



Durand Heritage Foundation

Dedicated to the preservation of our family history

Bulletin # 3

July 1, 2026



UPDATES

John Durand Scholarship Program

Six scholars are receiving \$650 awards for the 2026-2027 academic year! Awardees include: Logan Durand, Rory Baunsgard, Charles Fick, Molly Dudley, Isabella Ripley, and Zeke Durand. Application statements start on page 2.

DHF Family Tree updates are suspended until after January 2027.

DHF Annual meeting is scheduled for 11 A.M. 3 Oct 2026 at 9905 165th St W Unit 201, Lakeville, MN 55044. All DHF subscribers are welcome. RSVP to red.cee.dee@gmail.com if are not a board member and you plan to attend.

JEAN DURAND ET SA POSTERITE (1636-2026) is available now!!

The 1954 book by Joseph and Viateur Durand has been reprinted and is available for purchase. The manuscript is in French as is the original book. The book's descendant tree does not require translation and includes all known Durand surname descendants (plus three generations) beyond those found in the original 1954 book. The descendant families include both Canadian and United States families.

Contact Louis-Gilles Durand at louis-gilles.durand@ircm.qc.ca for order details. Book and postage from Quebec should be around \$108 Canadian dollars = \$79 USD at the exchange rate on May 20. The book and cover are gorgeous. The illustrations are much sharper than those in books published after the 1954 original.

FEATURES

Msgr. Arthur H. Durand Survey Project

(Refer to DHF Bulletin #'s 1 and 2 for the background history of this project.) Anna Webber, Ellen Durand Olson, and Roger Durand were busy transcribing the survey papers during the winter and met with the Rice County Historical Society (RCHS) staff in early April. The acceptance of the Msgr. Durand papers from Mr. Ron Eustice to the RCHS is assured. However, the RCHS project which was to feature the papers has been postponed to their 2027 schedule.

Once Mr. Eustice returns from his winter quarters, a decision will be made as to the timing of the official "donation" act--one that should be of interest to many Rice County families. In the meantime, the DHF will continue to assist the RCHS by scanning and transcribing the surveys with later plans to catalog the material so that it can be electronically viewed and analyzed. Many of the survey papers involve our direct ancestors and related cousins and deal with their life soon after arrival from Quebec and before they moved on to other domiciles.

Donald Henry Durand, his life and times by daughter Mary Durand Weir July 1997

Fall 1999 DHF Newsletter reprint



Zeke (Ezekiel) Durand

Parents: Darin Durand and Becky Samitore-Durand

Statement:

Hello, my name is Zeke (Ezekiel) Durand. and I am the daughter of Darin Durand & Becky Samitore-Durand. I'm applying for the Durand Heritage Scholarship (Johnny Ride) because I am currently enrolled as a sophomore at Western Washington University in Bellingham. Both of my parents are teachers and this scholarship would greatly help me achieve my dreams of earning my engineering degree in Polymer Materials Engineering. I love taking challenging STEM classes and I'm looking forward to applying my newly acquired skills to solving real world challenges.

Thank you in advance for your consideration.



Rory Baunsgard

Parents: Andrew and Rebecca Baunsgard

Statement:

My name is Rory Baunsgard. My paternal great-grandfather was Maurice Durand. I am a high school senior at Bothell High School in Bothell, Washington. I was accepted to many colleges and am currently deciding between Washington State University and the University of Oregon. In my time in high school, I participated in many extracurricular activities inside and outside of school, including four years of golf, three of track and field, drumming and singing, National Honor Society, and Advanced Placement and College in the High School courses.

I aspire to pursue a career in journalism. I have a passion for sports statistics, a keen interest in music, and a talent for writing. Therefore, I plan to major in journalism and minor in both music and sports communication. One career concentration I am considering is social media management, ideally for musicians or sports teams. Other possible concentration paths include working as a sports broadcaster, discussing various sports on a television network, or engaging in interviewing or podcasting. I am also interested in writing for print and online music or sports publications. I am additionally interested in both podcasting and interviews, discussing sports or music with people in the industry or fellow journalists.



Molly Marie Dudley

Parents: Amy Christine (Durand) Dudley and Thomas Edward Dudley

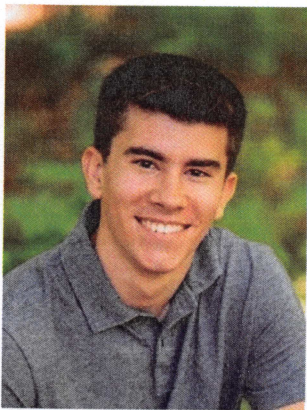
Statement:

My name is Molly Marie Dudley. My parents are Amy Christine (Durand) Dudley and Thomas Edward Dudley.

I am currently a junior at the College of Saint Benedict in Saint Joseph, Minnesota. where I am majoring in elementary education with a minor in psychology. My academic experiences have allowed me to better understand how children learn and develop. I am incredibly grateful for the opportunity to attend college and pursue my passion for teaching. I recognize the privilege of being able to positively impact students' lives through education and help shape their growth.

Throughout my own schooling, I have been fortunate to learn from many inspiring and influential teachers who encouraged me to enter this profession. These educators not only supported my academic success but also helped me grow as a person by building my confidence and encouraging me to challenge myself. I have seen the love, kindness, and selflessness that teaching requires. Many of these teachers have made meaningful sacrifices to support their students, often going above and beyond to ensure that every child feels valued. Their dedication showed me the true impact a teacher can have both inside and outside of the classroom.

As I look toward my future in teaching, I hope to create a classroom environment that is welcoming, inclusive, and supportive for all students. I want to build strong relationships with my students and encourage them to believe in their abilities while fostering a love for learning. My goal is to make a lasting and positive impact on my students. I am excited to continue my college journey and grow in my role as an educator. With hard work, determination, and a passion for helping others, I am confident that I will achieve my goals and make a meaningful difference in the lives of my future students.



Logan Michael Durand

Parents: Mark Anthony Durand and Elizabeth Durand

Statement:

Hello, my name is Logan Durand. I'm a freshman at the University of Minnesota studying Mechanical Engineering. While my studies take up the majority of my free time, I stay as involved as I can on campus through the Campus Crusaders Ministry (Cru). I also have a variety of different hobbies that give me a break from schoolwork. When it's nice outside I go disc golfing with my friends for hours on end. Otherwise, I'll be out mountain biking or longboarding on trails near home. On rainy days I enjoy playing board games and card games with friends and family. During my studies I've found a love for the applied aspects of engineering. Designing robots, prototyping ideas, and testing different concepts to see what works. The opportunities I've been given at the University of Minnesota to explore and push the bounds of my creativity have been amazing. During my time at college I hope to gain hands-on experience as well as knowledge to work in the robotics field. Specializing in robotics at a company like Medtronic or Boston Scientific is my dream. Looking forward, I plan to earn my Masters degree in Mechanical Engineering here after receiving my Bachelor's degree.



Isabella Ripley

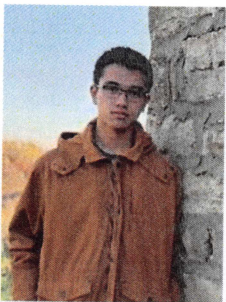
Parents: John and Jennifer Ripley

Statement:

My name is Isabella Ripley and I was born and raised in Spooner, Wisconsin. I love being outside, reading, painting watercolor greeting cards, learning new things, and doing anything crafty! I just completed my first semester of college this fall at Chippewa Valley Technical College in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. I am in the Legal Studies/Paralegal program and have successfully finished Civil Litigation I, Introduction to Paralegal and Legal Ethics, American Government, and Legal Research courses. This past semester I got involved in numerous on campus activities including a pickleball league and a leadership academy. This Student Leadership Academy consisted of seven sessions each featuring a different aspect of leadership and how to achieve it in a future career. At the end of the sessions, I received a certificate that will help me with future employment opportunities.

In this spring semester I will be taking 15 credits that include Family Law, Civil Litigation U, Legal Writing, Legal Computer Applications, and Debtor and Creditor Relations. I am very interested in the Constitution, so when I'm not studying for my classes or painting watercolor cards to sell, I will most likely be reading books about the Constitution. As I am going into a law profession, I believe it is very important to understand the roots of our rules and statutes and how they apply to the average citizen. Additionally, I hope to join another leadership group to continue to advance my employability skillset.

I am very eager to start this next semester of my education journey while preparing for my internship in the spring of 2027!



Charles Fick

Parents: David Fick and Ula Fick

Statement:

For my entire school career, I've taken a strong academic focus, but I've also been very interested in my extracurricular activities, video games, and, more recently, space and astronomy. I would like to work in the computer engineering realm, and I'm interested in working with specialized computers and circuits, like alarm systems, aerospace technology, and more.

In my high school years, I valued my academic performance in the form of grades, leading me to work very hard for them. I want to carry that trend into my college career. I recognize that it will probably be unlikely that I maintain the same grade point average as my high school career, but I want to give it my best shot nonetheless.

At the University of Minnesota, I plan to obtain a Bachelor's degree in Computer Engineering. Because of my academic background, I have the potential to finish the degree program in two years instead of four, in which case I would spend two more years working on a graduate degree in either computer or electrical engineering, depending on what school I am accepted into, if any. I have also been invited to join the University of Minnesota Honors Program, which I intend to join.

Donald Henry Durand

The life and times of Donald Henry Durand:

as narrated by Donald Durand and transcribed by Mary Durand Weir.
1995



"Today I had a wonderful supper with my daughter, Mary, and her husband Jerry Weir. As Mary showed me the life and times of my younger brother Max and Leo I said I'll try to remember the most important parts of my life.

I was born one mile north from where I was raised in Hulgo township, Hubbard County, Minnesota, on January 12, 1913. I lived as part of the family doing chores and other work that had to be done on the farm.

I went to school 2 miles east of home. I had to walk the first year that I went to school, then they consolidated the schools in the area and after that we had bus service by horse-drawn buses. When I was in the fourth grade my Dad made me stay home to herd cattle five days a week since the pastures were poor at that time of year. The school board found out and realized that I wasn't going to school and they got after Dad so I had to go to school part-time.

