

# THE F.A.R.O.G. FORUM

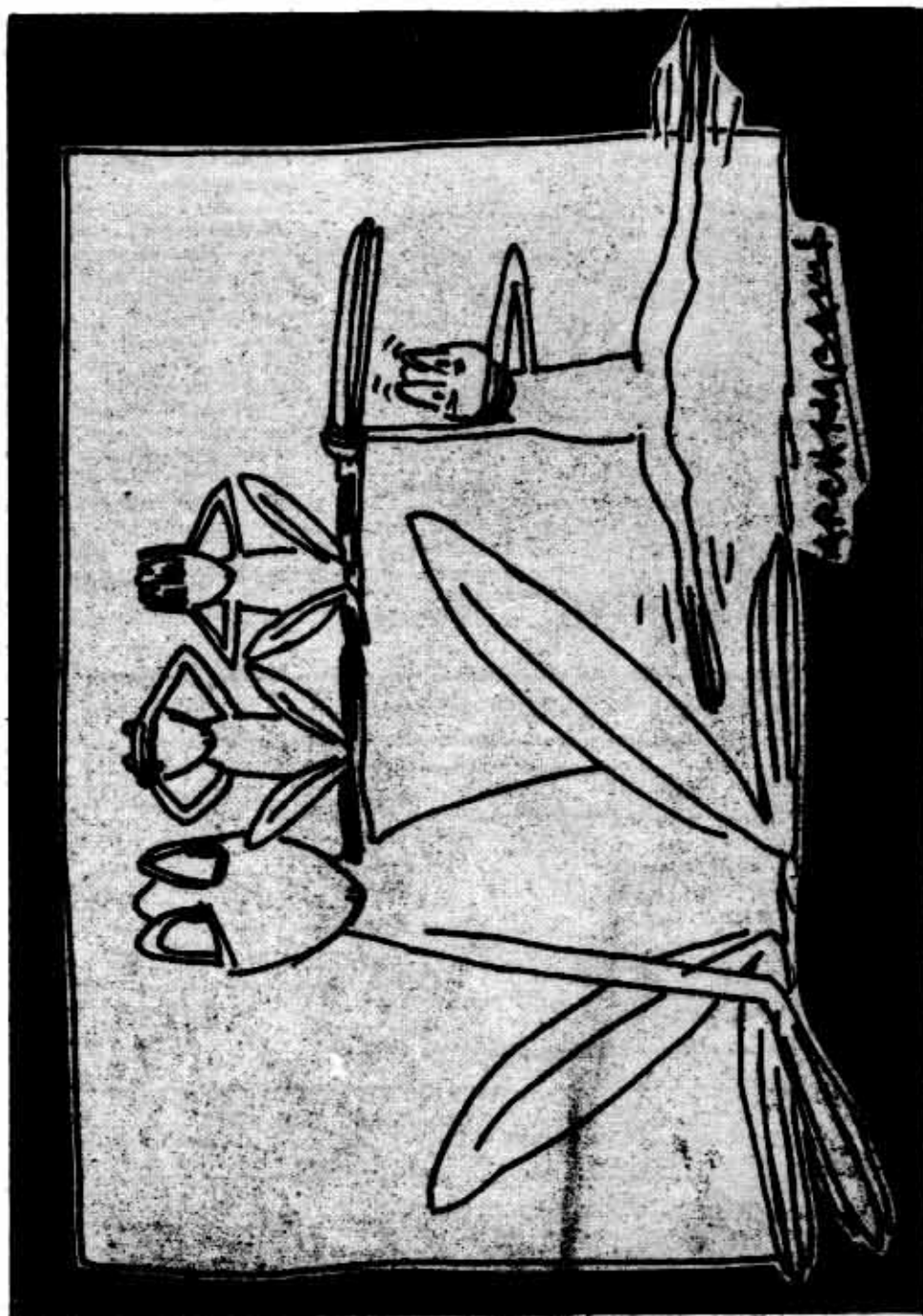


JOURNAL BILINGUE

JANVIER 1978

## À L'INTÉRIEUR

- Ou sont les Francos?
- In the name of the American Dream
- Sculptor, Bernard Langlais dies
- St Jean-Baptiste, poussièreux, hors la loi !



### The Franco-American Program

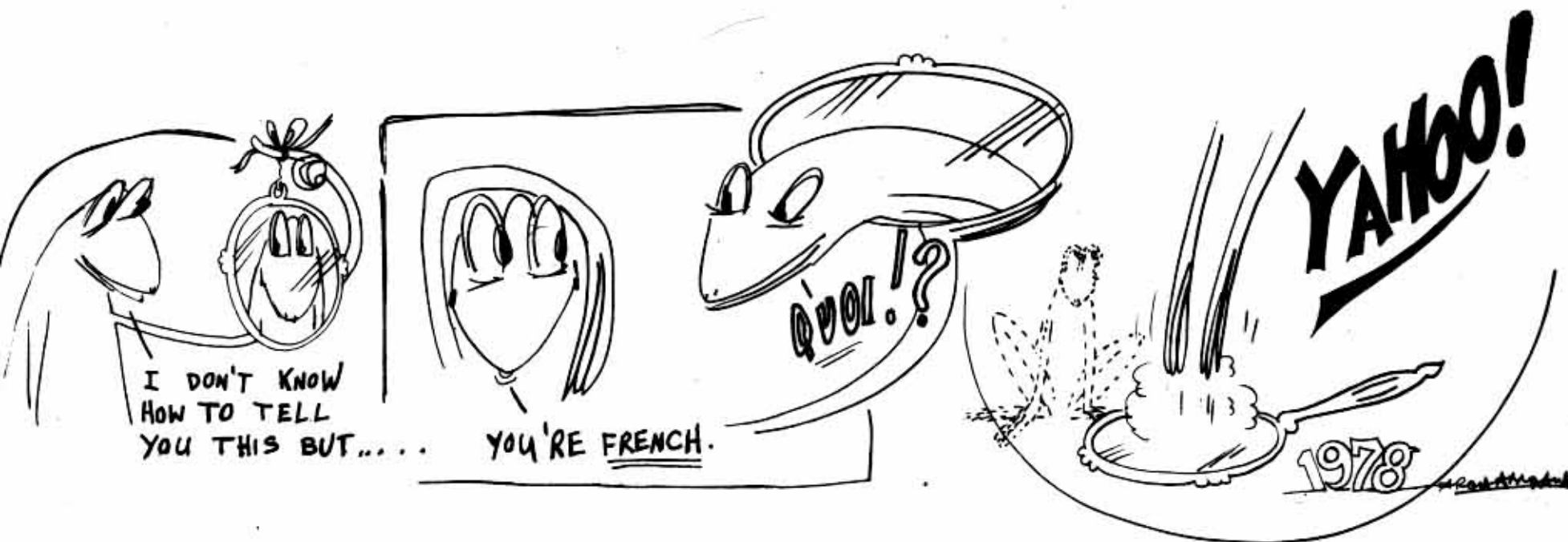
The Franco-American Program is an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at UMO. This office stimulates the development of academic and program offerings at UMO relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group in Maine and New England. In addition the program provides bilingual and bicultural work experiences, for UMO-BCC students; maintains a readily available library of materials and informations and has established a network of resources in Maine and New England to assist students, faculty, administrators and agencies with the special research and programming needs.

In conjunction with the student organization, FAROG [the Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group], the Franco-American Office publishes a monthly [8 per yr.] bilingual socio-cultural journal. The FAROG-FORUM [circ. 6500] has become a major voice for Franco-Americans in Maine and New England as well as a unique vehicle for the dissemination of works and information by and about Franco-Americans [300,000 in Maine - over 2 million in New England]

FAROG FORUM  
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 UNIVERSITY OF MAINE  
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# Nos Epistoliers ...

To: Bernard Lusignan  
c-o FAROG FORUM

Cher Bernard

Thank you for sharing your thoughts concerning the Franco-American situation. Your articles have helped generate some personal reactions which I would like to share with you and your readers.

I would dearly love for us to put aside our judgements and our need for divisions and categories such as "leaders" and "the apathetic ones". The so-called apathetic might very well be blossoming in beautiful ways totally unforeseen by us as an ethnic group. Must all flowers be ethnic flowers?

We need to find our new unity in our respect of the individual's right to BE. If we as an ethnic group wish to be respected in our differences, we must also show that we can love ourselves and each other no matter our differences.

You propose that we form our new unity by making each other aware of our rich heritage. In short, you propose a cognitive solution. You suggest that more knowledge about ourselves will lead us to love ourselves more (or better, or more often) and to seek more unity. (You focus on learning who we are. Others would have us focus on what we want.)

I disagree that knowledge will generate more unity, and for two reasons:

(1) Past history does not support you. Our bilingual schools and parishes of the 1930's and 1940's taught L'Histoire du Canada or Le Cathéchisme de l'Histoire Franco-Américaine, presented plays, concerts, pageants and religious ceremonies in French.

Surely, knowledge of our past history and of our language and culture was very strong at that

time. Yet, how do we explain the turning away from our language and culture that so characterized the 1950's and 1960's in the light of your assumptions?

I was educated in the way you suggest, yet I remember consciously choosing to leave my Franco-American connections aside, seeking more diversified possibilities in a larger world that was grounded in the present. I felt claustrophobic in our authoritarian - totalitarian "us versus them" "black and white" habits of thinking (from which I still haven't escaped).

(2) My second reason for disagreeing with you on methods is that I remain convinced that unity is an affair of the heart - especially among Franco-Americans. I no longer believe that I can nourish the heart more directly through the head.

Claire Burke, a bilingual specialist in Canaan, Vermont, has a poster in her kitchen which says: If you love something, Set it free. If it comes back it is yours. If it doesn't, it never was.

That saying does not offer a very specific solution to our predicament. Yet it does suggest a more gentle, loving one than we generally allow ourselves.

My present assumption is that ethnicity is not a final goal, but an important (perhaps a critical) étape which some of us need to re-own before we can go about being full citizens of the world. My present assumptions are that a new ethnicity will evolve, freer, broader and more exciting, leading to the planetization of our consciousness. There are Franco-Americans out there who are exchanging ideas, energies and visions with other peoples from other races and

other professions and other countries.

Some are choosing to be servers within the group. That is what you are doing when you decide to print your reflections. Others are daring to share their prose, their poetry, their music, their art, their sculpture (I am thinking specifically of the magnificent sculpture by Camille Leblanc that I saw at the Convention of the Fédération Féminine Franco-Américaine). No one seems to be saying the same thing, or in the same way. I detect little "Catholicity" or "Frenchness" in it all. Yet much of it has affected my being (including the earthy monologues of "Monique" of Woonsocket, R.I.)

Ti-Jean Kerouac did not profess to be seeking the answers to our questions as an ethnic group. Yet, clearly, this "Canadien Errant On The Road" was seeking the answers to the same essential questions: how come the differences? How do the crap and the bliss fit? In his earthy prose he was often anchored in the torment of the old guilt. Yet in his mystical poetry he showed that he had tasted authentic bliss.

Trying to stand between the old age and the emerging new, he hung on to both and got torn apart. He died in solitude not realizing that he did not have to take the world's insanity upon his shoulders. (In this way wasn't he just being a Franco-American, letting himself get caught up in somebody else's contradictions?)

At the moment, some of us feel stuck, because, on the surface, we no longer share the same ways of manifesting and celebrating our spiritual, intellectual, emotional and physical needs.

Could it be that we feel stuck in the present

because of our addiction to the past?

Thank you Bernard. Merci d'avoir partagé tes réflexions.

Elles ont touché des cordes en moi, comme, j'en suis sûr, chez les autres. Je viens de me rendre compte qu ma réponse était sortie en anglais. Je ne sais pas ce que ça veut dire. En tout cas, merci.

Amitiés  
Don Dugas

NDLR - Bernard Lusignan's articles appeared in Oct., Nov. and Dec. 77 issues of FAROG FORUM.

## En Avant, les Francos!

Je lis des articles dans F.A.R.O.G. Forum. Quelques-uns me font fâcher, pas à cause de l'auteur ou son message, mais quand je constate l'injustice qu'on nous a fait en nous forçant de supprimer notre langue. Là, je pourrais m'arrêter pour vous raconter des histoires, mais non... ce qui est important, c'est... "en avant!" (Les Italiens ont ce mot que j'aime beaucoup: avanti!)

Il y a un grave danger en regardant à l'arrière, c'est que nous devenions des statues de sel! Non, il ne faut pas se laisser aller à la haine en lisant l'histoire. L'injustice a toujours été là, elle le sera toujours d'une façon ou d'une autre.

Si nous prenons le temps de regarder à l'arrière, que ça soit pour prendre l'essor qu'il nous faut pour plonger dans l'avenir.

Si la vie nous apprend quelque chose, c'est que nous avons raison d'être optimiste... malgré tant d'injustices. Le bonheur, le sourire, le succès appartiennent à ceux qui croient que le meilleur est devant eux.

Moi, je continue de vivre par grande curiosité. Je veux toujours tourner aux coins de la vie. Je veux marcher jusqu'au bout pour voir ce qu'il y a autour du coin... et je m'attends à, une belle surprise!

On peut se laisser abattre par la haine, la colère, par la considération écrasante qu'on s'est fait voler, maltraiter quelque part. Et vous savez que la haine, la colère, ce sens d'injustice peuvent donner beaucoup de force à l'âme... pour entreprendre des choses qui vont compter, pour nous faire sortir de ce maudit trou! Mais est-ce là la source de notre force pour aborder l'avenir? Nous allons nous projeter à l'avant par la colère?

Non, pas nous. Car même si on n'a pas toujours été bien traités, il faut se remettre sur pied et avancer. Nous avons pataugé assez longtemps dans le désert, pour éviter l'ennemi qui se cachait dans les ombres. Ce qu'il nous faut maintenant c'est détablir des idées concrètes, pratiques, pour rejoindre la terre promise.

Nous ne serions peut-être pas tous d'accord si nous devions définir ce que c'est que "la terre promise" pour un Franco. Nous avons tellement subi d'influences différentes: le Franco dans le Connecticut depuis 20-40-60 ans n'est pas le même que celui qui vit dans la Vallée St-Jean.

Aussi nous avons choisi des voies différentes pour survivre notre ethnicité franco-américaine. (Voilà une phrase qui va mettre du monde en maudit!)

Quand même, il faut poursuivre. Je pense qu'il y a danger que les Francos se mettent à penser qu'ils sont les seuls à souffrir. Nous voyons bien que ce phénomène d'ethnicité supprimée est plus grand que nous.

Si on se sent "screwed up" ou en maudit parce qu'on a des travers, on ferait mieux de ne pas attribuer tout ça au fait qu'on est franco. C'est la vie, Franco ou non! Si on nous dit que les non-Francos sont "relaxés" et "cool" pendant que les Francos souffrent d'être autrement (Forum: 77, p. 2), il ne faut pas penser que tous les Anglois sont à imiter.

Je pense qu'on se monte un peu trop la tête avec tout ça. Ce qu'il faut, ce n'est pas de se sentir victime-martyre avec besoin de revanche! Je pense qu'on ira plus loin avec du calme. Il nous faut du calme, chers amis francos. Mais, je ne dit pas qu'il faut rester passif!

Plutôt que de "remuer le passé" pour faire saigner les plaies à nouveau, considérons que nous - Francos de cette génération - pouvons changer les choses que nos parents n'ont pas pu. Est-ce la fidélité aux âmes de nos ancêtres que de penser que nous n'avons pas plus de chance qu'eux? Si mon père et ma mère ont travaillé fort dans les moulins pour m'envoyer au collège, je ferais bien mieux de faire compter ça plutôt que de regretter mon éducation.

Alors, allons-y avec amour, avec joie... et surtout avec calme, et avec la paix dans l'âme. Ce n'est pas une victoire qu'on a à remporter; il ne faut pas s'agiter pour conquérir quelque chose ou quelqu'un! C'est quel qu'on est déjà quelque chose parce qu'on est quelqu'un.

Pierre-Paul Parent  
West Lafayette, Indiana

P.S. Chers Lecteurs: Si vous n'avez pas l'habitude d'écrire, essayez-le une fois. Ça fait du bien à l'âme! Le Forum est sans cérémonie (comme vous le savez déjà), et c'est pas une publication pour les snobs. Je regretterai si jour où il deviendrait un organe "prestigieux"! Si ça doit arriver un jour, j'arrêterai d'écrire... à Forum.



## Dream (Cont.)

Transitional bilingual programs are relatively ineffective as the process of acculturation respects no time line which a transitional approach assumes. Maintenance programs have the advantage of recognizing the self-determination of individual groups, their life style and their contributions to society.

The development of as many linguistic and cultural models as there are situations would be a third need. Certainly, a first generation model would be different from that of a third generation, for instance. Samples of other models to be included could relate to such situations as: rural, urban, border countries, for the monolingual, for the gifted, for the slow learner, for adults and for career orientation.

Finally, there is the need to focus on bilingual education as a life style. To be commended are those in federal and state

government as well as those in educational institutions who work WITH rather than FOR minority groups. The realities of bilingualism must never be allowed to be confused with stereotypes, the exotic, tokenism, conversions or a foreign culture. In a sense, bilingual education as an American life style will be fully recognized when everyone takes it for granted -- like driver's education, an athletic program or industrial art.

Do Franco-Americans want bilingual education? I can only answer by saying that those who have been educated in parochial institutions have always lived its reality. For those who have attended those public schools where bilingualism was synonymous with «inferior American» the dream may still be a nightmare. Time and information may bring about a change in attitude.

Thank You. ✱

## Bernard "Blackie" Langlais sculptor par excellence, dies

Bernard "Blackie" Langlais, a nationally renowned wood sculptor who was born in Old Town 56 years ago, died unexpectedly in a Portland hospital on Dec. 26.

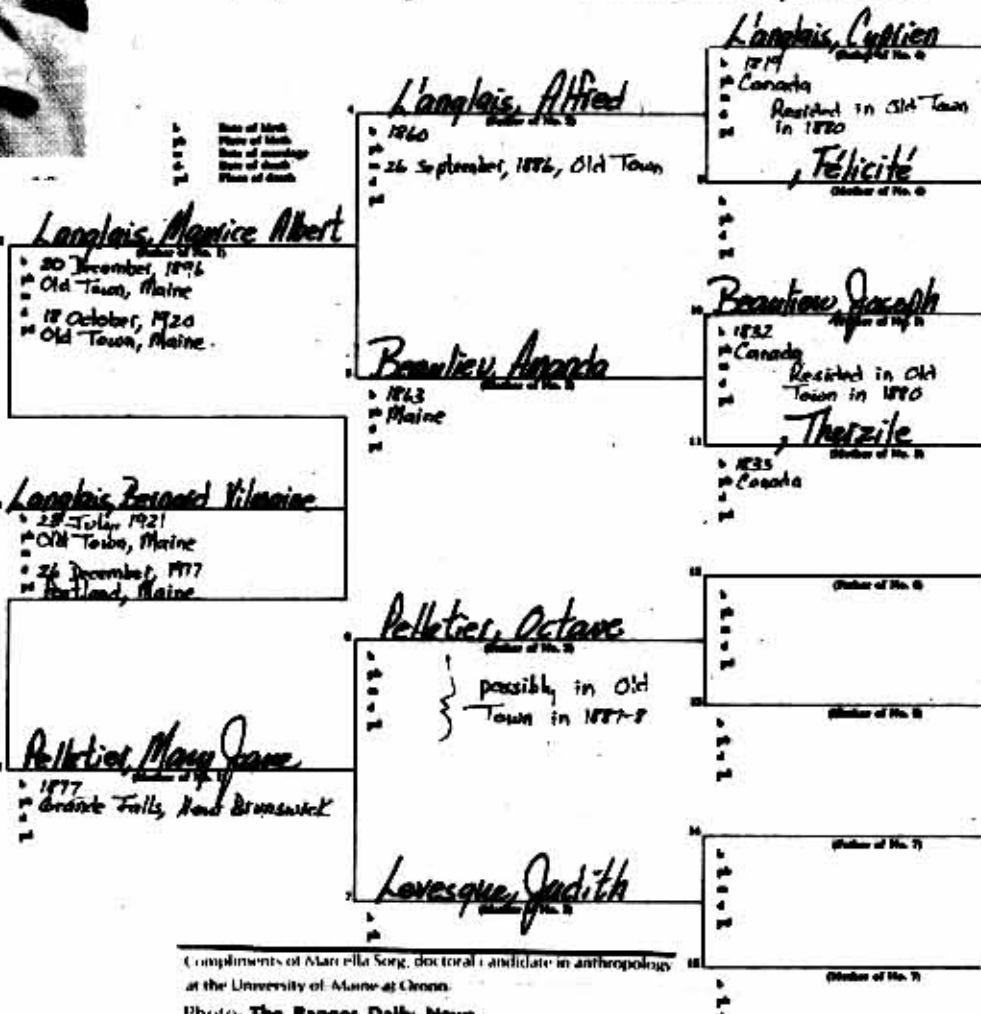
"He was one of the foremost artists in America, without question," said fellow sculptor Dahlov Ipcar of Georgetown, at news of his friend's death. "He was remarkably original. Although he was remarkably productive, he always had time for anyone who stopped at the (Langlais') Cushing house. We always wondered how he got all that work done."

Born in Old Town on July 23, 1921, Langlais was the son of a carpenter. (See family tree tracing his Franco-American descent below.) Langlais graduated from Old Town High School and was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II. He attended the famed Corcoran Art School in Washington, the Brooklyn Art School, the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, Grande Chaumière in Paris and the Kunstaka Demie in Oslo, Norway.

He received an honorary degree from the University of Maine at Farmington, the Artists Award for the National Endowment of the Arts, the Maine Artist Award from the Skowhegan School, the Maine Arts and Humanities Award, a Cuggenheim fellowship and a Fulbright grant, and the Ford Foundation Purchase Prize.

