

*complete*

RECOLLECTIONS ABOUT MY FATHER AND MOTHER, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS,  
CLOSE RELATIVES, AND OTHERS.

Partly handed down to me, and stored up even more from personal  
experiences. Committed to writing by Louis Abel Caillouet  
(Bishop) from March to June 1977.

My father's name was Louis Philip Caillouet. He was born October  
28, 1853 in Chackbay, some six miles north of Thibodaux. His father was  
Lucien Joseph Caillouet, and his mother's maiden name was Eveline Benoit.  
Grandfather was born April 1, 1825 at what has since come to be known as  
Convent, St. James Parish, on the Mississippi River. He was baptized  
July 10, 1825, at nearby St. Michael Church. His father was Jacques  
Caillouette, and his mother's maiden name was Marie Claire Michel. His  
godfather was Valentin Michel and his godmother was Philonise Caillouette.  
The record is signed: Ch. De la Croix, pretre.

I read and copied this record in the original French, and had it  
certified officially by Father Georgelin, S.M. at St. Michael Church, on  
November 24, 1932. I also verified from the records, on that same date  
as given above, that Joseph Caillouette, Father of Jacques, rented a pew  
in the Chapel of St. Michael in 1789, and off and on thereafter until 1801.

My mother's maiden name was Marie Adele Lagarde. She was born on  
Christmas Day 1858, between present-day St. Charles Church (and community)  
and Raceland, in the Blouin Plantation area, on the left descending bank  
of Bayou.Lafourche. Her father was Adrien Lagarde (1824), and her mother's  
maiden name was Marie Zeolide Toups (1832). On the Lagarde side, the  
marriage register (No. 7 - page 43 - entry 96) of the Church of St. Louis  
(later, the Cathedral) testifies that Leonard de la Garde, of Surget in  
France, was married to Francoise Crochet, of Saint Malo in France, on  
November 24, 1785. The record is signed by Fra Antonio de Sedilla. Among

the children of Leonard de la Garde were Jean, Surget, and Pierre. Jean became the father of Adrien and Cleophas. Pierre became the father of Joachim (1830). He was to marry as a widower, Julia Gaillouet, Papa's only sister (except Eveline, who died in infancy). He had no brother. Saturnin, my first cousin, is the last surviving child of that marriage. The other seven were: Raphael, Mathieu (both died in infancy), Gabriel, Lucien, Julia, ("Sat"), Evelina, and Philip. Mama's brothers and sisters were: (1) Jean (March 1857-October 1878-of Yellow Fever). (2) Abel (Oct. 1860-Aug. 1895). He married Ada Parker of Franklin, a convert to the Catholic Faith. They were blessed with three children: Everett, Huder, and Byron. Aunt Ada remained a practising Catholic, and reared her three fatherless boys in the Faith. She and they visited us regularly through the years. I visited them in Houston. Aunt Ada died around 1940. Byron was the last to die, about 1970. (3) Marie Marcelite (1862). (4) Adrienne (1865). She was named for her father who had died a few months before her birth.

On the Toups side of Mama's ancestry, a constant tradition maintains that the name "Dubs" found among the members of the so-called Swiss Regiment at St. Charles Borromeo Parish, now Destrehan, in 1723, accounts for the name Toups now so widespread.

Papa and Mama met for the first time at the wedding of two friends of theirs in whose bridal party they were included. They became engaged probably at Christmas 1879; and the reason for this supposition is the fact that Papa gave Mama a pair of small ornamental vases for her 21st birthday that Christmas. They were married by Father Charles M. Menard, on May 12, 1880, at St. Joseph's Church, Thibodaux, at six o'clock in the evening. Mama used to explain to us that weddings at Mass were not the usual thing at that time, possibly because priests were few and served



mission chapels besides the parish church. She handed down to us this precious remark of Father Menard to some persons, after officiating at Papa and Mama's wedding: "Aujourd'hui j'ai officié a un bon mariage." "Today, I officiated at a good marriage."

#### Early Youth.

Papa used to tell us about his school days with Wilson Lepine. They went by horseback, and had agreed that the one who reached a certain plantation gateway first, would put a brick at a designated spot to indicate that he had gone ahead.

It was the custom for priests to recruit students for Catholic boarding schools. Thus, it had happened that Grandfather went to St. Joseph's College in Bardstown, Kentucky. I recall seeing his name in one of his books with this entry, dated 1846, in his own hand. I was unable to find any further information. Added light, however, is thrown on the connection between Louisiana and Kentucky by the presence at Mrs. Waggaman's plantation (on the site of what is now known as Waggaman, almost opposite Kenner) of Father Stephen Theodore Badin. He administered Baptism there, and the records (later kept in Kenner) show his signature with the explanatory note: First priest ordained in the United States. I had those records in my hands and read this note, when I was pastor at Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Kenner. Bishop Carroll of Baltimore had ordained Father Badin in 1793, in Baltimore. He became a missionary throughout Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee. He was largely responsible for the erection of the diocese of Bardstown (now, Louisville). He died in 1853, after 60 years of priesthood. This practice of Catholic boarding school education is also evidenced by the presence of Father Verrina on Bayou Lafourche in the 1870's, recruiting students for St. Vincent's College,

Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Grandfather who was then overseer at a plantation near Raceland, agreed to send Papa. This was in 1871. Other young men from this area went to school at "the Cape" as it was sometimes called for short. Some young ladies from Louisiana also went to a Convent school there. They used to go by river steamer. In my early years as assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Baton Rouge, Mr. Henry Caire, one of our splendid Catholic men, told me of having known Papa since those days when they went to school at the Cape. Miss Lizzie Duggan, also told me of knowing Papa through the river trip together when she attended convent school. Another student of Papa's years at St. Vincent's, was Jeremiah J. Harty of St. Louis. After graduation, he entered the seminary department of the college and was subsequently ordained a priest of the Archdiocese of St. Louis. After the Spanish-American War, when the United States let it be known to the Holy See that American bishops would be preferred in the Philippines, Father Harty was appointed Archbishop of Manila, in 1903. In 1916, he was transferred to Omaha. When Papa read that Archbishop Harty was to go to Rome for his periodic visit to the Pope, I was then a student at the North American College (1921-1925). He wrote the Archbishop telling him about me and requesting that, if feasible, he ask for me when calling at the American College. It had been established in 1859 by the Bishops of the United States as a house of spiritual formation for seminarians sent from various dioceses of our Country and attending classes at the Propagation of the Faith Seminary, founded in 1627 by Pope Urban VIII. Archbishop Harty did call at the College, and asked for me. I had an enjoyable visit and a pleasant conversation with him, during which he spoke of his years at St. Vincent's with Papa. Among stories of that time, Papa told us of having walked across the Mississippi at Cape Girardeau, in the dead of winter. This



severe past winter of 1976-77 easily substantiates that story. Papa was graduated from St. Vincent's College in 1875, with the Bachelor of Arts degree. I have his diploma, still well preserved. The Vincentians, and Father Verrina particularly, deserve our everlasting gratitude for this special reason: Grandfather had done poorly with the 1873 sugar cane crop, and he was not inclined to send Papa back to St. Vincent's for his graduation year. Father Verrina prevailed upon him to send Papa anyhow, and to pay later when he would be able. As it turned out, Papa himself paid the bill after he had gotten work; and Grandfather re-imbursed him in later years.

