machines. When they went to cut firewood, 100 cords of wood, it wasn't with a chain saw. It was with brute strength. It was very hard for the father of a family. He ate pork but the pork was burned up, and for good reason. We made tourtières and pork and beans. We made a lot of good food. We ate well. The farmers were a little spoiled.

Two years after I got married, the Depression hit. Office workers came to dig the canal on Saint-Isidore concession. These men would ask for a bowl of coffee and they cried because they had nothing. The farmers survived the Depression because they had something to

eat. There was no money, but they had beef and chickens. We had our food and we didn't buy it. The children were never deprived of milk, butter or meat. We planted a garden, while those in town didn't have that. The farmer was free. My father always said: "I don't like having others control me, I want to be free." If the farmer wanted to work, he would work. But if he wanted to rest for half an hour or an hour, he could make that choice. If he wanted to work hard, he would see his returns.

The house we bought here belonged to the Girards. Around 1935-1937, they all left to go to the factories in Bagotville or elsewhere. They left because the land wasn't working. They were in debt. That's when Duplessis brought out farm loans to try to help the farmers buy back their land. Many sold out because they couldn't make it, they went bankrupt. Practically everything changed in the span of a few years. Those who borrowed money wanted it back. Everyone wanted to sell but no one had money! Many wanted to buy land but lacked the means. It was grandfather Jean who bought the land in 1934, one year before my wedding. He sold his land in Baie-Saint-Paul and he had the money. The Priest told him: "You're buying this land for your sons." Grandfather's mother was always with this priest. She was widowed at 42 or 43. The priest came to get her and said: "Mrs. Jean, you come with me and run my life." When she said: "Go to bed, that's enough" or "You won't be going fishing today," he obeyed her. She controlled him like a child. He let her do it. He was the son of a fairly

wealthy family. Two of his brothers were doctors and another was a musician.

The dowry

In those days, when we got married, our father would buy us a bedroom set and give us a cow and a sheep. He didn't give me a sheep because I didn't want one. I told him: "I don't like sheep, don't give me one, I don't want one."

This was the custom. Your mother would give you bedding. She made them herself. The furniture I had in the house consisted of a cute little round table and four chairs. Grandfather had this set made by someone named Côté who had completely finished the home. Everyone thought I was one of the best established in the concession. I was always a little pampered. Because I was in poor health, Granddad put down linoleum.

Two days before my father died, Father Tremblay decided to administer the last rites. He came that afternoon. My father washed up and went and sat in the living room waiting for the priest to arrive. He died two days later. He suffered a lot, but he could still walk. He didn't want to go to the hospital. He wanted to die at home in his own bed. It has been 14 years since he died. He always went to church. He helped out with the service and sang. (*)

My husband was a good gardener. At night, when he had nothing to do, he weeded. We always had a large garden with strawberries and raspberries. I was used to this kind of work. I worked in the house and in the garden. I rarely went to the barn.

I had a sister who lived in Montreal. She had only two sons and she was well off. Her husband didn't know what to send us to help us. They would send us clothes. I ripped out the seams and sewed them again to fit my boys. In our house, our mother didn't want us to sew. She said we didn't know how. She made everything: hats, dresses. If we wanted to sew on a button, she pulled it off. She said it was not well sewn and reseeded it in her own way.

When I had my little brood, I didn't know how to do anything. I bought patterns, but I had a hard time. Sometimes my mother came and looked at my work and said: "It's not well done." I did it my own way. She wasn't one to show us how to do it. She worked hard; she had nimble fingers but she said that we weren't able to do it. At least she could have shown us how to do something, but she didn't. I had to teach myself. We bought fabric by the yard and we made everything. The worst was making pants for my boys. I was good at making dresses, but pants, I wasn't skilled at that. For going out or to school, I bought pants ready-made. I found that the ones I made were not made well enough. To go to work, they had their work clothes. They weren't allowed to wear their school clothes to play in. I was strict about that.

Raising children in the country

I enjoyed raising a large family in the country. I never would have wanted to do that in town with that many little boys. I would have been lost. Here the kids had a lot to occupy them. Their father made them wagons and they played outside. There was a skating rink at Charles' place. They had fun together. We all had large families around here and at 8 o'clock, everyone came into the house. It was wash-up time and we would say our rosary and go to bed, because we had to get up early the next day. They weren't out galivanting at night. I had nieces and nephews who were raised in the city. They went out at night. Here, what is there to go at night for? Everyone's at home. They read or watch TV. Now they all have cars. They go for a drive and then they come back. Someone raised in the city will say: "The country is boring, it's a drag." It's because they're not used to it. Country living and city living certainly aren't the same. In the city, your neighbours are right next to you. Here, they're farther away. There's no comparison. Quite often in the city, you don't even know your neighbours. Here, I know them.

I lived in the village too and we knew our neighbours. I really liked that. Sometimes my father would ask me: "Won't you be bored in the country?" At first, I missed the village. I went for a visit to my sister's. I slept over and came back the next day.

The village and city are quite similar. I have my son Loïs nearby. He isn't far, yet I don't like going on foot. Léda isn't far either. I think if I were in the village, I'd go to visit her. Out on the concession, I don't feel like it.

Now, I go to the village and it's all young people I don't know. Sometimes a few will greet me. I look at them but I'm not sure who they are. They know me, but I don't know them.

Many things have happened. Times have changed. In the old days, in the village, there was a skating rink. We played tennis at Philibert Simard's. We would just climb over the fence and play. I didn't play for long because I married young. These were activities for boy and girls. There weren't many activities for young people in those days. We had fun at home instead. Young people whose parents were farmers helped their parents a lot. In the evening, they didn't talk about going out. We didn't take the car out for nothing.

Transportation

The buses started when they closed the school on the concession. They began coming by on Sundays to go to mass. We paid 15 cents. It was less expensive than taking the car. A fellow named Adrien Gagné drove the bus in those days. The whole concession got on. It filled up when we went to mass. After that, people bought cars

and the bus stopped running. The people said that it cost them less to take their cars than to take the bus.

My uncle Edmond Gagnon worked in the railway office in Laterrière. When we went to Chicoutimi, we took the train. We stayed at my uncle's place in the city. We went from time to time and I really liked that. We didn't go out much in Chicoutimi. We had to ask our parents' permission. If they said no, we didn't go out.

When I got married, there was no bus in the village. Cars were just beginning to appear. My husband went to the movies by bicycle when he was not working. The rest of us never went. Girls weren't allowed to ride bikes. You would have been disowned outright. It was only for the boys. I don't remember seeing girls' bicycles. The girls would sing in the village choir. We stayed at home and worked. We read a lot--books and newspapers.

I remember that in my father's house, we had many guests, even elected members of Parliament. Father was into politics. We weren't allowed to talk, we had to sit quietly and not move. When it was time to eat, we had to wait to be served. That's how it was. On Sunday, my grandfather never came to the table without being dressed in a suit. We had to dress like that on Sundays. There was no question of sitting down to eat in a shirt. They would have considered that terrible.

I heard a lot of political talk because my father was really into it. He liked that. My husband didn't like that at all. That's why I never got into politics. I liked to state my opinion from time to time, but I never actively participated. I was never for Quebec separating. Everything that breaks apart begins to slip away and crash to the ground. It comes to a bad end. It's like the Indians, they said it was their land, that they owned it. But if they were left alone to run the country, they would have been no good. When they have money, they spend it. They don't look for ways to save it, they just spend it. They live day-to-day. It's another culture. The Indians will want to stay with Canada. I'm sure they won't break away from Canada. (*)

We got our first car in 1955, the year my brother died. We used the horses only to go to mass. We also bought a tractor. I found this convenient because it did a nice job and it helped the men plant and harvest. In those days, people said cars and gasoline were too expensive for people to use them. At age 17, Loïs and Denis wanted to borrow the car. They worked with their father. I said: "You can get your licence but if you have an accident, you'll never get the car again. You have to accept your responsibilities." We never denied them the car to go visiting. They never had an accident. They went visiting the girls. They would go to Chicoutimi. I gave them their freedom.

In my time, we stayed here and we didn't go out. If I did go out, it was with my husband. We were invited to weddings along the concession. One time, I had been married for several years and had four or five children. We were invited to a wedding for one of Mr. Pedneault's children. In the evening, we went for supper and visited. Mother was also invited. The Pedneaults were nice people. We danced and sang. I liked to dance and so did my husband. We danced and had fun. A week later, my mother came to visit and she said: "I think you dance a lot. When a woman is married, she shouldn't dance that much."

I didn't say a word. All the same, I was with my husband and I was 35 or 36. It didn't make sense. Dancing was not allowed by the Church. You went to church and the priest wouldn't absolve you. If you were wearing a low-cut dress, he would pass communion right under your nose. You had to be careful. It was no laughing matter. There was a strange attitude in those days. They were out to control you.

It was the same when we were pregnant. When I had my first child, I asked my sister who was single to knit a pair of baby booties. My mother learned about it. She said: "Why did you tell her that? We don't say those things to girls! We don't talk about those things." She was put out because I had said that I was pregnant. Everything was hidden. Women wore large dresses. I wondered why we hid it like that.

In the past, children didn't have the freedom they do today. What they did was determined by their parents. When I was young, we went to the doctor when we were really sick. I remember one day when my brother had a toothache. My father said: "Mr. Gagné will pull your teeth out." He used pliers to pull your teeth out. My brother didn't want to go, but my father insisted. We paid the dentist 25 cents. In the end, my brother did go because the pain was too much.

There was no way a young woman would leave home at 20 or 22 to rent a place in Chicoutimi. It would have been a scandal. Everyone would have talked about it.

The strictness of religion

Religion was very strict in those days, too strict. The priests were very good. That was the attitude and everyone was like that. The priests knew how to read and write and they knew the Bible and all. I'm not quite sure how all that changed. The clergy controlled just about everything. If we had anything, we had to go to the priest. I didn't know anyone who wasn't practising. Everyone was submissive. We complied out of fear, fear of the Devil. We were raised in fear.

