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Le Trésor des Kirouac

Bulletin of the descendants of Alexandre de K/voach
Witness to Kirouac Activities since 1983



Official inauguration of Espace Jack Kerouac at the municipal library at Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup on 19 July 2023.
(Photo: courtesy:Andréanne Lebel, journalist at Infodimanche.com)



Kirouac
Kirouack



Kérouac
Kérouack



Keroac
Keroack



Kéroack
Kyrouac



Breton
Burton



Curwack
Curwick



Le Trésor des Kirouac

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Authors and Collaborators for this Issue (in alphabetical order)

André Kirouac, François Kirouac, Greg Kyrouac, Anne Laporte,
Andréanne Lebel, Pierre Le Bris, Marie Lussier Timperley

Graphic Design

Front Cover: Jean-François Landry
KFA Logo on back cover: Raymond Bergeron
The bulletin: François Kirouac

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Layout

French Edition: François Kirouac
English Edition: Greg Kyrouac

Proofreading/Editing English Edition (in alphabetical order)

Greg Kyrouac, Marie Lussier Timperley, Mark Pattison

Translation for this issue Marie Lussier Timperley

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Table of Contents

Le Trésor des Kirouac n° 142

The President's Word	3
François-Xavier Garneau House in Old Québec City	4
Jack & I in Brittany, Part 1 by André Kirouac	5
Jack Kerouac by Pierre Lebris	16
Jack & I in Brittany, Part 2 by André Kirouac	18
Official Inauguration of Jack Kerouac's Corner at St-Hubert Municipal Library	29
Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup Pays Homage to Jack Kerouac	31
De Kervoach Descendant through The Female Line: Gaston Deschênes	33
Ancestry of Gaston Deschênes	34
De Kervoach Descendant through The Female Line: Louis Gauthier	35
Ancestry of Louis Gauthier	36
Gabriel Kirouac, a Patriarch is Gone	37
Search for Kyrouac Leads to a Galaxy Far, Far Away, by Greg Kyrouac	38
In Memoriam	40
Genealogy & Readers' Page	42
KFA Board Members 2022-2023	43
Regional Correspondants	43
Permanent Committees Members	43

The President's Word

Our family association, founded in 1978, is celebrating its FORTY-FIFTH anniversary this year and we are so proud of reaching this milestone that we even talked about it last year in *Le Trésor*. We are also very proud of our news bulletin that we have been publishing for the past four decades. We started very humbly in 1983 but now we talk about our “family encyclopedia”. Yes, indeed, *Le Trésor des Kirouac* marks FORTY YEARS in 2023!

It was another initiative of Jacques Kirouac who, 40 years ago, felt that our Association should have a way to keep in touch with its members, therefore on 20 June 1983, our Association’s secretary, Raymonde Kerouac-Harvey, officially registered the first issue at the Bibliothèque nationale du Québec (Quebec official archives).

The first issues clearly showed that this project was only tentative at the time. No one had any idea whether the first bulletin would even be followed by a second one. So much so that the first issue was given the number “0”! As for the second issue, it only included a message from the president, and one from those responsible for the genealogy... plus a KFA membership list!

From number 3 onward, the content began expanding as information was published about some important K personages like Chevalier François Kirouac, Brother Marie-Victorin, and Jack Kerouac, the Franco-American author. When the KFA annual gatherings began in 1984, stories of the Kirouac families who settled in various regions where the gatherings were held started being published adding to our “family heritage”.

Eventually in December 1988, to mark our bulletin’s 15th issue, it was officially renamed *Lebris de Keroack*. Seven years later, in March 1995, following a survey among KFA members, our family bulletin was finally named *Le Trésor des Kirouac*. This was the name favoured by the largest number of members, because it referred to a legend surrounding our Ancestor’s settling in New-France.

From number 0 up to number 65, assembling each issue was done by hand by Marie Kirouac. Marie had to cut to size each photo to be published in each issue; she also had to calculate how much to increase or reduce the size of each photo, besides gluing each one individually on each page. All texts had to be typed, and this was done at the *Fédération des familles souches* (Federation of Original Families) located in the Casault Pavilion at Laval University. When the texts were ready, Marie had to pick them up; then glue each one individually to complete the master. It was an extremely time-consuming work that Marie Kirouac painstakingly did for each issue from 1983 to 2001, during eighteen years!

Starting with *Trésor* number 66, to respect the new modern technological printers’ methods, I learned to use digital editing. We had no choice, we had to adapt modern methods to carry on.

Forty years later, the *Trésor* still exists thanks to the many contributions received from Kirouac family members. Three times per year, our Breton ancestor’s descendants discover the stories, history, and achievements of so many K families living all over North America as well as follow new genealogical developments.



Photo : Collection François Kirouac

François Kirouac

To pursue this work, we count on each one of you because right now, our bank of subjects and personalities, careers, we would like to let you know about is at its lowest point ever. **It is vitally important that, once more, you dig again into your memories, souvenirs, photos, letters, contracts, all these precious things hidden at the bottom of a cupboard, to replenish our supply.**

As everything is changing extremely rapidly, particularly since the new millennium, why not present living family members now pursuing special career or developing particular talents? Perhaps you are not keen on writing? So, send us a CV, *curriculum vitae*, we can take on writing a text, submit it to you for editing and approval. How about writing your own story, memories of your own family, father, mother, uncle, aunt, etc.? Talk about your youth, where you grew up, etc., We can prepare a text and revise it with you.

Have you ever considered the gap, even chasm, between our generation and those following ours, with the millennials, the “X” and the “Y” generations? There is so much we need to safeguard for them. The old-fashioned photo albums are fast disappearing with

cellular phone technology. What will be left of all those photos tomorrow? In the very near future? In a few years' time? Your grandchildren and great-grandchildren will be ever grateful to you for preserving family memories by sharing them in our “family encyclopedia”.

The palest ink is better than the best memory, this ancient Chinese proverb is truer than ever.

FRANÇOIS-XAVIER GARNEAU HOUSE

Quebec City's family home of the first French-Canadian Historian[†]
by François Kirouac

On 4 July 2023, *Le Journal de Québec* mentioned that the François-Xavier Garneau Residence, located at 14 St-Flavien (street) in Old Quebec, had been bought by Pierre-Karl Péladeau, owner of Québecor².

The house was built in 1864, and we know that historian F.-X. Garneau (1809-1866) lived his last years in it. Then it was the home of writer Napoléon Legendre (1841-1907), grandfather of Cardinal Maurice Roy who was born there in 1905, (1905-1985). The third owner was the chief justice of the Quebec Court of first instance³, Ferdinand Roy (1873-1948). The Patry family lived there from 1916 to 1988. The fifth owner was Claude Doiron who bought it in 1988 but sold it in 1998 to Louis Garneau⁴ a sportsman and businessman who has now sold it to Péladeau.

A few years ago, the KFA organized a guided tour of the house because of its historical link with the Kirouacs. The Patrys who owned the house were the descendants of Joseph-Hilarion Patry (1847-1917) married to Aurélie



Claude Doiron, former owner of the François-Xavier Garneau house with Marie Kirouac and Céline Kirouac on 20 April 1996. (Photo: Jacques Kirouac)

Kirouac (1855-1938), daughter of chevalier François Kirouac. She and her descendants resided there for 72 years.

On 9 June 1903, their son, Joseph Patry (1878-1921), married Alice Lepage (1874-1947), who wrote a diary from 1920 to 1945. That diary was discovered by Claude Doiron in 1988 in the house's vault. We contacted him and he graciously presented the KFA with extracts from the precious diaries where the Kirouacs were mentioned. This is now part of the KFA archives. Much has been published about those diary in previous issues of *Le Trésor des Kirouac* in 2005 and 2006⁵.



François-Xavier Garneau House

(Photo—
Sylvainbrousseau, CC
BY-SA 3.0, via
Wikimedia Commons)

¹ *François-Xavier Garneau (1809-1866) French Canadian notary, poet, civil servant and liberal who wrote a three-volume history of the French-Canadian nation entitled **Histoire du Canada** published between 1845 and 1848.*

² *Péladeau, known a PKP in Quebec, businessman and politician, founder/owner of Québecor, a 10,000-employee company.*

³ *Quebec's Court of first instance.*

⁴ *Born in 1958, great sportsman and businessman, he shares ancestors with F. X. Garneau.*

⁵ *In **Le Trésor des Kirouac** no. 81, September 2005, pp. 20-29; no. 82, December 2005, pp. 27-35; no 83, March 2006, pp. 33-35.*

JACK AND I VISITING BRITTANY

BY ANDRÉ KIROUAC

MAY 2023

We finally arrive at Brest [...] Cognacs and beers, and I ask where is the hotel? across the street [...] no room available.

*Jack Kerouac, **Satori in Paris***

I arrive at Brest by the "Nationale 165" driving a small Fiat 500 rented at Lorient. Strange way to start my story? Superfluous detail? Possibly. However, this Fiat will cause me the worst possible emotions I can imagine every time we will navigate a round-about and there are thousands of them everywhere.

Superfluous, yes and no. I decided to imagine I was involved in a wild chase. Pursued or possibly guided, by Jack Kerouac's ghost. I will not be disappointed!

You may think it is a strange idea to want to follow in the footprints of our cousin the famous author. He went to Brittany in 1965, searching for his Breton roots. Could this be my aim? Not really. I am more cunning (clever) than that!

When travelling abroad, I often make up an imaginary itinerary, copied on what another person has already done before me. Quite a while ago I did exactly that when I went to Rome. I followed in the footsteps of my father during his trip during the Holy Year in 1950. I used his photos to retrace his steps. There is a photo of my father in front of the Coliseum in 1950 and one of myself exactly at the same place in 2017. For a guy who never knew his father, it was a way to somewhat be with him over time. Quite a while ago, I was asked to write about this father-son journey. Perhaps one day, soon I will do so?

For the moment, we will leave Rome and come back to Brittany.

Why am I in Brittany? To visit some local friends whom I have not seen for a very long time, that is since one person was infected with a virulent virus followed by three years repainting one's homes, inside and out.

Friends I have known during my trips, including Christophe, professor at the University of South-Brittany. I will talk about him later. Then my



Biblioteca Palacio Galveias, Lisboa



André Kirouac

(Photo: André Kirouac collection)

daughter-in-law's parents who are from Saint-Brieuc. Jack would have liked that! Not my daughter-in-law but rather the link between him and that town. I will come back to that later.

Will you read the whole article or bit by bit? As I start, I have no idea how long it will be. A little like Jack, him again, typing away on his Underwood like a machine-gun firing away endless letters, and words, and lines wrapping around his roll of paper. Him, dishevelled, a cigarette hanging from his lips, a glass of cognac near at hand. Him frantic. But me, in front of my iPad, sitting at a desk at the University of Lisbon (Portugal) watching my best friend, seriously writing her next book. Still in Lisbon, in the *Biblioteca Palacio Galveias*.

Books, always books.

About Lisbon, as you read.

Of course, I did not know Jack; I never met him. I read his books, I watched the interview done by Fernand Séguin at *Sel de la Semaine* (French TV program), I tried to analyze the research



View of the Hôtel de la gare, Brest
(Photo: André Kirouac)



carried out about our “*mischievous ancestor*”. *A rascal?* Are we sure of that? Nevertheless, the history of our family is rather special, including our name which is not really ours, I find that rather fascinating. So, why not kill many birds with one stone. Visit with my Breton friends and while in Brest also enjoy the company of a ghost, even the drunkard he was! Dear cousins, this is where I am writing!

Don't worry, I'm not drunk on cider, port or red. My trip to post-pandemic Europe had two goals: France and Portugal; from where I am writing to you, dear cousins.

Let us carry on!

Now in Brest, I have my French copy of *Satori à Paris*, the book Jack wrote once back home after his trip to Brittany in 1965 which reads like a tour guide. If Jack turns up on a certain street, I will go too. If he enters in a bar, I will push open the same door. If he drinks one cognac after another . . . I will surely find a few glasses of red wine or cider to polish off. No cognac for me, or very little. Sorry, Jack the writer.

It is somewhat difficult to follow Jack whether on the streets or in his text. So, please, bear with me as I follow his to-and-fro, comings and goings, and, please, be indulgent too as I write my story. I do not have Jack's talent!

Where was I exactly? Ah yes, I am arriving at Brest, and I park my navy-blue Fiat, lovely colour, and hybrid too, in front of the 27 Émile-Zola Street. I did not know it then, but, eventually, this will be an important address; so, remember it.

I am not expected. Nowadays, *AirBnB* locations are impersonal and distant. Only the payment matters as well as some detailed information to access and keep said apartment. I feel like having a glass of red wine. It will have to wait. I am not Jack, so I will not rush to the first bar to drink a first of so many cognacs.

Well! He walked out of the train station, crossed the street and looked for a bar. Finds one, of course. Look for a room in the nearest hotel, Hôtel de la Gare, the Station Hotel that is.

No luck, no room. Of course, I do the same, I walk to the hotel, still there right across the street from the station. I take some photos of the station and of the hotel and look for its bar.

... like any decent American Boy in trouble, old or young, for the Main Drag – I instantly recognize it for what it is, Rue de Siam ... I hit for the brightest looking bar on Rue de Siam ... *Satori in Paris*, Chapter 22, p. 69*.

Siam Street, Jack finds a table. I walk around the area, thinking that he certainly did not walk



Brest railway station (Photo : André Kirouac)

very far, otherwise stagger. I find a bar, on a street corner. Modern, certainly not the one where he was served a cognac. So what! A bar is a bar, whether it is 1965, or on 5 May 2023, in the morning. Click, that is the sound of my cell phone photo button that reverberates in the air as I capture for eternity the *Clémenceau*. The bar, not the former president who died in 1929. A French president (before, during and after the Great War) that I knew because of an aircraft-carrier named after him. Or from a song of Renaud “The three sailors’ story is a tough one, almost as tough as the bridge of the *Clémenceau*”. I know, I am taking you on a lark, that of Jack, myself and the Bretons!

I am not sure I am going in; in the bar I mean! No bad intention really. Why break the fictitious image by looking for a ghost who is not there, who is no longer there anyway. I prefer to carry on. What did Jack do? Where will he lead me to?

You guessed right, I read his book before leaving Quebec. I noted the pages where he writes about Brest. I even copied them to include them in my text. That is an article I promised to write following some conversations, and many emails, with François Kirouac. Exchanges that brought some questions still going around in my head as they are still unanswered; and I may not be the only one feeling that way.

Jack is searching for his ancestors: Breton, baron, marquis, noble, rich. Heroes with roots so deep they are lost in the depths of time in Cornouaille and even further. He does not know who he really is. What to do when you do not know where you come from? Search or simply dream. By living in an imaginary world constantly embellished creates beautiful memories that are forged as one goes along.

Jean-Louis Kerouac is looking for a past. A quest built on oral family tradition. The legend my aunts and uncles told me. So much so that one day, I found a photo of the Hotel Kerouartz at L’Islet, owned by my grandfather’s brother, called Arthur Kirouac. This Arthur did not hesitate as his family name was more than honourable, he clearly advertised it. This is what Jack believed that he was a de Kerouartz or Kervoac or Kerouac, no matter the variations. Otherwise, he is a Le Brice. Another family name that will take him where he did not expect to go. Same is true for me as you will soon find out.



Bar Le Clémenceau, Brest
(Photo: André Kirouac)



For me, on Siam Street, I know that I am not looking for people called Kerouartz or even Kerouarc’h that should be pronounced Kerouâ’r. Just like we need to pronounce Kerouac the name we write Kervoac. When in Brittany, remember, never to pronounce “v” as “v”, because the letters “v” and “u” are interchangeable; therefore “vo” must be pronounced “ou” (oo). Otherwise, in Brittany, you are committing a crime of lese-majesty.