As I grew older, the farm work developed my body and I became my size. The big change in work came was 1928. My brothers Willard and Walter worked on the road so that meant most of heavy stuff that

they used to do was left for me. Then in 1929 Willard went to Duluth and Walter went to school in Minneapolis. Pa built a new barn and the farm work soon was left to me.

In the fall of 1929, after doing all the farm work I could do by myself, I asked Pa to buy a pair of bibless overalls to go to school. He said its "bad enough feeding you without buying your clothes." Then I missed the first 10 weeks of school as a sophomore because of the farm work. I had a hard time catching up and in the spring Pa told me to stay home. I told my brother Max to bring my things home from school and I quit.

I didn't get along to well with my Pa, he slapped me in the head. I had my mind made up to leave during the winter (it wasn't a hard decision to make). I was



Figure 52. Donald and Leona Carroll Durand on wedding day in Henderson, MN on 2-7-1934.



Figure 51. Walter and Donald Durand.

already planning to leave home when Walter told me by letter that I could get work down there from farmers. Mabel and Charlie came for a visit in the spring and I went back with them on April 8, 1930.

I went with Mabel as far as Minneapolis and then I took the train to Arlington, MN after school. I went to Arlington that night because that is where Walter had a job with the railroad. I got a job with a farmer through Walter knowing the mailman. I stayed with Walter until fall, then I got a job to last over winter. We made out plans every six months to estimate what wages I would be getting. I stayed there 2-1/2 years.

In the meantime, I had a date with Leona and Mary (Leona's sister). Mary was my steady partner but she went back to her previous boyfriend. Then Leona and I started going

together. In the winter of 1931, I guess her mind was pretty much made up about me.

After two years the farmer thought I was staying out to late and I wasn't doing my work. He told me to give up Leona or give up the job. I told him to look for a different man. His wife asked me if I thought more of the girl (Leona) than I did of the job? I told her if I married the girl I'd live with her the rest of my life, but I didn't have to live with this job. We were married on February 7, 1934, one day before Ash Wednesday.

I then became sick with rheumatic fever that same spring. In the month of July of 1934 we got a job with a farmer slave driver, he paid \$25 a month for the two of us. We both worked in the canning factory in LeSueur in the corn pack. In September of 1934 Leona became pregnant. I finished off working in the canning factory in the meat pack. After that shut down we moved to Arlington. I got on WPA (Work Project Administration) and in June of 1935, Leona had to go to the University hospital and our son, Donald Jr. was born by cesarean. When she got out of the hospital she stayed with Grandma and Grandpa. We still had our place in Arlington rented and I worked for farmers picking corn. I went to the hospital one week before Sonny (Don Jr.) was born and I stayed one week after he went home. They thought I had typhoid fever but they weren't sure. We then moved back to Arlington.

I worked on WPA and once in a while I got a day job with the city. In the spring we got a job on a farm for a fellow down by the Minnesota River. He wanted me to leave my family down there and cut the hay on a second farm 20 miles away. I said I wouldn't and he fired me. Then we moved to Henderson and got back on WPA for the winter. The next spring my brother Willard said he had a job for me in Duluth. Leona stayed at Grandma and Grandpa's and I went to look for a job in Duluth. I pounded the pavement for four days and then I got a job with Kelso Brother Roofing. They laid one truck driver off for drinking and the rest went on strike until they put him back to work. While I was pounding the pavement I put in applications along the way. One called me to go to work at the Clyde Iron Works and I started there on June 24, 1937. I was laid off of work in October and was called back the on the 27th of October that year. I stayed there all thru the war and worked a total of 13 years and 4 months for them. I missed the best part of my life while I was working because Leona became pregnant and I was working steady. She had some bad days then.

In March we had a real bad snow storm while Leona was in the hospital. On March 6th I came home for



Figure 53. Leona Durand and son Donald (Sonny).

lunch at noon and Leona was getting pains. Her mother Mag was there helping. At 3:30 in the afternoon our little blue eyed daughter, Mary, was also born cesarean. They came home on St. Patty's Day. There was only a car's width on the main street to get home. The next Sunday Leona's brother and wife came to see us. He had to stay for three days so he could get back out of town to go home. We had over 2 feet of snow and the drifts were so high you could only see about two feet of the light posts.

Back on the work front they changed my supervisor at Clyde Iron Works. He didn't like me and I didn't like him, so I went to work in the cold docks the next morning. I had told Leona first that I was going to quit Clyde Iron works before I told them I was going to quit. That was September of 1950. She told me if I wasn't happy at work I wasn't happy at home. At the Coal company there was a lot of hard work but that wasn't bad. I then told Leona if she would sell the house, it was a 3 family house she said you just say that, I said try me. We closed the deal the 10th of December, 1951.

On December 11 we were in St. Paul, Minnesota. Don Jr. had a job there and he stayed in the house in Duluth. At the end of the month I had a truck get the furniture and then Don and I drove his car back. I had bought the house in the meantime but before I went back to get the furniture I got a temporary job at the Coal Dock Company in St. Paul. Then I put in an application through a private employment agency. They sent me at that time to Sears and I brought a letter of recommendation from my boss at the Coal Company which said that I could go back any time I wanted to. I took the job at Sears and shortly thereafter Sears sold out to Whirlpool in the next year. Ten months after I started working at Whirlpool I got the millwright rate and I stayed there until I retired on April 30, 1975.

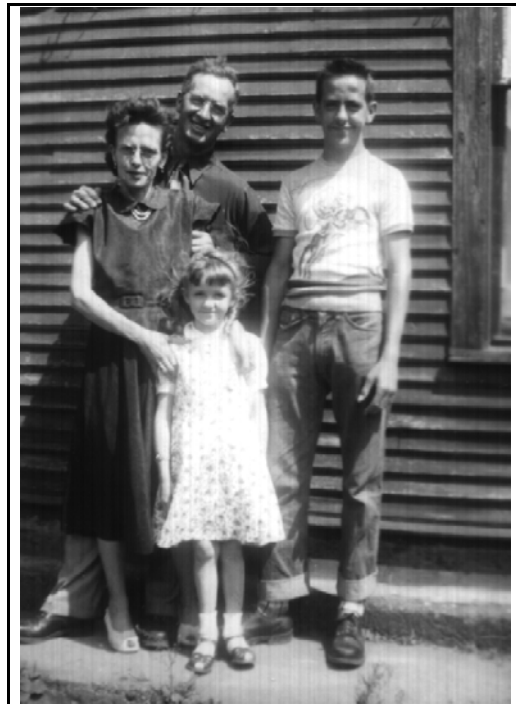


Figure 54. Donald, Leona, Mary, and Donald Jr. (Sonny).

I have life insurance, a pension, and hospitalization along with Medicare as far as support is concerned. I had it so Leona got the same benefits except for the pension. Since my retirement I've had a number of medical problems: prostate operation, kidney stone crushed 3 times, eye operation, cataracts removed and implants done, double hernia operation, and open heart surgery.

I had to put Leona in a home in 1993 when my heart went bad. She was doing fine until December 7, 1993, when I brought her home to make out Christmas cards. By 4:30 that day she was so ill that I had to bring her to the hospital. She had a bowel obstruction. She had to have an operation on the 12th of December. After they took out the staples it broke open again and everything quit working. God took her home on December 27th, 1993, 42 days before our 60th anniversary.

In February of 1994 I flew down to my son's house in Virginia and stayed for two weeks. Then in April of 1994 I had valve replacement surgery. After getting out of the hospital Mary and granddaughters (Tammy and Maria) helped move me into a one bedroom apartment on the first floor. In September I went back to Sonny's (son's) for three weeks. This brings me up to the present time in which I'm doing fine and enjoying life, visiting the great grand-kids, taking walks and doing life leisurely.

