Le Franco-American Program

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

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

To: Bernard Liguine
For: FARPG FORUM

Cher Bernard

Thank you for sharing your thoughts concerning the Franco-American situation. Your articles have helped generate some good reactions which I would like to share with you and your readers.

You clearly do it to put aside our judgements and our need for division and categories such as "us" and "them" and "the other"... The socialistic aesthetic might very well be blooming in beautiful ways totally unforeseen by us as an ethnic group. Must all flowers be ethnic flowers?

We need to find our new unity in our respect of the individual's right to be. If we are an ethnic approach to be respected in our differences, we must also show that we can love ourselves and each other not just because we are French-Canadians.

You propose that we form our new unity by trying to recover some of our rich heritage. In short, you propose a cognitive solution. You propose that some knowledge about ourselves will lead us to love ourselves more (or better, or more often), and to seek more unity, (i.e. to focus on Each Other and to focus on what we want.)

You want that new unity to be more and more, for two reasons:

1) Past history does not support us. Our bilingual schools and parishes of the 1930's and 1940's in the U.S. do not support the idea of a Canadian or a Canadian-American language in French.

2) Surely, knowledge of our past history and of our language and culture was very strong at that time.

Yet, how do we explain the turning away from our language and our culture which so characterized the 1950's and 1960's in the light of your assumption?

I was educated in the way you suggest, yet I remember consciously choosing to leave my Franco-American connections aside, seeking more diversified possibilities in a larger world that was grounded in the present. I felt grossly anthropological in our authoritarian - totalitarian "to exterminate" the "other"... I never had much time for thinking (from which I still haven't escaped).

I have no second thoughts about disagreeing with you on methods that I remain convinced that are unifying an effort on the part of the Anglophones, not the Francophones. I no longer believe that I can nourish the heart more directly through the head.

Claire Burke, a bilingual specialist in Canada, has a point about the kitchen which says, if you love something, set it free. If it comes to yours in its own, it doesn't matter. That saying does not offer a very specific solution to our predicament. Yet, it does suggest a more gentle, loving one than one generally allows ourselves.

My present assumption is that ethnicity is not a final goal, an important but perhaps a mirage from which some of us need to escape. Before we can go about being full citizens of the world, who are separate from each other, we need to be able to find the freedom to be different without trying to become the same.

The development of a multicultural model of these situations would be a third kind of approach. The multicultural generation would be different from the traditional generation. A multicultural generation would be different from the multicultural generation, and so on.

The development of so many linguistic and cultural models as there are situations would be a third kind of approach. The multicultural generation would be different from the traditional generation. A multicultural generation would be different from the multicultural generation, and so on.

Finally, there is the need to focus on bilingual education as a life style. To be commended are those in federal and state government as well as those in educational institutions, parishes, neighborhoods, and business communities. The realities of bilingual education must never be allowed to continue with the same forms of education, procedures, or a foreign culture. In a sense, bilingual education is an American life style and we will be fully recognized when everyone takes it for granted.

Bernard "Blackie" Langlais sculptor par excellence, dies

Bernard "Blackie" Langlais, a nationally known sculptor, died last month at the age of 84. Although he was rescued from a car accident, he died from injuries sustained in the accident.

"He was one of the foremost artists in the country," said James R. Minter, the executive director of the National Endowment for the Arts.

Although he was rescued from a car accident, he died from injuries sustained in the accident.

"It is a great loss for the arts," said Minter. "He was one of the most important sculptors of our time, and his work will be remembered for many years to come."

"Blackie" was born in St. John, New Brunswick, in 1906. He studied art at the University of Montreal and at the Art Student's League in New York City.

He was known for his large, abstract sculptures that were often made of wood and metal. His work was exhibited in many museums and galleries throughout the United States and Canada.

The sculptor was also involved in many charitable organizations, including the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Commission on Fine Arts.

In addition to his work as a sculptor, "Blackie" was a writer, a teacher, and a collector of art. He was the founder of the "Blackie" Foundation, which was established to promote the arts and artists in the United States and Canada.

"Blackie" was married to the artist, Mary Franks, and they had four children. He was predeceased by his wife in 1990.

"Blackie" was buried in St. John, New Brunswick. A celebration of his life will be held at the Art Student's League in New York City on September 25th.
Did you know...
**Between 1840 and 1860 the Franco-American population in Old Town more than doubled.**
**Until the early 1900's, Old Town's St. Joseph Parish included Old Town, Milford, Bradley and Otterboro—all of which had significant Franco-American populations.**
**Today out of St. Joseph Parish families, approximately 700 are of Franco-American descent—on either the mother's side or the father's side, or both.**

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**Paroles de la semaine à Old Town.**

Did you know... **between 1840 and 1860 the Franco-American population in Old Town more than doubled.**

Until the early 1900's, Old Town's St. Joseph Parish included Old Town, Milford, Bradley and Otterboro—all of which had significant Franco-American populations.

Today out of St. Joseph Parish families, approximately 700 are of Franco-American descent—on either the mother's side or the father's side, or both.

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**France's French Heritage**

Have you ever spoken French? Do you still speak it? Do you know any Franco-American folklore? Are you familiar with the history of Franco-Americans in Old Town? We have made arrangements to meet with local Franco-Americans and learn about the history of Old Town. We will explore the French influence on the town and the history of Franco-Americans in Maine and New England. The history of Old Town Franco-Americans will be included in a booklet written at the third and fourth grade level that will be made available to schools throughout the country. We need help in gathering information to create a text that will belong to us and that we can be proud of.