**All quotes are taken from SATORI IN PARIS, Jack Kerouac, Copyright 1966. First Printing, by Grove Press Inc., 1982. New York.*



Kérouartz Hotel at L’Islet. Photo by Roland Noël, 1941. Code: E6,S7,SS1,P370. Fonds Ministère de la Culture et des Communications, BAnQ Québec. Hotel owner: Arthur Kirouac (1882-1957).



Kerouartz plate

There were many surprises during this trip, another one was to see the name of our false ancestor: Kerouartz. Soon after I landed in France, I visited the French Naval Museum, in Port-Louis¹, close to the town of Lorient². As I am interested in the story of the journey around the world by the Earl de La Pérouse³. On a wall, in front of me, a porcelain plate catches my eye. How can this be knowing that everything was lost with all hands? Of course, I understand that during stopovers people bought things to be sent to France by the first ships leaving from nearby ports. Why am I taking you on another side trip? The card explaining the provenance of the plate was titled: *Plate with the crests of the Langle and Kerouartz families*.

Imagine that if we had been related to the de Kerouartz, as my grandparents still believed! We could have claimed that one of our

1. Port-Louis, village in Morbihan, Brittany, on the Atlantic coast. Rich history and home to a citadel and several other historical sites.
2. Lorient, on the south coast of Brittany, the largest town in the Morbihan department.
3. On the internet, read about La Pérouse who sailed around the world and stopped in Eastern Canada.

ancestors had tried to sail around the world with the famous La Pérouse.

Apparently, we are related to the Le Bihan. I have my opinion on that, but at the moment I will keep it to myself and will not share it, not right away; hoping you don't mind too much my doing so. This is not what we are interested in right now. I am not Jack; I am keen on searching, but today on Siam Street in Brest, this is not the time nor place.

So, I say, but!!! You remember, earlier on, my mentioning my friend Christophe? I said that I would talk about him again; he is a very well-known professor in Lorient and all over Brittany. He told me about a genealogist who compiled all the families in Brittany, including a complete data of Le Bihan. Who knows? Still, I am a little skeptical.

*Now I was wandering in the very dark (Satori in Paris, Chapter 22, p. 70)**

Sorry for the detours in my story, I jump from idea to memory. Jack used to stop passersby, including sailors as they came out of bars. It is night-time and pitch black, and he could be mistaken for a (Dharma) bum despite the hundreds of dollars in his pocket. Suddenly, he gets a strange idea.



Brest, Police Station
(Photo: André Kirouac)

*On Rue de Siam I ask a young guy "Ou sont les gendarmes, leurs offices?" (Where are the gendarmes, their office?) ... "The police station is down Siam here, then left and you'll see it." Satori in Paris, Chapter 24, p. 75)**

Jack chose to ask about somewhere open 24 hours a day. He will have a hard time to be considered sane. He is unknown to the policemen he talks to; they likely think he is half crazy going around searching for a bed. Nevertheless, he convinces them!

I would have liked to witness that scene. My mother would have said that she would have wanted to be a small bird, or a fly on the wall to listen to the conversation. As for myself, alone with my GPS opened on my cell phone, I listen to the voice of Mrs. Google telling me on which street to turn, which roundabout to take, and one more to navigate. Again, I repeat that I prepared myself before leaving Quebec. I wondered if the police station would still be at the same place.

*I walk right into the precinct, ... I cannot wander these streets all night without a room etc. (Satori in Paris, p. 75-76)**

Saint Glinglin! My mother loved that invocation. The non-existing saint one prays to when in need of something to happen ASAP. My mother used it regularly when she wanted my brother and I to do something now, not in a month of Sundays. I don't need this strange saint to guide me, nor any of the so many Breton saints whose three-to four-meter-high statues stand at Carnoët in the middle of Brittany. Sainte Berch'ed, Saint Enogad or Saint-Jaoua. I went there and saw them, and believe me, there is no Saint-Glinglin.

I doubt very much that my mother ever read *Satori in Paris* to see that Jack used one of her favourite expressions.



Carnoët, La Vallée des Saints. This Breton saints' valley is an on going project, where 1000 giant granite statues, one for each Breton saint are over four-meters tall (15 feet tall). History and tour at <https://www.lavalleeessaints.com>. (Photo: André Kirouac)

Personally, not much time wasted. I follow the voice and the direction of my electronic guide. Turn left, as Jack did, and I land in front of the police station. Nothing special except the banal architecture.

It is important to know that most of Brest was destroyed during the Second World War. It was a naval base for the formidable German submarines, the *U-Boats*, a major target of the Allied forces. The indestructible blockhouses along the waterfront were hit regularly but with little results. The concrete used was so thick they never collapsed. British and Canadian aviators had to flatten the whole city as it was impossible to destroy the huge concrete Nazi shelters. So, one cannot begrudge the inhabitants to have rebuilt houses and public buildings without the old style and decorations.

I only stay a moment, take a few photos wondering if a policeman will appear. May I? Is it permitted to take a picture of the front of the police station without being accused of mounting a coup? I quickly depart.

Boom, he drives me to a little Breton Inn on Rue Victor Hugo. (Satori in Paris, Chapter 25, p. 78)*

Small Breton inn on Victor-Hugo Street. Nearby. At that moment, I need to trust someone who knows more than I do. Can I believe that this small inn is indeed the Bellevue Hotel on the street named after the author of *Les Misérables*. GPS in hand, believe me, there are so many round-about, I make a right turn, then a left one, and again a right



Hôtel Bellevue, Brest
(Photo: André Kirouac)

one. Well, some days, never trust Google! This is one of them. It was close and straight ahead of me.

If Jack called this hotel a small inn, it is because he only saw the entrance. After a short nap his dry gullet already requires a dose of cognac. Small inn! Why not? After all, we know that he modified the names of the persons he met and the places he visited.

I quickly leave. There is nothing special. *Click* and I am gone.

*But now I desire my cognac.” “Well, pay your room bill and go down rue Victor Hugo on the corner is cognac, ...”. (Satori in Paris, Chapter 26, p. 83)**

If I want to find the right bar, I'd better check the map, First, see if it still exists. I am getting a bit fed up with chasing bars. According to simple calculations, below Victor-Hugo Street, at the intersection is Yves-Collet Street. Too many cafes and bars, I cannot figure out which is the right one. I go for the most



Bar Breaking Club, Brest
(Photo: André Kirouac)

special one? Certainly not Jack's bar. Another one I take a picture of: the *Breaking Club*. In France, there they are. Let's say that I would not walk in its vicinity after dark. Besides, no way will I go in nor take a *break* (in English on the sign) as the publicity says.

*Where's the office in town of the Air-Inter airplane company?" ... But the old owner of the bar quietly tells me where it is and I thank him and go. (Satori in Paris, Chapter 27, pp. 84 & 86)**

I may not have told you this! Sorry for those of you who have read *Satori in Paris*, but I feel I have to give you a few details about the context.

Why this new fixation about Air Inter? An airline company no longer in existence that was bought out by Air France. I understand Jack. You will see.

How many times have I found myself standing in front of a baggage carousel in an airport anxiously looking to see my suitcase appear? How many times, it never turned up, then I had to impatiently wait for one or two days before being reunited with it? Once, it was my turn not to appear at the arrival gate! My plane was unable to land in Lisbon because of crowded runways so my plane landed in another airport.

For our dear Jack, this misadventure, identical to mine, was, however, entirely his fault. In Paris, waiting for his flight at the Orly airport to fly to Brest, what did he do to kill time? He drank! So, what happens when you drink a lot? Where do you have to go? I am sure you know the correct answer. In short, Jack missed his flight, but his suitcase was put on board the plane.

Expedient anyway, he goes back to Paris and catches the first train to Brest hoping that his suitcase will be there, as per magic, waiting for him at Air-Inter. Hoping; he looks for it. Luckily, he finds it but needs to lug it through the streets pulling it like a hundred weight wagon.

*Now I see the harbor, the flowerpots in back of kitchens, old Brest, the boats, couple of tankers out there ... I find the office and go in. (Satori in Paris, Chapter 28, p. 87)**

I need to figure out approximately where the Air Inter agency used to be. Believe it or not, but there is no end of travel agencies on so many street corners. One of them must be Air France. On the web, I note: 10 J. Baptiste Boussingault Street; one agency seems to be at the right location.

Naturally, GPS in hand, I get going hoping to, at least, take a picture of one Air France poster. Before leaving Quebec, I saw many photos showing such posters. Bad luck, nothing, nada. Nevertheless, I take a picture of the agency storefront. An agency is an agency.



Brest's Travel Agency (Photo: André Kirouac)

I have been walking for quite a while. Jack's adventures on airplane and train remind me that I must check my reservation with EasyJet in a few days. After Brittany, Lisbon is waiting for me. Also, I need to bring back my shining blue Fiat to Hertz location office at Nantes-Atlantique airport. I cannot resist, here is a photo.



My blue Fiat 500 (Photo: André Kirouac)

*I lug the suitcase into Fournier's bar and stash it in the corner and sit at the bar, feeling my railroad ticket, and have two hours to drink and wait. The name of the place is Le Cigare. (Satori in Paris, Chapter 29, pp. 90-91)**

In spite of it, Jack found his lost suitcase. Lady Luck was on his side. She will be with me too. Here, I am ready to tell you about one of the highlights of my stay in Brest.

In order to find traces of my Ghost, once more I must refer to the experts who studied Jack's life. Some spent a great deal of time studying our writer's tribulations to retrace his steps, where exactly he went and exactly who he met.

The bar '**Le Cigare**', was called '**La Cigale**' in 1965. It is located at 46 Émile-Zola Street. The amazing thing is that when I booked a room, I did not know that about the location of that bar. My apartment was at number 27 in the same street, facing '**Le Cigare**' the former '**La Cigale**'. Coincidence! I could never imagine better.

Do you see where I am going, in my story, I mean, I had to cross the street. No more bar but an Italian restaurant, called '**L'Arôme antique**' meaning old aroma but better read as: *La Rome antique* (Antique Rome). Interesting play on word, isn't it? I book a table for two, Jack and me. The owner is surprised when I arrive alone.

I am the first one who booked a table. I take the time to discuss with the chef who has never heard about Jack, knows nothing about him and even less about his books and, of course, that our personage had a drink at the same place 58 years before.

How time flies on this earth! I was almost six years old at the time and could not have imagined, at that age, that, one day I would be in a village of 900 inhabitants, in Europe, stalking the memory of an author I did not yet know.

The chef-owner, tall and slim, with a good sense of humour, who must be over 35, showed some

interest in the subject and come back with proof that I was at the right place. The bar, 'La Cigale', then belonged to one Georges Didier. After the bar was closed in the 1990s, the place became somewhat suspect. It was occasionally visited by the police, if only to check on the good morals that, definitively, no longer resided at that address if I believe an article about the cute Lola! After that, the Italian restaurant appeared, without any souvenir of its checkered past.

As more patrons come in, I lose sight of the chef. I enjoyed some *al dente* pasta with a glass of red wine, I drink the health of the absent writer I imagine sitting across from me.

As it is getting late, I go back to my lodging without knowing what tomorrow will bring. I was supposed to meet a professor from the University of Brest, but he cancelled being sick. As I carry a copy of *Satori in Paris*. I would like to write notes in it but cannot because it belongs to the Quebec City library. On Siam Street, once more, in a large bookshop, I ask for a copy, they look for one, and I buy my own personal copy in French, and will read it before going to sleep. On the cover, portraits of



Brest bookshop's painted mural
(Photo: André Kirouac)



Restaurant L'Arôme Antique, Brest (Photo: André Kirouac)

various authors are drawn. Who are they? I think I recognized one; do I need to say which one?

The following morning, I will have to improvise as I cannot imagine how I could do better than the next part of Jack's trip.

Beware of such an assertion, once more Kerouac will surprise me at lunch time.

Anyway Fournier does get on the phone, gets Lebris the restaurateur ... "There, go see this Lebris." "Where are the ancient Kerouacs?" ... So I cut out there carrying that suitcase down the Rue de Siam in broad daylight and it weighs a ton. (Satori in Paris, Chapter 29, pp.92-93)*

While personally, I was interested in talking about the author of *On the Road* with the chef at the Italian restaurant, Jack, on the other hand, took the time to inform the owner of the bar on Émile-Zola Street about his quest, search of his origins. He had one name in mind, Le Bris, since Gallimard, his editor in Paris mentioned the name.

Jack unpacks his Breton names and is told where to find the well-known book seller who owns the famous bookshop and lives nearby. His name is Pierre Le Bris, owner of **Librairie de la Cité** (City Bookshop) at 57 Siam Street.

I asked and learned that Le Bris was dead, the bookshop closed and I could find no clue whatsoever about anyone who could introduce me to anyone who had met Jack at the time of his visit. Having nothing else to do for the day, I said to myself that given that one does not come to Brest often, might as well simply enjoy the day walking around haphazardly. Hazard does not exist! Only the consequences of our decisions matter, even spontaneous ones.

Jack walks to Pierre Le Bris's bookshop and introduces himself. The doors are wide open to an author. He is taken to meet the owner who is in bed sick. No problems, Jack and Pierre discuss. Then his wife and daughter join them; however not drinking cognac with the men.

And I? I cannot enter the bookshop as it no longer exists. It is now a fancy bedding shop called **Carré Blanc**, an important Paris enterprise. Let me add, that if I had gone inside that shop, I might have found myself between beautiful sheets⁴.

What else to do but look for a nice restaurant to grab some lunch without ever imagining that a few weeks later I would surprise you with a "story" ... I am still flabbergasted whenever I think about what ensued.

I walk past a strange establishment, some combination restaurant, butcher's shop and cafe called *Meat Couture*, as in *haute couture*! Figure it out! The owner is a young and friendly Ukrainian, Andriy Maximov⁵. Cap askance on his head, his eyes lost somewhere on the battle fields of his native land. On his internet site he wrote: "The world movers are demented, crazy, clowns".

What else can I add when following in Jack's footsteps and that one does not know, me included, that he is waiting for me, hiding at the back of the restaurant. On offer there is a 'Hachis Parmentier' that translates as 'pâté chinois' in Quebec, that I will mention to the chef, if given a chance. (Shepherds' Pie, for English-speaking people).

To read what follows, I suggest you sit down!

As I walk in, a lady is enjoying a bowl of strawberries. Before I sit down, she offers me one. I thank her, add a few words; and she says "Oh, you are Belgian!"

No, sorry. (It often happens during my holiday . . . Strange, usually, people think I am a Brit trying to speak good French)

Dutch then? (Well, that is a first for me!)

No. I am from Quebec.

Really? I lived in Montreal for two years. My husband launched La Brioche Dorée, a bakery chain⁶. Do you know it? Why are you here, *Monsieur le Canadien*, sorry, *Québécois*?

I open my suitcase, its various compartments, tell her about my search in town on Kerouac's footsteps and the dead end I am now in. No more bookshop and no more Le Bris ...

4. In French, André turns his sentence into a double play on words.

5. Butcher in Brest, see web, photos, offering American-cut meat, something rare in France.

6. First opened in Paris, now around the world, including Montreal, Quebec City, etc.,.



Carré Blanc (bedding store), former bookshop "Librairie de la Cité". (Photo: André Kirouac)

The Lady, a true blue "Bretonne", very kind, a very smiling stout woman, offers me a strawberry as I finish eating my "paté chinois" made in France; called "Hachis Parmentier" it looks very grand renamed after the first man to promote potatoes. Of course, I enjoyed some cider with my lunch. Being among relatives, I will admit that I enjoyed a lot of cider in one week.