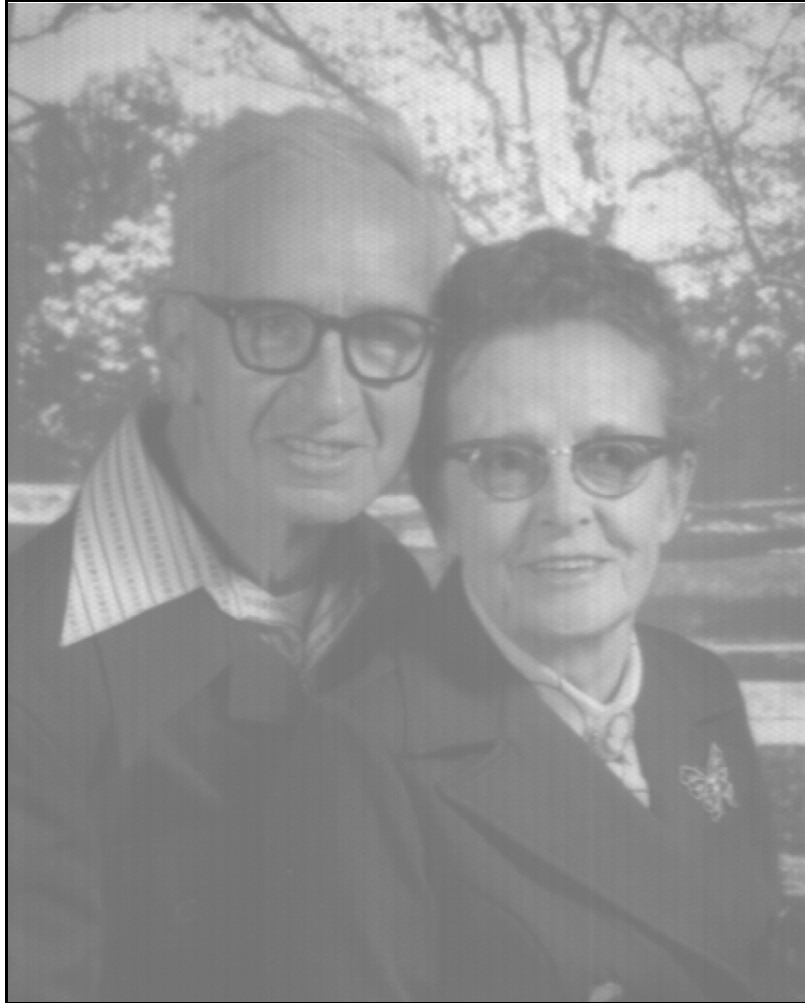


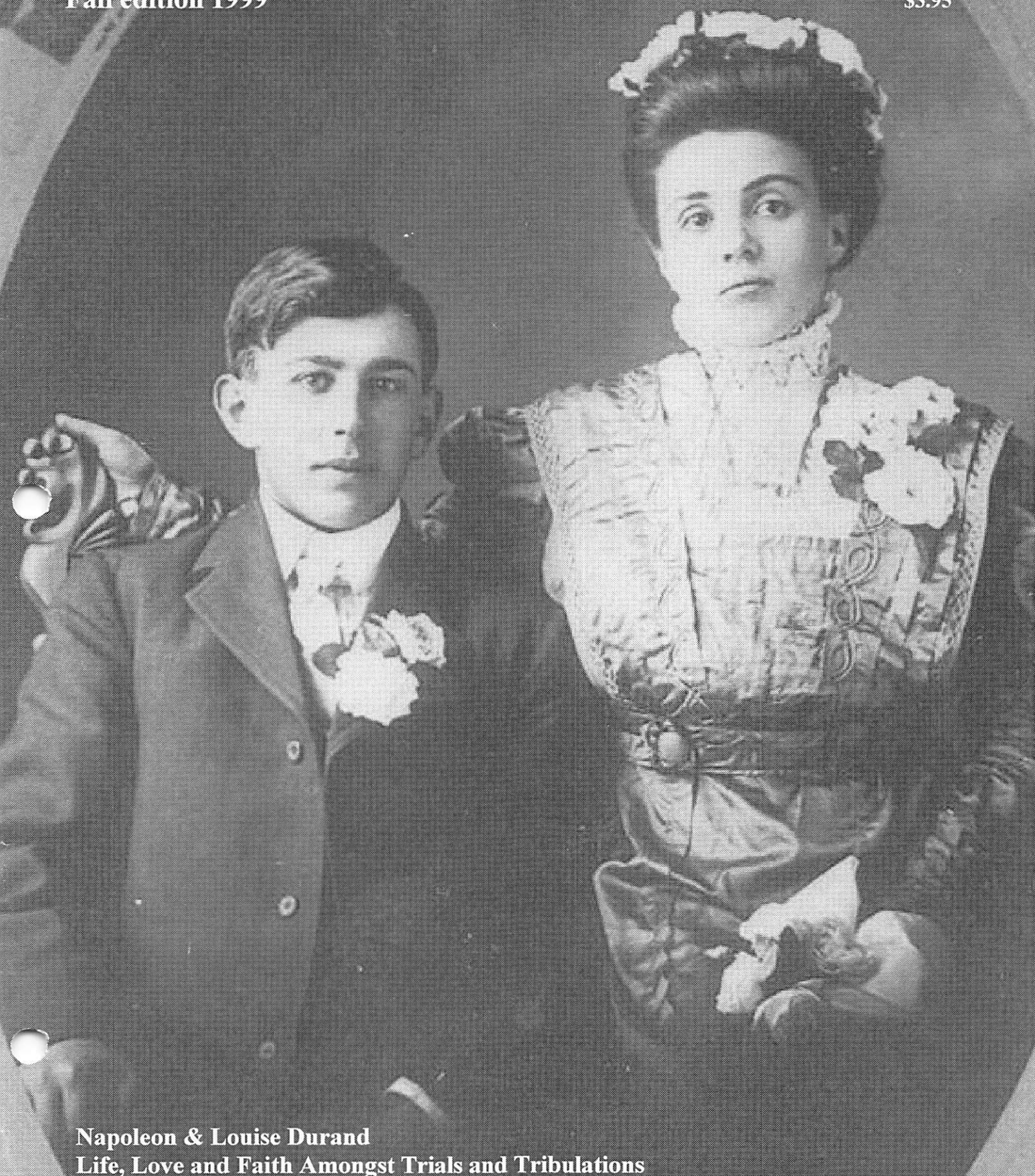
Figure 55. Donald and Leona Durand

Durand Heritage Foundation Newsletter

Dedicated to the Preservation of our French Canadian Heritage

Fall edition 1999

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Napoleon & Louise Durand
Life, Love and Faith Amongst Trials and Tribulations

Feature Articles

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Web site

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Durand Heritage Foundation

Officers

Mike Durand, President
1501 Rushmore Dr.
Burnsville, MN 55306
Tel. 612-431-5610 e-mail, MDurandMN@aol.com

John Durand, Vice President
828 Hazel Ridge Rd.
Elkhorn, WI 53121
Tel. 414-723-7750 e-mail jcdurand@elknet.net

Elizabeth Kinslow, Secretary
7927 Walnut Hill Lane
Dallas, TX 75230
Tel. 214-369-4246

Susanne Krasovich, Treasurer
1457 So. 77th St.
West Allis, WI 53214
Tel. 414-258-7448

Cecile Foley, Co-Treasurer
4707 S 81st St.
Greenfield, WI 53202
Tel. 414-327-1738

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Napoleon & Louise Durand

Life, Love & Faith Amongst Trials and Tribulations

By Mike Durand

Napoleon and Louise Tetrault Durand are the parents, grandparents and great grandparents to many descendants. Their lives were filled with much happiness, but also sadness and tragedy. How they adapted to their life experiences and continued to grow in faith and happiness is the focus of this story.

Napoleon, was the son of Pierre and Marie Louise Durand. He was born in Minneapolis, MN on March 16th 1890, one of seventeen children born to this marriage, (fourteen children survived). Pierre and Marie Durand moved their family, first to Turtle Lake, WI and later homesteaded in Northwest WI around 1896. Napoleon was six years old when they homesteaded in northwest Wisconsin. He attended school at the local Durand school only through the fourth grade as it was necessary for him to drop out of school to assist his parents on their pioneer homestead farm.

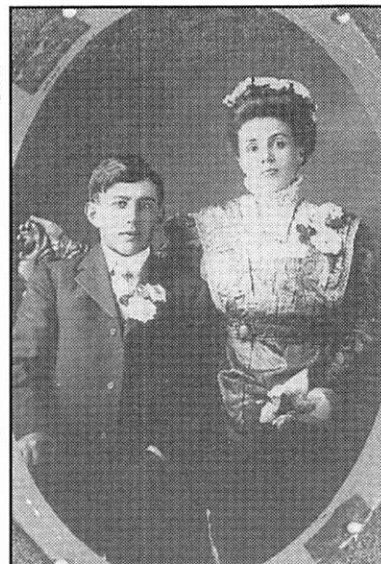
Louise Lilly Tetrault Durand was born in Centerville, MN on March 1st 1890 to Peter and Sophie Tetrault. One of nine children, (eight survived), Louise was the oldest and her role would later be determined by tragedy within her own family. Her parents also homesteaded in NW Wisconsin in 1905. The name Tetrault was changed from the original name used by her parents (Tatro). Court records show the name (Tatro) was entered in official court documents in land purchases and recording. It is not known why there is two different derivations, however, Tetrault is the name used on Napoleon and Louise's marriage certificate. Napoleon and Louise's early courtship was with a horse and buggy. Louise attended school through the eighth grade. Napoleon and Louise were nineteen when they were married at the St. Frances De Sales church in Spooner, WI on April 19, 1909.

Napoleon and Louise lived for about a year in Spooner, after their marriage. Pierre Durand, Napoleon's father, encouraged them to move back out in the country next to the homestead so that they could help raise vegetables and haul them in wagons with horses to sell in Spooner. Their first daughter, Clemency, was born in 1910 and was an infant when their house caught on fire. There are different stories about her wedding dress and pictures. Some thought they lost them in the fire and had to borrow a dress to have the pictures re-taken. Others say this was her original wedding dress and picture, (picture above). Their next two children Joseph born in 1911 and Isabelle 1912 died in infancy. Joseph and Isabelle, were the first two burials at the Crescent Lake Catholic Church cemetery. There were a total of twelve children born to Napoleon and Louise.

Peter Tatro, (Tetrault), Louise's father, died in July of 1907 at the age of thirty nine and left behind his wife, Sophie, expecting with their ninth child. Napoleon's daughter Gertrude, recalls stories that her mother told her about her father, Peter Tetrault. Louise used to tell Gertrude about her father having a terrible drinking problem and she thinks he may have died from liver failure as a result of it. Gertrude says she was told by her mother that Peter (her dad), would sometimes come home after being out drinking and tell about how he would try to bring the horses into the house. Louise always warned her daughters that "you shouldn't marry a man who drinks".

Shortly after the birth and infant death of her ninth child, Adelard, Sophie Tetrault, would also become sick. Dr. Lemmer from Spooner, was Sophie's doctor but provided the necessary medical services pro bono, as she did not have any money to pay him. After seeing Sophie when she was so sick, Dr. Lemmer told her and the family that she, Sophie, probably had about two weeks to live. Sophie died within those two weeks from "blood poisoning", also at the age of thirty nine, in 1908, leaving behind a family of eight living children of which Louise age eighteen was the oldest. Napoleon Durand and Louise promised Sophie on her death bed that they would take the responsibility to see that the children were cared for, and that they would keep the children together.

After their marriage in 1909, Napoleon and Louise cared for and raised the four youngest children, Louise's siblings, in addition to starting their own family. The remaining three children went to live with other relatives



Napoleon & Louise wedding picture taken in 1909

(Continued from page 3)

even though Napoleon and Louise wanted to keep them all together.

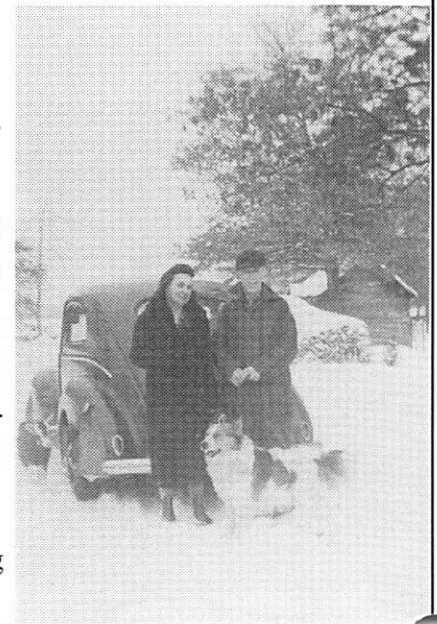
Throughout the years of their marriage, they would establish themselves in the community in which they lived their whole lives. In spite of all the adversity and challenges, they seemed to grow deeper in their faith and accepted the challenges with confidence and a light-heartedness that they have quietly passed on to their descendants. They never professed to be rich by any means, at least not moneywise. They did profess to be rich in other qualities of life that money couldn't buy. Irene and Gertrude, their daughters, tell about how their father, Napoleon, would say, "I am not a rich man money wise, but my wealth is all the children we are blessed with". They were devout Catholics, not in the sense of just going to church to attend mass on Sunday, or other holy days of obligation; but, also, it was a daily ritual of morning and evening prayers. Louise was full of grace! This is one of the greatest treasure's, according to Gertrude and Irene, that "our family appreciates most now, our Catholic faith". Napoleon also played the fiddle and Louise would sing along with various French songs to their children in the evening. In the evening, Louise would also lead the family rosary, in French.

