

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

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## Famille De Winslow En Algérie

Comment une famille franco-américaine du Maine peut-elle s'adapter à un milieu entièrement étranger comme l'Algérie? Mes amis, j'aimerais partager avec vous un peu de nos expériences.

Le premier shock fut de savoir que nous étions dans un pays sous-développé. L'Algérie a passé cent trente (130) ans comme colonie de la France. Le premier novembre mille neuf cent cinquante quatre (1954) marque le commencement d'une guerre de révolution qui se continuera jusqu'à mille neuf cent soixante deux (1962). Date à laquelle la France décida de donner à l'Algérie son indépendance. L'Algérie est gouverné par un système socialiste. Le seul parti politique autorisé est le F.L.N. (Front de Libération National).

Il va sans dire que seulement de lire des conditions d'un pays ne suffisent pas comme l'expérience de première main. Oubliez vos super marchés, ici, c'est simplement le marché (Arabe). Qu'est-ce que l'on trouve dans un marché en juillet lorsqu'il fait cent (100) degré de chaleur? Rendu à cent (100) mètres du marché, vous le savez sans y pénétrer. Du poisson que l'on dit frais, des poules pendues par la gorge, des belles têtes de mouton aussi autre chose qui vient de la partie centrale du mouton et finalement les fruits et légumes de saison. Mais on finit par s'y habituer. Plus tard on trouve même du coca-cola (appelé COCA) et autres petits caprices américains.

Le Français parlé par les Algériens est un peu différent de celui qu'on entend sur la Main Street de Waterville, Maine. Mais un franco peut se faire comprendre sans difficulté. Tout cela demande beaucoup d'efforts mais on en a assez après avoir été dépaycé pour trois cents (300) ans de la France on parle encore notre "brand" de français. Présentement ma fille de dix (10) ans, Lisa, poursuit ses études dans une école cent pour cent française, elle doit utiliser le système "D" pour se débrouiller.

La grande majorité des Algériens suivent la religion de Mohamed dite Musulmane. La religion chrétienne a fait très peu de convertis durant la colonisation. Il ne faut pas oublier

qu'il y avait des chrétiens ici (en Algérie) avant la conquête de l'Algérie par les Arabes au neuvième siècle. A Sidi Bel Abbès, dans notre paroisse de Saint-Vincent, nous sommes chanceux d'avoir un bon curé nommé l'Abbé Mass. Dans notre église, laquelle dans le temps des Français, attirait quatre milles personnes le dimanche, maintenant rejoint une trentaine de fidèles. Les anciennes églises sont changées en mosques (Temples Arabes). On échange la croix pour un croissant et Dieu parle une autre langue.

Allons maintenant à la raison de notre venue dans ce pays. La Compagnie Américaine, G.T.E. Sylvania a un contrat avec la société nationale Algérienne SONELEC, pour construire une usine de fabrication de téléviseurs, radios, enregistreuses à cassettes et de radip auto. L'usine emploiera plus de cinq milles huit cents (5,800) employés ou ouvriers spécialisés. Le chômage ici est environ quarante pour-cent (40) de la population sans compter les femmes qui pourraient travailler. La responsabilité de Sylvania est de faire fonctionner un Centre Technique qui entraînera les futurs techniciens pour l'usine. Nous avons un "staff" qui est international. Il est composé d'Américains d'origine française, allemand, arménien, suédois, italien et, des canadiens d'origine française, libanais et un haïtien.

Après sept mois de travail, nous pouvons franchement dire que notre expérience ici restera avec nous pour toujours. Nous les Américains, nous pouvons apprendre beaucoup des gens d'un pays comme l'Algérie. Nous avec

nos "instant everything" ils ont beaucoup plus de patience que nous. Ils ont un but dans la vie et le temps pour l'accomplir est très secondaire pour eux. Il y a un corps d'élites du pays qui est prêt à payer le gros prix, que ce soit avec de l'argent ou de l'énergie. Qu'importe si on n'est pas d'accord avec leur système politique, si c'est vrai que la terre devient toujours plus petite, il faut apprendre à vivre ensemble... sur la terre.

Une grenouille en Algérie  
Pearly Lachance

## LABOR'S TROUBADOUR RETURNS TO LEWISTON

On Friday, February 6th, at 8:10 p.m., Joe Glazer stood center stage in the Lewiston Junior High Auditorium. With his guitar and a repertory of songs and stories, he was prepared to tell the story, in highlights, of 200 years of the working people's American history. While some of the youngest spectators seemed indifferent to the course of study, the grayer heads undoubtedly remembered when, in 1944, Glazer led hundreds of striking Lewiston textile workers in the song "We shall not be moved."

This was the last of Glazer's appearances in Lewiston schools and other public places over a three day period. Earlier in the day he had done a concert in the Episcopal Church near St. Dominic School because of a last minute scheduling problem at "St. Dom's". "This must be America," he quipped, "for where else would you find a Jewish folk singer in a Protestant hall singing Negro spirituals to an audience of Franco-Americans?" The gentleness and soft-spoken wit, along with the white tufts of hair springing from the temples of an otherwise balding pate, gave Glazer the charm of J.C. Harris's Uncle Remus. But, in Joe's idiom, everything on the old plantation is not strictly "satisfactual". The ballad "Babbles in the Mill", for example, stood in poignant opposition to the following sentiments from "Dream of the Textile Worker", written by Glazer: "The mills were built of marble,/The machines were all made of gold,/ And nobody ever got tired,/ And nobody ever grew old."

Glazer's satire, thinly disguised, here, is even clearer in his "Automation". Written in the fifties, the song depicts the final rebuff to an already de-humanized workforce when real machines replace every last worker. Even the plant executive's desk is occupied by a robot with eyes blinking red and green. The flouting irony of "No Irish need Apply" underlined the vital link between ethnic bias and the labor struggle. The song ends with the

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# LE DEGEL

The following is just a glimpse of the originality and humor of the Franco-American culture. These are nicknames of French-Canadians who were working in the mills and factories during the 1920's. I'll have a few of them this time around, and possibly I'll continue the list in succeeding issues.

