



# THE FRIGONS

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIGON,  
FRIGONE, FREGO, FREGOE,  
FREGON, FREGONE FAMILIES

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## A MOST INTERESTING MEETING HELD AUGUST 16, 2014

Gérald Frigon (116)



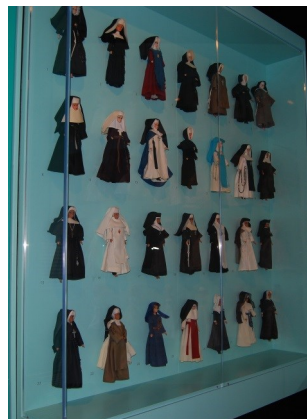
Our annual meeting day began with a tour of the Cathedral of Nicolet. The guide explained that the present building is the 5th cathedral to be erected after the previous four buildings fell victim to various physical disasters, such as collapses, cracks in the structure or fire. Built in a contemporary architecture style with curved vaulted arches converging above the altar, without columns or balcony, with no elaborate decoration, the place is bright and clear, conducive to meditation. The atmosphere was bright and colorful with the morning sun shining through the stained glass façade 165 feet wide by 70 feet high, designed by Jean Paul Charland as well as through another stained glass frieze in the apse with a beautiful fresco by brother Eric recounting the history of mankind and of the Church, from Adam and Eve to the astronauts. The organ is a 1909 Casavant. Stations of the Cross are very simple: a white line carved in the concrete outlines the characters. From there, we crossed the street to the Museum of World Religions where three exhibitions were presented "I still remember 1984", a retrospective

of John Paul's visit to Canada featuring objects, audio and video clips, as well as the Popemobile. "The Veil Unveiled" tells the story of the veil in the Muslim faith and in many other religions (like our nuns not so long ago) illustrated by many photographs by anthropologist Andréanne Paquet. "The great religions of the world" explains various rituals and taboos and

shows that religious rituals have a multitude of meanings depending on one's interpretation.

During the annual general meeting, 35 members approved amendments to our charter to ensure compliance with new

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2015- Annual General meeting in Kingsey  
Falls In August 2015  
Further information in the Spring

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federal regulations on non-profit corporations and elected a new executive committee, composed mainly of former members.

In the afternoon, we visited the Police Academy of Quebec, founded in 1968. The building, originally the Nicolet Seminary, was built between 1827 and 1836 according to plans by the architect Thomas Baillargé and has been expanded on many times. In addition to classrooms and exercise rooms, it includes a double gymnasium, a semi-Olympic swimming pool, a well equipped fitness room and an archives room that holds all court records of the province. All police officers operating in Québec must complete their training which begins in the CEGEPs since 1988. Since 1974, actors are hired to simulate real-life situations in homes and businesses erected for that purpose. In addition to French and English, courses are offered in the Inuit language since 1997. Since 2005, a Bachelor of public safety is offered in affiliation with the university of Trois-Rivières. The school admits up to 648 candidates annually.



This nice and busy day ended with a hearty dinner at the Godefroy Inn. Everyone was delighted and, amidst hugs and goodbyes, we could hear numerous "See you next year".



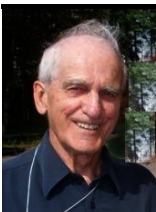
Some of the members present at the Annual Meeting at Museum of Religions.



Some guests at the dinner held at the Auberge Godefroy



Lucie Frigon Caron (56) receives a Japanese embroidery made by Ursule (111)



### ***LAST TRIBUTE TO LOUIS-GEORGES FRIGON (10)***

*Louis-Georges Frigon, husband of Clémence Rivard died in Montréal on September 17, 2014 at the age of 90 years and 5 months. He was from the line of Louis-Augustin, branch of Silvestre. Thank you Louis-Georges for your great contribution to recruit new members at the time of the founding of the Association des Familles Frigon. May future generations remember your contribution.*





## A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

*Gérald Frigon (116)*

115

### Our membership

After two rounds of nominations at the annual meeting, no one had accepted the role of president. I did not want to fail the Association and accepted the appointment. We must collectively realize that we have a shortage of potential candidates. This will be my top priority this year. But the association is not solely my responsibility. Each of us must take a look at who could join and who could be convinced to join our association.

