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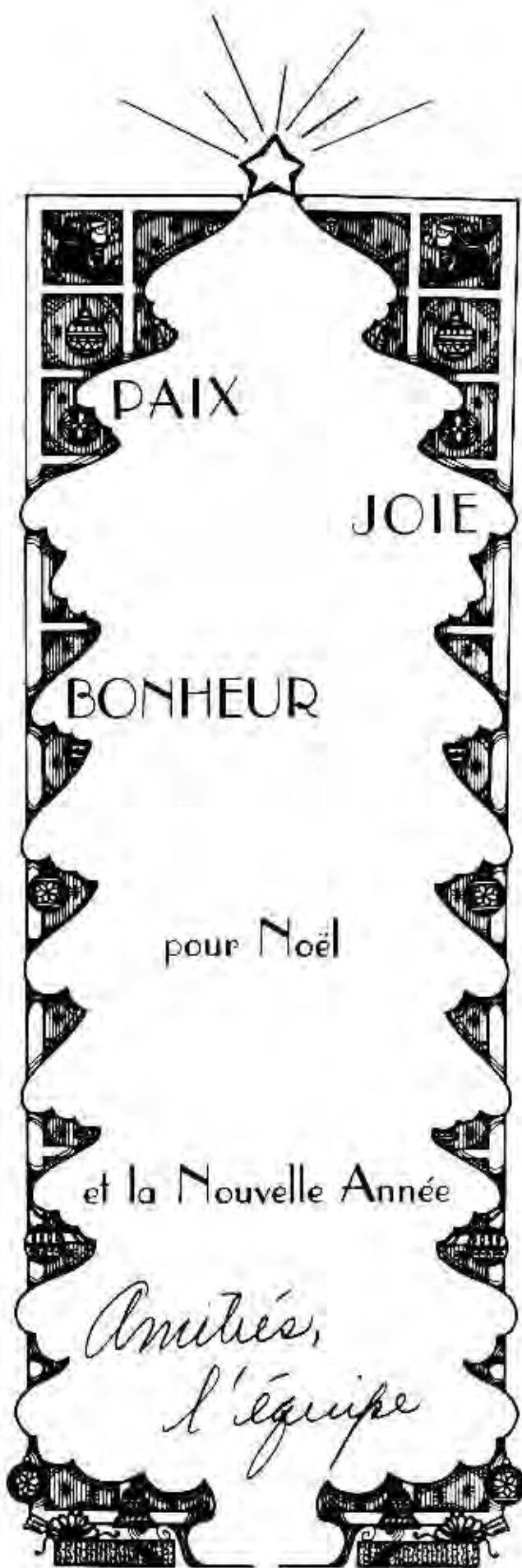
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1978

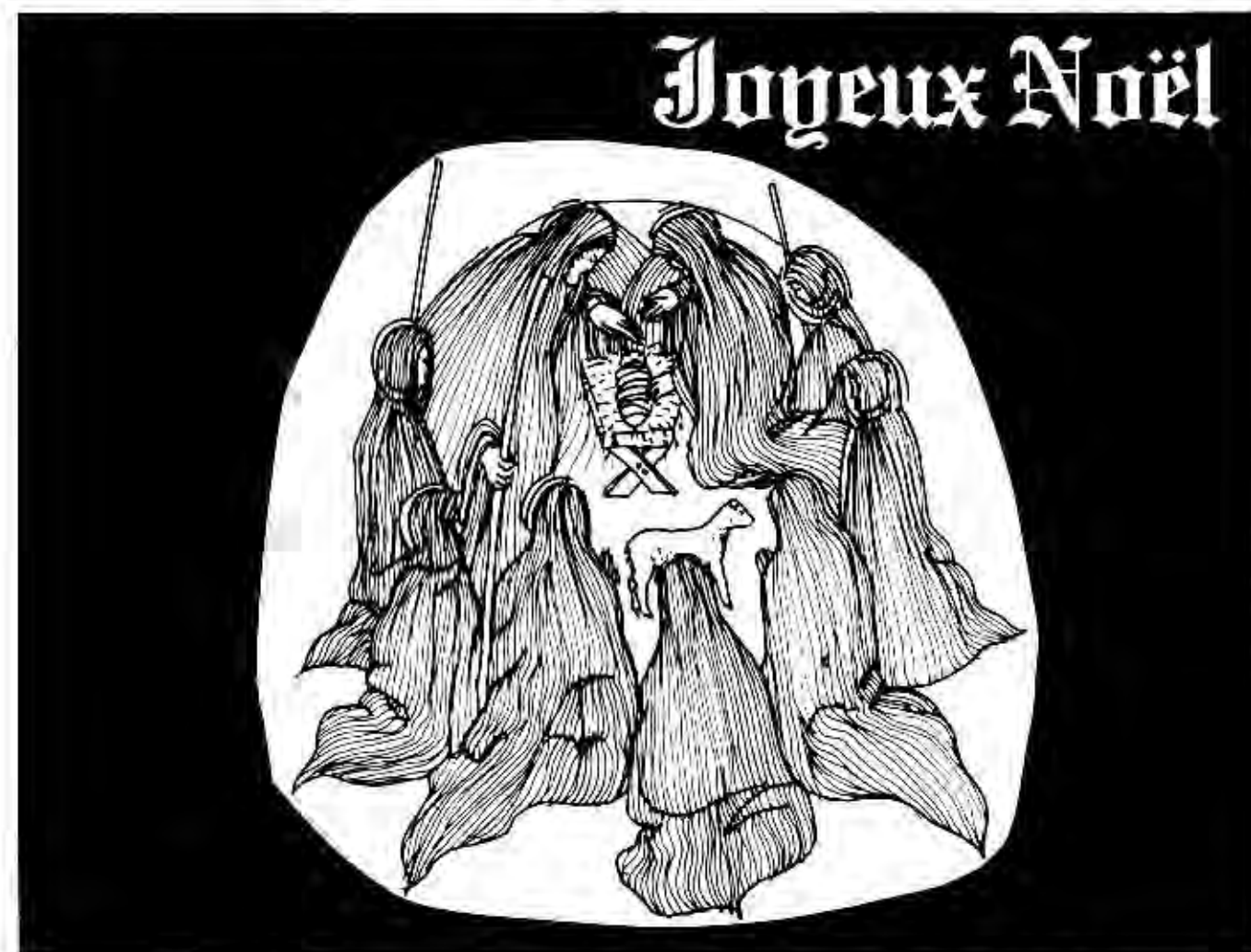
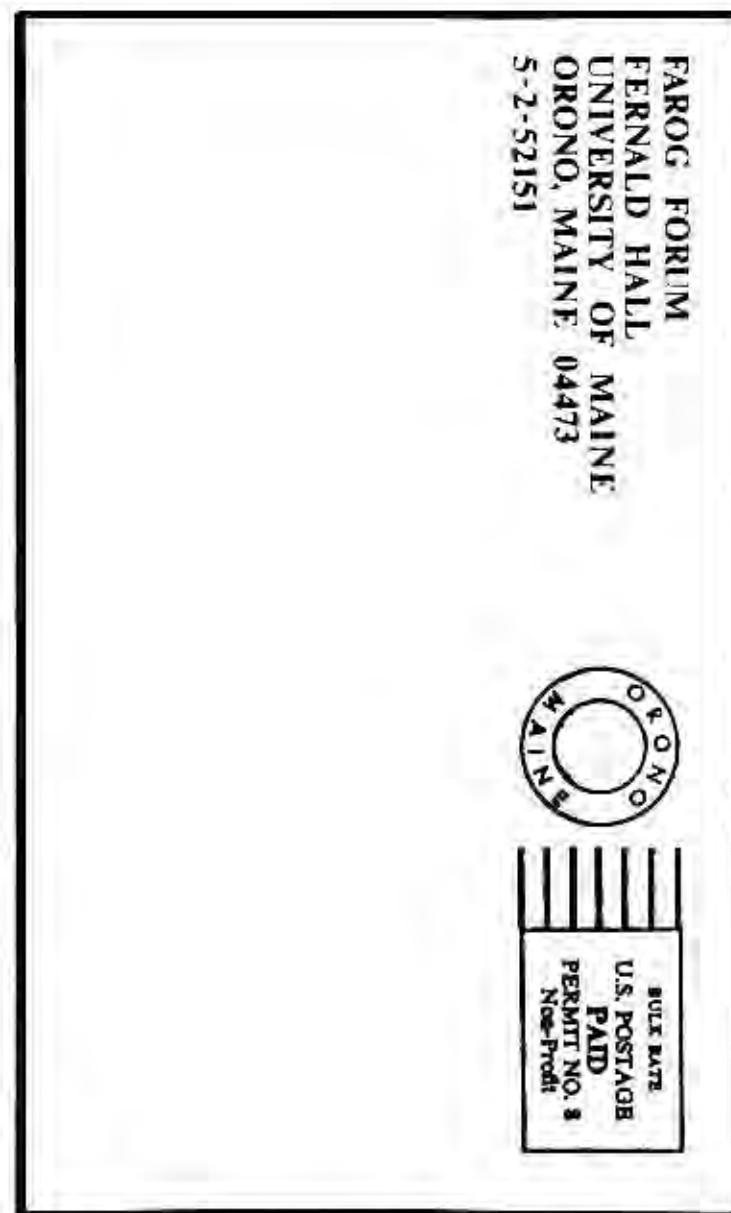
LE F.A.R.O.G. FORUM

JOURNAL BILINGUE

DECEMBRE 1977

À L'INTÉRIEUR

- RACINES
- F.A.I.R.E. À OLD TOWN
- CULTURAL CENSORSHIP



Dessin par Peter Archambault

by Phil Collin

Under a Federal grant proposed by the Old Town Teacher Corps and sponsored by the city of Old Town, Project FAIRE has become the newest of Franco-American resource groups in Maine. FAIRE [Franco-American Instructional Resources in Education] will be responsible for linking Old Town to other Franco-American centers in New England as well as advocating the Franco-American fact to members of the Old Town community. Facilitative services are being provided to schools and local organizations through the work of Phil Collin and Linda Kennedy, FAIRE's founders, to develop academic and cultural programs in the community.



BEHIND THE SCENES

A native of Auburn-Lewiston, Maine, Linda Kennedy is a 1977 French and journalism honors graduate from the University of Maine at Orono. A free-lance writer for various publications and broadcast firms in the Northeast, Linda is the Franco-American media consultant to the Old Town Teacher Corps.

Originally from the St. John River Valley in Northern Maine, Phil Collin graduated from the University of Maine at Orono in political science in 1977. He has been active in Maine's Franco-American cultural movement throughout his college career and is the Franco-American research consultant to the Old Town Teacher Corps.



une éducation bilingue, c'est pour qui veut...

by Linda Kennedy

It all sounds impressive now, but three weeks ago when Phil and I first caught drift of it, we weren't exactly jumping up and down with glee.

Bring bilingual bicultural education to Old Town, Maine? Says who?!

"I think you've got a good chance (of getting a half million dollar grant) if you go after it," Norm Dubé was explaining. He leaned back in his chair as we digested the prospect.

Former director of Madawaska, Maine's Title VII Bilingual Education Project and present director of the National Materials Development Center in Bedford, New Hampshire, Norm is no idiot when it comes to Federally-funded projects for Francos.

So when he heard the Federal Office of Education in Washington, D.C. was willing to fund up to 10 Title VII Bilingual Education Programs for Franco youngsters in New England and had not yet received 10 applications, he passed the word on to us during our two-day visit to his New Hampshire center. We had ventured down there from Old Town to see what Franco instructional materials the center produced and to discuss a FAIRE-conceived booklet and slide show on Old Town's unique cultural heritage.

Now suddenly the prospect of a city-wide Old Town Bilingual Education Project loomed unannounced on the horizon, and Phil and I, jittery after only three days on the job and overwhelmed by work plans, traded frozen smiles.

"There's one problem, though," Dubé continued. He paused, then lowered the boom. "You have to get the proposal - which can't be less than 40 pages-to Washington, D.C. in less than two weeks to meet the deadline."

"Well who's to say Old Town even **wants** a bilingual ed. program?" I spluttered, groping for arguments that would spare us the frenzy of crash proposal writing.

"I guess you'll have to find the answer to that question in Old Town," Norm replied, -smugly, I thought. **He** wouldn't have to write the damned thing.

So with writer's qualms and cramps creeping up our arms, we returned to Old Town and started asking. How many Francos are in the school system? How many speak French? How many are low income? And if Old town needs bilingual education, who's going to support it?

Within days the answers started rolling in.

Out of 897 students in Old Town's six elementary schools, 43 percent had Franco surnames, and nearly half of them were from low-income families. Schools with highest concentrations of Francos consistently scored lower on achievement tests, most notably in language skills. And it seemed quite a few people supported a Title VII proposal: Old Town Superintendent of Schools John Grady, elementary principal and spokesman Irwin Campbell, community leader Phil Dufour, to mention a few.

There was no getting around it-Old Town had the makings for joining the ranks of America's

517 Title VII Bilingual Education Projects if Phil and I could muster a Federal proposal in one week-end.

And so on Friday, Nov. 11, 1977, began a whirlwind writing marathon that resulted in a 60-page Title VII proposal

-a proposal that next fall hopefully will signal the pumping of a half million dollars into Old Town's elementary schools for five years.

The proposed project, designed to begin with kindergarten and first grade students next year, will phase up each year to include another grade and will encompass grades K through five by its completion in 1983. Student participation in the program will be encouraged but not mandatory. Francos and non-Francos will be admitted through written parent consent to the program, which will allot a block of time in each school day for Franco French lessons in language skills, art, music, science and social studies.

Parents of participating youngsters will be invited to visit Franco classes, which may be taught by either teacher aids or presently employed Old Town elementary teachers. Old Town teachers and parents may also take, in Old Town or at the University of Maine at Orono (UMO), program-sponsored courses relating to Franco culture and heritage.

Contingent upon funding and final acceptance by the Old Town School Board next spring, a bilingual Franco project director and two part-time Franco technical assistants will be hired to implement the program and, with the help of Norm Dubé, conduct an August preparatory workshop for Old Town kindergarten and first grade teachers. Through cooperation with UMO, local museums, libraries, publications and broadcast agencies, the director will encourage communication between the community and the program.

Bilingual education in Old Town: the idea hits people differently today than it did a few weeks ago. Perhaps the planning has helped them realize dreams **can** become realities-especially when they are ready to be born.

In Our Next Issue . . .

- **Franco Cultural Heritage Studies join the Old Town Adult Education curriculum
- **A 40-page book and 10-minute slide show will focus on Old Town's Francos-who they are, where they came from and where they're headed.



Ecole St. Joseph - headquarters for the Federally-funded Old Town Teacher Corps and its two-year-old youth advocacy program headed by Director Irene Mehnert.



Le bilinguisme, c'est mon pays, mon histoire.



une éducation bilingue, c'est pour qui veut...

La Retraite Obligatoire: 2 Opinions

Tiré du

SENIOR TIMES COOPERATIVE Julien Olivier, rédacteur

M.G.... a travaillé fort toute sa vie. Arrivé à l'âge de 62 il a pris sa retraite; entre l'argent qui lui viendrait de la sécurité sociale et la petite pension que lui offrait sa compagnie, il pensait pouvoir vivre en paix et sécurité. Enfin, disait-il, lui et sa femme pourraient jouir de la vie.

Cependant, prenez le cas de M.D.... A 65 ans sa santé est encore bonne. Sa femme est morte il y a quelques années, et pour lui son travail c'est sa vie. Il a peur que s'il arrête de travailler, ce sera la fin: il mourra d'ennui à ne rien faire.

Quand le système de la retraite obligatoire pour les personnes âgées de 65 fut établi, les législateurs pensaient faire une bonne chose: dorénavant chaque travailleur prendrait une retraite bien méritée après s'être donné au travail toute sa vie. Cependant, il y a toujours l'autre côté de la médaille, et c'est le

cas de M.D... ci-dessus.

Depuis plusieurs mois, ce débat retraite-forcée-pas-forcée se déroule au Congrès fédéral. La Chambre des représentants a déjà pris un vote en faveur d'une loi qui changerait l'âge de la retraite de 65 à 70 ans. D'après la loi, une personne pourrait se retirer plus tôt, mais il ne lui serait pas nécessaire de le faire avant d'avoir 70 ans. Le Sénat a en main une loi semblable qui, elle, exclurait certaines personnes telles les professeurs et les personnes d'affaires qui ont une position administrative.

Il y a des arguments pour et contre une retraite plus avancée. En somme, voici ce qu'on en dit:

Pour la retraite obligatoire à 65 ans:

—A 65 ans on a droit à son repos.

—Retarder ou rendre facultative la retraite ouvrirait la porte aux abus de la part de l'employeur qui rendrait la retraite impossible.

—La retraite donne au nombre croissant de jeunes employés en chômage la chance d'avoir un emploi.

