A young Cajun went to school at Harvard. He didn’t know his way around, so he asked directions of somebody on the street. “Where’s the library at?” he asked.

“You must be new at this institution,” the other fellow said with a very proper Ivy League accent. “One never ends a question with a preposition.”

“Excuse me,” the Cajun said. “Where’s the library at, asshole?”

Recently, this joke began making the rounds in South Louisiana. It is not a new joke, nor is it specifically about the Cajuns. It has been used in reference to Aggies, Okies, hillbillies, and Southerners attending the same institution in question with identical results. But its appearance in the Cajun repertoire raises some interesting questions about the Cajuns and how their culture is doing these days.

Jokes are funny. They are also very serious. You can tell a great deal about people by what they think is funny. We are usually most ticklish in our most sensitive spots. Touch lightly and it makes us chuckle. Touch too hard and it makes us uncomfortable. Sometimes there is a very fine line between laughing and crying, and humor functions only when it has one foot in reality. Jokes are rarely new. There is an international repertoire of funny stories which has been around for centuries and reflects the range of human experience. Old jokes are adapted to describe the most current events almost immediately. Compare, for example, the sudden rash of recycled “Polack” and Catholic jokes when John Paul II was elected pontiff, or the surge of adapted homosexual jokes with the news of Rock Hudson’s illness.

Since the 1960s, Louisiana French culture and its image have undergone profound changes. Today Cajunism is generally considered to be fashionable and this social rehabilitation is reflected in much of the contemporary oral repertoire, sometimes aggressively, as in the story quoted above. Yet, this was not always the case. In the 19th century, Cajun culture was a blend of ethnic traditions thriving in a self-sufficient community. The bulk of traditional stories has always reflected the view from the inside. Within the borders of their own context, Cajuns have never been afraid to laugh at their own foibles. Stories abound about
the smallish but clever Cajun who wisely avoids direct confrontations when the odds are obviously stacked against him, in the tradition of the French rascal Renard and of Lapin, his Afro-Caribbean counterpart.

Two brothers went to the dancehall. The one who liked to drink went to the bar and the other who liked to dance went to the floor. A while later, someone came to the one at the bar and told him that he should come and see about his brother, that someone had flattened him in a fight. Full of liquid courage, he stormed off to the dance floor and saw his brother laying there unconscious and covered with bruises. He waved his arms to stop the musicians and stood on a table to announce, "If the man who did this has enough nerve to show his face, I have something to tell him." A huge man came out of the crowd and said, "I did this. What do you have to say?" He replied, "Boy, you must have a hell of an uppercut."5

Jokes sometimes unconsciously reflect presumptions about the way things are. Exiled from Acadia (now Nova Scotia) by the English in 1755, the Cajuns made their way to Louisiana where they insulated themselves by living in isolation. Even today, visitors can still find it difficult to penetrate their world.

A stranger stopped at an old house for directions. "Where's Joe Bablineaux's house?" he asked. An old fellow told him, "Well, you go down to Marius Thibodeaux's land and take a left. Then go on until where that old oak tree got blown down in the storm of '42 and take a right. And it's going to be on your left across the road from where Rhule Cormier was killed in that fight." "Wait a minute," the stranger complained, "if I knew where all those places were, I wouldn't need directions." "If you need directions, maybe you don't have any business there," the old fellow shot back.6

Devout and practicing Catholic storytellers often spice their sessions with a few jokes about the clergy and religious orders, reflecting a heritage of anti-clericalism which dates back to the colonial period.7 The following story about the priest who died when his head was "turned straight," is as full of indirect disdain for the role of the priest as it is of naive humor.

One day, a country priest was on his way to say mass in the next town, and he didn't have a car. He had a long way to go, so he tried to thumb a ride, but no one would pick him up. Finally, a fellow on a motorcycle stopped and offered him a ride. The priest wasn't too sure. "I don't know," he said. "It's kind of cold be riding on a motorcycle." The fellow said, "Well, just turn your jacket around to break the wind and you'll be okay." The priest had a long way to go, so he decided to take a chance. He turned his jacket around and they took off down the road.

