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pour Noel

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A L'INTERIEUR

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

Joyeux Noel

Dessin par Peter Archambault
une éducation bilinque, c'est pour qui veut...

by Linda Kennedy

Il s'agit d'un article de presse du Le FARO-FORUM, décembre 1977, paru dans l'édition française. L'article décrit l'importance de l'éducation bilinéaire dans l'enseignement des traditions culturelles et linguistiques des Franco-Américains. Il souligne l'importance de préserver la culture et la langue française dans les écoles, notamment à Old Town, dans le Maine. L'article met en avant la lutte contre le désengagement des jeunes et le manque de ressources pour l'éducation bilinéaire.

La suite de l'article discute de la nécessité de soutenir les initiatives de lycée et de l'université, et de promouvoir la langue française en Amérique du Nord. Il mentionne la création d'un programme de maîtrise de l'espagnol à l'université de Maine et le soutien à la langue française en États-Unis.

L'article s'achève avec une invitation à soutenir ces initiatives. Il conclut en soulignant l'importance de l'éducation bilinéaire pour préserver la culture et la langue française en Amérique du Nord.
Le bilinguisme, c'est mon pays, mon histoire.

une éducation bilingue, c'est pour qui veut...
La Retraite Obligatoire: 2 Opinions

Julienn Olivier, rédacteur

M.G.,... travaillez fort toute sa vie. Arrivé à l'âge de 62 il se retraite, étant l'âge légal qui lui viendrait de la sécurité sociale et la petite pension qui lui offrait sa compagnie. Il pensait pouvoir vivre en paix et sécurité. Enfin, disait-il, et sa femme pourrait tour de la vie.

Cependant, prenez le cas de M.D... A 65 ans sa santé est plus que jamais problématique. Sa femme est morte il y a quelques années, et pour lui son travail lui servait. Il est peu que si il arrêta de travailler, ce sera la fin, il mourra d'ennui à ne rien faire. Quand le système de la retraite obligatoire pour les travailleurs après 65 fut instauré, les législateurs pensaient faire une bonne chose: devenir employé après son dernier travail tout sa vie. Cependant, il y a toujours l'autre côté de la médaille, et c'est le cas de M.D... ce-dessus.

Depuis plusieurs mois, ce débat retraite-force-pas-force se décide au Comité Fédéral. La Chambre des représentants a déjà pris un texte en faveur d'une loi qui changerait l'âge de la retraite de 65 à 70 ans. D'après la loi, une personne pourrait se retirer plus tôt, mais il ne lui serait pas nécessaire de le faire avant d'avoir 70 ans. Le Sénat a en mains une loi semblable qui, elle, existerait certaines personnes telles les médecins et les personnes d'affaires qui ont une position administrative. Il y a des arguments pour et contre une retraite plus avancée. En somme, voici ce qu'on en dit:

Pour la retraite obligatoire à 65 ans:
- À 65 ans on a droit à son repos.
- La retraite facilitée égal plus de chômeurs et donc plus de dépenses du gouvernement pour l'"empelement".
- La majorité des gens veulent la retraite à 65.
- Pour une retraite facultative:
- Ce n'est pas tout le monde qui veut se retirer à 65 ans.
- La retraite obligatoire détruit le droit fondamental qu'on a de travailler.
- Ce n'est pas tout le monde qui a les moyens financiers pour se retirer.
- C'est notre société occidentale qui traite ainsi sa population du 3ème âge à l'origine on respecte la vieillesse et on paie chez elle la sagesse.

Les jeunes apprendront mieux comme apprentis de personnes expérimentées.
- Si l'âge de personnes se retire, il y aura moins d'argent à débourser pour la sécurité sociale.
- Plus de travailleurs égal une économie nationale plus en santé.
- Qui a déjà fait la preuve dans l'histoire du monde que 65 ans est l'âge magique de l'imagination et physique
Et ainsi vont les arguments.

Qu'est-ce qui vous en pensez? Écrivez-nous, on publiera vos opinions. Faites savoir vos idées aussi à vos représentants et à vos sénateurs dans le Congrès. Il devient bientôt à ce sujet.
A Few Thoughts on the Future of the Franco-Americans

by Bernard Luqman

Conclusion

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

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

Franco-American television might be a means for the promotion of other tongue and color. By Franco-Americans to have some other common bond which can unite them, Franco-American television can become the focal point of Franco-American activities in the French-Canadian and French-Acadian cultural aspect, which can never be obliterated. No one is capable of erasing his or her heritage, and Franco-Americans are no different. They may deny their French blood and the same blood that once flowed through the veins of France's and Canada's greatest heroes. Unfortunately, there are too few Franco-Americans who do not take pride in their heritage simply due to a lack of ethnic awareness. They have been told over and over again that they are not Franco-American, and that the Franco-Americans have contributed nothing to American society. "My ancestors came to this country from the continent of Europe. They have lived here and are a part of our country. They are our community. They are our heritage. They are the Franco-Americans."

The only way in which Franco-Americans will ever become aware of and thus sustain ethnic awareness by becoming aware of their rich heritage. They must become familiar with the French-speaking history of the United States through exploration, establishment of major cities, fighting in the American armed services, and supplying different workers in every walk of life, will these "lost" Franco-American lines be traced.

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

The next step is to incorporate carefully planned bilingual education programs into the curriculum of every school in New England where there is a significant percentage of Franco-American children in attendance. Since most Franco-American parochial schools have disappeared over the last 60 years, the program should encompass various aspects of Franco-American culture, his language, folklore, history, and art. In order to make the program effective, it should be made to feel like a private club of Franco-Americans.

Franco-American children must be taught that they, too, along with other ethnic groups, have a heritage to be proud of. As for the Puerto Rican, Mexican, Italian, and German children, it is therefore important to include mention of these all ethnic groups. Too often, certain teachers believe they simply ignore a child because of prejudice against the ethnic group to which the child belongs. If an ethnic heritage program is to succeed, it must be run by competent, intelligent, open-minded individuals.

