

Durand Heritage Foundation Newsletter

Dedicated to the Preservation of Our Family Heritage

Winter, 2001

\$3.95

**Focus on the Arthur &
Elinore Durand Family**

In this issue...

The Arthur and Elinore Durand Family, by Rose Marie Durand Wong Rose Marie offers a poignant reminiscence of her “growing-up” years	3
Memories of the Great Flu Epidemic, by Elinore Becker Durand Elinore left an oral memoir that reveals how the flu shaped her late childhood	9
An Eye Towards the Future, by Mike Durand, Durand Heritage Foundation President Mike takes the long view and describes a big challenge facing the Foundation	11
Board Meeting Shows Committees Are Active, by Roger Durand, Secretary Newly elected Secretary details the business of the fall Board meeting.	13
Website Is Updated Periodically, by Blanche Durand Hammer Blanche explains how our genealogy records are recorded, then updated on the website	13
Great Picture Contest Makes Several New Identifications, by John Durand Five winners walked away with twenty dollars each. See winners listed below	14
When Was the Golden Wedding Picture Taken? by John Durand Was it 1931 or 1933? And do you believe everything you read?	14
The Blue Velvet Dress, by Virginia Durand James Virginia has vivid memories of a magical Christmas when she was just a 4-year-old	15
A Practical Christmas, by Ellen Durand Olson Ellen remembers how even a “practical” Christmas was a very special time	16
Leon Durand and DuRand Family Articles Delayed So many projects, so little time (and space); promises made are not kept in this issue	17
Another WW I “Durand” Found in Newspaper Clipping, by John Durand Lester Blais, son of Anna Durand, served on the front in Germany	18
For What It’s Worth, by John Durand Let’s put some flesh on the bones of the “middle Durands” Any volunteers?	19
<i>The back page</i> Here’s where you see what’s what and who’s who in the Durand Heritage Foundation. Plus a preview of next issue’s features (whether they actually will appear is another matter!)	20

The cover: This weathered cow barn provided a winter haven for Arthur & Elinore Durand’s handful of milking cows and their calves, and a hay mow for cats and their kittens. Arthur was a woodsman first and a farmer second, and the children helped with his logging and sawmill as much as with the family’s live-stock. The vertical black streak in the picture is actually a power pole that brought electricity into the barn.

Great Photo Contest Winners They are Rachel Durand Stellrecht, Cecilia Durand Foley, Noella Durand Hage , Helen Durand and Maurice Durand. Each won \$20.00. Thanks!

The Durand Heritage Foundation Newsletter© is published four times a year by members of the Durand Heritage Foundation. All rights reserved. Duplicating or copying by electronic or other means is strictly prohibited without written consent by the Foundation. The subscription rate is \$15.00 per year. Send payment to: Durand Heritage Foundation, 1501 Rusmore Dr., Burnsville, MN 55306, USA, or subscribe on an online registration form at our website at www.Durandfoundation.com. Major credit cards are accepted.

I remember...

The Arthur and Elinore Durand Family

By Rose Marie Durand Wong

My dad, Arthur Durand, was the 11th child of Pierre and Louise Durand, and the father of four children -- MaryLou, Bill, Rose Marie (me) and Arthur, Jr.

Although in his younger years he traveled to several surrounding states to work with threshing crews, he never ventured far from his place of birth. In fact, one of the truisms we recognized growing up in the Town of Scott was that Dad was extremely attached to his large family of brothers and sisters, and no matter how difficult earning a living might become in northern Wisconsin, he would never consider moving away. He was content in his own little world.

Dad was a great storyteller, and my earliest memory is of lying on the bed with MaryLou and Bill and him at bedtime, waiting for the next exciting episode in the lives of three beavers--Putso, Anigo, and Nannie. Dad obviously made up the details as he went along, and I think this beaver adventure received top billing for at least a year. I don't remember any of the details, because I mostly tumbled around on top of the others making a general nuisance of myself during this storytelling. But Dad apparently had just this one saga in him, because I don't recall any stories but beaver stories.

Several years later, when Dad was cutting trees on our north 40 one summer day, he came rushing in to tell us all to jump in the car. Off we went.

Out of the car, we ran to keep up as he pushed through the trees and brush and then, suddenly, there they were --at least fifty beavers of all sizes in and around a large pond. Some were cutting down small birch trees near the water's edge. At least a dozen others were swimming with sticks in their mouths. Partially built mud and stick dams were everywhere.

We were really impressed when Dad pointed out the three beavers that were the central characters of his bedtime stories of yore. And of course we believed him.

Alas! after several minutes the beavers sensed our presence, and with the slap of many tails they all disappeared. The water became motionless as a sheet of glass. To us kids, however, (who never had much excitement in our lives) this experience was tantamount to at least a glimpse of Disneyland.

In addition to his talent for storytelling, Dad had a beautiful singing voice. "Danny Boy" was one of his favorites. He also loved to dance and draw. I don't know if he played an instrument, but he had a good ear and great sense of rhythm.

How was it then, that at age 38, after dating many other young women, he ended up marrying my mother, who couldn't

carry a tune in a bucket, had two left feet when it came to dancing, and could scarcely draw a straight line with a ruler? What drew them close and held them together?



Arthur Durand and Elinore Becker were married on January 27, 1937. Seated, they pose with their wedding attendants Cecilia Durand (daughter of Elzear & Eva Durand) and Henry Tetrault (pronounced tay-trow). Like the Durands, the Tetraults were early French settlers in the Town of Scott.

Several things. My mother (whose name was Elinore but was sometimes called Nora) had a deep abiding faith and a love of the Catholic religion--important to Dad. She also longed to have children, and Dad instinctively knew that she would be a superb mother. Lastly, they were both staunch Republicans at a time when, as far as I know, most of the rest of their families leaned towards the Democrats.

In the early years of their marriage on any given evening, after chores were done, Dad would usually be found lying flat on the hard linoleum of the kitchen floor, reading. (Lying on something hard seemed to help his back) Mom would sit at the kitchen table with a newspaper or book (political biographies were her favorite). Evenings also saw another ritual, for as with most of the Durand families in the area, saying the rosary was a nightly duty, no matter where we were or how tired we were. If away for the day, we would say the rosary in the car on our way home.

Our house didn't have a living room, because the grocery store at the front of the house took up that space. So our kitchen was sort of a combination kitchen-family room-living room . (Today it would be called a "great room," so we were apparently ahead of our time!) In this room with its massive, centrally located oak dining table, we would each find a chair, and down we'd go on our knees on that hard linoleum floor.

Our minds wandered quite a bit, because we knew the prayers by heart and could pray and think of other things at the same time. Although we tried our best to keep focused, as the rosary progressed we nonetheless sank lower and lower on our chairs until we were literally draped across the

seats with our semi-conscious minds drifting off into dreamland and jerking back into a moment or two of devout prayer. It was always such a relief when we heard that final "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Nonetheless, done with the rosary, we children always felt that we had done the right thing and that we would be properly rewarded in some way for our steadfastness. We went to bed in peace. All was well with the world. Little did we guess that our parents probably lay awake half the night worrying about where the next dollar was coming from.

I can't comment on the driving skills of the other Durand brothers, except for Uncle Moses. I'll never forget the electrifying experience I had with him as he tried to navigate through the rush hour traffic of Minneapolis. Dad however, usually chose to drive on the left side of our country roads. Of course this meant that at every encounter with oncoming traffic he had to get back onto his own side. And of course he never drove very fast, because he liked to look out his side window to see how crops were progressing or to see what someone was doing in a field.

