

Durand Heritage Foundation Newsletter

Dedicated to the Preservation of Our Family Heritage

Fall, 2001

\$3.95



2000
Felix

**Focus on the Felix &
Anna Durand Family**

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The cover: Noella Durand Hage was the force behind this issue's focus on the family of Felix & Anna Durand. She sent in her notes, and the rest is heritage. Congratulations, Noella! Thanks for sharing!

Whoops! The Summer Newsletter erroneously identified Albert Dubois' tank company in the 192nd Battalion. Al was in Company A, not Company B. Al's company was a National Guard unit based in Janesville, WI that was activated to boost the American presence in Philippines. Older members in the company were replaced by draftees like Al. Company B was also a National Guard unit, based in Mayville, IL.

Whoops again! Elinore Becker Durand was not 13 years old when she saw four members of her family die as described in "The Great Flu Epidemic of 1918." She was only nine years old.

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The Felix & Anna Durand Story

by Noella Durand Hage

In 1923 Anna Jeanne Fontaine came to St Paul, Minnesota from her home in St. Boniface, Manitoba to care for her brother's wife and her new baby. The youngest of a French-speaking family of eight boys and four girls, Anna was 20 years old, with lovely dark eyes. While living with her brother and his wife Rose, she was introduced to a couple of young men from Wisconsin who came to visit relatives in St Paul and also spoke French. One of them was Felix Durand, the 6th son of Pierre and Louise Durand.

When Anna fastened her lovely dark eyes on Felix's steel-gray eyes, he was a goner. The two young people were married that same year on November 23 in St. John's Catholic Church in Webster. He was 26, she was 20.

As Felix was still living at home and operating a small store near the farm, they made their first home with Pierre and Louise Durand on the farm. Anna became

Grandma's maid — cooking and washing and cleaning for the gang of Durand boys still living at home. It was a lonely existence. She was teased constantly for her Canadian style of French and her more cultured deportment, and she didn't know how to take it. After all, she was the youngest and probably the most pampered of her own family.

Used to a more urban life, Anna was also unaccustomed to the rather primitive ways of the Durand farm -- no indoor plumbing or running water or electricity. The privy was an extreme hardship in winter -- windy and cold, and most uncomfortable. Anna developed a severe case of bowel and stomach flu that took a long time to heal.

Her first baby was huge, a 9½ pound boy, Maurice, delivered as a breech birth. Little Maurice quickly became the star attraction at the farm. Un-

happily, no relatives or family were present for either Anna's wedding or the birth of her first baby.

It was a trying time for Anna. Her new mother-in-law had learned to get along with what she had, which included a great many Indian ways and methods that were foreign to Anna.

In August, 1926 Anna developed pyorrhea, a bad tooth infection, and ended up having all of her teeth removed. But that didn't end her misery; she



Felix Durand and Anna Fontaine. Anna left her home near Winnipeg, Canada to help her brother's family in St. Paul, MN, and married Felix after a short courtship. After joining the Durands, Anna saw little of her own family.

still suffered periods of nausea and weakness and remained vulnerable to mouth infections. She gave up breast-feeding.

Just a few months later, on January 5, 1927, the doctor was summoned for the birth of Anna's second child. Being in the dead of winter, the doctor assessed the situation, then stretched out on the counter of the little store until he was needed. A little girl, Noella, came into the world very small and hairy. Felix was reported to have said, "What a little shit!" They opened the oven door of the wood stove and placed the new baby in a box on the open door. And she thrived.

Two years later, on June 22, 1929, a son named Oliver

was born. He was a happy, smiling baby, big of head and body.

Unlike the other Durand boys, her new husband Felix was unable to do the heavy work of the farm. Some kind of childhood accident had left him susceptible to mild seizures when he worked too hard, so he became a storekeeper. But with only six years of schooling and not much of a head for business, his store soon got in trouble. Giving credit was easier than getting paid, and it was not too long before the out-go amounted to more than the in-flow.

Then the little store burned down. With Anna pregnant with her fourth child, she demanded that they not move back into the farmhouse. She wanted a place of their own to live.

They moved to a tarpaper shack in Spooner. Although their new house also lacked an indoor toilet,

the family now enjoyed running water and electricity. And with two of Felix's brothers also making their homes in town (Elzear and Adelard, married to Eva and Anna) Felix and Anna helped form a little community of Durands. Three more children were born there: Stella in 1931, Felix in 1936, and Theresa in 1938.

At first the older children missed all the comings and goings of the store and of Pierre and Louise Durand farmstead, but being on the edge of Spooner on the way into town, their new house soon became a meeting spot for country kin. Babysitting was the norm as many relatives dropped off their babies to go shopping or to enjoy a night out at the movies or at a dance.

After Stella was born on September 6, 1931, a beautiful girl with many goo's and gaa's, their house seemed even more busy and full.

In the winter of 1942, Felix and his brothers Adelard and Lewis and his brother-in-law Bill Derrick drove to Tillamook, Oregon, a small town west of Portland near the coast. There they found work as

carpenters building a large Navy blimp base. The next spring they returned home so Lewis and Bill Derrick could get their crops planted, while Adelard decided that, with work so plentiful, he would return to Oregon with his two oldest children, Evelyn and Jim. Felix had made a decision too; he was moving his entire family to Oregon.

Back in Spooner he began building a travel trailer to haul his family and their belongings behind their 1937 Buick. When he pronounced the trailer finished he hauled it downtown to have it licensed. No way, the authorities said, you haven't got any brakes. You can't haul that thing over the mountains without brakes.

An inventive man, Felix devised a braking system that used a five-gallon metal drum, wood, and leather that operated off the car's braking system and worked well enough to pass inspection, and by mid-June the family was at last ready to leave.

"Where's my washing machine?" Anna demanded, not seeing her round Thor with its hand-wringer in the stuffed trailer. "If you think I'm going to go across the United States with six kids and no washing machine, you're crazy!"

Felix shifted and squeezed the load in the crammed trailer and managed to find room for the washing machine.

The trip to Tillamook took seven days. The wartime speed limit was 35 mph, and the burdened car couldn't go much faster anyway. When at last the family arrived in Tillamook they learned that

Adelard's son Jim had just drowned in the Pacific Ocean while swimming. The news cast a pall over the family's arrival and put a fear of the Pacific into the children that they carry to this day.

Soon after, the oldest son, Maurice, now 18, returned to Wisconsin to enter the Army. He would serve in Europe, and return safely.

Felix and Anna ended up making their home in Roseburg, Oregon, about 150 miles south of Tillamook. There they built a

house, and there, at age 41, Anna gave birth to their last child, Steven, in 1944. They still made periodic trips back to Wisconsin to visit, but their roots took hold in the west, and that is where their family grew up and married and also settled and where Felix and Anna lived out their days.

During their 47 years together they both remained stubborn. If one of them thought the other should take care of some chore, they sometimes reached a familiar impasse. Likely as not the other would announce, "Well, if it isn't in my head it sure isn't in my feet."

They were good people...kind, generous, and hard-working. Visitors to their home were always welcome, and their table always had room for more. And they were good for each other.

Felix died in 1970 at 72 years of age. Anna died five years later. She was 71.



Anna & Felix Durand in later life. As they prepared to move their family from Wisconsin to Oregon, Anna told Felix, "If you think I'm going to go across the United States with six kids and no washing machine, you're crazy!"