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

In addition to television, which has become the most powerful medium, in certain New England cities cable television subscribers receive French-language programming from Shebrooke, Q.C. The French Public Broadcasting System of the Broadcasting Board of Canada. The United States government has also sponsored programs for both adults and children. Several areas may view the French Canadian program "Adieu Alouette," whose monthly bilingual shows deals with various aspects of life in the French Canadian home. Project FACTS, a PBCS production program at the University of Maine and aimed primarily at children younger children. These programs use a variety of techniques to reach different audiences. Perhaps the most recent program is "KGB"s "Sante Franco-Américaine, a ninety-minute film which depicts numerous facets of Franco-American life in New England.

The medium of film is soon to join the above list. Daniel Louis, a cinematographer from Montreal, P.Q., spent the winter of 1977-78 from March to the end of 1977 throughout New England to gather preliminary data for documentary film dealing with the present situation of the Franco-American heritage. His project is being sponsored by the National Film Board of Canada. Barry Samson, a cinematographer at the University of New Hampshire and the New Hampshire Film Board of Canada, have completed a film entitled "Milltown," which is due to be released in fall of 1977. The ten-minute film deals with various themes, including a search for the past ("a la racine") and immigration and establishment in New England, work in a textile factory, and historic preservation. The film was made in New England industrial center, with the main character being of Franco-American heritage.

If these and other educational projects are to successfully bring about a rejuvenation among Franco-Americans in New England, we will need the sincere endorsement and cooperation of all Franco-Americans who are conscious of the necessity to make their heritage known to one another and to others around them. The key to being strong and healthy is to be able to have unity among its members, and this unity may only be achieved through hard work, education, ethnic pride, and most of all, perseverance. In turn, these factors will hopefully create an atmosphere in which the following words will be uttered throughout New England, pride without hate, and Franco-American... and you, qui est-ce que vous attendez?"
CHEZ TOI

pour continuer comme ça... Quoi que c'est, que d'avoir eu un homme bon à rien, les enfants t'en sentiront toute leur vie... Il faut que la pauvre mère qui était une sainte femme soit en enfer maintenant qu'on est chanceux de l'avoir eu des bons pieds... Je crois que vous avez... Avant...

GPERE... Vien t'écouter au grimage de la cuisine, Papino, je vais donner deux pieces de Canardelle, et tu pourras dormir tandis que tu voudras demain... Avant...

PAPINO... Parce que tout le monde va bien... Vous avez encore des papillons... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... Vous... 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My children, I bless you in the name of the father and of the son and of the holy spirit, Amen.

Raoul J. Letiecq, age 89. Having worked for 60 years in Worcester, Mass. this Franco-American returned to his native Quebec, now 2 years ago.

(Biographical note by E. MacRob-A-Robin)

Hello! After corresponding with the premier of Quebec, and Pequist deputies and ministers, I can at last turn to far away friends and relatives dear to me. I can concentrate on subjects I have been waiting for, which I cherish to the utmost, the "paternal blessing" so beautifully illustrated in the frontispiece of the FAROG For this I would like to thank this picture is a true representation of that nostalgic observation which is taking place at twelve o'clock midnight. It was quite a resounding palpitation of the soul to hear the August words of the venerable father extending his hands over his progeny saying: My children bless you in the name of the father and of the son and of the holy spirit, amen, with sign of the cross! The joyful that was felt by the recipients of the benediction could not be described with words.

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

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

Mother would not go to confession to a local priest. She would confess to "Father Frederic's" a saint practicing his ministry to "Cap de la magdeleine", a city across by train to the north side of the St. Lawrence river, when she would come back she would feel very happy and joyful.

I would like to know what the franco-canadien think of the René Lévesque talk at New York. I believe having a native region. It was an assurance that our adversaries was discounted in advance, he accused Trudeau of stealing $300 million from us; the State of Quebec is such a good cow, that without it, would be missed like a baby missing his foster mother.

Let us reconsider the autos, trucks, refrigerators, electric stoves, sinks, heating outlets, agriculture machinery, etc... fabricated with the Ontarian labor in Ontario having a rate of unemployed of 6 percent to 11 percent in Quebec, the Toronto skyscrapers are built with a good part of our money.

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

The foreigners collect hundreds of millions of dollars in franc-québécois patenting english insurance, the Sunlife, the Prudential, and the Metropolitan.

When Quebec Republic cease to be a future project, Canada will be quartered. The expremin Pearson said Canada cannot exist without Quebec.

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

Next spring five countries will be in Quebec and the outcome will tell us something, in 1978 will be the federal election, the fate of Trudeau may be sealed, he insulted the Quebec farmers he gave $100 millions from eastern farmers and took away $50 millions from the western farmers, therefat be an act of reckoning, he is very unpopular. He is due for the slaughter, he has a good french name but an english heart, his english wife is from British Columbia, 4000 miles from Ottawa and Quebec. His native abroad.

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

Hoping that this invoice would meet you well and happy.

My best regard and wishes to all.

Raoul J. Letiecq 135-D Foyer de Nicolet Nicolet, Quebec, Canada

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"Le Jour de l'AN" was one of the big events of the year, being the first day all relatives who could meet at the "Old Home"... some came in sleighs, some on horseback, a few on the train, but the CANG was there. There was always gin for the men and wine, sometimes homemade, for the others. After Mass, one would see a real procession stopping in front of their old homes and the "Robes de Carrière" were thrown off the sleigh and men and women with heavy "Capot de Pol" and heavy "Home-suit" suited up to the sno-w. Men at the time wore whiskers and the weather being very cold, some had icicles on the end of their mustache. The gals would run away from those cold tasses. It was really the BIG DAY, as everyone from cradle to 100 plus, would get the kiss and hug and the ever Christian wish "Bonne Heureuse Année", et le Paradis a la fin de vos jours. What a wonderful way to start the YEAR when the Father would say, "Now children, please kneel and I will give the Benediction. you will be happy all year." earths du donuts, "Croquinelles" which were all point and twists, usually spread the tables and many delicacies, of course with "des croquettes de sucre d'erable", for the children. Usually the kissing custom started at the church door, in case some would miss kissing the women.