**Telefone:** 282-3839

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**Randall's Market**

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**Towns, en parlant d'où on vient, il fallait aussi parler des Franco dans l'état du Maine et même en Nouvelle Angleterre. Cette histoire sera mise à la disposition des enseignants de la troisième et quatrième année dans les écoles. On a besoin de vous pour nous aider à découvrir les faits historiques. On veut que ce texte vous appartienne. On veut surtout que vous en soyiez fier.**

---


**On a fait des arrangements pour rencontrer des Franco-Américains de Old Town pour discuter des sujets qui ont de l'importance pour vous, vos enfants et notre avenir dans cette communauté. En discutant notre situation à Old Town, en parlant d'où on vient, il fallait aussi parler des Franco dans l'état du Maine et même en Nouvelle Angleterre. Cette histoire sera mise à la disposition des enseignants de la troisième et quatrième année dans les écoles. On a besoin de vous pour nous aider à découvrir les faits historiques. On veut que ce texte vous appartienne. On veut surtout que vous en soyez fier.**

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**L'histoire de Old Town Franco-Américaines**

Les noces, chez Francis, le retors

Marie-Josée Capo

Le Faro-Forum, janvier 1978

Page 17
AU COIN DES JEUNES / LE JOUR DE L'AN 1978

Meilleurs souhaits pour 1978!

Grandpère  Grandmère

Tourtière

les saisons

les saisons

JANVIER

soir
l'été
les soleil
l'hiver
l'automne
la journée
l'année
le mois
le printemps
la semaine

DIMANCHE  LUNDI  MARDI  MERCREDI  JEUDI  VENDREDI  SAMEDI
1  deux  3  IV  5  6  6  Samedi
10  ONZE  12  TREIZE  14  15  16  17  18  19  20  21  22  23  24  25  26  27  28  29  30  31
LOUISIANA TO HOST FRANCO-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

A conference for Franco-Americans in New England and Louisiana will be held in Lafayette, La. on March 5-7, 1978. This is the first of a series of such joint ventures between Franco-American groups of both regions, this year's program being co-sponsored by the National Bilingual Resource Center of the University of Southern California, Louisiana State University, and the National Materials Development Center for French and Portuguese in Bedford, N.H.

The theme of this conference is "Bilinguălism: Unifying Franco-American Communities," and the major goals are: to foster national visibility for Franco-Americans, to develop strategies for encouraging greater support of French programs in New England and Louisiana, and to exchange ideas relevant to French-speaking Americans.

The conference is designed for any person or group interested in promoting bilingualism and biculturalism in Franco-American communities throughout the United States. In-depth studies are planned for educators, politicians, community leaders, social service personnel, members of social and fraternal organizations, persons in music and the arts, journalists, radio and television personnel, businessmen, retired persons, and professionals such as doctors, dentists, lawyers, etc.

Conference participants will be treated to a variety of social, cultural and educational activities such as workshops, tours of the historic Acadian country area and New Orleans, visits to the offices of various French programs, meetings between Louisiana and New England professionals and numerous interested groups, an exhibition, a bilingual film, a film presentation, a book fair and a crawfish boil.

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DEVELOPMENT OF PORTUGUESE MATERIALS AT NMDC

A number of Portuguese materials were developed during the fiscal year, 1976-1977. These materials are in the process of publication. Many directors and teachers of Portuguese bilingual programs have expressed their desire to receive these materials as soon as they become available for the field.

Among the materials developed is a Reader-Language Arts program emphasizing oral development in Portuguese. Over 300 new materials for Portuguese are in progress, including a number of supplementary materials. These include signs, games, puzzles and teacher's manuals, among others. Designed in a variety of forms, it contains a teacher's manual outlining fifteen lessons with full instructions on the implementation of these lessons and a number of suggested follow-up activities. It contains programs on a variety of topics, making use of Portuguese songs and poems, as well as a wide range of materials and games. The teacher's manual includes notes and exercises for each lesson, and it is intended to facilitate the use of Portuguese in the classroom. Teachers are encouraged to use these materials to enhance their students' understanding of Portuguese.

Secondly, a program is in the area of Career Awareness and Career Education. The program is designed to help students identify and explore their career interests, and it includes a variety of activities such as job shadowing, career fairs, and guest speakers. This program is intended to help students develop career goals and make informed choices about their future education and careers.

In addition, the Portuguese component of the NMDC is in the process of development. The NMDC is working closely with school districts and educators to develop appropriate materials and programs in Portuguese.

An Annotated Bibliography of Portuguese Instructional Materials is available for those interested in furthering their knowledge about the subject. This bibliography is a comprehensive list of available resources, including books, articles, and multimedia materials. It is intended to be a valuable resource for teachers and educators who are looking to incorporate Portuguese into their curricula.

In conclusion, the NMDC is committed to continuing its efforts to support the development of Portuguese language and culture, and it is dedicated to providing high-quality resources and materials to support this goal.
Du Nord au Sud
Les Franco-Américains

composé par : Philippe Collin

TOTAL FRANCO-AMÉRICAIN POPULATION: 15 MILLION

CREDITS: Madeleine Gigube (statistics), FAROG (concept), FAIRE (design, 1977).

During the late 1700's Acadians from Nova Scotia settled the St. John River Valley after being driven from Canada by the British.

During the 1800's French Canadians from Quebec came to Maine in large numbers for jobs in the mill towns of Central & Southern Maine.

During the late 1800's French Acadians migrated over sea from the Maritime Provinces into Mass. & Conn.
C't'Encore à mon tour

LES AMIS DE LA LOUISIANE

Deborah Gagnon
Université du Maine
206ex 889 Hall
Orono, Maine 04473

Chère Déborah Gagnon,

Nous avons bien reçu le groupe envoie que vous nous avez envoyé (le numéro de novembre et qui contient beaucoup de choses intéressantes.

Avec l'aimable autorisation de l'Association des Amis de la Louisiane, nous avons la chance d'interviewer l'auteur de l'article, le professeur de littérature française à l'université de Maine, qui a pu nous parler de ses recherches et de ses expériences en France.

Notre Association a été créée à l'initiative du professeur, toujours en essayant de développer un lien entre les anciens amis de la Louisiane et les nouveaux qui s'intéressent à la culture française.

Nous nous engageons à continuer à diffuser des informations sur les activités et les événements liés à la culture française et à promouvoir la francophonie.

Cordialement,

Catherine Bicarre

Response to INERT in Nov. Issue

To the Editor,

I was somewhat annoyed as I read through the Farog Forum, November, 1977. My roommate pointed out an article regarding the Chemistry Lab instructor and his French "slurs," and I chuckled loudly as I read it. I am also a French Canadian ancestry, but did not feel offended, since my pride in my "roots" is not shaken by such "slurs."