How I Remember My Aunts and Uncles...

by Dianne Durand Zimmer

HELLO, RELATIVES (near and distant):

I have been asked to “introduce” all of you to the children of Felix and Anna Durand. This is going to be a VERY big job. To begin, there were SEVEN children: Maurice (born in 1924), Noella (1927), Oliver (1929), Stella (1931), Felix (1936-1998), Theresa (1938) and Steven (1944). As I am one of the oldest of Maurice’s crew, I guess I’ve known these "Aunts and Uncles" longest of MY generation, so here goes. And since I know most about Dad (Maurice) and he’s the oldest – he goes first.

Maurice grew up in Spooner, Wisconsin and spent most of his early life in that area. When he was 16 he left home to find work in Chicago. With his some of his first pay, he purchased his mom's first electric stove. A couple of years later he helped the family move to

Oregon. There he worked with his dad (Felix) doing odd jobs around the big blimp hanger they were building in Tillamook. At age 18 he was drafted and sent to serve in the European field of WW II.

I’ve heard that Aunt Noella introduced my dad and mom, because she and the bride-to-be went to school together in Wisconsin. My mother, Julia (Judy) Drinkwine, was living and working in Superior, Wisconsin with her Aunt Mary at the vicarage of Bishop Annabring. Judy and Maurice were married at the Cathedral in Superior. Their honeymoon was a trip from Wisconsin through Canada (to visit all the cousins) and to Oregon with Felix, Anna, and a bunch of Maurice’s younger siblings. What an experience that long trip must have been!

In Oregon, the Felix Durand family had settled in Roseburg. There, Maurice started working with

his father, eventually striking off on his own to do carpentry work. At this time he, Judy and their first 4 children -- Cathy (1947), Dianne (1948), Douglas (1949), and Phyllis (1950) -- lived in an apartment over Felix and Anna’s house. They eventually built and moved into their own house, still in the Roseburg area.

Maurice was a volunteer fireman, and I remember several hairy encounters he had fighting fires.

As time went on, carpentry work in the area decreased as the timber industry slackened. So Maurice, Judy and their now expanded family of 8 kids (including Donald (1951), Duane (1953), Irene (1954), and Janet (1956), moved to greener pastures near Seattle, Washington, where, in due course, they built another home, this time in Redmond. During this period, Maurice was involved with the church’s Boy Scouts

and Judy was “social director” for the church’s many weddings and funerals. Most of their 8 children were educated through the 8th grade in parochial schools.

Maurice continued his struggle to find work (especially in winter) even traveling to Alaska to build dorms for the fish canneries. Judy maintained the house, raised the kids, and entertained the many relatives from both sides of the family who always found room available when they came to visit.

Maurice and Judy celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1996 with all their children and many of their siblings gathering for the festivities. They now have 19 grandchildren and 6 great-grandkids. Currently they reside north of Seattle on Camano Island, WA, where Judy scores coups as a real estate salesperson and Maurice, as a mem-



Oregon-bound, family of Felix and Anna Durand pose in western Montana in front of their homemade trailer. The marker in the background is for the Flathead National Forest. Felix and Anna, pulling the trailer with their 1937 Buick, followed Highway 2 across the northern states to their final destination of Tillamook, OR. Pictured here, l to r: “Little” Felix, Anna, Stella (behind Theresa), Felix, Noella, Oliver. The photo was taken by Maurice, the oldest child. The last child, Steve, was born two years later in Oregon.

ber of Knights of Columbus, volunteers with the many charities in the area. All of their 8 kids live in and around the Puget Sound area in the state of Washington, so get-togethers twice a year take a BIG space.

Uncle Ollie (Oliver) and Aunt Dee were married in 1950. (Three of Felix and Anna's "kids" got married during this BIG wedding year!) Aunt Dee tells me she "stole" Ollie away from a perky redhead when she first met him. I do remember Uncle Ollie as being the HANDSOME one of the family. I know that he also was a carpenter and then self-employed as a contractor. He too built their large house in the valley west of Roseburg. Aunt Dee worked as a medical librarian. Uncle Ollie and Aunt Dee have 9 children (Greg (1953), Gordon (1954), Susan (1955), Barbara (1956), Jim (1960), Randy (1961), Nancy (1965), Julie (1967), and Becky (1968), all of whom live in Oregon, and all of whom are well, hale and hearty.

Uncle Ollie and Aunt Dee have 16 grandchildren and 2 great-grandkids, with the "latest arrival" being an airplane, which their oldest son Greg recently purchased and landed at a small airfield near the Roseburg house, literally dropping in for a visit. Uncle Ollie is a member of a noted barbershop quartet and has sung all over the area. Aunt Dee is an avid historian, researching both the Durand and her family back to the early 1700's. They too celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1996 with a gathering of their clan coming to Roseburg from near and far for a huge family party. Aunt Noella, ("Frenchie") is best remembered for her vivid story-telling skills, singing, for playing the piano at our many family get-togethers, and



Blimp hangar that Felix, Maurice, and several of Felix's brothers worked on in 1942 is today an air museum. The hangar pictured above is one of two built near Tillamook to house a squadron of blimps used for coastal submarine patrol and convoy escort. The wood-built hangar is 1,072 feet long, 206 feet wide, and 192 feet high, with an indoor area of seven acres. Felix saw this hangar completed, then returned home to fetch his family. While he was gone a second was rushed to completion in 30 days. The second burned in down 1992. Photo used with permission of Tillamook Air Museum.

for her ribald sense of humor. She and her hubby, Uncle Vern (Hage) met and married in 1950 after a blind date.

I remember their first house with its fenced backyard above a raging river near Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River. Uncle Vern was employed with the Corp of Engineers for almost 40 years, at first on "the Dam," but eventually "up-river" in The Dalles, Oregon.

Uncle Vern and Aunt Noella adopted three children over the span of several years -- Jody (1956), Doris Ann (1959), and Gary (1960) -- and Aunt

Noella now has 5 grandkids.

Aunt Noella, a nurse, is known for her beautiful flowers and "generous" vegetable gardens. She has always been "crafty" — sewing, knitting and "collecting." Before his death in 1997, Vern enjoyed fishing, hunting and gardening. Uncle Vern and Aunt Noella were also "snowbirds"

for a number of years, moving between The Dalles and Cathedral City, CA.

Today Aunt Noella continues to reign over her own "kids" (and Uncle Felix's) in The Dalles. And still loves taking annual trips around the Western states with her younger sisters.

Aunt Stella also married in 1950 in Roseburg, to John (Jack) Harkins. In 1952 the couple made a huge decision — to move to Sarasota, Florida. Here they joined John's mother. Their plan was to manufacture and sell caramel corn. This they did as a family venture until the humidity took its toll. Thereafter Uncle John was employed as a banker and Aunt Stella worked at jobs which allowed her to be home with their children, Jeanne (1952) and Daniel (1955).

Both Uncle John and Aunt Stella have been avid members of the Catholic Church, with Uncle John eventually becoming a deacon. I remember Aunt Stella as being very refined and elegantly dressed and with a beautiful singing voice, and the most beautiful penmanship ever. These days we love her visits, and each year finds that she looks just as young as the last time we saw her.

I remember Uncle Felix as a rowdy, macho guy — such fun to have around. He worked for the railroad and eventually found and married lovely Aunt LaDonna in Hood River, OR in 1958. Their four beautiful girls — Eleanor (1959), Paula (1962), Anna Marie (1964), and Sandra (1967) — now have 8 children between them. Uncle Felix also worked with the local cemeteries, supervising the grounds-keepers. He lost his battle with diabetes in 1998, with LaDonna following the next year (1999), losing a valiant fight against cancer. Their girls have all married and remain in Oregon area.



Fifty years after migrating to Oregon, the children of Felix and Anna Durand gathered in 1992 in The Dalles, OR to celebrate their family. Pictured in birth order l to r: Maurice, Noella, Oliver, Stella, Felix, Theresa, Steve.