When my father remarried, my mother's cousin, Mother Saint-Charles, told him: "You're marrying this man, but this little girl is very

unruly. You're going to have problems with her." She said that because I was in the convent and I wouldn't mind the nuns. I didn't want to give in. If that didn't work, away to the "dungeon" or into a cold bath. I can't forget that. I don't know what they were thinking. I wouldn't do that to my children, I never did that. Perhaps they didn't do it out of spite either. It was a how children were brought up back then. It's unbelievable, but that's what was done. At home, we always minded our mother. She had good principles. She was well-educated. She always taught at the school. She was very strict. We were very afraid of her and we were very submissive. That's why today, I say there should not be too much submission. I don't put a child in the corner to tell him to do this or that. At 10 or 12, that's one thing, but at a certain age, you have to say: "Look after yourself, do what you want. It's you who wants it, you can decide."

I wasn't educated. If I could do it over again, I wouldn't have stayed at home, I would have gone to school. I would have done something else. I might have done poorly, I'm not sure. When I got married, I always said that if they wanted to, my girls would get an education. In my case, I really missed getting an education.

What has changed the family today is the working mother. This provides a freedom we didn't have before. A working woman who earns two thousand dollars a month is independent of her husband.

She has more freedom. In my time, when I asked my husband for ten dollars, he would say: "We don't have it, you'll have to wait." I didn't say a word, I just waited. The fact remains that we have to live in our own time. I didn't live in my mother's time. But too much freedom, I say that can sometimes bring problems too.

Had my health been better in the early years of our marriage, I think I would have taken courses to go back to school. But I was sick. After I had children, it was impossible to go back to school. I don't regret having a family, though. What is done, I can't regret. I thank the Good Lord. Sometimes they say it may be better like this.

I feel supported by my family and they're good to me, very nice. They don't know what to do for me. For someone my age, I'm still in good shaped. If I lose my health tomorrow, I ask the Good Lord not to leave me here too long in that state. That's all I ask. Sometimes I say to my children: "If I go tomorrow morning, you'll say: Mom was happy, she ended her days well." I do what I want. If I don't feel like working, I don't work. If I feel like going shopping, I go shopping. Sometimes, I take a small trip on my own and I have a lot of fun. That's how my life goes. I don't regret what I have done. I can't regret it; that's impossible. I think that in every life there are duties, there are hills to climb. Each day there are hard roads to travel.

I don't find old age difficult because I don't have time to grow old. I don't worry about it. I received my old age pension and I said: "My goodness, is it true? I'm receiving an old age pension!"

I am 70 and I hope to be good for another few years. I am happy because at this age I can walk, eat, get up early and do what I want. Life is good. I'm healthy and I'm happy with everything I've done.

GLOSSARY

[Not necessary for English version]

4

A SAGUENAY RESIDENT
OF BRITISH ORIGIN

IVY BRADBURY

(Analysis of Life Story)

Introduction

This analysis presents an interpretation of the life story of Ivy Bradbury, a Saguenay resident of British origin and nurse by profession. Throughout her life, Ivy experiences changes that alter her existence and original culture. Ivy's identity and culture are described primarily in relation to her relationships with others. Ivy knows how to benefit from living with others: she therefore integrates into various communities throughout her life.

The analysis of this life story is divided into three parts. The first part deals with Ivy's native country and her move to her adoptive country. Religion and work, two separate but complementary themes, are also discussed. The second highlights Ivy's family life in her new community. The third focuses on her personal development through various stages of life and touches on the themes of birth, illness and death.

Contact with other worlds: Culture shock?

Upon leaving their homeland, immigrants generally feel the need to maintain their native culture while attempting to integrate into their new host country. What happened to Ivy and her family?

England is Ivy's native country. Born in 1906, she spent her childhood in London in the Black Fryers district. In 1912, her brother's precarious health forced the family to emigrate from London to a new country, Canada. "... the doctors said: Go to Canada. Canadian air is thinner; he'll be better there." (#) Ivy was six years old at the time. She says she was happy to emigrate to Canada.

Ivy does not remember much from that period. She remembers attending kindergarten when she was three years old. "I do remember that in the afternoon we slept on a mat on the floor." (#) We are led to believe that for Ivy, emigrating to Canada was not clouded with the fear of losing her identity; on the contrary, a new life was beginning for her. However, uprooting from her native England appears to have been somewhat of an ordeal for Ivy's mother, as we will see a little later.

The Bradbury family went to Canada by ship. They landed in Saint John, New Brunswick; from there, they travelled by train to Regina where they settled. During this period, Ivy's father invested

almost all his money in properties that were subsequently destroyed by a tornado, while her mother held fast to the dream of moving to Vancouver. "My mother didn't like Regina very much. She heard about Vancouver; it was more English there than England itself." (#) Several years passed before the family had enough money to move to Vancouver. They arrived in this new city two weeks before Armistice Day. Ivy does not really remember the First World War. In 1918, twelve-year-old Ivy left Regina to settle in Vancouver with her family.

Her mother's wish to move to Vancouver presents a dichotomy. In an adopted country, religion, values and behaviour are not the same. Ivy's mother probably had no point of reference as she had in her native country. She suffered an identity crisis. She thought it would be easier to identify and live with the people in Vancouver, to establish links and exchanges, while respecting her own identity, language, religion, etc. She needed to get closer to her original culture and, to some extent, she wanted to return to her roots. By contrast, we will see Ivy's culture shift from her parent's example. She assimilated into the situations she encountered and adapted to people living in her community.

Religion

Our subject's family was Baptist; this doctrine was instilled into Ivy from infancy. Her parents were very devout. Due to their religion, they conformed to a specific social model that became a way of life for them. Despite her parents' strict compliance with their religion, Ivy questioned her Protestant faith. This re-examination would have repercussions on all her adult life.

Ivy found her parents' religion stricter than Catholicism.

My family was very strict. We weren't allowed to go to the movies. Even when we went to hockey games, we were supposed to be separated from the general public. It was much stricter than the Catholic church. (#)

From an early age, Ivy was attracted to the Catholic church: for example, she secretly read a book entitled *The Faith of Our Father*. These readings encouraged Ivy to share her ideas on Roman Catholicism. Ivy reached the age of 21 before being baptized in her new religion by a priest who advised her not to tell her parents anything about her Catholic baptism. "I never regretted changing religions, it was a permanent choice. I was fascinated by the Catholic church; I didn't think of anything else." (#)

However, Ivy decided to tell her parents the truth about her baptism. After her marriage, Ivy would raise her children as Catholics. Her in-laws in Saguenay were very religious.

Every evening after supper, my husband's six sisters recited the rosary. No matter what happened, my mother-in-law went to talk to the priest. I sometimes asked: Why? What did the priest have to do with it? The priest was the doctor, the lawyer; everyone went to him for all sorts of things. (#)

One very sincere prayer is worth fifty. I didn't feel the need to go to the priest for every little thing. (#)

As we see, Ivy decided to convert to Catholicism, but the faith she practised differed from that of the Saguenay people who placed excessive importance on the clergy. Furthermore, despite the fact that Ivy converted to this religion, she did not value confession and found reciting the rosary futile. We may consider the fact that she was not raised in a Catholic family in which reciting the rosary was a long-time sacred tradition and which viewed the priest as one of the most influential people in the village or community. To a certain extent, such practices are based on family traditions and form part of Quebec culture.

Nevertheless, this conversion would change Ivy's life. When her parents learned the truth, they rejected her. She digressed from

the path chosen for her since childhood by her parents. After her conversion, her sister did not talk to her for more than ten years, although her brother seemed to accept her more. Her parents and sister therefore did not acknowledge her religious choice. Following her family's rejection, Ivy could no longer imagine living with her family and took her fate into her own hands.

Working in Japan

As a result of her decision to change religion and the fact her parents no longer wanted her in their home, Ivy left to work abroad. In 1934, she went to work in Osaka, Japan, as a nurse with the Ursulines, a religious order with a calling in hospitals and schools. Ivy would practise her nursing profession for five years in Japan before returning to Canada, apparently under the impending threat of the Second World War.

Ivy continued to face a difficult social reality in these "licensed" districts of Japan. "They were called 'licensed' districts. (...) They were surrounded by a large wall." (#) According to Ivy, these districts were not open to tourists and were one of the main sources of income for the country's government. Most people who lived in Japan were not even aware that such districts existed. Ivy worked with young girls sold by their fathers into prostitution.

I went there as a nurse with a doctor to tend to someone who was sick. When we entered, there were large windows, like shop windows, and behind each was a beautiful Japanese girl...wearing a lovely kimono and all that. Beside her stood a sign that read: "You can spend one, two or three hours or the whole night with her." There were three groups: "one" was guaranteed disease-free; she was in good health and cost a lot more. "Two" was supposed to be fine, but there were no guarantees. "Three" didn't cost much but might have all kinds of diseases. (#)

In the district hospital, Ivy tried to help these young girls. Quite often, death struck within a few weeks. Our subject says that families placed no value at all on girls. "These young girls were sold by their fathers to pay for their sons' education: girls in Japan were of no value; only boys were." (#)

Despite the fact that Ivy experienced culture shock, she was able to discover and appreciate the Japanese. Ivy adapted to the lifestyle in this country; she integrated into the community and learned the language. She discovered and acquired another culture, a second culture.

Through this initial culture shock, Ivy realized that contact with another culture forced her to become more aware of her own. Ivy had

values, beliefs, knowledge, tradition. Equipped with all this background from her first culture, she relearned, in her early thirties, how to behave in Japanese society. Ivy's first culture entered into an adaptive process, which required integration into a new cultural structure with her language, beliefs and social system.

Conclusion

Every immigrant family that settles in a new country reacts differently to the new culture. Although English was spoken in Regina, Ivy's parents preferred to move to Vancouver to find a community that was more concerned with maintaining their native English traditions. Our subject did not really experience these problems of integration in her adoptive country, probably because she emigrated at such a young age. As we will see, Ivy remained an immigrant who, while identifying with various cultures, knew how to keep her critical spirit about her surroundings. When forced to leave her family, Ivy took charge of her own fate. She established her family and asserted herself wherever she went. She therefore remained open to other cultures and readily integrated into other communities while asserting her uniqueness and independence.

