Perspectives

- BRAVO THUMBS UP
  - to local department store salesman for his "dumb" trenchant remarks to P. Michael

- BOO THUMBS DOWN
  - to Steve Robbins for ignoring genealogical workshops in the state and to Richard Potvin for doing the genealogical presentations at same
  - to the unbashi book in this issue
  - to the University of Vermont for not keeping Virgil Bennett (Make him an offer he can't refuse.)
  - to the Maine State Library for its exmplanatic effort in the matter of

- GO FOR BROADCASTING for the lack of French-American Maine Public Broadcasting

- To Ranger Mental Health Institute for your APPARENT malfeasance in following up on our mutual French-American effort of 2 years ago

- to the BILINGUAL editors conference at UMO

- to FAROG FORUM for publishing a Franco population map of New England with inaccuracies.
THE WIZARD OF OZ AND THE FRANCO-AMERICAN RENAISSANCE
by Bernard Lejeune

At 7:00 PM on Easter Sunday, March 26, 1978, little children and, yes, big children as well, after having thoroughly satisfied their appetites with a hearty Easter dinner, placed their over-stuffed bodies in front of the nearest available television set in order to participate in the annual American tradition of viewing The Wizard of Oz.

Year after year, we see the main characters in search of their respective goals in life. Dorothy wished to return to the comfort of her home in Kansas, the Scarecrow would like to have a brain, the Tin Man needs a heart, and the Cowardly Lion wants courage.

They all expect to find these treasures in the Land of Oz, where the Great Wizard will supposedly grant them every wish. Their illusions are shattered in the end when they discover that the Great Wizard is but an ordinary man. Yet, this Great Wizard did indeed prove helpful to them. He made them see that the treasures which they had sought so long and hard were already within them, and that the realization of these gifts may only be achieved through much soul-searching and self-discovery.

The Wizard of Oz recalled mind to a statement made by Norm Dubé, director of the National Museum Development Center for French and Portuguese in Bedford, N.H., while speaking at one of the workshops during the First Annual Franco-American Conference in Lafayette, Louisiana, in March. Norm drew an analogy between the Wizard of Oz and the current Franco-American renaissance. Briefly, he stated that just as the characters in The Wizard of Oz learned that their real goals and gifts were already within them, so must all Franco-Americans learn that their language, their traditions, and the very essence of their ethnicity are all contained within them as well.

Franco-Americans have sought government funds with which to establish bilingual-educational programs. However, these programs will bring about a Franco-American renaissance by fostering ethnic awareness among children as well as among adults. What many people don't appear to realize is that government grants have no more power than did the so-called Great Wizard. That power is already within the Franco-American, and no amount of money, large or small, can artificially inject ethnic awareness among members of this group.

The Great Wizard proved to be an essential tool in leading the characters in the film to achieve self-understanding and government funds may be employed likewise, so long as Franco-Americans learn to understand that ethnicity cannot simply be "bought" with a amount of dollars, but must be found and extracted from the hearts and minds of all individuals. Through a great deal of soul-searching and self-discovery can a true and genuine renaissance among Franco-Americans take place.

One might add to this, "...for discovering one's own ethnic heritage.

SUNLIFE

Dans un autre culture. Leur combat est celui d'un combat pour vivre en terre d'Amérique cette inestimable richesse de la culture. Ils se battent contre les Canadiens anglais, ils se battent pour leur langue, leur culture, en même temps qu'ils restent fidèles à leur identité culturelle. Ce n'est pas seulement sur le terrain économique, mais sur le terrain culturel, que la communauté Franco- Américaine se bat pour glorifier sa culture. Par exemple, Robert Bouchard, président de l'Association Franco-Américaine de Montréal, a lancé une campagne de sensibilisation au français en Amérique. Ce n'est pas seulement une question de langue, mais aussi de patrimoine. Le but est de faire connaître la culture française en Amérique. Ce n'est pas seulement une question de parler français, mais aussi de connaître et d'apprécier les traditions françaises. Ce n'est pas seulement une question de loi, mais aussi de politique. Le but est de faire en sorte que les Franco-Américains aient le droit d'exprimer leur culture en public. Ce n'est pas seulement une question de droit, mais aussi de responsabilité. Le but est de faire en sorte que les Franco-Américains aient le droit de vivre dans leur culture. Ce n'est pas seulement une question de vie, mais aussi de mort. Le but est de faire en sorte que les Franco-Américains aient le droit de mourir dans leur culture.

