

Among my sources
Title my Vally of Tears

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Estelle
Hubert
Jan 16/63

my dear reader of my Vally of Tears.

I was born in St Agathe Marie.

And I'm the daughter of Aime Bourgois.
And Delicia Gamin.

I was born in a little County of
St Agathe, name Flat Mountain.

I was born on November 8, 1911

my dear readers, I am not educated
and I would like to ask your
forgiveness if my writing is Very bad.
I am not writing like those story books.
I am writing like I am talking to you
in person. My father names was
Aime, but every body knows him
as Keith Bourgois. He was a little
farmer, also a blacksmith. it was him
who shoe all the Horses in our Community
also the Welding. and my mother
she was a school teacher, before marrying
my father. They had a family of 14 children.
I had 6 sisters and 7 Brothers. I lost one
Brother at 18 years from the Spanish flu.
I also lost 2 little sister 4 and 2 years old.
also a set of twin boy and a girl at the age
of 2 months each. I remember like
yesterday how my Brother Thomas had
spaild me. every where he goes he took
me with him on his Bike, and at
home he after lay down on the floor
and he sit me beside him, and sing
me some song. That I learn from
him, and I still sing them today
but one day my Brother took sick, and
and died he was 18 years old.

was 7 years old, and the next day after
Thomas funeral, my oldest Brother Patrick
had plan to get married. that day, so
they got married as it was plan, but
it was a very sad day for both my poor
parent, only Patrick and my father
and his wife with her father went to
church for the mass, and they came
home after being married, and that was
it for Pats wedding. For my mother and
father they pass their times crying for
their lost son Thomas, and I cried
to, but I hide myself to cry, because
I didn't want my father and mother
to see me cry but I was missing
my Brother so much. my parent they
were very poor, it was just a little farm
they had. And for a family of 14 children
its all they could do, to keep ^{thru} growing in
good health, but for the love they had
plenty to give us. they both love us kids
so much, they were both so weary when
one of us was sick some times just a little
bit, my father had spoil me a lot to
I remember as it was yesterday, how
my father use to rock me on his lap at
night smoking his pipe and sing me songs
to, it seem that I still feel his heart under
my head, and how his breath feels on
my head, for my mother well she didn't
had to much time fussing over us, she
had to much to do. it was my father who ^{teach} me
how to knit and show me how to knit
my mittens and wool stockings and down

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our Mittens and socks to. my mother she
had to take care of us and. Churn the
Butter, and Milk the Cows. Takes care of
the chickens, and she always had a large
Garden because she had many mouths
to feed. And in the spring she shears
the sheeps. my father put for her a
big black Kettle near the little brook.
We had on the farm. so she was near
the water to wash her wools after the
shearing. After this wash dry, she Carded
it and Spind it, and after the wools was
ready to Knit. she had to Knit a lot.
because my father and alder Brothers
always wear Knitted wools underwears
and sweater for all of us. oh she had
a lot to do. And in the winter she weaves
Blankets. Wools and Cotton. one. my eldest
sister help her to do the chore and take
care of the smallest Baly. in our
Home everyone had to do is share. my
alder Brothers Patrick was leaving home with
his wife, and he keep my father on
the farm, for me the help I done to
my mother I was about 6 at the time
I eat my mother little Cucumbers as
soon as I saw a little Cucumber in the
Garden. I pick them on my arms and
hide and eat them, and small Carrots
to. I remember my mother said I don't
know what happens to my Cucumbers
there was a lot, and now I can't find one
no more. I didn't say a words. but I
know when my mother was young