A new society, the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region

Daily work

Our subject is a nurse by profession. She would work in Japan as head of the hospital until war broke out. Every month she received a salary in Japanese yen. Ivy says her salary was comparable to a Canadian government employee's salary. When hostilities began in Japan, the ambassador suggested that she leave Japan to avoid being sent to a concentration camp. Ivy returned to her parents' home in Vancouver. Upon her return to Canada, she applied to the Lyon Hospital in New York City. She ultimately went to work in a British Columbia hospital where she met a priest from Quebec. This meeting changed her life.

(...) I met a priest who came from Quebec. He was quite sick on the train and was admitted to hospital. He barely spoke English. I tried to help him. His name was Antoine Grenier and he had left for Arizona. I don't know what he did there. He told me that if I were ever in Eastern Canada I could visit him. He lived in Kénogami in the Saguenay region. (#)

Ivy did in fact visit Father Grenier in the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region in 1939. Monseigneur Melançon, the bishop at the time, was told of her visit to the Grenier family and of her nursing skills. The bishop met Ivy and offered her a job in the new obstetrics ward that had just opened in the hospital in Chicoutimi. Ivy was reluctant to accept the position since she had no command

of French, although she did speak Japanese and English. Nonetheless, she did accept.

There were six infants in the nursery in the first week. A few weeks later, the ward could accommodate 62 babies. On the eve of the Second World War, women were still giving birth at home. The opening of the obstetrics ward met a real need.

Ivy performed her new duties until her marriage. Thereafter, she only worked at the hospital in Chicoutimi when a bilingual nurse was needed. Most of the time after her marriage, Ivy helped her husband with the family business. She dealt with the Alcan employees who could only speak English.

Business

The social order of the English and French Saguenay residents in Kénogami lost its traditional character with the advent of industrialization and urbanization. Certain cultural traits changed. Contrary to the old rural structure based on a farm economy, the town became the site of industries and businesses that brought together a labour force and new consumers of goods and services.

In 1928, Ivy's husband, a Saguenay native, became the owner of a fabric shop. The income generated by the business was quite

sufficient to feed and clothe the family. Ivy explains that the business made money primarily during strikes and war. In a recession, consumers no longer buy ready-made clothes in the store; they buy the necessary materials to make their own. Ivy was responsible for managing the money her husband gave her. Every week, he gave her an allowance with which to buy food, maintain the house and tend to the children's various needs.

Ivy invested any extra money. She was already planning for her retirement. At the time, few women invested their money. Ivy was also unique compared with the other women of her day: she was an independent woman; she took full responsibility for her actions.

Every week my husband gave me an allowance for the household and it was much more than I needed. I kept the rest. He didn't like it when I started investing the money because it meant thinking about old age. He didn't like it, but I did it anyway. I invested in bonds, debentures, and trust companies. I still have some. The only income I have is the interest on the money because we didn't have any money in the bank. (#)

For more than three decades, the business was the family's main source of income. Ivy sold the business in 1974. Her children were

raised in a financially comfortable environment. Since there was no shortage of money, Ivy also paid for her children's education.

Education

For two years in London, Ivy's father studied medicine, but he never completed his training. He wanted to complete his medical studies in Canada, but the costs were apparently too high. He still worked in hospitals for the better part of his life, however, as a junior employee. To some extent, Ivy followed in her father's footsteps.

Our subject completed her primary education in a public school in Regina. Ivy thinks she was a model student at the time, one of the top students of her class. To this day, Ivy keeps the papers that prove her scholastic excellence. During her teen years, our subject continued her education at the college in Winnipeg, Manitoba. She remembered too how she learned Japanese.

To learn Japanese, I had chosen a professor who did not speak a word of English. I thought it best. In a few weeks, I was able to read. Spelling was difficult because of the Chinese characters. It was quite complicated, but I learned. I found it fascinating to be able to write with a brush; I liked that. I learned about five thousand characters. (#)

Ivy then applied to medical school at McGill University in Montreal. Tuition was too high and she turned to nursing at a public school in Regina. A little later, she would specialize in obstetrics. Ivy would practise her profession in two countries before her marriage.

Ivy placed great importance on her children's education. In the 1940s, Kénogami had its own English elementary school, St. Mary's. Although most institutions in the area were French, Ivy sent her children to the English school in Kénogami. All Ivy's children would subsequently complete postsecondary education. Her daughter would take a business course in Stanstead near Sherbrooke. Two of her sons pursued classical studies in a French college in Nova Scotia, at Church Point, with the Eudistes order. Another son studied law at Université Laval in Quebec City; yet another began his studies in Moncton and completed his B.A. in history at the Université du Québec à Chicoutimi.

The fact that Ivy's children had the opportunity to attend primary courses in an English school in Kénogami is probably the result of generations of Anglophones who, although a minority, had lived there and enjoyed an almost independent existence. This enclave allowed them to establish institutions, schools, etc. Thus, we may view this as a cultural community that asserted itself. The English inhabitants of Kénogami organized to protect certain values, such as their language. Ivy was an integral part of this minority. She

did not deny her roots. To some extent, she transferred her culture to her children by sending them to the English school in an area consisting mainly of French schools, although her husband's family was French Catholic. Ivy may have been trying subconsciously to pass on part of her heritage and original culture to her children by having them learn her mother tongue. We can see that the population distribution in the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region, particularly in the town of Kénogami, created mixed zones where Francophones and Anglophones were placed in daily contact. Whether in school or at work, the two ethnic groups lived side by side.

Modern times

The first time Ivy listened to the radio, she was living in Regina. "(...) it was strange. There was a lot of static and we couldn't hear anything." (#) Ivy had her first television in the 1950s. Cars with an automatic transmission quickly drew her interest; she learned to drive after the war. Had anyone seen a woman at the wheel in that era?

I drove the car. We had the first car in the area with an automatic transmission because I couldn't work a clutch. When I saw the automatic, I said: "That's what I need." We bought one right away. My husband wanted big cars; he had two big cars. I said: "Give me a small car; it's easier." No way. He told me: "If you're ever in an

accident, you'll be safe in a big car, but not in a small one." When he passed away, I sold both cars and bought, I think the first one was a Valiant. It wasn't too small; she was a beaut'. Finally, the last car I had was a Chevette. I really loved my little Chevette. (#)

Conclusion

At this stage of the analysis, the image of an avant-garde woman is emerging. She invested her money, spoke three languages, drove and owned her own car. Her job led her to travel and experience various cultures. Ivy is a woman with resolve who follows through on her ideas without worrying about the opinions of those around her. She conformed to her new host society, the Saguenay region of the 1940s to the 1960s, while remaining avant-garde.

Stages of life: a journey

Family life

Our subject's life consists of two stages. The first is based on her nursing profession; the second, on her family. The family in question differed from a rural family. They lived in an urban area, in Kénogami in the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region. The family was not as typical as the farming families of that day, whose survival hinged on their members' cooperation.

Ivy's mother was Louisa Jane King and her father was Theodore Walter Bradbury. Ivy has no memories of her paternal and maternal grandparents. Her parents had three children: Ivy, Daisy and Leonard. Ivy is the youngest of the family. Her sister, Daisy, is four years her elder. At the time of the interview, her sister was still living; she is 92 years old and lives in Vancouver. Her brother Leonard also lives in Vancouver. When Ivy's family lived in London, nannies were responsible for raising the children. Parents did not raise their children: hired women did. According to Ivy, a child's upbringing in England was very strict. Ivy also said that it was unusual for her to eat with her parents.

After marrying and giving birth to her first child, Ivy visited her parents in Vancouver. Her parents still did not forgive her for converting to the Catholic religion.

When Bernard was one, actually about fourteen months old, I travelled to Vancouver to visit my parents. It wasn't too bad; they were interested in the baby. I was very happy mainly because I was able to see my father, who died a few months later. The whole family was cross. My father said that it was as if I had stabbed my mother in the back when I changed religions. It was hard. (#)

Ivy did not come from a very close family. Her adult life with was marked by her parents' refusal to accept her choice of religion.

This disrespect pushed Ivy to seek her independence. She left her family and maintained very little contact. There was no cooperation and family unity to speak of in this family.

Ivy's husband came from a much larger French Canadian family. He maintained a traditional lifestyle. Her husband was a Saguenay native, the only son in a family of seven children. He spent his childhood surrounded by six sisters. In her statements, Ivy maintained that her husband came from "the old school". For him, the woman's role was to keep house, cook, sew and, above all, not work outside the home.

According to the men of the time, the man's role was to establish business contacts and provide for his wife and children. Ivy claimed her husband was not modern and was critical of women working outside the home. "He would say: He's unable to support his wife; she is forced to work." That's how the old French Canadians were. He definitely did not want me to work! (#)

However, Ivy did not like this male domination, this idea of the kept woman. Most of the time, when Ivy speaks of her husband, she feels the need to explain: "My husband didn't want me to work. I was locked up." (#)

The old culture in the region was very traditional and her husband reflected this very well when he prevented his wife from practising

as a nurse. After marrying at 34 years of age, Ivy left her profession and tried to devote herself to her family. She learned the various duties related to her new status as wife and mother. Ivy learned how to cook, a duty she definitely did not like.

I didn't find cooking very interesting because whenever I made something different or special, my husband would say: "What's that?" He would push his plate away; he didn't even want to try it. If he did try it, he liked it. He was never hungry. I learned how to make tourtières. My husband said to me: "It was better than my mother's!" I was quite surprised. (#)

She learned to sew clothing for her children: dresses, skirts, pants. In addition to her household activities, Ivy collected stamps and belonged to a women's association.

It is clear that throughout her life, Ivy had a strong personality and was able to see herself in several roles at once. Ivy and her family were recognized as part of a merchant class of sorts. Although Ivy fit into her environment, she also realized how she was seen by those around her, either her family members or her husband's customers, as a woman of English background, furthermore a Catholic, a wife, mother and her husband's business partner.