Mama's years of schooling were spent with the Sisters of Mount Carmel in Thibodaux, in the two-story brick building which stood until about 1960 right back of the three-story Mt. Carmel Academy building. This area is now the site of the Holiday Inn. In 1867, the 18th Centennial Year of the Martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul in Rome, Father Charles M. Menard, Pastor of St. Joseph Church, Thibodaux, made a pilgrimage to Rome. He was anxious to obtain a major relic of one of the early Roman martyrs, preferably a young girl, that he might instill devotion to her as a model for the youth of his parish. Through Cardinal Patrizi, Vicar General of Pope Pius IX, Father Menard was given a rather large piece of bone from the relics of St. Valery, Virgin Martyr. Mama was chosen to take part with other girls in the procession welcoming Sainte Valerie. She used to tell us how they were all wearing special red dresses in honor of the Martyr Saint. Mama was then going on ten years of age. She made her First Communion when she was going on twelve, in 1870. One of Mama's schoolmates was Mary Concannen of Bayou Black. The family had come from Maryland (I think) and some of their descendants are still residing in Terrebonne. Mary's branch of the family returned to Maryland, and she

married a Mr. Walsh in Cumberland. She became the mother of James E. who joined the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society in 1913. He was a member of the original band of missionaries embarking for China in 1918. He was consecrated bishop of Kongmoon, China, in 1927. Later, he became Superior General of Maryknoll. He visited his relatives in Houma, among whom was Sister Faustine of the Mt. Carmel Sisters. He was imprisoned and kept in solitary confinement by the Chinese Communist Government, from 1958 till 1970. Released, he has just observed the golden jubilee of his consecration as a bishop, and has ordained to the priesthood the 1977 Class of Maryknoll. He is now 85 years of age. I wrote to him on his jubilee, referring to what I have mentioned about his mother and mine.

Mama used to tell us stories about the Civil War recounted to her in her early childhood. She had lived through the war but was too young at the time to have personal recollections of it. When the Yankees (as the Northerners were called) seized the railroad at Lafourche Crossing, Mama's family moved farther back on the plantation to a house near the woods. The soldiers came foraging, entering the house and helping themselves to what food they could find. They were about to take Grandmother Lagarde's cow when she insisted vehemently that she needed it to give milk to her children. To the credit of the soldiers, they did not take the cow. Grandfather Lagarde's brother was Major Cleophas Lagarde, of the Confederate Army. Grandfather himself did not serve in the war, because of ill health. He died in 1864. During my boyhood, one of the former slaves of Mama's family used to come visit at home, usually leaving with gifts of clothing and food. I remember her distinctly.

#### Early Years of Married Life.

Papa and Mama lived at Grandmother Lagarde's for a year or two after



L.A.C.-FAMILY RECOLLECTIONS

-7-

their wedding. Their first child, Louis Edwin, was born there on February 22, 1881. Mama's sister, Marie Marcelite, was chosen to be his godmother. He soon began calling her "Nainaine". One by one, all the rest of us took up the name and we knew her only as "Nainaine". In fact, our nephews and nieces were to follow the same practice. Papa bought the property at what was to be known as 1005 Canal Street (later, Avenue, and then Boulevard). It was half a square in area, the other half already being owned by Mr. Ellis Braud. Two houses were on the premises: one at about the center of the property and the other near the left corner, and facing the side street. The young family lived in the first house and rented the second. There was a full grown persimmon tree, and an old stable, to the far rear of the main house. A second baby was sent by God on February 19, 1883, and named Adrian Joseph, after his maternal and paternal grandfathers. The first child had been named Louis, for his father, and Edwin because of the name having appealed to Mama when she came upon it in reading. St. Edwin (585-633) was King of Northumbria in England. He married Ethelburga, a Catholic, and sometime later was converted from paganism and baptized. A third child, Marie Eveline, saw the light of day on August 7, 1884. She was followed by Alban Charles on September 26, 1886. Again, Mama's reading about the saints accounted for his first name. A pagan soldier in the Roman Army at Verulamium (now called St. Albans, England) he became the first martyr of the Church in England, most probably in the persecution of Diocletian (302-305). Alban's second name, no doubt, was in honor of Father Charles M. Menard who was pastor of St. Joseph's and who had married Papa and Mama. This filling in of the Catholic history behind the names of Edwin and Alban, makes it timely to fill in the background about Mama's reading. Papa was editor and

publisher of Thibodaux's weekly newspaper: "The Sentinel". According to the accepted practice in the newspaper field, he exchanged papers with other editors. Thus, besides our own archdiocesan paper, "The Morning Star", the "Baltimore Catholic Mirror" came to our home, as did the "Southern Messenger" of San Antonio, and "The Catholic Columbian" of Columbus, Ohio. Besides, Papa subscribed to Catholic magazines like "The Catholic World" and to "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart." He had the issues bound in yearly volumes. When the home at 1005 Canal was taken down, we gave these books and many others to the Notre Dame Seminary Library. Mama could be found in her rocker, next to the small marble-top table at the fireplace corner, reading by the light of the green-shaded electric fixture. She kept this up till her mid-seventies, at least. During those early years of marriage, Papa "read law" after the custom of the time, in the office of a lawyer. It served as an apprenticeship leading up to the bar examination. He was admitted to the Louisiana State Bar by the Supreme Court, meeting in Opelousas, in 1885.

The fifth child born to Papa and Mama was named Philip Joseph, after his father and his paternal grandfather. This was on September 15, 1888. He was taken up to heaven while still an infant, on Jan. 22, 1889. Adele Marie, named for Mama, was born on January 3, 1890. Irene Marie Zeolide, named (in part) for Mama's mother, on March 12, 1892. She was the first of the children to grow up from babyhood in the new house, built that same year at an overall cost of \$5000.

#### Plan and Description of the House.

The front gallery (porch) extended the full width of the facade. It receded some ten feet just beyond the main entrance doorway, to allow for sitting out with some privacy in the late evening and early night hours.



Besides, it made possible a window opening into the right side wall of the long hallway which ran all the way back to the dining room. To the left, on entering was the parlor. Two "window-doors" with sash reaching down to the floor and protected by lattice shutters, opened on the front porch. Next to the parlor, on the same left side as one walked towards the back, was the library: Papa's office. It projected somewhat from the lines of the house at the far end, allowing for three windows: the outer two built at an angle to the center window. There was a side entrance to the library, so that people coming to see Papa on business (as lawyer and as judge) did not have to enter the house through the main doorway, but would pass along the sidewalk by the parlor. Next to Papa's library was the room occupied by Grandfather Caillouet; and then came the dining room, which occupied the width of the house, with a small porch at one end which allowed Grandfather access to the yard without passing through the house. At the other end of the dining room was a long gallery running alongside the kitchen, the dining room, Alban's room, and Papa and Mama's room. A narrow porch then went alongside the lavatory and the bathroom which were back of our parents' room. Opening out from the kitchen, to the left as one went towards the back door, was the laundry and ironing room, where the ice box was kept, and later, the refrigerator, the first one dating back to 1908 or a little later. Next to the laundry room was the pantry. Besides the sugar barrel, from which we drew as needed, fresh yard eggs, vegetables, etc., were kept there; as also tools for yard and garden. Before ice was easily available, eggs were kept in a large jar filled with what is called saumure in French. It is a highly salty preparation used as preservative for meats, eggs, etc. Besides the barrel of sugar on tap, we always had a barrel of syrup. We used to bottle the syrup

and keep it in an enclosure under the house. Alban's room being just above it. The wooden slats on all four sides were spaced 3 or 4 inches apart to allow movement of air between them. A few bottles of wine, cherry bounce, etc. were also kept there. We enjoyed a little wine on a special occasions. Ice cream was a favorite Sunday dessert. Turning the freezer and getting to lick off what remained on the "palette" was always something special. Mama limited us to one helping, saving a second ice cream treat for the afternoon. There was no wrangling, and each one enjoyed an equal portion.