His latest work is an owl sculpture to be delivered this month to the University of Maine at Presque Isle. He is famous for his 62-foot Indian sculpture for the Chamber of Commerce at Skowhegan.

Nous offrons nos sincères sympathies et nos plus profonds regrets à sa famille et à tout ceux qui ont connu Bernard et son oeuvre. ✱



Compliments of Marie L. Sorg, doctoral candidate in anthropology at the University of Maine at Orono.

Photo: The Bangor Daily News



# FRANCO-AMERICAN INSTRUCTIONAL RESOURCES IN EDUCATION



## Did you know. . .

\*\*Between 1840 and 1860 the Franco-American population in Old Town more than doubled.  
\*\*Until the early 1900's, Old Town's St. Joseph Parish included Old Town, Milford, Bradley and Orono--all of which had significant Franco-American populations.  
\*\*Today out of St. Joseph's 900 parish families, approximately 700 are of Franco-American descent--on either the mother's side or the father's side, or both.

\*Compliments of Marcella Sorg, doctoral candidate in anthropology at the University of Maine at Orono.

par Philip Collin

Old Town. On est heureux d'annoncer que le Centre National Pour Le Développement des Matériaux Français. (National Materials Development Center), sous la direction du docteur Normand Dubé, va subventionner FAIRE une somme d'argent (\$1500). Nous sera versée pour écrire et composer un livre au sujet de L'Heritage Franco

-Américain à Old Town. Ce livret fera parti d'une série, qui jusqu'à ce moment inclus dix livrets qui ont une titre du nom de la ville de provenance. Ces livrets sont développés pour donner appui aux programmes d'éducation bilingue Français-Anglais aux Etats Unis. En ce qui concerne ce texte, notre objectif principal est qu'il reflète honnêtement et avec Fierté Le Fait Franco Américain.

Notre projet FAIRE a déjà deux mois. Puisqu'il nous a fallu nous intégrer dans les institutions scolaires de Old Town, on a pas encore eu le temps de vous visiter. Asteure qu'on a "Le nez pi le bec sur l'eau", on a citoyen besoin de parler avec aucun citoyen qui est intéressé de savoir ou discuter. Les sujets suivants: les pour et contre d'un programme bilingue pour Old Town, Le livret; Le cour du soir pour adultes; Qui on est et qui sont nos buts; et finalement, n'importe quoi! On invite chacun de vous à devenir membre d'un comité communautaire consultatif sur les affaires Franco-Américaines à Old Town.

On a pas pu se trouvé de L'espace pour ouvrir un bureau. Conséquamment il faut vous donné notre numéro de téléphone privé. On espère qu'on va trouver des gens assez généreux pour

nous offrir un bureau ou on peut s'installer (gratis parcequ'on à pas beaucoup d'argent).

The following is a description of a course that we are offering in the Old Town Adult Education Program on Thursday nights from 6:30 - 9:30. Subject matter covered during the 12 week period will be dependent upon the decision of the participants during the first class meeting. Some of the possibilities are as follows: Franco-American History; Folklore, Human Services, Mental Health, Geneology, Bilingual-Bicultural Education and Gerontology.

The atmosphere will be informal, guest speakers will make presentations followed by open discussions of the topic for that week. Anyone interested in signing up or in getting more information can contact us through Leo Pete; Director of the Old Town Adult Education Program 827-7661.

## Une Amérique Française

Avez-vous déjà parlé français? Le parlez-vous encore? Savez-vous des contes et des chansons en Français? Etes-vous au courant de l'histoire Franco-Américaine à Old Town? On a fait des arrangements pour se rencontrer avec des Franco-Américains de Old Town pour discuter des sujets qui ont de l'importance pour vous, vos enfants et notre avenir dans cette communauté. En discutant notre situation à Old

Town, en parlant d'ou on vient, il va falloir aussi parler des Francos dans l'état du Maine et même en Nouvelle Angleterre. Cette histoire sera mise à la disposition des enfants de la troisième et quatrième année dans les écoles. On a besoin de vous pour nous aider à découvrir les faits historiques. On veut que ce texte vous appartienne. On veut surtout que vous en soyez fier.

## America's French Heritage

Have you ever spoken French? Do you still speak it? Do you know any Franco-American folklore? Are you familiar with the history of Franco-Americans in Old Town. We have made arrangements to meet with local Franco-Americans to discuss topics of importance for you, your children and our future in this community. In our discussions we will explore the Franco-American presence in Old Town, where we came from, and in order to do that we will have to include discussions on Franco-Americans in Maine and even New England. The history of Old Town Franco-Americans will be included in a booklet written at the third and fourth grade level that will be made available to schools throughout the country. We need help in gathering historical information to create a text that will belong to us and that we can be proud of.

Téléphonez 827-3536

dans le prochain numéro: Une philosophie Personnelle sur L'Education Bilingue ✦

## Les affaires à Old Town

**OLD TOWN**  
**CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT**

**THIBODEAU & ABBOTT**  
**PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS**

*Thibodeau's*  
**HAIR STYLING FOR MEN**  
*Roffler Trained Hair Stylist*

**JOHN T. CYR & SONS**  
INC.  
OLD TOWN. MAINE.

**NAPA**  
**DUBAY**  
**AUTO PARTS**

**AMERICAN LEGION**  
**TEDD LAIT POST #75**

**MILLER**  
**TOOL & EQUIPMENT**

**BLANCHARD TIRES, INC.**

**LaBree's**

**RICHARD'S MARKET**  
**PEPSI**



Photos-Linda Kennedy



# Le Patrimoine

Notre héritage vivant  
Perspectives, pensées, étincelles

Tiré de

YCCCS [YORK COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE SERVICES] FRANCO-AMERICAN GERONTOLOGY TRAINING PROGRAM NEWSLETTER BIDDEFORD-SANFORD

FIRST ISSUE NOVEMBER 15, 1977

**TROUBLED WATERS** by Aurore Laverrière

One day while having breakfast in a local restaurant, I noticed this elderly person at the other end of the room who seemed very depressed and just picking at her food. I decided to approach her and try to find out if I could help her in any way. Although I only knew her by sight, I figured she might talk to me as I knew her to be a lonely person. By talking to her I found out she was separated from her husband and had been to the hospital recently.

The real cause of her anxiety was a statement from the hospital concerning the bill, which she did not understand too well, being a Franco-American, although bilingual. She, not being able to read English very well, thought she had to pay this bill. I made her understand that she did not have to pay for that bill and she was on Medicare and Medicaid. This is one of the problems that our older Franco-Americans still face today.

Many persons of bilingual background are certainly needed to help the elderly Franco-Americans with different programs and agencies. The Franco-American elderly seem more at ease with someone bilingual to help them. This is just one example of problems today concerning our Franco-American older persons.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Aurore Laverrière is one of our second year students, known to you all as tutor, counselor, and friend. She is presently working toward her Associate Degree. Aurore is fond of saying, "If someone as dumb as I can do it, anyone can." Although she never went to high school, she is "doing it" and proving the abilities she denies.

**AU SECOURS**

I can vouch for the truth of Aurore's story. In my previous work in a physician's office, one of the big

problems was communication with French-speaking patients for whom we did pre-employment physicals for a local company. Trying to assist these people to fill out an examination form (written in English of course) became a Babelian confusion, and what should have been a simple request for a urine specimen, for example, turned into a Comedy of Errors, with sign language, "pidgin" English, and feeble attempts at high school French (some uren, s'il vous plait; take this to the "toilette"; oh, pisser?) The saving grace, however, was the good-humored cooperation and the marvelously Gallic sense of humor that we came to appreciate so much from these patients.

Another facet of Aurore's story is the plight of the elderly - of any culture - but increased by a language difficulty. In my work with Medicare and Medicaid forms, it became commonplace for the recipients to come to me with papers they did not understand. These agencies send out many notifications regarding the individual's status of claims, e.g. what amount has been credited toward the deductible, etc., and since many of these seemed ambiguous, a number of elderly people were anxious and concerned that they owed money - which in most instances, in fact, they did not. One old man once came to me with a reimbursement check of over a hundred dollars which he had been carrying around in his pocket for several months and had been afraid to cash since he didn't understand that it belonged to him.

Exacerbate this confusion with a language problem and it is easy to appreciate the position of the non-English-speaking elderly.

Marilyn Mockus  
Secretary

"In Human Services, being treated by a person who doesn't speak your language is like saying to a surgeon 'You can take my appendix out. But don't touch me!'"

Norman Clavette  
Social Worker  
Edmundston, N.B.

Photo-Michael Coté



**"Retour dans l'Acadie"**

Les années se sont écoulées.  
Sur les bancs d'école,  
La légende d'Évangéline  
S'est soufflée à mon oreille plus d'une fois.  
Que restait-il du souvenir Acadien?

Une mince étincelle dans le cœur  
D'une âme Acadienne française,  
Qui un jour avait rêvé  
Comme bien d'autres de mettre le pied  
Sur le sol de l'Acadie

Aujourd'hui, Bonjour Évangéline!  
Sur les prés verts de ta vallée, Grand-Pré,  
L'écho de ta chanson revient  
À l'oreille de plusieurs.  
Une simple visite ravive tout.

Ta légende romanesque  
A pris le nom d'Évangéline,  
Ton peuple à souffert la dispersion  
Et sur ton visage de jeunesse  
Tes cheveux ont grisé au départ de Gabriel.

C'est l'histoire d'un peuple  
Déchiré par la main du gros Anglais.  
A revenir sur tes terres,  
Préserver avec la fierté des gens,  
Oh Acadie! Quel chef d'oeuvre de mémoire!

Prends l'étoile, mets là dans mon cœur  
Et celui des miens, tu y trouveras  
L'âme d'un ancêtre  
Enchantée par le souvenir d'autre fois  
Oh Acadie! Nous te rendons hommages.

Gaétane Hébert  
Madawaska, Maine

(Poème dédié aux participants d'un voyage culturel en Nouvelle-Ecosse au cour de juillet 1976.)

Memoirs of Alice Michaud Cyr

Written At The Age Of 91



Tiré du Cyr Plantation Centennial Book

**SOIREE:**

Many games were played, "Les Devinettes" and of course magic!! "de la magie" by the family magician - one that brought much fun was making a small cake on the stove with a mixture of flour and salt. This had to be eaten upon going to bed and walking backwards. A piece of this was to be put under the pillow, and the boy you dreamed about was your future "cavalier". Usually one person was the programmer. She or he would lead all these games. One very quiet and solemn try was taking one long hair which was passed in a wedding or engagement BLEST ring, and this ring was held over a tall glass half-filled with cold water, and the person would have to be careful when she turned the hair inside the glass three turns to right and three to the left, it had to be held carefully over the water and then the ring would, by itself, skid over the water and hit the side of the glass a few times, and the one holding it meant the number of years he or she would be single. Married couples would count the times and this would give the number of children they would have. For some the ring did not strike the side at all, for others it would ring as many as ten times. This hair was held tight so that the manipulator did not move his hand, and to many this really was a magic trick! There were other fun games, like peeling an apple and being careful not to break the peel, keeping it in one piece, then throwing it over the left shoulder letting it fall on the floor in the shape of any letter it would take. . . this was the first letter of your "Cavalier's" family name.

**LAVISITE DU CURE:**

This was one of the great events of the year. Many families, too shy to go and see the Pastor when they were in need of help (material as well as spiritual), waited for this occasion to unload their burdens and many times ask for guidance with their family. Sometimes a stray son or daughter, a husband who drank too much, and often the mother was the one who needed this help, so that when the Pastor came in, everyone would kneel and ask for "La Benediction."

In winter there were always two carriages of times a cont. page 17

**Les première noces, chez Francis, le retour**

Cette pièce de théâtre a été composée par Mme Martha Cyr Genest en novembre, 1946. La pièce devait être présentée pour la première fois le 8 décembre, 1946, mais fut annulée à cause de la mort accidentelle de Louissette, la fille de Mme Genest.

3 IEME ACTE ENTRE... "BETWEEN ACT"  
FELIX... ISIDORE... MACK... PARLENT DES PATATES

ISIDORE... Comme ça, Félix, tu peux pas prendre mes patates, tu maivais pourtant dit que je serais, le premier, c'est comme ça, on peut pas se fier...  
FELIX... Voyons, voyons Zidore, fâche toi pas... c'est pas ça que j'ai dit... Tu comprends on peut pas les vendre à \$5.00 encore. Je t'ai promis \$4.50 pis tu vas les avoir... mais donne moi le temps de souffler... ça marche pas comme dans le temps qu'on avait des chars... avec ces avions là, puis des trailers après... ça prend pas du temps de se rendre à Boston... C'est pas comme dans le temps des années après la guerre... on a pu besoin du B and A. Asteur que Wilfrid Sirois, à organiser sa compagnie d'avions, ça marche... les jeunes sont tout fou de ça, pis nous autres les vieux, on va se reposer... à 60 ans, c'est la plus belle âge, hein, mon vieux Mack...  
MACK... B'en moi, tous les âges ont été belles. J'ai fait une belle vie, mais je sus pas encore près à mourir... allons chercher nos femmes, pis allons à CaCouna... manger du poisson, parlons pus des patates... aha... ha... ha...

RIDEAU LEVE SUR LA GRAND CHAMBRE... DES TABLE REMPLIT DE FRUITS, MANGER... CRUCHES... FLACONS...

MARGUERITE... Comme ça la Fine, t'a été b'en reçu aux petits Sault, Je suis donc contente pour toi... T'a Tante t'a donné b'en des belles choses, et pi des bons conseille étout, je suppose... eh pis Ti Toune, comment que tu le trouve. La Fine... Y est b'en smart sa mère, et pis qui me dit qui m'aimera toujours comme qui m'aime là, ah! C'est donc un bon garçons et pis on à fait des beaux projets pour l'avenir... Y à déjà l'idée de se loger au printemps, de suite... b'en faut dire que ma tante y a parlée toute seule, et pis comme c'est ma marraine, je suis certaine qu'a y a fait des propositions, En tout cas sa mère, je sus prête à tout enterprends, pis J'sus certaine que la Ste Vierge va m'aider, Ca me coute pas

suite page 17

**mariers des**



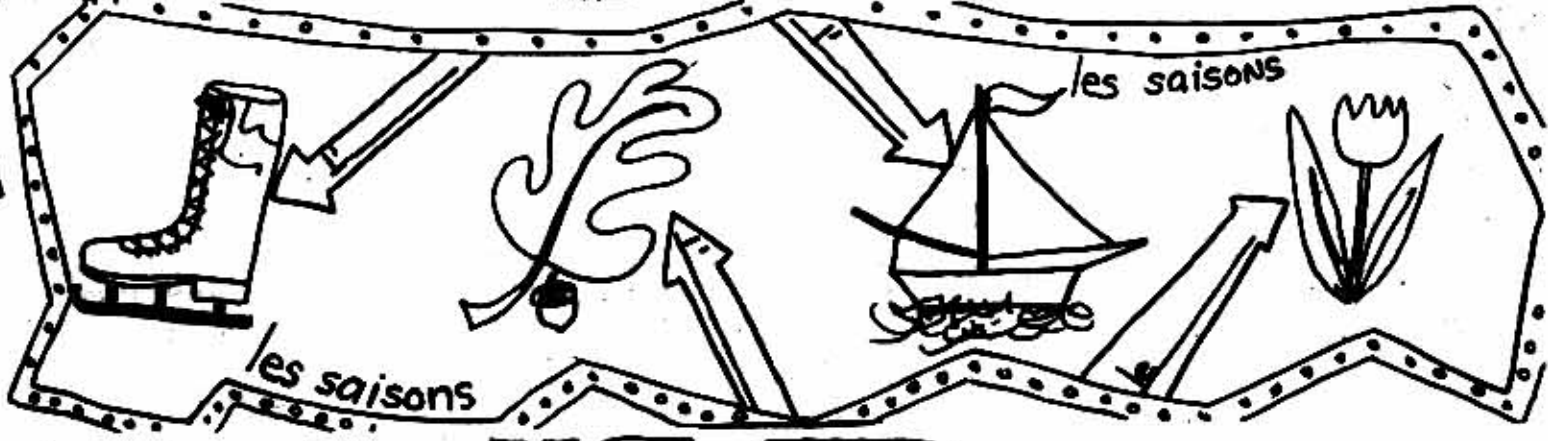
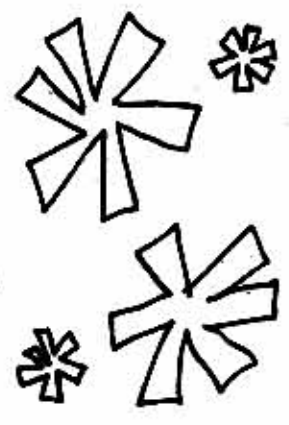


# AU COIN DES JEUNES Le Jour de l'an

par Denis Frank

1978

Meilleurs souhaits pour 1978!



# JANVIER

soir  
l'été  
le soleil  
l'hiver  
l'automne  
la journée  
l'année  
le mois  
le printemps  
la semaine

↑

night  
year  
day  
week  
sun  
spring  
fall  
summer  
winter  
month

DIMANCHE	LUNDI	MARDI	MERCREDI	JEUDI	VENREDI	SAMEDI
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8	9	10	ON ZE	12	TREIZE	14
15	16	10 + 7 =	eighteenth	19 19 19 19 19	20	21
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second...			25-25-25-25			
29	TRENTE	31	*	*	*	*



# LOUISIANA TO HOST FRANCO-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

A conference for Franco-Americans in New England and Louisiana will be held in Lafayette, La. on March 5-7, 1978. The first of a series of such joint ventures between Franco-American groups of both regions, this year's program is being co-sponsored by the National Bilingual Resource Center of the University of Southwestern Louisiana, the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana (CODOFIL), the Louisiana State Department of Education, and the National Materials Development Center for French and Portuguese in Bedford, New Hampshire.

The theme of this conference is «EXPLORING BILINGUALISM IN FRANCO-AMERICAN COMMUNITIES», and its major goals are: to foster national visibility for Franco-Americans; to develop strategies for encouraging greater support of French programs in New England and Louisiana; and to exchange ideas relevant to French-speaking Americans.

The conference is intended for any person or group interested in promoting bilingualism and biculturalism in Franco-American communities everywhere. Special activities and discussion groups are planned for educators, politicians, community leaders, social services personnel, members of social and fraternal organizations, persons in music and the arts, writers, journalists, radio and television personnel, businessmen, retired persons, and professionals such as doctors, dentists, lawyers, etc.

Conference participants will be treated to a broad spectrum of social, cultural and educational activities such as workshops, tours of the historic Acadian countryside and bayou country, on-site visits of various French programs, meetings between Louisiana and New England professionals and numerous interest groups, an «Acadian Mass», a film presentation, banquets and a «crawfish boil» picnic.



**NMDC FRENCH STAFF AT WORK: (l. to r.)**  
Renaud Albert, Robert Paris, guest social services consultant Raymond Lacasse, Julien Olivier and Normand Dubé, NMDC Director.

The organizers of this first joint Franco-American conference are hoping that a large number of individuals and groups from the New England area will be able to attend. A «travel package» including special discount rates for New Englanders going to this year's conference is being offered through the National Materials Development Center at \$108 (X) per person. This cost covers air fare (round trip from Boston to Lafayette), room (accommodations for the duration of the conference), two major meals and a banquet. Persons interested in taking advantage of this «travel package» should contact Mr. Julien Olivier at the National Materials Development Center, 168 South River Road, Bedford, NH, 03102. (Tel. 603-668-7198) before January 25th.

It is hoped that this program will initiate a series of yearly exchanges between Franco-Americans of New England and Louisiana, with conference sites alternating between the two geographic regions. In 1979, similar activities are scheduled to be held in the New England area.

## DEVELOPMENT OF PORTUGUESE MATERIALS AT NMDC

A number of Portuguese materials were developed during the fiscal year, 1976-1977. These materials are now in the process of publication. Many directors and teachers of Portuguese bilingual programs have expressed their eagerness to receive these materials as soon as they become available to the field.

Among the materials developed is a Reading-Language Arts program emphasizing oral development for kindergarten and first grade. Because it was felt that too few materials that are not paper and pencil task-oriented have been provided for the instruction of Portuguese-speaking children, this *Oral Development Program* has been based on Portuguese nursery rhymes, songs and fairy-tales. Designed in kit form, it contains a teacher's manual outlining fifteen lessons with full instructions on the implementation of these lessons and a number of suggested follow-up activities. It contains posters, sequence charts, vocabulary charts and teacher-reference charts, artistically illustrated in such a manner that the child will acquire a feeling for the aesthetic as well as a mastery of certain reading and language skills. Puppets, game boards and puzzles have been provided to facilitate the application of skills learned. Seldom has the opportunity been provided in programs for the Portuguese-speaking child for the application of skills learned other than in a highly structured manner, rigidly and arbitrarily controlled. For this reason, the writers-developers of the program included puppets, game boards and puzzles not only to facilitate application of skills, but to have children experience sheer joy and pleasure in learning.

A word should be said about the writers-developers of this program. They are Susan Camelo, Maria Fernandes, Barbara Fields and Maria Valentina Vargas. They make up a unique team in that they are all proven master teachers in the ABC Unified School District in Artesia, California, with combined experiences ranging from kindergarten through high school. They have jointly conducted workshops for bilingual teachers throughout California as well as elsewhere in the nation and have done an extremely good job in putting their skills together to develop the Oral Language program for Portuguese bilingual kindergartners and first graders. These writers-developers are currently working on the sequential development of these materials to cover grades two through six.

A second program is in the area of Career Awareness and Career Education. Maria José D'Alu, curriculum developer for the Title VII project in Fall River, Massachusetts, João Botelho, director of Title VII project in the East Providence School System in Rhode Island, and Luís De Miranda Correia, psychometrist for bilingual programs in the Fall River Public Schools, collaborated in the development of this program.