Bac- Boulette	Nag Lessard
La Moon Roussel	Body Marcoux
Harry Fin Poil	Del Marcoux
Pooch Rheau	Cristo Marcou
Toutou Roy	Zomme Marcou
Ti Coon Mercier	Tit Ours Marcou
Punch Rioux	Tidé Labbé
Spirit Paré	Shady Briard
Petit Thibodeau	Shorty Broard
Méchand Joseph Poirier	
Niko Poirier	Pickman Vashon
La Soie Coté	La Mouche Siviski
La Rig Boulette	Rosé Goddam
Pitou Rancourt	Ranse Gagné
Johnny à Prisse Poulin	
Touche Maheu	Charlotte Lachance
T'enfant	Mahel Rousseau
La Prune	Cop Tremblay
Fifi Trial	Dade Gagné
Black Vivier	Crichet Giroux
Bino Castonguay	Pape Giroux
Spink Castonguay	Bonhomme Grenier
Cailloux Gagné	Siffleux Gauthier
John Bull Roy	Crimpette
Lobster	Bidou Gagner
Cawn Moore	Bidou Mercier
Beber Morrisette	Bigon Gagné
Fatty Morrisette	Bidi Poulin
Motté Thibodeau	Zim Cyr
Mun Breton	Cola Mercier
Thomas La Bedaine	Rodrigue
Titi Lala Lessard	
La Kit Lambert	Guess Bourgoïn
Bedon Gamache	Fat Veilleux
Swipe Simpson	Zink Plante
Jos-No-Good Quirion	
Fiable Labbé	La Souche Girard
Zoon Quirion	Pee Wee Lacombe
Shoun Latulippe	Bahotte Quirion
Bizoune Gilbert	Cossoune Fecteau
Blanc Fecteau	Bébé Fecteau
La Peste à Gaspard	

## PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

### Prevention of Colds and Viruses

1. Carry a pouch of camphor around your neck.
2. Carry a clove of garlic around your neck.
3. Wine and quinine mixture taken each day.

### Purgatives

1. Castor oil in coffee.
2. Catnip tea.
3. Red Clover tea.
4. Dandelion greens
5. Molasses and sulphur diluted with water; 1 tsp. molasses, pinch sulphur, glass water. Especially used for "spring cleaning" of the body.
6. A glass of warm water each morning will keep you regular.

### Tonics

1. Wine and quinine mixture, especially to prevent colds.
2. Cod liver oil.
3. Sulphur and molasses taken each day in springtime.
4. Birch-bark tea (red underlayer) taken especially in the wintertime.

Tawsee Bourgoïn	José Fecteau
La Soupe Mathieu	Hosé Tardiff
Jean Gnasse Quirion	
P.A. Toulouse	Pacaud Mercier
Ti Pouce Mercier	La Grappe Lachance
Peanut	Ti Tan Langlois
Jumping Hachey	Jos. L. Barney
Carey La Bouteille	
Coq l'Oeil Cyr	Moo Moo Vashon
Patte de Bois Drouin	
Spark Plug Hachey	Corbette Mercier
Ti Loup Quirion	La Guelle Gagnon
Beau à Pape Giroux	
Tit Bleu Poulin	La Perle Nadeau
La Carpe Lachance	
Straight Line Veilleux	
La Comète	Gim Rice Giroux

## Did You Know...

... that many of our major cities in America were founded or settled by the French? For example, Detroit, Michigan was founded by Antoine De la Mothe- Cadillac, son of Jean and Jeanne de Lalefant of Toulouse, France. Also, Julien Dubuque founded Dubuque, Iowa; Jean-Baptiste Beaubien colonized Chicago in 1813; and Salomon Juneau settled Milwaukee in 1818.

... that Paul Revere was a Frenchman? His father's name was Gascon Rivoire, an immigrant to this country.

... that Bangor Mental Health Institute is looking for bilingual-bicultural staff for their Franco-American ward?

... that the F.A.R.O.G. office has a folder on potential job opportunities for bilingual and/or bicultural people?

... Que vous devriez avoir ce livre: *Une Amérique Française*, de Jacques-Donat Casanova, et Armour Landry. Pour plus de renseignements, adressez-vous au Bureau de Québec, Suite 409, Park Square Building, Boston, MA.

## Généalogies

For the benefit of those of you who are interested in your heritage and can't speak or read French, we will be printing the genealogies in English this semester. We will be going through the book "Your Ancient Canadian Family Ties" by Reginald Olivier of Sanford. These tell you exactly from what part of France your ancestors come, the Archdioceses and dioceses they belonged to prior to 1650.

What you will have to do is trace your immediate history back as far as you can, and search from there. We would appreciate it if you have a specific name in mind to let us know so that others may also share.

### BAILLARGEON

Jean Baillargeon, born in 1612, son of Louis and of Marie Fourier de Londigny, in Engoumois, France. Jean came to New France where he married on 20 November 1650 to Marguerite Guillebourday. A small farmer, he cleared a land in the Manor of Silery and later on the Isle of Orleans. They had two sons. Marguerite was the daughter of Louis and of Marie Maguin, of Marçay in Poitou. Marguerite died on 21 October 1662, and Jean Baillargeon remarried at Québec on 8 March 1666 to Esther Coindriay, widow of Jean-Jacques De La Porte, and daughter of Nicolas Goindriau.

### BOUCHARD

Nicolas Bouchard, canonier of the Company of Raymond, son of Antoine and of Marie-Anne Donzers, of St-Severin of Paris, married at Beaufort on 23 September 1748 to Catherine Vallée, daughter of Nicolas-Marie and of Marie-Louise Lefebvre.

