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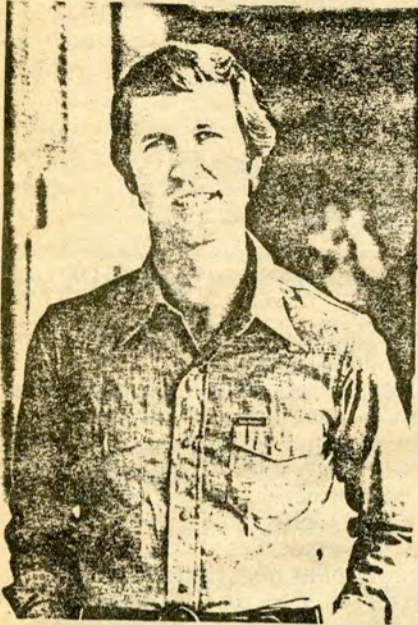
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**Authors**

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STATEMENT  
 Before the  
 National Advisory Council  
 on  
 Bilingual Education  
 December 12, 1977

by The Honorable William S. Cohen



Congressman William S. Cohen

**M**R. COHEN: Mr. Chairman, I welcome the opportunity to participate in these hearings under your able leadership. I am delighted that a fellow citizen of Maine serves in your capacity. I appreciate and join with you in your efforts to strengthen and improve bilingual education in this country.

One of the first pieces of legislation I introduced after being elected to Congress in 1973 sought to expand bilingual education and teacher training programs. While several concepts from my original legislation were incorporated in the 1974 reauthorization of the Bilingual Education Act, there remains ample room for improvement. It is time for us to incorporate the knowledge we have gained through nearly a decade of experience into our national program. When the Act expires next year, critical decisions must be made about the scope of the program and the goals it should embrace.

Continuing and expanding the size of the program is, in my opinion, imperative. There is still an enormous gap between what we are doing and what we need to do. While over 3.6 million children in this country are in need of bilingual education, only 300,000 will be reached by programs this year — and that figure includes those English-speaking children who choose to participate in the programs. We profess to believe in the availability of an equal educational opportunity for everyone. Yet, for all our idealistic rhetoric, the remaining 3.3 million plus children are still denied that opportunity. If a child is provided with the same facilities, textbooks, teachers, and curriculum as other children, but that child cannot understand the medium in which the material is taught, he is effectively excluded from the educational process. Though

such action by a school appears neutral on its face, it constitutes a case of fundamental discrimination.

In my own state of Maine, it is estimated that twenty-one percent of all elementary and secondary pupils are familiar with French. Prior to the institution of bilingual education in one area where the concentration of pupils who speak French is 96 percent, only 2 percent sought post-secondary education. Since that time, the percentage has risen to 30 percent. Additional data gathered shows that general student achievement has improved since the inception of bilingual education for those students in the program. In fact, student achievement is at or above national norms in reading, math,

and language arts.

We have an obligation to make good on the promise of equal education to all school children, and a strengthened bilingual education program is a vital element in achieving that goal. I believe that several changes are necessary in our present law to move us in this direction.

First, one of the most serious discoveries we have made is that we do not have the teachers to handle a program of the magnitude of bilingual education. More programs should be implemented for the training of bilingual teachers and paraprofessionals, both in-service and pre-service. Estimates place the number of teachers required to fulfill the needs of the bilingual target population at 129,000. While the Office of Bilingual Education expects to finish a study officially estimating the number of qualified teachers available next year, program experience indicates a sizable shortage. For

example, in July 1976, the California Advisory Committee of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission reported that 80 percent of those teachers participating in federal and state-funded programs were not bilingual as required by law. In my own state, the lack of adequate staff had the effect of closing down one project. Since I feel that a quality teacher is a program's most important feature, I supported the priority placed upon training needs during the 1974 reauthorization of the Bilingual Education Act, which sets aside \$16 million of the first \$70 million appropriation and one-third of any additional monies for training purposes. While I support this general earmarking of funds, I question the value of a related formula in

Agency must have both the commitment and the funds to perform the task. While some states such as my own have shown the initiative to pick up program funding after federal sponsorship has ended, some SEAs often lack sufficient resources to give meaningful guidance to projects. Currently up to 5 percent of the amount paid to LEAs in a given state may be disbursed to SEAs for their bilingual operations. I would suggest that this formula be changed in favor of a floor of at least \$15,000 and a ceiling of \$500,000 — again distributed on the basis of total LEA allotments. Only three states presently exceed this ceiling, while 14 of the 43 states with programs fall below the floor. Particularly in states where pro-

# In the name of the American Dream same

the law which mandates that 15 percent of each Local Educational Agency grant must be spent on training personnel involved in each project. It is my feeling that programs which are just beginning would need to devote more money to this purpose. On the other hand, programs in operation for several years could better use these monies to expand services. I believe that the Office of Bilingual Education should have more flexibility about how the earmarked teacher training funds are spent.

Another formula change involves incentives for state supervision of bilingual programs. The law assigns a variety of vital functions to State Educational Agencies, including counselling Local Educational Agencies on proposals, making recommendations to the Office of Bilingual Education, and coordinating technical assistance within the state. If these tasks are to be performed effectively, the State Educational

grams are not well established, this will provide a budget which can be worked with and will motivate states to develop bilingual programs of their own.

Third, additional personnel is needed in the Office of Bilingual Education. The Senate Appropriations Committee made note of this need in their report on the FY 1977 Labor-HEW Appropriations bill. The Committee directed that 14 new professional positions be added to the Office of Bilingual Education. Unfortunately, the Office of Education was unable to comply with this directive because there was not a corresponding raise in OE's total manpower ceiling. The manpower freeze at the transition to the Carter Administration further complicated the situation because there were three vacant positions in the Office of Bilingual Education at the time. In short, there are only 35 professionals working in the Office of Bilingual Education, despite a

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

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# Le Quebec s'grouille

par Raoul J. Letiecq

Pour la première fois de son histoire, le peuple québécois sera appelé, dans un avenir prochain, à se prononcer sur son avenir collectif, sur le cadre politique, dans lequel il entend vivre et s'épanouir.

Le référendum sur la souveraineté nationale, marquera donc une étape décisive pour notre société aussi bien que pour le gouvernement du Québec et le parti québécois.

Cette étape, d'ailleurs, s'inscrit dans un long cheminement dont elle ne représente que l'aboutissement logique et normal.

Les aspirations d'une vie plus pleine et plus libre se retrouvent avec une persistance remarquable au cours de notre histoire, écrin de perles ignorées, qu'il s'agisse du combat entrepris par les patriotes de 1837-1838, du gouvernement national d'Honoré Mercier, de la lutte pour l'autonomie provinciale ou du vaste mouvement du renouveau qu'on a appelé la révolution tranquille.

Depuis les années 60, on a pu assister au Québec à l'affirmation croissante et souvent spontanée de tout un peuple; cette affirmation a donné lieu à des réformes importantes dans le domaine de l'éducation aussi qu'à diverses initiatives comme la nationalisation de l'électricité, les chantiers de la "Manic" et la création d'organismes tels que la Caisse de dépôt, la SGF, la Soquem et la SOQUIP, visant à donner aux Québécois des moyens d'action sur leur économie.

Parallèlement, une créativité sans précédent s'est manifestée dans le domaine des arts et des lettres. Sur le plan des idées, le Québec s'est en

## Dream cont.

grant caseload which now exceeds 500 projects. By not filling these additional professional slots, we jeopardize the effectiveness of OBE in its efforts to assist projects in achieving their intended goals.

Earlier, I spoke of the need for decisions about the goals which the bilingual education program should embrace. Those of us who are fully assimilated into our traditional American society find it hard to appreciate the difficulties and barriers our great melting-pot society creates for those with different languages and cultural backgrounds. In the past, we have tended to view our educational process partially as a means of enabling — or perhaps even forcing — such ethnic peoples to become an indistinguishable part of our society. We have done so by ignoring or even suppressing their cultural heritage. To many, our program of bilingual education is seen as a means to facilitate the Americanization of participants as rapidly as possible. This so-called immersion theory of bilingual education offers little protection to the preservation of the foreign cultures involved.

We have discovered, however, that this restrictive view of our melting-pot philosophy can have serious adverse effects on students. Educators have learned that exclusion from one's own cultural heritage and history, from one's language and community, can be so destructive to the self-confidence of a student that he gradually loses his ability to relate his mother tongue to his personal identity, because language and the culture it carries are at the very core of a child's self-concept. Destroy this self-concept and you can destroy the child. The children who drop out of school and become part of our unemployment, welfare, and crime statistics because their heritage and special language abilities

are ignored, are an economic burden which this Nation can ill afford. In response, two other theories of bilingual education have been advanced.

The maintenance approach to bilingual education, as contrasted to the transitional approach, recognized a child's ethnic self-worth by continuing native language and cultural instruction after English competence is attained. I feel that the native language and culture of a student should be treated as a resource to be capitalized and reinforced, rather than as a handicap to be overcome. On the other hand, the transitional approach uses linguistic and cultural differences only as tools for learning another culture, abandoning native language instruction when competence in English is gained. This approach denies the former support the child received about his own cultural traditions and values and oftentimes stimulates confusion rather than confidence necessary for intellectual growth.

The vast array of projects operating on one or more of these theories under the loosely shaped regulations of the Bilingual Education Act threatens the future of the program. Several changes can be made to the Bilingual Education Act to clarify that bilingual education is the means to instill within the non-English-speaking child a permanent appreciation of and attachment to his cultural and linguistic heritage.

First, the language in the original legislation encouraged the idea that bilingual education was a form of "remedial" education, another method of correcting a defect in the child. There needs to be a shift in emphasis away from a student's disadvantage in English by the pejorative use of the phrase "children of limited English-speaking ability" to define bilingual education's target population. The fact that a child does not speak English does not

même temps rattaché aux grands courants de l'évolution mondiale, avec les interrogations, les conflits et les perturbations qu'un tel rattrapage comportait inévitablement.

Cette affirmation collective a pris aussi, tout normal, des formes politiques comme en témoigne la progression lente mais soutenue du mouvement indépendantiste. Dans une société qui restait divisée sur bien des choses, un accord s'est fait rapidement pour rejeter au moins le statu quo et remettre en cause le système fédéral existant.

Face aux nombreux problèmes posés par le cadre désuet et contraignant du "fédéralisme" canadien, le Parti Québécois, né en 1968 et

issu du mouvement "Souveraineté-Association" et du regroupement des forces indépendantistes, a proposé une solution claire, logique et pratique, une solution conforme à l'esprit de notre époque: celle de la souveraineté nationale, complétée par une offre d'association économique avec le Canada.

De plus, le Parti Québécois a réussi à trouver, des ses débuts, les ressources humaines et matérielles nécessaires à la concrétisation de ses objectifs, ce que ses prédécesseurs n'avaient pas pu faire; le Parti Québécois est donc plus qu'un parti, il est l'incarnation de notre continuité historique. ♣

Antiproverbiale 59: les racines sont des nerfs rugissants

mean necessarily that his training is inadequate. A phrase which more properly reflects that attitude promulgated today is "children with linguistically different skills." By such a change, we are recognizing the fact that children who enter school with the ability to speak a language other than English have an education asset which can be built upon and should not be discarded or destroyed.

Second, participation of the English-speaking child on an elective basis in the bilingual activities offered at his school should be encouraged. When the bilingual education program was initiated, we were looking only at the specific needs of children who were educationally handicapped because they did not speak English. However, it seems time to broaden our outlook on the program to recognize that children who would like to participate in the programs should have the opportunity to utilize the multiple language and cultural resources of their communities. Such flexibility, I believe, would assist in recognizing the common interests among neighbors and students which transcend cultural differences. In an age where our relations with other countries and cultures are becoming much more extensive, such educational opportunities could prove vital to English-speaking students as well as non-English-speaking students. Certainly, in a democratic country where multiple cultures and heritages are our pride, we should be making every effort to encourage that kind of voluntary opportunity for all our children.

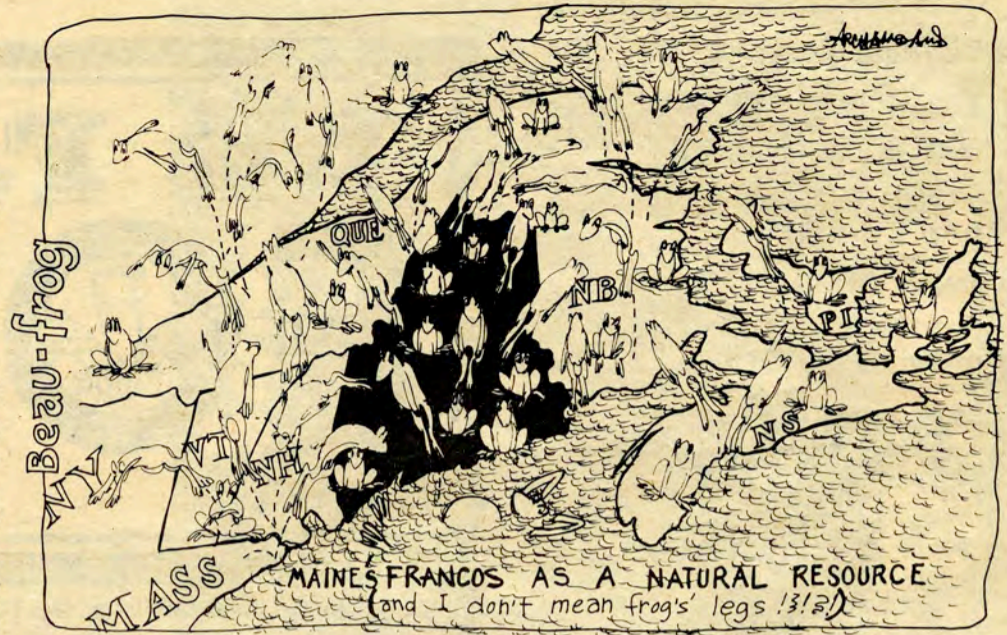
Third, as with the involvement of English-speaking children in bilingual education programs, the parents of these children should be allowed to participate in parent advisory committees. Parent/community involvement is vital to the successful implementation and growth of bilingual programs. These

parents should have a say in the governance of bilingual education programs not only because their children are participating, but because it will allay the fears of both English and non-English-speaking parents that bilingual education fosters cultural and racial segregation. In addition this participation increases community understanding and the probability that communities will eventually broaden their support of bilingual education.

Finally, the requirement in present law that the families of children eligible for bilingual programs must meet a poverty test or be receiving public assistance should be eliminated. Not only does the Office of Bilingual Education admit that it is not enforcing this requirement, but, seen in a wider perspective, this restriction is not logical. The fact that a child primarily speaks a language other than English in no way means that the child is also poor. Likewise, the fact that a child is poor does not imply that the child primarily speaks a language other than English. Nobody should be excluded from receiving help in overcoming those difficulties, whatever his income. Under present law, the poor are able to improve their lot through the bilingual program, while the not-so-poor may receive an inferior education. Any child who could benefit from a bilingual program should have the opportunity to participate.

It is time for us to seize the initiative and meet the needs of this new movement toward cultural pluralism. Because of our diversity, a fully functioning program of bilingual education will bring a great renaissance to the United States. The intent of the bilingual program should reflect the renovation of this diversity, and thus the enrichment of America's culture. ♣

You can obtain the above drawing in a 15" x 18" format by sending \$1.00 for one drawing and 50c for each additional drawing (black on green paper).  
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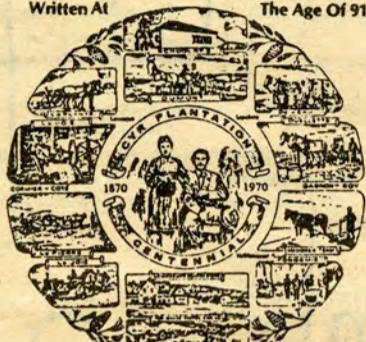
# Le Patrimoine

## Notre héritage vivant

### Perspectives, pensées, étincelles

Memoirs of Alice Michaud Cyr

Written At The Age Of 91



Tiré du Cyr Plantation Centennial Book

One special room on the first floor of a home was called La Grande Chambre, and in there "la Croix de Temperence" which hung on the wall. Family albums had precious photos of ancestors, a crucifix which was usually one put on the casket of a dear one who passed away so many years ago, was in that room. In checking the records at St. Bruno's I came across the names of the first who signed the pledge, for as they said "Prendre la Tempérence". The first name on the list is of my great grandfather Christophe Cyr, followed by the names of two grand uncles, Dennis Farrell and Michel Farrell. Many familiar names are on this list and it was donated February 27, 1842. This "Grande Chambre" was also the place to receive "Monsieur le Curé" when he made his yearly visit "la quête de l'Enfant Jesus" or when one was very ill, or the parents had to talk to their pastor. This room saw many sad events. The dead were put in this room, including small babies who died. And sometimes a distant relative would come home to die, as this was the quietest room of the house.

When a person died, as soon as he breathed his last breath, all the water in the house was thrown outdoors, and not having central piping or water in the house, as people said, it took sometimes a few hours to go to the well or get to the barns and fill pails from the barrels filled each day. This water was to represent the last breath out. Others who knew they were dying asked a relative to prick them with a pin or needle before putting them in the casket so they would be sure they were dead. A corpse was exposed sometimes a few days before being put in the casket, waiting for relatives to come from afar. There were not many undertakers. The dead stayed in their homes and again all neighbors would cook whole meals to bring to the home of the deceased, as it was open house day and night. If a funeral passed your home and the hearse stopped in front, it was believed someone would die again during the year. So many believed in bad omens and really made themselves nervous by such things.

If a cat washed himself in front of a person this person would have visitors from far away. If your right ear got hot, someone was talking something good about you; if it was the left ear, someone was gossiping about you. If your right eye kind've trembled, you would have fun; if the left, sorrow. When watching the new moon, if you held something in your hand, right was a gift or left a disappointment. If the object was small you put it under your pillow and dreamed about your lover. If the stove or teakettle hummed it was good news for the one nearest the stove. ❀

## Les premières noces, chez Francis, le retour des mariers

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

TOUTE LE MONDE PARLE ENSEMBLE. . . BON SOIR LES MARIÉS, COMMENT CE QUE VOUS AIMEZ CA

Le mariage. . . On s'embrasse on se donne la main, on parle de tout côté. . . TANTE LODIE. . . Asteur Avant qu'on danse, je veux donné le cadeau de mon pauvre Zéphirin, au marier. . . Pauvre Ton Oncle, y'a vendu le gros boeufs noir. . . qui m'a tant fait dâner. . . pis la v'là. . . (Tout le monde s'embrasse autour des marier. . . qui rouvre un gros paquet d'argent. . .) UN AMI. . . Sacré chienne. . . y étais gros ce boeuf là. . . gardons y donc. . . le paquet. . . oufff. . . TANTE LODIE. . . C'est pour votre maison neuve, mes enfants. . . t'a pas eu peur de marié un homme qui s'en allait dans un camp ma fille, asteur le Bon Yeux te récompense. . . Tu voit que l'amour c'est plus fort que l'argent. . . et qu'on est toujours heureux quand on fait son devoir. Je m'attendait pas de vous faire un sermon. . . Mais pour me payer, ma belle Fine, tu va me chanter ta belle chanson. La Fine, conte moi donc ce que ta Tante Dèmerise à fait quant qu'à vous a vue arriver. . . LA FINE. . . C'était trop drôle, Ma Tante, à nous attendais pas ce soir là, pis à était en train de faire du boudin, son oncle était assis sur le bord de la table dans la cuisine, et. . . PIS QUAND Y ATTEND LES GORLOS DU COURRIER SONNER, ET PIS LE CHIEN QUI SE MET A JAPPER, Y FAIT UN SAUT EN BAS DE LA TABLE toujours b'en qui s'acrotte les pieds dans le sceau de sang et pis y tombe à pleinvante su l'plancher, le plat de boudin par dessus lui. . . juste comme en rentrais. . . sa Tante criait. . . C'était asser drole, de la voire qu'on c'est assis pis on a rit jusqu'à temps qu'on aie des poignes. . . heureusement que sa tante en avait faite en masse, parce qu'on aurait pas eu du boudin. . . TI TOUNE. . . Pis je vous assure qu'on a été b'en reçu, y a avait du monde, pis des chic étout. . . pis les belles créatures toute en grande toilette, tient J'ai presque décidé de rester là, C'ta pauvre Ti Fine arrait si b'en parut le dimanche, b'en arrangé avec toute ces belles femmes là, c'est elle qui aurait encore passé pour la plus belle. Main on y retourneras, encore, si le Bon Yeux l'veut. . . vous des partner, ç'a yest. . . 4 Couples forme 2 sets, le violon commence, les amis sont assis à l'entour, de temps à autres, les enfants, asseye de prendre le ruban d'une, ou de tirer sur la traine des robes, on prend un petit verre, ça parle, entre voisins et voisines. . . Le calleur de dance, ce donne de la façon, crie, swing la bécaisse dans le coin de la boîte à bois. . . (On frappe des mains pour un encore. . .)



