# FOCUS ON FAMILY

## HUDSON
## MASSACHUSETTS

## A TOWN
## AND THE PEOPLE

## AN ETHNIC HERITAGE PROJECT

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# INTRODUCTION

The Hudson Massachusetts Focus on Family project, funded by the Ethnic Heritage Program, U.S. Office of Education, was designed to help high school students and faculty to explore and then share their roots. Where did they come from? And how did their families all come to Hudson? Hudson's present population is approximately 17,000; about one third are recent immigrants from the Portuguese Azorean islands of Santa Maria and San Miguel. In the past, Hudson's citizens have come from Ireland, Italy, England, Russia, Canada, Germany and other European countries.

Like so many generations before them, recent immigrants experience both the pains and joys of learning to live in a new culture. And, for the others, their own histories have often been forgotten and their empathy with newcomers has disappeared.

In order to awaken the richness of the multiple pasts that have converged in Hudson, thus providing a common base for people, this project began by trying to find out who came to Hudson, why they came, and what transitions took place over the generations. A composite of the town and its history emerged as the students and their teachers tapped into their own backgrounds and shared them through writings, mime, art and oral histories.

This booklet reflects the work of the students and teachers involved as well as the community residents who were included as part of the project. The booklet is designed to provide a forum for the students, as well as a guide for teachers who seek to enrich their curriculum with multi-cultural experiences. In addition, an entire in-service seminar on ethnicity and the family is presented so that other school systems may find concrete materials that may be of use to them.

Acknowledgments:

Efforts and products like this booklet are always cooperative ones. So many people gave their time, ideas, and commitments. I wish you could meet and know all of them. Let me try to communicate their names (not mentioned in any rank or order) as a bare minimal reflection of their unique contributions.

Faculty members from the Hudson schools contributed their energies, insight, and criticisms to keep us somewhat balanced. They are: Maria Afonso, Ruth Anderson, Dorothy Bradlee, Celeste Braga, Deborah Colaluca, David Collins, Gabriel Cruz, Irene Cunha, Doris Farnam, Kathy Francis, Rene Hashey, Paul Johnson, Patricia Kelleher, Joanne Lalumiere, Holly Fidrych Landry, Rosemary Marini, Inge Wetzstein, and Margaret Youmatz. These teachers contributed heavily through the "in-service" course.

Others at the high school contributed meaningfully and graciously in other ways. They are: Mary McCarthy, Joe Lezon, Mary DuBois, Janet Dintino, Joan Bellucci, Jack Creamer, Steve Lynch, Mary Franke, Carol Compton, Ann Lundie, Nina Lanigan, Billy Bisset, Francis Lambert, Dennis Frias, Joaquim Ferro, Diana Woodruff, Joyce Glynn, Mary Coyne, Leslie Monteiro, and John Lacey.

Visiting artists and ethnic specialist added an outstanding dimension to the project. We are particularly grateful to David Zucker (mime), Frances Robertson and Rebecca Wells (actresses), Lou Killens (Irish-English folk musician and balladeer), and Professor William DeMarco (Italian ethnic historian). Professors Mary Vermette and Onesimo Almeida, specialists in Portuguese and Azorean life styles, gave generously of their time, advice, and support and backup. George Gould, long time Hudson merchant, generously provided us with the unique insight of his background. He provided a memorable learning experience for us at the in-service seminar. They are all just superb people.

The day-to-day working out of the project was administratively facilitated by the cooperation and involvement of Joseph L. Mulready (Superintendent of Schools), John Hollenbach (former Hudson High School Principal), Elizabeth McQuillan (retired Assistant Principal at the high school), Edgar Robinson (Business Manager), and Dr. Joseph McDevitt (the Assistant Superintendent of Schools). Clearly, the project received its greatest on-going day-to-day support from Dr. McDevitt, who was always our sharpest taskmaster and "pusher". He was always "there" when we needed him, a nice blend of Irish humor and academic efficiency.

Acknowledgments (continued)

It was also good to have Dr. Gerard Smith of EDCON in New Bedford, Massachusetts as our evaluator. He has been an excellent and human critic. Victor Correia, the Title VII Coordinator, although a recently arrived administrator, has been a generous, kind, and moderating influence. Mary Barry, Jean Peltier, Elaine Wade, Beatrice Meers, Russell Gardner, and Everett Brissette complete the staff of the Hudson School Department. Communication, payroll, budgeting, accounting, carpentry, and maintenance are theirs. Who could have functioned without their involvement and support?

Our community advisors gave very unselfishly of their time and advice. I would like to thank Denise Burney, George Burney, Argeo Cellucci, Antonio Chaves, Joseph Coffey, Jose Figueiredo, Patrick Kavanaugh, Jose Moreira, and Claudinor Salomao. In addition to serving as a community advisor, Jose Moreira deserves a measure of thanks for his efforts at the very difficult beginnings of the project. He gave expertise and commitment when it was really needed -- under some very trying circumstances.

The local newspapers were most helpful, too. Elwood Greene of the Worcester Telegram and Diane Fournaris of the Hudson Daily Sun were very cooperative, sensitive, and journalistically excellent.

Susan Vladeck Garrett and Isabella Hinds, our "staff" consultants, were with the project from the beginning to the end. They are the constant energy and inspiration that any project needs to keep going. I am indebted to them.

I am also indebted to Helen Santos who, in addition to her bilingual teaching duties at the high school, was constantly able to give her skills, insights, time, and patience to the issues we encountered. Every project should be so fortunate to have at least one Helen Santos.

Lastly, our thanks to Virginia Wright, our typist, who is so good she made horrendous tasks look simple, and to the students who participated in this project and whose work is represented here.

For balance, I contributed the largest number of mistakes.

William J. Frain
Project Coordinator
March 31, 1980

*PROJECT STAFF*

*Project Coordinator*
William J. Frain

*Ethnic Heritage Specialists*
Helen Santos
Isabella Hinds

*Arts Specialists*
David Zucker
Susan Vladeck Garrett

*Typing*
Virginia Wright

*PRODUCT*

*Editing, Layout, Photography*
Susan Vladeck Garrett

*Typing*
Ms. Bertha S. Mintz

*Proofreading*
Mary McCarthy
Margaret Youmatz
William J. Frain
Helen Santos

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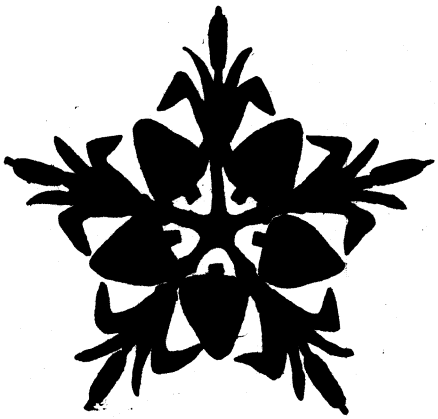
The following essays were written in the classes of Ms. Margaret Youmatz and Ms. Mary McCarthy. The students were trying to trace their families' journey which ended in Hudson. The richness of a diversity of heritages is evident in their stories.



*HUDSON LOGO*

*symbolizing bullrushes of Assabet Valley, the place of reeds, and arrowheads of Indian villages*

# THE BIRTH OF A TOWN

The original reason that Hudson was settled was due to her abundant resources of both woods and water. Among the tall and gracious trees was a beautiful valley filled with wild rabbits, skunks, and dogs proliferated in the virgin pines.

One of the early establishments was Pomposseticut farm and out buildings. The main farmhouse still stands as a tribute to the early architects and stone masons of bygone days. Due to the lack of (or maybe the cost of) nails and spokes, many of the large oaken beams are meticulously doweled and pinned and seem to be even stronger than the nails that they were used to replace. In response to the demand of lumber and machines, some of the first industries that were established were the lumber mills. These early establishments were responsible for much of the intricate doweling that was performed.

Transportation was of much concern to the early settlers, and the first form of transportation was the horse and buggy. Later when the trains laid their tracks across the wilderness, the transport of goods and materials became possible and it became economically feasible for big business to settle here.

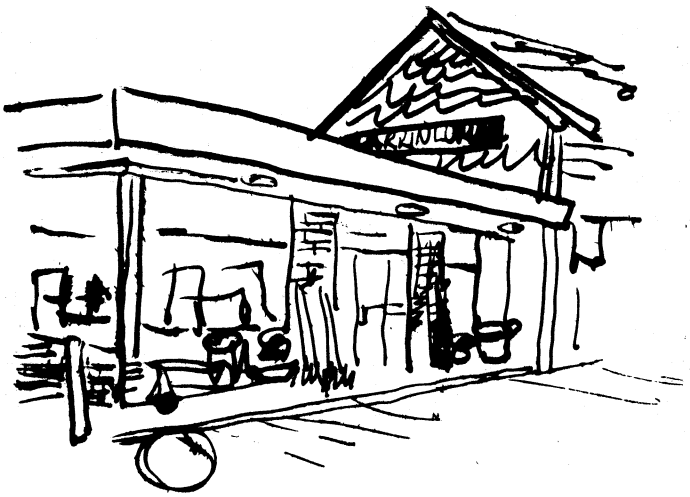
Another attractive feature of Hudson that brought big business was the abundant water power that was available from the Assabet river. One of the early businesses was the textile mill that combed, spun, and wove the cloth that early New England was famous for.

Not only was the water power good for the textile industry, but also it was good for the footwear industry (which is exemplified by the presence of Frye and other shoe or boot companies). The main advantage of water power at the time was that it was so cheap that anybody could use it and not worry that it might pollute or that it might cause a shortage.

The resources, the industries and the people that the jobs attracted and brought together greatly contributed to what Hudson has become today.

Daniel Hudson

# LARKIN LUMBER: A FAMILY LEGACY



Larkin has been a familiar name in Hudson business for nearly a century. The Larkin Lumber Company was founded in 1882 by James Robertson and Edgar Larkin. The company was named Robertson & Larkin up until 1916 when James Robertson died and the company changed its name to Larkin Lumber Company.

Then E. Lester Larkin took over ownership of the company and worked there up until he died in 1954. Lloyd L. Parker, Edgar's grandson, who had been with the company since 1924, became the next person to take over the ownership of the company.

Today Lloyd L. Parker and his three sons, David, Alan, and Lee all have a part in the ownership of the company.

Larkin Lumber has grown continuously since it began in 1882 selling lumber and other building materials. Plans are now underway to expand the company's size.

Greg Parker

# A HOME

There are many types of history. A history could be a family history, a town history, or the history of land and property. This paper will explain the history of my home, which is located at 264 Chestnut Street, formerly 90 Chestnut Street, in Hudson, Massachusetts. My home is an old farm house which was built in the year 1713.

My father, Norman R. Underwood Jr., bought the house and two barns which were built on the front end of the 26 acres of land in 1959. He knew that it was an old house because of the features it has that are characteristic of an old house. One of the old features of this house is wainscoting, which is boards that cover the wall from the floor up to a height of about thirty inches on the wall, or close to the window sill. The purpose of these boards is to hold the plaster on the wall. The plaster is loose and not as hard as modern plaster. On the top of these boards rests a moulding called a chair rail; this is to keep the chairs from chipping the plaster. Wainscotings and chair rails were common many years ago.

Exposed corner-posts and six-over-nine windows with wavy glass are distinct characteristics of old homes. Both of these are found in many rooms of our home. The glass is wavy because it was not made with the specialized equipment that glass is produced with today. The corner posts were left exposed because at the time it was not necessary or easy to hide them. Besides, 2 x 4's and plywood are used today instead of wide boards and unsewn timbers.

Many of the doors in the house are the colonial church doors which were common during the 17th century. The house also has the low ceilings which were common in colonial farm houses as opposed to the high ceilings of the more sophisticated town houses. The ceilings were probably low because the farmers discovered that low ceilings hold the heat in better than high ceilings. Also, fieldstone foundations and a ship ballast brick fireplace and chimney attributed to my father's inquisitiveness as to how old the house really is.

Other antique features of the house were found in the cellar. Below the fireplace, two columns of brick with chestnut beams resting between the brick and the fireplace floor form a plate to hold the chimney in place. The fireplace has no ash-pit or

damper because at the time these features were unknown. In the construction of the house, wooden pegs and wrought-iron nails were used. Both of these were hand made; almost everything at this time was hand made.

After my father discovered that the house was old, he started investigating sources such as the Hudson Library and the Middlesex Probate Records. He investigated old deeds and documents that dated back as far as 1713. Most of the deeds were general and had little to say about the people of that time, although a testated will was fairly interesting.

The will of Abner Brigham Smith was this interesting document. He was the farmer who bought our home, known at the time as Felton Farm, on December 30, 1830. Abner was 31 years old at the time. He also had six children, four of whom died at a young age. Their causes of death are unknown. Abner Brigham Smith died of fever during the summer of 1844; he was only 35 years old. Since he was so young, he had no will, so a will had to be drawn up for him; this is called a "testated will."

Samuel P. P. Faye, Judge Probate of the Middlesex County, appointed three men, Israel Sectmis, Jonathan Scrow, and Solomon Weeks, to evaluate the homestead.

The people of this time were land poor, or rather all of their money was in land since land was so cheap. Therefore, they had no money with which to buy even a few luxuries. For instance, A. B. Smith's 35 acres were evaluated with all the buildings thereon at $2,350.00, and the value of his property totalled only $1,031.71. His debts totalled $290.35, and his cash on hand was $19.35. As you can see, the people of that time probably bought only necessities. At this time, the house was in Marlboro and remained so until 1866 when Hudson, Massachusetts was incorporated.

The house was built in 1713 by Joseph Newton Sr. and his wife Katherine. The house stayed in the Newton Family for more than 100 years until it was sold to Abner Brigham Smith. One of Joseph Newton's kindred, Silas Newton, sold the homestead to A. B. Smith and moved across the street to operate a blacksmith shop at the bottom of what is now one of our two driveways.

The house has since been owned by approximately twenty families and one bank. The house is very old and I wish I knew all of the stories that it has to tell.

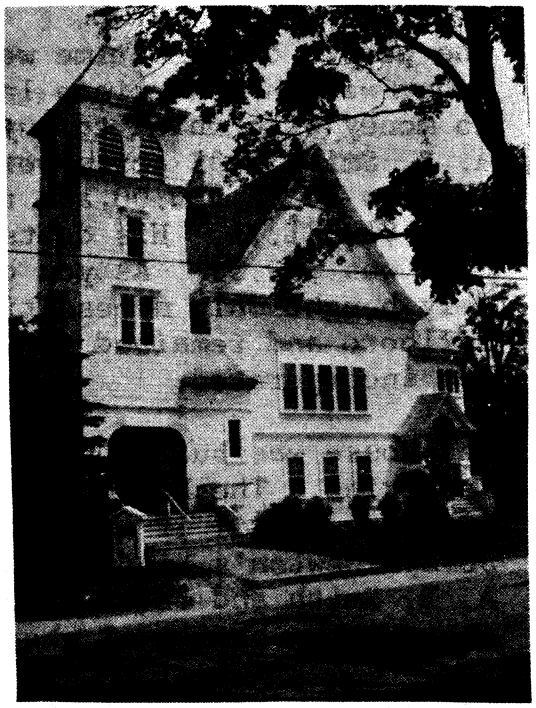
Jeffrey Underwood
April 5, 1979

# GLEASONDALE, YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Gleasondale was named in 1898 after the Gleason family. It is a village located partially in Stow and partially in Hudson. Since the late 1700's, it has been an industrial area, with several large businesses located there. Originally, there were grist and saw mills, and in the 1840's the textile industry was introduced by the Rockbottom (then the name of the village) Woolen Company, owned by B. W. Gleason and Samuel Dale. In the 1850's, the Gleasons took control of the company forming the Gleason Woolen Company. In the early 1900's, other textile industries were founded there, including the Standard Brake Lining Company by Arthur and Charles Hanslip and the Asbestos Weaving Company by Joseph Hanslip.

The building pictured with this article is the Gleasondale Methodist Church. It was given to the congregation in 1898 in memory of Senator B. W. Gleason by his sons Charles and Alfred Gleason.

Several members of the older Gleasondale families remain active in the affairs of this church, which has served both the religious and social needs of this community for many years.