—La retraite permet aux jeunes d'entrer plus tôt dans les positions de responsabilité, ce qui assure l'influx de nouvelles idées et ultimement la santé de notre économie.

—Sans la retraite obligatoire, certaines personnes ne démissionneraient jamais de leurs postes clés et perpétueraient ainsi des systèmes démodés.

—La retraite facultative égale

Le Patrimoine

Notre héritage vivant Perspectives, pensées, étincelles

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—La retraite facultative égale

plus de chômeurs et donc plus de dépenses du gouvernement pour l' "unemployment."

—La majorité de gens veulent la retraite à 65.

Pour une retraite facultative ou retardée:

—Ce n'est pas tout le monde qui veut se retirer à 65 ans.

—La retraite obligatoire détruit le droit fondamental qu'on a de travailler.

—Ce n'est pas tout le monde qui a les moyens financiers pour se retirer.

—Ce n'est que notre société occidentale qui traite ainsi sa population du 3ème âge: à l'Orient on respecte la vieillesse et on puise chez elle la sagesse.

—Les jeunes apprendront mieux comme apprentis de personnes expérimentées.

—Si moins de personnes se retirent, il y aura moins d'argent à déboursier pour la sécurité sociale.

—Plus de travailleurs égale une économie nationale plus en santé.

—Qui a déjà fait la preuve dans l'histoire du monde que 65 est l'âge magique de l'incapacité intellectuelle et physique?

Et ainsi vont les arguments... Qu'est-ce qui vous en pensez? Ecrivez-moi; on publiera vos opinions. Faites savoir vos idées aussi à vos représentants et à vos sénateurs dans le Congrès. Ils devront voter bientôt à ce sujet. ✻



Les
première

mariers
des

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 Louisette, la fille de Mme Genest.

(commencé dans le dernier numéro)

2^E IEME ACTE
ENTRE
IN BETWEEN THE ACT

AGNES... Hi there, ain't it terrible, imagine I paid 89c for eggs, et pis 90c du beurre, gosh le pasteurized milk est monté a 20c étout, Really I don't see how we can manage... By the way, did you see her last nite at the cocktail room. She certainly was gay and did she have a swell time... I bet her dress cost around \$40.00 and she has a new one every party... Je sais pas comment ça qu'à peut faire pour arriver...

ALICE... I know, but you should have seen her husband... was he tight... and you know who he was with... don't you ahem... Say are you coming for a lobster feed tonight? The gang will be there... the kids don't mind, for they all go to the show, it's not much of a kid's picture, but they have to learn these things to get an education... à leur age... on était assez niaisieux... on avait toujours peur de faire parler de nous autres... now you've got to have oomph and glamour... to belong to the society... it's a funny world, if our grandmothers would come back, they'd have a fit...

AGNES... Dans ce temps là, ça courait pas tout le temps comme on fait, ils avaient le temps de se voir, dans les familles, moi, j'ai presque pas le temps de dormir its one Club after the other, parties here and there... takes all my time to answer the phone... but its a swell old world after all...

ALICE... Let's go across the river at once, I've something to find out about... tu sais... Coming? My car is across the road...

ACT 2

Prière du soir, en famille, une chandelle brûle en avant de la Ste Vierge... La famille est à genoux, l'air en paix, les enfant sont à moitié en dormi... le p'tit est coucher su-e un tapis... les autres sont plus ou moins endormies, le chat sous le poêle... La bouilloire chante... le ménage est faite... Le grand père dit le chapelet, ça répond, endormie, et en chantant...

ON FRAPPE...

PE-PERE... OUI, QUI EST LA...

UNE VOIX... C'est mois, Alexis, Papino, rouve moi la porte, Francis... (Papino

rentre... se traîne le pieds sur le tapis, laisse de l'a bous à terre, mêt son paquet pendu sur un baton, à terre et se met à genoux...)

PAPINO... (PRIE FORT) SALU MARIE PLEINE DE LARD, SA FAIT ASSEZ LONGTEMPS QUE TU COURAILLE SU LA MURAILLE, JE T'ECRASE T'EST FINI...

Les enfants pouffe de rire, le père, les tasses, la mère, essey de leur faire des signes... Papino leur donne des paparmène... qui prend dans sa chemises...

PAPINO... Laisse les donc ses pauvres créatures, y auront ben le temps de prier, quand y y seront vieux... faut que la jeunesse se passe...

Me-MERE... Pi, comme ça, Papino, t'es encore coureux de chemin... Quelles sortes de blagues que t'a à nous-conter à soir...

PAPINO... Moé, des blagues, ma foi du bon geux, j'ai jamais conter de menterie de ma vie... j'ai ben voyagé, depuis l'été passée, mais pas vu rien comme quoi qui est arrivé, hier à soir, au Campe du garçon à Ti-Toine à la Sanford...

LES VOIX: Qu'est qui est arrivé, Papino, foure nous pas trop, là...

PAPINO... Comme que si que je fourais les autres, moé, Comme que je vous disais, on venait yinque d'allumer une pipe après souper, le campe était plein de boucanne, pis ça sentait pas trop bon, y en avait qu'avait manger un peu trop de bin, pis de soupe au pois... toujours qu'on attend crier... un cris de mort... à moé, à moé... les hommes, pis la porte se rouvre comme d'un coup de vent... pis le petit jaune à Baptiste à Christophe, rentre tout éssoufflé... les yeux gros comme mon poing... le feu au visage... les sueurs l'abimait, y se laisse tomber su un bunk... on se mêt à l'entour... Ti-Noir à Charlit, avait un petit flocon de John De Kyper... y en donne un petit coup... Petit Jaune commence à revenir un peu... toujours pour piquer qu plus court, il nous dit qu'il avait été couru par un FEU FOLLET...

LES ENFANT EN PEUR? CRIE... UN FEU FOLLETTE?????

PAPINO... Oui, un FEU FOLLETTE... Creyez moé, ben creyez moé pas, mais la cheux de son catpoché était toute noircie... comme que si y'avait tombé dans le feu...

JOSEPH... Papino, mon sapré menteu...

PAPINO... Vrai, comme j'su t'icite... y dit qui avait été veiller su la p'tite Angèle, pis la grosse toutoune à commencer à faire sa drolesse entour de lui... le bonhomme est arrivé, pi y a sacré P'tit Jaune a la porte... demandez moé pas ce qui faisait... toujours que dehors, y faisait noir comme su l' loup... Ti Jaune s'est mis à courir... pi tout d'un coup, ça s'a mis à courir par derrière lui...

GRANDPERE... C'est pas mal un dur à coire... Ti Jaune...

PAPINO... Comme que j'disais, y regarde darrié lui, pi y semble qui voué une lumière darrière les Habes... y s'fafile entre les chouses, pis y s'cache, pensait que si c'était que'qus un, y lui barerait les jambes... mais, rien, pas un souffle... comme ça il reprend son chemin... plus que ça va, plus que ça sent la poudre à fusil... somme si le yable lançait son feu... toujours qui finit par se facher... envoie 3-4-baptême...

GRANDMERE... Fais attention Papino, yà des enfants icite... t'a pas peur que le Bon Dieu t'ecrase...

PAPINO... Mau t'a dit... c'est pas moé qui sacre sa mère, c'est Ti-Jaune... La, y attend un pet assez fort que sa y retontit dans les orailles, pi une fusée de feu y arrive au camp, en defonsant quasiment la porte...

MEMERE... Ca fait ben assez longtemps qui a pas faites ses Pâques, pour que les Feux Follettes cour après lui, c'est le diable qui les poussent et le Bon Yeux... fait ça pour qui se reconnaisse. Quand je pense à sa pauvre défunte mère, qui à tant prier, et qu'est morte de misère, pour esseyer à l'élever, pis y est assez cochon

suite page 6

A Few Thoughts on the Future of the Franco Americans

by Bernard Lusignan

conclusion

The essence of the Franco-American problem, obviously, is a lack of unity. Consciously or unconsciously, the four types of Franco-Americans described herein are working against one another. Unless they can come to recognize their differences, iron them out through compromise, and finally unite into one strong body, then the Franco-Americans are likely to dwindle out of existence in the future.

In order that this movement toward unity achieve success, it must have good leadership. In this case, the leaders are those mentioned above as the fourth group, that is, those who appear to have the most functional attitude with regard to their ethnic identity. Since their goal, and that of the first group, the *survance* generation, are basically the same (they differ only in their means of arriving at this goal), it is only natural that these be the two first groups to unite, with the *survance* group supporting the "leader" group. Working together, they would then concentrate upon "converting" the other two groups. Since the "apathetic" group's members feel neither positively nor negatively about being Franco-American, the task would be "to show them the advantages of bilingualism and biculturalism". As for the anti-Franco-American group, it is difficult to predict to what degree their thinking might be swayed, if it can in fact be swayed.

If this movement toward Franco-American unity is to take place, there has to be that "common bond" spoken of earlier. Since the present trend seems to be moving away from church and mother tongue, Franco-Americans will have to find some other common bond which can unite them. Franco-American possess one common aspect which will always exist and which can never be obliterated: their French-Québécois or French-Acadian heritage. No one is capable of erasing his or her ethnic heritage, and to do so is as absurd as trying to deny one's essence as a human being. Franco-Americans may change their name, refuse to speak French, forsake their religion, etc., but in no manner can they deny their French blood the same blood that once flowed through the veins of France's and Canada's greatest heroes and poorest peasants. Unfortunately, there are many Franco-Americans who do not take pride in their heritage simply due to a lack of ethnic awareness. They have been told over and over that their ethnic group is inferior and that the Franco-Americans have contributed nothing to American society. "My ancestors came to this country on the Mayflower", says the Yankee. The poor Franco-American merely stands there not knowing what to say. If made aware, the Franco-American could reply: "That's nothing, Samuel de Champlain explored the landing site of the Mayflower several years before your ancestors arrived there."

The only way in which Franco-Americans will ever be able to unite and thus attain ethnic vitality is by becoming aware of their rich heritage. They must become familiar with the history and the traditions of their people. Only when they come to realize the vast contribution which the French have made toward the development of the United States through exploration, establishment of major cities, fighting in the American armed services, and supplying diligent workers in every walk of life, will these "lost" Franco-Americans find themselves.

This ethnic awareness may be achieved in one way only: EDUCATION. Education begins in the home at an early age. Parents owe it to their children to teach them ethnic awareness. This type of education does not come out of a textbook, it comes from people's daily lives, their habits, their way of thinking, and their interaction with one another. Once a solid foundation is built, the rest will come easily.

The next step is to incorporate carefully planned bilingual education programs into the curriculum of every school in New England where there is a significant percentage of Franco-American children

in attendance. Since most Franco-American parochial schools have disappeared over the last ten-year period, it is therefore up to the public school systems to initiate such worthwhile programs. These programs should encompass various aspects of Franco-American life: literature, folklore, history and language. Franco-American children must be taught that they, too, along with other ethnic groups, have a heritage to be proud of. No more should they be made to feel inferior to other children. Teachers themselves must learn to become sensitive to the needs of the Franco-American child, and for that matter, to the needs of those of all ethnic groups. Too often, certain teachers belittle or simply ignore a child because of a prejudice against the ethnic group to which the child belongs. If an ethnic heritage program is to succeed, it must be run by competent, intelligent, and open-minded individuals.

Today, there are organizations and institutions which are designed to aid teachers in developing courses which will help children of all ages and grade levels to become aware of their Franco-American heritage. A few of these are: Ethnic Heritage Studies Research Institute, sponsored by the New Hampshire College and University Council; National Materials Development Center for French and Portuguese, Bedford, N.H.; Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group, better known as FAROG, at the University of Maine, Orono, Me., and the Franco-American Ethnic Heritage Studies Program based at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

In addition to this, television has become a useful tool in the educational process. In certain New England cities cable television subscribers receive French language programming from Sherbrooke, P.Q. The Public Broadcasting System has also sponsored programs for both adults and children. Several areas may view the French-Canadian program "Adieu Alouette", which deals with various aspects of life in Quebec. Project FACTS, a PBS program produced at the University of Maine and aimed primarily at younger children features bilingual puppets. Perhaps the most recent PBS production is WGBH-TV's "Soirée Franco-Américaine", a ninety-minute film which depicts numerous facets of Franco-American life in New England.

The medium of film is soon to join the above list. Daniel Louis, a cinematographer from Montréal, P.Q., spent the entire month of March 1977 traveling from city to city throughout New England to gather preliminary data for documentary film dealing with the present situation of the Franco-Americans. His project is being sponsored by the National Film Board of Canada. Cary Samson, a cinematographer at the University of New Hampshire and Denis Arel-Perreault of the Manchester (N.H.) Historic Association have recently completed a film entitled "Milltown", which is due to be released in late fall of 1977. The ten-minute film deals with various themes, including a search for the past (à la "roots"), immigration and establishment in New England, work in a textile factory, and historic preservation. The setting is a typical New England industrial center, with the main character being of Franco-American heritage.

If these and other educational projects are to successfully bring about a rejuvenation among Franco-Americans in New England, they will need the sincere endorsement and cooperation of all Franco-Americans who are conscious of the necessity to make their heritage known to one another and also to others around them. The key to being a strong and vital ethnic group is to have unity among its members, and this unity may only be achieved through hard work, education, ethnic awareness, and most of all, perseverance. In turn, these factors will hopefully create an atmosphere in which the following words will be uttered throughout New England, with pride and without hesitation: "It's great to be Franco-American, . . . et vous, qu'est-ce que vous attendez?"



CYR PLANTATION

Chansons du Bon Vieux Temps

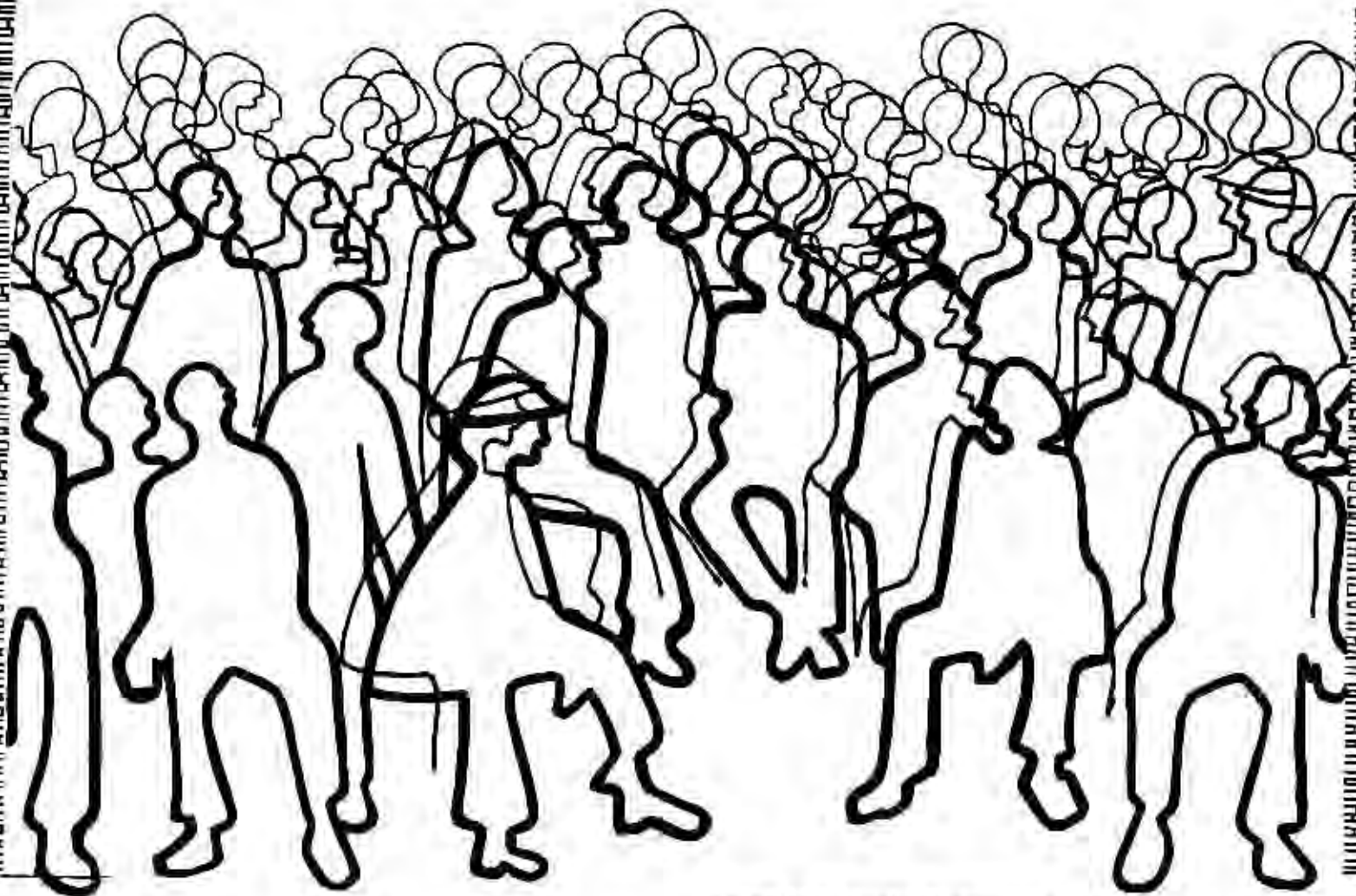
J'ai été dans une veillée
c'était une belle soirée.
J'amène ma blonde dans une hotel
le plus belle du conterre
Là elle ma dit j'nais pas bien faim
mais voilà c'qu'elle a manger,
Du poulet frais
et du dindons.
D'la soupe au vermiselle,
Des oeufs frais,
et du jambon.
Là j'avais peur pour elle,
D'la poutine au rîe
là je'm suis dit,
Elle mange bien pour la s'maine
Elle demanda des choux,
j'me croyait nîr fou,
j'avait selement 50c

Elle dit asteur,
que j'ai bien manger
j'aimerais à boire un peut,
Je tremblait dans mes chaussures
Comme un pauvre mal heureux.
Si faut qu'elle boive, comme elle à la manger
pour moit je m'en peut plus,
Là elle ma dit
J'ai pas bien soif,
mais voilà c'qu'elle a but,
Du vin champagné et du brandy,
Elle n'en claque douze vers,
d'eau de vie et du Whisky,
cinq ou six vers de bierres.
d'eau de vie, ah l'à j'avait peur pour elle,
Elle m'en demande encore
j'me croyait mort,
j'avait seulement 50c.