Life was difficult back then as this young family lived close to the soil and subsisted off the land. Napoleon operated a farm together with Louise and their children. Gertrude recalls, that as a young teenager she was expected to work like a man, especially, since they had been blessed with so many girls. One spring, Gertrude said she plowed seven acres with a team of horses and a walk behind plow, disked the field and harrowed it. She then marked that rows and planted the corn with a hand planter. She was proud of her work and was sure that her father would be too. When the corn came up Napoleon remarked to her that "I should make you go pick up every kernel of corn and replant it", as the rows weren't as straight as he thought they should be. Gertrude was devastated, and says her father's remarks from that incident still effect her today. Gertrude attended school only through the eight grade, as she was needed at home to help out on the farm. She said when she did go to school, at the Durand school, Grandpa Durand, (Pierre) used to have a school route and would come and pick them up with the horses hooked to a "little caboose" which had a wool blanket and kerosene lantern inside to keep them warm when it was bitterly cold during the unforgiving northern Wisconsin winters.

Later, Napoleon would establish himself in the community practicing a number of various trades. He was known as a mason and would love to drive friends and family members around the countryside, (sometimes on the wrong side of the road), boasting about having built this chimney or that stone project, or to show off his cement block work. Napoleon would be quick to cite the fact that when he built his chimney's, ("chiminees" he called them), "it was done right". Most other masons, he would say "built chiminees's that didn't draw properly and would smoke up the house". "Shucks", he would say, "they don't know what their doin'".

In addition to being a mason, Napoleon also owned and operated a sawmill, which he would occasionally transport around the country to do custom sawing. Napoleon also had a threshing machine and would later purchase two new Minneapolis Moline tractors, a Model U and a Model R in the early 1960's. When he bought those tractors, "I fixed em", meaning, he now had the biggest tractors in the country, a true status symbol. He would be quick to hit the throttle to wide open on the big U just to hear it snort and belch smoke and fumes. Also, on the Moline Tractors, there was a platform that you could stand up on when you drove them, which really made him look important. When he drove them, he had a hard time concealing his smile hidden underneath his look of determination. His eyes would smile though, as they always did. Napoleon was raised as a child and worked besides his father Pierre Durand and his brothers with just horses and walk behind plows, later steam engines, but now this. He was proud as a peacock. He would stick his chest out as he drove around his big tractors.

As a young boy growing up near Uncle Nap and Aunt Louise, many of us cousins had the privilege of being nurtured by and exposed to their many great qualities. I remember my uncle Nap coming to our small farm down the coun-



Napoleon and Louise at their farm standing next to Charlie Pratt's car

(Continued on page 5)

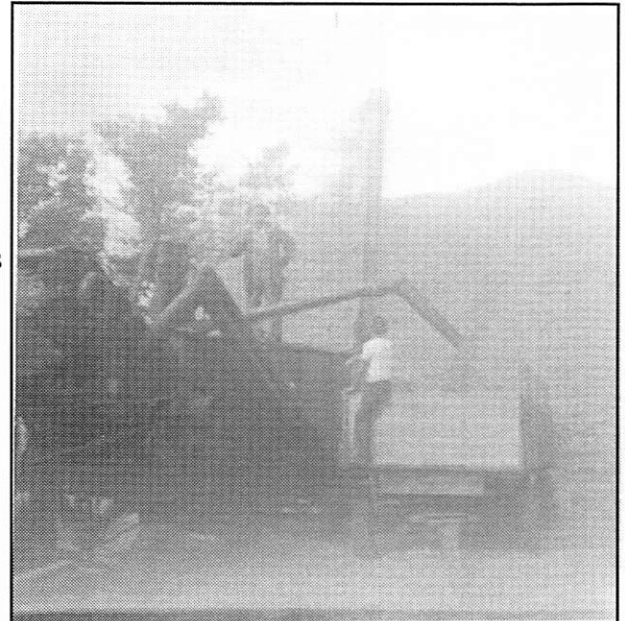
(Continued from page 4)

try road with the huge threshing machine hooked behind his big Minneapolis Moline. "Trashing machine", they would call it! This was one of the most exciting times of the year! I would carefully observe the whole procedure of the men setting up the "trashing machine". The uncles and neighbors would sometimes argue whether or not they needed to run a straight belt or a twisted belt, to make the "trashing machine" run the right way, (depended which side of the main pulley they were setting the tractor). Also, it wasn't just anybody who could line up the belt. If you weren't successful after a couple of tries, you best get off the tractor and let someone do it that, "knew what the hell they were doin"!

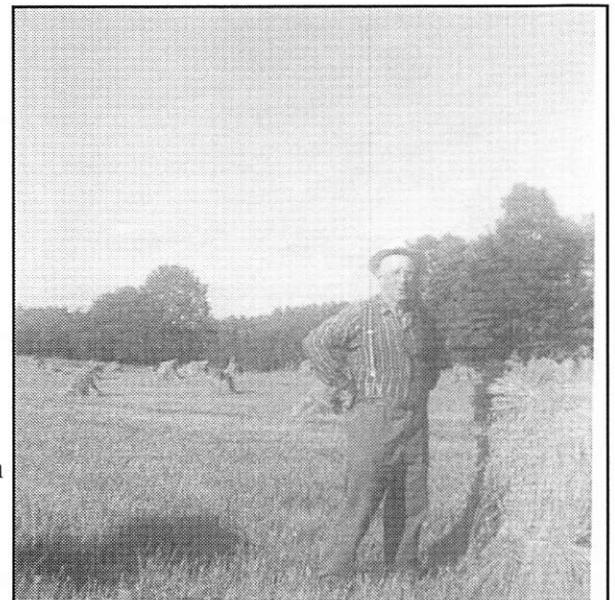
Once they got the "trashing machine" running, Uncle Napoleon would ensure that it was time to take his bright red hanker chief out of his back pocket and tie it around his neck to keep the chaff and dust from falling down his shirt that might get by his wide brimmed hat. Then, he would carefully show me how to oil this chain and or that chain, grease the pulleys and make sure that the belts were tight and "ready to roll." The loaded wagons were now coming in from the fields with oat bundles stacked to the white clouds floating by in the big blue sky. Once the men would begin to pitch bundles into the machine, Uncle Napoleon would stand on a small platform attached to the side of the "trashing" machine bouncing up and down, adjusting the blower pipe for the straw stack as it spewed fresh straw towards the sky. He would make sure that the men unloading the wagons didn't feed the bundles too fast and plug up the machine. He would also strut around the "trashing machine" and occasionally lean against a pitchfork handle and observe that everything was working properly and that everyone was "doing their job". I thought, that's got to be one of the most important jobs in the world! I sure hoped that I would be able to be like him some day! The separated oats would begin to fill up the measuring apparatus located on the top of the machine, and it would dump automatically once it had the right amount in it. This was how you knew how many bushels you got to the acre. It was also time to start putting the burlap bags on the bagger where the oats would run out.

Every job back then as now needed a boss. If you owned the "trashing" machine and you were running the job, you were the boss. Uncle Napoleon was the boss! If you were giving orders on the job or trying to undermine his authority, he would be quick to tell you, **"your not the boss on this job, I am!"**

Mealtimes were really the best part of the "trashing" crews day though. "Trashing", at Uncle Napoleon's and Aunt Louise's place meant eating good meals. Louise was an excellent cook. We stuffed ourselves with fried chicken, or roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy, sweet corn with mounds of butter, fresh baked rolls or bread, sauce, pickles, fresh sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and radishes from the garden. To top it all off pie or perhaps how about some fresh strawberry shortcake with



Uncle Napoleon standing on the "trashing machine"



Napoleon, standing in the oats field with his "trop" of oats. (crop of oats)!

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Napoleon and Louise Durand and their children, taken in 1957. Front row left to right, Elsie, Bernadine, Irene and Wilfred. Back row standing, Rachel, Dorothy, Edward, Lucille, Clemency and Gertrude.

whipped cream. The meal was all prepared on her small wood fired cook stove in her quaint little kitchen. She would sometimes enlist the help of her daughters who lived close by. Louise was a master cook, but always serving her meals quietly without a lot of fuss or discussion. Occasionally, she would fill quiet space with her laughter, preparing this huge meal with a seemingly effortless for ten to twelve men who ate like horses. Louise was not a very verbal person. She was quiet and reserved, and very self disciplined. Not only was the food good, but the atmosphere was special. The mealtime for the "trashing" crew was also the time when jokes would fly. It was also the time when stories would be told. Uncle Peter was probably one of the best story tellers. You never knew if he was telling a story or a joke as he delivered each one with an equal straight face until the crew would break out in a roar of laughter. Their little house, where they raised their family was always peaceful and comforting. They were comforting people to be around. And by the way, "would you like another piece of pie"?

At Louise's and Nap's farm yard you would be sure to run into her Rhode Island Red chickens, and or White Rocks hens. She loved to care for and was proud of her chickens. The chickens were everywhere, in the hay-mow, in the yard and amongst the cows during milking time. Once the "trashing machine" would begin to blow out straw at their place, the chickens would be scratching around the yard where we worked, collecting their

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share of the harvest. The eggs were fresh and good, as were the homemade pancakes which they helped to produce. Napoleon, liked his "pan-e-cakes", (pancakes) and oatmeal every morning!