Once when we kids were all quite young and were in the back seat going somewhere with Dad along a country road we rounded a blind corner to find a huge Holstein cow planted directly in our

path. Dad braked hard and swerved to avoid hitting the animal. Then, right around the next corner appeared an oncoming car, going a bit faster and destined to smack right into that cow. Dad frantically rolled down his window to yell out a warning that there was a COW on the road. But in his hurry to deliver his message as the two cars passed he yelled at the top of



Arthur Durand stands behind the counter of his country store, a large room at the front of the house that he and Elinore occupied during their marriage. With two manual gas pumps, the store provided the essentials for locals and tourists.



The children of Arthur and Elinore grew up on a heavily wooded farm where they helped their dad with his sawmill work. *L to R* MaryLou, Bill, Rose Marie, and Arthur, Jr (Artie). To the right is their playmate dog, Spot.

his voice, “There’s a CAR on the road!” We had just a fleeting glimpse at the surprised face of the other driver regarding this grown man, seemingly sober and with a clutch of kids in the back seat, giving him such a nonsensical message.

Things were good in those early years. We grew our own food and made much of what we needed. Mom made a lot of our clothes. She had an incredible ability to hold a piece of newspaper up against us, cut out a pattern, and then on her old Singer sewing machine create the most beautiful clothing. Unable to afford new material, she routinely dismantled the fine woolen or fur garments given to us by tourists. Paneled garments were the worse to work with. I can still see Mom turning the fabric this way and that to find pieces big enough. Once she took apart a large, wool, paneled cape someone had given us and made my sister MaryLou a darling tan coat. Imagine her surprise when she learned that MaryLou was proudly telling everyone, “Mama made this coat for me out of old rags!”

Our food was delicious and wholesome, fresh from the garden all summer and from our basement all winter. Each fall Mom made hundreds of jars of canned vegetables, fruits, jams, jellies, condiments and even venison. The house always smelled delicious, particularly when Mom canned pickles. On crisp fall nights I would often see her sneak down to the basement to enjoy the sight of all these brightly filled jars.

We also had vats of pickles and cured meats and ten-gallon cans of potatoes and carrots and other root vegetables. Fresh fruit and vegetables would have been a very special treat during the winter, and I remember when I was about ten years old that we found a dish of pear sauce beside each plate at our Sunday meal. I noticed that only mom did not have one. I asked her about it. She said she didn’t care for pear sauce. But I knew better, even then.

Flies and farm kitchens are synonymous. In summertime the flies in our house were ubiquitous--on our food, embedded in the goo of fly-catchers, traversing the room around and around at warp speed as we chased after them with folded newspapers. But when they finally landed on the windows we were

ready for revenge. Out came the plunger-type sprayers filled with DDT. Never mind that a long table stood directly in front of our kitchen windows on which stood a hot plate, fry pans, kettles, and bags and boxes and open jars of food. With each satisfying stroke of the plunger, a huge spray shot



Home from a blueberry picking excursion, Elinore (left) stands with her half-sister Margie and husband Arthur. Elinore was nine when her mother died of flu. Her father, William Becker, remarried and produced six more children, which Elinore helped to raise until she left home at age 27.

out and landed indiscriminately on window, kettles, food, and flies alike. When we reached to spritz the upper corners of the windows, the DDT ran down our arms to our elbows. We tasted it on our lips. It filled our nostrils. We breathed it in. But after much buzzing and twirling gyrations the flies fell to dizzy death. Today I see by my dictionary that DDT is “a powerful insecticide, effective upon contact.” Yikes!

Mom was a worrier. Not just a run-of-the-mill worrier, but a real, genuine 24-carat gold worrier. The Great Depression and the loss of most of her family to the Spanish flu when she was only nine seemed to have left an indelible scar on her psyche. Both she and Dad craved security, and both always felt that they needed to have a piece of land where they could grow food. No matter how little work there was in the immediate vicinity and no matter how hard things got, they clung to their small patch of earth and found what security they could.

The little grocery store that occupied the front of our home took a great deal of Mom’s time, but it scarcely paid for itself. But we kids loved having a store, because there was always pop, cookies, candy and ice cream right at hand. I particularly took a fancy to milk chocolate that came in large flat layers separated by sheets of waxed paper. As the chocolate was scored into squares it was easy to break off several squares at a time. Waist-high to an adult, our candy counter was about as high as I could reach on tiptoe, and I probably left behind quite a mess, but I remember making quite a few visits to that candy counter once the lights were out for the night.

One disastrous night I started on my usual nighttime sojourn to the candy counter when my world suddenly exploded with a terrible cacophony. I’d tripped over a chair that my parents had strategically placed across the doorway and topped with a precarious stack of kettles and all manner of tinware that crashed to the floor. Apparently my mind went completely blank with the shock of the moment, because I don’t recall getting a spanking. But to this day I don’t like chocolate -- chocolate cake or ice cream or brownies or fudge. Nothing.

Dad loved that store. Mom probably hated it. For one thing, she had been plagued with debilitating migraine headaches since early childhood, and often didn’t feel well. When her health completely failed around 1949 and she was hospitalized for a

month, we went out of business. But the empty shelves and pop coolers and cigarette cases continued to stand there for year after year. Dad apparently hoped that we would open a restaurant when we children were old enough to serve the food, so didn’t want to claim the space for our home.

The gas pumps also remained standing in front of our house, as did the big sign along the front reading “Durand Store.” Once in a while a tourist would open the front door and walk in, thinking they were entering a store. Of course they were embarrassed. But we kids didn’t know them and figured we’d never see them again anyway. It wasn’t so bad. But one day a carload of our high school classmates out for a Sunday drive walked into our home thinking it was a store. We were just as embarrassed as they were. A couple of days later, while Dad was eating dinner in the kitchen, I took a saw to his beloved empty shelves. I wanted to deliver a fatal blow, so I sawed right into the center of the first tier of shelves.

Everyone expected Dad to jump up in a rage, but he apparently thought better of it. Like my mother, although I’m usually quiet and submissive, when my mind was made up, that was it!

After I’d dealt with the shelves, my brother Bill and I carried out the red Coca-Cola cooler. We just wanted it out of our house. Eventually we turned that large room into a living room of sorts. We bought a wine-colored sofa for \$10 and a floral-pattern linoleum area “rug.” We had a whole wall of windows that needed to be covered, but in those days we could buy plastic drapes. We chose a soft light green, and when we opened the package, which weighed only a few ounces, we just kept unfolding and unfolding light green plastic drapery. We covered a whole row of windows for just pennies. We kids thought it looked beautiful, and Dad was very proud of the new room.

Mom and Dad seemed to have a special relationship with our Aunt Eva and Uncle Elzear. To us kids it seemed an unlikely thing. We never saw Uncle Elzear in anything but suit and tie. His car, a big, black Packard, was too classy for words. Dad on the other hand always dressed in bib overalls and chewed snuff. Aunt Eva was also meticulous, and compared to our house, their home in Spooner seemed like a palace. Whenever we drove into town we almost always stopped to visit. I was sort of petrified that I would do something wrong, so I’d

sit still as a mouse through the whole visit. Once when Aunt Eva gave us lunch she poured me a glass of milk that was soured. But rather than speak up, I drank the whole, horrible-tasting glass.

Only later in life did I learn that my mother and father had met through Aunt Eva. At age 27 Mom had decided that she needed to move away from her childhood family and start earning her own living. With only an eighth-grade education (which she completed in six years), she sought a housekeeping job in the Twin Cities. She found employment with Aunt Eva's sister, who eventually invited Mom on a month-long visit to Aunt Eva's in Spooner.

Mom was homesick, and desperately wanted to spend that month back home with her family. She protested that she shouldn't draw wages for a whole month while not doing any housework. But Aunt Eva's sister persisted; she'd become very fond of my mother.