Quand vient le temps, de prayer
j'suis devant le propriétaire,
j'tremblait dans l'embara
Je n'savait pas quoi faire,
J'maproche de lui en fouillant mes habits,
et toute en tresseblant,
l'lui dit; Messieur c'est bien maudit,
J'ai perdu mon argent.
Toute aussi tot, y m'saute su l'dos
vous auriez rîe de le voir faire,
Un coup poing sur un oeil,
un autre sa queuele,
Un coup pied dans dièrière,
Il me fit entré, se met a crier
Fait venir un policeman
qui s'approche de mois pour me fouillier,
Pis trouve mon 50c

Il me mis les handcuffs au poignets,
la main dessus l'epaule
Il m'enmena près d'la petite boit
Fit venir le petrol
le lendemain devant le juge
aussi un officier
Après une court conversation
voilà ce qu'il ma donner,
Cent piastre, D'emande six mois d'prison
Quatres mois d'enitencier,
Il m'enleva tout mes license,
aussi le doite de voter,
Si j'peut sortir de cette embara,
j'promet à Saint Antoine
d'j'aimais ammener une fille dans une hotel
QUAND J'AURAI SEULEMENT 50c.





CHEZ TOI

suite de la page 4

pour continuer comme ça, . . . quoi que c'est, que d'avoir eu un homme bon à rien, les enfants s'en sentent. . . toute leur vie. . . pi la pauvre mère qui était une sainte femme si y en avait une dans le monde. . . qu'on est chanceux nous autres d'avoir eu des bons parents. . . pensés y mes enfants.

G-PERE. Viens t'coucher au grenier de la cuisine, Papino, je va t'donner deux peaux de Carilles, et tu pouras dormir tant que tu voudras demain. . . Avant, chante nous les vèpres. (PAPINO CHANTE)

PAPINO. Voulez-vous encore, des papermaine, le créatures, . . . gènée vous pas. J'en ai en masse. . . c'est le vieux docteur Pellier, qui m'a donné ça, Y étais, su Joseph à Frederick, à matin, quand j'ai passé, y encore un p'tit mangeux de bouillit, j'ai souhaiter ça ti là qui vienne à la tête du Town, un jour vous allez voir comme ça arrive.

ME-MERE. PAUVRE Papino, tâche pas de nous souhaiter de la malchance toujours, on a assez comme ça.

G-PERE. Tu fera attention, ce fois icitte, pas faire dans mais bottes. . . comme l'hiver passer.

PAPINO PAR EN DEBOUTTONANT SES CULLOTTES. . . OTE SES BRICOLLES. . .

JOSEPH. ATTEN qu' tu seye en haut pour te deculotté, Papino, mon vieux canaille.

AH . . . AH . . . AH . . . IL SORT AVEC LE G-PERE ET GRANDMERE . . .

MARGUERITE. Bon, les enfants, vites montez vous coucher, emporter le potte en haut, tu sais b'en Lenore, qui Ti Pit, se lève toujours la nuit, prenez b'en garde de pisser au lit si y faut que j'commence à enlire des paillasses demain avant que les marier reviennent, je vous donne toute une vollés avec la strappe à rasoire à ton oncle. . . j'en ai b'en asser à faire. . . Les enfants monte, avec le potte, une chandelle, la suce à un, des couches. . . etc. . .

PHILMIE. . . MOUMAN, VOULEZ-VOUS QUE J'GARDE LE TI, c'te nuit, vois pourrai vous areposez pour veiller demain. . . laissez faire et tout, je me lèverai pour donner à manger aux hommes, pi j'tirerai les vaches. . . sonpère, vous aller partir de bonheur, pour aller au petit saut, faut que vous arriver avec les mariers, qui aillent le temps de se toiletté un peut, pour la veille. . . bon soir son père puis sa mère. . .

JOSEPH. Viens t'assir ma belle, que je te parle un peut, laisse ça faire, t'en fait toujours b'en plus que tu devrais en faire, t'est b'en bonne pour mois, pis je t'fais toujours des petites misères, c'est pas de ma faute, c'est pu fort que moi, quand je descend, y a toujours quel que choses que me tourmente et je finis par suomber. . . mes je t'aime b'en gros pareille. . .

MARGUERITE. . . VOYONS, VOYONS, JOSEPH. . . FAIS moi pas pleurer, tient les larmes sont assez prêt ses jours icitte, que ça m'étoffe des refoules dans la gorge. . .

JOSEPH. . . Sa mère, pleure pas. . . vient icitte. . . parlons en de quoi que c'est t'ément comme ça. . . c'est notre Tite. . . Quoique que tu vas y donner, y faut b'en y aider un peu. . . on est pas riche c'est vrais, mais ça me creôve le coeur de la voir partir pour san aller sur c'ta petite terre là dans un campe. . .

MARGUERITE. . . Laisse les faire son père, y s'aime b'en b'en c'est tout ce qui faut, ça l'argent c'est bon à rien. . . c'est de ce mettre l'épaule à la charue tous les deux. . . pis de tenir bon un pour l'autre. . . Ca va ya faire un bon mari, j'ai b'en arrêter d'enseigner la petite école au ruisseau des écureux pour toi, mois, pis j'avais pas grand chose à part de tes beaux yeux, v'a mon vieux on vas leur donne la rougette, à donne ça chaudière plaine 2 fois par jour ensuite, à les b'en greyée, la p'tite. . . 2 lites de plume, des oreillers, des belles couvertes de laine, qu'a l'a faites elle même, à laà ses moutons étout, puis tu y donne des oies puis des dindes pour s'greyer un peut. . . sa soille du pays. . . ses catalognes, doues beaux tapis de laine, passes, pis y sont ti beaux. . . ensuite à part pas a pied. . . lui

y à son beau joualle de chemin, pis à l'sai pas, mais y achette une voiture à rubber tire. . . pi un nette pour son joualle. . . Moi j'y donne du manger pour un mois, y commence à faire froit, comme ça, ses tourquère, ses beignes, pis sa tete en fromage va se garder, jusqu'au fête. . . C'est vrais faut pas que j'oublis de faire des trtes à forluche demain, pour lui. . . y aime tant ça. . . Ensuite. . . j'y toute garder les morceaux de vielle couverte de laine pour faire des maillote. . . JOSEPH. . . Voyons, sa mère, va pas si vite que ça, y viennent de se marier, t'a b'en hfe d'être grandmère, ah! ma vieille va, y m'disait que j'avais marié la femme avec 'l plus gros choeur du monde. . . t'es b'en fine vas, fient icitte que jetebec. . . pis allons s'coucher. . . Je vas te faire un bon feu de rondin, pis on va rêver quand on étais des amoureux. . . y a b'en longtemps de ça h'ain ma vieille.

MARGUERITE. . . T'es b'en toujours malcomode pareille, va. . . Tâche que ça ce passe, tes, vieux asteur, rassit toi, un peu. . . Les deux éteigne la lampe, s'en vont dans le fond de la cuisine, à la lueur du feu de bois.

JOSEPH. . . T'a pas oublier personnes, pour la veillé sa mère, C'est la première nocés qu'on fait, tu sais, faut que tout le monde y seye. . . On vai faire un bon feu dans la grand chambre démonte, les lite des deux chambres d'en bas. . . on va t'y en avoire du bon temps pis de, l'agrément. . .

MARGUERITE. . . LES FILLES SU MICHEL A JOSE, SU TI Israel. . . su Didime, tous les André à Christophe puis les Siégas et le Ste Anne vont y être, toutes la parenté, pis les amis. . . pis j'en ai du John De Kiper pis du Caribou. . . T'a préparé tes cruches ça prendra pas gout de tigarettes, à mettre ça en marche demain, bon amen mon vieux, Joseph. . . RIDEAUX. . .

à suivre

1st ANNUAL FRENCH DANCE

January 21st Saturday,

Waterville Armory

Featuring: Simon St. Pierre
and
The Psaltery (Don Hinkley & Lil Labbé)

- Catered bar
- Tourtières, Creton, and other delicacies will be available

Bring your fiddles and other instruments for a jam session

Award ceremony for a person who has made a significant contribution to French culture

Sponsored by: WINSLOW LIONS CLUB



FOCUS ON...

Raoul



My children, I bless you in the name of the father and of the son and of the holy spirit, Amen.

Raoul J. Letiecq, age 89. Having worked for 60 years in Worcester, Mass. this Franco-American returned to his native Québec to retire just several years ago. (Biographical note by E. Macé-Robin)

Hello! After corresponding with the premier of Quebec, and Péquist deputies and ministers, I can at last turn to far away friends and relatives dear to my heart. I can concentrate on subjects I have been waiting for, which I cherish to the utmost, the "paternal blessing" so beautifully illustrated in the frontispiece of the F.A.R.O.C. Forum. I can vouch that this picture is a true representation of that nostalgic observation which was taking place at twelve o'clock midnight.

It was quite a resounding palpitation of the soul to hear the August words of the venerable father extending his hands over his progenies saying; My children I bless you, in the name of the father and of the son and of the holy spirit, amen, with the sign of the cross!

The joy that was felt by the recipients of the benediction could not be described with words.

Another practice of the good old time was the benedicty before and after each meal with the sign of the cross, thus: Bless us O good lord, And the food we are to take, after; thank you O Lord for having fed us without deserving it!

During the lent, every day after supper my mother would recite the bead with appropriate prayers, the whole family kneeling down reverently; those days most all people would believe all mysteries taught by the church; now? my

mother would not go to confession to a local priest. She would confess to "Father Frédéric" a saint practicing his ministry to "Cap de la magdeleine", a city across Bécancour on the north side of the St. Lawrence river; when she would come back she would feel very happy and joyous.

I would like to know what the franco-americans think of the René Lévesque talk at New York. I believe he said the right thing, the negative reaction from our adversaries was discounted in advance, he accused Trudeau of stealing \$100 millions from us; the State of Québec is such a good cow, that without it, would be missed like a baby missing his foster mother!

Let us reconsider the autos, trucks, refrigerators, electric stoves, sinks, heating outfits, agriculture machinery etc.

fabricated with the Ontarien labor in Ontario having a rate of unemployed of 6 percent to 11 percent in Québec; the Toronto skyscrapers are built with a good part of our money.

What we borrow from outside, is the profits of our resources exploited by the multinationals.

The foreigners collect hundreds of millions of dollars of franc-québécois patronizing english insurances, the Sunlife, the Prudential, and the Metropolitan etc.

When Québec Republic cease to be a future project, Canada will be quartered; The expremier Pearson said Canada cannot exist without Québec.

The provinces of Alberta and British Columbia will join the U.S. if Québec would join the U.S. the only official language would be english and we would lose the finest language in the world, so no deal!

Next spring five counties will be at stake in Québec and the outcome will tell us something, in 1978 will be the federal election, the fate of Trudeau may be sealed, he insulted the Québec farmers he gave \$100 millions from eastern farmers and took away \$10 millions from the western farmers; there will be a day of reckoning, he is very unpopular. He is due for the slaughter, he has a good french name but an english heart, his english wife is from British Columbia, 4000 miles from Ottawa and Québec his native abode.

That is all I will say for now, next time I will analyze the Forum containing much to think about, the Lévesque government will have passed new laws or modify others which will give us something to meditate galore!

Hoping that this invoice will find you well and happy.

Raoul J. Letiecq

135-D Foyer de Nicolet
Nicolet, Québec, Canada

My best regard and wishes to all

Memoirs of Alice Michaud Cyr

Written At

The Age Of 91



Tiré du Cyr Plantation Centennial Book



comb with tissue paper and then humming through it. Beware of the tickling of your lips... this was a rather tickly tune!!!

The first of the evening usually was a gathering together and the best dancers would organize a grand march. Then couples would get together for "Une Dance a Quatres". Of course the evening had been planned ahead, and the "CALLEUX", the one who could call a Square Dance had been invited ahead so he was there, choosing his favorite dancers. One "Jouer de Viollon" was Paul Vaillancourt who was called "VIREZ DE BOUT", upside down. As he played

with the violin, twisted his back, under feet, and had so many ways of changing his violin, from back to front, that he was a scream.

Frolics, called "Corves" would be a gathering of neighbors, friends and relatives, who would come to the home and help with quilting. Also "Monter one piece" which was putting the loom in order, to weave the linen, woolen cloth, etc... to make garments with. Also spinning and many other kinds of work was done at the home. Children would, of course, have their share in the work and many a time, some of the older people would make a large kettle of chicken stew. This was brought to the frolic meeting-place and every one would dig in and have a lunch. During that time, someone was baking beans in a bean hole - this to be used for the evening meal. There was always a barrel of "bierre d'épinette" spruce beer, in the cellar. This was cold as if it had been on ice. Children would go down and draw some of this frothy beverage and bring to the workers.

If a farmer had some land to clear, a crew was organized and a match was set to one side of the "abatie", thus burning only that part of the forest. The rest of the trees were for stove wood. Special vegetables were raised on the land cleared, like turnips - the ground was good for this, as the fire had left cinders which helped to enrich the earth. There were always kind neighbors when one's barn burned or had other such calamities; friends were always near. So much could be said about the making of cloth, unravelling of old woolen goods, cutting them in pieces that were then pulled, thread by thread, by the children. This would be put in a wooden "Barates" kept specially to churn "Les defaisseurs". This was the wool thread and in turn it was carded like new wool and spun to use again in making heavy woolen socks for the men who went in the woods.

The last refreshments to be served were usually "plogues" rolled and filled with "Cortons". This was followed by a hot cup of tea, brewed with the leaves loose. After the tea was gone, one of the "tireuse de carte" would read your tea leaves and tell your fortune for the future. ♣

"Le Jour de l'AN" was one of the big events of the year, being the first day all relatives who could meet at the "Old Home" ... some came in sleighs, some on snow shoes, a few on the train, but the GANG was there. There was always gin for the men and wine, sometimes homemade, for the others. After Mass, one would see a real procession stopping in front of their old homes and the "Robes de Cariolle" were thrown off the sleigh and men and women with heavy "Capot de Poil" and heavy home-spun suits jumped off the sleigh. Men at the time wore whiskers and the weather being very cold, some had icicles on the end of their mustache. The gals would run away from those cold kisses. It was really the BIG DAY, as everyone from cradle to 100 plus, would get the kiss and hug and the ever Christian wish "Bonne Heureuse Annee", et le Paradis a la fin de vos jours. What a wonderful way to start the YEAR when the Father would say, "Now children, please kneel and I will give the Benediction... you will be happy all year."

Jars of donuts, "Croquinoles" which were all point and twists, usually spread the tables and many delicacies, of course with "des croquettes de sucre d'érable", for the children. Usually the kissing custom started at the church door, in case some would miss kissing the women.

All the holiday celebrations lasted until January 6, "La Fete des Roix", which ended the vacation for schools and workers. A large cake was baked. A pea and a bean was inserted in the cake dough and the one who had the pea was king and the bean was for a queen. A home made crown for each was placed on their head, and to this day, this feast is celebrated. Usually the queen headed all the parties or club meetings of this special group for the entire year and these two would have to entertain in turn.