The program thus far developed covers kindergarten through grade four and is comprised of teachers' manuals, students' worksheets or workbooks, filmstrips, and cassette tapes. Plans are underway to continue with the development of Career Education materials for grades five through eight and the development of Career Preparation materials for grades nine through twelve.

## SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

<u>Sunday, March 5, 1978</u>	
3:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m.	Registration Pre-registration packets On-site registration Tickets - banquet and crawfish boil Registration on-site visitations
4:40 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.	La Messe Acadienne Les Clairs-Matins, USL Chorus
8:00 p.m. - 9:15 p.m.	Film Presentation «La Sagouine»
9:30 p.m.	Social Hour (Cash Bar)
<u>Monday, March 6, 1978</u>	
8:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Registration
9:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.	First General Session (Speaker)
11:00 a.m.	Lunch
1:30 p.m. - 2:30 p.m.	Concurrent Sessions
Session 1	Ways of Involving Parents, New Media and Community Leaders in Promoting Bilingualism
Session 2	Developing Strategies for Influencing Programmatic and Legislative Decisions Related to Bilingualism
Session 3	Providing Bilingual Training for Personnel in Vocational Areas
Session 4	Franco-Americans: The State of the Arts
Session 5	Bilingualism in Franco-American Communities: A Progress Report
2:45 p.m. - 3:45 p.m.	Concurrent Session
4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.	Social Hour (Cash Bar) Entertainment
7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Crawfish Boil
<u>Tuesday, March 7, 1978</u>	
8:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Registration
9:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.	Second General Session (Speaker) Report of Resolutions Committee
11:00 a.m.	Lunch
1:15 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.	On-site visitations
4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.	Social Hour
7:30 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Banquet (Keynote speaker)



**NMDC PORTUGUESE STAFF SESSION: (l. to r.)**  
Rosa Maria Simas, guest bilingual education consultant Nina Gillman, guest social studies consultant Carter Hart and Julia Gonsalves, NMDC Portuguese coordinator.

An *Annotated Bibliography of Portuguese Instructional Materials* was developed in an attempt to help teachers and other personnel involved in Portuguese bilingual programs more readily identify appropriate materials for various content areas of the curriculum. The bibliography was compiled and annotated by Julia Gonsalves, assisted by Helen Long of San Diego. A *Supplement* of this bibliography is in process of development.

In addition, the Portuguese component of the NMDC is at the review and research stage of materials development in the following areas:

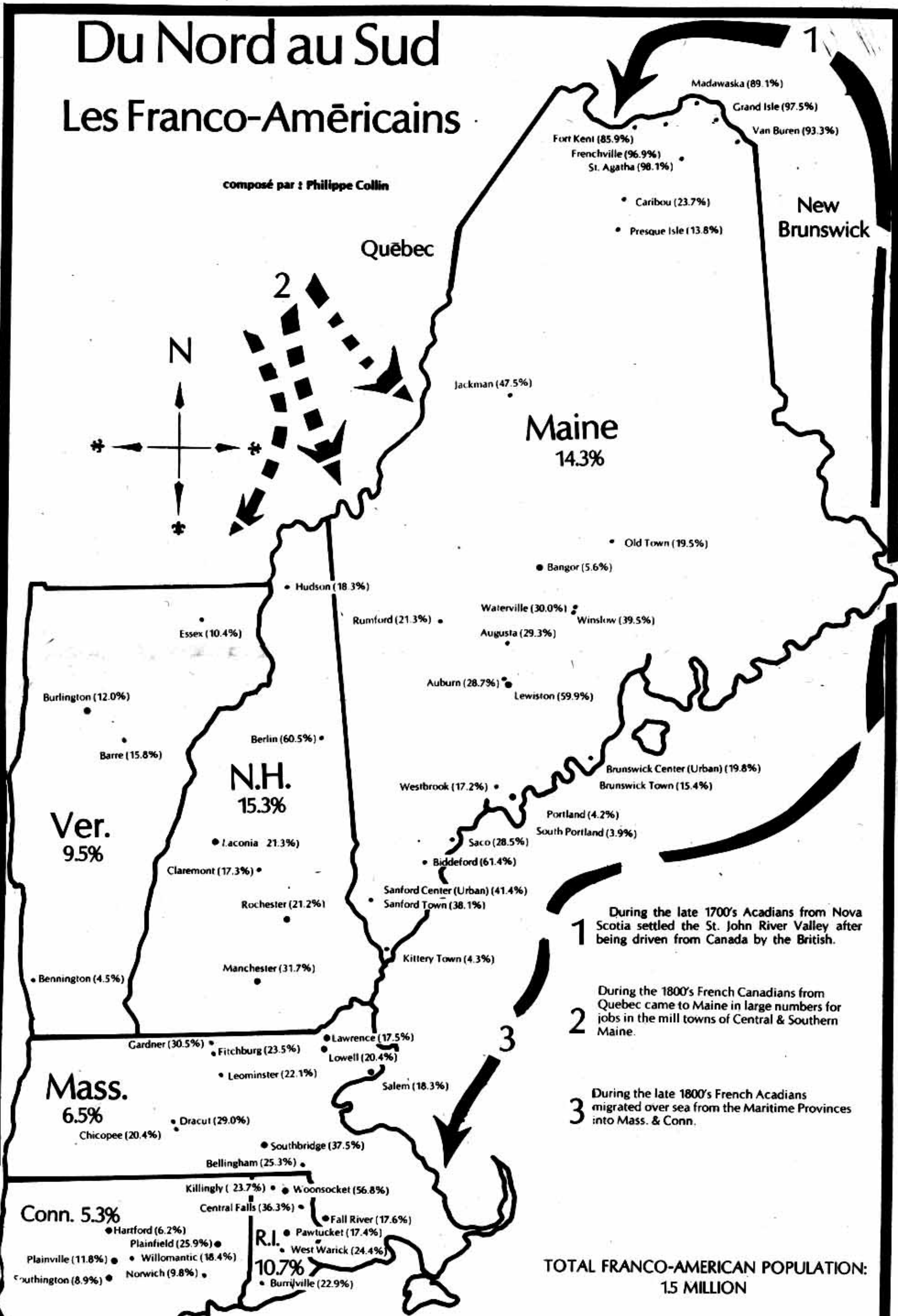
1. Cultural Aspects of the Portuguese-speaking World through music, song and dance.
2. Social Studies: A Bilingual, Bicultural Resource Guide on Decision-Making which will give direction and support to teachers and students in the development of the skills of decision-making.
3. An audio-visual program for students of Cape Verdean origin to give them better understanding of their environment and of the opportunities available to them within the context of the American school and social systems.





# Du Nord au Sud Les Franco-Américains

composé par : Philippe Collin



- 1 During the late 1700's Acadians from Nova Scotia settled the St. John River Valley after being driven from Canada by the British.
- 2 During the 1800's French Canadians from Quebec came to Maine in large numbers for jobs in the mill towns of Central & Southern Maine.
- 3 During the late 1800's French Acadians migrated over sea from the Maritime Provinces into Mass. & Conn.

**TOTAL FRANCO-AMERICAN POPULATION:  
1.5 MILLION**







# Campus Observations

cont. from page 8

## THE STING OF (SWEDISH, JEWISH, FRENCH ETC.) POLISH JOKES

by Michael Novak

An acquaintance of mine from Alabama served in Poland for seven years with the U.S. State Department. His children, now 18 and 16, went to Polish schools, having learned the language with the ease of the very young. Now back in Virginia, the two children, despite their pure Anglo-Saxon Baptist features, are the constant object of playground abuse. Children shout "goulash!" at them. They are called "Hunky". They are the constant butt of "dumb Polack" jokes. On one occasion when the oldest lad could bear the humiliation no longer, he had an inspiration. He turned on those who were taunting him with a challenge: "Can you speak Polish?" The others fell silent and then he hit them: "How does it feel to be dumber than a Polack?"

Too many Americans make a joke out of Polish jokes. They expect people of Slavic descent (all of whom suffer under these jokes; no one can tell us apart) to take these jokes as funny, to show our own sense of humor, gracefully to laugh at ourselves. If mere graciousness were at stake, we could easily oblige.

The intent of Polish jokes, however, is not humor alone. Should blacks laugh at nigger jokes? There are mean anti-Semitic jokes no Jew or Arab ought to tolerate. Not all humor is humor; different genera require different responses.

### THE SHARED BARBS

Ethnic humor is one of the great resources of this nation. There are forms of laughing at oneself and at others, usually based on the daily absurdities of mutual noncomprehension or double meaning. These are truly amusing, probably the most amusing jokes in the American repertoire. In this humor, all ethnic groups are equal; the barbs are shared by everybody at the same time.

But there is a second genus of ethnic joke. It does not gain its force from that double understanding of the same word or doubly misapprehended event that characterizes multi-cultural perception. It is based on demeaning the character of one ethnic group, in line with a stereo-type and its function is to make the majority feel superior to the minority. Told in the presence of the minority, these jokes further require those who are their butt to acquiesce in their own humiliation, to laugh obediently, to accept their ascribed inferiority. (Nudging elbow: "No offense, friend. Only a joke.") The tactic is structurally the same as those techniques that force inmates to embrace their own degradation. Rage is not permitted. One must stand there helplessly and acquiesce.

Southern and Eastern Europeans in the United States are subject to the last respectable bigotry. (Let me modify that: anti-German jokes, the heritage of two world wars, are still so legitimate that even Lufthansa Airlines and other German firms are forced to play upon them in their advertising.) Such bigotry flourishes for "unofficial" minorities, while "official" minorities are protected.

### THE DOUBLE BIND

Recently, in Pennsylvania, I saw a huge, newly painted garbage truck. On its front bumper in large letters was printed: POLISH CAMPER. Suppose the words had been: NIGGER CAMPER or JEWISH CAMPER? Liberal organizations would certainly have protested.

So deep is the Anglo-American tradition of disdain for Eastern Europeans, however, so explicit have been the texts of the past, and so deep is ignorance even among highly educated people of cultures they never studied in school, that many Americans do not realize the systematic structure of the stereotype Eastern Europeans confront.

Nor do they suspect the double bind - outraged justice and deeply internalized self-contempt - that the constant pressure of ugly jokes and stereotypes imposes. Most of those of us who are children of Eastern European Christian immigrants know we are the children of peasants. We do not have in our family experience many models of learning, status and public grace. We have a sufficient sense of our modest origins. The sting of Polish jokes is that they make our deepest self-doubts public. They keep us in our place. They canonize a caste from which many see no escape. Land of opportunity?

Figures as diverse as George Blanda, Sen. Edmund Muskie and Bobby Vinton have voiced their anger at Polish jokes that even they are asked to tolerate. Blanda tried to explain why he sympathizes so much, with young black kids: "I've heard 'dumb Polack' as often as they've heard the word 'nigger'..."

Paul Wrobel, a brilliant young anthropologist who is now working in Detroit, has shown from many hundreds of hours of inquiry in one Polish-American neighborhood how deeply the public stereotype has been internalized by many Polish-Americans. When a news dispatch carried his findings back to Detroit from the scholarly meeting in Boston where he presented them, the Detroit papers received a most touching deluge of letters from sad and hurt Polish-Americans. Their own self-image was exactly as he described: poignantly aware of being stigmatized as dull, dumb, and stolid, and painfully aware of how unfair that image is, they could hardly bear to have the subject discussed. One cannot read these letters without piercing recognition and dismay.

### THE LAST LAUGH

One woman wrote that the news stories based on Wrobel's study "added to the already anti-Polish climate." A man declared that "the damage inflicted upon Polish-American boys was devastating." A mother wrote: "We were blessed with a good sense of humor but

we feel (these stories) will stir up a hornet's nest."

Cannot some major center of learning conduct a study of how much damage is done to the psyches of people constantly stereotyped in public? Can't the American Civil Liberties Union and a wide range of anti-delamation societies join in protests to the magazines, television channels and gatherings of (otherwise) sophisticated people who tell ethnic jokes of the inherently demeaning kind? We don't need Supreme Court decisions, perhaps, but we do need a basic sense of public fairness. Eastern Europeans cannot halt Polish jokes alone. The help of all is required.

This is supposed to be a nation of civility toward all, bigotry toward none. It is not. But when the laughter rings, it rings for thee.

Novak, a philosopher and writer, is the author of the forthcoming "The Joy of Sports."

MY TURN taken from Newsweek, April 12, 1976

There was a public hearing Dec. 8, 1977 at the University of Maine Fort Kent, Cyr Hall to consider a federally funded proposal that would subsidize the Franco-American effort by U.M.F.K. while at the same time ignoring Francos.

## The Hand Is Quicker Than The Eye

On Wednesday, January 4th I was informed of a proposal entitled Ethnic Heritage Studies. This is the second proposal of its type to be presented in the last couple of months. Being the student editor of the Forum, I decided to make a few calls in relation to this. My findings

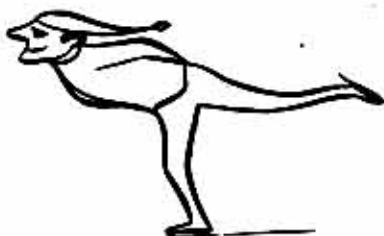


were remarkable.

First, I called supposedly a person who knew very well what the proposal was about but he said that he knew nothing. So I went through five more calls, but all I got was he or she is not in or that they'll call back. At this point I knew something was fishy. Finally after spending five hours of this I called, at home, the supposedly sick in bed, Joyce Harvey. I later found out she is the person who drew up the proposal. I wonder why no one answered??? I kept calling people and finally Dr. Roland Burns, University of Maine at Fort Kent, returned my call late that afternoon. What he had to say was astounding. He informed me that the first person I called knew darn well of the proposal and in fact wrote a letter of recommendation. Dr. Burns also said that there was a meeting conducted and that it was open to the public. The trouble with this is that this meeting was on the first proposal not on the second rewritten proposal.

In presenting this proposal Joyce Harvey, Lowell, Ayers Daigle, Roland Burns and a few others have used are named (The UMO group). I can truthfully say we did not give them permission. I think that you the St. John Valley have a right to know this. Hopefully your concern about \$90,000.00 of your tax money and also the injustice, will encourage you to lend a helping hand.

by Steve Poirier Mickeriz  
Student Editor



# De l'Or! Del'Or!

On vient de découvrir de l'Or sur la grande réserve franco-Américaine d'Orono. Cette découverte sensationnelle est le résultat du travail infatigable de trois braves prospecteurs francophones, Stanislas Laliberté, Ronaldo Le Grand, Ti Jean Meunier, et un anglais nommé Jam UnCanny, qui est renommé pour son savoir-faire dans le domaine de la prospection. On dit de lui, "C'est de l'or en barre." Comme porteur, on utilise un petit métis, S. Murk Butcher. S'loyauté pour la cause francophone est vraiment remarquable.

Une autre mine vient d'être découverte sur la petite réserve du Madawaska, plus précisément dans la région de Fort Kent.

Il y a beaucoup moins d'Indiens francos là, mais ils sont beaucoup "plou" excusez-moi, "plus" sauvages.

Les prospecteurs de ce territoire sont dirigés par la fameuse Rolande Brûlé qui est reconnue pour sa grande compassion et sympathie envers les indigènes.

Une spécialiste des moeurs de ce peuple Lewella Errs dit Eagles et "poui" whoops, et puis en autre spécialiste de la langue, Wilter Steinerlechten. Ici comme ailleurs, on se sert d'un crapaud jaune, une petite bonne appelée Jocelyne Boulanger.

Le but de ces prospections est d'ouvrir un grand séminaire sur la réserve d'Orono pour enseigner les p'tits Louis Riel pour ensuite les envoyer porter la bonne nouvelle et la civilisation à cette bande de sauvages francos au nord de l'état.

On propose aussi d'étudier leurs coutumes et traditions pour essayer de mieux comprendre ce peuple étrange qui parle une langue inférieure.

A Fort Kent, on espère toujours ouvrir un pensionnat qui pourrait servir comme une "half-way house" pour civiliser ces indigènes avant de les envoyer au beau séminaire d'Orono.

Un mot de prudence, cependant. Toute prospection doit se faire dans le plus grand secret, et la ruse et la déception sont des moyens efficaces pour traiter avec ces autochtones. Il ne faut surtout pas provoquer les chefs de peur de déclencher un soulèvement général comme il s'en est produit le 9 décembre 1969 et plus récemment le 8 décembre dernier à Fort Kent.

Si vous désirez plus de renseignements, consultez le "boss" des prospecteurs Patrice MacArthur, le "p'tit boss" Ricardo Spits ou la "mini-boss", Rolande Brûlé. Ou encore, écrivez directement au grand chef blanc de Washington.

Bonne chance là.

A.G. Zaf

## Perspectives

Thumbs Up! Thumbs down???



Bill Hathaway and Bill Cohen for their support of Bilingualism in Maine.



Roger Paradis' stubbornness.



Roland Burns, Lowell Ayers Daigle, President of U.M.F.K. Spath, Joyce Harvey and the Ethnic Heritage Studies for the helpful way they informed us of their sneaky tactics to pass the proposal without us knowing it.



Ethnic Heritage Studies and the way they used our name for their benefit in passing the proposal.



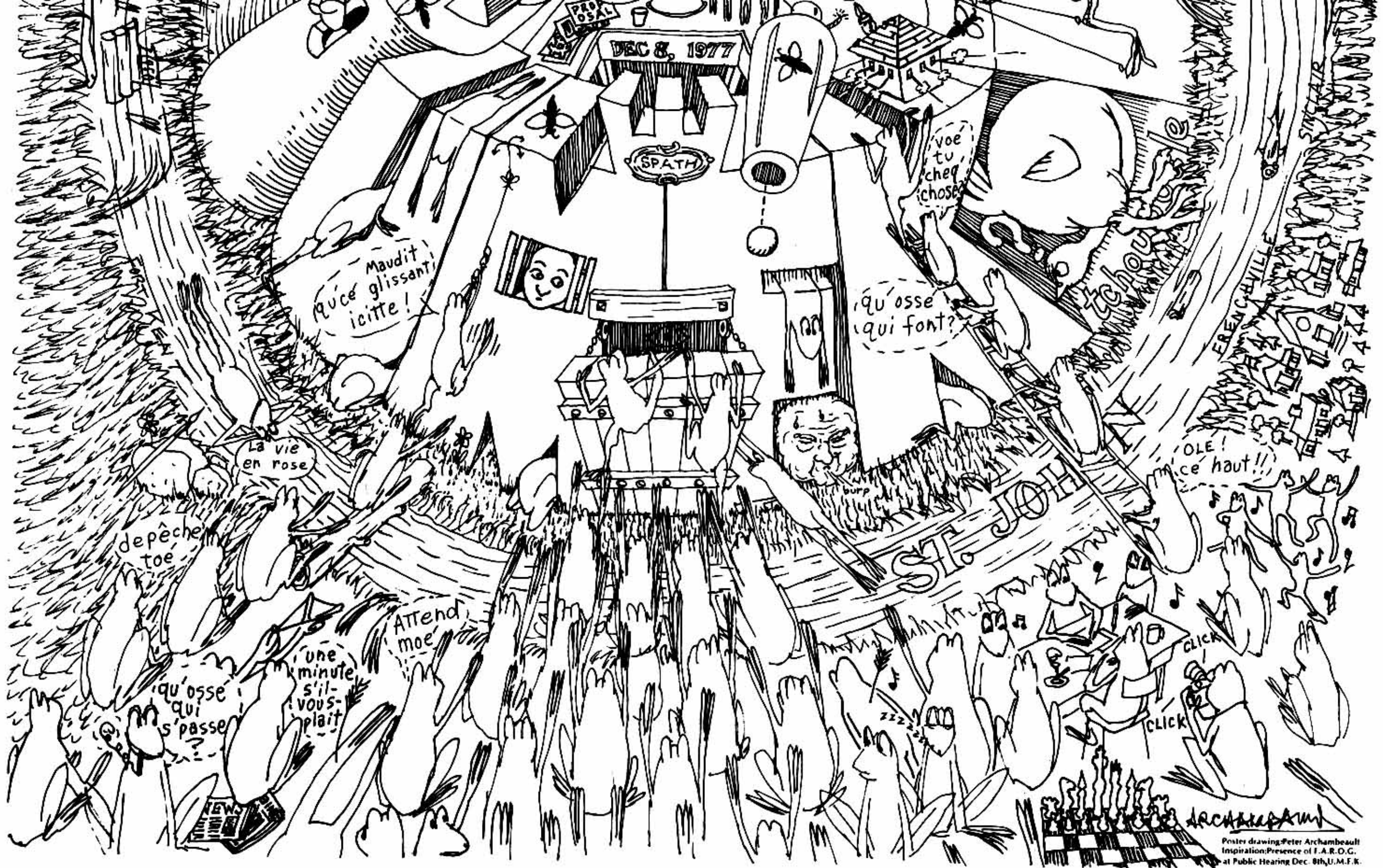
Private from Student Editor

For that person (Murk) who did so well in forgetting that he knew anything about the proposal.









DEC 8, 1977

SPATH

Maudit  
qu'ce glissant  
icitte!

qu'osse  
qui font?

La vie  
en rose

depêche  
toe

Attend  
moe

une  
minute  
s'il-  
vous-  
plait

qu'osse  
qui  
s'passe

OLE!  
ce haut!!

ST. JOHN

ERENCHVILLE

NEWS

ARCHAMBEAULT

Poster drawing Peter Archambeault  
Inspiration: Presence of F.A.R.O.G.  
at Public Hearing Dec. 8th, U.M.F.K.



# Campus Observations

FRANQUI

by Steve Robbins

I wanted to talk with any remaining cousins and relatives who might still live in Bécancour. So, in September 1976, I took a vacation with my grandmother, and went to find Bécancour. Family she nor I would be acquainted with any family members who might be living there, she having lost contact with them about 45 years ago. But her brother, my great-uncle, had given us the name of a cousin, Marcel Cyrenne.