I've grown up hearing French jokes coming from all angles, and learned to laugh at myself. I've realized that the type of accent described in the letter was not merely a "French" thing to do, but was also English, Polish, Italian, etc. What I'm trying to say is that we French-Canadians should not be insulted by such "slurs," but should merely laugh them off as someone's attempt to be humorous. We have taken the frog from the face of the Englishman, and the Frenchman from the face of the Englishman, but why can't we do the same with "slurs"? Can we make a virtue of the "French" joke to keep in the minds of the students that this is just a joke, and not something to be taken seriously?"
Campus Observations

cont. from page 8

THE STING OF SWEDISH, JEWISH, FRENCH ETC. POLISH JOKES

by Michael Novak

An acquaintance of mine from Alabama served in Poland for seven years with the US, State Department. His children, now 18 and 24, went to Poland, and, having learned the language with the ease of the very young, have written books and articles about the Jewish-Polish conflict. When their pure Anglo-Saxon Baptist features are the constant object of abuse and ridicule, they are called "Hunkys." They are the constant butt of "dumb Polish jokes." On one occasion, the whole family had been humiliated in a restaurant, when their father, who had been an inspiration, turned on those who were bullying them, saying to them in Polish, "You Polish bastards," and they fell silent and then he hit them. "How does it feel to be discriminated against," they asked. Too many Americans make jokes out of Polish jokes. These people, often youngsters who still understand some, or a few, say that they do not. But even these jokes, as silly as they may be, are a kind of tribute. Not all humor is equal; different groups require different responses.

THE SHARED BARRIERS

Ethnic humor is one of the great resources of this nation. It is a way to keep in touch with others, and the language of all other cultures. It is a way to communicate with others who share a common culture. It is a way to express solidarity with others who share a common culture. It is a way to express solidarity with others who share a common culture. It is a way to express solidarity with others who share a common culture. It is a way to express solidarity with others who share a common culture. It is a way to express solidarity with others who share a common culture.

But there is a second genre of ethnic joke. It is not so much the question of what is funny about Polish humor, nor is it the question of how to respond to it. It is the question of what is funny about the way in which we respond to it. It is the question of how to respond to it. It is the question of how to respond to it. It is the question of how to respond to it. It is the question of how to respond to it. It is the question of how to respond to it.

On Wednesday, January 4th I was informed of a proposal entitled Ethnic Heritage Studies. The proposal is to present this type of conference in the last couple of months. Being the editor of the Forum, I decided to make a few calls in relation to this. My findings were remarkable. First, I called supposedly a person who knew very well what the proposal was about but said that he knew nothing of it. The person went through five more calls, but all I got was he or she is not in that or they call back. At this point I knew something was fishy. Finally after a couple of hours of this I called, at home, the supposedly sick in bed, Joyce Harvey. I later found out she is the person who drew up the proposal. I wonder why no one answered me? I kept calling people and finally Dr. Roland Banks, University of Maine at Fort Kent, returned my call late that afternoon. What he had to say was astounding. He informed me that the first person I called knew darn well of the proposal and in fact wrote a letter of recommendation. Dr. Banks also said that there was a meeting conducted and that it was open to the public. The trouble with this is that this meeting was the first proposal not the second. In presenting this proposal Joyce Harvey, Lowell, Ayers Daigle, Roland Banks and a few others have used names (The UMCO group). I can truthfully say we did not give them permission. I think that you the St. John Valley have a right to that. Hopefully your concern about $90,000,000 of your tax money and also the injustice, will encourage you to lend a helping hand.

By Steve Poirier Mckieker Student Editor

The hand is quicker than the eye

De l'Or! Del'Or!

You've got to recover the gold! The gold! Gold is always a good thing! It's always a good thing! It's always a good thing! It's always a good thing! It's always a good thing!

There was a public hearing Dec. 8, 1977 at the University of Maine at Fort Kent, Cyr Hyl to consider a federally funded proposal that would subsidize the Franco-American effort by U.M.F.K. while at the same time ignoring Franco.

The hand is quicker than the eye.
Somehow, Marcel indicated that he wanted to drive us to Nicolet, about 10 miles away, to see an old man from Bécanocur who was now living there. After a short ride with this French-Canadian driver (he was talking, with his hands off the wheel, at 80 m.p.h. on a 60 m.p.h. road!), we arrived in the country home in Nicolet.

This is where we met Raoul Letiecq, age 88. Surprisingly, Mr. Letiecq began speaking with us in English — he had worked for years in Worcester, Mass., and had returned to Quebec to retire, just several months ago! His mother was a Leonie Massé from Bécanocur! We were instant cousins. Unfortunately, we could not stay long enough, so I asked Raoul to write me, in a letter, all that he might remember about Louis Z. and his parents, Charles and Céléna Massé. Here is what my new cousin wrote:

"Now I will tell you what I can remember about your Quebec ancestors Charles and Céléna Massé. He was a carpenter by trade, to build all kinds of houses, doing all kinds of repairs and odd jobs were his main occupations.

He was living a mile and a half from the church, a neighbour of my uncle Darnas Letiecq with whom he would play cards, checkers, croquet, often times and exchanged all kinds of favours.

"He would use all his spare time gardening the crop of which he and his wife would enjoy giving away to neighbours and friends with an open heart, the surplus. He lived to be 99 years of age. His departure left a social vacuum long to be remembered by all the residents who knew him. He was the epitome of kindness, generosity, fairness. As a carpenter he was a genius being a handy man and would help to solve his customer problems with his quick judgment at planning.

"His wife Céléna was his alter ego, they both lived in perfect harmony, enjoyed life in its fullness, accepting the sorrows, the contradictions of life, not with pugilistic racism, but with a Christian resignation.

"I believe it was his alter ego. He was one of my mother's best friends, would visit us once in a while.

"He was a great man and for my neighbour Noel Cyrme when I was ten years of age (1898) I got a kick watching him do stone, could accommodate six persons fishing in lake St. Paul for pout, perch, eels, pikes, id... It was baptised the Charlo Massé boat.