### CARBONNEAU

Esprit Carbonneau dit Provencal, born 1643, died on 13 January 1715, son of Antoine and of Marguerite Petit, of Hatte, in Provence, married at Ste-Famille, Isle of Orleans on 26 November 1672 to Marguerite Landry, daughter of Guillaume and of Gabrielle Barre.

### CASTONGUAY

(this name was formed from the baptismal name of Gaston and the family name of Guay) Jean-Baptiste Castonguay, a wook joiner, settled at Cote StMichel, next to Champlain, married to Marie-Ange Simon.

### DESCHESNES

Pierre Miville Deschenes, a master Carpenter, and Captain of the Hill of Lauzon, had married in France to Charlotte Maugis prior to 1640. He originated from La Rochelle. He passed away at Québec on 15 October 1669. One of his descendants died in Louisiana in 1826 at the age of 120.

5. Five tablespoons of mineral water in a glass of warm water, taken each day.

6. Blue violet tea. One cup each day.

7. One raw egg with a glass of hot water each day.

## INFANTILE DISEASES

### Colic

1. "Sirop d'annis" - Anise syrup. A commercial product.
2. Castoria. A commercial product.
3. One drop of paragoric and a glass of warm water.
4. A few warm drops of melted peppermint.
5. Ginger tea.

### Croup

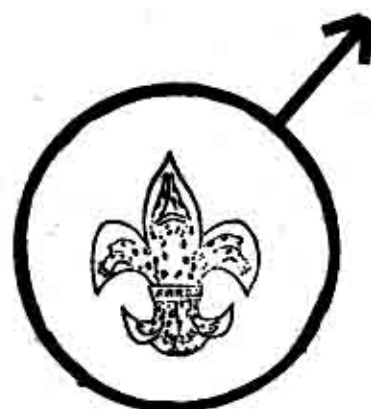
1. Mustard poultice on the back.

### Worms

1. Catnip tea.
2. Castoria (not always successful).
3. One drop of turpentine in a glass of milk. (Turpentine is a commercial product available in drug-stores.



# Focus On men



Dear Cécile,

Yuck.... Since you, Claire and Francoise have already risked your innards on these pages you probably understand my visits to the bathroom, numerous cups of coffee, the queazy stomach which underline these words. The questions which you pose concerning Franco-American men -- what they think, how they think, what they feel, how they feel, how we experience moments, events, women, life -- is difficult (equals scary) to write about. It gets worse when I substitute I for they and we, for in the I there is a woman and a man anatomical differences notwithstanding.

I must admit that I have never had to think (even less write) about the impact of my presence as a man. From all exterior appearances it is a man's world. It was built and continues to be maintained by men in spite of rebellious high-pitched voices pounding at the walls. As in all power relationships, it's tough to be on top. You are held responsible for all failures and your successes are oppression. It's a man's world. To this, Claire might say we are best equipped "to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory".

Much of my life has been spent accumulating symbols which indicate that I'm all right. Most of them have been useless in getting me what I really want from myself. Degrees, social position, prestige, understanding, patience, things, objects have all helped to make a presentation of self to the world. And still there was (less now) a void. While the world acquiesces and helps in building the disguise there is a gnawing fear of what is underneath.

Cécile? You say "we have to talk about that"!

At the moment the man in me recognizes that he has been paralyzed over and over again by the fear of needing and not being able to give emotionally. Being able to receive implies for me also being able to give. The man in me was trained to take emotionally as opposed to receive. Cécile, I know men have difficulty in dealing with the emotions in women which men themselves cannot exteriorize spontaneously. Rather than experience another person in need, we experience our own unexposed and unmet need. This produces guilt. We push away the apparent cause of the guilt, the other person. In order to avoid experiencing any discomfort with that we try to create structures and symbols wherein we can live with our feelings of inadequacy.

Affection is equated to sexual attention. We're great there! Sadness and crying are inherent to the nature of women. So there's nothing you can do about that. A man has a cultural right to be "découragé". A depressed woman is crazy.

And what's more curious is how men deal with each other. We don't. We respect each others right to inade-

quacies and accumulate structures, symbols, and fears to keep it that way. Our standard is in sexual power and prowess with women. We can't really afford to share this poverty with another man.

I guess I'm not too proud of the man in me. I've always carefully avoided any clear definition of what the beast looks like. Jim P., the question is who has the balls and who is willing to wear them responsibly? What do you think? (Excusez-la!)

I was mostly brought up by women while the men were away working in the woods, with one exception, my grandfather. But as I think about my upbringing, my grandfather stands out as a static and a very powerful physical presence. He appears as a totally self sufficient and self-contained entity. He was a good, solid inscrutable, pure, untouchable anchor. The women, on the other hand, appear very fluid with a much greater possible range of actions and reactions to their immediate environment, but at the same time chained to it.

Coming back to the present a question flashes in my mind. What do I really want out of life when I take out all the pressures of the supposed to's (those that I'm aware of)? Well it's almost simple. I want to feel good. I want it as a process of experiencing satisfaction rather than



a struggle. I want to loosen up the rigidity of the accumulated symbols and structures, all those things that make me right and lose. I want to win. In essence I want me.

As men we have a tendency to confuse thinking and feeling. I can tell the difference when I question why I'm going to the bathroom for the fifth time in the last two hours.

Thinking doesn't produce that reaction in me. When I'm feeling, the body goes in the same direction as my thoughts and words. Even though I agree with you, Cécile, I can't explain very well why it's so difficult for men to express their feelings. We usually talk about them at length. Mostly to women of course and seldom if ever to men. We generally get away with establishing this false presence. We become little boys, fragile and helpless and we fail to take responsibility for all other aspects of ourselves. While this does not work very well with other men (we know each other better than we think we do), women step in with a generous helping of nurturance, consoling and support. As little boys we take it for granted. As men we hate them for it. The woman in us probably knows and understands but is speechless. We have really let what is between our legs get in our way. And metaphorically as well as physically that is really where we fantasize being most hurttable.