On the day of the trip, when they came to the intersection where turning west would have meant my mother going home and turning east meant going to Spooner, my mother felt wretched. But that was the trip on which she met Dad at the old Durand farm.

Always big on chiropractors, Dad wanted to help this serious but sickly young woman, whose eyesight, for some reason, was deteriorating rapidly. She had to change her glasses every several months. She was perhaps going blind. Dad insisted that his chiropractor could help her. And help he did, almost from the first adjustment.

A year or so later, in January 1937, mom and dad were married. Unfortunately a severe blizzard occurred the day before their wedding, so no one from my mother's side of the family was able to attend.

Unlike my father, who was perfectly content in his little rural world, my mother longed to see other parts of the country ---the Great Salt Lake in Utah,

the mountains of the West, the ocean and redwood forests. But she and Dad could barely eke out a living. Although providing some type of Christmas gifts for her children was always important to her, there came a Christmas when my parents had only \$5 to spend on toys and food. Feeling that my brother Artie, her youngest, should have a gift, she purchased a toy gun for him for \$2, and explained the situation to the rest of us. I am sure it grieved her terribly to give us nothing, but I don't believe



Painting of Elinore Becker Durand by her daughter Rose Marie captures one of Elinore's pleasures — hanging new wash out to dry in the sun and wind.

the rest of us thought much about it. That's just the way it was, and not very significant on the grand scale of things.

But we did have our holiday decorations. Mostly just tinsel stars, bright red on one side and silver on the other. They looked beautiful to us as they fluttered in the air currents, reflecting the light. And we always had three Christmas trees, representing the three persons of the Holy Trinity. These we dragged from our neighbor's nearby swamp. We always looked up to the top of a tall tamarack tree to see if it had a good shape. If it looked promising, we cut it down. If it didn't look so good once we got it on the ground, we simply went on

to the next, until we found a tree that was just right. We had thousands to choose from.

So we bungled along, year after year, with Dad getting sicker with diabetes which went untreated until a year or so before his death. Finally through high school, my sister MaryLou went off to Minneapolis to work. (She worked in an environment with chemicals that possibly contributed to her premature death from a very rare type of cancer, but no one would suspect that for many years)

Mom was very happy to have MaryLou and her boyfriend drive home from the Cities every Friday evening to tell her all the exciting things that had happened during the week. Sometime MaryLou would bring home a little gift, a toaster or an elec-

tric iron. All week long Mom looked forward to the weekends.

But one day MaryLou announced that she was going to leave Wisconsin and go as far west as she could without falling in the ocean. I don't recall really missing her, as she was four years older and had liked to spend time in the house, whereas I was a tomboy and always worked outside. We should have guessed how desolated Mom would feel and how much she would miss MaryLou. But like the self-absorbed little creatures we were, we sensed nothing, and it was only many years later that Mom talked openly to me about this terrible period in her life.

Somehow the rest of us kids also managed to get through high school and even college. We dispersed all over the country.

Daddy died of a massive heart attack shortly before what would have been my parents' 30th wedding anniversary. His last day on earth had been a good one. He went to church in the forenoon, did some ice fishing, stopped to visit neighbors, dined with his nephew's family, and died on January 20, 1962.

Some years after she was widowed, Mom came to live with my husband and me in California, and when our two children were born she was there to help raise yet another generation. During her widowhood, Mom, who had never been beyond Minnesota and Wisconsin until she was nearly 50 years old, came to see the Great Salt Lake and the Mormon Tabernacle, not once but three times. She walked among the redwoods, saw California ghost towns and Death Valley, visited the cotton fields and great plantations of the South, viewed the Grand Canyon, Mount Rushmore, the great monuments of Washington, D.C., Old Faithful in Yellowstone park, and visited Disneyland more times than she cared to remember. She traveled by car, train, bus, and airplane, and kept scrapbooks of all her travels and of her visits to her children and their families. Although for most of her life she was never able to get rid of her frequent and debilitating migraine headaches, during the time she spent with us she was able to take marvelous pain killer medications that kept her relatively headache-free.

In the mid-1980's she was diagnosed with cancer. Always one to "carry her own weight," she lamented that she could no longer be as helpful with our children or the housework. She had already

helped raise six half-brothers and sisters and her own four children and our two. I assured her that she had raised enough children and done enough housework.

Luckily, her chemotherapy treatments did not make her nauseous, but as her illness progressed and her mind began to fail she at times seemed almost carefree and light hearted, like a child. I would fix her a single pancake for breakfast and later she would tell me that she had eaten at least a dozen and that they were very good. When the priest came for the Last Rites, she spent the whole time telling him how many pancakes she'd eaten.

She died in her bed, in her own room, in the home she had known for her final 17 years. Almost her last statement to me, in a lucid moment, was that she guessed we kids would have to take care of ourselves from now on because she was too weak to look out for our welfare any longer. She had finally stopped worrying. Then she let go of life.

Several years ago I painted a picture of my mother hanging clothes. She loved to wash clothes and take them out in the fresh air and sunshine to dry. Although she always thought herself as ordinary, this painting was my tribute to a person we kids all knew was extraordinary.

As I ruminate about all the happenstance of my growing-up years, one thought overrides all others. I do not understand how it could be so, but I cannot recall a single time, in spite of all their hardship and ill health and worry, that I heard my mother and father argue or raise their voices to each other. More than anything else, this one realization stands out in my mind as an extraordinary accomplishment.

Children of Arthur & Elinore Durand

Mary Lou (1936--1986) married Donald Cockerham in 1955. They had four children: Steven, Mark, Sheila and Daniel.

William (Bill) (born 11/1/1938) married Donna Phinn in 1960. They have six children: Bill Jr, Sandy, Mark, Terry, Dawn, and Kimberly. They live at: 1201 Clough Ave, Superior, WI. 54880 Phone 715-392-4006

Rose Marie (born 8/8/40) married Raymond Y Wong in 1966. They have 2 children: Andre and Stephanie. They live at: 6276 Westmorland Place, Goleta, CA 93117
Phone 805-964-2885 Email rywongca@yahoo.com

Arthur (Artie) (born 6/9/1944) married Phyllis Butters in 1971. They have three children: Brennan, Darin, and Ryan. They live at: 3006 Morning Rd, Plattsmouth, NB. 68048
Phone 402-298-8210

“Just my father and I were left”

Memories of the Great Flu Epidemic

By Elinore Becker Durand

The Summer issue of the Newsletter featured an article on the great flu epidemic of 1918, an epidemic that killed a half million in the United States. Among those whose life was changed forever by the epidemic was 9-year-old Elinore Becker Durand, later the wife of Arthur Durand. While living with her daughter Rose Marie Durand Wong, Elinore tape-recorded some of her early memories. After Elinore's death, Rose Marie transcribed those recordings. In keeping with this issue's focus on the family of Arthur and Elinore Durand, Rose Marie agreed to share part of her mother's oral memoir.

The year I turned nine years old, 1918, was a memorable year. It started out all right, but in the Fall there was a terrific forest fire not too far from Duluth. Many people died, and I remember to this day how the sky looked. The sun didn't shine clearly for several weeks. It was just a round red ball, and even as far away as our farm was from the fire, the smoke almost choked us, and there was fear that the fire would reach the city limits of Duluth. They finally got the fire out.

Then what they called the Spanish Flu broke out in many countries of the world, including America. Eventually people in our neighborhood were getting sick. I remember how our mother laid in a supply of bedding and nightwear and kept us home from school and church. But it was all to no avail. In early December, I was the first one to get the flu, and for some reason I survived while my mother took care of me. She and my two sisters, Clara and Monica and my little brother, Elmer, became ill on a Saturday, almost at the same time, and they were sick most of the following week.