"This was a story teller, fascinating. Everyone liked to hear him.

"I would like to know what the Americans think of the Parti Québécois overwhelming victory Nov. 15 - 76. Cordially yours, Raoul J. Letiecq."

In September 1977, Marcel Cyrme and his son-in-law came to visit our family in East Vassalboro, Me. for several days. We all enjoyed the visit and hope that they'll continue in the future.

Thus, after a lapse of 40 years, my Maine family has renewed its ties with its Quebec counterpart. We are able to go back to where we came from.
Les Cajuns

D’abord, il faudrait dire “Bonnie Anne” et “Bobbi Annette” au lieu de “Bonnie Anne” et “Bobbi Annette”. Ce sont des “columbus”. On a tous passé des bonnes fêtes, avec des bonnes choses. Mais s’il n’y avait pas d’enfants qui pleurent, il serait difficile de savoir quoi faire. En fin de compte, c’est ça qui m’ennuie.

Les Cafrons (7e). Vous m’avez dit que vous aviez rencontré quelqu’un qui allait à la foire. J’espère qu’il rencontraise.

InVESTISSEMENTS LOUISIANE

D. D. McCullough et sa belle-fille, qui est une grande voyageuse, sont venus nous voir.

Le mardi 21 septembre

D. D. McCullough et sa belle-fille, qui est une grande voyageuse, sont venus nous voir.

Les Cajuns

Les Cajuns

pour Debbra Clinton

La Librairie Populaire

M. Roger Lacoste, propriétaire de LA LIBRAIRIE POPULAIRE, a fondé en 1972 à Lowell, Massachusetts, est heureux d’annoncer l’ouverture d’un nouveau magasin au Maine. Il a rénové l’ancien magasin, qui est situé sur le site du New Hampshire 31010. Le magasin, qui s’occupe de toutes sortes de livres, est ouvert du mardi au samedi. Il a aussi ouvert un magasin à Portland, MA, qui a rénové l’ancien magasin situé sur le site du Maine.

La Librairie Populaire se spécialise dans la vente de livres de poche et de livres pour adolescents. Entre autres chiffres, il a vendu 270 livres pour tous les sexes et 100 livres pour les hommes. En 1977, on lui a vendu 250 livres pour les femmes.

Pour toute information, vous pouvez appeler le 270-1234 ou visitez notre site web : librairiepopulaire.com.
Dear Editor:

I am responding directly to a letter I received from Y. L. Babber, concerning the Maine Magazine article, "Can This Heritage Be Saved?" (November, 1977). I do not feel that the article as written in "Yankees do it," do not feel that the article was unfair or that it was not directed at any particular individuals or organizations.

Christ Planner took a big, bad, where the editorial statement was not intended to be slanderous or libelous. The article was intended to be an exploration of the issues involved in the preservation of the heritage of Maine, and it was not intended to be an attack on any individuals or organizations.

I do feel that the statement that Planner referenced from the magazine article was not accurate. I believe that Planner was misinformed or that there was some misunderstanding between Planner and me.

I do feel that the statement that Planner referenced from the magazine article was not accurate. I believe that Planner was misinformed or that there was some misunderstanding between Planner and me.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Steiner
Professor of Social Welfare

To the Editor of the Maine Magazine:

I was pleased to read the recent Maine Magazine article, "Can This Heritage Be Saved?" (November, 1977). I was particularly interested in the discussion of the role of the French-Americans in the preservation of Maine's cultural heritage.

I would like to respond to some of the points made in the article. First, I believe that the French-Americans have a significant role to play in the preservation of Maine's cultural heritage. The French-Americans have a long and rich history in Maine, and they have made significant contributions to the cultural life of the state.

I also believe that there is a need for greater understanding and appreciation of the French-American culture in Maine. This is not to say that there is a lack of appreciation, but rather that there is a need for a more comprehensive understanding of the culture.

Sincerely yours,

Yours truly,

Francesco Padrone
Sons Sur Son

Notes on the Québec Music Scene
by Don Hinckley

A key factor in music promotion in the U.S. is the constant touring by performers to promote new product after it has been released on the airwaves. Despite the blocking, the sale of a new element accompanying a three or four month (sometimes even eleven month) tour the results seem to justify the means: an enormous number of people are exposed to a performer's music within a relatively short time. In this respect and others, the recording industry that revolves around the Québec music scene is an eminently one. Obviously, the touring opportunities for a Québecois artist are severely limited by geography. The superspinners of the fortunate may schedule a series of concerts in France, but aside from the province and selected French-speaking cities elsewhere in Canada there is only one outlet for Québecois recording artists: radio. Considering all of this, the most curious aspect of the situation in Québec is that a band such as Beau Dommage can effectively sell albums in volume. And they do. Beau Dommage's first two albums have sold well over 300,000 copies to date. The reasons behind such a success story must be different from the proven touring formula.

First of all, one must acknowledge the fact that most popular Québecois musicians strike a familiar chord with their fans in images and messages. The identification may lie in the spirit of the music of some artists or in the political symbolism of others. In any case, an identity crisis among the Québecois has rocketed some musicians to stardom. At the same time the music has provided a means for people to rally together, especially those who would have been hesitant had the ostensible reason been more serious than music; supporting a musician's political stance can always be rationalized as enjoying his or her music. It is the forging of a community of musicians that appeals at once to those who are not especially political, but there is more.

It is doubtful there could be a more loyal audience or record buying public on earth than the supporters of the music scene in Québec. There is distribution by the Canadian branch of American labels such as Capitol and RCA, but discs produced by smaller local firms including Gamma and others are in equal abundance. Canadian luminaries Burton Cummings and Gordon Lightfoot have always advised their fellow native musicians to forget Canada and go to the U.S. for their big at some point, but Québec's cottage record industry and artists are thriving, even in their isolation.