The second big event before Lent wa "La Chandeleur", a Church Feast, on the second of February. This was usually the using of our last pieces of good maple sugar. Egg pancakes called "Crepes" covered with homemade butter and a thick layer of shaved maple sugar. As it got harder, people made



Campus Observations



Le Repas de Noël

par Christine Rouleau-Nedik

C'est presque Noël déjà! Ça ne m'excite pas autant maintenant qu'au passé. (Je commençais à conté les jours avant Noël dans le mois de septembre!) mais c'est encore le même portrait et les mêmes sentiments qui me vient all'esprit. Ce portrait se consiste de la réunion de la famille des Rouleaus chez Mémère et Pépère.

C'est une tradition qui a commencé avant ma naissance et continuera jusqu'à le temps où Mémère ne pourra pas se "caindre deboute".
 Ja me rappelle quand la famille était assez petite pour se serrer dans la cuisine et mon oncle s'habillait dans un costume de Santa Claus. Il essayait même de faire croire a ma soeur et moi qu'il était vraiment Santa Claus. On lui demandait pourquoi il n'était pas avec le reste du groupe pendant la distribution des cadeaux et il disait qu'il était en train de surveiller les rennes pour Santa. Mais on était trop éveillé pour ça. Premièrement on a jamais cru au Bonhomme Santa Claus et deuxièmement on a vu que le Bonhomme portrait les mêmes souliers que mon Oncle!

Même si la famille a doublé en nombre, et il faut qu'on mange au sous-sol, et que les cadeaux ne m'excite pas maintenant, il y a encore une partie de Noël qui n'a pas changé. C'est le repas, la meilleure partie! Je peux jurer que Memere est la meilleure "cook" du monde. C'est un plaisir pour elle de seur au-dessus d'un poêle ou deux et de finir par voir sur chaque visage le contentement d'avoir bien manger. Quand je pense qux heures qu'elle dévout à la préparation de son repas de Noël et le temps qu'elle met pour nous servir, je sais que notre famille est vraiment chanceuse; ce n'est pas toute les femmes de 73 and (et de 21 ans!) qui a cette énergie.

Elle nous offre une variété de plats: du jambons, du dinde, son pain frais, et la tourtière, le plat préféré. C'est a ce moment que j'aimerais partager la manière par laquelle Mémère fait ses tourtières.

TOURTIÈRE

- un peu de thyme
- du porc haché
- du boeuf haché
- 3 ou 4 grosses patates (mashed)
- sel, poivre
- 2 gros oignons
- cinnamon, clove

Faites cuire le porc, le boeuf, et l'oignon ensemble. Employez plus de porc que de boeuf- exemple- 3 livres de porc à 2 livres de boeuf. Mettez comme vous voulez le sel, poivre, thyme, cinnamon, et le clove. Mélez les patates

et la viande. Laissez refroidir avant de faire cuire la croûte. Faites cuire dans un fourneau modéré.

Un dessert traditionnelle:

TARTE au SUCRE

- 2 oeufs
- 2 coupes de sucre brun
- 3 cuillère de buerre fondu
- 1 cuillère de cornstarch
- 1 petite cuillère de vanille
- 3 petite cuillère de crème

Mélez le tout bien ensemble et verser dans une croûte de tarte non cuite. Mettre a 350 degrees pour 40-45 minutes.



C't'Encore à mon tours

par Debbie Gagnon

C'est pas pire c't'année. J'ai finis d'écrire mes deux papiers pour "Maine History", pi j'ai ainque un autre test avant les finals. Chu t'en pas pire condition, pi j'pense que chu prêt pour Noël! Vous riez? Essayes de juggler des term papers, des finals pi du shoppage de Noël quel qu'année: c'est pas drôle, j'vas te l'dire! i remember two years ago I was here, at UMO, and I had just finished writing a ten page paper, and finals week started on Monday. It was a snowy Saturday morning, and I had to do my Christmas shopping before I could settle into my Spanish book. (Not that I minded. I wanted an excuse to get away from the dorm, and besides which I love shopping anyway.) En tous cas: I took the citibus into downtown Bangor equipped with a limited budget and lots of Christmast spirit! Now, I don't know if you've ever been downtown Bangor a week before Christmas, but it's BEAUTIFUL!!! (Unless you're one of those that hate anything artificial; The city is filled with all the glitter, plastic and lights of Broadway- only it depicts Santa Claus as the leading man!) Well, I happen to like commercialism at Christmas as long as there's an equal amount of good ole down home tradition (un sapin, le reveillon, la messe de minuit etc.) Back to the point: I walked into every single store on Main Street picking up all sorts of surprises for everyone. In every one of those stores, there was some sort of sound system playing everything from "Silent Night" to "Santa Claus is Coming To Town" (by the Jackson Five!) I had a great time boogie-ing to Christmas, but I realized I had to get back on campus soon. . . I still had that Spanish final to study for. What a bummer! Well, I was up most of Saturday night, all of Sunday, and by Monday, I could Feliz Navidad my way out of any situation. (I'm not sure that I spelled Merry Christmas right in Spanish; you have to realize that it's been two years since then!) Bin, deux années plus hard chu t'organisée un peu. J'vas shopper cette weekend qui viens, ça fait que j'sera pas rusher la semaine avant Noël. Pi j'ai déjà commencer d'étudier pour mon Literature final! Avec aucune luck, ça doit que j'vais pouvoir enjoyer les holidays c't'année. Je souhaite le même pour vous! Ayez un vraiment bon Noël, et je vous verrez l'année qui viens!

One who went Yankee . . .

by Steve Robbins

(continued from last issue)

Louis has never had many failutres, but has gone ahead and succeeded very well. From Weeks Mills he moved to East Vassalboro, where in 1912 he had bought a saw mill from Warren Seaward for \$1800.00. This old mill dated back to 1797, and had a 14-foot fall of water! This was only one half of the water rights and dam privileges, though, as the other half was owned by another man who ran a grist mill. So, Louis bought this grist mill aso. There were many repairs to be made, and much work to be done. Louis built a new dam and added a lot of new machinery to replace the old. He employed eight men at ten dollars a week. By the time of Louis' death (1959), the Massé mill was "the only large commercial waterpowered sawmill still in operation

in the Northeast." Louis Massé always insisted that a waterpowered mill was economically viable and truly competitive with those powered by electricity or diesel engine. This mill is still in business in 1977. Louis installed the water system in East Vassalboro in 1914. At that time there were eight houses on the line, and it took only four months to install. By 1950 there were fifty-five houses served.

When Louis Massé first moved to East Vassalboro he rented a house for his family to live in. But as soon as he got enough lumber sawed ahead, he started building what would be his third new home, in which he would live for the rest of his life.

Louis' daughter Malvena tells of an unusual trip to
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cont. from page 8

•YANKEE

Québec in 1916. "In 1916 my father bought his first Model T Ford, second hand from another man who was in the lumber business. We were one of the first families in the village to have a car. 'Course in those days you didn't haf t' be trained t' drive it, an' jest drove any way you want to. Probably he hed a license, sending two dollars down't th' State House. Well, he hed owned it about three weeks when he stahtid fo' Canada! We left about four o'clock 'na morning 'nwe drove till ten. 'Course the roads were all dirt, there was no pavement a'tall. We went up through Jackman. There weren't many eating places along, so we carried our own lunch. Well 'twas almost dark b'fore we left Jackman an' b' th' time we gut t' th' Line House, it was **more** than dark. There was a steep hill there, and the Line House was on top o' the hill. The Model T, it couldn't carry all of us up the hill, so we all gut out and my father drove it. He gut a big run down et the foot uv it, and mother and we children followed, t' keep up with it, with stones or sticks in our hands so if it stopped in the middle of the road we could trig the wheels so t' wouldn't back down.

We got across the border and it was ten o'clock or later when we decided to stay in a wayside hotel at St. Joseph's. I don't think any of us slept all night - I **know** my mother didn't. She was afraid of bedbugs. It was a noisy place; I guess there was a bar there, it was dark and it wasn't the cleanest place in the world. We left early the next morning, but before we arrived in Bécancour at 6 or 7 that night, we hed an awful heavy shower. And we hed our clothing, some on top o' the car and some was on the running board. And every bit of clothing that we had gut drenched, jes soaked into everything. So Mama spent two or three days, dryin' things out at Grammie Masseé's. She was kinda discouraged. We were there a week or so, and came back by Montreal, then across Lake Champlain an' into Vermont - two nights an' three days gettin' home.

My Uncle Onésime in Bécancour used t' raise his own tobacco in his garden. When the neighbor men came to visit, they would chew tobacco and then spit it on the floor! My grandmother was neat, she didn't like that.

My grandmother would make crepes for breakfast - eggs beat up with a little flour, cooked in a fry pan. They cook quick, they're really thin. Then you stack 'em up, an' butter 'em an' put maple syrup on them. They seemed t' have a great deal of maple sugar an' maple syrup. For other meals, she'd have pork or fried fish, or delicious pea soup. She always used the whole yellow peas, and she would put in parz-lee.

One day we went shopping acrosst th' river t' Three Rivers. There was a fish market down by the St. Lawrence River, near the ferry boat. So, my grandmother thought she'd like t' hev some fish an' she wen' 't'over t' the fish market and she bought some eels, river eels. She brought them home and, I know when she cooked them they **jumped** in the fry pan! I couldn't eat 'em. But everybody else thought they were good.

My grandmother would make a kind of green tea - 'twasn't black tea like ours. She'd staht her meal: she'd put her potatoes on to cook and at the same time she'd put on her teapot with her tea, an' the tea would boil for an hour - it was ready when the potatoes were ready!

In those days the Baker would come along with a whole khaat full of bread and it wasn't wrapped - just out open to the elements, flies an' all. At the table, Uncle Onésime would take that loaf, unwrapped, under his arm and slice off a piece when you were ready to eat it. It wasn't that appetizing."

In 1926, Louis Massé's son, Herman, began working with him in the lumber business for three years on a percentage basis, before buying the mill in full, and few years later the water system. Louis was able to retire, doing only odd jobs and working on projects at his own woodworking shop in the mill.

During his lifetime Louis Massé built three complete houses for himself, seling two of them. He built eight barns, three camps and one house trailer, and has helped to move many buildings of various sizes. In 1926 he built a camp for himself on China Lake, selling it to build another camp in 1942 on Three Mile Pond in China. He built the Home Economics Building for Erskine Academy in 1930, and in 1948 was the Master Builder of the China Consolidated School which took a year to build and accommodated 215 pupils.

In 1946 he was appointed by the Kennebec County

Commission to the position of a Trustee of the Kennebec Water District, which supplies water for the City of Waterville, and the surrounding towns of Fairfield, Benton, No. Vassalboro, and Winslow.

Louis made two winter vacation trips to Florida with his house trailer - in 1935 and in 1939, taking summer trips to the Maine coast.

During the Second World War, when gasoline was rationed, Louis bought a driving horse. This horse was more than a driving horse though, as she had established a record eight years earlier of 2:20 on the track! He hunted around for a light riding wagon and a new harness for the horse. After getting fitted out, it was not easy for him to persuade his wife to ride with him. She was allergic to horses. The tears would start to roll and she would begin to sneeze as soon as she got near the horse, so her rides were but few and short. However, this proved the only means of transportation to get to their camp, which was six miles away. At the camp, this called for the garage to be converted into a stable. It was always amusing to the family to remember the pride Louis took in his horse and wagon, because it was only in 1949 that he took down the horse's crib and put his car in the garage. While neighbors sat on their porches and watched, because of lack of gasoline, Louis Massé was riding in high style.

Another advantage he had over his neighbors was generating his own electricity. Once during a sleet

had sobered up to return to work.

While living in Weeks Mills, Louis Massé saw the possibilities of a water system which could supply several houses, at first from the system but later from one large spring. He constructed a tower with a windmill which pumped the water when the wind blew. Later he installed a gasoline engine as an auxiliary. He owned this for several years until he moved away in 1913. The people of Weeks Mills would remember him in the **China, Maine**



Louis' quirks of personality were few, but noticeable. He never lost his French accent, and when selecting tomato plants every spring for his garden he would be careful to select a box of plants which looked "trifty". He loved to talk. He could meet a stranger and start a conversation without even thinking about it. He could talk on nearly any subject anywhere, anytime. One fall, he spent a few weeks in the hospital. While there he got all the human life stories of other patients. A short time after, he was visiting in Augusta. When he didn't return home for hours, the family began to worry. When he came back, they found out he had spent the morning talking about the construction of the new toll bridge over the Kennebec River.

Often, when driving along a back road, Louis would stop to pick wild berries, carrying them home in a container which he would fashion on-the-spot from birch-bark.

Louis had a friend in East Vassalboro who made violins, and Louis would get out a lot of select lumber for his friend to use. This renewed his old interest in fiddling. He not only bought three of his friend's make, but he has traded several times and eventually had five or six on hand, keeping them in a special violin cabinet which he made himself. Each evening when there was no one around, he would take one out, play a little, then tune up another one and try that out, keeping them tuned up all the time.

Louis' philosophy of life was to use people right and, if you deal with the public, to manage your affairs so's to keep the goodwill of your customers. In short, his philosophy was the Golden Rule. ✦



storm, when all other wires were down, his house was illuminated while his neighbors burned candles in their windows. However, he was generous. To his nearest neighbors who could run a wire to the Massé house, Louis gave them the privilege of sharing his electricity.

One outstanding event of his lifetime was his 50th wedding anniversary in 1948. It was hard to make him understand that he should take a few days off from building the China schoolhouse because, unknown to him, his brother from St. Johnsbury, Vermont was coming to spend the remainder of the week. They hadn't been together except for short visits since boyhood. There was a family party at Louis' summer camp, and a surprise party upon their return to E. Vassalboro, given by their neighbors. Louis and his wife would live to celebrate their 60th anniversary in 1958!

Louis Massé joined the Weeks Mills, Me. lodge of Masons in 1906 and remained a member of this Protestant organization for the rest of his life, being their Chaplain in 1907 and 1908, Junior Warden in 1909 and Senior Warden in 1910.

At the Massé sawmill in Weeks Mills, there was round-the-clock sawing in the early springtime while the water lasted, and crews sawed in two shifts of 10-hours each. As there were no electric lights in the mill, Louis would tend the kerosene lamps each evening - fill the lamps and trim the wicks. One time, when one of his crew went on a drunk, Louis had to saw one whole day, the whole night, and the whole following day steadily, without sleep, until the man



Photo-Michael Coté

Racines

by Etienne Robbins

Here are some ideas on the best ways for you to get started in Franco-American genealogy.

(1) "Genealogy begins at home." Begin with yourself, your parents and grandparents, and work back from there. What do they know about their grandparents?

(2) Go to visit your oldest living relatives. Older people usually love to talk about their families, their parents, and their grandparents. If at all possible, take a cassette tape recorder with you - so you can write out their stories later and get them accurate. Through a tape-recorded oral history, you find out more than just birth and death dates - you will hear of the lives, accomplishments and personalities of your ancestors. Yes, even a good dose of gossip and anecdotes!!

(3) By visiting or writing to relatives, you can gather names, dates and other data from:

- Family bibles - Newspaper Clippings - Obituaries - Old Account Books - Note Books - Scrapbooks - Old Letters & Diaries from Grandma's Trunk - Legal Papers (old deeds, adoption or guardianship papers, wills) - Military Records (discharges, pension papers) - Marriage Certificates - Immigration and Naturalization Papers.

Borrow old photographs or photo albums, and have a local photo shop make copies of these pictures for you. You will not need the original negative, only the original photo. (By finding the right photo shop, not a commercial studio-type photographer, the cost should be about \$2.00 for each new picture and negative you have made). Very important: Be sure to write on the back of each photo what the photo is, names of the people in it, and date if known.

(4) Want to trace your ancestors back through Canada, and back to France?

(A) For Acadiens: Look at *Histoire et généalogie des Acadiens* by Bona Arsenault, Comité de la vie Française en Amérique, Québec, 1966 (available only on Interlibrary loan). Also check *Acadien Descendants* by Janet Jehn, and *Cyr Plantation Centennial, 1870-1970*, both at Maine State Library in Augusta. Morneault Memorial Library in Van Buren, Maine has typewritten copies of parish records of St. John Valley area churches.

(B) For Québécois Francos: If you know the name of the village or county in Québec which your family left when they came to the U.S., you should have an easy time tracing the generations back, with the help of the published "Répertoires des Mariages" of various Québec parishes. These marriage records, which have now been published for about 75 percent of Québec's parishes, are extremely valuable, as the names of the bride's and groom's parents are almost always listed!

Published "Répertoires des Mariages" may be found at the following libraries in Northern New England.

1. **Library of the American-Canadian Genealogical Society of New Hampshire**, now located at the home of the President, Mrs. Armand J. Lagasse, 90 Elm St., Goffstown, New Hampshire 03045 (Phone 603-497-3464). Research can be done in this library at any time - only the courtesy of a letter or telephone call in advance is required.

2. **Library of l'Association Canado-Américaine**, at 52 Concord St., Manchester, New Hampshire. Open to the public. Mr. Robert Perreault is the full-time Librarian.