From birth to death

Our subject was born on 4 July 1906; her husband was born in 1900. Ivy and her husband, François-Xavier Fortin, married on 9 September 1940 after a brief courtship. Mr. Fortin was the cousin of Father Grenier, whom Ivy had cared for in British Columbia. It was also Father Grenier who insisted that Ivy meet Mr. Fortin at his home. Ivy remembers her first visit.

This was a man living with his six sisters, all single, and his mother. It was like a convent and he was the priest. He asked me to marry him. I hesitated about marrying into this family. However, I also thought that I was some 34 years old at the time and alone. It was no fun; I had no family. Finally, I married F.-X. Fortin. He was 40; I was 34. He had never been married. (#)

Father Grenier married them at 5:00 am in Sainte-Famille church in Kénogami. The celebration took place in the close company of the Fortin family relatives, but without the Bradbury parents. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in Niagara Falls. This certainly was not a love marriage, but a union based on a rational decision. Ivy was getting older and still had no children. The marriage therefore was the first step toward procreation, and so a new family was formed. Marriage was also a major event for the individual and society. Through this rite of passage, Ivy

demonstrated her determination to create her own family in the Saguenay region; through this marriage, she became associated with a French-speaking business family with strong ties to the region's traditional values.

Ivy conceived her first child shortly after her wedding. She gave birth at 35; her husband was 40. All her children were born in the hospital: the first two in Chicoutimi; the last two in a private clinic in Jonquière. The doctor in the private clinic charged \$35, which included monthly visits throughout the pregnancy and for two months following the birth.

Ivy bore four children, three sons and one daughter: Bernard, Robert, Jane and Léonard. She suffered a miscarriage after Robert, her second child. Our subject appears to have had very difficult births.

I had trouble delivering. It was better to have a Caesarean, but I didn't want this because at that time it was impossible to have more than three of them. (#)

After the births, she had ten days to rest and recover. Someone came to help at the house; it is not clear whether this was a hired woman or a family member. Ivy would have liked to have another child, another daughter, but her husband was against it. The

couple's age at marriage definitely played a role in the family's size.

Mr. Fortin's health apparently was always precarious. He was often ill and suffering, and physicians did not discover his cancer until after his death in 1966. At the time, Ivy was 60 years old and in good health, despite the onset of eye problems. She even had to undergo, without success, an eye operation. As she had throughout her life, Ivy then took charge and contacted the Institute for the Blind.

(...) I am partially blind. That little machine was given to me by the Institute for the Blind because I can no longer read. They send cassettes; it's marvellous. I have the entire Bible on cassette. (#)

Places of socialization

For Ivy, socialization was generally linked to the learning of different languages, whether in her travels or her everyday life in her adopted region of Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean. By practising her profession outside Canada and deciding to marry a Saguenay resident, Ivy chose to break with the past, start her life over, so to speak, by integrating into regional society. This break came about over an extended period of time.

In Japan, our subject became friends and established a cultural exchange with a young couple: a Scot who was married to a Japanese woman. It was the only exchange with the locals that Ivy maintained, apart from the young girls whom she cared for in the hospital in the "licensed" district. Most of the other contacts were made in the workplace with the Dominican priests or the Ursuline nuns. Ivy kept in touch with a nun in Quebec whom she had met in Japan while working; this nun also spoke Japanese. In Japan, Ivy's circle of contacts included members of religious orders who were performing missionary work in the country. Exchanges were more frequent with non-Japanese people than with Japanese people. Ivy fit quite easily into Japan since she had been learning the language. Knowledge of the language was a prime factor in her success. Despite her ease in adapting, Ivy still wanted to maintain her own maternal language. Ivy has a great ability to adapt to various cultures. Above all, she places great importance on practising her Catholic faith wherever she lives.

At Kénogami, Ivy was accepted into an English community. The female members of this minority community were grouped by various activities. These activities united these women through geographic proximity and gave them a greater feeling of belonging to their community.

I didn't speak much French back then. I was with the Catholic Women's League. I was regional president and

then provincial president; I travelled quite a bit. I am still an honorary member. That was during the 60s. I think I was president! They wanted me to take the national position, but I didn't want to ... (#)

In the area, people often called on Ivy to translate into both languages, French and English. She helped out either in her husband's business or in the hospital in Chicoutimi.

Although the town of Kénogami consisted primarily of French-speaking Saguenay residents, we know that a small group of English-speaking families were clustered in some areas. To some extent, our subject transplanted herself there and benefitted from the experience. This group gave Ivy some time to make transition and adapt more gradually to her environment. With the help of these groups, Ivy's direct integration into the new host society posed few problems. This did not hinder our subject's willingness to integrate and lead a life that closely complied with the rules and values of the local culture, while at the same time defining herself as a Saguenay resident of English origin.

Conclusion

By reconstructing the stages of Ivy's life, we can retrace the various major poles around which her life revolved. Our subject's peregrinations did not occur without changes and a restructuring of

her primary culture. Ivy's life history is the story of a woman who shaped her identity through sheer determination. Born in England, an immigrant to Canada, Catholic by choice, a Saguenay resident through circumstance and by choice, Ivy established her family and became a true member of the Kénogami community. With each move, she grew, honing her identity, always in keeping with her own values.

We will recall that Ivy left her native country at six years of age because of her brother's poor health. With very little information on her childhood or adolescence in London and then Canada, we can still extract some interesting details. The first highlight of this life story is Ivy's mother's desire to get closer to her original culture. She felt she could achieve this by leaving Regina and moving to Vancouver. Subconsciously, her mother experienced a loss of identity.

A second point that emerges is Ivy's conversion to the Catholic religion. This major change in her life shows our subject's ability to take her fate into her own hands.

Rejected by her family, Ivy left for Japan. For this young woman, this was the forced beginning of a quest for independence. Her nursing role and the related duties gained her a sense of acceptance and recognition among the religious orders that managed her work in Japan. Throughout all the stages of her life, she adapted to the constraints of the situation in which she found

herself and followed her interests and desires. In every region where Ivy practised her profession, she managed to develop her own identity. By changing geographical and social settings, Ivy adapted and integrated into the various environments and societies she encountered, without losing her identity. She was capable of cultural ambivalence, since she maintained certain cultural foundations from which she constantly drew strength: her religion and her mother tongue. This critical mass allowed Ivy to assert her primary identity and strong personality, while facilitating her integration into her new host community.

The break with her original environment and her choice convinced Ivy to change her identity. The fact she was Catholic fostered her integration into her new adopted community, the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region. Her arrival in this region of Quebec also allowed her to maintain her English language, which she passed on to her children through the school system. We therefore can see in Ivy a complex identity with multiple facets. By listening to her heart and her head, and respecting her most cherished values, Ivy shaped her new identity to become a true Saguenayan, Quebecer and Canadian.



APPENDIX

Bradbury family tree based on life story

Woman

Man

Marriage

Relationship

[Insert family tree from French version.]

Graphics: Jean-François Moreau,

Archaeology Laboratory, UQAC

4.1

Ivy Bradbury

(Life Story)

INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT

FAMILY NAME: Bradbury
GIVEN NAME: Ivy
DATE OF BIRTH: 4 July 1906
PLACE OF BIRTH: London, England
MARITAL STATUS: married
DATE OF MARRIAGE: 9 September 1940
SPOUSE'S NAME: François-Xavier Fortin
CHILDREN: 3 sons, 1 daughter, 1 miscarriage
OCCUPATION: nurse
EDUCATION: Winnipeg College, Manitoba, affiliated
college.

Interviewer: Camil Girard

SUMMARY

Ivy Bradbury was born in London, England, in 1906. Through her experiences, she has been privileged to witness a lifestyle that is now outdated. She arrived in Canada at the age of six; she told us about her life on the west coast. Ivy's independent attitude toward certain behaviours at the turn of the century characterizes her life story. She actually travelled as far as Japan to practise her nursing profession. This stage of her life is linked to a religious conversion that would never be accepted by her parents.

Upon returning to Canada shortly before the Second World War, she visited the Saguenay region. From that time, Ivy's life readily became more integrated into a fairly normal pattern. She married a French Canadian, had children, raised them; upon her husband's death, however, her characteristic independence resurfaced.

Based on her contacts with other cultures, Ivy would seek to develop her knowledge of others, but she did not abandon her own culture. The change of religion did not hinder her in any way from maintaining a critical attitude toward her adopted religion.

Her social status, her investments, however small, her extended period of celibacy, her travels overseas, and the fact she drove her own car were only some aspects that definitely made Ivy a

symbol of avant-garde feminism and women's entry into regional society.

LIST OF PEOPLE MENTIONED

Her husband	François-Xavier Fortin
Her children	Bernard
	Robert
	Jane
	Léonard
Her mother	Louise Jane King
Her father	Theodore Walter Bradbury
Her sister	Daisy
Her brother	Leonard
A professor	Gorley
A nun	Sister Sainte-Antoinette
A priest	Antoine Grenier
A bishop	Monseignor Melançon
Some children	Joseph Tremblay
A doctor	Dr. Bélanger
A sister-in-law	Alice
A brother-in-law	Leblanc
Some politicians	Chrétien
	Trudeau
	Campbell
	Charest
	Lévesque

LIST OF PLACES MENTIONED

England
Arizona
Arvida
Black Fryers
Canada
Chicoutimi
Church Point
British Columbia
Europe
Hawaii
Japan
Kénogami
Kitimat
London
Moncton
Montreal
New York City
Niagara Falls
New Brunswick
Nova Scotia
Osaka
Ottawa
Quebec City
Regina

Life Story: Ivy Bradbury

Lavoisier Street

Saint-Dominique Street

Sainte-Famille

Sherbrooke

Saint John

Stanstead

Vancouver

Winnipeg

Part I

Born in England

I was born on 4 July 1906 in London, England. My husband's name is F.-X., François-Xavier Fortin. We were married on 9 September 1940. Bernard is the oldest; he lives in Montreal. He works for an insurance company. Then I had Robert, Jane and Léonard: three boys, one girl. I also had a miscarriage after Robert. During my life, I worked as a nurse. I went to college in Winnipeg, Manitoba. After that, I went to university for a couple of years; it was an affiliated college. I think I went there to learn Japanese, among other things. My mother's name was Louisa, Louisa Jane King; my father's name was Theodore Walter Bradbury.