Dear Friends:

I am sorry again that I do not have my material typed, I have been rushed, and did start to type some, but I have a sprained right wrist, and it is acting on me again.

Later on, I do hope I can contribute my foolish writeups but just now "My Get Up And Go, has Got Up and Gone. . ."

Il s'est levé, et il est partit. . . so I will continue to try and gather more and hope for the March one, I will have all ready.

Merci de m'inclure dans vos ouvrages????? Even my Frenghish this a.m. is out of tune.

Good luck, love to you all.  
Sat., Jan. 28, '78

Marthe-Cyr  
Martyre Genest

### UNE VISITE CHEZ ME MERE

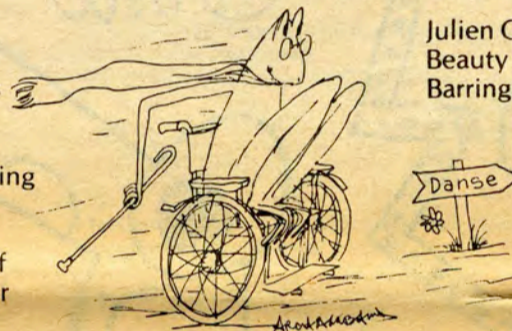
C'est une femme qui a connu la misère Dans les quatre-vingt-huit années de sa vie. Immigrée, fille aux moulins, épouse, mère, Travaux éreintants, accouchements sans délits. Et à travers ces années, pour se défendre Contre la vie, angoisses, larmes, veuvage Prématuré, une attitude elle dut prendre De dureté et de froideur. Dès un jeune âge Je la connus toujours ainsi, femme forte, Pilier du temple, faite de granit sinon de fer.

Mais celle qui tint ma main ce jour-là était autre:

Mains chaudes, coeur dévorant la glace de l'hiver.

Est-ce seulement dans l'hospice, de son lit, Qu'on gagne sa paix, la sagesse d'une vie?

Julien Olivier  
Beauty Hill Rd.  
Barrington, NH



Un enfant. . . Mouman, Lénore, a encore saucer ses agrettes rouges dans le beniquier pour se farder. . . LENORE. . . Pas vrais ça Mouman, c'est la cuisine Mary Xmas, qui m'a donné de la farde. . . MARGUERITE. . . VOYONS LES PETITS. ARRIVES DANS LA Cuisine, jouer ensemble. . . c'est pas de votre rang ce monde là. . . JOSEPH. . . Asteur là les vieux nous faut une chanson à boire, vite là faites-vous pus prier. . . chante. . . On passe la traite. . . Le violoneux joue une valse, les vieux se prennent une jeune fille, et swing en les étourdissant. . . JOSEPH. . . Aprésent. . . va nous danser une gigue double. . . avec. . . un couple gignes. . . MARY XMAS. . . Oh que c'est amusant. . . je aime asser ça la dance de old times. . . Moi j'eu folle de la music. . . et des beaux vieux qui dance, Hie, Six Times, Come and Dance la gigue, comme it fait tentot le mister et la faime. . . UNE VOIX APART, DIT. . . Ce maudit, six times. . . là, ye est pas boute. . . SIX TIMES. . . Oh yes, Come Mary, Je me rapelle que le père à moi, il dançait comme sa avec la Mère, et il crachait under his bottes. . . comme ça (Il crache en dessous de sa botte, et dance avec Mary. . .) LES INVITES FRAPPENT DES MAINS. . . LA FINE. . . Asteur là son père pis sa mère, vous allez nous chanter une chansson. MARGUERITE. . . J'ai b'en trop la voie encroueyer pour ça, J'ai le gorgottons tout user de chanter pour endormier les petite. . . JOSEPH. . . Arrive sa mère, on se fait pas prier, dans une veillé pareille. ILS CHANTENT UNE VIEILLE CHANSON. . . ET DANCE AVEC SA VIEILLE. . . ON DANCE ENCORE, UN PEUT PUIS. . . MARGUERITE. . . APRESENT les invités, vous allez me suivre dans le bas côté. . . pis on va vous servir, tout ce quil a de mailleur chez des pauvres habitans. . . GRANDPERE. . . Vien ma vieille, qu'on leur chante une de nos chanson de noces nous autres, tu t'en rapelle encore le soir de la veillée su Michel Violette, on était 4 couples de mariers, et pis dans cè temps, là, c'était des veillées, pas inque une petite couple de chaque icitte et là dans le coin, tout le monde était ensemble, pis on avait du bon temps, pis de l'agrément, pis avec ça, qu'on s'achattait un 'tit flacon, pas mal à bon marcher étout. . . hein, ma vieille Stasie. . . GRAND-MERE. Oui, oui. Francis, mais c'était pas à gaspiller comme on faissait. . . c'était toujours pour se rendre service. . . ahem. . . donne moi donc un p'tit coup de gin, avant de commencer, j'ai pas mal le gossier user. . . LES VIEUX CHANTENT. . . GRAND-PERE. . . Asteur, si on avait une chanson à répéter, commencer qu'elqu'un, tient, toi, Papino, t'es toujours prêt, arrive. . . PAPINO SE MET DANS LE MILLIEU, ET ENTOUJNE UNE AIR, ET ON LE SUIT. . . PENDANT CE TEMPS, LES TABLES CE METTENT ET ON APPORTENT METS, ET BOISSONS, CAFES, ETC. . . LES ENFANTS RENTRENT, ET JOUE DES TOURES, EN GRIFFANT DES FRUITS, ETC. . . LA MERE LEUR TAPPENT UN PEU, ET LEUR FAIT SORTIR. . . Les Mariées se sauvent par la porte d'en arrier. . . on crie. . . Ils vont se coucher chez Joseph Martin après eux autres. . .

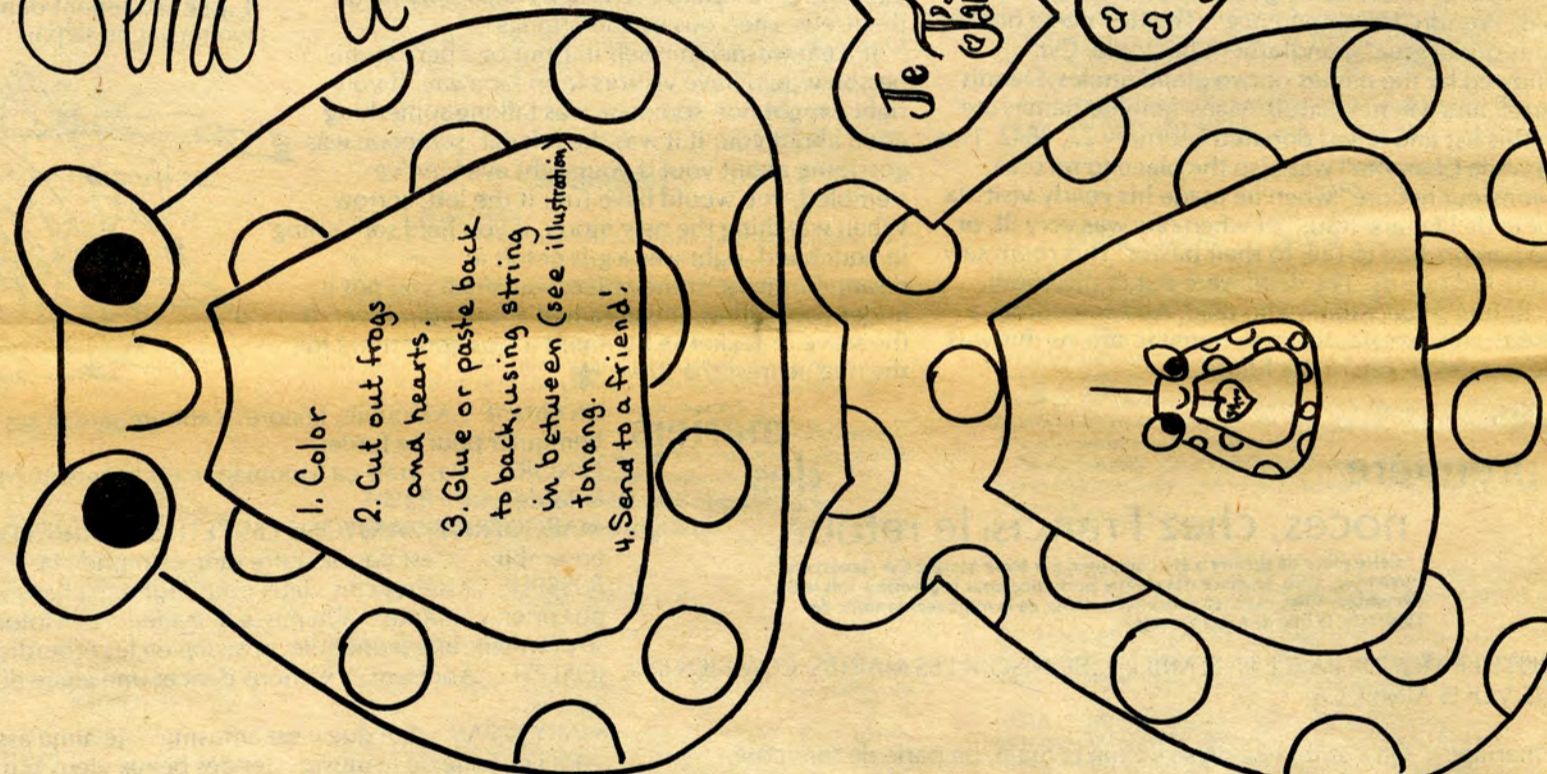
❀ LA FIN. . . ❀

A U COIN DES  
JEUNES

par Doris Frank

Février

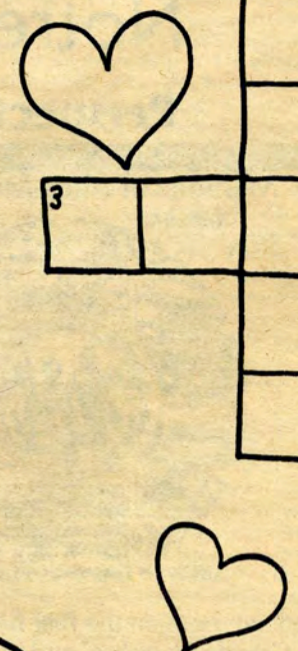
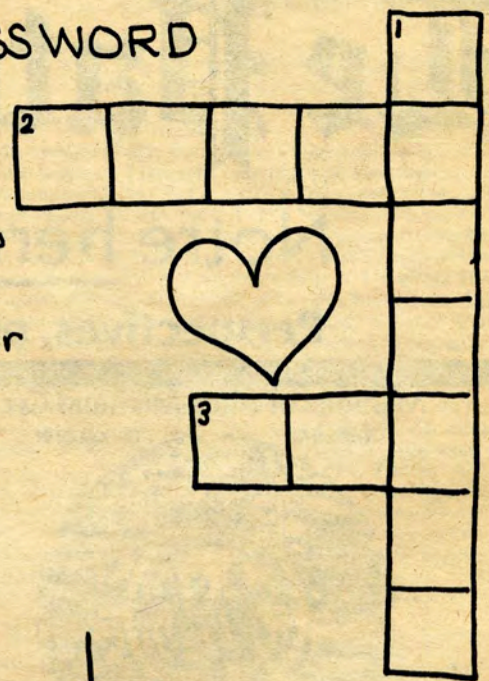
Send a friend a frog!



1. Color
2. Cut out frogs and hearts.
3. Glue or paste back to back, using string in between (see illustration) to hang.
4. Send to a friend!

WINTER CROSSWORD

1. Le deuxième mois
2. French for snow
3. Sport d'hiver



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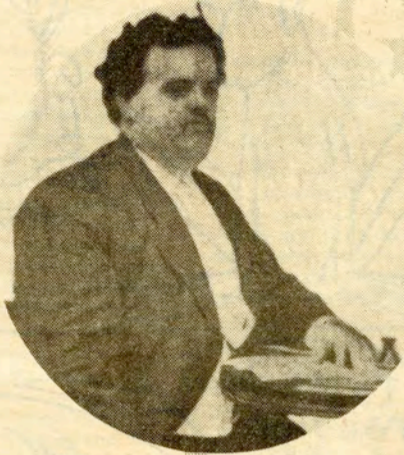
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# LA PRESSE CHEZ LES FRANCO-AMERICAINS



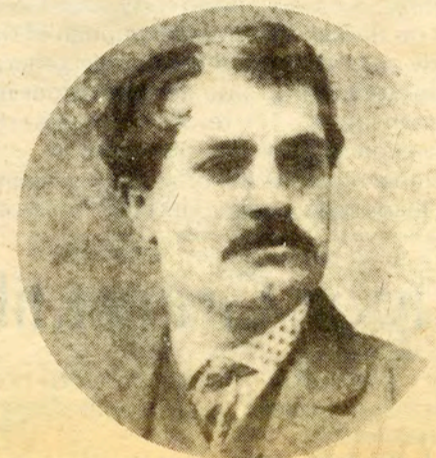
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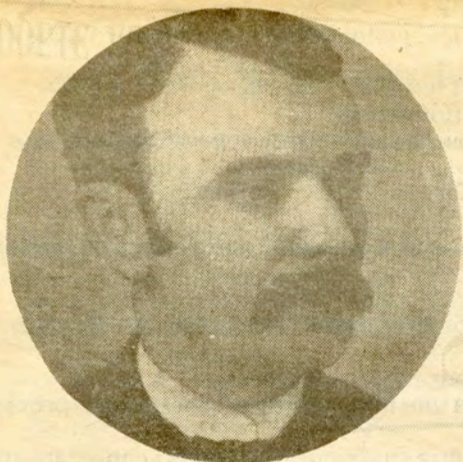
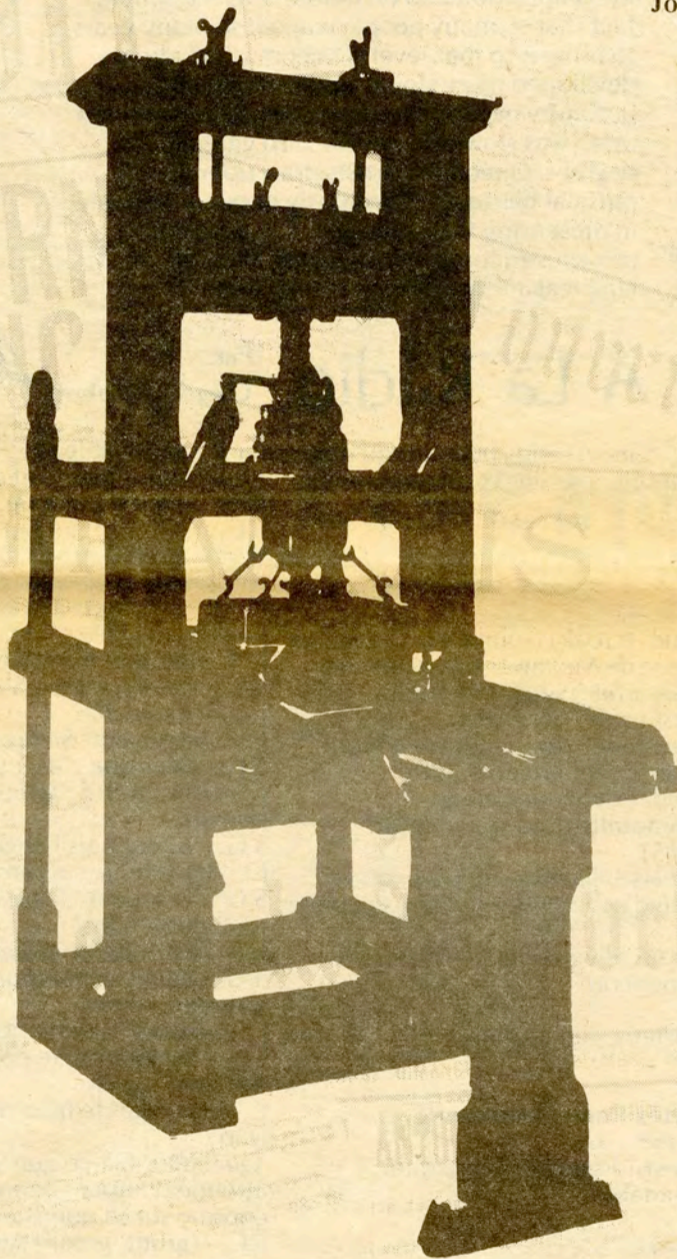
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Yvonne Lemaître



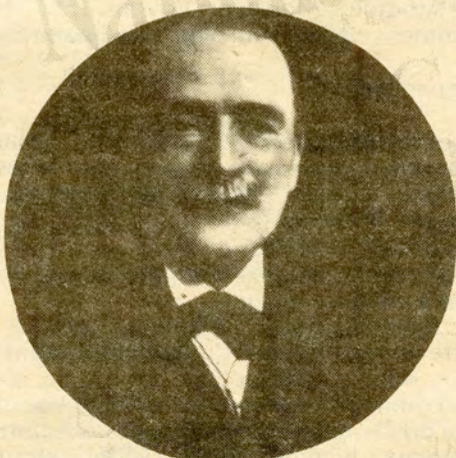
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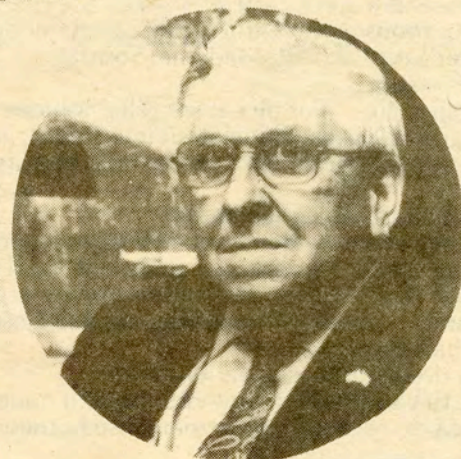
Honoré Beaugrand



Camille Lessard-Bissonnette



Alexandre Belisle



Wilfrid Beaulieu

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

# Sons Sur Son

PART II

BY Don Hinkley

For the most part, the influences of American mainstream music and the British rock scene have been totally assimilated by the Québécois recording artists. When Ellen McIlwaine, a blues singer originally from Detroit, made a splash in Québec with her slide guitar virtuosity the hot item on the recording scene (perhaps coincidentally) became slide guitar. Pre- and circa Sgt. Pepper melodic and harmonic ideas from the Beatles have also found their way into the work of Québécois writers and arrangers. Fusion jazz as performed by exponents Jean-Luc Ponty and the old Mahavishnu Orchestra and the use of its accompanying electronic technology has gained wide support. The possibilities opened up by synthesizers, phase shifters, flanging and other paraphernalia are not lost on established groups (Harmonium) or fledgling bands (Aquarelle) nor on backup arrangements for singers Louise Forestier and Robert Charlebois. To some extent such devices and techniques help bridge the language gap by alluding to an American or British sound. Ensembles performing instrumental music exclusively have an even easier time of it. One must note that while some bands are indeed imitating an American top-forty sound to the letter (as though there wasn't enough of that already on both sides of the border) others are busy incorporating musical conventions into their own idioms. The results can be dazzling. Most importantly, the influences of traditional music of the province and France are also clearly in evidence. The emotional cabaret

or traditional singing styles are tempered by contemporary arrangements and production in the recorded work of all the major Québécois stars from Gilles Vigneault to Diane Dufresne. For example, Louise Forestier's chart-topping "Prison de Londres" was a centuries old folksong reworked into a hit. An American or British band, for instance Steeleye Span, could not hope for such acceptance in the U.S. even though their beefed-up brand of traditional music is almost identical. Québécois groups Wintergarden and Maneige will occasionally do a traditional tune from the province in the midst of a performance of jazz. For all the stage presence and intensity that Zachary Richard displays in concert (at times mirroring Mick Jagger's) there is certainly more than enough anguish and fire in his roots and musical tradition to stand alone. In a CBC documentary on traditional music, Richard emphasized that the music and the message were his most important priorities. It appears he does not see the need to update or validate his material by using rock star flourishes on stage, and though he may alienate the purists at times, the "progressive" touches are merely a stylistic means to present the music to a wider audience.