Have been a very bad girl as i see it Today.
 in our home. every one get up at the
 same time in the morning except my
 father he get up early in the morning
 to go feed the Cattle and Horses. and the
 rest of the animals, after he came back
 from the barn. Mom get up, and we
 heard her say: Alright Children get up
 for Breakfast, we wash and now she
 said Kneel down for prayer. We all
 pray together. morning and Night. my
 parent was very religious people.
 on our farm. my father grow wheat
 and Barley. and peas. and Potatoes also
 Buckwheat. and Hay. and when it was
 time to cut the hay he makes us
 walk on the load to press it down.
 and we were always bare foot. and the
 tamps in the hay hurt our feet badly
 some times. and in the fall picking
 potatoes times. my father made us sort
 the potatoes in the field. so the oldest one
 picks the big one. and as i was one of
 the youngest i had to pick the small one
 and now i hated those small potatoes.
 and we were also bare foot. and no
 gloves like they have today to pick. and
 some times it was so cold in the field.
 my father had to build a fire in the
 field to warm ourselves. and in the
 fall my father fattened a young Beef. for
 food in the winter. also a lamb.
 and when he slaughtered his beef and lamb.
 i had the nose as near as i could.

and i never eat beef or lamb. and for the
 pork, i was scared. when he killed them for
 food. I hide so i wont see them so today
 i like pork, and i always like it. he
 salted pork meat, and smoke some
 for ham. and my mother she made
 Blood Sausages and lots of Carton,
 for the beef there was ^{no} refrigerator
 so my father wait almost at Christmas
 to slaughter it, and my mother caned,
 some, and the rest. my father put water
 in a pork Barrel, and after it was freeze
 around the barrel, he took the rest of the
 water and put the beef in, and he put
 the Barrel in a snow pile so we had
 beef for the winter. my mother she caned
 a lots of vegetable to. so we were never
 hungry. and with the beef hide, my
 father ship it to a tannery in Bangor.
 and when it came back it was ready to
 make shoes, my father made us each
 a pair of shoes, or moccasins for the
 winter, and with good wool stocking, we
 were comfortable but it was very slippery
 we often fell on our dachine at ~~first~~ first
 for our house it was just a little house
 with a bed room down stairs, and a kitchen.
 my father added a little shed beside the
 house where my mother cooks in summer
 times, the upstairs was not finish.
 and in the winter snow fell inside
 but with plenty of good Blankets, we were
 warm in our bed. and a little well
 out side about 100 feet from the house

to fetch water. and my father Blacksmith shop
and a barn, an old one to.

One day we heard a noise, my father said
Listen kids, so we listen, and about 10
minutes what we saw coming in the
road, a kind of wagon, and without
horses on it, my father said what kind
of rig is this, but to his surprise it was
his brother Joe Darguin, he stop at the
house, and said its my new car.
We visit this thing, it was made like
my father Sunday wagon, but instead
of a horse. this machine had a little
motor under the seat, and a crank in
the side, it was very funny for us to see.
So this was the first car i saw.

Another times father called to come quick
and said do you see the thing in the
sky, and the noise it made. This thing
is an airplane he said, it was way up
in the sky she seems large like a big bird.
so this was also the first plane that i saw,
not very long after one day father came
home with a model T. ford. that he trade
for a nice little house and wagon, it
was his new car. but when my mother
saw this car she cried for 2 days.
Because with her horse she could go
wherever she wants to, and this car
she couldnt drive it because a ^{woman} ~~woman~~
in those day would have been a shame
to drive a car. So my Brother patrick
drive that car, not my father, one day
he said Come children did you know

a ride so we got in, and Patrick was
 maybe going 5 miles an hour, and
 I was so scared. I says pat, don't go to
 fast, and I put my hand on my eyes
 not to see each side of the car. How
 funny it is for me today to think about
 this. But one day I enjoyed to drive
 that T. Ford. So my father said I am want
 to drive so come on, he put me at the
 wheel. I was 8 years old at the time.
 And he give me a push, and as the road
 was a little hill, and there was a culvert
 at the end of the hill. I fell in this culvert
 thinking I was it was the end of my driving.
 my father had been so scared. I almost
 killed myself. And I think he wasn't
 smarter than me to push me down this
 hill with this car alone. after Patrick was
 married for a year and half, his wife
 give birth to a daughter. name Irene
 and I spoil this little baby so much.
 she played all night. my Brother Pat had
 to walk her in his arms almost all
 night long. he was sometime mad
 about me. but after a while they moved
 to Stockholm, my father didn't need him
 to much on the farm. and there was a
 lots of work in Stockholm. they move there
 and Pat was Blacksmith for Sam's
 Company. and for our school that we
 went to, it was just a very small school
 about 15 feet long and 15 wide, and
 in this school, there was a big pot stove
 in the middle of the floor. and at each