(Franco-Amerique, 9 de decembre 1977, page 12)

Joe Halle's transcription of testimony at public hearing.

Université du Maine a Fort Kent
Dec. 8th Cty Hall, UMFK

It would be nice to follow up the previous topic but I had prepared an article on the State of Maine and I had, I think I could have taken two hours to show all the discrepancies, but I don't think it's necessary.

There is only one point I'd like to make, it's that we talk a little bit like this over here. Business people, industrial leaders find themselves trying to speak a French language and they understand that it's a little bit that it's a totally different language.

I don't like the idea, (but) you can call it a dialect if you wish. We call it a language and we use it to communicate. You can call the English language a dialect for the same reason. When we people talk at home it's the same thing, we use the language that the standard but everybody knows it, everybody is atuned to the standard language.

They will listen (listen) to radio long before we had TV and they were to suitable Champignol and they had the model of a language and they under the system of the French. I remember my father sitting at the radio for hours at night after work. It was always Montreal. Jamais été à l'état à Falmouth.

Now that TV has come out, wait, think of the education that our people can find through that medium of TV just as much as with Quebec, or结束后луя or Le Loup or don't know what. And don't think that those people don't talk standard French. Il du beau français à Québec et l'anglais.

Parlons d'ailleurs, problème, si on n'est jamais au fond de l'apprentissage, la langue écrite, oui, mais on n'est jamais au fond de l'apprentissage, la langue écrite. On voit trouver un moyen phonétique, ça ne sera pas du glibberish comme ça. Ma mère avait avant de savoir lire et écrire, de la lettre que sa saisée toute ma vie - J'ai quitter la maison trois fois, et puis si eu des lettres en français tout sa vie d'elle. Elle avait allée à l'école aussi, mais elle allait à l'école du soir ensuite. Puis voici qu'en écrivant ses lettres, elle a enfin finalement à travers les années. Mais elle est allée à l'école par la suite.


RENEZ-NOUS VISITE!
Jétais au Mardi Gras…

This year I decided to do something different for Mardi Gras, so I went to the Carnival in Quebec City. It was a really enlightening experience. Only the Québécois could pull it off. The parade is watched by up to 600,000 persons, all outdoors in balmy, high temperatures. Ten thousand people danced along the route, and there were many floats and bands. And people were wearing Mardi Gras costumes. It was a good experience. And people were wearing Mardi Gras costumes. It was a good experience.
**Le Patrimoine**

Notre héritage vivant

Perspectives, pensées, étinelles

**Ont porté le bon dieu?**

When a person was in danger of dying, someone would get the priest and he would come at once to the one who needed him, and also the “Bedeu” or someone who came with the people asking for a priest, head the process of the prayer and the bell. The church bell would then ring and he would count the tolls, so many for a woman and so many for a man. When the burden was gone, everyone went out and knelt while the priest was going by. In winter one opened the door and knelt. In summer, even people on the sidewalk would kneel. The Faith of our ancestors is something we should remember, and also speak about to our children.

Children had been taught to help in any way possible, and many saved their pennies for the visit of a priest so they could give “Pour le Petit Jesus.”

"Les Rogations" was a special day, which meant that farmers and others would gather money, "pour les bien de la terre." This was to have Mass said. Money was collected among themselves or a family would give in the name of all the children. Also bowls of grain were gathered for the church. A special mass was said, and the grain was blest and then planted with the crop of different kinds of grain to give a good harvest in the garden.

"La Cabanne a sucre." Who among the farmers did not have a sugar camp? Not many, as this was part of the sweets for the year, and many did not have any money to buy sugar and borrow some. My landlord used to go to Hogtown with his horse and buggy and buy 100 pounds of white sugar, and also some muted underwear, etc. They would bleed this on the snow in winter, thus having it real white when summer came and wore out without underwear.

There were the days!!!

---

**Ils ont reçu leur salaire: la solitude**

Le monde des personnes âgées n'est pas facile à pénétrer. Ces hommes et ces femmes qui ont ardu, presque sans ressource, le courage simple de bâti un pays où ont grandi une grande pudeur à parler de leurs propres misères.

Et pourtant entre les lignes, on devine parfois le fond de leur sentiment et c'est celui de la solitude. Une solitude d'autant plus difficile à porter qu'ils auraient mérité beaucoup mieux.