It has been said that one reason classical music reached such a high level of development in composition and technique was the simple fact that so many people worked so many years to bring it to that level. Other musical idioms developed more slowly and with greater difficulty because a rich and solid base to build upon was slower to develop. To varying degrees, Québécois artists draw upon a rich musical heritage, consciously or unconsciously, in presenting their material. The tried and proven structures ranging from cabaret, classical and traditional French and

French-Canadian song to traditional and contemporary jazz serve them well as vehicles for the Québécois message, whether it be romantic, political or social. ✱

à suivre



Par Grégoire Chabot

## Super Grenouille A La Radio

NARR. - Plus rapide qu'une rondelle de hockey (sound 1), plus puissant qu'une tourtière crue (sound 2), capable de danser des milliers de jigs et de reels sans arrêt (sound 3).

Voix 1 - Regarde, torvis, dans le ciel! là!

Voix 2 - C'est un barbarisme!

Voix 3 - C'est un solicisme!

Voix 4 - C'est un anglicisme!

Narr. - Non, (unison "Oh!") c'est Super Grenouille! (croak) (sound 4)

Narr. - Oui, c'est Super Grenouille, visiteur étrange de Madawaska, Maine avec une force, une puissance supérieure à celle des mortels. Super Grenouille, qui peut s'absenter des cours des linguistes puissants, tordre des règles grammaticales dans ses mains, et qui, sous l'identité secrète de Bruce White, jeune professeur d'anglais dans une grande université américaine, lutte constamment pour moué, toué, et une tourtière dans chaque garage.

Narr. - Cette semaine, nous retrouvons Super Grenouille dans son identité secrète de Bruce White au supermarché: (sound 5)

S.G. - Maudit, j'aimerais ben faire des scretons mais si j'achète du porc, on va tedben deviner mon identité secrète. J't'aussi ben d'acheter des hot dogs pi une tarte aux pommes.

Narr. - Bruce n'a aucune idée que très proche de lui, il va se passer quelque chose qui bientôt mettra à l'épreuve sa force supérieure.

Commis (C) - Oui, Madame. Vous désirez?

Femme 1 - Bon, ben, j'ai de la farine, du sucre, asteur, j'ai besoin. . .

C. - Arrg; Asteur?!? Asteur?!? Barbarisme!!!

S.G. - What's going on anyway eh?

C. - Quel langage astroce!! Sortez, Madame! Sortez Immédiatement!!

S.G. - This looks like a job for Super Frog him. . . me. . . us? . . .

Narr. - Est-ce que Super Grenouille arrivera à temps? Pourra-t-il expliquer "asteur". Trouvera-t-il le pronom accentué convenable?

S.G. - you. . . them? . . . it? . . . her?

Narr. - Nous allons l'apprendre après cette chanson.

Narr. - Maintenant, retournons aux aventures de Super Grenouille. (Sound 6)

C. - Vous m'insultez avec votre accent, Madame. Sortez!

F. 1 - Au secours! Au secours!

S.G. - C'est le temps d'agir! Hm. . . Pas de cabine téléphonique icit pour changer de linge. Ah, bon, j'va grimper dans congélateur icit. (grunt, groan). Maudits épinards. Tassez-vous, choufleur, le temps presse et Super Grenouille doit aller à la rescousse!

Narr. - Au même moment, près du congélateur. . .

Femme 2 (Josephine) - Pamphile, va donc nous crire des légumes dans le freezer. je veux des épinards, des asperges, pi de la fougère.

Pam - Oui, chérie, j'y va. Bon. . . a veut des épinards pi des asperges. . . ouais, j'ais ai tout ça l'air. Hmmm. . . quelle sorte de légume que c'est ca. . .

S.G. - Lâche-moué, calbasse!

Pam. - Joséphine, y ont des légumes qui parlent icit!

Jos. - Quand est-ce que tu vas arrêter de prendre ton p'tit coup le matin, Pamphile, Tu sais que ça te met toujours de mauvaise humeur.

Pam. - Mais j'ai. . .

Jos. - Arrête donc toutes ces histoires pi montre moué que c'est que c'est que tu as acheté. . . Bon. . . des épinards. . . des asperges. . . Pamphile, j't'ai tu dit de m'apporter un caleçon vert, hein?

Pam. - Mais chérie, les légumes. . .

Jos. - Oui ou non, Pamphile. J't'ai tu demandé de m'apporter un caleçon vert. (soupir) Patience, Seigneur, patience! Sais-tu ce que je va faire, Pamphile? J'va trouver c't'a bouteille là que tu caches pi je va t'la casser sur la tête. Ca ça va te réveiller!

Pam. - Mais les légumes. . .

Jos. - J'ai jamais vu un homme pareil. Je peux pas te laisser pour une minute pi t'ai dans la bouteille. Boire, boire boire! Tu peux pas penser à autre chose toué pi asteur tu m'apportes un caleçon vert. . .

Pam. - (pitoyable) Mais, Joséphine, les légumes. . .  
 Jos. - Viens t'en avant que j'te lâche une claque sur le museau.  
 Narr. - Tout d'un coup, de parmi les artichauts, on entend une voix de tonnerre:  
 S.G. - Calbasse qui fait fret icit!  
 Narr. - Et on voit une forme verte se dégager des légumes et sauter d'un bond surhumain au devant du commis ennemi.  
 C. - Je vous mets à la porte moi-même, Madame. Je ne peux tolérer un tel accent dans ce magasin.  
 F. 1 - Ah, non, monsieur, s'il vous plait!  
 S.G. - (thud!) Oïoi, câline! Hé là toué, pas si vite! Lâche c't'a femme là. Que c'est qui se passe icit?  
 C. - Son accent! Sa prononciation! C'est terrible!  
 S.G. - Mais que c'est que c'est qu'a dit, bonnyenne?  
 C. - Elle a utilisé "asteur" au lieu de "maintenant". Atroce! Justifiez-ça si vous pouvez.  
 S.G. - Tu connais l'anglais. toué?  
 C. - Bien sur, je suis américain.  
 S.G. - Vraiment? Je ne l'aurais jamais déviné. Comment traduis-tu ça en anglais, ton maintenant?  
 C. - C'est "now" naturellement.  
 S.G. - Bon, L'expression "asteur" vient de trois mots: "à cette heure". Tu peux taduire ça étou?  
 C. - Voyons "à cette heure". . . at this hour.  
 S.G. - Excellent. J'te donne une étoile pi une image sainte. C'est pas mal proche de "now" ça eh?  
 C. - Oui, mais le mot 'maintenant' doit être supérieur à ce (sneer) canadienisme.  
 Narr. - Quel défi! Est-ce que Super Grenouille est vaincu? Ca tourne mal. Mais attendez! Super Grenouille fouille dans la poche secrète cachée derrière le G énorme sur sa poitrine et il en sort (ah!) les volumes du dictionnaire Larousse.  
 S.G. - (grunt, groan) Attendez, Monsieur. Voyons. . . A. . . B. . . C. . . C't'icit en quèque part. Ca commence avec F ou avec Y ça "maintenant"?  
 C. - Avec M  
 S.G. - M eh? . . . Es-tu certain?  
 C. - Oui  
 S.G. - Merci. . . M. . . mmm Mélcisédech. . . Melchior. . . Mammifère. . . Monstrueux. . . Mautadit, y ont le nom de tous mes oncles icit. . .  
 S.G. - . . . Voyons. . . bon. . . ca y est. "Maintenant": vient de "main" et "tenant". Traduis ca en anglais, M. le commis.  
 C. - Hand holding? . . . Holding hands? . . .  
 S.G. - Quelle expression est la plus exacte? (Silence) Ha. Restez Madame, vous n'avez plus rien à craindre de lui.  
 C. - Hold handing? . . . Handing hold? . . . Dandling ho? . . .  
 S.G. - Encore un autre ennemi réduit à l'incomorahensensi. . . euh. . . à l'incamprihonstiabi. . . euh. . . au silence.  
 F. 1. - Oh, Monsieur, comment vous remercier? Mais vous avez l'air un peu vert. Vous voulez pas une bonne assiette de bins pi des échalottes pour vous remettre?  
 S.G. - Merci, Madame mais le temps presse. (Je dois retourner à l'université avant qu'on se demande ousque je suis rendu. J'ai une classe à enseigner.) Au revoir, Madame. (croak, whoosh) J'i une classe à enseigner.) Au revoir, Madame. (croak, whoosh)  
 C. - Dwindling held? . . . Guilding lily? . . .  
 F. 1. - Qui c'est que c'était ça c't'homme masqué là. J'y ai même pas demandé son nom. (Sound 7)  
 Narr. - Est-ce que Super Grenouille arrivera en temps pour enseigner sa classe? Est-ce que les élèves lui demanderont pourquoi il a du choufleur congelé dans les oreilles? Est-ce qu'ils lui demanderont pourquoi il a le doigt dans le nez? Est-ce qu'on arrêtera enfin de le confondre avec la Grenouille Solitaire? Pour apprendre les réponses, ne manquez pas les épisodes prochaines de Super Grenouille. ✱

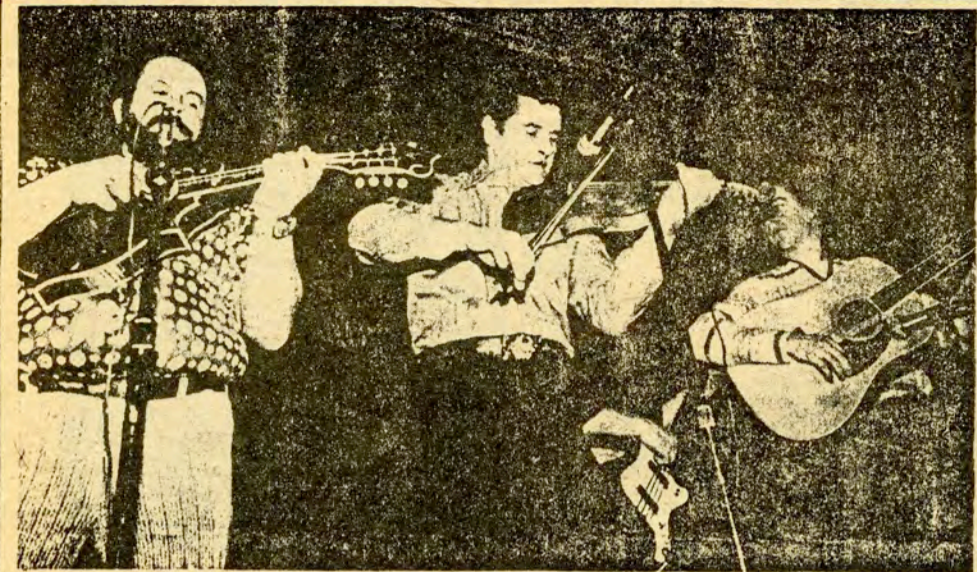


**Franco-American Entertainers Are Featured At Jan. 21 Soiree**

The first annual Franco-American Night will be held Jan. 21 at the Waterville Armory sponsored by the Waterville Lions Club.

**Tourtiere Pie, Fiddles And Jigs; It Must Be Franco-American Night**

The first annual Franco-American Night will be held Jan. 21 at the Waterville Armory sponsored by the Waterville Lions Club.



**Some Franco-American Fiddling**

Simon St. Pierre (center), billed as the "best French-Canadian fiddler in the state," and his band set the tempo for a night of fun and frolic at the Waterville Armory Saturday evening at the first annual Franco-American Night. An estimated 1,000 persons turned out in snowy weather for the event. Story, more photos on Page 11. (Sentinel Photo by Lynn Mosher)

**FIRST ANNUAL FRANCO AMERICAN NIGHT AND DANCE**

By Don Bourgoin

WATERVILLE MAINE - JANUARY 21, 1978 SPONSORED BY THE WINSLOW LIONS CLUB

In Waterville one can find a dance or night or event to commemorate or honor almost anything. Until this year, one blatant omission to this was an event bringing together the Franco-American community. This past summer Don and Jane Bourgoin of Winslow attended a Greek dance in Lynn, Massachusetts, had a great time and wondered why nothing like this was attempted in the Waterville-Winslow area for the French. Remembering the good times they had as young children at weddings of Canadian relatives, they became enthusiastic about the possibility and set out to make it happen. Dr. Bourgoin proposed the idea to the Winslow Lions Club, of which he is a member. The project was adopted and work began. Since nothing of this scale had ever been done involving the Franco community in greater Waterville, there were no blueprints to follow. The first thing done was determining a date and finding a hall large enough to accommodate the event. January 21st was chosen as being far enough in to the new year to attract a large group and the Waterville Armory was the only site large enough to contain the 800 people originally planned on.

Next, word was sent out that we needed musicians. Finally chosen were the Psaltery (Lil Labbé and Don Hinkley), two young people from the Orono area whose repertoire includes French folk songs, ballads and traditional

repeater songs. Since no Franco gathering is complete without fiddling music, the best fiddler in the state was hired - Simon St. Pierre of Smyrna Mills. Simon is well known in Maine for his incredible ability as a musician.

With the hall, date and entertainment taken care of, the next step was selling the idea to the community. Word of the event was first let out on January 6, merely 15 days before the dance. The Bourgoins' worries about ticket sales were soon dispelled when their phone and the phones of other Lions club members started ringing continuously the day the article first appeared. The demand for tickets was so great that the projected crowd of 800 swelled to 1,200 by the night of the dance causing some problems with seating capacity, and necessitating extra chairs and tables being brought in. Despite the snow storm raging outside and the overflow crowd inside, everyone there had a good time.

Also on the program was an award ceremony honoring 89 year old Napoléon Marcou for his many contributions to the Franco American Community. Fiddling and jigging contests were held. Tourtière pies and cretons were available. Last minute fill-in Emcee J. Ovide Gallant of Waterville kept the audience laughing and singing the entire night. Volunteer singers, dance callers, fiddlers and jiggers climbed on the stage to do their part. "We should have done this years ago" was heard often during the night. In fact, it had been over twenty years since the French community of Waterville came together for a soiree and nothing of this magnitude had ever been done before. The demand is there. . . Waterville's Franco-Americans are proud to be what they are. . . Just wait till next year! ✿

**Franco-American Night Program Scores Hit**

By JUDITH TRINICK  
The Franco-American Night program, held Saturday evening, Jan. 21, at the Waterville Armory, was a great success. The program, which featured a variety of musical acts, including Simon St. Pierre on fiddle, and the Psaltery, was well received by the audience. The event was sponsored by the Waterville Lions Club and attracted a large crowd of approximately 1,200 people.

**ATTENTION Franco-American women**

The Freewoman's Herald, Maine's only Feminist newspaper, is moving in the direction of a bicultural format. Three Franco-American women, Irene Simoneau, Claire Bolduc, Cécile Collin, met with the Herald's staff in November, 1977 to arrange for the inclusion of Franco-American content in the Herald's pages. As a result of the meeting the Herald will henceforth be called **Freewoman's Herald - La Messagère** and a section of the paper will concern itself with Franco-American women's concerns. The Herald-Messagère staff will also gladly accept any articles on women's issues written in French and will place these articles anywhere in the paper, not just in the Franco section.

The Herald-Messagère staff has extended an invitation to Franco women to participate in the paper's creation, write articles, subscribe, support Maine's only women's paper in any way possible. Herald-Messagère meetings are held every Tuesday evening alternating between Portland, Brunswick, Augusta. Franco women have been given an assurance that the use of the French language is welcome as a language of work in the creation of the paper. If you are a Franco woman interested in participating in a woman's newspaper collective and in using your full cultural resources do subscribe, help, write articles for the Herald-Messagère. Subscription rates are \$4.00 yearly. The Herald-Messagère's address: P.O. Box 7232, Downtown Station, Portland, Maine 04111. For further information regarding Franco content in the paper contact Irène, Claire or Cécile through FAROG office. Look for the January issue with the first Franco-American contributions!

**New Grant Recipient**

New Hampshire Public Television has recently announced that it has been awarded a grant from the U.S. Office of Education for the purpose of producing a series of television programs on Franco-American culture, intended for middle-grade children.

Designed to further the impact of bilingual-bicultural education already serving Franco-American children in many New England projects, the proposed series will consist of ten 30-minute segments focusing on such cultural aspects of regional Franco-Americans as history, language, arts and crafts, as well as music and dance. Also to be explored will be this group's current accomplishments within the larger American society. Likewise, particular attention will be given to the expectations and the

promise of its young people within their respective communities.

As its principal objective, this series will seek to strengthen the Franco-American children's conception of their cultural heritage and thereby enhance their self-image. At the same time, these programs will afford children of other ethnic backgrounds an opportunity beyond that of personal contact to better understand and appreciate their Franco-American counterparts.

To reach a maximum audience of the 10-13 year old population, New Hampshire Public Television, a network of seven stations, intends to schedule this Franco-American culture series during the day and early evening hours. In addition to local dissemination, the Network plans to make this series available for broadcast by other television stations both regionally and nationally.

Abonnez-vous au FAROG FORUM subscribe S.V.P.

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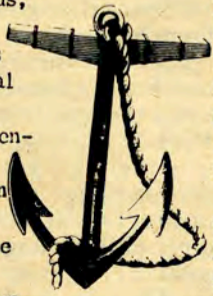
**Tiré de — THE JOURNAL OF ETHNIC STUDIES**

THE FRANCO-AMERICANS. By Maurice Violette. Vantage, 1976, 239 pp., \$6.95

When Pierre Vallières published his White Niggers of America in 1967, an appreciable number of French-speaking New Englanders agreed that the phrase offered an incisive description of themselves, their immigrant ancestors, as well as of the Quebecois people about whom Vallières was actually writing. Some even felt that appropriating this designation was a welcome sign of progress away from an earlier identification with Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man. The decade since Vallières' book has seen the appearance of brief historical or sociological studies, teaching materials subsidized by federal funds, and a few doctoral dissertations dealing with specialized aspects of one of America's least-known ethnic groups. The publication of Maurice Violette's The Franco-Americans may finally herald an emergence from an almost total obscurity.

After a brief historical overview of the region, from the seventeenth century to the time of the great migration from French Canada (1880-1900), Violette records the establishment and evolution of the Franco-Americans in Augusta, Maine. With the saturation of land ownership in Canada and the growth of the textile industry in New England, French-Canadians crossed the forty-ninth parallel by the tens of thousands, determined to preserve their ethnic heritage and to overcome exploitation, prejudice and cultural stereotyping. While wages were sub-standard and working conditions deplorable at best, the workers found little solace in the dilapidated housing provided by the mill owners. One can easily imagine the moral fiber required to survive a prolonged stay in a three-room apartment occupied by fifteen persons. Shunned and ridiculed for their differences of language, customs and traditions, the Franco-Americans persevered in a hostile environment drawing strength from the faith of their fathers and anticipating the day when they would leave the ghetto.

Out of the ghetto they brought ineradicable memories of burning crosses planted by the northern arm of the Ku Klux Klan--eerle protests against the French presence. They also brought customs and traditions: the priest's lead-



ership role in temporal matters, or storytelling as a form of entertainment, the use of pseudonyms and the frequent singing of folkloric songs. Proximity to the mother-country facilitated the constant renewal of ethnic pride and awareness by visits to and from members of the extended family. Maurice Violette quite rightly credits the Church for its role in preserving ethnic identity. Without shrillness or invective, he relates the monumental difficulty of obtaining French-language priests from assimilationist Irish bishops. The repeated demands of the people brought about a series of successes, as several "Canadian" parishes were created. The parishes themselves remained--almost until this very day--a tribute to the tenacity and foresight of the immigrants. The tenacity was rewarded by the constant presence of priests, dispensers of spiritual comfort, to be sure, but leaders too, in the incessant struggle against total cultural assimilation. Schools were also part of the parish complex, schools staffed by nuns whose dedication to their educational mission has been nothing short of heroic, a reality not widely known outside the ghetto. While the author recognized the indebtedness of several generations of school-children to these nuns, it is regrettable that he fails to analyze the social wellsprings of these French-Canadian nuns' unparalleled dedication.

The worlds of business and of social clubs are also surveyed rather extensively and incisively. Some readers are likely to be surprised when they learn that Franco-American involvement in business was guided by a deep sense of individualism, an obsessive need to retain total control over one's affairs, and unspeakable abhorrence toward dependence upon others--even upon banks--to develop commerce. Social clubs, still today, maintain their avowed purpose of serving the interests of their members by building inter-ethnic bridges rather than walls, and by helping to bring about the members' full participation in every facet of community life.

One regrets the author's excessive cult of facts, to the detriment of the causes which might explain those facts. A better understanding is needed of the ideology or the mystique which motivated both the leaders and the people. Yet, for its solid documentation and for the abundant information it provides, the work can be highly recommended. ✿

Armand B. Chartier  
University of Rhode Island



# Bill 101

## The French language and Upward Mobility in the Province of Québec

NDLR - Cette lettre a été reçu par un de nos lecteurs. Elle est reproduite avec permission de l'auteur qui préfère rester anonyme.