The Gleason Homestead is one of the two Gleason owned homes in the village. It has been in the Gleason family since the 1840's, and was the home of Senator Benjamin Whitney Gleason. It is now the summer residence of Mrs. Emily Gleason Perkins and her family.

Joe Hanslip

# MY HUDSON AND BOLTON ROOTS

Like author Alex Haley, I became interested in tracing my roots. Through written documentation and my grandmother's recollection of her ancestors, it was possible for me to trace my family background in Bolton, Massachusetts (a town adjacent to Hudson). Knowing one of your ancestors founded a town is a great honor. The best part of knowing this is that it only takes five minutes from Hudson to see where my founding fathers lived and worked.

What is now the town of Bolton, Massachusetts, was founded in 1643 by Mr. Thomas King, a trader of Watertown, in company with several others who purchased the land from an Indian, Sagamore. In 1647, only three permanent settlers with their families started living on this newly owned piece of land. By 1653, these three families had been joined by six more, among whom was the family of Thomas Sawyer.

Thomas Sawyer was the first of the Sawyer family to live in the town of Bolton. His house was used for the first town meeting in Bolton on August 28, 1738, by his son Thomas Jr. Thomas Sawyer Jr. then married and had a son named William. William was born in 1721 and died in 1741, leaving a son, Thomas Sawyer, who was born in 1738. Thomas then had a son named Benjamin who ran the saw mill and grist mill. Benjamin Sawyer married and had twelve children. After his death, he willed the mill to his youngest son, John Sawyer, who operated it until he died.

The Sawyer's Mill was just one of the contributions of Benjamin Sawyer. The mill received its water power from West Pond, thus insuring a fairly steady supply the year through. The grist mill was still in running order in 1899, when the heirs of Benjamin Sawyer's son, John F. Sawyer, sold it to James G. Dow, in whose possession it burned.

On the farm of John Hopkins near West Pond is an ancient tomb. This tomb has been viewed by students from universities and by antiquarians, who place the date of its construction prior to the incorporation of Bolton. The bones inside the coffins are white and bleached. It has been supposed that this tomb was constructed by the Sawyer family, and that John Sawyer who died at age twenty-one, is buried there; but that theory will hardly hold in the face of the fact that Benjamin Sawyer first bought the property in 1791. Benjamin's son, John, lived to a ripe old age, and John's son, John F., died in 1898 at the age of seventy-three. It is now thought that this burial site may have been a

community tomb in the days before the incorporation of Bolton.

Burials prior to 1740 were said to be made in Lancaster or in private family burial grounds, as there is no record of a town cemetery before this time. The first cemetery for the town of Bolton was donated by my great-great-great-grandfather, William Sawyer. A suitable spot from his 300-acre farm was given to the town. By coincidence, William Sawyer was the first to be buried there; his gravestone bears the earliest date (1740) in the burial ground.

The last male member of the Sawyer family was my great-great-grandfather, Charles J. Sawyer, a descendant of the original six settlers of Bolton. He was born in Bolton and went into business in Hudson. He started buying wood lots (lots of land to cut wood) and opened a box factory in Hudson called the Hudson Box Shop, which burned down in the 1930's. The shop was located on Main Street, which is now called Sawyer Lane.

Charles' father John ran the only grist mill in Bolton. Farmers brought grains to the mill to be crushed and used for cooking. The grist mill has since burned down. Charles was a graduate of Worcester Poly Technical Institute in 1888. He later went into partnership with Charles Combes and started and operated the Natick Board and Box until his death in 1940. This business is still in operation and produces folding boxes for many New England stores. Charles Sawyer was also president of the Hudson Savings Bank and served on the board of the Hudson National and Cooperative Bank.

My Bolton ancestry goes back a long way and I found it very interesting to know who my ancestors were. This family heritage report would not have been a success if over the years records weren't kept. The Sawyer family was a very interesting and loving family who contributed much of their time to the incorporation of Bolton.

Monique Cyr

1592 Born Eng.-1592

Humphrey Barrett — Mary (unknown)

ISSUE

Humphrey Barrett Jr.

Born Eng.-1630

Humphrey Barrett Jr. — Mary Potter

ISSUE

Cap't Joseph Barrett

Cap't Joseph Barrett — Rebecca Minott

ISSUE

Lt. Oliver Barrett

Lt. Oliver Barrett — Hannah Hunt

ISSUE

Oliver Barrett Jr.

Oliver Barrett Jr. — Sarah Whitcomb

ISSUE

Maj. Oliver Barrett

Maj. Oliver Barrett — Lucy Fairbanks

Achsah Barrett

Achsah Barrett — John F. Sawyer

ISSUE

Charles J. Sawyer

Charles J. Sawyer — Nellie Foster

ISSUE

Hazel B. Sawyer

Hazel B. Sawyer — Edward J. Murphy

ISSUE

Gloria Sawyer Murphy

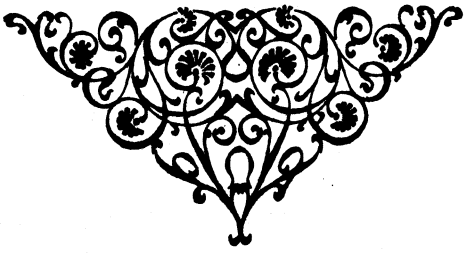
Gloria S. Murphy — Richard W. Pierce

ISSUE

Christine M. Pierce

Christine M. Pierce — Rene P. Cyr

1979 Monique A. Cyr



Monique Cyr's Family Tree, Mother's side

# HUDSON VIA THE AZORES

Today we both live in Hudson, but we originally came from the islands of the Azores in the Atlantic Ocean.

Since we lived in the Azores and then came to the United States we found a little difference in almost everything.

People from the Azores, who never left to visit other countries, or even to visit the mainland Portugal, come to the United States and puzzle when they see the beautiful snow, because they never had seen snow before.

The weather there is healthier, people say. It is hot in the summer and it barely rains, and in the winter it rains, thunders, and is also cold, but never snows.

School grades and marks in the Azores are different also. There, students go to the elementary school for 4 years, and afterwards they go to college. There is one difference in an Azorean college and an American college. In the Azores, the college is the same level as the high school in the United States. If a student is a senior here, that's the 5th year of college there. Marks don't go from 1 to 100 as in the U.S. They go from 1 to 20 points. From 10 down is negative, and from 10 up, the higher the better.

In the Azores students have to go to school at least until they are 14 years old. But if we pass every year, we will need only the 4 elementary years and 2 more years, either the 2 first years of college or the 5th and 6th grades of elementary school, which will prepare us if we want to go to college.

If we go to the first 2 years of college instead of the 5th and 6th grades of elementary school, we will then continue college to its 3rd grade if we want to.

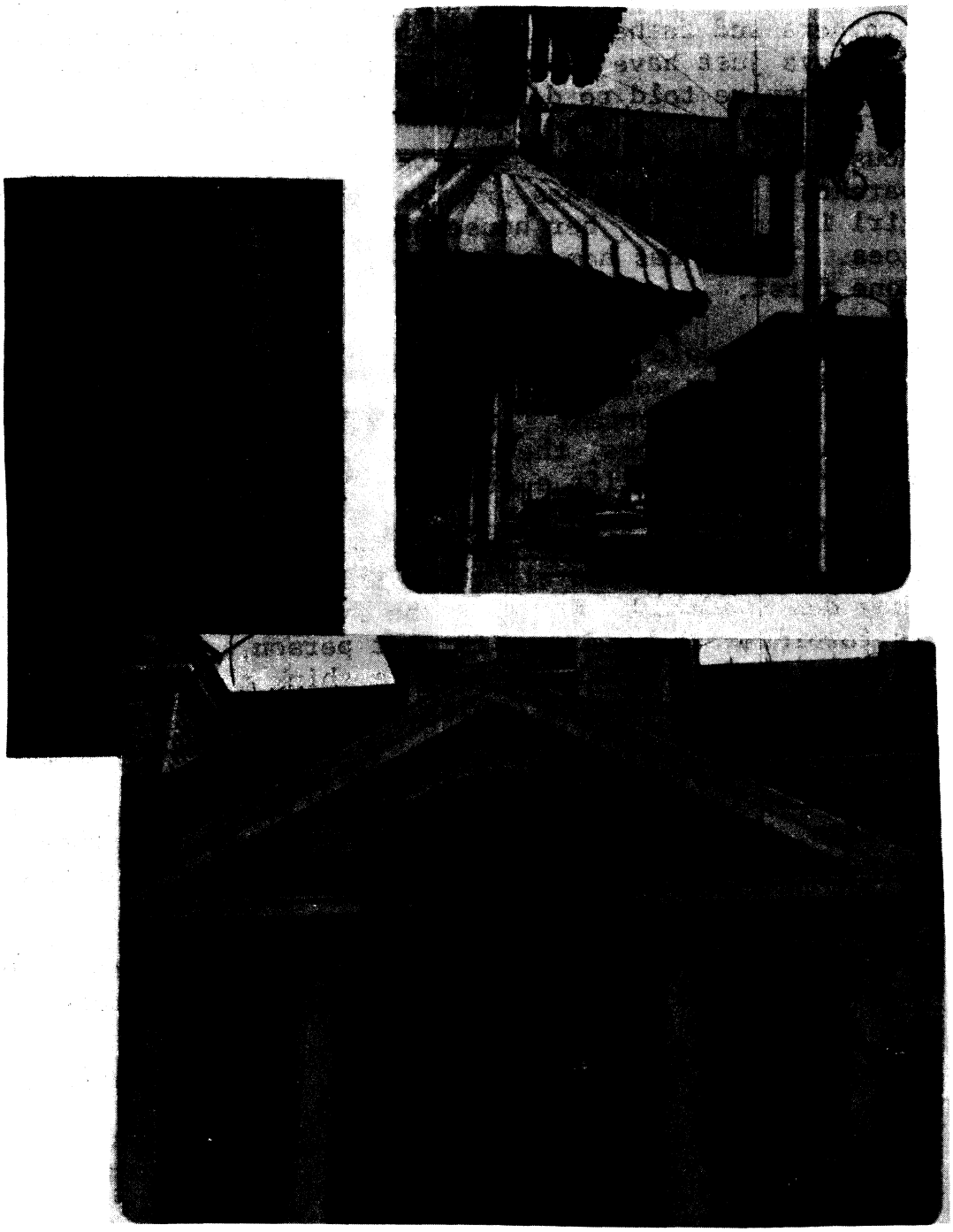
In the Azores we have to walk to school or get our own ride, because they don't have school buses as in the U.S.

The fashions are similar except that when we have a new style here in the States, they will get it in the Azores a couple of months later.

In the U.S., many women work, but in the Azores, almost all the women are housewives. Some women work in offices and as teachers, but most women work at home.

It is hard for a person to move into a new country without knowing its customs, but it is even harder not to know its language. Sooner or later everyone wants to learn English as we did. It is a privilege to learn another language.

Anonymous



# SPANISH FAMILY LIFE

Spanish family life in Hudson is not your typical American home life. Spanish parents are very strict. They don't want their kids to do the same things that other kids do. Daughters are rarely allowed to go out with friends. Boys are allowed to go out more than girls.

The girls in a Spanish family have a lot more expected of them than the boys. The girls have to have the house spotless 24 hours a day. They have to pick up after their brothers and father, and they have to help cook the meals. The boys just have to stay out of the way and do anything else they're told to do (which isn't very much).

House cleaning is considered very important to Spanish parents. It almost has priority over anything else. If a girl is going out, her housework has to be done before she goes. If she has homework to do, the housework has to be done first.

What most people consider spring cleaning, Spanish people consider every weekend cleaning. The appearance of the house is very important. If the father complains about the way the house looks, the girls have to clean it. Most fathers will not lift a finger to help.

Spanish parents are overprotective by American standards. They like to know who all their children's friends are. If they don't approve of one of the friends, then the daughter is forbidden to be seen with that person. The girls are not allowed to date until the parents think they're mature enough to handle dating, which is at around 20 or 21.

School is very important to Spanish parents. Their kids have to at least finish high school. If they want to go to college, they have to pay for it themselves. If they want to work while they go to school, they have to keep their grades up to at least average.

In spite of this, the Spanish are a very proud and loving people who care deeply about their children's future.

Anonymous

# TEENAGE, FEMALE, AND PORTUGUESE

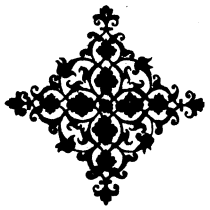
I'm a young female from a Portuguese background, and growing up in Hudson has been very difficult. It's not easy to make new friends when you are either at work or cooped up in the house. Sure, you can go out with friends once in awhile, but you don't have the freedom they have.

As far as dating is concerned you are not allowed to go out with boys unless you are really serious about someone. Boys have more privileges than girls. It's all right for boys to stay out all night, but the girls can't step foot out of the house after dark.

Women's education to some Portuguese isn't as important as working and earning money to help the family. When it comes time to go to college, it's up to the individual, and she has to pay her way. Very seldom do parents help their kids through college, unless the family is very well off.

Although at times I feel as if I'm a prisoner in my own home, I know that the reason that my parents are so over-protective is that they really love me.

Anonymous



## BACK TO THE EIGHTH CENTURY

The Gifford family ancestors on my mother's mother's side go far back. The first-known Giffords date back to the eighth century. They can then be traced right up to the first Gifford to land in America in 1630.

The Gifford family is found to have been seated at Honfleur in Normandy during the eighth century, three centuries before the conquest of England by Duke William. The duke was a cousin by marriage to the Giffords.

At the battle of Hastings in 1066, Sire Randolph de Gifforde was rewarded with the land of Somersetshire and Cheshire. These lands were formed into a barony. All the Gifford descendants from this point had summons for Parliament.

During the reign of King Henry II, Sir Peter Gifford married Alice de Corbuchin. She was the daughter and heiress to the seat of Buckingham. Sir Peter acquired the seat through marriage. The known person was Sir Stephen Gifford, who was one of the barons who accompanied Richard Coeur de Lion to the Holy Land. He was killed in the Seige of Jerusalem. Sir Stephen's son, Sir Stephen, was wounded there also.

George Gifford, who was made Earl of Buckingham by Henry V, is the next Gifford that we know of. George Gifford became an earl because he helped the House of York against the House of Lancaster. Later he was made the Duke of Buckingham by King Edward V. He then married the princess Maud Plantaganet, the king's cousin. George's son, George Gifford, Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded by King Richard for high treason. He was caught corresponding with the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII). The Duke left many children who were deprived of their lands and titles. When Henry VII became king, he found it easier not to restore the lands and titles to the children. The king's son-in-law then became the Duke of Buckingham. The new Duke of Buckingham's family followed the fate of the Giffords, because the grandson of the Duke was later beheaded and his family deprived of its lands and titles. The Gifford family members tried again and again to get the dukedom back by soliciting the Crown and Parliament, but they were defeated each tiem.

In the reign of James I, Sir Ambrose Gifford claimed before the House of Peers to be Duke of Buckingham. His claims were disallowed by the King because of his poverty. Walter Gifford, son of Ambrose, emigrated from England to Massachusetts Bay in 1630. He was the originator of the American branch of the Gifford family.

Those are my ancestors. My family is very proud of them, from the Giffords in the eighth century to Walter Gifford who emigrated in 1630, but we are more proud of what we are today.

Tammy Macy

## THE NAME GOES BACK TO NAPLES

Individual surnames originated for the purpose of more specific identification. The four primary sources for second names are occupation, location, father's name and personal characteristics. The surname Marini appears to be "patronymical," or from a father's name; it is believed to be associated with the Italian meaning "descendant of Marino," or, "of the sea." Different spellings of the same name are a common occurrence. The most prominent variations of Marini are Marino, Marina, Marinos, and Marinas. Census records show that there are approximately 600 heads of households in the U.S. with the Marini surname.

It is possible for a name to have one or more origins; for example, Marini could have come from Crolla, Italy or Assisi, Italy.

The Marini name can be dated back to Marini de Assisi, which originated in Napoli with Capitano Ottavian Marini in 1664. This was the start of the Marini's going to Italy. All files on the descendants of Ottavian Marini were lost or could not be found until the late 1700's. Domenico Marini, born in 1724, is one of the earliest on file. He had two sons and one daughter, Michele, who married R. Donatico and moved to Padova. No other records were kept of her. But Luigi fought in a war and was killed, leaving Giovan-Palo as the only one to carry on the family name. Giovan-Palo moved to Sicily, where he married Maria dell Abbadia. The couple had four sons and three daughters.