It was hard to get a doctor or

nurse during this time because so many doctors and nurses were off in the military. But we were fortunate enough to get a good trained nurse, and she didn't take her shoes off to go to bed for at least five days, and neither did my dad. By midweek, my mother, sisters and little brother were so delirious we could scarcely keep them in bed; they needed constant attention. But there was no medicine in those days to cope with the sickness. The lungs would fill and the victims just lay there and burned up. Even the ear lobes would turn dark.

To digress a moment. My mother had been my grandpa Meller's favorite child; she did not have to help with the farm chores or things of that kind when she was growing up. Her father wanted to make a lady out of her, so he bought her an organ and wanted her to play it. Of course, she had no teacher, but even worse, my mother had no musical ability whatsoever, and try as she might she could not learn to play this organ. But her father could not understand why, as long as he gave her the organ and the time to play it, she could not play it.

Before my mother died, she was delirious for several days. I went in to her room many times to look at her, and all she could talk about in her delirium was her inability to play the organ. It worried her so. She did not know that she was sick. She never once mentioned any of her children. She did not know that anyone had died. In fact, my two sisters had died before her, and the baby boy died afterwards. But all she was worried about was her inability to learn to play the organ.

They had started dying on Thursday, and on the following Monday, December 18, they were all buried. Just my father and I were left. I will never forget when they took my mother away. At that time they were not holding any funeral services in the church. My baby brother was put in a



Before the flu, the Becker girls pose with their happy baby brother. A year later the “Spanish flu” claimed three of the four children, and their mother. *L to R* Elinore (the author), Clara, Monica, and baby Elmer.

coffin with my mother, and on a freezing cold winter morning they were taken off to the cemetery on a sled. No outsiders came to the funeral service except for the priest who came into the cemetery to bless the graves. My father went along, and one of my mother's brothers, and a dear old neighbor. No one else came near us or our house.

Many people died, even the strongest ones. My father did not get sick. He chewed tobacco and took a couple of drinks of whisky a day. He said that was all he could think of to do to keep the flu germs away from him. I don't know if it worked or not, but he did not get sick.

Previous to getting sick, my mother had already bought all of our Christmas presents and had stored them away. I had all of the presents to myself on Christmas morning. But it wasn't any fun. Among the toys was a little wooden cookstove and a set of dishes. I still have the little sugar bowl and a cup and saucer, which I have packed and carried along with me through the years.

After Christmas my dad's sister in Duluth invited us to come and visit for a few days, so my father and I went on the train from Holdingford to Duluth. Even that was a depressing experience, as the train went through miles and miles of burned forest -- nothing but black tree trunks left standing from the big forest fire that had burned earlier that fall.

When spring came, I was so lonesome I would go outdoors and just make a loud noise to hear my own echo come back at me. Neighbor families tried to help. Suddenly I got lots of invitations to come over and play with their children or with toys they had around the house. I didn't really understand why, all of a sudden, I was getting this attention.

I remember one day I took lunch out to my father in the field where he was working. We sat by a

stack of oats and cried and cried. I had never seen my father cry. He had always been such a strong German father figure. I didn't like to cry because it made my head ache something terrible. One day I overheard a neighbor comment that perhaps my father

was losing his mind over the grief. This worried me a great deal, but I could not bring myself to ask my dad directly if this was true.

I knew I was a wishy-washy, very ordinary, skinny girl. But after all of the other children died, my father wrapped himself around me like a blanket. He dragged me with him everywhere he went. He could never buy enough things for me. Money was still plentiful, because the Depression would come later. He used to take out the Sears catalogue and we would look at dresses and things and he would ask me what I wanted and then order it for me. I remember, on account of the war, that it was fashionable

to have khaki-colored dresses that looked like soldier's uniforms. My dad also insisted on ordering me a small toy piano and, of course, just like my mother, I could not play a note.

I suppose I could have become very spoiled with all of this attention, but somehow I didn't. At least I don't think I did. But I do feel that I tried not to grow up and that I would have preferred to stay a child. The insecurity I felt as a small child was probably magnified by the sudden loss of my family members. But eventually my father did remarry a wonderful woman, and before long six children were born of this union. Because I was so much older I was allowed to spend a great deal of time helping to raise them. Nothing brought me more pleasure than this early "motherhood," except when I later married and had children and then grandchildren of my own.



Elinore Becker Durand, 1909-1986

President's Report

An Eye Towards the Future

By Mike Durand

Within the past year or so we have set our sights on re-organizing or re-shuffling the Foundation's key players to better determine who's doing what. This has brought about some welcome changes for me. I was beginning to feel a bit over-burdened as we continued to grow in size and scope. With John

Durand now editing and putting together the newsletter on a quarterly basis, and Alice Durand Keppel, (pictured left), now serving as an active Treasurer, a lot of my time has been freed up so I can turn my attention to other issues. Alice was recruited by her brother John Durand, and showed up at the Spring meeting in April and was quickly put to work. Alice relates that she was begin-



Alice Durand Keppel

ning to feel guilty for not contributing more to the Foundation's efforts. We capitalized on her guilt feelings and found a spot for her as an officer, and now also as a Board member. Alice is employed as a paralegal in one of the major law firms in downtown Minneapolis and resides in the Twin Cities with her husband, Patrick.

On Oct. 7th we held our first annual meeting in accordance with our By-Laws. Two Directors position were up for re-election. Richard Durand and Susanne Krasovich were re-elected to three year terms. We have been operating with just eight directors and decided to expand the Board. Alice

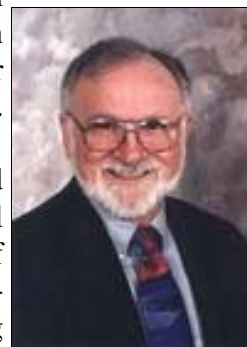
Keppel was added as the ninth Board member since she is now actively involved as Treasurer. Two other Board members were recruited and asked to consider serving. They are Yvonne Cariveau, (pictured left), and Tom Basig. Yvonne is from Mankato, MN and owns her own company.



Yvonne Cariveau

Yvonne develops websites with her staff of 13 and

recently had one of her sites displayed during the Emmy Awards. Yvonne also traveled to France this past summer. She has her own family website where you can learn more about her and her family. Visit [http:// www.cariveau.com](http://www.cariveau.com) .



Tom Basig

Tom Basig, PhD, (pictured right) is Professor of Cultural Studies at the University of Minnesota at Duluth. Tom relates that he has been working on understanding our family history for the past twenty years and has spent most of that time trying to trace the connections of the Durands to the Metis in the fur trade. You can also visit his home page on the web by going to <http://www.d.umn.edu/~tbacig>. Tom will serve on the research committee. He resides in Duluth, MN with his wife Barbara.

Needless to say we are excited Alice, Yvonne, and Tom have volunteered their time and talents. We are looking forward to working with each of them. Our organization will be made more effective by bringing in various people to help add value and credentials to those already on board.

I am feeling very good about the fact that we are able to recruit new blood into the Foundation's efforts. After all, we have many talented individuals in our family and it's only right that we tap into their resources and expertise.

Current Unsolved Issues

I think the biggest problem we have now is, what are we going to do with all of the various artifacts, pictures, documents etc. that people have and continue to send in? Where is it all going to be stored? How can we make this information more readily available to our members? Currently, it's piled high in my home office as well as in other officers' homes.

