

1-1979

F.A.R.O.G. FORUM, Vol. 6 No. 4

Yvon A. Labbé, Rédacteur en chef

Ludger Duplissie, Rédacteur Etudiant

Mary A. Cyr, Rédactrice Etudiante Adjointe

Chantal Clark

Peter Archambault

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum

Recommended Citation

Labbé, Yvon A. , Rédacteur en chef; Duplissie, Ludger , Rédacteur Etudiant; Cyr, Mary A. , Rédactrice Etudiante Adjointe; Clark, Chantal; Archambault, Peter; Gagnon, Debbie; Ouellette, Dianne; Morin, Marc; Bolduc, Venney; Blaisdell, Rita Poulin; Gallant, Jeanne; Clifton, Deborah; Paré, Paul; Lusignan, Bernard; Parent, Pierre Paul; Dubé, Normand; Olivier, Julien; Gallagher, Guy; Chabot, Grégoire; Mathieu, Marcel; Dubois, Anita; Thomas, Rosemary Hyde; Lajoie, Gérard; Lapointe, Joanne; Desbiens, Patrice; Vandermuellen, Tom; Roberge, Celeste; Ducharme, Réjean; Charlebois, Robert; Parent, Pierre Paul; and Guignard, Michael, "F.A.R.O.G. FORUM, Vol. 6 No. 4" (1979). *Le FORUM Journal*. 66.
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/66

Authors

Yvon A. Labbé , Rédacteur en chef; Ludger Duplissie , Rédacteur Etudiant; Mary A. Cyr , Rédactrice Etudiante Adjointe; Chantal Clark; Peter Archambault; Debbie Gagnon; Dianne Ouellette; Marc Morin; Venney Bolduc; Rita Poulin Blaisdell; Jeanne Gallant; Deborah Clifton; Paul Paré; Bernard Lusignan; Pierre Paul Parent; Normand Dubé; Julien Olivier; Guy Gallagher; Grégoire Chabot; Marcel Mathieu; Anita Dubois; Rosemary Hyde Thomas; Gérard Lajoie; Joanne Lapointe; Patrice Desbiens; Tom Vandermuelen; Celeste Roberge; Réjean Ducharme; Robert Charlebois; Pierre Paul Parent; and Michael Guignard

DES FRANCO AU MISSOURI??!! OUI!

TRADITIONAL TYPES OF NICKNAMES IN THE MISSOURI FRENCH CREOLE COMMUNITY

Rosemary Hyde Thomas

Among the Ozark foothills to the south of St. Louis there survives a close knit community of Missouri French Creoles, whose spiritual and cultural center is the church of St. Joachim at Old Mines. Through the years, these people have occasionally been visited and written about by linguists, historians, and folklorists. One feature of their society that soon strikes the outside observer is an unusual proliferation of alternative names by which individuals are known within the community.

To those brought up in non-French environments, the

word "nickname" comes to mind. However, the alternative name found among the Missouri French differ in important ways from the nicknames commonly found in "Anglo" communities. First, they may be attributed, as alternative surnames, to other members of an individual's family, as with "Plug" Coleman, his niece "Ding" Plug, and his sister Dorothy Plug. Second, alternative names, where they exist, are the most common name by which individuals are referred to in the community. It is not uncommon for a person's given name to be known only in the family or by the individual himself. It has even happened that a nicknamed individual has not known his own official baptismal name, but only his alternative name. A high percentage of older males possess such public alternative names. Third, only a minority of these names are based on

given names or on common traditional nickname types such as "Bud" or "Tip". Most of them appear to have an anecdotal connection to some event in the person's life, or some trait of character. Fourth, while women do receive nicknames in childhood, the treatment of women's names differs from that accorded men's names. Women's nicknames are more frequently the common name-based type; they are more often used in childhood or in the privacy of the family and dropped when the individual reaches adulthood; and they are not attributable to relatives. Consequently, in discussing the use of alternative names among the Missouri French, we will discuss primarily men's names.

The most likely explanation for the unique features of alternative names in the Old Mines area lies in the

Franco-American To Be Restored

By Gérard Lajoie and Joanne Lapointe

The Maine State Commission for the Arts and Humanities has awarded Le Centre d'Héritage Franco-Américain, a grant to do restoration work on a painting of Alfred Auger as St. Jean Baptiste in the late 1880's, according to Gérard Lajoie, president of Le Centre d'Héritage.

The painting, completed in 1888 by an as yet unknown artist, is typical of the young lads who were chosen to portray the patron saint of the French-Canadians during the celebration of his feast day on June 24.

The portrait, donated to the center by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Provancher, will be restored by the Maine State Museum and then exhibited locally. Steve Brooks of the Maine State Museum commented that "It is an exciting project, both in restoration and historical significance, and we hope to complete the restoration by June 24, 1979."

In this painting, the artist captured history and preserved it for future generations for he magnificently portrayed the young lad chosen to represent St. Jean Baptiste. The young male with long curly hair, clothed in sheepskin and carrying the cross, was typical of the many local Franco-American boys who, for almost a century, were selected to represent St. Jean Baptiste during the annual celebrations held on June 24 by the newly immigrated French-Canadians and their descendants.

The celebration would usually start with a solemn Mass in one of the local French churches, followed by a parade in which many of the social clubs were represented by an allegorical float and featuring the young St. Jean Baptiste with a lamb at his side.

After the parade, there usually followed a picnic, athletic contests and, finally, a banquet where the dignitaries delivered patriotic speeches and where many of the traditional songs of Canada and France were sung.

"La Saint Jean Baptiste Day" was the equivalent of the Fourth of July for these new citizens, a day when all commercial and civic functions would give way to the festivities of the occasion.

Similar to many modern-day customs, the celebrations of June 24, as the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste, is the result of a tradition of many European peoples of celebrating the shortest day of the summer with the lighting of huge bonfires, as if in an attempt to drive away the few hours of darkness left.

This custom was brought over to New France in the 17th century and evolved into the well-known "Fête de la Saint Jean Baptiste." Then, in the early part of the 19th century, when the civic leaders of French Canada were seeking to preserve their identity, they settled on this holiday as the vehicle to express their feelings.

Eventually, June 24 became the French-Canadian national holiday; and the custom was transplanted to many French centers in the United States. The Catholic church sanctioned the practice by declaring Saint Jean Baptiste the patron saint of the French-Canadians.

The first celebration of the feast in Lewiston was held at SS. Peter and Paul parish in 1885. In the years that followed, as more parishes were created in the area, the honor of hosting the celebration began rotating among the parishes.

The young man in the painting was born in East Poland on April 9, 1885, the son of Louis Auger and Virginie Laflamme. He attended Lewiston-Auburn schools before moving on to Philadelphia, where, in 1918, he married Sarah Smith Hill. He was employed for a time by the Leo Feist Music Co. of New York and later by the BVC Music Company of Philadelphia and Boston. As a professional singer, he toured extensively with the famous Paul Whiteman Orchestra. He died in Boston in 1942.

Although the restoration project will be one of several such projects to be undertaken by the State Museum, it should be one of the most challenging, for the painting has begun to flake and a great deal of work will have to be done to restore and preserve the canvas.

The project will be under the direction of Steve Brooks of the Maine State Museum and Joanne Lapointe, curator of Le Centre d'Héritage Franco-Américain.

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

Vol. 6 No. 4

JOURNAL BILINGUE

janvier 1979

Le rêve de Noël d'un Franco-ontarien

Dépassé par les événements comme une Volkswagen dans l'espace, le Franco-ontarien brûle dans la neige de ses désirs.

Dans l'arène de sa bouche, deux langues se battent.

Pour qu'une gagne, il faut qu'il y en est une qui perde.

Toutes les filles sur la rue Yonge sont pareilles. Elles semblent avoir été faites en série.

Les narines fleuries comme un cheval en pleine panique, le Franco-ontarien sent le trottoir devenir de plus en plus mou sous ses pieds.

Les voitures chaudes lui mordillent les talons.

Le Franco-ontarien a des problèmes d'infinif, de passé composé, de présent non-substantif.

Il ne faut pas parler au Franco-ontarien de futur simple. Pour lui, rien n'est simple.

Les deux langues qui vivent dans sa bouche continuent le combat, comme deux boas noués l'un autour de l'autre, luttant jusqu'à la mort.

Le Franco-ontarien essaie de dire "Joyeux Noël" et "Bonne Année", mais tout bloque, il ne sort qu'un grognement en sourdine.

Le Père Noël au coin de Bloor et Yonge branle sa cloche dans la "sloche" et regarde d'un air plutôt étonné le Franco-ontarien qui disparaît dans le milieu de l'intersection...

par Patrice Desbiens

"Frontieres Sans Douanes" Revisited! Part II - the frustrating labyrinth reemerges by Ludger Duplissie

After several intensive interviews with Superintendent Saxl, interspersed with a couple of days of visiting the Franco-American ward and interviewing its staff, I came to a more complete understanding of the development of the ward since its inception, throughout Title I, and up to mid-October of 1978. In Mr. Saxl's words it was a "limping, sickly child of a program". In response to my question as to why it had degenerated to this degree, he cited several reasons. He explained that BMHI could not get federal preferential treatment for this state's largest minority because it is not an official minority in the eyes of the Federal Government. He also noted that the state's politicians have opted for "low cost containment" in its state funded mental health institutions, and that it was close to impossible to acquire a bona fide bilingual, bicultural psychiatrist for BMHI. There have been several leads in the past which have all turned into disappointment for one reason or another. (However, Claire Bolduc, the Coordinator-Implementator of Title I, told me that she had made several recommendations for solid candidates for such a position, all of which were turned down by the administration.) Mr. Saxl also informed me that the "natural support group has not been there, nor has it been forthcoming", and that it was only through his own personal conviction that the Franco-American ward was still in existence today. He continually referred to it as "my baby."

It appeared to me that these were all external factors and that he hadn't really touched upon internal reasons. In response, he commented that, "We couldn't live the dream because the staff couldn't see the dream." He further explained that in order to do so, the staff would have had

to, "intellectualize, understand and empathize, and then synthesize into action", this understanding of the Franco-American dilemma. When I pursued as to how much of this there actually was on the staff, he responded "Less than we think we have. Less than what sounds good. Emotional awareness isn't enough for proper clinical exercise."

Therefore, with Mr. Saxl's explanations, I began to feel that both internal and external factors seemed to have foredoomed the program to failure. It was now time to visit the ward and speak with the staff. (One aspect must be noted here, namely that it will soon become evident as to why the staff was very open with their perceptions and comments, yet wished to remain anonymous.)

All the ward staff I spoke to agreed that, as one member put it, "We haven't been a Franco ward for a long time. It's senseless to pretend that we are." Again agreement was reached as another member stated, "We have become more custodial than therapeutic."

The main reason for the switch from being therapeutic during the Title I program to becoming custodial by mid-October seemed to be the lack of support from the top. The apartment program, whereby the patients would assist in planning and cooking a Franco-American meal, has gone by the wayside, with the apartment falling into disuse. All Franco-American workshops in language, history, society, and religion have ended. In consequence, no ethnic or cultural therapy is utilized. There are now only three (3) bilingual Franco-American staff members remaining on the ward out of the ten (10) that once worked there. I asked what had happened to them and was told that it seemed they could no longer work on the ward after

Au Missouri...

historical custom of "dit" names among the French, for both people and places. These early historical names frequently appear to have had a humorous intent, either through a satirical aggrandizement of a person's self-accorded sense of importance (e.g. "Marquis", "Capitaine", "Sansouci") or through a thorough denigration (e.g. "Le Tardif", "La Déroute", "La Fatigue"). A third type of "dit" name which appears in early Franco-American history appears to have died out as a productive name type, probably because the community in modern times has been relatively isolated and nonmobile. This is the name relating to a person's place of origin or original nationality (e.g. "Langlois", "Breton"). A fourth type, whose original intent is hard to decipher today, although it remains marginally productive in a humorous vein, involves plant names (e.g. "La Tulipe", "La Rose", "La Bruyère", "La Plante"). And a fifth type, also virtually extinct today, designates a person's physical appearance (e.g. "Roussin") or occupation.

As with other linguistic and cultural manifestations, this French community in exile appears to have conserved, in its naming practices, behaviors that are no longer easy to find in France. The use of "dit" names in France, for people, tends to be found mainly in historical texts. There still exist in France a large number of "lieux dits", places with unofficial, largely anecdotal names, such as "Le Haut-du-Lièvre", "Le Saut-du-Renard". The anecdotal nature of these French "lieu dit" names, and their American counterparts in the Old Mines area (e.g. Mudtown, Rabbitville, Bottom Diggins, Sour Hill, Cornbread, Tin Can) sheds some light on the spirit behind both the historical "dit" names and the modern alternative names for people. Both have an anecdotal intent, with names bestowed to immortalize or commemorate some event in the history of a place or individual. This is often a seemingly minor event, but in the lifetime of the name's bestower and receiver the anecdote lives on with the name. Obviously, with place names, the anecdote becomes lost after a couple of generations, while the name tends to be transmitted indefinitely.

In modern times, at least, the bestowal of an alternative name seems to be a formal, stylized, but affectionate prank, one among several traditional manifestations of a lively sense of humor that pervades life in the Missouri French community. Pranks, while often perpetrated by teenagers, have traditionally been acceptable behavior for adult males as well, at least until after World War II. Particularly successful, large-scale, or clever pranks are then remembered and transmitted as part of the community's legendary lore. The humor in the great majority of pranks that are transmitted in this way appears based on displacement: things not being where they belong. Among the classics are wagon wheels changed from front to rear axle, wagons and gates in trees, gates hung backwards, cornbread raffled off as cake, animals on

the labyrinth...

Title I and "went on to greener pastures." As to why they felt they could no longer work there, the staff was in unison once again as they told me that, "There was no encouragement from the top." One staff member spoke on, adding, "Saxl's a politician. He likes the idea, but he's never been too committed to it. If there was a newspaper article or something, he'd be there smiling. He wants to keep it, (the Franco ward), but there's nothing to keep."

Suddenly I was faced with a dilemma. The administration noted many reasons for the ward's failure, one very important reason being the staff's inability "to see the dream." On the other hand, the staff was unanimous in denouncing the administration for lack of support and encouragement. I knew that at least seven (7) bilingual staff members had left BMHI since Title I, but it appeared that the monolingual English speaking staff lingered on. I then decided to interview Mr. Dan Michaud, the Personnel Director in charge of hiring. He explained to me that positions on the ward are first offered to in hospital staff, and that if no one wants the position it is then sought to be filled outside of the institution. He also informed me that there may have been a few ads in the **Bangor Daily News** for mental health aides, but that no advertising was ever done in the **St. John Valley Times** or the french newspaper **Le Travailleur**, by which a wide spectrum of bilingual Franco-Americans would be reached. Notices were put up at U.M.O., but he explained that word of mouth was primarily used to acquire new staff to replace the bilingual Franco-American staff that had gone.

Being somewhat disappointed at the efforts for bilingual Franco-American staff recruitment, I decided to take Mr. Michaud's suggestion to speak with Norma Mallory of Staff Development. After speaking with her for 10-15 minutes and giving her several names and places to contact which might be of some assistance to her in developing something for the Franco ward, I was insulted at her response. With a rather cold stare in her eyes, she asked me why I was telling her all of this and that, "If I intended to have anything happen, I'd have to sell this thing better." I was made to feel that it was my responsibility to effect change, instead of herself. Obviously she had no real conception of what I was suggesting, as it was becoming clearer to me that she hardly knew a Franco ward even existed at BMHI.

open range painted a different color so their owners won't recognize them.

The out-of-place is also a theme common to many traditional humorous tales and songs. One memorable song involves a wagon pulled by frogs and driven by an enormous mosquito. Another cracks the audience up when the protagonist defecates in his socks. A vivid tale involves a man captured and airborne in the talons of an enormous hawk, and finally dropped down a hollow tree, where he stays for a year while his white beard grows out all the knotholes and down the hill.