3. **Maine State Library**, at the Cultural Building, Augusta, Maine. State Library hours (mid-September to mid-June schedule) are: Mon., Fri., & Sat. 9-4; Tues., Wed. & Thurs. 9-8.

In addition to the "Répertoires", take a look at the following important books:

(a) Tanguay, Cyprien: *Dictionnaire généalogique des familles Canadiennes*. This is the "Bible" of French-Canadian genealogy, giving fairly complete data on most families for the period 1607-1800. Bangor Public Library, Bangor, Me., and Maine State Library at

Augusta have copies of this book, and the N.H. libraries mentioned above probably do. At the N.H. libraries, you should also look for the three series *Complément au Dictionnaire Généalogique Tanguay* by J.-Arthur Leboeuf for the various corrections, additions, and omissions.

(b) Institut Généalogique Drouin: *Dictionnaire national des Canadiens Français (1608-1760)*. This can be used as a supplement to Tanguay's book and the Répertoires, because it contains many civil marriages (from the Notaries' records) which are not recorded in any church or parish records! Bangor Public Library, Bangor, Me., has this. Most of the larger public libraries in Québec Province will have a copy of this book. The N.H. libraries mentioned above may also have this book.

The Franco-American who wishes to know his lineal or direct ancestry in Canada can obtain this record free of charge from the Quebec Government. (So can Acadians whose ancestors emigrated to Quebec after the 1755 exodus from Nova Scotia).

Simply send in the names of your parents and grandparents (also great-grandparents if you are quite young), where and when they were born in the Province of Quebec, and anything else you know about them such as place and date of marriage, residence, burial, too: Archives Nationales, Section de généalogie et d'héraldique, le étage 1180, rue Berthelot, Québec, Canada.

Also ask for a free ancestral chart in French from this address.

IF, HOWEVER, you want a detailed family tree quickly and reliably prepared for you (and that can fill a big book!) at a price, write to: Gabriel Drouin, Institut Généalogique, 41-84 rue St. Denis, Montréal, Canada.

Should you prefer a less expensive, more leisurely avenue to such information, join the non-profit American-Canadian Genealogical Society of New Hampshire at a yearly fee of \$5.00.

Its activities include the use and stocking of a library and card file of vital data; two meetings each year with speakers and conferences; supervised workshops for amateur genealogists; publication of a biennial news bulletin and of a scholarly journal of research, findings and functions of the Society.

Applications for membership may be sent to the Treasurer of the Society: Edgar E. Geoffrion, 138 Kimball Street, Manchester, N.H.



MERCI POUR LES CADEAUX,
STUDENT GOVERNMENT!
JOYEUX NOEL A TOUS!

OTHER SOURCES TO TRY IN MAINE AND NEW ENGLAND

- Borrow *Aroostook Oral History Tapes and Aroostook Oral History Project General Index* from Maine State Library, or from public libraries in Ashland, Caribou, Ft. Fairfield, Ft. Kent, Island Falls, Madawaska, Mars Hill, Presque Isle, Van Buren, Washburn, Limestone, Sherman and Houlton.

- In Lewiston, Lewiston Public Library and Centre d'Héritage at 81 Ash St. have French genealogies.

- Look up parish records of local churches.
- Look at U.S. Census records, and municipal vital statistics (up to 1890), at Maine State Archives in Augusta.

- Look up court records, deeds, probate records, and wills, at County Court Houses.

- Find obituaries and marriages in *Le Messenger*, Lewiston's French newspaper, on microfilm (1880-1946) at Maine State Library in Augusta, Centre d'Héritage at 81 Ash St. in Lewiston, or Fogler Library at University of Maine in Orono.

- Find obituaries and marriages in *La Justice de Biddeford*, Biddeford's French newspaper, on microfilm (1896-1950) at Maine State Library in Augusta, McArthur Public Library in Biddeford, and Fogler Library at University of Maine in Orono.

- In the past year or so, Franco-American parish records for many cities in New Hampshire have been published. These may be found at Maine State Library, as well as at the N.H. libraries mentioned above.

VOYAGE À QUÉBEC

Winter Carnival in Quebec! Carnaval d'hiver à Québec!

Bus leaves from U.M.O. on the 10th and returns on the 12th of February.

Just \$25.00 covers the transportation and the sleeping arrangements- Bring sleeping bags! Humble accommodations to match a very humble price.

For more information, contact:

Françoise Savin, Dept. of Foreign Languages 581-7864

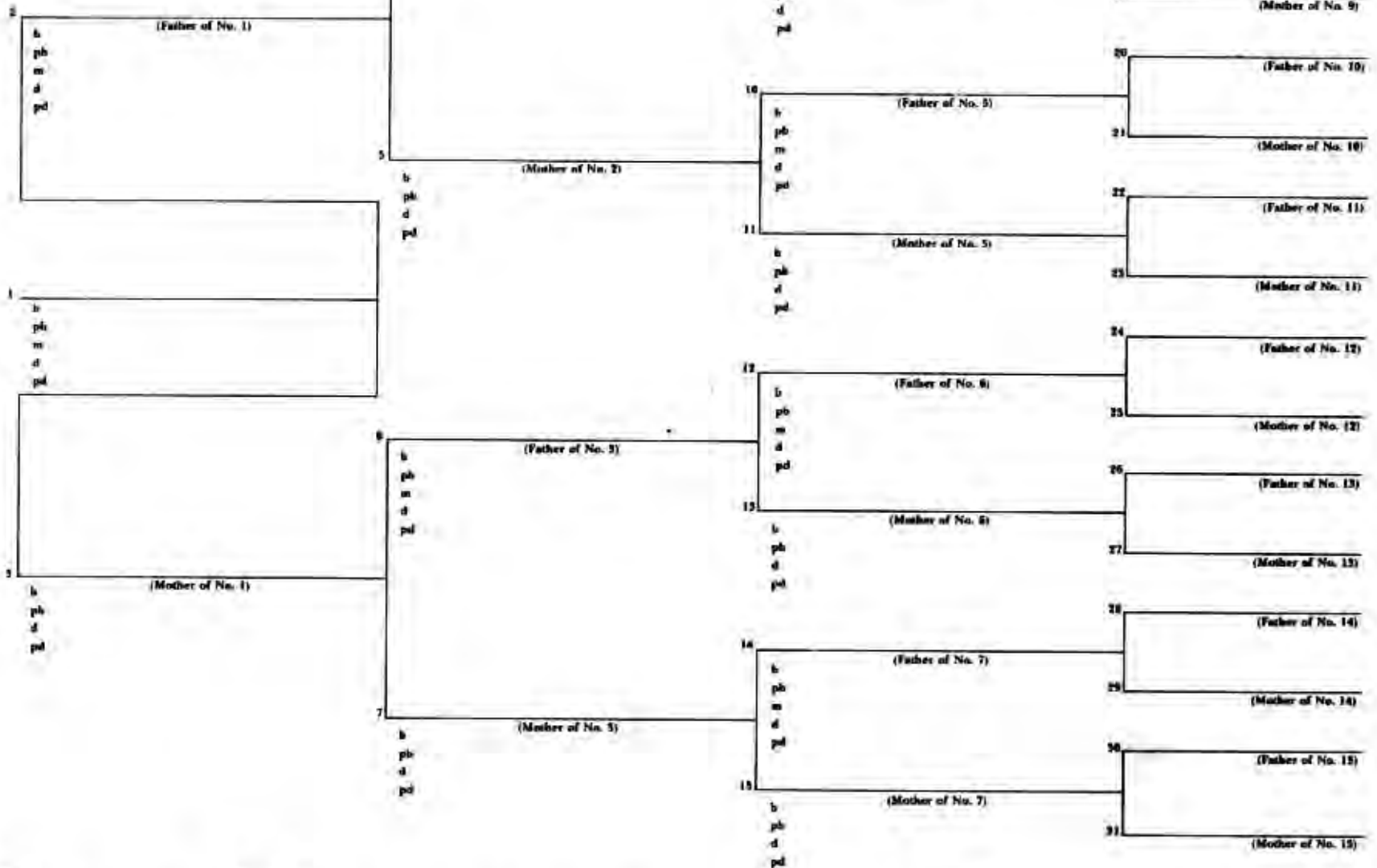
or

Dennis Gallagher, Dept. of Foreign Languages 581-7773

Racines

Do Your Own!

b Date of birth
pb Place of birth
m Date of marriage
d Date of death
pd Place of death



Les Cajuns

par Debbie Clifton



LES CAJUNS: A Question of Identity

C'est proche le temps de fête, pis tout le monde ils l'après gone back à la maison. Ca c'est le temps de l'année quand ti songe sur beaucoup de choses. Nous-autres on croyé que c'té ein bon temps pour rammasser les pensées à tout le monde, sur la vie des Cajuns et tout.

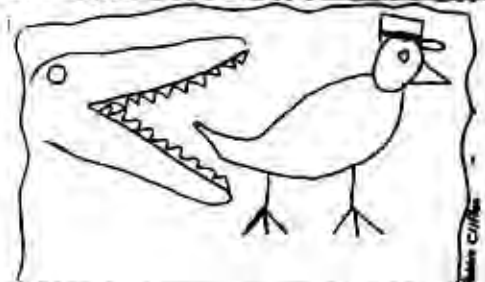
Un jour à la Pointe

Le soleil après coucher, la musique après brailler. Les Cajuns c'après danser. C'est un aut' dimanche au soir à la Pointe. Tout le monde a mis à charrer avec son voisin. Une vieille femme après danser avec son gamin. "Lachez-les." Y'a personne qui avait faire d'ouvrage aujourd'hui. C'est jour de la Cajun dans Pointe de l'Eglise. Au ras mon, tous que je coutais c'était français. Y'a un tit gars qui avait quat' ans et li, il peut parler français mieux que n'importe qui. Icit, c'est la compagnie, le pays Cadien, le sud de la Louisiane. Y'a autant choses à manger; le bon manger. Graton, boudin, gombo, et ouai, un tas de bière. C'est la grande prairie. Les récoltes de fève, de ris, de patates doux jusqu'à la bout de terre. Eux-autres icit, ils avions autant l'argent. Pas dans la main mais à moyen de vie. Le français c'est la langage d'ouvrage. Le temps se passe doucement la la Pointe, mais ça passe. Ils disent que nous-autre va mourir. Ils avaient dit la même pareille aussi longtemps asteure. Peut-et une pauvre jour triste, mais pas présentement. Mais on avait arrivé à la tête du chemin. Un chemin on peut espérer à oir notre langage tous le temps plus en plus. A l'autre bord, y'a une chance on peut oir tout notre culture, notre langage et musique à tomber dans la poussière. Le mauvais chemin, c'est un

"blacktop," bien faite. Avec l'argent d'ailleur eux-autre, ils plantons queq'd'autre langage comme un grain dedans notre pays. Le grain cela vas jamais pousser dans notre clos parce que le même que les fleur, ils sont jolis, mais on a pas capable à user aussi bien comme les jardinages bien connues. La vérité c'est que on peut pas se séparer une langage et sa propre culture. Sans une, l'autre va mourir. La langage et la culture sont tous les temps la même affaire: tchuer une, l'autre vamourir. L'autre chemin là, c'est pas bien fait. C'est de terre, plein de bosse, un tas de trucs. Y'a personne en haut qui veut le réparer parce que c'était un chemin simple. Ca court entre le clos de ris, au ras du bayou, dans le grand bois, jusqu'à la grande meshe. Ca c'est le chemin de Cadien, le tit habitant. On peut guider notre char sans tracas sur cette tite chemin. Chaque bosse, on connaît trop bien. Peut-et on va jamais oir un gros "blacktop" mais moi même quand moi j'irai dans mon clos, euj vas prendre le chemin que je connais bien et y'a pas de question quoisse euj vas planter. Faut que je jongle plus de ça. Le soleil c'après coucher à la Pointe. Y'a une tite qui cris: "Vieille, chus lasse, euj parée à faire do do." Demain ça va d'et un autre jour d'ouvrage et ma tête va faire autant misère.

Robert LeBlanc

Ils disent que les jeunes Cajuns et Créoles, ils plus intéressé, qu' ça veut tous vive méricain. Mais nous-autres pas occupé pour des jeunes méricain, on est occupé pour des CAJUNS et c'est ça, qu'eux ils dit:



Les Aventures de cocodrie et TCHOPOULE

Cocodrie mandé tchoupoule!
"Quand t'a vini chez moi nèg pou ein tit gombo?"
Tchoupoule li dit!
"N'importe quand. Mais quoi c'est ça gombo?"
Cocodrie dit:
"Tout ça mo capab dit c'est que gombo, ça joliment bon pou manger!"
Tchoupoule dit:
"Ca ti met dans to gombo Cocodrie?"
"Oh," répond Cocodrie, "Tout qualifié quichoque: chevrette, volaille, Fasso..."
Tchoupoul li dit:
"Je comprend pas. Quoi c'est tout ça?"
Cocodrie dit:
"Oh, chevrette ça reste dans la mer, ti connais et volaille, ça vole ti connais. Ca gain patte, pis ça gain z'ail, pis ça gain ein tit beg pis ça gain ein ti tchou et ça goutte joliment bien nèg, mais oui."
"Mais" dit Tchoupoule,
"Je comprends pas, ça".
"Bon, vini chez mo," dit Cocodrie, "m'a fait gombo, pis ti va voir et ti va comprend, OK?"
"OK," dit Tchoupoule. "Je comprends pas, mais c'est charmant quand même. Je peux raconter tout ça quand mo sa gone back dans 'l poulailler."
Cocodrie, ti jusse sou-ou-r-i-é!
N.D.L.R. Satire is an old Creole tradition, you can bet Cocodrie and Tchoupoule will have other adventures!!

DC

Les Cajuns

suite de la page 11

"We don't have a linguistic problem; it's all the people trying to change us that have the problem!"

Stanley DiAubin
Baton Rouge, La.

"The true Cajun speaks Cajun French!"
Randall P. Whitney

Randall P. Whitley
Avozelles Parish

"That's the people we got to reach, the one's that's proud to be Cajun!"

Ray Brassieur
Beamont, Texas

"Je veux vivre comme je té éné.
Cajun!"

Robert Leblanc
Camerou Parish

"You want to see some Creoles, I'll show you some REAL Creoles!"

Bernadette Badon
New Orleans

"What's the best way I can learn Cajun French?"

Ron Zerinque
St. James Parish

"Well, I asked the Cajun and Creole students on the questionnaire, 'Do you feel assimilated? Do you consider American culture to be your culture?' and they all answered 'no'."

Karen Ricard
Baton Rouge

"Je parle le vrai français... Cajun!"

Alice Adams
Cutoff, La.

"The true Cajun is one who's proud of his language... avant que les méricains té icit ça fait nous-autres, Cajuns, Créoles et d'autre moun francophone qui gain pouvoir... a steur c'est ye' avant yé avant yé séyé reter nous!"

Ulysse Ricard
New Orleans

"I want to plan a zydeco for my mama's birthday. One of our friends, all her children got together and had a big zydeco not too long ago. People were there till à a.m. Something like that, we should keep it up!"

Carol Doucette
Lake Charles, La.

"Sometimes I get so frustrated, I feel like just going out and blowing something up!"

Edward Landry
New Iberia, La.

"Et comment ti va espliquer autrement que notre langue resté ACADIEN!"

Richard Guidry
Breaux Bridge, La.

"Gumbo! Zydeco! Them people (Americans) don't know nothing about Gumbo and Zydeco — you got to be a frenchman for that! Now I can cook some Gumbo and Zydeco too!"

Jimmy Reed
Cameron, La.

"They got to do something in Lake Charles. God knows we need it cause the Americans are takin' over Lafayette!"

Brent Chaisson
Lake Charles, La.

"This cause is supposed to be to teach the truth about us, we don't want it to turn into another contest of who's got the most political clout!"

Edmund McCallun
Baton Rouge, La.

"Well at home we don't speak that Parisian stuff, we talk Cajun French!"

Gayle LeMoyné
Avozelles Parish

"I wonder what that damned French teacher would say if I walked in the class and said, 'Mo pas connais la leçon parceque nous-autres pas parle comme ça?' I bet she'd shit!"

Overheard while passing in corridor

"Another thing I don't like is the way they (Americans) throw this word 'Coonass' around so lightly. That's an insult."

Anonymous

"Well, no wonder they've told everything from the WASP point of view. Look who's been writing all the books!"

Peggy Boudreaux
Raceland, La.

"Juste laissez yé tracasser mes petit à l'école à cause yé parle Créole et yé va gain tracas comme yé té jamais gain avant!"