Laughter was an important part of their lives. I think, because they had experienced so much tragedy they soon learned how to empty out from their minds the things they couldn't control. Happiness and laughter was one thing they could control, and they excelled at it. Listen to their sons, daughters and grandchildren today. That's their laughter, which they passed on quietly to them.

Napoleon wasn't just good with things such as being a mason, and working with tools, or sawmill operator. He was also good with people. He used to attend social functions, whether it was a farm auction, county fair, or wedding. He would return from these functions and proudly announce, "Everybody knows me"! It wasn't, I knew everyone. He liked to visit and yes, I think everybody did "knows him".

One of his annual rituals was to drive to Bayfield in the fall to buy apples, fill his "Pick-em-up truck", (Pick up truck), and then drive around the local countryside peddling bushel baskets full of apples. He would be gone from after breakfast in the morning until late evening as he made his rounds around the countryside. This fit well with his gift of visiting. His grandchildren relate now, that they felt that he may have viewed this as an annual vacation for himself, since he left Louise with all the chores.

Napoleon and Louise started with meager beginnings. They accepted responsibility far beyond their call and duty, raising her siblings, plus their own children. For years they lived in a very small house. If you would have seen their house, you would be amazed that they raised their large family in such a small house. Someday, though, he was going to build Louise the house that he promised her and that she deserved. Opportunity presented itself to fulfill that dream when the small Sacred Heart Catholic Church, which had been built in 1905 was bursting at the seams from an influx of tourists and residents. In 1957 Napoleon's brother Gilbert, built a new Church for a price of about forty thousand dollars, complete with oak pews. It won numerous architectural awards. Napoleon, bought the "old little white church" and had it moved to his farm about five miles away. With the children all long gone from home, they remodeled and made the "little white church" their new home. No more cramped kitchens and lack of space for Louise now. She had all kinds of room to do her canning. The grandchildren would come and spend the summers on the farm and help out. Nap even built himself a breakfast nook in the kitchen where he could have his pan-e-cakes.

Since the local parish priest, Father Kelcheck choose new "modern art" statues much to the chagrin of the uncles, and parishioners, the little white church came with many of the old religious icons and statues. As you sat in their living room you could now have a life size statue of the blessed virgin Mary standing on one side of you with outstretched arms and St Joseph would be staring at you from the other corner of the living room. If you wanted to say the stations of the cross, you could do that too, right from the comforts of the front living room. Louise was happy now, and Napoleon was glad he could provide for their comforts after all these years and hard work.



The "little White Church" now their new home

Napoleon and Louise were hard workers all their lives. Louise died suddenly, at home, at the age 72 after experiencing chest pains. Napoleon was lost. He missed his wife and would cry about what a wonderful wife and woman she was, much as his father Pierre probably did when Marie Louise died. Napoleon passed away on December 15th, 1980, at the age of ninety. As with most of the uncles, they all seemed to die when it was blasted cold. Napoleon and Louise never had a lot of formal education. They were wise and smart though, and would grow to be great pillars within their community. Their fate seem to be pre-destined. How could anyone ever over-come from such dire circumstances and rise up and above the occasion, carry songs in their hearts, spend a life in prayer, and develop such a beautiful love story that we all shall never forget. God bless you Uncle Napoleon, and Aunt Louise.*

*Special thanks to Gertrude & Irene, daughters, Connie Swanson, Patrick & Vonnie Quirk, and Chucky Pratt grandchildren for the information and pictures for this article.

Susanne Krasovich Visits Quebec

By Susanne Krasovich

Bonjour chers membres et lecteurs, Greetings to all our members and readers.

I am so excited! Recently, I went to a reunion of Durand families in Quebec and had a chance to visit "la vieille ville", the old part of Quebec City. Perhaps my experience will entice you to want to do the same.

Friday, August 6, I took a plane from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Montreal where I rented a car and drove to Quebec City. For lodgings, I chose a room on the campus of Laval University. The University is not far from "la vieille ville", about five miles. Since the reunion was taking place on the university grounds, this was ideal. The room was small and sparse, but clean. One caution for anyone else thinking of doing this - the bathroom was down the hall.

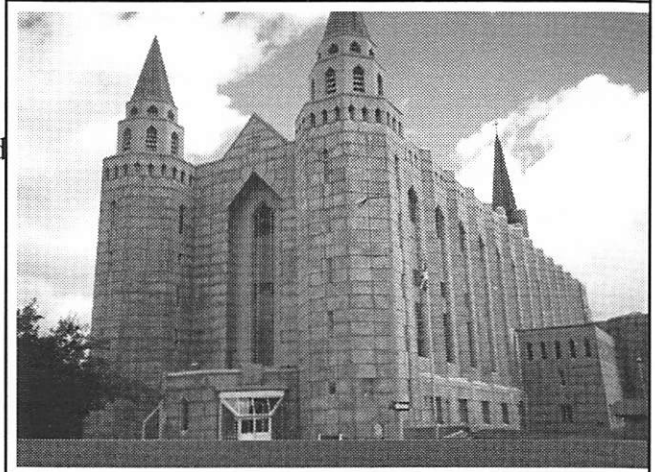
Upon arrival I discovered that most of the public phones did not take coins so I bought a phone card. Phone cards are just starting to show up here in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A phone card is bought in money amounts. I bought a card for \$10.00 which allowed me a certain number of minutes to talk. Not enough time I found out later! I then went to the University bookstore where, for a thirsty reader of French books, I was delirious! Too many to choose from! I walked around with ten books but ended up confining my purchases to two, knowing that more would not fit in my suitcase.

With night coming on and fatigue, I spent the first night in my room looking over maps, data in Aunt Bea's book that I wanted to show the next day, and started reading my first book, falling asleep in the process.

Saturday morning, I walked to the reunion, about a city's block away. Housed inside this building are the archives. On the third floor. I met a small group of Durand's. I was greeted by the President, M. Martin Durand, a very amiable man, who introduced me to the others in attendance. Unfortunately, we numbered only ten altogether. The great news is that two of the gentlemen I met, (both tenth generation), are related to us. I gave each one an enthusiastic hug, which got smiles from all and instantly they accepted me.

What followed was a big shock however. With everyone talking all at once, shooting questions from right and left, I discovered I couldn't understand them very well. Since, in my present job, I call Paris everyday, I really hadn't anticipated much of a problem. Ever the resourceful person, I drew up my game plan. Since they could understand me with little problem, I decided to do most of the talking. This worked exceedingly well with one drawback - I was giving a lot of information, but not getting a lot!

During the course of the meeting, I was asked to "second the motion" twice so they could record my name" in their books. I only hope I wasn't changing the course of history, since I was not sure, what I was "seconding". It was during the meeting that I decided I needed to analyze this Canadian dialecte so I could un-



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derstand them better. Sparing you my complete analysis, I realized that they speak somewhat like the southern French people and much faster than "those fast-talking Parisians". I told them it would probably take me about a day to get my ear used to their dialect, which is exactly what happened.

Following the meeting, we all went to a restaurant to eat. This is where we took pictures. That's me in between our two "cousins", Gabi and Jean-Roch. After the meal, Gabi and his wife drove me through the streets of la vielle ville, where costumed performers were working and strolling the streets, then took me to St. Anne de Beaupre to visit the basilica there. At St Anne de Beaupre, there is a church built in the 1600's and behind it a life-size "Way of the Cross". On a steep zig-zagging path, one can follow the footsteps of Christ on his way to Gogatha. It is a beautiful, tree-lined, secluded path where it is easy to meditate. Everyday the rosary is said, while the participants climb the path in procession. A very moving way to end the visit with our cousin.

After saying goodbye to Gabi and his wife back at my room, I drove to la vielle ville and joined the throngs of tourists who had gathered there. I went to many "tourist" shops and found just the right thing to take home - wooden spoons. These are used to accompany traditional folk songs.

As it was getting late, I decided to drive through the "new", town, getting myself acquainted with my surroundings. When it started to rain I again retreated to my room. Since I am used to getting up at 3 and 4am to start work, I must admit, my day ended rather early, about 10pm.

Sunday, I went to church at the Cathedral in la vielle ville, the same church that I'm sure our ancestors went to on occasion. Although it is undergoing repair it was easy to see its beauty. Restoration work should be done soon.

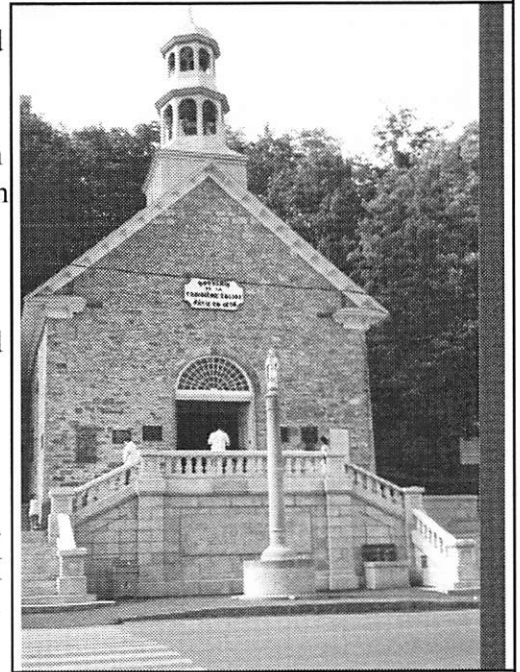
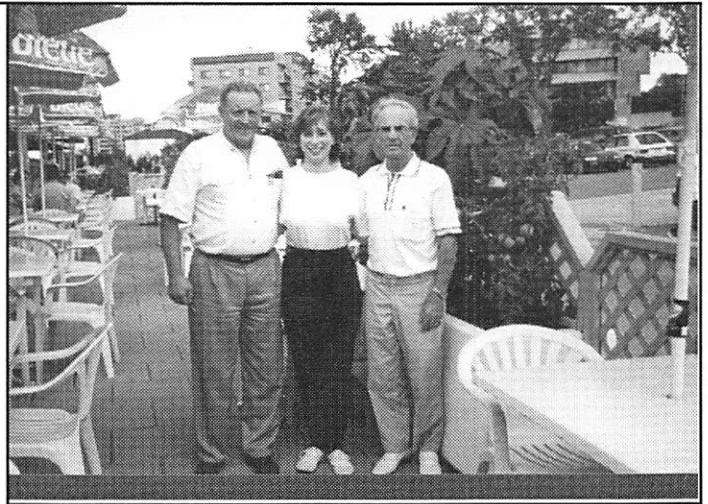
One of the "must see" places for me was the museum dedicated to Sister Marie de l'Incarnation, the nun who took in Catherine. There were two entries of her name; one in the sister's own handwriting. At the end of my museum tour, one of the tour guides approached me, asking me where I was from, etc. and recapping the whole of the museum I had just gone through. This little old lady, charming as could be, talked non-stop for an hour. Unfortunately, this meant I didn't have time to visit Cap Rouge.