In the twentieth century, as the great majority of alternative names have come to be in English, it is this anecdotal, place-oriented humor which has become the dominant principle behind the bestowal of names. By far the greatest number of such names in use now are monosyllabic or disyllabic English words of some derogatory connotation. Some notable examples are: Toot, Brass, Plug, Sock, Buck, Rat, Toad, Pooh, Coon, Spoon, Goose, Lice, Vest, Dud, Boss, Brag, Pick, Tug, Snail, Frog, Wad, Bee, Pink, Nag, Pill, Puss, Ting, Linch, Goon. Whatever the stories attached to these names may be, their anecdotal nature is clear.

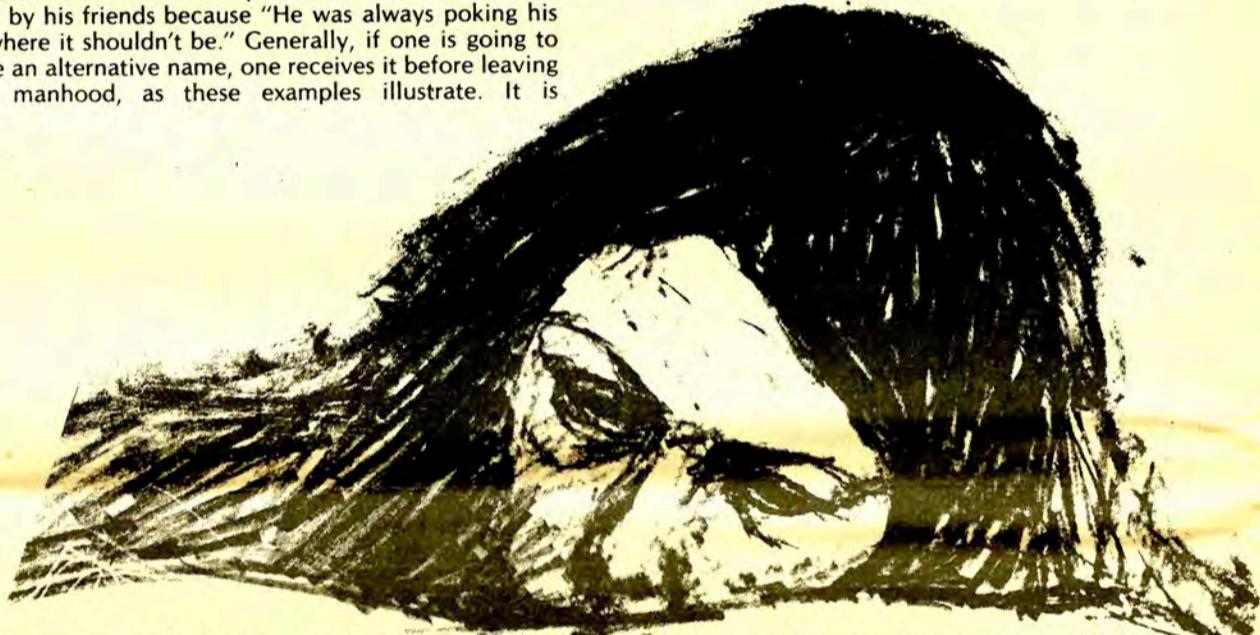
The following three anecdotes will illustrate the place-orientation of Missouri French humor, as applied to the attribution of alternative names. The person named "Mercy My Beads!" received the name from his schoolmates, as he was heard to make that remark the day he dropped his rosary down the privy outside the schoolhouse. The person named "Lésin" was given the name by a man he worked for as a youth. When he presented the employer with baskets of beautiful blackberries which turned out, after he had been paid, to be beautiful only on the top layer, the man named him after his grandfather Lésin, who had been a notably successful horse-trader. The person named "Rat" was so named by his friends because "He was always poking his nose where it shouldn't be." Generally, if one is going to receive an alternative name, one receives it before leaving young manhood, as these examples illustrate. It is

frequently given by someone from outside the immediate family.

In spite of their generally derogatory nature, alternative names should probably be considered something of an honor. The people who have these names are the ones with a certain legendary status in the community. They are mentioned often, in connection with both recent and more distant events, and their past exploits are often retold in such a way that they become incipient legends. Indeed, the man with the largest number of alternative names (three), is one of the most widely known members of this community, in many circles, and one of the most colorful characters. The possession of such a name implies a certain capacity to capture the interest of the community.

People's attitudes toward alternative names are highly ambivalent. On the one hand, their humor is thoroughly enjoyed. On the other hand, people are worried that outsiders will think the practice silly, and when questioned about it, before giving information, will attempt to disassociate themselves from possible ridicule with such remarks as "Isn't that silly" or "I don't know why people do that!" It becomes obvious, then, from the pleasure these same people take in talking about the names, that in fact they really enjoy this aspect of their culture. There is, however, a minority point of view. In reading through genealogies, one is struck by the fact that certain families have many nicknames, and certain others, whether they have them or not, at least don't record them for posterity. This impression is confirmed in interviews, in which certain individuals will affirm that their particular family "didn't believe in nicknames", and attempted to discourage them. These people really do think that such names are almost sinfully frivolous, and therefore to be avoided.

Anecdotes also reveal that the community willingly uses their knowledge of alternative names as a shield to protect



My frustration was beginning to peak as I left her office and searched my way through the labyrinth back to Mr. Saxl's office. After a day and a half of asking questions and trying to get answers, I felt as though I'd just been running into a brick wall over and over again. In my first talk with Superintendent Saxl, he informed me that there were eight (8) Franco-American patients then at BMHI, with only one being primarily French speaking. Yet through reviewing names and addresses, I found that fully fourteen (14) patients on the Franco ward had French surnames, the vast majority being French speaking, and the remainder at least understanding the language. I later found that there were several Francos in the gerontology program and an additional eight (8) Francos in the Aroostook ward. In all, there were at least 22-25 Franco-American patients in residence. It was not that Mr. Saxl tried to hide the remaining 14-17 Franco patients, because he allowed free access to staff and records. He simply did not know how many Franco-Americans there actually were — a rather large discrepancy I might add, especially in view that the ward was in his own words, "my baby."

I began suspecting that there was some truth in the staff's statements concerning the lack of support from the administration. Mrs. Bolduc's statements concerning the discouragement felt during and after Title I due to the lack of support from the top finally began to fall into place. When confronted with this, Mr. Saxl explained that major changes were being planned for the ward. (For which I assume I was supposed to infer that this was the reason for his lack of knowledge of the actual number of Franco-American patients on the ward.) He told me that the ward was switching to Behavior Modification and that a core program would be kept for the Franco-American patients. The person in charge would be Mr. C.J. Poulyot. Again I was encouraged at the possibility of a Franco-American bilingual therapist, only to be discouraged once more.

Mr. Poulyot is not bilingual, but he is acutely deficient in the area of Franco-Americans and how they are affected by their culture. It is his duty to set up the core program, or the Awareness program, which would be open to all patients including the Franco-Americans. When I pressed for content, I continually received circular verbiage which ended where it began — nowhere! Throughout our tour of the wards and our discussions about Francos, I felt that he was trying to impress me, but he failed to do so.

Yes, I was discouraged, but not quite ready to abandon ship as yet. I proceeded to speak with Mr. Saxl once more

in an effort to discover what he himself knew about Franco-Americans that made this ward his "baby". Let it suffice it to say that I was shocked. He thought that all Franco-Americans were of Acadian descent (a group of French people expelled from the Nova Scotia area in 1755, of which a small group made their way up to the St. John Valley in northern Maine in 1782). He did not realize that this group constitutes a very small minority within the Franco-American group itself. The vast majority of Franco-Americans are of French Canadian descent, and only emigrated to the U.S. in large numbers in the late 1800's and early 1900's. He knew virtually nothing about their family structure, nor about the ramifications of the Roman Catholic faith and guilt concepts in the Franco-American population. In effect, he knew practically nothing about the Franco-Americans. But his staff knew, as one member pointed out to me, "There's a lot of religious hang-ups...you can see their guilt and how it limits them in what they feel right about doing." It's there, and it's real. Once again I began to feel as I had several times while I visited the ward and throughout my interviewing. Mr. Saxl's form is excellent, but his content on this issue is totally lacking. If the Franco-American ward is indeed Mr. Saxl's "Baby", I realized that I would hate to see one of my parents or brothers and sisters incarcerated on this ward that he pays so much painstaking lip service to, but little other service to.

As my frustration and disappointment showed through once again, Mr. Saxl said that he too felt, "embittered by lack of support and the lack of success of the ward." And as I began to leave, he added his final plea. (I finally found him human through his unusual display of emotions — a break from his professional aloofness.) He said, "I don't mean this as a threat." (Although I felt it to be one because of his harsh tone of voice as he stood up and placed his two fists squarely upon his desk.) "We need all the help we can get. We need professional leadership, and not the anger of the sixties, but the solidarity of the seventies."

As I turned to leave, I felt nearly impelled to say, "I fully realize that running an institution as large as BMHI is not a task that any one person can easily accomplish. Yet I also fully realize that this task rests squarely upon your shoulders as superintendent of BMHI. As such, it is your duty to minister to the needs of your patients. I humbly submit, that in order for a patient's mental health needs to be met, one must understand the needs. I've found BMHI entirely disappointing in this respect regarding Franco-Americans."

a suivre

Dans ma tête - Dans Mon Coeur

by Anita Dubois

This month I have to write in English because what I have to talk about cannot appropriately be translated into French. Unfortunately all the commercials are in English and I react to them in English. Next month I'll talk in French.

Being exposed to all those TV commercials has finally brought home the message. I'll never make in this world. First of all, I'm too slow. For instance; instead of saving time (which all good Americans do) and do things the easy way like pour hot water into my cup-o-soup, I waste it by opening up a can and slaving over a hot burner until it's too hot to eat. You see, I even waste energy. I also don't use instant potatoes. First of all they haven't come out with a good one yet and besides that I believe in cooking from scratch, and that includes potatoes. After they are cooked I then proceed to mash them with my 40 year old manually operated zig - zag potato masher. Why should I spend my hard earned money on something like a round potato masher full of little square holes just so I can be like everyone else? And let's talk about whipped potatoes for a minute. By the time you've spent your money buying a hand-held or portable electric mixer and done in your potatoes all that's really happened is somebody is trying to cover up the fact they put in too much milk and because it would never pass for mashed potatoes you call it 'whipped'. That makes you sound like a gourmet cook who knows how to cook. Right? So what we have so far is you've spent on a new round-square masher you couldn't use, and on a portable hand mixer which will supplement the big mixer that takes up half your cupboard space and you've managed to bamboozle your dinner guests into thinking you're the hostess with the mostess. Seems to me it's a lot cheaper to not drown the potatoes in the first place. Then there is the other question 'does your husband really want stuffin' instead of potatoes?' I don't care what they say, my husband wants bread and butter, meat and POTATOES. Do you really think that all wives are so stupid they 'never knew' what their husbands like? And do you really believe THEY would show a commercial of the husband who says he wants potatoes? Never!

The difference between me and my TV is they want me to save time and waste money. I want to save money and waste time. After all, if I can manage to save \$600 I know I can use it on a rainy day, but what in the world would I do with 600 hours on that same day?

Wasting time it seems, is not only my fault. It appears I'm also sloppy about it. I'm the type that goes around 'sticky' all day long because I don't use the right deodorant. Sometimes I even get 'held up' by the other kind while it dries. And not having a sense of humor, I don't think being tickled by your deodorant is funny. I mean after all, unless your marbles are loose, who goes around tickling themselves every morning? Besides, with me nothing is funny in the morning until I've had my cup of coffee. Speaking of coffee, has your jar of instant turned into a percolator yet? I sure hope nobody out there is holding their breath waiting. I saw a bumper sticker the other day and it said "take a coffee break. DRINK MILK". Now that makes sense, but then it wasn't on TV either.

Not only am I a sloppy time waster, but I don't even have the cleanest clothes in town. I don't use 'THAT' soap around my collar. It's not that I like having a ring around my collar, it's just that when a commercial contributes so much to giving me a bad case of nerves because it's aggravating, irritating and just a plain pain in the you know what, I figure a ring around my collar is a good alternative. Besides, we've come such a long way from that 'tell-tale' grey era of the forties, why is it so important that the whites be their - whitest? I know cleanliness is next to Godliness but who said anything about extremes? And speaking of clothes, according to THEM everyone can look glamorous and sexy. They show you that on the girdle commercial. I don't know about you, but on me the bulges are not hidden, they are simply relocated. Not only that, I get strangulated in the process. Another thing, if it's so effective on everyone, how come they never make the commercial with slightly overweight middle-aged women? I guess I'll never get rich making TV commercials. I've obviously got the wrong attitude. Besides that, my husband won't write the Ivory people about me. (Actually he doesn't write or tell anyone about me.)

Just in case you think I'm really SUPER FROG because I'm strong enough to resist all those commercials, forget it. They say there's one born every minute and this sucker has sinned once or twice just like everyone else. Once I bought a new car. For all the wrong reasons that sounded so good at the time. Let me tell you they did a good job on me. They sold me everything except the glam girl in the slinky outfit that goes hand in hand with the car in all the commercials. What I've got now is a used car, a gas pedal or carburetor that never worked right from the beginning, it only takes lead free gas for which I pay an arm and a leg and it only gets 16 mpg in town and 18 on the highway. Being the conscientious, law-abiding thinking adult individual that I am, I always follow the speed limit and I never get anywhere any faster in my new car than I did in the old one. The one saving grace in my favor for that moment of weakness is I bought from a guy that stands on his head, gobbles his sales pitch like a turkey and smashes the windshields before letting you have the car at a special price. Which goes to show that

Au Missouri (cont.)

members from outsiders whose intentions may be interpreted as hostile, such as bill collectors, tax collectors, and similar individuals. When outsiders ask, using someone's official name, whether that person lives nearby, it is easy to use the knowledge of an alternative name as a pretext to assure them that the individual requested is unknown or unavailable. This practice, too, may have a basis in history, as one use for "dit" names in France in former times appears to have been draft evasion.

The bestowal and use of alternative names appears to depend on the continuance of a largely oral society. Young men today, while in their teen years, continue to receive alternative names that are used among their peers. As they reach adulthood, however, fewer of these names survive and become widely known in the community. One major reason appears to be peoples' dependence today on written official documents, such as checks and contracts, for the transaction of everyday business. A large portion of communication among males in former times, aside from socializing in taverns or barber shops, involved business transactions that were oral in nature. Many names were bestowed as a result of such transactions. And the names were certainly confirmed during this type of business activity. As transactions of this type have declined in number, an important link in the process for establishing alternative names within the community has virtually disappeared.

A certain number of official family names today were once the "dit" names of an ancestor. The pattern for transforming "dit" names into family names is evident in some genealogies. It appears to be somewhat erratic, with some brothers taking the "dit" name and others the official

name. There are a number of families in Ste. Genevieve, another Missouri French settlement not far from the Old Mines area, where both names are documented. For example, the decendents of Jean-Baptiste de Guire, dit "La Rose" are either called DeGuire or La Rose. In Old Mines, the decendents of Robert, who took the name of his stepfather Hypolitte are called either Robert or Politte. The Sansoucie family in Old Mines have obviously inherited a "dit" name, although the original official name is not documented. An old "dit" name, "Roussin", has become a relatively common baptismal name in the community, now spelled "Roussan". And two "dit" names, "Racola" and "Breton", have been preserved as names for local communities.

The mechanisms behind these sporadic preservations of historical "dit" names as family, baptismal, and place names are probably visible today in the way one person's name is attributed to certain other members of his family. The attributions can go from father to son or daughter. Examples are Bob "Coon" Politte, his son Billy Coon, and his daughter Marcie Coon; "Paco" Boyer, his son John Paco, and grandsons Pete Paco and Roy Paco. However, they can also go from husband to wife, as with "Bud" Declue and his wife "Rosie-Bud"; or Tommie Dean, son of "Dean" Merseal, whose wife was "Virgie-Tom". And they can go from brother to siblings, as with Henry "Gabe" Boyer and his brothers, all of whom used "Gabe" as a surname.

It seems impossible to predict whose name will have been attributed to his relatives, or the specific relatives who will come to be known by it. However, it seems fairly safe to speculate that the person whose name is attributed to other family members could qualify as a "head of family", at least in the public eye. Studying the varied pathways these attributions take gives some insight into

all the dumb ads are not on national TV.