Some members have contacted me and expressed a desire to donate additional amounts of family records, photographs etc. We currently don't have a central area or repository for this purpose. Furthermore, who is going to spend the time going through all these donated materials to catalog and reference them? The materials don't belong in my home office, or any of the other officers' homes. They belong in the Durand Heritage Foundation Archives,

(Continued on page 12)

which must be secure, safe from fire, and other environmental threats. The Archives could be staffed by volunteers who are trained to sort through, catalog and make items available to the memberships. While a small amount of information that comes in now is shared in bits and pieces in the Newsletter, a lot more sits in piles to be sorted as best we can with our limited time and current resources.

The Solution

At the spring 2002 Board meeting I will introduce and launch a new initiative to garner support from the Board to set a plan of action to

- (1) Examine and study a means for resolving the problem of providing for a central Archives
- (2) Examine and study a means for training volunteers to staff this central Archives.

These are issues that perhaps may have no short-term solutions. We might have to project out three to five years and set some goals and direction for these Foundation efforts.

Some of my cousins have discussed with me and provided insight into where such a facility might be located. They have also shared with me their dreams and expectations about how all this might be accomplished. It's not my or their decision, however. The Foundation belongs to all the membership and all members should all have an opportunity to be involved in the planning process.

My Dreams

Let me share with you my dream, however. I dream of someday having a facility where we have people working on various projects. Perhaps it might be organizing donated materials such as photographs to ensure that they are preserved and identified. Just think about it. We recently completed the Great Photo contest. That photograph was taken in the 1930's, but we are having a hard time determining who's who.

Until a few years ago you could have shown me a photograph of my Durand great-grandparents and I wouldn't have known who they were. When we first got started three years ago one of my cousins showed me a photograph of Pierre & Louise Durand, (my grandparents), taken in the 1880's. She said, "you've seen this picture before, haven't you, and you know who that is, don't you"? I didn't!

I know now though. Such photographs should be made available so that others will not lose track of their family heritage and be as uninformed as I was. Members should be able to obtain high quality re-

productions of photographs to hang on their walls or place in their photo albums. A task in itself.

The Clock Keeps Ticking

It sure would be nice to be able to stop the clock so that we will all have more time to accomplish the things that we'd like to do in life. But our time is finite. We need to get started with these projects today, not tomorrow, or next week, or next year. Today!

Perhaps, cousins, you might have a solution to some of our problems. Perhaps you might know of a facility or means to accomplish this task. We'd like to hear from you.

This last year John Durand and his brother Gene Durand spearheaded a drive to create a Sustaining Fund. With your combined efforts over \$6,000 was raised, surpassing their goal of \$5,000. To this day people still continue to send in donations to the Foundation. We thank you very much for your generosity.

However, we need to set bigger goals and set our sights on bigger projects than to just sustain ourselves. We owe this to our descendants, and we owe this to our predecessors. We are very blessed to have been left huge amounts of historical material so that we can better understand our rich family and cultural heritage. We have this materials because of the efforts of many individuals along the way who sacrificed their time. We owe them our gratitude and thanks. Many of them probably never realized at the time how valuable and meaningful their work would be.

Donate, Donate, and Donate

If you are already thinking about your 1040 IRS tax return for 2001, I have a great idea about how to reduce you federal tax liability.

If you send \$1,000 to the IRS, it's gone forever. Doesn't it make more sense to donate to the Foundation where your money grows and expands your family heritage and reduces your federal tax liability in the form of a tax deduction? If you are in the 30% federal tax bracket a \$1,000 donation will reduce your federal taxes by approximately \$330.

Please consider a donation to the Foundation's efforts as we chart a course to bigger and better things. Together, we can turn dreams into realities.

Have a great holiday season and may God bless all of you.

The Durand Heritage Foundation does not offer tax advice. Please consult your accountant or financial advisor for specific tax question issues.

Board Minutes

Board Meeting Shows Committees Are Active; Future Efforts Discussed By Roger Durand

The fall meeting of the Durand Heritage Foundation Board of Directors was held at the home of Daniel and Mary Brusegard in Maple Grove, MN on Sunday, October 7, 2001. Minutes of the meeting of April 8, 2001 were read, corrected, and accepted. (Official minutes are posted at www.durandfoundation.com.)

It was noted that since the last Directors' meeting the Board acted to elect Alice Keppel to the position of Treasurer.

The treasurer's report was presented and accepted. The annual Treasurer's report will be presented at the spring meeting.

Election of Board Members

Mike Durand presented information on two family members that indicated their willingness to act as Board members: John Bacig, and Yvonne Cariveau. It was noted that Alice Keppel, while occupying the position of Treasurer, was not a member of the Board. A motion was approved to elect Tom Bacig, Yvonne Cariveau, Susanne Krasovich, Richard Durand, and Alice Keppel to 3-year terms as directors.

Revision of Bylaws

A motion was approved to amend Article VI, Section 2 to increase the terms of officers from one year to two years.

Election of Officers

After discussing the need for officers to have access and proximity to each other (either electronically or physically), a motion was approved to elect the following individuals: Mike Durand, President; John Durand, Vice-president; Alice Keppel, Treasurer; Roger Durand, Secretary.

Activities and Committee Reports

Research Committee Richard Durand reported on research in the Wisconsin area. Contacts from the DuRand and Leon Durand families were prompted by articles in the Newsletter. Roger Durand expressed his hope that Tom Bacig's talents will provide direction to our research efforts.

Records Committee In the absence of Blanche Hammer, Roger Durand reported on continuing efforts to update the family tree. Discussion of how frequently the website should be updated.

Genealogy Updates

Website Is Updated Periodically By Blanche Durand Hammer

This summer and fall I have been kept very busy with changes to our Durand Heritage Foundation genealogy, and have received interesting e-mails from a lot of Durands. It's always rewarding to hear from Durands who are scattered all over the country.

Our database keeps growing, but I would like to remind people that if they do not see their additions or corrections on our website immediately, it's only because we do not update the website with every change. However, please be assured that the updates are entered right away into our computer database on a program called "Brother's Keeper" so the information is not lost or put aside.

Getting that database uploaded onto our website is another matter, however. We have usually waited a year between updates, because it's a lot of work to load the updated data on our website, but with the surge of additions this last quarter we may need to do it again soon.

In August I visited my sister in Rhode Island and was able to also meet with the gal I wrote about in the Spring newsletter, Denise Czarn. After I let her know I was coming to Rhode Island, she E-mailed back that the timing was perfect for us to get together because she was having a gathering of all the Durand "girl cousins," and she graciously invited my sister and me to attend. I met Estelle (Durand) Lachapelle, Denise's mother, who indeed knew my parents and grandparents...It makes my job so much more rewarding when I can meet the people who send me changes or additions to their family trees.

Keep on sending me your information! Use the address on the last page of this newsletter.

Membership Committee In the absence of Marilyn Durand, Mike Durand informed the Board that 28 new memberships were initiated this calendar year as compared to total of 60 last year. The Board discussed methods of alerting members of their expiring memberships.

Sustaining Fund The Board discussed the Sustaining Fund in relation to the future efforts of the Foundation, including an effort to house and catalog family materials of historical interest such as the Derrick trunk and other books and photographs. The Board discussed the establishment of an Archives Commit-

(Continued on page 17)

Several New Identifications Made by Readers Who Entered the Great Picture Contest; Just a Couple of Unknowns Now

Thanks to all who sent information in for the Great Picture Contest. As a result we made several new identifications. Four contributions came from people who appear in the picture.

Rachelle Durand Stellrecht (who appears as #59 and is the daughter of Napoleon & Louise) provided three new names. She identified the Jellen twins (#5 and #6) as Christine and Catherine. She also identified #8 as Freddie Millette, son the pianist. All told Rachelle provided 55 names. It's significant that she does not identify her mother Louise in the picture, pretty strong confirmation that Louise is not shown.