A few miles later, they skidded off the road and into a ditch. By the time the police and ambulances arrived, a considerable crowd had already gathered. The authorities went down into the ditch to check the situation out. "What happened?" they asked. "Well," someone answered. "these two guys on this motorcycle had a bit of an accident. That fellow over there with the helmet, it looks like he's going to make it, but that one over
A careful look at even the most ordinary jokes will usually expose new layers of meaning under the surface. Consider, for example, the following story.

There once was an old maid who wanted to get married. And she was having no luck. So, she went to ask the advice of her grandmother. Her grandmother told her, "If you were to pray every night at the foot of an oak tree, maybe your prayers would be answered."

So, the old maid went out to pray... and pray. There was no response to her prayer. So, one night, she said, "I'm going to pray with more fervor!" She got on her knees, put her head against the oak. "My God," she cried, "please do me the favor of letting me marry."

There was an old owl who called out, "Hoo, hoo."

"Ah," she said, "great God! Just as long as it's a man. Send him along to me right away!"

This joke was told to me by a safely married elderly woman with a gleam in her eyes. I found it funny, but a little awkward since it was told in French but played on the confusion between the owl's hoot and the English "Who?" I didn't pay much more attention to it until later, when it occurred to me that this joke was an interesting, unconscious reflection of the South Louisiana cultural scene. Mrs. Clotile Richard had likely heard the joke first in English, but chose to tell it to me in her native French. The owl could have easily been replaced by a smaller bird like the killdeer whose cry of "Kee Kee" could have been mistaken for the French "Qui?" The woman, however, was not at all surprised that God should speak English. In her real world, people in authority usually did. She knew, however, that He also spoke French. The old maid in the story acted as the storyteller did with her own grandchildren, addressing Him in French and responding in French though He answered in English.

Looking for variants of this last tale, I found quite similar stories in Quebec and New Brunswick, with interesting reflections of their own cultural scenes. In Quebec, the old maid is counseled to pray at the foot of St. Joseph's statue. When she does, a young prankster hidden behind the statue overhears her and answers, "Tu l'auras pas, ton mari." ("You won't get a husband.") The old maid is so surprised to hear the statue "talk" that she jumps on it, throwing her arms around its neck. This causes the statue to fall on her to which she exclaims, "Débarque donc, St. Joseph. T'es pire qu'un jeune!" ("Get off, St. Joseph. You're worse than the boys!") Her reaction, which might sound somewhat blasphemous, is perfectly in keeping with the prevailing anti-clericalism of the Québécois, whose rebelliousness against the theocracy of their
Telling stories in the street. (courtesy of Philip Gould)
past makes the mere mention of religious trappings (*tabernacle, hostie, baptême, calice*) good cussing.

In New Brunswick, where many Acadians remained in hiding after their 1755 exile from Nova Scotia, and where the French community (about 40% of the population) continues to be dominated by the English (about 60%), the old maid is told to pray outside to the Virgin Mary (Our Lady of the Assumption is the patroness of the Acadians). Unlike her Louisiana counterpart, the spinster from New Brunswick is embarrassed and goes into the chicken coop. Just as she is lifting her head in prayer, chicken droppings fall into her mouth, to which she responds, "*Bonne Ste. Viarge! J'ai rçu de tes grâces, b'en c'est amer!*" (Holy Virgin, I have received your graces, but how terribly bitter!)\(^{11}\) Her stoic acceptance of bitter humiliation from above reflects the Acadians' long history of oppression.

Jokes in the Canadian Maritimes English community often reflect the situation described in the old maid joke quoted above from the other side of the fence. On a plane from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Moncton, New Brunswick, an English Canadian, obviously unaware of my cultural origins, made me shudder with a doubly racist riddle:

Why does America have niggers and Canada have frogs (French Canadians)?
Because America had first choice.\(^{12}\)

Jokes within a culture are one thing. So-called ethnic jokes, which pit one culture against another, are quite another. Within Cajun culture, foolishness typically provides ample grounds for jokes.

