

10-1977

## F.A.R.O.G. FORUM, Vol. 5 No. 1

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### Recommended Citation

Archambault, Peter; Urist-Bégin, Louise; Bolduc, Claire R.; Collin, Phil; Coté, Michel; Cyr, Joyce; Gagnon, Debbie; Kennedy, Linda; Labbé, Yvon A.; Monroe, Rene; Rouleau-Nedik, Christine; Paré, Paul; Paré, Suzanne; Picheloup, Brenda; Randall, Lynn; Robbins, Steve; Lusignan, Bernard; Simoneau, Irene; Steinman, Richard; Genest, Martha Cyr; Lacerte, Roger; Perrault, Gene; and Dubé, Normand, "F.A.R.O.G. FORUM, Vol. 5 No. 1" (1977). *Le FORUM Journal*. 60.  
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# LE F.A.R.O.G.

# FORUM

Vol. 5 No. 1

JOURNAL BILINGUE

octobre 1977

publié par / published by l'Office Franco-Américain, 208 Fernald, UMO

fondé / founded 1972

tirage / circ. 4500

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## A Few Thoughts on the Future of the Franco Americans

by Bernard Lusignan

The present-day Franco-Americans are the result of a rather long and gradual evolutionary process which has taken place over the course of many centuries. From peasant in France to **habitant** in Canada to mill worker in New England, Franco-Americans today are scattered throughout all occupational, economic, and social levels. In order to achieve this position, or perhaps as a consequence of this upward mobility, some have abandoned that quality which in the past has distinguished them from the rest of society; that is, their Franco-American ethnic identity.

There are many modern historians, sociologists, and educators who argue that the "melting pot" theory was nothing but a myth, and that American society remains as pluralistic as ever. This is perhaps true of the larger cities in this country, such as New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, where ethnic neighborhoods are still in evidence. But, what about New England's smaller cities and towns? Does picking up a city directory from any given area, for example, Lewiston, Maine; Manchester, New Hampshire; or Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and finding family names which represent a variety of ethnic groups... does this constitute ethnic and cultural awareness and vitality? Perhaps it all depends upon how one perceives ethnicity.

There are some who feel that language is the key to one's ethnic heritage. "If you don't speak your mother tongue, then you're not one of us." This has been the philosophy of the French in North America for several centuries, and it is still very much so today, as is evidenced by the ever-present issue of independence for Québec, and the recent victory of "Péquist" Party leader René Lévesque as Prime Minister of that province. How can Franco-Americans read the history and literature, or sing the songs of old Québec and of France, written in their original language rather than loosely translated into English, if they can not read or speak French? how can they visit Québec and France, and expect to feel a real "sense of place" in these ancestral lands if they lack the knowledge of their mother tongue? How might they discover the true essence of their ethnic heritage without that important "key", the French language?

On the other hand, there are those who feel that the mother tongue is not necessarily essential in the process of discovering one's "roots". Is there some truth to this argument, or are they merely attempting to rationalize the fact that there are fewer bilingual Americans today than there

were fifty or sixty years ago? The Irish are a perfect example of cultural strength and identity minus a language. This group lost its Gaelic tongue centuries ago when the English forced their language upon Ireland. Despite this, the Irish faithfully uphold their ethnic traditions, and it would be a difficult task to find an Irishman who is not proud to say: "I'm Irish... don't you wish that you were?" The same notion may apply to the Jewish people in New England. Although few are truly able to converse in Hebrew or Yiddish, they continue to maintain their traditions, many of which date back to Biblical times. They are staunch defenders of their heritage, and they are one of the most unified groups that the world has ever known.

In all probability, the reason why Franco-American life in New England is not as "alive" as it was in past years is because, unlike the Irish and Jewish groups, the Franco-American lack a very basic but essential quality: UNITY. In 1949, the **Comité d'Orientation Franco-Américaine** (known today as the **Comité de Vie Franco-Américaine**) issued a "Manifeste" which contains a definition of the Franco-Americans. A statement within this definition refers to the Franco-Americans as "units which the bond of a common faith and a common language gradually welded into a group... "If faith and language were truly the

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## Ceux Qui Pensent Autrement

par Don Dugas

Pendant un séjour que j'ai fait tout récemment à Montréal, un ami m'a invité à lire un article dans le **Nouvel Observateur**. (Ce qui m'a rappelé une autre connaissance Québécoise, qui, après une rencontre à Toronto, m'avait fait parvenir **Le Portrait du Colonisé** d'Albert Memmi - que je ne voulais pas lire - et un numéro spécial de **l'Action Nationale** sur la langue... Très Français ça, de vouloir échanger des idées par l'imprimé).

Il s'agissait de "ceux qui pensent autrement". En anglais, on les appelle **the dissidents**. Ce sont les citoyens russes qui ont leurs idées et leurs valeurs à eux et qui insistent pour les exprimer, même si ça mène à un camp en Sibérie.

Le mot **dissident** en anglais, évoque pour moi l'idée mécontenté qui cherche consciemment et par un complot de semer la révolte. A cause de cela, j'en ai peur et je m'en méfie.

L'article dans le **Nouvel Observateur** explique qu'en russe, on ne parle pas de "dissidents" mais plutôt de "ceux qui pensent autrement". C'est une façon de parler qui me paraît moins négative, et que j'accepte facilement.

Ce qui est encore plus intéressant c'est que l'on ne trouve aucun complot parmi "ceux qui pensent autrement" en Russie. Il y en a qui se connaissent à peine. Certains font de la science. D'autres font de la littérature. Mais ils ressentent tous une énergie brûlante pour penser et pour s'exprimer aussi authentiquement que possible, n'importe le prix. Par exemple, on parle d'un écrivain qui a tellement soif de donner libre essor à sa pensée qu'il écrit en cachette pendant la nuit-faisant tout de suite huit copies de ce qu'il écrit - ne sachant oui ou non si ça sera la dernière pensée libre de sa vie.

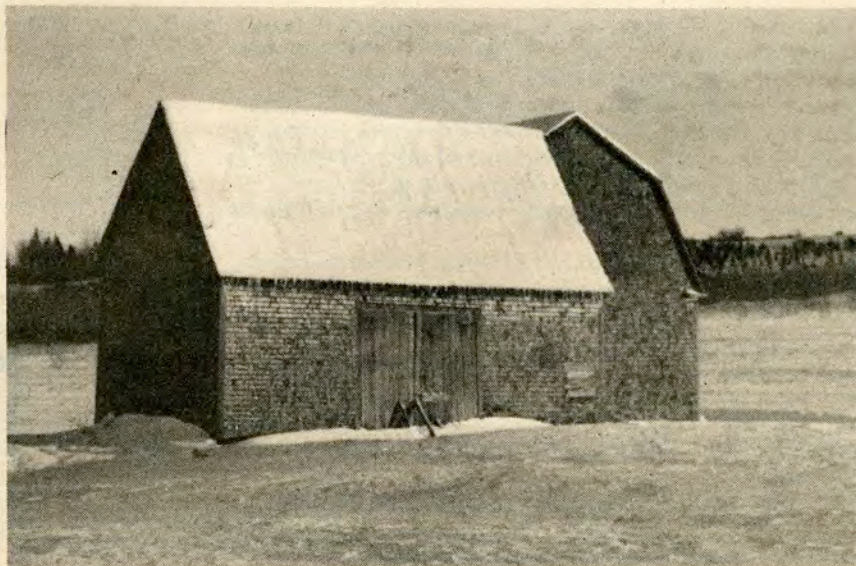
Le cas des Russes me semble particulièrement triste et terrible. Mais, dans un certain sens, il représente notre condition à tous, bien qu'à un moindre degré. Il y a, parmi nous, des "ceux qui pensent autrement" que nous respectons et d'autres que nous persécutons (Pensez à Teilhard de Chardin, Les frères Berrigan, Daniel Ellsberg, etc...).

Un historien Québécois me disait récemment qu'il y a maintenant deux "écoles" d'histoire au Québec: (1) celle des anciens qui n'admettent pas que certaines idées soient discutées ou que certaines idées soient émises; (2) celle des plus jeunes qui cherchent à discuter même s'il n'y a pas accord.

Les Franco-Américains, puisque de sources françaises, sont de nature "ceux qui pensent autrement". Néanmoins, nos habitudes de pensée, et nos structures sociales, nos institutions n'encouragent pas "ceux qui pensent autrement" à s'exprimer franchement. Et on se demande pourquoi on ne voit plus de jeunes dans nos assemblées. Est-ce que j'exagère?

Si nous n'accordons pas la liberté, l'égalité et la fraternité à "ceux qui pensent autrement" nous nous affaiblissons. La conscience et la pensée évolue plus facilement et plus rapidement dans un processus où il y a interaction entre personnes qui se reconnaissent comme égaux. La pensée solitaire ou réactionnaire est moins riche, et engendre moins d'énergie vitale... D'accord? Oui - ou non?

ergo? Alors? So? ✱



# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

## A Woman Returns to Her French Name

For it was evident that your given name belonged to you; and if you changed it, it was your own business. But if you changed your family name, the one you inherited from a long line of ancestors, it was a bit like repudiating your descent and stripping the name of its honourable reputation for hard work and persistence in the face of every obstacle which generations of the family had built up.

by Irene Simoneau

Ringuet, *Thirty Acres*  
translated from the French  
by Felix and Dorothea Walter

I was born and baptized in February of 1942 in an Irish-American administered hospital in Boston, Mass. I was also privileged to be born on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. Because of this happy accident of my birth the Irish nuns who ran St. Kevin's Hospital endeavored to persuade my parents to name me either Bernadette or Mary. My mother was opposed to Bernadette and favored the name Irene instead. The nuns were of course pleased that my mother had narrowed the choice to Mary and so I was duly baptized and officially named Mary Irene Simano. I would wager that no one would have surmised that the baby who left St. Kevin's Hospital bearing an Irish first name, an Italian-looking family name and a little bit of Greek thrown in as a middle name was really French.

When I arrived home to Lowell I assumed my family decided that I was not a Mary and I henceforth became Irene, or, more properly, Irène. But Mary was my legal name and I was destined to be reminded of that fact as I grew up.

For two years I attended St. Michael's school in Lowell. There, the Irish Dominican nuns insisted on addressing me as Mary, a name I failed to respond to. French stubbornness met Irish persistence and a compromise was reached: I would be called Mary Irene and I would have to respond to it. This period lives on in my memory as my Irish years.

My parents soon moved to St. Jean Baptiste parish and I was enrolled in a French school where the nuns were more than happy to drop the name Mary. But I no sooner resolved the problem of my Irish name when I started being plagued with the problem of my surname. My teachers constantly reminded me that my last name didn't look very French. This fact must have been of great concern to them. It probably wouldn't have affected me at all if it hadn't troubled them.

Most of my teachers contented themselves with passing references to my strange-looking family name but my sixth grade teacher decided to take some definite action to "normalize" my name. When report cards were issued this Sister made it a point of crossing out Simano while at the same time informing me that "on n'épelle pas simoneau comme ça." I thus temporarily became Irene Simoneau by edict of my sixth grade teacher. All this commotion over my name left me with the impression that some of my teachers considered me a contrary child who deliberately warped her good French name for the sheer fun of it.

In actuality my father had been responsible for the change in my family name, not I. My father had changed his name legally during the period when many Franco-Americans were undergoing name changes. I was never privileged to know the reasons which prompted my father to adopt a new form to his name but I suspect that one of his decisions to change may have been connected with my widowed grandmother's conversion to Protestantism. In those days of a tightly-knit ethnic and religious community it may have been difficult to survive with a clearly recognizable French name combined with a clearly unacceptable religious affiliation such as the Baptist faith.

All this history which preceded me left me and my younger brother with an Italian-looking name, Simano, which my entire family and the rest of our French community pronounced in the French manner, Simoneau. While we remained in our French community our name was assured of familiar pronunciation regardless of the many objections to its spelling. But once I left the confines of my ethnic community my name was no longer recognizably French and, in fact, sounded alien and no longer a part of me and my history.

For many years after leaving the French community of Lowell I expended much energy in correcting people's pronunciation of my name: "I pronounce it like Simoneau not Siman(n)o." Some people obliged and pronounced it in the manner of my choice but many more preferred to correct my correction or simply pronounce it à la Italienne and be done with it. I consoled myself with the thought that at least my name sounded ethnic even if it was unrelated to the particular ethnicity of my birth and upbringing.

After I became involved in the Franco-American renaissance in Maine in the early 50's my Italian-looking name was of some use. I remember one occasion in particular when I was doing research on some aspect of Franco-American community life and became involved in a discussion with a prominent member of an important Franco-American community. The man assumed I was Italian from the appearance of my name and proceeded to take me into this confidence to inform me of all the displeasing characteristics of Franco-Americans. Needless to say I learned much from this encounter.

But for the most part I was getting weary of correcting other people's pronunciation of my name or apologizing to other Franco-Americans for the novel spelling of Simoneau. On the other hand, I refused to consider changing my name for fear of dishonoring my father.

Finally, after careful consideration and an arrival at a clear conviction that I was honoring my grandparents, rather than dishonoring my father I retook possession of my family name by changing my name legally thereby reversing my father's legal action of many years past. Mary Irene Simano is now Irene Marie Simoneau.

My next step after putting the legal process in motion was to inform my family and friends of my decision. My brothers' responses were hardly supportive: "If you want to change your name so badly why don't you hurry up and get married." I quickly realized from the tone of my brother's statements that it would be a life-time chore to make feminists of them.



My mother's response however was far more supportive: "T'es française après toute."

Many of my feminist friends said very little. I suppose I was expected to take my mother's maiden name if I was to change my name at all. But for me, the capacity for resilience, strength and self-actualization was closely identified with my father's family hence the need to recapture my paternal grandparents' name.

When I did decide to legally change my name I did so for political as well as personal reasons. I was and am presently the director of a fair-sized historical museum, at least by Maine standards. It was important to me to inform the public that not only was a woman in charge of this operation but that the woman in question was a French woman. The possession of a clearly recognizable French name was one of the surest ways of accomplishing this objective.

I still find people who make varied attempts at mispronouncing my name. I receive frequent requests to speak to Ms. S(eye)moneau. But I have now found an effective way of channelling creative efforts at mispronunciation. I carefully repeat Simoneau several times and if it appears that I'm not heard, I say it several times more in French. Since most people get rattled easily when they hear French spoken they quickly find the way to pronounce my name the way I want it pronounced in English.

After so many years of frustration I am finally at peace with a name that seems natural to me and that leaves me thoroughly connected to my heritage. There is only one other Simoneau in the Greater-Bangor area and many people now ask me if he and I are related. The question itself pleases me because it helps establish a feeling of common lineage and common heritage.

I was asked to write this article about my experience in changing my name for the benefit of those Franco-Americans who have had similar frustrations in living with the inheritance of a changed name. So for all the Willetts who might want to be Ouellettes again, for the Bakers who want to resume the name Boulanger, for any remaining Simanos who wish to be Simoneaus and for all Franco-Americans with a name problem they'd like corrected this is the very simple process to follow:

1. Go to your county courthouse to obtain a form for a certificate of name change. In Maine this costs about 15 cents.
2. Write to the clerk of records of the city or town of your birth for an official copy of your birth certificate.
3. Fill in the form of the certificate of name change as accurately as possible. For instance, be sure to record your exact present legal name, not the name you're familiarly known by. In the space reserved for "Reason for Name Change" you may simply state that you wish to resume your grandparents' name.
4. Return the completed name change form with your birth certificate to the clerk in the county courthouse. In Maine you will be charged about \$15.00 to have your name published on two successive weekends in the county's largest newspaper.
5. Wait two weeks to a month and you will receive a certificate of legal name change. That finishes the process and you have your new (old) name. You then have responsibility for changing all your important records and papers but this too is an easy process. ✻

...visages de nos pères. ▶

JIM CARON is alive and well at 101 years of age. A native of Québec and a youthful immigrant to the mills and logging camps of Maine, Jim's active life is a living testimony to the Franco-American experience. Today he is nearly 102, and his doctor gives him at least another 10 years. The picture at the right appears in the book *Jim* and is available in poster form (18 inch by 25 inch) for \$1.00 for a single and 50c per additional copy from the National Materials Development Center, Bedford, N.H.



