Famille De Winslow En Algérie

Comment une famille franco-américaine du Maine peut-elle s'adapter à un milieu entièrement étranger comme l'Algérie ? Nous avons essayé de le découvrir et d'en partager avec vous un peu de nos expériences.

Le premier choc fait de se rendre compte que des milliers de mètres cubes d'eau transvasée dans la région ont été transformés en des champs de maïs. L'algérie a passé cent trente (130) ans sous colonie de la France. Le premier novembre a été la date décisive (1954) marquant le début d'une guerre de libération qui se continue jusqu'à aujourd'hui. Aujourd'hui (1964), nous sommes au troisième jour (1964), et à laquelle la France a décidé de donner un nouvel état indépendant à l'Algérie. L'Algérie est gouvernée par un système démocratique. Le seul parti politique autorisé est le F.L.N. (Front de Libération Nationale).

Il va sans dire que seulement six mois de conditions d'un pays ne suffisent pas comme l'expérience de première main. Habitants dans ce pays trop chaud, ces six mois nous ont permis de mieux nous habituer. Du moins, que l'on dit, des poules payées par la gorge, des belles têtes de mouton aussi vieille que la ville, du coton blanc comme le satin, des fruits et légumes de saison.Mais on finit par s'y habituer. Plus tard on trouve même du Coca-Cola (efrère 600) et autres petits sucreries américaines. 

Le Français parlé par les Algériens est un peu différent de celui qu'on entend sur les rives du Maine. Mais ce français peut se faire comprendre sans difficulté. Tous ont des goûts différents, ce qui est bien connu des gens habi

La Grande majorité des Algériens a ouvert la religion de Mohamed à Moslem. 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 début du siècle. A Billy Bob's, dans notre partie de Saint-Vincent, nous nous réunissions d'avoir un bon aveni nommé Abbe Mossa. Dans notre église, laquelle est située dans le nord du pays, étaient plusieurs chrétiens. Le dimanche, les chrétiens rejoignaient une trentaine de fétés. Les anciennes églises sont transformées en mosquées (Temple Arabe). Un changement de croissance et nous parlons d'une autre langue.

Aujourd'hui, nous vivons dans une atmosphère de bonne entente. Le pouvoir d'un régime est une image de fabrication de téléphones, radios, enregistreurs à bandes et de radios auto. L'Algérie exploite plus de cinq milliards huit cents (5,800) employés ou ouvriers spécialisés. Il est possible qu'un jour ces gens d'Algérie se fassent fonctionner un Centre Technique qui entrainera le changement de techniciens pour l'avenir. Nous avons un "scout" qui se bat d'ailleurs. Il est composé d'Américains d'origine française, américain, arabe, suédois, italien et des canadiens d'origine française, libanais et un italien.

Après deux mois de travail, nous pouvons franchement dire que notre expérience ici restera avec nous pour toujours. Nous les Algériens, nous nous apprêtons beaucoup des gens d'un pays comme l'Algérie. Nous avons 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 une certaine échelle du pays qui est prêt à payer le gros prix, que ce soit avec de l'argent ou de l'or. L'importance et on n'est pas d'accord avec leur système politique, ni c'est vrai que la terre devient toujours plus petite. Il faut apprendre à vivre ensemble... sur la terre.

Une grivecille en Algérié

Ferfly Lachance

LABOR'S TROUBADOUR

RETURNS TO LEWISTON

On Friday, February 16th, at 8:10 p.m., Joe Glazer stood center stage in the Lewiston Junior High Auditorium. With his guitar and a repertoire 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 graying 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. Boniface School, because of a last-minute scheduling problem at "St. Bonvi."

"This must be America," he quipped, "for where else would you find a Jew folk singer in a hall full of singing Negro spirituals to an audience of Franco-Americans?" The gentleness and soft-spoken wit, along with the white suits 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 "historical." The ballad "Standing 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 hired, and nobody ever grew old."

Glazer's satire, thinly disguised, here, in even clearer in his "Autobiography." Written in the fifties, the song depicts the final reboot in an already do-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 florifying irony of "No Irish Need Apply" underlines the vital link between ethnic bias and the labor struggle. The song ended with the

CONTINUED ON PG 4
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 Lallemand of Toulouse, France. Also, Julien Dubuque founded Dubuque, Iowa; Jean Baptiste Gamelin colonized Chicago in 1813; and Salomon Juneau settled Milwaukee in 1818.

...that Paul Revere was a Frenchman? His father's name was Gaspard Rivire; an immigrant to this country.

...that St. Bonaventure College is looking for bilingual and/ or bicultural staff for their Franco-American ward?

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

...one of the best ways to avoid colds is to drink a mild and hot water each day.