Boudreaux took Touchet fishing one day in his new boat. They had been out only a few minutes when the motor fell into the water. Boudreaux jumped in after it, and Touchet leaned over to see his partner trying to start the motor under water. He watched him for a while, shaking his head, and finally blurted out, "Pull your choke, stupid!"\(^{13}\)

In the intercultural context, foolishness often becomes the uncomfortable fuel for bitter ethnic "us versus them" confrontations:

"The only thing more dangerous than a nigger with a knife is a Cajun with a pencil."\(^{14}\)

The discovery of oil on the Louisiana prairies in 1900, the mandatory English education act of 1916, the World War I draft, mass media, and modern transportation all combined to Americanize the Cajuns at breakneck speed during the 1930s and 1940s.\(^{15}\) Scholarly records of stories during this time include Alcée Fortier's collection of Creole animal tales\(^{16}\) and Corinne Saucier's and Calvin Claudel's collections of Avoyelles Parish fairy tales\(^{17}\), neither of which were recorded among the Cajuns. The oldest extant recordings of Cajun humor are Walter Coquille's stories
about the "Mayor of Bayou Pom Pom," (pronounced "mare" as in "How you call that female horse?") which already reflected social changes: they were told in Cajun English dialect as well as French and poked fun at the Cajuns confronted for the first time with modern ways. Eventually, however, a social stigma came to be attached to humor at the expense of the Cajuns. Even the upwardly mobile were brought tumbling down with such remarks as "A Cajun is just like a monkey; the higher up he climbs, the more of his ass you see," reflecting the Cajuns' precarious position on the new social ladder.

A basic assumption of ethnic jokes about the Cajuns was that they were impossible to educate. Most Cajuns had never been to school until the 1916 mandatory education act began to bring them into the classroom. Then, their inability to speak English made them appear dull and recalcitrant. The following joke describes a typical first day of school for most young Cajuns who found themselves forbidden to speak their native language on the schoolgrounds.

My father sent me to school in the first grade and I came home after only twenty minutes. When my father asked me why I wasn't in school, I told him, "I came home because that's all there was. The teacher said everybody had to talk only English. There were a few who understood, but most of us didn't know what she was saying. Then she said something about numbers and said, 'Say one.' A few people around the classroom said, 'One.' Then she said, 'Say two.' So we all got up and left." The punch line, based on the confusion between the bilingual homonyms "Say two" and "C'est tout" ("That's all"), plays on the assumed eagerness of the Cajuns to be rid of schooling as soon as possible and reflects the functional bilingualism which eventually resulted from the educational system. The next story further shows the assumed incompatibility of schools and Cajun culture.

Two cousins started school together. The teacher was asking everybody their names. When she got to the first cousin, he said, "Poo Poo." She said she wasn't going to put up with such behavior and asked him again. "Poo Poo," he said again. So she sent him out of the classroom. As he walked past his cousin, he said, "Come on, Ca Ca, she won't believe you either." This joke plays on the teacher's ignorance of the Cajun nicknaming traditions, but beyond that, represents the school context as a cultural playground for the cousins who clearly have no real interest in learning.

Even when jokes have Cajuns staying in school, their resistance to education persists. Not a native French-speaking Cajun himself, Justin Wilson specializes in ethnic jokes which exploit the misunderstandings that arise from the Cajuns' difficulty with English.
You know, lady an’ gentlemen, I got a frien’ an’ he got a li’l boy chirren an’ one day las’ year he brought hisse’f home from school an’ he say, “Pa-pa, I got a problem.”

Pa-pa say, “Well, we all got problem, son.”

“But you jus’ don’t unnerstan’, pa-pa. I got 12 problem.”

Pa-pa say, “W’at you meant by dat?”

He say, “Rit-ma-tick. I got 12 problem r’at chere. De teacher done tole me dat she want to fine de common denominator for everyone dem twelve problem.”

His pa-pa say, “Whoo! You all still lookin’ fo’ dat damm t’ing? We was lookin’ fo’ dat w’en I was a boy.”

The story line which stresses the persistent problem in educating Cajuns is underscored by the storyteller’s imitation of the language. Though these stories are often recycled ethnic jokes told at the expense of the Cajuns, many in South Louisiana find them funny and retell them. In another story, Wilson tells of a “real astute broker” who is showing a house in New Orleans to a newly-rich Cajun woman.

...an’ w’en dey move out de bedroom he say, “Now dis is de playroom an’ den.”

She cass bot’ eye on him r’at now an’ she make spoke to dat real astute agent, “An’ den WHUT?”

In Wilson’s stories, the Cajuns’ language troubles are not limited to English. Even when confronted with “good Franch,” Wilson’s Cajuns find themselves baffled.