Aunt Theresa married Joe Lowe in 1956 and had five children — (Antoinette (Toni) (1957), Michael (1958), Jerrold (Jerry) (1960, who died tragically at the age of 8), Tamara (1962), and Jonathan (1964). Aunt Theresa eventually divorced in 1971.

In search of financial security, sole support of her children, she moved in 1975 to Florida, where she joined Aunt Stella in Sarasota. There she became a stockbroker, and has since specialized in financial planning and investment advising.

Aunt Theresa has been blessed with 5 grandchildren, most of whom live near her in Florida. She is currently training her daughter “Toni,” a retired schoolteacher, to take her place and look after her investment clients after she retires. Aunt Theresa (usually accompanied by Aunt Stella) makes an annual trek back to the Northwest to visit their brothers and sisters. In my opinion, Aunt Theresa is the

sweetest and perkiest of the Durand aunts.

Uncle Steve, being closest to my age, was more like a “big brother” than an uncle when our families all lived in Roseburg. He was so cool. I recall him looking just like Elvis with his dark wavy hair. He too worked in construction, and married Aunt Shirley on Christmas Eve, 1970. In order to find work, they eventually moved to central Oregon (Oak Ridge) where they had four children — Shawna (1971), Leah (1977), Severn (1979) and Airisa (1985). There they also built their own home. When construction work dwindled, Uncle

Steve hired on with a rock crushing company. Unfortunately he was victim of an accident in which he suffered broken bones in both his wrists. Aunt Shirley and other family members became “nurses” to help him through this difficult time. Uncle Steve and Aunt Shirley were thrilled when they recently celebrated the wedding of their oldest daughter,

Shawna, which drew Durand siblings and cousins together for a gala celebration.

I know these are just the briefest of glimpses into the prolific lives of this branch of the Felix and Anna Durand family, and I’m sure that over the next few months you’ll want to catch up further on these “Uncles and Aunts” and their many children. In 1992 the families of my Uncle Felix and Aunt Noella hosted the last big reunion of the children of Felix and Anna Durand in The Dalles. It was a wild time as we got to know the many relatives we younger people “belonged to.”

But for now, I leave you wanting MORE. Thanks for “listening,” and send me e-mail if you want to correct any errors and/or “talk” further. dzimmer@u.washington.edu.

“I Remember....”

Noella Durand Hage Shares Early Memories of Life with Pierre and Louise Durand

I remember one cloudy, cool day as I was getting up from sleep, Grandpa came into the dining room by the fireplace and picked me up in my long nightie. We sat in his chair, and I snuggled up to him. He smelled so good -- of new mown hay with flowers in it. I curled my bare toes under my gown and felt so safe and warm and comfortable. We began to converse in French. I made eyes at him, and he laughed and squeezed me tight. He was my grandpa! He tickled me with his moustache. We had a long conversation until Grandma decided that I should go upstairs and get dressed so that Grandpa could get back to work.

Grandma would get up real early and fix breakfast for a big bunch of boys, then stack the dishes. She must have had full cupboard of dishes with that blue onion pattern. She wore a huge apron that covered her whole front, with straps crossing in the back. In summertime after breakfast she would go out to the garden to get the produce needed for dinner. Much was needed, enough for an army -- potatoes, onions, carrots, radishes, turnips, peas, beans, okra, tomatoes.

She had a pantry room with a cupboard inside filled with packages of oatmeal, raisons, cornmeal, and flour in a bin that tipped out so you could dip out the flour. She also had packages of brown sugar as hard as a rock, and rice and macaroni. The rice was white, but mixed with what looked like little black turds, which was wild rice. Grandma traded her baked bread with Indians for wild rice, berries, grouse, and other game birds.

She did all her cooking and baking on a big iron cook stove, fueled by wood from a woodbox near the cellar door. The cellar was dark and dank, with bins of sand on a dirt floor for storing carrots and potatoes and turnips and rutabagas. The cellar also held jugs of wine and honey and vinegar, and if the wine wasn't drunk fast enough it sometimes turned to vinegar.

I hated that cellar, especially when the bins got low, because there were mice and bugs everywhere, and I thought they'd beat me to the top of the stairs and be waiting for me when I came up.

While Grandma was busy gathering her produce from the garden, Grandpa would discuss the day's work: Pete, plow that piece near the road...Art, start

clearing that forty. Then they all dispersed.

Once after sending everyone off to work Grandpa put me on his shoulders and we sneaked low through the corn, headed for the lake below the farm, each of us barefoot and wearing bib overalls. There we straddled a large log which Grandpa pushed away from the shore. Fixing a worm on his hook, Grandpa settled down to some serious fishing.

But watching him fish got a little dull for me. I



Noella Durand Hage

reached into my bib pocket where I'd stored a number of flat stones and skipped one over the water. Grandpa said in gruff French, "Fa pa sa!" meaning, "Don't do that!"

After he'd fished for a while and caught a couple of sunfish and strung them on a shoelace, I pulled out another stone and skipped it across the

water.

"Fa pa sa!" he barked again.

But a while later I skipped a third stone that must have hit the top of a big turtle, because it made a complete turnover quite near the log we sat on.

Grandpa said in French, That's why I asked you not to skip stones. If that turtle grabs your little leg in his mouth, it'll hang on until the sun goes down. And it's just as big as you, and it'll drag you off the log into the water and drown you and pull you down to the bottom and store you there to eat later!

I skipped no more stones that day.

When we got back to the house Grandma was rather put out that Grandpa hadn't told her where we were going. And the four fish he caught didn't seem to impress her.

Another time Grandpa took my hand in his huge paw as we walked over to a neighbor's place. On the way we encountered some Indians wearing big hats, long pants, moccasins, and beaded vests. Their chests and arms were bare. They had a small

Letter from Ancestor Brings a “Merci”; Are We Agreed on “Who’s a Durand?”

In the Spring issue of the Newsletter, Ellen Durand Olson addressed the question: who’s a Durand? The Board of the Durand Heritage Foundation had returned to this question several times as it wrestled with some thorny issues, e.g. if a non-Durand marries a Durand, how much of the non-Durand’s genealogy do we include in the Durand genealogy? Such issues are hardly life-and-death, but they do affect the work of the Foundation.

Olson took the position that a Durand was a Durand if a connection could be found through Beatrice Durand Derrick’s genealogy, *Durand*.

That opinion prompted a mysterious email, purportedly from Jean Durand dit LaFortune, the featured primogenitor of the Derrick genealogy. Speaking for himself and his Huron wife, Catherine Annennontak, Jean Durand argued for inclusive-

ness, saying that the Foundation’s genealogy appeared to be “a patchwork effort” by many individuals who chose to be “inclusive.” Durands should distinguish between blood relationship and Foundation membership. While a blood relationship is nice, everyone should be welcome to enjoy the benefits of Foundation membership, regardless of blood. By being inclusive we may find undiscovered Durand connections in the world.

Olson writes in response:

Merci beaucoup, Grandpere et Grandmere, for sharing with your many, many descendants your clear and wise vision of the Durand Heritage Foundation. Merci beaucoup as well for gently reminding me that the Durand Heritage Foundation is, indeed, an entity far greater than the sum of its parts. Au revoir,
Ellen Durand Olson

Continued from page 8

boy with them who wore his hair in braids. While they stopped to talk with Grandpa I hid behind his legs. They smiled at my fright. I couldn't understand them but Grandpa could, and later he explained to me in French what they'd talked about. I was so tired from that long walk that on the way back Grandpa carried me on his shoulders, and we both took a nap at home.