### What to do

I always say that everyone looks forward as long as he has not reached the peak of his career. Once he passes the top and feels he will not go much further, he begins to look back. This is when one can become interested in genealogy. So the people that

we seek will be over 45-50 years of age.

### How to do it

Today, communication is at the forefront of our concerns. The younger generation values social networking and spends much of their free time on the net. I am thinking amongst others of "LinkedIn" for those in business and "Facebook" or "Twitter" for those active on social networks. Young adults know how to use these means to contact as many Frigons as possible and invite them to join their cousins. This is one of the means available to us, but no matter the method, we must open the discussion. The start of a discussion is the first step to increasing membership. And we need new members, this is crucial.

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## THANKS LOUISE (83) YOUR INVOLVEMENT

*Pierre (4)*



Louise (83) is an early member of the association. Indeed, she joined the association on September 23, 1995 and immediately became a member of the board of directors. In the fall of 1997, she agreed to replace Pierre (4) as secretary of meetings of the Board and would remain in this position until the summer of 2000. In 2003, she rejoined the board until the summer of 2008. Elected President on August 27, 2011, she remained in office until August 16, 2014.

We can see that she was an important member of the Association throughout the years and her election as president testifies to the confidence members had in her. All those who have worked closely with Louise admired her constancy, loyalty, dedication and the consideration she showed towards her teammates.

Many thanks for these three years as president!

A heartfelt thank you also for the hours devoted to the Association.

We all hope that this is only a goodbye and that we will soon have the privilege of working with her again.

*Fall 2014*



Louise (83), Pierre (4), Gérald (116), Raymond (1)  
Exécutif 2000



« His two little guys » giving him a plant  
François (130), Louise (83), Claude (256)



## FAMILY LIFE

My father really loved to play bridge. Sometimes, up to one evening a week, he would receive three of his friends, often Father Gauvin, chaplain at the teachers' college, Mr. Albert Desrosiers, insurance agent in Mont-Joli and Father Ferron from the parish of Notre-Dame-de-Lourdes (Our Lady of Lourdes). During the years 1950-1970, my father would sometimes play in tournaments in Rimouski or Price; he and Mrs. Colette Lavoie came to found their own bridge club in Mont-Joli in the early 1970s. The trophy awarded annually to the best club is named the Onésime-Frigon Trophy. My mother did not like bridge in the early years but she also began playing and attended the club weekly; she won the trophy on 2 or 3 occasions, the last time at the age of 93.

As far back as I can remember, my father always took his vacation in the fall to go hunting. Every year, he would bring back a deer, in addition to more than twenty partridges and as many hares; every 2 or 3 years, it would be a moose that was transformed into several "cipâtes" for the Christmas holidays and part of the winter. His reputation was such in the region that Mr. Levasseur, the main civil contractor in the region invited him to serve as a guide on his own excursions, to ensure he would not return empty-handed. One year when the hunting trip took them in northern New Brunswick, my father shot an albino deer. Our neighbor asked for the animal to have it stuffed and used the reindeer as an exterior Christmas decoration which we saw again annually. His passion also earned him an official letter of reprimand at work: he was a telegrapher and, around 1950, he sent a message to his friend (also a telegrapher) from Routhierville in preparation for a hunting trip. His message was written in French while his superintendent was anglophone; the letter of reprimand stated verbatim that even a personal message should be written in English! My father very rarely talked about his work but this time at lunch he had sparks in his eyes.

After supper, my father used to sit in his rocking chair, to read his daily newspaper which he held with one hand on the center crease. He subscribed to the Quebec newspaper "L'action catholique" which had more of a religious slant than "Le Soleil". His hours of reading often coincided with hours of listening to classical music, either on CJBR Rimouski or CKRS Chicoutimi. During the summer, listening to the broadcast of baseball games of the New York Yankees was an almost daily occupation.