Other things I do make me unAmerican, wasteful, unclean, sloppy and old fashioned. For one thing I NEVER argue with my oleo. I don't really care if it thinks its butter. Besides, if I was ever caught talking to my Parkay I'd get locked up for sure, right? So I play it safe and only buy what's on sale. Now you just know that an oleo that talks and giggles is never going to be put on sale. So I'm safe there. . .and sane. . .(almost).

I also don't use Scope. But then I don't use the Listerine either. To start off with, I don't care if my breath smells like onions, as long as I ate some. And who ever heard of mint flavored onions? And when I want to fool around with that mediciny smell I'll go to the source and let my insurance pay for it. On second thought, that's not too smart either. Hospitals don't smell mediciny anymore. It's more the smell of mint.

Then you have a whole slew of things on the care and welfare of the hair. It should be enough that it's clean and combed, but no, according to THEM it must be light and fluffy, have the dry look, and, unless everyone's fingers have passed romantically through it you haven't lived yet. (So I'm deprived, what else is new?) I ask you, how can a shampoo that's so thick a pearl won't sink in it possibly do anything good for my hair? I suppose if I use enough of it and I happen to jump in the lake, my hair will float. Too bad my nose and mouth are located below my hairline. And if I die but my hair survives, what will happen to my dandruff? Maybe I should use Head and Shoulders, that way my whole head will survive and all I'll have to contend with is a water logged body.

Then take tissue paper. Ah, there's an item for you. One must never be crass enough to call it 'toilet' paper, that's not cricket. My lousy attitude takes over again here. I don't really care if my family thinks it's softer and fluffier. I buy whatever is the cheapest. My feeling is that no matter what kind I get it's still an improvement on the old Sears and Roebuck catalog.

Some quickie comments. . .

Short and Sassy - I've always put my foot in my mouth and it didn't have far to go 'cause I'm already short.

Hair Remover - What with pant suits being what they are, not even my hairdresser knows.

Cross My Heart - That used to mean 'I promise' not a bra.

Lucky Charms - They used to go on bracelets, now they go in cereal bowls.

We Do It All For You - used to be said out of love, now it's junk food.

On TV you spell relief - ROLAIDS.

Who can possibly survive in a world like this?????????

COMMERÇANTS !?!

- Avez-vous des produits ou des services à offrir que vous voudriez publier dans le FAROG Forum?

- Taillez ce coupon et mallez-le-nous...
On va vous envoyer des informations concernant les tarifs de publicité et le temps où les annonces seront dues.

NOM _____

ADRESSE _____

GENRE DE COMMERCE _____

LOCATION _____

Merci bien pour votre intérêt !!!

the community's family structures, and provide an interesting sociometric indicator of their patriarchal nature.

Only a few nicknames in French seem to exist in this century, too few to be the basis for generalization. However, at least a few of them seem to represent vestigial name-types. Three known names refer back to ancestors, Lésin, Zedor (from Isidore), and Roussan. Two represent the plant types, Pané (parsnip) and "Cawcomb" (cucumber). It is interesting to note that these are vegetables, where the early plant names appear mainly derived from flowers. In addition, three of the surviving French nicknames relate to hunting incidents: "Carbine" (rifle), "Cartouche" (shell), and "Biche" (doe). Two are disreputable: "Gros Vaisse (Big Fart) and "Grosse Mouche" (Big Fly). Finally, there is a group of other names which seem, phonetically, to be of French origin, although their meaning has vanished: Boodoo, Pecoon, Zee-o, Banno, Pugan, Dusack, Bah-kay, Tee-Wan.

Besides serving as an instrument to measure and define the community's sense of humor, sense of morality, and patterns of authority, as we have already discussed, the practice of alternative names, as it has survived in the Old Mines area, also sheds some light on the real meaning and use of "dit" names both for places and for historical personages. So often, one sees "dit" names mentioned in historical texts, and wonders what their significance is or how they came about. Or, in studying the early history of settlement in Missouri, one learns the seemingly bizarre fact that St. Louis was known in the early days as "Pain-Court" (Short-of-Bread), and other local communities went under names such as "Misère" or Vide-Poche" (Empty-Pocket). The tendency of people raised in an Anglo American culture is to search for serious

NOUVELLES QUÉBÉCOISES



Québec Update

Délégation du Québec à Boston

A weekly newsletter sent to you by the Québec Government Office in Boston
Park Square Building, Suite 409,
31 St. James Avenue, BOSTON, MASS 02116
Tél.: (617) 426-2660 - Télex: 94-0683

PRIME MINISTER LEVESQUE VISITS LOUISIANA

Prime Minister René Lévesque will visit Louisiana next January 8 through 11 as the guest of Governor Edwin Edwards. He will be guest of honor at a lunch on Tuesday, January 9, hosted by James Domengeaux, President of the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana (CODOFIL). On Wednesday, Mr. Lévesque will meet with Ernest Morial, the Mayor of New Orleans, and then go on to give the luncheon speech at a lunch sponsored jointly by the city of New Orleans, the International Trade Mart, and the U.S. Department of Commerce. On Thursday, January 11, Mr. Lévesque will have private discussions with Mr. Edwards in Baton Rouge.

PRIME MINISTER LEVESQUE BEFORE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB

Prime Minister René Lévesque will make a private visit to Washington next January 25 on the invitation of the National Press Club there. As is usual with National Press Club gatherings, Mr. Lévesque's speech to Washington's journalistic community will be broadcast over the Public Broadcasting System (PBS).

QUEBEC ACCEPTS AHI HONG REFUGEES

Québec has accepted 198 refugees from among the Vietnamese stranded aboard the freighter Hai Hong. The rest of Canada is taking in another 400. The first groups of refugees have already been flown into Montréal where a military base has been turned into a receiving center to help them adjust to a severe climate and a new society after their harrowing ordeal. Most of the refugees have relatives in Québec and Ontario towns who will be able to assist them in settling in to a new life. Québec Immigration Minister Jacques Couture has indicated that Québec is prepared to accept 500 of the 1000 Cambodian refugees that Canada might also accept.

ONE SECTION OF FRENCH LANGUAGE CHARTER RULED UNCONSTITUTIONAL

A seven-judge panel of the Québec court of appeals upheld last week the earlier ruling of Superior Court Chief Justice Jules Deschenes that Chapter 3 of the French Language Charter (also known as Law 101) is unconstitutional. The court maintains that the section of the Charter which makes French the sole official language of record in the courts and in the National Assembly contradicts Article 133 of the British North America Act (the Canadian Constitution) which gives English an equal status to French in the courts and the legislature. Québec's Attorney-General Marc-André Bédard will appeal the decision to the Canadian Supreme Court with the argument that Québec has the right to amend those parts of the British North America Act which constitute its own provincial constitution (and do not touch federal institutions nor the relations between the two levels of government). There is also the possibility that the 1890 decision of the Manitoba legislature to eliminate French as an official language might also come before the Supreme Court although that province's power to modify its own constitution went unchallenged for over 85 years.

CONVENTION BUSINESS OUTLOOK BRIGHTER FOR MONTREAL IN 1979

After several years in which convention visitors hardly totaled 100,000, Montréal is looking forward to a much better year in 1979. About 50,000 representatives from Lions Clubs all over the world will be coming to Montréal next June 19 through 23 for what is billed as the "world's biggest convention". In addition, a dozen other conventions with over 2,000 each will be held in Montréal this coming year.

FORMER TERRORISTS RETURN TO QUEBEC

Jacques and Louise Cossette-Trudel, two members of the Front de Libération du Québec cell that kidnapped the British trade commissioner James Cross in October 1970, have voluntarily returned to Québec after eight years of exile, first in Cuba, then in France. Returning on a regular Air Canada flight from Paris to Mirabel International Airport with their two children last Wednesday, the Cossette-Trudel's were escorted on the flight by two Québec police force officers and were arrested immediately upon arrival at Mirabel. On December 3, 1970, James Cross was released unharmed after 59 days of captivity in the hands of the FLQ cell in exchange for a safe conduct to Cuba for the Cossette-Trudel's and three other members of the cell (who now still live in Paris).

PHOTO: QUEBEC GOVERNMENT OFFICE OF TOURISM



Le Carnaval de Québec, which occurs each February in Québec City, is full of dancing, eating, drinking Caribou (a "reinforced" red wine) and snow sculptures. It is also full of competitive sports. These include a variety of hockey competitions from pee-wee playoffs to the North American Olympic Carnival Hockey Tournament. They also include a motorcycle derby on ice, international dog-sled races, a soapbox derby, roller skating, a raquet-thlon (snowshoe race), cross-country skiing races, a curling bonspiel, a tug o'war, speed skating, broom ball, four-wheel-drive competitions on ice, a lumberjack competition and a canoe race across the icy Saint Lawrence River. Next year's carnival will run from February 1 to 11.



Meanwhile, Champlain's city grew to what it is today: the capital of French culture in America.

In 1628, records tell us, the residents of Québec City numbered 76. Today, there are more than half a million. The city is the capital of all Québec — a vibrant, thriving city which welcomes hundreds of thousands of tourists every year.

Photos courtesy of: Editeur officiel du Québec, Festival d'été de Québec, Tourisme Québec.

"Le Référendum" (Suite)

La victoire du 15 Novembre 1976 ne change pas le rôle fondamental du parti qui doit poursuivre sa vie normale et garder vis-à-vis du gouvernement une attitude économe et au besoin critique.

L'étape du référendum met en cause le Parti autant, sinon plus que le gouvernement. Cela les membres le savent et le sentent, tout comme ils sont pleinement conscients de l'importance de l'enjeu, comme en témoigne le mandat confié à la direction du Parti par le sixième Congrès national, tenu en Mai, qui recommande: "Que le Parti Québécois réaffirme son opinion indépendantiste, que toutes ses actions prioritaires soient axées sur le référendum et qu'il intensifie sa campagne d'information, en vue de la réalisation de son option".

C'est pourquoi on assiste, au sein du Parti comme dans les autres groupements à vocation nationale, à une sorte de mobilisation spontanée. Chacun veut faire sa part, fournir son apport, mais on ne sait pas toujours quelle forme doit prendre cet apport pour être le plus efficace possible. D'où l'utilité et même la nécessité d'un cadre global dans lequel chacun pourra inscrire son action et trouver les instruments qu'il lui faut.

Le plan de pénétration de deux ans, mis en oeuvre en Janvier 1975 et qui a mené à la victoire en 1976 du 15 Novembre, illustre bien la valeur de tels programmes. C'est à ce besoin que vise maintenant à répondre le plan d'action en vue du référendum. Le plan repose sur quatre grandes lignes, la formation des membres du Parti, les communications avec la population, la présence du Parti et l'organisation.

Ce n'est pas tout d'avoir raison, il faut aussi pouvoir le prouver. Depuis le dernier congrès, les militants du Parti s'attendent qu'on leur fournisse des instruments qui leur permettront de donner une base rationnelle à leur argumentation et d'apporter des réponses satisfaisantes aux questions que leur posent de bonne foi ceux qui, sans être hostiles, ne sont pas encore ralliés à l'option proposée par le Parti Québécois. Le plan d'action prévoit donc plusieurs mesures qui permettront aux membres du Parti de se former entre eux et de donner à leur travail de persuasion un maximum d'efficacité.

S'il est vrai que rien ne saurait remplacer le dévouement et le travail acharné de chaque militant, il est clair que l'action personnelle doit être complétée par des mesures à l'échelle collective. A notre époque, l'information politique se fait largement par les communications de masse. D'autre part, l'indépendance se gagnera quartier par quartier, rue par rue, deuille par feuille.

Il est donc indispensable de rejoindre toute la population. L'élection de Novembre 1976 aini que les sondages qui l'ont suivie démontrent qu'un grand nombre de Québécois, sans être absolument opposé à la solution indépendantiste, puisqu'ils ont voté pour un parti qui la préconisait ouvertement et que les adversaires dénonçaient comme "séparatiste" ne saisissent pas la nécessité de la souveraineté politique. Il est donc urgent de faire comprendre à la population le lien qui existe entre cette souveraineté et les problèmes concrets et précis auxquels le gouvernement du Québec doit faire face. Il reste à illustrer de façon claire et simple les possibilités qu'offre l'indépendance, par rapport à l'impuissance dans laquelle nous tient le système fédéral. Le référendum sera pratiquement gagné lorsqu'une majorité de la population aura fait ce lien.

Le plan d'action accorde donc une très grande importance à l'information collective, d'autant plus qu'il s'agit là d'un domaine où les adversaires, on le sait, ne manquent pas de moyens.

Raoul Letiècq
Foyer de Nicolet
Nicolet, Québec



LETTER FROM QUEBEC

Tom Vandermuelen

Most of you are probably familiar with the name of Jean Drapeau. He has been the mayor of Montreal for almost a quarter century. On Sunday, November 12, 1978, he and his Civic Party won re-election in a stunning landslide. Pundits had predicted he would win, but no one, not even the Mayor himself, expected that the Civic Party would take 52 of the 54 city council seats. The election was a surprise to those who had predicted an anti-Drapeau backlash in the wake of the massive 1976 Olympic deficit and the Olympic-related scandals which were just beginning to unfold the week of the election. The opposition campaigned hard against Drapeau's grandiose and costly projects. Following the election, the Mayor said that the vote showed that he had given the people what they wanted. He quoted the phrase, "the voice of the people is the voice of God." Mayor Drapeau fostered such Montreal events as Expo 67, Man and His World, the 1976 Olympics, and, most recently, the Canadian Grand Prix.

Incidentally, it was Quebec's Gilles Villeneuve, from Trois Rivières, who won the 1978 Canadian Grand Prix. How à propos it was for Gilles, the hometown favorite, to win his first Grand Prix in Montreal.



"ROOTS", the highly successful television adaptation of Alex Haley's bestseller, is now capturing the French-speaking television audience in Quebec. "RACINES", the French language version of "Roots", is being televised in nine weekly installments.



November 15, 1978, was the second anniversary of the Parti Québécois victory in 1976. The media in Quebec did not let the occasion slip by unnoticed. Radio, television and newspaper commentators offered a variety of opinions and analysis on the PQ's first two years in power. Their assessments were generally positive. Even the Gazette, Montreal's widely circulated English daily, gave "A" ratings to many of the PQ cabinet ministers.

It's no wonder the press comments were favorable. Although independence for Quebec remains the number one long-range goal, the PQ gave Quebec two years of strong, scandal-free, responsible government. The following is a partial list of the PQ legislative accomplishments:

...a law protecting the French language and culture, sales and income tax reductions, two fiscally conservative anti-inflationary budgets, income tax deductions for day care, free prescription drugs to people over 65 and the right to collect a full pension while working past retirement, expanded free dental care to children up to age 14, a law giving Quebecers the right to make class action suits, a much needed revision of the juvenile laws, an "anti-scab" law forbidding the use of strikebreakers and making it easier for unions to win accreditation, quicker payments to victims of job-related accidents, a law calling for secret votes in the tough construction unions, an essential services act requiring public service unions to present the government with a pledge to maintain basic services before launching a strike, a white paper on health & safety on the job which has been hailed as a model of progressive labor policy, beefed up consumer protection laws, a partial no-fault auto insurance plan which is being praised even by its former critics, a good samaritan law, Maternity leaves, insertion of homosexual rights into the Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms, regular televising of sessions of Quebec's National Assembly, a tax-credit program for small and medium-sized businesses, a law protecting Quebec's agricultural land from developers, and new municipal legislation under which companies will no longer vote in civic elections, requiring public tenders for municipal purchases of over \$20,000, and requiring that larger municipalities table annual budgets....(WHEW!)

How does the general population of Quebec rate the PQ so far? Montreal's largest French daily, LA PRESSE, published a series of public opinion polls in November, 1978. It revealed that a majority of Quebecers were satisfied with the performance of the Parti Québécois government. Among other things, it showed that the great majority of French speaking Quebecers approved of the PQ language law, Bill 101. It also showed that more Quebecers believe that Rene Levesque, not Pierre Trudeau, reflects the true aspirations of Quebec. Ironically, although most Quebecers said that they were not satisfied with the performance of Trudeau's federal Liberals, they still said that they would vote Liberal in a federal election. Finally, on the 1979 referendum, the poll indicated that a majority of Quebecers would be prepared to give the Parti Québécois government a "mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association."