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

The second big event before Lent was "La Chandeclere", a Church Feast, on the second of February. This was usually the using of our last pieces of good maple sugar... egg pancakes called "Crepes" covered with homemade butter and a thick layer of shaved maple sugar. As it got harder, people made comb with tissue paper and then humming through it. Beware of the tickling of your lips... this was a rather tickly tune!!

The first of the evening usually was a gathering together and the best dancers would organize a grand march. Then couples would get together for "Lavine Dance a Quatre". Of course the evening had been planned ahead, and the "CALLEUX", the one who could call a Square Dance had been invited ahead so that he was there, choosing his favorite dancers. One "Joueur de Violon" was Paul Vaillancourt who was called "VIRE DE BOUT", upside down. As he played with the violin, twisted his back, under feet, and had so many ways of changing his violin, from back to front, that he was a scram.

Frolics, called "Corves" would be a gathering of neighbors, friends and relatives, who would come to the home and help with quilting. Also "Monter one piece" which was putting the room in order, to weave the linen, wooden cloth, etc... to make garments with. Also spinning and many other kinds of work was done at the home. Children would, of course, have their play in the work as many a time, some of the older people would make a large kettle of chicken stew. This was brought to the frolic meeting place and every one would dig in and have a lunch. During that time, someone was baking beans in a bean hole - this is used for the evening meal.

There was always a barrel of "bierre de planteur" in the cellar. This was cold as it had been on ice. Children would go down and draw some of this frothy beverage and bring to the workers.

If a farmer had some land to clear, a crew was organized and a match was set to one side of the "tablate", thus burning only that part of the forest. The rest of the trees were for stov wood. Special vegetables were raised on the land cleared, like turnips - the ground was good for this, as the fire had left cinders which helped to enrich the earth. There were always kind neighbors when one's barn burned or had other such calamities; friends were always there.

So many ways they said about the making of cloch, unrolling of old wooden goods, cutting them in pieces that were pulled, thread by thread, by the children. This would put it in a "bureau" kept specially to churn "Les defasieurs". This was the wool thread and in turn it was carded like new wool and spun to use again in making heavy stuff or wall for the men went to work at home.

The last refreshments were served usually "poches" rolled and filled with "Cottons". This was followed by a hot cup of tea, brewed with the leaves loose. After the tea was gone, one of the "tireuse de canne" would read your tea leaves and tell your fortune for the future.
Le Repas de Noël

par Christine Rouleau-Nédik

C'est presque Noël déjà! Ça ne m'excite pas autant maintenant qu'au passé. (Je commencerais à compter les jours avant Noël dans le mois de septembre) mais c'est encore le même portrait et les mêmes sentiments qui me viennent à l'esprit. Ce portrait se consacrait à la réunion de la famille des Rouleaus chez Mᵐᵉ et Père-Père. C'est une tradition qui a commencé avant ma naissance et monterait jusqu'à l'époque où Mᵐᵉ ne pourrait pas se coudre déboute.

Je ne rappelle pas quand la famille était petite pour se servir dans la cuisine et mon oncle se hâtait dans un costume de Santa Claus. Il essayait même de faire croire à ma soeur et moi qu'il était Santa Claus. On lui demanda pourquoi il n'était pas avec le reste du groupe pendant la distribution des cadeaux et il disait qu'il était en train de surveiller les rongeurs pour Santa. Mais on était trop éveillé pour du.

Premièrement, on a jamais cru au Bonhomme Saint-Claude et deuxièmement on a vu que le Bonhomme portait les mêmes souliers que mon Oncle. Même si la famille a double en nombre, il faut que je mangle au sous-sol, et que les cadeaux ne m'excitent pas maintenant, il n'y a plus une partie de Noël qui n'a pas changé.

C'est le repas, la meilleure partie. Je peux vous dire que Memère est la meilleure "cook" du monde.

Ils ont un plat pour elle de leur audaxus d'un poêle ou deux et je finis par voir chaque visage du sentiment où étaient de bien manger.

Quand je pense aux images, elles deviennent à la préparation de son repas de Noël ou le temps qu'elle met pour nous servir, je sais que notre famille est vraiment châtelante ce n'est pas être de toutes les femmes de 73 et de 21 ans qui a cette énergie.

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

TOURTIÈRE

Un peu de thym
Du porc haché
3 ou 4 grosses patates (mashed)
Sel, poivre
2 gros oignons
Cinnamon, clove

Faites cuire le porc, le beurre, et l'oignon ensemble. Enfilez le plus de porc que de beurre. Exemple: 3 livres de porc à 2 livres de beurre.

Mettez comme vous voulez le gel, poivre, thym, cumin, et le clove. Mélangez patates

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

Un dessert traditionnel:

TARTE au SUCRE

2 œufs
2 cuillères de sucre brun
3 cuillères de sucre roux
1 cuillère de farine
1 cuillère de cointreau
1 petite cuillère de vanille
3 cuillères de crème

Mélange le tout bien ensemble et verser dans une croûte de tarte non cuite. Mettre à 350 degrés pour 40-45 minutes.

C'est pas une côte c'étaient des jours pour "maine History", mais là, c'est un autre test avant les fins. Chut! En préparation, priez que ce prêtre pour Noël. Vous révelez si vous êtes des juges de dessin pour des fins, des fins du shop de Noël quel qu'elle soit. C'est pas fiable, n'est-ce pas? C'est comme si je n'ai pas encore deux ans quand j'étais là. Je n'ai pas fini de me coudre déboute. J'aimerais deux ans quand j'étais là. Je n'ai pas fini de me coudre déboute. Je n'ai pas fini de me coudre déboute.

One who went Yankee

(continued from last issue)

by Steve Robbins

Louis has never had many failures, but has gone ahead and succeeded very well. From Weeks Mills he moved to East Vassalboro, where in 1912 he had bought a sawmill from Warren Seaward for $1800.00. This old mill dated back to 1797, and had a 14-foot fall of water. This was only one-half of the water rights and dam privileges. Hence, as the other half was owned by another man who ran a grist mill. So, Louis bought this grist mill too. There were many repairs to be made, and much work to be done.