Coming back to the Lady, Mrs. Nicole Auffret, she looks at me and says: "Would you like to meet Mrs. Blanche Le Bris, Pierre's wife?"

"She must be dead by now."

"Oh, no, certainly not. She is 102 and in very good health. She is one of my best friends. I am calling her, and we will go and see her. Don't try to refuse. After all, you are a relative of Jack. She should be with her daughter, both met Kerouac; you will love them.

I am trying to imagine how you react as you are reading this! I hope you believe me!

On the dot, Nicole phones Blanche. We are expected in 45 minutes with Pierre Le Bris's daughter, the one who opened the door to Jack. Decades later, she welcomes me.

Do you believe in ghosts? From that moment, I did. What were the chances that this would happen? Don't even try to find a mathematician who could calculate such a likelihood.

*I sure hated to leave that sweet bedside. Besides, lots of brandy there, ... When I told him the motto of my ancestral family, "Aimer, Travailler et Souffrir" (Love, Work and Suffer) ... Satori in Paris, Chapter 33, p. 104**

How to briefly recount this encounter? Blanche Le Bris does not look her age. She is short, has a very clear mind, not a single white hair and looking great in a lovely, printed dress. Her hearing is not perfect, and she walks slowly. Frankly, she looked at least twenty years younger than her age. She kept asking her daughter to fill our glasses. Which I politely declined. Should I have accepted?

I was invited to sit in front of her, as it would be easier for her to hear me. When needed, her daughter would repeat my questions. My new friend, Nicole, joined in the conversation adding some pleasant Breton anecdotes. Another discreet family friend was also present. She seems to enjoy listening to conversations of a bygone era. Those years when authors landed at the bookshop looking forward to discussing with Pierre Le Bris. I think I even heard the name of Simenon, the very important Belgian author.

Strangely, we talked very little about Jack. *Satori in Paris* is a novel; however, what Kerouac wrote is pretty much what happened in 1965. Except for some details as mentioned earlier. Anyway, who cares about the whole truth when living such precious moments?

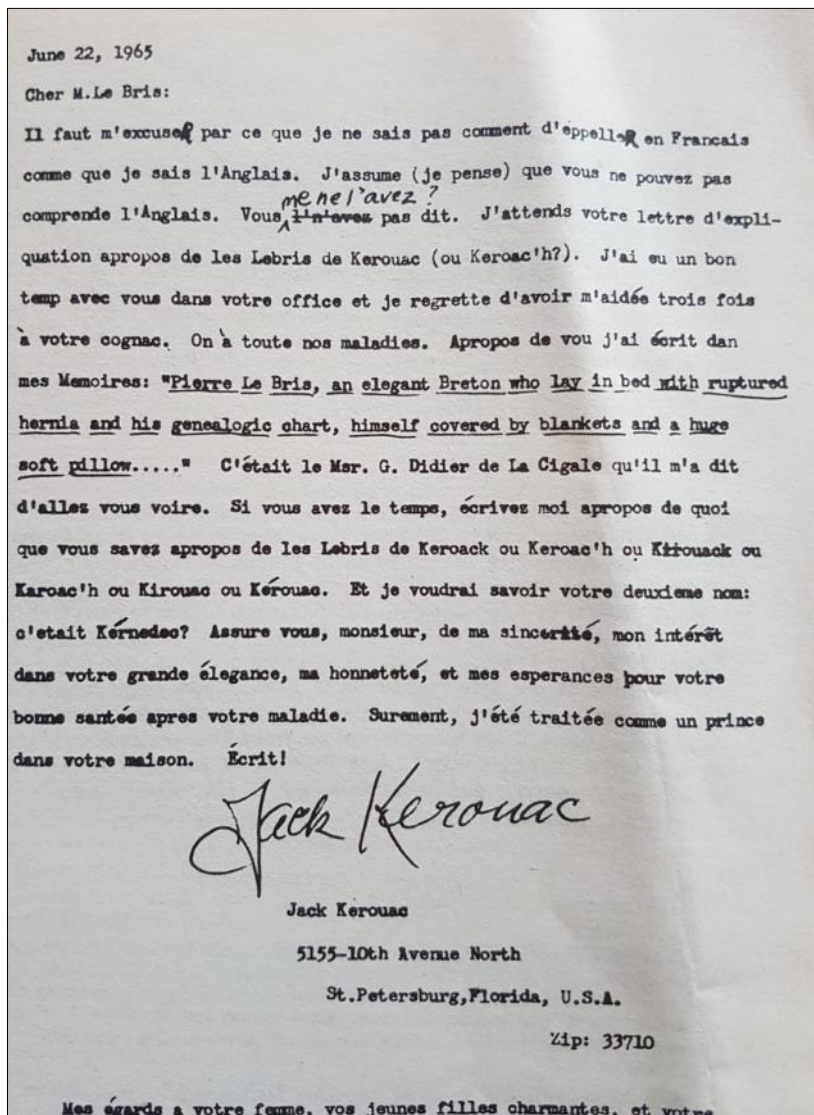
They showed me around the second floor. Magnificent. Three living-rooms in a row, impressive. In the old days, the bookshop occupied the ground floor and the second floor. Once the bookshop was closed, the second floor became the owners' apartment, where the owners still lived above their business when Jack visited them.

Blanche and her daughter talked to me about the famous personalities who used to stop by regularly adding that Jack's visit was so memorable that they named their chalet after him.

Suddenly, Blanche remembers that Kerouac signed their guestbook. 1964 or 1965?

Of course, in 1965, in May. Jacqueline, Pierre's daughter, runs to find the 1965 guestbook. She is very lively Jacqueline! Forever smiling.

She comes back, all smiles of course. She opens a page and by chance, no, there is no such thing as chance, immediately she finds Jack's signature. Jack signed very clearly his famous family name: Jean-Louis (as he was baptized) Lebris (in one word) "de" (important



Jack Kerouac's letter to Pierre Lebris dated 22 June 1965
(Photo: André Kirouac)

as it indicates his noble origin) Keroack (one of the many ways of writing our family name). Then his regular signature Jack Kerouac.

In a few words, Jack recounts his history. At Brest, that day, it is all there under my own eyes, and I am in the company of the ladies who met Jack.

Further along, you will read about more benefits my visit provided, thanks to Blanche Le Bris and Jacqueline Le Bris-Millet.

Not wanting to tire this extraordinary centenarian, Nicole and I leave after an hour of pleasant conversation covering the years of the bookshop's activities in my quest following in the famous author's footsteps. As we depart, Jacqueline promises to email me other documents she might find concerning Jack's visit.

And, of course, we had to take some photos before leaving proving that I have met them and that I am not taking you on a ride!

As I walked into my apartment, there was already an email from Jacqueline. There will be more. She sent me a photo showing her father's hand pointing at Jack's signature in their visitors' book. Then she sent, in various emails, a photo of a letter from Kerouac to her father. Read that letter carefully if you have not already done so. Note the variants that Jack underlines to help Pierre Le Bris's search in Jack's Breton ancestors. He remembers to add the spelling Kerouac'h! You will see that he also names G. Didier (Georges) and the bar "La Cigale". This is useful and it helps me find the bar, this year located at 46 Émile-Zola Street and to enjoy this pleasant Italian restaurant.



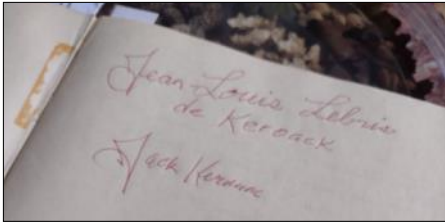
Le Bris family visitors book: Jack Kerouac's signed it when he visited in 1965. (Photo: Le Bris family collection, Brest)

In one of the messages I received, I found the cover page of a magazine dedicated to the author of *Satori in Paris* accompanied by a text written by our bookshop owner to preserve the memory of Kerouac's passage at his home. (You can read it at the end.)

But I got so fascinated by old Loudéac, and not one taxi outside on Rue de Siam, I had to hurry with that 70-pound suitcase in my paw, switching it from paw to paw, and missed my train to Paris by, count it, three minutes. (Satori in Paris, Chapter 34, p. 106).*



Left, Mrs. Nicole Auffret, the friendly go-between lady standing behind Mrs. Jacqueline Le Bris-Millet, André in the middle, and Mrs. Blanche Le Bris sitting at right, and notice, she is the only person without glasses. (Photo: André Kirouac collection)



Jack Kerouac's signature in the Le Bris family golden book in 1965. (Photo: André Kirouac)

Now I go back on the road, retrace my steps, look for a restaurant to eat before it gets dark as tomorrow, daytime will take me on the last leg of my Breton adventures in Lanmeur, Huelgoat and to the home of friends, my daughter-in-law's parents who live in Saint-Brieuc. Well, yes, my daughter-in-law is a true blue Bretonne! This is another story.

Saint-Brieuc! I have been keeping this story for the end. For those of you who have read *Satori in Paris*, you may well have been wondering why I had not started my text by this place. It was a question of timing when planning my various meetings. Contrary to Jack, my Breton adventures are ending in the very town where Jack in-famously started his Breton trek and made a special and rather unceremonious entry by train in the land of his ancestors.

I get pretty friendly with the young couple and at St. Brieuc the trainman yells out "Saint Brrieu!"

I yell out "Saint Brieuck!"

Trainman, seeing nobody's getting much off or on, the lonely platform, repeats, advising me how to pronounce these Breton names: Saint Brrieu!"

"Saint Brieuck!" I yell, emphasizing as you see the "c" noise of the thing there.

"Saint Brrieu!"

"Saint Brieuck!"

"Saint Brrieu!"



"Saint Brrieuck!"

"Saint Brrieu!"

"Saint Brrieuck!"

Here he realizes he's dealing with a maniac and quits the game with me...

(Satori in Paris, Chapter 22, p. 67)*

As soon as I landed in the house of my daughter-in-law, Marianne's parents' house, Michel and Monique show me where the train station is. It is close by, so we walk there to take a few photos, wearing raincoat of course! The train station reminds me of Quebec City's station.

While the stations in Brest and Lorient were destroyed in 1944-1945, during the WWII, Saint-Brieuc's station survived, many ancient buildings are still standing. Don't worry I did not shout at all as I walked the length of the great hall in the station.

This finally is where I beg goodbye to my ghost, however with promising that I would keep following in the footsteps of the Kervoacs and Le Bihans. Now you can follow me, in company of my hosts from Saint-Brieuc, towards Lanmeur and Huelgoat, where Jack did not manage to go in 1969. It seems that he was planning that trip. I will go and will see what some of you have likely seen.

END OF PART ONE.

**PART TWO
is on page 18.**

Jack Kerouac

by Pierre Le Bris

He came to France in 1965 to find his ancestors.

Mr. Gallimard suggested Jack looks in Brittany where he knew a Le Bris.

He looked at me as an Ancestor; that made me feel old!

In May 1965, an unwelcome operation for a hernia kept me in bed for a few days.

I took advantage of being laid low, to read and write notes about what I had found out about our family in Plomelin, to produce the Le Bris family tree, our family. This was possible thanks to the kindness of my former teacher of ancient Greek, who was by then the Parish priest at Plomelin. He had mentioned that he was not really allowed to do that, let me consult the parish registers of his small town where the majority of our ancestors were born. The first of the Le Bris, was one Yves Le Bris, married to a daughter of



Jack Kerouac, New York City, 1962.
(Photo: David Markson, courtesy Gerald Nicosia)

the Mendès family, from the village of Cret already known in 1565.

So, on 19 or 20 May 1965, lying in bed convalescing at home on Siam Street, I receive a call from my friend Didier, the owner of the excellent “bistro” (small restaurant) on Émile-Zola Street, whose very nice wife used to cook Tunisian couscous that we enjoyed eating with friends.

Didier tells me “There is a guy with him, who looks American but claims to be Canadian and says his name is Le Bris and that he is looking for his ancestors in Brittany.” I answered that there are hundreds of Le Bris in Brest, but I told him that I knew you enough to send him to you. I forgot to tell you that he is a writer, and his books are written under the name Jack Kerouac.

My hernia stopped me from jumping out of bed ... but I immediately called the bookshop downstairs and asked someone to bring me a bottle of Cognac and a glass... and I waited, do I need to add, impatiently, as from this author, I had only read “On the Road” and “The Dharma Bums” but had concluded that not only his style was worth considering, but also that his permanent thirst was worth quenching.

Here he is, medium size, well tanned face, a bit reddish, like an Indian. We sympathize easily and I ask him to sit in the Voltaire armchair (well-deserved name) and he says to me “do you know that I am called Le Bris like you, that I am concerned about my Breton origins. I met Gaston Gallimard in Paris.”

He is your publisher and also a good friend.



Photo: Marie Kirouac

On 9 July 2000, Pierre Le Bris and Jacques Kirouac during the *Return to the Sources* KFA journey organized after the genealogical and historical discoveries made during the 1980s and 1990s.

And Mr. Gallimard told me he knew only one Le Bris, you.

As soon as we have ascertained our homonymy, we launched on the subject of our respective search in order to complete our genealogical tree if feasible, and possibly find other branches either added or grafted, that might help him to discover his ancestors. I like him and I am proud of the descendants of my Le Bris ancestor's.

Even before I offer him a drink, he asked if he could taste my Cognac, which I agree to if only to celebrate the fact that we might be related.

We talk and talk. He tells me about his crazy adventures during his Paris-Brest trip, his suitcase gone on the plane and him left at the airport and telling me that, nevertheless, he would soon be on his way back to Paris on the 5 p.m. train. And we keep talking. He speaks French well enough, so I do not have to use English, a language I use but with some difficulty. He

tells me that he will talk about our meeting in his next book.

I ask him to write a word in my guestbook, but he writes only his name, Le Bris de Kerouac and his address. I think that the large glasses of Cognac he drank have undermined his assurance to write something in French.

And he departed to catch his train.

This meeting is mentioned in the book he wrote and was published a few years later by Gallimard of course.

Afterwards, we exchanged a few letters; but unfortunately, I found only one.

Since then, countless young intellectuals have written to me after hearing about my meeting Jack.

I kept looking for his origins... and mine... But it is easy to get lost in my genealogy that is far more like a

thick forest than a tree. However, the American and Canadian Kerouacs with whom I keep in touch are so sure of finding their Le Bris ancestor that they have decided, once their research is successful, to all come from Quebec to Brittany for a great celebration.

And it is May 1968. Before the May '68 trouble, Dominique Saint-Alban comes for a book signing session on 19 April 1968 and comes back on 30 November 1968. We bought a second house in Plougastel and named it "Kerouac", in Jack's memory.

This last text is a courtesy of the Le Bris family from Brest. Much gratitude to Mrs. Jacqueline Le Bris-Millet for giving us the exclusive permission to publish it in *Le Trésor des Kirouac*.



Huelgoat on 9 July 2000, interview organized by journalist Hervé Quéméner (centre) with Pierre Le Bris (1918-2012) (left), and poet Youenn Gwernig, (1925-2006) (right), talking about their connection to Jack Kerouac.

JACK AND I IN BRITTANY

ANDRÉ KIROUAC

Part 2

From Saint-Brieuc to Huelgoat via Lanmeur

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this second part, André carries on travelling in the footsteps of his ancestors and still carrying on a conversation with Jack Kerouac, his "ghost" and roaming-companion. For Jack he creates a story, almost a novel, where reality parallels imagination. A tale full of questions about the identity of a common ancestor, somewhat like Jack and many others did before them. After so many years of research, one thing must be remembered from André's text: there are still many unanswered questions. The new DNA genealogical search tools that the KFA has been using for a few years, should eventually validate the results attained at the end of the 1990s. In any case, it will answer the important questions rightly raised by André.*

Upon leaving Saint-Brieuc, Jack and I parted ways. Being passionate about the sea as I am, it is somewhat difficult to forget that along my road there is more than Jack.