An absence through the record stores in Montreal would indicate that along with the support they receive the Québecois musicians assume a certain creative responsibility. Virtually any important European or American import disc is available, be it avant garde jazz, traditional music, or innovators in all fields as well as classical music. Traditional music from the Andes was popular in Québec at one point, for example. Numerous American and British groups received the attention of the rock and jazz cognoscenti in the province before the U.S. audiences took notice of them. The cross section of performing artists in Québec reflects a musical eclecticism. Boule Noire is a Québec soul and disco band. The French-Canadian rock band Cano, from Sudbury, Ontario, and France's top innovative rockers, Ange, perform in the same city as Willy Lamothé (Québec's Willy Nelson), resident Cajun performer writer Zachary Richard and local jazz groups such as Wintergarden and Maneige. Any imaginable type of band can find an audience. With so much variety to choose from, here is an audience that can take its music seriously.

---

MON PERE Y' MA MARIE

Mon père, y ma marié, Hi-Hin-La-Lurette,
Un 'bon' vieilli file il ma donné,
Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La,
Hi-Hin-La-Lurette.

Elle avait les yeux pochés,
Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La,
Hi-Hin-La-Lurette.

Elle avait les yeux pochés,
Hi-Hin-La-Lurette,
Et les joues ratatinées,
Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La,
Hi-Hin-La-Lurette.

Elle avait les yeux pochés,
Hi-Hin-La-Lurette,
Et les joues ratatinées,
Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin-La, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin, Hi-Hin-La,
Hi-Hin-La-Lurette.

---

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!
I'LL DO WHAT FROGS DO BEST!
I'LL HOP!

SNAKES JUST CAN'T STAND HOPPING!

---

BEE! BEE!
TIME TO WAKE UP SNAKEY ---

---

WEDDING SONG

Ohi adieu père... Ohi adieu mère... Ohi adieu tous mes bons parents. Je vais vous quitter aujourd'hui. Je vais vous quitter pour longtemps.

REFRAIN

Car si je prends un bon mari C'est pour avoir de l'argent Non! jamais j'oublierai le bon temps Que j'ai passé auprès de mes bons parents. Nous voilà tous mis à la table Tous à la table rassemblés Quand je regarde ma tendre femme Les larmes qui coulent des yeux Ohi adieu père... Ohi adieu mère... Ohi adieu donc pleurez pas tant. Je reviendrai encore vous voir Ce sera avec mon fidèle amant.

Quand je regarde la porte Mot qui la fermais si souvent Je vais la fermer aujourd'hui Je vais la fermer pour longtemps.

LA RIVIERE ST-JEAN

Je vais dans ton onde rapide se réfréter les mousons, les forêts Ainsi dans une âme limpide, je vois de Dieu se refléter les traits.

REFRAIN


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from: Lil Labbé
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FAROC, UMO
St-Jean Baptiste: patrons des Franco-américains

Cet enfant envoyé de Yahweh, cet être supra-sensible qui tressaillit dans le sein de sa mère à l'approche de son cousin-messez, encore fuyait-il aussi (voir la Visitation telle que décrite par l'Évangéliseur Luc), pouvait donc s'entendre à ce que il devinait un homme tout à fait extraordinaire. Son père avait certainement s'imaginer que son fils unique hériterait de son propre prêche, tout comme il l'a fait, c'est ainsi que le Seigneur le fera grand de nos jours, pour qu'il s'en serve pour conduire ses élus vers lui. Mais le petit Jean voyait autrement les choses, la réalité lui interdisait de prêcher sur le flanco qui a bien pu se passer chez Zacharie et Elizabeth le jour où Jean quittait la maison, mais on peut se faire une idée du scénario.

Zacharie : "Mais non, mon fils, tu ne comprends pas, faut de te taire petit, Tu peux pas aller au désert... faut pas de désert, non tant que tu es en vie, que de le faire pendant que tu es en vie, que de le faire pendant que tu es en vie...

Mon petit fait, c'est Dieu que tu rejoins en faisant ta tâche. Tu te laisses aller à une envie de jeunesse que tu regrettas plus tard. Et pense à ce que tu as accompli pour toi, tu ne peux savoir ce que c'est en finir avec les sautes de rage, de larmes suaires, de larmes suaires, de larmes suaires,

"Voici, T.Jean pense de moins en moins autre, ta majesté principale, ou est plus jeune. Que c'est que le monde vole pense de nous autres. Nous laissons de moins en moins de moins en moins de moins en moins de moins en moins de moins en moins...

by Nicole Morin-Scribner
Deux amis à la porte...

La FINE. Oui, rentre... Mon Doux de Bon Yeux, c'est ma tante Lodie... Je... Je... Je... Je...

TANTE LODIE. Non... mon, ta tante, elle a une petite chat... que je... je... je... je...

LA FINE. C'est qui, votre... que je... je... je... je...

TANTE LODIE. Je... je... je... je... je... je... je... je...

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LA FINE. C'est qui, votre... que je... je... je... je...
Cher forum,
Céline et moi, nous avons décidé de participer à un appel à communication pour l'ouvrage de l'Association canadienne-française pour l'éducation à l'environnement. Nous avons préparé un manuscrit de 15 pages qui détaille notre vision de l'avenir de l'éducation environnementale au Canada. Nous sommes prêts à soumettre notre travail si vous y êtes intéressé.

Sincèrement,
Michel Comeau
Centre de recherche en éducation à l'environnement
cme@ec.gc.ca

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Cher forum,
Je vous écris pour vous informer qu'un nouveau numéro de la revue "L'Écho" a été publié récemment. Il contient plusieurs articles intéressants sur l'écologie et l'environnement. Je tiens à vous soumettre un extrait de cet article qui traite du changement climatique.

Sincèrement,
Lucie Deschamps
Éducateur à l'environnement
deschamps@ec.gc.ca

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Cher forum,
J'aimerais vous présenter un projet de recherche que nous avons développé récemment sur l'impact des technologies numériques sur l'apprentissage des enfants. Nous avons collecté des données auprès de 500 enfants âgés de 5 à 15 ans et avons constaté une corrélation significative entre l'utilisation des technologies et l'augmentation de la concentration et de la motivation dans l'apprentissage.