One of the sons of Giovan-Palo is my fifth generation grandfather, Duchi Marini, born in 1773 in March. He worked as a grain-grinder and farmer. The Marinis produced grain and then ground it down to sell to the local baker. Duchi married Doria Calisto and they had eight children, five girls and three boys. One of the boys, Carlos, in my father's father. Carlos helped his father in growing grain and then grapes. Carlos became a mason. He liked to build houses out of stone, wood and thatch.

Carlos was married at the age of 23 to Nicolo Milano, who came from Venezia. No one knows how they met, but from here documents were kept more carefully and the family can be more accurately traced. Carlos

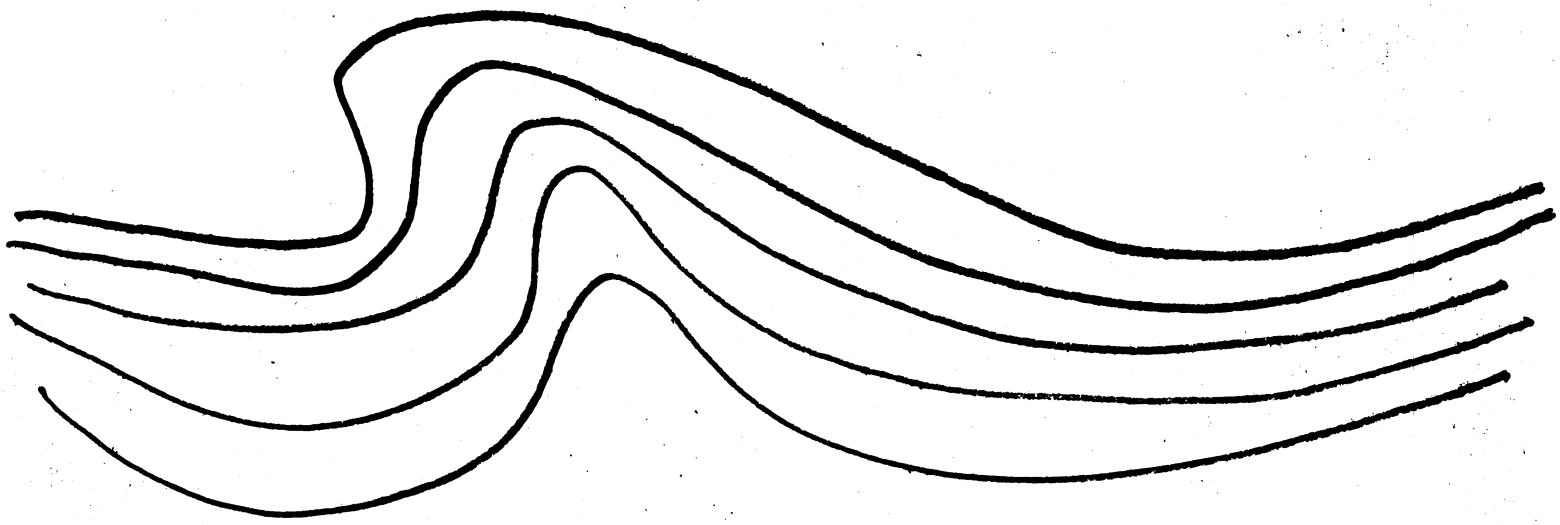
fathered three sons, Carlos, Frank and Augusta, and two daughters, Nellie-della and Cesena. Carlos and Augusta left home at 18 or 19, leaving Frank, Nellie, and Cesena to help around the house. Carlos and Augusta left to farm elsewhere to earn money.

When Frank Marini learned about the new United States where people could survive and prosper, he saved enough money to go to the U.S. At the age of 17, Frank left Castino and came to the United States. He lived in Boston for a while, then he moved to what is now Hudson (the town was Marlboro back then), where he met Idalina Costello. At the time they got married, he was 20 and she was 18. Frank worked for the Town of Hudson, where he paved roads. He helped to build the Hudson Rotary and the library's grounds, Main Street, Cox Street, and Central Street. Frank and Idalina had five children: three girls, Doris, Viola, and Ellen and two boys, Cleto and Frank Jr.

Frank Jr. married Rosemary Buteau and they had four children: Lisa, Frank III, Laura, and Linda. This is where my heraldry ends for another century or two.

Finding where my ancestors came from took many hours of searching through a historical library. I found out that my surname came from the meaning "of the sea" and that my family originated in Italy.

Frank Marini



## AND BACK TO ENGLAND

My family tree, as far as I can trace it, goes back to about 1860. My great-grandparents were born in Bradford, England, in 1860.

My great-grandfather on my father's side, James Bowen, was a factory worker. My great-grandmother, Anne, was a housewife. They were poor but they managed to save enough to go to the "land of opportunity," the United States. They moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, when my grandfather was eleven.

My great-grandparents on my grandmother's side were John and Mary Bott. They too were poor but moved to the United States from Bradford, England. My grandmother's family moved here when she was ten years old. Both families moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, which was a great coincidence. There my grandparents, James and Catherine (Bott) Bowen, met and were married.

When my grandparents moved to Hudson, they had three children, Eileen, James and Len. Eileen and James are now both happily married. Eileen and Mert Mills had two children, Merleen and Leola. James and Clair (Byron) had two children, James and Sue.

My father, Len Bowen, met Jean Renney in high school. My father was a great athlete. He was captain of the state runner-up hockey team and the baseball team. Jean and Len went out for six years, then they were married in 1953. In 1954, Lenny was born. He is a mason's helper in Hudson. He is married to Sue Conley. They just had their first child, Kellie Jean, the first Bowen of the next generation.

Tommy, the second oldest, is a machinist and was a star at Hudson High in hockey. Tommy Jacobs and he teamed up to bring Hudson to the semi-finals in the State. Brian is a student at Fitchburg State and I am at Hudson High. Through 100 years and two countries, there are five Bowen's to carry on our name: James, Len, Tom, Brian and myself, Robert.

Robert Bowen

# PACIFISTS FROM RUSSIA

The immigration of the Doukhobors, a group of persecuted pacifists, from Russia to Canada was made possible through Leo Tolstoy. The money from the sales of his book Resurrection paid their way.

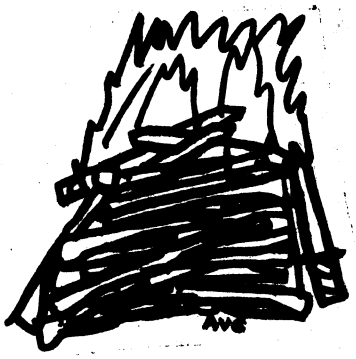
My mother's great-grandparents lived in the Caucasian mountains. Her great-grandfather heard stories of how they used to keep all their rifles and swords hanging by the front door. Then in 1895, the men piled all of the rifles and swords together with wood, sprinkled them with kerosene and set them on fire. The men had decided to never kill again; they became pacifists. The local officials prosecuted them severely and a lot of them were sent to prison and Siberia. Families were broken up and many people died.

In fact, it was as early as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when these pacifist groups started. They rejected most of the Orthodox Church rites and therefore were called "Doukhobors," meaning "spirit-wrestlers." They then started their own religion.

This persecuted group of about 7,500 were permitted to leave Russia in 1898, provided that they paid their own expenses, made their own travel arrangements, and never returned. That is why Leo Tolstoy gave the proceeds of Resurrection to the migration fund, as he too was a Pacifist.

The Canadian government admitted the immigrants to Canada, as they needed new people to work the land. This is how my mother's great-grandparents came to Canada, and that is where their descendants were brought up. My mother then met my father and moved to Hudson. We have been living here for sixteen years.

Paul Huehmer



# MANY LINES CONVERGE

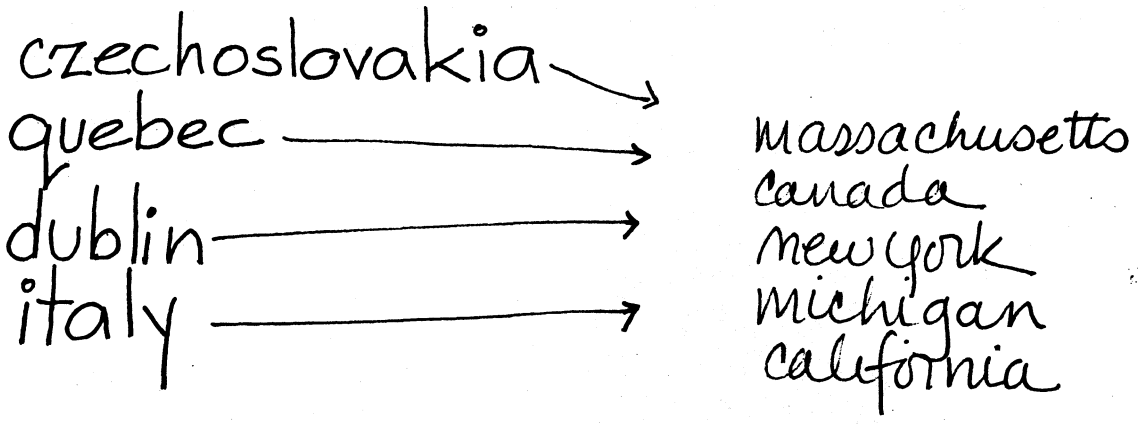
My family relatives are from all over North America and Europe. My family has come from four main countries. On my mother's side, her father's mother and father came from Czechoslovakia in 1914. They now live in Oakdale, New York. My grandmother on my mother's side comes from Quebec, Canada, where the people speak French. My grandmother came to the United States to get married, but her family stayed and still lives in Quebec.

On my father's side, it's an all European cast. My grandmother's father and mother came from Dublin, Ireland in 1894. They came here to find employment and now they live in Ronkonkoma, New York. My grandfather's parents came from Italy in 1903. They also came here because of unemployment in their country.

Today, I have a total of three great-grandparents, one in Canada and two living in New York. I have the four grandparents mentioned before and I also have a total of fifteen cousins, two living in Florida, one in Michigan and the rest in New York. Last but not least come my aunts and uncles. I have one uncle in California, an aunt in Texas, an aunt and uncle in Michigan and in Florida, and four more sets of aunts and uncles living on Long Island, New York.

Finally, there is my family: my mother and father, Connie and Eugene Fazio, brothers Joe and Jeff Fazio, and last of all, my pet dog Fifi!

Eugene Fazio



# FRANCE

France has many family traditions that have been carried on from generation to generation. Many of these traditions are ones made up by families alone, and others have been carried on by the French nationality itself.

In my family, the greatest tradition that has been passed on is drinking wine during mealtime. Even the children have this privilege, no matter what age they are.

One characteristic that the French people are known for is romance, which is not an obvious characteristic in my family. It is also true that the families in France are close, and many times live together for a long time. This was most likely because of the love they had for each other.

Many years ago, when my relatives immigrated from France, they were extremely poor and lived and worked on their own farm. They came over to America in the early 1900's. Ever since, all of their descendants were born and raised on farms, including my mother.

While my mother was growing up, she helped on the farm and she spoke French at home. Unfortunately, she never passed on this beautiful language to her children.

There are not as many traditions that have been carried on in my family as in other ones, but we are a close family, and I would rather have this closeness than any great family tradition.

Robin Baker

# 100 YEARS AGO IN POLAND

A family history is a way of tracing your family heritage. It has become a popular hobby today since the television show "Roots." I have traced back my own family close to one hundred years, beginning with my great-grandfather.

In 1882, my great-grandfather Michael Lugin was born in Poland in a village outside the city of Vilna. During this time, the Russians controlled Poland. On occasion, the Russian Cossacks would ride over the Polish border on their horses and using their long-bladed swords, would chop the heads off of anyone standing in the way.

In 1898, at the age of sixteen, Michael was about to be drafted into the Russian Army. His neighbors in the village gave him enough money so that he could go to the United States and never go into the Russian Army.

After settling in Marlboro, Massachusetts, my great-grandfather got a job and saved up enough money to pay back the people in his village in Poland. Then he married a girl from Marlboro and they bought a home. In 1914, my grandfather Albert Lugin was born. He spent his childhood and part of his adult life at this house until he married Olive Thomas in 1938. They moved to Hudson and bought a house on Marjorie Street. There they had four children, three boys and a girl.

My father Jack was born in 1939. He lived on Marjorie Street until he met my mother Elizabeth Collins. They were married in 1958 and moved to Manning Street. My brother Michael was born in 1959 and three years later, I was born. We then moved to Butman Street and my other brother Declan was born in 1966.

My brother Mike is presently living in San Jose, California. He works at Hewlett-Packard and attends school. He also is a drummer in a musical group that plays for dances or weddings. In March he played at a college in the town of Hillsborough, where the Hearst family lives. Declan is a student at Carmela Farley Middle School. He is in the eighth grade.

By using information supplied to me by my grandfather and my mother, I have traced my family back to Poland and over a period of almost one hundred years.

David Lugin

# THE LITHUANIANS OF HUDSON

My great-grandparents on my mother's side were from Lithuania. When they emigrated from their country, they came to Hudson. 1902 was the year of the beginning of my great-grandfather's new life here in Hudson. His name was Dominic Janciauskis, but he shortened his last name to Yanch. He built a house on Lower Street which is now called Mason Street. He started his own business of selling silver fox furs; he owned a silver fox farm in his back yard.

The history of the Lithuanians of Hudson started in the late 1800's. Lithuanians were emigrating in large numbers from their homeland. They fled to escape the draft and the poverty of their country under Russian occupation. With no schooling and little money, these people left their loved ones in the small villages which they would never see again and set out for the "land of opportunity" hundreds of miles away. Many hoped for a happy and secure future in the manufacturing centers of New England, and probably stories of jobs in Hudson's tannery and rubber factory reached the Lithuanian colonies in Worcester, Lowell, and Cambridge.

Between 1904 and 1911, several Lithuanians were practically penniless on arrival here. This condition attests to their willingness to work hard and live thriftily.

The first Lithuanians to become naturalized were Peter Chaplik, later owner of the Brigham farm on Brigham Street (presently the Curley farm), and Stephen Timledge. They had become citizens before coming to Hudson. The first local naturalization was that of Casimir Statkus in 1906, and the first registered voter was Peter Zanoq, who registered in 1906.

Lithuanian grocery stores, a butcher shop, a poolroom, barber shops, a bakery, dairy farms, an apiary, a silver-fox ranch, and a steam bath (which doubled as a speak-easy during prohibition days) were built in Hudson.

Although there was a post-World War I immigration policy that caused no new Lithuanians to come to town, the original Lithuanians and their families prospered. More and more of them acquired land, homes, and businesses. Through death or inter-marriage, the Lithuanians as a group have almost disappeared from Hudson, but their members are still represented in many phases of industry, government service and the professions.

Gail Johnston

# THE MAYFLOWER

The Mayflower came to America in the year 1620. The Pilgrims landed in Plymouth, Massachusetts and built a settlement. My relatives started out in Massachusetts with the landing of the Mayflower and moved around as generations went by.

Richard Warren, one of the first Pilgrim settlers to come to America, was the first of my relatives to arrive in America. He had a daughter Anna, who grew up and married a man whose name was Thomas Little. While living in Plymouth the couple had a daughter, Mercy, who married John Sawyer. Mercy and John moved to Marshfield, Massachusetts, where Mercy died leaving a daughter, Mercy. Mercy married Anthony Eames and had a baby girl, Mercy Eames, who was born in Marshfield.

Joseph Phillips married Mercy and they had a daughter, Agatha Phillips. Agatha married Jonathon Hatch and moved with her husband to Scituate, where they had a son, Zacheus Hatch. Zacheus married Persis Dunbar and moved to Jefferson. Their daughter, Persis, married John Perkins. Persis and John moved to Nobleboro, Maine, where their daughter Priscilla was born. Caleb Maddox married Priscilla and they had a son, Joshua Perkins Maddox, who moved to Portland and married Susan Sides. They had a daughter, Susan Alferetta Maddox, who married Frank Willis Trask. Their daughter, Hortense Adelis Trask, married Henry Sidelinger and had a daughter, Luella Mae (my grandmother), who married Harold J. Lyons (my late grandfather). They moved to Cambridge, where my mother Carol Francis Lyons, was born. She was married in Woburn to my father, Richard Edmond Rogan. They moved to Winchester, where I, Jeanette Rogan, was born.