---

**Mémoires de Alice Michaud Cyr**

*La vie de Alice Michaud Cyr*
TWO OPEN LETTERS TO OPEN DOOR

AN OPEN LETTER TO FAROGR-FOURM:

Dear FAROGR-FOURM,

I was sorry to hear that you will be discontinuing your publication. As a long-time reader, I have enjoyed the insightful articles and thought-provoking discussions that have been featured in your pages.

In light of recent events, I believe it is important to address the issue of discrimination and its impact on society. As a Franco-American citizen, I have experienced firsthand the challenges of being treated differently based on my heritage.

I urge you to continue to promote understanding and tolerance, and to create a platform for open dialogue on these important issues. Through your efforts, we can work together to build a more inclusive and just society.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
Morissette: 
Joueurs déguisés

Pete Morissette's family had come from the University of Maine, where he had been a student and a member of the hockey team. His brother, Marc, later lived in Montreal. 

Pete Morissette probably grew up in a rural area. 

On the way to their games, they took a train to the nearest town and then walked to the stadium. 

Pete Morissette wore his usual black and white outfit, complete with a black cap. He was known for his powerful shots on goal. 

Pete Morissette's girlfriend, a student at the University of Maine, was also at the game. She was wearing a red sweater and a black skirt. 

Pete Morissette's friends, who had come from all over the country, were cheering him on. 

Pete Morissette was a popular player, and the crowd was enjoying the game. 

C'YEncore à Mon Tour

Ca n'est pas un hasard. C'est une nouvelle. On connaît le nom de l'auteur. 

La nouvelle a pour titre "C'YEncore à Mon Tour". 

Le narrateur est un homme qui habite dans un village. Il est allé à la bibliothèque pour lire un livre. 

Il a rencontré une femme qui lui a demandé de l'aide pour une autre personne. 

Il a répondu positivement et a commencé à lire le livre. 

Il a continué à lire et à rencontrer d'autres personnes. 

Il a fini par trouver une solution pour aider la personne qui lui avait demandé de l'aide. 

La nouvelle s'achève là.

---

Genealogy Workshop

On Tuesday, April 16th, a genealogy workshop, open to the public, was held at the FOA. The guest speaker was the richard fossey of the American Canadian Genealogical Society of New Hampshire. 

Steve Robbins, formerly of the Richford Farm, was the host of the event. 

Robbins mentioned several difficulties in looking for genealogy, such as there are too many combinations of the name. 

There are also some problems in trying to get permission to publish the genealogy books. 

Robbins ended his speech with a reminder to always keep a record of what you find. 

---

Steve, Deb, Pete and Yvon

Well, Pete got into his car and headed for the pavilion manager at the pavilion in order to pay the tax on the land and get the necessary paperwork. 

Pete then went to the bank and collected some money. 

He then went to the store and bought some supplies. 

He returned home and put the supplies away. 

Pete's friends were still on the phone. 

Pete's mom was still on the phone. 

Pete's dad was still on the phone. 

Pete's brother was still on the phone. 

Pete's girlfriend was still on the phone. 

Pete's dog was still on the phone. 

Pete's cat was still on the phone. 

Pete's neighbor was still on the phone. 

Pete's boss was still on the phone. 

Pete's landlord was still on the phone. 

Pete's friend was still on the phone. 

Pete's cousin was still on the phone. 

Pete's aunt was still on the phone. 

Pete's uncle was still on the phone. 

Pete's cousin was still on the phone. 

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Steve, Deb, Pete and Yvon

We all know that the spirit of community is what keeps our communities strong. 

Steve, Deb, Pete and Yvon were all part of that spirit. 

They worked hard to make sure that everyone who came to their events was welcomed and enjoyed themselves. 

They were all very kind and friendly, always ready to help anyone who needed it. 

And, of course, they were always there to have a good time! 

---

by Stephen Parizeau MacKenzie
Le FAROG-FOURUM, avril 1978 Page 7

"Coeur de Maman"
par
Armand Durouches


Bonne fête des Mères

de FAROG. à toutes les Maman du Monde et surtout à toi Maman

SPECIAL SEMINAR ABOUT VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE

A 3 credit seminar on the French presence in New England: The Franco-American is being offered at the University of Maine at Orono in the fall semester. The course will research contemporary issues dealing with the Franco-Americans especially in Maine. Sponsored by the Language Dept. in cooperation with the Franco-American Program.