Maurice Durand (#58 in the picture) identified #45 as Albert Dubois. This information helps support the identification of #22 as Philomene, the new bride of Moses Durand (they were married in 1933). But perhaps Albert isn't in the picture, because Helen Ridgway Durand identifies #45 as Wilfred Durand, son of Azarie (#1) and Clara (#10). Wilfred would have been 23 years old at the time, and Albert about 14. Does #45 look like a 14-year-old or a 23-year-old? As Helen later married Wilfred, perhaps her identification should take precedence.

Helen (who does not appear in the picture) became friends with the Durands while doing summer resort work in the area. Sister of Fern Ridgway (married to Gilbert Durand, #53 in the picture), Helen also provided the name of "Black Diamond" for Alice Stafne (#25), courted by Ray Durand at the time. Although pure Norwegian, Alice Stafne had very dark hair and was something of a looker.

Noella Durand Hage (#60 in the picture) identified #22 as her mother, Anna. This person was previously an unknown.

Cecilia (Cecile) Durand Foley (#61 in the picture)

(Continued on page 17)

When Was the Golden Wedding Picture Taken? Folks Have Different Opinions

A long time ago I learned about a concept called "cognitive dissonance," a condition that is apparently unique to human beings. Cognitive dissonance is our ability to hold two beliefs at the same time that are contradictory. That issue sort of applies to the problem of dating the so-called Golden Wedding picture. The problem is, a newspaper article says that "Mr. and Mrs. Peter Durand...were reunited in the holy bonds of matrimony August 22, 1931...on the occasion of their 50th year anniversary...." Later the article states that the couple was "united in matrimony in Faribault, Minn., in the year 1881."



Wearing a bow tie, Lewis Durand holds an infant who has been identified as his daughter, Mary Alice, born in 1932. If that's really Mary Alice, how could the picture have been taken in 1931?

Some folks who want to believe the newspaper article also acknowledge that the baby that Lewis Durand (#42) holds in the picture is Mary Alice, the firstborn of Lewis and Jennie (#13). The problem is, Mary Alice was born on May 23, 1932. Almost a year later. How could Mary Alice appear in the picture? Or is Lewis holding someone else's baby? And why? Does the sleeping child Lewis is holding look about 15 months old?

How about Eugene Durand (#66) and Oliver Durand (#64)? Eugene was born in February, 1929 and Oliver in June of that year. If the picture was taken in August 1931, Oliver would be just over two years old and Eugene about 2½. Do they look more like 2-year olds or 4-year-olds?

Well, we can speculate all we want, but if someone would just go to the courthouse in Faribault, Minnesota we could settle the matter. There they'd find the marriage record of Pierre & Louise Durand and learn whether they were married in 1881 or 1883. Hopefully they'd make a copy for our Foundation archives. Then we could put an end to the discussion.

Or like good Durands we could just keep talking about which date is right.

JCD

A Christmas Story

The Blue Velvet Dress
By Virginia Durand James

Christmas 1941 came to our small Wisconsin farm in a world clouded by war, but for me, a 4-year-old child, it was to be the most special Christmas memory of my life...the year of the Blue Velvet Dress. No Christmas since has been able to match the magical splendor of that Christmas.

Years later I was to learn that my special Christmas promised to be anything but magical for my parents. It had been a difficult year, loaded with expense. They had worked long hours on our northern Wisconsin farm to provide the needs of our growing family of seven, but money for things other than absolute necessities was not to be found. Our Christmas would be a warm home, good homegrown food, and some handmade gifts for the little ones.

But then, two days before Christmas, a most unusual thing happened. We children would not know about it until years later. My father found a large cardboard box leaning against our rural mailbox. It was addressed to our family...no return address. Only the Chicago postmark gave a clue to its origin. Inside was a simple unsigned note: "We have enjoyed seeing your family in Mass this past summer. We hope you enjoy this box."

But as I said earlier I knew nothing of the box nor was I aware of the worries my parents were experiencing or even of the war. I was secure in my small world.

Each evening I would follow my father and older brother to the barn for the evening chores. I loved the barn smells and the coziness of the small barn and the animals. Christmas Eve had a magic of its own. The kerosene lantern cast a soft glow from its peg on the rough wood rafters. Was the stable where Baby Jesus was born like our barn? The milking was finished for the night and the cattle were peacefully chewing their cuds. Fresh bedding had been placed under our four milk cows. I stopped to give my favorites -- Star and Pansy -- an extra pat and to rub the heads of the small calves as they reached out of their pens to suck at the rough sleeve of my coat. "Goldie" cat was already curled up in her favorite spot -- the loose hay that had been thrown down from the hayloft for the early

morning feeding...*Christmas morning!* I squirmed with excitement just thinking about it. I wondered if the animals were aware of what a special night it was.

The cold winter air took my breath away as we left the warmth of the barn. I felt very important to be leading the way on the snowy path with the lantern and a gallon Karo syrup pail of milk for the family's breakfast. My father and brother followed with the milk pails of milk to be run through the cream separator.

Our small farmhouse was lit up like a jewel in the wintry night. I knew that by now the supper dishes would be washed and put away and that my mother would be bringing in the wash tub to set by the wood-burning cook stove for our baths. The copper boiler had been placed on the top of the range earlier and filled to the brim to provide the hot water for our baths. Clean flannel nightwear would be waiting for us.

As we each finished our baths, we hung our stockings on the windowsill next to the Christmas tree. It was hard to believe that only that morning this tree had been just one of others growing in our swamp woods. Tonight it was magical with silver reflectors like stars under each light. Ropes of silver tinsel shimmered in the soft light. We stood in awe and hummed Christmas carols. The last thing we did was to leave a plate with a freshly baked piece of my mother's Christmas bread and a cup of hot cocoa for Santa.

I shared a large double bed with my sister. Our upstairs was very cold but we had my mother's homemade quilts and each other to provide warmth. It was difficult to *will* sleep to come. I would look out at the snow-covered landscape and feel that time was standing still.

But sleep eventually did come...and the cold gray dawn brought Christmas morning. We bounded down the stairs to find a colorful array of gifts under the tree. Our stockings were filled to the brim with peanuts, an apple and Christmas candy.

My parents were standing quietly to one side. My father had just come in from early morning chores. His arm was around my mother's shoulders as they watched us.

I remember marveling with childish wonder at how Santa knew so much about our family...a fine brown suit for my father, a warm coat for my

(Continued at bottom of page 16)

A Practical Christmas

By Ellen Durand Olson

Oh, the excitement of tearing open the Christmas wrapping to find a new pair of colorful, meltingly soft, flannel pajamas trimmed with bright, stiff, rick-rack. Even if it was still Christmas morning, I never waited till bedtime to don my new pj's to see how they looked. On Christmas, even ordinary flannel pajamas, sewed by Mother on her treadle sewing machine that sat in front of the dining rooms windows, seemed brighter, softer, and more luxurious than any I had ever had before.

So, while I preened in my new pajamas and the family lingered near the Christmas tree, I was always irked to hear Mother's inevitable pronouncement, "Well, it was a practical Christmas." Nothing about my splendid new pj's or Christmas day felt "practical" to me, and I didn't want to be reminded that they were.



Ellen Durand Olson

Yet, I knew Mother was right. Our presents *were* practical, things that we needed, things that would last: hand-knit mittens, a wool shirt, underwear, socks, pajamas, maybe a new plaid scarf. But when they were wrapped in festive paper and the pleasure of giving and receiving them shared with family on a day unlike any other in the year, these

The Blue Velvet Dress...continued

mother. My sister squealed with delight over her white furry muff with the zippered pocket and her storybook. My brother sat turning his jackknife over and over in his hands, opening first one blade and then another. My baby sister immediately fell in love with her pink satin pig...and I remember my hands touching the magical softness of the beautiful blue velvet dress. The delicate white lace of the collar and cuffs looked like something a princess would wear in my storybooks.