I don't remember my grandfather or my grandmother. It's funny, I'm supposed to know, but I don't know anything. I was the youngest in my family. There were three children. There was a sister who was four years older than I was and my brother. My sister Daisy is still alive; she's 92 years old. She was born in September. She lives in Vancouver. My brother died ten years ago; his name was Leonard. He also lived in Vancouver. He travelled all over the world. He was a millionaire before he was 40 years old. He didn't work anymore; he travelled.

In London, we lived in Black Fryers, a suburb. My father studied medicine for two years.

My brother wasn't very strong. He was ill and the doctors said: "Go to Canada. Canadian air is thinner; he'll be better there."

That is why we left London and came to Canada. I was six years old. I was very happy to come to Canada but when I heard that I wouldn't be allowed to take my dog, a little English bulldog, quite ugly, which took care of me, I screamed: "I'm not going to Canada."

"I'm not going to Canada if I can't take Buster." I was in real turmoil. I came without my dog. But in Canada we always had dogs, two, sometimes three. When I was three, I went to kindergarten. I do remember that in the afternoon we slept on a mat on the floor. Then I went to elementary school; it was a private school.

The Canadian west coast

My father had completed two years of medical school and hoped to continue the other twelve years of study in Canada, but that's not how it turned out. He had to start all over. His father died four months before our departure and left us quite a bit of money. When we arrived in Regina, my father invested in properties but two weeks later, a tornado destroyed everything. He lost almost everything. So when he wanted to continue his studies in medicine,

he didn't have enough money. He went to work in hospitals as an "under graduate".

We took a ship to Canada; there were no airplanes back then. There wasn't any radar either to detect the icebergs. We left and two or three days later, we were surrounded by icebergs. I was six years old at the time; I found it fascinating to see these huge ice masses. The ship's captain said that there was twice as much ice underwater. After being stuck for four days, the ship could move once again. When the *Corsican* returned to England, it was hit by an iceberg.

We landed in Saint John, New Brunswick. We took the train to Regina. My mother didn't like Regina very much. She heard about Vancouver; it was more English there than England itself. However, we had to wait several years before we had enough money to move; that was in 1918.

I remember Armistice Day: all night the churchbells rang out. It was a terrible war from 1914 to 1918. My father did not give his real age, so he could enlist in the army; he was well into his 60s. He was 10 years older than my mother. My mother called the war department to give them my father's real age. He was unable to go to the front lines, but he always worked in the hospitals here.

I was twelve when we left Regina for Vancouver. I went to school. I really liked medicine but we didn't have enough money to pursue this. McGill University wrote to me: "This will cost you \$5,000." That was \$5,000 I didn't have.

That's why I took a nursing course and worked in hospitals. The course was given in a public school in Regina. In Vancouver, I remember Mr. Gorlay, a professor. I have all my papers. I was always top of my class. My children don't believe this, but it's true.

Change of religion

I was in a very religious, Protestant family. They were Baptists. I was always drawn to the Catholic church even when I was young. I read *The Faith of Our Father*, without telling my parents. They wouldn't have liked it. I waited until I was 21 to take this seriously and I then was baptized a Catholic. I said nothing about it. The priest said: "It's best that you not tell your parents."

After a couple of years, I thought it was best to tell them. It caused a lot of problems; it wasn't funny. It was impossible to stay at home in the midst of all that. My family was very strict. We weren't allowed to go to the movies. Even when we went to hockey games, we were supposed to be separated from the general public. It was much stricter than the Catholic church.

Part II

The Japanese experience

I heard that in Japan there was a need for Canadian nurses. I was 21 or 22 years old. I went to the Japanese Embassy and they told me: "Yes, we really need nurses!" So I went to Japan by ship. I was there for five years. I saw a lot of things. It was in 1934, I think. I really liked the Japanese; they were very nice.

We went via Hawaii; I was in Osaka. It was a nice country but there were all sorts of things there. I remember one night when there were a lot of insects. We put mosquito nets over the beds around 4:00 pm and when it was time to go to bed, there were insects everywhere.

One night, I put my feet into bed and felt something wet and cold. I turned down the covers and there was a big snake lying there. I was so scared, I screamed. A Japanese maid who lived below me came to see me. She said: "Oh! That one's not so bad! The little ones are the dangerous ones." She took the broom and said: "Put it outside."

One night, during the heat waves, I had gone to the North where there are small islands. One morning, we got up and the heat waves had broken. Many people lived on these islands. After two or three

weeks, the heat waves returned and there was nothing left there. They were volcanic islands; apparently, it was not the first time this had happened. The islands no longer existed. I suppose it was earthquakes.

All sorts of things happened. I saw something that I have never shown the tourists. Many Japanese people were not aware they existed. They were called 'licensed' districts. It was a major source of income for the country. They were surrounded by a large wall. I went there as a nurse with a doctor to tend to someone who was sick. When we entered, there were large windows, like shop windows and behind each was a beautiful Japanese girl...wearing a lovely kimono and all that. Beside her stood a sign that read: "You can spend one, two or three hours or the whole night with her." There were three groups: "one" was guaranteed to be disease-free; she was in good health and cost a lot more. "Two" was supposed to be fine, but there were no guarantees. "Three" didn't cost much but could have all kinds of diseases.

These young girls were sold by their fathers to pay for their sons' education: girls in Japan were of no value; only boys were. On the anniversary of a father's death, it's the son who spends the day praying for the father to go to heaven. Girls, however, actually did not have a soul.

At the hospital where I worked, they tried to take in young girls and help them but often it was too late: they died within a few weeks. We took care of them. We didn't have antibiotics but we helped them a little. There were many girls in there! It was expensive. It was the largest source of income for the country but not many people knew the place existed.

Contacts in Japan

To learn Japanese, I had chosen a professor who did not speak a word of English. I thought it best. In a few weeks, I was able to read. Spelling was difficult because of the Chinese characters. It was quite complicated, but I learned. I found it fascinating to be able to write with a brush; I liked that. I learned about five thousand characters.

Before the war, the Canadian ambassador came to see me and said: "If you want to avoid the concentration camp, you'd be well advised to return to Canada immediately." I didn't want to leave. He said: "There's always the possibility of returning later." But that did not happen.

I was paid monthly in Japanese yen. I had a good salary because I was head of a small hospital. It was more or less as if I were working as a supervisor in Canada. In Japan, I had friends, mainly

a couple, a Scot who had married a Japanese woman. They had children; some kind of looked Scottish.

Japanese men did not interest me at all. Several friends wrote to me. I worked with the Ursulines. I also knew some Dominican priests who were very nice. The Ursulines were in education. They stayed in Japan and were sent to a concentration camp. One of these Ursulines still lives in Quebec City; I knew her in Japan. Her name was Sister Sainte-Antoinette. She speaks Japanese well. Her brother was well known; he had written a book. He died long ago.

Return to the country

When I worked in a small hospital in British Columbia, I met a priest who came from Quebec. He was quite sick on the train and was admitted to hospital. He barely spoke English. I tried to help him. His name was Antoine Grenier and he had left for Arizona. I don't know what he did there. He told me that if I were ever in Eastern Canada I could visit him. He lived in Kénogami in the Saguenay region.

When I returned from Japan, I could not live with my parents. I applied for a job at Lyon Hospital in New York City. I had already studied obstetrics. I thought I might stop and see him for a few days. I received such a warm welcome that I stayed there for a few

days and finally, the bishop, Monseignor Melançon, heard about me and came to see me. He said: "I heard that you have a specialized degree in obstetrics." At the time, children were not born in the hospital in Chicoutimi; it was against the rules for the nuns.

He said: "Women are dying at home. They are not equipped to deal with hemorrhaging!" I said: "I'd very much like to, Monseignor, but it's impossible. I don't speak a word of French." He said: "Oh, that's no problem. Little babies all speak the same language." I said: "I'll go for a few weeks..." He said: "I will arrange it with the hospital; I'll arrange it." That was in 1939.

The first week, we had nine babies, six Tremblays, three Joseph Tremblays. I was quite afraid of mixing them up. As soon as I saw a little foot appear, I immediately put a name tag on it. I was so scared. But a few weeks later, we had a large 62-bed nursery.

Life in French Canada

Father Grenier had a cousin who lived in Kénogami. He wanted me to meet him, so I went. This was a man living with his six sisters, all single, and his mother. It was like a convent and he was the priest. He asked me to marry him. I hesitated about marrying into this family. However, I also thought that I was some 34 years old at the time and alone. It was no fun; I had no family. Finally, I married F.-X. Fortin. He was 40; I was 34. He had never been

married. He was the only male in a family of six sisters. They had a store in Kénogami.

Father Grenier married us at Sainte-Famille church in Kénogami. It was a small affair. My parents didn't come. They wanted no part of it because I was Catholic; they did not understand that. I had only one sister, who hadn't talked to me for about ten years; she called me. It was quite a mess, but my brother was reasonable. He said: "It's your life: do as you wish." We got married at 5:00 a.m., and went to Niagara Falls for our honeymoon.

My husband had a store in Kénogami. When we returned, I worked a little at the hospital. They called me when they needed a nurse who spoke English, but my husband didn't like that at all. "He would say: He's unable to support his wife; she is forced to work." That's how the old French Canadians were. He definitely did not want me to work! I was locked up. At the time, Alcan, Price, the big bosses, were all English. Their wives did not speak any French. I had to go to the store. I sometimes went in the afternoons. I worked in the store a bit to serve the English people.

It was a coupon store. We sold everything for sewing. We made money with the business because during strikes, things weren't going well so people came to buy fabric by the yard. You could make a little dress for a couple of dollars, while you would pay \$25 in a store.

Part III

"I started investing."