By formal education I am a Germanist, not a Romanist. Although I had visited Paris twelve years ago, my first real encounter with the French language came during a seven-month stay in Paris four years ago. More recently, in 1976, I went to Montreal for the Olympics and decided to stay awhile to renew and improve my knowledge of the French language. It didn't take long, however, before I became aware of the linguistic situation in Quebec by working first for a French-speaking family in a Montreal suburb and later in an English-speaking household near Quebec City. Television and radio were among my sources of information, but most important were the newspapers "Le Soleil" of Quebec City, "La Presse" of Montreal, and, to a lesser extent, the English-language "Gazette" of Montreal, from which I have accumulated and am presently sorting clippings, which cover the period from October, 1976 through September 10, 1977 and include articles tracing the historical development of the issues involved in the "French problem".

With real concern for the survival of the French language in North America, I have followed doggedly the developments in Quebec from Bill 22 to the recently passed Bill 101, which establishes French as the sole "official" language in the province of Quebec for the courts and legally binding contracts, for business and industry, and for the public schools. In the latter case, children of parents who attended English-language elementary schools in Quebec and non-English immigrant children, whose older siblings were already enrolled in English-language public schools prior to the passage of Bill 101, may enroll in the English-language public school system, whereas other English-speaking and non-English immigrants in Quebec must enroll their children in the French-language public schools. Private schools, i.e. schools whose faculty salaries are not paid by the province of Quebec, are exempt from Bill 101.

Canadian Anglophones decry Bill 101 as discriminatory, particularly in the realm of the public education, but they are conversely blind to the "de facto" discrimination towards French-speaking minorities in the other Canadian provinces, which is contrary to the federal policy of bilingualism (in Canada - English and French) established by Federal law nr. 63. Quebec, alone among the provinces in strictly implementing bilingualism, experienced instead of a flourishing of the French language its weakening among the French-speaking youth who were urged to learn English and continued disregard by English and non-English immigrants, who, at the most, paid lip service to French, thereby increasing the danger of an economically-motivated total assimilation of the French-language culture into the omnipresent North American Anglo-culture. This suicidal trend, reinforced by lack of good will and reciprocity in the other Canadian provinces and ineffective implementation of bill nr. 63 by the federal government, led two successive Quebec governments to initiate seemingly repressive and discriminatory measures (Bourassa's Bill 22 and Levesque's Bill 101) in order to halt and reverse the trend and to redress injustices experienced by the French-speaking populace both within and outside of Quebec. For example, the federal government deemed more important the squandering of thousands of dollars for exclusive and expensive French lessons for ranking Federal officials, who might then qualify for a "bilingual bonus", than helping French-speaking communities outside of Quebec establish primary and secondary French-language schools in English-speaking provinces willing to provide funds for either the French-language schools or, for that matter, for effective French instruction in the English-language schools.

Repercussions to Bill 101 were felt even prior to its introduction; in fact, disquiet among the Anglophones of Quebec began with the election of the Péquiste government on November 15, 1976, which has caused some Anglophone businesses to move their headquarters from Montreal to Toronto. However, the most prolonged battle, instigated

by the Liberal government's Bill 22, is being fought by the English-language public school system on behalf of recent immigrants to Quebec, (the majority of whom prefer to send their children to English rather than French schools for economic reasons;) they perceive English as the "open sesame" to economic success in North America. Further conflicts are likely to continue in

1) **business and industry:** French is to be the official language at all work levels from janitor to company director. To achieve this goal, each business has a time-table determined by company size, by the end of which the "Frenchification" of the entire work force must be completed;

2) **transportation:** The debates over the use of French in countrywide Air Canada operations and by air-traffic controllers in Quebec continue in the courts;

3) **telecommunications:** Federal licensing of English-language radio and television stations has been disproportionately high in relation to the actual percentage of true (i.e. excluding non-English immigrants) (English-speakers in Quebec - ca. 13 pourcent);

4) **immigration policies:** A declining birthrate in the French-speaking populace has forced the Quebec government to turn its attention to assimilating immigrants into the French-language culture, while, at the same time, encouraging them to retain their original linguistic identity.

On the other hand, the federal government, which presently controls immigration policies, pursues an Anglicization policy towards all immigrants, even those in Quebec, whereby adult newcomers may receive English instruction at the expense of the federal government - but those desiring French instruction must pay for it themselves.

The real test of the immediate survival of the French language in Quebec depends upon its resilience to survive any economic adversities resulting from a lack of good will and cooperation toward the present Quebec government and its policies of "Frenchification" by Anglo-Canadian and U.S. firms, which, with the exception of the alimentation industry and small business, dominate the Quebec economy. With a viable economy in an increasingly French-language society, even the French-speaking populace might be convinced that it pays to speak French, which has not been true according to recent studies. Like the non-English immigrants to Quebec, the French-speaking have seen English, particularly in the post-WW II economy, as the key to upward mobility. As a result, some ambitious Francophone parents enrolled their children in English-language schools in Quebec and sent them later to U.S. and English universities. Even now, fearful of being ghettoized or being denied "the key to upward mobility", as a reaction to Bill 101, some Francophone parents are demanding the introduction of English as a second language in the first grade, whereas, until now, the French-language public schools in Quebec have generally begun French instruction at the fifth-grade level (as is the policy in West German, French and British schools of introducing the second language). At the other extreme, the French Teachers' Association in Quebec proposes limiting English instruction in French schools to the secondary, as is the practice towards French instruction in public schools in the other Canadian provinces. Nevertheless, most Francophone parents favor an early introduction of English instruction in full knowledge of the economic disadvantage in Quebec of being unilingual in French, as asserted by recent studies. On a descending scale, unilingual Anglophones have the highest per capita income, bilingual Anglophones rank slightly lower, bilingual Francophones much lower, and unilingual Francophones in Quebec are near the bottom of the scale, outranked even by most non-English immigrants who speak English. One of the goals of Bill 101 is to erase this inequity, by establishing French as a language which can also provide upward mobility, if not in the remainder of Canada, at least in its home province, Quebec.

## Le pauvre Frog... et ses 139 autres façons

J'ai connu bien de vaillants et savants professeurs de français qui se mettent en frais de nous apprendre notre langue à nous franco-américains. Il est vrai que les circonstances nous placent toujours côte à côte avec nos copains américains qui désirent apprendre le français et s'inscrivent avec nous à l'élémentaire. On est là nous aussi, on ne sait pas écrire et lire bien à peine. Il y a au vocabulaire "How are you?" Bien entendu "Comment allez-vous?" La classe a un peu de peine à venir à se servir de cette acquisition d'une façon spontanée. Il y a trois frogs là qui sont toujours sans méchanceté à emmerder le professeur et les étudiants avec leurs expressions variées pour dire "How are you?" Oui souvenez-vous mes chers professeurs que le petit frog peut, en s'adressant à une personne seulement, dire "How are you" de 140 différentes façons.

How are you?		
aller		
ça va?	Comment ça va-t-il?	ça va bien?
Comment ça va?	Comment est-ce ça va?	Est-ce que ça va bien?
ça ne va pas?	Est-ce que ça va?	ça ne va pas bien?
	Est-ce que ça ne va pas?	Est-ce que ça ne va pas bien?
On va?	Comment est-ce qu'on va?	Est-ce qu'on va? on va bien?
Comment va-t-on?		Est-ce qu'on ne va pas?
		Est-ce qu'on va bien?
On ne va pas?		On ne va pas bien?
		Est-ce qu'on ne va pas bien?
Tu vas?	Comment est-ce que tu vas?	Est-ce que tu vas?
		Tu vas bien?
Comment vas-tu?	Est-ce que tu ne vas pas?	Est-ce que tu vas bien?
		Tu ne vas pas bien?
Tu ne vas pas?		Est-ce que tu ne vas pas bien?
Vous allez?	Est-ce que vous allez?	Vous allez bien?
Comment allez-vous?	Est-ce que vous n'allez pas?	Est-ce que vous allez bien?
Comment est-ce que vous allez?		Vous n'allez pas bien?
Vous n'allez pas?		Est-ce que vous n'allez pas bien?
se trouver		
Comment tu te trouves?		Tu te trouves bien?
Comment te trouves-tu?		Te trouves-tu bien?
Comment est-ce que tu te trouves?		Est-ce que tu te trouves bien?
		Tu ne te trouves pas bien?
		Ne te trouves-tu pas bien?
		Est-ce que tu ne te trouves pas bien?
Comment on se trouve?		Se trouve-t-on bien?
Comment se trouve-t-on?		On ne trouve bien?
Comment est-ce qu'on se trouve?		Est-ce qu'on se trouve bien?
		On ne se trouve pas bien?
		Est-ce qu'on ne se trouve pas bien?
		Ne se trouve-t-on pas bien?
Comment ça se trouve?		ça se trouve bien?
Comment ça se trouve-t-il?		Est-ce que ça se trouve bien?
Comment est-ce que ça se trouve?		ça ne se trouve pas bien?
		Est-ce que ça ne se trouve pas bien?
se porter		
Te portes-tu?	Comment tu te portes?	Tu te portes bien?
Tu te portes?	Comment te portes-tu?	Te portes-tu bien?
Tu ne te portes pas?	Comment est-ce que tu te portes?	Est-ce que tu te portes bien?
		Tu ne te portes pas bien?
		Ne te portes-tu pas bien?
		Est-ce que tu ne te portes pas bien?
On se porte?	Comment on se porte?	On se porte bien?
Se porte-t-on?	Comment se porte-t-on?	Se porte-t-on bien?
On ne se porte pas?	Comment est-ce qu'on se porte?	Est-ce qu'on se porte bien?
		On ne se porte pas bien?
Ne se porte-t-on pas?		Ne se porte-t-on pas bien?
Est-ce qu'on se porte?		Est-ce qu'on ne se porte pas bien?
Est-ce qu'on ne se porte pas?		
se sentir		
Comment tu te sens?		Tu te sens bien?
Comment te sens-tu?		Te sens-tu bien?
Comment est-ce que tu te sens?		Est-ce que tu te sens bien?
		Tu ne te sens pas bien?
		Ne te sens-tu pas bien?
		Est-ce que tu ne te sens pas bien?
Comment on se sent?		On se sent bien?
Comment se sent-on?		On ne se sent pas bien?
Comment est-ce qu'on se sent?		Se sent-on bien?
		Ne se sent-on pas bien?
		Est-ce qu'on se sent bien?
		Est-ce qu'on ne se sent pas bien?

Le pauvre Frog doit choisir la façon du livre et se taire pour un temps sur les 139 autres façons. ♣

Florian Peeachdee  
UMFK, Fort Kent, Me.

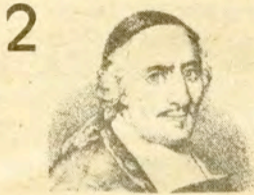
On est encore à sec

Pour une contribution de \$25. au FAROG-FORUM vous recevrez un FAROG POWER t-shirt de l'université du Maine.

THE WELL IS DRY

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# CONNAISSEZ-VOUS



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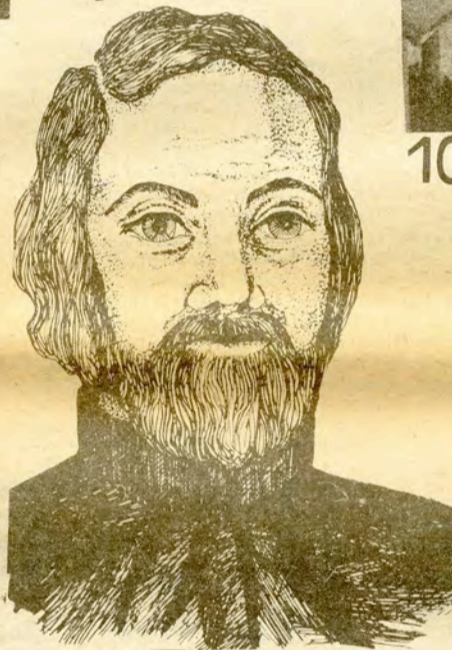
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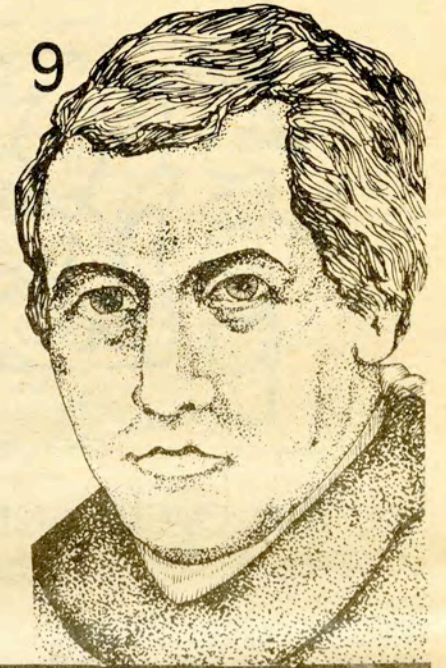
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## MONSIEUR LE CURE ?

Placez le numéro de la photo près du nom convenable

\_\_\_ Cardinal de RICHELIEU Premier ministre sous Louis XIII, il fut l'homme avec le plus d'influence en France au début de la colonie nord-américaine.

\_\_\_ Mgr François de LAVAL Premier évêque de Québec, son diocèse couvrait tout le territoire du Canada et des Etats-Unis actuels.

\_\_\_ Jacques MARQUETTE Missionnaire jésuite et explorateur qui, avec Louis Jolliet en 1673, découvrit le Mississippi et explora pour la première fois l'intérieur des Etats-Unis.

\_\_\_ Jean-Louis Lefebvre de CHEVERUS Prêtre français nommé le premier évêque de Boston en 1810.

\_\_\_ Pierre HEVEY Parmi les grands bâtisseurs du début de l'immigration, curé-fondateur de St-Pierre de Lewiston et Ste-Marie de Manchester.

\_\_\_ Mgr Adrien VERRETTE de Manchester, N.H., grand patriote et président depuis plusieurs années de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine.

\_\_\_ Mgr Jean JADOT Depuis que ce prélat français

est délégué apostolique à Washington, trois Franco-Américains ont été nommés évêques en Nouvelle-Angleterre.

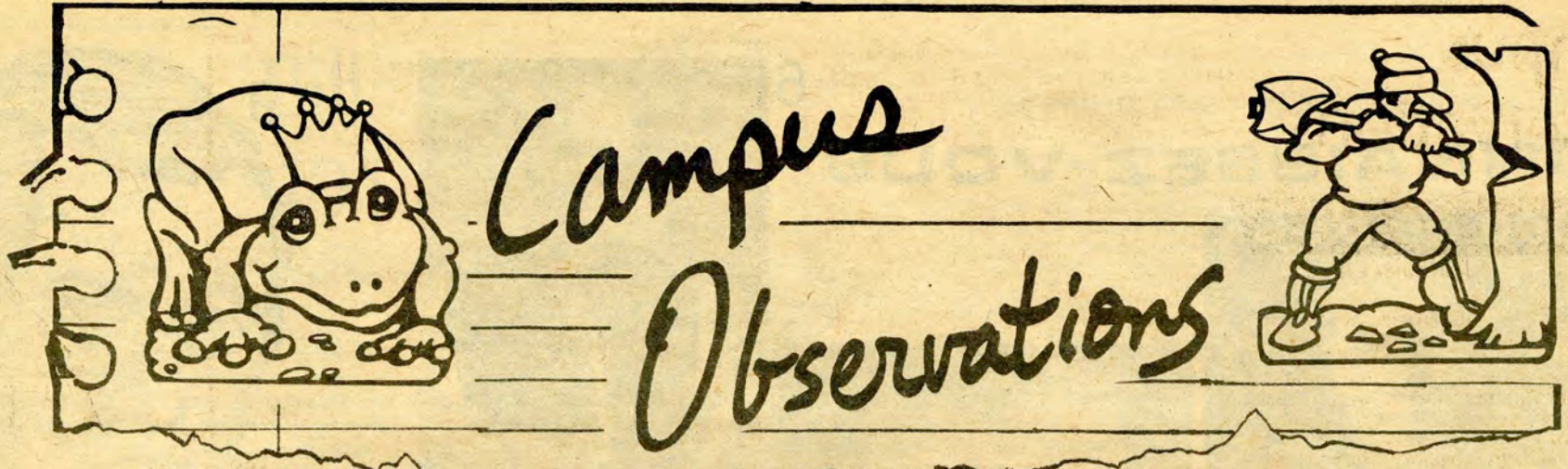
\_\_\_ Mgr Louis GELINEAU Premier évêque franco-américain du diocèse de Providence, R.I.

\_\_\_ Mgr Odore GENDRON L'évêque actuel de Manchester, N.H., le deuxième Franco à détenir ce poste (Mgr Georges Guertin fut le premier de 1907 à 1931).

\_\_\_ Mgr Amédée PROULX Evêque auxiliaire de Portland, Maine, le premier Franco élevé à l'épiscopat dans son état.

\_\_\_ Thomas LANDRY Dominicain de la région de Fall River, Mass., arden champion des Franco-Américains.

Réponses : 10 Richelieu; 2 Laval; 8 Marquette; 9 Cheverus; 3 Hevey; 6 Verrette; 11 Jadot; 1 Gelineau; 4 Gendron; 5 Proulx; 7 Landry.



## So, the cycle continues. . .

Following my graduation from UMO, I wish to comment on some teachers who have helped and another who has hindered me and other Franco-Americans in our studies of French. As a Franco-American majoring in French I can say that I endured my stay at Orono and departed without too much injury to my self-esteem.

I would like to cite one particular teacher who has helped me tremendously in my endeavors as a French Educator. She is a splendid model for the French teacher of today. Professor Brimmer has the intelligence, patience, fairness and flexibility that one rarely finds in a teacher. She has never made me feel inferior in her classes because of my Franco-American background. I have always felt equal to the other students and I was never singled out because I was French. She was always there if anyone needed help or encouragement. In these days when professors could care less about students it is refreshing to find a teacher who is truly interested in her students no matter who they are.

On one hand I encountered a teacher like Professor Brimmer, who is unbiased and on the other I encountered teachers who still hold the philosophy that Francos are inferior intellectually to their English classmates.

My first encounter with this teacher was during my sophomore year, and I wanted to take a grammar course for review. I was angered and shocked by the treatment I received from her. The first day of this course she said that if you are Franco-American please leave this class because you will have trouble with the grammar. She wouldn't give us a chance to show otherwise. We were singled out immediately as being inferior intellectually. From that first day I felt her dislike for Francos and I realized then and there that I would definitely avoid as many of her classes as I could. She had already pegged

Franco-Americans in a certain category and at a certain intellectual level.

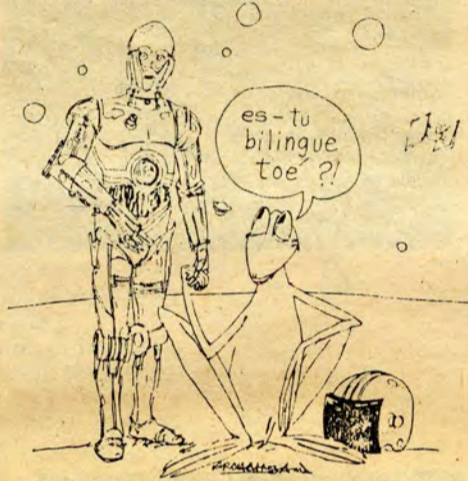
As the years went by I encountered other Franco-Americans who had taken her courses or who had dropped her courses. All that I heard from these students were negative comments about her dislike for them. Others had encountered the same thing that I had and tried to avoid her. Still others were given poor grades and others dropped out. The common ground we all shared was that we were all Franco-American and because of this it seemed that she assumed we were not as smart as our English counterparts. Although many of us could already speak French fluently, we found ourselves tongue-tied in her presence or in her classes. I am sure many of us acquired a terrible complex because of her. Even if we did not take her classes, her opinion of us hung around our necks all through college.

The years continued and I rarely saw or thought of her until my last semester at school. There were many events that semester for the language department. One particular event that brought me into contact with her was Canadian Week. UMO invited speakers from both the French and English parts of Canada to discuss Canada and its peoples. At the end of one speaker's conference (Mr. LaPorte) I once again saw her. It was the question and answer period. I have never heard her expound her philosophy as well as she did that night for Mr. LaPorte (an expert on the effects on learning both French and English in childhood). This teacher had the audacity to pose to him in the form of a question what she meant as a statement. She said that Franco-Americans can operate very well on the concrete operational level but when it comes to more abstract thinking in French she did not feel that they could function as well as their English counterparts. Of course those

to their English classmates. The speaker responded with a quick rebuttal to her accusations.