We came upon the sleepy village of Bécancour early one morning, as the foggy mists over the Bécancour River blurred a rising sun, and the surrounding hayfields glistened with heavy dew. We stopped along a dirt road, on a knoll overlooking a long, low field, with the Bécancour River churning beyond. "Right here is where my grandfather's house stood, and I remember it was built of squared-off timbers piled on top of each other, like a log cabin, with clapboards on the outside, French windows, and the curved French roof. I can remember my grandmother walking through this field to the River to do her laundry on the rocks, and spreading out the clothes on the grass to dry in the sun."

We inquired at the tiny Post Office for Mr. Cyrenne. The bilingual postmistress was pleased to telephone him, and he wasted no time in coming over to meet us. Neither my grandmother nor I could speak French, and Marcel could not speak English - but he knew right away who we were, and made us feel right at home. Marcel took us to his modest home for dinner - home-grown new potatoes, with chicken and sausage. Mrs. Cyrenne, with her toothy smile, had been busy canning beets from their garden that morning. She also did not understand English, and had difficulty understanding why my grandmother and I both refused wine at the meal. If only I could have explained in French, I would have told Mrs. Cyrenne that after Louis Massé went to the U.S.A. he had essentially given up the Catholic faith, married an Anglo-Yankee girl, and brought up his children to be English-speaking and Protestant teatotalers.

We exchanged family photographs. Then Marcel took us to the ancient cemetery behind the Catholic Church, where at least four generations of Massé ancestors lie - in sunken graves, without gravestones. My feet became soaked with dew, so Marcel dried out my socks in the oven of his kitchen stove. My grandmother wondered why none of our family had ever placed stones over her grandparents' graves.

Somehow, Marcel indicated that he wanted to drive us to Nicolet, about 10 miles away, to see an old man from Bécancour who was now living there. After a scary ride with this French-Canadian driver (he was talking, with his hands off the wheel, at 80 m.p.h. on a 60 m.p.h. road!), we arrived at a nursing home in Nicolet. This is where we met Raoul Letiecq, age 88. Surprisingly, Mr. Letiecq began speaking with us in English - he had worked for 60 years in Worcester, Mass., and had returned to Québec to retire, just several months ago! His mother was a Léonie Massé from Bécancour! We were instant cousins. Unfortunately, we could not stay long enough, so I asked Raoul to write me, in a letter, all that he might remember about Louis Z. Massé's parents, Charles and Célena Massé. Here is what my new cousin wrote:

"Now I will tell you what I can remember about your Québec ancestors Charles and Célena Massé. He was a carpenter by trade; to build all kinds of houses, doing all kinds of repairs and odd jobs were his main occupations. He was living a mile and a half from the church, a neighbour to my uncle Damas Letiecq with whom he would play cards, checkers, croquet often times and exchanged all kinds of favours.

"He would use all his spare time gardening the crop of which he and his wife would enjoy giving away to neighbors and friends with an open heart, the surplus. He lived to be a nonagenary; his departure left a social vacuum long to be remembered by all the legions who knew him; he was the symbol of kindness, generosity, fairness. As a carpenter he was a genius being a handy man and would help to solve his customers problems with his quick judgement at planifying.

"His wife Célena was his alter ego, they both lived in perfect harmony, enjoyed life in its fullness, accepting the sorrows, the contradictions of life, not with pagan stoicism, but with a christian resignation.

"She was his alter ego in every way. She was one of my mothers best friends, would visit us once in a while.

"He built a boat at and for my neighbour Noel Cyrenne when I was ten years of age (1898) I got a kick watching him how it was done; could accommodate six persons fishing in lake St. Paul for pouts, perchest, eels, pikes, i.e. .... It was baptised the Charlo Massé boat.

"He was a story teller, fascinating. Everyone liked to hear him.

"I would like to know what the Americans think of the Parti Québécois overwhelming victory Nov. 15 - 76. Cordially yours, Raoul J. Letiecq."

In September 1977, Marcel Cyrenne and his son-in-law came to visit my family in East Vassalboro, Me. for several days. We all enjoyed the visit and hope that they'll continue in both directions.

Thus, after a lapse of 40 years, my Maine family has renewed its ties with its Quebec counterpart. We are able to go back to where we came from.



## Bilingual Jobs - Travail Bilingue

**PRODUCTION ASSISTANT - TRAINEE** Two positions available. Will assist in the production of a television series on Franco-American culture for children in the intermediate grades. On-the-job training will include experience in set design and construction, camera operation, studio lighting, production control room operation, film and mini-cam location shooting, film and videotape editing. Candidates must have a high school diploma or its equivalent. Preference will be given to candidates with bilingual ability (French-English), including fluency in Franco-American regional dialects. Should have personal familiarity with and sensitivity toward the needs and concerns of the Franco-American community. Starting salary: \$3.18 per hour. Send application in French and English, resume of experience and education, and three references, no later than January 27, 1978, to: William A. Brady, New Hampshire Public Television, University of New Hampshire, 17 Madbury Road, Apt. 10, Durham, NH 03824. An affirmative action-equal opportunity employer.

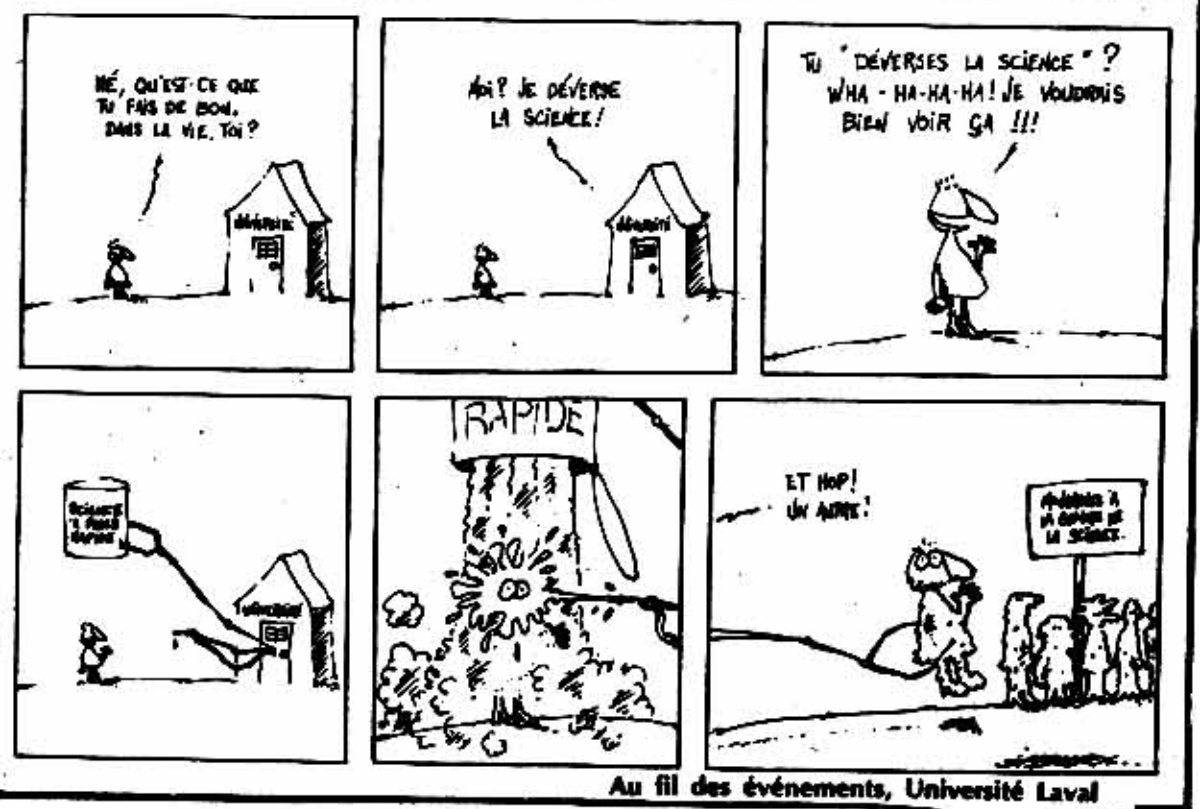
**STAFF WRITER-EDITOR I [SCRIPTWRITER]** To write scripts for programs in a television series on Franco-American culture for children, to be produced under a grant from USOE-DHEW. Writers would research all material used in the scripts, checking for authenticity and accuracy, and visit sites to be used for on-location filming. Minimum qualifications: bachelor's degree in journalism, communications, or closely related field, and at least one year of professional writing experience, preferably in connection with educational and/or bilingual activities. Applicants should have bilingual ability (French-English), including fluency with Franco-American regional dialects. Should have experience with and sympathy toward needs and concerns of Franco-American community. Salary range \$8,772 - \$13,620; starting salary dependent on qualifications. Send letter of application, preferably in French and English, along with samples of published work, resume of education and experience, three references and minimum acceptable per program fee no later than January 27, 1978, to: William A. Brady, New Hampshire Public Television, University of New Hampshire, 17 Madbury Road, Apt. 10, Durham, NH 03824. An affirmative action-equal opportunity employer.

**PRODUCER-DIRECTOR:** For a television production unit, developing a series on Franco-American culture for children. Bilingual Jobs - Travail Bilingue Bilingual Jobs - Travail Bilingue



**CHILDREN, under contract with USOE-DHEW. Under supervision of Executive Producer-Project Director, will be responsible for planning, producing, and directing television programs in the series. Candidate must have Bachelor's degree, at least two years experience in television producing and directing, knowledge of and creative ability in television and motion picture production techniques. Film or videotape resume should be supplied on request. Preference will be given to candidates with bilingual ability (French-English), including fluency in Franco-American regional dialects. Should have familiarity with and sensitivity toward needs and concerns of Franco-American community. Successful candidate will be hired on an honorarium basis to work on pilot program in series. If pilot is approved by USOE, candidate will be hired full-time for the remaining 1 1/2 years of the project. Salary range: \$10,572 - \$16,428, depending on qualifications. Send application, preferably in French and English, resume of education and experience, three references, and minimum salary requirements, no later than January 27, 1978 to: William A. Brady, New Hampshire Public Television, University of New Hampshire, 17 Madbury Road, Apt. 10, Durham, NH 03824. An affirmative action-equal opportunity employer.**

**CINEMATOGRAPHER I** For a television production unit, developing a series on Franco-American culture for children under contract with USOE-DHEW. Will perform duties as assigned in lighting, camera work, sound recording, and film editing of film segments in these television programs. Candidate should have a combination of at least four years of technical training in film production and experience in commercial and/or educational film production. Samples of film production should be supplied on request. Preference will be given to candidates with bilingual ability (French-English) including Franco-American regional dialects. Should have familiarity with and sensitivity toward the needs and concerns of the Franco-American community. Successful candidate will be hired on an honorarium basis to work on pilot program in series. If pilot is approved by USOE, candidate will be hired full-time for the remaining 1 1/2 years of the project. Salary range: \$8,772 - \$13,620, depending on qualifications. Send application, preferably in French and English, resume of education and experience, three references, and minimum salary requirements, no later than January 27, 1978, to: William A. Brady, New Hampshire Public Television, University of New Hampshire, 17 Madbury Road, Apt. 10, Durham, NH 03824. An affirmative action-equal opportunity employer.



Au fil des événements, Université Laval



# Les Cajuns

D'abord, je voudrais dire "Bonne Année et Bienvenu Back" à tout le monde qui lit nous "column". On a tous passé des bonnes fêtes, avec des bonnes chose à manger et tout. Aussit, je voudrais mander le pardon à tout le monde qui a eu leur nom mal écrit dans le dernier numéro. J'ai pas ein machine à écrire et temps par temps le typist a ein ti brin'd difficulté avec mon moyen d'écrire. En tout cas, ça icit c'est les corrections:

Stanley D'Aubin pas Stanley DiAubin  
 Randall P. Whatley pas Randall P. Whitney or Whitley  
 Beaumont, Texas pas Beaumont, Texas  
 Cameron Parish pas Camerou Parish  
 Alces Adams pas Alice Adams  
 à a.m. pas à a.m.  
 New Iberia, La. pas New Iberia, La  
 a resté pas resté  
 This course pas This cause  
 Edmund McCallum pas Edmund McCallun  
 Avoyelles Parish pas Anoyelles Parish  
 Raceland, La pas Racelard, La.

Also, the French part of the quote from Ulysse Ricard should have read: "Avant que les méricains té vini icit ça fait nous-autres, Cajuns, Créoles et d'autre moun francophone qui gain pouvoir... asteur c'est yé qui en haut et nous qui en bas... Nous gain pou relier yé avant yé séyé reter nous!"

And, in Cocodrie et Tchoupoule, "Fasso" should have read "Tasso"

T-Fou a promis de rejoint avec nous-autres quelque jours plus tard. Et depuis ce jour-là à ça-icit, c'est comme ça entre nous-autres et T-Fou. Il a travaillé dur comme tout, et il té toujours là pou aider le moun quand t'avais besoin d'organiser des chose. Ti peut compter sur T-Fou. Et il a pas peur pour tracasser n'importe qui qui veut tracasser les Cajuns. Alors, ça c'est T-Fou Whatley. Et ti trouve pas un ami comme ça tous les jours. C'est pour ça j'ai l'envoyé un Get-Well comme ça dans le FORUM!

## WHO PROFITS FROM THE FRENCH "RENAISSANCE"

BY Deborah J. Clifton and Ulysse Ricard  
 Since the following letter was brought to our attention by friends in Quebec, we feel the matter should be brought to the attention of the general public:

INVESTISSEMENTS LOUISIANE  
 P.O. Box 529  
 Jennings, Louisiane 70546

le 26 novembre 1977

Mr. Daniel Louis  
 2497, rue Coursol  
 Montréal, Qué  
 H3J 1C9

Monsieur,

Le CODOFIL, Conseil pour le Développement du Français en Louisiane, nous a dit votre intérêt pour la Louisiane, son histoire et son héritage francophone.

Dupuis plusieurs années déjà, nous avons remarqué à quel point les étrangers, les francophones surtout, se sont attachés à notre Etat, et surtout à sa partie méridionale, la plus

française, celle que l'on appelle "le pays des bayous". Les uns émettent le voeu de venir s'y installer, tandis que les autres souhaitent seulement y réaliser l'investissement idéal, loin des problèmes des crises économiques et des fortes inflations.

Notre société "Investissements-Louisiane", composée de notaires, avocats et agents immobiliers, tous bilingues, aimerait offrir ses services à toute personne désirant réaliser un investissement solide dans cette Louisiane qui vous accueille avec un accent français.

Nous sommes à votre entière disposition pour vous donner tous les renseignements que vous pourriez souhaiter, et nous sommes prêtes à vous proposer des investissements solides. De plus, si vous avez un jour la chance de venir nous rendre visite en Louisiane, afin de voir sur place les multiples possibilités d'investissement, nous ne ferons certes pas mentir notre réputation d'hospitalité sans pareille.

Pour "Investissements-Louisiane"  
 David E. Marcantel, avocat-notaire public

DEM:ml

This letter was received in response to a request to receive the bulletin *Louisiane Française* - published jointly by *Codofil*, the *Association des Francophones en Louisiane*, and *La Gazette des Acadiens*. The bulletin is a replacement for the recently defunct bilingual newspaper, *La Gazette des Acadiens*. *L'Association des Francophones en Louisiane* was originally conceived of as a means of permitting contact, interchange and a united front of action for young people actively involved in the French Movement in Louisiana. It was supposed to be completely independent of any previously existing organization. However, in the first issue of the *Louisiane*

française (Oct. 1977), it was announced that the *Association des Francophones en Louisiane* was to be complimentary to *CODOFIL*. The aims of *CODOFIL*, as near as we have been able to determine from the legislative documents referring to its establishment, are to preserve the French language and culture of Louisiana. We have never understood how the substitution of our Cajun-Creole French, by the European variety and the systematic exclusion of native Cajuns from positions of responsibility and leadership within the *CODOFIL* organization and from the programs initiated by *CODOFIL* can be justified as preserving our culture. Of course it's entirely possible that we are insensitive to the issues involved. What is obvious and uncontestable though, is that *CODOFIL* is a public, state-supported organization and one supposed to be after defending the interests of Louisiana's French-speaking population. It is also equally obvious, that *CODOFIL* is viewed by the people of Louisiana, both French and Anglo-Saxon, as a primarily educational and cultural organization. It seems strange that such an organization should be forwarding the names of people interested in its cultural activities to what appears to be a "purely business" organization. Is it possible that our French "Renaissance" is being circumvented by a select few for their private and personal financial gains? And it seems strange that given the present situation where so much of our land is owned by "absentee-landlords" and our people are being "raped" by the major oil companies that such an organization would be involved with the encouragement of outside investment. We wonder how many people are aware of the activities of one of our "quasi-public" organizations. As the old saying goes, "the rich get richer and the poor get poorer." ✚

### POUR T-FOU!!

Y'a un de nous gang qui est un bougre bien spécial. C'est à dire qu'ils tous spécial, mais ça-là c'est parloir le plus spécial de tout. Ça c'est Randy "T-Fou" Whatley... raconteur par excellence. T-Fou était connais avant comme "le bougre vec les veuves". Alors comme ça, le moun qui l'a connais comme "le bougre vec les veuves" va aussi reconnais que lui et T-Fou c'est le même bougre.

La raison corfaire j'ai mentionné T-Fou comme ça est parceque il tombé malade au milieu du semestre et j'ai pas encore envoyé li une carte de Get Well ou rien. Et comme ça je prend la chance pour l'envoyer un gros GUERITO! VITE, T-FOU, ET VINI BACK JOIGNER NOUS - AUTRES!!!!.

Vous connais, c'est pas tout le monde qui peut avoir des Get Well par gazette comme ça. Mais ça c'est à cause qui tout le monde est pas T-Fou Whatley.

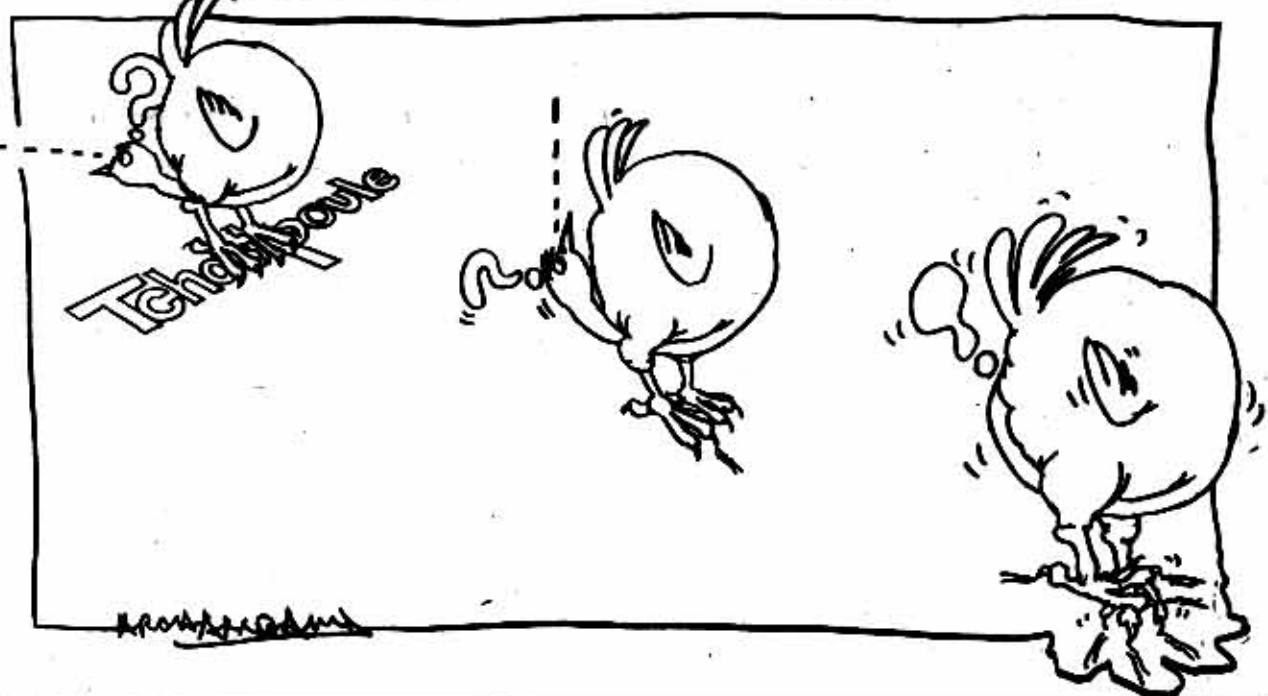
Ca fait plus qu'un an que je connais T-Fou et tout que je peux dire sur lui c'est qui c'est un bon Cajun. T-Fou a toujours eu la santé délicat mais ça l'a jamais arrêté de travailler 15 et 20 heure par jour pou les Cajuns. Il est ça qu'on appelle "motivé".

La première fois que j'ai vu T-Fou, j'ai dit "Ca c'est pas possible". C'était jusse quand on était à organiser à Baton Rouge et y'avait un ti bougre avec des lunette et un note pad qui arrivé. Il té tout sérieux, vous connais. Après le meeting, T-Fou, il venu pour se présenter et il commence à passer des cartes d'affaires à tout le monde et il dit qu'il veut être un politicien et protéger les droits à les pauvre Cajuns. Alors, jusse comme dans le moyen âge le moun ils priyait "Bon Djeu sauvez-nous de les paen", en Louisiane on prie "Bon Djeu sauvez-nous de les politicien!" Pis les politiciens là-bas ça tout le temps après sourier. Et ti peut voir tout de suite que quelqu'un c'est un politicien à cause ça toujours après sourier. Le seul temps qu'ils arrête pou sourier eux-autres, c'est quand ça rouvri la geule pour te faire des promesse. Et ti peut pas dire que ça garde jamais leur promesse. Temps par temps, ils fait ça ça ils ont dit. Mais bien souvent les promesse d'un politicien c'est comme un vacuum... y'a rien endans.