Returning briefly to a description of the house: a narrow hall ran from the main hallway to Papa and Mama's room. Alongside of this hall was a staircase leading up to the attic, directly into a room. This became Edwin and Adrian's room during their vacation while at St. Mary's College, Lebanon, Kentucky; and until they married later. The remaining area of the attic was partly floored and closed in, serving mostly as storage space. Electricity was installed in 1900, and a telephone about that same time. Every room in the house opened on a porch (except for the attic). The front yard was adorned with a trellis and climbing rosebushes and vines, at four different places. In that part of the yard next to Papa's library and somewhat near the side street, a very long and wide trellis, with open-spaced slat roof, supported a stout-branched scuppernong vine which practically covered the trellis. We used to call the grapes "soco", and they were large and juicy. Spread about in the yard were some sweet olive trees, some jasmins of two kinds: jasmin confédéré (Confederate Jasmin) and jasmin de nuit (Night Jasmin). There was one sweet magnolia tree. We used to put the small buds about to open, in our nostrils for the aroma they emitted. There were two very large ornamental stone-like vases set permanently near the entrance to the house, one at each side. Boxwood was



was set out in orderly fashion, and pittosporum shrubs. There were a few sago palms, and a double line of smaller palms, one on each side of the sidewalk, (the banquette) leading up to the house. Many of these were used for the blessing on Palm Sunday, and I even received many from my sisters in later years, for that purpose. There were a good number of large myrtle trees scattered about the yard. Besides the climbing roses, there were many rosebushes and later, some pine trees I had brought as striplings from St. Joseph's Seminary. The back yard, la cour derrière, just as the other was la cour devant, had a small flower garden in the area off the side gallery from the kitchen. In the rest of the large back yard were several fig trees, one of which bore large figs with a dark purple skin. These were called "figues noir", and the others, "figues celeste". Tante Adele used to gather the figs; and preserves, marmelade, etc. were made from them; and fig ice cream at times. There were two large pecan trees, some peach trees, cherry trees, a Japan plum tree, and at least two pine trees, full grown, which I had brought as seedlings from St. Benedict. To the rear of the back yard, and separated from it by a picket fence, was the vegetable garden. There was a yearly crop of string beans, pole beans, butterbeans, squash, eggplants, tomatoes, corn, okra, some strawberries, field peas, watermelons, and pumpkins. It was rare that we had to go to the market. At the far end of the garden, near Mrs. Braud's property, we had one or two cooking-pear trees. We always had chickens in the back and, before I came along, a cow. There was a horse and carriage, also, until 1920. At that time, we changed to a Chevrolet. Edwin had taught Heloise to drive, practising on his Haynes automobile. Irene learned to drive the Chevrolet.

## District Attorney, Judge

In the late 1880's Papa was elected District Attorney. The Sunday closing law was not observed by many businesses. He proceeded to impose fines, as provided by law. Some would pay the fine, and continue opening on Sundays as before. He increased the amount of the fine for each new offense until the Sunday closing law became effective. In 1892, Papa was elected Judge of the 20th Judicial District Court which, at that time, was comprised of the Parishes of Lafourche and Assumption. After the new State Constitution of 1898 the district was regrouped to include Lafourche and Terrebonne (Assumption being paired with Ascension). Papa served until 1907, having been re-elected several times. In 1893, he contracted malaria fever which lingered on despite the medical skill of Doctor Hercules Dansereau. The Doctor suggested that a change of climate might help. As the Columbian Exposition (400 years since the Discovery of America) was being held in Chicago, Papa decided to make a trip there. The malaria left, and he recovered his normal good health.

## Middle Years, till 25th Wedding Anniversary.

On December 29, 1894, a bitter cold day, Lucien Joseph was born. He was named for Papa's father. It was necessary to get a closed cab to take the baby to church for baptism, that same day of his birth. Adrian, eleven years old, was his godfather, and Marie, ten years old, his godmother. Heloise Marie opened her eyes on this world August 4, 1896; and Louis Abel followed her on August 2, 1900, being the last of ten children: six boys and four girls, that the goodness of God sent to bless the marriage union of Papa and Mama. Eight of these were baptized the very day of their birth, and two the following day because born when the day was over. Since Baptism cleanses the soul of original sin, gives the child a supernatural birth by which it shares in the



life of God, and becomes an heir of heaven, there was a deep conviction that Baptism was to be administered very, very soon after birth, the very day itself, if possible. Alban was my godfather at Baptism, and Adele my godmother. Louis was for Papa's name, and Abel for Mama's deceased brother. He was a druggist in Jeanerette, and had married Ada Parker, convert from Episcopalianism (refer to page 2, towards top). I was to be called Louis, but Grandmother Lagarde, rocking me as a baby and thinking of her own departed Abel, began to call me her "petit Bel", and it came about that I was called "Bel". Mama kept all our baptismal records in a small tin box in the armor (armoire) in her room. There was also a small tin tube (can) in the armor. Papa used to keep it replenished with a roll of bills for Mama's needs in day to day running of the house. Whenever the money thinned, Papa would put more bills in the "tube". In the early morning, Papa would go to the meat market. It stood on the bayou side of the Court House, near the power house. On Saturday nights, I would accompany him to the store of Mr. Camille Legendre, almost opposite Edwin and Nettie's, where he would buy rice, grits, potatoes, etc. There was always lagniappe for me from Mr. Legendre! My earliest actual personal remembrance dates to the time when Papa and Mama, with Marie and Alban, had gone to the World's Fair at St. Louis, in the summer of 1904. Nainaine, Mama's sister, was staying with us at home. We were sitting on the front gallery, in front of Irene's room. It was a Sunday night, and the Negroes at the Protestant church on Jackson Street were singing loud, their voices reaching us easily that summer night. We began laughing at them. Nainaine chided us gently, reminding us that they were worshipping God as they knew how, sincerely. This impressed me deeply at that early age of four.

The first graduates in the family finished in 1902. Edwin and Adrian at St. Mary's, Kentucky where they had entered in 1896, and Marie at Mt.