He had a huge, black leather fainting couch in the dining room where he napped right after lunch. And sometimes after he'd drunk his coffee, which he sweetened with cream and sugar, he'd grab me and kiss me "to sweeten" me up. I hated when he did that with his wet moustache, so one day while he was sleeping on the fainting couch I took Grandma's sewing scissors and cut off part of his mustache. Grandma came into the room and caught me and gave me one heck of a spanking, which woke Grandpa. When he saw what I'd done he just smiled, took the scissors, and evened up his moustache. He said it needed to be clipped a little shorter anyway.

I remember getting in the way while trying to help set the table for the evening meals, placing silverware kept in large glasses or crocks. There was always a crowd at mealtime, and also strangers who seemed to stay around to discuss the latest news and goings-on of the day, the week, the month, or year. After we'd eaten, the dishes were not put aside. Oh, no! They must be done now! It

was the women's job to clean up while the men continued discussing the world’s problems.

When everything seemed to settle down for the night it was customary to find a chair where we could each kneel in order to begin the Rosary. I remember looking through the chairback as if through the bars of a prison, making faces at my brother and uncles. It tickled me to hear Grandpa lead the Rosary. He had one particular phrase he would repeat that made me snicker: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee, and blessed art Thou with all the women." Jesus must have figured out where his thoughts were!

Sometimes he was so tired he would nod off while leading the Rosary. Then someone else would take over and Grandpa would be gone!

After the Rosary it was time for a few stories and then going upstairs to bed. All of us kids would use the potty. Men and grown-ups would go outside. We three kids -- Maurice, Ollie, and I -- slept in the same bed at the head of the stairs. There were seven bedrooms upstairs, and when we said "Goodnight" it sounded like the Waltons: Goodnight, Papa! Goodnight, Mama! Goodnight, Maurice! Goodnight, Oliver! Then it was "Goodnight" to each of the uncles...Ray, Gilbert, Moses, Art, and Pete. So our day came to a close.

Do you have “I remember...” stories? Send them in. Help us share our family stories.

Lost for Years, Punched-tin Record Marked Pierre Durand's Homestead Claim

In her history of the Town of Scott, Beatrice Durand Derrick describes how, in the company of his brother-in-law Andrew Frappier, Pierre Durand carved the number "1896" into a big pine tree near a little lake. The tree stood on land that Pierre had come to claim for homesteading and its towering canopy ultimately shaded the log cabin he erected to house his family. The little lake came to be called Durand Lake.

Pierre and Andrew probably spent a lot of time together. As the punched-tin artifact depicted here suggests, both were in Spooner, WI around July 4, 1896, which must have been about the time Pierre Durand filed his homestead claim. One can imagine the scene when Pierre set about to make sure there was a physical record showing the date when he first took possession of his homestead.

At that time Pierre and Andrew were both still located in Turtle Lake, WI, some 25 miles south, where Pierre's father and several other Durand families had relocated from Minnesota. Now, 37 years old, Pierre was striking out on his own.

After watching the 4th of July celebration in Spooner for a while, the two men had mounted Pierre's horse-drawn wagon and followed a combination of crude roads and logging trails to some landmark that would have told Pierre that he had reached the edge of his acreage. There they camped for the night. I see them sharing the last of their 4th of July cheer in celebration of the event.

Excited and sleepless, Pierre began cutting his name into a piece of tin he had brought along for the express purpose of marking his claim. He soon realized, however, that chiseling out the letters might leave him with only an approximation of his name, because the middle broke off his first "E" and the "U" in Durand promised trouble. And how would

he make an "A"? Andrew, three years younger, watching Pierre work in the firelight, ambled over to the wagon, fished around, and returned with a nail. He suggested that Pierre use the nail to punch in an outline the letters.

So Pierre did, finishing the "URAND" of his name. Then, pleased with the ease and artistry of the result, he added Andrew's name as a witness to his taking possession of his homestead claim. But he worked too fast, and when he realized that he had left out the "R" in FRAPPIER, it was too late. He apologized to Andrew, and as a final touch em-



This punched-tin record is 105 years old. Measuring about 8 by 15 inches, the artifact was discovered some 25 years ago nailed to a tree near the Pierre & Louise Durand homestead. The text is shown in the shaded box below. As Andrew's last name is spelled incorrectly (it is missing an "r" and should be Frappier), this object was probably the work of Pierre Durand. In the lower right corner, barely visible in the photo, is the outline of a farm wagon like the one that Pierre Durand pulled to Spooner a few years later to sell vegetables.

JULY 4TH **1896**
MR PETER DURAND
MR ANDREW FAPPIER
SPOONER WIS

The photos are courtesy of Virginia Durand James. Virginia received this family artifact from a neighbor who lives near the old homestead.

bellished his handiwork with the outline of a wagon in the last usable corner.

“C’est bon,” Andrew pronounced when Pierre held up his finished piece, disguising his disappointment at how Pierre had botched his name. There is no evidence the Andrew Frappier himself was interested in homesteading in the area.

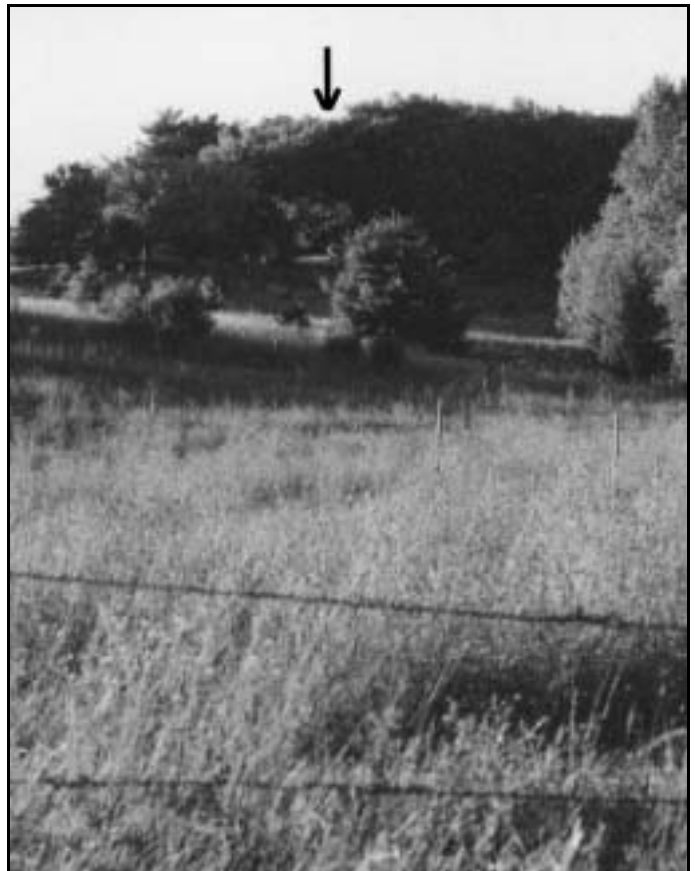
Pierre’s brother-in-law held the metal sign in place while Pierre nailed it to the towering white pine they camped near. And there the sign remained while the ravages of weather and fire and time gradually took their toll on the life of the tree.

Three-quarters of a century later a new occupant of the land fell in love with the tree. When Mary Askov walked through the woods her way would often lead to the old pine, which overlooked a little lake that had also diminished with time. An amateur artist, she one day set up her easel to capture an image of the now lifeless tree with its crudely lettered artifact.