Dis young lady from New Or-lee-anh study dat good Franch at dem Too-lane University, an’ one mornin’ she was squat in a dock blin’ in Sout’wes’ Lewisana an’ she say to her Cajun guide like dis: “Quelle heure est-ill?”

De guide scratch his head an’ he say, “Lady, dem wasn’t teal, dem was mallard.”

In a similar story, a young man dining at Antoine’s tells the “waitin’ faller,” “Donnez-moi l’addition, s’il vous plaît,” only to be given discreet directions to the restroom. These stories reflect the attitude common among the Cajuns that their language is nothing more than a patois, unintelligible to speakers of “good” French. They invariably explain, usually in English, to visitors from other French-speaking countries, “We don’t speak real French, just broken-down Cajun French.”

Signs and books in standard English presented additional problems to the Cajun stereotype who is barely literate, at best. For example,

Did you hear about the Cajun who was on his way to Houston? He saw a sign in Lake Charles, “Do not pass on bridge,” so he turned around and went home.

Or,

A Cajun was on his way to Baton Rouge to visit his daughter who was away at college. He saw a sign, “LSU left,” so he turned around and went home.
Black Creole storyteller, Ben Guine, telling stories across the races. (courtesy of Caroline Ancelet)
Given his history of illiteracy, a Cajun’s visit to the library was considered an unlikely event with humorous possibilities, as in the story about Melancon who comes to the library asking for *Das Kapital*. The “liberry lady” is naturally surprised at his interest in such a “complicate book.” He insists, “Dey said it was all about my wife's relatives name Bourgeois.”

Even their now-celebrated cuisine once gave Cajuns trouble:

A Cajun boy went to school at LSU and he was very concerned about hiding his origins. He paid attention to the way he dressed and the way he spoke and everything. One day he decides to go out to eat at McDonald’s. He checks to make sure he has left his boots at home, then he goes in and says carefully, “I would like a hamburger, please.” The waiter says, “You want that all the way?” “Hell, no! Hold the rice,” he says. “What you think I am, a Cajun?”

Or,

A crawfish went walking with her children one day. They saw a bull and the little crawfish asked, “What’s that?”

“No need to be afraid,” said the mother crawfish. “That’s a bull. It eats grass and hay and things like that.”

They walked on and saw a pig. “What’s that?” asked the little crawfish.

“That’s a pig. It eats corn and bran and things like that.”

Then they saw a man dressed in a suit. “What’s that?” they asked again.

“That’s an American. He eats bulls and pigs and things like that.”

Then they saw a man dressed in overalls and hip boots. “What’s that?” they asked.

“Run like hell, children. That’s a Cajun and he’ll eat any damn thing!”

The Cajuns’ inability to conform to modern conventions is often presented through a confrontation with their Anglo-American neighbors, especially Texans who have long had a reputation in American jokelore for their fierce pride and boasts about the size and excellence of everything Texan. The influence of Texas was overwhelming during the 1930s and 1940s when Cajuns were becoming Americanized. Even Cajun musicians abandoned traditional styles to imitate Bob Wills’ western swing. Ethnic jokes about Cajuns and Texans almost invariably ridiculed the Cajuns, reflecting their poor self image:

All the Cajuns working for NASA in Houston had to be fired because every time a launch was announced, they knocked off to eat.

Or,

A cannibal went to the people market. He asked the man behind the counter what he had fresh. He said he just had a Texan and a Cajun left. So the man asked how much they cost. He said, “The Texan will cost you five dollars a pound. The Cajun will cost you forty dollars a pound.”

“Why so much for the Cajun?” asked the cannibal.

“Hell, did you ever try to clean one of them?”
Sexuality is a sensitive subject in most cultures and sexual ineptitude is among the worst possible insults for any culture. Consider the following riddle:

Q: Do you know what Cajun foreplay is?
A: Chère, you sleeping?

The anti-Cajun bias in jokes is less evident in recent years. Preceded by a renaissance of traditional music in the late forties, the culture began to recover during the surge of regionalism which followed World War II. Changes on the political, educational and popular scenes led by the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana (CODOFIL) have brought about a rehabilitation of the Cajun self-image, complete with French language education in the schools and French programming in the media. This transformation is reflected in current oral tradition in both French and English, though a recent study by David Barry seems to show that stories in English tend to put the Cajuns down, while those in French tend not to.