Carmel Academy, Thibodaux. Both Marie and Adele (later) learned to paint rather well, and some of their work has been handed down to the second and third generation of the family. All four of my sisters became proficient in playing the piano, with Professor Emmanuel Chol as their teacher. Edwin played the violin and Adrian the mandolin. Alban entered St. Mary's in 1904, graduating in 1907. As previously mentioned about Grandfather and then Papa, at college, so likewise in the case of St. Mary's, the priest teachers would make their rounds in the summer for students. Father Michael Jaglowicz and Father Ignatius Perius both visited at home several times. Their religious order was the Congregation of the Resurrection. Founded in Rome by three young Polish students in 1842, and making profession of vows on Easter Sunday, they chose the name honoring the Resurrection of Our Lord. St. Mary's College, Lebanon, Marion County, founded in 1821, was put in their charge in 1871. Father Michael Jaglowicz later became Superior General in the 1920's. The Thibodaux Mattingly Family is from that area. In the course of the years, I have gone on a kind of pilgrimage to St. Mary's, Lebanon; to St. Joseph's, Bardstown; and to St. Vincent's, Cape Girardeau.

#### Anecdotes about my Brothers and Sisters.

When Mama thought Edwin old enough to be told about Santa Claus, La Christine, in French, his reaction was: "Why did you tell me?" Like the good teacher she was, Mama explained to him that now he could be of help to her and Papa in playing Santa Claus to his younger brothers and sisters.

The night of his First Communion, Mama found Adrian crying. Upon asking him the reason, he answered that it was because his First Communion day was over. She reassured him gently that he would have the happiness



of receiving Jesus many times again in Holy Communion, re-living the great joy of that first time.

One day, little Alban fell out the window from Papa and Mama's room into a rosebush. Marie called Mama quickly. Apart from some scratches which led to crying, he was unhurt.

Adele used to tell of her "grown-up" feeling when she became ten years old, as it was the year of her First Communion and the year she became my godmother.

Once, Irene could not wait for the fudge to cool off on the marble top table, so that she might be given some; and went slyly from one piece to the next cutting off a sliver only, with no trace of anything missing.

Lucien, who had already told Mama of his desire to be a priest, was "acting up" one day. Mama spoke questioningly: "And you are the one who wants to be a priest?" But he only insisted: "Yes, I want to be a priest."

Heloise, pushing me in my little wheelbarrow, for Edwin to take our picture.

Alban, teaching me the Hail Mary in French and my mumbling "Sainte Mie" (for Marie). This led to a good little slap to make me say: Marie.

They used to tell me that, when I was just a tot, I would make my way among the others for night prayers with Papa and Mama and the family. Not knowing all the prayers I would mumble some of them, and that would set the others snickering and trying to hold back laughter.

I have no definite recollection of Papa and Mama's Silver Jubilee of Marriage in 1905, but I do know that the silver service (Sheffield plate) in daily use from that time until the distribution by lot among the nephews and nieces, when the house was taken down, was a jubilee gift, probably from the children.

The Knights of Columbus came into Louisiana when Council No. 714 was

established in New Orleans and held its first initiation on November 23, 1902. Soon after that, Papa, Edwin, and Adrian came to New Orleans to be initiated. On April 22, 1906, Lafourche Council No. 1114 was granted its charter. Papa was elected Past Grand Knight, "to permit the Council to function at the first meeting of the State Council" (K. of C. in La. 1902-1962). Judge H. N. Coulon was elected First Grand Knight. In 1909, Papa was elected State Deputy for two years. Because of this position, he attended the National Convention in Montreal in 1910, and in Detroit, in 1911. Birthdays were always observed and, as they coincided, baptismal anniversaries on the same day. We usually went to Holy Mass and Communion on such days. For my birthday on August 2, 1911, Papa was in Detroit. They played a trick on me, it must have been Lucien and Heloise, by preparing a package addressed as if coming from Papa. When I opened it, there was a carefully wrapped potato! Birthdays in summer always called for a box of sun-dried cooked figs from our several fig trees, sprinkled over with a bit of sugar. That was Mama's specialty, later taken up by Adele. The year 1907 included several family milestones: 1-Papa was appointed to the Circuit Court of Appeals, which included a territory extending from the Texas to the Mississippi state lines in South Louisiana, excluding the New Orleans area. Papa was away a long time when the Court was in session. Judge Julian Mouton of Lafayette and Judge Stephen D. Ellis of Amite were his associates on the Appellate Court Bench. It was Judge Ellis who gave us the Rhode Island Red rooster and hens, from which came the large number we had later. The Judge was not of the Catholic Faith but well disposed towards it. On a certain occasion, Papa gave him a copy of the "Following of Christ". In July, 1976, I called on Miss Eva Mouton, the last surviving daughter of Judge Mouton, who lives right near the Cathedral in Lafayette. She recalled



having visited our family in Thibodaux. At 32, she was still teaching piano lessons at her home.

About the year 1956, photographs of the former Appellate Court Judges of the Circuit in the area mentioned above, were placed in the Court Room in the State Capitol in Baton Rouge. I was present for the occasion, having been invited because Papa's picture was among the group.

2- In June 1907, Alban graduated at St. Mary's, Kentucky. 3- On the 26th of the same month, Edwin and Antoinette Elizabeth Matherne were married at Nuptial Mass in St. Joseph's Church, with Father Eugene Royer, Assistant, officiating. I remember distinctly going to the wedding reception at Mrs. Matherne's on Green Street. 4- In the summer of 1907, James Ryder Randall (1839-1908) then editor of the archdiocesan Catholic paper "The Morning Star", visited at home for a day or two. He was the author of the stirring war song "Maryland, My Maryland" at the beginning of the Civil War in 1861. His own account of the circumstances that led to its composition is given in the book of his poems edited in early 1908: "In April 1861, I read in the 'New Orleans Delta News' of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore. This account greatly excited me. I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there influenced my mind. That night I could not dismiss from my mind what I had read in the paper. About midnight I arose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful influence seemed to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland'." At the time (1861) Mr. Randall, only 22, was Professor of English Literature and Classics at Poydras College, Pointe Coupee, near New Roads here in Louisiana. It was on the occasion of his visit home that I am supposed to have answered Mr. Randall's question whether I would like to become a

priest (prompted quite possibly by Lucien's entering the seminary that September) by replying that I would like to be a bishop! It is one of those embroidered stories sometimes handed down in families.

FROM: "THE MORNING STAR" of August 3, 1907, page 4 (Editorial page).

A CARD.

With this issue of "The Morning Star" I voluntarily retire from its service.  
James R. Randall.

EDITORIAL:

We regret to announce that this week's issue of "The Morning Star" marks Mr. James R. Randall's voluntary retirement from its editorial staff ... Mr. Randall will return to his old home in Augusta, Georgia ... (he was editor for two years).

Further, in another column on the same page 4: "I have always been a Catholic, was baptized in infancy by Rev. Father Schreiber, and my godfather was Rev. James Ryder, one of the most distinguished of the priests of his day and generation. My French ancestry on my mother's side were always Catholic ... and were driven from Nova Scotia ... I am one of the people of Evangeline. My father was not a Catholic, but he died one." (quoted from James R. Randall).

5- In September 1907, Lucien entered St. Joseph's Seminary and College at Ramsay (near Covington). It was staffed by Benedictine Monks, with Abbot Paul as Abbot of the Monastery. In November Papa and Mama took me with them to visit Lucien. He was homesick and wanted to come back with us. This was understandable as he was not yet 13 years old, and had never been away from home before. Calmly, but definitely, Papa made it clear to Lucien that he would simply have to remain through that school year, at least. As it happened, soon after this visit, Lucien returned home unexpectedly, with just the clothes on his back, when the entire seminary plant burned down November 30, 1907. Rebuilt of brick and steel in 1908, it was re-opened in 1909. Meanwhile, classes were held in New Orleans, so that no appreciable delay in studies resulted. The visit just mentioned with Papa and Mama was my first time in New



Orleans. I remember walking along Canal Street at night and passing by the excavation in progress under electric lights, for the foundations of Maison Blanche.