Before and during my wanderings in the footmarks of a ghost, I took advantage of the sites, as well as looking for the "spirit" of the places, as one friend from the museum world would say.

Near Lorient, the Maritime Museums of France have an important museum in Port-Louis, a must-see, not only because it has a plate bearing the arms of the de Kerouartz's family, as I mentioned to you earlier but, it is located in a fort and has an unbelievable view on the harbour. The view includes the former U-Boats bunkers built by the Germans.

As for my next stop, the most impressive stone alignments at Carnac do not warrant a lengthy description having no naval connotation.

Same at Brest, the Maritime Museum at Brest is an "antenna" of the central one located in Paris, in Place du Trocadero. I have no intention to take you there for a visit, even a short one, before we carry on with the Kirouac adventure!

No, my idea is more human, so to speak, it is closer to my preoccupations as a museologue keen on tracking the impacts of wars and perils at sea.

My friends, Michel and Monique, and I drove to a rather unusual place, the Bonaparte beach near the village of Keruzeau. I am not including a map, sorry, but nowadays, all you need to do is write these names on Google to identify their geographical positions.

So, here is the Bonaparte beach! No links whatsoever with the Emperor. In fact, it is simply a military code for the place. And what a location on the Atlantic Ocean, the English Channel! The steep cliffs



Bunker Keroman 1 in Lorient
(Photo: André Kirouac)



Entrance to the Bonaparte Beach
(Photo: André Kirouac)



Alphonse's house, one of the Shelburn réseau during World War II. (Photo: André Kirouac)

seen along the coasts of Britain and Normandy. The Channel, an arm of the Atlantic Ocean, is regularly swept by huge waves and tides many meters high. Briefly, not the best place to go for plain sailing, particularly at night. Cliffs everywhere, and rocks lurking just below the surface, appearing and disappearing with the treacherous currents.

Michel is aware that I know the place but only by reputation. During 1943, two French-Canadian soldiers, Lucien Dumais (known as Léon) and Raymond Labrosse, were there and organized and managed an escape network for Allied pilots after their aircraft were shot down by the Germans. A pilot was precious commodity, training was costly, and their repatriation was crucial. The two Quebecers supervised a network called "Shelburn", a complex and dangerous operation. All means of ex-filtration were good, including hiding pilots in fake caskets. At the end of the trek was a house, known by its secret code name "Alphonse's House". From there, at the darkest time of night, they had to climb down a steep cliff, reach a small boat that took them to a British speedboat awaiting offshore. Dumais and Labrosse, and their teams, are known to have saved 150

Allied pilots. This was my first time standing on this site, taking in the feeling of their passage. It was very similar to the impression that choked me up when I walked up and down the Normandy D-Day landing beaches. I hope I am not boring you as I stray from Jack's dream and our Breton links. We will get back to that in good time.



Goëlo cemetery outside wall in Brittany. (Photo: André Kirouac)

My friends had promised me an unforgettable trip in the land of the KER as well as fulfilling my passion for sea and sailors. At times, it turned out to be very emotional. In the small village of Goëlo, the cemetery walls are entirely covered with memorial plaques to local sailors who died at sea, generally on the great banks of Newfoundland. These young men died in groups of five, ten or more; forever resting in Canadian waters. Of course, this takes me back to the sailors' chapel at L'Islet-sur-Mer where the names of sailors who perished at sea are engraved.

This story does not exactly follow the events of my present trip, likely because the memories of human sacrifices come back to me in successive episodes. Along the road between Lorient and Brest, including a brief stop at Quimper at an excellent cafe and a quick look at its magnificent cathedral, I had to stop at Pointe Saint-Mathieu, not just for its unique lighthouse but also to visit its 1939-45 Memorial Museum.



Blaukhaus Graff Spee and 1939-1945 Memory Museum. (Photo: André Kirouac)



Saint-Mathieu Lighthouse (Photo: André Kirouac)

The museum is located inside a German blockhouse built to protect the entrance to Brest's natural harbour. A gloomy place but the museum is beautifully set up. One can almost feel the Germans' presence as it was such a dreadful carnage when the Americans finally rested it from the enemies at the end of the war. Around the still indestructible concrete structure are trenches where one can walk imagining the pandemonium of bombs falling everywhere.

Next stop, another lighthouse I have been looking forward so much to see for so many years. It is located near the pretty seaside village of Le Conquet* where you eat the best ever Breton galettes washed down with cider, of course. (*in Finistère, Brittany, westernmost mainland town in France).

The Kermorvan lighthouse is the westernmost lighthouse in France. Looking in the distance, one can imagine home: Canada, Quebec, L'Islet. This lighthouse always fascinated me with its 20-meter-high square granite tower and connected to land by a granite bridge. Since 1849 it has been withstanding the fiercest storms imaginable. In every country I visit I always make a point of looking for the most distant lighthouse. In Finistère, that is it, for the KER, at least for one of them, diving forward towards our lands.

Kermorvan, another KER hamlet, and many more there are. According to Breton dictionaries, KER means village so this is the village of Morvan, gifted seaman! And Kervoac is never far away!

Jumping ahead of my itinerary, I let myself be carried away by the power of 'letters', three letters that I keep repeating: KER! So, from Kermorvan to Kervoac I am taking you to the place of our assumed origins.

Before carrying on on a steep road, similar to the cliffs of the Bonaparte beach ... here is a recommendation.

From now on, we need to conditionally believe that we are "Le Bihan de Kervoac" or any other variants. Believe that no Alexandre Le Breton, or Le Bris or Le Brice de Kervoach has ever existed under that name. We will talk about that at the end of my text.

In spite of that and in memory of Jack, who believed in his origins and who would have liked to follow along the path I am about to discover, let's go towards Lanmeur.

Michel and Monique had planned everything! Short stop at the Lanmeur Town hall. Two clerks would have loved to give us a poster of each of the two Jack Kerouac festivals held in 2010 and 2011. It seems it was a festival with no tomorrow that took place due to only one person's obsession.

On the internet, I found interesting texts about this festival and its initiator. According to her, it seems that for the locals, who originate from that village, they consider a privilege to include the famous Jack as a relative. You can read it;



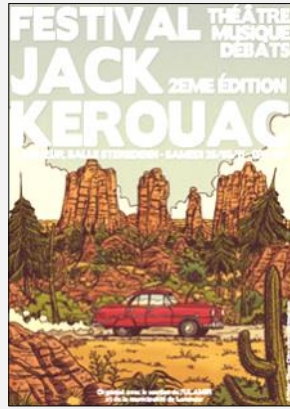
Kermorvan Lighthouse, France's westernmost lighthouse.
(Photo: André Kirouac)

it is all based on the research of genealogist Patricia Dagier.

Jack Kerouac, on the road in Lanmeur, organized by Valérie Remeur, a teacher. Why hold a festival around Kerouac at Lanmeur? The choice of Lanmeur was a must. Partly because I am from that hamlet, but more so because of Patricia Dagier's revelation. In 1999, this genealogist started to explore a trail solid enough to establish the Breton origins of Jack Kerouac! Jack Kerouac, a child of Brittany, nothing less. Imagine if he had been



Lanmeur City Hall in Brittany (Photo: André Kirouac)



Article in Le Télégramme – 15 March 2010

Father of the Beat generation, backpacker, poet and genial writer, Jack Kerouac will be honoured on Saturday, 27 March, at the first festival Jack Kerouac on the road in Lanmeur, organized by teacher Valérie Remeur.

Why this festival around Kerouac at Lanmeur? Lanmeur was a must. Partly because I am from this village, but mainly because of Patricia Dagier's revelations. In 1999, this genealogist started to explore a fairly solid trail that led to attesting Jack Kerouac's Breton origin. Festival Jack Kerouac. He used to say he was Breton, in Le Trégor (local paper), June 2012.

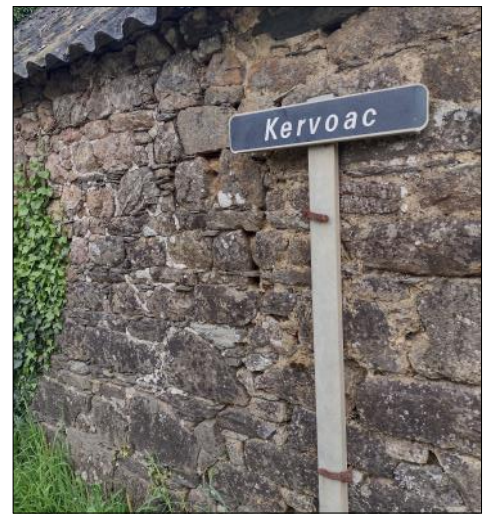
Festival Jack Kerouac. « He called himself a Breton in Le Trégor in June 2012

Jack Kerouac's ancestors are from Lanmeur. In Le Trégor finistérien, Valérie Derrien-Remeur perpetuate the souvenir of a local child.

alive, he could have been invited to be the patron of honour because he is a child of Brittany.

Why stop when one is on such a good trail. Everywhere Jack is known as the pope of the *beatniks* -- something he refused to claim. Near Lanmeur, impossible to miss the roundabout and even more difficult to park near the two small plaques proclaiming “Rue Jack Kerouac”. You cannot invent that!

That very busy roundabout called Kervoac - here we are! The famous Kervoac - pronounced Kerouac and, in Breton, spelled Kerwag. Can you imagine a certain Urbain or Alexandre pronouncing that name in front of a notary or a parish priest in New-France? Let us forgive said persons for misspelling it! Imagine Jack or Arthur Kirouac transforming it into Kerouac'h or Kerouartz!



The Kervoac roundabout, Lanmeur, Brittany
(Photo: André Kirouac)





We keep driving, looking for a small blue plaque, that we quickly spot at the entrance of the village. The place we presume to be where the name “Kervoac” comes from.

We turn left than right, again and again, and finally find it on the stone wall of an old building. Almost pathetic! I am thinking: “If that is the place that Le Bihan said he came from: Kervoac!”

We get back in the car and drive to Huelgoat. Hoping to be less disappointed (or more impressed). When visiting military sites I can feel the atmosphere, but Lanmeur-Kervoac left me cold.

We drive through the Breton countryside where climate change caught up with life. An entire forest on a mountainside was burned to the ground in 2022. So many blackened fields and trees. It looks like an end-of-the-world sight in the centre of Brittany. Roads randomly zigzagging, or more likely following the constraints and needs of the region’s first inhabitants. Suddenly, Huelgoat is right ahead of us. As we want the pleasure to last, instead of entering town on an empty stomach, we find a lovely restaurant offering a gargantuan menu; we enjoyed it but had to skip the following meal, call it dinner or supper, as you like.

Put it this way, we roll back to the car, then the car rolls towards a parking lot by the side of Huelgoat lake, very small but lovely.

Suddenly, I notice the place I intend to visit: **Librairie Sur la Route**, On the Road Bookshop. It is a real place, you cannot invent it.



Venelle du Chai, Huelgoat, Brittany. (Photo : André Kirouac)

Before leaving Quebec, I prepared myself. I brought photos of the “venelle du Chai”; in English, “venelle” is an alley, and “chai” is a wine cellar. It seems a proper description for the place. There is also the famous inscription referring to “Le Bihan senior” at the top of the church’s back wall.

A few steps back, we are in the wine cellar alley observing each stone looking for the famous inscription proof that Le Bihan senior left his mark. This inscription is so high up on the wall that unfortunately I cannot read it, so I use a photo found on the Internet, which says:

F : BATR : EN L’AN 1698 PAR M : RE F : LE BIHAN
NO : RE POVR LA FA : QVE

In French, it reads: *Fait bâtir en l’an 1698 par maître François Le Bihan notaire pour la fabrique.* Translation: Had built in the year 1698 by Master François Le Bihan, notary for the church’s administration (called “fabrique” in French, then and now).

My thoughts rush forward towards what I consider the main reason for stopping in this town: **Librairie Sur la Route**, On the Road Bookshop.

Is it just me? I feel no particular emotion. No lovely feeling about a return to the sources. I take a few photos. Afterwards, with my friend Monique, I prefer to



The Chaos by the Mill, Huelgoat, Brittany. (Photo: André Kirouac)

(*mountains bisecting the Finistère region)!

This brings me back to Jack; I can well imagine him in front of these menacing boulders, or so it seems. I am sure he would have loved it too. According to a signboard, one boulder weighing thousands of tons is precariously standing on top of another one, looking as though we could push it off-balance.

I also see that the Kirouac descendants who visited here in July 2000, placed a plaque saying that we come from this area. So our ancestors were born near a chaos of wobbly boulders. Interesting parallel!

This is an inspiring place and answer my various quests more that anything I have seen until now. Just to prove I have been here I take a selfie in front of the plaque paying homage to Urbain François Le Bihan, Sieur de Kervoac.

“Sieur” i.e., Sir, nothing less, and written in stone. When reading this, can one ever doubt?

We must believe it! Here is a proof, go on the Internet Geneanet website¹ and look up Urbain François Le Bihan de Kervoac. It is very serious: He was born in 1702 (exactly) at Huelgoat, the son of François Joachim and his wife née Catherine Bizien. If we believe that Urbain is really our Breton ancestor, it is fine except for his birth year that should read “circa”.

It was a short photo-stop; not just because Breton threatening showery skies hovered overhead all day, all week really. Every morning, I checked the weather in Portugal and dreamt of warm sunshine. Thank goodness for my hosts and friends in Saint-Brieuc who put all the sunshine during my stay with them.



André Kirouac standing in front of the memorial plaque erected at Huelgoat by the Kirouac Family Association on 9 July 2000. (Photo: André Kirouac collection)

go walking up and down the boulders at the Chaos du Moulin, the Chaos by the Mill.

Chaos indeed! And this is wonderful. I love it and the local legend saying that: “One day, a famished Gargantua stopped at Huelgoat; he begged the inhabitants for food. They gave him some black wheat mush. Furious, he vowed revenge. Then, in the Léon (nearby area in Lower-Brittany including the town of Brest) he ate a-plenty. Then as he walked along the coast, he picked up rounded granite boulders and hurled them over the Arrée Mounts*, and they fell at Huelgoat, along the river and all over the forest.

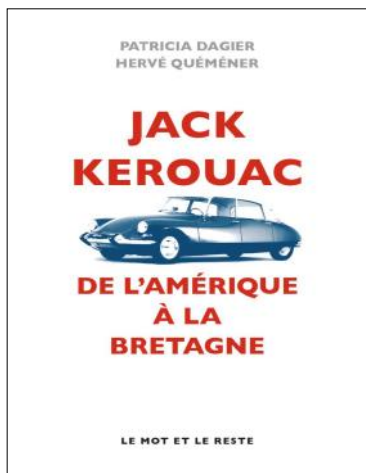
¹See <http://kerouac.huelgoat.monsite-orange.fr/>

Let's get back to *On the Road Bookshop* that really attracts me. We enter, carefully looking for our author or anything by him. In a corner, five women are talking while knitting, or knitting while talking? Obviously happy, their laughs adding music to the hundreds of books silently lining the shelves waiting for readers. Why is there such a bookshop in this part of Brittany? And a cafe-bookshop at that!

"Coffee please!" That brings the owner running and the conversation starts when I say my surname. I have no idea how many Canadian Kirouacs stop at his cafe, but to him, this was no surprise at all. We reminisce about what took place here in 2022 to mark Jack's Centennial when the works of our famous cousin was presented. Why indeed is this bookshop here and why the name?