The present were surprised and appalled that this teacher had the nerve to even suggest that Franco-Americans were inferior intellectually.

I could not believe that a professor of French who had taught at UMO for a number of years could be that ignorant about available data showing otherwise. I was also surprised that not one Franco-American present challenged her outrageous accusations about them. Along with being totally shocked I found myself asking why was this teacher able to say this in a meeting



comprised of at least half by Franco-Americans and not being challenged by one. Either she must have so much confidence in what she said that she was not afraid of reprisals or the Francos believed what she said about them. I for one did not.

By the end of this meeting I began to

understand what I had not understood before, and that was why so many French teachers were against Franco-American students. I began to realize how these teachers perpetuated themselves. If a French professor holds the philosophy that Franco-Americans are intellectually inferior to their English classmates then these same English students of French of this professor will surely be influenced and more than likely hold the same view as their professor. So, the cycle continues and Franco-Americans are caught in the middle. If a Franco-American wants to take a French course he is branded as inferior and a self-fulfilling prophecy develops on the part of the teacher. Everyone knows if a student is expected to do badly, he will, and if he is treated like an imbecile he will act like one. Thus, one can see how Franco-Americans can acquire a complex of inferiority from their French teachers as well as other teachers. The snobisme is alive and well and as long as French teachers continue with this philosophy, the Francos will have to struggle twice as hard as his English classmate against this discrimination.

What is really discouraging is that the teacher I knew is not the only one who holds these views about Francos. It has long been known that in Maine if you're French you're stupid. As long as I could remember in school if you were French you were different and could not do as well as your classmates or you were too stupid to learn. I will not even mention the cruel jokes I heard when I was very young about my background and the ones I still hear today.

Thus, it is not surprising to see teachers who hold these same views in high school as well as in college. As long as these teachers remain ignorant and do not want to change their philosophies, the fallacy about Franco-Americans will continue to exist and the effects of their self-fulfilling prophecy will flourish.

BY: Ms. Linda Gilbert-Ballard

Au fil des événements, 19 janvier 1978

## Recontez une fille de la Vallée

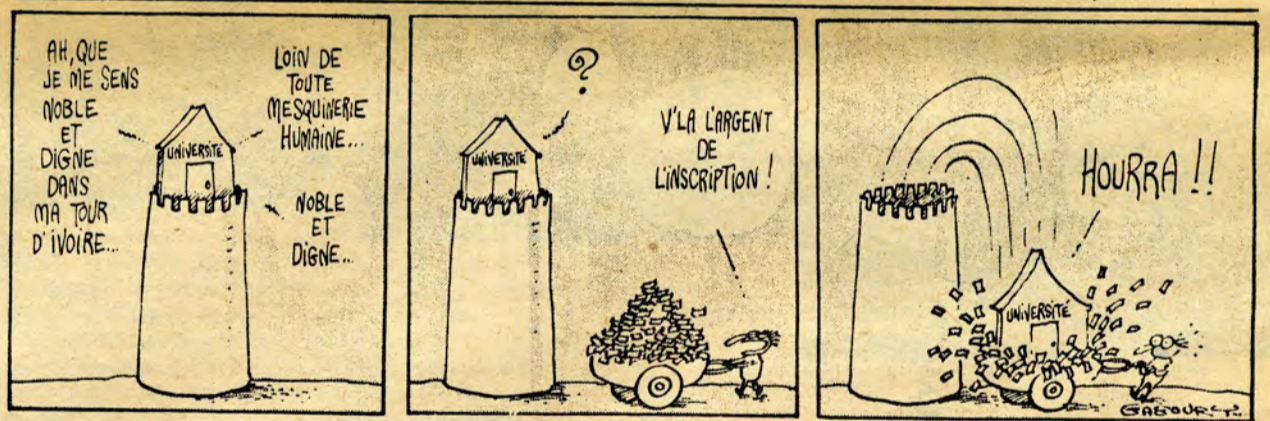
J'aimerais écrire une série d'articles dans le FAROG - mais arrête - y faut que j'm'introduise. J'sus une fille d'la Vallée, pis j'sus jeune. Ben là asteur vous d'mandez "qu'ossé qu'à connaît là d'dans elle, la Vallée? A est trop jeune pour sa'oïr rien". Ben quand vous allait à l'école vous aut'e c't'est toute en français tout l'monde parlait français pis s'allait ben. Quais, cé l'temps que j'vous dize une p'tite histoire.

Quand j'étais dans première grade on était vingt-cinq élèves. On parlaient toutes l'français, même la métresse était française, pis s'allait ben. La deuxième grade par exemple, c'était différent. Le premier jour décole on étaient un peut su pris parce que c'tait une métresse nouvelle. Ben on s'a assis dans nos chaise pis au bout d'un escousse à commencé à parler. Ben s't'est affreyable. A tourdaït ses mots pis ça voulait pas sortir. S't'à pauve métresse, à vait ti eu un accident durent l'été? toujours, à passer un liv'e - "dick and Jane". Mais cé des maudit noms ça Dick and Jane. A nous a dis qu'on allait apprendre a lire. On était pus simpe t'sé. Dans première grade on a vaitent appris à lire des p'tit liv'e de Robert et Nicole, pis on lisaient même le gros liv'e du catchisse. Ben, c't' à pauve métresse, on va ya donner une chance à sér'posé et d'main on commencera d' nouveaux.

Ben l'en d'main c't'est pire que pire. A nous a faites virer à première page de Dick and Jane pis c'a disait "Dick and Jane ran up the hill." Y'a ben du maudit a d'dans. Les auteurs y'on oublier qu'y avait des accent égue pis des accent circonflex. Ben c'tait pas ca en toute. La métresse nous a dit que pour nos leçon c'soïr là foulait qu'on apprene l'anglais, pis qu'on lise cinq page dans Dick and Jane, pis qu'on "add one plus one" pis "subtract two minus one." Mais au nom du père, quoi c'est qui s'passe asteur? On a encore 10 ans d'école à aller pis déjà on a des grosse leçon d'même. Mais ça va aïtt dur ca aller école.

Ben, asteur j'sus dans ma troixième année du college pis j'peux vous dire que c't'est dur ca aller école. Ben faut qu'j'arrête. Y'en a dôte qui veule écrire pour le FAROG. On s'rencontra encore dans un aut'e gazette FAROG.

Rosanna



parlait du cul d'poule! J'ai pensée à moi même, "Qui c'est qu'ils pensent qu'ils sont?"

## C't'Encore à mon tours

par Debbie Gagnon

Hi! I'm telling you, it doesn't take some people long to screw you over! If you noticed in last month's issue of the Forum, there were several references to the University of Maine at Fort Kent and a federal grant that they'd applied for, so I thought I'd explain those references and at the same time let you make your own conclusions.

Il y a deux ou trois mois, FAROG a reçu un coup d'téléphone qui nous a dit qu'il avait un groupe de professeurs à Ft. Kent qui voulais appliquer pour des fonds fédéraux. Asteur, ça c'est pas pire, mais c'est quoi c'est qu'ils voulaient faire avec l'argent qui m'a enragé.

Apparently, they wanted to research St. John Valley folklore and make a booklet out of it. I thought it was a great idea until I found out that Roger Paradis had already done years of research on the subject and that all that needed to be done was to compile it.

L'autre affaire qu'ils voulaient faire c'était de prendre notre dialecte et de l'écrire phonétiquement dans un p'tit livre. A coté du fait que Normand Dubé, Don Dugas ont déjà fait ça aussi, et que je ne peux pas voir pourquoi que cette gagne d'innocents voudraient gaspiller de l'argent pour refaire des affaires qui sont déjà fait, je me'ai fâché parce que, dans tout leur équipe, il y en avait seulement un qui pouvait parler français du tout, et même lui

Obviously, I was angry. I didn't like my Valley heritage and language used to get some extra pocket money and a little glory for these (j'peux pas dire autrement) opportunists. They had no right to assume that they were qualified or even allowed to scrutinize me and then write a distorted version of what they saw and heard baed on their own values and attitudes.

D'abord, j'ai été à leur meeting et je leur ai dit ce que je pensais de leur proposition, et j'ai offert des idées pour quoi faire avec l'argent au lieu de le dépensé pour un rien. Je pensais vraiment qu'ils écoutaient et, en plus, entendaient ce que disais. Mais non! Avant une semaine, ils avaient oubliée tous que moi, et une vingtaine d'autres personnes, ont dit. La proposition a été envoyer comme elle était, sans changement.

Now, I feel betrayed. I honestly feel that they had no right to tread on my (and your) territory. They're outsiders looking in, and I feel like screaming. I don't know what to do about it except to tell you and get your response. Do you feel, like I do, that they should put federal funds to better use? Do you have any ideas about things we can do to enrich Franco culture in our Valley? If you do, please write. I need some kind of support to let me know that I'm not over reacting!

P.S. Walt (Mr. Lichtenstein?), since you subscribe to the Forum, I think I'm safe to assume that you believe in what we do. Perhaps you can explain to me what happened.

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

# Campus Observations

## Un peu de BCC

by Linda Kellam

At Bangor Community College, two men are working to overcome the difficulties encountered by french-speaking students. Clayton Pinette, director of developmental studies, works with BCC students with language difficulties of every type. I asked him about franc-american students enrolled at BCC and those involved in his program in particular. He didn't see them as comprising one specific, cohesive group. His students are individuals first. As individuals, they may be lacking in basic skills in English, especially vocabulary, which set them at a disadvantage in subjects such as reading, writing, math, physics and chemistry. Although his job is to help these students be competitive at the college level in their English skills, he isn't oblivious to the fact that language and culture are closely interrelated.

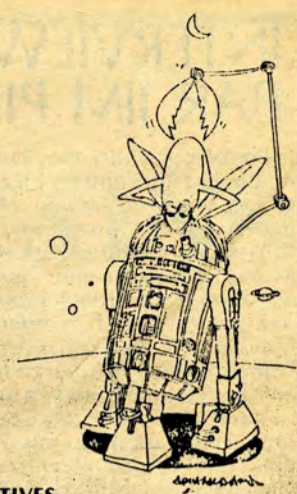
Some societies persecute their ethnic minorities, others keep them isolated and alienated from the mainstream. America simply ignores them to death, to the death of their language and culture. It does this by the insidious insistence that everyone must conform to a bland, hollywood dictated consumer prototype or else remain in a state of cultural underdevelopment. Talking to Pinette, however, I perceived that he held an interesting and complex ideal in which french speaking students would avoid the two extremes of denying either their frenchness or their americaness. They are totally integrated students whose french values are interchangeable and actively interrelate with those of similar cultures, and who because of this, have attained a better understanding of others.

Although he would like to see "pockets of french culture" exist, he maintained that the U.S. would never be truly bi-lingual and that it remains the responsibility of the individual to cultivate both languages. I cited to him examples of societies such as Belgium that are bilingual, but he dismissed the possibility with the exception of towns like Lewiston, Auburn, Biddeford and Fort Kent. Jobs are not readily available to people deficient in English, since tests usually discriminate against such persons, especially those whose problems are related to their ethnic background. Pinette looks forward to the day when such tests could be modified, especially in those towns that are bilingual along the line of local patois.

Another resource at BCC is Michael Beaudoin, Director of bilingual instruction. His students are all french speaking adults who may have been out of school for several decades. They are trained and counseled for work in human service agencies, particularly those dealing with the elderly where, although many of the clients are french speaking, most of the staff is not. Both men stressed the importance of language and culture in the formation of a person's positive self image. In general, french speaking students involved in both programs show motivation, ambition, a desire to learn, and have a good chance of success IF given the opportunity. However, very few teachers at BCC are bilingual, and most of the faculty are unaware of the problems of their french students. Like teachers every where, they are conditioned to be "ethnically neutral", and tend to see language difficulties as a manifestation of incompetence on the part of the student.

Beaudoin also cited those franco-american adults who need bilingual instruction at the high school level and other community programs outside of BCC. These people, if given the chance to express themselves could participate more in society, and could increase the awareness of all of us, franco and non-franco, of cultural values not presently represented in the american mainstream. Pinette remarked that the french speaking students he has come in contact with could be roughly classified into two groups: those who are aware of their frenchness merely because they were told of it by others, and those who are actively self-aware and who speak french as their primary language. This second group has the potential to express their ethnicity to the rest of society and help diversify american culture, not only for themselves but for anglo-americans like myself who have grown up thinking of the U.S. as an undifferentiated mono-culture of John Wayne movies, "Father Knows Best" type nuclear families and standardized consumption. After all, if ethnic minorities become estranged and ignorant of their own culture and of who they are, how can we come to really know one another? \*

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AVAILABLE AT THE  
Beaulieu, Victor Lévy. **Jack Kérouac.**  
Charbonneau, Dominique M. **Dictionnaire des mariages Charbonneau.**  
Dion, Léon. **Québec.**  
Dupont, Jean Claude. **Le légendaire de la Beauce.**  
Fédération québécoise de canot-kayak. **Guide des rivières du Québec.**  
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Jette, Irenée, comp. **Mariages de Verchères (1724-1966).**  
Lavoie, Yolande. **L'émigration des Canadiens aux Etats Unis avant 1930.**  
Monin, Jean Michel. **Guide du cyclotourisme québécois.**  
Nadeau, Vincent. **Marie-Claire Blais.**  
The books on this list are currently available upon request from the STATE LIBRARY through your Local library.



### PERSPECTIVES

#### BRAVO THUMBS UP

- To Dr. Bernard Yvon, College of Education, for sending Metric Education information in french to the french people of Maine. It's at least polite.
- To the First Annual Franco-American Conference in Louisiana on March 5-6-7, 1978
- To Don Bourgoin and all those who made the First Annual Franco-American Night in Waterville (Jan. 21) possible.
- To D. Gagnon who got out of a Fr. 4 class where she felt that her frenchness was put down.
- To inflexible, self-righteous french language purists.
- To the Waterville Sentinel (a news daily) for its enlightened editorial and coverage concerning the Franco night (Waterville is over 30% French)
- To New England Ma Bell for not learning french in Old Orchard and other areas. We understand she's bilingual in Québec.

#### BOO THUMBS DOWN

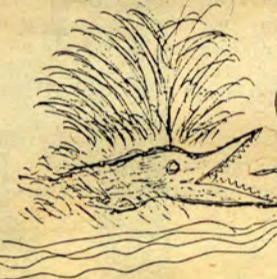
### ATTENTION

The first summer job newsletter will be available on Monday, Jan. 23, at the Career Planning and Placement Office, Wingate Hall.

### ATTENTION

Seminars on resume construction and interviewing techniques will be held at the Career Planning and Placement Office, Wingate Hall. Sign up after Wednesday, Jan. 25.

Nancy Paré  
Assistant Director  
Career Planning and Placement  
UMO



Eh, Tchoupoule!  
Comment t'fait  
pour casser  
ton fend-culot?

## Les Cajuns

par Debbie Clifton

### Ein Autre de les Aventures de Cocodrie et Tchoupoule

Editor's note: Tchoupoule is suffering from a delicate medical problem and can't be with us in person this month. But he is with us in spirit, as I'm sure Cocodrie's glowing (?) tribute makes obvious.

Ein jour dans so nid  
Cocodrie prend le gout de poésie.  
Ca p'olé parlé à le vent  
comme nous-autres fait temps par temps.  
Non, li gain avoir ein audience.  
Mais Cocodrie, li gain ein bonne chance,  
Et comme ça so projet l'avance.

Cocodrie c'est ein gros menteur  
et comme tout so famille,  
ein gros pecheur.  
Ca, combiné avec le fait  
que Tchoupoule, li té s'en allé.  
Ca veut dire li té halé  
so fond-culot au ras ailleur  
Et le moun de la mèche  
yé té gain bonheur.  
Et Cocodrie gain entas prestige,  
proche comme si li 'tait ein juge.

Ouais, Cocodrie 'tait le roi de la mèche encore,  
et vec le raven ça dit "nevermore".  
"Nevermore quitter Tchoupoule couri back icit  
Pour foûtre le train dans nous pays.  
Mais ouais!  
C'est mo qui dit, et mo nom, c'est Cocodrie.  
Tonnerre Méchain! Baillie-mo-z. en cinq!"

Ca c'est ein chose que les nèg yé dit.  
Et ça c'est ok vec Cocodrie.  
Tous nèg dans la mèche, yé ca vini dans so nid,  
autant long que Tchoupoule reste loin de li.  
C'est vaillant, le cocodrie.

En tout cas, yé 'tait tous là  
sans Tchoupoule pour bailler tracas;  
juste tous les ti cocodrie  
tout snuggled up dans yé nid.  
Et lalà, M. Cocodrie  
li sauté dans so poésie,  
Et ça 'tait chaud, je peux te garantie.

"Asteur" li dit, "Mo va dit vous-autre ein tt  
l'histoire  
de la campagne d'à où je viens.  
Yé té gain ein ti veux nèg là  
qui jamais té fait arien.  
Li té rodoyé, li couraillé, li galopé la rue,  
et toutes les nuit de so lavie  
li té couché dans la boue.  
Mais li 'tait content, ti nèg-ça-là,  
li chanté, li rit.  
Li pas gain personne pour tracasser li.  
Pour li, Tchoupoule, c'tait dans ein fricassée  
et li jamais passé son temps à jongler comment  
parler.  
Li té jamais tendu li té ein sauvage,

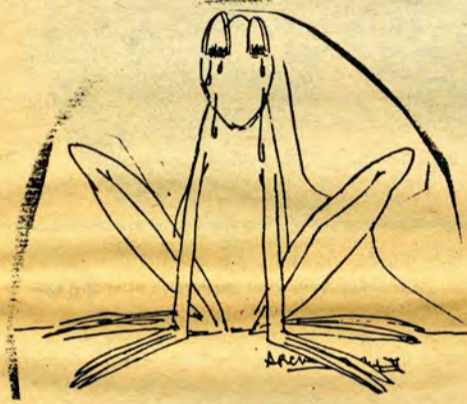
et passer ein jour sans se souler prenait pas  
tout so courage.  
Personne té jamais dit li encore, que li 'tait pas  
là,  
et li jamais couri l'école pour connais li l'existant  
pas.  
Et l'américain 'tait pas la pour li montrer  
que n'importe comment noir li était,  
c'est invisible li y'est pour vrai.  
Et li té crevé comme le dodobird  
et pas la peine se reveiller.  
Vous connais, ti nèg-là c'tait le roi dans so pays.  
Li gain la terre, li gain la joie  
et li parlait couri-mo-gain-vini.  
C'tait ein lucky fils-fils-tain!!!

Et si l'olé d'ère le roi de les clochard  
passer so temps à jouer bourré  
en derrière le lumbeyard,  
ça c'tété so l'affaire.  
Et nèg-là c'tait assez riche  
Pour avoir rien d'autre à faire.  
C'est vrai, ça pas gain entas l'argent  
mais li gain laliberté, li gain confiance  
et, sacre tonnerre, le nèg était content!  
Juste comme nous-autre, on l'aime la vie  
ensemble dans nou nid de Cocodrie.

Mais ein vilain moyen mété ein counja sur lavie  
à le neg,  
et ein coquin moun té vini pour le beg.  
Oh des serpents, des maladie, et des mal-piqués  
**YE GAIN TROP DE COQ DANS LE POULAILLER!**  
Tout le drigaille et le fatras yé balié,  
et le pauvre vieux nèg, yé gone le tracasser.  
Tout qualité moun, tout retardé,  
Yé gone chanter à le neg que li 'tait pas éduqué.  
De tous les bord yé descendu  
Pauvre nèg-là, li té juste halé so tchou.  
Li 'tait plus intéressé àyoù s'en aller,  
n'importe éyoù pour avoir la paix.  
Tous les jours li 'couté la même chanson,  
'Mo nèg, on veut civiliser l'endedans de tes  
calçon!"

Li gain la misère.  
Li connais pas quoi faire.  
'Oh mo lasse de tout ça!  
Laisse moun-ça-là s'en va!  
Mais yé pas s'en aller  
yé continué tracasser.  
Yé même couri au ras le coulée  
éyoù le pauvre nèg restait.

Mais lalà, ça pas marché.  
Nous z.ami vini faché.  
Li gone descendu so vieux pistolet  
li commencé tirer li, li jamais l.arreté.  
Fatras-yé halé-yé dans tout direction,  
et le ti vieux nèg crié 'Bénédiction'.  
Et de jour-ça-là à ça icit  
Tout quichoge-là passé bien correc'.  
Tout moun dans pays-là connais ein quichoge  
bonne chose vini jusse au moun qui l.ose  
Mais cher, c'est comme ça dans la vie,  
Ti peut prend garanti-la à **COCODRIE!!!**



## ..and the cycle continues.

C't'Encore à mon tours le 10 Fevrier  
Well, guess what folks? I'm learning a foreign language. French. I'm hurt and I'm pissed. I can't figure out who or what I'm pissed off at yet. I have my choice of being pissed off at this damned university for not being more sensitive to my needs as a student or to that condescending professor of mine who just managed to get a normal, well adjusted, proud-to-be-franco-american-student in tears because he found out that it's 'amusing' to destroy someone's self image.