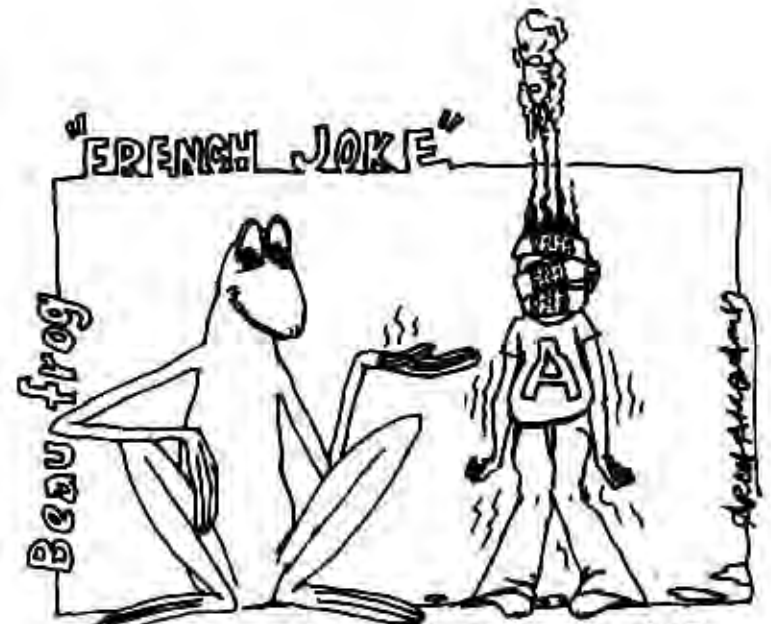
Anonymous

Bonne Fêtes et Soignez-Vous!!!

ARE ETHNIC JOKES THAT FUNNY?

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. 5000) 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).



HOW DID THE ANGLO BURN HIS FACE ON HALLOWEEN?
BOBBING FOR FRENCH FRIES--

nous sommes convaincus

Cher Forum:

Vous-autres connaît pas mon plaisir quand j'ai vu les articles sur les français de la Louisiane dans votre gazette. On est toujours content quand on trouve des choses écrites par les autres qui essaient de presenter quelques idées sur nous, cajuns et créoles, à l'autre monde. Merci bien.

Ca me fait de la peine quand je pense des idées que l'autre monde a de la Louisiane et de nous qui parlent français. Ils pensent que la Louisiane est quelque chose exotique. Ils ont des rêves des petits gamins et des petites filles qui vont à l'école en piroque - certainement en pagayant ben vite pour empêcher que les cocodriles les mangent. Ca c'est ben drôle, ouè! Les américains ont toujours des idées bêtes dans leurs têtes. On est pas exotique ici mais ça peut pas comprendre notre culture, notre langue, et notre héritage - et comme on connaît déjà, tout ça les américains peut pas comprendre, ils essaient de le détruire. C'est ça l'histoire des américains. Ca nous fait malades qu'on pense des toutes les choses faites par les américains pour nous mettre dans le "American melting pot." Ils ont essayé de nous assimiler mais ils ont vu que ça c'était impossible. On a pas tombé dans leur maudite chaudière. On veut seulement préserver notre culture et notre langue. A mon idée on peut pas séparer l'un de l'autre. Pour longtemps les américains essayaient de tuer notre langue dans les écoles. Si les enfants essayaient de parler français ou même de laisser échapper une seule parole de notre langue, les maîtres et les maîtresses d'école leur flanquaient une tape à la tête. C'est pour ça qu'on a perdu toute une génération de monde ici parce qu'ils peut pas parler leur langue. Les américains leur ont donné des complexes psychologiques pour avoir parlé leur langue - le français, pas l'anglais qui a toujours été quelque chose étrange.

Mais je peux pas blâmer seulement les américains pour nos complexes. Les français de France, ils ont fait des choses pour nous donner des complexes aussi. Les français ont découvert la Louisiane et l'ont ouvert pour la colonisation. Et c'étaient les français de France qui nos ont abandonné aux américains. A cette heure, c'est les français de France qui essaient de substituer notre français avec ça de France. Ils nous ont abandonné et à cette heure quand ils pensent qu'ils peut fouiller dans nos affaires, ils sont ben contents pour retourner. On a pas besoin d'amis de bon temps.

Mais assez de prêcher! Comme je vous ai dit avant, ben merci pour nous avoir présenté quelques idées sur notre Louisiane. Oubliez pas que vous-autres a un tas d'amis ici et que nous-autres va vous supporter parce que la bataille c'est à nous aussi.

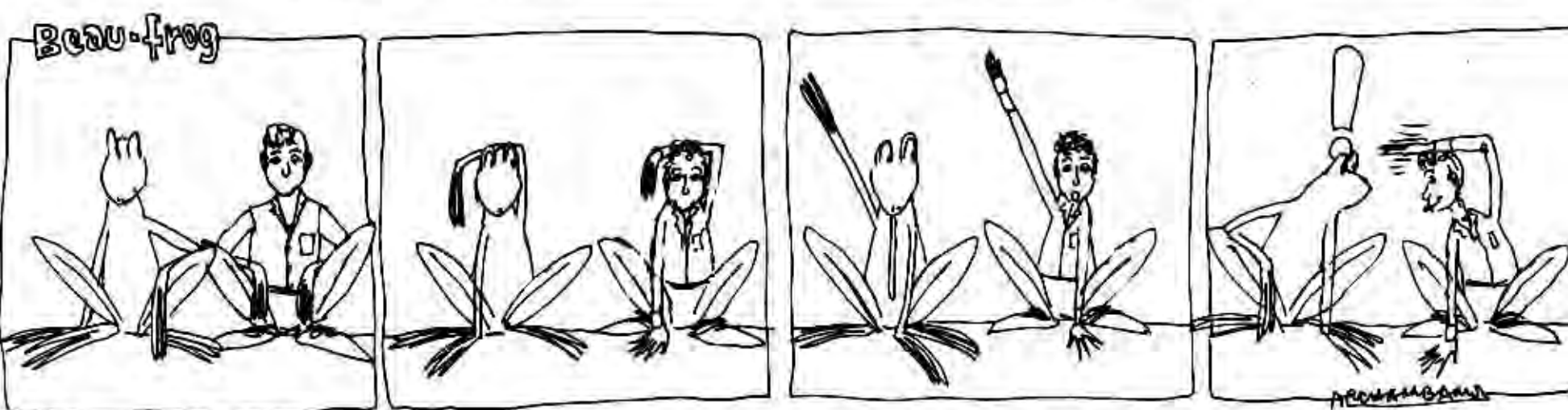
Ulysse Ricard
Université de la Louisiane à
Baton Rouge

Y a pas frette aux yeux

Y a pas la langue dans la poche

ainsi soit-il

NDLR- lâche pas la patate...



Dr Paul P. Chassé cont from page 1

always gives us away.

The Franco-American is all of these things, with one distinctive feature: he is bilingual and bicultural. The Franco-American of New England is quite at home in his country. He spent his first two weeks in Newport, Rhode Island in 1524 when the **Dauphine**, proudly waving its three golden fleur-de-lys on a white flag, stopped there, at **Refuge**, before going all the way to Maine. He returned to Maine in 1542 when Roberval's pilot, Jean Allefonse, was on his way to Long Island and Manhattan. He remembers summering here on our coasts way back in 1604, 1605, and 1606 when Champlain would sail back and forth from Maine to Cape Cod, and when he wintered at Sainte-Croix that very first year, and when he paddled his canoe onto Lake Champlain in Vermont in 1609.

The Franco-American even remembers landing at Plymouth—first called Port Saint-Louis—in 1620 and becoming the object of great interest when John Alden fell in love with Priscilla Mulline whom our textbooks fail to identify as the Priscilla Molines she really was.

Despite controversial claims and belligerent aggression from Boston, the Baron de Saint-Castin felt quite at home in Abénaki country in Maine where French missionaries had established a post as far back as 1613 when it was part of Acadia, prior to the existence of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Less than a century later, the English failed in their attempt to genocide by assimilation despite the fact that they had dispersed the French population of Acadia throughout New England as well as throughout most of their other colonies on the eastern seaboard.

Later, the Franco-American became very much a part of the American Revolution, fighting a common enemy of the American colonists, the English. Funk and Wagnalls tells us that the first "American statesman" to vote for the Declaration of Independence as a member of the 1775-1776 Continental Congress and the first person to sign the document after the President of the Congress was that same Josiah Bartlett who became the first President of New Hampshire after the Revolution and the same man who was elected Governor after a new state constitution was approved. The only thing the encyclopedia fails to report is that Josiah was actually a Franco-American by the true name of Berthelot.

We all know about La Fayette and Rochambeau in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut. But do we know that the regiment known as "Congress" or "Hazen's Own" during the Revolutionary period was composed largely of recruits from among French Canadian refugees under Haverhill-born Moses Hazen who had married Charlotte de la Saussaye in Montréal and who later settled in Vermont?

The nineteenth century is replete with documentation revealing the presence of Franco-Americans throughout New England, in small clusters at the beginning of the century, in the thousands during the Civil War to substitute for many a young man who had been drafted to serve with the Northern forces in order to end slavery, and in tens of thousands throughout our industrialized urban concentrations from then on.

The Franco-American fondly remembers the friendship that existed between Bishop Cheverus of Boston and the Adamses in the 1810's. He remembers the Cyrs and Nadeaux

and Thibodeaux of the Maine State Legislature of the 1840's. American religious history indicates that it was the Franco-Americans of northern Maine who petitioned Rome to transfer their parishes to the See of Boston after the Ashburton Treaty of August 9, 1842. And when he hears the Canadian national anthem, **O Canada**, he is proud to state that it is the composition of a Franco-American Civil War Veteran of the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment, Calixa Lavallée, who later became director of New York's "Grand Opera House" before retiring to Lowell, Massachusetts.

In the twentieth century, we tried to homogenize French-Canadian immigrants and their children, but we eventually discovered that this other Yankee shared those same characteristics as his fellow-New Englander. In his conservatism, he maintained his disposition to preserve his established customs and traditions. In fact, he was so pertinacious or persistent that he even bequeathed his "French Christmas" into a national holiday for our country, New Year's Day, which was born right here in Massachusetts after repeated efforts by



No cultural heroes?

No political heroes?

Franco-American legislators to have January first declared a legal holiday by the State's General Assembly.

I am sure all Yankees, be they of English or French stock, would set aside Webster's first definition of "shrewd", which is "evil, bad, dangerous", and his second, which is "mischievous", and probably his third, which is "artful, cunning", but that all would recognize his fourth and final, which signifies "able in practical affairs" as acceptable. Ability, in this instance, meant "adaptability", and that is precisely what the Franco-American did as he insisted upon providing his children with a bilingual education. He, too, realized the power that lay within the hands of politicians and he soon petrified those timid protagonists of American democracy as he began to "infiltrate" the bastion of various state legislatures by means of that very legal avenue called the ballot. He even made inroads within an impenetrable hierarchy which was reprovved publicly for its neglect of the Immigrant by none other than Bishop McFaul back in 1904.

The Franco-American's proverbial thrift has provided New England with an additional aesthetic enrichment. The network of French Gothic and Roman chapels and churches throughout our six states is a feat to be admired by all. The same may be said for its bilingual educational system which once seemed so controversial but which is now encouraged by the federal government.

In short, both Yankees, those of French and of English stock, have much more in common than not. However, we all realize that every

ethnic group, and this means the "Yankee" and "those other Yankees", is vulnerable to social and pathological deformations. Such tragedies may occur as an inevitable consequence of a systematically enforced neglect or willful withholding of information about one's cultural past. Our libraries themselves have frequently contributed to the debilitating and disintegrating forces that have colluded to defraud the Franco-American of his historical and cultural heritage.

I concede that this may not be a conscious act. Yet one is at a loss to explain the availability of reference materials that extoll our American past by maintaining a conventional, controlled cultural censorship against all ethnic contributions to our society and the unavailability of their counterpart such as materials which would unequivocally indicate that it was des Groseillers who taught Boston's Captain Gillam how to reach Hudson Bay, and that it was Radisson who guided Captain Bayly to the same area in the mid-1600's.

Why is the average American youngster not made aware of the fortune Lafayette spent on our troops during the Revolution? And why shouldn't he be told that Washington, like all of us, had his moments of discouragement and that it was this same youthful Lafayette who urged him on to victory? Or that it was the French generals — and not Washington — who insisted that our forces by-pass New York and win our ultimate victory in Virginia?

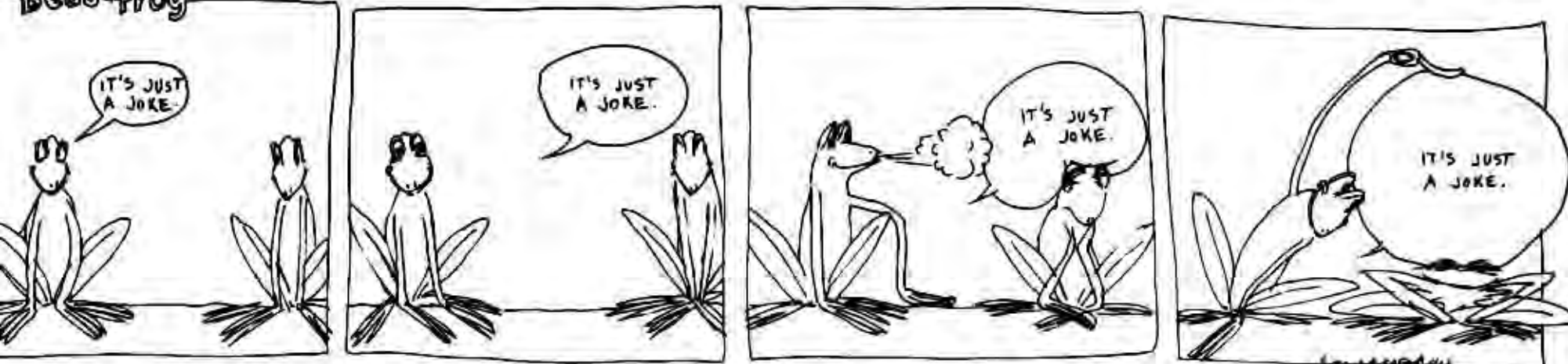
Why must the young learner be made to wait until he or she is qualified to do college-level research before being able to learn that George Rogers Clark would never have "liberated" the West without bloodshed had it not been for that hero who became the first citizen of Indiana, Father Pierre Gibault, a Franco-American par excellence? Or that the Lewis and Clark expedition to the Northwest owed most of its success to the Franco-American and Indian guides?

That is the task which lies ahead for us. Our other Yankee, the Franco-American adolescent needs to know that Jean Amiot began his athletic career at ten, and that, at sixteen, he had won all the track matches and the snow shoe races with the Indian boys of his age as competitors, and that these same Indian boys affectionately called him "Antaiok", back in 1641. He needs to know that Bienville, the founder of Mobile, Alabama, was a young sailor at thirteen and an ensign at seventeen. **He must know that Saint-Castin was only eighteen when he arrived in Castine, Maine to protect Acadia from the English, not from the Americans. . . who were inexistent then.**

And what better role models to learn tenacity and thrift from than La Salle who, when his canoes got inextricably stuck in the mud in the spring of 1680, just abandoned them and, with his men, walked two hundred and seventy-five miles through the woods in six days to reach a nearby fort? Or from Louis Jolliet who paddled his way from Québec to the Great Lakes to the Arkansas River, and, after his return to Québec, eventually set out for Labrador?

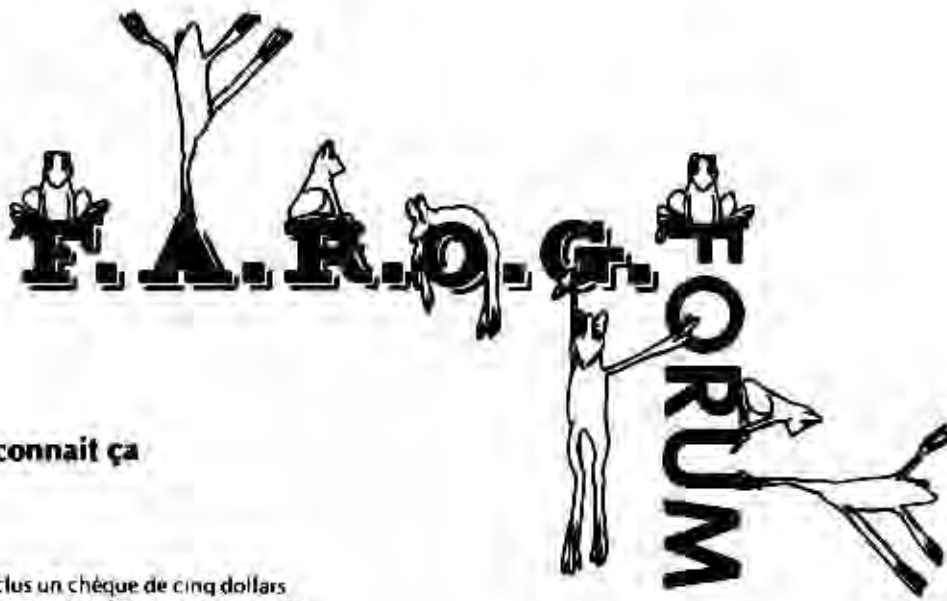
Why should not young Franco-American girls of elementary and secondary school age be allowed to identify with Priscilla Molines who braved the harsh New England winters as the price to pay for her convictions, for the principles she sought to preserve? Why should an aspiring young college student not have available to him, and without undue inconveniences, the exciting tale of a summer canoe trip by twenty-four year old René de

Beau-frog



allo...allo!!!