INFANTILE DISEASES

1. Castor oil in coffee.
2. Allspice tea.
3. Cardamom tea.
4. Chamomile tea.
5. Mussels and sulphur diluted with water; 1 cap, mussels, pinch sulphur, glass water. Especially used for 'breaking chills' in the body.
6. A glass of warm water each morning will keep you regular.

5. Five tablespoons of mineral water in a glass of warm water, each day.
6. Blue violet tea. One cup each day.
7. One raw egg with a glass of hot water each day.

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Dear Cécile,

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

I must admit that I have never had to think (or even write) about the impact of my presence as a man. From all outward appearances it is a raceless world. It was built and continues to be maintained by men in spite of rebellious high pitched voices pounding at the walls, in all power-relations 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 accomplishing - that's right, accomplishing -- that I'm all right. Most of them have been useless in getting me what I really want from myself. Degrees, sexual 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 growing fear of what is underneath.

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 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 unexpressed 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 "decent", a depression is "reading between the lines", and what's more curious is how men deal with each other. We don't. We respect each others right to inadequacies and accumulate structures, symbols, and fears to keep it that way. Our standard is in sexual power and prowess with women. We don'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? (Excuses-lal)

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, insurmountable, pure, unteachable 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? I take out all the pressures of the supposed to's (those 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 loose. 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 have trouble communicating our feelings to each other, and 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 help of nurturance, 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 hurtable.

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 egocentric and the individual 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 protection. We get an apparent sense of power, of control. We get to make "important decisions". Our ego gets nurtured. And the contract distance is kept. (Catch 22)

But there is a Catch 22. You nurture and support the ego, it gets bigger and less responsive (response ability) to the other. It gets bigger and bigger until 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. 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. 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 morning...
1. s'acccarter
   a. chanter la messe
   b. être mourant
   c. s'éveiller

2. pantoufle
   a. mettre les pieds
   b. mettre la pédale douce
   c. mettre en marche

3. bébé
   a. corde à linge
   b. astie
   c. mot français pour paparame

4. y lui manque un bardeau
   a. François auquel on a dit "dis-moi ce que tu veux, et je te montrerai comment t'en passer"
   b. il pleut dans le grenier
   c. y laisse pas manger la laïne sur le dos

5. être boudé
   a. criole, ça va tâit dont mal
   b. ne pas être bâtie
   c. sauf qu'en est chanceux

6. bretter
   a. jumper
   b. ce que l'on ne fait pas quand on a le ve twite
   c. se faire passer au batte

7. allanter
   a. petit bûcher que l'on place dans une vitrine
   b. un licou pour une licorne
   c. se faire pommasser

8. a lé crûté au bout de la main
   a. a l'ai mangé trop du fève au bar
   b. a grimpé dans le rideaux
   c. a l'ai arreté de frotter

9. c'est un bec-fin
   a. son palais s'en fait à croire
   b. c'est un mangeur de couches
   c. un oiseau qui a la petite casse

10. c'est un franco de laine
    a. y l'est bord en bord
    b. y est jaune
    c. y parle blanc

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**UN COUP D'OEIL SUR FAROG**

**HISTORICAL TIME LINE:**

1701 The Baron de Castine returned to France.
1703 June 10, 1703 all of the Indians Tribes of Maine convened to meet Governor Dudley of Boston at Casco (Portland). 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 Treaty of The Acadians to the St. John River near Fredericton. Father Rale.
1755 The coming of the Acadians to the St. John River near Fredericton. Expulsion of Acadians to other English Colonies.
1775-1776 Canadians revolutionists get lands in refuge tract and Western Reserve.
1784-1790 The "Second Expulsion" of the Acadians from New Brunswick.
1785 The Acadians reached Madawaska.
1790 James Kavanagh and Mathew Conolly came to Newcastle.
1792 The Indians appealed to Bishop Carroll for a "Black Robe" Acadians petition Bishop of Quebec for permission to build a church.
1793 Commissioners were sent to settle a land allotment desired by Passamaquoddy Indians.
1794 Acadians build St. Basilie Church in St. John Valley.
1796 Arrival of Father Chevreus who was sent or take charge of Passamaquoddy.
1797 Father Chevreus is sent to minister to the Penobscot Indians.
1798 Father Chevreus makes his first visit to Somersctic (Newcastle)
1799 Father James Kavanagh is put in charge of Maine Indians.
Those who are living so they can rejoice in their deaths,

Those who question:
the Church disgaused as a woman,
priests disgaused as priests,
women disgaused as men,
men disgaused as women,
men disgaused as men,
men disgaused as women,
men disgaused as providers,
leaders,
women disgaused submissive,
followers,
men disgaused as strong, aggressive,
women disgaused as emotional.

All creation is ashamed before the capitulation, the admission.
Young lives are given the appearance of being lived to their fullest,
their creative energies already being gobbled by the process of guilt.