Louis built a new dam and added a new of
machinery to replace the old. He employed eight men at ten dollars a week. By the time of Louis' death (1959), the Massil mill was the only large commercial waterpowered sawmill still in operation in the Northeast. Louis Massé always insisted that a waterpowered mill was economically viable and truly competitive with those powered by electricity or diesel engines. This mill is still in business today.

Louis installed the water system in East Vassalboro in 1914. At that time there were eight houses on the line, and it took only two men to install. By 1950 there were fifty-five houses served.

When Louis Massé first moved to East Vassalboro he rented a house for his family to live in. As soon as he had enough money he built a building which would be his new home, in which he would live for the rest of his life.

Louis' daughter Malvina tells of an unusual trip...
YANKEE

Quebec in 1976. "In 1976 my father bought his first woman - a car Model T Ford - and my mother was in the lumber business. We were one of the first families in the village to have a car. 'Course in those days a car was a luxury. You could hardly drive anywhere you wanted to. Probably he had a license, sending two dollars down 'n' State House. The State House had to ask you what about a car. What about a car? I was startled! 'How? Canada! We left about four o'clock 'n' morning in the car, ten of us! The roads were all dirt, there was no pavement at all. We went up to Winooski and we went to all the eating places along, so we could carry our own lunch. Well, 'twas almost dark 'fore we left Jackman and it's the time we hit the hill and the Model T couldn't carry you far up the hill. There was a steep hill there and the Line House was on top of the hill. The Model T, it couldn't carry all of us up the hill and my father drove it. He got a big run down the foot or it, and mother and we children followed, til' we got up with it, with stones or sticks in our hands so it stopped in the middle of the road we could try the wheels so it wouldn't back down.

We got across the border and it was ten o'clock and when we decided to stay in a wayside hotel at St. Joseph's. I don't think any of us slept all night - I know my mother didn't. She was afraid of bedbugs. It was a hotel and it was three o'clock in the morning.

We left early the next morning, but before we arrived in Bécancour 7 o'clock that morning, we have to have heavy shower. And we clothed our clothing, some on top of the car and some was on the running board. And every bit of clothing that we had got drenched, drenched soaked into everything. So Mama spent two or three days, divin' things out at Grammie Massé's. She wasArduino. We were there a week or so, and came back by Montreal, then across Lake Champlain and into Vermont - two nights and three days gettin' home.

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

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

One day we were shopping across the river in Three Rivers. There was a fish market down by the St. Lawrence River, near the ferry boat. So, my grandmother thought she'd like to have fish an' she went over t'fish market and she bought some eels, some river eels. She brought them home and, I couldn't eat 'em. She wouldn't eat 'em. Everybody else thought they were good.

My grandmother would make a kind of green tea - black tea like out. She'd stew her meal: she'd put her potatoes on to cook and at the same time she'd put on her teapot with her tea, an' leave it boilin' in the pot. It was ready when the potatoes were ready!

In those days the Baker would come along with a whole barrel of bread and it wasn't wrapped - didn't open to the elements, flies an' all. At the table, Uncle Onésime would take that loaf, unwrapped, under his arm and slice off a piece for each person, that were ready to eat it. It wasn't that appetizing.

In 1926, Louis Massé's son, Herman, began working with him in the lumber business for three years on a horse and buggy. Louis was able to build a barn, and he raised hogs and kept some chickens.

During his lifetime Louis Massé built three complete houses for himself, selling two of them. He moved his lumber camp on a horse and trailer, and has helped to move many buildings of various sizes. In 1926 he built a camp for himself on the Lake, selling it to a lumber company in 1942 on Three Mile Pond in China. He built the Home Economics Building for Erskine Academy in 1930, and in 1946 was the Master Builder of the China Consolidated School which took a year to build and accommodated 255 pupils.

In 1946 he was appointed by the Kennebec County Commission to the position of Trustee of the Kennebec Water District, which supplies water for the City of Waterville, and the surrounding towns of Fairfield, Benton, No. Vassalboro, and Winslow. Louis made two winter trips each winter, and his house trailor in 1935 and 1939, taking summer trips to the Maine coast.

During the Second World War, when gasoline was rationed, Louis bought a driving horse. This horse was more than a driving horse though, as he had established a record eight years earlier of 2.10 on the 1000 meter event at the State Fair. The horse would start and she would begin to sneeze as soon as she got near the horse, so the horse was fed and few and short.

He proved the only means of compensation to get to the camp, which was six miles away. At the camp, this called for the garage to be converted for a light riding wagon and a new harness for the horse. After getting fitted out, it was not easy for him to persuade his wife to wash the horse. The mama would start and she would begin to sneeze as soon as she got near the horse, so her rides were few and short.

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

Louis Massé joined the Weeks Mills, Me. Lodge of Masons in 1906 and remained a member of this Protestant organization for the rest of his life, being their Chaplain in 1907 and 1908. Junior Warden in 1904.

At the Massé sawmill in Weeks Mills, there was round the clock sawing in the early springtime while the water level was low. He ran the machine eight hours a day, 10 hours a day. As there were no electric lights in the mill, Louis would tend the kerosene lamps each evening, fill the lamps and trim the wicks. One time, when one of his crew went on a drunk, Louis had to saw one whole day, the whole night, and the whole following day steadily, without sleep, until the man had sobered up to return to work.

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

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

(b) Institut Genealogique Drouin

Dictionnaire national des Canadiens french (1668-1760). This can be used as a supplement to Tanguay’s book and the Repertoires, because it contains many civil marriages (from Notaries’ records) which are not recorded in any church or parish record) Bangor Public Library, Bangor, Me. has this. Most of larger public libraries in Quebec Province will have a copy of this book. The N.H. libraries mentioned above may also have this book.

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

Send in the names of your parents and grandparents (also great-grandparents if you are quite young), where and when they were born in the Province of Quebec, and anything you know about them such as place and date of marriage, residence, burial, etc. Archives Nationales, Section Genealogique et d’Heritage, leage 1180, rue Berthollet, Quebec, Canada.

Also ask for a fivecent chart in French from this address.