Mary Askov thought the punched-tin sign might be significant to someone, and when a windstorm broke off the top of the tree and left only a house-high jagged stump, she removed the sign for safe-



Ravaged by time, pine tree to which Pierre Durand nailed his claim sign is depicted in this painting by Mary Askov, who lives near the old homestead. Arrow points to the image of Pierre’s sign in her painting. When she learned that her neighbor, Virginia Durand James, was “a Durand,” she gave her the sign as a family heirloom, and later presented her with the painting also.



Fence wires visible in the lower right corner of Mary Askov’s painting are in the foreground of this present-day photo, which looks towards the Pierre & Louise Durand homestead. The arrow points to the Durand house in the distance, barely visible among the trees, where Pierre carved “1896” into the trunk of another big pine.

keeping. A long-time neighbor of the Pierre and Louise Durand family, Adam Banach, ultimately salvaged the remains of the tree for firewood.

Several years later, learning that her neighbor was “a Durand,” Askov presented Virginia Durand James with the family artifact. Virginia then asked her brother Charles to speak about the item at a Durand family reunion held shortly after. Virginia and Charles are grandchildren of Pierre and Louise Durand by way of Lewis and Jennie Durand.

Charles recounted at the family reunion how he had noticed the artifact on the old pine tree while deer-hunting in the area, but had not figured out its context — why was it there? what did it mean?

Now the context seems clear. This family heirloom marked the beginning of a new era in the lives of Pierre and Louise Durand

**Do you have a “mystery” artifact? Let us know.
Many heads are better than one.**

Are you Frappiers out there?

Once Close, the Frappiers and the Durands Shared Much in Their Lives

How about getting in touch?

My father's face used to light up when he saw Joe Frappier, the oldest of the children of Andrew Frappier and Zoe Durand, Pierre Durand's sister.

Now I understand why. Besides being first cousins, he and Joe were almost exactly the same age. My father, Adelard, the second of Pierre and Louise Durand's children, was born in Minneapolis like Joe, and just a day later. Throughout their boyhoods in Minneapolis and in Turtle Lake my father and Joe Frappier must have spent many hours together in work and play, because the lives of Pierre Durand and Andrew Frappier seem to have been closely connected.

After Joe was born to Andrew and Zoe, a second son named Paul was born the next year, also in Minneapolis. But the third child was born in 1893 in Turtle Lake, WI, evidence that Andrew and Zoe had joined the assembly of Durands that moved from Minneapolis to Wisconsin in 1893. Andrew and Zoe's fourth and fifth children were also born in Turtle Lake. Their last child, however, was born some 12 years later in Maple Lake, MN. Just when Andrew and Zoe left the Turtle Lake area is unclear, but it was in Maple Lake that they lived out their years. Andrew Frappier died in 1934 and Zoe died in 1957.

Unlike my father, Joe Frappier remained single. My mother once hinted that Joe had suffered some kind of injury that precluded marriage. She also told me that on their honeymoon, she and my father journeyed to Maple Lake, MN to visit the Frappiers, who gave them cuttings from their flower garden to grace their new home. According to a newspaper account of the event, Andrew, Zoe, and Joe Frappier were present at the celebration at Pierre and Louise Durand's farm that occasioned the picture featured in the "Great Picture Contest" insert. So far only Joe and Zoe have been identified in the picture. Joe also attended my father's funeral in 1957.

According to Social Security records, Joe Frappier died in 1978 in Maple Lake, MN.

Joe's brother Paul married an Amy Briss and raised a family of six in North Dakota, where he died in 1970. Beatrice Durand Derrick identifies

In Memorium

Fern Agnes Durand (born Ridgway) Born February 12, 1913 in Red Wing, MN, Fern died June 26, 2001 in Spooner, WI at age 88.

In 1931 she married Gilbert B. Durand, youngest son of Pierre & Louise Durand, and by him had 11 children who grew to adulthood. Robert, Richard, Joyce, Jeanne, Joanne, Ronald, Thomas, James, Linda, Dee Ann, and Roger. At her death, Fern was the grandmother of 52, the great-grandmother of 79, and the great-great grandmother of 9.

Several of Fern's children are active in the Durand Heritage Foundation. The Foundation received a donation of \$1,000 in Fern's name in 2000.

Requiescat in Pace

Leonard J. Dufresne Born May 7, 1915 in St. Paul, MN, Leonard died on June 16, 2001 in Tahlequah, OK at age 86.

In 1936 he married Catherine Wall, and by her had five children. Catherine died in 1969.

In 1979 Leonard married Marcelle Grant (born Durand), daughter of Elzear & Eva Durand. Marcelle's father Elzear was the eldest son of Pierre & Louise Durand.

Leonard pursued a long career as a professional photographer and later as an insurance salesman.

Requiescat in Pace

him as a farmer in her genealogy, *Durand*.

She also identifies the other children in the family of Andrew and Zoe — Marie, Evelyn, Andrew, and Oliver — and provides the names of their spouses and children, but her birth order is different than the birth order found on the Durand Foundation website.

Are you descendants of Andrew and Zoe Frappier out there? If so, how about getting in touch with us? Let's renew old ties and catch up on our family histories.

JCD

Notice of Fall Board Meeting

The Fall meeting of the Durand Heritage Foundation Board of Directors will be held at 10 a.m. on Sunday, October 7 at the home of Mary Brusgard at 6425 Eagle Lake Drive, in Maple Grove, MN. Members of the Foundation are invited to attend.

If you want to attend, please call Mike Durand, President (952) 431-5610 or Mary Brusgard (763) 533-9879.

"Encore! Encore!"
On The Road With "Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band"
By Ellen Durand Olson

From the fall of 1959 to the spring of 1961, four Durand cousins played together in a dance band. Here is a brief expose of just a few of our merry band's adventures . . . there were many more!

We called ourselves the "Hi-Spots but were probably better known--if known at all by other than family and friends--as "Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band." We were Bill and his sister Rose, Audrey, me, and Donna Phinn (who later married Bill). Bill, who was our enterprising bandleader, had the band's name and "Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band!" painted in bright gold letters on the sides of his brand-new, 1959, black Ford Ranch Wagon. The words "All-Girl Band" got the second looks Bill intended, but as fate would have it, they also prophesied what surely proved to be the band's only lasting distinction.

Bill and Rose are the son and daughter of Arthur and Elinore Becker Durand. Audrey is the daughter of Lewis and Jennie Stafne Durand. My parents are Adelard and Anna Stafne Durand.
EDO

Bill played trombone, Rose the accordion, and Donna played the electric guitar. With nary a lesson between us, Audrey played base fiddle and I played the drums. Lanky, long-armed Audrey plucked at the strings of the base fiddle with impressive flourishes, but I doubt she knew what notes, if any, she was playing. Likewise, I never finessed anything more out of the old, sagging snare drum than a plodding "brrrr-up-up-up, brrrr-up-up-up," accentuated by an ill-timed "thump" from the base drum (when I found the foot-pedal). Occasionally, however, Audrey and I found our groove. After a rousing "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue" had inspired much string-snapping from Audrey and resolute drum-banging from me, we grinned happily at one another as though we actually knew what we were doing.

Bill, Rose, and Donna were the musicians in the band. Bill had played first-chair trombone in the Spooner High School Band, and Rose and Don-

had played their instruments for years. The trio made good music together, and played well enough and loud enough to cover the constant gaffes coming from the "rhythm section."

Despite the band's musical shortcomings and a repertoire limited to polkas, schottisches, waltzes, fox-trots, and the bunny-hop, "Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band" had great, great fun playing at Saturday night dances in the small town halls in Scott Township, Stone Lake, Hertel, Birchwood, Indian Creek, Danbury, Spencer Lake, and Springbrook.