Meanwhile, the Canadian Prime Minister, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, seems to be caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. According to the aforementioned LA PRESSE polls, his popularity in Quebec has been superseded by that of the Parti Québécois and Rene Levesque. Whereas in the rest of Canada - "English Canada" so to speak - his personal appeal and the appeal of his Liberal party has been on a slow, difficult to explain, decline. This has been the indication of the Gallup polls. And it was dramatically demonstrated in the October, 1978, by-elections. (By-elections are "mini-elections" held at the calling of the Prime Minister in order to fill parliamentary seats vacated by Members departing before the end of their term of Office.) In those elections the Liberals won only 2 of the 15 seats decided - and both of those were in Quebec. Quebec is considered "safe" ground for federal Liberals because neither opposing party has any kind of real political base in the province. The long-awaited general federal election is coming up later in 1979.

The Parti Québécois government's Energy Minister, Guy Joron, has appointed Claude Laliberté to head the important James Bay Energy Corp. Laliberté was trained at the University of California at Berkeley. What is noteworthy about the Laliberté appointment is that he, like others appointed by Joron, represents a new breed of engineer at Hydro-Quebec. Like Joron his thinking embraces those renewable "soft energy" sources such as solar, wind, and biomass which are all that stand between Quebec and a swing to nuclear energy. Quebec's PQ government has placed a moratorium on all nuclear development.

Did you know that Quebec has a small but thriving solar energy cottage industry? Quebec home builders can now equip their houses with active or passive solar heating systems designed and built locally to meet the rigorous climatic conditions of the region. Nick Nicholson of Ayer's Cliff, Quebec, is one of the pioneers in solar research. He has designed and built several solar homes in Quebec's Eastern Townships. He has also written and updated several books on solar home design. Nick's practical ideas, stimulating talks, and simple, illustrative approach have done much to win Quebecers over to solar energy use. "If we must depend on an energy source to heat our homes," he likes to say, "why not depend on something reliable - the SUN!" He currently teaches Solar Energy Systems Design and Environmentally Appropriate Home Design to interested people. To find out more about Quebec's solar research and industry, you can visit the Ayer's Cliff Center for Solar Research, 1031 Main Street, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec. It is open to the public on Saturdays from 10 to 4.

The status of French in English Canada 1978 - or - What has become of the Canadian Bilingual-Bicultural Dream?

ITEM: In October Quebec's Liberal leader, Claude Ryan, was visiting in Edmonton, Alberta, to speak to an influential group of western businessmen. He chose the theme of "Canadian Unity" for his talk to this English speaking audience. When Mr. Ryan began his talk with a brief statement in French, his mother tongue, the audience responded with audible moans and groans. The hostility

grew as Ryan, later speaking in English, described his view of Canadian federalism as encompassing "two official languages." Some members of the audience walked out in protest. This story was reported in Quebec.

ITEM: Last summer the Boston Red Sox came to Toronto to play baseball with the Toronto Blue Jays. Ontario baseball fans filled the ball park. When the Canadian national anthem, "O Canada" was sung in a bilingual version instead of the usual English version, the fans booed loudly the verses sung in French. So unexpected was this crowd response that the surprised singer said later that she had sung it that way as a gesture of Canadian unity. The entire incident, bilingual anthem and boos, was repeated the following day before the next game. And it was heard over Quebec airwaves.

ITEM: In Ontario, Albert Roy, member from Ottawa East, introduced a French language bill into the provincial legislature in September. It called for the province's educational, judicial, health, social, municipal, and other services to be provided in the French language as well as in English. Ontario has a significant French-speaking population. However, Ontario Premier William Davis refused to let the bill go through third and final reading (and possible passage or defeat). In support of the Premier's action, MLA Norm Sterling said, "I don't think the public are ready for this (legislative) step at this time." Jean-Jacques Fleury, former vice-president of L'Association Canadienne Francaise de L'Ontario, said in reply, "it may not be the right time, but it's the only time we have because I believe the days of Canada as we know it are few. If Ontarians say no to us, the people of Quebec will see it as a step toward the dismantling of Confederation. As long as they (Quebecers) feel like strangers in their own country, they will not be content to wait and wait for small changes." Premier Davis' refusal to allow the bill a third reading made headlines in every newspaper in Quebec.

L'ARTISTE VOUS PARLE :



Those of you who enjoy popular French-Canadian music will be pleased to know that the music is alive and well across Quebec. An outstanding example of this fact is the FM-stereo radio station CIEL-MF (98.5), broadcasting from Longueil on Montreal's South Shore. Faithful to its motto "Paroles et musique des gens d'ici," the station sends out a stream of beautiful popular French music in all its variety - along with occasional news, commentary, live interviews with the artists, and interesting historical notes. Although CIEL is not yet two years old, it has already become one of the more polished young progressive French FM radio outlets serving southern Quebec.



Tirer de SENIOR TIMES COOPERATIVE November 1978

La Page Francaise

Julien Olivier, rédacteur
Beauty Hill Road, Barrington, NH 03825

Gilbert Roy, Artiste Populaire



GILBERT ROY: auto-portrait de l'artiste. Photo: NMDC

Découverte pour le folklore franco-américain

Le génie artistique ne connaît aucunes bornes, ni de temps, ni de lieux, ni de conditions économiques. Il naît à la campagne aussi bien qu'à la ville, et il s'exprime chez les pauvres comme chez les riches. Mais parmi les siens, il en va souvent comme pour le prophète: chez soi le talent d'un artiste n'est pas toujours reconnu ou apprécié.

Ce sont les conclusions du professeur Roger Paradis, historien à l'Université du Maine à Fort Kent, qui a découvert chez lui, dans la ville de Fort Kent, un artiste de premier ordre qui reçut peu d'accolades de son vivant et qui est resté pratiquement inconnu jusqu'à ce jour.

Gilbert Octave Roy est né il y a cent ans dans le village de Saint-Nicolas, au Québec. Son père, comme tellement de ses compatriotes, était descendu travailler aux Etats. Il fut embauché dans une *bricade* à Boston, puis il monta à Great Falls, au New Hampshire, où il s'est marié. Peu de temps après, à la mort de cette première épouse, Thomas Roy remonta au Québec, s'y rétablit et prit une seconde femme. C'est de ce deuxième lit qu'est né notre artiste.

L'enfance de Gilbert n'eut rien d'extraordinaire: tout jeune, il aida ses parents dans leur magasin et bientôt il se mit à l'oeuvre comme apprenti forgeron. Malgré ce travail, Gilbert a fait huit années d'école. S'il se montrait bien

intéressé aux gravures de calendriers accrochés aux murs de la maison paternelle, il n'avait aucune occasion de mettre la main au pinceau et de s'essayer comme peintre.

A l'âge de quatorze ans cependant, il réalisa un rêve trop longtemps caché, en faisant son premier tableau. C'était un St-Joseph et l'enfant Jésus, peint d'après le modèle d'une image sainte de l'époque. Le premier pas était fait.

Après la mort de ses parents, le jeune Gilbert quitta sa terre natale pour se rendre dans la vallée St-Jean, d'abord du côté canadien, au Nouveau-Brunswick, puis sur la rive sud de la rivière St-Jean, dans le Maine. C'est là qu'il a épousé une Acadienne, Ella Michaud, et qu'ensemble ils ont fondé une famille de neuf enfants.

Les Roy ont presque toujours appartenu un magasin, mais le commerce n'était pas le point fort de Gilbert. C'est toujours la mère qui s'est occupé des affaires. Gilbert, lui, a gagné sa vie comme *peintre décorateur*: il peignait les maisons et l'intérieur des églises. Enfin, dans cette même Vallée, Gilbert Roy a pris son repos final en 1948, après une lutte épuisante avec le cancer. En quelques jours il aurait eu soixante-dix ans.

Voilà donc une vie assez ordinaire. Et cependant ce même Gilbert Roy, sa vie et son oeuvre, est devenu le sujet d'un livre qui paraîtra bientôt. C'est qu'on oubliait le plus important: l'intérêt artistique du jeune homme s'était maintenu à travers les années, et son talent s'était développé. Bien qu'il ne pût jamais gagner sa vie comme artiste (il n'a

jamais vendu aucune de ses nombreuses toiles, dit-on), la peinture artistique est demeurée son premier amour. Puisqu'il dévouait à l'art la plupart de ses moments libres, Gilbert a produit pendant sa vie environ deux cents tableaux dont il nous reste une centaine d'exemples.

Le livre en question est le premier en tête d'une série sur les arts et l'artisanat chez les Franco-américains. Il a pour auteur le même Roger Paradis et il fut préparé à Bedford, N.H., par le Centre national pour le développement de matériaux pédagogiques en français. Le volume, qui est d'une centaine de pages, contient quelques photos documentaires de la vie de l'artiste ainsi que quarante reproductions de ses oeuvres, dont sept en couleurs. Pour

ceux qui voudront examiner de plus près la collection entière, il aura une série de diapositives qui pourra compléter le texte.

Comme peuvent bien se l'imaginer tous ceux qui ont vécu dans la première moitié de ce siècle, Gilbert Roy n'était pas riche. Surtout pendant la Dépression, l'artiste—qui était le plus souvent réduit au bricolage—devait se tirer d'affaire comme il le pouvait. Il fabriquait ses propres brosses; il se servait des peintures de maison; il travaillait dans un petit coin de la cave, sur un "plancher" de terre, à la lumière d'une ampoule de soixante watts; et il peignait sur toute surface qui était à la main: carton, gros canevas, *beaver board*, un mur quelconque et de temps à autre sur une "vraie" toile d'artiste.


LE BON DIEU

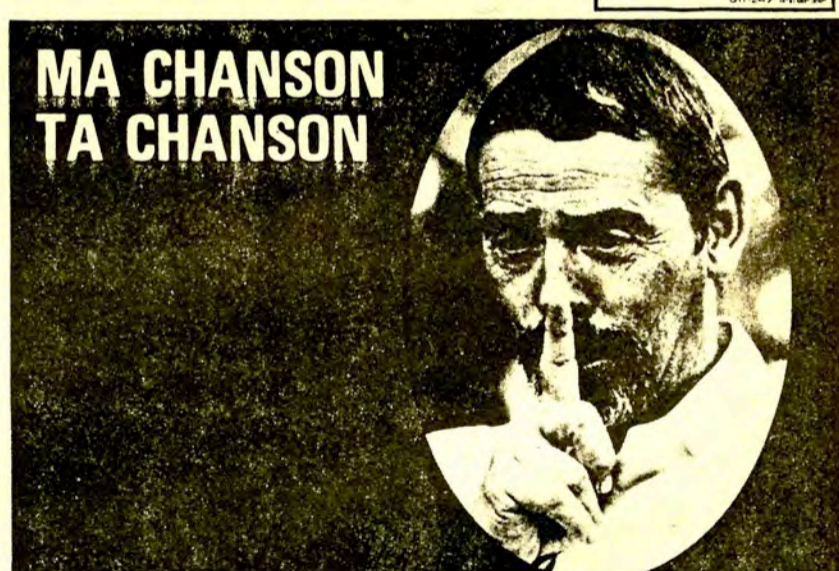
Toi, toi, si t'étais le Bon Dieu,
Tu ferais valser les vieux
Aux étoiles.

Toi, toi, si t'étais le Bon Dieu,
Tu allumerais des bals
Pour les jeux.

Toi, toi, si t'étais le Bon Dieu,
Tu ne serais pas économe
De ciel bleu.

Mais, tu n'es pas le Bon Dieu,
Toi tu es beaucoup mieux
Tu es un homme.

TIRER DE 



Étrange cycle des relations entre Dieu et l'homme, rythmant l'évolution des peuples et des individus. Quel que soit le moment de l'histoire, chacun doit refaire pour soi l'expérience millénaire. Job sommant Dieu de se justifier est de tous les temps. Ce Dieu qui peut tout, selon nos désirs et notre imagination, on le vénère d'abord à genoux. N'a-t-il pas pouvoir sur le temps, le soleil et les étoiles? Pourquoi faudrait-il vieillir avec l'âge; pourquoi le ciel ne serait-il pas toujours bleu? Relation de l'enfant à l'adulte tout-puissant.


Puis le mal s'insinue comme un doute, et bientôt comme une révolte. Dans le monde où nous vivons, les vieux ne valent pas aux étoiles et les jeunes n'allument pas souvent le fanal des soirs de bal. L'homme se redresse et tend le poing vers le ciel. La litanie des « Si t'étais le Bon Dieu » s'étire comme une mélodie d'esclaves

sans maître et pourtant malheureux. Relation de l'adolescent à l'adulte condamné sans appel.

Mais si Dieu, après tout, devait lui aussi vivre le drame de la vie? S'il devait porter le poids de ces décisions que l'on doit prendre seul, et que nul ne peut juger? S'il était à ce point semblable à nous qu'il puisse sans se trahir devenir un homme et même un jeune homme n'ayant pas une pierre où poser sa tête. Et si pour finir il avait un jour trouvé la mort entre deux malfrats dont l'un ajoutait l'injure au supplice de la croix. Le Dieu fait homme est beaucoup mieux que Dieu. C'est l'homme qui dans le tragique même de sa vie apprend ce que c'est que d'être Dieu et commence à comprendre. Relation de l'adulte à l'adulte qui se découvrent et apprennent à s'aimer. Car l'amour n'est vrai que s'il est partagé d'une même destinée.

JACQUES BREL

O'BRIEN TOOL & SUPPLY CO.
Pepperell Building — Lower Level
550-600 Lisbon St., Lewiston, ME 04240 Tel. 783-8543

POWERMATIC  **LOUDAILLE, INC.**
• Wood and Metalworking Machines

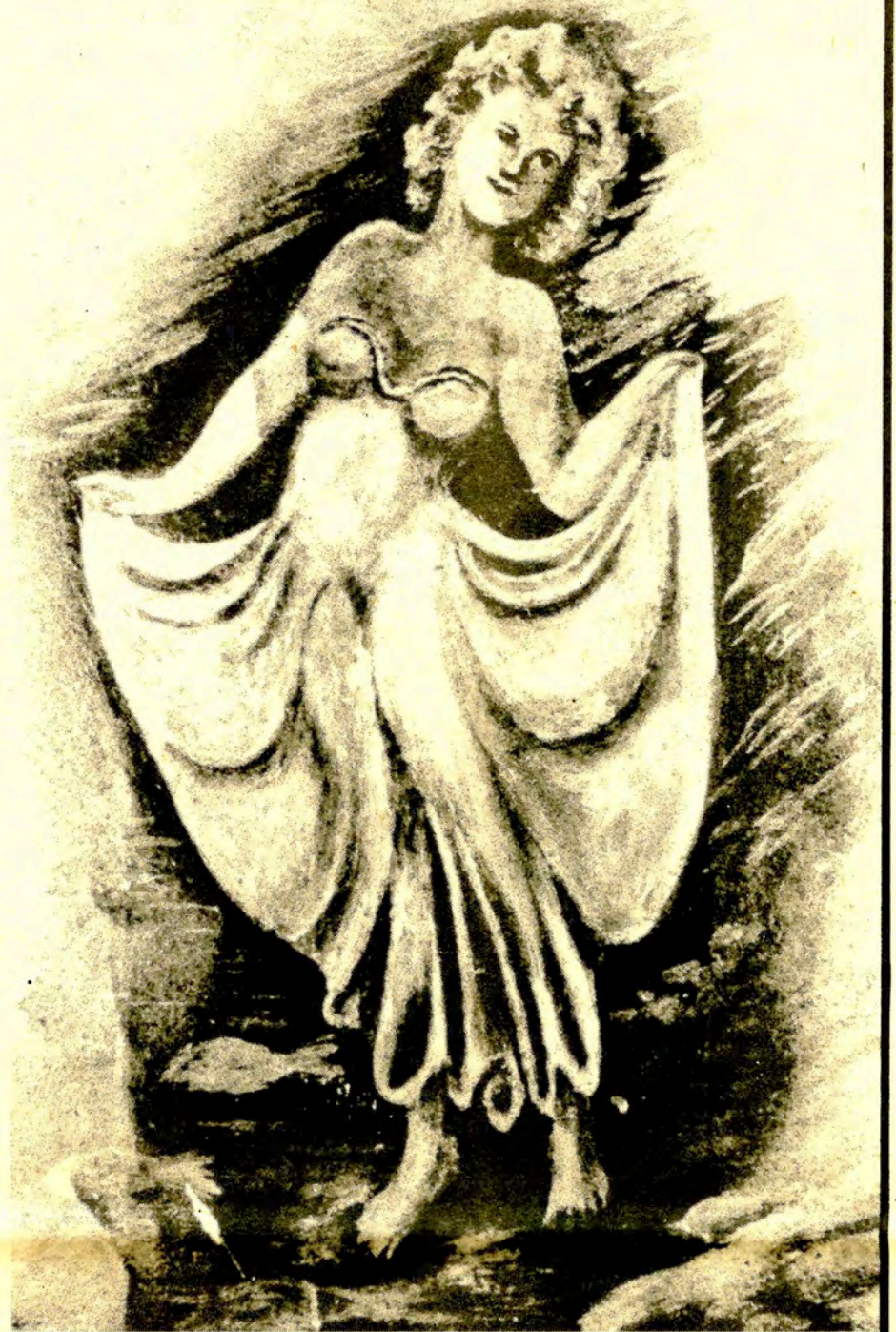
 **The Cooper Group**
• Crescent Hand Tools • Lufkin Measuring Instruments
• Nicholson Files • Weller Soldering Equipment
• Xcelite Professional Tools • Wiss Scissors and Shears