I did not attend the same school as my two older brothers for long. While Bernard was in grade 6, upon receipt of the report card, my father inquired about his low score in history. The teaching brother replied that it was immaterial that young people learn or not, as long as they graduated. My father did not appreciate that comment and had a talk with the Brother-Director who approved the teacher's comment. Immediately after this incident, my father enrolled my two brothers in the Marist Fathers seminary in Quebec.

But this story did not end there. The school inspector was an acquaintance of my father (who was a member of almost every local social organisation); he was informed of the situation and that was the last year that these two brothers of the Sacred Heart remained in Mont-Joli. However, the studies of Roger and Bernard in Quebec involved paying for room and board in addition to tuition fees, expenses he had not planned for. He had to sell his car and, from 1950 to 1962, my father did not own a car, as he considered that his children's education was more important. Would we see that today ...

In 1953, during a particularly hot summer, my father decided to buy a refrigerator. Before then, milk and other perishables were kept in a storage room ("la dépense") on the north side of the house for more than a week. But then, the milk delivered fresh in the morning had already turned into curds by mid-day and was

*(Continuation on page 117)*

*(Continued from page 116)*

eaten as yogurt for dinner. This refrigerator, an International Harvester, was the only one that came into the house; it was still functional in 2001 when my mother left her house and moved into a seniors' home.

In February 1951, the St -Jean- Baptiste Society of Mont-Joli invites Arthur Leblanc, a famous Acadian violinist to give a concert in Mont-Joli. This event was to take place on a Sunday evening. The night before, he gave a concert in Rivière- du-Loup. As he usually did, he took the train on Sunday morning while leaving his violin at the baggage check properly labeled for Mont-Joli. Upon arrival in Mont-Joli, the musician is greeted by dignitaries and given a tour of the city. After a light supper, he decides to get his violin to warm his fingers. Unfortunately, the violin is not at the baggage check. Following a thorough search, it was found in Campbellton; considering that it had travelled too far by mistake, the instrument was held waiting to be claimed. It was too late to bring the instrument back. Mr. Leblanc asked to try four or five violins in order to choose one for the concert. The best violin of the city was, in his opinion, that of my father. So he borrows it to give his concert. Recognizing that his error deprived fans from hearing the quality of the Stradivarius " Desrosiers " dating from 1733 ( violin now owned by Angèle Dubeau), he planned a new concert for April 25, 1954. For this second concert, my father suggested that I accompany him. I used to listen from time to time to concerts over radio stations from Rimouski or Chicoutimi, which my father was fond of. But in person, it's something else. What a joy to hear the sound, the warmth of the instrument and the technique of performer. This was my first concert but the spell got under my skin and the charm influenced the rest of my life, as far as music is concerned

The following year my father got me a subscription to concerts given by the Jeunesses Musicales du Canada (Youth and Music of Canada) in Rimouski, where I attended six concerts a year to hear young learning artists. My taste for beautiful music was also developing. This subscription was renewed for three or four years while I continued my studies in Mont-Joli.

As I already said, my father was not the type to take notes for this or that. Provided with a very good memory, he planned everything in his head and acted according to his plan, without it being written. But very often he seemed in a pensive mood, and a short time later, he would undertake an action which seemed sudden to us. He had an aptitude for solving technical problems. I was ten years old when my father asked us to invite all our friends on Saturday morning: "We will raise the shed", he told us! Indeed, over time, soil in the northeast corner was compacted and the shed was leaning increasingly. With a few 20 feet long beams borrowed from the lumber yard, to use as lever and 25 children pressing on, we managed to lift the corner of the shed while my father inserted a few planks of pine wood to straighten the structure. What an achievement achievement for our little heads ... raise a shed.