All externals are failing, internals have atrophied.

Small lives, large expectations, no bridges.

The spiral points rigidly upward with its relentless message.
The elected point as rigidly downward pressing for an early kinship with the final resting place.

I can’t believe I wrote that as I did...

P.S.: Russ W., Russ C., Now, Don—what do you think?

AU RÉDACTEUR:

I.A.B.G.O. FORUM:

I am a 1975 graduate of U.M.U. 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 I.A.B.G.O., I have really been "psychod" 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 graduated.

I had harbored hopes of perhaps finding some type of employment where 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. That aspect of my job yields great satisfaction. It just makes me feel so good to see someone struggling to communicate, light up when I begin to speak in French. "Tu parles français? Ah bien, j’te dis que je suis contente de savoir ça. Qu’est-ce que vous nous offrez?” (Here comes a slight handicap) "C’est Nicole Sivends, ni bonne de file est Warma.” La plus part du monde se savent pas comment dire ça et le ne me reconnaissent pas comme Canadienne quand-fois que mon premier nom est Nicole. Je should put up a sign reading "Ici je parle française!"

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’aille a rencontrer d’autres monde."

It’s also really exciting to me when they ask me where I’m from. "Es vion d’la Nouvelle? Bien moin tout... Ah oui je connaissait bien ça St Marie. Je te dir là que je sais ça je va venir à tour quand je viens a bangue. Hey, Nicole, on a joute qu’une petite Canadienne pour nous servir!" It’s the little interactions that just make my day.

However, in my experiences, I’ve also come to some very sad realizations. Our culture is "Mardi" for me. I hurt everyday I see a French name—especially family name. In their culture—stigmatized to be Americanized. These cases are not rare according to myself.

If someone under 40, I will strongly hesitate to make any association with French even if the person has a French name. They are only to be approached with caution. This is just my personal opinion of what I think.

Except for a few dedicated people who realize the value of our ethno-identity, I really fear that after the next generation, our Franco-Amercan existence will be a remnant of the past. Reflecting upon this, I asked myself why would the young of today want to be identified as Franco-American? They are perfectly happy as Americans. Their parents and members came from S. Orangwich, in Canada but what does that have to do with me? I read in different places where a number of other ethnic groups in America strove that their youth learn the ethnic language and culture to their roots are incorporated into their identities and I ask myself what’s going to happen to us?

Do you what we need is a French version of an ethnic idol or public image such as Ciccio, O.J., or Kajak to influence the young and make them want to be identified as French. But what’s "cool" about being French? We have our French-Canadian hockey player they just don’t seem to be as visible and the only manifestation of their Francophilism is. We really hope we find an answer soon because it would be an irreparable loss for us to just "melt away into the pot."}

CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE
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. It's a poster of a book I studied it, and now I've got it. The poster is a gift from Nancy and it is silk-screened and colorful. For sometime, unicorns have fascinated me.

Why? Well, unicorns were female, had magical powers and... there are no more. Plus de licorne. Quoi, alors, I wonder, "Are we really each beautiful and rare?"

Then, two weeks ago, I saw "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" twice. It's one of those films that are really, 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 patients of the institution.

Ben, c'est pas de même dans la vraie vie: la vraie, vraie, vraie, non. In this area (around Bangor, certain communities have actually been de-structured 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 to "So and so is" who comes from those areas.

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

Geese, I mean, as soon as someone doesn't conform to the norm, there is a big reaction in the community. Remember long hair? Geese. You would have thought the long haired boys had actually done something - the way folks reacted. Or remember the dévorés who was having a hard time raising their 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 poser, too. And if something did get upset and cried aloft, and she ended up at M.I.T. because no one wanted to talk to her, and be with her outside... I don't know, Quoi. Ben, toi, pas ben c'était il.

What do you think about that? Ben, non, là, j'ai eu une idée, j'envoie qu'on se doute des crapauds...

In the old days, you could hunt witches and that made you powerful, or you could decide that a certain group was a threat, and you could feel powerful that way. Now, we (us "normal" folk) acquire to a system of mental illnesses and mental treatment for "not normal" folks suspects, 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 "beings" who have "beings" and beings. First, we label certain people as "werid", "crazy", "fain

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

Qu'est-ce qu'il va faire? Non, si on voit un par avec des cheveux longs, on dit qu'il est salade, qu'il prend de la drogue etc. etc. Si on voit une personne à capacité limitée... (point de vue psychologique) on se fait des peurs... "Il va faire ça. Il va faire ça." On ne sait pas le temps d'explorer la personne en question. Les allemands ont fait ça devant les juifs... mais nous sommes tels que nous sommes... (qui peut nous pour parce qu'on ne les connaît pas.) On se fait des peurs.