VERMONT TAP & DIE COMPANY
• Taps • Dies • End Mills
• Drills • Gauges



peintre populaire de la vallée Saint-Jean

Gilbert C. Roy



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

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

Les COINS DES JEUNES

* JANVIER *

PAR
KEVIN
DUPLISSIE

HAPPY
NEW
YEAR!
HIK

Wort Frog

Wort Frog was sent in by Denise from Old Town. If you have something to put in, send it to F.A.R.O.G. Forum Fernald Hall U.M.O. Orono, Maine 04469



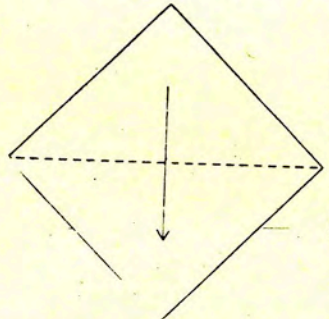
Denise

Merci encore Denise pour Wort Frog.

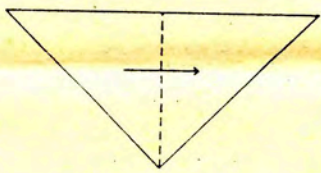
LE CHAT ET LE CHIEN

Le Cherche Mot

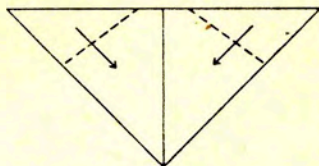
Step 1: Position the square of paper with the white side of the paper facing up. Bring the top corner down to the bottom, making a valley fold and forming a triangle



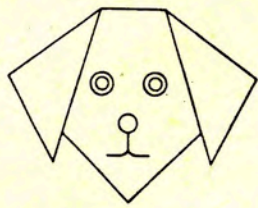
Step 2: Fold the triangle in half to find the center; then unfold it.



Step 3: Using the fold to locate the center, form the ears by folding the outer corners inward.



Step 4: The dog face is complete when you have drawn the face with a crayon.



MOIS _____
FRÈRES _____
SOEURS _____
NEIGE _____
L'HIVER _____
NOUVELLE ANNÉE _____

PARENTS _____

PARENTS
MONTH
SISTER
SNOW
ER
ST
N
H
N

NEW YEAR
BROTHERS

F B C G G A Z E T T E B E A B C J F E B
V D P E R L E S M U G A Z R E D O E S P
K E B B Z E G C A P J L M K O B U S I E
E A C E D I T E H R Z I M D S D R T K Y
H F T A D U Y R V M U T E E M F N M E R
G B R U U T P R O L O Q R P U N A M A U
N I P F F P V F C I C V S L O E L Y S E
I L E R B E E H B T A I I I U H A A E T
L I R O I S I L R T J M G A J G C M V U
I E S G L A O R I Y U H B E E H H D N O
B V C C K G E O P T N E R E N Y P T H E
I T C E R A H P E R S P E C T I V E S E
S M L I U Z E Y O F K U Y R O F O K U C
G U I C A E Y L R M U P O F V U V S L I
P N R M G A A M B M B Z H V I T M R A T
Z B O A A V I L I H A A J P I Y R U I T
A R F D I V I J V A R K E G O R Z A L M
G R U T T S F S U Q Z A T E I H O D P D
G B S C O G Z E R O E C I R T C A D E R
J E M F L O I E P Y M S E V I T J O P E
F C P K Q R E K L I T T E R A I R E C B

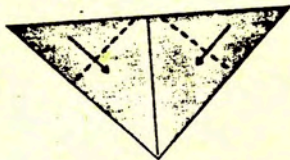
Find and Circle the Following Words in the above Puzzle:

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------|------------|
| JOURNAL | OBSERVATIONS | REDACTRICE |
| CAJUNS | BEAU FROG | BREYON |
| LITTÉRAIRE | CHIAK | GAZETTE |
| FORUM | BILINGUE | ÉDITEUR |
| PERSPECTIVES | EQUIPE | FESTIVAL |

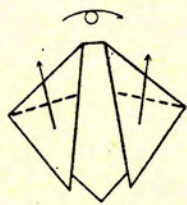
PAR DIANE OUELETTE Réponses à la p. 16

Cat Face
Steps 1 and 2 are the same as steps 1 and 2 for the dog face.

Step 3: Fold the ears closer to the center line than for the dog face.



Step 4: Finish the ears by folding them upward as shown. Turn the model over.



Step 5: The cat face is complete when you have drawn the features with a crayon.



Be MINI SPY AND...
COURTESY
MESSAGE

UN I
DEUX A
TROIS U
QUATRE L
CING A
SIX B
SEPT M
HUIT S

6 7 7 7 7
7 7 7 7 7
7 7 7
7 7 7 7 7

LITTÉRAIRE

Le FORUM

Réalisateur:
Ludger Duplissie

LES TROIS ANGES

Pièce en un acte

Paul Paré

Personnages:

Académie: ange mâle, le plus vieux des trois
Anarchie: ange mâle, dans la trentaine
Assimilée: ange femelle, dans la trentaine
Le Bon Dieu: voix seulement

La pièce s'ouvre avec les trois anges assis, face aux spectateurs, les trois habillés en blanc; au lever du rideau, il y a quelques moments de silence, tel que l'on trouve dans une salle d'attente.

Académie: --C'est moi qui doit lui parler le premier, d'accord?

Anarchie: --Comme tu veux, ça fait pas de différence, t'as rien d'important à dire.

Académie: --Umph! Brigand!

Anarchie: --Oh, oh, oh, écoutez-le. Brigand, il m'appelle un brigand. Pourquoi pas un scélérat? Eh? Bien, oui, un scélérat, c'est encore plus archaïque. Le scélérat. Je suis un scélérat, ha, ha. (Debout, en dansant.) Je suis un scélérat, ha, ha! Ha, ha, je suis un scélérat.

Académie: --Taisez-vous donc. Asseyez-vous. Vous êtes toujours après danser, sauter, réciter des slogans.

Anarchie: --C'est comme ça qu'on fait les choses en Chine Populaire. Dans les endroits où la technologie capitaliste n'a pas encore corrompu les gens, on enseigne les préceptes de Mao au peuple par des moyens artistiques, comme le théâtre, la danse, le chant...

Académie: --Espèce de gazouillement d'adolescent. Depuis que vous avez passé un été comme ange gardien, en Chine, vous avez la tête pleine de propagande communiste.

Anarchie: --Colonialiste!

Académie: --Communiste!

Anarchie: --Capitaliste!

Académie: --Socialiste!
(Pause, puis ensemble)

Anarchie et Académie: --Traître!

Assimilée: --Fermez-vous donc. Vous ne pensez pas que c'est assez? Après tout, si la charité ne se pratique pas au ciel parmi une équipe d'anges gardiens, qui est-ce qui va la pratiquer, eh? So, shut up, will ya. Just shut up.

Anarchie et Académie: --(Se couvrant les oreilles) AAAH! Elle a parlé en anglais!

Assimilée: --So what? Ça ne devrait pas vous surprendre. Vous savez ce que moi, je pense de tout cela. Le grand problème des Francos, c'est qu'il y en a encore trop qui refusent d'abandonner le français. C'est absolument ridicule. Après tout, l'anglais, c'est la langue du pays. Mais il y a un petit nombre de Francos qui ne peuvent pas comprendre ça. Gang de niaiseux. Ça me rend malade, j'en fait une dépression nerveuse. Et c'est pourquoi je veux me faire transférer à un autre peuple. Je ne peux plus endurer les Franco-Américains. Ils sont trop français.

Académie: --Mais ma chère Assimilée, le français, c'est le beau. C'est la rose parmi les épines que sont l'allemand, le russe, l'espagnol (à Assimilée) l'anglais, (à Anarchie) le chinois. Ah! La langue française, le pinacle de la création intellectuelle de la race humaine. Vraiment, c'est lorsqu'ils parlent français que ces pauvres êtres se rapprochent le plus de nous, les anges. Ah! Le français, ma belle langue française...

Anarchie: --Eh, Rivarol, arrête de rêver. Le français, c'est beau, mais à quoi ça sert de tomber en amour avec une langue. Moi, c'est le peuple que j'aime.

Académie: --Mon cher Anarchie, le peuple franco-américain? Tomber en amour avec le peuple franco-américain? Vous vous moquez

de moi. Ce peuple, c'est impossible de l'aimer. Il martyrise la belle langue française. A vrai dire, ces gens ne parlent aucune langue reconnue par la grande famille humaine. C'est ni français, ni anglais. L'autre jour dans l'autobus, j'écoutais bavarder deux dames dans la cinquantaine. Vous voulez entendre ce qu'elles disaient? (Anarchie et Assimilée font signe que non; Académie continue sans les voir.) Voyez, j'ai pris des notes, en symboles phonétiques, certes. "Travaillles-tu ces jours-citte?" dit l'une. "Non," dit l'autre. "J'ai été layoffée. Moé, j'travaille encore à la même shou-shoppe. On a pas gros d'ouvrage mais on s'fait du fun pareil. Hier, c'était la fête du supeur. On y a donné un birthday cake, avec gros d'la frosting entour les layeurs."

(Anarchie et Assimilée rient; Académie s'insulte.)

Vous voyez? C'est du français? C'est de l'anglais? Non, vous dis-je. C'est une bâtardise. C'est ça que vous voulez que j'aime. (A Anarchie) Ah, non! Jamais! Aussi, où se passe leur existence misérable? Dans des usines sombres, sales, noircies par des années de négligence, de décadence, (à Assimilée) à gagner des salaires pitoyables. Et que font-ils pendant leurs loisirs? Fréquentent-ils le musée? le théâtre, l'opéra? Non! C'est dans les tavernes, les clubs, les salles de quilles, les beanos du samedi soir qu'on les trouve. C'est une race sans culture, sans beauté. Comment peut-on aimer ça?

Anarchie: --Moi, je peux les aimer.

Académie: --Quoi? Vous les aimez? Vous? Vous aimez les Franco-Américains? Aaah. Et bien, dites-moi donc pourquoi vous aussi, vous voulez vous faire transférer?

Anarchie: --Je les aime trop, ça fait mal. Ça fait mal, Académie. Ça fait mal parce qu'ils veulent pas m'écouter. Ils veulent pas me suivre dans le chemin de la fierté, de la fidélité, de la liberté.

Assimilée: --T'as oublié égalité et fraternité.

Anarchie: --(Ignorant la remarque) Mais c'est vrai. Il n'y a pas moyen de les faire bouger, ces Franco-Américains. Il y en a d'la moitié qui sont pris dans leurs vieilles traditions et l'autre moitié qui sont complètement endormis. Ah! Il y a un petit groupe énergique, mais leur idée de faire du bruit, c'est de vendre plus d'assurances qu'une autre société, ou bien d'organiser des soirées canadiennes. Ça serait si beau si je pouvais les unir derrière moi pour revendiquer leurs droits comme francophones. Je leur parle de leurs cousins québécois, du Parti Québécois, même du FLQ, mais ça leur fait peur. Des fois, je peux convaincre un petit groupe, mais aussitôt qu'un autre groupe commence à s'intéresser, je perds le premier groupe. Ils sont si jaloux. Ils sont toujours après se chicaner et moi, je suis pris "enteur." C'est très décourageant. Je suis seul. Partout, il y a des Franco-Américains, mais ils ne veulent pas s'unir, ils ne veulent pas me suivre. Je ne peux plus les endurer. Ils m'attristent trop. Je les aime trop, ça fait mal!

Assimilée: --Fruitcakes, the both of ya! Fruitcakes! Moi, je veux tout simplement m'en débarrasser parce que les Francos ne sont pas assez fins pour faire de l'argent. Savez-vous que parmi tous les groupes ethniques dans le melting pot américain, les Francos sont les derniers à fondre? C'est comme des mottons dans un gruau. (A Académie) Comment que t'aimes ça, des mottons dans ton gruau le matin?

Académie: --Je ne mange pas de gruau.

Anarchie: --Des mottons, c'est dur à avaler.

Assimilée: --Justement. Enfin, Archie, on est d'accord. (Elle lui donne "une bonne tappe dans l'dos" et le regrette aussitôt.)

Anarchie: --Mais, Millie, moi, j'ai trouvé que la majorité des Francos sont très contents de se faire assimiler.

Assimilée: --T'as raison. Il y en a des milliers qui veulent être assimilés, qui veulent devenir Américains pure laine. Mais ils ne sont pas capables, pas complètement, et c'est ça qui est si fâchant. Même après des années d'efforts, après avoir amassé des "split-levels", des "station-wagons", des "TV" pour chaque membre de la famille, même après des centaines de "hot dogs", de "hamburgers", de pizzas même, ça paraît encore, c'est encore des Francos. Ils peuvent bien essayer de devenir plus Américains que les Américains. Ça marche pas. Moi, j'les reconnais. They don't have class. You know the saying: "You can fool some of the people some of the time and all that?" Well, tu peux pas "fooler" un ange, "pantoute."

Académie: --Vous oubliez, ma pauvre Assimilée, que vous avez l'aide du clergé catholique romain. Moi, ça me déplaît énormément de voir ces prêtres délaissés le français de leurs ancêtres pour s'attacher à l'anglais sous prétexte de vouloir sauver les âmes. Ah! S'ils connaissaient les âmes comme nous les connaissons. Mais, vous, ça devrait vous encourager de voir que les prêtres sont assimilateurs, que l'Eglise est avec vous.

Assimilée: --Académie, c'est trop tard. Les Francos n'obéissent plus aux prêtres.

Anarchie: --Ça, c'est pas vrai. Combien de fois j'ai presque convaincu les gens d'une ville de faire la révolution, et à la dernière minute, voir un prêtre prêcher la soumission à l'autorité légitime. Ah! Quelles paroles dégoutantes, autorité légitime. Ah, oui, les curés ont encore de l'influence chez nos Francos. Quand j'y pense, c'est révoltant.

Le FORUM Littéraire

Assimilée:--C'est toi qui es révoltant, avec tes idées anti-matérialistes.

Anarchie: --Révolutionnaire, oui! Révoltant, non! C'est toi qui causes tous les troubles du monde, c'est toi qui ne penses qu'à ton confort, à tes richesses. Les Francos, tu ne les aimes pas parce qu'ils ne sont pas assez riches pour passer pour Américains.

Assimilée:--Toi, tu dis que tu les aimes, mais vraiment, tu ne les aimes pas. Leur condition n'est pas assez désespérée pour qu'ils prennent part à ta petite révolution. Tu ne les aimes pas parce qu'ils ne sont pas assez pauvres.

Académie: --Moi, je voudrais bien les aimer, les Franco-Américains. Si du moins, ils parlaient un peu mieux le français.