**les enfants, c'est mon avenir**

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

National Materials Development Center for French and Portuguese/ 168 South River Road/ Bedford, NH 03102/ 603-668-7198

# Le Patrimoine

Notre héritage vivant  
Perspectives, pensées, étincelles

## UP FRONT:

### bilingualism and Franco elders

by Richard Steinman

Rick is professor of Social Welfare at the University of Maine at Portland-Gorham. He divides his time between Whitefield, Portland and his four children. As a prominent gerontologist in this state he has done innovative and much needed work in assertive training for the frail elderly. His vibrant personality has fostered respect for elderly of whatever national origin, creed or toe nail polish color.

Rick, we welcome your column to these pages.

[La Rédaction]

As I interact with other gerontologists from around the nation - and occasionally from other countries - I find myself "name-dropping": that is, proudly working into the conversation news of Maine's Franco-American Gerontology Program. Consistently others are intrigued and impressed. It is almost always the first project of this sort which they have ever heard of.

As an individual I have no right to be "proud", because I can take no credit for the creation of this innovative project. But as a resident of Maine, a Maine educator and a Maine social gerontologist I am proud that Maine leaders conceived this idea and sold it to "the Feds" who have funded it for three years. I'm also proud of the over 200 men and women of Franco-American background who have enrolled in the Program as learners.

I have heard only second-hand of how the Project came into being. The story goes like this: Trish Riley, the current Staff Director of the Maine Committee on Aging, was one of several state officials attempting to communicate in English with a group of older Maine people who rather definitely tended to be no more bilingual than the officials were. Trish quickly realized that if one was not prepared to address the group in French, forget it. But she didn't forget it. Instead, she reasoned, why shouldn't Maine be making a particular effort to provide its Franco-American elderly with staff capable of communicating with them in their own language?

And so an idea was born. Trish used her considerable gifts (she majored in English both as an undergraduate and a graduate student) to obtain a federal grant to provide Maine Franco-Americans with a 1-year course in which they could obtain some learnings in social gerontology, practice what they were learning (in field placements), and brush up on their French into the bargain.

As a gerontologist I thoroughly applaud this development. I have no doubt that older people generally have considerable flexibility and adaptability (witness today's aged who were born in the era of the horse-drawn trolley and have lived well beyond the date of man's first footstep on the moon). But in advanced age, as the risk of physical and mental frailty increases, consistency in the basic patterns of living is extremely helpful to old people. They are better able to sustain themselves through innovations if the rudiments of day-by-day living remain reasonably stable.

What is more rudimentary than the language in which one is accustomed to communicating - and the culture in which that language is rooted? If certain fundamentals in an older person's life remain constant it is bound to be a significant source of security as she or he strives to cope with a variety of changes (occurring at a

rate more rapid than at any time in the history of humankind).

Therefore I commend a program which gives as high a priority to assuring that younger Maine Franco-Americans are able competently to communicate to older people in French as it does to conveying knowledge about how to work with the aging.

However, a question may occur to the reader, namely: this may be all very well for the present, and perhaps for the next decade or two, but will there be a need for such parallel skill-training once today's Franco-American elderly have passed on? Aren't they the only Franco-American citizens of Maine who will need to be assured of the availability of human service staff capable of communicating in French?

Though others are far more qualified to respond to that question than I, I must put in my two cents' worth, with a resounding "No!" I do so because I had a valid experience earlier this year which taught me an important lesson on this subject.

I was invited in April to conduct a two-day workshop in Aroostook County on "Assertiveness to Forestall Institutionalization of the Frail Elderly". As anticipated, a majority of those enrolled were bilingual. What I, in my southern Maine ignorance, however, was not prepared for was that the spoken English of several of the students - perhaps in the age range of their late twenties, early thirties - was so heavily and beautifully accented with French that it was clear that I would be teaching them in a foreign language. And, as if that wasn't enough to trouble me, I became quite concerned when we broke into small groups in order to practice our assertiveness skills. As I moved from group to group I observed that several of those whom I have just described were of course reluctant to role-play in English; when encouraged to do so, their whole attitude was diffident and insecure, rather than assertive - the very thing the workshop was designed to help them develop. I berated myself for not having anticipated this before the groups got underway. Just as I was trying to find a diplomatic way of encouraging role-playing in

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### Mon coin à moé

by Marthe Cyr Genest

I have my type on the kitchen stool...SO WHAT?  
My adding machine on the sink...SO WHAT?  
I just found my pen in my steak....  
And my fork in a 1040...SO WHAT?

I'm trying to chew my steak....  
Found the bite tied with colored yarn....  
And that's not a yarn....  
Cause I've my plate on my table LOOM????  
So what the heck can I do????  
I'm a senior citizen who cannot stop????  
And I'm trying to hush....  
The Gossips of GENERATION GAP....  
Between me and some of the BUREAUCRATS????

Don't you dare use this as your own,  
If you do, my WITCH DOCTOR will freeze you all  
Instead of your wages....

My Webster gives the following definition for Senior Citizen:

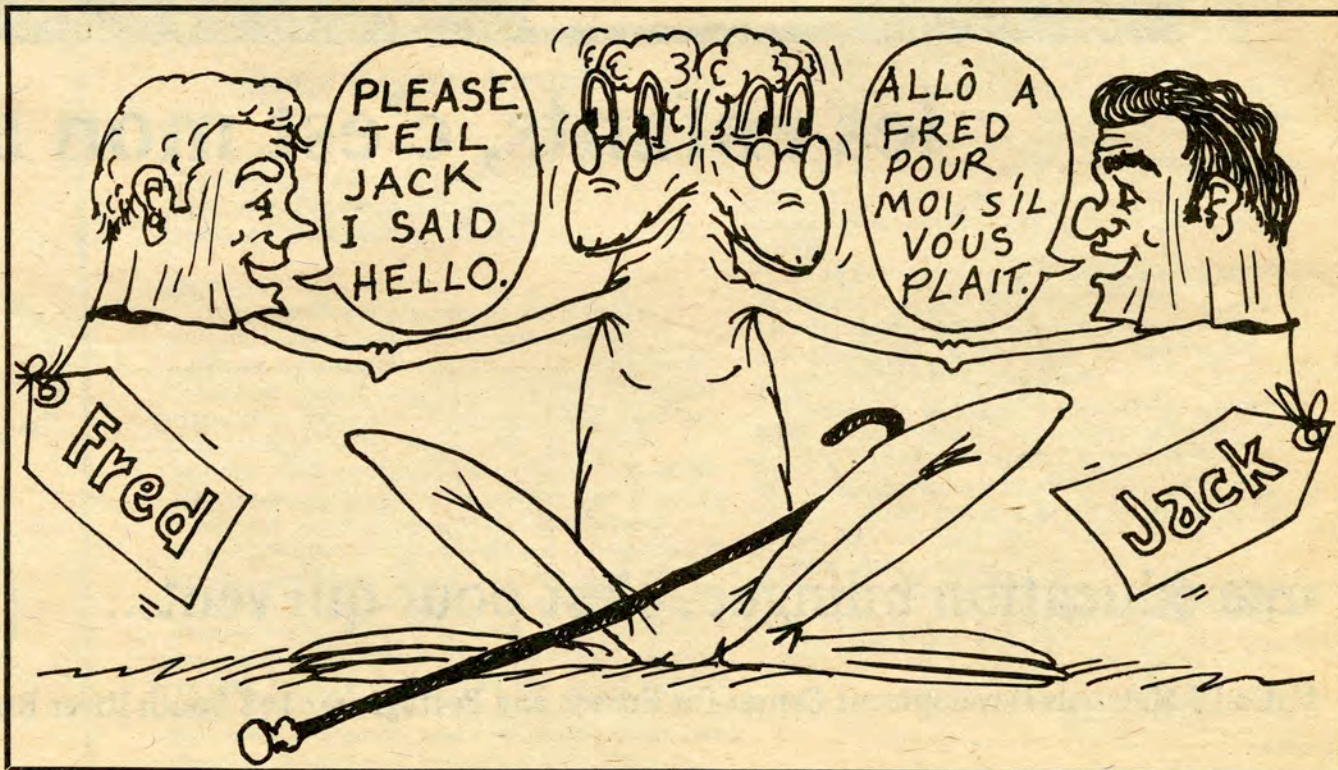
**Senior:** Priority in age, Dignity in Rank, a student in final year of College.

**Citizen:** Inhabitant of a Town or city, a free MAN, a member of State or Nation, who enjoys Political rights and privileges, a Tradesman.

We feel that according to definitions, a senior citizen should be one who has reached the height of Education and has the experience of a college graduate according to his rank, with the experience of his many years, he is ready to go into the World and tell about it...

Last summer, UPI had an article in the BDN (Bangor Daily News) about senior citizens, that they are not understood by their family doctor, so they should see a specialist, or with clinics about their health, and then of