IF, HOWEVER, you want a detailed family tree quickly and carefully prepared for you (and that can fill a big book!) at a price, write to Gabriel Drouin, Institut Genealogique, 4146 rue St. Denis, Montreal, Canada.

Should you prefer a less expensive, more leisurely approach to such information, join the non-profit American Genealogical Society of New Hampshire at a yearly fee of $5.00. Its activities include the use and stocking of a library and card file of vital data, two meetings each year with speakers and conferences, supervised workshops for amateur genealogists, publication of a biannual newsletter and of a scholarly journal of research, findings and functions of the Society.

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

OTHER SOURCES TO TRY IN MAINE AND NEW ENGLAND:


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

- Look up parish records of local churches.

- Look at U.S. Census records, and municipal vital statistics (up to 1940), at Maine State Archives in Augusta.

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

- Find obituaries and marriages in La Messager, Lewiston’s French newspaper, on microfilm (1800-1940) at Maine State Library in Augusta, Centre d’Heritage in Lewiston, or Fogler Library at University of Maine in Orono.

- Find obituaries and marriages in La Justice de Biddeford, Biddeford’s French newspaper, on microfilm (1866-1950) at Maine State Library in Augusta, Centre d’Heritage at 81 Ash St. in Lewiston, or Fogler Library at University of Maine in Orono.

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

Voyage a Quebec

Winter Carnival in Quebec! Carnaval d'hiver a Quebec!

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

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

For more information, contact:

Francoise Savin, Dept. of Foreign Languages 581-7844

or

Dennis Gallagher, Dept. of Foreign Languages 581-7773
Les Cajuns
par Debbie Clifton

Les Cajuns: A Question of Identity

C’est proche le temps de fête, pis tout le monde ils s’apprêtent gombe back à la maison. Ca c’est le temps de l’anniversaire quand ti chante sur beaucoup de choses. Nous-autres on croyait que c’était bien temps pour ramasser les pensées à tout le monde, sur la vie des Cajuns et tout.

Un jour à la Pointe
Le soleil après coucher, la musique après brailler. Les Cajuns s’apprêtent à manger. C’est un acte délicat qui demande une certaine précision. La cuisine est un art qui nécessite de la patience et de la délicatesse. Les plats sont soigneusement préparés, les ingrédients soigneusement choisis.

blacktop,” bien faite. Avec l’argent d’ailleurs eux-autre, ils planter eux-que d’autre langue comme un grain dans notre pays. Le grain cela vas jamais pousser dans notre clo plus parce que le même que les heur, ils sont jolis mais on a pas capabel de user aussi bien comme les jardins bien connus. La vérité c’est que on peut pas se séparer une langue et sa propre culture. Sans une, l’autre va mourir. La langue et la culture sont tous les temps la même affaire: schenue une, l’autre va mourir. L’autre chemin là, c’est pas bien fait. C’est de terre, plein de bosses, un tas de trucs. Y’a personne en haut qui veut le réparer parce que c’était un chemin simple. Ça court entre le clos de ris, au ras du bayou, dans le grand bois, jusqu’à la grande mesche. C’est le chemin de Cadien, le clos habi. On peut guider nos chemins sans tracés sur cette tite chemin. Chaque bosse, on connait trop bien. Peut-être on va jamais oir un gros “blacktop” mais mi même quand mi j’irai dans mon clos, eu j’serais prendre le chemin que je connais bien et ya pas de question qu’j’irai j’serais planter. Faut que j’jongle plus de ça. Le soleil s’apprêts à coucher à la Pointe. Ya une tite qui criss: “Vieille, chus lasse, eu parée à faire de do.” Demain ça va et un autre jour d’ouvrage et ma tite va faire autrement.

Robert LeBlanc

Ils disent que les jeunes Cajuns et Créoles, ils plus intéressé, qu’ça veut tout vie mécanique. Mais nous-autres pas occupé pour des jeunes mécanique, on est occupé pour des CAJUNS et c’est ça, qu’eux ils dit.

suite de la page 12

Le FAROGR-Forum, décembre 1977
Les Cajuns

suite de la page 11

"We don't have a linguistic problem; it's all the people trying to change us to have the problem!"
Stanley Diuskin
Baton Rouge, La.

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

"That's the people we got to reach, the one's that's proud to be Cajun!"
Ray Brassier
Baton Rouge, La.

"Je veux vivre comme je té ene... Cajun!"
Robert Leblanc
Cameren Parish

"You want to see some Creoles, I'll show you some REAL Creoles!"
Bernadette Badon
New Orleans

"What's the best way I can learn Cajun French?"
Ron Zerline
St. James Parish

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

"Je parle le vrai français... Cajun!"
Alice Adams
Cutforth, La.

"The true Cajun is one who's proud of his language... havant que les mécaniques tic ça fait nous autres, Cajuns, Creoles and d'autre mouon francophone qui gagn pourou... a steur c'est ye avant avant avant ye sèy retor nous!"
Ulysse Ricard
New Orleans

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

"Sometimes I get so frustrated, I feel just going out and blowing something up!"
Edward Landry
New Iberia, La.

"Et comme ti va expliquer autrement que notre langue resiste ACADIAN!"
Richard Guidry
Breaux Bridge, La.

"Gumbo! Zydeco! Them people (Americans) don't know nothing about Gumbo and Zydeco -- you got to be a frenchman for that! Now I can cook some Gumbo and Zydeco too!"
Jimmy Reed
Carbon, La.

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

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

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

"I wonder what that damned French teacher would say if I walked in the class and said, 'No pas conca la leon paraisque nous autres pas parre comme ca? I bet she'd shill!"
Anonymous

"Overheard while passing in corridor "Another thing I don't like is the way they (Americans) throw this word 'Creoles' around so lightly. That's an insult."
Anonymous

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

"Just laissez y escapar que les Cajun et les Creoles acceptent l'ecole a cause y parle Creole et yev y va gain tracac comme yev a jamais gain avant!"
Anonymous

Bonne Fêtes et Soignez-Vous!!!

* Y a pas fête aux yeux
* Y a pas la langue dans la poche

ARE ETHNIC JOKES THAT FUNNY?