After the museum visit, it was time to leave. Though my plane didn't leave until early Monday morning, I had decided to take a hotel not far from the airport. This meant driving for several hours. I got off the expressway, and took some back roads. The beauty of the countryside along the way was worth the extra time it took to arrive there.

At the motel, L'Oiseau bleu, (the blue bird), chosen only for its French name (of course!), I met a very charming hotel manager who kept me in conversation for an hour and gave me directions to a charming (meaning expensive, but regional) hotel. The restaurant is housed in a modern glass-front building, but the interior was cozy and the food excellent.

As my room had no phone, I called my husband from the hotel office. When using a phone card, the operator will tell you before each call how many minutes you have left on your card. I had one minute left. I thought

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up to now no one could speak as fast as the Canadians, but with only one minute to get out a stream of information to my husband, I think I beat them for speed.

All along the way, I met many wonderful, warm, hospitable people and I take those memories with me. I told all at the Quebec reunion of our upcoming reunion in the year 2000. So don't be surprised if, at our next reunion, you find some of our new found relatives. Next trip may be coming up next year. Who wants to go?

Well, Mike told me to keep this report short. Hey Mike, how'd I do?!!!

Fair Susanne, fair.



Martin Durand, President sitting in the center, me back left.

Questions you always wanted to ask!

Question: When is the family tree going to be updated?

Answer: Roger Durand has now up-loaded the Family Tree directly onto our web site. Richard Durand has gathered most of the information from the Pierre and Marie Durand branch and will be merging his updated information from his computer with Roger's main family tree data file of over 13,000 names at the Oct. meeting. Look for the update to be completed as early as late October if the computers don't blow up in the process.

Question: What if I haven't returned my information to update my family?

Answer: Sorry, it won't be included in the update.

Question: What do you need to incorporate for, seems like a lot of expense and nonsense?

Answer: In order to be tax exempt we need to apply to the Internal Revenue Service for that. We also need to register our name with the State of Minnesota so no one else can use the same name. We also need to open a separate bank account to deposit funds into. Banks won't open accounts without a tax payer identification number.

Question: Why are we making checks out to Mike Durand. Why not made payable to Durand Heritage Foundation?

Answer: See last question. That will all change once we become incorporated.

Question: Who keeps track of the money and how is it accounted for?

Answer: All money received is posted onto an Excel spreadsheet. That information is shared with the other officers at the meetings and is also available to any member.

Question: How can I get something published about my family?

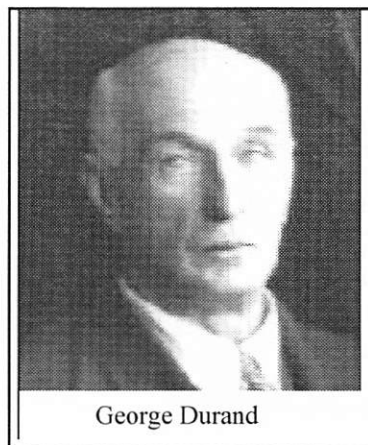
Answer: Simple, just write it up and submit it. Go to the home office section of the website and there will be instructions there on how to do it.

Question: How come there is nothing about us folks way out here in Oregon, Washington or Virginia?

Answer: We are always looking for content to include in our newsletters. We can only publish what we receive.

George Durand **and** **Eleanor Dubeau**

By Edmund Durand and Roger Durand



George Durand was born to Leocadie Berneche Durand and Nazaire Durand on May 15, 1872 in Rice County, MN. The exact location of his birth is not known although it was probably on his parents farm east of Faribault. He was the 6th of 10 children born to Nazaire and Leocadie, and he was the second of their children to be born in the United States.

George is listed in the Cannon City, Rice County Census of 1875 (3 years old), 1880 (9 years), and 1885 (12 years). In 1885, the following people were also listed in the household (spelling as it appears in the census book): Nazare, 52; Locadt, 48; Elbert, 21; Clara, 20; Rosa, 18; Joseph, 14; George, 12; Mary, 9; James (probably Jennie), 8; and, Frederick (Alfred), 3. The family lived on the parcel of land labeled "N Durand" as shown in section 33 the Rice County Plat Book of 1900. The land is just east of the town of Faribault, MN.

George's activity during his early years is unknown except as noted in the narrative for Nazaire Durand. George spoke both French and English. It is not known if he attended school in Faribault.

Eleanor Dubeau was born on 12 August 1881 in Faribault, MN. Her parents were Max Dubeau and Armina Duffney (Dauphinais) Durand. The family consisted of her brothers Max, Adam, and George, and her sisters Marie and Louise. The family lived in the Faribault area. The Dubeau descendants and ancestors have been outlined by the Dubeau family. The Dubeaus and Duffneys also came from St. Gabriel de Brandon, Quebec, Canada. Several of the family traveled to and resettled in Canada.

It is not known how George and Eleanor met.

George and Eleanor

George Durand married Eleanor Dubeau February 1897 in Faribault, MN. George was 25 years old and Eleanor was about 17 years old. Although Durand and Dubeau family studio family portraits were taken near the time of the wedding, we have not found any photos of the marriage couple.

Their first two children, Isabel (1899) and Gilbert (1900), were born in Faribault. It is unknown where the family resided at this time.

George and Eleanor homesteaded near Maxim Dubeau when they moved to North Dakota in 1903. It is unknown what prompted the move. Four children were born in Ross, ND: Mable, 1903; "little" Willard, 1905; Willard, 1909; and, Walter, 1911.

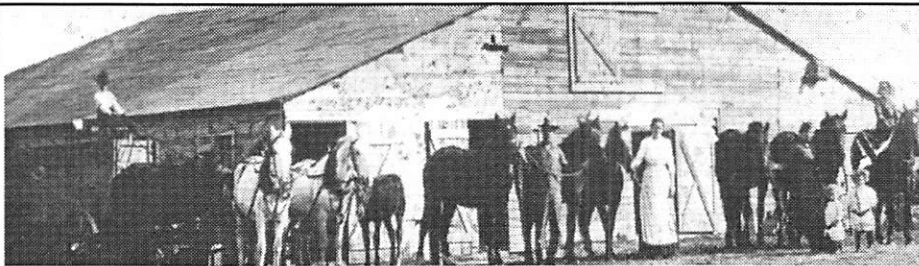


Eleanor Dubeau in about 1897, age 16 or 17

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House at Ross, ND, 1912. Gilbert, George, Isabel, Walter, Mable, Willard and Eleanor



Auction day in Ross, ND, 1912

"Little Willard" drowned in the shallow water of a slough on the farm. He was on his way (at 3 years of age) to see his Grandpa Dubeau on the next farm. Mable recalls the details of the day and can remember the neighbors searching for Willard. She also remembers seeing her father find Willard face down in the water of the swamp and picking up the lifeless body of his son. He was buried at Ross, ND.

George and Eleanor were not the only Minnesota family in North Dakota. As noted above, Maxime Dubeau was present as well as George's brother, Albert, who was at Tolley, ND with his family. Albert actually arrived in 1900, and he was the first to leave in 1907-1908 when he took his family to Lomond, Canada. (It's interesting that Albert, who was born to Nazaire and Leocadie

while they were still in St. Gabriel de Brandon, Quebec, left North Dakota for Canada, and George, born in Faribault, returned to Minnesota.)

Both George and Eleanor spoke French with each other and with neighboring French-Canadian families. Mable, the third child, heard and spoke only French as a child, and as a result remembers the inability to understand or speak English at the age of 5 when she started school. George could neither read nor write, but he could sign his name. Eleanor could both read and write English.

Eleanor and George stayed in North Dakota for about ten years and then moved near Bemidji, MN. The photos to the left show the family at the time of their departure from North Dakota in 1913.

Evelyn Powell writes in her book Dubeau Family that they



Bemidji, 1921 Back: Leo, Eleanor, Mable. Front (Tall to short): Willard, Walter, Donald and Max



Ready for school wagon. Leo, don, Walter and Max. Note the Peerless tobacco cans for lunch boxes. About 1925

".... traded their homestead for a quarter section of land in Helga Township, Hubbard Co, MN 10 miles south of Bemidji in about 1912. moved there by immigrant car with their favorite black team of horses, Jess and Ole; one cow, Beauty; then rented a house a mile away, put up buildings, sold timber from the land to clear it and eventually built up a dairy herd of shorthorns--descendants of Beauty. Jess and Ole didn't adjust to the change of weather, so George and Eleanor each had horsehide coats made."

At Bemidji, four more children were born to George and Eleanor: Donald, 1913; Max, 1916; Leo, 1918; and Louis, 1923. When Louis was born, George was 55 and Eleanor was 42.

The farm and buildings were ten miles south of Bemidji on

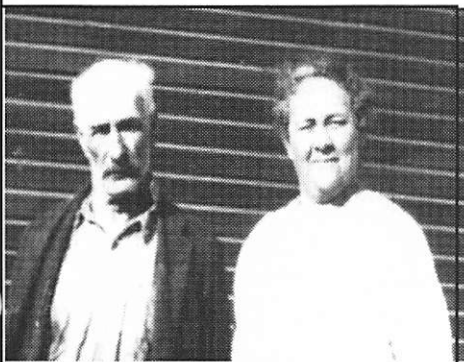
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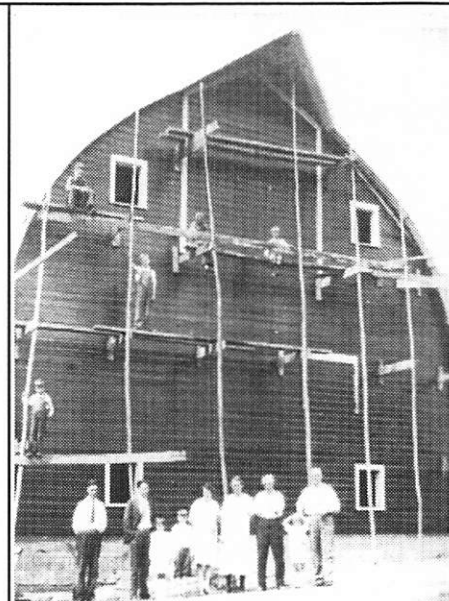
highway 71. The house was only a short distance from the road and is still visible from the highway. Buildings included a two story frame house, out-house, sheep shed, huge barn, and a chicken coop. Livestock included 6-10 milking cows, pigs, sheep, chickens, goats, and 4-5 horses. All buildings were constructed by the family.