Every week my husband gave me an allowance for the household and it was much more than I needed. I kept the rest. He didn't like it when I started investing the money because it meant thinking about our old age. He didn't like it, but I did it anyway. I invested in bonds, debentures, and trust companies. I still have some. The only income I have is the interest on the money because we didn't have any money in the bank. I was right to invest because it's expensive living here in a nice apartment; it's the nicest apartment in the building.

The children's birth

I had my children almost immediately after my marriage. If you're already 34 and you want to have children, you have to start right away. I had trouble delivering. It was better to have a Caesarean, but I didn't want this because at the time you couldn't have more than three of them. And I had at least four children, two girls and two boys, so... I gave birth twice in Chicoutimi, at the hospital. On Saint-Dominique Street, there was a doctor who had a small private hospital; for the last two children, I went there. He charged \$35. We could go there every month from the beginning of the pregnancy to the birth of the baby. After the birth, we could

go back for six weeks or two months. He still provided us with care. It wasn't expensive. I didn't have any problems.

I myself was born at home. I have a picture somewhere. I was two days old and then I was given to a nurse. She was dressed like a nurse, a nanny they called them. We always had nannies. It was strict in England! We stayed with the nanny. We didn't eat with our parents.

After my children's birth, I had ten days of rest, the post-natal recovery period. Nowadays, it starts immediately, a few hours after the birth. During the recovery period, I always had someone to help me. The first baby I had was Bernard, then Robert, probably two years later. Then there was a miscarriage between Robert and Jane. It happened pretty close to the beginning of the pregnancy, maybe at three months... It was difficult! I was hemorrhaging.

It was very different between Bobby and Jane. I had two boys and I had Jane and the fourth was supposed to be another daughter. Jane was supposed to have a little sister, but it was a boy again, Léonard. Therefore, I had a daughter and three sons. I tried to have another but my husband said: "Oh, no! We're too old. We have enough as it is." She didn't suffer from not having a little sister.

Return to independence

During the First World War, everyone worked. If we had another war like it, there would be jobs for everyone. We made money with the store. The store was built in 1928; it was sold in 1974, I think. I took a trip once, the year my husband died, in 1966. He was 66, born in 1900. I took a cruise. It was quite interesting. For four months, I visited all the European ports with my sister-in-law. It was very interesting.

We finally sold the business. We had kept it for all our friends, but it was a lot of work. It was difficult. I had an employee, but finally we sold the business. I bought a little house in Arvida on Lavoisier Street and I was there for 15 years. Once I fell and broke my leg. My children said: "Get out of there." It's their fault. I bought a condominium; they didn't like that either. Finally, I thought I was too old and we found a place here. They're the ones who are running things now. They think I'm too old so they take care of my affairs. I'm quite capable but I've lost my eyesight. My son must sign cheques, but I tell him what to do.

The children's professional lives

All my children are well-off. Bernard works for an insurance company. The two boys went to school in Nova Scotia at Church Point with the Eudistes. For elementary school, there was St. Mary's at

that time. Father Grenier got them into the English school. Jane went to Stanstead near Sherbrooke; she took a business course there. Then she worked at Alcan as a secretary. She met her husband there; he came to work there 15 years ago. It's the only place she ever worked.

Their classical course in Nova Scotia was in French. Bernard went to Université Laval for law. Two years later, he went out with a young woman whom he wanted to marry right away. So they got married and now live in Montreal. He's an adjuster for an insurance company.

Robert is at the high school here. He's a physical education teacher. I think he's been there for 29 years. There are now seven teachers with less experience than he has. He went to Church Point for his B.A.; then he went to the University of Ottawa.

Léonard is the manager of the consumer protection board. He has seven or eight employees working for him. He studied here at the Université du Québec. He's a history graduate. He also studied a while in Moncton. He went to university for a few years in Moncton and then he finished up here. He's been working for the government ever since.

The Catholic religion

The four children were baptized Catholic. It was very Catholic! Every evening, after supper my husband's six sisters recited the rosary. No matter what happened, my mother-in-law went to talk to the priest. I sometimes asked: "Why? What did the priest have to do with it? The priest was the doctor, the lawyer; everyone went to him for all sorts of things.

In the Catholic religion, the hardest thing was confession. It was the worst thing, I think. In the Baptist religion, it doesn't exist. I don't really like the rosary because of all the repetition of rather useless prayers. One very sincere prayer is worth fifty. I didn't feel the need to go to the priest for every little thing.

I don't go out much. I have to have one of my children with me because I'm partially blind. That little machine was given to me by the Institute for the Blind because I can no longer read. They send cassettes; it's marvellous. I have the entire Bible on cassette.

My husband's health was never very good. We didn't know what was wrong with him. He underwent examinations. He went to Montreal several times but they found nothing. When he died, they did an autopsy. He had cancer everywhere, in the lungs... I cannot understand why they hadn't found anything. Once he told me: "I went to the hospital in Chicoutimi for some examinations. Two young

doctors said: 'Oh, there's nothing there. You're just a complainer, that's all'."

Boy, was I mad! When you live with a man for 45 years, you know him. I received a bill from the hospital for a dressing: \$2. I wrote a letter and said that there was no dressing... No sympathy, no understanding and finally, I admitted him to the hospital in Jonquière. He died two days later.

I knew Dr. Bélanger, a doctor from the hospital, very well. He told me: "The letter was read and every month there's a meeting of all the hospital doctors. Well, There those two young men were soundly punished." And they deserved it, too!

He died at the hospital in Jonquière; he was riddled with cancer. He was hardly able to eat; he wasn't hungry. He smoked, but had stopped. One day he said: "I don't smoke anymore." I said: "I can't wait to see that." At times in the store, a traveller would offer him a cigarette. He would say: "Light up outside, I don't smoke anymore." He didn't work much: he wasn't able. During our honeymoon, I tried to get him to eat and he gained 16 pounds. He was fine for a while but later... He wasn't well.

Social involvement

I didn't speak much French back then. I was with the Catholic Women's League. I was regional president and then provincial president; I travelled quite a bit. I am still honorary member. That was during the 60s. I think I was president! They wanted me to take the national position, but I didn't want to. There was too much travelling involved. I have the reports and all that, but I can't read them. Someone has to must read them for me.

As a hobby, I had a large stamp collection, which I sold for several thousand dollars. I had pen pals everywhere, French and English. It was a nice collection. I think I sold it for about \$8,000. I did this for years, but I got to the point where I could no longer see.

My eye problems started a couple of years ago. When I came here initially, I could tend to financial affairs and everything, but for the past year, it's been downhill all the way. It's visual degeneration. With the cassettes from the Institute for the Blind, I'm able to listen to the readings of some books. I can move around in the apartment but the furniture always has to be in the same place.

I sewed a bit. I learned because it was easy, having the store; patterns and fabrics were readily available. I started and wasn't

bad. I made some little dresses for Jane, skirts, even pants for men, the boys. I didn't find cooking very interesting because whenever I made something different or special, my husband would say: "What's that?" He would push his plate away; he wouldn't even want to try it. If he did try it, he liked it. He was never hungry. I learned how to make tourtières. My husband said to me: "It was better than my mother's!" I was quite surprised.

My husband was from the old school. It was impossible to change him, to make him more modern. He loved fishing. He really liked fishing. He never killed a moose, I don't think.

I drove the car. We had the first car in the area with an automatic transmission because I couldn't work a clutch. When I saw the automatic, I said: "That's what I need." We bought one right away. My husband wanted big cars; he had two big cars. I said: "Give me a small car, it's easier." No way. He said: "If you're ever in an accident, you'll be safe in a big car, but not in a small one." When he passed away, I sold both cars and bought, I think the first one was a Valiant. It wasn't too small; she was a beaut'. Finally, the last car I had was a Chevette. I really loved my little Chevette.

When my daughter's husband was transferred to Kitimat to work at Alcan, he needed two cars. I sold the little Chevette because my vision was starting to fail. I haven't driven since. Several

residents here have never driven. I knew that my husband was very tired sometimes while travelling and often I was forced to drive because he couldn't.

The first time I listened to the radio, it was strange. There was a lot of static and we couldn't hear anything. The first radio I listened to was probably in Regina. We got our first TV around the mid-50s. It was difficult to adjust.

Some of my sisters-in-law were rather ill. I think it was hereditary illnesses. They have strange illnesses in this region. Aunt Alice could walk, but she was never well. She was very weak. I read up on the illnesses in the region... I was very scared for my children, but fortunately they're all healthy. I think it's the good British blood. I think the problem here is all the intermarriages.

Only Léonard married someone from the area. Mr. Leblanc comes from New Brunswick. Bernard's wife also comes from New Brunswick.

I don't really get involved in politics. It's difficult. We don't have good politicians here. I voted for Mr. Chrétien; he was with Mr. Trudeau. Now it's Ms. Campbell, but I think I like Mr. Charest. I don't know. I'm primarily Liberal.

I'm not for separation. I want Quebec to stay in Canada! I found Mr. Lévesque very sincere; I liked him a lot. My husband was Liberal through and through! They came here once and wanted him to be mayor of Kénogami, but he refused to commit himself. He preferred helping out behind the scenes.

When Bernard was one, actually about fourteen months old, I travelled to Vancouver to visit my parents. It wasn't too bad; they were interested in the baby. I was very happy, mainly because I was able to see my father, who died a few months later. All the family was cross! My father said that it was as if I had stabbed my mother in the back when I changed religions. It was hard.

I read a lot. I was always drawn to the Catholic church, but I knew that this would not sit well with my parents. That's why I waited until I turned 21 to tell them. I think I was 22 years old when I was baptized. The priest chose a couple as a godfather and godmother. I never regretted changing religions, it was a permanent choice. I was fascinated by the Catholic church; I didn't think of anything else.

I've always been quite healthy. I had an eye operation; my blood pressure was too high. I've usually been pretty healthy. When I compare myself with the other residents here, I think that I'm pretty young for my age.

I was sixty years old when my husband died. Men never interested me much; I never thought of remarrying. My husband absolutely did not like me to work. I was locked up. Arvida had already offered me a place. I went a couple of times, mainly for the people who could only speak English. Sometimes, there were people who couldn't speak much French. They were dying and very happy to have someone who spoke their language. I like to help out in such cases.