And how I remember the excitement of getting ready for Mass that Christmas morning...basking in the warmth of our wood stove...the pungent fragrance of our newly cut tree...the spicy baking

simple gifts seemed somehow extraordinary.

What helped make them seem so special of course, was the spirit and traditions of the season: the Christmas concert at Spooner High School that began with our singing "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" as we walked slowly up the center aisle of the darkened gymnasium, red ties pinned firmly to the necks of our white shirts and lighted candles in hand; the anticipation of an older brother or sister coming home for the holidays, their graduation picture fished out from where it had fallen behind the piano, dusted off, and propped into view once more; and the visits from grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins who came to our door with outstretched arms that first held a bag of apples, a pound of butter, or a nice roast to put down on the kitchen table, and then held you in a hearty, shoulder-lifting hug. What I wouldn't give to see those that are gone come through the door again, stomping the snow from their boots, laughing, and filling the house with their warmth and humor! In spirit, I know they still do.

The gifts our elders shared with us during the holidays and on all days of the year were far greater than those they carried in their hands. They shared with us their generous and loyal natures, their faith and compassion, their integrity, their courage, and their love. They gave freely of these timeless gifts that we now share with our own children, grandchildren and with one other. They shared with us the gift of knowing that we belong to a remarkable family, that we matter, that we are loved. Really, they shared with us the most lasting and practical gifts of all.

smells lingering in the kitchen from the day before.

No long brown stockings for me that morning. No, for with the blue velvet dress had come some beautiful long white dressy silk stockings...finely ribbed and satiny smooth!

Years later I would find myself looking through the shops for a velvet dress for my own little girl...wondering how I could possibly include all the magical joy and excitement that had come with my own. I would also wonder about the family who wasn't there to see the happiness their special box brought. Given with no fanfare, not even allowing an opportunity for a thank you. A gift given simply for the joy of giving...from someone who truly understood the real meaning of Christmas.

Leon Durands and DuRand Families May Be Disappointed At Delay in Articles

Last issue we announced that this Newsletter would include a focus on the Leon Durand family and the story behind the newspaper photo of three orphaned children. Sorry, but it won't happen.

The problem is a good one. We have more material for those features than we can fit into this Newsletter. However, here are a few items of interest regarding those stories.

As the minutes of the fall Board meeting show, Richard Durand has been digging into the genealogy of the Leon Durand family. He's gone to Rusk County (where Leon lived) to search court house records and has been in contact with family members. He notes that although Beatrice Durand Derrick's genealogy *Durand* indicates on p. 331 that Leon's wife Rose gave birth to triplets, he can find no substantiation for those births.

I'm also pleased to report that we received several short articles from Leon's descendants that we will work into our article on the Leon and Rose Durand family. If any of you descendants of Leon and Rose intended to send something in for this feature but haven't yet done so, there's still time. We're especially short of pictures, and would appreciate any help you can provide.

We have also received several items relating to the orphaned children of the DuRand family. One of DuRand family stories is how they came to spell their last name. It seems that when the Durands were all bunched up in Faribault, MN the mail service constantly delivered mail to the wrong Durand family. So one or more of the families descended from Felix and Leocadie changed the spelling of their last name to DuRand. *Voila!* Problem solved!

Felix and Leocadie had ten children. Their eldest, Marie Louise, married Pierre Durand, son of the Pierre and Marie Durand who settled in Turtle Lake, WI. Their youngest child was John (perhaps Jean Baptiste), who moved to Ellendale, ND (about 80 miles southwest of Fargo). John (or Jean) married a Josephine Boom, and had five children, one of whom was a son named Rolla, born in 1921. Rolla, a career military man, in turn became the father of three children by Ingeborg Herman of Munich, Germany. It was Rolla and Ingeborg's death in 1958 in a fire in Germany that orphaned their

children (William, Barbara, and Richard), who were brought back to the United States to be taken care of by Rolla's sister, Francis. Eventually the three children moved to California with another of Rolla's sisters, Eunice. There they grew up with the four children of Eunice and her husband Merrill.

Although the Spring issue will provide more information, this final note is gratifying. After more than 40 years, the children of Rolla and Ingeborg recently connected with their German relatives.

Golden Wedding Picture...continued

identified #41 as Mary Alice, first-born of Lewis & Jennie Durand, an important piece of information in dating the picture.

Joyce Durand Ripley (daughter of Gilbert & Fern Durand), sent a copy of a newspaper article describing the Golden Wedding celebration. The article lists the names of guests from out of town, including many who do not appear in the picture. Although 68 people are shown in the Great Picture, the article notes that more than 150 attended the various activities, which included a renewal of wedding vows at the church, a picnic dinner at the Durand farm, an afternoon program of readings and songs, and an evening dance. JCD

Board Minutes...continued

tee to oversee an archives program, including what materials to archive, how to archive them, and in what kind of depository.

Durand Foundation Website Derek Brusegard reported that the cost of software to improve the sharing of documents by Board members on the internet appeared prohibitive. It is hoped that direction by Yvonne Cariveau, a new Board member, will aid in the upgrade of the Foundation's website.

Bylaws revisions Officers will review current bylaws prior to the next meeting and recommend any changes at that time.

Wisconsin Durand Reunion Picnic in Shell Lake in 2002 The Board affirmed that the role of the Foundation in Durand reunions is to assist in transmitting information by way of the Newsletter. Organizing reunions remains the responsibility of the Durand families who usually participate in those efforts.

Next meeting With the next meeting of the Board set for May 5, 2002 at Mike and Marilyn Durand's in Burnsville, MN, the meeting adjourned.

Durands in the Military

“Durand” in the Military Revealed by Old Newspaper Clipping; Lester Blais Was Grandson of Felix and Leocadie

A newspaper clipping more than 80 years old reprints a letter that Lester Blais wrote from France during WW I to his mother Anna, daughter of Felix and Leocadie Durand. Anna had married Leon Blais and produced two children, Lester and Evelyn. At this time our Durand genealogy records are missing birth and death dates for this branch of the family.

Anna Blais, who appears in the Golden Wedding picture as #43, was the sister of Louise Durand, celebrant of her anniversary with Pierre Durand.

In his letter Lester Blais hints that he wandered into No Man’s Land in search of raspberries and got lost. No Man’s Land was the term used to describe the area between the trenches of the Germans and the Allies. Lester’s letter follows:

Aug. 25, 1918

Co. C. 104 Eng.

A.E.F.\ A.P.O. 765

My dear Mother,

Sunday morning and not much to do. Just got back from church. Getting pretty good, I claim.

Just saw an advertisement in an American paper with meat at high prices. Stuff is cheap there compared to what it is here. Eggs are \$1.20 a dozen. That seems like more then 6 francs. That is why money goes so fast. You don't realize its value.

I am still feeling fine and in no danger of developing into an angel for some time yet.

There is not much excitement around here. I got lost in no man's land about two weeks ago. The Germans there were the good Boche. I wandered around there for a couple of hours and at last found our own trenches. I would be a prisoner now if one of the men had not fired a gun close enough for me to hear it. The raspberries were fine eating.

Get a good thanksgiving dinner ready. If they let the American Army amuse itself a little, the war will soon be over and I'll be home by that time.

Good-bye till then (only two months).