I have to go again, number 6.

Women have helped to create and sustain these super egos in men. The result has produced a distance between the ego and the emotional self in men. There is no doubt in my mind that we men participate and foster this set up. What do we get out of it? We get to be protectors. We get an apparent sense of power, of control. We get to make "important decisions". Our ego gets nurtured. And the contracted distance is kept. (I'd like your thoughts on that one Greg C.)

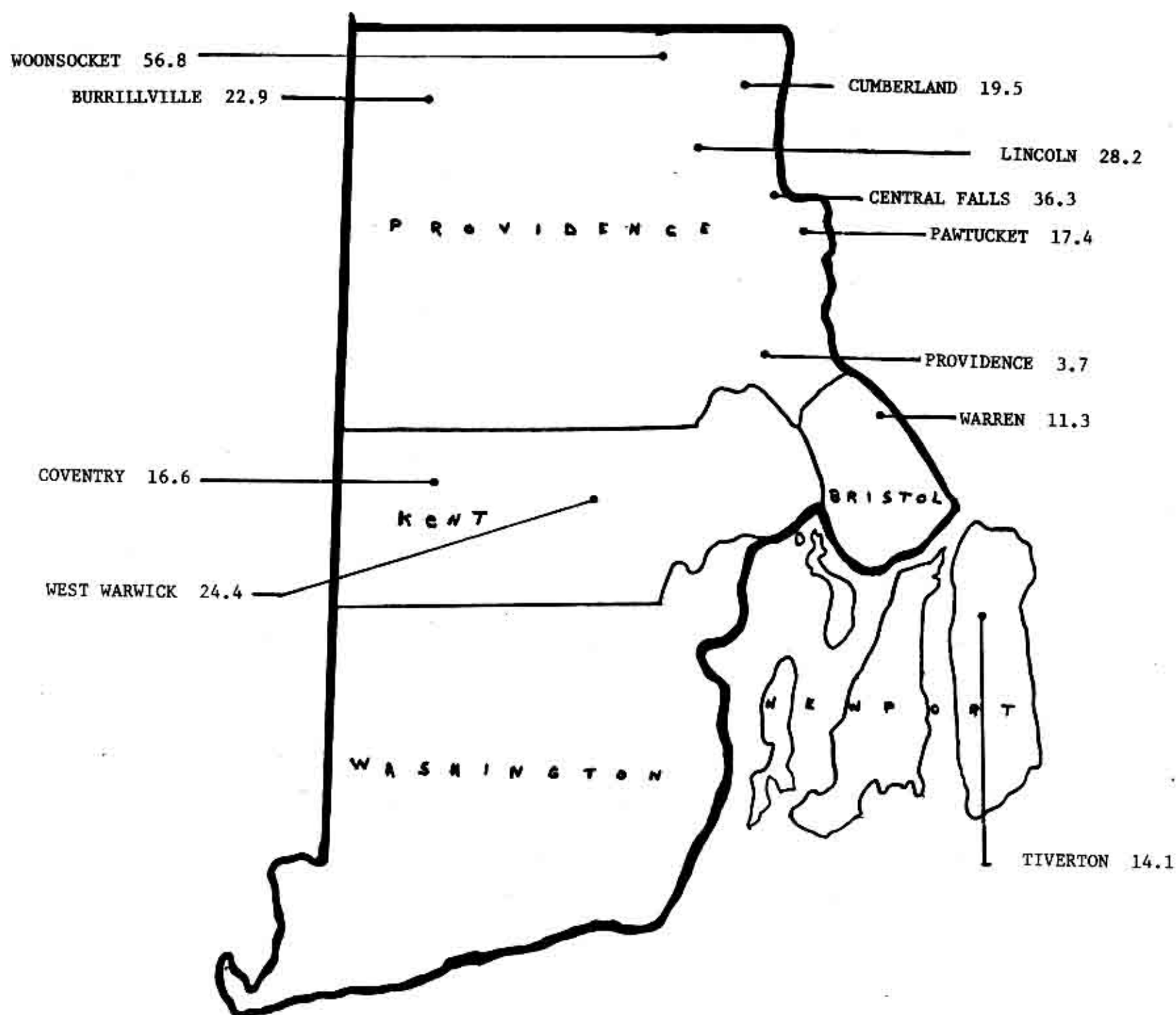
But there is a "Catch 22". You nurture and support the ego, it gets fatter and less responsive (response ability) to you. If you go after what you need in the man, an avalanche of resistance, resentment and violence (physical or emotional) may come tumbling down on you. Catch 22! Men let your woman out, women let your man out. When the two coexist supportively within each one of us there is a possibility for real equality among men and women. Wouldn't it be nice for all of us to be able to sing the same song, with the same words and the same tune without having to resort to roles of nurturance, resistance, power, masculinity, conquerors, conquered, etc. We could then really write our own epitaph, "Nous avons vécu". (What does the poet in you say, Jim B.?)

Cécile, I'm glad you trusted me enough to have asked me to respond to your questions. My attempt at responding with as much honesty and depth as I can muster created new stirring, new insights and many trips to the bathroom. I hope that's where I left the excess bull....