The day the Mayflower landed in America was the day of the beginning of my heritage. I'm lucky to be a descendant of a Pilgrim family. I can tell my children and they will tell their children, so the pride in our family tree will never stop growing.

Jeanette Rogan

Richard Warren (Pilgrim settler, 1620)

Anna Warren + Thomas Little - Mercy Little + John Sawyer - Mercy Sawyer + Anthony Eames -

Mercy Eames + Joseph Phillips - Agatha Phillips + Jonathon Hatch - Zacheus Hatch + Persis Dunbar -

Persix Hatch + John Perkins

Priscilla Perkins + Caleb Maddox

Joshua Maddox + Susan Sides

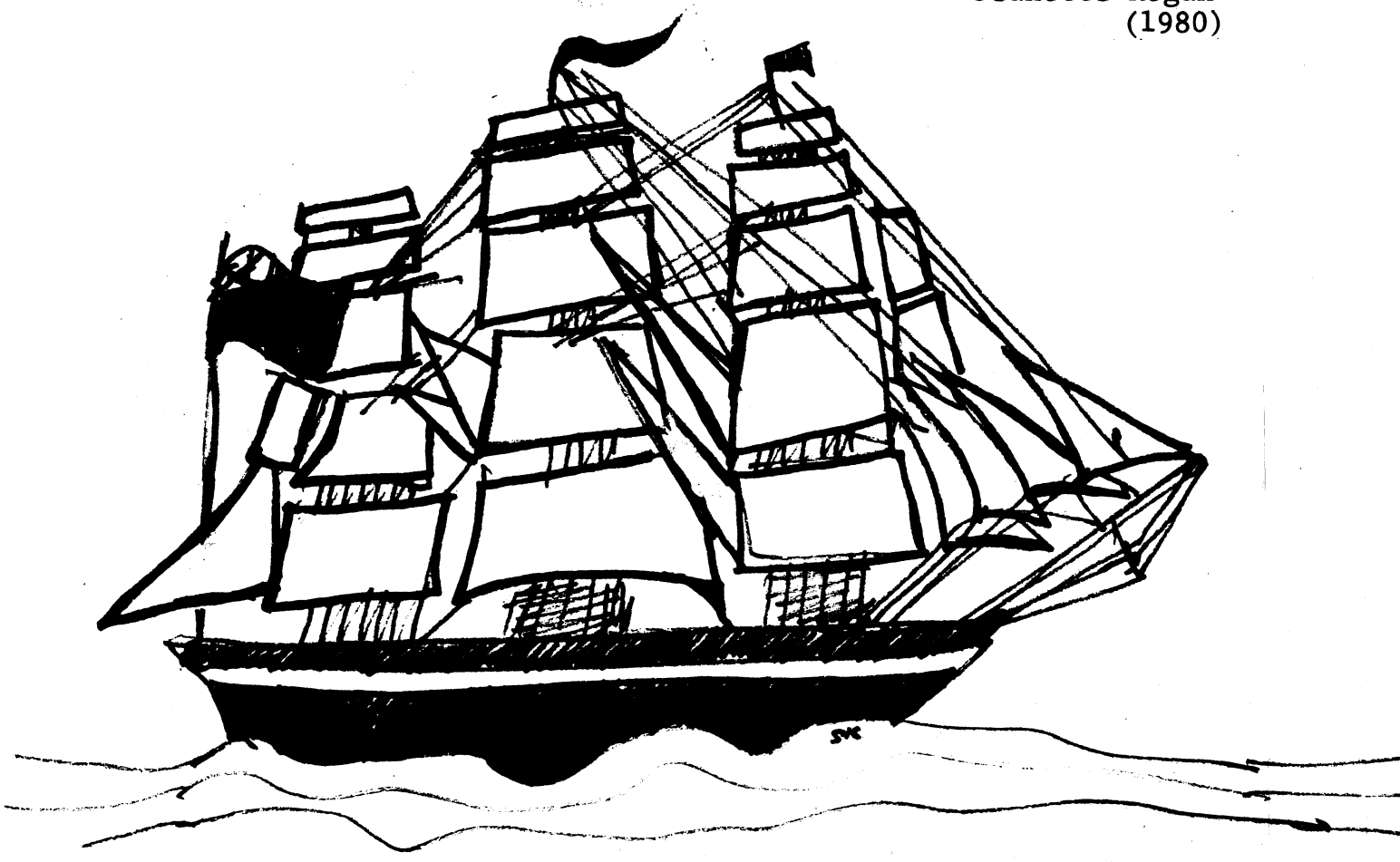
Susan Alferatta Maddox + Frank Willis Trask

Hortense Ardelia Trask + Henry Adoniram Sidelinger

Luella Mae Sidelinger + Harold Joseph Lyons

Carol Francis Lyons + Richard Edmond Rogan

Jeanette Rogan
(1980)



## AND FROM NORWAY

The Larson family originated in Norway. Both of my parents are full-blooded Norwegians. My great-grandfathers and my great-grandmothers came from Norway. My grandparents speak Norwegian just for fun, because English is the language spoken in all of our homes.

The way the Norwegians could change their last names was to take their first names and add "son" to the end of them. My great-great-grandfather on my father's side's last name was Knudson when he lived in Norway. When he came over here, he took his first name which was Lars and added son to the end of it, to make it Larson, and that's how my family got its last name. The same goes for other families; for example, Nels would be Nelson, Hans would be Hanson.

Tracing my family origins is very hard because my great-grandparents on my father's side both died when my grandfather was very young, so he doesn't know many of his relatives. My mother's side was easy to trace because my grandmother knew most of her relatives.

Annette Larson

ANNETTE LARSON'S

FAMILY TREE

Father - SAM LARSON

| Brothers | Sisters |
|---|---|
| CARL | MARION |
| GLENN | PHYLISS |
| | JOANNE |
| | JANICE |
| | SANDRA |

Mother - DELORIS LARSON (Studlien)

| Brothers | Sisters |
|---|---|
| EARN | DONNA |
| VANCE | FERN |
| DENNIS | (Dead) |
| GENE | CAROL |
| GARY | |

MARTIN LARSON
Brothers & Sisters
LAUREN
HELGA (STOCKMOE)

MYRTLE LARSON
Bros.&Sisters
(Dead)
HAROLD RUBY PALMER

(Dead)
NELS STUDLIEN
Bros.&Sisters
CLARENCE
EDGAR(Dead)

JUDITH
E.A. SANDVIK
Bros.&Sisters

ORVILLE

(Dead)
CARL LARSON
Bros.&Sisters

Unknown
(Dead) (SYPRIANSON)
MAREN LARSON
Unknown (Dean)
MARTIN STOCKMOE
Bros.&Sisters

Unknown
(Dead)
CLARA STOCKMOE (SHELSTAD)
Unknown

(Dead)
NELS STUDLIEN
Bros.&Sisters
Unknown

(Dead) (EVENSON)
LISA STUDLIEN
Bros.&Sisters
GERTRUDE HELENA OLGA
(Born in Norway)
JOHN SANDVIK
Bros.&Sisters
OLE ANDREW
THEA(HERFINDAHL (BREMSETH)
EMMA SANDVIK
Bros.&Sisters
GILBERT MABLE HELMER OLVASS

unknown
unknown
unknown
unknown
unknown
unknown
PETER SHEISTAD
(HESSELBERG) SARA SHELSTAD
NELS STUDLIEN
BERTHÉ
ERIC EVENSON
KÅRE KOMPLIN HERFINDAHL
(Born in Norway)
(Adopted)
unknown
OLE BREMSETH
ANNA BREMSETH

# THE REYNARD FAMILY
(from Finland)

Some of my family's ancestors came from Finland. I can trace the family tree to about 1800. At one point in our family tree, there were five generations all living at once.

Our tree begins when Hanna was married to John Porri. They lived in Puilkonmaki, Finland. John Porri worked for a lumber yard as a surveyor. In 1884, John and Hanna Porri had a child; Linda Joanne Porri was the child's name.

Linda Joanne Porri married David Rimmi. Linda and David lived in the same house and same town as Linda's mother. In 1904, Linda and John Rimmi had a daughter. Their daughter's name was Irene Rimmi. In the house in Finland, they had a special table that was specially built for making a Finish coffee bread on it.

When Irene Rimmi was a year and a half old, she moved to America. David Rimmi went to America first and worked until he saved enough money so that his wife and two children could join him. They settled in Websterville, Vermont, where David Rimmi worked.

When Linda Joanne got to America, she saw a spoon that she liked so she bought the spoon. When my great grandmother Linda Joanne died, she gave the spoon to my grandmother, Irene Rimmi. Later, my grandmother gave it to my sister Joanne Linda Reynard. That spoon has been in the family for seventy-three years.

In 1904, Benjamin Reynard was born. Later he would come to marry Irene Rimmi. Benjamin was the son of Aquilla Reynard and Fannie Clark. Fannie Clark came from Maine and she was part Indian. Aquilla Reynard came from England.

In 1925, Irene Rimmi married Benjamin Raynard, and they had six children. One was Lawrence Reynard who was born in 1929. In 1956 he married Marjorie MacDonald. Marjorie MacDonald was the daughter of Erwin MacDonald and Jeannette Darling. Marjorie and Lawrence had six children, of whom I, Laura Reynard, am one.

In 1970 there were five generations of my family living, my great-grandmother Linda Joanne Rimmi, my grandmother Irene Rimmi, my aunt Marilyn Sabastian, my cousin Geana Sabastian, and her son Jamie.

Only some of my relatives came over from Finland. Some of my relatives still live in Finland. This is the end of our family tree until the next generation.

Laura Reynard

Reynard Family Tree

John Porri  Hanna

Linda Joanne Porri  David Rimmi  Fannie Clark  Acquilla Reynard

Irene Rimmi  Benjamin Reynard  Jeannette Darling  Erwin MacDonald

Lawrence Reynard  Marjorie MacDonald

Laura Reynard

5 generations 1970:

Linda Rimmi

Irene Reynard

Marilyn Sabastian

Geana Sabastian

Jamie

# DAIGNEAULT'S MARKET - past and present

Now one of the best liquor stores in town, Daigneault's Liquors started out as a small neighborhood market.

Daigneault's Market was started in 1920 by Leo and Leve Daigneault. They bought the business from the LaBossiere family. The store was formerly called the Broad Street Market. It was also known as Girard's Store when the Girard family owned the store.

The store was a small neighborhood grocery store. It was opened seven days a week. Leo and Leve each worked six days a week from 7 AM to 10 PM. The brothers delivered orders to their customers They started out delivering by horse until they purchased a Model T Ford. The market gave credit to many of their customers. The store was given credit by many of the big food distributors such as New England Grocers, Boston Beef, Chicago Beef and John Squire.

Leve ran the store by the motto. "Honesty is the best policy." He never bought more than he could sell. The store only brought in enough money for Leve and Leo to get by. During the depression there were three bad years when they couldn't get a lot of supplies. They had to stop giving credit. The chain stores also cut into their business. But the market survived.

Daigneault's Market was famous for selling the best hamburg in town. They cut all their own meat. The hamburg was ground right in front of you when you bought it. People came from out of town to buy their hamburg there. Leve says that people still say to him today that Daigneault's sold the best meat in town.

Leve gained complete ownership of the store in 1949. In 1955, after a long battle he got a beer and wine license. Leve has kept the business all in the family. His son Albert has been working at the store for the past twenty years. His nephew Joe has worked full time at the store since 1966. Daigneault's Market became Daigneault's Liquors in 1972 when they were granted a full liquor license.

Leve retired from the business five years ago at the age of 80. Joe and Albert now run the store which has become a complete

package store. Hopefully, Daigneault Liquors will remain in the family and in Hudson for as long as there are Daigneaults in Hudson.

Gina Daigneault

*our perceptions of our families and of each other.....*

The drama students in Ms. Mary McCarthy's two drama classes researched and interviewed their own families for stories adaptable for dramatization. Students in Ms. Helen Santos' bi-lingual classes did the same thing too. The students were guided in creating a production in mime from these stories by a professional actor, director and mime, David Zucker.

Each of the two drama classes had an exchange student; one from Australia and one from Sweden. These students shared their perceptions of something American that was different for them than it was at home.

Each of the following stories served as the script that was read by its author. The other members of the class acted out the story in mime production.

The following are excerpts from a journal kept by David Zucker on his work with the students as they staged a production based on their pasts:

*- I talked with students and teachers about the goal of creating a play centered on "how we all got here". This included a discussion about the physical staging of a play and the content. Gave assignments: Find out how your parents or grandparents came to this country. How did you come to live in Hudson? What were your grandparents' lives like? Interesting stories? Differences between your culture and your grandparents.*

*- discussion of Shakespeares's Romeo and Juliet which the students had seen. We discussed the use of imagination required on the part of the audience and how that relates to what we are trying to do with our play.*

*- we worked on mime techniques such as people as objects (suitcases, machines, furniture) and illusion techniques (walking, the wall, fixed points, handling objects) and collected stories of the student's family life and history.*

*- we discussed specific stories to work on and developed some ideas for acting them out. We also did intensive work with mime illusion techniques to prepare for acting out stories.*

*- the students performed one of the stories they had worked on over the week. I helped them to tighten it up, gave ideas, and we worked it over and over to build a sense of rhythm and timing. Looks good.*

*- directed work in progress on two story/plays. Gave blocking ideas, mime technique, acting suggestions and pacing. Gave direction and fine tuning to stories to be performed.*

*-directed the story written by the Swedish exchange student about her first experience at a high school football game.*

*-worked with Greg's story of his grandfather's crazy brother, staged it and worked it through three times.*

*-in the bi-lingual class we worked on more charades. This time everyone took a turn at getting up in front of the others. It warmed the cockles of my heart! MERRY CHRISTMAS.....*

# TIME TO GET UP

Mornings with my family in Australia were a leisurely time. My mother would wake me in the morning with a soft shake and a cup of tea. I would lie in bed for half-an-hour and read before I rose to have a shower. I would then practice the piano until everyone in the family was ready to eat. Then we would all settle down to a comfortable meal and talk about what we planned to do for the day.

In direct contrast with my family in Australia, my American family likes to be up and out of the house in a matter of minutes in the morning. I find the mornings over here a fast, hectic time, which I have yet to get used to.

My day begins with the sound of my sister's hair dryer. The noise rings in my ears and my body shakes with recognition. I lie still for a moment before I drag myself out of bed. With a shudder I run into the bathroom to get washed. I have barely managed to splash my face with cold water when I hear my mother's alarm. "Time to get out of the bathroom!"

Indignantly I go back to my room. I make my bed, get my school books together and decide what to wear. Before I've finished dressing I hear my sister's voice downstairs.

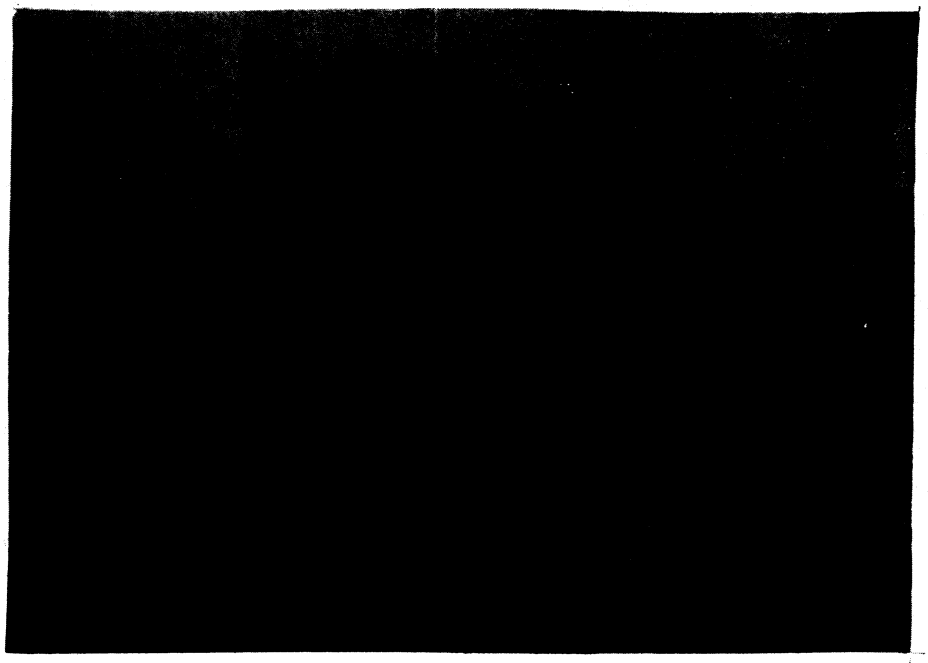
"Ruth, your breakfast's getting cold!"