Leo remembers keeping newborn lambs in the house during cold winter nights before the barn was built in 1929. The house had two stories. The upper level was divided by a wall the length of the house. The upstairs rooms were the bedrooms for the children, and they slept three to a bed. The downstairs had three rooms: George and Eleanor's bedroom; a pantry room where the cream separator was located; and the large room that was a combination kitchen-living room. This room had two stoves for heating and cooking. It also had a bay window and the outside door opened into this room. The farm was self-sufficient. Crops (potatoes, corn, etc) were grown and sold. Much of the family food was stored by canning. Chicken, pork, and

beef were provided by the livestock. Income was generated by: 1) The cutting and sale of wood for lumber and firewood; 2) dairy products; and 3) crops such as potatoes. George and a hired hand would make 2-3 trips into Bemidji weekly to sell the wood. Leo remembers selling buttermilk to a road crew near the house. Eleanor's household roles included sewing, gardening, preparing food, and cutting wood. She was also called on as a midwife for neighboring families. George's roles included wood cutting, and farm maintenance.



George & Eleanor about 1930



Bemidji, 1929. Completion of the barn. Notice the children high in the scaffolding.

The children attended elementary school in the town of Nary, four miles east of the farm. The school was "large" and held 60-70 students. Twelve grades were taught by four teachers. Students were transported to the school by horse drawn wagons but Leo remembers that motorized vehicles were used just prior to 1931 when the family left for Faribault.

The family went to the Catholic Church six miles away in Guthrie. The priest only made it to the church 1-2 times per month and traveled from Bemidji.

No radio or electricity was available at the farm. Lights were provided by gas lanterns. Summer games and activities included: marbles, Annie-I-Over, stilts, tag, catching fire flies, hunting and fishing. Winter activities included cards, checkers, sliding, and skiing.

Community involvement was not a big part of the family's daily activities. Eleanor did belong to the church "Ladies Aid Society" and they would meet to socialize and participate in group activities such as quilting. Photos document that they did get together with neighbors and family.

The Separation

The family stayed at Bemidji until Eleanor, Donald, Max, Leo, and Louis left for Faribault in the fall of 1931. George's behavior changed during the years leading up to the separation in 1931. He became more and more ill-tempered toward the children and Eleanor. Leo doesn't think alcohol was a problem. George was, however, seeing a fortune teller or spiritualist that lead him to believe that "big" things were in his future---but he never saw them. This appeared to cause him to become restless and angry. George was also intensely jealous. There was a pattern of physical abuse prior to the separation. Two years prior to the separation, Leo remembers a fight between his parents. George physically attacked Eleanor, and Leo and Max pulled George from Eleanor and tied him up until he settled down so that he would not harm their mother.

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On the morning of George and Eleanor's separation, a neighbor boy came to the house and asked Eleanor to come to his home because his pregnant mother was in labor (as mentioned earlier, Eleanor occasionally acted as a midwife). Eleanor left with the neighbor boy without asking George, who was out doing chores. When George returned from chores and found that Eleanor left without asking him, he became enraged. An argument occurred on Eleanor's return that morning.

Later that same September day George, Leo, and a hired man were cutting and shocking corn in one of the fields. An argument occurred between George and Leo because of George's criticism of Leo's work--even though Leo thought he was doing as much work as the other two. George was furious that Leo would "talk back" and pulled a wooden pole from the equipment to threaten Leo. Leo, however, warned that he would defend himself with a corn knife. No blows or physical harm occurred in the field that day yet the tension was high.

As the work crew returned to the farmhouse, Leo saw Isabel's auto being loaded by Isabel, Eleanor, and Gilbert. The family left George that night and stayed at Gilbert's house. Gilbert, Eleanor, Grace, Max, Leo, and Louis left the next morning at 6 A.M. for Faribault. The trip to Faribault

was made in a "Tom Tinker" vehicle owned by a friend of Gilbert's.

George and Eleanor had been married for thirty five years.

Janet Durand Kahler has a letter written by Eleanor to Willard in the spring of 1932. In that letter, Eleanor explained that she left George because of his anger, jealousy, and his persistent determination that she not leave the farm, even to visit her children's families.

George after separation



George in Canada about 1934-1935

George sold the farm after the family left. Eleanor received 1/3 of the sale proceeds ("\$130 for 35 years work" she wrote to Willard in 1932). George then traveled to Alberta, Canada where his brother, Albert, had moved his family some 24 years earlier. We learn of George's presence in Canada through a letter dictated by Leonard Durand, Albert's son, to his daughter Catherine Durand Dacyshym. Catherine sent this information to Edmund Durand. The following excerpts are from that letter.

"George arrived in Lomond, Alberta, Canada in 1932. He was around five foot seven or eight and weighed about 160 or 170 lbs., bald, and quite a talker. He stayed at our place, with Mother [Mary Vogt Durand][Albert died in 1929] and Laurence and I. In 1932, Mother and Laurence moved to Islay. They took 4 cows and 6 horses, machinery and household effects as there was such a drought in the southern part of the province, the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway had an arrangement providing free freight for people wanting to move north and re-establish themselves up there. Uncle George went with them. Some of the horses were mine and some were my mother's. (Your mother [Agnes] and I [Leonard] were married in April. We stayed on the home place [Lomond] and went up to Islay the following spring.) I sold the stallion to Uncle George. I guess he stayed for two or three years for as near as I can recall as it was in about 1935 or 1936 he went back to the States. This is about all I can tell you."

Thelma Dalton Porter (granddaughter of Albert, grand niece of George) also remembers George when he was in Canada:

"George had a Percheron stallion that he 'travelled around' the country with. Sometimes, when he was on one of these trips and closer to Leonard's place than Lawrence's, for temporary home, he came for supper and stayed overnight at the home of Leonard and Agnes. My mother said he told her to order enough material from one of the mail order catalogues to make herself a dress. She selected blue silk and he paid for it as a repayment for the hospitality. Agatha used to speak of him knitting. Also, Thelma told me

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that he taught her how to knit mittens. She said she was 13 years old."

In 1935-36, at 65-66 years of age, George hung up his spurs and returned to Minnesota. At first he lived in North Minneapolis. It is unclear what George did from 1931 to 1949. He did live for a period of time with his younger brother, Alfred. (Alfred also once lived in the vicinity of their older brother, Albert, in Canada, but Alfred left Canada in 1920.) It's unclear when George moved to 2124 Dupont Ave S., Minneapolis, at the Kenwood Rest Home, but this is his listed residence on his death certificate and it is suspected that he moved there after he had a hip fracture. The building still stands south of Loring Park and is visible from Hennepin Ave. It is a stately two story red brick building.

George broke his hip on or about 1946, and according to his death certificate, it never completely healed. His death certificate lists the Kenwood Rest Home as the place of death and bronchopneumonia as the cause of death. He died on March 27, 1949 and he was buried in Faribault at Calvary Cemetery.

George was always considered a hard worker. He and his family built up farms from the ground up in both North Dakota and Minnesota. His children were all successful in their careers and had the same work ethic. It is unfortunate that his personality faults caused so much bitterness in his life.

Eleanor after the separation

It is unclear whether or not a legal divorce ever occurred between George and Eleanor. Leo always thought that only a separation occurred because Eleanor continued to receive communion in the Catholic Church. Eleanor may have had the marriage annulled through the help of Father Foley. Neither George nor Eleanor remarried.

Eleanor worked at the Immaculate Conception Church for Father Foley

as a cook. During the summer she would travel to and work at Father Foley's Camp for Boys located at Pine River, in Pequot Lakes near Brainerd. She was working at St Lawrence Church with the hot lunch program just before she died.



Children of George and Eleanor taken in Faribault, MN in 1950 shortly after the death of Eleanor. Back row: Willard, Walter, Leo, Donald, Max. Front row: Louis, Isabel, Mable and Gilbert

churches and at Father Foley's summer camps.

Eleanor became ill at Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning she was acting abnormally while preparing Christmas dinner (stirring a hot liquid with her finger). A physician was called and she was admitted to the hospital. She was released from the hospital with the diagnosis of cerebral stroke and was cared for by Mable until she died on Jan 2, 1950. She was buried at St. Lawrence Cemetery in Faribault.

Her funeral was attended by over 240 people and five priests attended or participated in the service.



At Father Foley's camp.

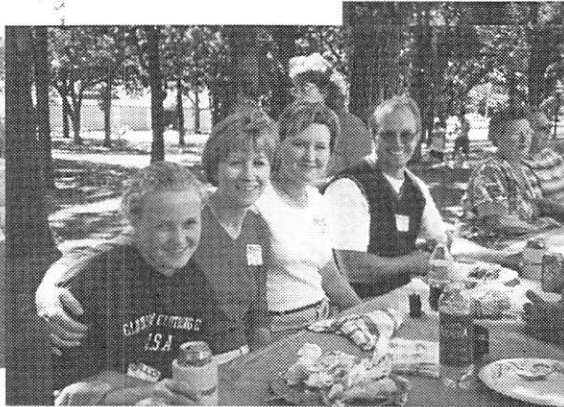
George & Eleanor Durand Family Reunion

The "Other" Durand Picnic held on 8 Aug 1999 at Minnehaha Falls, Minneapolis, MN

The annual George and Eleanor (Dubeau) Durand family picnic has been held the second Sunday in August each year since 1956, which was the year that Louis Durand (youngest of George and Eleanor's children) died in an aircraft accident in Toronto, Canada. Leo states that at that point his brothers and sisters were getting tired of meeting only at funerals and they vowed to meet each year in August. The first picnics were held at Taylor's Falls, MN. The picnic location was moved to Minnehaha Falls in 1986 and the tradition has continued. We anticipate that the picnic will continue to be held each August below the Durand banner brought by Edmund Durand and his family each year.