After Marie had taught me my ABC's and much instruction in reading and writing, besides my catechism, I entered school at the Misses Doucet on May 6, 1908. Adrian brought me there the first day. The school stood on the left hand side of what later came to be called Sixth Street, in the yard of the Doucet family home. The mother taught Catechism, and the three daughters taught English, French, Spelling, Arithmetic, Penmanship, etc. In later years, Miss Lucille worked at the Dime Store on Canal Street, near the tracks. I would see her now and then on my visits home; and I visited her in her last illness.

Edwin and Adrian both "read law" in a law office, just as Papa had done before them. Then, having passed their bar examinations they were admitted to the Bar as lawyers. Alban was not inclined to take up law, and, as mentioned elsewhere in these Recollections, went into merchandising. Edwin became a partner in the firm of Howell and Caillouet. Before becoming a lawyer, Adrian taught for a while at Thibodaux College under Professor Levi Hargis, familiarly known as "Mr. Levi". Father Dubourg, Pastor of St. Joseph's, used to give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every Wednesday evening, just after school. Marie would take me, walking the mile or so each way, after having first told Mama good-bye. Mama used to encourage Adrian to go with some of his pupils. He demurred with mild resistance, mostly from self-consciousness. Mama gradually won the day, and was ever so proud of him for setting aside human respect. Through Papa's interest, Adrian was appointed Secretary for the 1908 Session of the State Legislature. Governor Jared Y. Sanders and Lieutenant Governor Paul

M. Lambremont were then in office. Adrian prided himself on having pushed so that the final session did end on time, without resorting to the usual trick of moving back the hands of the clock! After their graduation, when they began going out socially and courting, all three older brothers wanted Mama to give them a key so that they might come in late at night without disturbing her and Papa. She never agreed to that, but waited up or was awakened, to unlock the door near her bed as they returned home. Thus, they were led to return at a reasonable hour. It was a loving strictness, and they came to appreciate it.

Adele graduated from Mt. Carmel Academy in 1908. In March 1909, she was stricken with diphtheria and became critically ill. About that same time in March, I was down with pneumonia and also became dangerously ill. Dr. Hercules Dansereau attended both of us, assisted by his son Dr. Philip, who had graduated at Fordham Medical School in New York, and was at the beginning of his career. On September 29, 1909, Adrian and Effie Amelia Briggs were married at St. Joseph's Church at Nuptial Mass, with Father Armand Dubourg officiating. The Briggs family home stood on the property next to the present home of F.E. and Florence, at 525 Narrow Street, towards the bayou. Irene graduated from Mt. Carmel Academy in 1910. The word used for this school event was exhibition in French, and it passed right over into English with exactly the same spelling, and accentuation moved back from the last to the second to last syllable. The name brought out the fact that there was much to exhibit besides the actual graduation exercises; for instance: songs, drills, a play (usually), etc. It took fully two hours for the production, and refreshments followed. Before leaving home, we had to make sure about locking the chickens in the "juchoir", an enclosure high



off the ground, with open slats protected by chicken wire covering. Despite this precaution, on exhibition night one year a possum got into the juchoir and killed a number of the chickens. From 1910 to 1912, I attended the newly opened parochial school which now began forming part of Mt. Carmel Academy, at the grammar grade level. Archbishop Blenk (1906-1917) having been President of Jefferson College, was definitely school-minded. He was anxious to develop a parish school system throughout the archdiocese, and appointed the first Archdiocesan School Superintendent, Father Leslie J. Kavanagh. Thus, little boys began to attend the new parochial school in the lower elementary grades. Sister Scholastica, Sister Virginia and Sister St. Bernard taught me. Sister Virginia's brother married Tante Azema's sister. Sister St. Bernard lived until about 1970; I visited her at times, and also offered the Funeral Mass for her at Mt. Carmel in Lakeview. I went to Confession for the first time at the age of seven, in 1907. It was not until February 11, 1911, Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, that I made my First Communion. This was even earlier than my parents and my brothers and sisters had made theirs. Pope St. Pius X had issued a decree in 1910 stating: "The age of discretion both for Confession and for Holy Communion is the time when a child begins to reason; that is, about the age of seven, more or less." Mana caught on at once, and was glad to help me prepare for first Communion. Father Chapon, Assistant, a French priest ordained already many years, also accepted the Pope's decree at once and had me ready within those few months after the decree.

In 1912, Papa offered himself as a candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. His campaign poster and literature were prepared in both English and French. Alban drove Papa down the bayou as

far as Cut Off, on dirt roads, in Edwin's first car, the "Pratt", which had just arrived at the freight depot that January. As it had been a very rainy winter, and the streets were deep in mud, the new car had to be rolled on planks, in relays, most of the way to his house on St. Philip Street. I remember going with Papa and Alban to Labadieville during the campaign. After talking to a group of men, he invited them across the street to a saloon for a drink. This brings to mind Father Savoure of Chenal on False River telling me, years later, when I was Assistant in Baton Rouge, that he had always noticed how Papa, at various public gatherings, would take one glass and then hold it practically full, so as to avoid being urged to have a refill. Adrian acted as Papa's campaign manager. At the height of the campaign, Papa took time out to write me a letter for my 12th birthday. In it, he referred to my having reached the age of Jesus when He was found in the Temple by His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. Tabulating the returns coming in by telephone, that September night at home, Adrian was downcast. Papa had run a good race among six candidates, but he did not finish second. In God's designs, it must have turned out for the best. Had he won, the family would most probably have moved to New Orleans, and I might have found different interests and never become a priest. A few days after the election, Father Barbier met Papa with a group of men. He was uncertain how to broach the subject of his recent defeat, when, to his great surprise, he noticed that Papa appeared to be the most jovial in the group. This led Father to admire him greatly. Father Dubourg (who baptized me) had died in the Spring of 1911. Shortly before his death, when he already realized he might not live much longer, he gave Papa a rosary (which I use now) and his watch and chain. On that occasion he told him with deep feeling: "Vous avez toujours été mon



ami." "You have always been my friend." The reference was probably to the opposition Father had met after the 1909 hurricane which blew down the church steeple. A drive for funds to rebuild it ran into difficulties with ill will shown by some. When the new Thibodaux College was dedicated in November 1912, Father Barbier asked Papa to give the address. I was the altar boy who held Archbishop Blenk's crozier while he spoke; and, at that age, I thought everything took so long! (Perhaps I must have taken long myself in my years as a bishop ...).