Mais ça qui m'a trappé avec T-Fou, c'té que tout le temps qu'il t'après passer ses cartes, il a pas fait un seul promesse et il a pas sourié un seul tit fois. Et moi, je me dis, "hmm... ça peut vni intéressant." Pis on a décidé d'aller prendre un bière juste pour célébrer nous travail. Et T-Fou, il venu avec nous-autres. Et pis T-Fou, ça commence center des contes, vous connais? Pis nous-autre a tombé rire. Moi, j'ai rié jusqu'à lh au matin. Enfin on a resté là jusqu'à le moun nous a garoché de la place. Et

# Les Cajuns

par Debbie Clifton



## La Librairie Populaire

M. Roger Lacerte, propriétaire de LA LIBRAIRIE POPULAIRE qu'il fonda en 1962 à Lowell, Massachusetts, est heureux d'annoncer l'ouverture d'un nouveau magasin au numéro 18, rue Orange, à Manchester, New Hampshire 03101. Outre le magasin, le local comprendra un entrepôt et des bureaux. Au téléphone, composez 1-603-669-3788.

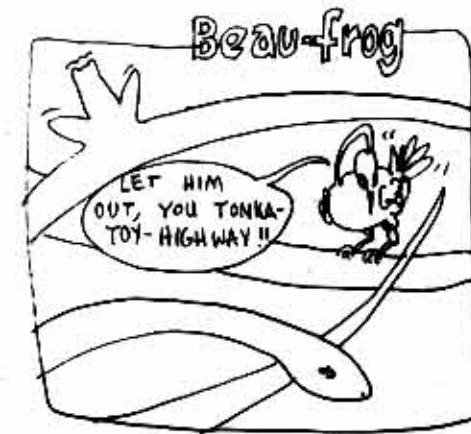
LA LIBRAIRIE POPULAIRE se spécialise dans la vente de livres neufs et de disques neufs en provenance du Québec et d'Europe. On y trouve une bonne sélection de romans, poésie,

théâtre, dictionnaires, grammaires, livres de cuisine, livres d'histoire, livres pour enfants et livres pour adolescents, enfin des milliers de livres pour tous les goûts et pour tous les portefeuilles. Et si, par hasard, vous n'y trouvez pas le volume que vous cherchez ou dont vous avez besoin, on se fera un devoir et un plaisir de vous le faire parvenir d'un des nombreux fournisseurs au Québec et en Europe.

Pour le moment, LA LIBRAIRIE POPULAIRE, le magasin aux enseignes bleu-blanc-rouge, travail de l'artiste-peintre Cyril Lessard de Manchester, n'est ouvert que de 16 à 21h les lundi, mardi, jeudi et vendredi de chaque

semaine. Par contre, il est ouvert toute la journée du samedi. N'hésitez donc pas à venir nous voir si vous vous trouvez dans la région de Manchester.

Au cours de l'année 1978, LA LIBRAIRIE POPULAIRE compte vendre aussi des journaux, revues, magazines, cartes de souhaits, etc. Nous vous invitons tous à nous rendre visite fréquemment et ainsi nous voir grandir. N.B. A Lowell, LA LIBRAIRIE POPULAIRE y est toujours au 356 W. Meadow Road. (1-617-459-9456, en tout temps.) On se fera un plaisir de vous servir en français si vous le désirez.





# Request for comments on article in Maine Magazine Nov. 77 issue

November 2, 1977

Dear  
 Since the FAROG-FORUM has been described in Maine magazine ("Can This Heritage Be Saved?") as the "sounding board for Franco sentiments across New England," I would like to obtain your reactions to the story, for publication in the FORUM.  
 I think it's fair at this point to let you know about my point of view. I felt disgusted, depressed after reading the story. I think it is divisive and unduly pessimistic. It does not bring out the cooperation which has existed among us and particularly the support we have in fact received from the community. I most of all object to the tone which permeates the author's lines... a tone which has each one of us in a corner, against the wall, not talking to each other (witness the name calling and negative labelling - north, south). I know we are much warmer and mutually supportive than Chris Plummer portrays us. I think her story is irresponsible and shallow. It borders on sensationalism. We deserve better!  
 Now, that's what I think. Your brief comments on the story would be appreciated in the form of a letter to the editor. My comments will be in the FORUM with yours.

Merci.

Amicalement,  
 Yvon A. Labbé

# Comments

Dear FAROG Editor:  
 I am responding directly to a letter I received from Yvon Labbé concerning the Maine magazine article. "Can This Heritage Be Saved?" (November, 1977) I do not feel the article as disgusting as Yvon does. I do not feel enriched personally nor culturally after reading the article, but neither do I feel slandered or hurt as a Franco-American.

Chris Plummer took on a big job when she attempted to portray the Franco-American situation in Maine - a job that was perhaps too big not only for Chris but for one article. She interviewed many people, most of whom are strongly individualistic in their approach to "saving this heritage" - people who are not afraid of presenting their views. I do not feel the divisiveness that Yvon feels from this article, instead I get a stronger sense of the individualism of Franco-Americans.

I do feel that quotations and remarks by individuals are taken out of context - perhaps for their sensationalism - but this is the style of Maine magazine writers, and FAROG should not take it so personally.

I do feel that quotations and remarks by individuals are taken out of context - perhaps for their sensationalism - but that is the style of Maine magazine writers, and FAROG should not take it so personally.

Sincerely yours,  
 Françoise Paradis  
 Presque Isle

To the Editor of FAROG Forum:  
 I read the recent Maine Magazine article, "Can This Heritage Be Saved?" with keen interest and considerable distress. The latter stems not from any expertise concerning Franco-American culture but from research I have performed concerning groups emerging from a stigmatized state.

Much of what Chris Plummer described and reported was instructive but I took strong exception to the following:

1. She reported the debate among the leaders of the Franco-American cultural revival, and between Franco-Americans and Acadians, as divisive when in fact - although she failed to recognize it - the diversity of opinions she reported was the ultimate sign of health and vitality which all groups go through in the process of overcoming their oppression.

Just think of the tumultuous and passionate debates among Blacks, among women, among Native American leaders!

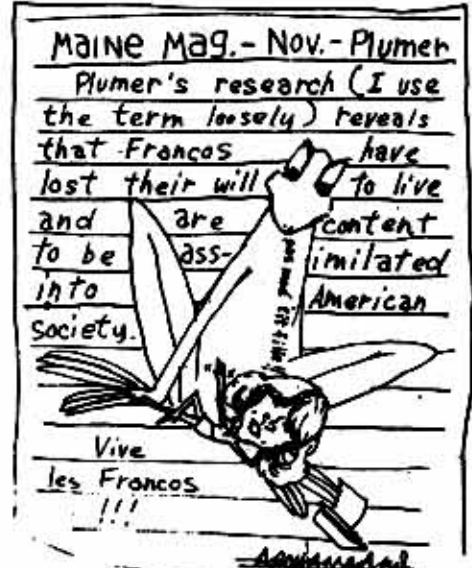
What I so strongly object to is not that Plummer reported conflicting opinions concerning the French-speaking experience in Maine, but that she failed to place it in the more general context of groups striving to redefine their "deviance" as a "difference" to be proud of (e.g., "Black is beautiful," "Gay is good," "Sisterhood is powerful").

2. With the same kind of myopia Plummer (and several of those she quoted) failed to recognize the universality of the painful, complex and exhilarating processes by which stigmatized groups reclaim their right to their heritage. Thus, to quote Françoise Paradis in regard to "passivity" being a "part of the Franco personality; they are not known for standing up for their rights," may well be an accurate description of many of Maine's



Franco-Americans. However, I suggest that a more responsible journalist would have taken pains to inform her readers that this is the characteristic response of all oppressed groups until members commence joint efforts to reclaim their right to be. Thus the Paradis quote could have been applied, without changing a word except "Franco", to the personalities of Blacks (or "Negroes" as they once were), women or homosexuals before each of these groups found their strength through unified action.  
 Norman Beaupre is quoted as wondering if most Franco-Americans even care about cultural revival: "The vast majority are not interested." Once again, it seemed irresponsible that Maine Magazine had not ascertained that it is utterly typical of the vast majority of the members of each oppressed group, in turn, to react with seeming apathy to the fervid efforts (usually perceived as radical) of a small nucleus of charismatic leaders within each such movement of the oppressed.  
 The crucial fact which escaped both Maine Magazine and Beaupre is that, within each such movement, the seemingly apathetic majority are in fact profoundly, though subtly, affected - often without at first knowing it - by the efforts at cultural revival. Thus, for example, as I reported in a recent issue of F.A.R.O.G. Forum (date, page number), Franco-American students, who had previously tried to fade into the woodwork in my UMPG classes, began a year or two ago to identify with each other in public, and to share (and demonstrate pride in) aspects of their culture with non-Francos. But, had we asked them, perhaps none would have consciously recognized their reclaiming of their right to be French-American as being rooted in the dedicated work being done to revive French culture in Maine since the early '70s.

Sincerely yours,  
 Richard Steinman  
 Professor of Social Welfare



Dear Editor,  
 Considering the complexity of the topic and the limitations of a writer trying to meet a deadline, I believe that the article on Franco-Americans in the November issue of Maine, while not a provocative, in-depth analysis, is reasonably accurate and unbiased, and does not warrant an indignant response from Franco-American readers.  
 It is true that the author does not portray all Francos in Maine to be one big happy family but, let's face it, we aren't. There is a healthy diversity of opinions and approaches regarding Franco-American issues. Your notion that the so-called activists are much warmer and

supportive than Chris Plummer portrays us is more romantic than real. When there is cooperation let's benefit from it; but when there is conflict, let's be honest and learn from it. Like any other segment of society pursuing a cause, we can be clique-ish, self-serving, and competitive. Our organizations chose whom they want to associate with and it is naturally those who are of the same philosophy or those who can be persuaded to adapt our particular stance.

The social and educational goals to which we are dedicated are not helped by responding to an innocuous magazine piece with more sensationalism than is evident in the article itself. Surely there are other important issues that require more effort and less emotion on our part. We deserve better!

Sincerely,  
 Michael Beaudoin  
 Bilingual-Bicultural (Human Services Programs)  
 Bangor Community College  
 Bangor, Me.

Cher Yvon,  
 Despite a lot of assumptions, inaccuracies and outright distortions, Maine Magazine's article on Franco-Americans ("Can This Heritage Be Saved, November, 1977), didn't upset me too much. No one reads Maine Magazine, I said to myself.

Then, talking it over with Yvon, I realized that those who might read it might include a lot of top-level decision makers throughout the state and beyond. These people, knowing very little about Francos to start with, might take the article as Gospel truth. That's when I got upset.

The biggest danger in Maine Magazine's article is the way it deals with Francos - not as people but as issues. There's a total lack of interest in and respect for human beings which make up the Francos population of Maine. Instead we find a fascination with issues only, issues manipulated by Maine Magazine to create artificial divisions: Southern Maine vs. Northern Maine; Acadians vs. Québécois; so-called activities vs. the uncaring masses; Francos vs. the University; Francos vs. government agencies; Francos vs. Washington.

As a result, the average reader gets the impression that the 16 so-called activities mentioned in the article (I counted them) are:

1. angry
2. isolated
3. unable to agree about anything
4. out to make a quick buck with federal projects
5. fighting a losing battle.

Of course, most of these impressions are given by the persons interviewed, the "activists" themselves. But, anyone in journalism knows that an interviewer can get the answers he or she wants if the right questions are asked. I had numerous conversations with the author and once with the publisher, always on the phone. In each interview, all the questions dealt directly with pre-selected issues. I felt like I was answering an unseen questionnaire. There was no room for human values or feelings. It was obvious that someone at Maine Magazine had decided how to deal with Maine's Franco-Americans before even talking to any of them. It was obvious that a major article was going to be written in a few weeks' time via the fastest and most inexpensive method: the telephone interview.

No time or money for personal contacts. No need for personal contacts, really, when one has already decided to deal with issues only.

I kept asking the Maine Magazine people why the article wasn't being written by a Franco. They kept saying a Franco couldn't be objective and objectivity was what they wanted. From my journalism background I was forced to agree. You don't have to be a veteran to write an article about motherhood. But of course, my journalism training, like theirs, was designed to deal with issues only, not human beings.

That's why a Franco would have done a better job. There would have been a lack of objectivity, undoubtedly, but that would have made the article human and the Francos described therein would have been human too.

If a Franco had written the Maine Magazine article, some very stupid things would have been avoided. Such as calling me "Lewiston's leading spokesman for the Franco-Americans". I was flattered but I knew the 37 other leading spokesman in Lewiston would object. A franco writer and or publisher would have known that the French surname Claire has a final "e" and would have spelled Claire Quintal's name correctly. Francos would also have known better than to illustrate the article as the Maine Magazine people did with those four "people pegs" rooted in the French flag. All Francos know that a Franco family has more than four members and a Franco would have selected a Québec flag or a Canadian flag as more appropriate than the tricolor of France.

These are details, of course, but they're also clues which indicate that Maine Magazine really didn't care. That's their biggest crime: not caring.

As a result, there now exists a sloppy, inaccurate piece of journalism which has become a document. It will find its way into official reports, it will be quoted by all sorts of people in all sorts of positions. Why, it might even make its way into a term paper or two!

At first, I thought the article was better than nothing. Now I'm convinced nothing was better.

Paul M. Paré





# Sons Sur Son

Notes on the Québec Music Scene

by Don Hinkley

A key factor in music promotion in the U.S. is the constant touring by performers to promote new product after it has been released on the airwaves. Despite the plodding, work-a-day element accompanying a three or four month (sometimes even eleven month) tour the results seem to justify the means: an enormous number of people are exposed to a performer's music within a relatively short time. In this respect and others, the recording industry that revolves around the Québec music scene is an enigmatic one. Obviously, the touring opportunities for a Québécois artist are severely limited by comparison. The superstars or the fortunate may schedule a series of concerts in France, but aside from the province and selected French-speaking cities elsewhere in Canada there is only one outlet for Québécois recording artists: radio. Considering all of this, the most curious aspect of the situation in Québec is that a band such as Beau Dommage can effectively sell albums in volume. And they do. Beau Dommage's first two albums have sold well over 340,000 copies to date. The reasons behind such a success story must be different from the proven touring formula.

First of all, one must acknowledge the fact that most popular Québécois musicians strike a familiar chord with their fans in images and messages. The identification may lie in the spirit of the music of some artists or in the political symbolism of others. In any case, an identity crisis among the Québécois has rocketed some musicians to stardom. At the same time the music has provided a means for people to rally together, especially those who would have been hesitant had the ostensible reason been more serious than music; supporting a musician's political stance can always be rationalized as enjoying his or her music. It is the forging of a direction by some musicians that appeals at once to those who are not especially political, but there is more.

It is doubtful there could be a more loyal audience or record buying public on earth than the supporters of the music scene in Québec. There is distribution by the Canadian branches of American labels such as Capitol and RCA but discs produced by smaller local firms including Gamma and others are in equal abundance. Canadian luminaries Burton Cummings and Gordon Lightfoot have always advised their fellow native musicians to forget Canada and go to the U.S. for their bid at stardom, but Québec's cottage record industry and artists are thriving, even in their isolation.

A glance through the record stores in Montreal would indicate that along with the support they receive the Québécois musicians assume a certain creative responsibility. Virtually any important European or other import disc is available, be it avant garde jazz, traditional music, or innovators in all fields as well as classical music. Traditional music from the Andes was popular in Québec at one point,

for example. Numerous American and British groups received the attention of the rock and jazz cognoscenti in the province before the U.S. audiences took notice of them. The cross section of performing artists in Québec reflects a musical eclecticism. Boule Noire is a Québec soul and disco band. The french-Canadian rock band Cano, from Sudbury, Ontario, and France's top innovative rockers, Ange, perform in the same city as Willy Lamothe (Québec's Willy Nelson), resident Cajun performer-writer Zachary Richard and local jazz groups such as Wintergarden and Maneige. Any imaginable type of band can find an audience. With so much variety to choose from, here is an audience that can take its music seriously. ♣

a suivre



## WEDDING SONG

Oh! adieu père. . . Oh! adieu mère. . .  
Oh! adieu tous mes bons parents.  
Je vais vous quitter aujourd'hui.  
Je vais vous quitter pour long temps.

## REFRAIN

Car si je prends un bon mari  
C'est pour avoir de l'agrément  
Non! jamais j'oublierai le bon temps  
Que j'ai passé auprès de mes bons parents.  
Nous voilà tous mis à la table  
Tous à la table rassemblés  
Quand je regarde ma tendre mère  
Les larmes qui coulent des yeux.  
Oh! adieu père. . . Oh! adieu mère.  
Oh! adieu donc pleurez pas tant.  
Je reviendrai encore vous voir.  
Ce sera avec mon fidèle amant.

Quand je regarde la porte  
Moi qui la fermais si souvent  
Je vais la fermer aujourd'hui  
Je vais la fermer pour longtemps.

## LA RIVIERE ST-JEAN

Je vois dans ton onde rapide  
se refléter les moissons, les forêts  
Ainsi dans une âme limpide,  
Je vois de Dieu se refléter les traits.

## REFRAIN

Salut! Salut douce rivière,  
Aux flots sans bruit, aux rivage riant,  
Un peuple heureux, l'âme légère,  
Tout près de toi s'égaré en travaillant.  
Flots, retardez votre voyage;  
Ici, les fleurs, l'air pur, la liberté,  
Des gais enfants, le babillage,  
Font oublier les bruits de la cité.  
J'ai visité les belles ruines  
Des grands châteaux accoudés au rocher;  
J'aime mieux mes vertes collines,  
Mon Van Buren, Mon St. Jean, Mon clocher.  
Soyez béni, céleste Père.  
Qui sur ces bords avez mis mon berceau,  
Que les flots purs de ma rivière  
Viennent un jour caresser mon tombeau.

from: An Acadian Heritage from the St. John River Valley - by A.J. Michaud



## MON PERE Y M'A MARIE

Mon père, y m'a marié, Hi-Hin-La-Lirette,  
Un' bonn' vieill' fille il m'a donnée,  
Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La;  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette.

Un' bonn' vieill' fille il m'a donnée,  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette,  
Elle avait les yeux pochés,  
Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La;  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette.

Elle avait les yeux pochés, Hi-Hin-La-Lirette,  
Et les joues ratatinées,  
Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La;  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette.

Et les joues ratatinées, Hi-Hin-La-Lirette,  
Et un p'tit nez retroussé,  
Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La;  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette.

Eu un p'tit nez retroussé, Hi-Hin-La-Lirette,  
Et le cou tout renfrogné,  
Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La;  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette.

Et la hanch' tout' démanchée, Hi-Hin-La-Lirette,  
Minc' comme un' feuille de papier,  
Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin,  
Hi-Hin-La,  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette.

Minc' comme un' feuille de papier,  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette,  
Eil' n'avait que l'air d'aller. . .  
Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin-La; Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La,  
Hi-Hin-La-Lirette.

From: Lil Labbé  
Reproduced by  
FAROG, UMO





# PELERINS...

## St-Jean Baptiste: patrons des Franco-américains

L'image que les Francos se font de leur patron est à ré-examiner. Peut-être dans une méditation contemporaine on pourra retrouver des qualités et un modèle qu'il nous faut.

Julien Olivier  
Beauty Hill Rd.  
Barrington, NH 03825

Le patron incontesté des Francos-américains – comme de leurs cousins francos du nord – c'est Saint-Jean-Baptiste. Quand j'étais jeune, la fête du 24 juin était célébrée d'une façon grandiose: d'innombrables discours, d'éloquents sermons, d'interminable parades, d'éclatants feux d'artifice – et une reine de la fête. Cela se passait à Manchester, mais c'était pas mal partout la même chose chez nous, et il en était ainsi depuis des générations.

Aujourd'hui, même si le témoignage rendu au Précurseur et l'ébullition du patriotisme ont amoindri (l'ACA doit obliger ses employés à assister au souper en honneur de la fête patronale), la réalité de ce patronage n'a pas changée – et on peut espérer que le Saint, de sa part, ne nous a pas abandonné non plus.

Mais ce qui est à se demander c'est est-ce que l'image traditionnelle qu'on s'est faite de Saint-Jean-Baptiste ne serait pas à examiner? Se peut-il que l'abandon contemporain de notre patron soit dû non à la perte de la foi traditionnelle ou à une vague matérialiste quelqueconque mais plutôt au rejet d'une image fautive, oui, d'une caricature? Et en ce cas le vrai Jean-Baptiste serait à retrouver.

Qui est Jean le Baptiste? Dans ces mêmes défilées dont il était question plus haut, Jean était représenté sur un char allégorique: un jeune homme d'une pureté pré-pubescente, ceint d'une toile anti-sceptique, couronné d'une perruque blonde-angélique et d'une auréole, crosse, à main, mouton aux pieds, souriant pour la foule...

Nos prêtres nous le présentait eux, comme le grand escète, fuyant le monde et tous ses vices pour une vie de mortification au désert, faisant stage de pépinière (séminaire, si vous préférez) pour sa vraie vocation qu'il savait déjà être la préparation de la voie pour son cousin, Jésus de Nazareth qui, lui, ferait bientôt son apparition comme Messie; Jean enfin le martyr, dénonçant d'immoralité d'Hérode et mourant pour la fureur d'une femme: "Ce que je veux? Sur ce plat, la tête de Jean le Baptiste!"

Mais en ce temps de l'Avant, quand l'église elle-même nous propose le Baptiste comme modèle de la grande Attente, il serait peut-être à propos que le Franco-américain ré-examine ces images qu'on lui peint depuis de années.

Les circonstances qui entourèrent la naissance de Jean, selon la tradition chrétienne, furent merveilleuses et sumaturelles. Zacharie n'en arrivait pas à cacher la honte publique d'être en Israël un couple sans enfant. Vieillard, Zacharie pouvait bien rire à l'annonce céleste de la naissance de son fils! Et à la fois comme preuve de l'événement et comme punition pour son incrédulité, il devint muet jusqu'au moment où il devait prononcer le nom de l'enfant pendant le rituel de la circoncision. Jusqu'ici, pas de querelle sur la vie de Jean-Baptiste.