cont. page 13



# JEUNES

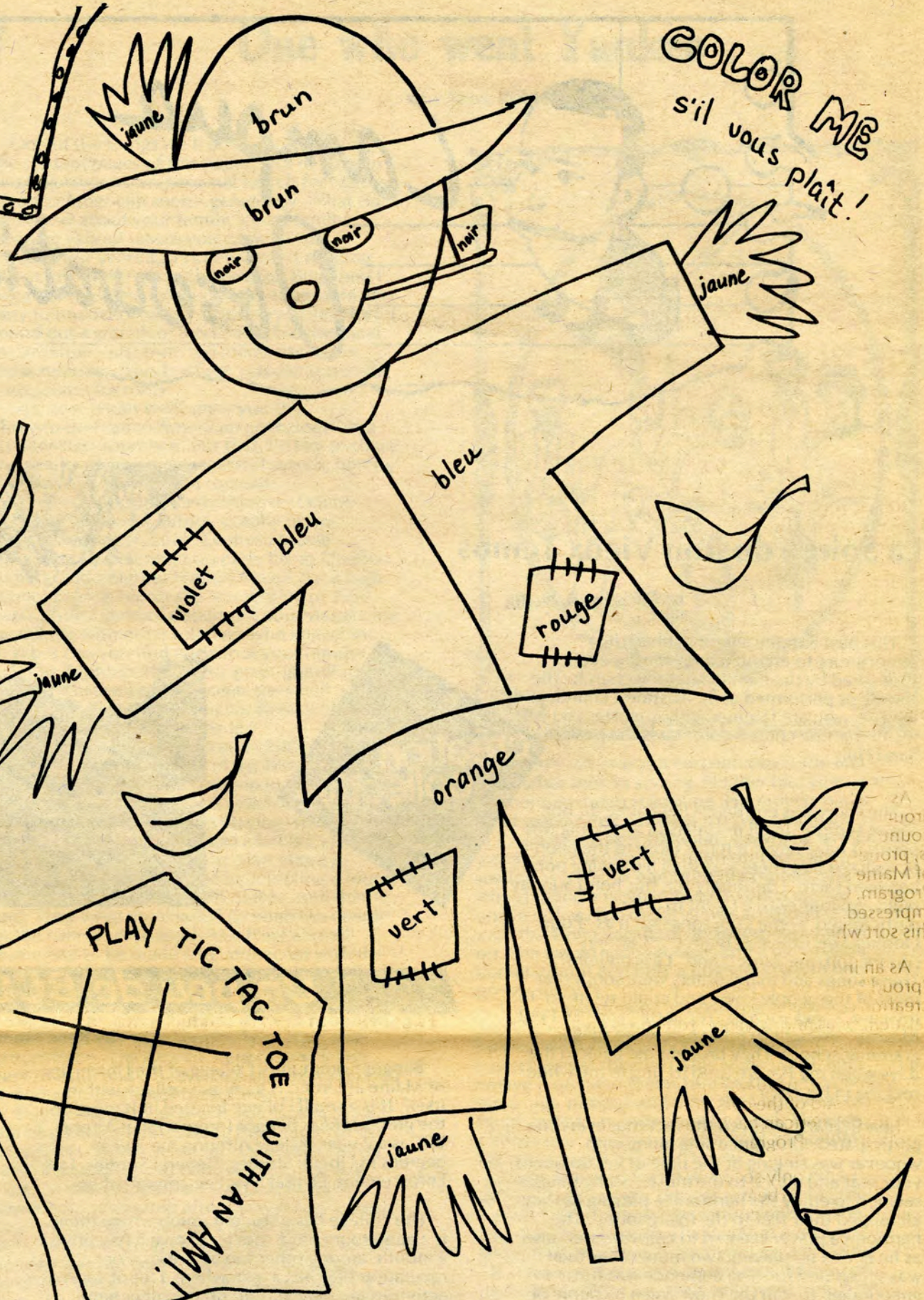
AU COIN DES

par Doris Frank

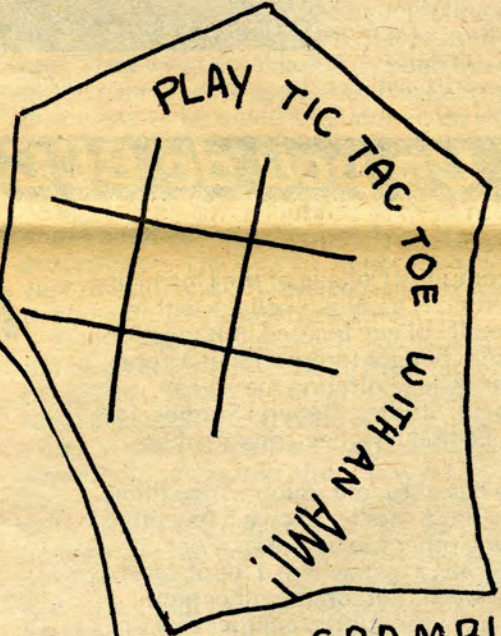
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COLOR ME  
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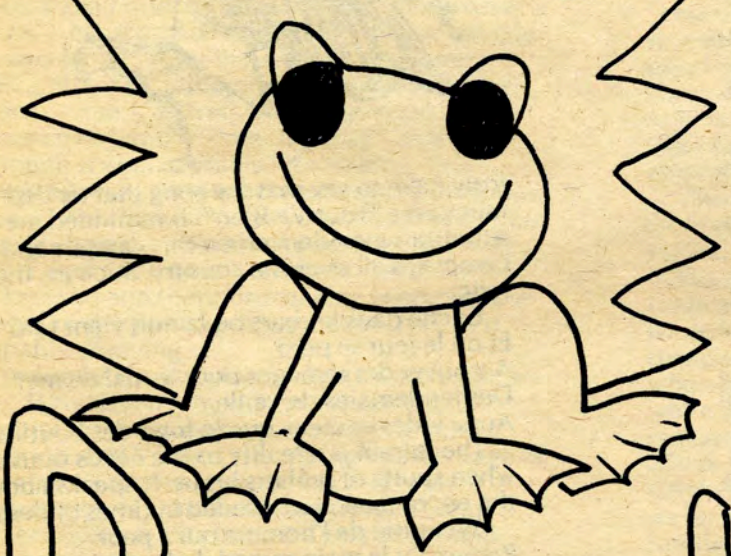
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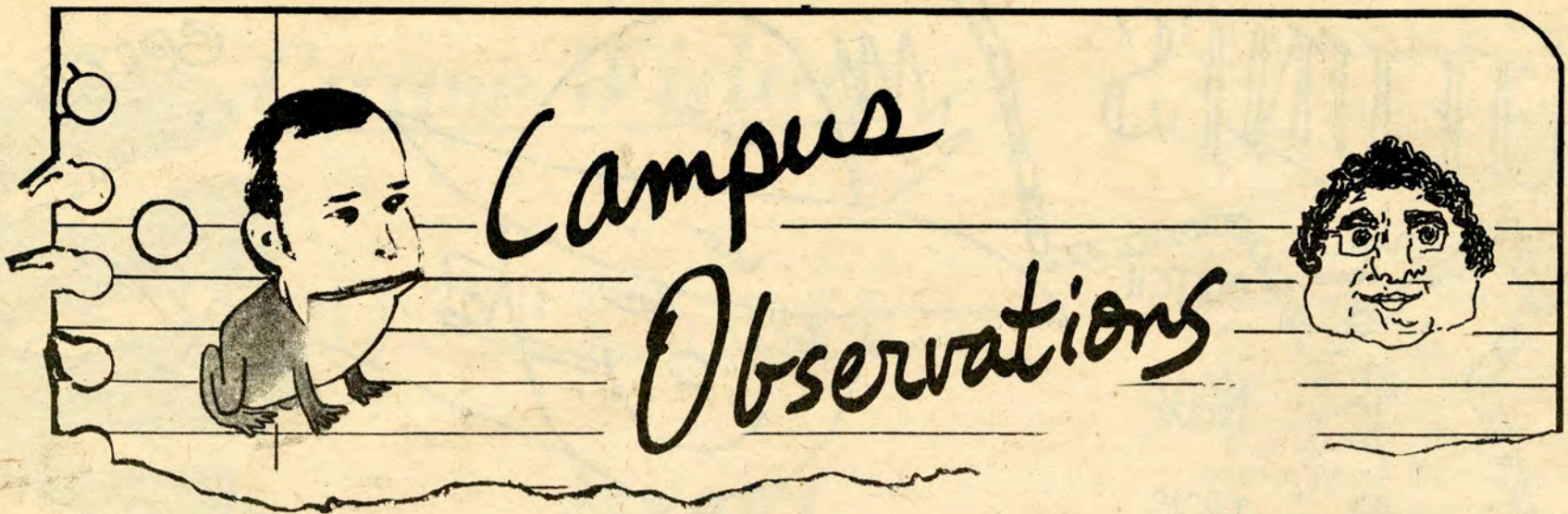
Choose one part from each column to find seven French school words!

Color & Hang on your doorknob!

CUT OUT



# Bienvenue!



## La Soirée du Bon Vieux Temps

by Christine R. Nedik

This past Sunday evening, I had the opportunity to attend a fund-raising event sponsored by the members of my church. The show was performed at St. Austine's church and if any of you are familiar with Augusta, you will recall that the church dominates the peak of Sand Hill.

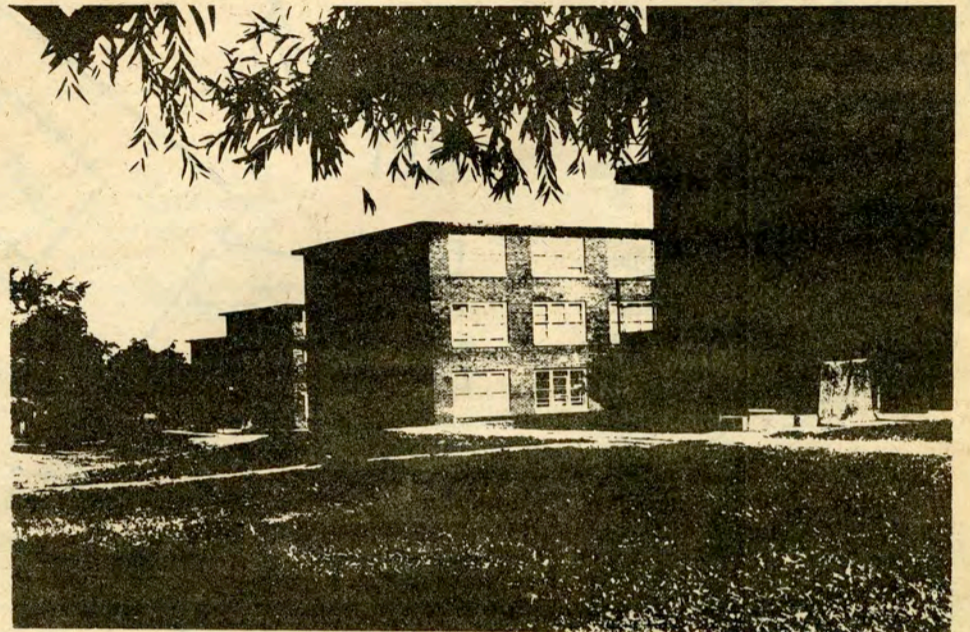
The show was entitled "Une Soiree du Bon Vieux Temps." In all my years of attending this parish, I have never felt this close to the people or realized that there was such a unifying bond between them. I definitely felt this bond Sunday night. Anyone with a talent to offer participated. Some sang songs such as "Pour Oublier Mes Cheveux Blancs", "Carmen" (Bonne job, ma Tante!) and "L'Hirondelle". These songs and many others were songs that most of the people knew and could relate to. In my case, songs such as "Alouette" and "Le Petit Mousse" brought to mind pieces we sang in grammar school. They brought me back to the days when my Pepère used to sing to me while rocking in his chair.

I particularly enjoyed the fact that everyone participated. One could sing along with whoever was singing at the time or get up out of your seat and dance to the music. Many people seemed to enjoy the harmonica playing as they all tapped their feet to the lively sound. The harmonica player seemed to enjoy himself also as he ended up playing two more songs than he was scheduled for. The audience was further encouraged to join the show when a couple of "jigs" were played for them to dance to. One of these, "Lady of the Lake", was one that I remember my Mother used to always tell me about. I remember the stories about the Saturday night dances that my father and she would go to. This was the dance that she enjoyed the most and I remember my sister, brother and I trying to follow the steps that she would show us. The thing that puzzled me the most was the fact that young and old alike were attending these dances and all were having a great time. If the music and entertainment were anything like the show I am telling you about, I can now understand why!

All the entertainment was received with much enthusiasm and appreciation, from the modern jazz number performed by two teenage girls to an impromptu rendition of "Chevalier de la Table Ronde."

Finally came the end of the show, which came too soon in the opinion of most people there including myself. The most expressive, and impressive, portions of the show were the opening and closing songs. All voices resounded in a beautiful rendition of "O Canada" to mark the opening of the show and "The Star Spangled Banner" echoed through the church at the close of the most impressive show I have ever seen put on and performed by all amateurs. The two national anthems presented the feeling of pride in our heritage and our love of the country that we live in. After seeing this show, I now know just how important it is to keep and instill the benefits of these two cultures. I feel this show is indicative of the good that is in store for all Franco-Americans. ✚

création collective



## Un peu de BCC

by Rene Monroe

Bangor Community College of the University of Maine at Orono is a unique college within itself. It is a small college located in Bangor on the grounds near Bangor International Airport. BCC is a 2-year college offering the 2-year degrees in Liberal Studies, General Studies, Law Enforcement, Dental Hygiene among others.

The college has a student union where there is a gameroom, Pub, movies shown a few times a month, among other fun activities. For recreation BCC has a gym where a lot of sport activities are played. But, on the other hand, BCC does not have the sports facilities like UMO does. But a BCC student has the right to use the UMO sports facilities.

At BCC the big advantage is the special closeness the people have here. The reason for the closeness at BCC is because BCC is a smaller campus. On a small campus people can grow to love one another.

Many students at BCC are Orono students but are living here because of the overcrowding at UMO. Despite triples in the men's dorm rooms, though, the men take it all in stride - They communicate with one another and have fun. Because of the closeness at BCC everyone finds it a happy place to live.

The dining common at BCC serves all these dorms. Usually at mealtimes everyone on campus either complains about the food or talks about their classes.

Another aspect of BCC is the closeness of the teachers. At BCC the classes are rather small and you can get help easily. But at UMO the classes are larger and usually harder to get help in.

Everyone at BCC is special. They all give a certain boost to the success at BCC. I cannot tell you how important BCC is to the students. But the closeness makes them all feel good inside. ✚

## French music hits the Union

by Joyce Cyr

Hey, I bet you didn't know that the Memorial Union supplied french-canadien albums for your listening pleasure. Well, they do at the magazine counter! I've listened to them and I believe my favorite is a group called "Beau Dommage". Their music is a mixture of pop-rock, country and jazz. Their most recent release is their album "Un Autre Jour Arrive en Ville..." based on a song in this album. But I



truly have to say that the song that tickled my fancy was "Tout Va Bien". It reminded me of situations experienced on this campus and campuses all over the country. Such as, the lyric:

Caché dans les bars où la nuit vient tard  
Et où le jour se perd  
A trouver des remèdes pour le mal de mer  
Des lendemains de veille

Aussi vides et creux que le fond des bouteilles  
The refrain is a reality to the needs of us all when spurts of prelims hit us. It speaks about the encouragement needed in times of despair.

Ayer pitié de l'homme qui a peur  
Prenez-lui la main quand il pleure  
Amenez-le doucement danser  
Jusqu'au petit matin  
Donnez-lui le goût de croire  
Que tout va bien.

This is only a sample of the great music offered to you by the Memorial Union. Take a chance and listen to one of the albums. Don't be surprised! You may find that you'll like the texture of french music. ✚



# C'T' ENCORE A MON TOUR

par Debbie Gagnon

Alô tout l'monde! Payé attention au nom de cette article-Cute, huh? Toute que ça veur dire c'est que pour huit mois de file, ce petit coin icit est à moé. . . juste mes idées pi mes nièseries. Si que tu trouve que chu pleine de colle, écrit moé. . . apart d'être bonne è m'escrimé, j'écoute ben.

OK, so may be I lost a couple of you because I wrote the first paragraph of this article in French (not even the "good" French! GASP!!! You'll just have to bear with that: J'ai pas 'té élevé d'parler du cul d'poule.). The point of it was that French is my first language and it's probably yours too, but that a lot of times we feel uncomfortable with it.

You know why don't you?  
 In my case, I learned to speak French right away: "Mom! Sharon a pris mes Crayons!" and "Mom! J'peux tu avoir d'l'ice cream?" and "Debbie! Met tes souliers! Tu vas poigné une grippe!". It wasn't until I started going to school that I learned to speak English! I was bombarded with a language that was totally foreign to me, so I swam rather than sunk, but for a long time I still **thought** in French. However, because French wasn't allowed in schools until 1969, I eventually grew Anglesized enough to speak English, think English, and to an extent, act English. Until recently, I felt really incompetent with the French language, i.e. I assumed that I probably wouldn't understand anything written in French, and when I had to speak it, I felt terribly uncomfortable because I was embarrassed about my grammar. I got it from all sides: some people said I had a French accent, (How do you think they telled? By my accent? GROAN!). Memère used to tell me that I spoke French with an English accent, and then there were les Parisiens who thought I didn't know how to talk at all! (Mais, sacré bleu! Qu'est ce que c'est des French Fry? Ah, oui! Des pommes de terre frites! tsk, tsk, tsk.) J'POUVAIS PAS GAGNE!!!



Two years ago, though, when I came to UMO, I finally realized what a brain washing I'd been through. Who says my French isn't right? Webster defines language as: 1. Human speech 2. The speech of one people as distinguished from that of another. And by God! The St. John Valley has certainly got a distinguished language! Nobody had the right to slap my hand and say that I was ignorant because I eat **des ploies pi des cortons** and not **des plogues et des cretons**. Franchement, là, ça sonne comme il mange des spark plug pi du pain seique!

Once I got my speech "problem" out of the way, I started to look into who I was as a Franco American, and when I did that, I found myself feeling better about **me** the person.

En tous cas. C'est ça l'histoire. J'me shoque des fois quand j'entend quel qu'un d'Van Buren ou de Madawaska ou quel que part d'autre de la vallé dire qui parle pas francais. C'est ainque la peur d'avoir quel qu'un rire d'eux autre, parce que y'a pas d'manière qui peut venir au monde là sans parler, aumoins, un peu. Of course, being afraid to admit one is French is a typical Franco American trait. We've been told that "French is dumb", "French is bad", and that "French is unacceptable" for so long, that thinking and acting otherwise poses a personal threat. But think of it. Do you want to hide from your culture for the rest of **your** life? The only other way out is to become more aware of Francoism and therefore making everyone else aware of the positive input that each of us is capable of giving.

In future issues I plan to discuss such matters as: "Why doesn't my Maine History course discuss the Acadian migration to Northern Maine?" and "Why is there a high percentage of Franco maids and janitors, but a very low percentage of Franco administrators?" and other choice duties from my very angry and confused mind.

Until then. . .bye bye! Prenez bons soins et n'oubliez pas que vous êtes importants! ✨

# One who went Yankee . . .

by Steve Robbins

One of the things we'll be doing this year on the student pages of this paper, will be to help you begin your own personal search for "Roots" - Franco American roots - genealogy. What do you know about your family, your French heritage - about where you came from?

Just a few years ago I knew almost nothing about my family's French heritage. But when I began to look and ask questions, it became very easy to uncover "roots". With very little effort, I found out a wealth of interesting biographical information - just from the memories of my older relatives. This is where **you** can start with your search for roots.

In future issues we'll show you the "how-to-do-Franco American genealogy" in a step-by-step approach. But first, I'd like to share the results of my own successful search, hoping that this may inspire you to begin.

While visiting an elderly relative, I came upon a manuscript autobiography of my great-grandfather, Louis Zéphirin Massé - written as he described his early life in Québec to his granddaughter Marion Massé, for a high school English report she was writing in 1950. Later I filled in more details of Louis Massé's life by talking with other relatives who knew him.

What can you find out about your family? Louis Zéphirin Massé, my great-grandfather, was born in the year 1876 near the small Canadian village of Bécancour River which empties into the St. Lawrence.

Phirin, as he was called as a child, spent his early boyhood swimming in the Bécancour River, playing with windmills in nearby streams, playing with tops and carts which were hand whittled by his father, and playing with other children his own age. He and Marcel Cyrenne's father were "Big Chums", as Marcel put it.