True, the dances were mostly attended by relatives and friends whose forgiving standards only encouraged our ragged efforts, but by the time Bill lifted the trombone to his lips, tapped out a brisk "one, two, three" with his foot and blew the first notes of our closing number, "Oh, When the Saints Go Marching In," we usually felt that folks had had a pretty good time. How could they not as they stomped, hopped, jitterbugged and waltzed to "The Wabash Blues," "You Are My Sunshine," "Goodnight Irene," "My Blue Heaven," and "When I Grow Too Old To Dream: ...?"

On stage, Bill always stood to the far right. His good looks, unmistakable charisma, and flashing trombone made him a natural performer. Donna sat with her guitar next to Bill, and Rose, holding the accordion, sat beside Donna. Next stood Audrey, holding the big base fiddle, and then me, usually standing as well. We typically wore a "good shirt and pants," but for a few memorable weeks we dressed in uniforms of our own design.

Aunt Elinore worked hard to sew together the pants and long-sleeved shirts of a blue and white satin-like material we had finally selected. On the front of each shirt we painstakingly glued on hand-cut, black, fabric letters that spelled out "Hi-Spots."

We were self-consciously proud of the band's more "professional" look the first time we performed in our shiny, new uniforms. We stood a little straighter and were determined to play a little better. As the evening progressed, however, we grew increasingly warm. We began to perspire heavily in our airless, satin body suits; before long our hair was dripping and sweat rolled down our

backs and chests. The black letters so carefully glued to our shirt fronts began to loosen, curl up, and flutter to the floor. As the letters peeled away one-by-one, "Hi-Spots" transformed itself into "Hi S_ots, "i__ots," "pots" and other variations, all of which caused a good deal of laughter and "interpretative readings" shouted our way from the dancers. We didn't look so professional after all. We wore the uniforms a couple more times, rescuing the spidery letters from the floor and gluing them back onto the shirts each time, but returned to our regular wardrobe before long.

The band never made much money. Our usual Saturday night take of \$25.00 meant \$5.00 apiece. If Dick Tills or Willard Johnson, Bill's friends from Superior State College, played with the band for the night our percentage diminished accordingly. Dick and Willard's musical talents added considerably to the band's performance. And just to be in the mere presence of these "college men" added considerably to Audrey's and my enjoyment as well. Sometimes the band wasn't paid at all, maybe gas money, but such matters were of little concern. Our real reward was the sheer fun and constant hilarity that resulted from, as they say, "the unexpected nature of the business."

Perhaps not surprisingly, "Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band" was less popular the further it traveled from Burnett and Washburn Counties. With fewer relatives and friends to fill the town halls, crowds were sparse, sometimes absent entirely. At the dances at the Pelican Lake Ballroom near St. Cloud, MN and again at the Tap-A-Wingo Club just outside of Superior, WI, Bill may have promised more than his "All-Girl Band" could deliver. We flopped miserably. It wasn't Bill's fault he promoted the band beyond its abilities; with his megawatt smile and smooth-as-butter-charm, Bill could talk anyone into anything. After one of Bill's pitches, the band was usually invited to play -- at least once.

We didn't suffer any lasting humiliation from the occasional rejection; it came as no great surprise to us that our music might be found lacking. More often than not, we good-naturedly agreed that maybe it would be better if the band just stopped playing. We packed up the instruments and set out for home, always an unpredictable venture.

Driving home in the wee hours, Bill might suddenly decide that we needed to climb a fire tower.

More than once we found ourselves out in the middle of a pitch-black field, slowly inching our way up the rungs of a ladder that disappeared into the darkness above. Sometimes Bill detoured to two or three cemeteries (in which we knew no one) so we could "pay our respects to the dead." And then there was the dreaded "Creep Gear." While the car crept along at an agonizingly slow four or five miles an hour, Bill held forth at great length as to why "Creep Gear" was such an essential part of good vehicle maintenance.

It remains a mystery how the five of us plus our assorted instruments and miscellaneous equipment, squeezed into the Ranch Wagon: the base fiddle alone took up half the space. Because we were always "running behind," Bill drove fast. As the Ranch Wagon sped over the bumpy country roads and swerved around their frequent sharp turns, Audrey and I, swaying in the back, tried to put on make-up, stabbed away at our eyes with gummy, spit-soaked brushes of black Maybelline mascara. By the time the car stopped, we looked as though we'd just climbed out of a coal bin.

Nearing home, Donna was usually dropped off first. With her soft brown eyes and gentle smile, Donna had won Bill's heart and she, in turn, only had eyes for Bill. Rose must have dozed through the tender "au revours" Bill and Donna murmured to one another in the front seat of the Ranch Wagon, but Audrey and I, perched awkwardly between the jumble of equipment in the far back, waited impatiently. Although it was dark and our vision was obscured, we definitely heard some heavy breathing and the squeak-squeak of nylon jackets before the car doors finally opened (at last!) and Bill and Donna got out to walk to her door.

The band's early morning arrivals home were no excuse from our responsibilities of the next day. My mother and Aunt Jennie scarcely tolerated the idea that Audrey and I were in the band at all. And after one particular episode at the Springbrook Town Hall, we thought our days in the band were over.

That was the time that Bill misplaced the car keys. It was just getting light when Bill found the car keys in the velvet lining of his trombone case. Hours earlier, the dance ended, we had looked and looked for the missing keys. Giving up, we spent the predawn hours crammed into the Ranch Wagon, shifting fitfully between the bulky instru-

ment cases. None of us slept. In the breaking daylight Bill found the keys at last, and we rode home in weary silence.

Aunt Jennie was just starting out the front door to help with chores when Bill pulled into the driveway to let off Audrey. Wearing a worn barn jacket, scarf tied under her chin, and a pail in hand, Aunt Jennie stopped abruptly just in front of the Ranch Wagon. Her face was flushed and fierce with anger. We froze. Aunt Jennie glared at us through the windshield. We waited in silence (even Bill), motionless with dread. In the path of such fury, our lost-key story was futile. Moments passed. Aunt Jennie glared — we cowered. Then, without removing her eyes from ours, Aunt Jennie slowly raised her arm and slammed the pail down onto the front fender of the Ranch Wagon. We nearly jumped out of our skins. Then, wordlessly, she turned and walked towards the barn, swinging the pail with each step. Aunt Jennie and Mother had a good deal to say to Audrey and me about that night, and that encounter set the tone for what was to follow.

Objections to the band probably had more to do with concerns about our safety on the roads at night than anything else. But also it "didn't look right" that young women were part of such an unlikely endeavor. As it was, we weren't likely to get away with much given the presence of so many relatives at the dances. Often Uncle Lewie stepped quietly in the hall, looked on for an hour or so, and then left. Outside in the parking lots there was usually some chest-pounding among hot-headed young men, but their differences stayed outside. Inside, we were too busy playing to make much note of the ruckus anyway.

At almost every dance there were volunteers who wanted to "sit in" and play along. Some of them knew what they were doing but most didn't. They just came forward, excited at the chance to be on stage, and asked if they could "give it a try." No one seemed to mind the sudden rotations in band personnel, and the musical flubs were just part of the fun.

"Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band" were reliable employees. We always showed up more or less on time and we always did our best, even if our efforts sometimes did fall short of expectations. Bill, Rose, and Donna were especially dedicated and

(Continued on page 17)

Francis Durand, Pierre's Brother, Married Twice and Died Young; His Family Lived in Rhinelander

Handwriting on the back of the picture below identifies these boys as Oliver and Frank Durand, two of the four children fathered by Francis Durand, Pierre's younger brother. Francis lived only until age 48 (1872-1920), and died in Manitoba, Canada, but he married and settled in the area of Rhinelander,



WI. He appears to have married twice. His first wife, Alida Lucier was apparently the mother of these two boys, and two girls named Lucy and Stella. At this time we do not know when Alida died.