Texas and Texans continue to figure prominently in the ongoing border battles in Cajun jokelore, but now the Cajuns have begun to return fire. Some stories take on the bigger and better Texas bull by its own longhorns.

A Cajun taxicab driver in Baton Rouge picked up a Texan on his way to the airport. When they passed by the LSU football stadium, the Texan said, "What's that?" The Cajun said, "That's Tiger Stadium." The Texan said, "How long did it take y'all to build it?" The Cajun said, "Oh, about five years." The Texan said, "Oh, we've got a bigger one in Austin that only took one year." As they passed the state capitol, the Texan asked again, "What's that building?" The Cajun said, "That's the state capitol." "And how long did it take y'all to build that?" The Cajun said, "About three years." The Texan said, "We've got one in Austin that only took six months." The Cajun said, "I don't know. It wasn't there this morning."

Or,

A Cajun decided to move to Texas. He was talking with his neighbor, trying to convince him to go with him. "You ought to come on to Texas with me," he said. "They say that everything is better over there." "No," his neighbor said, "I'm happy here. I wouldn't like it over there." So the fellow moved, but his neighbor stayed. About a year later, the fellow comes back to visit his old neighbor. "I can't believe you're still here, trying to scratch a living out of that tired old dirt. Man, you ought to come to Texas. There are marvelous things there." His friend said, "Like what?" He said, "I grew a head of cabbage that was so big that, during a downpour, my new neighbor's whole herd of some fifty sheep was able to get under the leaves and not one of them got wet." "Boy," the old neighbor said, "that must've been some head of cabbage." The fellow said, "Sure,
and here you are still stuck in the same old rut. Nothing new ever happens here.” “Oh,” his friend said, “we had something new the other day. The fellow who lives on your old place was having a pot built, and that pot was so big, the men hammering the handles in place on one end couldn’t hear those on the other end.” His friend said, “What in the world did they want to do with a pot that big?” The fellow shot back, “Cook your cabbage head.”

Even hell is no match for the renewed Cajun spirit:

A busload of Cajuns went over a cliff and all were killed instantly. When they got to heaven’s gate, St. Peter was informed by God that there had been a mistake. They weren’t supposed to come until next week. There was no room yet in heaven. So St. Peter sent them down to hell just temporarily until their places in heaven could be prepared. A few days later, Satan came to the pearly gates to talk to St. Peter. “Listen,” he said, “don’t you think you could take those Cajuns off my hands.” St. Peter said, “What’s the matter? They giving you trouble?” “Well,” Satan said, “first they had a fais dodo. Then they had a hanclo. Now they’re having a bingo. They’re trying to raise money to air-condition the damn place.”

Indeed, the Cajuns are brash, bold, even belligerent, in their renewed sense of identity. According to a currently popular expression, “You can tell a Cajun a mile off, but you can’t tell him a damn thing up close.” Many who endured the second-class citizenship offered them during Americanization have apparently decided that they want none of it. The ethnic revival has even taken a few turns that the establishment did not anticipate. The ethnic slur “coonass” has been confiscated and now appears on bumper stickers and t-shirts reading, “Coonasses make better lovers ’cause they eat anything,” and “You ain’t done nothing till you’ve done it with a coonass.” A coonass seven course meal is described as “a pound of boudin and a six pack of beer.” The expression, “the only difference between a coonass and a horse’s ass is the Sabine River,” explicitly, though left-handedly defuses the ethnic slur which came over from Texas during the post war oil boom. Yet, while Ron Guidry and Paul Prudhomme have claimed to be “proud coonasses” on national television, many continue to feel offended by the term, wondering aloud, “How can you get the ’ass’ out of “coonass”?

The new cultural pride’s boisterous expressions are not reserved for traditional jousting partners. The lead story about the Cajun who went to Harvard focuses on New England, a bastion of Americana. Some of these stories offer a new image of the Cajun swaggering through the wide world, while reflecting his background in Louisiana politics where there is an important difference between what is legal and what is possible:

A Cajun went to Chicago to visit his daughter. He was following the directions that she had sent by mail, but missed a turn in heavy traffic. So he pulled over to one side of the road and prepared to make a U-turn. A traffic cop came running over to protest,
Their ignorance of the world, which formerly made Cajuns the butt of jokes, they now use to disarm outsiders. In real life, they have been known to avoid traffic tickets outside South Louisiana by pretending to speak no English.