Your loving son, Lester

**Remember the Durands in the Military Project
Our target date for publication is 2002.**

Reader’s Connection

Our Readers Write

Our Summer issue brought a welcome response on two matters from Gerald (Jerry) Durand of 4525 82nd Avenue North in Brooklyn Park, MN. Jerry’s note included a check for a year’s membership in



the name of Alfred & Joann Frappier. He noted that that Alfred is the son of Paul Frappier and the grandson of Andrew Frappier, spotlight in the last issue as Pierre Durand’s companion on his homesteading trek in 1896. Andrew was married to Pierre’s sister Zoe.

Jerry also identified the two boys to the left. Jerry also wrote: **My father, Frank Joseph Durand, is pictured on page 15. He is standing with his younger brother Oliver. Frank is standing on the right. Their older sister Lucille (who had no children) isn't pictured.**

Zoe Frappier, Francis Durand's sister, helped raise my dad, Aunt Lucy, and Uncle Oliver after their mother died and their father moved to Canada.

I'm still trying to get more information from Oliver's grandchildren. Oliver had one child and four grandchildren.

Jerry is married to Patricia (Pat), and their email address is Gpdurand@aol.com.

Thanks for your support and for helping us out, Jerry and Pat.

A note from Noella Durand Hage, whose *I remember* article appeared last issue: **Appreciate the Felix & Anna story. It was well composed. When I thaw out, I'll attempt to compose more stories. Until then I'll await all the issues. Thanks once again for making it so enjoyable.**

Send your emails to:

jcdurand@elknet.net

Send your letters to:

John C Durand

828 Hazel Ridge Road, #1004

Elkhorn, WI 53121

When I think about our Durand family history I'm struck by how little we know about the "middle Durands." That's what I call those generations between Jean Durand dit La Fortune, our primogeniture, and our more recent ancestors. The "middle Durands" are a big void.

For my part I'm frustrated that I know so little about my great-grandparents, only four generations back. Good Heavens! those Durands died in the 1890's, just a blink of time in our family history, yet their lives are little more than gravestone summaries... when born and when died and nothing in between. I don't know a single family story that puts flesh on their bones.

These great-grandparents — Pierre and Marie — were born in Canada in the 1830s, moved to the eastern United States in the mid-1870s, then to Minnesota around 1880, and then to Turtle Lake, Wisconsin about 1894. There they died, Marie in 1896 and Pierre in 1898. And that's all I know. And probably all that almost anyone living knows. At least for now.

But think of the story! According to our Durand genealogy, Pierre and Marie's children were born in Berthier, Quebec and in Maskinonge, Quebec and in Massachusetts and in Rhode Island. Then mom and dad and their dozen kids traveled across the country to Minnesota, where they put down roots for some twelve years before moving to Wisconsin. Doesn't this sound like an interesting family?

If Pierre and Marie followed the usual route from the eastern states to the Midwest they would have made most of the journey by boat, for railroads were still a-building. Their two oldest girls, Marie and Delia, both in their early 20's and still single, surely would have taken on some of the burden of tending to the little ones...Leon (a 2-year-old), Oliver (4), Edward (6), Francois (8), and Delia (10). And the older boys (my grandfather Pierre Jr, and his brother Joseph) would have helped their dad to manhandle the family belongings on and off the boats and trains.

Here are some questions I have about these great-grandparents, people I know virtually nothing about:

Were Pierre and Marie part of a larger migration of Durands at that time from Canada to the U.S.?

Were they also part of a larger migration of Durands from the eastern states to the Midwest?

Why did they choose to settle in Faribault, Minnesota?

Did Pierre become an American citizen? If so, a copy of his naturalization record must exist somewhere...perhaps on microfilm in the court house in

Faribault or in some regional depository of such records. There must also be land records available for the time he spent in Faribault.

Why at age sixty did Pierre pull up stakes in Minnesota and move to Turtle Lake?

These and many more questions are answerable for someone who wants to dig. For example, there must be newspaper obituaries that were written when Pierre and Marie died. There must be census records that show who was living in what household, and when.

Every tidbit of verifiable information about this generation of Durands is another brick in the Durand edifice that we are building through the Durand Heritage Foundation, for our computerized genealogy isn't just about births and deaths. There's also lots of room for notes. A typical genealogy program will classify 50 or more kinds of facts about a person...engagements, occupations, memberships, places of residence. These facts, added one by one as we dig into someone's life, will help form the stuff of a more ambitious project someday... perhaps an undertaking that adds to *Jean Durand and His Posterity*. Digging out the facts and using them to tell a story is the only way I know that all those "middle Durands" will come alive.

As we round out the year — a memorable year in our nation's brief history — my hope is that we will remember and keep alive the things that have helped to sustain our wonderfully diverse family. A feeling of community and of belonging. An appreciation for our diversity. Respect for those who have gone before. A feeling of obligation to do right for those who will come after.

The past year has revealed much that is new to me about our Durand family heritage. I hope the coming year does the same, as I send everyone my very best wishes for a good new year.

For What It's Worth

By John Durand

The back page...

Next issue: Focus on the Leon and Rose Durand family. Focus on the Rolla DuRand family (descendants of John (Jean Baptiste) Durand. Some firsthand accounts of water-witching (or dousing) in the Durand family. The great Minnesota forest fire of 1918. And more....

Helpful Connections	About the Foundation
To join or to renew your membership, contact:	Board of Directors
Marilyn Durand 1501 Rushmore Drive Burnsville, MN 55306 Phone: 952-431-0910 Email: mikdurand@msn.com	Term expires 2002: Joanne Berres, Mary Brusegard, Blanche Hammer Term expires 2003: Mike Durand, John Durand, Roger Durand Term expires 2004: Richard Durand, Susanne Krasovich, Yvonne Cariveau, Tom Bacig, Alice Keppel
To get in touch with the Newsletter, contact:	Durand Heritage Foundation Officers
John C Durand 828 Hazel Ridge Road #1004 Elkhorn, WI, 53121 Phone: 262-723-7750 Email: jedurand@elknet.net	President Mike Durand 1501 Rushmore Drive Burnsville, MN 55306 Phone 952-431-5610 mikdurand@msn.com
To update the Durand family tree, contact:	Vice President John Durand 828 Hazel Ridge Road #1004 Elkhorn, WI 53121 Phone 262 723-7750 jedurand@elknet.net
Blanche Durand Hammer 1547 Quail Ridge Road Woodbury, MN 55125 Phone: 651-702-9584 Email: BH9462206@aol.com	Secretary Roger Durand 76 Marcin Hill Burnsville, MN 55337 Phone 952-898-2896 rogdurand@msn.com
To contact the Durands in the Military project:	Treasurer Alice Keppel 1335 Mandan Ave No. Golden Valley, MN 55427 Phone 763-540-0024 amkeppel@uswest.net
Major James F. Durand, USMC 1322 Napoli Street Oceanside, CA 92056-1962 Email: JFDURAND@aol.com	Durand Heritage Foundation Committees
To find out about the Young Writers Project:	Membership/Social Marilyn Durand, Chair Derek Brusegard Mary Brusegard Joanne Berres Susanne Krasovich
Virginia Durand James 2087 CTH A Spooner, WI 54801 Phone: 715-635-3068	Newsletter John Durand, Chair Ellen Durand Olson Roger Durand Susanne Krasovich
Want to see what's on the internet?	Records Blanche Durand Hammer, Chair Roger Durand John Durand
Visit our website: www.durandfoundation.com	Research Roger Durand, Chair Richard Durand Mike Durand Susanne Krasovich

The Durand Heritage Foundation is a private, not-for-profit, educational and research corporation chartered in the State of Minnesota and operating under §501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code. Contributions are tax-deductible to the extent allowable. The Foundation affords no pecuniary benefit to its officers and members.