Beatrice Durand Derrick's genealogy, *Durand*, makes no reference to a second wife, but the Durand Heritage Foundation genealogy indicates that Francis married Alida in 1903 and a Juliene Mondor in 1913.

Both genealogies are sketchy regarding Francis's four children. *Durand* indicates that Lucy, the oldest child, married an Abe Bjorklin. Oliver (above) married a Bertha UNKNOWN. Stella, the youngest child, died in Rhinelander. And that is all we know.

My mother once told me that in about 1924, before they were married, my father and she (Adelard & Anna Durand) made an extended visit to Rhinelander to help out my father's aunt, a widow in ill health. It didn't mean much to me when she told me this story, but I now think this aunt was probably Juliene. Can anyone fill in some of the blanks? It's easy to help out. Just write to Roger Durand.

JCD

Roger Durand
Genealogy
76 Marcin Hill
Burnsville, MN 55337

Awareness of Family is Different Now

By Mike Durand, President

Recently I visited with a friend and his wife from Minnesota who are retired and have visited Ireland twice in the past few years. He was proud of his Irish decent but was unable to trace his ancestry while in Ireland. He said that he could only trace his roots back to his great-grandparents who emigrated to the states some years ago. No one in his family had ever taken the time to do the work to trace their ancestors back to the old country. Their known family heritage, hence, is unfortunately short and shallow.

When I informed him about my family heritage and how I can trace my roots all the way back to France some 350 years ago, with a database of over 14,000 names, and that I can look all this up on a computer, their mouths dropped in disbelief. I've pulled this many times now on quite a few people and have met with similar reactions.

But it wasn't always so. Some thirty years ago I traveled by train from Vienna, Austria to Paris, France on a five-day furlough. My fellow Marine and I stretched out in the passenger compartment during the darkened hours, gathering as much sleep as we could to the rhythm of the train wheels going clickety-clack across the joints of the steel tracks. As we neared Paris on that all-night ride, dawn was beginning to break across the beautiful French countryside and our sleep time came to an abrupt halt as we were forced to sit erect to make way for more passengers. The sun beamed over the horizon and lit up the dew-covered countryside with trillions of glistening white diamonds as the train made stops along the way to pick up daily commuters bound for Paris. I admired the well-kept homes and farms scattered amongst the rolling hills, the vineyards and flower gardens. I had no knowledge then about my ancestors being from France. To my mind I was "French Canadian."

So... a missed opportunity for me as we toured Paris to see the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Arch de Triumphe, and the outlying areas. We immersed ourselves in the French culture to enjoy the delicious fresh bread, fine food and wine. We wandered into quaint side streets and discovered small shops filled with craftsman making

briar pipes and a dozen other "old world" items. It wasn't until many years later that I'd make a connection to my French ancestry. For sure I must have rubbed shoulders while in France with some of my relatives. But I never knew it.

Likewise, when I later traveled in 1970 on my new Harley Davidson Sportster motorcycle from northern Wisconsin through Montreal, Canada and down the east coast to Virginia to finish my last assignment in the Marines, I again admired the countryside as I rode through the small towns of Canada. I sped south along the east coast feeling my newfound freedom on a bike so powerful that I could crank the accelerator and stand it on end from the takeoff.

I joined the hippy scene as I hooked up with fellow bikers whose long hair flowed and whipped in the wind as we roared down the highways and byways together. I was a flower child! Peace, man, peace! I was a dead giveaway though, with my Marine military-style haircut. I didn't fit, and they knew it. I was a fraud.

But once again I had traveled through a countryside full of relatives, and never knew it. I was as uninformed then as my Irish friend, without a clue about my heritage. Now I know that I have Durand relatives galore in Canada, especially in Quebec province.

I've had conversations with other Foundation members who look back and recount similar experiences. They likewise felt pretty uninformed about their heritage.

That's all changed now. That is, for those who want change. Because of the work of many individuals over the past years that took the time to volunteer their efforts and record significant parts of our family history so that we all can now better understand and appreciate our heritage. There now is little excuse for being uninformed. We owe all these people our thanks and gratitude.

Preserving our heritage is now an ongoing daily process. Each month we discover new contacts and re-establish connection with family members who are helping to bridge gaps by providing new information and expanding our efforts.

Our daily activities are full of duties and responsibilities that are being staffed by many volunteers. The Durand Heritage Foundation is a living-breathing organism, growing in maturity. It has

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 15) **Bill Durand and His "All-Girl Band"**

rarely took much of a break during the evening. Audrey and I were somewhat less dedicated. Should an attractive offer to dance come from the floor, we simply put down our instruments, jumped off the stage, and joined the action. No matter that the band was right in the middle of a song; Bill, Rose, and Donna were left to carry on alone. I don't recall that our frequent and spontaneous departures from our duties were ever directly addressed, but I can still see Bill with his eyes narrowed in our direction as he continued to play while Audrey and I danced on.

In the spring of 1961, "Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band" went their separate ways.

Just graduated from Superior State College, Bill began the grueling challenge to complete a master's degree in just six months time before reporting for military service. He succeeded, and married Donna Phinn as well. Over 40 years and seven children later, they are still together. Rose returned to Superior State to continue her studies. Audrey and I were soon to begin our first semesters of college; Audrey at Northland College in Ashland, WI, and I at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. The Ranch Wagon traveled to England with Bill and Donna where Bill was stationed, and probably ferried their growing family through the narrow streets of London. Presumably, "Bill Durand and His All-Girl Band" no longer adorned its sides.

(Continued from page 16) **President's Report**

strength, character and personality, brought about by some of the finest people I have ever met and worked with. I am extremely proud of all our accomplishments and I hope you are also.

But we have just begun. We celebrated our third anniversary this past July. There is still much to accomplish, but now it seems there are no tasks too tall.

Board Positions Open

You can apply to be a Board member. Three of the nine Director's positions will be open at the Fall meeting. If you are interested in serving, please call Mike Durand or John Durand. For more information visit the Foundation website.

There you will find an on-line application form. We are looking for "a few good men and women."

Paul Durand Served in the Military During WW I; What More Do We Know?

I found the picture below among our family photos. The subject appears to be Paul Durand, son of Delia Durand (Pierre Durand's older sister) and Joseph Ludger (Eugene) Durand. If so, then his birth-



Paul Durand - 1918

date (1888) would make him 30 years old in this picture.

According to our Foundation genealogy record, Paul was born in St. Paul, MN and died in 1957 in Lake Elmo, MN, at age 69.

We know little more about him at this time —

what his military service entailed, what he did for a living, who his descendants are. By virtue of his uniform he appears eligible to be included in the Durands in the Military project.

Do you have information about this Paul Durand?

Expiration Dates!!!!

Have you checked the expiration date on your mailing label! Managing the membership database can be a time consuming task. If your membership or support has expired you will be sent one courtesy reminder letter. After that reminder you will be dropped from the mailing list. If you are due for renewal please make your check payable to the Durand Heritage Foundation and mail to 1501 Rushmore Dr. Burnsville, MN 55306



**Kids Have Family Stories,
Too...And We Want Them**

Heather Smith of New Zealand, whose search for connections was featured in the Spring, 2001 newsletter, has established a website that posts a lot of the family history she has compiled thus far. She hopes that by being on the internet she will make more contacts. She wrote, "It would be a great idea if there was a register of other people's sites so that we can research out people and possible other information. Once again I would like to thank you and Mike for all the help you have given the girl from down-under."