He answers that the idea of opening a bookshop at Huelgoat came long before knowing the link with the Kirouacs and knowing nothing about Jack. Quite naturally, when he learned about it, he believed it and the cafe was officially baptized! Is he a believer now?

I look at the shelf lined with Jack's books. I hesitate but choose the latest edition: *Jack Kerouac, de l'Amérique à la Bretagne* (i.e., JK from America to Brittany) by Patricia Dagier and Hervé



The *La Librairie Sur la route* (On the Road Library), Huelgoat, Brittany.
(Photo: André Kirouac)

Quémener. It will be my bedside reading for the coming days. It will bring up many questions and get my imagination working.

No way I am doubting the lengthy, fastidious, and meticulous work already done that I can only admire. However, could it be our writer/cousin's attitude that inspires me to think off the beaten track?

Possibly!

I am no expert I admit; however, through my life, I trained myself first and many other people, to always doubt at first; then learn to explore all leads, even the zaniest, in case one turns out to be the right one.

For the fun of it, I decided to walk into Jack's shoes, he navigating between cognac and search for his origins; me, between red wine and cider. I explore all avenues, all roads, all leads. Of course, I got lost at each roundabout, but found my way again, including at Kerwag.

These many roads, Jack ran them in his head as well as in reality. I read somewhere that, according to some researcher, for Jack the meaning of *On the Road* was more *Along The Way* (Sur le Chemin). This word might be closer to what he meant. In French, we say *Chemin de Compostelle*, in Spanish: *Camino de Santiago*, in English: *the Way of St. James*, but never the *Route de*, or *the Road to*, *Compostelle*! Because, to attain Satori, it is a pilgrimage.

In fact, as far as I am concerned, when it comes to my ancestral line, I am of Breton ancestry. Whether I am a Le Bris, Le Brice or Le Bihan, a man from the 1720s and the beginning of the 1730s using KER and Le Bihan, in various ways whenever he signed a document.

According to some researchers, Urbain François Le Bihan de Kervoac was born around 1702. In 1717, when he signed his name, he would have been 15 or 16. Then, with no Kervoac or variants.

This was in 1720, at about 18, which is still rather young to decide on a definite signature to be used throughout one's whole life without any modification, or very little, including the shape of each letter as well as any future embellishments. Not just forming letters, but endings, flourishes usually appear with each signature. Later in Canada, after 1727, no more Le Bihan in Urbain's signature who, by then, had probably become Alexandre.

Still, there seems to be some persisting mystery nowadays. Imagine that there is one person only and, we may believe that this man known as Urbain crossed the Atlantic and changed his name. Welcome Alexandre!

In the evening in my Lisbon apartment, I am reading Mrs. Dagier's book, read her arguments, but I am seeking certainty.

Previously I had read François Kirouac's book published in 2013 which had left me with many unanswered questions.

In this field I have no experience and no knowledge and even less erudition than Patricia Dagier and François Kirouac.

Both have been studying our family history and our legends for years. I will never pretend to be their equal.

If it must be interpreted, then it is good to explore all available avenues, documents, testimonies, archives, those physically at hand as well as those we dream to discover.

That is what Patricia Dagier and François Kirouac have done like a few others, including Clément Kirouac.

When it comes to our family and our rascal ancestor, the documentation is very thin and

strewn with many details blurring the way.

In short, among all that is available there is nothing certain and it makes it even less possible to assert with 100% certainty anything about our Breton ancestral family.

Nevertheless, the search done in Brittany is phenomenal, and Mrs. Dagier believes that the two men are one and the same person.

The same can be said about the way François Kirouac documented the descendants of Louise Bernier and her adventurous husband.

I still see a problem with all this: Two characters at the beginning of this story are two but make only one! Is there only one person in the world, or are there two distinct persons? That is my question!

I make a pause here. I remain silent. I am cogitating. I go back to that quote taken from Jack's *Dharma Bums*: *The cry of silence was like a cataract of diamonds penetrating like liquid into our ears. One could draw peace there for a thousand years.* (Google translate, French into English)

Find peace for a thousand years! Wasn't that what so many French people hoped to find by coming over to America then?

So do not be annoyed with me for carrying on with a *romance* of my own, hoping somewhere it will meet up with Jack's quest.

So, yes, it is my novel, just a few lines that I am inventing and with this I am concluding my trip in the company of my *Satori*.

My *Satori*? What does it mean? Accepted definition of *Satori* is: sudden and complete spiritual awakening that the disciples of Zen

Buddhism hope to realize through meditation.

Jack had his Buddhist period; he refers to it in the title of his book. Mixing that with his trip to France, and his time in Paris where he walks up and down the national library searching for proof of his "nobility" followed by a brief stay in Brittany gives an idea of his pilgrim's quest.

I am not pursuing a *Satori*! I only want to share a fable! So allow me to imagine the following!

And if?

I land in Lisbon, my most favourite town. Whenever I come to Europe, this is always my base. I expect to find good meals, former friends not seen in years, and all on a background of FADO, Portuguese music, and Porto. Jack was never in Portugal, I think so anyway; however, he follows me.

Satori in Paris has become *Satori em Lisboa*.

In Lisbon, at the end of a maze of streets, where inhabitants are running to work while the older ones enjoy their coffee, there is a library, one of the most beautiful in the world: *La Biblioteca Palacio Galveias*. It seems that my favourite Portuguese writer, José Saramago (1922-2010), spent part of his youth here. Many times, I noticed Portuguese editions of Kerouac's books.

Saramago, like Jack, was born in 1922. Did Kerouac ever hear about this Portuguese writer who won the 1998 Nobel Prize for literature? I hope so, he would have enjoyed reading his Gospel According to Jesus-Christ (1991) or Death with Interruptions (2005).

Dozens of students do their homework here, write their dissertations. And I?



The *Biblioteca Palacio Galveias* at Lisbon, Portugal. (Photo: André Kirouac)

I am taking in the magnificent details of the vaults above my head, the drawings on the wall, the beautiful parquet floor and the large simple tables in this inspiring decor. Then, I get on with my work. Slowly the students leave one by one. Jack sits beside a Portuguese woman who recognizes him. His right hand looks for an imaginary glass. He reminds me of his name, Jean Louis Le Bris de Kervoach, known as Jack Kerouac.

I tell him that I am not a Le Bris and that the recent studies show that we are linked to the Le Bihan families.

(He says) Given this, at least we know that we are descendants of a Seigneur Kerouac'h or Kerouartz or Kervoac'h?

I answer: not even; we are none of that.

Now he is worried; so, who are we? Where do we come from? What do you think, André K ?

What I think? I confabulate like you, dear Jack, isn't it what you like to do and did while travelling with me in the past month?

That is what the author of *On the Road* makes me write!

All right. So be it.

Urbain François Le Bihan de Kervoac'h never crossed over to New-France.

Your ancestor in North America, dear Jack is not a Le Bihan, who knows, a Le Bris, perhaps you were right in believing that, and certainly not a Kerouartz. You were with me, Jack, I am sure of that when I discussed with the 102-year old Blanche Le Bris? Wouldn't she be a lovely ancestor for us? I am convinced that you remember her.

Once upon a time, way before Blanche and her husband, Pierre, imagine a twentysomething young man landing in New France during the first half of the 1720s. He hails from somewhere between Lanmeur, near Kervoac, and Huelgoat or, at least, from that area. He knows all too well about the trouble of a certain Urbain François, from the Le Bihan family who also uses the patronymic de Kervoac or de Kervoac'h.

Our adventurer is named Alexandre and dreams of creating a life for himself in New-France. Like everyone in his part of the world, he knows some Le Bihan and some Le Bris. Let's say, like all Quebecers know some Tremblays.

Alexandre likes hunting, he loves roaming the countryside and he fills up on stories from those who describe canoeing down the never-ending rivers in birch-bark canoes, the immense forests, the virgin land to be cleared. Yet, he is educated! Enough to read and write besides understanding legal texts. *Perhaps he said to himself that by going across Canada, he would be a "voyageur" and a fur trader.*

Alexandre will spend his whole life On The Road.

Around 1725-1726, he arrives within view of Quebec (City) after a rough ocean crossing and a long journey up the St. Lawrence River.

Jack, you too know the sea, you remember the *SS Dorchester* during the last World War. You know what it is to cross the Atlantic.

What is this migrant to do when he has to declare his identity? He says he is De Kervoach Le Bihan. He hesitates when it comes to the patronymic Le Bris. That is fine with him, that guy, Urbain François, is not known. If, however, a person was aware of this guy's difficulties, he would simply revert to his real name, Alexandre.

During that time, in France, papa Le Bihan decides to hide his problem son, removes him from circulation. You are ousted, you no longer sign anything, you disappear from the books. It will only be at the parents' death, and the relatives' death, because of inheritance, that Urbain will need to reappear. However, without letting him touch anything, or so little.

Somewhat I like to think that Urbain François never left France.

Is this you and I saying that, Jack? The two of us! Really, the two of us!

Back along the St. Lawrence, Alexandre meets Louise, he is a 'voyageur', he travels back and forth, along the south shore. At Cap St-Ignace, he falls in love, head over heels, in spite of the age difference. She is a minor and becomes with child. Sacrilege! The problem is that Alexandre is always on the road, he never stops, he gets better with time his reputation improves; he tracks down and arrest thieves.

He does not know that he has an eight-month-old son. The mother had him baptized and gave him her name, Bernier. He is told; comes back to Cap (St-Ignace) and does the usual thing then, he gets married before taking charge of his son. Next, what does he do? Logically, he uses his real name and will keep doing so, except for some minor variants. But he was, is and will remain Alexandre. Just as simple as that.

He marries Louise, love and obligation. Doesn't that bring back some memories of your life, Jack?

His wife's village and his father-in-law's house become his home-port. Two more sons will be born and, as I write this, the rest of the story is admirably well documented by François Kirouac.

If you are listening, Jack, go to the paradise's authors' library, look up the writings of Patricia Dagier, Hervé Quéméner and François Kirouac. You will appreciate!

Alexandre leaves three children at his death. So he obviously had to be back home a few times and stay there for a while! Possibly during autumns or winters and when he settled at Kamouraska. Let's see, his last son was born in May 1735, therefore would have been conceived in the autumn 1734.

Alexandre died at Kamouraska in 1736. No doubt about that. He was known and was interred under his own name.

Jack, my friend, you remember Kamouraska? With Joe Chaput, you paid a flying visit to that region where your father and grandfather hailed from.

In a way, the earth turns on an axis that is personal to each one of us.

In Brittany, where Urbain François is concerned, his death record has yet to be found. I know that as a fact! Other signatures also have to be found in France. I know that for a fact in spite of the years of searching by Patricia Dagier the researcher.

So, Jack, what do you think of this story?

It is your novel, he answers. Despite your meagre knowledge of the whole business, it seems to make sense, however, I can imagine that someone, more expert than you, can easily find the whole thing built on rather shaky foundations. Maybe not, who knows?

Maybe not, I add. Probably, however.

It is your romance André. You wrote this on a table in a Lisbon library. Well, you know, I could believe in my Le Bris ancestors, in the disappearing of Urbain François in France and in the presence of an Alexandre at a quickly *arranged* wedding as you just told me.

I know Jack, but then, imagine that suddenly one Urbain is transformed into an Alexandre unless one reverses the perception?

And believe that one day, my travelling companion, a 1700's Frenchman, sent us on the paths of marquises and barons, of Kerouartz and treasures.

Your ancestor, Jack, walked miles, met lot of people, did business along many routes and canoed many rivers. Like you did years later. Like you in his own way. Shall we stop here, Jack?

Yes, André, let's leave it at that, enjoy your last days in Lisbon and raise a glass to my heavenly health.

No problema, my friend. Behind the library there is a kiosk selling fresh *cerveja e vinho tinto*!

CONCLUSION

I walked in Jack's footmarks. I even went to places he would have like to visit. A Breton region that, one day, witnessed the birth of a child whose patronymic came from the place where he was born and grew up.

A part of the world where KER are everywhere, even in the name of a lighthouse at the end of the world, at the end of the earth, at the end of the Breton land, Finistère (made up of two words: fin + terre, land's end in English).

Legends, of course, like that of the devilishly handsome dancer, who enters without an invitation, bewitches one of the best-looking girls and eventually disappears by breaking a stone wall at the sight of a crucifix.

Let's forget about a most likely existent Kerouartz treasure, and ask ourselves if the old woman who chased the devil away with her

crucifix, wasn't called Geneviève Chalifour? The one who was married to Simon-Alexandre Kervoac, son of our travelling Alexandre who one day signed his name Le Breton!

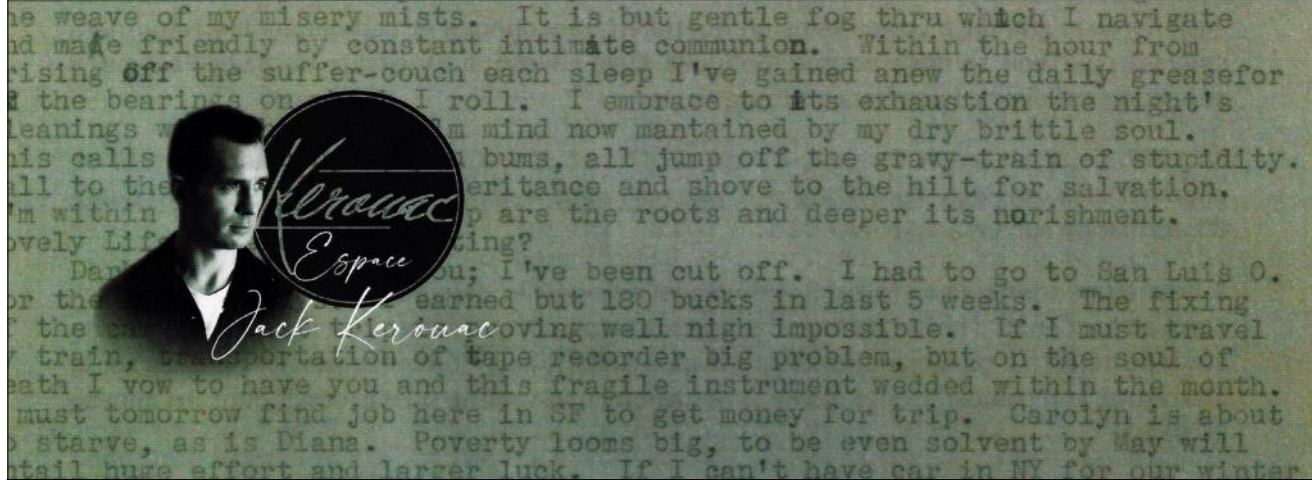
Legend, legend, when you hold us! Isn't it in the home of said Geneviève that the devil** appeared one evening during Lent? That is absolutely certain because my mother told me so...

Lisbon, 22 May 2023

**There are over 200 versions of the French-Canadian legend of the handsome dancer. It is the story of Rose Latulipe, a frivolous and rebellious 15-year-old girl. It is Shrove Tuesday at the Latulipes, and while they are feasting, a very handsome young man and extremely good dancer, invites himself to the party. Despite her father's warnings, Rose falls under his spells, enters in a frenzied dance that goes on beyond midnight. Then the stranger reveals his true nature: he is the Devil. Rose having danced on Ash Wednesday has committed a sin, and the Devil intends to punish her by taking her with him to hell. Depending on the versions, Rose disappears with the Devil while in some versions the village priest, or someone else saves the young girl.