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

In conjunction with the student organization, FAROG (The France-American Resource Opportunity Group), the France-American Office publishes a monthly (II per yr.) bilingual socio-cultural journal. The FAROG/FOURM (cic. 3000) has become a major voice for France-Americans in Maine and New England as well as a unique vehicle for the dissemination of work and information. In this issue of La France des Amériques at $3000 (in Maine - over 2 million in New England).

NDLR: lache pas la patate...
Le FAROG-FORUM, décembre 1977 Page 13

Dr. Paul P. Chasse — cont. from page 1
always gives us away.

The Franco-American is all of those things, with one distinguishing feature: he is bilingual and multicultural. The Franco-American of New England is quite at home in his country. He spent his first two weeks in Newport, Rhode Island in 1524 when the Dauphin, proudly waving his three golden fleur-de-lis on a white flag, stopped there, at Refuge, before going all the way to Maine. He returned to Maine in 1542 when Roberval's pilot, Jean Alleforsone was on his way to New York and Manhattan. He remembers summering here on our coast way back in 1604, 1605, and 1606 when Champlain would sail back and forth from Maine to Cape Cod, and he served as a warrant office at Sainte-Croix that first year, and when he paddled his canoe onto Lake Champlain in Vermont in 1609.

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

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

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

We all know about La Fayette and Rochambeau in Rhode Island, and Connecticut who was crowned with the title of “Congress’” and “Hazen’s Own” during the Revolution. The period was composed largely of refugees from among French ships and French soldiers, including Henri de Bourbon, the Duke of Orleans, who had married Charlotte de la Sausaye in Montréal and who later settled in Vermont.

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

The Franco-American fondly remembers the friendship that existed between Bishop Cheverus and Bishop McCarroll in the late 1870’s. He remembers the Cyr and Nadeau and Thibodeaux of the Maine State Legislature of the 1840’s. American religious history indicates that it was the Franco-Americans of Maine, not just New Hampshire, who petitioned Rome to transfer their parishes to the See of Boston after the Ashburton Treaty of August 9, 1842. And when he heard of the Canadian national anthem, O Canada, it is proud to state that it is the composition of a Franco-American Civil War Veteran of the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment, Calais Lavalais, who later became director of New York’s “Grand Opera House” before retiring to Lowell, Massachusetts.

In the twentieth century, we tried to homogenize French-Canadian immigrants and their children, but we were too late and discovered that this other Yankee share those same characteristics as his fellow-New Englander. In his conservatism, he maintained his determination to keep New England’s customs and traditions. In fact, he was so tenacious or persistent that he even besought his “French Christmas” into an annual holiday for our country, New Year’s Day, which was born right here in Massachusetts after repeated efforts by ethnic groups.

and this means the “Yankees” and “those other Yankees”, is vulnerable to social and pathological deformations. Such tragedies may occur as a consequence of a systematically enforced neglect of the withholding of information about one’s cultural past. Our libraries themselves have frequently contributed to the debilitating and disintegrating forces that have colluded to detract the Franco-American of his historical and cultural heritage.

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

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

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

That is the task which lies ahead for us. Our other Yankee, the Franco-American adolescent needs to know that Jean Antion began his athletic career at ten, that he, at sixteen, had won all the track meets and the snow shoe races with the Indian boys of his age as competitors, and that these same Indian boys affectionately called him “Antailk”, back in 1841. He needed to know that the founder of Mobile, Alabama, was a young sailor at thirteen and an ensign at seventeen. He must know that he was only eighteen when he arrived in Castine, Maine to protect Acadia from the English, not from the Americans.

And what better role models to learn tenacity and thrift from than La Salle who, when his canoes got merrily stuck in the mud on the shores of Lake Michigan and his men were near starving, he himself walked two hundred and seventy-five miles through the woods in six days to reach a nearby fort by canoe.

Or from Louis Jolliet who paddled his way from Québec to the Great Lakes to the Arkansas River, and, after his return to Québec, eventually set out for Labrador.

Why should young Franco-American girls of elementary age be allowed to identify with Priscilla Mullins who drove the hash New England winters as the price to pay for her convictions, for the principles she believed in? Why should an aspiring young college student not have available to him, and without undue inconvenience, the excitement of a summer canoe trip by twenty-four year old René de
Cher Éditeur,

Je vous envoie mes deux copias pour mon abonnement à FARO FORUM de l'anée 1977-1978. J'aimerais savoir si vous pouvez me renvoyer une copie du numéro avec l'article de ma septembre qui est devenue une petite curiosité. Je laissé un exemplaire de l'article à diverses personnes, mais il n'a pas été très bien accueilli. Elle est arrivée à l'époque où il était en train de se peupler. C'est donc pas bien venu et on m'a demandé de ne pas vous envoyer de nouveau de ces choses. Elle n'est pas de ma peine, mais elle est quelque chose.

Je ne sais pas si je demande pour écrire quelque chose pour «Focus on... » Je le fait bien dans Comme beaucoup d'autres que je ne suis pas une manière de remplir les temps. Après travail sur toute la journée, je passe les temps de semaine sans vos lettres qui sont impunément ma vie. Après de la journée, je ne pas écrire quelque chose.

J'aimais en voir ma première histoire, enfin, et je suis amusé de la fin. Je vais vous envoyer le prochain jour.

Nicole Morin, Souhegan, New Hampshire, Maine

P.S. Vous avez une carte spam longue stickers ou quelque chose de hangar autour? Il disait des ronds de mon coin de vie.

JOYERIE NOEL

CherÉditeur,

Je n'aurais pas ouvert une boîte de bonbons sans mon nom. Vous n'avez pas de nom.)

Merci, parce que c'est vraiment beaucoup, mais j'ai un peu de l'apparence de ce qui a été particulier.

L'art de la peinture est d'être belle langue et d'être belle langue, mais c'est une chose qui est en train de se peupler, mais il n'a pas été très bien accueilli. Elle est arrivée à l'époque où il était en train de se peupler. Elle est arrivée à l'époque où il était en train de se peupler. Elle est arrivée à l'époque où il était en train de se peupler. Elle est arrivée à l'époque où il était en train de se peupler. Elle est arrivée à l'époque où il était en train de se peupler.