Assimilée: Toi et ton français!

Académie: --Toi et ton anglais!

Anarchie: --Vous deux et vos langues! Tenez-les donc! Il faut préparer notre demande auprès du Bon Dieu.

Académie: --Oui, vous avez raison. C'est assez, ces disputes. Voyons, Assimilée, voyons, Anarchie. Ça ne servira à rien la discorde. Il nous faut un front commun face au Bon Dieu. Vous savez, nos chances d'être exaucés ne sont pas trop bonnes. Lorsque j'ai demandé à Saint Pierre pour cette audience, il a fallu lui dire que nous désirons être transférés à un autre peuple. Il a répondu que le Bon Dieu ne favorise plus les transferts, surtout depuis que les vocations angéliques se font rares et on est rendu obligés de travailler en équipe nationale. Et, dernièrement, le Bon Dieu a donné des évêques franco-américains aux Francos. Saint Pierre pense que ça peut signifier que le Bon Dieu favorise les Francos. Il va falloir bien présenter notre cause, avec des arguments bien pensés, une logique bien ordonnée et certainement dans un français des plus purs. Vraiment, mes amis, il faut un plaideur avec éloquence et expérience. N'oubliez pas que c'est moi qui ai convaincu le Bon Dieu de me laisser parler à Jeanne d'Arc. C'est moi qui ai convaincu le Bon Dieu que les Français devaient être sauvés. Voyons, laissez-moi plaider le premier. Eh? Qu'en pensez-vous? Eh, mes petits chérubins? Eh, Archie? Eh, Millie? Laissez-moi parler le premier.

Anarchie: --Très bien, très bien, tu peux parler le premier.

Assimilée:--OK, you go first.

Académie: --Ah! Vous ne le regretterez pas. Eh bien, je devrais me préparer. Comment vais-je commencer? Eh...eh...voilà: Cher Seigneur...eh...non, pas ça. Salutations angéliques, ô Divin Maître... Non. O Créateur Eternel, omniprésent, omnipuissant, omni, omni...

Bon Dieu: --Tais-toé donc, espèce de grand niaiseux!

Académie: --Qui est-ce? Qui parle ainsi? Du joual au paradis? Ce n'est pas possible.

Bon Dieu: --Tu m'appelles omnipuissant et pis tu dis qu'chu pas capable de parler comme j'veux?

Académie: --Ah, non, Seigneur, que dis-je?

(Les trois anges se prosternent par terre, se cachant le visage.)

Bon Dieu: --Levez-vous, levez-vous, chu sans cérémonies moé. Epis, toé, l'grand fouette qui parle en termes, que c'est ton nom?

Académie: --Mon nom? Seigneur, vous ne connaissez pas mon nom? Ah, ce pourrait-il que le Bon Dieu ait oublié mon...

Bon Dieu: --Y a pas d'saint danger. Le Bon Dieu oublie rien, jamais. Le Bon Dieu sait toute, toujours. C'est ainque un test. Toé, j'sais ton nom, c'est Anarchie, pis toé, c'est Assimilée. Pis toé, l'grand sec, ton nom, c'est eh, eh, une minute, donnes-moé une minute, j'le sais. Ah oui, Acadème. Ouais, Acadème.

Académie: --Académie, Seigneur, AcadÉMIE.

Bon Dieu: --Académie, ouais, c'est ça qu'j'ai dit. J'le savais bien. C'est ainque un autre test. En tout cas, j'sais pourquoi vous êtes icitte, pis j'peux vous dire qu'la réponse est... non.

(Les anges s'écrient ensemble.)

Académie: --Mais, Seigneur, je vous en prie, laissez-moi vous expliquer.

Anarchie: --Mon Dieu, écoutez, s'il vous plaît.

Assimilée:--Oh God! je ne peux plus vivre avec ces Francos. Transférez-moi, please, transférez-moi.

Anarchie: --(A Académie) Tu vois ce qui est arrivé? On t'as laissé parler le premier et t'a tanné le Bon Dieu avec ta première phrase.

Académie: --Vous pensez que vous auriez réussi mieux que moi?

Anarchie: --Je n'aurais pas fait de niaiseries comme omni, omni, omni...

Assimilée:--Si vous m'aviez laissé faire, moi, j'aurais pu certainement acheter nos transferts.

Anarchie: --Acheter? Acheter? Ha! Tu ne sais pas que le ciel, c'est la seule place où l'argent ne parle pas.

Assimilée: --C'est ça que tu penses?

Anarchie: --Oui.

Assimilée: --Tu te trompes.

Anarchie: --C'est ça que tu penses?

Assimilée: --Oui.

Académie: --Attendez, attendez, j'ai une autre idée. Si je pouvais...

Anarchie: --Tes idées, je n'en veux plus.

Académie: --Quoi?

Assimilée: --Moi, non plus.

Académie: --Jeunesse ingrate. Si le Bon Dieu ne nous transfère pas, c'est de votre faute.

Assimilée et Anarchie: --(ensemble) Notre faute?

Académie: --Oui.

Bon Dieu: --Taisez-vous!

Académie: --Oui, votre faute. Si vous voulez savoir pourquoi, je peux vous le dire.

Bon Dieu: --Taisez-vous!

Assimilée: --On en a eu assez de tes histoires.

Anarchie: --Ça, c'est bien trop vrai.

Académie: --Vous osez m'insulter?

Anarchie: --Quelle insulte? C'est la vérité.

Bon Dieu: --(Très fort) Taisez-vous! Tabernacle! Fermez-vous la maudite gueule! C'est moé qui parle icitte, pis c'est ainque moé qui parle. Avez-vous compris?

Académie: --Oui, ô Divin Maître!

Anarchie: --Nous obéissons!

Assimilée: --Yes, Sir!

Bon Dieu: --Bon! C'est mieux, ça! Rien me fend plus qu'une gang d'anges qui parlent toute ensemble.

(Long silence.)

Bon, ça commence à avoir du bon sens. Si vous continuez comme ça, tetben que j'changerai d'idée, tetben que j'vais vous transférer after all.

(Les trois anges, très excités, applaudissent.)

Bon Dieu: --Hé, attendez une minute, clappez pas des ailes trop vite. La seule raison que j'vais vous transférer, c'est qu'y m'faut d'autres anges gardiens en Irlande du Nord, au Liban et en Rhodésie. Y sont après tuer assez d'monde là-bas que mes anges travaillent overtime. Y sont fatigués épis y ont besoin d'aide.

(Les trois anges ensemble.)

Académie: --Ah, non, merde! On ne parle même pas français dans ces pays-là.

Anarchie: --Ah, non, c'est plein de révolutionnaires déjà là-bas.

Assimilée: --Damn, damn, damn!

Bon Dieu: --Fermez-vous la gueule! C'est-ti moé qui est bosse icitte ou non? Si vous aimez pas ça, j'peux vous envoyer vousqu'y fait ben plus chaud qu'icitte, vousqu'y fait chaud en taurvisse. Compris?

(Les trois anges font signe que oui.)

Bon! Allez-vous en! Saint Pierre va prendre soin des arrangements. (Anarchie et Assimilée partent; Académie essaie de prendre la parole.) Débarrassez la place! Tout'suite! Toé, too, l'grand fouette. Décolle!

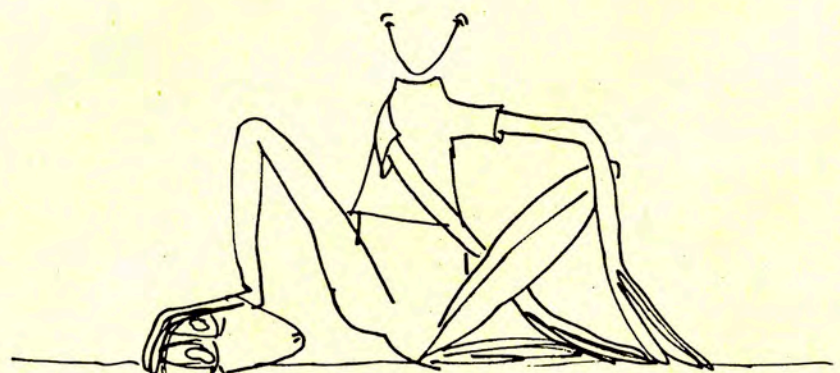
(Académie sort.)

Bon! Qu'y sont ti fatiguants c'tes anges-là. Y sont jamais contents. Les Francos, après toute, c'est du bon monde. Y méritent mieux que ça. Demain, j'vais les envoyer trois autres anges gardiens, j'vais les choisir moé-même. Rien que de best! (Pause)

(En continuant)

Tetben qu'j'devrais attendre un peu, y pourraient s'en passer pour une secousse. Ouais! J'pense qu'y méritent de s'reposer un peu, les Francos!

FIN



Le FORUM Littéraire

THE FAMILY: A BOOK REVIEW

By Celeste Roberge

The Family by David Plante, Farrar Straus Giroux, New York, 1978.

In many ways, I find this book very sad, not so much because of what happens, but because of all the potentials that go unrealized. There is little life in the portrayal of this Franco-American family and that absence is reflected in the author's monotonous style of writing. Despite the brief moments of insight and revelation and the few passages which evoke the reaction - "Yes, that is what it was really like," the novel falls just short of believability and very short of passion.

I had hoped, perhaps unfairly, that this book would possess some of the genius of Jack Kerouac's *Visions of Gerard*. I wanted it to be the great Franco-American novel, but, apparently, the author finds little joy in or understanding of the French culture in post World War II New England.

The story: "Arsace Louis Pylade Francoeur was born 8 novembre 1898 in St. Barthélemy near Trois Rivières, province de Quebec, Canada." As a young boy, he moves to Providence, Rhode Island with his parents. The action of the story takes place 40 years later in Providence, within a Franco-American parish and a Franco-American family.

The family, les Francoeurs, suffers from isolationism. Although, they speak French "en famille", they are virtual outcasts from the Franco-American community, having little to do with the world outside of their very intimate environment. Not least of the anomalies is the father, Arsace, who is a Republican and works in a file shop where the workers have just gone on strike. Because M. Francoeur does not belong to the union, nor does he believe in unions, he refuses to strike and crosses the picket line much to the dismay of the local curé who is interested in strengthening the power of the ethnic "syndicat".

The family does not participate in the activities of the church or community. They live just on the outskirts of the French Canadian parish and are upwardly mobile at least at the outset of the story.

It seems to me that the author is trying to communicate the boring and mundane patterns that have trapped this family by the use of repetition and emphasis on the minute details of their existence: the endless cups of coffee and tea, the endless and redundant soliloquies. The danger being, of course, that the book itself becomes boring.

There are so many unknowns, so many hints at potential plots and possible directions the novel could take, that M. Plante executes a mere cursory study of this complex family of quiet outcasts. The author's use of litanies and repetitions take on a ritualistic quality, however, the belabored quality of the exposition increases the tediousness of each action and reduces the mystical effect.

Mrs. Francoeur (Reena) mirrors this approach on many occasions, the gist of her statement being "It's the same thing over and over again. We never have a change." The meaningless quality of her existence eventually leads her to a nervous breakdown (her second since her marriage). Mrs. Francoeur's story is a familiar one: She is the mother of seven boys and she occasionally repeats how unbelievable that situation is to her. She is a very helpless woman, loving her husband but realizing that he has frustrated her growth by withholding his love whenever she has attempted to build a life outside of the family. He often calls her "ma petite fille" and "girlie", not as endearments, but as threats, thereby diminishing her size and importance. Ironically, it is only by becoming totally helpless that she finally achieves power over him and over her seven sons.

Similarly, the sons are also powerless and guilt ridden. The eldest, Richard, sees his father as a great and powerful man. He defers to him more and more as his own business fails and bankruptcy ensues. With the failure of his business, Richard leaves the scene only to return for holidays with his wife and family.

Along with Richard, Albert seems the closest to the father and the most affected by his French Canadian heritage. Albert also has a very intimate relationship with his mother. Albert compensates for the father's seriousness and coldness by teasing and joking with his mother. The mother, in turn, reacts to this courtship with blushes and innocent silliness.

Edmond defers to everyone. He is the one who is always there, dependable, loyal, lovable. Yet of all the others, he seems the least self-conscious - self-centered. Despite his many attempts to get away from the family, he is doomed to remain there.

Neither Philip nor Andre are developed as characters. They seem the most independent of the family, Philip being the intellectual and Andre the Artist. Julien, the youngest, is practically invisible.

Much of the story is seen through the eyes of Daniel who is 12 years old and the next to youngest. Initially the reader gets the impression that Daniel has many insights and much depth but we learn little more about him as the book progresses. His great potential goes the way of his brothers - into anonymity and confusion.

Alliance to the family is paramount. But despite the need to act as a unit and to preserve the family, they hardly know one another. They are constantly frustrated in their attempts to create an environment of joy and fulfillment.

I wanted more from this book: deeper insights into the reasons behind the paralysis of the people, a greater understanding of their isolation from the Franco-American community, and a more creative use of the particularities of the Franco-American family.

Sometimes the delicate juxtaposition of French against English is quite effective. Towards the end of a long drawn out litany about the passion of Christ, the author drops the French word "nu" and it embarrasses you with the shock of its unique vulnerability. But, all too often, I feel that M. Plante is not genuinely in tune with the Franco-American family that he describes. He does not fulfill the potentials of a bicultural situation nor does he use the language in such a way that sounds, rhythms or descriptions can provoke a corresponding emotional reaction.

In contrast, Kerouac is a master of creating this kind of synesthetic experience where sounds, smells, colors, atmospheres, words, faces are all connected within his gut. Stimulus is everywhere and synthesized. The details are the whole.

Kerouac is connected to where he comes from. All of those Lowell experiences are distilled and assimilated and then thrown back into the world. In dealing with the essence of the particulars -

"Plourdes, a Canadian name containing in it for me all the despair, raw gucky hopelessness, cold and chapped sorrow of Lowell." (*Visions of Gerard*)

- he evolves into a more universal statement. And, he does not allow self-consciousness to get in the way of his emotive reactions -

"The particular bleak gray jowled, pale eyed sneaky fearful French Canadian quality of man." (*Visions of Gerard*)

Despite my criticisms, I do think that you should read *The Family*, but then, please read Kerouac again and draw your own conclusions.

MERCHANTS !?!

- Do you have products or services to offer the public which you would like advertised in the FAROG Forum?
- Clip this coupon and mail it to us... We will send you information concerning our advertising rates, prospective deadlines, etc.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TYPE OF BUSINESS _____

LOCATION _____

Thank you for your interest in our efforts!!!

Tu me l'as déjà dit, tu es ben badlucké
 Je suis ton seul ami, la vie t'a pas manqué.
 C'est toi le plus pucké, tu es toujours mal pris
 Quand t'es rendu au bout, tu téléphones chez-nous
 Je sais, oh yes! tu m'aimes, j'suis beau, tu me trustes
 j't'écoutes, j'attends
 Tu pleures dans la bière que j'te paye
 Envoie, j'ai des bonnes oreilles.
 Sans un bon chum comme moi, ça ne vaut pas la peine de vivre
 Tu viens d'avoir trente ans, pis t'as souffert tout le temps
 T'as jamais rien fait de bon, pis tes beaux jours s'en vont
 Je l'savais, je l'savais.
 Tu me l'as déjà dit, je suis déjà au courant
 Je suis ton seul ami, t'as jamais eu de talent
 T'as jamais rien appris, t'as le moral à terre
 Du dimanche au samedi, parce que tu sais rien faire.
 Je sais, je sais
 Un poète peut pas chauffer un truck, un taxi,
 Faire les factures, la vaisselle, les poubelles
 Répondre à la porte, au téléphone.
 Quand on travaille tout le temps, ça vaut pas la peine de vivre
 T'es dans la misère noire, pis tu sais pu quoi faire
 Tu veux sortir du trou, t'es cassé comme un clou.
 Je l'savais, je l'savais.
 Tu me l'as déjà dit, on se voit pas souvent
 Je suis ton seul ami, mais tu te répètes tout le temps.
 Je suis un frère pour toi, j'm'en vas te passer de l'argent
 C'est gênant? T'osais pas! combien, how much, comment?
 Je sais, je sais
 Faut pas! 10 piastres, 20 piastres, 100 piastres
 C'est rien, les v'là! Ça va-tu mieux là? Es-tu content?
 Je l'savais, je l'savais.