“The end of a journey! The end of the earth! The Finistère!”
A coastal area literally meaning: fin + terre = end of the earth!
(Photo: André Kirouac)



ne weave of my misery mists. It is but gentle fog thru which I navigate
 and made friendly by constant intimate communion. Within the hour from
 rising off the suffer-couch each sleep I've gained anew the daily grease for
 the bearings on I roll. I embrace to its exhaustion the night's
 leanings with a mind now maintained by my dry brittle soul.
 his calls the bums, all jump off the gravy-train of stupidity.
 all to the inheritance and shove to the hilt for salvation.
 I'm within are the roots and deeper its nourishment.
 lovely Life
 Dan; I've been cut off. I had to go to San Luis O.
 or the earned but 180 bucks in last 5 weeks. The fixing
 of the transportation of tape recorder big problem, but on the soul of
 death I vow to have you and this fragile instrument wedded within the month.
 must tomorrow find job here in SF to get money for trip. Carolyn is about
 to starve, as is Diana. Poverty looms big, to be even solvent by May will
 entail huge effort and larger luck. If I can't have car in NY for our winter

Jack Kerouac Corner - for reading about history and discovering Quebec's uniqueness

Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup, 19 July 2023 – Jean-Baptiste Quirouac and Clémentine Bernier were married at Saint-Pascal-de-Kamouraska on 19 July 1869. They settled at Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup with their family. On 5 August 1889, in their home on chemin Taché (road) their son was born, Alcide-Léo Kirouac, who became Jack Kerouac's father.

THE HISTORY OF QUEBEC FAMILIES FOLLOWS THAT OF JACK KEROUAC'S

Considered one of the most important American authors of the 20th century, Jack Kerouac was born on 12 March 1922 at Lowell, Massachusetts. His grandparents were among the first wave of Kirouac families to settle along the US northeast coast. They were part of one the most important emigrations in Canadian history. The inauguration of the Jack Kerouac Corner in the municipal library at Saint-Hubert – a place for reading, learning history and discovering what makes Quebec special – it is the first of many events at Saint-Hubert enabling people to discover the life and works of Jack Kerouac, his origins in the Lower-Saint-Lawrence region, particularly around Saint-Hubert where many Kirouacs still live.

ONE MILLION FRENCH-CANADIANS EMIGRATE TO THE USA

Between 1840 and 1930, about one million French-Canadians emigrated to the USA, representing one-third of the province's population. Thousands of families left their homes in the countryside and their impoverished farms hoping to find better living conditions south of the border. Pennyless with many children, they left everything behind; Canadian workers, with their reputation as hard workers, were lulled by false hopes extolled by American representatives of large manufacturers desperate for workers.

Living and working conditions in large American industrial towns were difficult and there were not that many jobs available. Solidarity was the byword among the Canadians who often lived in areas where French was spoken, particularly in Lowell's "Petit Canada" where for generations the French-Canadian culture was preserved.

Jack Kerouac grew up in Lowell where daily life was Catholic and French-speaking. He often went back to visit the mother he adored, Gabrielle Lévesque, who was originally from Saint-Pacôme (Quebec). All his life Jack only spoke French with his mother.

In 1967, two years before dying at the age of 47, Jack Kerouac, who never stopped looking for his family's origin, came to Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup looking for information on his ancestors.

He wrote some thirty novels and poetry books, all are still in print. As a man with an interesting journey he was one of the writers at the heart of the famous "Beat" movement. Kerouac's influence today is as great as in the fifties and sixties, on literature, music, and even fashion.

ON THE ROAD : THE BOOK THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

On 5 September 1957, the first edition of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* was published in New York. Based on the travelling adventures of the author and his friends in the USA, the novel defined the generation growing after the second world war. Few other books so deeply impacted American culture.

Typed in 1951 on a 37-meter-long paper roll, cut and glued together, Jack Kerouac said he wrote *On the Road* in three weeks, with very little pause. That was decades before word processors existed. His "invention" enabled him to type without interruption, not having to take out or add sheets of paper into his typewriter. The original text of *On the Road* was typed in single spaced lines, without paragraph break, like one would tell a friend, the long story of a "road trip" without catching one's breath.

In 2001, *On the Road*'s original typescript was bought by Jim Irsay, for the record amount of \$2.43M.

Mrs. Josée Ouellet, the mayor of Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup, marked the official opening by cutting a specially made up paper roll, to open the **Espace Jack Kerouac** at La Source municipal library which is since 2022, the official guardian of all Kerouac's books for the Lower-St-Lawrence library network (Réseau BIBLIO).

"Our town finally has its own permanent corner in honour of Jack Kerouac's French-Canadian roots where it is possible to find out more about the author and his international reputation. The town is very proud indeed to inaugurate the **Espace Jack Kerouac**. So, now, lets make it our own and take part in all the activities to follow this inauguration" added Mrs. Josée Ouellet.

-30-

Information

Anne Laporte, Responsible for communications and development
for the town of Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup
communications@sthubertrdl.qc.ca / 418 714-7624

N.B. This two-page press release was written in French and translated for *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 142, Summer 2023.

Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup pays homage to Jack Kerouac

by *Andréanne Lebel, Journalist,*
Infodimanche.com, 20 July 2023

A permanent area dedicated to Jack Kerouac, the key Franco-American author of the Beat Generation literary movement, was officially inaugurated on 19 July 2023 at La Source Municipal Library in Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup, Quebec.

The town's aim is to pay homage to this 20th century important writer and to remind people of his Quebec roots that brought him to pay a visit to the region in 1967.

Some citizens of Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup still remember when Jack Kerouac stopped in their village in 1967 looking for his family roots, just two years before his death.

His book **On the Road**, first published in 1957 in New York, is one of the Beat Generation's most important works. This movement influenced American society around the nineteen-fifties. **On the Road** is the story of a hitch-hiking trip on American roads.

According to its author, his novel was written in three weeks, almost without interruption. He said he typed it on a 37-meter long paper-roll made up of sheets glued together. This method would have enabled him to better keep the thread of his story while typing. As a fun reminder of this unusual method of writing by Kerouac, Mrs. Josée Ouellet, mayor of Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup, officially inaugurated the Kerouac Corner by cutting a long paper-roll.



The municipal team tried very hard to bring to Saint-Hubert, the original roll worth millions of dollars; however, a far too complex transport logistics being required, the idea was abandoned. "We nearly succeeded in bringing the original roll. Most importantly, our wish is to perpetuate Jack Kerouac's story over time for young and adults. We want people to want to read," adds Mrs. Josée Ouellet.

Since 2022, the municipal Library *La Source* is the guardian of all Kerouac's books for the Lower-St-Lawrence library network.



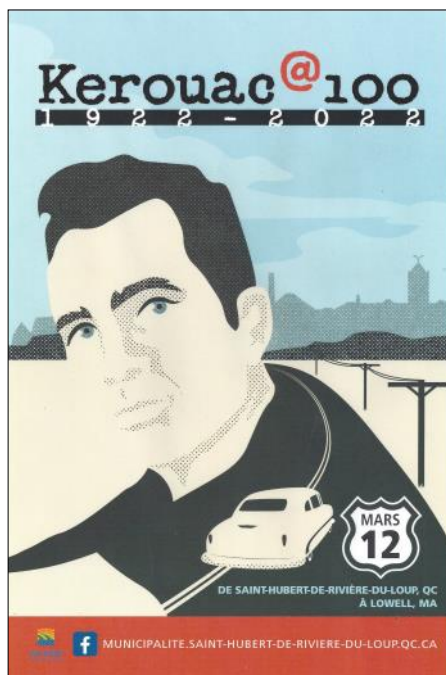
From left to right: Claude Boucher, Anne Laporte, responsible for St-Hubert's communications and development, François Kirouac, President of the Kirouac Family Association, Marcel Deschamps, Mrs. Josée Ouellet, Mayor of St-Hubert, Pierre Soucy and Martin Bouchard, Director of the Viger & Villeray Desjardins Bank at l'Isle-Verte, near St-Hubert.

A large selection of books written by Jack Kerouac or about him are available to all. Reading activities and lectures will take place at La Source library to perpetuate Jack's memory. He wrote some thirty novels and books of poems that are still in circulation.

The president of the Kirouac family Association, François Kirouac, attended the inauguration. "The Kirouacs are proud that Jack Kerouac is one of their luminaries. This is an extraordinary homage."

On 5 August 1889, Jack Kerouac's father, Léo Alcide Kerouac, was born in a house on Chemin Taché (Road) in Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup. His mother, Gabrielle Lévesque, was from Saint-Pacôme.

The famous writer was born on 12 March 1922 at Lowell, Mass., USA.



French version of the official poster for Jack Kerouac's centennial given to Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup by the town of Lowell in Massachusetts. This poster is now displayed on the outside wall of the municipal hall located across from the parish church.



The Jack Kerouac corner at La Source library at Saint-Hubert-de-Rivière-du-Loup. The local municipal authorities' initiative enables all citizens to discover who was "our cousin" and to learn about his works. (Photo: François Kirouac)



Some of those who attended the official inauguration of the Jack Kerouac corner on 19 July 2023. Left, Mrs. Josée Ouellet, mayor of Saint-Hubert. In the centre, Mrs. Anne Laporte, director of communications and development for the town, was the person in charge of creating the Jack Kerouac corner in the municipal library. (Photo: François Kirouac)



Photo: François Kirouac

The Jack Kerouac corner received a large selection of books from the Kirouac Family Association. These books were part of a collection gifted to the KFA by Jacques Kirouac when he died.

De Kervoach Descendant through The Female Line

Gaston Deschênes

by François Kirouac

Gaston Deschênes is a Quebec historian born at Saint-Jean-Port-Joli in 1948. He is one of six siblings, four sons and two daughters, the children of Antonio Deschênes and Simonne Caron. He studied at Ste-Anne-de-la-Pocatière College and at Laval University, Ste-Foy, Quebec, where he earned a Master in history.

For thirty years he was the Quebec National Assembly's official historian leading research teams. Until 2001, he was the co-owner, with Denis Vaugeois¹ of **Éditions du Septentrion**, an important publishing house.

He wrote many acclaimed books about his native region. He is one of the most knowledgeable historians of the Côte-du-Sud, Quebec south-shore region². We can even add that for anyone interested in learning about the history of this area where our ancestor, Alexandre de Kervoach, settled, he is a 'must' read. Among his many books on the area, here are four: *L'Année des Anglais* (1988) (1759, the year the English came); *Les Origines littéraires de la Côte-du-Sud* (1996) (French-Canadian literature has its origin in the area); *Les Voyageurs d'autrefois sur la Côte-du-Sud* (2001) (First travellers in and from the region); and *Le Mouvement patriote sur la Côte-du-Sud* (2015) (i.e., about the 1837-1838 patriots from the area).

This is only a small part of his prolific contribution to history. Let's mention that he co-authored some 100 articles published in the *Bulletin de la Bibliothèque de l'Assemblée nationale* (*The National Assembly's Library Bulletin*); *Bulletin de l'Amicale des anciens parlementaires du Québec* (*Former Quebec Parliamentarians' bulletin*; *Bulletin d'histoire politique* (*political history bulletin*), *Revue parlementaire canadienne* (*Canadian parliamentary bulletin*, and *Revue Desjardins* (*Desjardins Bank Bulletin*). He produced promotional works like publicity flyers, brochures and audio-visual. He directed and edited many books, including the *Dictionnaire des parlementaires du Québec de 1792 à nos jours* (*Quebec parliamentary dictionary from 1792 to the present*).

Gaston Deschênes also wrote numerous articles published in important historical periodicals: *Revue d'histoire du Bas-Saint-Laurent* (*Lower-Saint-Lawrence historical bulletin*), *Cap-aux-Diamants* (*Quebec historical magazine*) and *Le Javelier*, the Côte-du-Sud Historical Society Bulletin. In addition, he gave some fifty lectures, many of them relating to special events and important personalities from the Côte-du-Sud, the region he was most interest in.

He was also a member of many organizations including the Comité des usagers des archives (*Quebec archives' users' committee*), Groupe de recherche sur l'histoire de la Côte-du-Sud (*Côte-du-Sud's history research group*), a board member of the Côte-du-Sud Historical Society, the Côte-du-Sud's Heritage Foundation, Advisory Committee for the commemoration of the Provincial Capital's Commission and board member of Quebec City Historical Society.

Such a full career was duly highlighted and celebrated; hence he received many awards including a Regional Historical Merit certificate from the Côte-du-Sud Historical Society in 2005; an Honorary Mention from Quebec's *Action nationale*, A Merit certificate for regional history from the *Canadian Historical Society* in 1989); the *Philippe-Aubert de Gaspé* Literary Award



Gaston Deschênes, historian
(Photo source: Asclepias, CC BY-SA 3.0 <<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/>>, via Wikimedia Commons)

from the Côte-du-Sud Book Fair in 2007; The *Monique Miville-Deschênes Cultural Award* in 2008 and the *Zenith Award* in the category: *Prestigious Publication* for a volume entitled *L'Hôtel du Parlement, mémoire du Québec*, co-authored by Gaston Deschênes and Francesco Bellomo; published by Éditions Stromboli of Saint-Lambert (Quebec) in 2007.

Sources : Wikipédia and Quellet, J. (2012). Confidences d'un historien : Gaston Deschênes, un historien, de la recherche à l'édition. i.e., *Quebec History*. Gaston Deschênes a historian's career from researching to publishing. Reference: article published in French in 2012 in *Histoire Québec*, volume 17, number 3, pp. 5-9. <https://www.erudit.org/fr/revues/hq/2012-v17-n3-hq079/66379ac/>

¹ Denis Vaugeois, (born in 1935 in St-Tite, Quebec) historian, professor, editor/publisher, Quebec politician. He was a minister in René Lévesque's government.

² Along the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, from Beaumont to Kamouraska.

Ancestry of Gaston Deschênes

Generation 1

Alexandrê de Kervoach
circa 1702-1736

Cap-Saint-Ignace (Québec)
22 October 1732

Louise Bernier
(1712-1802)
(Jean and Geneviève Caron)

Generation 2

Simon-Alexandrê Kéroack
dit le Bréton
1732-1812

L'Islet (Québec)
15 June 1758

Élisabeth Chalifour
(1739-1814)
(François & Élisabeth Gamache)

Generation 3

Simon-Alexandrê Kérouac
dit le Bréton
(1760-1823)

Cap-Saint-Ignace (Québec)
18 November 1782

Marie-Ursule Guimont
(1765-1820)
(Jean-Gabriel and
Reine-Ursule Lemieux)

Generation 4

Simon-Alexandrê Kézrouac
(1783-1871)

L'Islet (Québec)
4 November 1806

Constance Cloutier
(1789-1843)
(Chrysostôme and
Françoise Hubut)

Generation 5

Ursule Kézrouac
(1823 - 1901)

L'Islet (Québec)
19 January 1841

Charles Caron
(1815 - 1886)
(Joseph & Marie-Judith Bernier)

Generation 6

Domithilde Caron
(1852 - 1925)

St-Jean-Port-Joli (Québec)
10 February 1874

Barthélémi Caron
(1840 - 1921)
(Étienne and Clémence Côté)

Generation 7

Auguste Caron
(1882 - 1938)

St-Jean-Port-Joli (Québec)
25 January 1910

Marie-Flore Giasson
(1887 - 1963)
(Napoléon & Alphonsine Delage)

Generation 8

Simon Caron
(1916-1979)

St-Jean-Port-Joli (Québec)
21 July 1943

Antonio Deschênes
(1917-1982)
(Albert and Marie Dubé)

Generation 9

Gaston Deschênes

François Kirouac, June 2023

De Kervoach Descendant Through the Female Line

Louis Gauthier

by Marie Lussier-Timperley¹

On 30 June 2023, in *Le Devoir*, Montreal daily, Lise Denis paid homage to the writer, Louis Gauthier.