After reading your letter and talking to you and Claire about it last week I woke up early one morn-

CONTINUED ON PG. 6

# Du Nord Au Sud: LES FRANCOS DE RHODE ISLAND



## COUNTIES

	TOTAL POPULATION	FR. MO. TONGUE	%FR. MO. TONGUE	PROVIDENCE	179,231	6,663	3.7
STATE (TOTAL)	948,844	101,270	10.7	TIVERTON	12,559	1,766	14.1
BRISTOL	45,937	2,402	5.2	WARREN	10,520	1,187	11.3
KENT	142,382	14,312	10.1	WEST WARWICK	24,352	5,947	24.4
NEWPORT	94,559	4,323	4.6	WOONSOCKET	46,820	26,579	56.8
PROVIDENCE	580,260	77,423	13.3				
WASHINGTON	85,706	2,706	3.3				

## PERCENT FRENCH MOTHER TONGUE FOR URBAN AND RURAL RESIDENCE: RHODE ISLAND

TOTAL	948,844	101,270	10.7
URBAN	824,983	91,144	11.0
RURAL NONFARM	121,535	10,024	8.2
RURAL FARM	2,326	102	4.4

## CITIES AND TOWNS

BURRILLVILLE	10,087	2,307	22.9
CENTRAL FALLS	18,716	6,793	36.3
COVENTRY	22,938	3,805	16.6
CUMBERLAND	26,617	5,184	19.5
LINCOLN	16,177	4,561	28.2
PAWTUCKET	76,992	13,409	17.4

SOURCE: U.S. BUREAU OF CENSUS, 1970 CENSUS OF POPULATION, GENERAL SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CHARACTERISTICS, RHODE ISLAND. PERCENTAGES COMPUTED BY MADELEINE GIGUÈRE, PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY, UMPG.



# VOTRE QUOTIENT CULTUREL FRANCOPHONE

1. s'accanter

a. chanter la messe

b. être mourant

c. s'évacher
2. pantoute

a. mettre les freins

b. mettre la pédale douce

c. mettre en marche
3. bébail

a. corde à linge

b. adieu

c. mot français pour paparmane
4. y lui manque un bardeau

a. Franco auquel on a dit "dis-moé ce que tu veux, on va te montrer comment t'en passer"

b. il pleut dans le grenier

c. y s'laisse pas manger la laine sur le dos
5. être badloqué

a. crise, ça va tsi dont mal

b. ne pas être barré

c. maudit qu'on est chanceux
6. bretter

a. jomper

b. ce que l'on ne fait pas quand on a le va vite

c. se faire passer au batte
7. achalanterie

a. petit bibelot que l'on place dans une vitrine

b. un licou pour une licorne

c. se faire pognasser
8. a lé crinqué au boutte là

a. a l'a mangé trop de fèves au lard

b. a grimpe dans lé rideaux

c. a l'a arrêté de frotter
9. c'est un bec-fin

a. son palais s'en fait à croire

b. c'est un mangeux de couches

c. un oiseau qui a la patte cassée
10. c'est un franco pur laine

a. y l'est bord en bord

b. y est jaune

c. y parle white

## HISTORICAL TIME LINE:

## UN COUP D'OEIL SUR FAROG

Aux étudiants,  
Ben c'est arrivé, well it happened.  
On m'a écrit, I was wrote to.

J'ai été surpris de recevoir une lettre d'un étudiant sur le campus. Sa lettre était même en français. J'étais presque convaincu qu'il n'existait plus de bébitte rare comme ça. En plus c'était du français ordinaire que tout le monde comprend. Ca vaut bien un bon "basketball cheer". Richard, s't OK, s'tallright, stay in there and fight!" Et puis si tu peux, viens me voir, je pourrai répondre plus précisément à tes questions au sujet des jobs bilingues. Je te demande pardon d'avoir oublié St. Fortunat le mois passé dans mon énumération de villes (ou villages) racines. Villes et villages du Québec qui nourrissent encore la mémoire de nos papas de nos mamans et de moins en moins celle des jeunes. C'est dommage! A mon avis il est très important de savoir d'ou on vient pour arriver à savoir qui on est.

Last month I promised you the results of a little study which Denise conducted among you Franco-American students at the University of Maine at Orono. Out of 500 questionnaires sent to Franco students, 52 were returned completed. One part of the questionnaire dealt specifically with language usage.

The following questions were asked:  
A. Do you speak French at home  
33 said yes, 19 said no.

B. Amount of time you speak French at home; circle one:  
1. 75-100% of the time circled by 9  
2. 50-75% of the time circled by 4  
3. 25-50% of the time circled by 5  
4. 0 -25% of the time circled by 25  
5. not at all, circled by 15

- C. Circle the statement that best applies to you:
1. I speak and understand both French and English fluently (Circled by 23)

2. I can speak both languages, but not very fluently (circled by 13)

3. I can understand both, but can speak English only. (circled by 13)

4. I can speak and understand English only (circled by 8)

The last question requested a verbal response to what Franco-American students thought of being bilingual and what impact or importance it could have on securing a job.

Since I have taken up so much space elsewhere on these pages, I am saving this for the next Coup d'Oeil sur F.A.R.O.G.

A la prochaine,

*Yvon*



### RÉPONSES:

- 1,c- 2,a- 3,b- 4,a- 5,a-
- 6,b- 7,c- 8,b- 9,a- 10,a-

- 1701 The Baron de Castine returned to France.
- 1703 June 20, 1703 all of the Indians Tribes of Maine convenes to meet Governor Dudley of Boston at Casco (Portland).
- 1704 Five expeditions were sent from Massachusetts to destroy the mission stations in Maine.
- 1713 Treaty of Utrecht-Acadia becomes the British Colony of Nova Scotia.
- 1724 Martyrdom of Father Ralle
- 1755 The coming of the Acadians to the St. John River near Fredericton.
- 1755 Expulsion of Acadians to other English Colonies.
- 1759 The Jesuits continued to labor among the Indians till fall of Québec.
- 1763 Treaty of Paris-French cede all North American Possessions except St. Pierre and Miquelon Islands.
- 1775-1776 Canadiens Revolutionists get lands in refugee tract and Western Reserve.
- 1783 Treaty of Paris makes West of St. John River, State of Maine, North boundary not established.
- 1784-1790 The "Second Expulsion" of the Acadians from New Brunswick.
- 1785 The Acadians reached Madawaska.
- 1790 James Kavanagh and Mathew Cottrill came to Newcastle.
- 1792 The Indians appealed to Bishop Carroll for a "Black Robe". Acadians petition Bishop of Québec for Permission to build a church. Commissionners were sent to settle a land allotment desired by Passamaquoddy Indians.
- 1793 Acadians build St. Basiles Church in St. John Valley.
- 1796 Arrival of Father Cheverus who was sent ot take charge of Passamaquoddy.
- 1797 Father Cheverus is sent to minister to the Penobscot Indians.
- 1798 Father Cheverus makes his first visit to Damariscotta (Newcastle)
- 1799 Father James Romagne is put in charge of Maine Indians.

ing with pictures, images, and words which twisted my arms got me out of bed at 5:00 a.m. to put them on paper. Here they are much as they surfaced in my head:

#### Franco-Americans and Identities

(The movie started with a shot of a huge church.)