Another day, my mother was cleaning the room (prior to the priest visit) when she noticed a gap between the living room wall and the floor. She informed my father, who inspects the site and sits back. A few days later, he went to the hardware store and ordered two steel rods three quarter inch in diameter and 5 to 6 feet long, threaded at one end and closed at the other end by a ring; he got two more, threaded at each end, as well as bolts, swivel rings and steel plates. He dug under the porch along the wall to remove the pressure. He placed the support plates affixed to the rods against the wall, joining the swivel rings to the other rods, attaching the other extremity to one another through the central beam. He tightened as much as he can to ensure proper spacing of the rods. He went down to the basement every day to give half a turn the two swivel rings (sometimes he asked me to do so). After 3 months, the concrete wall had returned to its place. I realized at that time that even a concrete wall is flexible. It had been curved by the action of the roots of Lombardy poplars; my father straightened it and put it back in its place.

*(Continuation on page 118)*

*(Continued from page 117)*

I had great admiration for my father. Calm, thoughtful, hard-working and intelligent, he would have succeeded in any career he would have had the opportunity to try. He knew how to anticipate opportunities and problems, he could adapt to any situation or find ingenious solutions. He could judge with confidence and make the right decisions. He was not frightened by complex and diverse situations. Generous and hard-working, he was an admirable man for both his family and his community. For him, success did not measure in dollars but in accomplishments, in friends and in service to the community. And its educational task as well fulfilled, not by words, but by the example he gave us.

As I mentioned, my father had been marked by the crisis of 1929. Therefore he believed that education was the most important legacy to leave to his children. Especially to his sons, because, according to the mentality of the time, the boys would have to support the family and the girls would get married. But he wanted more than that. He thought their future would be assured, if he were to leave a house to each of the boys. So he decided to build three more houses. He devised plans in his head, and mortgaged the family home to finance the construction of a new income property. He bought land from our neighbor Poirier (who, by the same token, divided his potato field in two) and began the construction work. All this, without leaving his regular employment with the railway, working from 4:00 p.m. to midnight during this period. (Was this at his request, I do not know). To assist him, he asked his father ( 68 years old ) and Mr. Irenée St-Laurent, carpenter (retired) he had known in Routhierville and living on the next street. He gave contracts for the excavation, electrical work, plumbing and insulation blowing. The rest was made by one of these three men. The rest ... not quite: when it was time to bring materials to the second floor or other chores of this kind, one of the sons was requisitioned. Materials required were calculated as and when required and ordered by my father at the Paradise lumberyard across from us. Still, that first summer in 1953, if I remember well, a four unit house was built. No plan was laid "on paper", but the end result remained strong and functional until today.

The experience was trouble-free and the dwellings easily rented. The following summer, he decided that, by starting earlier, they would have time to build two homes. In addition, the two carpenters were good workers and did not lose time in talking; they could work side by side for a full day without exchanging more than 10 or 20 words ... only the hammer or the saw broke the silence. And the mortgage on this first of the 4-unit building could buy materials for two identical houses. This took away more time from the children's holidays, but it was a success. In the end, my father had accumulated so much fatigue that the doctor prescribed a small glass of brandy every day, and a few other additions to his diet. It was just about the only alcohol bottles he bought in his life. And these eight new housing units were rented as well as those of the previous year. His widowed sister Eva decided to build an identical building and occupy one of the four units, the other three serving as a source of income. Again my father is assigned to construction one other summer. And the following summer we start over again for my cousin by marriage Claude St-Hilaire, who had been the first engineer hired permanently by the City of Mont-Joli. With this experience in municipal administration, he later became Mayor of Rimouski.

You can understand that I always had unlimited admiration for my father and that he was my role model and an example to his family and community. According to me, he has not been given full public acknowledgement for all the work he did for the community, always without bragging or pretension. Thank you, Dad.