Sincèrement,
Jean-Pierre Lamarche
Président de l'Association canadienne-française pour l'éducation à l'environnement
lamarche@ec.gc.ca

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Cher forum,
Je vous informe que le prochain congrès annuel de l'Association canadienne-française pour l'éducation à l'environnement aura lieu le 15 avril prochain à Montréal. Ce congrès offrira une multitude de sessions interactives sur divers thèmes liés à l'éducation environnementale et à l'écologie. Je vous recommande vivement d'y participer.

Sincèrement,
Sophie Lavoie
Secrétaire du conseil d'administration
lavoie@ec.gc.ca

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Cher forum,
Je vous présente un article recueilli depuis un cours d'écologie au Collège de Montréal. L'article traite du sujet de l'érosion des sols et propose des solutions pour réduire son impact environnemental. Nous espérons que cet article contribuera à sensibiliser davantage les étudiants à cette question cruciale.

Sincèrement,
Julie Dupont
Professeur d'écologie
dupont@ec.gc.ca

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Cher forum,
J'aimerais partager avec vous un extrait d'un livre récent sur l'écologie intitulé "La Terre en danger". Dans cet ouvrage, l'auteur met en avant l'importance de prendre des mesures urgentes pour préserver la biodiversité et l'équilibre écologique de la planète. Je vous encourage vivement à lire ce livre pour en comprendre l'importance.

Sincèrement,
Alexandre Fontaine
Écrivain en écologie
fontaine@ec.gc.ca

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Cher forum,
Je vous livre un article détaillé sur les avantages de l'agriculture biologique par rapport à la traditionnelle. L'article analyse des études scientifiques récentes qui démontrent que l'agriculture biologique est un moyen plus durable de produire des aliments sains et durables. Je vous recommande vivement de lire cet article pour en apprendre davantage.

Sincèrement,
Isabelle Martin
Journaliste spécialisée en agriculture
martin@ec.gc.ca
Que pensez-vous du FORUM?

On a beau rappeler que l'information passe par la voix du numéro du FORUM afin d'attirer les lecteurs en se référant à l'actualité mondiale et à notre pays par la même occasion.

Ville:
Province:
Date:
H:

1. Certifiez-vous que vous avez lu le numéro du FORUM?
2. Avez-vous remarqué des fautes dans le numéro du FORUM?
3. Comment votre travail est-il publié dans le numéro du FORUM?
4. Quelle est la valeur de votre lecture dans le numéro du FORUM?
5. Quel est le plus intéressant du numéro du FORUM?
6. Quelle est la valeur de votre lecture dans le numéro du FORUM?
7. Quel est le bilan de votre lecture dans le numéro du FORUM?
8. Quelle est la valeur de votre lecture dans le numéro du FORUM?
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10. Quelle est la valeur de votre lecture dans le numéro du FORUM?

Le FORUM, c'est la voix du monde!
In the name of the American Dream

English, was considered a retarded child but who became an above average student when retested in her Franco-American dialect; I could tell you of the young valedictorian who was told by her principal that she would be dismissed from school, not be valedictorian and not graduate if she wrote a news article in French for a local newspaper; I could tell you of the elderly woman who was worried sick and without her social security checks for some months because no one was available to speak to her in French about medical procedures, her rights and responsibilities; I could tell you of the many Franco-American students in college who have failed French courses because they spoke their dialect; finally, I could tell you of mental patients, welfare cases, business people, educators and parents who have been exposed to similar prejudices. But then you probably could give more examples than I can. The point to be made is that BILINGUAL EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS WILL HELP CLARIFY LINGUISTIC AND CULTURAL VALUES IN ORDER TO MINIMIZE PREJUDICE AGAINST MINORITY GROUPS.

In the name of the American dream and ethnic reality, Franco-Americans at some point in the past had constructed over 250 educational institutions, from elementary schools to colleges in New England. Most of them are closed today. The orientations which prevailed in these non-public schools varied from those in public institutions. In abbreviated form, the net results looked like this: a spirit of cooperation rather than competition, a religious formation rather than economic and political interests, a task-oriented formation rather than pragmatic decision-making, and, lastly, a high priority on work rather than education. I’m not attempting to place value on either of the above perceptions nor am I opposing one versus the other. I’m merely describing a general situation which prevailed and for which, admittedly, some could find many exceptions. The fact remains, however, that opportunities for self-development, leadership and success were attainable — almost exclusively — if one spent his/her energies within his/her respective group. The pressures to achieve outside of the group were more severe by differences in approach, orientation and perceptions. In some instances, the pressures widened the gap between groups by creating a reality of inferiority at one end of the spectrum and a paranoia of incompetence at the other. Under the circumstances, the American dream, cloaked in mutual distrust, was the reality for the few. Thus the third rationale is that bilingual education in the public schools will better provide a sharing experience and will better assure equal opportunity for the American dream.

As a transition from rationales to needs in bilingual education and perception, may I just say that to live one’s culture can provide the individual with a sense of security and identity; to acquire a new culture can be a fulfilling experience; but, to be stripped of one’s culture can be painfully damaging. Unfortunately, the latter situation was the quandary of too many of those who, because of circumstance, have had to live through some process of linguistic and cultural genocide as first generation Americans in the United States.

I would plea with you that the thirst of bilingual education never be on conformity but on the recognition of human dignity — through the respect of first generation aspirations, pride in our ethnic mosaic and the safeguard of minority preferences.

In this context, a first need would be to stop programming bilingual education as a treatment and to channel the linguistic and cultural potentials of all minority groups as resources beneficial to everyone and worthy in themselves.

A second need would be to make bilingual education available, on an optional basis, to all communities who want it!
WHAT BECAME OF THEM

(EDITOR’S NOTE: DUE TO A LAYOUT ERROR IN THE LAST PAGE OF THE DECEMBER SUPPLEMENT, PART OF THIS SHORT STORY BY DENIS LEDOUX WAS UNREADABLE. FOR THIS WE ARE VERY SORRY AND WE REPRINT THAT SEGMENT OF THE STORY ALONG WITH THE CONCLUSION.)