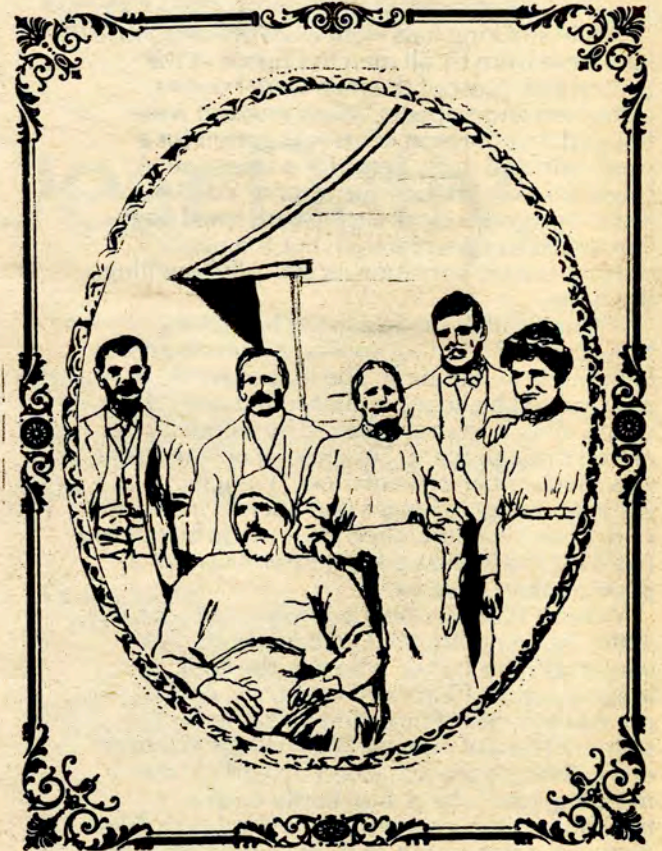
The toy carts were made by selecting a round log and sawing off four thin pieces from the end. They were then nailed through the center of the cart to serve as wheels. Next a small frame had to be made and connected with the wheels. A pole was added to act as a steering wheel and thus made the cart complete.

Sleds were all made at home for the children, even to big bob sleds used to haul grain and groceries on. The runners were planed down very smooth and a heavy coat of wax was added to make it run smoothly on the snow.

Phirin served as altar boy and choir boy in the Church until he came to the States. All the people in Canada were Catholics. The Church ruled the people, and there were no outside clubs. If one got married, the people had a dance and celebrated after the ceremony had been performed. The Priest had a great influence over the people. Going to Church on Sunday was the only time that brought out mother's black dress and bonnet and father's suit. The children wore shoes to church on Sunday, but only in the wintertime. The only means of transportation was by horse-drawn vehicles. It was only the people in the upper class who could afford a carriage. The poor people had either express wagons or had to walk.

Phirin had two sisters and two half brothers. One of his sisters married a cobbler and lived in Bécancour village until she died in 1916 of "consumption". The other sister lived to be only six years old. She died from diphtheria. It was very hard to get a doctor to go out on a call at night. If a person were sick, someone had to send a wagon after the doctor, and take him back home again. Only one doctor was to be had for miles around.

Phirin's two half brothers preceeded him to the States. After some moving about, one finally settled in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and the other in Haverhill, Mass. The former was a barber by trade and also owned and worked on a farm while his children were small. He later built a six-apartment house in which he was living when he died in 1949. The latter half brother was a chef. He had a summer place, a restaurant, in North Conway, New Hampshire, where his bean hole beans and barbecued chicken were a specialty. He died about 1937. As far as I know, the two half brothers and their families remained Catholic and French-speaking, one of their children even becoming a Priest.



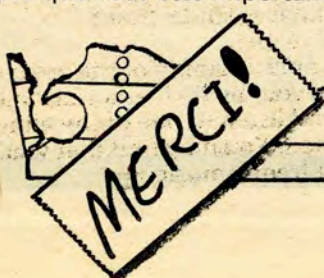
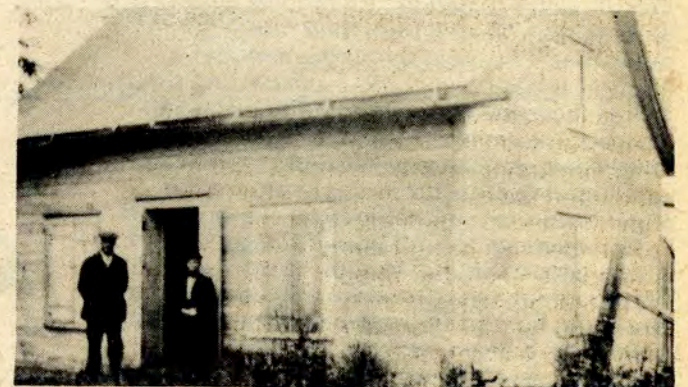
Phirin's father was a carpenter by trade and his mother took in sewing. Neither his father nor mother had much schooling. His mother had a cruel stepmother who was a driver and made her work twice as hard as anyone else when she was a girl. After she was married she took in sewing as a way of earning extra money. She would spend a week making an overcoat for only a dollar. The material was an eighth of an inch thick and very hard and tiresome to work on. She would spend a week and a half making a complete suit and only a dollar and a half was gotten for it.

The people dressed in homemade clothes, and the women made all the clothes. They helped shear the sheep, card the wool (sometimes at the mill), spin it into yarn, and weave it on hand looms into cloth. They knit all stockings, mittens and even the underwear by hand. Everything was done by hand. The only clothes ever purchased were worn on Sunday. Wool was worn the year 'round.

Linen was used for all sheets, tablecloths, pillow cases, towels, dresses and anything that could replace cotton - imports were not to be had due to high tariff. The flax that linen was spun from could easily be grown on any farm. The crop was harvested by hand-pulling, when about one-half of the seed bolls were ripe. After pulling, the flax was allowed to dry, usually in shocks in the field. Next it was threshed, the seeds saved for feed, oilseed, or planting. Then the straw was subjected to a retting process, which separated the fiber from the woody core of the stem, taking from ten days to several weeks. The retted, dry straw then went through the scutching process, which separated, cleaned and straightened the fiber. Finally, the fiber was spun into thread on hand looms by the women of the household.

The women's dresses were worn down to their ankles. They were tight-fitting from the wrist to the elbow and very full from the elbow up to the shoulder. Bustles were worn to make their skirts flare out. The waist was laced very tightly.

cont. page 8



The UMO STUDENT GOVERNMENT generously subsidizes production costs for these student pages, and has done so for the past 3 years.

# •YANKEE

cont.

While stocking hats were worn at home, fur hats were worn by all men to Church in the wintertime. Most of the men were hunters, fishermen and trappers. Many muskrat were trapped, but only ten cents was gotten for a small skin and thirty cents for a large one. A single fox skin brought the trapper a dollar. Men's suits were close-fitting with small pant legs styled to save material, but the heavy overcoats were very long, practically touching the floor.

'Phirin's father made a living by making furniture and building houses. All furniture was handmade at that time. The houses were constructed by heavy timbers piled one on top of the other and strengthened by wooden pins driven through them. This type of construction was used for better insulation. "French" windows hung on hinges and opened in. Many of the barns had thatched roofs made by putting hay over the framework. These will last for a good number of years.

When 'Phirin was about 11 years old (about 1887), he went into the Québec woods one winter with his father, who was the cook for a logging camp. 'Phirin was called the cookée. At the winter's end, 'Phirin and his father would follow a team of men driving the logs in a river drive. 'Phirin's job was to get up early in the morning, load a large iron kettle onto a buckboard. The iron kettle was filled with dried peas and a slab of salt pork. He would drive the wagon a half-day's drive, where he would stop and set up to cook the peas. At the noon meal, the river drivers coming down the river would stop for the soup.

'Phirin's father was also a millwright and a sawyer, working to within four years of his death at age 76 (1915).

'Phirin's early hobbies consisted of hunting, fishing and whittling. His spare time was spent in carving book covers, and many objects of different kinds. He hunted rabbits, partridges, muskrats, and ducks. He liked to fish in the Bécancour River which ran behind their house.

When he was a small boy he went to a one-room schoolhouse. There were no special grades because everyone learned the same things. All were taught reading, writing, and math. Everything was memory work. Religion was a very important part of their learning. They were compelled to learn page after page out of the Mass Book. The school was only one and a half miles from his home so it was convenient for him to walk back and forth every day. There were anywhere from ten to fifty in the school and they sat at long tables and on stools rather than in separate seats with desks as we do today.

There was not much to interest a small boy in a school of that type. The teacher taught the little ones in the same manner as she did the big ones.

The drinking water was gotten from a nearby spring. Each boy had his turn of taking a pail and getting it. All used the same drinking cup.

'Phirin liked to play the violin, but was not able to own one of his own. He learned to play on one belonging to a friend.

Before he came to the United States he hired out doing most anything to earn a few cents. Although men working for ordinary labor received forty cents a day and their bosses got eighty cents a day, 'Phirin one summer drove a neighbor's cattle a mile to pasture in the morning and went after them at night for only two cents a week.

Farmers kept cows and made butter. They used to take one day a week and go to Trois-Rivières to peddle. All farmers lived on the income they cleared from their farms. Some made maple syrup in the spring and sold it. They let it boil down until it sugared and used this as there was no white sugar to be had and very little honey was available. There were large maple groves and a great deal of maple syrup and sugar were made. 'Phirin helped in the sugar camps as long as the sugar season lasted.

One summer he worked in a cheese factory. This is where the urge to learn to smoke got the better of him. One day while the men had gone to dinner, he took down one of their old strong pipes from a beam, filled it, and went out behind the place to smoke it. It made him so deathly sick that he has never used tobacco in any form since.

When sixteen years of age, 'Phirin left his mother in tears, and came to the United States to find work. One of his brothers was working in a lumber mill in Vermont, so he got work there. At this time he could not speak or understand English, but as he began to mingle with English-speaking people, he learned the language very fast.

In 1893 he came from Vermont to Fairfield, Maine, where another brother was working for a man in the lumber business. 'Phirin was hired and was sent to Coopers Mills to saw lumber in a mill there. However, the first day's work he ever did in Maine was digging a ditch for the Hollingsworth and Whitney Pulp Company in Winslow, Maine. He also worked in sawmills on the Kennebec River, probably in Fairfield, run by the Nye and Totman families, and worked in the woods upriver. While still at Fairfield, he boarded with the Grégoire family. He apparently still maintained an affiliation with the Catholic Church at this time, because he inscribed "Zéphirin Massé, Fairfield, Maine, 31 Juillet 1894" in a book of his entitled *La vie dévote*, par François de Sales. ✚



# ... shirtless, unshaven and fat ...

by Steve Robbins

Have you ever had an experience like this one? In July, I and another UMO student were looking for an apartment to share for the approaching school year. We began by calling different landlords who had listed their available apartments at UMO's Housing Office.

One listing was for an apartment in Old Town, "Landlord: W. Veilleux." Said my friend: "Let's not look at this apartment - it's a French one." Surprised, I asked what he had against the French. Not knowing that I was part French, he said, "I don't trust them, from what I've experienced with them in Augusta. I don't want a French landlord."

Feeling insulted and disgusted, I decided to prove him wrong. So, without yet telling him that I was part French, I suggested, "Let's look at the apartment anyway - maybe we'll like it, and Mr. Veilleux might be a nice person - we haven't even met him yet." Reluctantly, my friend agreed to have a look.

The address turned out to be on French Island in Old Town. The landlord walked out of his home overlooking the river - shirtless, unshaven and fat. The apartment he showed us was upstairs over his house. It was in very poor condition, at \$160.00 per month, plus heat - nothing that even I would want to live in. The expression on my friend's face seemed to say "I told you so."

Have you had a similar experience? How did you feel? Would you like to share it with other FORUM readers? ✚

... Shirtless, unshaven and fat ...



... observations ...  
**Consider**

point de vue

**Considérez**

Dear Editor,

The Franco-Americans in the Maine area have historically been specially oppressed - imported as cheap labor by the bosses, and then blamed for the lower wages that all workers had to suffer. The tactic of divide and rule was used by the ruling class to divide Scots-Irish workers and French-Canadian workers - much similar to the plight of many other national minorities in America.

The Communist Youth Organization seeks to unite all workers on a program of revolutionary unity - fighting for the special demands of minority youth. In the Maine area, that would probably mean regional autonomy in areas of concentration - (Little Canada in Lewiston-Auburn, Sand Hill in Augusta, and a region in Northern Maine, including Madawaska, Presque Isle, and down possibly to Houlton). Added to this would be the demand for bilingual education, bi-lingual contracts in labor unions, bi-lingual TV and Radio programming.

These just demands are the only way to build the lasting unity of the American people against the imperialistic bosses.

Here is a copy of the "Youth Conference, 77" Can you post it prominently in the FAROG Center ?

Don  
A friend of the C.Y.O.



rassemblement de membres de la famille Babineau venus de lointaine Louisiane pour fraterniser avec d'autres membres de la famille restés ou revenus en l'Acadie "du Nord". Se fit ensuite, l'après-midi, l'ouverture officielle à Grande-Anse du Village Historique Acadien, une reconstitution qui coûta au gouvernement fédéral plus de cinq millions et demi de dollars et qui mérite d'être visité pour l'ambiance qu'elle offre au visiteur de la vie quotidienne des ancêtres. Ca vaut la peine d'être vu. C'est beau. Enfin, pour terminer le tout, la grande soirée sur la butte que l'on appela "L'Acadie en Fête". On y vit défiler sur la scène tous les grands noms de la chanson acadienne et du spectacle acadien: Calixte Duguay, animateur de l'émission télévisée "Encore Debout", Donat Lacroix renommé surtout pour sa composition "Viens voir l'Acadie", la Troupe Folklorique du Madawaska, la folkloriste chevronnée Charlotte Cormier, la satirique-chansonnière de l'Île-du-Prince-Edouard Angèle Arsenault et la plus attendue et la plus connue de tous, Edith Butler, acclamée la plus grande vedette musicale sortie de l'Acadie.

Pour rendre service à nos milliers de lecteurs qui cherchent acharnement des réponses sérieuses à des graves problèmes nous proposons d'accorder de l'espace à un niais sage qui tachera de répondre à vos questions. Ecrivez à Daffy, FAROG FORUM, Fernald Hall, University of Maine, Orono.

# Dear Daffy,

Dear Daffy,  
I have been told that I should write to you because you have surprisingly simple and effective solutions to amazingly complex questions. Is that true?

Seeking

Dear Seeking:  
Mind your own business.

Dear Daffy,  
Can Frogs walk on water?

Hopeful

Dear Hopeful,  
It's a matter of faith.

Dear Daffy,  
I don't think that the Québécois have a right to force others to speak French. This is America?

Confused

Dear Confused,  
You're absolutely right. They chose the wrong solution. Bill 1 should have made it a criminal offense to speak any language at all. Can you imagine all those French speakers with a monopoly on the conversation after listening patiently like children for 400 years?

Cher Daffy,  
Cette questions est sérieuse et je cherche une réponse sérieuse. Je me sens tellement triste et seul(e) des fois. Qu'est-ce que je peux faire pour moi?

Seule

Chère Seule,  
Si tu a un-e ami-e dans les alentours, va le-la voir pi dis-i que tu veux qu'il-elle te tienne sans te poser des questions ou to parler (à moins que tu le demandes)... parce que t'as besoin de la bonne chaleur humaine... T'as droit à ca.

S'il n'y a pas d'ami-e alentours, assied toi et traduit tes émotions en paroles (une lettre à un amant idéal, un poème) ou en dessin, ou même en forme de danse à une musique que tu choiras.

Le concierge, Franco-Américain, chantait à soir, en travaillant. Il m'a dit qu'il faisait ça "to get out of the blues".

Je connais aussi des gens qui répètent lentement, quand ils sont seuls, les mots, "maman", ou "papa" comme s'ils étaient des enfants. Ca permet de lâcher des larmes qu'on a bloqué.

A la prochaine.

Daffy

## Les Acadiens en Bref

par Roger Lacerte

Puisque les Franco-Américains ont si peu l'occasion d'apprendre ce qui se passe en Acadie, nous croyons bon de fournir à nos lecteurs quelques renseignements.