- Debbie, donne-moi un autre mot pour 'Agasse moi pas'.  
- Peut-être on pourrais utiliser le terme 'A' chale moi pas?  
- Oh, non, non! Ca, c'est un terme du Maine, et ce n'est pas français.

- Mademoiselle **Gagnon**, comment dites-vous 'spelling' au Maine?  
- Eh, je ne sais pas. Epelage???  
- Ah, oui, c'est **amusant**. Mais le bon mot c'est 'l'orthographe'.

- Debbie, est ce que français était ta première langue?  
- Oui. Et j'ai appris l'anglais à l'école.  
- Bon. Rappelle-toi que le français de Maine n'est pas comme le français standard.  
Tu vas avoir besoin de l'aide de quelqu'un qui connaît le bon français. (J'voulais l'grémir!)

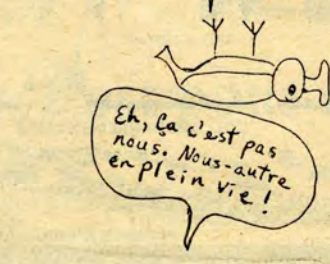
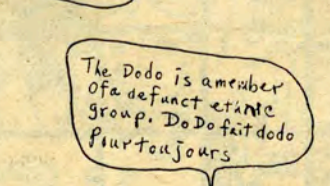
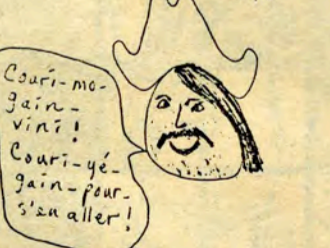
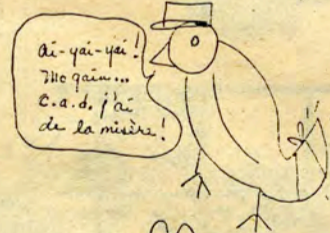
Now, what I heard from all that was that I learned to speak French as a child, and then I learned English in schools, and now, this nice man was going to teach me the 'right' French. So, what does all that imply? Does it mean that I'd been speaking **the Wrong French** all my life? Well, I'll be damned! **That's** news to me CRRRRRISSSE!!!!

When I registered for French this semester, I took it as an aid to my grammar not to get my head fucked up! oops! excuser moi. I don't mind being corrected when I'm wrong, but I do **care** about how the **correction** is made. I will NOT be talked down to, or made to feel dumb (or worse) amusing. I have a heavy investment in my French-ness, and my professor **does** not.

I'll tell ya, I'm fed up with people who think 'different' is wrong. **MY LANGUAGE IS NOT WRONG - BEING BLACK IS NOT WRONG - BEING JEWISH IS NOT WRONG - BEING POLISH IS NOT WRONG - AND BEING QUEBECOIS IS NOT WRONG!!!** When someone attacks something as personal as one's native tongue or their ethnicity, he is attacking the person as a Self. And believe me, it hurts.

But being hurt isn't enough. If someone can destroy a human being's confidence in himself, something has to be done about it. And believe me, something will be done! Professor Singerman, Professor Russel, M. Lessard etc. etc. etc. . . A'chalé moé pas, parce que ça va être la guerre! \*

Debbie Gagnon



# INTERVIEW DE JAMES PINETTE PAR JIM PINETTE

Premier discours avec James Pinette, maître d'école à Caribou High. Une heure du matin, le 27 décembre 1977.

**Q.** Jim, vous êtes familier avec la question française aux États-Unis puis particulièrement dans le comté d'Aroostook?

**R.** Yes, I am to some degree. I was born and brought up for the first five years of my life as an Anglo-Saxon and, I guess, because my parents were a mixed marriage - my father was Protestant, French Protestant, matrilineal. His mother was English and his father had to leave the church in order to have a unified marriage. So I guess that makes me familiar with the Franco-Anglo situation as it exists in the valley. I was brought up in St. Francis for the first four or five years of my life and moved to Soldier Pond. That is from an Anglo community to a totally French community at that time. Soldier Pond is an isolated little community between Eagle Lake and Fort Kent. And the first part of my formal education was interrupted by my dropping out at the age of five 'cause I decided that I didn't particularly fit into the Franco scene at that point in time - being Anglo is somewhat isolating.

**Q.** Vous me dites que vous ne parliez pas français jusqu'à l'âge de cinq ans?

**R.** That's correct and that somewhat isolated me from my peers. So consequently I had to more or less identify forcibly with my father, having no peer group. I did manage to make some friends but all of them were somewhat distant - never any close relationships because I was different, obviously, and this presented some difficulties in my social development, to say the least.

Fortunately or unfortunately, we moved from there to Fort Kent and that period of time is somewhat foggy to me. It had been so difficult in forming close friends and the friends that I did, no matter how distant they were, at least were as close as anything that I had known to that point in time.

Moving from Fort Kent at the age of seven or eight was somewhat difficult. Primarily because I wasn't French and secondly because I was having trouble managing my religion in my own head, simply because we were going through a bad time in religion then, and it was Protestant against Catholic in the real sense of the word.

Let's see, uh, the 40's - it blows my mind just to think I lived during the 40's because I really don't feel any older in the 70's than I did in the 40's. I'm still somewhat bound there.

By this time, however, I had some kind of handle on French, the language French, and mostly dealt with learning Catechism, memorizing Catechism. I remember being able to use it and I remember my mother at one point in time saying, uh, "You're too old to kneel at my knees now and say your prayers. You're going to have to say them by yourself." Somehow that, that isolated me from everything and I don't remember if that was before or after I graduated from fourth grade. In any case it moved me on to the next phase of life and total and complete isolation, I believe, and feeling my handicap - not in the "poor me" sense, but in a distinctly different sense, making me different from other people. Growing up also added some kind of fear, shyness, total fear of other people.

**Q.** Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire être français dans la Vallée?

**R.** It was almost impossible for me to make friends, and it was impossible for me to participate in school activities that I would have loved to have participated in because they usually put away handicaps during this period of time.

**Q.** Qu'est-ce que vous voulez dire "put away handicaps"?



FOCUS ON...

J. PINETTE

**R.** An anecdote that I remember very vividly to this day is standing in line wanting very badly to be an altar boy like, uh, my friends. And I hadn't been asked by my friends but I thought I'd take the risk of going down one day when they announced that they were signing up altar boys during class, during one of the classes. It was an opportunity to get out of the boredom of traditional class and get away from the sister in charge and maybe meet a new sister.

In any case I went down and stood in line, and then just before I arrived at the lady who was wearing the garb of nunhood, the person in front of me was about to sign his name, and she said "We have enough for today." And we were all turned away, the rest of us, those people standing behind him. That must have been a Goddam tragedy for those people. In any case we were sent back to class. However, I heard later that all those who were in front of me, that one person in front of me, and all those who were standing behind me, did get on the altar boy list after all and managed to be seen with the local priest, serving mass and learning all the Latin that was so precious.

**Q.** En outre, la religion catholique vous a vraiment aidé dans votre choix de carrière comme enfant de cœur?

**R.** It's a lot worse than that. They had, of course, very strong, screaming types of priests and it didn't matter, I suppose, to the other people, but they would stand in the pulpit and scream and yell and holler about mixed marriages and befriending the Protestants with such statements like "Some of my best friends are Protestants - but, one shouldn't be too close to them, one shouldn't fall in love with them, one shouldn't like them too much. Particularly, one shouldn't go to their church." So during the time that my aunt was buried, the fear of my being excommunicated from the church was so great that I, uh, ... and that was way in my late 20's. It's so difficult to talk about it even now that, uh, because of the anger that it raises in me... the things that have occurred to me during the processing of my self as a Catholic or my being processed as a Catholic.

Antiproverbiale 94: la beauté se suicide nécessairement  
de Conrad Winter et Jean Vodaine

Antiproverbiales: composé et tiré à la main par  
Jean Vodaine à 54620 Baslieux en Lorraine

à suivre



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For information: Write Yvon A. Labbé  
Coord. Québec Mayterm  
Franco-American Office  
208 Fernald Hall  
University of Maine  
Orono, Maine (Tel. 581-7082)

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- 6 CHATEAU FRONTENAC
- 7 CITADELLE DE QUÉBEC
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- 9 EXPOSITION DE QUÉBEC
- 10 HÔTEL DE VILLE DE QUÉBEC
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- 12 JARDIN ZOOLOGIQUE
- 13 LE GRAND THÉÂTRE
- 14 LES CHÊNES MONTMORENCY
- 15 LES PLAINES D'ABRAHAM
- 16 MONTMORÉNCY
- 17 MAISON DES JÉSUITES
- 18 PLACE D'ARMES
- 19 PLACE FLEUR DE LYS
- 20 PLACE ROYALE
- 21 ROYAL QUÉBEC
- 22 TERRASSE DUFFERN
- 23 UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL
- 24 VIEUX SÉMINAIRE DE QUÉBEC

\* Voir plans détaillés au verso.  
See rout plans on verso.

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TOURIST SITES

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Numéro du parcours  
Emprunt cette artère  
Route number  
using this thoroughfare

- BEAUPORT
- MONTMORÉNCY
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50

CHUTES MONTMORENCY

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

Dear

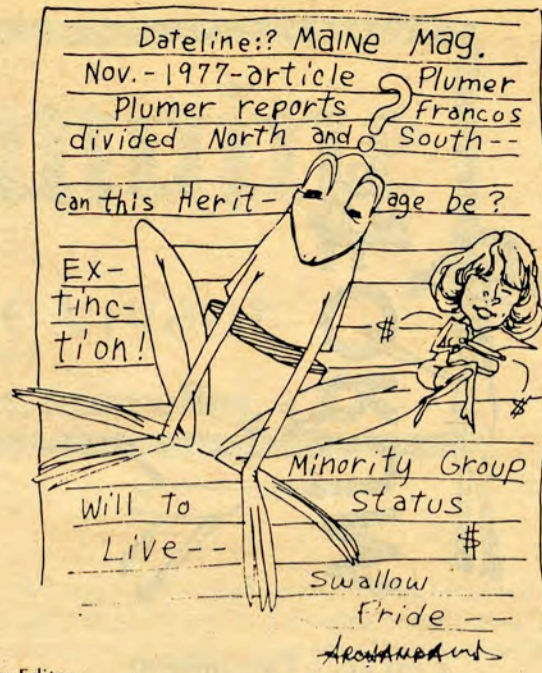
Since the FAROG-FORUM has been described in **Maine** magazine ("Can This Heritage Be Saved?") as the "sounding board for Franco sentiments across New England," I would like to obtain your reactions to the story, for publication in the FORUM.

I think it's fair at this point to let you know about my point of view. I felt disgusted, depressed after reading the story. I think it is divisive and unduly pessimistic. It does not bring out the cooperation which has existed among us and particularly the support we have in fact received from the community. I most of all object to the tone which permeates the author's lines... a tone which has each one of us in a corner, against the wall, not talking to each other (witness the name calling and negative labelling - north, south). I know we are much warmer and mutually supportive than Chris Plumer portrays us. I think her story is irresponsible and shallow. It borders on sensationalism. We deserve better!

Now, that's what I think. Your brief comments on the story would be appreciated in the form of a letter to the editor. My comments will be in the FORUM with yours.

Merci.

Amicalement,  
Yvon A. Labbé



Dear Editor:  
A Review of "Can This Heritage Be Saved?"

The article about Franco-American heritage entitled "Can This Heritage Be Saved?", which appeared in the **Maine** magazine of November, 1977 deserves some comment. The article reports on the work being done in Maine, especially by a small group the author, Chris Plumer, calls a "dozen activists". Those whose statements and activities appear include Paul Paré, organizer of the Lewiston Franco-American Festival; Bernette Albert, directrice of a Madawaska museum; Françoise Paradis, directrice of the Bilingual Bicultural Program at the University of Maine at Presque Isle; Normand Dubé, director of the National Materials Development Center in New Hampshire; Yvon Labbé and Claire Bolduc of FAROG; Don Dugas, professor of linguistics at the University of Massachusetts; Gilman Hébert, director of St. John Valley Bilingual Program; Claire Quintal, president of the Fédération Féminine Franco-Américaine and a few others.

From the number of persons interviewed it would appear that the article would be objectively informative. However, I am not sure that such is the case. First of all, the possibility of objectivity is jeopardized by the tone contained in the reporter's personal remarks. As for the quality of the information it does not match the quantity of persons interviewed since individual statements are not used in order to clearly present the current state of activities in the Franco-American communities, but rather to support the negative objective of the article contained in the title itself. "Can This Heritage Be Saved?" and in the concluding sentences which read: "Funding for some of the existing programs is running out. So is time."

Admittedly, it is not an easy task to present in eight pages the status of Franco-American activities today in Maine. But permit me to make a few suggestions to those who in the future will undertake such an endeavor. First of all, there is a real need to understand what is repeated by nearly all the people whose comments appear in the article. The statements underline the necessity for programs and projects to meet the needs of particular communities. Whether talking about museums, bilingual programs, materials development, or the function of a university it is clear that the Francos working in Maine are conscious of the fact that programs must respond to the needs of the people for whom they are intended. It is this type of community awareness that leads the Acadians of the St. John Valley to want to be studied for what they are. They have come to realize that their history, geography, demography and economy have been different from many other Franco-American communities. They have every right to insist that their culture and heritage be studied in ways that respect their realities. This is not chicanery. It is community awareness and what it what is being considered an important part of American education today.

A second matter to be considered is that cultural and community development through our public institutions is a new undertaking for Franco-Americans. It is no wonder that many persons in Franco-American communities do not yet appear active according to traditional ways of measuring activity. The philosophy that leads us today to accept and encourage popular or home culture in the educational process is new. But the culture itself is not. It has been very active. It is a shock for many to accept this culture and to consider regional differences in general as a source of America's rich heritage. It is also common knowledge that today we have a shortage of teachers who can work effectively with people of varying cultural backgrounds. The point is not that Franco-American culture has "lost its will to live", but that too few teachers in our institutions have seen our culture as an asset in the learning process. The group that is insisting that our popular culture be used in a more positive manner in our educational systems and in our society in general should not be accused of "joining the ranks of the elite of the oppressed" because they are calling upon our institutions to acknowledge our heritage. For generations Franco-American culture has not had a strong public image, but that is no reason why individuals who recognize the positive effects that stem from cultural awareness shared and self acceptance enjoyed should be referred to as merely "allegedly" representing the Franco-American collectivity.

One of the main concerns of Franco-Americans, as several persons quoted in the article point out, is that outside assistance may not be entirely in tune with community needs. Too often the organization of programs has not been the responsibility of those who are most knowledgeable of the communities for which programs are intended and, consequently, many endeavors have been sidetracked. Today more than ever as American democracy again rejuvenates itself, we need individuals who can build in harmony with our country's multiple resources. The respect for our communities is as fundamental as ever. I only hope that in our future discussions more people will better understand the chemistry of our communities so that social evolution which is very straightforward will not be confused by a series of disjointed comments with no positive purpose. It is not a matter of whether "this heritage can be saved", but of whether or not the democratic process will manifest itself through the community activities about which good number of Franco-American groups are so concerned.

Virgil P. Benoit  
75 Hinesburg Rd.  
Apt. 19 Village Green  
So. Burlington, Vt. 05401

Cher Yvon,

A propos de l'article de Chris Plumer dans le **Maine** magazine intitulé "Can This Heritage Be Saved?", je crois que ce n'est qu'un autre exemple, parmi plusieurs, d'un(e) Anglophone qui essaie d'écrire quelque chose sur les Franco-Américains sans rien y comprendre. Bien que l'on tente de leur présenter un portrait réel de notre groupe ethnique, ces auteurs écrivent toujours selon leurs préjugés et leurs conceptions erronées.

Quand Chris Plumer écrit que les Franco-Américains sont une "dying culture... seems to have lost its will to live... are content to be assimilated", je crois qu'elle aurait raison si l'on parlait des jeunes en certaines régions de la Nouvelle-Angleterre; mais, puisque cet article traite du Maine, Ms. Plumer ne connaît point son sujet. Au Festival de Lewiston, j'ai rencontré maints jeunes qui paraient couramment le français. Je ne dirais point que cela soit l'indice d'une "culture mourante".

Au sujet de la "division" entre les Franco-Américains du sud du Maine et les Acadiens de la Vallée de la St-Jean, je dirais "oui", il y a une certaine division, une division géographique, historique, même philosophique; mais, quand Ms. Plumer prétend que ces deux groupes ne s'entendent point entre eux, elle n'a guère raison. Des commentaires tel que "some Acadians have an air of almost smug complacency..." démontrent son ignorance auprès de la situation.

Si les Anglophones veulent écrire des articles au sujet des Franco-Américains ils ne doivent pas nous étudier d'en dehors comme si nous étions des poissons dans un aquarium. Il faudra que ces gens se mouillent les pieds un peu avant de commencer à écrire.

Amitiés,  
Robert B. Perreault  
Manchester, N.H.

Proud to be Franco

I have just finished reading "Can This Heritage Be Saved?", Maine Magainze by Chris Plumer.

There is no doubt the writer doesn't think much of the Franco-Americans. Again the objective is to stereotype and downgrade the Francos. All the bad points that she elaborates can be said of any group.

Speaking for myself, the concept that the Francos are at odds with one another is unfounded. The degree of acceptance and respect one has for others' values and culture is far more important than the Geographical location one happens to live in.

Awareness of the needs of others has no language nor culture nor color barrier.

We Francos are known to be hard working, hospitable, generous, warm and honest.

We can say it in French and English and are proud of it.

Blanche Collin  
St. Agatha, Me.

To: Claire Bolduc  
From: Joanie LaFlamme Dow  
re: Maine Magazine

I feel misquoted! I didn't say "intestines" I said "guts".  
Did you say testicles instead of balls?  
Love ya!

S.V.P.  
**ABONNEZ-VOUS**  
**SUBSCRIBE**  
S.V.P.

Dear Yvon,

In response to your letter concerning the article "Can This Heritage Be Saved?" in the November issue of "Maine Magazine" my first reaction was one of mixed reservations. This stems from the fact that one day out of the blue I received a call from Chris Plumer asking me questions about my involvement with the Franco-Americans in Maine. I thought that it was simply an off-the-cuff informational conversation and not an interview to be used out of context in a subsequent article. Not that I would have been less candid and sincere had I known all the facts, but my initial reaction, after I found out about Ms. Plumer's intent, was that she was taking this task with a seemingly cavalier attitude.

I tend to agree with Françoise Paradis that many quotations were taken out of context, and I can well understand Richard Steinman's reaction to the myopic point of view of the article. People reading the article are bound to consider me as either a pessimist or a frustrated activist, although I feel very positive about cultural consciousness raising and the Franco-Americans. Furthermore, I'm not at all convinced of the strong "message" of the article itself that people like myself are "activists" struggling for a "dying culture" while "swallowing (our) pride" in order to scramble for federal funds. Although I personally advocate vigorous action, I don't feel very comfortable with the term activist with its strong connotation of being doctrinaire.

As for the feeling of disaffiliation that is brought out regarding Bernette Albert and Françoise Paradis, this is part and parcel of the lack of depth and the sensationalism of the article. I personally know some Acadians and Québécois from the northern part of our state, and this feeling is not at all prevalent. I certainly did not feel that the article brought out the best (best of feelings and ideas) from Ms. Paradis and Ms. Albert and especially from Claire Bolduc. Claire is a vibrant, caring, intelligent person, and the article represented her as a raucous, bilious discontent whose main purpose in life is to emasculate the University system.

In brief, the article sums up the Franco-American issue as a funding is all issue. Although funds are important to all of us, they are not the panacea to all our ills and problems. We may have our frustrations and our seeming illusions, but we are first of all individuals and not issues, as Paul Paré points out. I don't believe in reliving the past by having Big Brother Government pay for the bills, nor do I want to be pushy about a culture that I share with thousands of other New Englanders. I do believe in educating people in various ways and by various means in order to bring out historical and cultural facts while developing a sensitivity to one's cultural identity. I don't believe in "rooty" faddish articles that purport to expose the true feelings and posture of the largest ethnic group in Maine.

Amicalement,  
Norman R. Beaupré  
Centre Francophone  
St. Francis College  
Biddeford, Maine 04005

# more Comments

So that **everyone** will be able to read this I'll write it out in English.