Tired from running around upstairs, I settle down to eat my breakfast. By the time I've sliced my donut, and had a few sips of my tea, the rest of the family has finished eating. My sister gathers together her books, key, etc., and is standing at the door ready to go before I'm up from the table.

"C'mon," she yells, "the bus'll be here in a minute." So I swallow my donut, gulp down my tea, and run up the stairs once again. I grab what I'll need for school, gallop down the stairs, and tumble out the door.

Finally I'm out of the house; my hectic morning is almost over. I tie my shoelaces and do up my coat. With shirt hanging out, I run to the bus stop. The bus just pulls up. Well, I made it through another American morning. Next time I may not be so lucky!!

Ruth Thompson--
Exchange student from Australia



# THREE "CHICKENS"

This is a story of grandmother and great-aunt Margaret. They lived on a farm with nine other brothers and sisters, and they took care of many barnyard animals.

One weekend the two sisters were in the middle of a conversation when my great-grandfather Jacob went outside and caught a chicken. He brought it inside to them and dropped the chicken on the table. They didn't know what to think until he told them to kill the chicken for supper. They started arguing after my great-grandfather left to lie down. They fought over who would kill the chicken and how they would do it.

My great-aunt Margaret decided to be brave and she picked up an ax. Grandmother held the chicken while great-aunt Margaret made several attempts before nicking it. The chicken scrambled from from the table and started running around the room while the two sisters screamed and chased it.

My great-grandfather heard the noise and he came running. He caught the chicken, grabbed the ax and chopped off the chicken's head.

That night when both sisters sat down to supper neither of them felt very hungry. My great-grandfather said, "Suit yourselves, but it's all t he more chicken for me!"

Marge Curran--
Sophomore

# GRANDFATHER AND HIS BROTHER CLARENCE

It was a cool June morning and I was on my way out the door when the phone rang. It was a Doctor Wist from the Vermont State Mental Institute and he said, "Clarence Brown has fallen and broken his hip. He wished that Rufus Brown be informed of this injury." Before I could blurt out the question, "Who is Clarence?" the phone call was disconnected!

That afternoon I went to see my great-grandfather Rufus at the nursing home. I inquired about Clarence and my grandfather started crying. After he composed himself, he told me this story . . .

"Clarence was my only brother. He was a good child but when he got to be about 14 years old he started to act funny. He would yell a lot and sometimes he would storm out of the house and not come back for a whole day!

One day Clarence came into the house. Mother told him to chop some wood for the stove and Clarence went "nuts." He picked up a knife from the counter and started to chase mother around the room. He pinned her in the corner. My sister picked up a stick of wood and hit Clarence. Clarence fell to the floor and he just lay there for a long time crying.

Well, things got worse and worse and my parents just didn't know what to do. My father sent Clarence away to the Mental Hospital in Vermont.

I really missed him for a long time, but after awhile no one talked about him so I just forgot about him. Why do you want to know about Clarence anyway?"

I told grandfather the story of the phone call which only made him more upset, and so I decided not to question him further and I left.

And so, Clarence has been in the Institute for 70 years and the question I pose is, would Clarence be the way he is today if his parents had handled the situation differently?

Greg Johnson - Junior

# THE FOOTBALL GAME

It's a cold and windy day in October. Leaves are falling from the trees and rain is expected later during the day. But the people of Hudson don't seem to care a tiny bit about this. Despite the weather, they are going to see a big football game.

It seems as if most of the people in the town are here today. Some of them have already sat down in the stands. I see my friends up there waving at me. I wave back and walk up to them. They are so happy and filled with expectations today.

While we are talking, more and more people come to sit down in the stands.

All of a sudden, the band starts to play the National Anthem and everybody rises and turns in the same direction, looking at the flag. I am a little bit uncertain about what to do; I don't rise as quickly as everybody else. During the anthem I look around me trying to get a survey on the situation.

When the anthem is finished, screaming and shouting from all the students starts and it becomes thunderous. They wave hands and arms, ready to win the game, because they know their team is the best one.

As I feel something on my head, I turn around to find out what's going on behind me. An enthusiastic girl in the last row is busy throwing out small pieces of paper in abundance over us. I can tell by her face that she really is enjoying herself.

The sound level is rising enormously and as I hear applause, I turn around with the intention of finding out what's going on this time. (It seems as if I can't look at anything without something of importance happening behind my back!) The fans jump to their feet and I ask my friend next to me what's happened, but she doesn't hear me. So I stare at the scoreboard instead, waiting to see some results. I'm content when I see 7-0 score for Hudson.

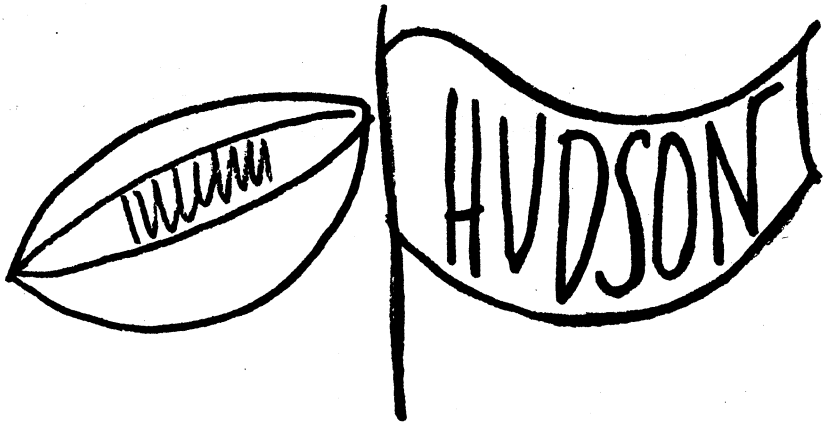
As the game continues, I do my very best to concentrate on the action. Somebody throws the funny-looking ball to somebody else, and before the poor guy gets any reasonable opportunity to escape, a whole bunch of players are coming running toward him. They behave themselves as hungry barbarians and attack him without any time for consideration. In a matter of seconds they are all over him. Either their intention is to catch the maltreated ball or the half-dead player. No, I can't take this. Why doesn't anybody help the tortured player on the bottom? I just can not take this on my conscience.

So I stand up and scream loudly, "Help him; he's gonna smother; he needs help!" I realize that I'm observed when I see that everybody in the stands is staring at me. A little bit ashamed of myself, I sit down again. My friends explain to me that the players didn't do anything wrong. Those kind of rules are allowed in American football. (How could I know?) Although I'm right up in the middle of all this, I really feel as a stranger. At least I will try to follow the crowd from now and on.

But what is this? Such a huge messy pile of players. This looks really funny, I must say. I can't help laughing, but according to the reaction from the people around me, I understand I shouldn't laugh at all. This pile is obviously to Hudson's disadvantage. I stop laughing, since I'm getting embarrassed.

No, I'll watch the cheerleaders instead. After the game the audience from Hudson declares loudly and proudly that they won. And I realize that it is difficult to acclimate myself to as strange a custom as football.

Ann-Charlotte Karlsson--
Exchange student from Sweden. Dec. '79.



# GRANDFATHER'S WEDDING

Recently, my grandfather who is 79 years old, telephoned his daughter Cia to tell her that he was getting married. The other news was that the bride was 59 years old, the same age as Cia.

My aunt Cia was very upset. She did not like the idea at all. She said, "What's gonna happen to us kids?"

Grandpa said, "Darn, it Cia, you're 59 years old. When are you going to grow up?"

Cia started nagging and said, "Don't expect me to show up at your wedding . . . or your funeral if you happen to drop dead!"

My grandfather figured he had heard enough and he simply said, "Goodbye."

But aunt Cia didn't stop the two lovebirds from tying the knot.

On November 17, 1979, at St. Peter's Church in Norwich, Connecticut, Mr. Roman Leonard and Mrs. Irene Cormier were wed. The bride was very happy at the wedding, but my grandfather didn't show much enthusiasm at all. He kept checking his watch. Finally they exchanged rings, the priest announced them as married and the bride and groom kissed.

Then everyone left the church and went to my grandfather's new house where the family had a chance to meet Irene. My father said he was hungry and he began eating food at the buffet. My father's girlfriend kept whispering to him to stop picking at the food because it was a rude thing to do. My father asked for everyone's attention and said, "Does anyone mind if I eat?" Everyone laughed and told him to go right ahead. And he did!

At this point my grandmother's sisters brought in trays of champagne and my grandfather toasted Irene and she toasted him. Then my uncle proposed a Thanksgiving toast and my father toasted, "Here's to good food!" This royally embarrassed his girlfriend.

Then things got rather boring for me and I asked my Dad if I could take his car for a ride. He said okay, so my new cousin and I went riding around while everyone else sat, eating and chatting.

When we came back my grandfather asked us if we wanted anything to eat, and we said no. But you know how grandparents are: they both told us to eat. So we did eat a little and we drank a bit of champagne.

My father told me to get ready to leave, so I went to the closet and got out my shawl. I walked up to my new grandmother and said, "It's nice to have a grandmother again." And I gave her a hug. Grandma Irene got misty and and I added, "Gee, Gram, was it something I said?" Then we all went home.

Katie Leonard - Senior

*how we blended, our celebrations today.....*

These writings demonstrate how family traditions are carried from one generation to the next even if the family has left its original home and journeyed into a new world.

# MOVING

Tradition in my family doesn't have much meaning any more. Because of the many changes of residence, my ancestors didn't bother to keep records of facts that are important to my heritage.

This great change of residence all started when my great-grandfather and my great-grandmother on my mother's side met. They both were from Europe; one was from Ireland and the other from England. When they got married, they decided to live in Ireland because farming was better in that country than in England.

After living in Ireland for 15 years, they decided once again it was time to move, only this time they moved to America. When they left Ireland, they left behind not only a home but also all of their traditions.

During the 19th century, when my great-grandparents moved, industry was growing and most other Irish immigrants came to America also. Once in America, my great-grandparents bought a house in Brighton, where my grandmother and mother were born.

My grandmother met my grandfather while working in an office filing oil bills. My grandfather was an oil truck driver.

After my grandparents were married for a while, my mother was born. Later, she moved to Waltham, where she met my father. They married two years later and raised a family of six in Hudson.

During this whole journey, many traditions were forgotten. Everyone in my family was striving to better him or herself as an American.

Nancy Williamson

# HOLY GHOST FEAST

Every year in the town of Hudson, Massachusetts, the Portuguese inhabitants celebrate the Pentacost. The procession is called Festa de Espirito Santo Mariense, or the Feast of the Holy Spirit of the people from Santa Maria. The feast stems from a long tradition among the people of Portugal and particularly among the people of Santa Maria.

The traditional feast was begun by Queen Elizabeth I of Continental Portugal. The queen celebrated the tradition on Pentecost Sunday, seven weeks after Easter. She gave the feast once a year so the poor people of Portugal, especially the children, could eat good food - and plenty of it - for free. The poor children were the main reason for the feast, because it was the day they could be happy and eat well.

Each feast has a Leader of Ceremonies, or King for the Day, as the person is traditionally called. Queen Elizabeth I crowned a poor man from the streets to be King for the Day of the Festa. Nowadays, a person is king because he promises to serve the Holy Ghost and because he was successful in life and wants to give thanks. The Imperador or King of the Day must go and get donations for the feast or get people to promise him some food.

The tradition spread from Portugal to Santa Maria. On the island of Santa Maria, the people prepare for the feast by baking giant sweet breads which are about one and a half feet across and one foot high. The people also make plain bread for the sopa de carne, which means meat soup. During the year before the procession, the Imperador is in charge of getting the meat and the bread through the donations or his own money. The people eat in the Copeira, a special house in which to cook and serve the meal, much like a cafeteria but not as modern. The people wait in line outside to get in and when they are inside, they are served sopa de carne compaõ (bread) and vinho (wine).

After eating, all the people chant "Viva Espirito Santo," which means "Long live the Holy Spirit." The chant signifies that the meal is over and the next group of people may enter the Copeira to sit down to eat.

The Très Fuliões, or the three entertainers, were the musicians for the celebration. They entertained the people after the Mass and while the people were waiting to get into the Copeira. The Fuliaos have a tradition of picking out a person and singing about him. One of the Fuliões who knows a person well improvises a song, utilizing facts from that person's life in the song. The Fuliões use the same tune for every person they are singing about. The trio goes around all day, wearing ceremonial capes, singing and making people laugh.

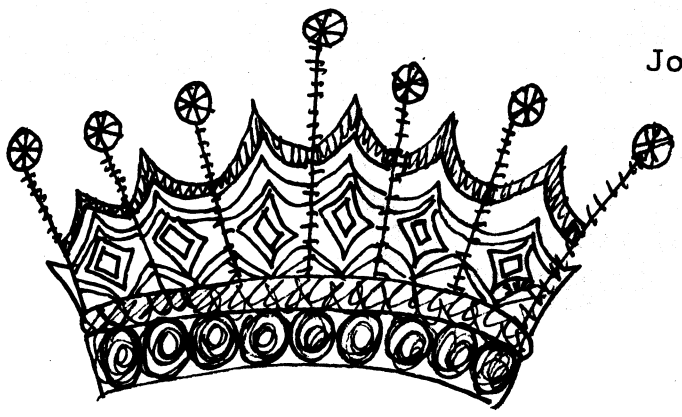
My grandfather was Imperador three times on Santa Maria. During his time, the silver crown used to coronate the Imperador was put in a decorated room for two weeks prior to the procession day. While the crown was there, people went to see it as a symbol of adoration of the Holy Ghost.

After a mass and procession, the silver crown is put under a triato, a building that looks like a small band stand, where it remains throughout the festivities. The sweet bread is handed out as donations in the triato, but if one does not have any money or does not want to pay, one just asks and receives because free food is the whole point of the feast.

The day before the Festa, the people with the food donations bring them to the Copeira, and volunteers cook the food all night long for the next day. On Holy Sunday, the crippled and the aged are brought some soup, angel cake and sweet bread because of their inability to make it to the festivities.

Over the years, some people from Santa Maria and Saõ Miguel migrated to the United States in search of a better life for themselves and their children. Many of them settled in Hudson and had children. In the past twenty years, so many Portuguese have come over that there was enough ambition to start the Holy Ghost feast in Hudson. The first Hudson feast was in 1975, and the celebration has been going on yearly ever since.

John Chaves



# EASTER

As there haven't been any cultural traditions passed down in my family, I will write about a family tradition that we always follow at Easter.

Every Easter we do the same thing beginning with the day before Easter. My brothers and sisters color eggs so that the Easter Bunny can hide them. Then at 7 o'clock, we go to Easter Vigil. The Vigil lasts for about two hours.

Then at night, the children go to sleep upstairs. While asleep, my parents hide all the eggs and Easter baskets.

When we get up, the children go looking for the eggs and then each one looks for his own Easter basket. If you find someone else's, you leave it where you found it. Then wake our parents for breakfast.

Later on, my grandparents come over for dinner. They always bring some candy or gifts and after dinner we all sit and talk for a couple of hours.

Donna Pelletier

# EASTER

There are many Greek Orthodox traditions, but some of the most important ones are the customs followed at Easter time. The Greek Orthodox Easter is always celebrated after the Jewish Passover. Most of the time, the date of the Greek Orthodox Easter does not coincide with that of the Catholic Easter.