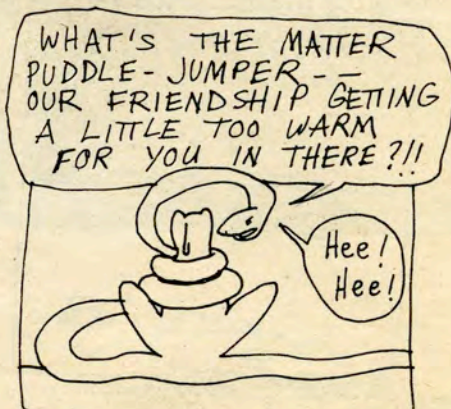
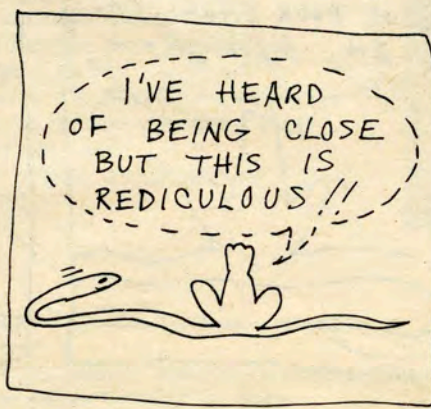
**FROLIC ACADIEN** - Le haut point du Frolic Acadien, nullement patronné par l'Establishment de Moncton, attirera "Su' la butte à 'poléon" (Napoléon Goguen) à Cap Pelé, au Nouveau-Brunswick, une foule de quatre à cinq mille personnes qui assisteront à une journée-soirée-nuitée de spectacles par des artistes, venus de tous les coins de l'Acadie, qui se suivront l'un les uns les autres à partir du samedi 6 août à quatorze heures jusqu'au lendemain matin à sept heures. Figurèrent au programme des artistes bien connus tels que Calixte Duguay et Donat Lacroix, tous deux du Nord-Est; Marie-Paule Martin d'Edmundston; Denis Losier, de Campbellton; le poète-chansonnier Jean-Louis Belliveau, de la Baie Sainte-Marie en Nouvelle-Ecosse, et Eloi LeBlanc, réputé le meilleur violoniste, Zélie-Anne Poirier et sa famille, de l'Île du Prince-Edouard, le nouveau groupe 1755, qui promet beaucoup et qui soit dit en passant fera peut-être une tournée en Nouvelle-Angleterre à l'automne, ainsi que des talent locaux tels que Rachelle LeBlanc, Frank Maillet, Jos la canne, Ronald Nima, les soeurs Richard et nombre d'autres qui se sont exécutés sans que nous puissions tous les nommer.

**FESTIVAL ACADIEN** - Cette année, comme de coutume depuis quinze ans, le grand Festival Acadien, le plus grand événement culturel tenu en Acadie, eut lieu à Caraquet, dans le Nord-Est du Nouveau-Brunswick, -autrement appelé la Péninsule Acadienne, - du 5 au 15 août 1977. Une centaine d'activités sociales, sportives et surtout culturelles eurent lieu dans ce village reconnu comme le plus long du monde. Nommons parmi ces derniers les Galas de la Poésie et de la Chanson, les spectacles dramatiques montés par le Théâtre Populaire d'Acadie, cette année le spectacle de Raymond Breaux et à cette même occasion le lancement par Claude LeBouthillier du premier roman d'anticipation acadien intitulé "L'Acadien reprend son pays" et publié aux Editions d'Acadie, à Moncton, enfin la grande soirée de "l'Acadie en Fête".

Le 15 août, la Fête Nationale des Acadiens, la Fête de l'Assomption, avait commencé cette année par une messe concélébrée à Sainte-Anne-du-Bocage, près de Caraquet, où des milliers de fidèles prièrent sur les lieux mêmes où les fondateurs de la région avaient érigé leur première chapelle. Peu après la messe, il y eut

**RADIO ACADIE** - Depuis des années qu'on en parle, qu'on l'attend, la voici qui arrive cette station de radio si longtemps souhaitée. En effet, l'ouverture officielle du poste CJVA (surnommé "La Voix Acadienne") se fit le 15 septembre 1977 à Caraquet, au Nouveau-Brunswick. Ce poste commercial privé diffusera sur les ondes MA à 810 kHz au cadran. Dans une récente livraison de "La Voix Acadienne", hebdo publié à Summerside, Île-du-Prince-Edouard, François Jacob en parle ainsi: "Une diffusion de 18 heures par jour pourra être facilement captée dans les nombreuses régions acadiennes y compris celles de l'Île-du-Prince-Edouard." Auparavant, les Acadiens du Nord-Est ne pouvaient capter qu'un poste en langue française, celui-là le poste CHNC de New-Charlisle au Québec, et se plaignaient souvent de la piètre qualité des émissions et du peu de contenu acadien. Les ondes du poste français CBAF à Moncton étaient trop faibles pour atteindre cette région homogène française; par contre, les ondes des postes anglais de Saint-Jean pénétraient ce coin français et y faisaient des ravages assimilatrices. Succès aux propriétaires! longue vie à Radio-Acadie!

**L'ACADIE, PROVINCE CANADIENNE** - Une province acadienne dans une nouvelle confédération, advenant l'indépendance du Québec, voilà ce que semble demander la Société des Acadiens du Nouveau-Brunswick, par la voix de son président, le père donation Gaudet, de Moncton. Cette province comprendrait le nord et le littoral est de l'actuel province du Nouveau-Brunswick, division jugée réaliste par un groupe d'affaires anglophones de Saint-Jean dans une étude récemment publiée. Il y a deux ans, à son congrès à Bouctouche, pays de la Sagouine et des Arvonne (Irving), le nouveau Parti Acadien, sous la présidence de Jean-Pierre Lanteigne, réclamait pour les Acadiens le droit à l'autodétermination face à l'Union (plutôt anglaise) des Maritimes et à l'éventuelle indépendance du Québec (français). Décidément, de nombreux Acadiens du Nouveau-Brunswick se méfient de l'Union des Maritimes qui auraient comme résultat de les noyer numériquement dans une mer anglaise. L'urbanisation et l'industrialisation font déjà assez de ravages sans compter ce nouveau danger d'assimilation. La ville de Bathurst, par exemple, renferme trente pourcent d'Acadiens assimilés, selon une analyse faite en 1974. Une analyse semblable dévoilerait sûrement une situation analogue dans les villes de Moncton, Frédéricton et Saint-Jean. Le moment de vérité est arrivé en Acadie aussi bien qu'au Québec! ❀



## Notre héritage vivant or My Grandmother

by Ms. Gene Perrault

I have always had a burning desire to write about my grandmother. What a beautiful opportunity to do this now. I feel that someone had to awake me to the fact that my grandmother will not always be with us, although we wish she would.

My grandmother celebrated her 91st birthday July 13th of this year. She deeply enjoyed her friends and neighbors dropping in to wish her a wonderful day.

She has a terrific memory. She is able to recall many memories, even of her childhood.

Roselie Nadeau is like a legend to everyone in the town of St. Francis. She is the oldest citizen of the town. People that have known her always stop in to see her when they visit. One thing about her which everyone knows is; she is always there. Many times my friends will visit me and I have to confess regretfully that I am not always home. I find a note, "Sorry we missed you." My grandmother's friends and relatives always find her home. Last summer she had more people coming in to her house to visit her than I had ever seen.

What a chore it must have been to raise sixteen children. She had fourteen children of her own and has brought up two of her grandsons when their mother passed away.

My grandfather Charles, was a lumber contractor and farmer. He to was the kind and gentle person I can remember. He passed away on a cold snowy day, eighteen years ago. The children were all married and gone. She remained home and kept on.

She recalls, the dining table was always set for at least twenty-five people. They raised their own meat and vegetables. Along with the help of the girls, they would make their own butter and store some for the winter. The ice house was a handy place located near the ground cellar. The men would cut and pile the ice they had cut in the spring time. It was then covered with sawdust to insulate it to prevent the ice from melting. Fresh bread and pasteries were baked every morning.

They raised their own meat and vegetables. The men would work on the farm in the summer time. They had at least fifty livestock to tend to. It would take hours to milk the cows every morning and every night.

Every spring she would shear the sheep. Her evenings were spent knitting and spinning yarn. There was always plenty of wool to furnish the family with stockings, mittens and bonnets. Her blankets and rugs were another work of art.

The boys and their father were away in the winter time. Two of the older girls would also join them to cook in Mr. Nadeau's lumber camp. My grandmother was left with the younger children. Life had to go on.

Sickness and death was the saddest times in her life. Most of the times she had to nurse the children without the assistance of a doctor. It was difficult to transport a sick child in a sled or wagon drawn by a team of horses because of the distance. The first time a doctor was called in to help was when her oldest son Patrick came down with double pneumonia. My grandmother had spent sleepless nights trying to ease the fever, using her home remedies. The doctor arrived just in time to save the poor suffering boy who had been unconscious for over twenty hours.

Another sad memory was the death of her youngest son Roland. He passed away at the young age of seventeen. That summer she spent walking four miles every day to visit his cemetery plot.

Many old people whom had no place to live were taken in to live with my grandmother. She welcomed them in her home. She would love and care for them and she would make them

feel wanted which was the greatest thing in the world for them.

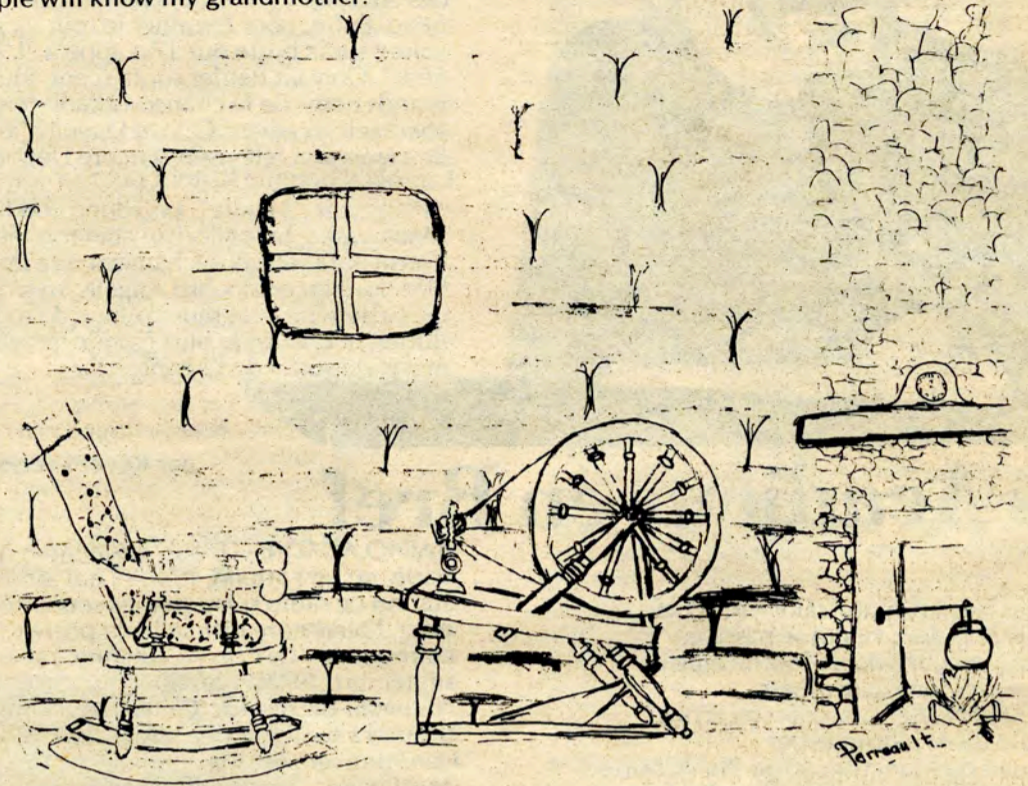
To listen to my grandmother talk about some of the difficult times she lived through, one may get the feeling that she once lived in an other world.

This is a small portion about my grandmother's life. So much more could be said about her.

Now my mind will feel a little more at peace. More people will know my grandmother.

I love all grandmothers and appreciate them with all my heart. I deeply hope that all of us will return the love they have in their hearts. Some of them are no longer with us, but their memories will never die.

I praise my grandmother for all she has done. Mostly for the wonderful family she had, especially for my dad, my aunts and uncles. They are beautiful and I am proud to be part of them. ❀



# Les Cajuns

Quoique les réactions à notre présence dans le FORUM est tellement bonnes, on a décidé de continuer. Nous l'adresse - 3038 Wyoming St., Baton Rouge, LA 79892 - a pas changé. Alors, écrivez-nous, vous-autes!

### Nouvelles News

A cette heure on est tous occupé avec l'organisation d'une association, "state-wide" des jeunes personnes intéressées au développement continué de la communauté francophone louisianaise. Le 20 septembre, 1977 on a fait un gros rejoint à Lafayette afin d'organiser les choses plus en détail. On a déjà quelques projets spécifiques envisagés. Pour plus de renseignements, vous pouvez vous écrire à Barry Ancelet, Richard Guidry, et "Stick" Thibodeau, P.O. Box 1, Breaux Bridge, LA.

## ON EST BACK ENCORE

On September 10-11, 1977 the 4th Annual Festival, "Hommage à la Musique Acadienne" was held at Girard Park in Lafayette. Sponsored each year by CODOFIL, the festival has developed into an important gathering for those interested in Louisiana's French heritage.

Les Cajuns LSU were represented at the Franco-American Festival in Lewiston, Maine from July 25-31, 1977, in the person of Couche-Couche Caille at les Malheureux Playboys. On a passé un bon temps là-bas et les Playboys voudraient remercier tout le monde qui nous a montré leur hospitalité et qui a été si vaillant avec nous. MERCI BEAUCOUP!

The Louisiana Educational and Cultural Foundation is launching a new magazine called, **Louisiana Renaissance**. **Louisiana Renaissance** is both bilingual and non-profit. For more information, write **Louisiana Renaissance**, P.O. Box 187, Mamou, LA., 70554.

### FONDUE à LA CADIENNE

1 gros paquet de Philadelphia Cream Cheese  
du piment vert  
du piment rouge, généreusement appliqué  
des tits onions verts haché  
de l'ail (c.a.d. du garlique)  
1 grosse boîte de tomates  
de sel  
quelques gouttes généreux de tobasco

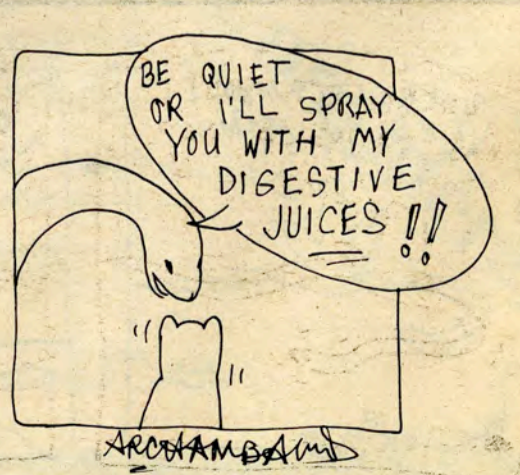
Pis, cuisez-le bien dans un saucépan jusque ça prend le gout et le couleur désiré. Vous pouvez même ajouter du vin. Quand c'est bien cuit, mettez-ça dans votre pan à fondue et LACHEZ-LE!