Picture 1



Picture 3



Picture 2



Picture 4



Picture 6



Picture 5

1. Donald Durand and family. Standing (L to R): Mary, Tammy, Travis, __, Donald*. Seated (L to R) Joshua, Maria, Donald, Ashley.
2. Myrtle (Purfeerst) Durand, and Eileen Schema Sloan
3. Elizabeth, Colleen, Anna, and Mark Kokesh.
4. Leo Durand, center and Gerald Weir and Mary Durand Weir)
5. Margaret (Thom) Durand, Eleanor Durand Parry, Janet Durand Kahler, and little Hanna.
6. Roxanne (Kalina) Durand and Edmund Durand

*We regret to inform you that Donald Durand pictured on photo #1 passed away shortly after the re-union after a courageous battle against cancer. Our deepest sympathy to his family and his brother Leo.

A Tribute to Grandma, **by her Granddaughter**

Franceen Durand Horin

Over the Yellow
River, and through
the woods,
to my Grand-
mother's house we
went. So we
went, and so we
went, through
many of my
early years, to
visit Grandma.



Lawrence & Harriet Durand

Harriet Ruth Shell Durand, was 90 years old. And in those 90 years, she was a sister, a teacher, a wife, a mother, a traveler, an author, a friend, an animal lover, a flower grower, and a care-taker. She was these things and many others. But, to me, she was best known as my grandmother.

She wasn't only grandmother to me, but to 16 other grandchildren.

Mark, Gregory Lisa, Chris, Andrew Mike, Rodney, Nancy, Laura, Kenny Jon, Betsy Scott, Tracy, Sheila, Annie.

She was also a great-grandma to 12+ children. Mike and Sandys': Monica, Valerie, Cassie. Mine and David's: Taylor, Jonathan, and Hayleigh Lisa and Charles: Jacob Scott's: Joey Jon and Judy's: Maggie Sheila and Bobs': Kaylee and Kyra Kenny and Amie: Allie and another one on the way - Rodney and Terri, Grandma would be so proud.

But, I was her oldest granddaughter, as she often told me. That fact was not something that I could control, it was no more than a twist of fate, it was chance, and it was my good luck. And as Grandma quite often reminded me of my status, it made me feel proud. It was some very special privilege,

a high honor, and I was so blessed. I was her oldest granddaughter, and she was my Grandma.

I and I'm sure the other grandchildren have many thoughts, reflections and memories of grandma. Here are a few of mine: hopefully some of these images will make us remember and smile, and even laugh.

Riding the mule
Playing in the oats
Waffles for dinner
The Brooks are at Grandma's!
Cranberry salad (that we thought was strawberry!)
The outhouse
The Scott Town News
The smell of iron in the sheets
The Glory Room, Was it "Glory Be, What a Mess?"
Freshly baked buns
Art classes in Siren
Kittens in the hay
Green jello
Hymns sung off-key
Birthday presents
Grandma, you have only one bathroom!
A slip made from pillow case slip deftly made in time for church
Rusty water
Dumbo, a cat that could only be adequately loved by Grandma
Curtains tossed by gentle breezes during naps in the upstairs bedrooms
Grandma's extensive collection of pins
Lassie
Grandpa
Eating snacks in the back-seat of the car
Avon perfume
"Peace be with you!"
Soft and ample hugs
Road trips to Montana
My, those fence posts are moving quite quickly!
Eating too much
Picnics outside
Tall grass
Florence

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 17)

Leonard

Somebody is going to get hurt!

The cows

Mark, Mark, sings like a lark!

Searching for those \$17.00 motel rooms

Slowly visiting tourist spots

Washing dishes, washing dishes, washing dishes!

Flowers in the porch

The Gathering Place

I hope we will continue to share our images of Grandma throughout the day and the rest of our lives....

Thank you, Grandma, for being my Grandma. I was blessed to be your grandchild, the privileged oldest granddaughter. It was my esteemed pleasure to be your granddaughter. Rest sweetly, Grandma. **I love you.**

Questions for Grandma

By Harriet's Grandchildren

Is Heaven like Montana?

Does it smell like fresh bread?

Do the cows keep it warm there?

Do you have to make your bed?

Is Heaven like Montana,

Full of mountains and streams?

Does Grandpa sing: "Ting Tie Dee"

And bounce grandkids on his knee?

Is Heaven like Montana?

Oh answers please do send!

Does someone brush Lassie?

Did Otto make new friends?

If Heaven is like Montana,

We'll join you there soon,

A few more memories to make here,

Then we'll share your sacred room.

Love you, watch over us Grandma.

Board meeting set for Oct. 17th

By Mike Durand

Originally the meeting was scheduled for the 10th, however was changed to the 17th to accommodate everyone's schedule's better. Meeting starts at 10:30 sharp. The meeting agenda is posted at our web site in the Home Office section. If you are interested in attending please notify Mike or Marilyn Durand who are hosting so we know how many people to prepare for. Meeting is going to be at our residence at 1501 Rushmore Dr. Burnsville, MN 55306 Telephone 612-431-5610. Lunch is provided for the "trashing crew". If you would like to help out let us know.

New Memberships Going Through the Roof!

By Mike Durand

A special thanks goes out to Irene Durand Harris who has purchased eight memberships, (yes that's right, eight), for some of her sisters, brother, and children. Membership are fast approaching one hundred. Her daughter Connie and husband Rod Swanson have also purchased three or four gift memberships. Great effort.! Others who deserve mentioning are Helen Durand, Ellen Olson, Beth Durand Utecht, Noella Hage, Mary Brusegard, Richard Durand, Bernard Durand and Patrick Quirk.

A special thanks to all of you who have made cash donations to the Durand Heritage Foundation efforts. They include, Jeanne Sansovini, John Durand, Bud and Joanne Berres, Beth and Warren Utecht and George and Jeanne Batte'. I hope I didn't miss anyone.

Also many thanks to all of you who have pledged your financial support by forwarding a check for \$45.00 to cover the next three years. This was a special request, as you know, to help to cover the cost of incorporating and state and federal registration costs.

If you are due for renewal soon, how about doing like some of the others did! This helps to fund our initial costs of organizing and continue with all the great efforts and projects we have underway. Your support and generosity will be greatly appreciated! You can also deduct it from your year end taxes too.

Robert and Joanne Durand Berres celebrate 40th Wedding Anniversary

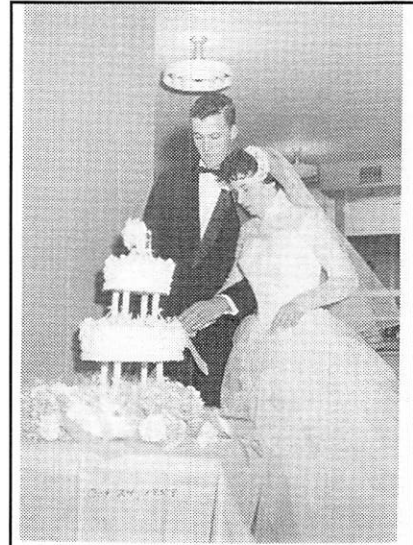
By Mike Durand

On Sunday afternoon, September 19th, Bud and Joanne were surprised by their children and their spouses, with a wonderful family and friends get-together at the home of Randy & Shelly Berres. Over one hundred people attended and enjoyed the afternoon in tribute to their forty years of marriage. Bud and Joanne were married on Oct. 24th, 1959 at the St. Francis De Sales Catholic church in Spooner, WI.

An exchange and renewal of marriage vows was officiated by Randy Berres's father-in law, who commended them for never once thinking about divorce. David Durand, cousin, and Robert Durand, brother of the bride marched Robert to the outdoor alter with a fully loaded 12 gauge shotgun and also tagged by Jeanne Durand Batte' twin sister of the bride, who was observed kicking Bud on the shins as they persuaded him to the alter. Bud ap-

peared reluctant to renew his vows, after numerous servings of burnt offering for meals and many years of boredom in the bedroom! Robert however quickly placed a shell in the empty chamber of the shotgun during the hesitation and silence followed by a quick, "I do" by Bud. Joyce Durand Ripley sister of the bride was the ring bearer, having placed two rings on top of a what appeared to be about two size 38 DD satin cloth breasts with glowing pink nipples. The ceremony was briefly interrupted when some huge red-haired woman with a big butt emerged from the nearby cornfield to object to the exchange of vows. She appeared to know Bud well !!! She was quickly escorted from the ceremony. Rod Rip-

ley was the vocal soloist singing "Five Golden Rings" completely out of tune and unaccompanied by music. The bride and the rest of the wedding party carried cornstalks from the nearby field as a floral arrangement. Fern Durand, mother of the bride, was seated ringside and also bestowed her blessing on the couple. Congratulations, Bud and Joanne!



List of Main Contact People

This is a list of people who have assumed areas of responsibility in addition to the listing on page two.

Research Committee

Roger Durand, Chairman
76 Marcin Hill
Burnsville, MN 55337
tel. 612-898-2896 e-mail, rogdurand@msn.com

Richard Durand
320 Em St.
Spooner, WI 54801
tel. 715-635-3888

Family Stories/Research

John Durand, Chairman
828 Hazel Ridge Rd.
Elkhorn, WI 53121
tel. 414-723-7750 e-mail jcdurand@elknet.net

Ellen Olson
1020 Edgewood Ave.
Mill Valley, CA 94941
tel. 415-388-3911 ELLENOLSON@aol.com

Membership

Mary Brusegard, Chairperson
Derek Brusegard
6425 Eagle Lake Dr.
Maple Grove, MN 55369
tel. 612-533-9879 e-mail mkb@durandfoundation.com

Volunteers Needed

We are looking for help in many different areas to assist us in our numerous on-going projects. Do you have special interests and skills that you would like to help out with? If so, contact anyone of the officers or one of the contact people listed above.

We are especially interested in finding more "classical pictures". But better yet is to record information about the life events surrounding the pictures. You don't have to write an article. Just jot down main points of information that you have. We can have someone take it from there.