Louis Gauthier, author and former president of Quebec Writers' Union (UNEQ), died of cancer on 21 June at the age of 78 (...); he leaves a unique works [...] coloured by humour and poetry but little known. Ever so discreet, especially during his last year, Louis Gauthier was an exceptionally kind person. Something that was much appreciated by all when he was president of UNEQ from 1996 to 1998. He was a non-political president; a president who loved books, loved authors, who read voraciously, says Stéphane Despatie, an author and friend of Louis Gauthier, a man who said what he thought but with humour.

Louis Gauthier was born in Montreal on 4 December 1944. His parents were both scientists. His father, Roger Gauthier (1906-1982), and his mother, Claire Morin (1905-1994), met at Montreal University when both were students of Brother Marie-Victorin and remained very close collaborators of Marie-Victorin at the Montreal Botanical Garden².

In 1964, Louis completed his studies at the Collège des Eudistes (Collège Jean-Eudes since 1990); then he read philosophy at Montreal University, where he obtained his Bachelor's degree in 1966.

In 1967, he published his first novel, entitled **Anna**. However, he is much better known for his **Cycle du voyage**, a series of travelling books where fiction is automatically springing up. The series started in 1984 with *Voyage en Irlande avec un parapluie* (English translation: *Travels in Ireland with an Umbrella*); in 1988, it was followed with *Le Pont de Londres* (London Bridge); in 2002, *Voyage au Portugal avec un Allemand* (Voyage in Portugal with a German); and finally, *Voyage in the Maghreb in the year 1400 in the Muslim calendar* (published in 2011).

Freelance, he became a reader of manuscripts and director of collections for the **Cercle du livre de France**. Afterwards, he worked as creator and screenwriter of audiovisual documents for the corporate world, also as a publicity writer-developer. He also translated twelve books from English into French.

In 1988, with painter François Vincent, he worked on an art book entitled: *Peintre, je n'aurais rien à dire* (translation of the title: as a painter, I would have nothing else to say).

He was awarded scholarships from the Canadian and Quebec governments. He took part in national and international writers seminars. He was a member of the jury awarding the *prix David*.

Awards and Honours -

2002 - Montreal's Book Award: for *Voyage au Portugal avec un Allemand*;



Louis Gauthier (1944-2023)
(photo: Pia O'Leary)

2002 – Literary Award from the Saint-Laurence Valley bookshop owners

2017 – Hervé-Foulon Award for **Voyage en Irlande avec un parapluie**, first published in 1984, the award provided a second printing to ensure better publicity for a book already published.

Bibliography - Louis Cornellier—article published in *Le Devoir*, Saturday, 16 June 2001, p. D4, entitled: *Essais québécois. De l'illusionnisme philosophique* (Essay on philosophical magic).

¹ Link between Marie Lussier Timperley and Louis Gauthier: Marie's great-grandmother, Marie Le Brice de Keroach (1843-1901), Mrs. Camille Lussier, was a younger sister of Louis's great-great-grandmother, Philomène Le Brice de Keroach (1837-1912), Mrs. Victor Côté (1824-1905).

² Roger Gauthier, born on 3 April 1906 at Gardner, Massachusetts, died on 7 February 1982 at Montreal. He was a botanist, a scientist and a researcher. He had a distinguished career as a professor and the deputy head of the Montreal Botanical Institute. He is known as one of the original assistants/collaborators of Marie-Victorin. He met Claire Morin (1905-1994) when they were both studying sciences and they obtained their Bachelor's degrees in natural sciences, botany and zoology at Montreal University in 1937. They married on 6 June 1942 and had two children, a daughter, Luce, in 1943, and a son, Louis, in 1944. Source: Wikipedia

Ancestry of Louis Gauthier

Generation 1

Alexandre de Kervoach
circa 1702-1736

Cap-Saint-Ignace (Québec)
22 October 1732

Louise Bernier
(1712-1802)
(Jean + Geneviève Caron)

Generation 2

Louis Keroack
dit le Breton
1735-1779

Cap-Saint-Ignace (Québec)
11 January 1757

Catherine Méthot
(1739-1813)
(Joseph and Hélène Le Normand)

Generation 3

Charles Quéroac
dit Breton
(1769-1837)

St-Pierre-de-la-Rivière-du-Sud (Qc)
20 July 1801

Josephite Blanchette
(1773-1860)
(Augustin and
Angélique Jalbert)

Generation 4

Léon-Solyme
Lebriez de Keroack
(1805-1880)

Saint-Marc-sur-Richelieu (Québec)
11 April 1836

Éléonore Létoimeau
(1811-1885)
(Jean-Baptiste and
Josephite Beaudry)

Generation 5

Philomène Keroack
(1837 - 1912)

St-Hyacinthe (Québec)
2 February 1860

Victor Côté
(1824 - 1905)
(Antoine and Charlotte Girouard)

Generation 6

Alphonsine Côté
(1869 - 1946)

St-Hyacinthe (Québec)
5 May 1896

Victor Morin
(1865 - 1960)
(Jean-Baptiste and Aurélie Côté)

Generation 7

Claire Morin
(1905 - 1994)

Montréal (Québec)
6 June 1942

Roger Gauthier
(1906 - 1982)
(Joseph and Ernestine Nadreau)

Generation 8

Louis Gauthier
(1944-2023)

GABRIEL KIROUAC, A PATRIARCH IS GONE

*J*n L'Entre-Guillemets, municipal news bulletin of the town of Fossambault-sur-le lac, July 2023, vol. 35, #6, p. 5, in the Town Board news section, Manon Huard, city councillor for district #2, pays homage to Gabriel Kirouac. Here is her introduction followed by a message prepared by the family.

“Mr. Gabriel Kirouac is a great loss for the town of Fossambault-sur-le-Lac. He was the dean of our wonderful community. He left us for a better world. Mr. Kirouac lived at the end of Quay Street, right on the beach and he was known by so many. He will be greatly missed. He was 98 years and six months! A most venerable age. Living on the beach since 1985, he was like an emblem for all the citizens who walk on the Quay Street to reach the lake. Mr. Kirouac used to be sitting on his balcony to greet “his people”. In spite of his 98 years, he was very active and striking a conversation with him meant talking way beyond “Good morning, how are you.”

*M*r. Gabriel Kirouac residing at number 1, rue du Quai (Quay Street) at Fossambault-sur-le-Lac (on the lake) died at the IUCPQ, i. e., Quebec City University Cardiopulmonary Health Institute, on 5 May 2023, at the age of 98 years and 6 months. He spent his last hour watching a video presentation of sunrise and sunset on Lake Saint-Joseph, with the mountains in the background, his favourite place on earth surrounded by his six children and his good friend Madeleine.

After a great career as owner and president-general-director of F.X. Drolet Inc., for him his house at Fossambault-sur-le-Lac was his favourite home since he retired there with his long-time wife, Jeannine (1926-2011). She enjoyed so much decorating the home she was so proud of for every possible occasion for the great pleasure of all her neighbours.

He loved nature, in his home on the lake, he had found a compromise between his main residence in Beauport village, his house at Mont Laura in Saint-Raymond-de-Portneuf, and his fishing camp at Lake La Salle in Portneuf district.

In this new home built in 1985 by the lake, he had all the essentials; slow-burning-wood-stoves, a fireplace, lawn chairs and everything needed for family gatherings. All this in a very familial location because all the uncles and cousins on his wife's side, the Simard family, lived there for many years, all on the beach.

After spending a whole winter serenely on his own and with all his wits about him until the very last moment, he would have liked to spend another season sitting on his balconies able to greet passers-by and say goodbye to all his warm-hearted neighbours, friends, acquaintances and other local people.

When you pass by the number One, Quay Street, look up at the balcony where he kept dreaming of sitting again.

His last message to his children is: "Love one another," a sentence that demonstrates the goodwill of a great man, our father. (Gabriel Kirouac's Family)



Gabriel Kirouac (1924-2023)
(Photo: Julie Kirouac collection)



Gabriel Kirouac
and his wife, née
Jeannine Simard.

Photo: Julie Kirouac
collection

Note

Gabriel was the younger brother of Roland¹, one of the fifteen original founding members of the Kirouac Family Association and its designated financial auditor from its incorporation in 1986 until his death in 2009.

Gabriel was the father of Julie Kirouac² and the grandfather of Vincent-Gabriel Kirouac³.

¹ See *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 64, June 2001, pp. 20-26.

² See *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 125, Autumn 2017, pp. 9-15.

³ See *Le Trésor des Kirouac*, number 100, Summer 2010, pp. 30-33; number 108, Summer 2012, p. 30; number 137, Autumn 2021, pp. 34-36; number 140, Autumn 2022, pp. 29-31.

Search for Kyrouac Leads to a Galaxy Far, Far Away

by Greg Kyrouac

In my continuing search for K/ descendants, I have frequently searched libraries, indexes, references, and other sources to discover our relatives. Once the Internet became more accessible, there were so many sources of information available at the click of a button. Several years ago, in checking various sources to find family births, marriages, deaths, and other stories., I found the name Kyrouac in a place I did not expect.

I was on eBay looking for books. I typed in “Kerouac” and found dozens of books written by Jack Kerouac, but I did not bid on any at the time. Just for fun, I also typed in “Kirouac” and later typed in “Kyrouac”. To my surprise, I found a magazine that had a story about Kyrouac, only it was not about a person, but it was about a place! I decided to make a bid and I won the magazine. A week or so later, the package arrived.

Kyrouac Origins

It is well known that our K/ surname has been written in many ways throughout the past several centuries. Our surname, Kyrouac, first shows up in the early 1800s. The Genealogy of the Descendants of Maurice Louis Le Bris de Kervoach, published in 1991, mentioned an occurrence in 1807. I have found the Kyrouac spelling in the records of Simon Fraser, a notary in Montmagny, Quebec, for an agreement between Joseph Lavergne dit Renaud and Alexandre Kyrouac dated 17 August 1805 (Quebec, Canada, Notarial Records, 1637-1935, Répertoires Et Index De Notaires, Montmagny, Fraser, Simon [1804-1855]).

Back in 2011, I presented the origin of the spelling of our branch of the family’s surname at our K/ family Reunification Gathering held in June 2011 in Bourbonnais and Kankakee, Illinois and later wrote an article for Le Tresor (Le Tresor #106, pp 7-14). The Kyrouac spelling was used for several individuals in the Simon-Alexandre branch of the family into the 20th century.

It was also used by another notary in Montmagny, a man named François-Marcel Kyrouac (GFK 00016), whose career as a notary began in 1817 and continued until his death in 1838. I found his marriage record in 1979 in the St. Pierre de la Riviere du Sud church records in Montmagny while visiting the Quebec Archives. I remember looking at his signature in the church records and was impressed that he knew how to write his name and gathered that he must have been educated. I have always had a feeling that our spelling was due in some part to the priests in the area being aware of the way he spelled the name.

However, as far as I know, the only people using Kyrouac as a surname today are descendants of Louis Narcissus Kyrouac (spelled Kerrouac in the church record by the Very Rev. Pierre Beaudoin, CSV¹) and Marie Malvina Lord, married at Maternity BVM Catholic



Church in Bourbonnais on 26 December 1888. I count less than 200 “Kyrouacs” born in this line. So, how could we have been bestowed such a special designation in the universe?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

The magazine was entitled “Challenge, GDW’s² Magazine of Adventure Gaming”, published in Bloomington, Illinois, about an hour or so drive from Springfield. The magazine included several Science Fiction role-playing games that readers

¹ The Very Rev. Peter (Pierre) Beaudoin, CSV, was the first Viatorian pastor of Maternity BVM Church in Bourbonnais, Illinois. He was born August 28, 1833, in St. Paul, near Joliet in Quebec and in 1865 came to Bourbonnais to establish a school and to assume charge of the parish. He became the first permanent pastor after Charles Chiniquy was excommunicated. The school which he first founded grew to become St. Viator College and received a charter in 1874 from the state of Illinois.

² GDW - Game Designers' Workshop: Publisher of war games and online role-playing games, from 1973 to 1996. Many of their games are now distributed by other publishers.

could play. I had purchased No. 32, published in 1988, which included a review of a new game called "Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game" (SW:TRG), created by West End Games in 1987. This game was the first attempt at developing a board game using dice, based on the Star Wars trilogy. The review ended positively stating that "it is definitely a game which captures the heroic spirit of the movies it is patterned on, is streamlined to maintain their fast pace, and is fun to play."

When that game came out, one of the staff members at GDW, Lester W. Smith, was so excited about both the game's subject and design that he just had to write something for this new game. He then wrote the first published adventure, albeit unofficial, for SW:TRG, and it was in the same issue as the review of the game. His adventure was titled "Alone Against the Empire". There were about 2 ½ pages of details about how to play this solo adventure. Then, to begin the adventure you read: "You are CSL Danenberger, a citizen of the planet **Kyrouac**."³

WHAT???

For the next several years, I asked my relatives if anyone knew Lester W. Smith. No one seemed to know him. Last month, I decided to write this article for *Le Tresor*, so I searched once again for Mr. Smith. I found that he had his own website which allowed sending comments to him. He responded the next day, and we had an email conversation over the next two days. He told me that *Alone Against the Empire* was written so long ago that he did not remember why he named the planet "Kyrouac".

I asked him if he knew of my cousin who lived and worked in the Bloomington area, since his company was based there. He did not seem to know any of my relatives. He told me that Bloomington was his hometown, he was born there and lived in or on the outskirts of Bloomington until moving his family to Wisconsin in 1991. He did give his blessing to reference his game. Before I go any further, I believe that he must have seen the name Kyrouac in the local newspaper or had contact with one of my relatives nearby.

So, you still don't believe that we're famous? Well, go to Wookieepedia and see for yourself at :

<https://starwars.fandom.com/wiki/Kyrouac>.

According to the story, Kyrouac has been a backwater world for centuries, its population is primarily made up of farmers, and only has one city, Montalvia, which is the capital city, and is large enough to have spaceport facilities. The city also features a jail, a cantina, and abandoned warehouses. This describes the smaller cities in Illinois, such as Bloomington or Kankakee very well.



CSL Danenberger is described as 6 feet tall, 160 lbs. and 17 years old. He is tall, gangly with a freckled complexion and a mop of red hair. (*Is this our Irish DNA connection?*)

The Kyrouac system is a star system located in the Inner Rim of the galaxy and contains the populated planet Kyrouac, according to *The Essential Atlas*⁵.

I am thinking that we might try to play this game at our Kyrouac family reunion in Bourbonnais on Saturday, August 5. I will let you know if we Kyrouaquians (this is the spelling in the story) are able to join the Rebel Alliance, evade the stormtroopers and get past the Imperial Star Destroyer.

So, for all of you Star Wars fans, now you definitely have another home planet!

³ Officially, Kyrouac is not considered part of the Star Wars universe as "Canon" since the story in which it came was never approved by Lucas Licensing. Kyrouac is considered in the class of "Legends". Reference: <https://starwars.fandom.com/wiki/Kyrouac>

⁴ *Alone Against the Empire*, Challenge: GDW's Magazine of Adventure Gaming, pages 57-63.

⁵ *The Essential Atlas* is a third-generation Essential Guide written by Jason Fry and Daniel Wallace. It was published by Del Rey on August 18, 2009. The book contains planet profiles as well as extensive star charts.