GLOSSARY

[Not necessary for English version]

GENERAL
CONCLUSION

GENERAL CONCLUSION

- In the three cultures studied, Aboriginal, Quebec and neo-Quebec, there is a deep rupture in the structures for transferring culture. Family duties, intergenerational relationships, social and religious values are in a state of change, which forces the cultures to rely on new foundations for their identity. The rapid and numerous changes of modern societies must permit a reappropriation of one's own culture in continuity. For the Aboriginal peoples, it is important to rebuild a critical mass around a few major poles, so the Aboriginal culture can assert and define itself based on tradition in order to fit into modern times.

- For the Aboriginal peoples who were the first to live on and develop the land on this continent, this has particularly serious implications since these ancestral cultures must endure a destructuring under the influence of the Western peoples and cultures which settled in America. Need we remind the reader that the Ilnu culture consists of only 10,000 individuals, 4,000 of whom still speak their ancestral language? There is a real threat of extinction and this explains the responsibility for preserving these ancient cultures on the North American continent.

General Conclusion

- Aboriginal people have lived in the Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region for more than 5,500 years.
- Historically, the Montagnais/Ilnu established an initial alliance with the French in 1603.
- From the creation of the *Traite de Tadoussac* in 1652, the Montagnais/Ilnu were the only Aboriginal peoples within the *Domaine du Roi* allowed to use their ancestral territories for the fur trade which France organized from the trading posts.
- From 1652 to 1842, settlement within the region was prohibited. Apart from the inhabitants of the trading posts and missionaries, only the Montagnais/Ilnu could live in their hunting territories for their personal needs or trading purposes.
- In 1842, the renewal of the lease on the fur trade granted to the Hudson's Bay Company allowed the white man to settle the territory.
- Mashteuiatsh (1856) is one of the reserves created in this territory in the modern Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean region.
- Betsiamites (1861) and the Les Escoumins (1892) are located on the Upper North Shore.

General Conclusion

- The reserves located on the Lower North Shore, including that at Sept-Îles (Uashat-Malioténam), were created after the 1950s.
- Today, the region's total population of more than 280,000 consists almost exclusively of French-speaking Catholics. One percent of the population is Innu (Montagnais) and one percent, New Quebecers.
- The traditional Innu culture depends on hunting, fishing and gathering. It is an oral culture based around nuclear families.
- The reserve appears to be a transitory place where the white man's and the Aboriginal people's values clash.
- To assert themselves, the Aboriginal people are seeking to rebuild an identity based on tradition as well as the changes brought on by modern times.

- The Aboriginal culture could assert itself by taking exclusive control of traditional hunting territories used by the Aboriginal peoples, and these lands could, to a certain

extent, become privileged places (almost sacred?) for practising traditional customs.

- The takeover of reserves by Aboriginal peoples (men and women) could provide another lever for strengthening the Aboriginal culture in an approach of cultural dynamics and interaction.
- The preservation and renewal of Aboriginal languages provides another significant tool for cultural self-affirmation. The Aboriginal culture could achieve great self-affirmation through the rediscovery of Aboriginal cultures and traditional languages (spoken/written). This can take a wide variety of forms and involve many partners: educational institutions, a museum, creation of a university chair in Aboriginal cultures and languages in Quebec, research and publication of works on cultural dynamics and ancestral languages, etc.
- As key players in the transfer of cultural values and through their ability to intervene in the private or public domain, Aboriginal women should play a more significant role in the development and implementation of plans for reclaiming control, especially of culture.
- The current population of the region, which consists of a strong majority of French-speaking Catholics, has very few opportunities to establish direct relationships with

Aboriginal peoples or new immigrants to the region. This local population tends to view itself as an exclusive majority in this territory identified as their home region. It is important to create forums for encounters and reflections to display the richness of the cultures in question and the importance of intercultural relationships in our contemporary societies. The media, educational and research institutions, and government organizations therefore have a role to play in showcasing the specific dynamics of cultures and their capacity and limitations for cultural interaction.



Bibliography

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ALONSO, Myriam. *Les non-francophones au Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean*. Research document. Chicoutimi: Groupe de recherche sur l'histoire, GRH and UQAC, 1993, 21 pp. (draft).

BASTIDE, Roger. *Le sacré sauvage*. Paris: Payot, 1975, 236 pp.

BEAUCHESNE, Claude. *Les récits de vie de "Mémoire d'une époque", faits sociaux et...données empiriques*. Quebec City: Institut québécois de la recherche sur la culture, 27 April 1984, typewritten text.

BERTAUX, Daniel and Isabelle BERTAUX-WIAME. *Tranformations et permanence de l'artisanat boulanger en France*, Vol. I. *Une enquête sur la boulangerie artisanale par l'approche biographique*. Paris: CORDES no 43/76, 1980.

BERTAUX, Daniel. "Fonctions diverses des récits de vie dans le processus de recherche." in Danielle Desmarais and Paul Grell (Eds.) *Les récits de vie. Théorie, méthode et trajectoire type*. Montreal: Saint-Martin, 1986, pp. 21-34.

BERTAUX, Daniel. *Histoire de vie - ou récits de pratique? Méthodologie de l'approche biographique en sociologie*. Paris: CORDES, No. 23, March 1976, pp. 199-213.

BOUCHARD, Gérard. "Family Structures and Geographical Mobility at Laterrière, 1851-1935." *Journal of Family History*, 2, 4, (Winter 1977).

CALAME-GRIAULE, Geneviève. "La parole et le discours." in Jean Poirier (Ed.). *Histoire des moeurs*, Vol. II, Paris: Gallimard, 1991 (*Encyclopédie de la Pléiade*), 7-74.

CAMILLERI, Carmel et al. *Chocs de culture: concepts et enjeux pratiques de l'interculturel*. *Espaces interculturels* collection. Paris: L'Harmattan, 1989, 398 pp.

CAMPBELL, Duncan C. *Mission mondiale. Histoire d'Alcan*. Vol. I jusqu'à 1950. Toronto: Ontario Publishing Co., 1985, pp. 279 ff.

Census of Canada, 1986.

CLAPIER-VALLADON, Simone and Pierre MANNONI. "Psychologie des relations interculturelles." in Jean Poirier (Ed.). *Histoire des moeurs*, Vol. III, *Thèmes et systèmes culturels*. Paris: Gallimard, 1991, pp. 576.

COLLECTIF. *Collection Sakini*. 1981-1982. Archives nationales du Québec, Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean regional centre, Research paper no. 46, on Alcan and Abitibi-Price employees. Centre d'interprétation de la Pulperie de Chicoutimi. *Entrevue des anciens de la Compagnie de Pulpe de Chicoutimi*. Chicoutimi, 1981-84. Thirty interviews, limited access.

CRUIKSHANK, Julie (Ed.). *Life Lived Like a Story. Life stories of Three Yukon Elders*. Nebraska: The University of Nebraska Press, 1990.

DAWSON, Nora. *La vie traditionnelle à Saint-Pierre (île d'Orléans)*. Quebec City: Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1960.

DESMARAIS, Danielle and Paul GRELL (Eds.). *Les récits de vie*. Montreal: Saint-Martin, 1986, 180 pp.

DESMARAIS, Danielle and Paul GRELL (Eds.). *Les récits de vie. Théorie, méthode et trajectoire type*. Montreal: Saint-Martin, 1986.

DEVEREUX, Georges. *Essais d'ethnopsychiatrie générale*. Paris: Gallimard, 1970, 394 pp.

DOMINIQUE, Richard. *Le langage de la chasse*. Quebec City: Les Presses de l'Université du Québec, 1989.

DUMONT, Fernand (Ed.). *Cette culture que l'on appelle savante*. Quebec City: Institut québécoise de recherche sur la culture (IQRC), 1981.

DUPUIS, Renée. "Historique de la négociation sur les revendications territoriales du Conseil des Atikamekw et des Montagnais." *Recherches amérindiennes au Québec*. 23, 1, 1993, 35 pp. ff.

FINNEGAN, Ruth. "A Note on Oral Tradition and Historical Evidence." in David K. Dunaway and Willa K. Baum, (Eds.). *Oral History, an Interdisciplinary Anthology*. Tennessee: American Association for State and Local History and The Oral History Association, 1984, pp. 107-115.

FRANCIS, Daniel. *Je me rappelle bien..., Histoire orale de la voie fluviale Trent-Severn (Ontario)*. Peterborough: Friends of the Trent-Severn Waterway, Ontario, 1984.

GAGNÉ, Édith. *Survol de Mashteuiatsh. Grandes périodes de 1856 à nos jours*. Research document. Chicoutimi: GRH/UQAC, December 1993.

GAGNON, Nicole et Bruno JEAN. "Les histoires de vie et la transformation du Québec contemporain." *Sound Heritage*. 4, 1, 1975.

GAGNON, Nicole and Jean HAMELIN (Eds.). *L'histoire orale*. Saint-Hyacinthe: Édisem, 1979.

GÉRIN, Léon. "La famille canadienne-française, sa force, ses faiblesses : le paysan de Saint-Irénée, hier et aujourd'hui." in Marcel Rioux and Yves Martin. *La Société*, pp. 45-67.

GIRARD, Camil and Normand PERRON. *Enquête d'histoire orale. Laterrière*. Research paper. Chicoutimi: GRH/UQAC, 1985 and 1992, 168 pp.

GIRARD, Camil and Normand PERRON. *Histoire du Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean*. Quebec City: Institut québécois de recherche sur la culture (IQRC), 1989, 667 pp.

GIRARD, Camil and David COOTER. *Fonds d'histoire orale, Mashteuiatsh/Pointe-Bleue*. Chicoutimi: Groupe de recherche sur l'histoire, 1991 (10 research documents).

GIRARD, Camil and Gervais TREMBLAY. *Mémoires d'un village. Laterrière, Saguenay, 1900-1960*. Chicoutimi: GRH and UQAC, 1992, 167 pp.