The traditions of the Greek Orthodox Easter begin about three days before Easter Sunday. At sunrise on the Thursday before Easter Sunday, which is called Holy Thursday, the members of each household are supposed to dye all of their Easter eggs. The eggs are dyed red because the color is supposed to signify the blood of Christ.

On Good Friday, most of the women from the community go to the church and decorate a sepulcher which is supposed to symbolize the tomb of Christ. They decorate this sepulcher with carnations and other flowers. On this night, there is a Mass with the sepulcher in the center of the church.

On Easter Sunday, the red eggs are brought out and two people hold an egg in one hand and tap the other person's egg. If the egg doesn't crack when this is done, the person holding the egg will have good luck for the rest of the year.

These are the traditions of the Greek Orthodox Easter. They may be different, but they are customs that many people have been brought up with.

Connie Tzellas

# CHRISTMAS

My family's Christmas is the same every year. The holiday celebration has become a tradition with our family. The same customs are followed every year from Christmas Eve until Christmas night.

Every Christmas Eve our family visits relatives and friends who live close by. We bring gifts to the grandmothers and grandfathers and then give gifts to the parents of God children. After we have visited everyone, we return home. We always stay in the cellar where our tree is and sit by a warm fire watching television. My parents make calls to old friends who have moved away or whom they met while my father was in the army. Other relatives and friends usually come by to say "Merry Christmas." After everyone has left, my brothers, sisters, and I go to bed early for the next day. My parents stay up trying to remember where they have hidden the gifts so they can put them under the tree.

On Christmas morning, we usually wake up at about 5:30 and check our stockings. After we have gone through our stockings, we go to my mother's and father's room and wake them up. We all then go downstairs and have a quick cup of coffee or hot chocolate while we wait for my brother and his family to arrive. Once they arrive, we all go down to the cellar and begin opening gifts. To begin, each person takes one gift and gives it to another person. Once everyone is finished, the gift opening becomes a free-for-all. Everyone digs in and begins unwrapping gifts while my father takes movies of us. After each gift, the person who receives the gift kisses the person who gave the gift to him or her. After all the gifts have been opened, the gifts of each person are placed in each person's own pile, then a mass clean-up takes place.

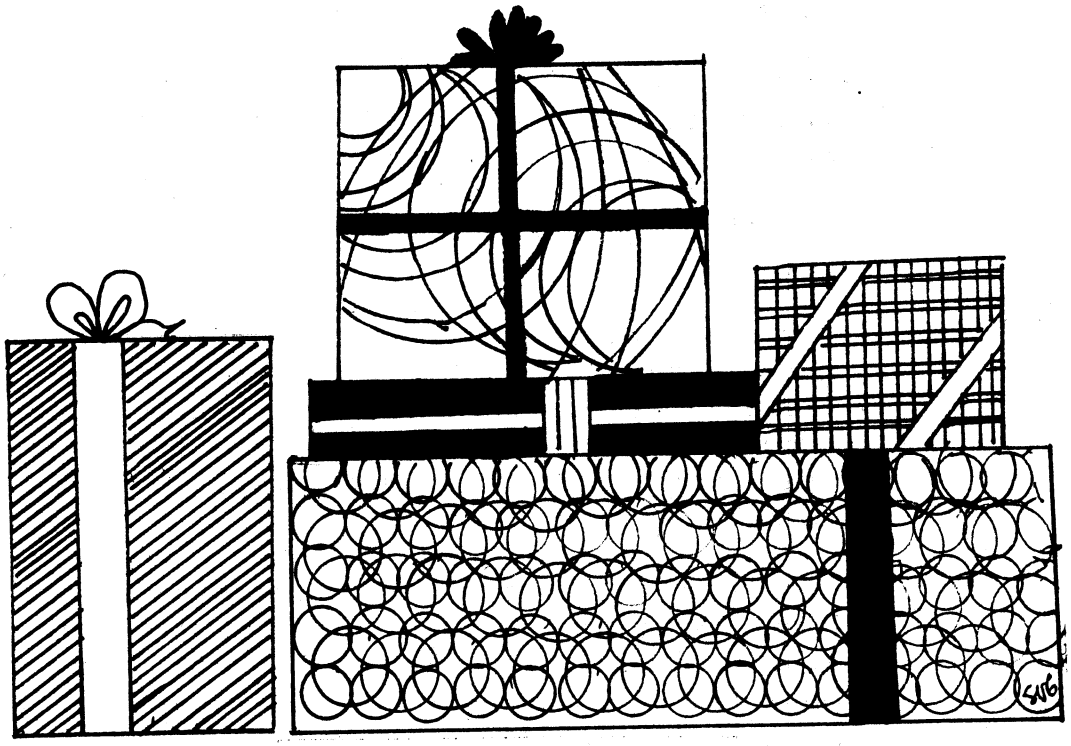
While clean-up is going on, my mother prepares breakfast for everyone. Then everyone does his own thing while dinner is prepared. Dinner always begins with my father's saying grace.

Then everyone has a glass of cranberry juice and it's on to a huge turkey, stuffing, potatoes, squash, peas, carrots and cranberry sauce. After the meal has been completed, it

is topped off by a choice of about six different pies. Afterwards, everyone tries to get up so the women can clean up while the men sit down and watch football and drink.

Later in the afternoon, our grandparents come over and stay for supper. We all usually end up in bed by 9:00 because we are so tired.

Michael Gill



# CHRISTMAS

Christmas at our house is a very festive occasion. The holiday is celebrated similarly to most of the American people's holiday. Gifts are given and received and everyone eats until he is full and even more after that. Relatives are also a part of the celebration. They are either visiting or being visited.

To our family, Christmas is the time when everyone joins together and has fun. We get up early and open presents and then have a large breakfast. When we are through with breakfast, we go back and look at the gifts given to us.

During the course of the afternoon, all of the relatives are visited. One by one we go to to the homes of our relatives and join them in their celebrations. Of course, not all of our relatives get along but we try to the best of our abilities.

Christmas would not be Christmas if there were not a fight to go along with the pleasure. There is always one person who has to start an argument, but sooner or later the fighting stage wears off and everything gets back to normal.

Christmas is a very festive occasion in our house as it probably is in yours. If your family is anything like mine, there is sure to be a fight or two, but things always turn out well in the end!!!

Patti Houghton

## ITALY

Have you ever wondered why during the summer hundreds of Italians from all over gather in the crowded streets of Boston's Old North End?

They come to take part in the Feast of St. Anthony, when Italians from all over the U.S. come to share old traditions and good food.

The Italian festival of St. Anthony started many years ago, but still retains the old customs of Italy. Feast-goers can purchase Italian food, drinks, and cloth. While enjoying the entertainment of the many brass bands and dancers, they can sample Italian favorites, such as fish, oysters, squid, cooked sausages, fried dough, and noodles. The major event of the day is the procession of the statue of the Madonna, on which money is placed by the people in the streets. So, if you're looking for a good time, good food, and a chance to meet old friends, then head for the feast of St. Anthony this August.

Frank Marini

## HOLLAND/BELGIUM/FLANDERS

Dutch, which is in some ways more closely related to English than to modern German, is spoken by about twelve million people in Holland. Flemish, a more conservative language which still has much in common with Dutch, is, with French, the joint official language of Belgium. It has about five million speakers in the country and in adjacent areas of northern France. In colonial times, Dutch was also an important means of communication in the Dutch East Indies. This shows that Dutch is spoken in other countries than just Holland.

Donna Pelletier

## FRANCE

Each European country has certain traditions that are passed on from generation to generation. France, for example, has a tradition of drinking wine. Even the children have this beverage at mealtimes. Another tradition is that families stay home together on Sundays. This tradition helps French families to be close, and is practiced by many families of French descent in the United States today.

Robin Baker

## RUSSIA/POLAND

During the 19th century in Russia, a group of warriors called Cossacks policed the nation. These warriors rode big, fast horses and carried long-bladed swords.

These Cossacks would ride over the Russian border into Poland and, using their long-bladed swords, would cut off the heads of the Polish people standing in the way. My great-grandfather witnessed this event often and eventually fled the country by stowing away on a ship. He came to Massachusetts and settled in Marlborough.

David Lugin

GERMANY

Each culture has its own way of celebrating the Christmas holiday. The German custom starts on Christmas Eve, when the father of the family goes out and buys a Christmas tree. He decorates the tree while the rest of the family waits in the kitchen. After the tree has been decorated, the family members sit down to eat their supper. Once supper is finished, the family goes into the room where the tree is and opens up all of the presents. At midnight, they all go to a church service and then come home and go to bed.

Paul Huehmer

IRELAND

In Irish folklore, the leprechaun is a small mischievous fairy with the appearance of a little old man. Leprechauns wear green, the traditional color of the Emerald Country (Ireland). Leprechauns make shoes for fairies and do favors for people who do favors for them.

The Irish believe that if a mortal can catch a leprechaun, the leprechaun has to tell him where his riches are hidden. But if the leprechaun can trick the mortal into looking away, he will vanish and save the riches.

Janet Hovey

What is about two feet tall and brings luck and good fortune to the Irish? A leprechaun!

A leprechaun is a mischievous elf of Irish folklore. Dressed in little green suits covered with shamrocks, leprechauns spread their good luck and fortune. The magical powers of a leprechaun are supposed to ward off all evils that haunt the Irish. The saying "Luck of the Irish" originated from the little leprechaun's good deeds.

Nancy Williamson

Many people probably do not realize that Saint Patrick's Day is not really an Irish tradition. The holiday was started in the United States by the Irish to celebrate St. Patrick's birthday.

Legends have it that St. Patrick drove all of the snakes out of Ireland and into the sea. Another remarkable fact about St. Patrick that is not widely known is that he was actually of Italian descent.

Tim Hannan

## MORE IRELAND

Thousands of people are attracted to the Blarney Stone in Ireland each year to receive its magical gift. The stone, which is over 500 years old, is the subject of many legends.

The most famous legend is about the first owner of the castle in which the stone lies. By kissing the stone, the owner received the gift of smooth tongue and flattery, which enabled him to outtalk his enemies and to prevent the surrender of his castle. Does the stone really possess a magical gift? The thousands of people who come from all parts of the world each year to kiss it obviously think it does.

Michael Gill

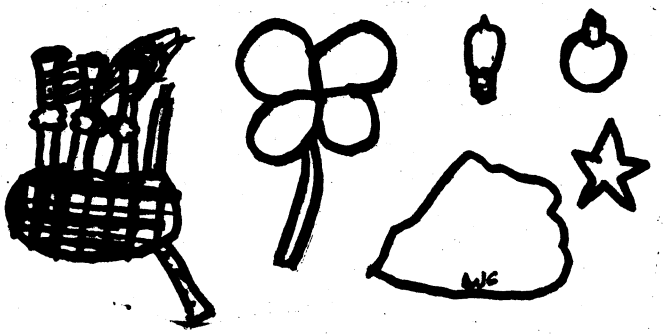
## ENGLAND

Dancing is done in many countries on many occasions and for many different reasons. Styles of dance change over the years, but traditional dances are never forgotten. One such traditional dance is the Hornpipe.

The Hornpipe, a dance made popular in England, was once performed at festivals and gatherings of all sorts. Sailors adopted this dance because no partner was needed. Also, little space was required to perform the dance on ship.

The Hornpipe is done by folding the arms over the chest and includes knee bends and frequent thrusts of the legs from a squatting position. This dance has been passed on for years as entertainment for sailors and people all over the world.

Jeanette Rogan



## ENGLAND

An old English wedding custom of yesteryear is now a game played by young children. The old custom, which had no special name, was a traditional part of the marriage ceremony. It was done either at the beginning of the ceremony or at the end of the ceremony.

The bride and bridesmaids were dressed alike with veils over their heads and stood inside a circle drawn in the dirt. The husband or husband-to-be would then have to pick his bride out of the circle. The ritual would continue until the groom chose the right woman.

If the ritual were done before the ceremony, the couple could not get married until the groom picked the right girl. If the ritual were done after the couple were married, the couple could not leave for the honeymoon until the groom chose correctly.

A game played today, called "Kiss in the Ring," is a variation of this marriage rite. To play the game, a girl puts a shawl over her head and all of the other children who are playing the game walk around the circle. If the girl identifies anyone correctly, the person she identifies has to come into the circle and kiss her.

Tammy Macy

## NEW YORK

Christmas Eve with relatives and friends is nice, but Christmas at your grandmother's house in New York is the best.

All the relatives enjoy making the food and eating it. Then at night they open the presents and celebrate. But the special thing about Christmas Eve is that the entire family is together at Grandma's in New York for Christmas.

Eugene Fazio

## SWEDEN

The people of Sweden eat many traditional dishes. One of the most popular is their Swedish Dessert Pancakes. These dessert cakes are like the conventional pancake except they are rolled like a jelly roll, stuffed with applesauce or jam, and sprinkled with sugar. The pancakes are eaten on birthdays, holidays and other special occasions.

Patti Houghton

## NORWAY

Lefsa is a type of bread made and eaten by the Norwegian people here and in Norway. The most common time Lefsa is eaten is during the Christmas and Thanksgiving holidays. Making Lefsa takes a lot of work. The bread consists of mashed potatoes, milk, salt, and flour mixed together and then rolled out and fried on a Lefsa frier. To eat Lefsa, you lay it flat, put butter and sugar on it, and roll it up. Some say the flavor and texture of Lefsa is similar to the Syrian bread popular today.

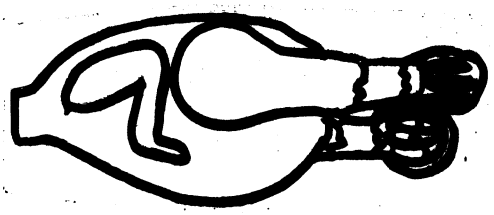
Annette Larson

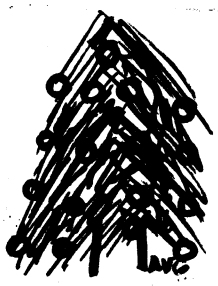
## FINLAND

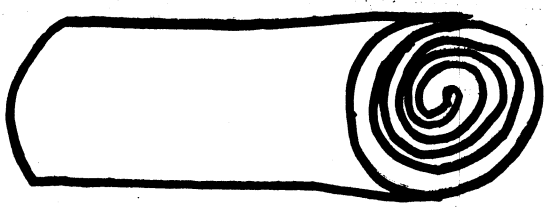
A special bread recipe that originated in Finland makes a good breakfast food. The recipe came from my grandmother, who once lived in Finland.

The bread, called nisau, contains milk, yeast, salt, cardamon, butter, eggs, sugar and flour. Thanksgiving and Christmas are the two holidays when my family eats the bread, but it's good to have any morning.