Cet enfant envoyé de Yahweh, cet être supra-sensible qui tressaillit dans le sein de sa mère à l'approche de son cousin-messie, encore fétus lui aussi (voir la Visitation telle que décrite par l'évangéliste Luc), on pouvait donc s'attendre à ce qu'il devienne un homme tout à fait extraordinaire. Son père avait raison de



s'imaginer que son fils unique hériterait de sa propre préférence, oui, se disait-il, c'est ainsi que le Seigneur le fera grandir parmi son peuple et qu'il s'en servira pour conduire ses élus vers Lui.

Mais le petit Jean voyait autrement les choses, la réalité. Je n'ai jamais entendu prêcher sur le fiasco qui a bien pu se passer chez Zacharie et Elizabeth le jour où Jean quitta la maison, mais on peut se faire une idée du scénario:

Zacharie: "Mais non, mon fils, tu ne comprends pas: faut que tu te fasses prêtre! Tu peux pas aller au désert... y'ont pas de séminaire par là! C'est la volonté de Dieu que tu accomplisses quelque grande tâche pour laquelle tu ne pourras jamais te préparer sans une éducation au temple – certainement pas avec les sauterelles pi les bêtes sauvages!"

"Mont petit fou, c'est Dieu que tu rejettes en faisant à ta tête. Tu te laisses aller à une envie de jeunesse que tu regretteras plus tard. Et penses à ce que j'ai souffert pour toi: muet pendant plus de neuf mois... Qui que c'est asteur qui va hériter de ma job? Que c'est que c'est qui vont penser de moé au temple: mon gars parti aique des aliénés, y s'laisse pousser les cheveux pi y s'lave pu!"

"Voyons, Ti-Jean pense du moins à nous autres, ta mère pi moé: on est plus jeune. Que c'est que le monde vont penser de nous autres? Nous fais pas mal comme ça. On avait tellement d'espoir que tu fasse queq chose de



FOCUS ON...

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quand  
When...

The church bells ring and once a week they tell me it's time for me to leave for Mass. It's a message I've been heeding all my life, since I was about 5 or 6 years old. The experience of going to Mass, however, has not remained the same over the years.

I can remember when I was in about the third grade, my favorite Lenten penance was to go to the 6:30 Mass before going to school. We lived right near the church so I used to walk over by myself. It got so that by the end of the Lenten season I could sing the Latin songs along with the brothers (or thought I could!) Man, I remember just how good I felt walking to school after that! It was such an uplifting experience. It just made you feel so good inside!

When I was in the 7th and 8th grade I sang in the church choir. I never hesitated to get ready to go to Mass. It was actually fun and it left you with such a good feeling that made it seem all worth while.

Mass seemed to lose its meaning for me gradually as I grew. A lot of my friends just stopped going but I couldn't bring myself to do that.

I guess I was in college when it really hit me that something wasn't quite right. The spirit and meaning I used to get out of Mass was gone. I experienced a perplexing stage where I just had to find a better answer. I decided I'd try out services of other religions and then pick the best one. I never got past my first protestant service. (Quoi? On ne peut pas se mettre à genou?! On ne fait pas le signe de la croix?!) I felt so lost I knew that this wasn't the answer.

I knew I couldn't just stop going. It's so deeply engrained in me that I couldn't live with myself if I just up and stopped going. I felt that God had been so good to me that the least I could do was give Him one hour a week of my time.

I still feel guilty when I go to Mass and I walk away with such an empty feeling. Why do I no longer get anything out of it? Why does it require such an effort not to think about what happened this week or what I've got planned for when I get out of Mass? Why do the readings and prayers just sound like a repetition of familiar words without any meaning? Is there something lacking in the Mass? Sometimes I daydream at Mass and imagine how it could be. Maybe it's something lacking in me? God and my religion are still very important elements in my life but Mass, a central part of that religion, confronts me as a confusing and frustrating experience. I can't stop going however. Hopefully, "the light" will strike. I hope it comes soon. ✝

by Nicole Morin-Scribner





ben...

Jean: "J'men va. Bye.

-Ferme la porte. Sacre le camp.

Alors, voilà notre Jean parti vivre en novice chez les Essaims (C'est une théorie assez bien reconnue parmi les gens qui étudient l'écriture Sainte que Jean fils de Zacharie s'est peut-être rendu comme ça chez cette communauté religieuse qui vivait, au désert, en marge de la religion juive établie.) Mais au moment où le Nouveau Testament commence à en parler de nouveau, on le trouve seul au désert, vêtu d'une peau de bête, se nourrissant de miel et de sauterelles.

On peut bien romantiquer un tel personnage (on l'a fait pour des années); mais arrêtez-vous un instant pour considérer ce que devait être la réalité: comme il n'y a pas d'ordinaire de robinets au désert, Jean n'avait pas souvent la chance de se laver; et probablement que l'hygiène ordinaire ça ne l'intéressait pas beaucoup anyway; il ne se rendait pas chez le coiffeur à chaque mois; et les sauterelles on dit que ça n'engraisse pas les cochons. En un mot, le beau petit Jean de nos parades, y'était sale, barbu, maigrichon et généralement bien épouvanté. (Imagine-toi arriver avec ça chez toi pour dîner "Eh man, j'ai trouvé un gars qui faisait du pouce et j'y ai donné une ride. Y va manger avec nous autres à soir, oké?")

"NON! NON! NON! Voilà du blasphème," viennent s'écrier les gens religieux. Pourquoi? Parce que cette image de Jean se rapproche trop de celle des rebuts de notre société contemporaine, les aliénés, les hors-la-loi et même... les hippies?

Notre patron commence à m'avoir de l'allure.

Mais continuons notre lecture de l'histoire.

Il semble bien qu'après quelque temps, Jean en sort de sa solitude. Il se mêle aux gens; il attire des disciples; il prêche le repentir, et dans le Jourdain il administre un baptême qui lui donnera son nom. "Du moins," se disent ses parents en se consolant, "il va devenir quelque chose dans son genre. Peut-être aussi dans ce métier en arrivera-t-il à se laver un peu..."

Mais le grand naïf: plutôt que de saisir l'occasion de sa renommée pour s'attaquer au

système politique et religieux en décrépitude, il passe son temps à avertir qu'on doit en chercher un autre, celui qui viendra après lui, un plus grand que lui-même. Dans cette analyse on est complètement d'accord avec les prédicateurs qui nous ont souvent rappelé le: "Je dois diminuer et il doit croître..." de Jean Baptiste. Mais ce qu'ils n'ont pas voulu nous admettre c'est que probablement Jean était tourmenté avec tout ça. Il a dû chercher longtemps avant d'en arriver à cette conclusion: "Je suis l'intermédiaire." Il a dû avoir des tentations formidables de se faire lui-même le Messie - ou du moins un messie: "Ils veulent que je sois quelque chose? Oké, me voici: suivez-moé, les gars!"

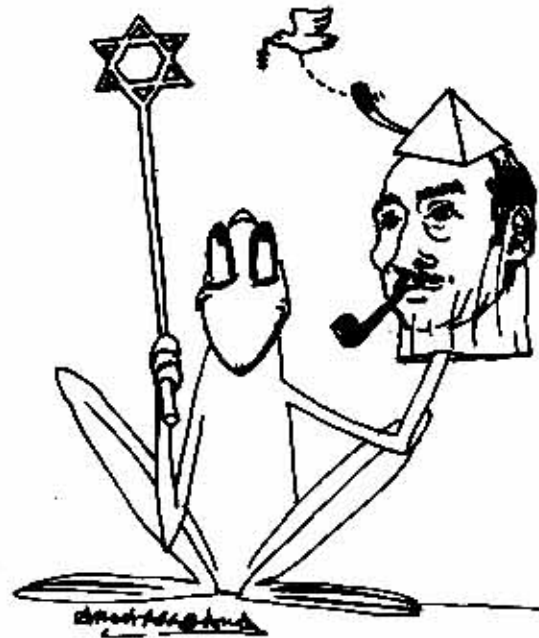
Enfin, Jésus, le cousin inconnu de Nazareth, apparaît sur la scène. Jean apprend par intuition que c'est lui, celui qui est promis. Et cependant Jésus semble limoner (lui aussi est en train de chercher, de se découvrir). Pendant que cette découverte personnelle s'accomplit lentement chez Jésus, BANG! notre pauvre Jean est emprisonné. (Sa parenté en est au bout.) On a voulu que cette embassade envoyée par Jean tandis qu'il était en chaînes aie simplement pour but de convaincre ses propres disciples de la personne de Jésus. Moi, je dirais plutôt que Jean lui-même en est à bout et essaie de comprendre. "Allez demander à mon cousin s'il est le Messie ou si on doit en attendre un autre." Au fond de sa prison, il a ses doutes: son intuition était-elle juste? Et à son propre compte il s'inquiète aussi: "Est-ce que ma vie est compétement ratée? Est-ce que je pourrais ici sans n'avoir rien accompli? Peut-être que mes parents avaient raison..."

La réponse de son cousin Jésus semble le satisfaire; du moins reçoit-il en ces mêmes jours suffisamment de courage pour donner du fil à retordre au bonhomme Hérode. Et la parenté reprend: "Mais non, c'est pas comme ça que tu vas te faire des amis!"

Mais Jean persiste et on connaît la fin de l'histoire.

C'est à se demander si cette image d'un Jean-Baptiste poussiéreux et hors la loi est celle qu'on a en tête quand on nous propose le patron des Francos-américains? Une autre

question se pose aussi: nos arrière-grand-pères n'avaient-ils pas raison de choisir un personnage aussi singulier pour notre modèle? Ce qu'il nous faudrait c'est une réflexion sur les vrais qualités de Jean le Baptiste: plutôt que la soumission, la mortification et la propreté prônées chez nous, réfléchissons sur l'ouverture d'esprit qui permet l'inspiration, la tenacité qui envoie chez le diable ceux qui chuchotent toujours dans les couloirs et la force d'agir selon nos convictions. En un mot, l'image de Ti-Jean c'est peut-être le temps qu'on le change de l'agneau à ses côtés au lion qu'il regarde. ✚



cont. from page 4 **Alice Michaud Cyr**  
long sleigh, to bring back the "Dimes" at the time, paid in products of the farm. "Le Bedeau" drove the first horse team, ringing a bell sometimes when there was a storm or fog. The Pastor had announced in church the week before that he and his two aides would have dinner at the end of Cyr Plantation, which meant usually at the home of Andre Cyr, or some of his children. This road was "Le Chemin de Caribou". Other roads were le Chemin des Madores, or jusqu'au Ruisseau des Ecureux, etc. At night the sleigh, driven by "le Bedeau" was usually packed with meat, poultry, sometimes a nice homemade carpet, or hand-woven linen. Those were the days when a neighbor knew his next door neighbor and was there when needed, so that all these reunions were made up of one large family, including neighbors. ✚



suite de la page 4

pen toute D'aller rester dans l'bois, ça sera pas long, l'hiver va étes vite passé, Les deux cousin à Ti Toune vont rester avec nous autre, et pis c'est pas toute ça, va connaissent un jobber qui va acheter toute la pitoune qui pourront couper, après avoir choisi tous les beaux billots, pour faire scier... pis y vont avoir un bon prix pour étous.

MARGUERITE... Comme ça, ma fille j'serai pas inquiète, je sais que t'ai une femme de coeur Tu sais les hommes faut gâter ça... faut toujours dire comme eux autres, pis faut b'en yeux en passer va. C'est pas comme nous autres les créatures. On a de la patience, pis on prend mieux les choses, avec ça qu'on est plus courageux. C'est pour ça que le Bon Dieu a donner une compagne à l'homme, pour l'aider, le soutenir, et le consoler, y serait b'en perdu toute seule. ...Pauvres hommes, va y sont b'en fin... mais b'en malaiser à endurer étout des fois...

Ti Toune... (dans les coulisse) La Fine arrive donc ma belle petite chatte, que je t'bec avant que le veiller commence, avant que tes anciens cavalier te prenne de leur cote, Tâche de me garder qu'elque dance toujours...

La Fine... B'en chère, j'y va l'à, attend un peut que je me farde... la cousine Merry Xmas, m'a apporté assez de la belle pourde pis du beau rouge... vien voir comme c'a sent bon... Comme c'est beau la vie... hein... mon beau petit cochon d'amour...

MARGUERITE... Attend moi Ti Toune, Je veux te parler un peut. Monter dans la chambre des Etrangers, puis j'y vas tout de suite...

ON FRAPPE A LA PORTE...

LA FINE... Oui, rentre... Mon Doux de Bon Yeux, c'est ma tante Lodie...

Comment que vous étes arrivés icitte... Attendez que j'appelle sa mère, C'est elle qui va être surprise, pis contente, pis mon mari! donc...

TANTE LODIE... Non, non, ma fille attende une minute qui je m'ésoufle... J'ai venu avec le courier, qui passe au Lac à Menon à 4 heures le matin... Je te dit que j'en ai pris une ride... Je sus toute virer à l'envers... ma bussell... est rendu dans l'devant... J'avais assez peur de pas arriver pour la veilleé, que je faissais clacquer la grise... comme que si on allait au feu... Comment que ça va vous autres?... Ou qu'allez ta mère que t'a dis...

LA FINE... Ai tant haut dans la grande chambre avec mon mari... Je suppose

qu'a l'ai après l'instruie... et pis y donnez des bons conseils... hii... hii... hii... Mon doux que j'ai hâte que vous l'connaissez... y est assez fin... va... pis bon étout... pis on s'aime assez... hii... hii...

TANTE LODIE... Moi aussi, j'ai hâte de la connaître, faut qui seye... b'en fin, pour que ta mère consente... à te laisser partir... Pauvre fille va... regarde tout ça du bon côté... pis s'a va marcher... Ta mère va te manquer, elle à tand d'ouvrage à faire, pis à l'a aine si grosse famille... Ai b'en toujours... Pis ton Père lui... Le grand Fin Finn... Qu'and je pense qui est passé chez moi sans arrêté...

LA FINE... Faut dire qui étais pressé, y accompagnait le grand boss du camp... pis vous savez ses grosses poches là... y cousine pas gros... ai pis y sont toujours pressé... Monter en haut les voir... votre snatchel lui... Ma Tante y est t'y dans l'entrer... attendon un brin, je vas aller le chercher...

TANTE LODIE... Brasse les pas trop, mes paquets... ma fille, y a des belles choses pour toé là de dans... pis c'est pa toute nom plus, attend que je te donne le cadeau à ton Oncle Phirin...

LA FINE... Pauvre mon Oncle, pis comment que s'a va toujours... y est ti encore malin... c'est de valeur qui saiey malade comme ça, c'est votre purgatoire que vois faite sur la terre... comme vous me gâtez toute... c'est t'y beau le mariage toujours... Bon, montons pour suprendre sa mère et pis Ti Toune... Laissez je viendrai chërcher ça après... Elles montent...

JOSEPH... Les amies, je vous presente ma nièce des Etats, elle est venu exprès pour les noces...

MARY X. BUCKWHEAT... Oh Yes, comment que vous allez, mais oui, moi je me souviens, vous était assez beaux garçon... Oh yes... This is mon Cavalier, il est des STates, comme moi... Mr. Six Time Godam, c'est tout ma parenter ici...

SIX TIME GODAM... Hello everybody, I do not parlé gros frenchy... mais, I like you all...

GRANDPERE... Ecoute donc, t'es pas le garçon, à Siegfroid Godin... b'en ça parle b'en au d'iabie... ton père, lui, y parle t'y encore Français... ?

SIX TIME... Oh yes, il pas capable de tuny ça comme moi, but he talks frenchy...

UN AMI... C'est b'en drôle comme ça change du monde, hein, lui qu'est parti d'icitte pauvre comme job, puis son enfants revienne, avec des chain d'or, pis des bottines fine... sont donc chanceux...

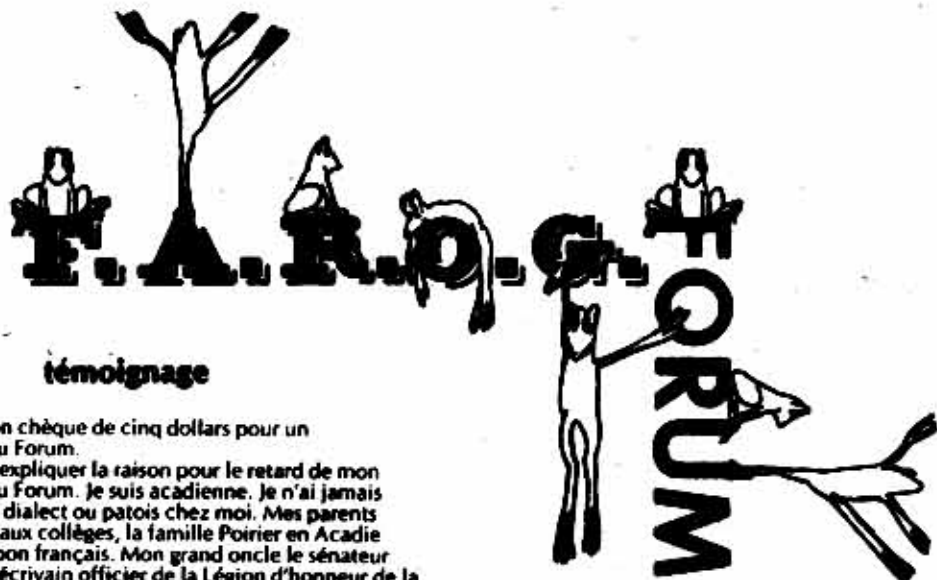
JOSEPH... Bon, bon vite l'à, les marier vont descendre, et pis on va danser, à notre sou... Passe la traite... Mary tà de la facon toi...

MARY... OH YES, mon Oncle, j'aime beaucoup les amis... come boys, have a drink... Pendant ce temps là les mariés, arrives dans la chambre, tout les monde est en grande toilette, banc autour de la chambre... musiciens... etc... ✚

à suivre



Dear



**témoignage**

Cher Forum,  
 Ci-inclus mon chèque de cinq dollars pour un abonnement au Forum.  
 Je dois vous expliquer la raison pour le retard de mon abonnement au Forum. Je suis acadienne. Je n'ai jamais entendu parler dialect ou patois chez moi. Mes parents avaient étudié aux collèges, la famille Poirier en Acadie parlait en très bon français. Mon grand oncle le sénateur Pascal Poirier, écrivain officier de la Légion d'honneur de la France était un des défenseur de parler acadien qui disait-il était le vieux français. Voilà pourquoi je trouve que c'est une injustice faite aux acadiens de publier le mauvais français parler en Louisiane et recopier par Debbie Clifton sur les Cajuns. J'ai visité la ville de Lafayette ou j'ai rencontré des acadiens, Doyen d'Université, juge de la cour civile et autres distinguées personnes. Si la tragique histoire de ce peuple ne lui a pas donnée l'avantage de conserver sa langue pourquoi la ridiculiser dans votre journal!  
 Sauf cette critique permettez-moi de vous dire que votre journal vous fait honneur. Le Dr. Chassé a très bien décrit le franco-américain dans le numéro de Noël. Enfin plus de 90 pourcent qui est écrit en bon Anglais ou français m'intéresse. Je vais le faire circuler parmi mes amis.  
 Si le français est devenue langue de luxe n'est-ce pas parce que malgré toutes les conférences, Congrès, Comités ou on explique les problèmes franco-américains, il y a eu si peu d'actions de la part des chefs-nous ne possédons pas assez de fierté de race pour prendre les moyens pour conserver notre langue et notre culture. Je n'aime pas la publicité pour moi-même mais je suis une personne d'actions.  
 Joyeux Noël! que l'année 1978 vous apporte un succès toujours grandissant pour votre journal.

Clémentine Poirier  
 Cercle des Dames Françaises  
 Springfield, Mass.

P.S. Si vous avez un numéro de Noël supplémentaire s.v.p le faire parvenir à Mme Donald Pilon, 50 Shefford St., Springfield, Mass. Elle est prés. du Cercle des Dames Françaises 175 membres. Le Cercle existe depuis 48 ans - Tout en français.

**pourquoi pas?**

Dear Folks,  
 We've seen your publication, and would like to exchange with you. The Maine Issue is a monthly statewide newspaper for working people and others concerned about Maine's future. Would you like to exchange?

Thank you,  
 Debra Kaufman  
 Editor, Maine Issue

**mal amanché**

Dear Forum,  
 I have received the Farog-Forum and enjoy reading it. I would like to pay the subscription. (I should pay only half because I can only read half of it). Oh well, maybe someday I'll get down to business and learn some french.

Sister Laura  
 Eveleth, Minn.

**un autre malade**

Dear Forum,  
 The most difficult thing for me in writing you was the decision of what language to use. However, much as I adore "la langue française", English is my native tongue and I am using an American typewriter.  
 I just read the article in Maine magazine concerning the Franco-American issue and the part your organization is playing in the movement. For a variety of reasons I feel that I could contribute to your project.

I have just returned from a year in France where I was a student at the Sorbonne, a part-time translator, and a vendangeur in la Champagne.

Before my departure I lived in Berkeley, California where I was engaged in assorted community projects and assisted in the publication of a monthly neighborhood newsletter. I attended Harvard College from 1968-72 and received my B.A. in Romance languages and literature. I was also active in political affairs and street theatre. Until my removal to the West Coast I spent a considerable part of each summer and an occasional winter week in Maine.

Needless to say the state has changed considerably during my five year absence. However, I sense that opportunities for effecting changes on the local level exist here to a greater degree than in other areas of the country. On a personal basis, I am eager to continue speaking and writing French and while I am aware of the difference between the Parisian and Franco-American varieties, I feel that the distance is by no means unbridgeable.