side a big table about 7 feet long, and Big
 Wood Benches at the side to sit on,
 and for the Blackboard. 3. Boards about a
 foot wide, painted in black, and near
 this blackboard our teacher desk,
 all was french, no English at all.
 and no school mostly in the winter,
 because parts at the time we didn't even
 see where the road was, so school was
 mostly in summer, school was about
 half miles from home, at 9 years old
 I had to make my first Communion, at
 we were 5 miles from church, so we
 had to walk, 10 miles a day, to go and come
 back, and it was in June, and some days
 it was so hot, the road was dust road, and
 were well bare footed, we took our shoes in
 our hand, and when we came near the
 church, we put our shoes, so we hurt
 our feet in the dust, and some times
 we had rain, we arrived at church all
 soaked up, the day before, we were doing
 our first Communion, I was so sick,
 the priest give me a note for my mother to
 keep me home, I was so sick to go the next
 day for my Communion, the priest told my
 mother to keep me home, and when I
 feel better to bring me to mass, and I
 will do my first Communion, so that's what
 she did, I been sick almost a month
 with the measles, I cryed almost all day
 to see the other one doing there first
 Communion and me sick at home, but
 mom, said don't cry God understood.

in the fall, for one thing or the other
I guess my father needs money. so he said
to mom. we will move to Stockholm for
the winter. so mom packs our things, and
my father cut one of our mealhars to take
care of his animals for the winter
and he packs the luggage in the wagon
and my Brother Leonard and Thelphore
went with him by the road, and mother
took in Taura, and Anna, and Lily and
Dennis, was the baby 4 years old. and of
course me. and Baptist Thibeault, took
us to the Depot, at Branchville. and we
took the train. Poor Lily she was so
scare of the train she didnt want to
get in, but after she didnt want to get out,
we pass the winter with Pat and wife,
my father started work for Hardsby Woods
for Sam's Co, and Thelst and Leonard
hunts Rabbits all winter. there was so
much Rabbits in Implewood they
sell Rabbits for over 2 hundred dollars.
that winter, they give there money to
father to help him, and in the spring
we were all so glad to come back to
the farm, there was still some big snow
drifts near the house. so we had some
good times shidning and playing.
but the next fall, we moved back to
Stockholm, father works again also
Thelst and Leonard. they went to work
in the wood for Ernest Thibeault
I was now 10 years old. so mother said
you got to go to school, with Anna.

so one morning my mother prepared my special
 lunch, and to school i' went, it was about
 one good miles from home, it was an
 English school. All the children was talking
 English excepted me. I' never heard
 speaking English, and the teacher give
 me couple's book, and show me what
 page to work, but i' didn't understand at
 all. What she was talking about, she was
 a big lady, teacher, and when she looks
 at me I' was so scared, she ask me at
 first my name, i' didn't answer, a
 little girl near me said what's your name.
 so i' tell this little girl, and she told the
 teacher my name and age, she put
 me in third grade. but i' couldn't
 do nothing, i' didn't understand not a
 words in those books. And some times
 when i' got home i' was so cold, my feet
 were almost frozen, when i' told my mother
 how cold i' was, she said don't worry God
 will warm your feet, but me i' was freezing
 just the same, i' pass my winter like this
 at school, and the teacher after a while
 didn't try to make me understand, she
 let me be in school that's all. I' was so ^{glad} ~~happy~~
 when spring came and we moved back to the
 farm, but the next fall father sold all
 his animal excepted the hogs. that he
 kill and salted for winter. all he took to
 Stockholm was his horse, so i' had to start
 school again, i' was 11 years old, so school
 I' went again, but i' didn't understand
 more than the deer before.