Vous pouvez vous manger ça avec des crackers, ou des fritos, ou des patates frites.

de: Ray "Couche-Couche"  
Brassieur, et Ulysse  
Ricard

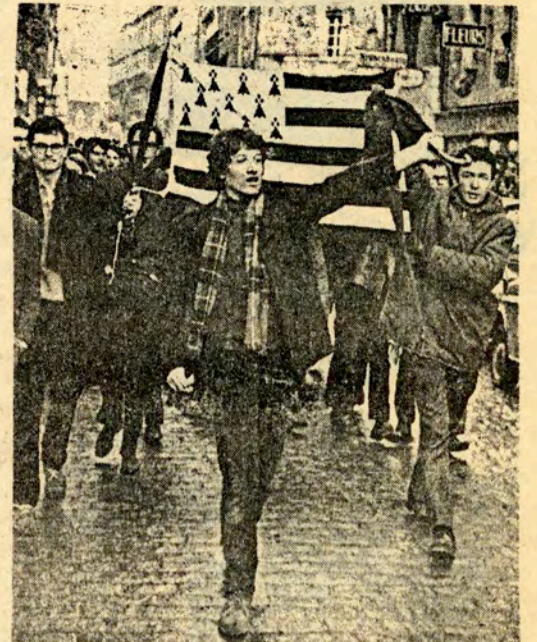
### THE FEDS AGAIN

We were more than displeased to hear the announcement several weeks ago of a pending Federal Investigation into the "alleged" abuse of Food Stamps in South Louisiana. No doubt, there is some abuse of this commodity in Louisiana, but so is there in all the other 50 states. When will they be investigated?



# A Brittany Experience

by Lynn Randall



## DEFENSE DE CRACHER PAR TERRE ET DE PARLER BRETON!

BREZONEG

LANGUE BRETONNE

BREZONEG,  
Yez ar vez,  
Truilhenn an truilhenneg,  
Pilhaou ar pilhaouer;

LANGUE bretonne,  
Langue de la honte,  
Guenille du gueux,  
Chiffon du chiffonnier;

Brezoneg,  
Mez e yez,  
E kerc'henn an tabanteg,  
Ezomm an ezommeg,  
Fanken ar fankigell

Langue bretonne,  
La honte de sa langue  
Dans la gorge du misérable,  
Nécessité du nécessaireux,  
Boue du boubrier

Is it possible to live in the state of Maine for 20 years and not be aware that Franco-Americans live here, too? It certainly is — I offer myself as living proof. But I needed more than time to realize my ignorance. I was lucky enough to be able to step outside the boundaries of my own situation. I spent my junior year of university studies in Brittany, the peninsula that reaches out from the northwest corner of France. Crossing national boundaries gave me a chance to become conscious for the first time of the boundaries of my limited perceptions.

Being a wide-eyed foreign student had some special advantages. One advantage was that most of what I saw was unfamiliar to me. It wasn't possible for me to ignore something just because I had seen it every day of my life. I actually read the graffiti on the walls:

**CONTRE LA REPRESSION  
SOLIDARITE BRETONNE**

I had no ready-made explanation for what I read, and I couldn't put it out of my mind with the simple thought that there are always some clowns who get their kicks from a can of spray paint.

I wanted some answers. That was when I discovered another advantage of being a foreign student: I could ask all kinds of questions. So I did. I learned that Bretons are a celtic people as are the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh; and that Bretons are the only celtic group in France.

All my questions were fully and carefully answered, but sharing some of the experiences of Bretons I met became more important than obtaining facts. I began to understand how it feels when the decisions that directly affect your life are made by a remote central government. The Breton economy has expanded at a much slower rate than that of more favored regions, but efforts to develop solutions within Brittany have been frustrated because Paris makes the economic decisions. As a result, many young Bretons are forced to

seek opportunity elsewhere, mainly in Paris. I saw many posters that showed Brittany bleeding: "La Bretagne se vide!" I spoke with a Breton girl who was home for a short vacation from her job. It would be difficult to forget either the anguish having to leave Brittany had caused her or her hope that she might someday return.

The decisions of the central government affect Bretons in other ways. Until 1955 it was against the law to use any language except French for educational instruction. The teachers, trained in Paris and fired by their mission of spreading "culture", devised some ingenious punishments for students caught speaking the Breton language. A woman who now teaches Breton at a summer language camp and by correspondence told me about one common punishment that was inflicted on her brother. For speaking Breton, even outside the classroom, he was forced to wear a sabot, called "le symbol", around his neck, to show to all his disgraceful backwardness. The only way to get rid of the symbol was to tell the teacher when he heard a friend speaking Breton. The symbol was then transferred to his friend.

Today a few schools offer Breton language classes after regular hours, and fewer young Bretons must leave Brittany; but the way people react when faced with difference cannot be so easily changed. Even today Bretons are foreigners. "On dirait que ce sont des étrangers quand on les entend parler français," was what my French mother reported to me when she returned from visiting the Breton family of her future daughter-in-law. Madame came to Brittany only after her children were born. I just can't figure out why, with an American student in her home, Madame accuses the Bretons of being the foreigners in Brittany. If the Bretons are still foreigners in France, it is because the single standard of French culture that inspired punishments like the symbol persists today.

In a country that centralizes culture as well as government and economy, Bretons had to admit that Paris was the source of all success, prestige, and respected opinion. Many Bretons came to accept the disappearance of their language and culture as inevitable, even desirable, since to be Breton was to be inferior. Per Denez, the professor of celtic studies who helped me understand what is happening in Brittany, told me he could remember when Bretons felt this way. But caring, committed people like Per Denez have fought hard to change this, and today Bretons are proud to make their language and culture again part of their daily lives. Children whose parents were ashamed to teach them Breton are now learning

their language. I was thrilled to meet a whole family speaking Breton. I couldn't understand what they were saying, but I do know that people can be just as friendly in Breton. When the children can at last speak with their grandparents, some of whom speak only Breton, I feel that Brittany's future looks brighter than it has looked for a long time. When Bretons can communicate in their own language, solidarity is no longer only the dream of a lonely graffiti writer.

That's a nice ending for my story, and while I was in Brittany I thought that was the end. Even when people I talked with there asked me what we in the United States thought of problems like theirs, I could only answer with generalizations. I can admit that I was pretty ignorant of what was happening in my own country, but it is still difficult for me to admit that we have such problems here. I preferred to agree with the man from l'Union démocratique bretonne who praised the United States because the federal government has left some power of decision to the states.

Coming back to Maine was a shock. I not only began to realize how little I knew, I also discovered that things were not the way I had always assumed they were. For me, it was not the same country I had left - I felt like a foreigner. I really began to listen when Franco-American students in my classes at the university said that they had not been allowed to speak French in school. That prompted me to do some investigating. I found that before 1968, 21 states (including Maine!) had laws stating that all public school instruction had to be in English. These laws provided criminal penalties. At home, many parents avoided the use of French because they feared it would prevent their children from "getting ahead in the world". I try to imagine what it was like to the young man Lougarou sings about when he left his home in Canada and came to this country, perhaps even to Maine, to get ahead.

Since I have become aware enough to start asking questions, I feel less like a foreigner here. But I still have a lot of ignorant questions — ignorant because I have lived here all my life and never asked any before. Sometimes I feel ashamed of my ignorance, but Yvon and FORUM have made it much easier for me. I must ask, but I find I cannot simply accept the answers to my questions. I feel I must do something to change the answers I'm getting now. Perhaps if I can somehow help make some changes I won't feel like a foreigner anymore.





# Cause Widow

## FOCUS ON...

# SUE

by Suzanne Paré

Lots of women are married to golf nuts, work-aholics, even health freaks. In my case, I'm married to a cause addict. My husband is addicted to a cause: saving Franco-Americans from all their enemies, real or imagined.

Paul lives, breathes, eats and even sleeps his cause. Indirectly, so do I. He lives this way by choice, I do by necessity since I want our relationship to last. It's not easy, however, for either of us.

Being a cause widow means that much against my nature, I have eaten dinner alone, spent countless evenings alone and on occasion slept alone.

I have run the gamut of emotions, from pride in my husband and his achievements to hating him and his cause.

All this started five years ago when Paul was asked to co-edit a bimonthly, bilingual newspaper called **Observations**. He was to be paid and we needed the extra money, having just bought our house and having recently had our second child.

Unfortunately, the paper did not make money in its six months of existence. Neither did we.

But something stirred in Paul and it began to overshadow everything else in his life. His family took second seat to this new awareness and his job which he had enjoyed until then became more and more a nuisance.

Paul had found his cause. He was now searching for his roots, his ethnicity. He had become a champion, a saviour.

I had to face an unfamiliar problem. Family and job, things I felt were important were now in the way of Paul's cause. How to handle this? I tried ignoring it. "It just might go away," I said. It didn't.

I tried being supportive, but our children were young and they limited me in many ways. Also, I soon found out that with Paul, giving him an inch resulted in his taking a mile. Soon, I saw his involvement in his cause taking more and more of the time I thought we should have been spending together. I became bitter and resentful. Some of this remains.

After **Observations**, Paul began giving seminars at Orono and Farmington evenings after work. One snowy winter night, when I was sick in bed with the flu, Paul had to go to Farmington to attend a seminar, the third in a series of three.

The other times, he had been home by 11:30 but this time I awoke at about 1 a.m. and saw he hadn't come home yet. I waited until 3 a.m. imagining all kinds of things had happened to him.

His reason for coming home so late: he and other cause addicts chatted after the seminar was over and they lost track of the time. As he walked into the house, he expressed concern over my health. I told him his concern should have brought him home a couple of hours earlier, but not in such nice terms.

After that, he became more considerate and started declining invitations to contribute to the cause - something he informed me of regularly.

Four years passed and we became the parents of two more children, twin boys, and Paul's activities stayed pretty constant - but closer to home.

In 1976, along came "La Semaine Franco-Américaine" in Lewiston which was put together by a handful of people including, of course, my Paul.

Public response to the week was very good and this convinced Paul that it was time for him to really immerse himself in the cause. This meant quitting a now well-paying job after working there ten years. His argument was that he was shortchanging all of us by giving himself to cause first, family second and job third.

"There must be a way to incorporate job and cause," he kept saying "leaving more time and energy for family."



Whereas before, one third of his time went to the cause, now it took two thirds. Family still came in second.

Now came the two to three days once or twice a month - sometimes three - away from home.

My bitterness was increasing as I spent these hours alone with only my children for company 24 hours a day, in winter, without a car.

I was also babysitting other children in my own home so that by evening, I was badly in need of adult company. This was a very unhappy period for me and, of course, I let Paul know it in no uncertain terms. It went to the point where Paul was almost afraid to come home after these trips.

I was jealous because I felt he was free to come and go as he pleased and I was stuck at home. He never asked if I minded that he went, he just said "I have to go." That was that.

It was truly a year to test the fiber of a marriage. We made it though but I still wonder how.

Now my husband has a full-time job as coordinator of the Franco-American Festival in Lewiston. This is the type of thing he was looking for. It combines making a living and working for the cause.

Family is no longer in second or third place. We share first spot with the cause in Paul's life. But I have to be constantly watchful because it wouldn't take much for family to fall behind again. I have to remember what Paul can do when given an inch.

Happily we spend much more time together now. He has come to realize how excluded from his life I felt. He tries to make it easier for me to help him or at least be in on the act. I've noticed this effort on the part of other cause addicts too. For this I am grateful.

It's much easier for me to accept Paul's cause if I don't feel I have to compete with it. ♣

création individuelle

Poesie

## Visions D'enfants

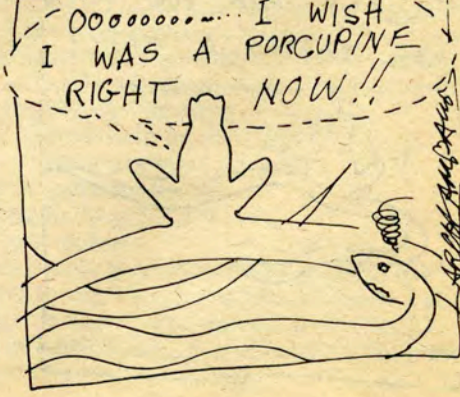
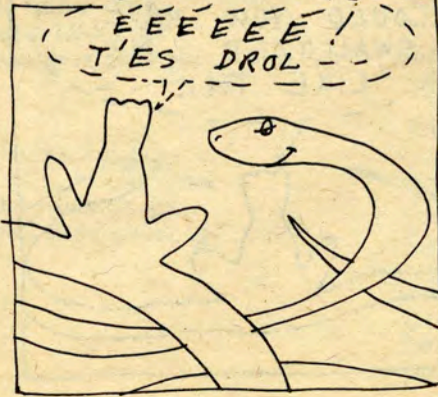
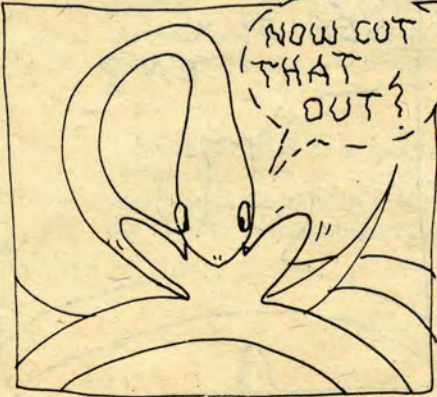
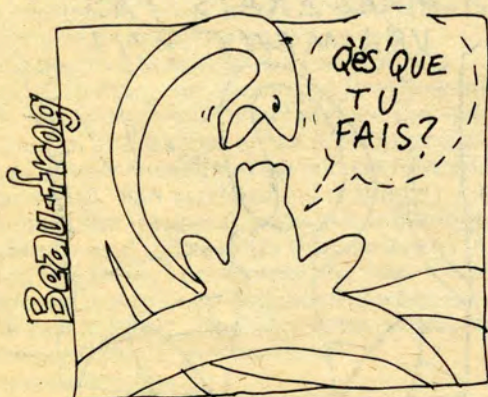
Mon grand-père,  
Enfant de Lille,  
Avait peur des gros loups-garous.  
Il m'a raconté, par la centaine,  
Contes et superstitions  
Au sujet de ces sinistres hurleurs  
Qui hantaient les bois.

Mon père, lui,  
D'après ses contes,  
Craignait le Bonhomme Sept Heures.  
Chaque soir de sa jeunesse,  
Il a vécu dans l'illusion de voir,  
Par la fenêtre de sa chambre,  
Les fantaisies et la magie noire  
Du fantôme qui rôdait  
Autour de la maison.

Mais moi, voyez-vous,  
Je n'ai peur de rien.  
Car j'ai, au pied de mon lit,  
Journaux,  
Télé,  
Et magazines  
Qui m'immunisent contre les visions  
Que doivent souffrir  
Les enfants moins bons.

Mais, dites-moi:  
Qui racontera des contes à mes enfants?

Normand Dubé





suite

### Mon coin

course at 65, they are retired from a job that they can do better than younger inexperienced person.

Some of us feel that since the Old American act was passed in 1966, that we are different from our ancestors, who used to give the Farm to one son, but was still the Head of the Home....Older people used to be valued for their wisdom and also their experience and expertise for many things they had to offer, now they have lost their place as the WISE CORE of Society. Older people should not be isolated and grouped together always, but rather younger and middle-aged people should be urged to include the Elderly in Community Life and Church and Social Affairs.

Dr. Edward F. Ansello, who I believe is now Associate Director of the Center on Aging at the University of Maryland says, "People come into the field wanting to help old people because they pity them, not because they see growing old as an other stage of development and growth."