# Leur Mariage



12  
Septembre  
1935

Married in Ste-Florence, Matap dia,  
Line of Louis Augustin, branch of Joseph 2376

## GENEALOGICAL SKETCH

*Fran ois and Marie-Claude Chamois*

|

*Jean-Fran ois and Gertrude Peros*

|

*Antoine and Marie-Anne Trottier*

|

*Louis Augustin and Marie Lefebvre*

|

*Augustin and Marie Trudel*

|

*Joseph and Aur lie Vall e*

|

*On sime and Jeanne Benoit*

|

*On sime and Cl mence Desrosiers*

|

*On sime and G ratrice Richard*

|

*G r ald and Lise Drolet*

|

*Marie-Jos e*

*Andr -Gilles and  dith Joly*

*Ren e-Claude and Pierre Robert Prieur*

|

*Isaac and Colin Th riault*

*Mila and Julianne Frigon*

*F lix-Antoine and P n lope-Lili Prieur*

*J-Ren  (11)*



25e anniversaire de mariage - 1960

Seated: On sime Frigon, G ratrice Richard, On sime Frigon grand-p re  
Standing: Jacques (192), Bernard, Michelle, G r ald (116), Roger (131)



40e anniversaire de mariage - 1975



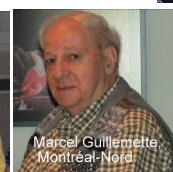
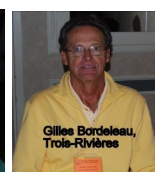
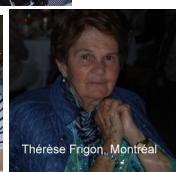
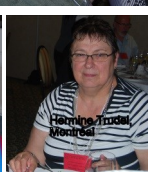
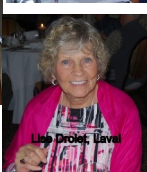
Lise Drolet and G r ald Frigon married in Saint-Sacrement, Qu bec on September 3, 1966.





- |                                         |                                          |                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Aurèle Frigon, Nicolet               | 15. Lucille Frigon, Cowansville          | 29. Pauline Frigon Couture, St-Bruno-de-Montarville |
| 2. Irène Frigon, Montréal               | 16. Richard Caron, Gatineau              | 30. Jacques Frigon, Ottawa                          |
| 3. Réjeanne Frigon, Laval               | 17. Roger Frigon, Rimouski               | 31. Gérard Pelletier, Québec                        |
| 4. François Frigon, Laval               | 18. Denise Melançon, Grand-Mère          | 32. Gérald Frigon, Laval                            |
| 5. Marie-Paule Frigon, La Doré          | 19. Ghislain Frigon, Grand-Mère          | 33. Francine Frigon, Saint-Prosper                  |
| 6. Raymonde Frigon, Saint-Jérôme        | 20. Marcel Guillemette, Montréal-Nord    | 34. Pierre Frigon, Saint-Hippolyte                  |
| 7. Armande Cossette, Saint-Prosper      | 21. Fernand Beaulieu, Québec             | 35. Denise Hupé, Rimouski                           |
| 8. Nicole Guilbault, Québec             | 22. Luc Frigon, Saints-Martyrs-Canadien  | 36. Paul Frigon, Ste-Marthe-sur-le-Lac              |
| 9. Louise Frigon, Ste-Anne-de-la-Pérade | 23. Denise Frigon, Trois-Rivières        | 37. Paul-André Bilodeau, La Doré                    |
| 10. Nicole Noël, Nicolet                | 24. Claude Frigon, Laval                 | 38. Bernard Naud, Cap-Rouge                         |
| 11. Anita Frigon-Guillemette, Montréal  | 25. Murielle Dubois-Frigon, Laval        | 39. Walter Giesinger, Longueuil                     |
| 12. Denise Frigon, Québec               | 26. Ursule Frigon-Couture, Saint-Prosper |                                                     |
| 13. Rita Frigon, Laval                  | 27. Marie-Andrée Frigon, Laval           |                                                     |
| 14. Lucie Frigon-Caron, Gatineau        | 28. Claire Renaud-Frigon, Ottawa         |                                                     |

#### Absent from the photo:



Huguette and Rita Gravel, Montréal

**ERRATUM - SPRING-SUMMER 2014 NEWSLETTER:** p. 109. The second paragraph should read « Olivier Jacob, his nephew » instead of « Olivier Jacob, his grandson ».