Workers Needed for Fall 78

In the next month, FAROG is looking for personnel in:

WRITING REPORTING CIRCULATION
BUSINESS ADVERTISING GENERAL OFFICE DUTIES

Le FAROG-FOURUM was built by amateurs and continues to grow with amateurs. This is your chance to work in a unique, challenging innovative area. A great opportunity to use your Franco-American French and actualize your Franco-American heritage. Jobs are open to work-study, non-work-study and volunteers.

If interested contact:

Farog Office Debbie Gagnon Steve Nickeris
208 Fernald Hall B.C.C. UMO
Tel. 581-7082 Tel. 945-9124 Tel. 866-3262

VACANCY NOTICE

Position: Bilingual Specialist/Teacher (French)
Franklin Northeast Supervisory Union
Title VII Bilingual Education Program
Richford, Vermont 05476
Tel. 802-848-2791
Spring is near
The robin will soon be here.
Then summer will come
I love it like gum
Fall is here
Snow is near
Winter will come
It is fun

---

Michael Langlais
Rumbold age 10

---

"Nothing to do"
The big black cat
Sat on the window sill
Watching the birds fly by

A small yellow bird
Perched on a tree nearby
Watching the cat watch him

A wise old spider
Watched them, watched themselves
Asking himself why they had
Nothing better to do.

---

"Flowers"
The flower's dress is of
Bright green
Hidden in the surrounding grass.
Although their headresses
Are of many colors
For all to enjoy.
The flowers' beauty is wondrous
Setting all who are among them
At peace.

---

13 yrs. old - 1977

A Collection of Poems
Written By Lisa Archambault
Throughout Her Life

---

"Time"
Time can be a bird
Flying quickly away
Time can be a stone
Waiting to be skipped across the water
Time holds the memories of both
Good and bad, old and new
In the past, present, and future
Time was, is, and always will be that.

13 yrs. old - 1977

---

"Windy Times"
Time is like the wind...
... Blowing quickly by
... When you're having fun
... Or standing very still...
... When there's nothing to do.

13 yrs. old - 1977

---

"Thunderstorm War"
Swords of lightning
Peirced the dark
As cannons shattered
The stillness of the night
Showers of bullets
Rain on the earth
As flickering torches
Lit up the heavens
A lone frightened child
Looked out the window
And then took refuge
Under his blankets
As he waited for
The battle to end.

12 yrs. old - 1977

---

"au coin des jeunes poètes"

Fussy Frogs
Fidget over Their French files.
Denise Archambault
Le FAROC-FORUM, avril 1978 Page 9

Promesse du printemps
Un matin sombre vers la fin de l’hiver
l’entendais deux oiseaux à ma fenêtre.
L’un me dit: "Ne t’en fais pas."
l’autre par derrière: "Le printemps est là..."
Tout au coin de ces quelques jours sombres
il rattrena:
"C’est pas vrai," je leur ai réponse.
"Quoi?" en a encore pour un mois.
"Tiens deux ou trois.
De cette neige sale, de cette pluie.
De ce temps couvert, poussiéreux et gris.
"Mais non, mais non—mes deux oiseaux,
me chantent—
Tu ne vois pas qu’en sincère
Pour annoncer le beau temps!"
En effet, je ne les avait pas entendus
Se débattre avec tant d’ardeur
Depuis le mois d’octobre.
C’était la dernière toile de mon jardin.

Oh oui, peut-être qu’ils ont raison.
Ces deux amis en plumes.
Ils doivent connaître mieux que moi,
Le temps.

Oh bien oui, me dis-je.
C’est bien vrai, le printemps est proche.
Et je m’en alla vers mon travail.
Tout en sifflant... comme un oiseau.

Pierre-Paul Parent

Slush

Last Snow of Water or First Snow of Spring—

What Wet You are—

With what I am...

I’m a bit afraid though
You won’t last
Hourly you fade and fade a

until earth shows against its face—

Pierre-Paul Parent

Stephan Poitier Mickeriz

LÉBRATION

Dans un grenouiller,
Il y a bien des fées,
Les têtes avaient prise la décision
D’éliminer les grenouilles:
Leurs idées
Leur tradition
Leur parler
Leur discipline.

Dès qu’une génération
Prenait un sens d’ailleurs,
Il fallait isoler têtes et grenouilles.
Puis, en se défaisant des ancêtres
Donc le comportement
S’était fixé dans le temps.