Maman lived in a four-room apartment on Horton Street. The kitchen was painted green. From her rocking chair in the kitchen, she saw the sun rise. Every morning, she saw it rise as she had seen it rise since she was a 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 in 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 room, after the little children had been put to bed and Laurier, who was a good boy, and Mauriel were up studying in the kitchen (it was quiet like the street after a shift in the mill), Florianne remembered Papa’s warning, “My girls would be better alone than with men who drink. Never trust a man who drinks.” After all these years, she could hear Papa saying that still. She knew Papa would not be pleased with Amédée’s going so often to the Alouette or to the Champlain. When they had married, Amédée had never gone out. Now, he was gone often; but, he never came back drunk. Sometimes, he did not even smell beer. Ilda’s husband had always smelled beer. Florianne had not trusted him.

When it was exactly that Florianne began to uncover the presence of the other woman (her name was Lisa, but Florianne was never able to give her a name—it would have made the other woman into a person), she was not sure. It had come initially as a result of jealousy: He was free to do anything. Although it sounded silly, she kept a watch on his salary. (They did not get paid in checks but in cash, and so it was difficult to keep tabs on things.) It did not help matters that he did not know Jos. Beaulieu, who was an habitué of the Alouette, had a new car. 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 Montreal, who lived in Ilda’s parish. “Monstre, cochen,” 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 Ida — not for another woman’s benefit. She would not let go of her right to share in Amédée’s foramen 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 to one 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 Mariel was ten. And there were two children screaming and fought and broke things in her front room.

Then, Maman, who grew more sick, moved in at Marin’s house.

Ida had no room. The year that Maman died, Ida was living with her Rita on Oxford Street. (Rita was a big girl now.) Ida had a three-room apartment in Thibou’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 bantam fowls pecking at each other. While he was away at the mill, she would take the kids and seek refuge at Papa’s on Norton Street. In the late evening, he worked on the shift, Ida’s husband would come pounding on Papa’s door. (Papa who had no day off on those occasions would say that, of course, this could not go on indefinitely.)

The influenza came to the city. It decimated the population like a never do. It was the same event that had been in 1918. She had moved from the sunny apartment to Oxford Street where her windows opened up on an alleyway. Maman had taken care of little Rita, and Ida had returned to the mill down the street. She was the breadwinner.

The year that Marin 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 foramen job, Florianne had a second-floor apartment, with eight rooms and a bath. The front rooms, the double parlors as they were called, opened up to the street through triple windows. (By that time of the year, the street was growing dark and leaves were falling up on the sidewalk. Florianne thought of the dingy rooms they had had in Canada. Even here, Maman had not had beautiful front rooms.)

The kitchen in back opened up to a yard with trees and flowers. The large bedroom off the kitchen should have been Maman’s room. It was close to the bathroom, it had a sitting room, 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 order. When the 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 Communion. Second floor back. (They never壁纸ed at Marin’s; Liane always thought things were good enough. They were saving their money to go back to Canada.) It was that, Florianne thought, which killed Maman off. She could never forgive Liane that.

The time came when Maman began to toss and turn at night, and Liane and Marin couldn’t take care of her alone anymore. They needed someone to spend the nights with her. The sisters came. There were still three in Lewiston, and Albertine made it up sometimes from Liffield. Amédée, who really was fond of Maman, also spent nights with her now that he no longer went out carousing. (He had known Maman for at least twenty-five years — since he was an adolescent living in the block across the street.)

(Maman said to Florianne, “Take him back into your heart.” Florianne could not, although she said she would. Amédée was not half the man Papa had been. Papa would be so sad to see how things had changed.)

It was Florianne who spent the last night with Maman. Maman was a thin little biddy by then; and, that night, after walking back from a second-shift job at the Bates Mill — she was in the spinning room, the hot stuffy spinning room (She didn’t mind because it was going to let her some new perm) — Florianne sat at the kitchen table crocheting dollies for her bedroom bureaus. She could hear Maman babble in the little room off the kitchen about specious things, about Canada, about the farm at St. Narcisse.

“Thomas, Thomas, get the girls in, get the girls in,” she moaned. “There is a fox on the prowl. The Bonnous told me they saw a red fox. Quick, Thomas.”

“It’s all right, Maman,” said Florianne, going into the bedroom to check on her mother. “There’s no fox. We’re in Lewiston now. We’re in the United
States."

"No fox? Lewiston? What will the good father say when he comes for his parish visit?"
When they had been young girls, they had sat at night on the porch, rocking, and listening to the crickets. The chores would have been done for the day; the animals abed. The Bonneau boys might come over and sometimes the Dionne boys too. Papa talked about things in the past—the hunts and the clearing of the fields, about his parents and grandparents, and about the coming of the English and about the sauvages before that. Life was different in those days, he'd say.

(The Bonneau boys sometimes talked about their uncle who worked in a textile mill in Lewiston. This uncle had a piano in his living room. This uncle wanted them to come. Monsieur Bonneau, however, said he preferred holding on to what he already had.)

"I never thought we would tramp around like this," Papa had said, sitting in the apartment on Horton Street, years later. "I just want to come earn my jack and then to return home. What are we doing here? Our people will dry up like an old apple forgotten in a cold cellar. We must stay together as a family; we must stay together as Canadians."

He was buried in St. Narcisse, next to the old fieldstone church. He was alongside his own mother and father in the land of his ancestors and, unless some miracle happened, Nanan would be buried in the USA. They were not staying together. Everything was changing. They were leaving people behind here and there. Movement was in their blood. They were descendants of the voyageurs and the coureurs de bois. And now it was Marin again. He wanted to leave. He was saying, when Nanan died, he would go to Canada. She did not want to lose both Nanan and Marin. Would her life now melt away like snow in the spring?

"But we will be at the mercy of the English in the USA. We can't go. Don't worry, my darling, the harvest will be good here." Nanan muttered.

So many times the harvest had not been good, Florianne remembered as dawn began to spread across the night like a bright new coverlet over a bed. She had lace curtains and new doilies and a full set of bedroom furniture on her mind.

"Let Marin go back and starve if he wants!" she said to herself, but she wanted him to stay. He was her brother.

On the morning of October 1934, while Ilda was working the third shift at the Bates weaving room, the looms clanging and banging about her, Zénobie Comtois, her mother, began her final passage into death.