Let's not always do things for Old People, but help us do things for ourselves....Even childrens' books too frequently tend to depict older people as ugly or stupid, rather than viewed as family members and as real people...

When Day Care Centers are planned for some elderly citizens, why not combine them with centers for children so that these children may learn the value of older and to relate to them? As older people, we too have a responsibility to make an effort to know children in our own neighborhood.

Age is not a matter of years, but how people feel and think!!!!

YOU may be old at 40....but I want you all to know that I am still young at heart at 80, plus!

### HERITAGE MOTHER VAN BUREN ✿



## Franco elders

French I discovered that one of the officials of the workshop - a person of Swedish-American background who speaks no French - had beaten me to the punch. In the group of which she happened to be a member French language role-playing was proceeding a mile a minute. The very same persons who, a few minutes before, had been shy and backward in English were now forcefully defending, en français, the capacity of a frail older person to be discharged from a nursing home, or the right of a bereaved widow to go on living in her own home even without the presence of her late, over-protective husband. Marveilleux! The transformation was wondrous to behold. The following day several groups did almost their entire role-playing in French. Even bilingual people with great facility in English got carried away.

From this workshop experience I have concluded that many of tomorrow's Franco-American aging will benefit from the seeds being planted by the Franco-American Gerontology Program at least as much as today's. ✿



I SAW A FLOWER RESTING BY A BROOK ONE DAY AS I WAS PASSING ✿ I STOPPED TO PICK IT UP - TO SMELL IT - TO EXAMINE IT ✿ DELIGHT IN ITS DELICATE BEAUTY. BUT IT CRIED ✿ WILTED ✿ IT DIED IN MY HAND. SO THE BROOK ROARED ✿ SLAPPED ME HARD IN THE FACE. I KNEW SOMETHING THEN ABOUT LIFE ✿ DEATH ✿ BEAUTY ✿ SADNESS TO HAVE KILLED A FLOWER. I CRIED WITH BROOK ✿ I CRIED WITH TREE ✿ ROCK ✿ I CRIED WITH SUN ✿ SKY ✿ WIND... AND I CRIED FOR MY LIFE.

Beau-frog

## Conte de Fée

by Steve Robbins

There was a father and a little child who lived in the woods in a cabin and the father was a woodcutter. Every day he would go through the pasture and into the woods on the farther side of the pasture to cut wood. And he would tell his wife to send his dinner to him when noontime came, by 'Chipoucette. He warned 'Chipoucette never to come through the pasture, but to go out around it, as there as an ugly bull there.

One day when it came time to take the lunch, the woodsman's wife put it in a basket and covered the basket with a cabbage leaf to keep the lunch clean. 'Chipoucette took the lunch and started for the woods, playing along the way, as children will. When he came to the pasture fence, he had forgotten that his father had told him not to go through the pasture, so he started through the pasture.

When he was part way through, 'Chipoucette saw the ugly bull coming at him and snorting with its head lowered. 'Chipoucette was very frightened. What should he do? He decided that the best thing to do would be to hide himself beneath the cabbage leaf, so he crawled inside the dinner basket and covered up. The ugly bull looked around and didn't see 'Chipoucette, but saw the nice cabbage leaf and quickly ate the cabbage leaf, boy and all.

After a while the father began to get hungry, and he wondered what was keeping his wife from sending his lunch. About two o'clock he became so hungry that he decided to go home to see why his wife hadn't sent the dinner.

When the woodcutter asked his wife, she said "Why, I did sent your dinner. I sent 'Chipoucette with it!" The parents were much worried and the father said "He must have gone

cont. page 15

## Deux chansons composées pour le Festival

Les succès du Festival Franco-Américain que a eu lieu à Lewiston la dernière semaine de juillet peuvent se mesurer de plusieurs façons.

On peut parler des 67,000 visiteurs venu de 27 états des U.S.A. et de trois pays étrangers; on peut donner des statistiques telles que 85 gallons de vin servis, 800 tourtières, 140 livres de cretons, 2,000 crêpes, 1,295 bols de soupe aux pois, 8 gallons de sirop d'érable; on pourrait parler des 90 artistes de la région qui ont passé sur la scène, ainsi que les musiciens d'un peu partout, de la Louisiane au Québec; on pourrait parler de l'essor économique, le tourisme, la francisation des participants et de la région.

Mais selon moi, le plus grand succès a été de voir que le festival avait permis, même encouragé, nos gens de s'exprimer comme ils l'avaient jamais fait. La preuve? J'offre ces deux chansons composées par un jeune Lewistonais, Paul Dubé, 21 ans, qui avais sans doute dans son coeur depuis longtemps l'esprit de ses chansons mais qui s'est senti capable de l'exprimer par sa musique et ses paroles pour la première fois lors du Festival Franco-Américain.

Je vous présente donc comme témoignage que les Francos ont quelque chose à dire et n'attendent que la permission, les chansons de Paul Dubé:

-PMP

### FRANCO AMERICAN

I'm a Franco American  
Yes I'm gonna sing it loud  
I'm a Franco-Americans  
God knows that I'm proud

They call us stupid Frenchmen  
It aint nothing but a name  
When I see what its done to us  
you know its a crying shame  
Somehow its changes us  
you know its changed our lives  
We don't talk about our heritage  
to the children and wives

Some of us were stranded here  
after the French and Indian War  
and in the years that followed  
there came many more  
You know they settled here  
from Louisiana to Maine  
Most of them they walked down  
didn't have no money to ride the train

Around the turn of the century  
many more came on down  
They settled here in their  
own little town  
You know there's Cyr's plantation on  
the banks of the Saint John  
The list is endless I could go on and on

Then there's little Canada  
Oxford and River Streets  
Yes you know the times were hard  
there wasn't always enough to eat  
My own Great Grandfather  
he came on down to work in the mill  
and his great grandchildren  
you know were all living here still

They worked over fourteen hours  
fourteen hours a day  
and at the end of the week  
five dollars was his pay.

### FRENCH CANADIAN WORKERS

Chorus

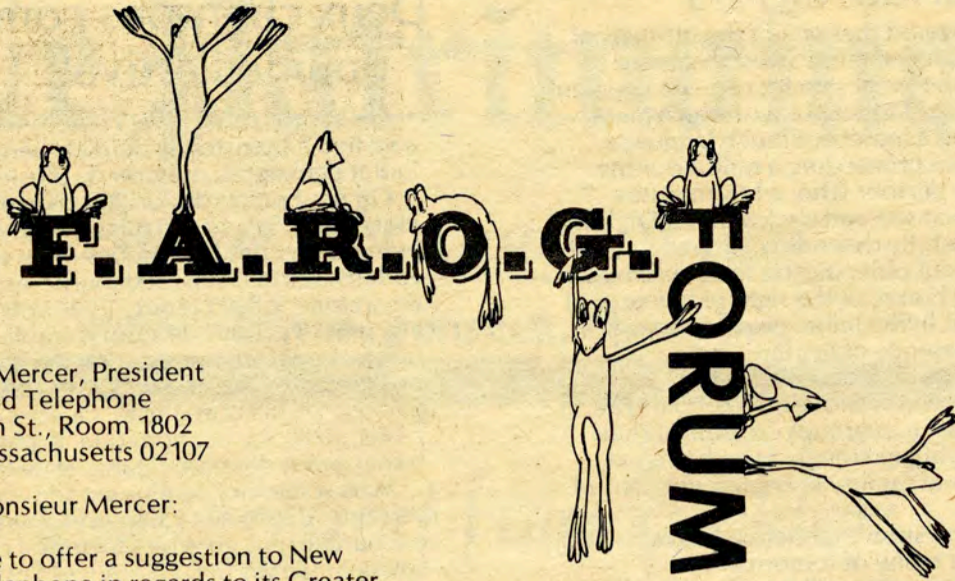
French canadian workers they work so hard  
Some say they learned how to do it working  
in a lumber yard

He got word from his brother just the  
other day  
Hey (mon chere frère) come to the  
U.S.A.  
There is plenty of work here the  
people, they treat you right  
Pack up your bags, pack them up  
tonight

He heard word from his cousin just  
the other day  
Hey (mon cousin) come to the U.S.A.  
Come on down, down if you please  
Bring all the little ones and sweet  
Marise

So he came on down to work in the  
mill  
And all his children are living here  
still

Dear



William C. Mercer, President  
New England Telephone  
185 Franklin St., Room 1802  
Boston, Massachusetts 02107

Bonjour Monsieur Mercer:

I would like to offer a suggestion to New England Telephone in regards to its Greater Biddeford-Saco-Sanford telephone directory.

These three communities have a combined population of about 45,000. The dozen or so smaller towns surrounding three communities and included in the same telephone directory must bring the total population up to about 75,000 - 80,000. A recent article in **YANKEE** magazine pointed out the fact that this area is more than half french - either as native tongue and or heritage, marriage, etc.

I would like to suggest that the New England Telephone directory for Biddeford-Saco-Sanford be bilingual.

Attached you will find photostats of the Montreal telephone directory which is intended to show you what they have done and to give you some ideas for the Biddeford-Saco-Sanford directory. I am not suggesting that you give the people of York County as much as Montreal has done in the way of French-English in their phone book at first, but why not consider a few of their bilingual pages for your french market?

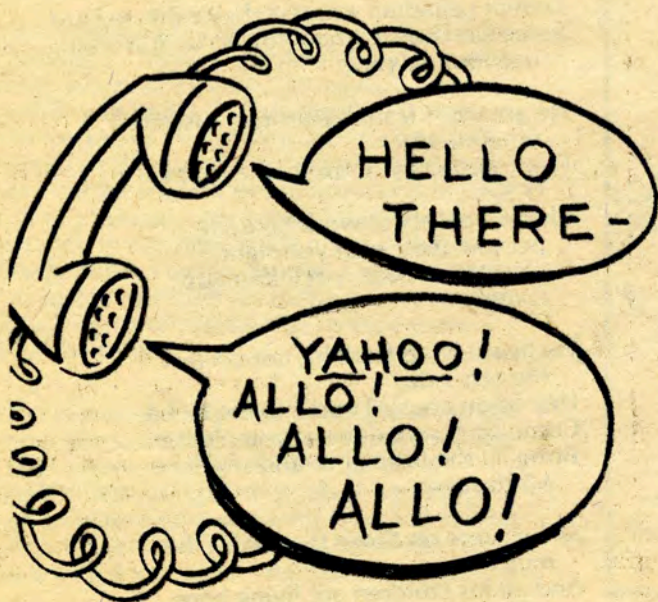
It may be too late to do anything elaborate for this year's directory, but perhaps you could at least do a couple of token things on your cover. For example, "Juillet-July 1977", "Indicatif Regional-Area Code 207." I'm sure that it would not cost anything additional, and it would go a long way in making a lot of french people in southwestern Maine very happy.

Anything you can do to help save the french culture and heritage of your subscribers in this part of New England (or is it New Quebec ???) would be greatly appreciated from those who have supported you through the years.

Amitiés,

Doug C. Guinard

cc: Prof. Gilles Auger, Nasson College, Springvale  
Mr. Dupas, French Dept., Sanford High School  
Chairman, French Dept., St. Francis College, Biddeford  
Ms. Lorraine Masure, York County College, Sanford  
Renald Berard, French Dept., Massabesic High School, Waterboro  
Editor, Sanford **TRIBUNE**  
Editor, Biddeford-Saco **JOURNAL**  
Editor, York County **COAST STAR**, Kennebunk  
**MAINE** Magazine, Ellsworth  
**MAINE TIMES** Topsham



## étincelles

F.A.R.O.G. Forum  
Fernald Hall  
University of Maine  
Orono, ME 04473

Cher Forum:

Ca m'a fait de quoi de lire l'article de Julien Olivier dans le **Forum** de Mars, 1977. C'est bien de valeur pour ce p'tit gars n'est-ce pas? Il ne regrette pas son passé ni la manière qu'il a été élevé **mais**, et c'est un gros **mais**, on peut lire entre les lignes: sa famille où l'on pensait qu'il fallait un prêtre à tout prix. Il n'a pas été forcé **mais**. Il y avait aussi le chapelet en famille, l'école paroissiale, la messe en latin, les vêpres (aussi en latin); il y avait des vieilles coutumes: abstinence le vendredi, le jeûne après minuit etc. . . C'était stricte n'est-ce pas?

Mais Julien ne regrette rien. S'il y avait à recommencer il le ferait tout pareil. Alors? je ne sais pas mais il me semble qu'il y a un air de chialoux dans son histoire. Il y a de la nostalgie pour le passé et en même temps il y a un peu de dédain.

Voyons, faisons pas le braillard. Ce qui est fait est fait. Il me semble qu'il y a personne à blâmer. C'est drôle que quand il était à platte sur le dos à l'hôpital qu'il a vu la "lumière". Maintenant sa conscience est claire, mais sa raison pour son choix de vie ne l'est pas trop. Qu'il continue son histoire sur les francos et la religion mais qu'il mette un peu plus de choses de positives là-dedans, sans se moquer de ceux qui ont eu à supporter les doctrines avant le Vatican II.

Sincèrement,  
Gérard Beaudette

Chers FAROGS,

Keep up the good work - je vous soutiens!  
I got bummed out on teaching French at the h.s. level - both in Saskatchewan, Canada and in California at a year round school in the mountains, so here I am again in graduate school at UC Irvine in ballet and French literature, having just completed a Master's degree this past summer at Indiana University in Alternative Bilingual French-English Education.  
Plus ça change, plus ça reste la même chose.  
Keep sending those FORUMS. Je les dévore.

Merci! Amitiés,

Ms, Vida White Trafford  
Smaha Lohnes

### ça presse!

Good Morning!  
Bon Martin!

Being French-Canadian born, I'm interested in preserving my French heritage & language - will you please send me a copy of the 'FORUM' & subscription blank?

I'm attending French classes at Kean College so that I will refresh, reactivate & renew my reading, writing & speaking in French.

I'm also interested in any articles, reports on the Québec Separation situation. Any suggestions of a source?

Henry Saint-Laurent  
Union, N.J.

## Is individualism really rugged?

"Individualism is a mature and calm feeling which disposes each member of the community to sever himself from the mass of his fellows and to draw apart with his family and friends, so that after he has formed a little circle of his own, he willingly leaves society at large to itself. . . Individualism proceeds from erroneous judgment more than depraved feelings; it originates as much in deficiencies of mind as in perversity of heart. . . and its adoption as an attitude toward life, tends to make man forget his ancestors; it also hides his descendants, and separates his contemporaries from him. . . throwing him back forever upon himself alone, and threatening in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart."

Alexis de Toqueville, **Democracy in America**

## open Lettre ouverte

The Honorable Rene Levesque  
Premier of Province of Quebec  
Quebec City, Quebec, Canada

Dear Sir,

This is an inquiry to you to see if there is presently a program or the potential for establishing a summer scholarship program for American english speaking activists. There are many of us here in New England who want to make contact with progressive people of Quebec, and we would like to make contact in your language. Many of us realize that in many ways your social programs are much more progressive than anything we are trying here in the United States. We could learn from these programs and the people who are initiating them and implementing them. In order to do that we should be able to speak your language. I for one, want to do that. I would appreciate the opportunity to study North American French in the summer months, and at the same time, have the opportunity to travel around the province

weekends to meet with various leaders of your innovative programs.

Many of us who would like to do this are working people who cannot afford to travel and study. That is my case. I am a Socialist attorney who resides in Bangor, Maine and work as counsel for students on the University Campus. I work for a salary and not for fees. I am much more interested in social change than I am in profit.