In the Spring of 1913, when Papa's term on the Court of Appeals expired, he was given a testimonial banquet by members of the Bench and Bar at Opelousas, where he had been admitted to the Bar in 1885. He returned to law practice, and the firm of Howell and Caillouet became Caillouet and Caillouet. An office was opened in Houma, with Adrian in charge there; so Adrian and Effie moved to Houma, with Philip, in 1913. Alban was not inclined towards the law, and he worked with Mr. Sassoski, a respected business man in Thibodaux, after finishing at St. Mary's, Kentucky. Later, he worked at the Court House and became Deputy Clerk. Sometime in 1913, he met Miss Azema Heloise Talbot of the Canal settlement a few miles back of Napoleonville. She happened to be visiting her cousin, Mrs. H. N. Coulon and her family. A courtship followed. My schoolmate and chum, Clarence Coulon, would tell me at times: "Last night, your brother Alban brought a box of candy to Azema." They were married at Nuptial Mass in the Chapel at the Canal, by Father L'Anglais, Pastor of St. Ann's, Napoleonville. They went by automobile to Schriever to catch the Southern Pacific train. We went back to Thibodaux by the branch train that ran from Schriever to Napoleonville.

When the Citizens' Bank was established in 1910, Alban helped me

open an account with a five dollar deposit. My first check was for one dollar, drawn, probably, at Christmas time.

At Easter 1913, Mama told me about the Easter Rabbit. I had a white rabbit since Christmas of (possibly) 1910, and eggs were put in clover in its cage on Easter morning, just a few minutes before I would be ready to go look for them. I was then  $12\frac{1}{2}$  and Mama feared I might go tell my altar boy friends about the rabbit having brought eggs and they would laugh at me. Thus the cycle from Edwin to me, the oldest and the youngest, was closed, and there was no more Santa Claus and no more "Lapin" (Rabbit). You who read this, if you are tempted to think I was awfully simple and mighty slow in catching on, please be reminded that there was no general advertising in the paper, and on radio and television (which were non-existent then) about Santa Claus toys and Easter Bunnies. Nor were there live Santas in the stores for children to go ask for things at Christmas; nor little live chicks dyed in varied colors, etc. "Rabbit eggs", as we called them, were boiled in onion skin to stain the shells. Different designs had been cut out and then pasted on the eggs before boiling, so that, when pulled off afterwards, the area was unstained and the form of the design showed clearly.

Grandfather Caillouet died October 11, 1913, at the age of  $88\frac{1}{2}$  years, having been born April 1, 1825. He was up and around until a few days before his death. He had a stroke while sitting in his chair, and died very probably that same night. I remember Edwin coming to tell Papa, who was laid up with an attack of rheumatism.

Grandmother Lagarde died March 28, 1915, at the age of 83, having been born January 4, 1832. I was at St. Benedict, and did not come home, but Papa had called me by telephone.



In 1913, Lucien finished at St. Joseph's Seminary, St. Benedict. That same September he sailed for France, to begin his major seminary studies at the American College and the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium. As explained (page 4) about the American College in Rome, the same plan obtained at Louvain. That college, really a house of spiritual formation, with classes at the University, was established in 1857 by the bishops of the United States. Many French priests and Dutch priests who volunteered to come to the Archdiocese of New Orleans, had been sent to Louvain where they might learn English besides at the American College. In September 1912, at the urgent invitation of Father Barbier, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart came to staff the new Thibodaux College just erected on the large tract of land donated to St. Joseph Parish by Mrs. E. W. Blake. Her home was on the grounds, and it became the Brothers' Residence. Brother Theodosius was the first Principal. As the dedication was in November, we began the school year in the old College which was located about two blocks farther up towards the Convent. Among my close friends at school were Charlton Folse, Carlos Chinera, Alfred Robichaux, Nolan Gaubert, Clarence Coulon (already mentioned) and Maurice and Guy Legendre.

Heloise graduated from Mt. Carmel in June 1914. On a visit to Spanish Fort, at Bayou St. John where it enters the lake, Heloise and her close friend Jeanne Delas once rode the roller coaster. The others in the group were not as daring, and the two were heroines of a sort!

On September 9, 1914, I entered St. Joseph Seminary, Ramsay. The Brothers and Father Barbier had encouraged me at various times. Papa brought me over by the N.O.G.N. (New Orleans Great Northern Railroad) which left from the Terminal Station on Canal Street. That same fateful summer of 1914, war was declared in Europe. It was in early August, and Pope Pius X

died August 20th. Lucien had come down from Louvain to northern Italy, at Menaggio on Lake Como. It was the practice for students from the United States, who could hardly come home for vacation, to arrange a stay in some religious institution where they might find relaxation outdoors, and learn a new language besides. Lucien understood at once that the Pope's death meant the chance of a lifetime for him to be in Rome for the election and the coronation of a new Pope. Don Guanella, the priest who had founded the religious order which had the house where Lucien was staying, was going to Rome and was glad to have Lucien go with him. As the train arrived at Bologna, there was a big send-off for Cardinal Della Chiesa, the local Archbishop, who was going to the conclave to elect a pope. It turned out that he was the one chosen, taking the name of Benedict XV. At the Vatican (before the conclave opened) Don Guanella took Lucien around the various rooms, and even the kitchen, in the quarters occupied by Pius X. He had been on intimate terms with the Pope. When it came to the day for the coronation, Don Guanella took Lucien in with him. It was in the Sistine Chapel, and the numbers of invitees was strictly restricted. Once safely in, he excused himself saying that he could not stay for the ceremony, having highly important matters at hand. Thus, Lucien was left there for the coronation, hoping that he would not be "thrown out", which did not happen! Walking down the great marble staircase afterwards, with crowds not so fortunate as he had been staring at him, he had the thrill of his young life. In recent years, about 1960, Don Guanella was listed among the Blessed, that is, Beatified. His apostolic life had merited this official seal of the Church. Louvain being closed because of the German invasion of Belgium, Lucien and Charles Greco (later, Bishop) were at Menaggio for a month or two, waiting for word from



Archbishop Blenk where to continue their studies. As time dragged on and the school year had already begun, they presumed to go to Fribourg, Switzerland, not far from northern Italy. There, mail reached them confirming arrangements at Fribourg. The war years were difficult, but Switzerland managed to have sufficient food. The return home in the summer of 1918 was dangerous because of submarine warfare. Sailing was from Bordeaux, and was delayed for weeks. Warning was given not to leave the city and environs, as the sailing notice was liable to be given just a few hours before actual departure. Soon after a safe journey and arrival in New York first, then, by train to New Orleans, Archbishop Shaw (installed that Spring as successor to deceased Archbishop Blenk) set the date for ordination on July 25, 1918, at Sacred Heart Academy Chapel on St. Charles Avenue, because the cathedral was undergoing extensive repairs. On the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in June 1919, we made formal consecration of our family to the Sacred Heart. Papa and Mama and all of us signed the document, had it framed, and it hung in our parent's room until the house was taken down. We used to renew it on the Feast each year, for many years after. I graduated from St. Joseph's Seminary on June 24, 1919. The flu had delayed school reopening after Christmas vacation, which led to the later closing date. As we had no major seminary (philosophy and theology) in New Orleans, students of the archdiocese went either to Kenrick Seminary in St. Louis or to St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. As two Thibodaux seminarians, Charles Beauvais and Raphael Labit, were at St. Mary's, staffed by the Sulpician Fathers, they encouraged me to go to Baltimore. Archbishop Shaw agreed to the request. Arriving there in early September, with my close friend and classmate, Maurice Schexnayder (later, Bishop) we were fortunate to be on time for

the visit of Cardinal Mercier to Cardinal Gibbons, both of whom we saw at a public function.