I am presently staying with friends in the Portland area, (in care of Bonechi, 34 Longwoods Rd., Cumberland Ct. 04021; Tel. 829-3036) and if you think I might be of some use to your organization I would very much enjoy hearing from you. Also, if you know of other, similarly oriented groups in need of a devoted, hard-working, and hungry franco-phone, please do not hesitate to pass on my name.

Sincerely,  
 Michael Kinnicut  
 In care of Bonechi  
 34 Longwoods Rd.  
 Cumberland Ct., Me. 04021

**DEPARTMENT OF PERSONNEL**

Dear Forum:  
 This is to request your assistance in the efforts to promote equal employment opportunity in State Government.  
 Positive effort is being made to place qualified members of minority groups and women on all oral examination boards interviewing candidates for positions in State Government.  
 You are requested to submit names and addresses of individuals by category of expertise, i.e., law enforcement, social services, transportation, manpower affairs, management and administration, etc., who would be willing to participate in the oral board selection process.  
 Please submit a list by January 15, 1978 and thus aid in the affirmative action efforts of State Government. If you have any questions, please call 289-2821

Sincerely,

Nancy J. MacDonald  
 State Affirmative Action  
 Coordinator

NJM-jg

NDLR - Franco-AMERICANS, you can make your presence known

**que c'est beau**

Dear Forum,  
 Je suis enchanté d'avoir reçu les journaux bilingues. Je m'empresse d'en faire circulation parmi mes amis pour encourager les abonnements.

Lorraine Fournier  
 Auburn, Me.

**lui y connaît ça!**

Gentlemen:

You asked for comments.

FAROG Forum seems to offer something for every Franco - solace for the discriminate, anecdotes for nostalgic readers, amusement for the less concerned, and encouragement for those preserving Franco culture.

Without the circulation lists I cannot tell if it is designed for Francos in Northern New England, for those in and around Orono, or for all Francos. I assume it is primarily for students.

Preservation of Franco culture will require more positive effort and coordination among groups. The Forum does not go far enough in rallying Francos in New England. But maybe you do not want to.

Respectfully,  
 T.E. Covell  
 Marion, Mass.

**ça parle au diable!**

Gentlemen:

I would like to subscribe to the above publication. Would you please enter a one year subscription for me and bill me at the above address

American Pulpwood Association  
 133 State Street  
 Augusta, Maine 04330

**c'f'au boutte**

To: FAROG  
 From: Joanie LaFlamme Dow  
 re: Suzanne Pare's nice article.

I loved Suzanne's article. I treasure her friendship extended first at kitchen table meetings.

**c'est pas un cadeau!**

Farog Forum

Responding to the deepening recession in this country, many organizations and individuals have come together and founded the National Coalition for Jobs or Income. This national coalition seeks to unite everyone who agrees to the basic demand, 'Jobs or Income, Now', and is building up for a demonstration on Feb. 18th, in Washington, D.C., which will put this demand forward in front of the White House. Soon, the Portland chapter of the national coalition will be created.

It seems to me that this demand is one that speaks to Franco-American and Anglo-American workers and small businessmen, alike. As the economic crisis gets worse, more and more workers are being left with no jobs, and small shopkeepers are forced to go bankrupt. This intensifies Franco-American oppression, since, historically, they were forced into the lowest paying jobs in the lowest paying industries. To add on top of this, the ever-present threat of lay-offs, just adds another black mark on the history of Franco-Americans. By raising the demand, Jobs or Income, Now, it unites Franco-Americans and Anglo-Americans around a common program, providing a solid foundation to raise special demands related to Franco-American oppression.

Can the Farog Forum endorse the demonstration? This is important, because it shows that many people in the U.S., from one coast to the other, are supporting the demonstration. Can the Farog Forum work with the national coalition and do organizing work for the demonstration, and after?

I'd be glad to come up to Orono and meet with you, and discuss the coalition, demonstration, and what the Farog Forum can do.

Please get back to me as soon as possible.

Sincerely,  
 Don Robinson, for the National Coalition  
 P.O. Box 8369  
 Portland, Maine 04104  
 775-1503, after 5 p.m.

**OUI**

Dear Forum,  
 Please send info about your French-Canadian publication. Thank you.

John V. Plante  
 P.O. Box 354  
 Unionville, Conn.  
 06085

**a est parti en peur**

Gentlemen:  
 Please forward to me at South High School a free copy of your publication, Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum, Journal Bilingue. I plan to teach a Canadian Culture course next year.  
 Thank you.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Mary Kelly  
 Department Head  
 Foreign Language Dept.  
 Worcester, Mass.

**sacré bleu**

Chers amis,  
 Voilà mes cinq piastres pour une autre année de FAROG. Les exemplaires que vous nous envoyez font grand plaisir aux étudiants universitaires et aussi aux étudiants de notre programme des services humains.  
 Une question à vous poser: pouvez vous m'envoyer des renseignements précis sur l'Anthologie de la Poésie franco-américaine de Paul Chassé (maison d'édition, date de publication, et prix). C'est un livre qui m'intéresse beaucoup.

Amitiés,

Walt Lichtenstein  
 Centre Biculturel  
 Université du Maine  
 Fort Kent 04743  
 le 11 nov. 1977

P.S. - Pourquoi ne pas suggérer à Denis Ledoux pour son Supplément Littéraire Cajun French I de James D. Faulk (Cajun Press, Rt. 4, Box 3883-3 Abbeville, LA 70510-520). "C'est pas de la littérature", mais ça nous regarde!

**lâche pas la patate. . .**

Dear Le F.A.R.O.G.  
 I saw a copy of your publication at the Aldrich Library in Barre and wanted to know the price of a year's subscription beginning in January; also, the frequency of publication. There are many Franco-Americans in Barre and many kids in our school whose first language is French so I am interested in your publication. Any other information you might have in French-English - or French or English - would be helpful.

Linda Goldberg,  
 Librarian  
 476-6541

**on aime ça**

Dear friends:  
 The Aldrich Library here in Barre has been passing along to us their copies of FAROG FORUM, which we've been enjoying very much. We are a new Ethnic Heritage Studies Project with an office in the Library's basement and an interest in bilingualism and Franco-American culture. We'd like to subscribe to FORUM, so we enclose the \$5 annual subscription fee.

We'd like to request a list of other institutions and organizations in this region with an interest in Franco-American, Franco-Canadian or bilingual matters who subscribe to FORUM. If you haven't already published a list of such organizations, may I suggest you consider publishing a list in some forthcoming issue?

FORUM has proven invaluable to us already (it was through FORUM that we learned of the National Materials Development Center) and we look forward to receiving our issues over the coming year. Thanks for your work!

Best wishes for the holidays.

Sincerely,  
 Karen Lane, Director  
 Barre Ethnic Heritage Project  
 P.O. Box 744  
 Barre, Vermont 05641  
 (802) 476-4385



une bordée

Cher Yvon,

J'suis pas fait d'argent, mais quand même il faut que j'apporte autant d'appui à F.A.R.O.G. que possible. Je t'envoie un autre chèque, cette fois pour \$25, pour encore 4 abonnements et des vieux numéros que je n'ai pas—si tu peux m'en envoyer. Il faut absolument que ma famille et mes amis prennent connaissance de F.A.R.O.G. Sur feuille séparée je te donne leurs adresses.

Aussi, I've been reading some back issues. Mars 1976 is before me now. Wow! "Focus on men" really blows my mind! I especially liked **Franco-Americans and Identities**. No wonder FAROG is so vibrant and producing such a response. You guys really tell it like it is. Please write more on that Yvon... if you dare!

Maintenant je t'envoie des "affaires" qui seraient peut-être "publiables" dans FAROG. Je le fais avec beaucoup d'hésitation, tu vois que j'ai beaucoup à apprendre là-dessus—de mes laisser aller—d'être qui je suis. C'est peut-être pour ça que l'intérêt dans me "racines" (comme le disent mes collègues ici—en parlant de "roots") me fascine tellement. J'y reviens toujours en espérant retrouver la clef que j'ai perdue tout à l'heure.

Ce sont des choses que j'écris depuis le printemps dernier. Si ça ne vaut pas le c—, tu sais quoi en faire, hein. (A propos, comment dire en français: "Put it where the sun don't shine!" Si on pouvait trouver de bonnes initiales pour communiquer le message poliment, ça serait déjà très utile, tu trouves pas? MMCOLSNLP c'est trop compliqué: Mets-moi ça où le soleil ne luit pas!) Non, non je ne veux pas t'insulter avec ça... mais si ça ne te plaît pas, hein, jette, ça à la poubelle!

Tu vas voir que je passe par certaines périodes (étapes). Au début, la période tendresse, douceur, etc. La dernière fois, je t'ai parlé de la période révolution. Et pis ça change. Ben la plupart de mon stuff, c'est de la tendresse, pour le moment. Des fois je revois l'image de la grenouille sur le papier du dernier numéro (nov. 77): "Maudi q'c'est collant ça!"

Et ben, j'ai tiré assez de m— encore une fois. Je te souhaite—et à toute l'équipe—un très joyeux Noël. Amitiés, Pierre-Paul

P.S. Au lieu de dire MMCOLSNLP, on pourrait bien dire ce qu'on disait autrefois: FTCDLC! Ah, c'est bien beau de passer son temps avec tant d'"orages de cerveau" comme disait mon beau-frère

NDLR - Les "orages de cervaux" de Pierre-Paul mouilleront nos lectures dans ce numéro du FORUM et d'autres à suivre.

Thanks to you Alice Michaud Cyr

Dear Mrs. Cyr, As a regular reader of the FAROG Forum, I was delighted and immeasurably enriched when I discovered your Memories in the December issue. Thank you, Mrs. Cyr. I hope you write more and please ask your friends to write too. I need you. Your eyes can see many things that mine could never see without you.

Peter G. Archambault

P.S. to FAROG: Cocodrie et Tchoupoule must never die!

enlargé, prions pour lui

Ms Claire Bolduc  
Bilingual-Bicultural Instructional  
Resources Project  
Bangor Community College  
Bangor, Maine 04401

Dear Claire: I abandoned my efforts to determine whether the Franco's use the "Passé simple", when something much more interesting came up. This must be held in the strictest confidence, but I have good reason to believe, after hours of painstaking research, that we are on the "verge" of a startling discovery which may completely change the direction of Franco American studies. I am now quite convinced that in extremely isolated border areas, some French people may still be using the "Passé vertical", which has not been used in France since the Fifth Century (A.D., of course). The "Passé vertical" or "beatific tense" as it was known at the time, reflected the religious aspirations of the people of Gaul after their recent conversion to Christianity. It was only used to describe one's mystical relationship with the deity or especially "nirvanic" type experiences, as in the following example:

Je des plogs.

Specific phonetic qualities of this tense are difficult to nail down because each utterance tended to rise directly skyward. These sentiments were obviously not for human ears. Also an important part of the message was conveyed through a rolling of the eyes and a smacking sound created by slapping the blade of the tongue against the uvula while at the same time rapidly expelling air through the eustachian tubes. Creole specialists call this a "chicken fricative". I don't feel I can reveal any more of my research without jeopardizing my request for federal funds. Present plans call for a new language center here at U.M.P.I. whose top floors will reach into the heavens, but whose basement floor will be twenty feet thick to avoid interference from infernal sources. Please keep my secret. If Yvon should ask, just say, "Guy? Oh he's still up in the air with some project or other".

Yours in Chomski,  
Guy R. Callagher  
University of Maine at  
Presque Isle

P.S. Could you send along one of your frog power straight jackets?

Other People's Mail

Is there a need now to call a conference of Franco-Americans along the lines proposed by the Centre d'Heritage Franco-Américain in the attached notice from the November issue of Le Travailleur? Whether it is this conference or one called under different auspices there seems to be a definite reason to clarify Franco opinions and to set a common course for Franco-Americans lest their culture dwindle further. This conference, wherever it is held, should not be a forum for external groups to press for support but should be for Francos free of outside influences.

The result may not be as definitive as we might hope for, but it will be a useful experience. I would hope that Dr. Chassé and Dr. Lusignan could be on the program, as well as representatives of FAROG FORUM. Perhaps a preliminary discussion among those most interested should be the initial step. If funds are needed, I would be glad to assist in obtaining them.

All the best,  
T.E. Covell  
Box 594  
Marion, MA

y a pas la langue dans la poche

Dear Yvon Labbe. Recent issues of FAROG FORUM have been especially enjoyable. We are all grateful to Dr. Chassé and Dr. Lusignan for their excellent articles on Franco-Americans.

As I read Dr. Chassé's statements he recalls for a rewriting of American history. As I read Dr. Lusignan's series of articles he proposes that the decline of Franco-American culture be arrested in finding a common bond in French-Quebecois and French-Acadian heritage.

History should be corrected; we are all interested in learning a new and more accurate version. But, as Dr. Chassé says, it is a Sisyphean task to correct what is already established in people's minds.

If Dr. Lusignan's suggestions means more respect and relationship with Quebec, I sense many Francos will hesitate because they are uneasy about the uncertain political goals of the present provincial government and are reluctant to become involved in the political struggle between French and English societies in Canada. Americans must first determine what Quebec independence means for the United States

Que pensez-vous du FAROG FORUM?

On a bon espoir que vous trouverez plaisir à lire ce numéro du FORUM. Afin d'améliorer le numéro suivant, on apprécierait bien un coup de main. Veuillez répondre aux questions ci-dessous et nous faire parvenir le tout par la poste s.v.p. Merci.

Village-Ville \_\_\_\_\_ Etat-Province \_\_\_\_\_ Pays \_\_\_\_\_ Métier \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Sexe \_\_\_\_\_

1. Êtes-vous bilingue (français-anglais)?  
le français \_\_\_\_\_ l'anglais \_\_\_\_\_  
Je lis \_\_\_\_\_  
Je parle \_\_\_\_\_  
J'écris \_\_\_\_\_
  2. Aimerez-vous plus de français \_\_\_\_\_ d'anglais \_\_\_\_\_ dans le FORUM? On ne peut mieux \_\_\_\_\_
  3. Quelle partie du FORUM vous intéresse le plus?  
\_\_\_\_\_
  4. Avez-vous trouvé ce numéro du FORUM  
très utile \_\_\_\_\_ assez utile \_\_\_\_\_ très peu utile \_\_\_\_\_
  5. Garderez-vous le FORUM à portée de la main afin d'y revenir plus tard?  
oui \_\_\_\_\_ non \_\_\_\_\_
  6. Si vous voyez un autre numéro du FORUM, allez-vous vouloir le lire?  
oui \_\_\_\_\_ non \_\_\_\_\_ ça m'fait rien \_\_\_\_\_
7. Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le plus dans ce numéro du FORUM?  
\_\_\_\_\_
8. Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le moins dans ce numéro du FORUM?  
\_\_\_\_\_
9. De quels sujets aimeriez-vous qu'on traite à l'avenir dans le FORUM?  
\_\_\_\_\_

Abonnement au/ Forum / Subscription

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

ABONNEMENT  
COCHER LA(LES) BOÎTE(S) CORRESPONDANTE(S)  
montant inclus \_\_\_\_\_  
Envoyer à:  
FAROG FORUM  
FERNALD HALL  
UNIV. OF MAINE  
ORONO, ME. 04473

What do you think of LE FAROG FORUM?

We hope you enjoy this issue of the FORUM. To make the next one better, we'd appreciate your help. Just fill in below and drop it in the mail s.v.p. Thanks.

Town-City \_\_\_\_\_ State-Province \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_

1. Are you bilingual (French-English)?  
French \_\_\_\_\_ English \_\_\_\_\_  
read \_\_\_\_\_  
speak \_\_\_\_\_  
write \_\_\_\_\_
2. Would you like more:  
French \_\_\_\_\_ English \_\_\_\_\_ in the FORUM? It's fine \_\_\_\_\_
3. What is your favorite section of the FORUM?  
\_\_\_\_\_
4. Have you found this issue of the FORUM:  
\_\_\_\_\_very useful \_\_\_\_\_ somewhat useful \_\_\_\_\_ of little use \_\_\_\_\_
5. Will you keep the FORUM for future reference?  
\_\_\_\_\_ yes \_\_\_\_\_ no \_\_\_\_\_
6. If you see another issue of the FORUM will you want to read it?  
\_\_\_\_\_ yes \_\_\_\_\_ no \_\_\_\_\_ don't really care \_\_\_\_\_
7. What did you like most about the FORUM?  
\_\_\_\_\_
8. What did you like least about the FORUM?  
\_\_\_\_\_
9. What kinds of topics would you like to see covered in the FORUM in the future?  
\_\_\_\_\_







HEARINGS OF THE  
NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL  
FOR  
BILINGUAL EDUCATION

Testimony by:  
Normand C. Dubé

McCormick Building, Room 208  
Boston, Massachusetts  
December 12 - 13, 1977

Mr. Chairperson,  
Distinguished Members of the Council and  
Interested Visitors,

In addressing the National Advisory Council for Bilingual Education, I wish to touch upon two areas: a) some rationale for Bilingual Education, and b) some of the needs in bilingual education. Both of these topics will be developed from the perceptions of a Franco-American who has been in education for 27 years.

My name is Normand C. Dubé. One of my great ancestors, Mathurin Dubé, was one of the original settlers of l'Île d'Orléans on the Saint Lawrence River in the 1660's. One of his great-great-grandsons, Joseph Dubé, settled in Frenchville, Maine, in the 1870's. He was my great-great-grandfather. My grandmother's grandmother was the granddaughter of the chief of the Tobic Tribe in Nova Scotia. Confused? These facts pale when one realizes that after three hundred years on American soil and after one hundred years in the United States, I am the first generation to have received an education beyond the third grade, to be truly bilingual and to be acculturated into the mainstream of social, political and educational New England.

I am not an atypical case among Franco-Americans. It's just that we have paid heavily for our independence, our pride and our ethnic identity. The price was isolation into the «Little Canada» of our milltowns and the retreat of our border-farm exiles. If the decision was of our own choosing, it was also the result of concrete and/or imagined prejudices from outside the group.

Today, we understand, along with other minority groups, that our fears were both real and unreal. Especially, we understand better the competitive reality of a democracy and the importance of participation rather than isolation. Thus, the first rationale is that BILINGUAL EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CUTS THROUGH ISOLATION AND ALLOWS FOR INVOLVEMENT.

At this point, I could tell you about the six-year-old child who, when tested in

# In the name of the American Dream

English, was considered a retarded child but who became an above average student when retested in her Franco-American dialect; I could tell you of the young valedictorian who was told by her principal that she would be dismissed from school, not be valedictorian and not graduate if she wrote a news article in French for a local newspaper; I could tell you of the elderly lady who was worried sick and without her social security checks for some three months because no one was available to speak to her in French about procedures, her rights and responsibilities; I could tell you of the many Franco-American students in college who have failed French courses because they spoke their dialect; finally, I could tell you of mental patients, welfare cases, business people, educators and parents who have been exposed to similar prejudices. But then you probably could give more examples than I can. The point to be made is that BILINGUAL EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS WILL HELP CLARIFY LINGUISTIC AND CULTURAL VALUES IN ORDER TO MINIMIZE PREJUDICE AGAINST MINORITY GROUPS.

In the name of the American dream and ethnic reality, Franco-Americans at some

ship, and success was attainable - almost exclusively - if one spent his/her energies within his/her respective group. The pressures to achieve outside of the group were frustrated by differences in approach, orientation and perceptions. In some instances, the pressures widened the gap between groups by creating a reality of inferiority at one end of the spectrum and a paranoia of injustice and persecution at the other. Under the circumstances, the American dream, clouded by mutual distrust, was a reality for the few. Thus the third rationale is that BILINGUAL EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS WILL BETTER PROVIDE A SHARING EXPERIENCE AND WILL BETTER ASSURE EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AMERICAN DREAM.

As a transition from rationales to needs in bilingual education as I perceive them, may I just say that to live one's culture can provide the individual with a sense of security and identity; to acquire a new culture can be a fulfilling experience; but, to be stripped of one's culture can be painfully damaging. Unfortunately, the latter situation was the quandry of too many of those who, because of circumstance, have had to live through some process of linguistic and cultural

**LE F. A. R. O. G.**

**FORUM**

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fondé / founded 1972	EQUIPE / STAFF	tirage / circ. 6800
Peter Archambault	Linda Kennedy	Mary LaFleur Wolfe
Débile Gagnon	Phil Gullis	Christine Rouleau-Nadeau
Steve Robitaille	Michael Côté	Paul Paré
Stephen Peller-Michard	Yves A. Leduc	Suzanne Paré

point in the past had constructed over 250 educational institutions, from elementary schools to colleges in New England. Most of them are closed today. The orientations which prevailed in these non-public schools varied from those in public institutions. In abbreviated form, the net results looked like this: a spirit of cooperation rather than competition, a religious formation rather than economic and political interests, a task-oriented formation rather than pragmatic decision-making, and lastly, a high priority on work rather than education. I'm not attempting to place a value on either of these perceptions nor am I opposing one versus the other. I'm merely describing a general situation which prevailed and for which, admittedly, some could find many exceptions. The fact remains, however, that opportunities for self-development, leader-

genocide as first generation Americans in the United States.