Réjean DUCCHARME — Robert CHARLEBOIS.

JE L'SAVAIS

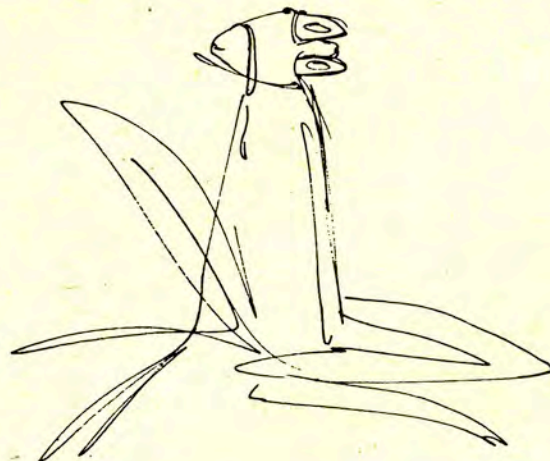


T'es passé à côté, pis tu peux pas revenir
 Tu t'es bien essayé, t'as pu rien réussir
 Je l'savais, je l'savais.

Tu me l'as déjà dit, tu es un homme fini
 Je suis ton seul ami, y a rien que moi qui te comprends
 Les autres s'en vont avant que t'aies fini de parler
 Le monde sont tous méchants. Ils cherchent à nous recalcer.

Je sais, je sais.
 Champoux, Ledoux, Fréchette, Couvrette, Dionne, Steinberg,
 Richelieu, Lévesque, Laura Secord

Tout ça dans le même voyage, ça vaut pas la peine de vivre
 T'as tout fait de travers, pis tu peux rien défaire
 T'as presque pas rien eu, pis tu l'as tout perdu
 Je l'savais, je l'savais.





La famille en dissolution

THE FAMILY

critique de livre

roman par David Plante

New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux; 1978

par: Julien Olivier

Depuis *Roots*, le roman sur la famille est bien à la mode. Il était temps qu'un Franco-américain en écrive un, étant donné que pour nous la famille a toujours été la clé à notre vie sociale. On peut se demander jusqu'à quel point cette place primordiale de la famille existe encore chez nous en 1978, mais elle y était réservée jadis, du moins dans ces années après la Guerre, cadre pour l'oeuvre la plus récente de David Plante.

Les Francoeur habitent une vieille paroisse nationale de Providence. A la surface, on les croirait des plus heureux: au moment de l'entrée en scène, Jim et Reena sont venus à bout de payer l'hypothèque —la maison leur appartient enfin! D'ailleurs ils ont mis au monde sept beaux garçons (on y reconnaît la faveur insigne du septième) qui font honneur à leurs parents.

L'aînée appartient déjà sa propre *business*. Albert, le second, s'étant distingué comme *Marine* pendant la Guerre, en revient recouvert de décorations. On souffre même qu'il y en ait un, le

pauvre Richard, qui soit un peu attardé, quand tous les autres font preuve d'une si belle intelligence. Il y en a deux déjà au collège; les derniers s'y rendront à leur tour. On aura même un prêtre: Julien, le bébé.

Et c'est justement quand le monde étroit de la famille Francoeur semble tellement confortable, qu'il est prêt à exploser! L'entreprise commerciale fait faillite. Albert, chez lui en permission, est moins le héros admirable que le combattant traumatisé et pervers par les atrocités dans lesquelles il a participé. Le père du moins se pense-t-il sûr de lui-même comme *boss* de la *shop*; qu'importe si, pour en arriver là, il a méprisé l'union et la grande grève qui a fait crever les autres! Chacun pour soi. Mais justement, sans la protection de l'union, Jim sera bientôt mis à la porte. C'est pour lui le début de la fin. Sa castration sera complète lors de son échec politique. Il ne lui reste qu'à se retirer dans son petit coin et à déverser son fiel

Le FORUM Littéraire

sur sa famille.

Philippe était gradué de M.I.T. Officier dans la marine, il demeurait pour ses parents une grande consolation. Et voilà que, loin de l'enclos paroissial, il épouse un protestante du Texas. Pis encore, Philippe décide qu'avec ses nouvelles responsabilités d'époux, il ne paiera plus sa part promise du nouvel hypothèque, fruit de la générosité des fils qui ont voulu que malgré tout, leur père ait son chalet d'été tant désiré. Alors le père Francoeur le désavoue: désormais, Jim n'a que six fils.

C'est surtout à travers les yeux d'un jeune adolescent, sensible et impressionnable, qu'on observe avec horreur la dislocation de la famille. Avec Daniel donc, cet avant-dernier qui a vu le jour en 1940, on apprend que les peines et misères des Francoeur ne datent pas d'aujourd'hui. Lui et le cadet n'aurait jamais dû être: le docteur avait averti qu'une autre grossesse serait mortelle pour Reena. Mais il ne pouvait y avoir question d'une limitation artificielle des naissances chez cette famille catholique. On essaie donc de vivre comme frère et soeur. Insupportable. Reena avait préféré le risque de mourir dans l'accouchement...

Tirailée de part et d'autre, c'est cette même Reena qui va "craquer" la première sous les pressions énormes d'une famille en dissoute. Daniel voit sa mère assujétie à la thérapeutique du choc; et c'est lui, par contre, qui dévidera le trop plein de son angoisse sur le père quand celui-ci empêchera à sa femme de continuer les traitements. ("Ils me volent ma femme!")

Si *The Family* fait mal à lire par bout, c'est peut-être qu'il nous parle trop bien de nous-mêmes. Le curé, les unions, la *shop*, l'église, l'argent, les bébés, la folie...tout y passe. Thèmes qu'on reconnaît trop bien chez nous.

David Plante se met dans la tradition de nos autres

romanciers qui nous ont parlé de nous-mêmes au cours de notre histoire aux Etats: qu'on songe à *Canuk*, *Mill Village*, *The Shadow of the Trees*, *Papa Martel*, *The Town and the City*, et même à *No Adam in Eden*. On peut cependant lui reprocher d'avoir manqué à la simplicité de style de ses devanciers. Il est vrai que l'auteur, bien que né à Providence, vit depuis 1966 à Londres: son style reflète la nouvelle ambiance. Peut-être aurait-il dû revenir faire un petit tour au pays, se retremper aux sources, avant de se mettre à écrire. En tout les cas, on lui pardonnera son cosmopolitisme: ça nous vaut un miroir avec d'autant plus de perspective dans lequel nous reconnaitre. ☒

Tirer de Senior Times Co-operative

Mon Père...sur le pont

Une fois, en revenant du collège (c'était le collège St. Anselme — sur la côte — à Manchester), j'ai vu mon père. Je ne l'ai pas rencontré, parce que lui ne m'a pas vu.

Moi j'étais en machine avec un chum. Moi, la tête bourée de savoir, un p'tit maudit collégien qui savait tout, et pire que ça, qui voulait tout savoir! J'alla d'venir kekchose, moué. J'alla pas travailler dans les maudits moulins comme mon père pi ma mère, toute ma vie — des longues heures, à satisfaire un boss sans dessein! Une éducation, c'est ce que j'allais avoir, moi.

Mon père descendait toujours la Bridge St. vers les 3 heures moins quart. Y travaillait l'2ème shift à l'Amoskeag.

S'te jour-là, y'éta déjà sur le pont, quelques cent pieds avant d'arriver à l'escalier qui descend dans la millyard. Il avait la tête baissée, regardant droit devant liu — à terre.

Dans sa main gauche, son sac en cuir noir; Dans sa main droite, il tenait sa pipe de blé-d'inde. Il avait la pipe dans l'bec.

Ce doux père, ce bon père. Il réfléchissait. Il pensait. Il aimait. Il priait. Tout en marchant — vers le travail d'une vie.

A la maison, il avait sans doute laissé une note à maman, comme d'habitude. "Blanche, oublie pas d'faire réchauffer..." C'était son mot d'amour à elle. Leur communication.

Elle n'avait pas fini son travail du premier shift encore. Déjà el était parti avant qu'elle n'arrive à la maison. Le soir, il reviendrait à 11 h. et quart, et ils pourraient se parler quelques minutes avant que ma mère s'couche. Elle devait s'élever d'bonne heure le lendemain matin pour commencer à sept heures.

C'était pas drôle les jours de fête d'obligation, ou les premiers vendredis du mois. Pour aller à la messe avant d'aller travailler, il fallait qu'elle se lève de bonne heure en torvis! Bonne mère, bon père. Vivant leur religion comme on la leur avait enseignée.

Oui, papa lui laissait des notes à maman. J'aurais voulu le voir l'embrasser plus souvent. Au lieu de ça, il la taquinait... et it lui laissait des notes.

Pauvre papa! Il s'en allait travailler encore une fois. Pour payer pour mon collège! — et pour vivre. Il était assez vieux déjà. C'est parce qu'il était resté vieux garçon si longtemps.

Mon chum qui conduisait la machine ne l'a pas vu mon père. J'pense pas toujours, parce qu'y m'en a pas parlé. Quand j'lai vu mon père, c'était le silence dans la machine. C'est peut-être à cause de ça que l'impression vit encore en moi.

Dans la silence, cette forme courbée de mon père marchant avec sac et pipe sur le pont, S'est enregistrée dans ma mémoire. Je sais que je ne l'oublierai jamais.

Pierre Paul Parent

Materials Developed by Franco-Americans for Franco-Americans
Available through:
National Assessment & Dissemination Center
385 High St.
Fall River, MA 02720

BOOKS

Quantity	Title	Price	Total
	An Annotated Bibliography of Title VII Fr. Instruc. Materials	1.25	
	Antoine ou le Silence des Choses	4.00	
	Antoine ou la Leçon des Choses	4.00	
	Les Arts et la Littérature Chez les F.-A. de la N.-A.	1.25	
	Bonjour Papillon	1.25	
	Croque-Carotte le Terrible	3.00	
	Un Jacques-Cartier Errant	1.00	
	Jim: l'Histoire de Jim Caron	1.25	
	Le Journal d'un Skidoo	1.25	
	A Resource Guide for New England Libraries F.-A. Studies	1.25	
	Sur les Traces de l'Héritage Français en N.-A.: Boston	1.00	
	Teacher's guide	1.50	
	Un Mot de Chez Nous	3.00	
	Le Vieil Homme et l'Enfant	8.75	
	Ti-Jean et Colette	1.25	
	Au Coeur de Vent	2.50	
	Le Bois Maudit	7.00	
	Chansons de Chez-nous	1.00	
	Chansons des Bayous	1.00	
	Berlin, Ville Industrielle du Nord	1.00	
	Caribou, Mon Pays Blanc	1.00	

LIST OF WORKS COMPLETED BUT NOT YET PUBLISHED

Franco-American Overviews ONE, TWO and THREE

La Presse chez les Franco-Américains

La Broderie inachevée

Je veux découvrir

Aux pays des légendes a. Les lutins

b. Papineau

c. Le bonhomme sept-heures

d. livre d'exercices

Dissertation de Normand Dubé: Guideline for teaching of French to Franco-Americans

The Franco-American: a resource book for the practitioner in human services

En hiver

D'la boucane

Gilbert O. Roy

TAPES, SLIDES and POSTERS

Quantity	Title	Price	Total
	Un Jacques Cartier (AV cassettes)	27.50	
	Un Mot de Chez-nous (cassettes)	6.00	
	Chansons de Chez-nous (cassettes)	3.00	
	Les arts et la littérature (slides)	14.00	
	Les arts et la littérature (cassettes)	9.50	
	Jim (cassettes)	1.50	
	Berlin: ville industrielle du nord (slides)	22.25	
	Berlin: ville industrielle du nord (cassettes)	1.50	
	Au coeur du vent (cassettes)	6.00	

POSTERS ALSO AVAILABLE

Maine's Corporation Sole

Controversy (suite)

by
Michael Guignard

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PRIZE ESSAY
1972

Reprinted Courtesy of the Maine Historical Society

The Brunswick Convention of October, 1909, brought the first systematic attack on the "Corporation Sole". (26) Franco-American opposition to the law was predicated on the fact that title to churches and schools they had built belonged, not to them, but to an Irish bishop. They believed that Walsh was draining French parishes of funds to further assimilationist goals. Led by Godfroy Dupré, the delegates decided to introduce a bill to the legislature to change the "Corporation Sole" law. (26)

Soon after this convention, Bishop Walsh travelled to Brunswick to hear French-Canadian grievances. His conciliatory gesture was not reciprocated; a French-Canadian crowd hurling insults at the Bishop attempted to enter the presbytery where Walsh was staying "causing the Bishop to secure the doors". Shaken by such shocking behavior, Walsh became less inclined to compromise with the increasingly adamant French-Canadians. The French press lauded the incident and advocated similar actions in the future. (27)

After 1906 the French press became increasingly critical of the Bishop, accusing him of closing French schools and orphanages and of preventing French national societies from entering church in full regalia. In Walsh's defense, these charges, while true, must be qualified. Walsh was an excellent administrator who abhorred inefficiency. The schools and orphanages which he closed he considered too small and "miserably inadequate". (28) He simply wished to consolidate these institutions, but such action spelled doom for ethnic institutions. Walsh's sense of duty overrode his distaste for the hostile French reaction that he knew would ensue. His stand on national societies was consistent with the 1889 Congress of Baltimore, (29) although it was impolitic to apply that restriction.

Walsh's passion for confidentiality also hurt his reputation among the French. For instance, the superior of the Good Shepherd sisters in Biddeford told the Bishop in 1907 that their convent would never be completed unless the parish bought it from the Quebec order. (30) When Walsh suggested such a move two years later, he was accused of wishing to evict the French nuns. (31) Many other false charges were viciously hurled at Walsh by Franco-American extremists.

The French press constantly denounced the Bishop for not appointing French priests to French parishes. It printed letters from irate Franco-Americans who could no longer tolerate English sermons. (32) *La Justice* often cited a church with a large French congregation and advocated the appointment of a French priest. (33) Both papers ran the letters of Godfroy Dupré vigorously attacking Walsh. The papers also printed each other's editorials and often ran the same news items. The more radical *Le Messenger* began to mock the Bishop as "His Excellency" and denounced him for refusing to meet with the *Comité*. (34) The Lewiston paper often asserted that one need not know English to enter heaven and advocated the creation of a separate ethnic diocese for Maine's French. (35)

Not all of Maine's French shared the press' sentiments, however. Westbrook's Father Dugré supported Walsh and was denounced by *Le Messenger*. (36) The Dominican Fathers of St. Peter - St. Paul's parish in Lewiston founded the *Courier du Maine* in 1906 to support the Bishop. This order was considered assimilationist by Franco-American leaders who thus urged French parishioners to cease contributing to that church's building fund.

Bishop Walsh kept informed of the French press' attacks. As early as 1907, he ordered a priest to warn *Le Messenger's* editor about his scandalous articles. (37) He rejoiced upon hearing that the apostolic delegate had refused to give the pope's blessing to the "agitators" in Brunswick and their convention. Walsh continually criticized the Reverends Charland and Dupont and warned them not to associate with Dr. Jean-Louis Fortier whom he considered a "firebrand" for his "seditious and schismatical" statements. (38)

Legislative hearings on the *Comité's* bill began on March 7, 1911. Defended by Dupré, the bill provided for the establishment of a lay council to administer church property. Dupré presented petitions to the legislature signed by 7,500 Franco-Americans from twenty cities and asserted that the *Comité's* efforts were supported by a large majority of French ethnics.

The Bishop's lawyers argued that they were not assembled to hear French grievances but to examine the merits of the "Corporation Sole" law. Several bankers testified against the bill stressing that the Church's good credit rating would be endangered by its passage.

Dupré's arguments were distinctly anti-clerical. He accused diocesan officials of living in luxury while the French labored in poverty. He even intimated that some pastors were stealing parish funds. Dupré also addressed himself to the legislature's reluctance to interfere in church affairs by reminding them that they had meddled in 1887. Ending his oration, Dupré urged the legislature to end the Bishop's "organized tyranny" and maintained that Maine had no room for a king. (39) Although the French were irked by Walsh's method of taking money out of parish funds when his collection quotas were not met, their objections were based on anti-Irish feeling, not anti-clericalism. Dupré's sentiments were shared by few Franco-Americans.