Over the past years I've been back and forth and up and down this state involved in the Franco-American Movement. I've worked in bi-lingual mental health therapy; taught a course at UMO (for three years) on the History and Sociology of Maine's Franco-Americans; wrote for this newspaper for several years; lectured on and discussed the Franco fact to high school and college students in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts; and played the part of Dorik in the bi-lingual children's TV series "La Bonne Aventure". I'm a St. John Valley Franco and I know where-of I speak. And I must admit that I've never run across the Franco-American community Chris Plumer describes in her article.

On the basis of this article I begin to suspect that there may, in fact, be some validity to the theory that earth has a twin planet orbiting in space, directly opposite us, on the far side of the sun. And I suggest here that Ms. Plumer's article be submitted as evidence in support of that theory. For I am convinced, after careful reading and re-reading, that her piece was written about the Franco-American community she found, not on earth, but on our twin planet. A planet where reality is the reverse of our own because of its position on the opposite side of the sun.

I further suggest that Ms. Plumer could have produced an equally factual, equally accurate piece of reporting by simply reprinting the menu from Sing's Polynesian Restaurant.

Mark E. Violette  
Van Buren - Bangor

Dearest Yvon:

Chris Plumer's article in **Maine Magazine** suggests none of us can agree on who we are or what it means to be a Franco-American. It suggests what I feel as I grow closer to my lost heritage; we are incredibly diverse! I love it!

Amicalement,  
Joan LaFlamme Dow  
Yarmouth, Maine

As a student of the Franco-American Gerontology Training Program in Biddeford, I was recently asked to read the article in **MAINE** magazine entitled, "Can This Heritage Be Saved?" and give my reaction to it.

I was surprised to read that there was considered to be a difference between the Franco-Americans from southern and northern Maine, as I had certainly not been aware of such differences. Perhaps there is some difference in accent... just a few words, maybe... but we all speak the same language. Of course, I live in southern Maine and am speaking from that viewpoint necessarily, but I do know some people from Fort Kent who have come here for family celebrations, and I have other friends who go up to the St. John Valley for months at a time and no one has ever remarked on any differences.

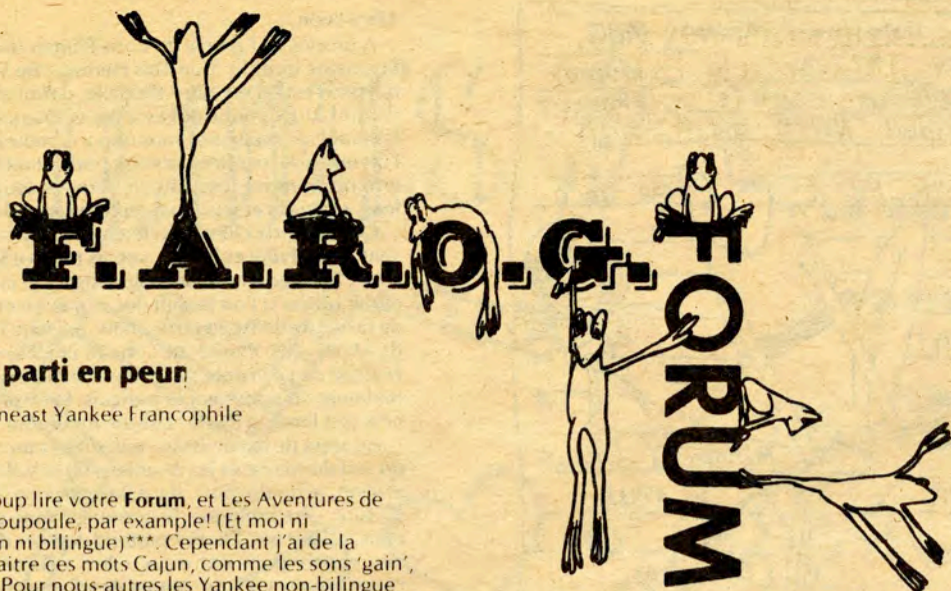
The story also seemed to be trying to hint at some bad feelings between the two areas. I have no knowledge of the existence of any animosity or feelings of superiority on either side. I find people from the north to be very friendly and have always felt the same toward them. After all, we are the same.

Perhaps there is some truth in the feeling that there is more emphasis on retaining the French language in the north... I don't know. I do feel that the Franco-American bilingual program of which I am a part is helping to revive a lot of the language. I think it has been good for the students to get back to it. The young people today, for example, do not speak French well—their spoken language is English—but they do **understand** French and we can help to nurture that. I think we should be able to use the language at least in church. Here in Biddeford where I live the services are still read and sung in French; on the other hand, at the bingo games as short a time as 2 years ago they were conducted bilingually. Now they are in English only, so I would have to say that perhaps we are losing ground in social areas.

In any case, I would sum up by saying that the stress in the article about differences between Francos of northern and southern Maine seems to have been manufactured for the purpose of the story, and not to be founded on fact.

Mrs. Aurore Laverrière  
Biddeford, Maine

Dear



### y est parti en peur

Lettre d'un Downeast Yankee Francophile

Cher Editeur,

J'aime beaucoup lire votre **Forum**, et Les Aventures de Corodrie et Tchoupoule, par exemple! (Et moi ni Franco-American ni bilingue)\*\*\*. Cependant j'ai de la misère à reconnaître ces mots Cajun, comme les sons 'gain', 'tchou', et 'nég'. Pour nous-autres les Yankee non-bilingue qui désire lire ou communiquer en Cajun, peut-être y existe un glossary des expressions? J'ai supposé que des mots cajun sont tirés des mots acadien? Un de ces fevriers je jure que je vais visiter au bayou, et y manger le gombo! Vous savez j'ai difficulté à écrire mais auprès d'un tas de crevette et de la bonne bière que sera, sera. Si seulement j'étais certain que cette lettre ne tombe point dans les mains de mes anciens professeurs a l'Université Laval ('53) ou Maine ('57). Il faut l'avouer je vais defeuiller ma pauvre **Larousse Moderne** à la chasse de la maudite correct spelling!\*\*\*\*

ICI dans la Vallee du Narraguagus (et a l'est vers le Machias, et même le St Croix) la langue de M. Champlain et S. DuMont n'existe que de tiquer les tourists. Mais, une observation intéressante: tout Downeast Yankee sait prononcer ses placenames a l'Acadien (st-Croy, Tit Manan(e), Bo'Bert; et qui entre nous veut insister que Sam Champlain desait Calay?)

\*\*\* Hélas, le premier francophone dans ma famille, c'est moi, bien sur. Mon père comprend quelques expressions que son quide lui a appris sur La Tobique (selon ce que mon père disait à ma mère). D'ailleurs il y a une petite **racine** qui m'intéresse, venant de la part de mon arrière-grand-mère dont les parents (numero 19 sur votre Ancestor Chart) ont descendus de Québec, pour vivre ici au Maine entre mes aieux paternels qui sont déjà là. Celui-ci des braves matelots anglais qui en voyant notre pittoresque Maine coastline jumped-ship! La moitié de mes tantes insiste qu'il n'y a pas d'Indien dans le family tree. L'autre moitié de ces Filles du Mayflower concède qu'une belle princesse Abenaki a épousé un de ces grandprix jeté sur la plage (numéro 28 sur votre chart).

\*\*\*\* Je veux y offre une reward (abonnement gratuit au **Forum**) à la première personne du pays Downeast (Washington County), qui sait parler l'acadien et désire m'aider à traduire.

Alors bien à vous-autres les Franco-Américains. Vive l'éducation bilingue. Vive la culture Acadien-québécoise. Amitiés  
Richard

### ça grouille

Foyer de Nicolet, Nicolet, Québec

Dear Friend,

Hello, I am sending you some information why the référendum should pass, in french so you can practice your ancestor's mother mother language, if that pleases you, I can entertain you to your heart's content with same.

At present the \*?I Sunlife insurance is running money, threatening to move out of Québec in Ontario; Québec is to nationalise if that happens, will see! The **Forum** is very interesting.

I am well, hope you are the same.

Very truly yours,  
Raoul J Letiécq

### vive la difference!

Cher Yvon,

A propos du récent article de Mlle Chris Plummer dans le **Maine Magazine** et de celui de Monsieur Zai du **Forum** dernier... il semble que les francophones ne sont pas les seuls qui aiment l'argent fédéral. Cependant, il existe quand même une différence majeure: les francophones recherchent l'épanouissement de leur culture, tandis que les "Prospecteurs" cherchent la promotion de leur carrière.

Ça pique mais ça paie!

C.D. Canailles  
Fort Kent, Me.

### allo...allo!!!

Hi Yvon, Deb

Comment ça va? That's it! just enough français to establish that je suis une Franco-Américaine. I now you haven't heard from me in ages but I am still around. I wish I could just be writing to shoot the breeze and tell you how great my life is going but... I would really appreciate it if you both could give me a hand with something.

I'm doing a special paper concerning television broadcasting for minority groups. I remember F.A.R.O.G. having tons of statistics on the percentage of Franco's in Maine etc. Also if you have any information concerning laws and discriminating practices (ex. No french in schools, other than in french class etc. . . .) Anything you have would be valuable. Deb could you find out if MPBN has any significant feedback material from the viewing audience of "La Bonne Aventure". Also if possible a copy or summary of their proposal for the show, exactly how did they sell the idea to the government to get funding etc. . . and the purpose or goal for creating a Franco-American Children Series. Also Deb, this might be a little touchy but could you find out why the Downfall La Machine Magic - was it only funding or the anglasized - French - you know what I'm heading for.

Deb? I've got to convince these people that non-mass broadcasting is important.

OH! Deb could you also get some of the Promo's for La Bonne Aventure - that MPBN had sent out, pamphlets, newsletters, booklets, etc. . . . Whatever you can get your hands on will be terrific and much appreciated.

And listen I know I'm asking for alot and if you can't that's fine!

Take care - both of you! God bless.

Always  
Lese

### c'est beau l'accordéon

Dear Farog Forum People,

Thanks for all the materials you sent to me about a month ago. They are now being copied by the Barre Ethnic Heritage Project coming out of the Aldrich Librari in Barre as I felt they would have more use for the materials as they serve adults as well as children. I have taken notes from **Teaching Canada: A Bibliography** for possible books for our library and I will return it to you along with all the other materials once they are returned by the Aldrich Library.

I really wanted to thank you for all of your effort and I'll return everything once it's copied by the Aldrich Library.

Sincerely,  
Linda Goldberg,  
Librarian

### du nouveau?

Dear Editor,

Your January issue of the **Forum** is very interesting. I want to point out the article in the name of the American Dream by Normand Dubé, is so very good and so true.

I'm sending you a few names - people who are interested in the American Dream.

Good bye now,  
Have a nice day  
Blanche Collin

### on boude?

Editor **Forum** UMO

Since submitting a recent payment for a subscription to the **FORUM** we have not received any issues. Would you please put us on your mailing list and send your two most recent issues?

I suppose, in view of your petty vindictives directed at Franco colleagues attempting to get new programs and resources, cancellation would be more appropriate. But since its been paid for, please send them along and we'll hope there isn't such drivel in your next issue.

Michael Beaudoin  
BANGOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
Bilingual-Bicultural Human Services Program

### NDLR - the Forum does not equate new programs with good programs

### ON ARRIVE

Merci bien, Yvon.

J'attends avec impatience le prochain numéro de **FORUM**.

Bon succès à toi et à toute l'équipe. Nous, les lecteurs, nous fions à vous tous pour la bonne continuation de ce travail indispensable et bien, bien apprécié.

Je t'envoie quelques poèmes.

Amitiés  
Paul

### grand pas fin!

"Je vis de bonne soupe et non de beau langage" Molière

Monsieur le directeur du journal,  
Suivant l'invitation à vos lecteurs de communiquer leur opinion de votre journal, vous me pardonnerez, certes, si je parle en toute franchise.

Non, mais, vous n'êtes pas sérieux? Pour un journal qui se dit bilingue, la proportion du français dans les textes est presque insignifiante. Encore que, ces quelques articles sont, pour la plupart, d'un français minable.

Vous aimeriez que le supporte financièrement votre journal et, étant un fanatique de la survivance franco-américaine, je le ferais ordinairement avec plaisir. Mais, voilà, je suis en retraite, mes sous sont comptés et je ne m'en sépare qu'avec bonne raison.

Je veux bien croire qu'il vous faut mettre de l'anglais dans votre journal pour allécher ceux de vos jeunes lecteurs qui ont perdu l'habitude du français, ou qui simplement ne l'ont jamais eue. Mais, ne croyez-vous pas que 25% en anglais serait amplement suffisant? Et puis, ne croyez-vous pas que vous pourriez, sans vergogne, corriger les textes français que vous publiez? La recette culinaire, que j'ai découpée dans votre livraison de Noël et que j'inclus sous ce même pli, est bourrée de fautes d'orthographe et d'anglicismes, si on ne dit rien de sa composition bouteuse. On n'y perdrait certainement pas à apprendre le bon mot français, en l'occurrence, "thym, cannelle, clou de girofle, pommes de terre pilées, farine de maïs, etc."

Il me semble que si on veut inspirer nos jeunes, on doit commencer par leur inculquer une appréciation de ce qu'est du bon français, n'est-ce pas?

Je vous souhaite, quand même, du succès dans votre entreprise qui, je l'avoue, fait preuve d'une certaine initiative.

Votre tout dévoué,  
Cyril Lessard

NDLR - Un **FORUM** c'est pour tout l'monde, même vous monsieur. Votre lettre n'inspire point les jeunes qui oeuvrent ici. Si on veut inspirer nos jeunes, on respecte d'abord leur droit de parler.

### Vous avez compris

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing, along with my yearly subscription to the "Forum", a copy of a quarterly newsletter, "Homemakers Sunshine News", which I first started to publish in 1973 as an R.S.V.P. (RETIRED SENIOR VOLUNTEER PROGRAM) volunteer with the York County Homemaker Home Health Aide Services. I thought you might be interested in the fact that one section, "Pot Pourri", is bilingual. It seemed only logical and fair that part of "H.S.N." should be in French, considering that a very large percentage of its readers have a French-Canadian or Franco-American background. At first, I found it very difficult to obtain material in either French or English that was really relevant to this bilingual culture. Neither of the local public libraries had a French-Canadian, French-American, or even French-French newspaper! At the St. Francis College Library in Biddeford there were a few copies of Parisian newspapers and magazines, from which I quoted in lieu of anything more appropriate. I am happy to say that the McArthur Library in Biddeford now subscribes to the French version of "Reader's Digest". But what saved the day was discovering the "F.A.R.O.G. Forum", thanks to Nicole Collin of York County Community College. For over two years I have been reading each issue carefully and have been much interested in watching it grow and improve (although I must admit it took a while for my elderly eyes to get used to the smaller print of the latest issue.) As you can see, I have borrowed and quoted from it freely - hoping it was legal to do so!

It's gratifying to know that many of our readers look forward to and enjoy reading "Pot Pourri", thanks largely to the material garnered from the "Forum." I know that they, even more than I (who am not Franco) are grateful that concern is being shown for the Franco culture and heritage they share. We send copies of our newsletter not only to the Homemakers and their clients (though it's intended primarily for them), but also to York County clergymen, city, town, state and federal officials, social service agencies, hospitals, nursing homes, etc. - in all, to a readership of about 800. We even received a call from a member of the Maine congressional delegation, in reference to a quotation we had printed from "Forum" concerning another member of the delegation, informing us that the caller had also spoken out in the U.S. Senate in behalf of Franco-American rights. In our December issue we made due note of this, as we certainly intend to give credit where credit is due.

Which brings us back to the reason for writing this letter: to give credit to the "F.A.R.O.G. Forum" editors and correspondents for providing stories, articles, poems, editorials, and other information of interest and, indeed, of importance, to many a "Franco" who has long been deprived of access to this kind of reading matter; and, incidentally, for making this volunteer-publisher-editor-reporter's work considerably easier and more rewarding.

Toujours reconnaissante,  
(Mrs.) Edith O. Stephenson

### Mea culpa MEA CULPA

Cher FAROG,

Est-ce possible que vous n'avez pas reçu la lettre que je vous ai envoyée il y a quelques mois au nom de notre nouveau programme bilingue? Deux numéros depuis, et pas une mention, pas un **forum** qui arrive au bureau.

On se demande aussi pourquoi la carte des Francos omet les deux sites au Vermont qui ont un programme bilingue (Canaan-Norton; Richford-Enosburg Falls, Berkshire) tandis que les autres y sont toutes?

Nous sommes aussi des vôtres! Nous sommes prêts à rejoindre la communauté francophone - si l'on veut bien nous admettre.

Amitiés  
Phyllis Hagel  
Directrice du Programme Bilingue

P.S. Nous apprécions "au coin des jeunes" et le trouve d'ordinaire assez utile, mais à quoi bon un calendrier du mois de janvier qui nous arrive le 1er février?

NDLR - C'est possible mais c'est pas vrai. Parfois la distribution s'énerve le poil sur les... jambes. Dès ce moment il ya un FAROG qui s'achemine vers vous.

### comment!!!

Cher Yvon,

Lové that poster... only one thing wrong with it. I wish it was in living color.

Cécile

NDLR - Yes Cécile, you may colour the poster you found in the last issue. But, s.v.p., be careful with the green.

### BRAVO

Dear Mr. Labbé

The writers of this letter, a faculty member and a senior history major, are involved in a new course on the Franco-American experience in New England. It will be taught in the coming spring semester. A brief description of the course, and of others which will be offered in the Senior Center Seminar series, is attached. Our course is Seminar No. 30, and it is described on the last page of the brochure.

We are writing to you because you are informed about the Franco-American experience in New England. We would greatly appreciate your looking over our proposal. Although the course is new, we want it to be good.

The purpose of the seminar is to shed some light on one of New England's most neglected ethnic groups. As a general historical survey, it will serve as a springboard for research in greater depth.

In addition to the brochure, you will find a rough outline of what we plan to do. Are there topics which are omitted and ought to be included? Do you have any other suggestions as to how such a course should proceed? We would be grateful for the titles of publications which would be pertinent to this course.

Also enclosed you will find a list of the people who have received this letter. We would appreciate the names and addresses of others who might have a special interest in this effort.

Thank you very much for your time and consideration. Rest assured that your reply will be carefully perused. Your response may be sent in the enclosed stamped and addressed envelope. Again, thank you.

Sincerely,  
Pierre V. Bourassa  
William B. Whiteside  
Department of History  
Bowdoin College  
Brunswick, Me.



Other People's Mail

To: the University Board of Trustees

January 3, 1978

As a concerned citizen who has been involved in bilingual education for some years, I feel impelled to write to the trustees of the University of Maine with reference to two recent bulletins from the University outlining qualifications for the positions of (1) Talent Search Counselor in Aroostook County, and (2) Instructor or Assistant Professor of U.M. at Fort Kent Recreation and Athletic Programs. It immediately strikes me that these bulletins contain no mention of any bilingual assets that these positions would properly entail.

According to the H.E.P. Commission's report of 1969, and reclarified in 1974, it is "the special mission of the University of Maine at Fort Kent to foster bilingual-bicultural activities within the University system," and as Presque Isle in particular falls within this area and has a large hidden population of Francos, it is doubly important that this requirement be recognized. Individuals rendering service to persons in areas such as Sinclair, Fort Kent, and Presque Isle, should be sensitive to the different cultures

therein and to the needs of the people they serve. It would therefore seem that any tax-funded public agencies involved in rendering service to the public in northern Maine should be rendering those services in the language and culture of the localities served. It is to be hoped that in the future bilingual-bicultural requirements will be written into any qualifications for positions which fall into the areas mentioned.

Sincerely,  
Nicole Cécile Collin  
Portland, Maine

Dear Ms. Collin,

Thank you for your letter of January 3 regarding the bulletins from the University job openings in northern Maine. I completely agree with your position and criticisms. Unfortunately, however, I am no longer the board of trustees for the University. I certainly hope the board heeds your message.

Again thank you for showing your concern.

Sincerely,  
Cynthia Murray - Belliveau

NDLR - the FORUM also WONDERS why the university cannot openly seek bilingual-bicultural individuals to provide services to this bilingual-bicultural population.

LA PLUS HAUTE MONTAGNE

Mon cher Evariste,

(April 1977)

While in my home state of New Hampshire recently, I discovered a copy of F.A.R.O.G. FORUM, the November 1976 issue to be exact. I was happy to realize how much alive you Franco-American students are today. Overjoyed is the more accurate word.

I enjoyed reading *L'Héritage* by Normand Dubé, a good friend of mine. Then I read "Man in the Middle" by Aimé Gauvin, and followed up with "My Name is Evariste."