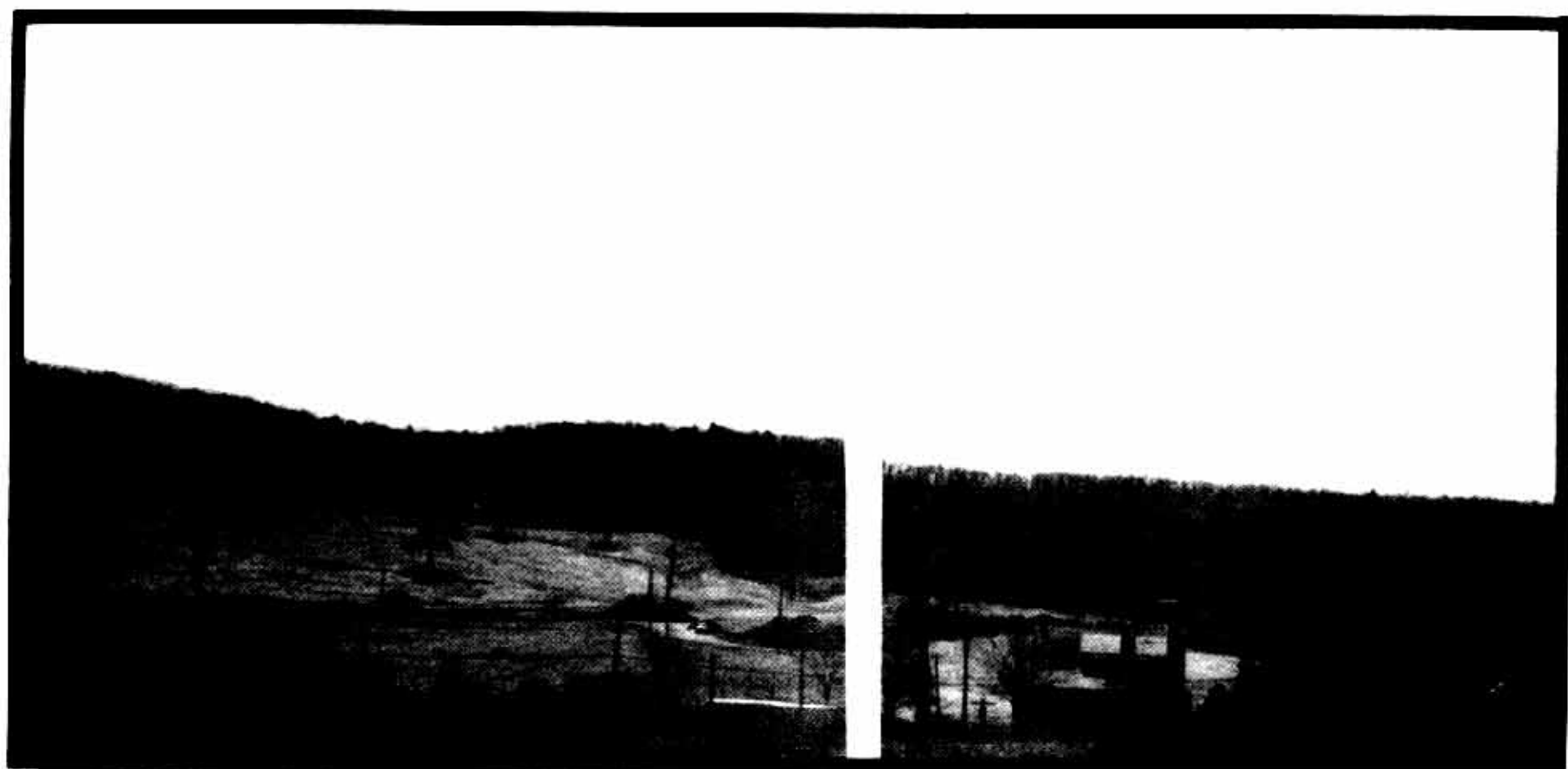
I would plea with you that the thrust of bilingual education never be on conformity but on the recognition of human dignity -- through the respect of first generation aspirations, pride in our ethnic mosaic and the safeguard of minority preferences.

In this context, a first need would be to stop programming bilingual education as a treatment and to channel the linguistic and cultural potentials of all minority groups as resources beneficial to everyone and worthy in themselves.

A second need would be to make bilingual education available, on an optional basis, to all communities who want it.

cont. page 2





# WHAT BECAME OF THEM

by  
DENIS  
LEDOUX

CONCLUSION

(Editor's note: Due to a layout error in the last page of the December supplement, part of this short story by Denis Ledoux was unintelligible. For this we are very sorry and we reprint that segment of the story along with the conclusion.)

Maman lived in a four-room apartment on Horton Street. The kitchen was painted green. From her rocking chair in the kitchen, she saw the sun rise. Every morning, she saw it rise as she had seen it rise since she was a little girl on the farm in Canada. (The farm was in the St. Lawrence valley.) At night, because of the angle of her building, she did not see the sun set. When she had felt well, she had sometimes walked outside, to a spot down the street where the sun could be seen slipping into the horizon. (She liked being able to predict the weather.)

Almost every night, but not always, Amédée said that he thought he would take a walk down to the Champlain or, if it had been the Champlain recently, to the Alouette. Florianne might say, "Can't you stay here tonight and watch the kids while I go to Maman's." He would answer, "I'm too tired. Not tonight." (As foreman he had many responsibilities.)

Sometimes, sitting alone in the front rooms, after the little children had been put to bed and Laurier, who was a good boy, and Mauriel were up studying in

the kitchen (It was quiet like the street after a shift in the mill), Florianne remembered Papa's warning, "My girls would be better alone than with men who drink. Never trust a man who drinks." After all these years, she could hear Papa saying that still. She knew Papa would not be pleased with Amédée's going so often to the Alouette or to the Champlain. When they had married, Amédée had never gone out. Now, he was gone often; but, he never came back drunk. Sometimes, he did not even smell beer. Ilda's husband had always smelled beer. Florianne had not trusted him.

When it was exactly that Florianne began to uncover the presence of the other woman (Her name was Lise, but Florianne was never able to give her a name --it would have made the other woman into a person), she was not sure. It had come initially as a result of jealousy: He was free to do anything. Although it sounded silly, she kept a watch on his salary. (They did not get paid in checks but in cash, and so it was difficult to keep tabs on things.) It did not help matters that he did not know Jos. Beaulieu, who was an habitué of the Alouette, had a new car. At the Champlain, Anais' nephew-in-law had begun to wait on tables, but Amédée didn't seem to know that either. Little by little, in fact it was fairly easy once she set her mind to it, Florianne discovered the other woman, a widow from Montreal, who lived in Ilda's parish.

"Monstre, cochon," she shouted coldly.

"Florianne, we aren't children anymore. We know these things happen."

And to him that was enough, but Florianne felt



foolish and threatened. She had worked for years to get what she now had. In some way, she would have to punish Amédée and keep together what they had assembled. She would not be an object of pity, a subject of gossip. And she would not be poor like Ilda -- not for another woman's benefit. She would not let go of her right to share in Amédée's foreman salary.

Amédée said he did not want to leave. There was no problem there. He too was afraid. He was good to her for a while, but she would not let him come near her. (He was like a boss mollifying an employee for a dirty job.) He could stay on for the children's sake, but he must never go out and do anything like that again. At that time, Laurier was sixteen and Muriel was twelve, and there were the other children who screamed and fought and broke things in her front rooms.

Then, Maman, who grew more sick, moved in at Marin's house.

Ilda had no room. The year that Maman died, Ilda was living with her Rita on Oxford Street. (Rita was a big girl now.) Ilda had a three-room apartment in Thibeau's block. It was the same apartment to which she had moved after her husband and the boys died. Before, on Shawmut, she had had double living rooms with hardwood floors and sun all day long. But, her husband had been a difficult man, she'd say, and they had taken to quarrel. They were like two barn fowls pecking at each other. While he was away at the mill, she would take the kids and seek refuge at Papa's on Horton Street. In the late evening, he worked on the second shift, Ilda's husband would come pounding on Papa's door. (Papa who had to stay up on these occasions would say that, of course, this could not go on indefinitely.)

The influenza came to the city. It decimated the population like a mower does a field of wheat at harvest time. Ilda lost her husband and her boys. They were gone from her forever. The death of the boys affected her terribly. Something in her, she said, died with them. That had been in 1918. She had moved from the sunny apartment to Oxford Street where her windows opened up on an alleyway. Maman had taken care of little Rita, and Ilda had returned to the mill down the street. She was the breadwinner.

The year that Maman died, Florianne was living on Bates Street with Amédée and the children. Bates Street still had trees, tall, thin elms which opened up prodigiously at the crown. (They were later cut down because of the Dutch elm disease and never replaced. The French had come in control of the city administration.) Because of Amédée's foreman job, Florianne had a second-floor apartment, with eight rooms and a bath. The front rooms, the double parlors as they were called, opened up to the street through triple windows. (By that time of the year, the street was growing stark and leaves were piling up on the sidewalk. Florianne thought of the dingy rooms they had had in Canada. Even here, Maman had not had beautiful front rooms.)

The kitchen in back opened up to a yard with trees and swings. The large bedroom off the kitchen should have been Maman's room. It was close to the bathroom, it had afternoon sun, it was fairly sheltered from the street noise.

It was perfect for a sick person --except for that pig Amédée who slept there now.

He had made life impossible in the house with his carousing. He and Florianne had begun to fight like dog and cat. Her brother Marin, who took it upon himself to be a paterfamilias, said Maman needed quiet. When at last Maman left her apartment, Marin brought Maman to his house. He put her into a smallish, dark room with dirty wallpaper, on the corner of Oak and Sabattus, second floor back. (They never wallpapered at Marin's; Liane always thought things were good enough. They were saving their money to go back to Canada.) It was that, Florianne thought, which killed Maman off. She could never forgive Liane that.

The time came when Maman began to toss and turn all her night, and Liane and Marin couldn't take care of her alone anymore. They needed someone to spend the



nights with her. The sisters came. There were still three in Lewiston, and Albertine made it up sometimes from Litchfield. Amédée, who really was fond of Maman, also spent nights with her now that he no longer went out carousing. (He had known Maman for at least twenty-five years --since he was an adolescent living in the block across the street.)

(Maman said to Florianne, "Take him back into your heart." Florianne could not, although she said she would. Amédée was not half the man Papa had been. Papa would be so sad to see how things had changed.)

It was Florianne who spent the last night with Maman. Maman was a thin little biddy by then; and, that night, after walking back from a second-shift stint at the Bates Mill --she was in the spinning room, the hot stuffy spinning room (She didn't mind because it was going to get her some new bedspreads) --Florianne sat at the kitchen table crocheting doilies for her bedroom bureaus. She could hear Maman babble in the little room off the kitchen about incoate things, about Canada, about the farm at St. Narcisse.

"Thomas, Thomas, get the girls in, get the girls



in," she moaned. "There is a fox on the prowl. The Bonneaus told me they saw a rabid fox. Quick, Thomas."

"It's all right, Maman," said Florianne, going into the bedroom to check on her mother. "There's no fox. We're in Lewiston now. We're in the United



States."

"No fox? Lewiston? What will the good father say when he comes for his parish visit?"

When they had been young girls, they had sat at night on the porch, rocking, and listening to the crickets. The chores would have been done for the day; the animals abed. The Bonneau boys might come over and sometimes the Dionne boys too. Papa talked about things in the past --the hunts and the clearing of the fields, about his parents and grandparents, and about the coming of the English and about the sauvages before that. Life was different in those days, he'd say.

(The Bonneau boys sometimes talked about their uncle who worked in a textile mill in Lewiston. This uncle had a piano in his livingroom. This uncle wanted them to come. Monsieur Bonneau, however, said he preferred holding on to what he already had.)

"I never thought we would traipse around like this," Papa had said, sitting in the apartment on Horton Street, years later. "I just meant to come earn my jackpot and then to return home. What are we doing here? Our people will dry up like an old apple forgotten in a cold cellar. We must stay together as a family; we must stay together as Canadiens.

He was buried in St. Narcisse, next to the old field-stone church. He was alongside his own mother and father in the land of his ancestors and, unless some miracle happened, Maman would be buried in the USA. They were not staying together. Everything was changing. They were leaving people behind here and there. Movement was in their blood. They were descendants of the voyageurs and the coureurs de bois. And now it was Marin again. He wanted to leave. He was saying, when Maman died, he would go to Canada. She did not

want to lose both Maman and Marin. Would her life now melt away like snow in the spring?

"But we will be at the mercy of the English in the USA. We can't go. Don't worry, my darling, the harvest will be good here," Maman muttered.

So many times the harvest had not been good, Florianne remembered as dawn began to spread across the night like a bright new coverlet over a bed. She had lace curtains and new doilies and a full set of bedroom furniture on her mind.

"Let Marin go back and starve if he wants!" she said to herself, but she wanted him to stay. He was her brother.

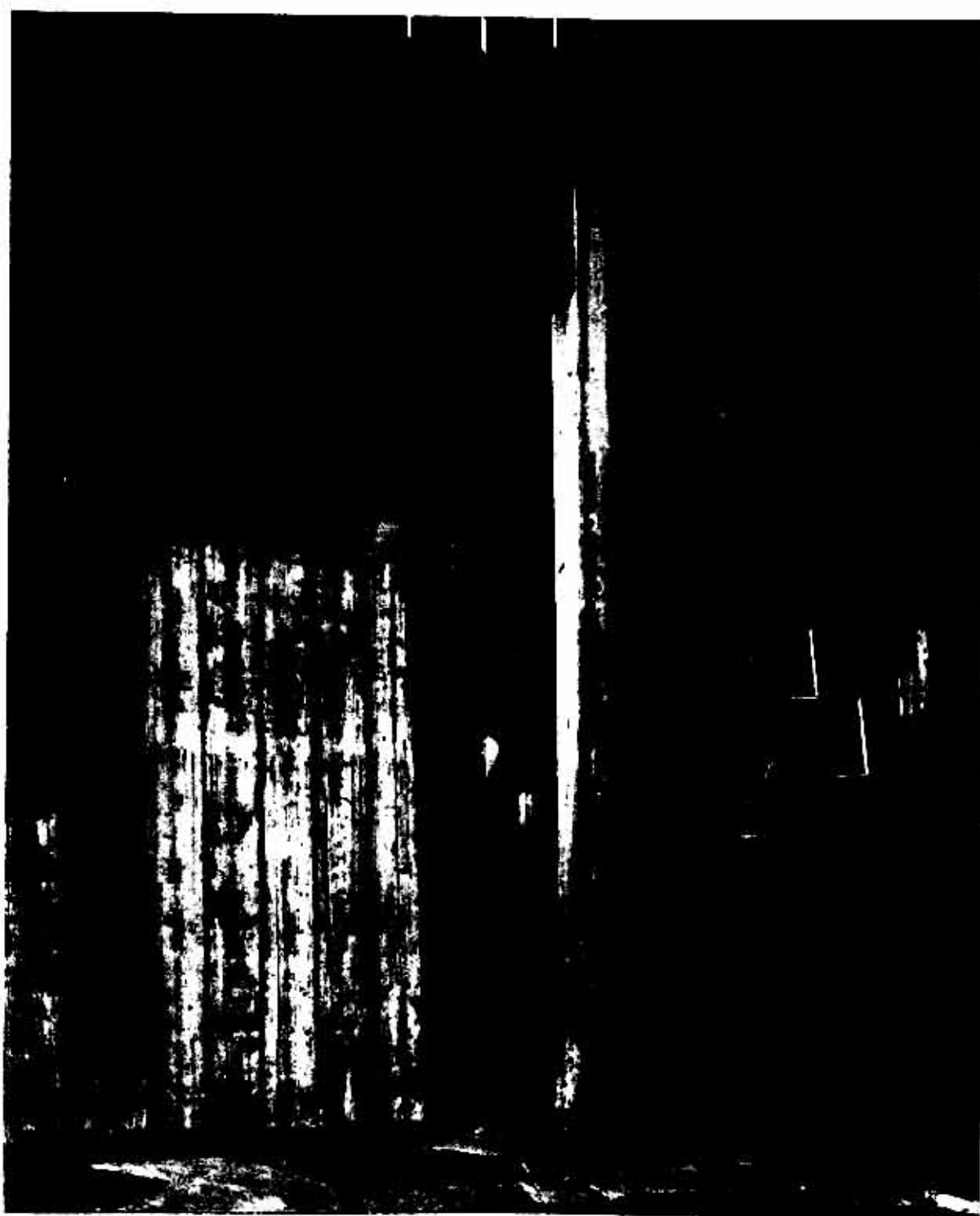
On the morning in October 1934, while Ilda was working the third shift at the Bates weaving room, the looms clanging and banging about her, Zénobie Comtois, her mother, began her final passage into death.

They called the mill. The foreman said he would let Ilda go right away. (He was a cousin of Amédée's.) Little Jean-Luc took his bicycle over to ma tante Anais. (Usually they telephoned the Biziers' downstairs who knocked twice on the pipes for Anais to come down, but the Biziers had moved out and the new people did not have a telephone.)

They called Albertine in Litchfield. Mr. Desruisseaux, the retiré who lived across the hall from Marin, went out to get her at the farm. (Her husband was gone to Vermont with the truck.) They called her foolish for throwing herself at the mercy of the elements; but she had been successful where Papa had not been. Albertine said the others were the ones who were foolish for working in the mills.

Litchfield was twenty miles away and they did not get back until seven.

The priest came, a Canadian peasant with a ruddy face



The author in the narrow streets of Lewiston's Little Canada.

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and large hands, and administered the sacrament of Extreme-Unction. (Laurier watched attentively. Laurier who was sixteen at the time was going to be a priest too. Florianne was putting money away to help pay his seminary training. Amédée watched the boy sadly.) Le bon père anointed Maman's forehead, her eyes, her nose, her lips, her hands, and her feet with sacred oils, asking for forgiveness for any sins committed through the agency of that weak flesh.

At eleven that morning, in the dark little bedroom, surrounded by her girls, Florianne, Ilda, Anais, and Albertine, and by Marin, Zénobie Comtois died.

She was seventy-four.

In the afternoon, Marin called St. Narcisse and Sherbrooke and Fall River. Florianne began to rearrange her front parlor for the placing of the casket. (Thank God Marin had seen the reasonableness of using her apartment for the wake.) The men rolled the piano out to the hallway. Neighbors brought food in. Tortières, cretons, bouillies, cold meats, pastries, cookies. After school, Muriel cleaned out the backroom that should have been Maman's and changed the bed. Amédée would sleep with Florianne that night. (She said he must not try to touch her.) Aunt Zélie and Uncle Georges from Fall River would be staying in the back room. They always stayed with her and Amédée whenever they came up.

Toward suppertime, the casket was brought in. The dead then were kept in airtight caskets, under glass. Below the glass, Maman was at peace, wearing the soft pink dress they had bought her the summer before, her hair carefully arranged about her face. Although it was an unfamiliar hairstyle created by morticians, Florianne did not mind. It was not unbecoming to Maman.

Florianne did not go in to the mill that night where she had worked in the various rooms as a spare hand for years. (They lived off Amédée's salary and used hers for the house.) Instead she sat in the big fauteuil and thought of Maman and cried. She was so alone. How would she cease to be a field dying of draught?

"Shame about Thomas being up there and her down here!"

"But there was no keeping him back. He said he was as strong as a bull. How are you going to tell someone like that that he can't go to his brother's funeral? And now they're not together."

"Life is very hard, isn't it?"

Later Florianne got up and helped the younger girls with the midnight meal and cried some more. Dicing sandwiches, she remembered the novenas Maman used to say for Laurier's vocation. She had wanted a priest

in the family. Florianne would see to it that Laurier became a priest --for Maman, she would tend his vocation as one tends a kitchen garden.

Madame Lessard upstairs and Masson downstairs had little children sleeping on their couches and extra beds. One by one, after the meal, the parents began to reclaim their children and return to the relatives with whom they were staying.

The wake lasted another day and then the next day, the day of the funeral, before the body was brought to Saint Pierre and Saint Paul's for the High Mass for the Dead, all the family was to file through Florianne's parlor one last time.

("Fortunately, we aren't cramped up at Marin's," Florianne thought as she woke up during the night, feeling the unaccustomed weight of Amédée next to her. Her mother and father had slept together all the days of their married life.)

During that same night, Mrs. Comtois' eyes and mouth, propelled by inner pressures opened wide. Her face pushed against the transparent surface and her tongue flattened out on the glass.

Forty years later, Muriel who had been twelve, could still see her grandmother with the monster face pushing against the glass, with her tongue flattened.

That was a terrible thing which Florianne was never able to forgive. She always associated it with Amédée because he had slept in her bed that night.

Later, after the funeral, Marin said, now that Maman was dead, he was returning to Canada, Amédée called him a fool. Once again, Florianne could agree with Amédée. Marin however said that Amédée was the one who was a fool.

(Amédée thought, "For staying here? or for returning to the winter cold?")

"So you're going to achieve happiness repairing broken down looms and supervising spinning mills!" said Marin. "That's not work for a habitant."

"Maman always loved the farm," said Anais.

"Papa too."

"Well, I'm going to find me one. The thought of heading north again has kept me going all this time. Hey, what kind of life is it to work all day in dark noisy rooms --or all night for that matter? It's not healthy. What's it getting you? I'm not going to die in those brick caskets."

"We are born for misery," said Ilda. "We Canadians are born for a little bread."

Florianne thought, "Now that Papa and Marin will both be gone I shall be alone without a man." (Still she would not be quite like Ilda.)

"Nope, there's a farm for me back home with soil that isn't too rocky. I'll need a woodlot that holds enough fuel to last many winters and a farmhouse and barns that are in good repair. I'll be my own man with a few cows, with a garden, with a productive maple grove. And you, you will be working for an hourly salary."

"You're going to starve," said Florianne, envying his courage. She herself was afraid. When she thought of living on a farm again, she felt like a child before a snarling animal. She felt like a child asked to do an impossible task. She did not want to reacquaint herself with threadbareness.

Marin was different. He had made the coup d'argent which Papa had never been able to make. Papa had come down to earn his bundle and had never been able to return to his farm. He had been caught in Lewiston like a fly in a spider's web. It was ironic that he was buried up there when, much of his life, he hadn't been able to live there.

Ilda said to Florianne in private that she would love to go back, that it would make her feel like a bird in spring, but without a man it was impossible and men were too much of a bother.

"Life is always tearing us apart," said Anais. "There is too much change. Papa would not be happy."

In later years, when they sat in different rooms, appointed by Florianne, always spending their time alone, Amédée would call her hard. She was as hard as the maples which had grown about the villages in Canada. He would wonder how his people had made such women. At first, he had wanted to be friends with her again, but she had not let him. He said to himself that she was molded of the winter cold.