Nous avons donc des projets de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisation de ce qui est devenu une sorte de réalisat...
Que pensez-vous du FAROG FORUM?

On a beau espoir que vous trouvez 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 le presse s.v.p. Added:

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Le Recensement Chez Les Larieux

par le Rev. Roland Veillette

Zephyrine, une Mére Larieux, débarquait le petits garcons pour souper. On va le prendre de bonne heure à son partage M. le Curé va venir et il a un peu d’argent qu’il remet pas tout, quand il vient faire le recensement il vient de bonne heure.

Zephyrine se met à sa tâche de laver les trois marmots, tâche qu’elle improvise par la salade des enfants et se dé HV, aller mieux mieux.

Nester et Arthème sont à la grange avec leur père. Il faut absolument finir de soigner les animaux avant le souper.

Les filles allent à leur mère à préparer le souper tandis que les garçons se dépêchent d’apprendre leur leçon à deux heures.

Durant le souper, on ne parle que de la visite qui est chaque année un événement des plus importants. "Nous avons vu que je n’ai eu de la robe avec la veille. Marie-Louise" s’exclame Nester. "Je crois bien que sa tête que M. le Curé va venir, a voulu pas se faire taire. "Alors les animaux sont toujours comme ça quand ils savent qu’on veut se dépêcher," répond son père.

Pendant que les autres mangent d’un apéritif seul attribué aux gens des campagnes, Ephémé, jeune homme de seize ans, bout de poivron les sourires aux feuves qui font ordinairement son œuvre. Voici la raison pour ce manque d’apétit. Le père garçon a été choisi par le conseil local pour donner le complément de M. le Curé. Ce complément est une tradition chez les Larieux. Et cette année le sort tomba sur père Ephémé qui est nerveux d’avance. Quand cette nuit est son âge fort pour un garçon, il est un peu exécuté. Les garçons éclatent de rire. Seuls les garçons sont silencieux, ils prennent ce fâcheux incident, comme une disgrace pour la famille.

Tout à coup, silence parfait, M. le Curé se lève et se rend dans la cuisine. La mère Larieux a eu ce moment de pression en pensant aux épreuves endurées sur des cordes au milieu de la cuisine.

Au bout de quelques instants, M. le Curé revient avec Ephémé qui est maintenant tout souriant, consolé sans doute par les paroles du cher curé. M. le Curé déclare son tour, il a une mèche à célébrer à cinq heures dans la mensonge.

"Tous les enfants sont couchés, M. le Curé est parti, le père et la mère Larieux discutent la récente visite. "Désolé, Amadé, M. le Curé a bien parlé d’ailleurs?" "Ah bien oui, mon vieux, mais vous avez raison," répond une épaule. "Zephyrine va se marier bien vite, Arthème dans l’armoire. Nester qui veut rejouer son frère au séminaire, et si Don Jean le veut, Gustave va être ordonné le prêtre au prochain. Qu’est-ce que c’est ça?" Un bruit se fait entendre de la chambre des garçons.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He says, "Do you remember what you said before I married Elaine, when we had a tête-à-tête in your room on campus in Orono?" I remember it very well. I had said at the time, "You really love the way she says you're great, but you don't love her."

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

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

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

How can it all end? I hope it's different for Philippe and Augustine.

Three years after his divorce from Elaine, he married and divorced again. There were no children.

Bill and I want to trust each other.

He says, "We talked vaguely of children, and one day she said she was pregnant. I asked her what kind of trick she was playing on me. She answered, "But I thought we had decided on having a baby? She knew we hadn't decided on anything. Neither of us were ready."

I haven't really experienced being a father. Sometimes

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

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

Bill is talking, "Can you really live here?"

And I say, "Sure why not!"

My son Philippe comes out and says, "Father, can you help us with our house?"

And I answer, "Yes, tomorrow I'll go over after Bill leaves and see where you're at." He goes off and Bill and I continue to talk.

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

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

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

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

Our comes out and says, "Manon would like some help bringing things out to the picnic table."

Bill and I give her a hand.

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

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

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

Note that many of us have been at the rootlessness. Although it is
too late, I want to be his mentor. I want to show
to him that we do have roots that they are not to be
found in the cultures.

I sit in an open field reading Jack's return to
draw, and of his quaint of Brittany. I think of my
own trips to France and later to Quebec. I wish
he had been more inclusive, less verbose, but he has not
been. I wish he could have understood his experience
so that I could understand mine better, but if
anyone has gone beyond it.

Like all men and women I am a voyageur, going where no one
has gone before.

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

I put away my column. I am tired of Krouace's
ramblings. I can't be anything for his or he for me.

Although he has not written the great American
novel, I am grateful to Jack for having done at least
what he has done.

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

Normand Dubé's first book of poetry is

filled with the voice of children,
his own children to an extent, but
most interestingly his own voice,
the voice of a lad growing up with
the trees and the poverty of Northern
Maine and the tenements of our own

Levison.

Entitled "Un Mot De Chez-Nous,
A Word From Home" - Dubé's collection
of about 30 poems tells the
story of a home filled with few
material possessions but with much
love and attention.

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

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

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

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

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

There's much sadness in the poem
which tells us of a child who longs
for silver buttons for his Winter
coat and who suspects that his
mother has somehow given one in
one of those round metal boxes with
a rose painted on the lid - one of
the boxes. I think, in which every-
body's mother kept her treasures.
One day, the boy cuts the buttons
off his coat and asks his mother
for new ones, hoping from the box
will come silver ones. To his dis-
may, he finds the box contains only
plain, white buttons, retrieved
from wornout shirts - and one silver
button, just one.

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

Other poems recreate the tempta-
tions of a youngster waiting for
the Sunday afternoon chocolates
Mother kept in the front parlor.
Others bring to life the lad who
keeps hoping for a brightly-
ccording through three consecutive
Christmas.