Dear



elle a connaît ça

Cher Editeur

Vous trouverez ci-inclus un chèque de cinq dollars (\$5.00) pour mon abonnement au Forum, commençant avec septembre que je viens de recevoir. Je vous en remercie, mais j'en ai reçu deux. Si il vous plaît envoyez en seulement un. J'ai passé l'autre à une amie.

J'ai toujours hâte de recevoir ce journal mais dernièrement, je trouve qu'il est un peu trop anglais. Je ne sais pas s'il y a d'autres abonnés qui pensent comme moi. On dirait que certains franco-américains travaillent seulement pour notre culture française, mais moi je pense comme M. Bernard Lusignan qui mentionne dans son article que "La vraie essence de notre héritage ethnique commence avec notre langue." Quand on l'élève dans nos églises et écoles, comme on l'a fait à Brunswick, ce n'est pas long qu'elle disparaît complètement.

Le Festival des franco-américains à Lewiston en juillet dernier a été un beau succès grâce au grand travail de M. Paul Paré, tous ses assistants, et son héroïque femme Mme Paré qui certainement mérite beaucoup de crédit elle aussi pour sa patience. Son histoire écrite par elle-même dans le Forum le démontre très bien.

Une autre chose que je ne comprends pas, est pourquoi que le "Centre d'Héritage de Lewiston ne s'associe pas avec l'University du Maine. Ils sont avec le Bates College et sont déjà venus ici au Bowdoin. L'union fait la force n'est-ce pas? Voici pourquoi les francos ne réussissent pas à garder leur langue française, il n'y a pas d'unité.

Excusez les critiques, si je suis mal - j'aimerais qu'on me le dise.

Vous souhaitant toujours du succès avec votre grande entreprise, je suis,

Sincèrement,
Mme Adolphe Duval
Brunswick, Maine



Chassé cont. from page 13

Galinée which took him from Montréal to Lake Ontario, Niagara Falls, Lake Erie, the Detroit River, Lake Huron, Michillimackinae, Georgian Bay, Lake Nipissing, the Mattawa, Ottawa and Saint Lawrence Rivers and back to Montréal in 1669? Why should not the elderly and the young be proud to know that the "father of medicare" was Aimé Forand who represented Rhode Island for twenty-two years in Congress?

The availability in our libraries of materials of this nature and of others relating to more contemporary role models for the Franco-American is essential if we are to maintain what Joshua Fishman calls "the patrimony dimension" within our country. I, personally, refuse to capitulate before obstacles which never seem insurmountable to me, though at times they are Sisyphean, and I refuse to believe, as Joseph Hendrix does, that we are "witnessing a sort of cultural despair in this country."

I would much rather share with you this ultimate conviction that, if we, as librarians and as educators, believe along with William Shannon that there can be no political heroes if there are no cultural heroes, then this is the moment of reckoning. Either we admit that when we deprive our Franco-American readership of his or her cultural heroes, we are

ça presse!

Dear Editor,

The Gulf Trading & Transportation Company is asking for your assistance in recruiting candidates for the Maritime Technician Program which we sponsor at Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute. The enclosed brochure packages are for your information and distribution to individuals interested in applying for the program. The package includes a letter to prospective applicants, a Gulf magazine reprint, a detailed brochure about Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute and an application form.

Should individuals have any questions which remain unanswered by the enclosed information, please encourage them to write or call collect to Mr. R.L. Turner, Jr., 412-263-5611 or Mr. D.A. Schultze, 800-523-7914 of the Gulf Trading & Transportation Company.

We hope that with your assistance, we will be able to increase the participation of minorities and women in our 1978-79 class. Thank you in advance for your cooperation in our recruiting efforts.

Sincerely,
R.L. Turner, Jr.
Manager, Human Resources
Administration
Gulf Trading & Transportation Company
Gulf Building, Pittsburg, Pa. 15230

NDLR - Gulf has contacted FAROG in their effort to recruit Franco-Americans. We were told that upon completion of studies, \$20,000 to \$30,000 could be expected as a yearly income.

* MERRY CHRISTMAS

simultaneously denying him or her a constitutional right to political aspirations and success, or we commit ourselves to an equal distribution of the taxpayer's investment and help our Franco-American Yankee share this "sense of eternity", this collective pursuit of liberty and justice for all, which is your creed and mine.

So, together, let us plague the publishers and the editors to provide us with more objectives historical publications which will not discriminate against the ethnics of America. Let us have week-long displays in our libraries that will foster ethnic pride and incentive. Let us

hold a yearly colloquium in our communities to remind those other Yankees of their contributions to this great nation. Let us pursue unfailingly - with those traditional qualities of astuteness, conservatism, frugality and tenacity which we all share - the very theme of the New England Library Association's Thirtieth Annual Conference and improve our offerings to those "other Yankees", maintaining, as we do this, Fishman's theory that "ethnic awareness in education provides the student (or the reader) with an understanding of a part of his country that was hidden to him: his own self."

Merci. ❀



Au fil des événements

fomidable!

maudit encore!

on aime ça

Cher Editeur,

Merci beaucoup pour les compliments, ça m'a fait bien plaisir. Et j'aime Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum. Je ne savais pas qu'il y avait un journal Franco-Américain aux Etats-Unis. Nous avons besoins d'un journal bilingue parce que des fois j'ai peur que les Français Canadiens qui vécu dans la Nouvelle Englande vont toutes disparaite, vont toutes se mêlé avec les Anglais.

Continuer ce bons travail. Et excuser mon français; on s'oublis. Je ne sais pas l'adresse de Roger Pontbriand. Je ne le connais pas.

Ron Langlois

250 Culver Rd.
Rochester, NY 14607

Cher Editeur,

Ca me fait bien plaisir d'apprendre que la série "Pèlerins." a porté ici et là à une réflexion personnelle sur la religion dans nos vies. C'est à chacun et à chacune de regarder sa propre situation d'après les lumières qui sont siennes et d'agir en consequence avec le courage d'homme et de femme libres.

Quant à moi, ayant beaucoup joui et beaucoup souffert des événements dont j'ai écrit, ce ne sont ni les louanges et les critiques (fruits de la vantardise ou du chiâlage) que j'ambitionne, mais une réflexion honnête et ouverte (en communauté) qui encourage les timides et qui ébranle les trop satisfaits. Afin de comprendre, on ferait bien de lire les lignes - à savoir, toutes les lignes - avant de jouer le psychologue et de se permettre une lecture "entre les lignes."

Julien Olivier
Beauty Hill Rd.
Barrington, NH 03895

Dear Editor,

Shead Memorial High School is in the process of building a F.M. radio station. The members of French IV are going to produce a weekly one half hour show about the French language and French culture. We are genuinely interested in the concerns and problems of the Franco-Americans in Maine. We would greatly appreciate any information or sources of information that you may have

Sincerely yours,
Linda J. Conti
Shead Memorial High School
Eastport, Maine

P.S. Donné moi quelques mois et je vas essayer d'avoir quelque chose pour Le FAROG.
NDLR - Un article écrit par M. Langlois (And Sin No More) a paru dans le Yankee Magazine du mois de novembre 1972

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 _____

- Etes-vous bilingue (français-anglais)?
Je lis _____ Je parle _____ J'écris _____
le français l'anglais
- Aimeriez-vous plus de français _____ d'anglais _____ dans le FORUM? On ne peut mieux _____
- Quelle partie du FORUM vous intéresse le plus?

- Avez-vous trouvé ce numéro du FORUM très utile _____ assez utile _____ très peu utile _____
- Garderez-vous le FORUM à portée de la main afin d'y revenir plus tard? oui _____ non _____
- Si vous voyez un autre numéro du FORUM, allez-vous vouloir le lire? ça m'a fait rien _____
- Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le plus dans ce numéro du FORUM?

- Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le moins dans ce numéro du FORUM?

- De quels sujets aimeriez-vous qu'on traite à l'avenir dans le FORUM?

prions pour elle



[Note] See letter from Mercer to Guinard in last issue of FORUM

21 April 1977

William C. Mercer, President
Executive Offices
New England Telephone
185 Franklin Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02107

Dear Monsieur Mercer:

Thank you for your letter of 15 April 1977. I am sorry that you have decided against publishing a French-English telephone directory for the predominately french area of Biddeford-Sanford in the Province du Maine.

Of course I am aware of other cultural groups in your five state area. However, none of these can even come close to matching the thousands and thousands of french who live in the Biddeford and Sanford area. They are in the majority.

Furthermore, many thousands of french-speaking tourists from Quebec flock to Old Orchard Beach and other York County beach resorts each summer for vacation.

Obviously the only way you are going to change your mind is through public opinion. Appropriate measures are being considered such as holding back on paying phone bills one month after received by french subscribers. Then perhaps you realize just how many french people you have in Biddeford and Sanford!

Also, I wish to bring to your attention that one piece of your equipment is being held for ransom at the office of LE F.A.R.O.G. FORUM, the french student publication (over 4,000 circulation) at the University of Maine in Orono. The "ransom" of course being french recognition in certain editions of New England Telephone directories. The piece of equipment is a new touch-tone desk style phone still in its original container.

Although I hope that the french in Maine do not resort to radical techniques such as their counterparts in Quebec employed in the early 70's (bombings, kidnappings, and murders), I do hope that the french in Maine will push for more recognition in other ways. Starting with New England Telephone is as good a start as any place.

Thank you for your time.

Doug C. Guinard
237 East 26th St.
New York, N.Y. 10010

Abonnement au / Forum / Subscription

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

DATE: _____

ABONNEMENT
COCHER LA(LES) BOITE(S) CONVENABLE(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 _____

- Are you bilingual (French-English)?
read _____ speak _____ write _____
French English
- Would you like more: French _____ English _____ in the FORUM? It's fine _____
- What is your favorite section of the FORUM?

- Have you found this issue of the FORUM: _____ very useful _____ somewhat useful _____ of little use
- Will you keep the FORUM for future reference? _____ yes _____ no
- If you see another issue of the FORUM will you want to read it? _____ yes _____ no _____ don't really care
- What did you like most about the FORUM?

- What did you like least about the FORUM?

- What kinds of topics would you like to see covered in the FORUM in the future?

cc: FAROG-FORUM
cc: news media in Maine

NDLR- grand pas fini

THAT OTHER YANKEE

THE FRANCO AMERICAN

by Dr. Paul P. Chassé
President, CODOFINE

Council for the Development of French in
New England

Given at The 30th Annual Conference of the
NEW ENGLAND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION -
Sturbridge, Massachusetts - September, 1977

The Other Yankees: Library Services for Ethnic Groups. A three part event sponsored by the Ethnic Services Task Force of New England Library Board - All three sections were well attended and provided a lively forum for all aspects of library services and resources for Ethnic groups. The program was intended to whet the appetites of librarians for the Spring regional workshops sponsored by the New England Library Board on Ethnic Library Services.

In short, both Yankees, those of French and of English stock, have much more in common than not. However, we all realize that every ethnic group, and this means the "Yankee" and "those other Yankees", is vulnerable to social and pathological deformations. Such tragedies may occur as an inevitable consequence of a systematically enforced neglect or willful withholding of information about one's cultural past.

In an attempt to provide you with as accurate a description of the Franco-American, I thought it best to inquire firstly into the nature of the Yankee.

Webster's International informed me that the origin of the word is unknown; that, when referring to a person, the term means either a native or inhabitant of New England, or a New Englander descended from New England stock—and this person is described as possessing the traits of conservatism, thrift, pertinacity and shrewdness, or a Northerner as distinguished from a Southerner, or a native or citizen of the United States. Webster's second meaning may come as a mild surprise, but he informs us that "Yankee" is a name given also to "the English language as spoken or pronounced by Yankees". In fact, he specifically refers to it as a "New England dialect."

Anthropologists may dispute Webster's definition but, all in all, it quite accurately summarizes our concept of what a Yankee is. We've all heard the song, "The Yanks are coming" and we all know that that means American servicemen of every ethnic background within our mosaic as opposed to Europeans abroad. We've all seen films which portrayed "Yanks" and "Rebels" rampaging within our national borders. We've all felt patriotic at seeing the Yankee Doodle Dandies marching in our Fourth of July parades. And rare is the native New Englander who does not believe Thomas Wolfe's infamous phrase "you can't go home again", for New England is ever our Home, even when we are a thousand miles away from here. Lastly, let anyone of us wander abroad, and I merely mean beyond our New England border, that someone, in conversation, will observe: "Oh! you must be from Maine!" or "Are you from Boston?" Such as it is, our dialect

cont. page 13

LE F.A.R.O.G. FORUM

Vol. 5 No. 3

JOURNAL BILINGUE

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Le Recensement Chez Les Larioux

par le Rév. Roland Veillette

"Zéphrine, crie Mme Larioux, débarbouille les petits garçons pour souper! On va le prendre de bonne heure à soir puisque M. le Curé va venir et j'tassure qu'y lambine pas lui; quand il vient faire le recensement il vient de bonne heure."

La pauvre Zéphrine se met à sa tâche de laver les trois marmots, tâche toujours ingrate puisque les espiègles crient et se débattent à qui mieux mieux.

Nestor et Arsène sont à la grange avec leur père, car il faut absolument finir de soigner les animaux avant le souper.

Les filles aident à leur mère à préparer le souper tandis que les gars se dépêchent d'apprendre leur leçon à haute voix.

Durant le souper, on ne parle que de la visite qui est chaque année un événement des plus importants. "J'vous assure que j'en ai eu de la misère avec la vache, Marie-Louise!" s'écrie Nestor. "Je crois ben qu'a sait que M. le Curé va venir; a voulait pas se faire traire." "Ah! les animaux sont toujours comme ça quand ils savent qu'on veut se dépêcher," répond son père.

Pendant que les autres mangent d'un appétit seul attribué aux gens des campagnes, Ephrem, jeune homme de seize ans, touche à peine la bonne soupe aux fèves qui fait ordinairement son régal. Voici la raison pour ce manque d'appétit: le pauvre garçon a été choisi par le conseil familial pour donner le compliment de M. le Curé. Ce compliment est une tradition chez les Larioux. Et cette année le sort tomba sur pauvre Ephrem qui est nerveux d'avance. Quand cette nervosité le prend fortement il est sujet à un reniflement quasi continu. Et ce soir le pauvre gars fait vraiment pitié.

Sa mère lui dit: "Voyons, Ephrem, prends sur toué! Essaie de pas tant renifler, bon sang, on dirait que tu reviens des funérailles." Ephrem ne peut répondre que par un superbe reniflement.

Après le souper, les filles comme d'habitude aident à leur mère à laver la vaisselle. La pauvre maman est bien fatiguée après sa journée d'ouvrage! Car elle a fait un ménage supplémentaire pour la visite de M. le Curé.

Maintenant, tout le monde est endimanché, le père Larioux se met à genoux devant la grande croix de bois et commence la prière, car visite ou pas de visite la prière se fait tout de même. Ephrem a bien voulu s'excuser pour repasser son compliment de bienvenue, mais sans succès.

"Tu as eu quatre semaines pour l'apprendre, lui dit son père, et c'est pas dans quinze minutes que tu vas l'apprendre; viens avec les autres faire la prière." Et

avec plusieurs reniflements, le pauvre Ephrem se met à genoux.

Les dévotions terminées, Mme Larioux n'a que le temps d'aller voir si le salon qu'on n'ouvre qu'aux grandes occasions, est en ordre. On entend frapper à la porte. C'est M. le Curé!

La tradition veut que M. le Curé bénisse tous les membres de la famille. Les bénédictions données, tout le monde vont lui donner la main.

Alors vient le moment suprême pour Ephrem. M. le Curé assis à la place d'honneur, notre jeune homme, rouge jusqu'à la racine de ses cheveux, commence: "Cher M. l'Curé, (reniflement d'Ephrem) come téjours nous venons (reniflement de la mère) vous souhaiter la bienvenue (rire étouffé des petits gars qui ont aperçu une mèche de cheveux droite sur la tête d'Ephrem et lui donnant une apparence vraiment comique) "

Malheur de malheur, Ephrem ne se souvient plus du reste. De formidables reniflements s'en suivent, un moment de silence et notre pauvre garçon en sanglots se réfugie dans la cuisine. Désarroi général dans le salon. Rosilda et Alma sont en larmes, car le vue d'une personne en pleurs leur est fatal. M. Larioux est rouge comme un coq. Mme Larioux excuse son gars, les marmots éclatent de rire. Seuls les grands garçons sont silencieux, car ils prennent ce fâcheux incident, comme une disgrâce pour la famille.