We are bowed, hunched over before the impossibility of touching her.

We have made a pact with her exchanging our responsibility for our lives. We live and die in her shadow.

Life is not a friend, it is a burden.

Death is a welcomed resignation.

The spiral points rigidly up ward with its relentless message.

The elected point as rigidly downward pressing for an early kinship with the final resting place.

All creation is ashamed before the capitulation, the abdication.

Young lives are given the appearances of being lived to their fullest,

Their creative energies already being sapped by the traumas of guilt.

All externals are failing, internals have atrophied.

Small lives, large expectations, no bridges,

Signs of life ignored or dismissed - Don't touch me, don't remind me -

A resistance by woman who bring forth life,

A resistance by men who don't want to experience it.

A lost of sense of touch, no reward in seeking, exploring, finding.

Creation goes on, creativity has stopped, paralyzed.

All else is a fluttering of wings trying to escape a ravenous soul.

Weaknesses posing as virtues, imitations posing as reality.

A spiritual leadership by men not convinced of the infallibility of the human spirit,

We die by installment to avoid the responsibility of living.

The eyes can barely see, they are no longer the windows of the soul,

We are alone and profoundly insecure before the abysmal moment.

We seek solutions to non-existent problems, We are crippled by the lack of a question.

Yet...yet there have emerged resistant strains:

Those who no longer rejoice in their deaths while living,

Those who are c in order to live,

Those who are living so they can rejoice in their deaths,

Those who question:

the Church disguised as a woman  
priests disguised as God  
priests disguised as priests  
women disguised as nuns  
priests disguised as women  
men disguised as preachers  
men disguised as men  
women disguised as women  
men disguised as providers,  
leaders

women disguised submissive,  
followers

men disguised as strong, aggressive

women disguised as emotional

men disguised as violence

women disguised as weak

men disguised as conquerors

women disguised as conquered  
our society disguised as civilized

love disguised as men and women

men and women disguised as actors

the remains disguised as something

and finally those who question  
answers disguised as questions.

I can't believe I wrote that Cécile,

Yvon

P.S. Russ W., Russ C., Norm, Don -- what do you think?

## **AU RÉDACTEUR:**

### **F.A.R.O.G. FORUM:**

I am a 1975 graduate of U.M.O. Probably due to the fact that I was born in Canada (though I am now an American citizen) I have always felt strongly about being a Franco-American. For the past few years, with the help of F.A.R.O.G., I have really been "psyched up" about the Franco-American situation in New England and have been really concerned about seeing our culture survive. I would like to share with you some experiences and thoughts I have had as a Franco-American since I've graduated.

I had harboured hopes of perhaps finding some type of employment whereby I could work for Franco-Americans in an educational or social context but discovered I was being idealistic. Those specific types of programs are VERY limited. Since I also couldn't find work utilizing my degree or teaching certificate, I ended up working as I had during my vacations in the past, as a bank teller. Since I

am located in the Augusta area, I found that I could be of service to the Franco-Americans since quite a number of people in Augusta are French. This aspect of my job yields great satisfaction. It just makes me feel so good to see some person struggling to communicate, light up when I begin to start speaking in French. "Tu parles français! Ah bien j'te dis que je suis contente de savoir ça. Que c'est ton nom?" (Here comes a slight handicap) "C'est Nicole Scribner... mais mon nom de fille est Morin." La plus part

du monde ne save pas comment dire ça et ils ne me reconnaissent pas comme Canadienne quand-même que mon premier nom est Nicole. I should put up a sign reading "Ici je parle français".

By being able to speak French to customers, I feel like I can better help them get information and understand their financial matters. I also feel a special kind of bond to them. As one lady put it, "J'aime ça rencontrer d'notre monde."

It's also really exciting to me when they ask me where I'm from. "Tu viens d'la Beauce?! Bien moé tout... Ah oui je connais bien ça Ste. Marie. Je te dit là que je sais ça je va venir à toé quand je viens à banque. Hey, Mde Chose, on a juste qu'une p'tite Canadienne pour nous servir!" It's these interactions that just make my day.

However in my experiences I've also come to some very sad realizations. Our culture is "melting" away. It hurts everytime I see a French name-- especially family name, altered (mutilated) to be Americanized. These cases are not rare either.

If someone under 40, I will strongly hesitate to make any association with French even if the person has a French name. I've tried several times only to be disappointed. I have been promptly corrected when pronouncing a name in French. They insist on the English pronunciation. Most younger people seem to want to obliterate that part of their identity. They have a French name but they don't speak French and they're not French, either.

Except for us few dedicated people who realize the value of our ethnic identity, I really fear that after the older generation is gone, the Franco-existence will be a remnant of the past. Reflecting upon that, I asked myself why would the young of today want to be identified as French anyway? They are perfectly happy as Americans. Their père and mère came from St. Something in Canada but what does that have to do with them? I read in different places where other ethnic groups in America stress that their youth learn the ethnic language and culture so that their very important roots are incorporated into their identities and I ask myself what's going to happen to us?

Maybe what we need is a Franco version of an ethnic idol or public image such as Chico, O.J. or Kojak to influence the young and make them want to be identified as French. But what's "cool" about being French? We do have our French-Canadian hockey players but they just don't seem to be as visible and the only manifestation of their Frenchness is a strong accent.