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

Voulez-vous, ne croyez pas? Ecoutez, si on sait traiter un, ça fait quoi? Un chien malade, bien sûr. Un chat malade. C'est fait que? En un mot, ça fout la puce. Volée. Si on est sérieux et que les autres, surtout pour les humains? Non, ça ne ferait aucun sens si je savais que les gens qui pourraient de l'hôpital psychiatrique pour retourner chez eux, étaient acceptés et tolérés dans leurs villages. Comme les autres, ils ne redeviendraient jamais.

On est tous pas mal fichus des fois, hein? On endure si on sait les gens différents? Si on est riche, on n'aime pas les gens qui s'habillent pas, si on est pauvre on n'aime pas les riches (ils s'en foutent à croire), si on est un normale on n'aime pas les riches (ils sont étrangers)....

Non Papa disait "On est pas fous tant qu'on s'en doute un peu, mais le moment où on décide qu'on est fini, c'est fini" Marcher fort! Il voulait dire que dans la vie même, il y a un peu de folie - il faut l'accepter. Autrement, on voit la folie chez les autres - mais pas la vôtre, et si on existe que les folos des autres est très, très grand. N'est-ce pas?

Je reviens à ma lettre. Sommes-nous tous beaux et rares? Qui? Ça fout l'air de la lettre. Chacun de nous est un pénombre extraordinaire. Il n'y a pas de personnes ordonnées. Les gens existent, les gens existent, ont quelque chose qui nous fait, un peu que nous bien 'attraitant'. Sinon s'y met pas d'accord, venons me voir ou écrivez-moi, j'aimerais en apprendre plus encore.

FLASH REPORT ON BILINGUAL WARD

In a statistical search on January 29th, which covered the period of May 1977 thru January 1978, 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 these aren't for me." Take a second look at 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 cultural 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 Ferndale Hall giving 129 positions in 15 areas where bilingual or multilingual fluency can be a distinct asset in being considered for employment. How many can you name? The State College of Arts and Sciences students who are undecided about their future plans, is published monthly by the Counseling Center. Information is available to you. Material in Sparks is not copyrighted. In fact we borrow freely any material we consider noteworthy.

Margaret Harch
Counseling Center
3.50
following jibe: "When you want another thrashing, just say 'No Irish need apply!'" In "John Henry," a traditional ballad of railroad men, Glaser let the defiant rhythms of his delivery overtake the implicit satire. "John Henry" was shown automatic responses to his actions making the story in the same 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 wrench 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 "Rodeo and the Rain," and "Green Eyed Man," in the midst of a massive demonstration. Authorities in Washington, D.C. had decreed the raising of the old Post Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue. The demonstration saved the structure, thus avoiding its replacement with more of the rectangular sameness so prevalent in the current architecture. Here, implicit in the optimism that shifts contentedly amid the discontent in Glaser's work. "The people have a vision," he seems to say.

With Joe Glaser were special guests Bill and Gene Bonyn, joining him midway through the program. Folksingers and social historians, the couple live on Westport Island, near Miscasset, rather Bohemian in appearance, accented by the graying hair, the Bonyns are an attractive pair. She is gracious and ebullient while his serene, thoughtful 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. In June, they brag how they'll "beat" the Ojibwas at their common skills; returning, brimming with new stories, they greet their wives or lovers. The "Amnesty Song of 1917," 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 (paraphrased 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 Bonyn'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 12-string version learned in childhood.

Joe Glaser was amiable, off-stage, but less so during the performance. He was most happy when he could work a humorous anecdote into the conversation: "We measured the atmosphere of the workers in Massachusetts and there is no worker here in Lewiston. That's how we convinced the Peppermill management that the wages that should be the same."

Suddenly, the time had come for departures. A lobby display of Glaser's labor song recordings (several LP's on the Collector label currently available) was dismantled. The contributions table was abandoned by volunteers from I.P.L. (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 Ruren, Maine, was once called Violette Brook. This name came from the first family to settle there. (The name was Violette.)

I would like to tell you about the little branch which crosses the Main Street on Route 1, just below the town's Shopping Center, as you head toward the Church. I now know that you do publish some pretty words at times in your paper, so I thought perhaps the French-speaking people of Parog would enjoy reading this little poem in dialogue form...

Dialogue between child and a brook.

Brook: "Petit ruisseau à Claire et à l'imprimante, où vas-tu donc par tes mille détours? Tu as un grand fleuve, un grand fleuve, sans résistance à la fin; pour mourir dans mes bras."

Child: "Ah, s'il te plait, mon père, va, de l'eau, de l'eau, des eaux de la mer."

Brook: "Ah, mon père, va, de l'eau, de l'eau, des eaux de la mer."

Child: "Ah, s'il te plait, mon père, va, de l'eau, de l'eau, des eaux de la mer."