Laura Reynard

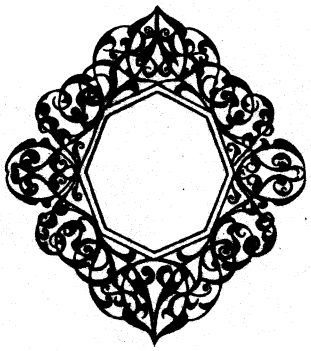


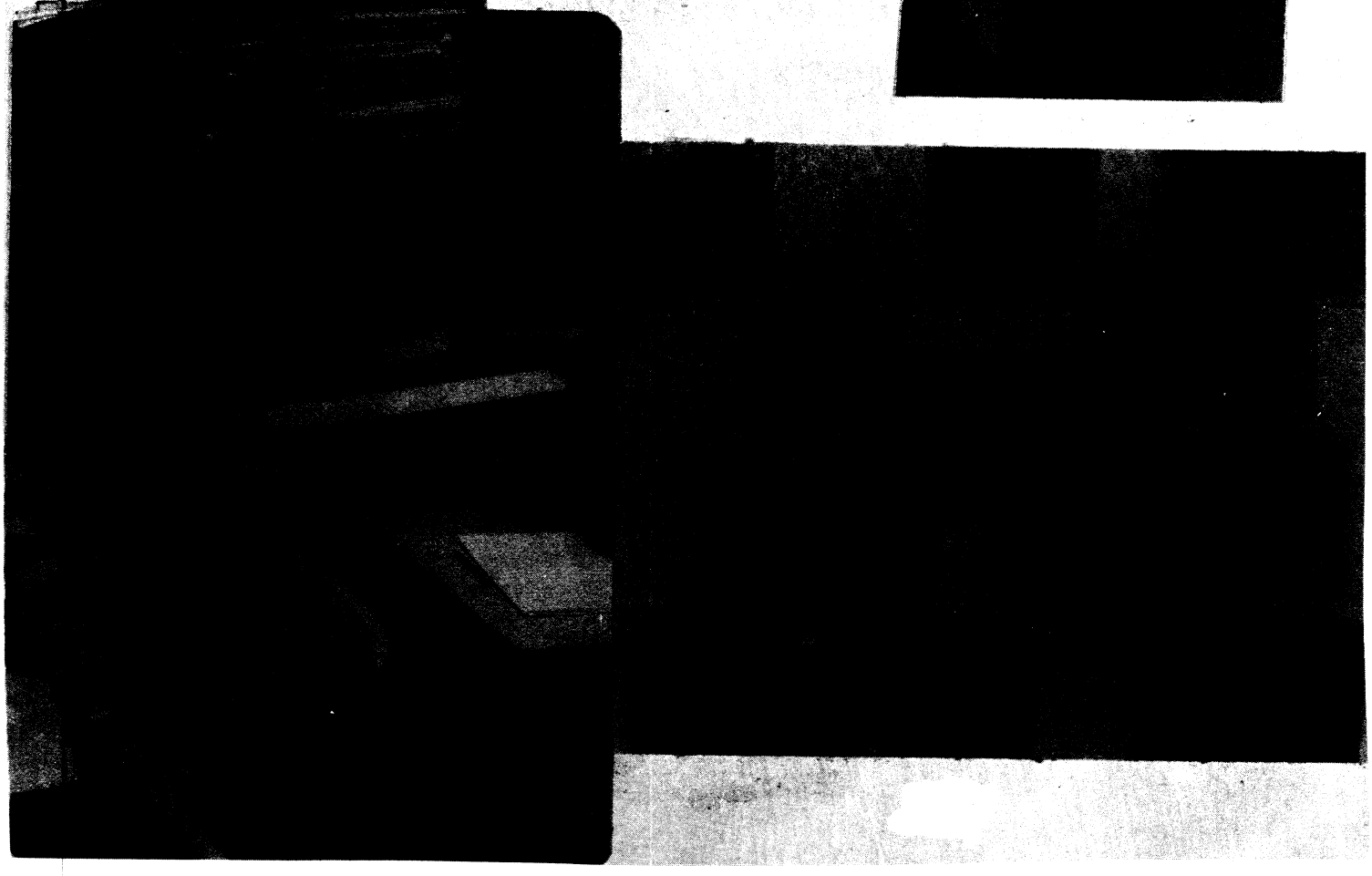


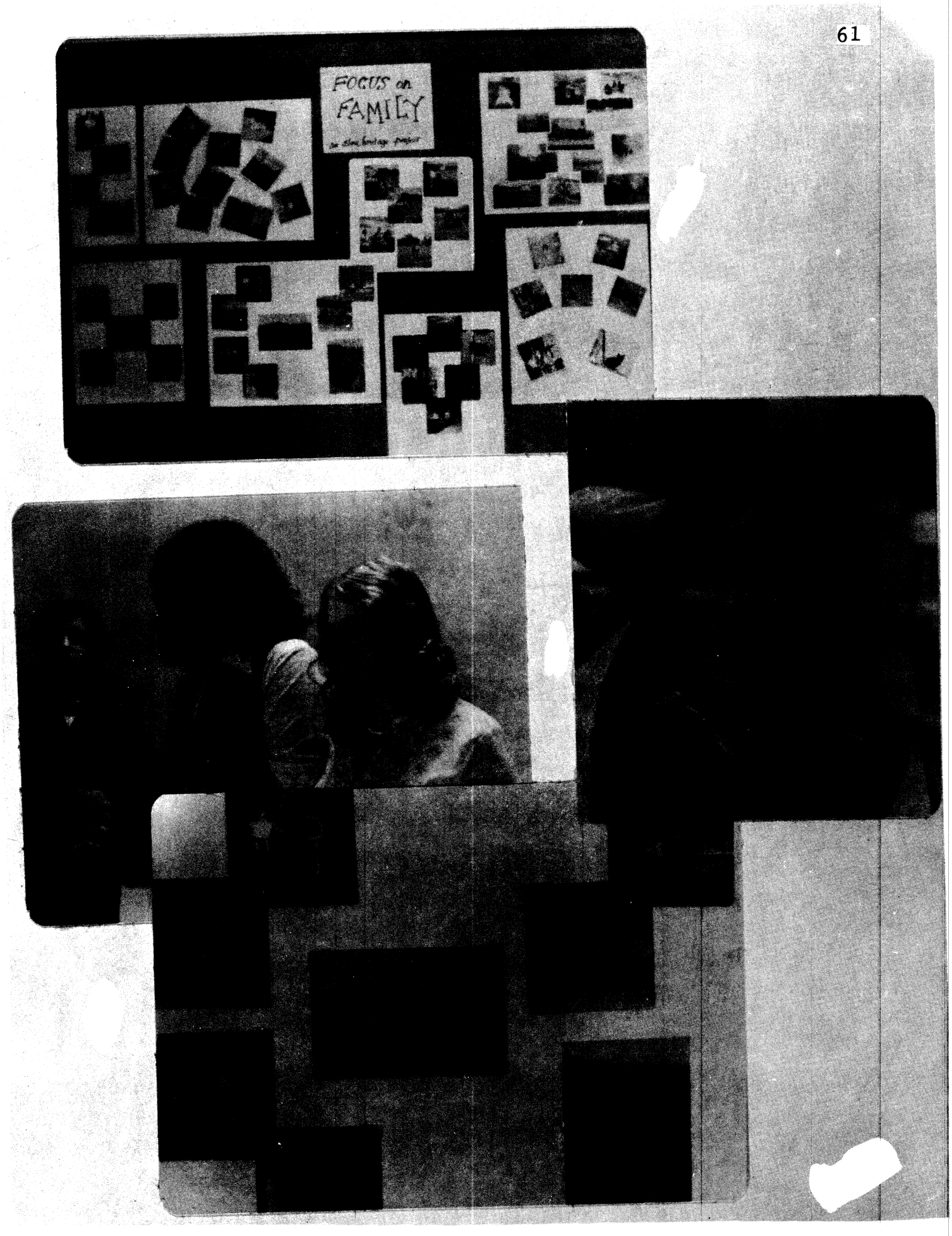


*"to see ourselves as others see us"*

*The English class of Mrs. Carol Compton was stydying "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder. Students in this class as well as students in Ms. Helen Santos' bi-lingual class made collages of their families photographs that spanned a number of years.*






FOCUS on
FAMILY

*we learned of lifestyles we cannot experience...*

*Manuel Avila, now of Hudson, Massachusetts, hunted whales for most of his life from the island of Pico in the Azores. He hunted them in the traditional manner of the Portuguese islanders -- in small boats. Recently, he talked with the staff of the "Focus on Family" Project about this traditional form of family self-sufficiency that he knew for some thirty-five years before coming to Hudson in 1969. This interview was conducted by Ms. Helen Santos of the Bilingual Department at Hudson High School.*

Question:

Weren't you afraid of hunting whales in these canoas (a kind of long row-boat)?

Manuel Avila: Danger was always present. But we didn't live in fear. The whalers then weren't as nervous as people are today. The elders knew what they were doing. That was their life. Weather was always a problem. And so were the whales. But my father, grandfather and uncles taught us about the weather, and navigation. They taught how to avoid the "bad" whales--the "mean" ones. There were "mean" ones--just like some people. We were taught about "warned" whales--ones that had been harpooned before but managed to break the lines somehow. And when we came back on land we all felt like brothers. We didn't have many accidents, arguments or fights. It was a marvel. People then talked with each other lovingly.

Question:

In pursuing the whales, how far from the waters of Pico (an island in the Azores) would you go?

Manuel Avila: We almost never left Pico. Sometimes we might follow a whale to São Jorge, Faial or Graciosa (other nearby islands in the Azores) to kill it. Sometimes we would be out

in the ocean for two days and two nights. But most of the time we came in every night.

Question:

Would you go out after the whales in bad weather?

Manuel Avila: No. If it was a south or southwest wind the sea would get dangerous. But north or east land winds on the ocean made bad waves. There's no better machine in the world that can tell the weather than our mountains and the clouds. We always watched where and how the clouds crossed the mountain. We always tried, if we were out in boats, to stay close enough to see the mountains. Fog was dangerous.

Question:

How did you learn about whaling?

Manuel Avila: You began to learn this as a little boy. Yes, all of us. We began to learn all of it as boys. We would listen to the words of our elders. We would listen to what they said. They worked hard and they too were raised around whaling. And they were not afraid. My father was a whaler as was his father before him. And I went out with both of them as a boy. My uncles were there too. We were together. My elders

were knowledgeable without being schooled. They knew how to navigate, particularly in bad weather. They taught me how to anticipate storms and escape from angry whales. The danger signals of nature were known by the elders.

Question:

What was whaling like in the Azores?

Manuel Avila: Whales would appear about forty times a year in the waters of Pico and Terceira. They also appeared around Faial. There was no particular season. Whales came throughout the year. We would see one almost every day, but it wasn't always close enough or the right kind. If they were close enough we could see their trunks. Then we would get into the canuas (small boats--like a long row boat) and go after them if they were the right kind (i.e., sperm whales).

Question:

How many whales would you kill in a year?

Manuel Avila: We usually killed about 35 a year in a boat. Rarely did we reach 40.

Question:

How did you kill the whales?

Manuel Avila: We would row out to the whale. The whale is frightened by the sound of motors. We would try to get within six feet of the whale. It is necessary to be very strong. We had handsome, strong men who worked with us. In the old days they were all small. When the whale is right in front of you, you throw the harpoon. There are few men who can get the harpoon in when the whale is farther than six feet away. The harpoon is used to grab the whole and stays in him until he comes up again. The lance is used to kill the whale. They are sharp and large, about 20 pounds each. They have no lines on them. The harpoon does.

Some whales take about three or four harpoons with them. That helps to bleed the whale. The whale can sometimes die with just one lance. Sometimes they may take up to twelve. It depends. It dies faster when you cut the vein or hit the lungs. The whale has a lot of blood. Sometimes it bleeds for a whole day and night.

When the whale is actually hit by the harpoon and the lance it dives down into the ocean. We put up a flag so that our

companions know that we have it. Then we take our harpoon line and tie it to the end of the line of another canúa. Sometimes it takes two or three canuas. We all spread out in the ocean chasing after the harpooned whale. Then we send for a motor boat to take it into shore.

Question:

How would you locate these whales?

Manuel Avila: The person on watch on the mountain can see about 20 miles or so. No one can see more than that. When he sees the whale lift its tail up into the air he calls everyone. The kind of whale we looked for does that. It's the only one. It lifts the tail into the air and then goes down into the ocean. We recognize it because of its tail. It's the only sea animal that does that. Then we know which direction it's going because of the way it twists its tail. It tells us if it's going left or right, down deep or not. And so we know it.

Question:

What happens after the whale dies?

Manuel Avila: A motor boat comes out to get it and pulls it into shore to the factory (the processing plant). The factory

has personnel to cut and clean it. We often did this ourselves in the old days. The factory personnel make everything possible out of it. Fertilizer and oil are made from the melted-down meat. Animal food is made from the meat that isn't or can't be melted-down. What is left is taken to another factory for more processing.

Question:

What was the quality of the waters around the Azores in which these whales were found?

Manuel Avila: Our water there is very different. It's very pure. Here it smells. There in the Azores it's virgin water and the fish taste better.

Question:

What was different about learning to be a young man in a traditional whaling community?

Manuel Avila: We only went to school from ages 7 to 10. Our parents needed us after that. Life was harder there. But we weren't afraid or nervous. We were taught life by the elders.

There was quite a "science" to it. We spent hours and hours with our elders. Our elders aren't like the modern ones of

today. And we were proud of them. I had an uncle (José Batota) who used to kill more than 50 whales a year. They made a film about him. Not many men could kill more whales than he did.

Also the elders taught us how to save people from drowning. I saved someone that way once. We didn't wear life jackets.

Maybe today the modern boys spend too much time in school? Maybe they know about school. But they don't know how to recognize storms. They haven't been taught to recognize the signals of nature. Years went by without an accident. Today life is dangerous for the young people. Our children go out.

You wonder if something can happen to your child. An accident? We get very sad.

Question:

What has happened to this traditional form of whaling in the Azores?

Manuel Avila: At one time our small fleet was 14 canuas. Now? Now there are only two left. And on some days only one goes out. There used to be seven companies hunting whales. Now the companies have gotten together. A man from Lisbon is a representative of an oil company. He owns about 53% of the whaling today.

*who are we?*

*In order to answer this question, an in-service seminar was designed to bring teachers, administrators and community residents together around the themes of the Focus on Family project. This seminar was at the center of the links between the teachers, the school administration, the town and the students.*

# "THE ETHNIC FAMILY AND THE PROBLEM OF VALUES IN CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SOCIETY"

I. Purpose of the Seminar (for Hudson, Massachusetts, Administration, Faculty, Community Residents and Focus-on-the Family staff):

To consider the ethnic family as a social reservoir of personal identity and community values. In an historical period of rapid social and economic change, the seminar will focus on the cultural values heretofore nurtured in ethnic family life. Of equal concern will be the personal and community problems that have emerged with the ethnic family's subsequent emigration and socialization into the dominant life styles of the U.S.

Moreover, the meetings will examine the suggestion that the "melting pot" theory of cultural assimilation is under renewed scrutiny as the presence of "cultural diversity" is viewed by many as a strength, not a weakness.

Methods and materials for the classroom integration of the above will be discussed and developed.

II. Development: Meeting Topics

1. Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1979. The Contemporary Americanized Nuclear Family and Social Change (Facilitator: W. J. Frain)

2. October 3. Primitive Families, Ethnic Families and the Maintenance of Values (Facilitator: W. J. Frain)

3. October 10. The Loss of Culture, Ethnicity and The Emerging Life Styles of Alienation/Normlessness/ Impersonality (Facilitator: W. J. Frain)

4. October 17. The Experience of Immigration: The Irish Family and Its Upheaval (Facilitator: W. J. Frain)

5. October 24. The Experience of Immigration: The Italian Families and Their Upheavals (Facilitator: Dr. William DeMarco, Department of History, Boston College.

6. October 31. The Experience of Immigration: The Portuguese Family (Facilitator: Dr. Onésimo Almeida, Center for Portuguese and Brazilian Studies, Brown University, Providence, R.I.

7. November 7. Schools and the Americanization of the Ethnic Family (I) (Facilitators: J. Leo Mulready, Superintendent of Schools, John Hollenbach, Principal, Dr. Joseph L. McDevitt, Assistant Superintendent, Dr. Geard Hoffman, Associate Director of the National Origin Desegregation Assistance Center, Teachers' College, Columbia University, N.Y., N.Y.

8. November 14. The Schools and the Americanization of the Ethnic Family (II), (Facilitator: Dr. Mary Vermette, Director, Bilingual Program, Southeastern Massachusetts University.

9. November 28. The Community and the Americanization of the Ethnic Family. (Facilitator: Mr. George Gould, Merchant, Hudson, Mass.)