GIRARD, Camil and Normand PERRON (Eds.). "Gens de parole....Récits de vie de Laterrière." special issue of *Saguenayensia*, 28, 4 (Oct.-Dec. 1986): 127-200.

GIRARD, Camil and Normand PERRON. "Mémoire d'un village," in Gabrielle Lachance (Ed.). *Mémoire d'une époque, Un fonds d'archives orales au Québec*. Quebec City: Institut québécois de recherche sur la culture (IQRC), 1987, pp. 201-224.

GIRARD, Camil. "La dynamique de l'échange en milieu rural, Laterrière, 1879-1970." conference. Chicoutimi, ACFAS convention, seminar on regional history, 22 May 1985, 18 typewritten pages, published in *Saguenayensia/ACFAS*, 27, 4 (Oct.-Dec. 1985): 132-137.

GIRARD, Camil. "La naissance à Laterrière, 1900-1960, changement d'une pratique, essai d'histoire orale." *Saguenayensia*, 26, 3, (July-Sept. 1984): 96-100.

GIRARD, Camil, Normand PERRON et al. *Laterrière au Saguenay, Grand-Brûlé, Des origines à nos jours*. Laterrière, 1982, 277 pp.

GIRARD, Camil. *Sélection de documents sur la paroisse de Laterrière, 1849-1980*. Chicoutimi. Microfilm produced by GRH and the Archives nationales du Québec, Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean regional centre, 1984.

GIRARD, Camil. *Société et culture villageoise au Québec. Enquête d'histoire orale. Laterrière, Saguenay (1900-1960)*. Kingston, Ontario. Annual meeting of the Historical Society of Canada, June 1991, 23 pp.

GIRARD, Denise, Étiennette TREMBLAY et al. *Les Filles de Maria Chapdelaine*, June 1982, Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean: ANQ, research paper no. 216.

HAREVEN, Tamara. "The Search for Generational Memory." in David K. Dunaway and Willa K. Baum. *Oral History. An Interdisciplinary Anthology*. Nashville: American Association for State and Local History and The Oral History Association, 1984, pp. 248-264.

HARVEY, Fernand. "La question régionale au Québec." *Revue d'études canadiennes*, 15, 2, (summer 1980): 74-87.

HOUDE, Pierre, Normand SÉGUIN et al. "La propriété foncière au Saguenay, 1840-1975 : orientation de recherche." *Protée*. Chicoutimi: Université du Québec à Chicoutimi (UQAC), 1975, pp. 67-87.

JAKEZ HÉLIAS, Pierre. *Le Cheval d'orgueil, Mémoires d'un Breton du pays bigouden*. Paris: Plon, 1975.

JAUVIN, Serge and Daniel CLÉMENT. *Aitnanu, La vie quotidienne d'Hélène et de William Mathieu Mark*. Montreal: Libre Expression and Canadian Museum of Civilization, 1993.

JEAN, Bruno. "L'histoire orale : phénomène social et institutionnalisation d'un savoir." in N. Gagon and J. Hamelin. *L'histoire orale*. Saint-Hyacinthe: Édisem, 1978, pp. 9-33.

JEWSIEWICKI, Bogumil (Ed.). *Les récits de vie en histoire, anthropologie, sociologie*. Quebec City: Presses de l'Université Laval, 1985.

KLEIN, Juan-Luis and Léonie BOISCLAIR. "La régionalisation de l'immigration : notes sur une enquête au Saguenay--Lac-Saint-Jean." in Micheline Bonneau and Pierre-André Tremblay. *Immigration et région : nouveaux enjeux et nouvelles perspectives*. Chicoutimi: Université du Québec à Chicoutimi, interethnic and intercultural teaching and research chair, 1993, pp. 142.

KURTNESS, Jacques. *Les facteurs psychologiques des parcours de l'acculturation chez les Montagnais du Québec*. Quebec City: Université Laval, School of Psychology, 1983.

LABRIE, Vivian. *Précis de transcription de documents d'archives orales*. Quebec City: IQRC, 1982, pp. 104 ff.

LACROIX, Benoît and Jean SIMARD. *Religion populaire, religion de clercs*. Quebec City: IQRC, 1984.

LAROCHE, Pierre. "Anglais à l'horizon. Les anglophones sont omniprésents dans le quotidien et le vécu des gens du Lac Saint-Jean." *Le Devoir*. 10 July 1993.

LAVALLÉE, M. et al. *Identité, culture et changement social*. Proceedings of the third convention of ARIC, Paris: L'Harmattan, 1991, 415 pp.

LE GOFF, Jacques (Ed.). *La Nouvelle Histoire*. Paris: Retz-CEPL, 1978.

LEJEUNE, Philippe. *Moi aussi*. Paris: Seuil, 1986, pp. 203-244.

LEMIEUX, Denise and Lucie MERCIER. *Les femmes au tournant du siècle. 1880-1940*. Quebec City: Institut québécois de recherche sur la culture (IQRC), 1989.

LEWIS, Oscar. *Les enfants de Sanchez. Autobiographie d'une famille mexicaine*. Paris: Gallimard, 1963, 638 pp.

LEWIS, Oscar. *Pedro Martinez. Un paysan mexicain et sa famille*. Paris: Gallimard, 1966, 507 pp.

MATHIEU, Jacques (Ed.). *Étude de la construction de la mémoire collective des Québécois*. CELAT Paper No. 5, Quebec City: Université Laval, 1986, pp. 65-97 (articles by Lucille Guilbert and Bogumil Koss Jewsiewicki).

MAURAI, Jacques (Ed.). *Les Langues autochtones du Québec*. Quebec City: Les Publications du Québec, 1992, pp. 88 ff.

MICHAUD, Guy et al. *Identités collectives et relations inter-culturelles*. Bruxelles: Complexe, 1978, 254 pp.

MICHAUD, Jos-Phydime. *Kamouraska de mémoire*. Montreal: Boréal Express, 1981.

MINER, Horace. *Saint-Denis. A French Canadian Parish*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1963.

MINTZ, Sidney. "The Anthropological Interview and the Life History." in David K. Dunaway and Willa K. Baum. *Oral History. An Interdisciplinary Anthology*. Nashville: American Association for State and Local History and The Oral History Association, 1984, 311 pp.

MOAR, Clifford and Camil GIRARD. *Entretiens*. Mashteuiatsh, 7 October 1993, video cassette (cameraman: Gervais Tremblay).

Office de Planification et de Développement du Québec. *Dossiers d'inventaire et d'analyse sur les régions du Québec*. Quebec City: OPDQ and Bibliothèque nationale du Québec, 1976, ff.

PERRON, Normand and Camil GIRARD. "Histoire orale : aspects théoriques et pratiques." *Archives*, 16, 2, (Sept. 1984): 57-63.

PERRON, Normand. *Un siècle de vie hospitalière au Québec: Les Augustines et l'Hôtel-Dieu de Chicoutimi, 1884-1984*. Sillery, Quebec City: Presses de l'Université du Québec, 1984.

POIRIER, Jean. "De la tradition à la postmodernité : la machine à civiliser." in Jean Poirier (Ed.). *Histoires des mœurs*, Vol. III - *Thèmes et systèmes culturels*. Paris: Gallimard, 1991, pp. 1587.

POIRIER, Jean (Ed.). *Histoire de mœurs*, 3 volumes, Paris: Gallimard, 1990-91.

POIRIER, Jean. *Histoire de l'ethnologie*. *Que-sais-je* collection, 1974, No. 1338, Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 126 pp.

POUYEZ, Christian and Yolande LAVOIE. *Les Saguenayens*. Sillery, Quebec City: Les Presses de l'Université du Québec (PUQ), 1983.

PROULX, Louise. *Les chantiers forestiers de la Rimouski (1930-1940)*. Grideo Paper No. 16, Rimouski: Université du Québec à Rimouski, 1985.

RETSCHITZKI, J. and M. BOSSEL-LAGOS. *La recherche interculturelle*. Paris: L'Harmattan, TI, 1989, 317 pp.

RIOUX, Marcel. *Description de la culture de l'île Verte*. Ottawa: National Museum of Canada. No. 133, 1954, (anthropology series).

DERECK REIMBER (Ed.). *Voices: A Guide to Oral History*. British Columbia: Provincial Archives of British Columbia, 1984.

ROBERGE, Martine and Bernard GENEST, Eds. *Guide d'enquête orale*. Quebec: Ministère des Affaires culturelles, 1991.

ROBERTS, Elizabeth. *A Woman's Place. An Oral History of Working-Class Woman, 1890-1940*. England: Bail Blackwell, 1984.

SÉGUIN, Normand. "Jean-Baptiste Honorat." *Dictionnaire biographique du Canada, vol IX, 1861-1870*. Quebec City: Les Presses de l'Université Laval (PUL), 1977, pp. 438-439.

SÉGUIN, Robert-Lionel. *Récits de forestiers*. Montreal: Presses de l'Université du Québec, 1976.

SÉLIM, Abou. *L'identité culturelle : relations interethniques et problèmes d'acculturation*. Paris: Anthropos, 1986, pp. 88.

SIMARD, Jean-Paul. "Une fondation pas comme les autres." in Gilles Gauthier, Zoé Boivin-Fournier, Emma Maltais-Girard, Camil Girard and Normand Perron (consultants and editors). *Laterrière au Saguenay*. Chicoutimi: Progrès, 1983, pp. 36.

Soeur Marie-Ursule. *Civilisation traditionnelle des Lavallois*. Quebec City: Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1951.

VAILLANCOURT, Louis-Philippe. *Relations entre langue et culture chez les Indiens Cris québécois*. Ottawa: Thesis, 1975, 144 pp.

VILLENEUVE, Larry and Daniel FRANCIS. *Historical Background of Indian Reserves and Settlements in the Province of Quebec*. Ottawa: Department of Indian and Northern Development, Research Branch, Canada, 1984, 69 pp.

VINCENT, Sylvie. "La tradition orale montagnaise, comment l'interroger." *Cahiers de Clio*. No. 70, 1982, pp. 5-26. "La présence des gens du large dans la version montagnaise de l'histoire." *Anthropologie et Sociétés*, 15, 1, 125-143.