Le coup d’extermination
Etait toujours enfoui
À la guise des révolutions.

Ainsi,
Dans le grenouiller,
L’association à l’autre,
On se protégeait de l’une contre l’autre.

Ainsi,
L’espoir de chacun n’avait jamais
De concurrence;
La liberté de personne ne souffrait
De la suppression.

Personne n’avait de doute
Sauf un:
Celui d’être mutérier.

Par Norman Dubé

AU COIN DES VIEUX POÈTES

par

Don Dugas

Marina Micheoud

Oui, chérie,
Il y a des nuages.
Dans sa tête
Des fois j’essaie
"d’autres fois"
J’estime...

Quand j’aime
A cause que
Je n’arrive pas
A donner de soleil
Qui sourit
Sur un édén
Ou je suppose
En moi.

Quand j’aime
Mes nuages
Dans la tête,
C’est à cause
Qu’il n’arrive pas
A effrayer
Je n’arrive pas
A donner de soleil
Sur un édén
Où je suppose
En moi.

Et même pire,
De la distance entre toi et moi.

écoute, chérie.
Ces nuages
Dans ma tête.
Et si tu es
C’est correct
De l’édén.
Et je comprends
Que ce na separe
Avec beaucoup de peine
Ce nous diminue pas.
Nous sommes toujours
Des êtres dignes
D’amour divin et de respect humain.
Il s’agit de croire
(Au moins ça
K’i m’aise d’aller.)

15 février, 1975

Claude

Poussant?
Poussant?
Tout l’temps
Ouvrent pourtant
A qui la croix
A seul qui la fait
Pourquoi la porter
Pourquoi moi
Pourquoi le printemps.

15 février, 1975

Pierre-Paul Parent

Prétemps

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LE NUAGE DANS LA TÊTE

par

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Par Norman Dubé
NOTRE
FOLKLORE

l'architecture

la danse

la tradition orale
l’artisanat
les recettes
les contes
les remèdes
les jeux
les sobriquets
les superstitions
les devinettes
les coutumes
la poésie

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

National Materials Development Center for French and Portuguese/168 South River Road/Bedford, NH 03102/603-668-7198
Le Québec doit se battre sur deux fronts en même temps

(Le Pr P. Patenaude)

Tout Québécois, de quelque appartenance qu’il soit, a une dette à livrer pour la reconnaissance de la souveraineté. M. Pierre Patenaude, de la Faculté de droit de l’Université de Sherbrooke, invite au Québec à adopter une politique économique de la souveraineté, comme la Faculté de la Faculté des arts.

M. Patenaude est persuadé que la bataille pour la souveraineté ne peut être perdue que par l’apaisement et la conciliation. Il convient de prendre en compte les deux fronts en même temps, car le référendum sur la souveraineté ne peut être remis au second plan.

Dans l’intérêt de l’avenir, il est nécessaire d’adopter une politique économique de la souveraineté.

Les minorités

Faisant une distinction nette entre une minorité culturelle et une minorité nationale, M. Patenaude estime que les Québécois, à l’exception des Canadiens français des autres provinces, ont un meilleur espoir de vie. Cela est dû à leur situation en tant que minorité parmi les différents peuples du Canada, ayant le contrôle politique d’un État, et ce qui leur permet de faire connaître et d’exercer leur culture propre.

Les minorités culturelles du Canada, quant à elles, ont tout au moins l’espoir de voir leur culture prospérer, de pouvoir exister, de pouvoir être valorisée par le reste du Canada.

M. Patenaude estime que le seul moyen de faire connaître et d’exercer la culture de la minorité, est par la reconnaissance de sa souveraineté, par l’autonomie politique.

Fédéralisme et unité

La rédaction de la constitution fédérale a été inspirée par deux visions différentes. Les anglophones voulaient bâtir un pays anglophone avec une minorité culturelle et les Québécois souhaitaient que leur souveraineté soit reconnue. M. Patenaude déclare que la souveraineté ne peut être reconnue que si elle est unilatérale et qu’elle est reconnue par l’État fédéré ou l’État unifié. C’est pour cela que l’acte de l’Amérique du Nord britannique à la Convention États-Unis de l’Amérique du Nord britannique a reconnu les buts nécessaires à une évolution vers une unité fédérale.