Bishop Walsh testified that only a few Franco-Americans opposed the "Corporation Sole". He defended his priests against Dupré's accusations, and amid applause, asserted that never a cent had been misappropriated by the clergy. He described how the "Corporation Sole" allowed him to maintain small churches in rural areas that could not support themselves and maintained that French parishes were the chief beneficiary of the "Corporation Sole". (40)

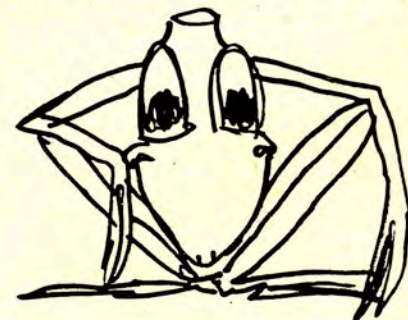
Even though the French in Maine were indeed opposed to the "Corporation Sole", Walsh's statement that ethnic parishes benefitted from the law was probably valid. Franco-American parishes were never notable for their good administration. Schools, orphanages, cemeteries, convents, and novitiates were often in debt; when the ethnic parish of St. Joseph's in Biddeford was being constructed, Bishop Healy had to supply funds to finish its construction. (41) Dupré and his cohorts never mentioned this.

While testifying, Walsh was a model of composure and equanimity. His diary reveals his true feelings, however. He was angered by his antagonists' attacks, and for good reason, as we have seen from Dupré's comments. He considered his enemies "agitators" whose "vicious, malicious attacks" on the Church and probity of the clergy deserved excommunication. (42) He felt that the *Comité* was appealing to "popular prejudices" and denounced Dupré's vicious attack on the clergy. (43) He mistakenly believed that most Franco-Americans supported the "Corporation Sole". (44)

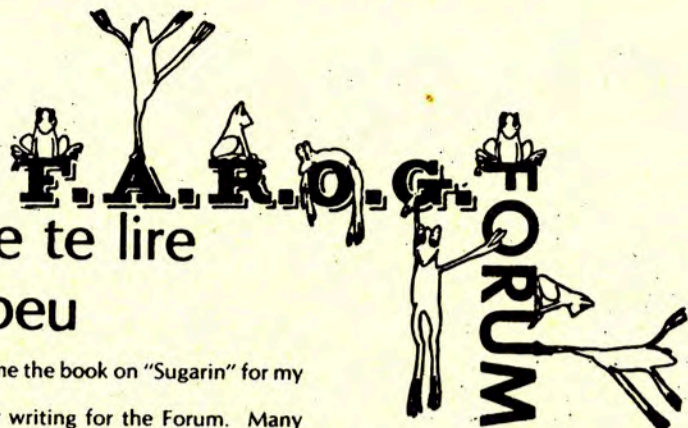
Throughout the agitation Walsh was confident that the law would be retained. (45) It was, and by a great majority. His main regrets were that the hearings were made public (46) and that the press had exaggerated the whole affair. (47)

An interesting aspect of Walsh's behavior is the amount of pressure he exerted on the French clergy to publicly renounce *La Cause Nationale* and his general attitude toward them. As late as 1911, he continued to blame Charland for the excesses of the conflict. (48) He constantly urged Dupont to castigate his good friend, the editor of *La Justice*. (49) In his meetings with Dupont and Charland, Walsh would criticize them for appealing the Franco-American cause directly to Rome. (50) He was suspicious of both priests throughout the controversy, although it was obvious by mid-1911 that they too were concerned about the *Comité's* excesses. His constant pressure against several French priests worsened relations between the French community and the diocese.

à suivre



Dear



On espère te lire
sous peu

Dear Yvon,
I really appreciate you lending me the book on "Sugarin" for my school project.
Some day I'll send you another writing for the Forum. Many thanks again.

Your friend,
Mike

Ca vient là!

Dear Sirs,
I have not yet received my Farog Forum for September, October, or November. I would appreciate you checking into this and sending them to me.
I am also interested in buying advertising space. Please send me a price list and deadline dates.

Thank You,
Randall P. Whatley
Lafayette, Louisiana

More, More!

Dear Yvon,
You asked for an article on Québec, so here it is enclosed, along with a few clippings which might be of interest to you. Studying, researching, and writing about Québec is a labor of love for me.
I am a Franco from Biddeford, Maine. I graduated from Saint Louis High School in 1965, received a B.A. from Rutgers Univ. in 1969, and an M.Ed. from Univ. of Hartford in 1971. Since 1972 I have been living in Québec.

Yours truly,
Tom Vandermeulen
RR1 Melbourne
Québec

Dear Yvon,
Je ne cherche pas d'excuses pour ne pas t'avoir écrit plus tôt. Je viens te remercier de tout coeur pour l'aide que tu as donnée à notre Mike avec son projet sur "le sucre et le sirop d'érable." Ton petit livre sur le sujet est impayable. Je l'ai lu en entier et Mike aussi en a tiré de précieux conseils.

Je continue mon intérêt dans votre journal "Le Forum". J'envoie un abonnement pour Mike. Nous te surprendrons un jour en t'envoyant un article ou des poèmes pour ce journal. Je lis avec plaisir les écrits de Venney, Rita et Jeanne. Ca sent le "chez nous". Il y a longtemps que cet arôme du Québec ne m'a pas atteinte. Ca fait chaud au coeur.

J'espère que tout va bien chez toi. Ton métier de Rédacteur est sans doute captivant mais aussi très encourageant. Félicitations pour votre grand projet et grand succès en tout.

Avec appréciation,
Madame Evelyne Langlais
Rumford, Maine

Au Missouri (Cont. from P3)

historical causes for these names, and reasons have even been invented in certain works. Economic history shows that these were in fact prosperous communities. Having learned the procedures and meanings involved in the French custom of alternative names, we can understand the light-hearted and undoubtedly anecdotal nature of these seemingly gruesome nicknames.

These fascinating naming customs provide, then, a

valuable tool for understanding both the past history of French settlement in the Mississippi Valley, and the present remaining French community in southeastern Missouri. By studying naming practices we can arrive at insights that would not have occurred otherwise. Perhaps this kind of study could be similarly useful in understanding the cultural backgrounds of other communities of differing national and geographic origin.

St. Louis Community College at Forest Park

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Blumenthal, Henry, **American and French Culture, 1800-1900**, 1975, Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge.
Carrière, Joseph M., **Tales from the French Folk-Lore of Missouri**, 1937, Northwestern University Studies in the Humanities No. 1, Evanston, Illinois
"Coleman Family History", Unpublished typescript, Washington County Public Library, Potosi, Missouri
Dorrance, Ward A., **The Survival of French in the Old District of Ste Genevieve**, 1935, University of Missouri Studies, Vol. X No. 2, Columbia
Franzwa, Gregory M., **The Story of Old Ste Genevieve**, 1967, Patrice Press, St. Louis, Mo.
Genealogical charts and worksheets compiled and owned by residents of the Old Mines area, Washington County, Missouri
Gerlach, Russell L., **Immigrants in the Ozarks: A Study in Ethnic Geography**, 1976, University of Missouri Press, Columbia
Labbé, Yvon and Paul Paré, editors, **Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum**, Vol. 4, April 1977.
McDermott, John F., **A Glossary of Mississippi Valley French, 1673-1850**, 1941, Washington University Studies - New Series, Language and Literature - No. 12. St. Louis, Mo.
-----"French Surnames in the Mississippi Valley", **American Speech**, Vol. IX, 1934, pp. 28-30.
-----"Paincourt and Poverty", **Mid-America** Vol. XVI, 1934, pp. 210-212.
Zimmer, Gertrude M., **Place Names of Five Southeast Counties in Missouri**, 1944, Unpublished Masters thesis, University of Missouri, Columbia

Abonnement au FAROG FORUM Subscription
Si vous ne l'êtes pas abonnez-vous-s.v.p.-Subscribe if you have not

Nom / Name _____ Sex / Sexe _____ Age _____ Date _____

Adresse _____

Métier/Occupation Ce qui vous intéresse le plus dans le FORUM section which interests you the most: _____

Je voudrais contribuer un article au FORUM au sujet de: _____
I would like to contribute an article to the FORUM about: _____

Tarif d'abonnement par la poste:
Subscription rates by mail:

Nouvelle Angleterre - New England	\$6
Etats-Unis - United States	\$8
Ailleurs - Elsewhere	\$10

Abonnement pour 8 numéros:
Subscription for 8 Issues:

1977-78
1978-79
1979-80
de soutien
Donation

Montant inclus
Amount enclosed:

Merci beaucoup, bonne
lecture et écrivez-nous.



Que pensez-vous du LE FAROG FORUM? What do you think of it?

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.

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.

Village-Ville _____ Etat-Province _____ Pays _____ Métier _____ Age _____ Sexe _____

Town-City _____ State-Province _____ Country _____ Occupation _____ Age _____ Sex _____

- Etes-vous bilingue (français-anglais)?
1. Are you bilingual (French-English)?
Le français _____ English _____
Je lis _____ I read _____
Je parle _____ I speak _____
J'écris _____ I write _____
- Aimeriez-vous plus de français _____, d'anglais _____
2. Would you like more:
French _____ English _____ in the FORUM? It's fine _____
- Quelle partie du FORUM vous intéresse le plus?
3. What is your favorite section of the FORUM? _____
- Si vous voyez un autre numéro du FORUM, allez-vous vouloir le lire?
oui _____ non _____ ça m'a fait rien _____
6. If you see another issue of the FORUM will you want to read it?
yes _____ no _____ don't really care. _____
- Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le plus dans ce numéro du FORUM?
7. What did you like most about the FORUM? _____
- Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le moins dans ce numéro du FORUM?
8. What did you like the least about the FORUM? _____
- De quels sujets aimeriez-vous qu'on traite à l'avenir dans le FORUM?
9. What kinds of topics would you like to see covered in the FORUM in the future? _____



Editeur—Publisher
L'Office Franco-Américain
Université du Maine
Orono, Maine 04469
Téléphone: 1-207-581-7082
Rédacteur en chef—Editor in Chief
Yvon A. Labbé
Rédacteur Etudiant —Student Editor
Ludger Duplissie
Rédactrice Etudiante Adjointe—Assistant Student Editor
Mary A. Cyr
Réalisation Le FORUM Littéraire production
Ludger Duplissie
Page Quebec
Chantal Clark
Graphiques
Peter Archambault
Rubriques Etudiantes—Student Columns
Ludger Duplissie, Debbie Gagnon, Mary Cyr, Dianne Ouellette
Marc Morin
Rubriques Communautaires—Community Columns
Venney Bolduc, Rita Poulin Blaisdell, Jeanné Gallant, Rumford, Me., Deborah Clifton, Lac Charles, Louisiana; Paul Paré, Bernard Lusignan, Pierre Paul Parent, Normand Dubé, Julien Olivier, New Hampshire; Guy Gallagher, Presque Isle, Me.; Grégoire Chabot, Boston, Ma.; Marcel Mathieu, Lewiston, Me.; Anita Dubois, Auburn, Me.

Publié 8 fois l'an par l'Office Franco-Américain, Le FAROG-FORUM est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des Etats-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans Le FAROG-FORUM sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les vues du rédacteur, de l'éditeur ou du bureau des Services aux Etudiants à l'université du Maine à Orono—Le FAROG-FORUM is published 8 times a year by the Franco-American Office, Le FAROG-FORUM is distributed in particular to Franco-Americans in the United States. Statements, opinions and points of view expressed are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent those of the editor, the publisher or the Office of Student Affairs at the University of Maine at Orono.

Tous les textes soumis doivent parvenir à—Forward all submitted texts to: Yvon A. Labbé, Rédacteur: Le FAROG-FORUM 208 Fernald Hall, University of Maine, Orono, Me. 04469, U.S., au plus tard quatre semaines précédant le mois de publication—at the latest four weeks prior to the month of publication.
Les lettres de nos lecteurs sont les bienvenues—Letters to the Editor are welcomed.

Reproduction des articles autorisée sans préavis sauf indication contraire—Articles may be reproduced without notice unless otherwise indicated.

L'équipe de rédaction souhaite que le FORUM soit un mode d'expression pour vous tous les Franco-Américains et ceux qui s'intéressent à nous—the staff hopes that the FORUM can be a vehicle of expression for you Franco-Americans and those who are interested in us.

Abonnement—Subscription: \$6 en Nouvelle Angleterre—New England, \$8 hors Nouvelle Angleterre aux Etats-Unis—outside New England in the United States, \$10 ailleurs—elsewhere.

OFFRE D'EMPLOI

L'Université du Maine à Orono est à la recherche d'un professeur versé dans les études Franco-Américaines.

Ce poste universitaire est dans un programme subventionné par le "National Endowment" pour les Humanités. Le travail consiste d'enseignement au niveau universitaire, consultation avec les écoles sur le développement des plans d'études et la création de matériaux pédagogiques Français et Anglais, l'implication du professeur dans les études Franco-Américaines.

Les qualifications requises sont: doctorat en humanité ou éducation, habilité de lire en français et de converser en français de l'Amérique du Nord, l'érudition dans les matières Franco-Américaines et de l'expérience dans l'enseignement.

Conditions de la nomination: Rang d'Assistant ou d'Associé; 2 ans commençant en juin 1979. Salaire \$18,000-\$22,000 année fiscale.

La date finale pour l'application est le 28 février 1979. Faire parvenir votre curriculum vitae à:

Dr. Stanley L. Freeman, Jr.

Administrative Director

Canadian-Franco-American Studies

Shibles Hall

University of Maine

Orono, Maine 04469

Franco-American Scholar, UMO. This faculty position is in a program funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Duties include teaching, consulting with schools on curriculum development and creation of French-English teaching materials, and promoting faculty involvement in Franco-American studies. Doctorate in humanities or education, reading ability in French, conversational ability in North American topics, and teaching experience required. Two-year appointment at assistant or associate rank starting June 1979. Salary: \$18,000-\$22,000. Send vita to above address. Application deadline February 28, 1979.

Réponses: Le Chérche Mot

F B C G G A Z E T T I B E A B C A F E B
 V D P P R L E S N H G A Z R E E S P
 Y E R A Z E G C A P J L Y K O D H S T E
 E A C C A D I L T E U R I M D S F H H K Y
 H F T A D U Y R V M U T E R F H H A H U
 G B R U U T P R O L O O L L O E A Y S E
 N I L P F F E F B I J A I I U A A E T
 L I R O D I G A S S I M G A J G C N V H
 I B E S C G E P T I M E R E E H H D H O
 I V C C E R A M P E R E S P E C T I V E S
 I T C E R A M P E R E S P E C T I V E S
 S M L I U E Y P P K U M P E R V U S L I
 G U I C A E Y P P K U M P E R V U S L I
 P N R M G A M B B R A 7 2 U V T M R A T
 Z B 9 A M L I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I
 A R F D I I I I V A R K K 5 6 0 R Z A L M
 G R U U T S F S U 0 7 A T E I I U O D D D
 6 B S C G Z E R 9 C E I T L E R D E S
 J C P K R R E K I T T E R A I R E C B

LIBRE HUMEUR

"Moi, j'parle français, mais pas l'bon français de France comme vous-aut", disent encore trop d'Acadiens quand ils racontent un Français. Comme si une langue qui a conservé d'admirables vocables du dix-huitième siècle tels que "pail-lasse", "macaque", "catin", "capot" ou "boucaner" ne méritait pas d'être mise au même rang que celle des gens qui passent leur "week-end" à regarder des startlets après avoir laissé leur voiture au parking pour pouvoir faire du shopping au self-service.

Mathé ALLAIN, Université de la Louisiane du Sud-Quest - Lafayette La.

Tiré de Octobre 1978 France-

Louisiane

THE FAROQ FORUM

JOURNAL BILINGUE

\$1.00

JANVIER 1979

À L'INTÉRIEUR

- BMHI - the frustrating labyrinth
- Les Francos au travail - poster
- Les trois anges du Forum Littéraire
- Bonne Heureuse Année a tous