Tout à coup, silence parfait; M. le Curé se lève et se rend dans la cuisine. La mère Larioux croit perdre connaissance en pensant aux linges étendus sur des cordes au milieu de la cuisine.

Au bout de quelques instants, M. le Curé revient avec Ephrem qui est maintenant tout souriant, consolé sans doute par les paroles du cher curé.

M. le Curé décide de partir, car il a une messe à célébrer à cinq heures le lendemain.

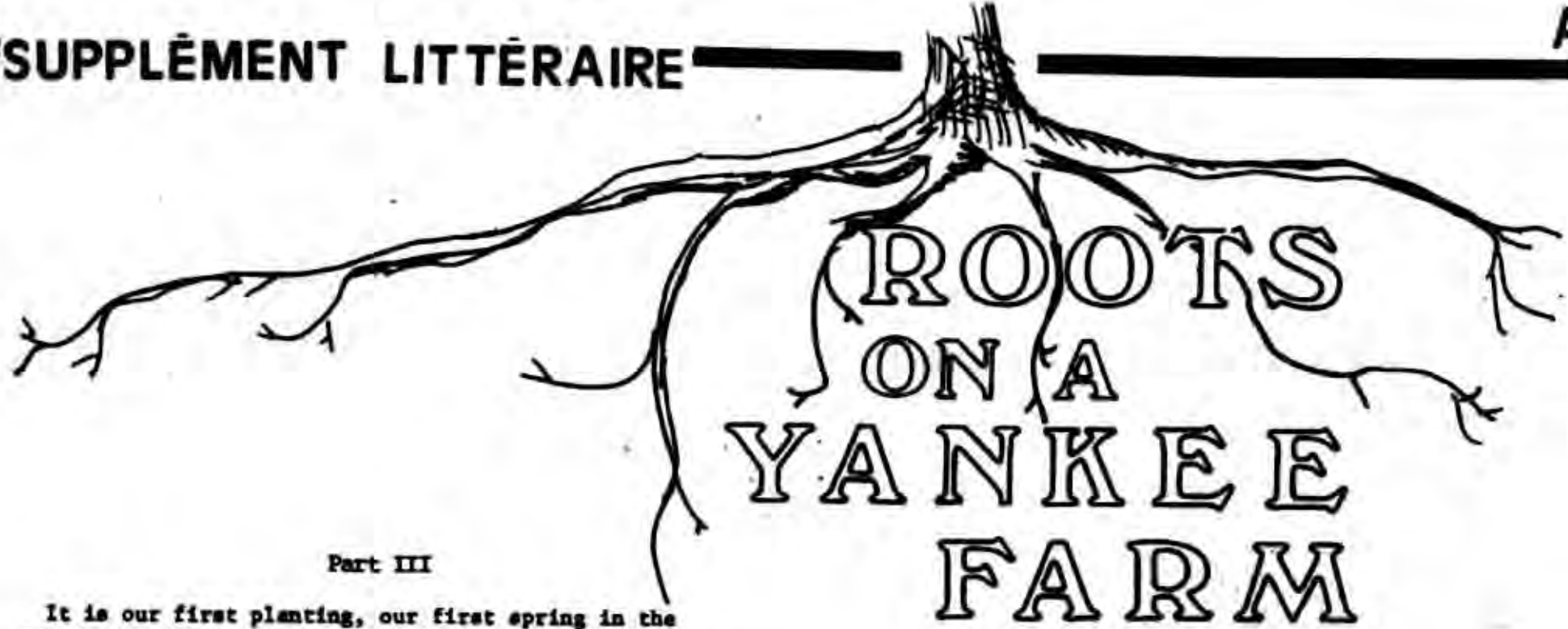
Tous les enfants sont couchés, M. le Curé est parti, le père et la mère Larioux discutent la récente visite.

"Sais-tu, Amilda, M. l'Curé a ben vieilli c't année!"

"Ah bien oui, mon vieux, et nous autres aussi; regarde ça; Zéphrine va se marier ben vite, Arthémise dans l'armée; Nestor qui veut rejoindre son frère au séminaire, et si l'bon Dieu le veut, Gustave va être ordonné le printemps prochain. Ah, que le temps passe vite! Qu'est-ce que c'est ça?"

Un bruit se fait entendre de la chambre des garçons.

"Tiens, c'est not' pauvre Ephrem qui renifle dans son rêve." ✚



ROOTS ON A YANKEE FARM

Part III

by
DENIS LEDOUX

It is our first planting, our first spring in the country. Before, we had a small town patch of a garden and now we are sowing for a year's supply. I feel excited and apprehensive; but, if we do not make it here, I will get a job in town for a while. We will not starve because of our lack of skills. We have forgotten how to farm and how to survive in nature. Our ancestors knew this lore; but, since leaving Quebec, we have forgotten it and now we must learn it all over again—from American books and from failure.

I am now following in the footsteps of my ancestors. Not the too-recent ones who came to work in the mills of New England but the ones who left France behind to colonize the Saint Lawrence River Valley. And if I cannot be like their sons, Jolliet, Marquette, LaVérendrye, Radisson, because North America has been cut into pieces and I have not been shown forestlore, I can at least return to what is left of the home of the voyageur and the coureur de bois. I am learning about my past and letting it guide me. I am growing beyond my family lineage.

My son who is ten says to me as we work together that he will go to college. He will go and study all he has to study to be like me.

As I till the soil, I think that my parents would have wanted me to have gone to college had I told them that when I was ten. They would have sighed and have said, "And how will you get there?"

Perhaps next year, at the second planting, my son will say, "I want to live close to the earth and spend my days in joy."

There seems to be no other choice. My past brings me back to the land and to the forest. It brings me back to an immutable reality beyond our cultures. What shall our past mean to my sons?

Bill married twice and both marriages ended in divorce. He had one child and she lives with her mother. He has never been a father to her.

He says, "Do you remember what you said before I married Elaine, when we had a tête-à-tête in your room on campus in Orono?"

I remember it very well. I had said at the time, "You really love the way she says you're great, but you don't love her."

"Bill I can see you in a few years, trying to make it with someone else. You'll probably have kids and it'll be so sticky by then. Why set yourself up?"

"You're probably right, but I'm going to marry her anyway."

Today he says, "You were right. If that's any consolation to you." It isn't. Another generation of children without fathers to guide them. Whether they're Franco or Anglo doesn't make much difference, does it?

How can it all end? I hope it's different for Phillippe and Augustin.

Three years after his divorce from Elaine, he married and divorced again. There were no children. Bill and I want to trust each other.

He says, "We talked vaguely of children, and one day she said she was pregnant. I asked her what kind of trick she was playing on me. She answered, 'But I thought we had decided on having a baby?' She knew we hadn't decided on anything. Neither of us were ready. Amy is her reason for living now. I haven't really experienced being a father. Sometimes

I think I would need to be a father—to understand the meaning of my past."

We are sitting on the back porch of the house Réjeanne and I have built for ourselves. We have a cold room in the cellar and a well outside the front of the house. There are pipes running underground and into the cellar and up into the kitchen where we have a hand pump. The outhouse is off the shed. That way we don't have to go outside in winter to get there. It is terribly cold here in Maine in the winter. And also we can hang clothes to dry in the shed all winter long.

Bill is asking, "Can you really live here?" And I say, "Sure why not!"

My son Philippe comes out and says, "Dad, can you help us with our house?" And I answer, "Yes, tomorrow I'll go over after Bill leaves and see where you're at." He goes off and Bill and I continue to talk.

Bill says, "You remember when we were in Paris together, talking Franco-American, and the French didn't always understand us? I used to wonder what it would have been like to have had our own country—call it Franconia (we'd have to tell everybody the name has nothing to do with the notch) with our own politicians and businessmen and artists."

I say, "I know, I felt it too."

"It's ending with us. We're the last of the Mohicans," he says.

"By coming here to this place, I hope we are bringing our children to a point beyond culture, beyond the loss of our past, into a different participation in history."

Gus comes out and says, "Maman would like some help bringing things out to the picnic table." Bill and I give her a hand.

I say, "It's a pain in the ass being Franco-American. It's cluttered up my life."

Bill says, "It's not speaking French: that's not really important. (He says impohntant just like the Yankees.) It's being French like our forefathers were. That makes me sad to know it's ending with us. How did we fail? Why must we be guilty?"

Several days after Bill has left, I begin reading Satori in Paris. I am sitting on a knoll behind the house. There are not many trees about me. The area was part of what had to be an old Yankee farm. It was perhaps a pasture a hundred years ago, a hundred and twenty years ago. Maine was the breadbasket for the East Coast before Kansas and Nebraska and all that were opened up and Yankee boys and girls aban-

Continued next page....



ROOTS ON A YANKEE FARM

donned their homeland. Then the bottom fell out of Yankee life.

Now everything is going back to nature. The fields that were tamed from the forest by muscle and sweat are returning to their savage condition. The work of the last century is being undone by time.

I know the land where we are was part of a farm because I have found the foundations for the farmhouse and the barn. They are covered with trees and bushes and grasses. There are many of these abandoned farms all over the state. Old Yankee families fled them for the West. There was a time when everyone was leaving and going West. When the mills came because of the river falls, there was no one left to hire so they came to Quebec and New Brunswick to get us.

I am living my history in reverse in the U.S.A. I have gone past my proletarian days. I am back to concession times. Perhaps I am a voyageur or a coureur de bois, tamed.

I am sitting on the knoll, preparing a conference on Kérouac for the Franco-American festival. This year, I have been asked to do something on Kérouac. Last year, a man spoke on Franco-American journalism and, the year before that, a woman talked on the

Franco-American folklife.

I do not know what to say about Kérouac. That I met him briefly is irrelevant to him as an artist. That he strikes me as severely flawed as an artist is important, but he is still all that we have.

(I want to take him and guide him. How many of us have been destroyed by our rootlessness? Although it is too late, I want to be his mentor. I want to show him that we do have roots but that they are not to be found in the cultures.)

I sit in an open field reading of Jack's return to France and of his quest of Brittany. (I think of my own trips to France and later to Québec.) I wish he had been more incisive, less verbose, but he has not been. I wish he could have understood his experience so that I too could understand mine better, but if anyone has gone before me I do not know of it. Like all men and women I am a voyageur, going where no one has gone before.

Philippe comes to see me. He is with Augustin. "Dad you promised Gus and me you'd look at our forest house."

I put Satori down. I am tired of Kérouac's ramblings. I can't be anything for him or he for me. Although he has not written the great Franco-American novel, I am grateful to Jack for having done at least what he has done.

My sons have built a little house. They do not really want me to help them to build it. They want my approval. They want my blessing. I can give them that and help them to become the men they must become. Perhaps it will be different for them. ♣

Normand Dubé's first book of poetry is filled with the voice of children, his own children to an extent, but most interestingly his own voice, the voice of a lad growing up with the trees and poverty of Northern Maine and the tenements of our own Lewiston.

Entitled "Un Mot De Chez-Nous," "A Word From Home" - Dubé's collection of about 50 poems tells the story of a home filled with few material possessions but with much love and attention.

His poems also tell the story of a child with a watchful eye, presumably himself, who missed nothing, who watched the routines of other family members, of neighbors, of friends around him and tucked into the corners of his growing mind the colors, events, impressions, and sounds which later would make very personal and realistic poetry.

"Dans Une Glace" - "In A Mirror" for example, is a short poem at the very beginning of the book which charmingly describes a man and a woman, arm in arm, who are about to kiss one another. They are reflected in a mirror and glimpsed by a youthful eye whose poetic reflection of the scene is included at the end of the poem:

"C'est à cause
De papa et de maman
Dans cette pose
Dans une glace
Que j'ai appris
À aimer."

"It's due to
Father and Mother
In this pose
In a mirror
That I learned
To love."

A REVIEW

A CHILD'S VOICE FLOWS FROM A NORTHERN VALLEY

by Paul Paré

UN MOT DE CHEZ-NOUS
par Normand C. Dubé
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There's much sadness in the poem which tells us of a child who longs for silver buttons for his Winter coat and who suspects that his mother has some hidden away in one of those round metal boxes with a rose painted on the lid - one of the boxes, I think, in which everybody's mother kept her treasures. One day, the boy cuts the buttons off his coat and asks his mother for new ones, hoping from the box will come silver ones. To his dismay, he finds the box contains only

plain, white buttons, retrieved from wornout shirts - and one silver button, just one.

There's also a poem about the youngster who goes off into the woods to pick hazelnuts common to the St. John Valley and who sees them at the foot of a rustic cross, common road markers in Northern Maine and neighboring French Canada. The poem ends with the lad returning home empty-handed, crying, "Sans sou et sans noix" - "Without pennies or nuts."

Other poems recreate the temptations of a youngster waiting for the Sunday afternoon chocolates Mother kept in the front parlor. Others bring to life the lad who keeps hoping for a brightly-colored top through three consecutive Christmases.

For each moment of sadness though, there's a smiling parent, a warm fire, a bright color and the love of a closely-knit family.

"Un Mot De Chez-Nous" contains other poems as well, poems about the village characters, about falling in love with a shoe shop girl, about a friend who worked in a filling station and amusing poems such as the short one which describes the poet's disappointment with man's first landing on the moon.

His first book of poems says a lot about Norman Dubé and about being raised in Maine - not the Maine most books talk about but a Maine which is nevertheless a reality for thousands of Franco-Americans. Dubé's poems let us be real people in a real place. ♣

Merci, Normand!

WHAT BECAME OF THEM

by
DENIS
LEDOUX

He was like a rainstorm at harvest time.

What was she to do? She was a woman with children, a woman of certain years. She could not break into a rage—it was not like her—and she could not let him go unchallenged. He was ruining everything they had struggled to put together.

The Alouette Bar and Champlain Club were down the street — one to the left and the other to the right. The Alouette was an open bar; the Champlain required a membership, and Amédée was a member. When he went to the left, after supper, Florianne would think, as she watched him through the gossamer curtains of her darkened front-room windows, that he was going to the Alouette. When he went to the right, walking beneath the red and yellow trees of early October, she would suppose he was going to the Champlain.

Sometimes, after watching Amédée leave, she tarried in her front rooms. There were two rooms whose hardwood floors she had covered with "Persian" carpets. The walls were papered. The furniture in the room was recently reupholstered. Amédée called it her little chateau; she wanted to believe he was proud of what they had done. They had started with nothing and had created a well-furnished home for themselves, a place that was *comme il faut*. They had more than their parents. Their parents had had nothing but the farms and the leaving them. Papa had said he and Maman were born to eat a little bread.

Her eyes fell on the bright afghan she was sitting on. Her sister Ilda had said it was very beautiful. Florianne had offered to do one for Ilda — after Christmas. (Ilda's place was poor.) After Christmas, too, after she had gone in enough as a spare hand at the mill, she would buy a new radio, something with an attractive console, something with dark wood.

Quiet could not last. Nothing ever stayed the same. The children would begin to tussle in the kitchen and scream, "Maman, tell her this," and "Maman, tell her that" The spirit of contentment left her; it was replaced by

that of duty. She would get up and walk across her beautiful-appointed rooms and into the brightly-lit kitchen. She was a woman; she could not leave at night and relax in the society of her friends. Her only company were the children who ran and banged doors and screamed and scratched furniture. (They were as strident as the mill looms.) That too would change. Someday, they would be grown up and she and Amédée alone again.

All of this was in 1934. That was the year Maman took sick. She had been a strong woman. On the farm, she had helped with the harvests; in the city, she had worked in one of the mills until she retired. Before this year, she had canned her vegetables and fruits. And then, it was age, she took sick. Florianne began to have to go in the evening to Maman's apartment. (One of the younger children had to come to prevent their fighting with each other and tearing the house apart.) Maman was not sick enough yet to leave her place. She did many things, but it was difficult for her to keep the bathroom floor clean, to lift the wet laundry out of the washing machine, to change the bed.

The girls took turns to do this for Maman. Sometimes, too, they brought soups; other times, bread. When Florianne could not come on her night because she had been called in as a spare hand on the second shift, Anais or Ilda showed up in her place to talk with Maman and perhaps to darn a used stocking. Now that it was getting colder, they wanted to do a fall cleaning, a *grand ménage*. Maman kept saying Canadians were too clean and they'd answer, "You're the one who made us this way." And Maman laughed: she had very good girls. They may have been born to eat a "little bread" but they were happy together. She was more happy than sad. Papa would approve.

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

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WHAT BECAME OF THEM

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 habitu  of the Alouette, had a new car. At the Champlain, Anais' nephew-in-law had begun to wait on tables, but Am d e 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 Montr al, 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 Am d e 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 Am d e's foreman salary.

Am d e 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 Shownut, 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.)

Then 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

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, Am d e 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 Muriel 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 Am d e's going so often to the Alouette or to the Champlain. When they had married, Am d e 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.

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 Am d e 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 Am d e'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 year, the street was growing stark and leaves were piling up on the sidewalk. Florianne thought of the dingy rooms they 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 Am d e 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.

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