They called the mill. The foreman said he would let Ilda go right away. (He was a cousin of Amédée's.) Little Jean-Luc took his bicycle over to ma tante Amain. (Usually they telephoned the Biziers' downtowners who knocked twice on the pipes for Amain to come down, but the Biziers had moved out and the new people did not have a telephone.)

They called Albertine in Litchfield. Mr. Desruisseaux, the retired who lived across the hall from Marin, went out to get her at the farm. (Her husband was gone to Vermont with the truck.) They called her foolish for throwing herself at the mercy of the elements; but she had been successful where Papa had not been. Albertine said the others were the ones who were foolish for working in the mills.

Litchfield was twenty miles away and they did not get back until seven.

The priest came, a Canadian peasant with a ruddy face.
and large hands, and administered the sacrament of Extreme-Uncion. (Laurier watched attentively. Laurier was sixteen at the time was going to be a priest too. Florianne was putting money away to help pay his seminary training. Amédée watched the boy sadly.) Le bon père anointed Mamam’s forehead, her eyes, her nose, her lips, her hands, and her feet with sacred oils, asking for forgiveness for any sins committed through the agency of that weak flesh.

At eleven that morning, in the dark little bedroom, surrounded by her girls, Florianne, Ilda, Anais, and Albertine, and by Marin, Zénobie Contois died.

She was seventy-four.

In the afternoon, Marin called St. Narcisse and Sherbrooke and Fall River. Florianne began to rearrange her front parlor for the placing of the casket. (Thank God Marin had seen the reasonableness of using the new apartment for the wake.) The men rolled the piano out to the hallway. Neighbors brought food in. Torteaux, cretons, bouillions, cold meats, pastries, cookies. After school, Muriel cleaned out the backroom that should have been Mamam’s. Florianne would sleep with Florianne that night. (She said he must not try to touch her.) Aunt Zélire and Uncle Georges from Fall River would be staying in the back room. They always stayed with her and Amédée whenever they came up.

Toward suppertime, the casket was brought in. The dead then were kept in slanting caskets, under glass. Below the glass, Mamam was at peace, wearing the soft pink dress they had bought her the summer before, her hair carefully arranged about her face. Although it was an unfamiliar hairstyle created by morticians, Florianne did not mind. It was not unbecoming to Mamam.

Florianne did not go in to the stall that night where she had worked in the various rooms as a spare hand for years. (They lived off Amédée’s salary and used her for the house.) Instead she sat in the big fauteuil and thought of Mamam and cried. She was so alone. How would she cease to be a field dying of draught?

“Shame to be a field dying of draught. And now they’re not together.”

“Life is very hard, isn’t it?”

Later Florianne got up and helped the younger girls with the midnight meal and the girls went more. Diligently making sandwiches, she remembered how he novenas Mamam used to say for Laurier’s vocation. She had wanted a priest in the family. Florianne would see to it that Laurier became a priest — for Mamam, she would tend his vocation as one tends a kitchen garden.

Madame Lessard upstairs and Manson downstairs had little children sleeping on their couches and extra beds. One by one, the parents had come to see their children and return to the relatives with whom they were staying.

The wake lasted another day and then the next day, the day of the funeral, the Last Rites were performed by Saint Pierre and Saint Paul’s for the High Mass for the Dead, all the family was to file through Florianne’s parlor one last time.

“Fortunately, they aren’t cramped up at Marin’s,” Florianne thought as she woke up during the night, feeling the unaccustomed weight of Amédée next to her. Her mother and father had slept together all the days of their married lives.

During that same night, Mrs. Contois’ eyes and mouth, propelled by inner pressures opened wide. Her face flushed against the transparent surface and her tongue flattened out on the glass.

Forty years later, Muriel who had been twelve, could still see her grandmother with the monster face pushing against the glass, with her tongue flattened.

That was a terrible thing which Florianne was never able to forget. She wept and kept it with Amédée because he had slept in her bed that night.

Later, after the funeral, Marin said, now that Mamam was dead, he was returning to Canada, Amédée called him a fool. Once again, Florianne could agree with Amédée. Marin however said that Amédée was the one who was a fool.

(And his thought, “For staying here? or for returning to the winter cold?”

“So you’re going to achieve happiness repairing broken down looms and supervising spinning mills!” said Marin. “That’s not work for a bachelor.”

“Mamam always loved the farm,” said Anais.

“Papa too.”

“Wells, I’m going to find me one. The thought of heading north again has kept me going all this time. Hey, what kind of life is it to work all day in dark, noisy rooms — all night for that matter? It’s not healthy. What’s it getting you? I’m not going to die in those brick caskets.”

“We are born for misery,” said Ilda. “We Canadians are born for a little mud.”

Florianne thought, “Now that Papa and Marin will both be gone I shall be alone without a man.” (Still she would not be quite like Ilda.)

“Nope, there’s a farm for me back home with soil that isn’t too rocky. I’ll need a woodlot that holds enough fuel to last many winters and a farmhouse and barns that are in good repair. I’ll be my own man with a few cows, with a garden, with a productive maple grove. And you, you will be working for an hourly salary.”

“You’re going to starve,” said Florianne, envying his courage. She herself was afraid. When she thought of living on a farm again, she felt like a child before a snarling animal. She felt like a child asked to do an impossible task. She did not want to reacquaint herself with threadbareness.

Marin was different. He had made the coup d’argent which Papa had never been able to make. Papa had come down to save his brother and had now been able to return to his farm. He had been caught in Lewiston like a fly in a spider’s web. It was ironic that he was buried up there then, much of his life, he hadn’t been able to live there.

Ilda said to Florianne in private that she would love to go back, that it would make her feel like a bird in spring, but without a man it was impossible and men were too much of a bother.

“Life is always tearing us apart,” said Anais. “There is too much change. Papa would not be happy.”

In later years, when they sat in different rooms, appointed by Florianne, always spending their time alone, Amédée would call her. He was as hard as the maple shingles which had grown about the villages in Canada. He would wonder how his people had made such women. At first, he had wanted to be friends with her again, but she had not let him. He said to himself that she was molded of the winter cold.