On September 8, 1919, Heloise entered the Discalced Carmelite Monastery at 1236 North Rampart Street, New Orleans. Reading the autobiography of Sister Theresa of the Child Jesus led her to that decision. A postulant at first, she became a novice on May 8, 1920. She was dressed as a bride, according to the custom then. All the family and the little nephews and nieces were present. I was absent, being at St. Mary's, Baltimore. Her profession of the vows took place on November 21, 1921. In 1969 and 1971, we observed both her entry and her profession, at the Carmelite Monastery in Lafayette.

In 1921, Papa was chosen to be one of the members from Lafourche to the State Constitutional Convention in Baton Rouge, as he had been in 1898.

In 1921, I completed the two-year course in philosophy at St. Mary's, Baltimore, and was among those chosen to go to Catholic University, at the Theological College, staffed by the Sulpician Fathers. That summer, however, Archbishop Shaw called Maurice Schexnayder and me to tell us that he was planning to send us to the American College in Rome. The enrollment had gone down because of the war, and the Bishops were urged to send students. The Archbishop himself had been a student there. We sailed from New York, September 30th, on the "Canopic" 17,000 ton ship of the Cunard Line. We called at the Azores long enough to go ashore for some hours at Ponta Delgada. Our next port of call was Vigo, on the Atlantic coast of Spain; then, Gibraltar, where one could catch sight of the African coast in the distance. Finally, we docked at Naples after a 17-day crossing, including the stops mentioned. Upon arriving in Rome, our first visit after reaching the College was to St. Peter's, there to pray at the Tomb



of the Apostle. We saw Pope Benedict XV once, on Dec. 11, 1921, when the decree naming Bishop John N. Neumann, Venerable, was announced (canonized June 19, 1977). A little more than a month later, Pope Benedict died on January 22, 1922. I was present for the announcement of the election of Pope Pius XI, and for his coronation on February 12th. I was to see him many times in the course of the next few years, at ceremonies at St. Peter's. I was ordained to the priesthood on March 7, 1925, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, and offered my First Mass the next day at St. Peter's Tomb. Pope Pius XI received our class in farewell audience before our return to the United States. I returned home in the middle of July, with Father Schexnayder and other classmates. We sailed from Southampton, July 18th on the White Star line "Andania" (14,000 tons). After calling at Halifax, we docked in New York on July 26th. I offered Mass for the first time in the United States, at the Carmelite Chapel, with Heloise and Papa present. It was July 29th. August 2, 1925, my 25th birthday, I offered my First Solemn Mass at St. Joseph's, Thibodaux.

Through the petition of Father Barbier and Archbishop Shaw, the Pope made Papa a Knight of St. Gregory in August 1925.

On my arrival home from Schriever where Adrian had met Papa and me by car, as we opened the front door Mama was kneeling just inside, waiting to receive my blessing as a priest. Only after did she stand to kiss me. Her act of deep faith impressed me greatly. As soon as I had kissed the others, I went with Adrian to the family tomb, there to pray for Edwin. He had died while I was in Rome, on October 7, 1924. Adrian told me this beautiful story: while on his deathbed, Edwin was asked if he wished to receive Holy Communion once again. His only answer was to smile, as he could hardly speak.

Sometime in the 1920's, Heloise, Sister Marie Dolores in Religion,

had to be taken to Hotel Dieu because of an attack of appendicitis. She told me this story about Papa; when he came to visit her, after the first greeting he sat by her bedside and quietly prayed his rosary, realizing that she was suffering and a long conversation was hardly in order. When he got up to leave, he raised her hand to his lips. It was a delicate gesture, indicating his hesitancy about kissing his daughter who was now a cloistered Carmelite. It was Heloise herself who told him it would surely be right for Papa to kiss her.

After Lucien became pastor of Saints Peter and Paul Church at Lobdell, just a few miles north across the river from Baton Rouge, he asked Marie, his godmother, to come keep house for him. She remained with him about 25 years: to Port Allen, to St. Agnes, Baton Rouge, to St. Francis de Sales, Houma. She proved a great help to him in keeping accounts, in the care of the altar, etc.

When Alban came to work for the State Tax Commission in Baton Rouge, he boarded at Lucien's rectory during the week, returning to his home in Thibodaux for the weekends.

Other anecdotes: Edwin taking us for a ride to Adrian's in Houma, on Sunday afternoons in his "Pratt" automobile; and having to stop at dusk to light the gas headlights ... Adrian coming to visit Mama and bringing her a beautiful rose. He would become enthused describing the beauty of the rose, its rarity, etc. ... Mama would say: "Adrien, tais-toi; tu as pris cette rose dans un de mes rosiers." "Adrian, be quiet; you cut that rose from one of my rosebushes."

Heloise, unable to shift gears without clashing in Edwin's new Haynes car, and leading him to "fuss" a bit.

Adele, trying to calm down her chickens after the children had been



in the yard and chased them around.

Alban, coming by after his work to help dip shingles in creosote, in preparation for a new roof on the house (1916).

Marie, playing the piano on a summer's evening ... these, and other vignettes flash before my mind's eye in fond remembrance!

In late May 1932, Papa began to fail in health. Adrian had sensed that a year or so before when he had asked his advice about some point of law, and Papa seemed not to grasp it with his usual clarity. He remarked to me at the time: "There is not a thing in the law, that Papa did not know." He said this with evident great pride in his father's legal ability. Miss Coralie Block, R.N., attended Papa at night for three years, until his death. She was most devoted, and came to be considered as a member of the family. Mama, of course, was always at hand in caring for Papa; and so were Adele and Irene. They kept up with the house work, with the meals, and with their parish work: as President of the League of the Sacred Heart, in the case of Adele; and as President of the Children of Mary, in the case of Irene. Whenever Lucien or I would come home for a few days, especially after Christmas and at Easter, Mama and our sisters would always accompany us to morning Mass, which was usually a bit early. Besides the spiritual benefits involved, this was a great source of morale for us. At the beginning of his illness, Papa remarked to Alban that he might be found talking out of his mind at times and saying foolish things; and he asked him, and all of us, to make sure not to repeat such things to others. It can be said, however, that throughout his illness, with hardening of the arteries setting in and affecting his mind, at no time was he using bad language of any sort. As Papa lay in a dying condition on July 24, 1935, Archbishop Rummel visited him at home. He had been installed

May 15th, succeeding Archbishop Shaw who had died on All Souls' Day, 1934. Papa died at 4:10 p.m., Friday, July 26, Feast of St. Ann. His Funeral Mass was offered Monday the 29th, at ten o'clock.

Tante Loulou, after suffering constantly from acute arthritis for ten years, died March 11, 1935.

Nainaine was to follow her in death on November 30, 1935.

Thus, Mama lost Papa and both her sisters within some eight months. She began telling us: "Je m'ennuie." "I am lonesome." She still held to her motto, however, expressed so many times through the years: "Toujours en avant." "Always forward!" On November 15, 1935, I became Pastor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Kenner. It was ten years to the day since I had gone to St. Joseph's, Baton Rouge, as Assistant. Clyde helped me very much in carpentry and painting during the vacation of 1936. He was a law student at Loyola. Mama came to visit me with Irene.