I really hope we find an answer soon because it would be an irreparable loss for us to just "melt away into the pot".

Qu'est-ce qu'on peut faire??

Nicole

CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE

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# FRONTIÈRES SANS DOUANES

WE ARE EACH LIKE THE UNICORN -  
BEAUTIFUL AND RARE

Since last August, I've had a poster on my wall with a unicorn on it, and the above quote. Often, I study it, and notice new details. The poster was a gift from Nancy and is silk-screened and colorful. For some time, unicorns have fascinated me.

Why? Well, unicorns were female, had magical powers and... there are no more. Plus de licornes. Ouais.

Then, I wonder, "Are we really each beautiful and rare?"

Then, two weeks ago, I saw "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" -ouais. Crime! Tu parles d'un film! Really, the film is realistic and even.. in certain moments... magnificent.

But... I really was amazed at the audience reaction. You may know that the movie is set in a mental institution. Well, the audience here in Old Town (on a night when the students were away) was really laughing when the patients pulled off a stunt, and everyone in the theatre was audibly rooting for the residents of the institutions.

Ben, c'est pas de même dans la vraie vie: la vraie, vraie, vraie, non. In this area (around Bangor, the community has amply demonstrated its lack of tolerance for the residents at Bangor Mental Health Institute. And, I happen to know other Maine communities where tolerance for its eccentric - "crazy"-behavior is about zero. In fact, the most damning statement one can make is "So and so est pas ben."

So why is it so funny in a movie? This is my Puzzle of the Month. I guess that a movie is not real life, so it is easier to laugh at "crazy antics" on the screen. But .. that can't be all of it.

Geez. I mean, as soon as someone doesn't conform to the norm, there is a big reaction in the community. Remember long hair? Geez. You would have thought the long haired boys had actually done something - the way folks reacted. Or remember the divorced woman who was having a hard time raising her children alone? She didn't get much sympathy -- she did get the jealousy of other women. (That must be a help!)

Or remember the guy who wanted to be a painter? Everybody said he was a fifi. Or the woman who really did get upset and cried alot, and she ended up at BMHI, because no one wanted to talk with her, or be with her or just hold her hand. Ouais. "Ben, tsé, é pas ben c'telle là."

What do you think about that?

Ben, moé, là, j'ai eu une idée. J'pense qu'on se donne des "scapegoats". In the old days, you could hunt witches and that made you powerful, or you could decide that a certain group was bad and you could feel power that way. Now, we (us 'normal' folk) acquiesce to a system of mental illness and mental treatment for "not normal" folks outside, never inside

the community. The problems of the folk we do this to are pretty much understandable, and not totally mysterious.

In some ways, we create and help to continue the problems of the 'eccentric' in our villages and towns. First, we label certain people as 'weird,' 'cracké', 'niaiseux', 'saulaids', etc., and secondly, we excommunicate these folks from our midst. We make orphans right and left.

Then I think something else comes into play: we burden certain people with our own fears and make them into monsters.

Quoissé qu'a veut faire?

Ben, si on voit un gars avec des cheveux longs, on dit qu'il est salaud, qu'il prend de la drogue etc, etc. Si on voit une personne à capacité limitée (point de vue intellectuelle) on se fait des peurs: "il va faire ci, il va faire ça." On ne se donne pas le temps d'examiner la personne en question. (Les allemands ont fait ça devant les juifs -- mais nous sommes pareils devant les gens qui nous font peur parce qu'on ne les connaît pas.) On se fait des peurs.

Je ne dis pas qu'il n'y a pas des gens qui sont 'dangereux'. Mais ils sont devenus dangereux, petit à petit, à force de se faire passer les bottes.

Vous ne me croyez pas? Ecoutez, si on ~~maltraite~~ un chien, ça fait quoi? Un chien malin, bien sûr. Un chat maltraité, ça fait quoi? Un chat farouche. Voilà. Si on est si 'smatte' pour les bêtes, pourquoi pas pour les humains?

Moi, ça me ferait chaud au coeur si je savais que les gens qui pourtent de l'hôpital psychiatrique pour retourner chez eux, étaient acceptés et tolérés dans leurs villages. Comme ça, ils ne reviendraient jamais.

On est tous pas mal lâche des fois, hein? On endure si mal les gens différents: si on est riche, on n'aime pas les pauvres (ils sentent pas bon), si on est pauvre on n'aime pas les riches (ils s'en font à craire), pi, si on est 'normale' on n'aime pas les pas-normaux (ils sont épeurants).

Mon Papa disait "On est pas fou tant qu'on s'en doute un peu, mais le moment où on décide qu'on est fin fin fin: Watch out!" Il voulait dire que dans chacun de nous, il y a un peu de folie -- il faut l'accepter. Autrement, on voit la folie chez les autres -- mais pas la nôtre, et pi on sait que la folie des autres est très, très grande! N'est-ce pas?

Je reviens à ma licorne. Sommes-nous tous beaux et rares? Oui. Même les fous? Oui, Tous. Chacun de nous est un phénomène extraordinaire. Il n'y a pas de personnes ordinaires. Les gens excentriques ont quelque chose à nous apprendre, tout autant que les gens bien 'straight'.

Si vous n'êtes pas d'accord, venez me voir ou écrivez-moi; j'aimerais en apprendre plus long.

## FLASH REPORT ON BILINGUAL WARD

In a statistical search on January 29th, which covered the period of May 1975 thru January 1976, the bilingual ward had a recidivism rate (rate of return for discharged patients) of 12%, compared to a rate of 60% for the rest of the Hospital. Congratulations are in order for the F-2 staff and Bangor Mental Health Institute for having acted on the simple facts of bilingualism and biculturalism.

*Claire*

Psychiatry is a moral and social enterprise. The psychiatrist deals with problems of human conduct. He is therefore drawn into situations of conflict -- often between the individual and the group. If we wish to understand psychiatry, we cannot avert our eyes from this dilemma; we must know whose side the psychiatrist takes -- the individual's or the group's.