The address of her website is a long one, but here goes:

<http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/m/I/Heather-Smith-FN/index.html?Welcome=009223533>

I tried it, and got into it.

Joseph Durand in Dallas, TX wrote about his re-connecting with "family": "I decided to look into the Durand family tree after I did some air conditioning work for a restaurant named Fresh Express. I met a manager there named Joseph Durand, and was a little stunned by the fact that we shared the same name. I still don't know whom he is a descendant of, or where his family started out from."

It turns out that the writer is a descendant of Leon Durand, the last child born to Pierre Durand and Marie Boucher. Joseph has since sent material from kinfolk that we will incorporate in the Winter newsletter in an article on the family of Leon Durand, who lived in Ladysmith, Wisconsin and who died in 1957.

Joseph writes that he is an electrician and commercial HVAC person and that his wife free-lances a variety of office skills. No word on the Fresh Express Durand—yet.

I received an email from Jim Opolony, a teacher at Proviso East High School in Maywood, IL who works with students on building and maintaining a website commemorating the veterans of Bataan.

John — Albert Dubois sent us the questionnaire so that we can write a biography on him [for our website]. In it he mentions he was held at Camp 17 in Japan. Some of the drawings of Jim Bashleben that you used in the article depicted life at Camp 17. He was also a POW there.

I am sending two pictures of Camp 17 to you. Maybe you can forward them to Mr. Dubois.

There is also a book "My Hitch in Hell" written by Lester Tenney. He was a member of B Company, 192nd. He was also held at Camp 17 and describes life there.

Jim Opolony, Proviso East High School

Later Mr Opolony emailed again to tell me that his project had just received 160 negatives of pictures taken of the 192nd Battalion in training and on maneuvers in Kentucky. His students will process and post these photos on their website. The 192nd was Al Dubois' battalion. To me, the way Mr Opolony and his students are reconstructing the history of the 192nd, piece by piece, is an inspiring model for the Durand Heritage Foundation.

After forming our organization, consolidating our genealogy, and getting a newsletter and website started, we will continue to flourish only if we keep pecking away like Mr Opolony's students.

Reader's Connection

Our Readers Write



Camp 17 barracks in Japan where Albert Dubois, a war prisoner, labored in a coal mine for three years. Albert recounted in "More Than My Life" that he and the other prisoners slept on floors of bamboo slats "about the size of fishing poles [that] hurt our backs." This photo is one of two sent by Mr Opolony.

It was quite a shock one day this summer...seeing a weedy, empty space where the house once stood that I grew up in. Some big machine had even filled in what would have been our basement, then sculpted the surrounding ground into an alien landscape. If it weren't for the big oak tree left to stand guard, I would have been completely disoriented. But from the oak I could figure out where the garage had stood, and therefore the house.

I still dream about that house, in dreams often peopled with those now gone...my mother and father, two brothers and two sisters. How poignant that the structures of house and family that once seemed to anchor life itself have disappeared, that what once seemed so permanent and immutable now exist only in my memory.

Across the road from our house stretched an expansive railroad switchyard where chuffing engines assembled and disassembled freight trains loaded with grain and coal and lumber and gravel and unseen wealth sealed in boxcars. The engines chuffed and whistled day and night. Today the switchyard is silent. Only two tracks remain, and one is rusty from disuse. And everything looks smaller -- the distance across the switchyard, the distance to the downtown, the distance from the road to where our house once stood.

I've heard others describe how time has shrunk their past. As children we live in a world of wonder and discovery. We remember distances and houses and rooms as large. And discover as grown-ups that they're small. We change our perspectives.

But we don't change easily. Usually we're jolted into seeing things from a new perspective. We need some large event like a birth or a

death to see the world through different eyes. Then we realize, "Wow! I'm a father!" or "Oh, God, she's gone forever!" Sometimes the event is small and personal, as when I discovered the house disappeared that I once called home.

As I walked around I looked for some artifact that would indicate that here once stood a home where my parents, Adelard and Anna, had raised nine kids. I wanted to carry something away with me. Our family deserved at least that much. But there was nothing. Not even a rusty nail. Just indifferent stones and the sentinel oak. Since that day I've

thought of putting a plaque on that oak, or of somehow marking the place. I don't want that part of our family's past or my personal history simply to disappear. I probably won't, however. Sometimes we just have to let the past go.

But who knows? Perhaps some day someone will find something from around our house that will make evident our presence there. After all, the punched-tin record that Pierre Durand and Andrew Frappier made to mark Pierre's homestead in 1896 hung nailed to a tree in a woods for several decades before it was discovered.

Perhaps, years hence, someone will be digging around and find my father's bayonet from World

War I, which I laid down one boyhood day when slashing milkweeds around our place pretending they were German soldiers, and never found again. Perhaps the discoverer will grow curious, piece the past together, and tell the world about the big, loving family once lived in a little house across the road from the railroad tracks.

At least I want to think so.

For What It's Worth

By John Durand



After marrying in 1925, Adelard and Anna Durand lived in a shack on rented property the sons of Pierre and Louise Durand occupied when they ran a portable sawmill near the railroad tracks on the edge of Spooner, WI. Their first two children were born in that shack. In the early 30's Adelard and Anna bought the property with financial backing from Elzear, Adelard's brother, and built the house shown in this picture, taken in 1933 before I was born, when the house was still covered with tarpaper, L to R: Adelard holding Elaine, Anna, Anna's visitor relatives, and Jimmy, Gene, and Evelyn.

The back page...

Next issue: Leon Durand, youngest son of Pierre and Marie Boucher, lived near Ladysmith, WI; one of his boys started out for Alaska with his family, and ended up in Texas. We also learn the story behind the newspaper photo of three orphaned children, and reconnect with another branch, the DuRands. Also, a focus on the family of Arthur and Elinore Durand.

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<p>Marilyn Durand, Chair 1501 Rushmore Drive Burnsville, MN 55306 Phone: 952-431-5610 Email: mikdurand@msn.com</p> <p>Derek Brusegard 6425 Eagle Lake Drive Maple Grove, MN 55369 Phone: 763-533-9879 Email: www.thedj@mediaone.net</p>	<p>Roger Durand, Chair 76 Marcin Hill Burnsville, MN 55337 Phone: 952-898-2896 Email: rogdurand@msn.com</p> <p>Richard Durand 320 Elm Street Spooner, WI 54801 Phone: 715-635-3888 Email:</p>	<p>John C Durand, Chair 828 Hazel Ridge Road #1004 Elkhorn, WI, 53121 Phone: 262-723-7750 Email: jcdurand@elknet.net</p> <p>Ellen Durand Olson 1020 Edgewood Avenue Mill Valley, CA 94941 Phone: 415-388-3911 Email: ellenolson@aol.com</p>		
<p>To update the Durand family tree, contact: Blanche Hammer 1547 Quail Ridge Road, Woodbury, MN 55125 Phone: 651-702-9584 Email: BHa9462206@aol.com</p>		<p>To find out about the Young Writers Project: Virginia Durand James 2087 CTH A Spooner, WI 54801 Phone: 715-635-3068</p>		
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<p>To contact the Durands in the Military Project: Major James F. Durand, USMC 1322 Napoli Street Oceanside, CA 92056-1962 Email: JFDURAND@aol.com</p>		<p>The Durand Heritage Foundation is a private, not-for-profit, educational and research corporation chartered in the State of Minnesota and operating under §501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code. Contributions are tax-deductible to the extent allowable. The Foundation affords no pecuniary benefit to its officers and members.</p>		