As an activist for social change I am aware of the interest of others in the Province of Quebec. I would gladly help establish a network that could help the Province implement such a summer scholarship program.

I know that personally you cannot do much with this request, but would you please consider putting the request in the hands of the appropriate leader who would do something with it. I reach out to you in friendship in the hopes that we can build bridges of understanding between us.

Any information about me, the organizations that I belong to, and or, recommendations you might want I would gladly furnish upon request.

Yours Sincerely,  
Russell B. Christensen,  
Esquire



## Franco Americans

bases for Franco-American unity in the past, then it is no wonder that this ethnic group is losing its identity.

In the domain of a common faith, the Franco-Americans are suffering the same fate as all other groups, that being the steady drop in church attendance, coupled with a general move away from religion. As for their common language bond, English appears to have replaced French. The Franco-Americans, therefore, except for a minority, can no longer claim that the French language unites them or distinguishes them from the rest of society. Since the above-mentioned phenomena are most prevalent among members of the younger generation, in whose hands rests the future of both faith and mother tongue, it might appear that these common bonds are in danger of being relinquished. When this occurs, what, then, will hold Franco-Americans together. . . or will they, in fact, concern themselves with ethnic unity?

If the foundations of this unity are slowly crumbling, then it is time to make a firm decision with regard to the future of the Franco-Americans. Must we simply let matters run their own course, and risk total assimilation? Should we try to revive the old bonds of faith and language? Perhaps the best alternative would be to search for new bonds and new foundations which will hopefully reunite the Franco-Americans. In any case, unifying this particular ethnic group will not be an easy task, because there are so many different types of Franco-Americans, each type having its own philosophy and attitude toward ethnicity, and each headed in different directions. Next month we will look at some examples which will help to illustrate the divisions which exist within the Franco-American community.

"To be continued" ❀

## Cajun

In our opinion, the causes of food stamps abuse in Louisiana as in any other state, are closely linked to the forces that necessitate their existence in the first place - namely, poverty and the massive economic exploitation that places total control over resources in the hands of a powerful few.

Federal Food Stamps are one of the few resources left to Louisiana's people. Large percentages of our population are forced to exist in part or in total of food stamps because they have no jobs. Mechanization of agriculture forces us off the land, avaricious oil companies openly steal those lands that remain, a limited knowledge of English combined with the refusal of educational and other public institutions to utilize our own language deprives us of opportunities for education and training. The only "capital" we control in many areas is food stamps. Certainly those Louisianians who apply the doctrine of free private enterprise in respect to food stamps are no worse than those who are robbing us all blind. Leave us alone Feds, and go after the real criminals.

### LES COURS DE CAJUN:

#### Comment vous installez dans un environnement hostile: 1ère Partie d'une série.

Un de les plus importantes affaires qui occupent les français en Amérique du nord c'est sûrement notre langue. Tout le monde a due endurer des remarques comme "Oh, ça parle mal," our "Oui, mais 'cest pas de pur français que ça parle," "Leur langue est pleine d'anglicismes", "Ca brise la grammaire" "Ca roule les R", "Oh que c'est drôle!" "J'adore ton accent, comment t'as fait pour l'acquérir?" "On peut pas les comprendre.", "Oh, tu parles bien, c'est pas du tout canadien." "C'est pas le Cajun que tu parles, je peux te comprendre." "T'es sûr ti veut pas apprendre pour parler le bon français?" "C'est pas 'vous disez' mais 'vous dites'." "C'est du bon français ou du canadien?" "Mais, en FRANCE. . . ."

Ces attitudes peuvent venir des français de France, des Américains ou, trop souvent, de nos propres mondes à nous. Ils nous a fait un tas de complèxes qu'un trop grand nombre de mondes préfère de pas parler du tout que de se faire ridiculisé. Qui peut les blâmer? ❀



## 'Chipoucette, cont.

through the pasture and the bull ate him!" The woodsman took his axe, and with much anxiety and worry, quickly went to the pasture and there he saw the ugly bull. With his axe, he raised it and killed the bull, and when he cut open the bull's stomach, there was 'Chipoucette.

So the moral of this story is: Mind Your Parents.

The story of 'Chipoucette (petit-poucette) was told me in English by my grandmother, Malvena Massé Robbins. She in turn heard it as a girl from her father, who would tell it first in French, then repeat it in English.

Do you remember any stories, or songs, which you heard as a child? Would you like to share them on these pages? ❀

## STATE OF MAINE

### Chapter 26 Public Law

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVENTY-SEVEN

S. P. 52 — L. D. 109

AN ACT to Amend the Duties of the Commissioner of Educational and Cultural Services Relating to Bilingual Education.

Be it enacted by the People of the State of Maine, as follows:

20 MRSA § 102, sub-§ 16, as last amended by PL 1973, c. 225, is repealed and the following enacted in its place:

16. Bilingual education. The commissioner is empowered to cooperate with the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare in carrying out the Bilingual Education Program Act and any other federal programs as may concern the improvement of educational programs designed to meet the educational needs of children in areas with nonEnglish-speaking families.

Subject to the annual approval of the commissioner, the school committee or the school directors of any administrative unit having children from non-English-speaking families may provide programs involving bilingual education techniques designed to provide children at the elementary grades with educational experiences to enhance their learning. If an emergency situation should be created at the secondary level, the commissioner may give temporary approval for such programs.

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.....1977

Read twice and passed to be enacted.  
.....John Martin.....Speaker

IN SENATE.....1977

Read twice and passed to be enacted.  
.....Joseph Sewall.....President

Approved, March 18, 1977  
.....James Longley.....Governor

39-1

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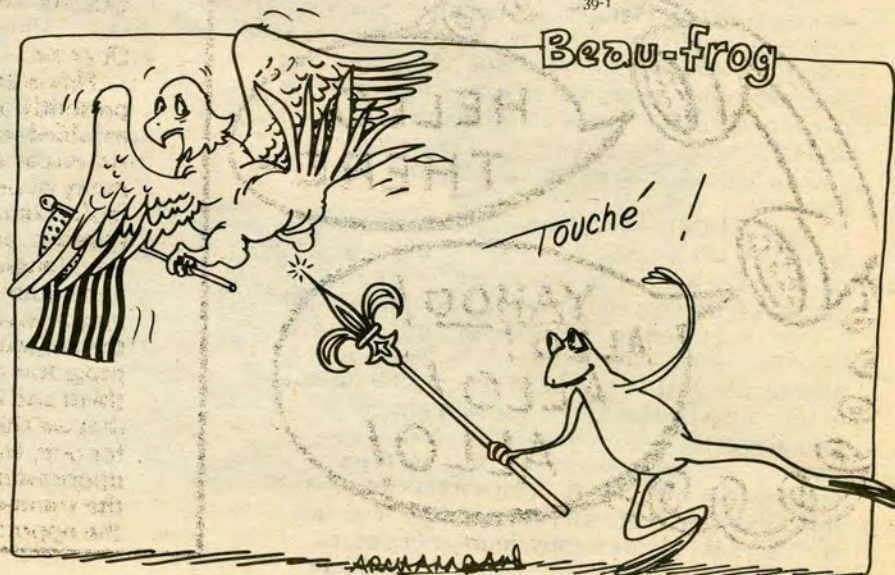
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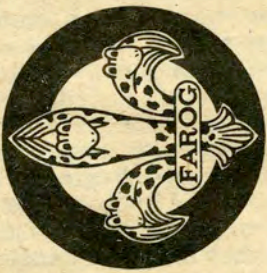
## "Garde ta langue et tes traditions pour sauver ta foi!"

NEW YORK - De retour d'un congrès à Rome, de la Société de la Propagation de la Foi, Mgr. Fulton Sheen s'est exprimé ainsi: "Tous les peuples ont droit à leurs propres pasteurs, tout comme les peuples ont droit à leur propre culture. Par exemple, les Japonais devraient avoir des prêtres japonais, et les Indonésiens, des prêtres indonésiens." C'est d'ailleurs la politique de l'Eglise de respecter les races et les langues toute conduite contraire à cette tradition n'est ni catholique ni chrétienne. L'argument du "melting pot" n'excuse pas le plus beau des zèles assimilateurs, on ne voit pas non plus que l'usage d'une coercion quelconque soit profitable au bien des âmes.

N.D.L.R. - Les Franco-Américains, qui sont en somme un peuple, pourront faire leur profit de la déclaration d'un homme dont la conscience est aussi droit que son intelligence est supérieure.



# LE FARO FORUM



JOURNAL BILINGUE

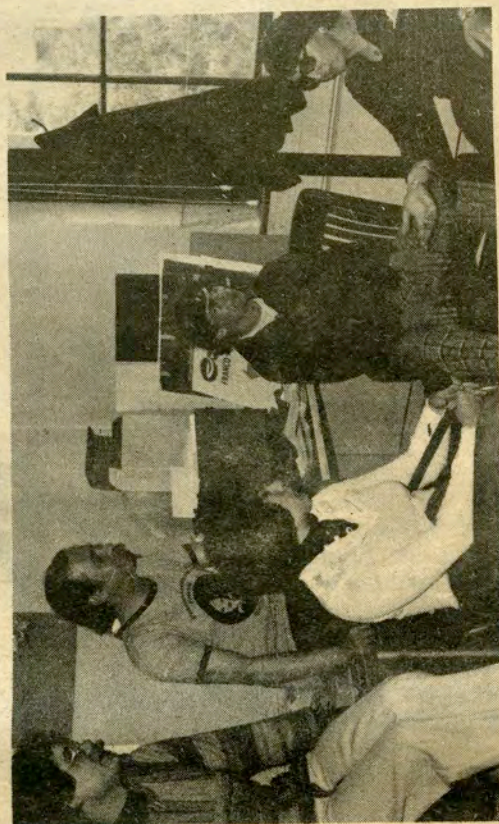
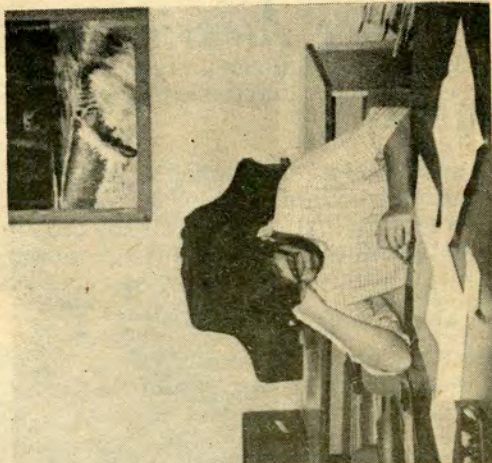
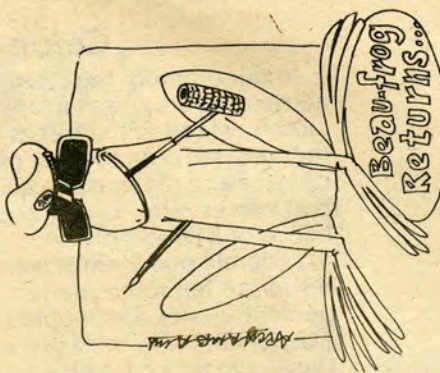
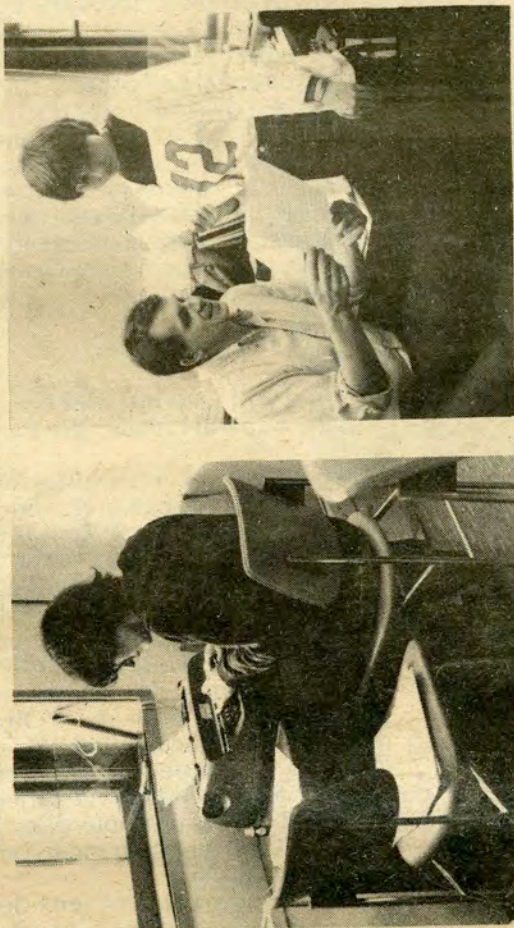
OCTOBRE 1977

## À L'INTÉRIEUR

Visages de nos pères, de nos mères...

Frank: Au Coin des Jeunes

Steinman: Up Front



un coup d'oeil

sur

farog



Chères lectrices (et lecteurs)

Bien que nous soyons un peu en retard, j'ai le plaisir de vous souhaiter tous la bienvenue chez FAROG-FORUM Volume 5, No. 1. J'espère en plus que vous aurez le temps d'y jeter un long coup d'Oeil et, si vous en avez le gout, de nous donner un coup de plume. S'il y a un article, un travail que vous trouvez intéressant ou que vous aimeriez critiquer, n'hésitez pas. Ecrivez à la personne qui a fait le travail et dites lui ce que vous en pensez. Que vous aimiez le travail ou non, les auteurs sont toujours encouragés quand ils savent qu'ils sont lus.

En passant j'aimerais aussi remercier et souhaiter la bienvenue aux anciens et aux nouveaux venus qui ont eu le courage, la bonne volonté (y en a qui dirait la folie) de s'aventurer dans cette entreprise. Il y en a même parmi eux qui vont courir ce risque dans chaque numéro du FORUM de cette année. J'ai l'espoir que ça vaudra le coup pour le lecteur ainsi que pour l'auteur.

D'un autre coté (coté argent), la publication du FAROG-FORUM est rendue possible en partie grâce à des subventions importantes de la part des étudiants à l'Université du Maine et de la France. Le Centre National pour le Développement des Matériaux Pédagogiques a acheté une page. Cette page sera étoffer, garnie, et préparé à Bedford, N.H. Le **Supplément Littéraire** est subventionné par la Maine Commission on Arts and Humanities. Bien entendu, La subvention la plus importante est surtout celle des auteurs qui ont consacré, qui vont consacrer leurs temps, leurs énergies, et bien plus, leurs esprits de création. Voilà leur

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27D

contribution à la valorisation du "fait français" en Nouvelle-Angleterre et en Louisiane.

En ce qui concerne ce "fait français", je n'ai qu'un conseil à vous donner. C'était aussi le conseil d'un Monseigneur Courchesne qui haranguait une foule de francophones en disant, "Mêlez-vous de vos affaires, mais, mêlez-vous en."

La subvention et l'appui qu'on espère obtenir, c'est celle du chaque lecteur. C'est qu'il/qu'elle veuille se payer le luxe (peut-être) de s'abonner au FAROG-FORUM pour l'année courante. Les frais de réalisation du journal nous reviendront à \$7,000.00. Nos ressources en ce moment s'élèvent à \$3800. Alors, s'il vous plait, "mêlez-vous de vos affaires." De manière ou d'autre, capitaux ou pas capitaux, c'est pas grave. L'équipe s'est mise à la tâche et on ira jusqu'au bout de ce qu'on a. Ainsi soit'il!

à la prochaine,

*Yvon*

Yvon A. Labbé  
Editeur: FAROG-FORUM