Thomas Szasz, M.D.

## ATTENTION BILINGUAL STUDENTS

Often career opportunities requiring a language fluency are addressed to Foreign Language majors. Sometimes bilingual persons majoring in another field are unaware of their native employment potential and think, "I'm not a foreign language major, so those aren't for me."

But take a second look; many of those positions involve the very discipline that turns you on and the language fluency and cultural understanding expected are your heritage.

Maine students may be familiar with the success of recent efforts to organize bilingual and bicultural educational programs among the Franco-Americans and Indians in the state, but the retention of one's "old country" heritage is also receiving emphasis among other cultural groups with a corresponding need for persons aware of their potentials of making such a contribution as well as earning a living.

There is a list in 101 Fernald Hall giving 129 positions in 15 areas where bilingual or multilingual fluency can be a distinct asset to be emphasized in seeking employment. How many can you name?

SPARKS, a newsletter for Arts and Sciences students who are undecided about their future plans, is published monthly by the Counseling Center, 101 Fernald Hall. Material in Sparks is not copyrighted. In fact we borrow freely any material we consider newsworthy.

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Margaret Hatch  
Counseling Center  
U.M.O.



following jibe: "When you want another thrashing, just say 'No Irish need apply'." In "John Henry", traditional ballad of railroad men, Glazer let the defiant rhythms of his delivery overtake the implicit satire. "John Henry" sees automation replacing him and fights back in the only way he knows, by working harder. At times, during Joe's rendition, his voice and breath fell short of the angry punctuations he attempted and he would wrack his body for the completing gesture, in touching compliance with the theme.

Standing affably before an appreciative, if reserved, audience, Joe toyed with his horn-rimmed glasses and wryly remarked: "When I get mad I don't fight, I just write a song." His anger had resulted in the authorship of "Don't tear it down" in the midst of a massive demonstration. Authorities in Washington, D.C. had decreed the razing of the old Post Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue. The demonstrations saved the structure, thus avoiding its replacement with more of the rectangular sameness so prevalent in the current architecture. Here, implicit, is an optimism that shifts contentedly amid the discontent in Glazer's work. "The people have a vision," he seems to say.

With Joe Glazer were special guests Bill and Gene Bonyun, joining him midway through the program. Folk-singers and social historians, the couple live on Westport Island, near Wiscasset. Rather Bohemian in appearance, accented by the graying hair, the Bonyuns are an attractive pair. She is gracious and ebullient while his serene, full-bearded countenance suggests unspoken wisdom. Employing an array of stringed instruments, Bill and Gene brought warmth and genuineness to a mosaic of Northeastern folk-songs and lore.

Two songs of particular interest reflected the French heritage of Maine and neighboring Canada, and were sung in French. "Les Raftsmen" depicts the seasonal junket of the woodsmen to the northern forests of Ontario. En route, they brag how they'll "beat" the Ottawans at their common skills; returning, brimming with new stories, they greet their wives or lovers. The "Amnesty Song of 1837," Gene explained, tells the sad plight of exiled nationalist leader Papineau after the miserable failure of a rebellion in lower Canada. Speaking to the river, he asks (paraphrasing in English) "If you pass by my country, will you tell my friends that I remember them".

After the concert, talking with Gene, I learned of the Bonyun's work throughout Maine, with groups of 5th and 6th graders, and of the recent publication of their book on the merchant seamen: Full Hold and Splendid Passage: America Goes to Sea 1815-1860. Gene also confided that she had learned the lyrics to "Les Raftsmen" from Claire Bolduc, of the FORUM, and that it was Claire's pleasure to reserve a lustier version learned in childhood.

Joe Glazer was amiable, off-stage, but less at ease, sometimes almost shy. He was most happy when he could work a humorous anecdote into the conversation: "We measured the stomachs of the workers in Massachusetts and then those of the workers here in Lewiston. That's how we convinced the Pepperell management that the wages should be the same."

Suddenly, the time had come for departures. A lobby display of Glazer's labor song recordings (Several LP's on the Collector label currently available) was dismantled. The contributions table was abandoned by volunteers from LPL (Lewiston Public Library offers concerts, films and creative arts each week). Performers, loaded with musical instruments, pulled away from lingering questions and entered the chilly night.

Bill Rayne

Bill Rayne is a stage director and holds a Masters degree from the University of Maine at Orono. He is presently giving actor workshops in Portland where he lives with his wife and three year old son.

February 23, 1976

Dear Editor:

It seems that Van Buren, Maine was once called Violette Brook.

This name came from the first family to settle there, (there name was Violette), and from the lovely little brook which crosses the Main Street on Route 1, just below the Town's Shopping Center, as you head towards the Church. Now I know that you do publish little poetic works at times in your paper, and so I thought that perhaps the French speaking people of Farog would enjoy reading this little poem in dialogue form... a dialogue between child and a brook. So, Mr. Editor, if you think this feasible, I am sending this for you to publish in a future Farog issue.

Sincerely,  
Fr. Leo Hall, S.M.

L'enfant et le petit ruisseau.

L'enfant: "Petit ruisseau si clair et si limpide, Où vas-tu donc par tes mille détours? Toi qui roules dans ta course rapide Et gambade le long de ton parcours".

Le Ruisseau: "Vers un grand fleuve, enfant, sans résistance Je file pour me perdre dans ses flots, Car, sache bien qu'un fleuve prend naissance Le plus souvent dans les petits ruisseaux".

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L'enfant: "Petit ruisseau, qui charmes au passage Tout le grand pré couvert de blonds épis, Que chantes-tu dans ce beau paysage Pour que là-bas s'endorment les brébis"?

Le ruisseau: "Mon chant consiste, enfant, dans la louange De l'Eternel, Créateur souverain, Qui, dans ce pré, me mit sans cause étrange Pour le louer par mon humble refrain".

Rev. Léo Hall, S.M.