Exigences québécoises

Dans la négociation d’une nouvelle constitution fédérale canadienne, M. Patenaude a exprimé que la souveraineté de la province du Québec doit être reconnaissable.

NOTE DE SERVICE

D.O. L. Schmidlin

Le projet d’ici 1972, il sera inclus dans le projet de la Convention États-Unis de l’Amérique du Nord britannique.

En conclusion, il est nécessaire de reconnaître la souveraineté de la province du Québec dans le cadre de la négociation d’une nouvelle constitution fédérale canadienne.

ACTEURS

Le projet F.A.T.S. (Franco-American Information Television Series) est à la recherche de réalisateurs pour une série d’émissions de télévision pour enfants.

Il nous faut des personnes bilingues (franco-américain/anglais) adultes, enfants (dix à treize ans) qui ont une certaine expérience comme acteur, soit comme professionnels ou amateurs.

Inséré dans un document produit par Homer’s Productions, Stateline University, University of Illinois, 1971 par Claire C. Dobson.
I don't know quite how to begin this so I'll begin by telling you why I'm writing it. The immediate reason is because Yvon Labelle asked me to write to the Forum about myself. I have a lot to say about Quebec and my life in France, where I have lived for most of my life. The main reason is that I want to communicate with other French-Canadians about this and possibly to be able to reach those of you who are trying to create a greater role for Franco-American culture in France.

Now, I would like to say that I think that the Forum might be one of the most important tools in our society. It is a source of information and a forum for discussion, contributing regardless of our so-called level of cultural awareness. In the end, it is a place of making sure that the different views and opinions are heard and that the discussions are held. I believe it is important that we participate in these conferences or talk about the issues of today, although obviously we play a very important role. For we are to succeed in it as a grassroots movement, otherwise it will just become an intellectual circus with no substance behind it.

As for my own connection with all this, I was born in 1953. My father is a Franco-American and his family emigrated from New Hampshire to New York. After living in New Orleans for a year, we moved on to New York, then to New England and finally settled in France. I settled in Normandy and then moved to Paris. My wife is from France.

Although I didn't realize it at the time, I was married in 1978. I had been married on the coast of Normandy and my wife and I made the decision to move to Paris where, maybe, I could find what I felt was missing.

Four years later I found myself becoming restless again. I had married in the meantime, and my wife and I knew that we wanted to move so we decided to go to Quebec, where, maybe, I could find what I felt was missing.

I moved to Quebec in 1982 and I have remained there ever since. I have lived in the province for most of my life. I have been married and had children. I have been a teacher and a writer. I have been involved in many different activities. I have been involved in the French and Franco-American communities and have been a member of many different organizations.

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The irony of our situation is that it is not so much the number of Franco-American organizations, but the number of Franco-American organizations that have been formed in Quebec. I have been involved in the French and Franco-American communities and have been a member of many different organizations. I have been involved in the French and Franco-American communities and have been a member of many different organizations. I have been involved in the French and Franco-American communities and have been a member of many different organizations.

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Salut
In the morning when I awake, the room is filled with light. The snow has stopped falling, the sun is shining. I breathe the air and feel so good. I want to get up early! I am excited because I am going to see a new place. I have been waiting for this day for a long time.

I brushed my teeth and got dressed in my warm clothes. I put on my hat and gloves. I am ready to go outside.

I walk out into the fresh air. The wind is cold, but I feel happy. The sun is shining and the snow is sparkling in the sunlight.

I am walking through a park. I see a pond and a fountain. I stop to look at the ducks swimming in the pond. They are so cute!

I keep walking and I see a street sign. I turn right and I see a tall building. I look up and I see a bell on top of the building. I ring the bell and a man opens the door.

"Hello! My name is John. I live in this building. I am very happy to meet you. Please come in and have a drink."

I enter the building. I am in a lobby. There are two other people sitting on chairs. They look surprised.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

I introduce myself. They are very kind and they invite me in.

We sit down and have a conversation. We talk about our lives. We are all so different, but we have one thing in common: we love the city!"
Le Faroù, Forum, April 1978 Page 15

SUPPLEMENT

The Half-People of Maine

At first, I want to say to him, "Yvon, come here and live with us in this city. Come and live with your people and let your roots sink deep." But I realize that his roots are not made out of an Acadia. He people do not live here - not the particular shade of Adrano that he must deal with!

To back to the Valley, I say, "Find yourself a good Acadia woman and have some

After we had it, I said, it looks simple. I hope he does not suggest that Comice and I have kids too. I certainly desire to be told that after what he said.