IN MEMORIAM

AUGER-POTVIN, COLETTE (1935-2023)

At Berges du Ruisseau Residence at Beauport, (Quebec) on 28 June 2023, at 87, died Colette Auger-Potvin, widow of Odilon Potvin. She was the daughter of Marie-Rose Kirouac (**GFK 00316**) and Israël Auger. She leaves to mourn her daughters: Christiane Potvin (Jocelyn Parent) and Edith Potvin (Michel Bédard); her grandchildren: Frédéric Parent (Marie-Pier Beaulieu-Mailloux), Sébastien Parent (Alexandra Morin) and Alicia Bédard (Mélyna Cimon); her great-grandchildren: Dylan, Ryan, Logan, Naomie, Romy and a friend, André. She was the sister and sister-in-law of: the late Marcel, the late Thérèse (the late Henri Lafrance), the late Roger (the late Lorraine Giguère), Yvette the late Laurent Leblanc), Jean-Guy (Colette Godin), the late Jacques (Denise Lecompte), the late André (the late Nicole Leulier) and the late Lise. From the Potvin family: Raymond (the late Huguette Parent), the late Thérèse (the late Jean-Paul Belleau), the late Claudette (the late Lionel Thibault) and the late Carmen (the late Robert Auclair) and numerous other relatives. A memorial ceremony took place on 8 July 2023 in the chapel of La Seigneurie at Beauport. Her ashes were placed in the Funeral Home's Columbarium.

FRASER, LAWRENCE P. (1944-2023)

On 22 July 2023, age 78, Larry (born 8 December 1944), died at home in Frankfort, Illinois. Larry is survived by his wife, Ellen Fraser (née Hunter), children, Peggy (Matt) Ronza, Sean (Jennifer) Fraser, Keri (Ken) Kolozy, siblings, Linda (Harland) Dzakowic-Stoddard, John (Karen) Fraser, Richard (Sally) Fraser, grandchildren known as the "Magnificent Seven", Nick Ronza, Quinn Fraser, Andrew Ronza, Jake

Fraser, Will Ronza, Lili Kolozy, Grace Kolozy and numerous nieces, nephews and relatives. Larry was preceded in death by his parents, LaVerne Fraser (son of Nelda Burton **GFK 00208**) & Marguerite (Mallaney) Fraser and brother Tom (Carole) Fraser. Larry was a veteran of the Army National Guard. Funeral mass was at St. Anthony in Francfort, on 28 July 2023. Private interment.

JOHNSON-KIROUAC, ELIZABETH (1924-2023)

At Hesperia, California, on 31 May 2023, at 98, died Elizabeth Johnson, widow of Alfred Kirouac (**GFK 02670**). Born in 1924, she was the daughter of Jeremiah Johnson and Malvina Bessette. She leaves to mourn her children: Sharon (David Lutz), Alfred (Faye Becker), Dennis (Linda Leader), Marilyn (Frank Gordon); her grandchildren: Terry et Tina Bartle, Sherry Lutz, Wendy and Tiffany Pugh, Jenny, Brandon and Evan Kirouac, Melissa and Shannon Kirouac, Jerry and Jordan Kirouac; her great-grandchildren: Michael Shurbet, Riley and Brooklyn Burrows. She was also the mother of the late Barbara (Ronald Bartle), Nancy (Michael Pugh) and Gerry (Yvette Nunez).

KÉROUAC, GILLES (1943-2023)

In Alma, Quebec, on 6 June 2023, age 80, died Gilles Kérouac, widower of Évelyne Gaudreault. He was the son of Gérard Kérouac (**GFK 02033**) and Gracia Simard. A memorial service was held on 18 June 2023 in the Marc Richard funeral home chapel at Alma. His ashes were placed in the Lac St-Jean Columbarium. He leaves to mourn his son, François (Nadine Dallaire) and one granddaughter, Julianne Guay Kérouac (Philippe Larouche). He was the brother of the late André Kérouac and the brother-in-law of Doris Gaudreault (Charles Castonguay), Roger (Micheline Blackburn) and the late Ronald (the late Gabrielle Poulin). He also leaves

a dear friend, Roger Murray (the late Gaétane Lemelin) as well as numerous, nephews and nieces, other relatives and friends.

KIROUAC, GABRIEL (1924-2023)

Able to live peacefully until the end of his life in his home at Fossambault-sur-le-Lac, Gabriel Kirouac (**GFK 00541**) died on 5 May 2023, surrounded by his children at the Quebec City Heart & Lung University Hospital (IUCPQ), at 98 years and six months. He was the widower of Jeannine Simard (27 June 2011). A memorial ceremony was celebrated in his honour on 28 May 2023 at the Funeral Cooperative Deux Rives at Quebec City. Interment was as Saint-Charles Cemetery in the family lot. He leaves to mourn his children and their spouses: Julie (Mario Simard), Lyne (Normand Laplante), Lucie (the Marco Pelletier), Rachel (Guy Couture), Yves (Lucie Paré) and Rémi (Édith Fontaine); his grandchildren: Sarah, Elsie, Naomie, Hugo, Karel, Maxime, Anne-Marie, Élie, David, Patricia-Christine, Vincent-Gabriel, Simon-William, Alexandra and Élizabeth, and great-grandchildren; one sister: Simone (the late Laurent Masson), his brothers- and sisters-in-law from the Simard family: Lorraine (the late Guy Goulet) and Pierre (Charlotte Pelletier), and numerous nephews and nieces, relatives and friends. He is now with his brothers and their spouses: Roland (Mariette Pouliot), Raymond (Jeannette Côté), Jean-Marie (Aline Montminy), Henri Kirouac (Yvette Lapointe) and his sister, Thérèse Kirouac; as well as two brothers-in-law Maurice Simard (Denise Cantin) and Robert Simard (Lucienne Pelletier).

KIROUAC, JEAN-CLAUDE (1939-2023)

At Edmundston's Regional Hospital, on 22 May 2023, at 84, died Jean-Claude Kirouac, husband of Louise-Anne Bossé. He was the son of Thomas Kirouac (**GFK 01425**) and Rose Cimon. Besides his wife, he leaves to mourn, with

many wonderful memories, his children: Lynne Kirouac (Yvon Martin), Sylvain Kirouac (the late Diane Migneault), Sylvie Kirouac (Yvon Dubé) and Julie Kirouac (Daniel Thériault), his grandchildren: Mathieu (Daisy), Frédéric (Krysta), Véronic (Rick), Marie-Ève (Pierre-Luc) and Marc-André (Michelle), his great-grandchildren: Xavier, Alexis, Emma and Caleb, his sisters: Marthe Kirouac, Françoise Kirouac, Thérèse Kirouac, Mireille Kirouac and Gaby Kirouac, his brothers: Jacques Kirouac (France Dubé), Pierre Kirouac and Roméo Kirouac (Lily St-Gelais). He is now with his parents, his daughter-in-law, Diane and his many siblings. Funeral was celebrated on 2 June 2023 in the parish church of St-Joseph-de-Madawaska (New Brunswick) followed by interment in the parish cemetery.

**KIROUAC, RAYMOND
(1950-2023)**

Raymond Kirouac (GFK 01744) passed away on 9 June 2023 at the age of 73 years in Prince George, British Columbia. He is survived by his sisters; Juliette (Don) McDonald of Vermillion Bay, Ontario, and Rene Kirouac of Kamloops, B.C. He will be remembered by his nephews, nieces, and other family members. Raymond was predeceased by his parents Florence (née Savard) and Alcide Kirouac, and his brother Hubert. A graveside service will be held on Thursday, 29 June 2023 at Prince George Memorial Park Cemetery, B.C.

**KIROUAC, RAYMONDE
(1940-2023)**

At Arthabaska Hôtel Dieu, on 22 June 2023, at 83, died Raymonde Kirouac (GFK 00694), daughter of Raymond Kirouac and Bernadette Cloutier. She was the mother of the late Sylvie Houle (1962-1967). She leaves to mourn nephews and nieces and many other relatives and friends. Raymonde was the cousin of François Kirouac, the present KFA president. According to her wishes there will be no exposition and no ceremony.

**KIROUAC, STÉPHANE
(1973-2023)**

At Saint-Hyacinthe, Quebec, age 49, on 2 April 2023, died Stéphane Kirouac, son of Benoît Kirouac and Simone Boucher, grandson of Florentin Kirouac (GFK 02727) and Jeanne Pelletier. Besides his parents and grandparents, he leaves to mourn his children: Maxime, Nyah, Rafael and Noa; his sister, Sonia, his brothers Gaétan and Jean-Guy, as well as nephews and nieces and their families.

**KYROUAC-GIFFORD,
THERESA
(1936-2023)**

Theresa Gifford (GFK 00265), 86, passed away 5 May 2023 at home. She was born in Bourbonnais, 5 December 1936, the daughter of Leo A. and Gladys Chantome Kyrouac. Theresa married Frederick D. Gifford Sr. on 19 June 1954, at Maternity B.V.M. Catholic Church in Bourbonnais. He preceded her in death 20 June 2020. Surviving are seven sons, David and Alyssa Gifford, Fred Jr. and Robin Gifford, Mark and Patti Gifford, Donald and Denise Gifford, Bruce Gifford, James and Karla Gifford, and Daniel and Sherri Gifford, two daughters, Cynthia Gifford, and Marie Ozturk; one brother, James and Janice Kyrouac; two sisters-in-law, Pearl Kyrouac, Ind., and Theresa Kyrouac; one brother-in-law, Bob and Sheila Gifford; 31 grandchildren; 28 great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandchild. In addition to her husband, she was preceded in death by her parents; one granddaughter, Miranda Gifford; two sisters, Mary Louise Bertrand, and Cecile Lobue; and four brothers, Arthur Kyrouac, Richard Kyrouac, Paul Kyrouac, and Donald Kyrouac. Funeral Mass was celebrated on 12 May at Maternity B.V.M. in Bourbonnais followed by interment in the Parish Cemetery.



**LIRETTE KIROUAC,
CARMELLE
(1938-2023)**

At Enfant-Jésus Hospital in Quebec City, on 11 May 2023, at 84, died Carmelle Lirette, widow of Jean-Marie Kirouac (son of Georges Kirouac [GFK 01879] and Albertine Grenon). She was the daughter of Dolorosa Rodrigue and Maurice Lirette. Her funeral was held on 19 May 2023 in Saint-Gérard-Majella Church in Quebec City. His ashes were interred at Val-Bélair Cemetery. She leaves to mourn her daughters: Hélène (Richard Paquet), Line (Jean Lapointe), Denise (Daniel Baribeau); her grandchildren: Steeve Kirouac (Mélicha Baribeau), Mélanie Kirouac (Marie-Christine Mongeon), Cindy Kirouac (Samuel Langlois), Steven Lapointe, Méguy Lapointe, Marie-Noël Samson, Christopher Samson, and her great-grandchildren. She also leaves to mourn her siblings, brothers- and sisters-in-law, and many relatives and friends.

**SMITH, MURIEL JOYCE
(1941-2023)**

Muriel Joyce Smith died on 25 June 2023, aged 81, She was born 21 July 1941 to Jean Paul and Agnes Kirouac (GFK 00885). Beloved wife of Ronald Smith. Cherished mother of Jennifer (Brian) Smith and Sean (the Late Hawanya) Smith. Loving grandmother to Eva, Elaine, and Seana. Dear sister to Jean and the late Homer Davis, Paul (Cheryl), and the late Jacqueline the late Phillip Bujak. Muriel's favorite thing in life was to travel the country with her husband Ronald. Muriel will be missed by all those who knew her. A gathering in her memory was held on 2 August 2023 at Gaudino's, St. Clair Shores, Michigan.

**Our Deepest Condolences
to the
Bereaved Families**

GENEALOGY / THE READERS PAGE

The KFA's computerized genealogical database comprises a number of persons' names for which we are missing either the spouse and/or the parents' names. Answers to the following questions would enable us to complete our data. Feel free to consult previous issues of *Le Trésor* and forward us the relevant info.

*With many thanks
François Kirouac*

Answers received from Greg Kyrouac of Ashland, Illinois from Le Trésor #140 & 141

Question 768

What are the names of the parents of Jeffrey Juckett, second spouse of Rita Kerouac, daughter of Vernon Kerouac and Joan Meisterling? The couple was married on 3 December 1985 at Kankakee, Illinois, USA.

Answer:

Jeffrey Juckett's parents were LaVerne JUCKETT and Melba Marie Phillimine Edwardine FRANCOEUR. However, his wedding to Rita Kerouac Dubois was in Brevard county, Florida, not in Kankakee, Illinois.

Question 782

What are the names of the parents of John Crocker, husband of Lorraine Kerouac (1923-1970), daughter of Elmer Kerouac and Leah Soucie?

Answer:

John Crocker's parents were James Thomas Crocker and Alma M. Sayre.

Question 783

What are the names of the parents of John Crocker, husband of Lorraine Kerouac (1923-1970), daughter of Elmer Kerouac and Leah Soucie?

Answer:

Robert Miller's parents were Carl Miller and Violet Nelson.

Question 784

What are the names of the parents of Richard James Hoch, spouse of Loretta Keroack, daughter of Albert Keroack and Althea Legere? The couple was married on 15 September 1962 at Elmwood, Connecticut, USA.

Answer:

Richard James HOCK's parents were George Michael Hock and Margaret M. O'Brien.

Question 785

What are the names of the parents of Léo Dion, spouse of Thérèse Keroack, daughter of Hubert Keroack and Aurore Duff? The couple was married on 29 April 1967 at Leoville, Texas, USA.

Answer:

Leo Dion's parents were Cleophas Dion and Clara Mailhot.

Question 786

What are the names of the parents of Elizabeth Carros, spouse of Mark Keroack, son of Gerard Keroack and Cécile Beaulieu? The couple was married on 21 August 1971 at Dover, New Hampshire, USA.

Answer:

Elizabeth Carros' parents were James George Carros and Virginia Christodoulou.

Question 787

What are the names of the parents of Jane Rounds, spouse of Paul Kirouac, son of Roland Keroack and Agnès Lavigne? The couple was married on 17 April 1971 at Auburn, New Hampshire, USA.

Answer:

Jane Rounds' parents were Harland Perry Rounds and Mildred Della Hartwell.

Question 788

What are the names of the parents of Agnès Lavigne, spouse of Roland Keroack, son of Hubert Keroack and Aurore Duff? The couple was married in 1932 at Lowell, Massachusetts, USA. Also, what is the precise date and location of their wedding?

Answer:

Agnes Lavigne's parents were Aimé Lavigne and Marie Amanda Lambert.

Question 798

What are the names of the parents of Sally Wolter, spouse of George Kirouac, son of George Kirouac and Mary McKeon? The couple was married on 29 June 1963 at Hempstead, Nassau County, New York State, USA.

Answer:

Sally Wolter's parents were Hugo W. Wolter and Doris Wright.

Question 800

What are the names of the parents of Susan Elizabeth Broughton, spouse of the late Thomas Kirouac, son of Gerard Kirouac and Ivy Searston?

Answer:

Susan Elizabeth Broughton's parents were Stanley Victor Broughton and Edna May Scott.

Question 802

What is the name of the mother of Lorraine Gilmore (1939-2017), spouse of Donald Kirouac? Lorraine's mother was known as Cissie and married to Henry Gilmore.

Answer:

Lorraine Gilmore's mother was Cissie H. Clark.

A big thank you to Greg Kyrouac for his answers.

Please send us your genealogical questions and we will try to find the answers. It will be a pleasure to print the answers in a future *Trésor*

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CAN ALL BE REACHED AT THE FOLLOWING EMAIL ADDRESS:

associationfamilleskirouac@gmail.com

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*Alexandre
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*Maurice Louis
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Alexandre DuRoach

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RENEWED FROM NOW ON . . .**

**THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR SUPPORTING
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To contact us or receive information about our activities:

Main Office
3782, Chemin Saint-Louis
Québec (Québec)
Canada G1W 1T5

Website
www.familleskirouac.com
Email:
associationfamilleskirouac@gmail.com

Treasurer & Membership:
René Kirouac
Telephone: (418) 653-2772

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