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

"Un Mot De Chez-Nous" contains
other poems as well, poems about
the village characters, about fall-
ing in love with a shoe shop girl,
about a friend who worked in a
filing station and amusing poems
such as the short one which de-
scribes the poet's disappointment

with man's first landing on the
moon.

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

Merci, Normand!
He was like a rainstorm at harvest time.  
What was she to do? She was a woman with children, a  
woman of certain years. She could not break into a rage  
it was not like her—and she could not let him go un-  
challenged. He was ruining everything they had struggled  
to put together.  
The Alouette Bar and Champlain Club were down the  
street—one to the left and the other to the right.  
The Alouette was an open bar; the Champlain required a  
membership, and Amédée was a member. When he went to  
the left, after supper, Florianne would think, as she  
watched him through the gossamer curtains of her dark-  
ed front-room window, that he was going to the Alouette.  
When he went to the right, walking beneath the red and  
yellow trees of early October, she would suppose he was  
going to the Champlain.  
Sometimes, after watching Amédée leave, she tarried in  
her front rooms. There were two rooms whose hardwood  
flours she had covered with "Persian" carpets. The walls  
were papered. The furniture in the room was recently re-  
upholstered. Amédée called it her little chateau; she  
wanted to believe he was proud of what they had done.  
They had started with nothing and had created a well-  
furnished home for themselves, a place that was comme il  
faut. They had more than their parents. Their parents  
had had nothing but the farms and the leaving them. Papa  
had said he and Manam were born to eat a little bread.  
Her eyes fell on the bright afghan she was sitting on.  
Her sister Ilda had said it was very beautiful. Florianne  
had offered to do one for Ilda—a Christmas. (Ilda’s  
place was poor.) After Christmas, too, after she had gone  
in enough as a spare hand at the mill, she would buy a new  
radio, something with an attractive console, something  
with dark wood.  
Quiet could not last. Nothing ever stayed the same.  
The children would begin to tussle in the kitchen and  
scream, "Manam, tell her this," and "Manam, tell her that."  
The spirit of contentment left her; it was replaced by  
that of duty. She would get up and walk across her beau-  
tiful-appointed rooms and into the brightly-lit kitchen.  
She was a woman; she could not leave at night and relax  
in the society of her friends. Her only company were the  
children who ran and banged doors and screamed and  
scratched furniture. (They were so daring as the mill  
looms.) That too would change. Someday, they would be  
grown up and she and Amédée alone again.  
All of this was in 1934. That was the year Manam took  
sick. She had been a strong woman. On the farm, she had  
helped with the harvests; in the city, she had worked in  
one of the mills until she retired. Before this year,  
she had canned her vegetables and fruits. And then, it  
was age, she took sick. Florianne began to have to go  
in the evening to Manam’s apartment. (One of the younger  
children had to come to prevent their fighting with each  
other and tearing the house apart.) Manam was not sick  
early enough to leave her place. She did many things, but  
it was difficult for her to keep the bathroom floor clean,  
to lift the wet laundry out of the washing machine, to  
change the bed.  
The girls took turns to do this for Manam. Sometimes,  
too, they brought soups; other times, bread. When Flori-  
anne could not come on her night because she had been  
called in as a spare hand on the second shift, Anais or  
Ilda showed up in her place to talk with Manam and perhaps  
to darn a used stocking. Now that it was getting colder,  
they wanted to do a fall cleaning, a grand ménage. Manam  
kept saying Canadians were too clean and they’d answer,  
"You’re the one who made us this way." And Manam laughed:  
she had very good girls. They may have been born to eat  
a “little bread” but they were happy together. She was  
more happy than sad. Papa would approve.  
Manam lived in a four-room apartment on Horton Street.  
The kitchen was painted green. From her rocking chair  
in the kitchen, she saw the sun rise. Every morning,  
she saw it rise as she had seen it rise since she was a  
continued next page...
When it was exactly that Florianne began to uncover the presence of the other woman (Her name was Lise, but Florianne never was able to give her a name -- it would have made the other woman into a person), she was not sure. It had come initially as a result of jealousy: He was free to do anything. Although it sounded silly, she knew was on his salary. (They did not get paid in checks but in cash, and so it was difficult to keep tabs on things.) It did not help matters that he did not know Jos. Beaulieu, who was an habitue of the Alouette, had a few cars. At the Champlain, Anais' nephew-in-law had begun to wait on tables, but Amédée didn't seem to know that either. Little by little, in fact it was fairly easy once she set her mind to it, Florianne discovered the other woman, a widow from Montréal, who lived in Ilda's parish.

"Monstre, cochon," she shouted coldly.

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

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

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

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

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

Then influenza came to the city. It decimated the population like a mower does a field of wheat at harvest time. Ilde lost her husband and her boys. They were gone from her forever. The death of the boys affected her terribly. Something in her, she said, died with them. That had been little girl on the farm in Canada. (The farm was in the St. Lawrence valley.) At night, because of the angle of her building, she did not see the sun set. When she had felt well, she had sometimes walked outside, to a spot down the street where the sun could be seen slipping into the horizon. (She liked being able to predict the weather.) Almost every night, but not always, Amédée said that he thought he would take a walk down to the Champlain or, if it had been the Champlain recently, to the Alouette.

Florianne might say, "Can't you stay here tonight and watch the kids while I go to Maman's." He would answer, "I'm too tired. Not tonight." (As foreman he had many responsibilities.)

Sometimes, sitting alone in the front rooms, after the little children had been put to bed and Laurier, who was a good boy, and Muriel were up studying in the kitchen, the house was quieter like the street after a shift in the mill. Florianne remembered Papa's warning, "My girls would be better alone than with men who drink. Never trust a man who drinks." After all these years, she could hear Papa saying that still. She knew Papa would not be pleased with Amédée's going so often to the Alouette or to the Champlain. When they had married, Amédée had never gone out. Now, he had gone often; but, he never came back drunk. Sometimes, he did not even smell beer. Ilde's husband had always smelled beer. Florianne had not trusted him.

In 1818. She had moved from the sunny apartment to Oxford Street where her windows opened up on an alleyway. Maman had taken care of little Rita, and Ilde had returned to the mill down the street. She was the breadwinner.

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

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

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

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

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