Current jokes even take on defectors as the following story directed at children who grew up speaking French but abandoned the language once away at school. This last joke reflects the Cajuns' desire to preserve their linguistic and cultural integrity now that giving up the language, once considered a prerequisite for social promotion, is seen as an affectation which can only lead to cultural suicide.

A young Cajun went off to school and when he returned home after one semester, he told his mother and father that he no longer spoke French. His parents were a little surprised at this sudden loss of his native language, but they had heard that such things happened at college. To make sure that his parents understood and believed him, the young man asked over and over again what things were in French.

“What's that?” he would ask.
“Une chaise,” his parents would answer.
“And what's that?”
“Une table.”
“And that?”
“Une porte.”

His parents quickly tired of this game, but the young man continued to demonstrate his newfound inability to speak French. They all survived the first evening somehow and finally went to bed.

His parents were up early and were already at work in the garden by the time the young man awoke. His father commented under his breath about this additional bad habit that had been learned at school. The young man quickly resumed his efforts to show his ignorance of French.

Just as he was asking once again, “What's that?” pointing to a rake leaning on the fence, he accidentally stepped on its teeth, causing the rake to hit him smartly on the forehead.

“Mon maudit, sacré tonnerre de rateau!” he blurted out in pain.
“Ah,” said his father with a smile, “Je vois que ça commence à te revenir.” (“I see it's coming back to you.”)

Sometimes that's what it takes. It should be pointed out, in conclusion, that there is not a clear dividing point between the attitudes of the past and those of today. The entire spectrum of jokes can be found in the current repertoire. As one informant put it, when I asked him if he knew any jokes about Cajuns, “What do you want? Upgrade or downgrade?” Justin Wilson-type stories can still be heard, and usually people think they are funny, but a feeling of discomfort sometimes accompanies the laughter. There is an unmistakable tendency to rehabilitate the Cajuns' sense of identity these days and Cajun culture
Zachary Richard hitchhiking (courtesy of Philip Gould)
is showing renewed vigor in its oral literature, striking back with the help of rake handles and humor.

Notes

1Rick Dugas, 1982; collection Ancelet, Center for Acadian and Creole Folklore, University of Southwestern Louisiana (CACF).


5Elmo Ancelet, 1979 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.

6Stanislaus Faul, 1982 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.


8Claude Landry, 1981 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.

9Claudia Ireland, 1975 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.

10""St. Joseph et la vieille fille,"" collection Lacourcière (no. 565), Archives de Folklore, Université Laval.

11""La vieille fille dans le poulailler,"" collection Jolicoeur (no. 851), Archives de Folklore, Université Laval.


13Elmo Ancelet, 1979 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.


16Alcée Fortier, Louisiana Folktales in French Dialect and English Translation, Memoirs of the American Folklore Society, no. 2 (Boston and New York: Haughton Mifflin Company, 1895.)


Larrell Richard, 1977 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.


Wilson and Jacobs, p. 89.

Wilson and Jacobs, p. 132.

Wilson and Jacobs, p. 91.

Rick Dugas, 1980; collection Ancelet, CACF.

Rick Dugas, 1980; collection Ancelet, CACF.

Wilson and Jacobs, p. 90-91

Alex Giroir, 1984; collection Ancelet, CACF.

Larrell Richard, 1979; collection Ancelet, CACF.

Ancelet, pp. 25-27.

Rick Dugas, 1980; collection Ancelet, CACF; compare Wilson and Jacobs, p. 50 (Cajuns at Cape Kennedy).

Anonymous, 1978; collection Ancelet, CACF.

Anonymous, 1980; collection Ancelet, CACF.

A. David Barry, "Cajun or Coonass?: Ethnic Humor in Southwest Louisiana," unpublished manuscript.

Alex Giroir, 1984; collection Ancelet, CACF.

Stanislaus Faul, 1983 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.

Fred Tate, 1976 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.


Don Montoucet, 1978 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.

Clotile Richard, 1975 (told in French, author's translation); collection Ancelet, CACF.

Rick Dugas, 1980.

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