I'm a professor of French and education here at Purdue. Among other things, I teach a methods course for future high school teachers of French. My class is small this semester, five students. Since this is Friday, we all agreed the student cafeteria, "the Union Station", was a better milieu for our discussion. As we sat around our coffees and hot chocolates, the subject of bilingualism and "Roots" came up. After a few moments, I reached into my attaché case and came up with FAROG FORUM.

I explained Gauvin's point and then began to read aloud "My Name is Evariste. I said, E-va-riste!" It all happened when I was into the third paragraph. My throat by then was pretty dry, my voice slightly cracking. I was trying to hide expressions of emotion that were starting to contort my face. I paused. I cleared my throat for reassurance. Finally, I tried to continue quickly - pour en finir, tu comprends! But when I came to the last line, I was out of control. In tears I couldn't suppress, mixed with feelings of pride and hurt - over your suffering and mine - for our people!

But when it came to my name he said without hesitation, "Evariste". He paused and said it again, "Evariste. My, that's a pretty name."

I'm 41 years old now, and have been teaching over 17 years. I don't remember ever breaking down in class, or at the cafeteria, before!

Isn't it a great life? Don't we have a lot to look forward to? Aren't we proud to be who we are - Franco-Americans?

I've started writing some poetry - à l'imitation de mon ami, Normand-Dubé (a cheap imitation thereof, I should add). It's nothing fancy or spectacular, but it runs deep. Down to the inner "roots" where my true self is buried, in soil enriched by unforgettable Franco-American experiences.

Perhaps I'll be able to get together my book on this someday. Right now I'm tempted to call it "L'Orgueil Franco-Américain." Would you permit me to copy "My Name is Evariste" if that ever happens?

I wish you well in your school work, and with FAROG FORUM. I hope to meet you someday. I feel I've already met you very deeply.

Thank you for being proud to be called "Evariste".

Cordially,  
Pierre-Paul Parent  
West Lafayette, Indiana

NDLR - the original letter by Evariste follows (taken from Vol. 4 No. 2, Nov. 1976 FAROG FORUM)

Que pensez-vous du FAROG FORUM?

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

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

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

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my name IS...

My Name is Evariste

I Said, E-va-riste

All my life there has been some controversy over the pronunciation of my name. At the beginning of every school year my teacher would go through the ritual of saying my name for the first time. I knew when it was coming; there would be a long pause and a few false starts, and then maybe an Ernest, or an Everet, "No, maybe it's Averet."

I'm not sure why, but then it seemed fun. Maybe I enjoyed being different.

Then one year I had a teacher who couldn't say anyone's name. He fumbled "Barbara" and "Joanne", which I thought was hysterically funny. But when it came to my name he said without hesitation, "Evariste." He paused and said it again, "Evariste. My, that's a pretty name."

When I was a youngster my father would call me Evariste. Sometimes I would hear that name off in the distance when I was playing. When I did, I would run home. It usually meant that my mother had been calling and since I didn't come then, it was time for my father to call me—in French.

Getting people to remember my name is another problem. Some will say, (Those who call me in English) "Ah, like the mountain." Sometimes they will abbreviate it and say, "Mount", which I do not like. Other people will remember me. "Bon, like the Saint."

I like people remembering me as a saint, although I don't think I'm really much of a saint. But then again, I'm not really much of a mountain either.

Evariste Orila Bernier

What do you think of LE FAROG FORUM?

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

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

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

Antiproverbiale 00: ce proverbe a renoncé à toute AUTORITE

# THE FARO-FORUM

JOURNAL BILINGUE

FEVRIER 1978

## À L'INTÉRIEUR

- In the name of the same American Dream
- Connaissiez-vous M. le Curé
- So the cycle goes on. . . and on. . .
- A L'AFFICHE: Bill 101, Référendum
- Super Grenouille à la radio

## S.O.S.

L'école paroissiale catholique de Rumford sollicite votre aide financière pour faire des réparations nécessaires à son édifice. Toute contribution, si petite soit-elle devrait être adressée à

Soeur Thérèse Baril  
St. A. St. John School  
Rumford, Me. 04276

Sister Thérèse Baril  
St. A. St. John School  
Rumford, Me. 04276

Ed Note: This request for space came in just before press time. It replaces our usual cover format since the FORUM finds it important to support a school which has students from half a dozen ethnic groups - all living harmoniously in Rumford.

# SAVE OUR SCHOOL



## The Franco-American Program

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

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

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## Le Coin des

### "Poètes d'Aujourd'hui"

Du nouveau pour FAROG

You may not know it, (yet)  
But you could be a poet!

One of our readers (let's call him Pierre-Paul) recently shared with us his new-found enjoyment at writing Franco poetry!

Given the fact that he had never written poetry in English, he felt rather presumptuous at trying to do so in French.

But he was encouraged by a Franco friend (let us call him Normand) he chanced to meet at a conference. His friend "happened" to have a booklet of his poems with him.

Pierre-Paul read Normand's poems that night and was so moved that he felt maybe he should try to write something from his Franco background. He realized that there were experiences that had lain dormant in his subconscious for years, perhaps because he had worked so hard at burying them there. Normand's poems were simple; they were

sincere; they were from the heart. He was writing what he felt about his past, his present, and his future. As Pierre-Paul read them, he knew he wanted to say things about his father, his life at home, his Franco upbringing. But he was no writer, no poet—for sure. He had studied some French and in fact had taught French in high school, but was so uptight about writing in French for fear that some French professor would tell him he was using the wrong word or expression or grammar!

Now as Pierre-Paul got all wound up reading Normand's poems that night, he wondered at a word here, an expression there. Was this something a native from France would say or was this Canuck French? Had Normand asked a Frenchman to correct his poetry before daring to cast it in printed form?

Normand answered that question when Pierre-Paul asked it the next morning. "Why should I? Why should I ask someone else to tell me if I've said what I wanted to say? To hell with the French professor. J'écris comme je veux! C'est moé qui sais c'que j'ai à dire!"

Well, that's all it took for the ink in Pierre-Paul's pen to start flowing! To hell with inhibitions! To hell with worrying if the next guy's going to put his stamp of approval "Parfait!" on your writing! Just write what you want to say!

Do you recall an expression your mother used

to use, then write it that way. If your dad would say: "Fa pa ça", why write: "Ne fais pas cela!" You've lost a whole cultural context. And that's what it's all about—right today: You're all right the way you are—Franco and all! Don't change to please someone else. As a matter of fact, if you've never stood tall because you are Franco, then you've been missing something!

Now we'd like to encourage our readers to give Franco poetry a try. It'll make your heart melt when you get into your past and count it good advantage for the future.

Since the objective is to help you discover the enjoyment of expressing yourself in French, we are especially interested in what you can do in French. Don't be afraid to use patois-dialect.

Don't be inhibited by the perfection syndrome. We know you've got plenty in there as it is. Use your heart, your head, and whatever words you know or remember. You needn't write in complete sentences. Just love the words that say what you feel.

We were thinking of giving out a first, second, and third prize—but let's forget about competition. The only person you'll be in competition with is yourself. We want to encourage each reader to start, right where he-she's at. Believe us, getting into your poetic feelings each day can beat lots of other things. It's worth a prayer or a meditation any day! Hope to read you in Forum soon. ❀

## Enneigé

Je suis seul  
Sur mon chemin.

Il neige  
Depuis ce matin.

Mes pieds s'enfoncent  
Dans le épaisseur

La nuit s'approche  
Et la noirceur.

Flocons de neige  
Qui m'entourent  
Qui m'ensorcellent.

Je marche à pas lents  
Vers chez nous.

Je ris de bonheur  
Mais personne n'entend.

...

Pierre-Paul Parent  
West Lafayette, Indiana

Yvon's  
encore  
again

a short story by  
Denis  
Ledoux

It is cold outside and, as if to return to the warmth sooner, the days have grown shorter. By four it is dark, and all the lights have to be turned on. During the long evenings, after the dishes, we continue with our Christmas projects. With Yvon there to talk to us, to speak a beat we can work by, Corinne and I are trying to get our gifts done on time.

Yvon is back in Maine for his father's funeral. His father died suddenly, Yvon says. Since he was a boy he has niggardly withheld recognition of his father's existence. Death has been able to claim an allegiance from which he has refused to give for years. For several days now, he has been angry with himself.

Although I have not seen Yvon in many years, we have written regularly, keeping a thread between us. He has

become a lawyer because, as he wrote in his fine script, it seemed the most direct way of putting himself at the service of his fellow man. He is in the Northern San Joaquin Valley of California.

"I was going to have a triumphal return," he says, sitting opposite Corinne and me in our livingroom (so that I feel deeply the togetherness of Corinne and me),

"or none at all. I was going to be the rightful heir, long exiled, who finally returns to the acclaim of his people. I don't know how I could have kept that illusion intact for so long."

I notice a few gray hairs on his temples. But for these and Corinne, we are boys again in high school, delineating what life will have to give us if we are to remember it fondly.

The large beige room in which we are sitting is orderly. The newspapers and magazines which, up until the morning, had been strewn on chairs and tables and on the floor are now sorted and set on tables. The books are on the shelves which fill one whole wall, which create a multitextured, multicolored design for anyone sitting in the chair in which Yvon is now sitting.

The selves and tables are my work. I have made much of the furniture in the apartment. It is simple furniture which I like very much.

It is a sheltered room, set off from the world outside by books and plants. We have painted it beige, and the

woodwork and the floor are brown. These are earth colors enhanced by plants, hanging from the ceiling, resting on tables, climbing up against strings which reach down. In the bookshelves, there are gaps with

plants and objects d'arts and things which Corinne and I have gathered over the years to reflect our life together. This room, which is only part of a rented apartment, has become ours and no one else's. It surprises us still about the landlord. What, we wonder, does he have to do with our carefully-ordered world?

"I wanted to show them I wasn't a little Canuck," he says, with a voice whose anger masks itself as insistency. "That's all they are. When I saw them again this week, I couldn't get over it, how they were just little Canucks. What does it matter now? They enjoy it, and I'm out of their lives. It's all the same."

He does not smoke so rather than fill the pause with a cigarette he scratches at his pants, like an animal burrowing away. Corinne, who has just met Yvon, stays separate from our conversation. Does she see in him the

boy I often described to her? the boy who was my best friend when we were away at school together? I am sitting across from him hardly recognizing him myself. I wonder what he has come for. It is obvious to me that he wants something from me and, because I love him, I want to give it to him; but, like an old French-speaking grandmother who sits uncomprehending at the English pleas of her grandchildren, I sit across from him without knowing what to do for him.

"How do you like living here?" he asks. "In little

Canada?"

In back of Yvon, there is a bay window through which lights from the street below reach up. Sometimes at night, we sit here in the semi-darkness, with only the outside lights to illumine the room, and listen to music.

When it snows, the flakes, passing in the arc of the lights, create soft illusions. Across the street are more apartment buildings, old tenements which have served the many proletarian populations of the city.

"But this was never Little Canada," I answer. "That was lower down."

Although this had never been called Little Canada, forty years ago, when my parents and Corinne's parents grew up here in these tenement blocks and apartment buildings, there were almost only Franco-American people on these streets. Everywhere, in the stores, in the mills, in the streets, in the church, in the school, people spoke French. And now one hears French less and less. Our young people have been anglicized, and American hippie-types and older Yankees have moved in from elsewhere and even some Negroes and Puerto Ricans.

"Well, I mean in a French city, living where you're from?"

"What do you mean?" I ask, realizing it has been a long time since I last used the term "French".

"Don't you feel smothered?"

"No. Au contraire, I feel it has freed me."

"When I left home, I swore I'd never come back -- except perhaps to visit. I missed the rolling hills, the broad flat valleys of potatoes, the St. John rolling through. It's beautiful country, but to me it meant staying after school because I had spoken French during recess. It was just too complicated to work through."

"Have you found being away from the St. John Valley liberating?"

"Yes, I feel free from having to be French. I'm free to be myself."

It has been a long time since I have talked of this in quite this way. Even the term French is falling from use; we have become Francos. The conversation reminds me of being far away and trying to understand why, like a convict, I had hidden myself in exile.

"But you Acadians in the Valley were there generations before the Anglos," said Corinne.

"It's their country now."

"If you can't fight them, join them?" I ask.

"Precisely," he answers.

By now, I am not even making a pretense of working at my Christmas project. I have been making plant hangers, and Corinne has been embroidering. She continues to work. It is her way of giving us privacy.

This man sitting in our livingroom seems both much older than me and much younger. Before my eyes, this polymorph becomes the boy who went to high school with me, who was sacristan with me during our last year when we stayed late in the sacristy, after the vestments for the next day's Mass had been lain out, and talked about what we wanted to do in life. Then this polymorph changes; he becomes the marine who went to Vietnam, the

man who exiled himself to California, who is not growing old well.

Corinne gets up and says she will bring us wine. Yvon and I are alone. The last time I saw Yvon he was preparing to go to law school, to Hastings, in San Francisco.

I was living in San Francisco briefly. I had gone to the university and I had learned a lot of head things. There was an order, a balance in my head which did not exist elsewhere. I had had enough of the intentional world.

It had been time to seek out extensional things. So like a modern-day coureur de bois, I had set out not knowing which new world I might discover, only sensing that there was a whole dimension to things which had hitherto escaped me.

Yvon seemed happy then. He had said that he thought law was man's highest aspiration. Since he flourished on challenges, he was looking forward to legal studies. He had always done well in school.

Corinne who has been in the kitchen returns with a bottle of wine and three glasses. She is wearing dungarees and a pullover tunic. The tunic is embroidered around the neck, and it hangs over her trousers. In front, there are pockets and, in three pockets, she is carrying the glasses.

Her hair is short and she is in her stocking feet. These stockings are home-knitted and since she says they are warm, she wears them as slippers. She is tall and thin and I think, "How beautiful".

She pours us each a glass, and we toast to our meeting. We are still feeling each other out. Perhaps the wine will help.

"Tell me," he says, changing his tone of voice as one might change clothes to better fit a different occasion, "how André died, why he did it?"

"André," I say, not wanting to talk about him, wondering how I might mention why André hanged himself. André was from the Valley, and he went to school with us at St. Joseph's. He was Yvon's friend not mine. We never sought each other out in a group. We never sat together, long after others had left, to talk about things important to us. He is dead now. It makes almost a year. For a long time, he had been depressed. Other than that, I can't say why he might have put an end to his life.

Yvon wants help in understanding why André died. He wants help from me like a patient with mysterious, internal pains wants help, hopes the doctor will be able to pinpoint the cause and prescribe a cure. "Ah-huh, there I have it" is what the patient wants to hear, but I can't do that for Yvon. All I can do is help Yvon understand why he has to know. I can't do anything about clarifying André's life.

Although André and I lived in the same town during his last years, after he moved from the Valley to follow a nursing course at the Catholic hospital here, we hardly saw each other. It was he and not I who kept the distance between us. When I saw how badly he was doing, a sense of noblesse oblige that I had picked up in high school, a sense of social obligation, impelled me to keep in touch with him. He did not return my phone calls nor make any effort to see me. As I wrote Yvon, "He was closing his life off in preparation for the end. He chose to end his life in this way. We must respect his decision." And yet when I think of him, it is not in these dispassionate tones. I often hear myself saying,



noise. My head too is full. I have awakened with a dream on my mind.

Although it is cold outside in Maine, in the world of my dream, it is warm. We are standing in the open air in Arizona in front of a store, built alone in the desert. The store calls itself a trading post and, in front, there are several tables set up to sell goods. An old Indian is selling medicines. In back of us are distances of land. The old man, who calls himself a Papago, is saying his people were dominated for two hundred years by the Aztec, three hundred years by the Spanish, one hundred by the Mexicans, and now eight by the Americans. Past oppressors have come and gone, and the Papago have survived. After the American domination is over, the Papago will still be there, he says.

The "Americans" (les américains) among us keep shaking their heads, as they listen to the Indian, and keep denigrating their own pasts. We are standing around the old man who is there to sell us his cures but who is not averse to philosophizing.

The episode depicted in this dream happened years ago when I was going across the continent. I was going to San Francisco, to experience being away from my roots. This has come back to me now because Yvon, who is asleep in the livingroom, was in San Francisco then.

Yes, of course, I should dream of this now and think too of Yvon and myself in San Francisco. When I first arrived, I stayed with him in his small dark apartment. I think of that apartment as grim but I remember fondly that we became friends again there -- and being friends was what we had struggled to recover last evening. Perhaps Yvon's spending the night here will help bring us together.

I want to touch and be touched by Yvon. It is important to me at the same time as I am fulfilled with Corinne who is sleeping next to me. I am fulfilled with (and by) her so my questing for a bond with Yvon is not the result of an insufficiency. I think: it is the result of a love.

That is all very well, but I realize now, as the plow has passed and has left me fully awake, aware, after a Cartesian manner, that I am awake, that I will have to get up. I will not go back to sleep without getting up.

Quietly without waking Corinne (but she is a heavy sleeper), I slip out of bed.

In the livingroom, I see Yvon stretched out on the couch. He is breathing evenly. At St. Joseph's, there were large dormitories with forty or more beds. Because our last names weren't alphabetically close, Yvon and I did not have beds near one another's. In the dormitory, there were never any plants or books to soften the harshness of the room. It seems long ago now.

Even San Francisco seems to have occurred a long time ago and afterwards too when I wandered out of the West, lived in several Eastern cities and in the country. Like the coureur de bois, my ancestor, I was going out to discover a new world. North America was my continent, the continent they had earned for me. I had set out to be another generation of coureurs de bois.

In all this time, I saw myself a little bit like a Jack Kérouac character, a latter-day beat, travelling, free-rolling, capable of taking care of myself. Like a biblical prophet I had let my days be guided by a quest. Like Yvon, I later wondered how my mythology had survived so long intact. Hadn't I succeeded in creating the same evasions in the extensional world as I had in the intentional one? Like a good translator, I had mastered the original and even surpassed it. My going out became just as evasive, if not more, than my going in.

This man whom Yvon has become has never seen himself as a coureur de bois, adventuring into the unknown forests to find what one can find there, alone in quest for the

unknown. He has never been able to divest himself of structures. Even his revolts have been structures.

After he left college, he joined the marines. (There was that streak in Yvon. We were opposites in that respect. Like others in time of pressure, he functioned best under authority and I, in its absence.) He was going to become a man, and the marines needed men. It was also a way of escaping his family, his father, with whom he had been living after leaving college. He had written me beautiful letters from Vietnam, letters which I still have with me, which I keep as a diary of my own progression.

I was the coureur de bois, the free-lance adventurer, setting out on my own across North America, and he was the donné, the brave, capable layman who bound himself to the Jesuits when these went out to evangelize the Hurons and the Ottawas and who performed support duties for the missionaries -- building, hunting, gardening.

In the bathroom, I see snow falling outside by the light of the bathroom across the well from ours. They often leave their lights on all night.

In New England we have a constantly surprising beauty. I always forget about every season: about its charms. In California, in San Francisco, every season seemed the same. And in Arizona were there any seasons for the Papago?

We too had survived for generations: in Canada after the English Conquest and for generations in the US after coming down. And now, in spite of all the tenacity of our forebears, we are being overcome.

How does it all fit in? I ask myself. And Yvon's father? Does he fit in? And Yvon who is sleeping in my livingroom?

I walk to the bay window in the livingroom and look behind the shade. The street is covered over with snow. I realize the plows must have been on the street in back of the apartment house and not on the street in front. This is good because it has permitted the street to look peaceful. Peace on Earth.

Yvon moves in his sleep. I feel like a lord of old offering hospitality to a wayfarer. It feels good to have a home. The last time I saw him, I had no fixed home. Like the snail, I carried it about with me and like the snail I seemed to be making little progress.

In those first years after the university, I had seen myself as a vagabond, a gypsy, a voyageur certainly -- and yet, at one point, I was living in a petit-bourgeois city apartment. It began to seem very dishonest.

I gave every thing I had away. If someone said, "This is nice," I'd answer, "Take it. It's yours."

Pebbles, the old yellow-eyed Negro down the street said, "You'll be back" and I answered "I don't know".

"You'll be back because we different here. Your momma and your daddy, they never home. You get back from school when you little and they not there -- just money on the table and a note for you to go to the restaurant. But we people who is people."

What a whole lot of nonsense!

The bed is warm. Corinne moves slightly but does not awaken. The clanging of the graters is far down the back street now. Inside our bedroom, it is peaceful. In the livingroom, Yvon is sleeping. Later we will have a leisurely breakfast together and talk a blue streak. I will explain my dream and my encounter with the Papago, and Yvon will answer something like "But didn't he see that everything has changed. Nothing's the same any more."

to be continued