In the record I have kept of all the Masses I have offered, the following entry is found: May 16, 1936, in Lafayette, Mass offered for the New Carmel founded today. The hour was six o'clock in the morning. Present were: Heloise (the Foundress), Mama, Irene, Marie, Adele, and Rosemary. Lucien offered a second Mass right after. Heloise had been chosen by the Prioress of the Carmel in New Orleans (where she had been since her entry in 1919) to establish this new monastery which Bishop Jeanmard had long before requested.

About Christmas 1937, Mama began to feel unwell. She was 79 that Christmas Day, and she began to think out loud: "79 years of age, that's old!" She improved somewhat for a while, but then worsened. As I went to her bedside some day in April, 1938, she said, in English; "What was it Our Lord said in His Agony ... my soul ... is sorrowful ... unto death."



I said to her in French: "Pauvre Mama", and she answered: "Pauvre Bel". Pauvre = Poor, as a term of endearment. She was conscious almost to the last. Dr. Philip Dansereau, asked by Miss Block if he thought there was any hope ... answered: "That's just it!" deeply moved, and with hands extended in helpless fashion. Mama died on Saturday, Mary's Day, April 30, 1938. Her Solemn Funeral Mass was on Monday, May 2nd, at 10 a.m. James, a priest since 1937, was Subdeacon, I was Deacon, and Lucien was Celebrant. She survived Papa by almost three years. They had lived together 55 years in holy marriage.

In April, 1940, Adrian was appointed by President Roosevelt as Federal District Judge for the Eastern District of Louisiana. He and Effie prepared to move to New Orleans that summer. As always, Adrian was determined to give his very best to the highly important office entrusted to him, while losing none of his interest in his parish, Mater Dolorosa, and the Holy Name Society, and the Knights of Columbus. When he was called by sudden death from heart failure, on December 19, 1946, he was up to date in his case work. Effie led the recitation of the rosary at his wake, calmly, with clear and firm voice. Adrian's Solemn Funeral Mass was offered by Lucien at Mater Dolorosa Church at 10:30 o'clock, December 21st. I was Deacon, Father O'Neill was Subdeacon, and Archbishop Rummel gave the Absolution Service after the Mass. Burial was in the family tomb, Thibodaux, temporarily; as the tomb Adrian built in Houma was not yet ready.

On July 25, 1943, Lucien had observed his silver jubilee as a priest. He was Pastor of St. Francis de Sales, Houma. In November, 1943, a number of priests were made Monsignors, including Lucien.

In the Spring of 1946, Lucien had been named Vicar General by the Archbishop (succeeding Monsignor Greco, consecrated Bishop of Alexandria).

He was made Pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church. He was to serve 22 years, until his retirement in 1968.

In 1947, when I was among those named a Monsignor (and shortly after a Bishop) Lucien was named Prothonotary Apostolic by the Pope. It has reference to the notarial office of the Holy See for issuing documents.

On August 2, 1947 (my birthday) the decree appointing me Auxiliary Bishop of New Orleans was released by the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. I received consecration as a bishop on October 28, 1947 (Papa's birthday) the Feast of Saints Simon and Jude, Apostles. Archbishop Rummel was the consecrating bishop, and co-consecrators were Bishop Jeanmard and Bishop Greco.

On February 24, 1951, Nettie died. She had been in failing health for some time. Solemn Pontifical Funeral Mass was offered at nine o'clock, Monday morning, February 26th. James asked me specially to be the celebrant. He was the Deacon, Father Pelletier was the Subdeacon, and Lucien was the Assistant Priest.

Alban died on January 31, 1956, after an illness of almost ten years from hardening of the arteries. Throughout that time he received loving and devoted care on the part of Azema and the children. Solemn Pontifical Mass was offered for his funeral on February 2nd.

In the summer of 1958, the four priests of the family: two brothers and two nephews, rounded out one hundred years of priestly ministry. The breakdown was as follows: Lucien: 40 years; Abel: 33 years; James: 21 years; and Adrian: 6 years. Lucien offered Mass in the Convent Chapel, at ten o'clock, with practically the entire family group present. Afterwards, we had a luncheon in the school cafeteria, and then a group picture taken on the entrance steps.

Irene died on July 5, 1962, after having been stricken a few days before



Christmas 1961. Her Solemn Pontifical Funeral Mass was offered on July 6th, at eleven o'clock. (Note: Pontifical Mass, that is: Mass by a bishop, indicates that I offered the Mass).

On October 7, 1962, Patronal Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary Parish, I flew to New York and, that same night, to Rome for the opening of the Second Vatican Council on October 11, 1962. At the invitation of Father Buckley, Superior General of the Marist Fathers (who were teaching at Notre Dame Seminary) I was housed at their Generalate House. I remained until the closing of the first session, flying back to New Orleans on December 10th, Feast of Our Lady of Loreto, Patroness of Flyers. I arrived that same night.

On May 30, 1963, I offered a Mass at home for the health of Marie and Adele, with Lucien present, as also Net, Dot, Therese, Heloise, and Bobby. As it had become increasingly difficult to obtain help for the care of our two sisters in our home, arrangements were made to have them enter the Lafourche Nursing Home. They were accepted there in October, 1963. I returned to the Vatican Council on September 26, 1963 for the opening on September 30th. Pope John XXIII had died in June 1963, succeeded by Pope Paul VI, that same month. Because Archbishop Cody was away with me at the Council, I returned in mid-November to avoid being away too long. It happened that President Kennedy was assassinated soon after my return; and then, on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, Azema died. Lucien and I were with the family in Thibodaux, and I had baptized Suzette, Florence and F.E.'s baby. Azema was at their home. She went to rest for a while, not feeling well. We gave her a blessing before returning to New Orleans. Later, on her return to her home with Therese, she died. Her Funeral Mass was on November 30th, at 9:30 a.m. I am certain that I offered the Mass, but I have no exact record.

Adele died on February 18, 1964. Her Solemn Pontifical Funeral Mass was offered on February 20, at ten o'clock.

Marie died January 11, 1967. Her Funeral Mass was offered January 13th, at eleven o'clock.

Effie died May 17, 1975. I had visited her at Easter in April. She was still up and about, but feeling weak. She spoke openly about not remaining with us long. Adrian offered her Funeral Mass on May 19th.

One by one, the parents, sons and daughters, and daughters-in-law, were taken up to heaven. There remained three of the ten children: Lucien, Heloise, and I. May God, in His infinite goodness and mercy grant us to be taken up with the family to Himself!

Sequel: Brief Summary of Second Generation Members

Edwin and Nettie were blessed with six children: Rosemary (died July 31, 1953), Louis (died December 29, 1958), James (Became a Priest in 1937; died January 18, 1976), Antoinette, Dorothy, and Lucien.

Adrian and Effie were blessed with four children: Philip, Raymond Anthony (August 31, 1914-March 27, 1915), Bernard, and Adrian (Became a Priest in 1952. Ordained by his Bishop-Uncle).

Alban and Azema were blessed with ten children: Therese, Clyde, Corine and Alban (twins), Alban died May 17, 1968, Francis, Abel, Lawrence, Florence, Heloise, and Ellen.

Third Generation: Timothy Paul Caillouet, child of the marriage of Lucien and Elaine McHughes: Born: Jan. 8, 1952. Died: January 6, 1968.

"His (God's) mercy is on those who fear Him from generation to generation."  
Our Lady in the "Magnificat" - St. Luke 1:50.