"I'd like that," he says, "except that I would feel silly. You know you can go home

Home is where, when you go there, they have to take you in.

I couldn't.

Because you've set impossible problems for yourself. Yvon, you don't have to meet with any of those priorities. You, you don't have to meet any of those priorities. You reflect

"I've pulled up roots and I've started from the bottom.

Some people know that is he dead, you never need to tell your happiness as a hostage in your play for his attention.

"Is that what I'm doing?

"Yeah, you know kids hold their breaths. They do it to force their parents into submission. Now that your father is dead, what are you withholding for yourself?

"You are yourself. You don't have to do that. All you have to do is ask condition

Which facilitate that to the home you are far away from your people in terms of history and where you have now that mirrors meaning back to you.

"Is it not the legal clients who will give you meaning. They see you as a do-gooder

And so, you do not do what you are not the same thing. You've got to work out what you do and what you are doing. The same thing.

"Even coffeehouses measure up, don't they? Sometimes it seems so much energy dealing with, being lonely that I have little energy left to build with.

"I suppose, I try to be re-inforced, if you were dropped behind a car by a crane.

You might be to you in, you go of the rope you would know what to do. But what do you do if I say get out of whatever it is you are holding? And there is something that is holding on to which is running.

We stand, right now against the bounds. The sky overhead is deep blue, my nose is running.

"I was in St. Joseph that made us this way, isn't it, André and me and we others. You were this
too late.

"It was something in our way that was not at St. Joseph's. We went there

"What did we know about anything? We were just kids.

"He was in the lamb which will bear all our sins. Don't we have a responsibility for some of them too?

"We got locked in all this, don't we? I want you to tell me how you made it. I want a

to be concluded

Le Supplement Litteraire est subventionne par la Maine Commission on the Arts and Humanities.
On Dec. 8, 1977, I attended a meeting with the educators of our area concerning a proposal written to the Federal Government for funds to write a test book in the dialect of my Valley to teach other Americans our cultural heritage and dialect. I recall during another recession what the educators of my country did to us Frenchies and I don’t like it. I call it The Canevas People Play. Sitting in their nylon towns, finding themselves lacking innovations, playing their games, they made generations of decent, hard working people ashamed to be who they were.

In the early 20's the educators of our area told the French speaking Americans of Northern Maine to learn to speak English so that they could be absorbed in the mainstream of their country. We were made aware that we were born Americans, and as Americans, it was our duty to become English speaking citizens.

Over the years we were made ashamed of our dialect. Our parents and grandparents were made to feel inferior, ridiculous at their lack of English understanding and even worse, at the lack of proficiency in their own language - French. Our parents were not immigrants, they were American born, and as a result they should have made a move to learn the language of their native land, at least to teach their children they were told.

The system of that time appeared to be to break the French speaking people - almost succeeding but not quite.

With deep rooted pride our parents pushed us to let go of our French tongue and to learn English even though themselves were not able to speak or understand the language. Our mother tongue was banished from the school system. We were forbidden to speak French on the school grounds.

We worked hard to become the Americans that our educators said we should be.

Evidently we did not do so well in the language department. Not many of my generation mastered the English and the proper French language. We were caught between the dialect of our ancestors and the dialect we created ourselves trying to learn to speak proper French and English. However, with the same deep rooted pride we made sure that our children, the seventh generation of Americans born of French ancestry, became proficient in both languages. The educators of our formative years made us (the French speaking children) look upon our language (dialect) as not vulgar. The bureaucrats of my early adult years had not categorized us in any way. We were Americans or other. We were never given a place in the sun as French speaking Americans.

About 1950 or later a list of words was published in the Reader’s Digest as it is done each month to extend one's vocabulary. Among that list was the word Ethnic. Looking up the definition of the word, I found that it means "relating to those groups sharing a common language, customs, origin, characteristics, classifications belonging to the distinct cultural tradition of a people.

At last the system had found us a place in the sun, we would be known as Franco-Americans, to be used at a political ball whether it be in the government of our State and Country or the school system.

By then many years had gone by, Americanizing the French of Northern Aroostook had been a struggle. Now the children of my generation and their children spoke English in their homes. For the educators there was nothing left to do but sit back and put themselves on the back for a job well done.

A tight budget in the ivory towers, an idea was Cont. pg. 2