10. December 5. Materials and Methods for the Classroom Study of Ethnic Family Values. (Facilitators: seminar participants)

III. REQUIREMENTS:

1. Attendance

2. Development of a "family tree" - preferably one's own

3. An annotated listing of a minimum of ten resources specifically focusing on family ethnicity and the schools or family ethnicity and the community

4. Involvement in the development and presentation of materials for the seminar meeting of December 5.

Hudson Faculty Registered for In-Service Course: Ethnic Families and the Problem of Values in Contemporary American Society"
(September 26, 1979 to December 5, 1979)

| | Name | School | Subject |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Maria Afonso | Cox St. School | Elementary |
| 2. | Ruth M. Anderson | Cox St. | Elementary |
| 3. | Dorothy Bradlee | Farley | Foreign Language |
| 4. | Celeste Braga | Cox St. | Elementary |
| 5. | Deborah Colaluca | Hudson High | Math |
| 6. | David Collins | High School | Special Needs |
| 7. | Gabriel Cruz | Cox St. | Bilingual |
| 8. | Irene Cunha | Forest Ave. | Elementary |
| 9. | Doris Farnam | High School | Foreign Language |
| 10. | Kathy Francis | High School | Foreign Language |
| 11. | Rene Hashey | High School | English |
| 12. | Paul Johnson | High School | Music |
| 13. | Patricia M. Kelleher | High School | Guidance |
| 14. | Joann Lalumiere | High School | Special Needs |
| 15. | Holly Fidrych Landry | Cox St. | Special Needs |
| 16. | Rosemary Marini | Forest Ave. | |
| 17. | Doris Salzberg | Cox St. | |
| 18. | Helen Santos | High School | Bilingual |
| 19. | Jim Smitn | High School | English |
| 20. | Maryann Spencer | Forest Ave., Packard, Hubert | Music |
| 21. | Inge Wetzstein | Cox St., J.F.K., Farley | Special Needs |
| 22. | Margaret Youmatz | High School | English |

SEMINAR 1: THE CONTEMPORARY AMERICANIZED NUCLEAR FAMILY AND SOCIAL CHANGE (Facilitator: W. J. Frain)

Suggested Resources:

Joseph Bensman and Arthur Vidich. Small Town in Mass Society (1968).

John Cheever. The Brigadier and the Gold Widow and Other Stories (1964).

Stanley Diamond. In Search of the Primitive (1974)

Joe Flaherty. Fogarty and Co. (1973)

Christopher Lasch. "The Seige of the Family," New York Review of Books (11.24.77)

Arlene and Jerome Skolnick (eds.) The Family in Transition (1977)

SEMINAR 1

Anthropology is a kind of debate between human possibilities--a dialectical movement between the anthropologist as a modern man and the primitive people he studies. The science and the technology of the modern world have left us barren--passionless and fantasyless in our understanding--and subject to the politicians and professionals who preach resignation before the tyranny of their official definitions of reality. Some anthropologists contend that only communications with the primitive peoples of the past and present, and with our own primitive possibilities, can we create an image, a vision, a sense of life once led by all men and still led by some, a life richer and more intricately human than our own.

From an Introduction to Stanley Diamond,
In Search of the Primitive

The . . . struggle between the state--the civil authority--and the constituent kin or quasi-kin units of society--is the basic struggle in human history.

Stanley Diamond, In Search of the Primitive (1974)

SEMINAR 2. PRIMITIVE FAMILIES, ETHNIC FAMILIES AND THE MAINTENANCE OF VALUES (Facilitators: W. J. Frain)

Suggested Resources:

Johan Huizinga, The Waning of the Middle Ages (1924)

Elizabeth M. Thomas, The Harmless People (1958)

Colin Turnbull, The Mountain People (1973)

T. C. McLuhan, Touch the Earth (1973)

George Gurvitch, The Social Frameworks of Knowledge (1971)

SEMINAR 2

In June 17, 1744, the commissioners from Maryland and Virginia negotiated a treaty with the Indians of the Six Nations at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The Indians were invited to send boys to William and Mary College. The next day they declined the offer as follows:

WE KNOW THAT YOU HIGHLY ESTEEM THE KIND OF LEARNING taught in those Colleges, and that the Maintenance of our young Men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, that you mean to do us Good by your Proposal; and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise must know that different Nations have different Conceptions of things and you will therefore not take it amiss, if our Ideas of this kind of Education happen not to be the same as yours. We have had some Experience of it. Several of our young People were formerly brought up at the Colleges of the Northern Provinces: they were instructed in all your Sciences; but, when they came back to us, they were bad Runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods . . . neither fit for Hunters, Warriors, nor Counsellors, they were totally good for nothing.

We are, however, not the less oblig'd by your kind Offer, tho' we decline accepting it; and, to show our grateful Sense of it, if the Gentlemen of Virginia will send us a Dozen of their Sons, we will take Care of their Education, instruct them in all we know, and make Men of them.

T. C. McLuhan (ed.).
Touch the Earth (1971)

SEMINAR 2

Born in March 1890, Sun Chief grew up among the Hopi in Oraibi, Arizona. In his youth, he attended the Sherman Institute in Riverside, California, where he acquired a good knowledge of English and adapted quickly to the white man's ways. However, he later returned to live with his people in Oraibi. Between 1938 and 1941 he wrote the story of his life; the following extract is a comment on his early experiences.

I HAD LEARNED MANY ENGLISH WORDS AND COULD RECITE PART OF the Ten Commandments. I knew how to sleep on a bed, pray to Jesus, comb my hair, eat with a knife and fork, and use a toilet. . . . I had also learned that a person thinks with his head instead of his heart.

T. C. McLuhan,
Touch the Earth (1971)

SEMINAR 3. THE LOSS OF CULTURE, ETHNICITY AND THE EMERGING LIFE STYLES OF ALIENATION/ NORMLESSNESS/IMPERSONALITY (Facilitator: W. J. Frain)

Suggested Resources:

Herbert Asbury. The Gangs of New York (1927)

Onesimo T. Almeida. "A Profile of the Azorean" unpublished manuscript, Brown University (1979)

Wendell Berry. The Unsettling of America: Culture and Agriculture (1975)

Joyce Cary. Mr. Johnson (1961)

Albert Camus. The Stranger (1942)

James T. Farrell. Studs Lonigan (1937)

James Flink. Car Culture (1975)

Irving Howe. "The Limits of Ethnicity," The New Republic (1977)

Alvin Josephy. "The Custer Myth," Life (July 2, 1971)

Theodora Kroeber. Ishi; Last of His Tribe (1964)

R. D. Laing. The Divided Self (1969)

Ralph Linton. "Cultural Diffusion," in his The Study of Man (1936)

Robert Jay Lifton. "Protean Man," Yale Law Review (1976)

Horace Miner. "Body Ritual Among the Nacirema," American Anthropologist (1956)

Roderick Seidenberg. Post Historic Man (1957)

SEMINAR 3. "The Loss of Culture, Ethnicity and the Emerging Life Styles of Alienation/Normlessness/ Impersonality"

. . . The famous melting-pot of American society could grow very hot, indeed, too hot for those being melted. Usually it was the immigrants and their children who were the meltees, while the temperature was being regulated by the WASP meltors. So by now many of us are rightly suspicious about easy notions concerning cultural assimilation, what might be called the bleaching of America. Some of us remember with discomfort our days in high school when well intentioned but willful teachers tried to smooth the Jewish creases out of our speech and our psyches. We don't want to be smoothed out--at least entirely, at least not yet. We don't want to yield ourselves completely to that "destruction of memories" which the great sociologist, W. I. Thomas, once said was the essence of the Americanizing process . . .

Finally, however, the great weakness of the turn to ethnicity is that it misreads or ignores the realities of power in America. The central problems of our society have to do, not with ethnic groupings, but with economic policy, social rule, class relations. They have to do with vast inequities of wealth, with the shameful neglect of a growing class of subproletarians, with the readiness of policy-makers to tolerate high levels of unemployment. They have to do with "the crisis of the cities," a polite phrase masking a terrible reality--the willingness of this country to dump millions of black (and white) poor into the decaying shells of once thriving cities . . .

This is not just a problem in social strategy; it has also to do with human awareness and self-definition. We want to remain, for the little time that we can, whatever it was that we were before they started pressurizing us in those melting pots. So let's try, even if the historical odds are against us. But there is also another moral possibility, one that we call in Yiddish being or becoming a mensch. The word suggests a vision of humanity or humaneness; it serves as a norm, a possibility beckoning us. You don't have to be Jewish (or non-Jewish), you don't have to be white (or black) in order to be a mensch. Keeping one eye upon the fading past and the other on the unclear future, enlarging ethnic into ethic, you can become a man or woman of the world, even as you remember, perhaps because you remember, the tongue your grandfather and grandmother spoke in, though in fact the words themselves are fading from memory . . .

Irving Howe. "The Limits of Ethnicity," The New Republic (1977)

SEMINAR 3. "The Loss of Culture, Ethnicity and the Emerging Life Styles of Alienation/Normlessness/Impersonality"

To be just, however, it is necessary to remember that there has been another tendency: the tendency to stay put, to say, "No farther. This is the place." So far, this has been the weaker tendency, less glamorous, certainly less successful. It is also the older of these tendencies, having been the dominant one among the Indians.

The Indians did, of course, experience movements of population, but in general their relation to place was based on old usage and association, upon inherited memory, tradition, veneration. The land was their homeland. The first and greatest American revolution, which has never been superseded, was the coming of people who did not look upon the land as a homeland. But there were always those among the newcomers who saw that they had come to a good place and who saw its domestic possibilities. Very early, for instance, there were men who wished to establish agricultural settlements rather than quest for gold or exploit the Indian trade. Later, we know that every advance of the frontier left behind families and communities who intended to remain and prosper where they were.

But we know also that these intentions have been almost systematically overthrown. Generation after generation, those who intended to remain and prosper where they were have been dispossessed and driven out, or subverted and exploited where they were, by those who were carrying out some version of the search for El Dorado. Time after time, in place after place, these conquerors have fragmented and demolished traditional communities, the beginnings of domestic cultures. They have always said that what they destroyed was outdated, provincial, and contemptible. And with alarming frequency they have been believed and trusted by their victims, especially when their victims were other white people.

If there is any law that has been consistently operative in American history, it is that the members of any established people or group or community sooner or later become "redskins"--that is, they become the designated victims of an utterly ruthless, officially sanctioned and subsidized exploitation. The colonists who drove all the Indians came to be intolerably exploited by their imperial governments. And that alien imperialism was thrown off only to be succeeded by a domestic version of the same thing:

the class of independent small farmers who fought the war of independence has been exploited by, and recruited into, the industrial society until by now it is almost extinct.

Sixty years ago, in another time of crisis, Thomas Hardy wrote these stanzas:

> Only a man harrowing clods
> In a slow silent walk
> With an old horse that stumbles and nods
> Half asleep as they stalk.
>
> Only thin smoke without flame
> From the heaps of couch-grass,
> Yet this will go onweard the same
> Through Dynasties pass.

Today most of our people are so conditioned that they do not wish to harrow clods either with an old horse or with a new tractor. Yet Hardy's vision has come to be more urgently true than ever. The great difference these sixty years have made is that, though we feel that this work must go onward, we are not so certain that it will. But the care of the earth is our most ancient and most worthy and, after all, our most pleasing responsibility. To cherish what remains of it, and to foster its renewal, is our only legitimate hope.

Wendell Berry. The Unsettling of America (1975)

SEMINAR 3. "The Loss of Culture, Ethnicity and the Emerging Life Styles of Alienation/Normlessness/Impersonality"

(Most of us come from some place.)

"CULTURAL DIFFUSION"

Our solid American citizen awakens in a bed built on a pattern which originated in the Near East but which was modified in Northern Europe before it was transmitted to America. He throws back covers made from cotton, domesticated in India, or linen, domesticated in the Near East . . . or silk, the use of which was discovered in China. All of these materials have been spun and woven by processes invented in the Near East. He slips into his moccasins, invented by the Indians of the Eastern woodlands, and goes to the bathroom, whose fixtures are a mixture of European and American inventions, both of recent date. He takes off his pajamas, a garment invented in India, and washes with soap invented by the ancient Gauls. He then shaves, a masochistic rite which seems to have been derived from either Sumer or ancient Egypt.

Returning to the bedroom, he removed his clothes from a chair a southern European type and proceeds to dress. He puts on garments whose form originally derived from the skin clothing of the nomads of the Asiatic steppes, puts on shoes made from skins tanned by a process invented in ancient Egypt and ties around his neck a strip of bright-colored cloth which is a vestigial survival of the shoulder shawls worn by the seventeenth-century Croatians. Before going out for breakfast he glances through the window, made of glass invented in Egypt, and if it is raining puts on overshoes made of rubber discovered by the Central American Indians and takes an umbrella, invented in southeastern Asia. Upon his head he puts a hat made of felt, a material invented in the Asiatic steppes.

On his way to breakfast he stops to buy a paper, paying for it with coins, an ancient Lydian invention. At the restaurant a whole new series of borrowed elements confronts him. His plate is made of a form of pottery invented in China. His knife is of steel, an alloy first made in southern India, his fork a medieval Italian invention, and his spoon, a derivative of a Roman original. He begins breakfast with an orange, from the eastern Mediterranean, a cantaloupe from Persia, or perhaps a piece of

African watermelon. With this he has coffee, an Abyssinian plant, with cream and sugar. Both the domestication of cows and the idea of milking them originated in the Near East, while sugar was first made in India. After his fruit and first what domesticated in Asia Minor. Over these he pours maple syrup, invented by the Indians of the Eastern woodlands. As a side dish he may have eggs of a species of birds domesticated in Indo-China, or thin strips of the flesh of an animal domesticated in Eastern Asia which have been salted and smoked by a process developed in northern Europe.

When our friend has finished eating he settles back to smoke, an American Indian habit, consuming a plant domesticated in Brazil in either a pipe, derived from the Indians of Virginia, or a cigarette, derived from Mexico. If he is hardy enough he may even attempt a cigar, transmitted to us from the Antilles by way of Spain. While smoking he reads the news of the day, imprinted in characters invented by the ancient Semites upon a material invented in China by a process invented in Germany. As he absorbs the accounts of foreign troubles he will, if he is a good conservative citizen, thank a Hebrew deity in an Indo-European language that he is 100 percent American.

by Ralph Linton, from
The Study of Man (1936)

SEMINAR 4. THE EXPERIENCE OF IMMIGRATION: THE IRISH FAMILY AND ITS UPHEAVAL (Facilitator: W. J. Frain)

Suggested Resources:

Herbert Asbury. The Gangs of New York (particularly Chapter I, "The Cradle of the Gangs" and Chapter II, "The Draft Riots"), op. cit.

Christy Brown. Down all the Days (1972)

Eric Cross. The Tailor and Ansty (1964)

James T. Farrell. Studs Lonigan. (1932)

Pete Hamill. "Foreword," from The Irish Songbook (1969)

Leon Uris. Trinity (1976)

Cecil Woodham-Smith. The Great Hunger (1962)

SEMINAR 4. "The Experience of Immigration: the Irish Family and Its Upheaval"

The great famine came bitterly close to breaking the Irish spirit. An entire social pattern changed from early to late marriages, from an effervescent peasantry to a cautious, religiously subjugated people. The close-knit family unit was shattered. The specter of the famine would remain forever.

The British have a magnificent sense of justice second to that of no other people on earth, but they seem to abandon it when it comes to the Irish, whom they largely consider to be a nation of quaint, lying, lazy, ignorant, shiftless drunks. When a great power reduces a defeated people to where they have surrendered even their dignity, nothing decent, holy, or just gives that great power any right to condemn or berate those who have been the victims of their creation.

Jill and Leon Uris.
Ireland: A Terrible Beauty
(1976)

SEMINAR 4: Schools vs. Learning?

"All the fancy political jabber didn't do much for us," he said. "The croppies remained among the most wretched and destitute peasants in the world and, adding to our miseries, mother church was bent on helping the British attempts to Anglicize us. They no longer prayed in the old language. In the schools and the books there was never a mention of Irish history or legends. It was the shanachies--(i.e., "storytellers"--ed.) and hedge school teachers like my own daddy, repeating his tales from village to village and giving secret lessons, who saved the culture."

Leon Uris. Trinity (1976)

On the Anglicizing of the Irish Family.

SEMINAR 4. "The Experience of Immigration: The Irish Family and Its Upheaval"

"the good old days"

". . . One of the evidences of the degeneracy of our morals and of the inefficiency of our police is to be seen in the frequent instances of murder by stabbing. The city is infested by gangs of hardened wretches, born in the haunts of infamy, brought up in taverns, educated at the polls of elections, and following the fire engines as a profession. These fellows (generally youths between the ages of twelve and twenty-four) patrol the streets making night hideous and insulting all who are not strong enough to defend themselves; their haunts all the night long are the grog-shops in the Bowery, Corlear's Hook, Canal Street and some even in Broadway, where drunken frolics are succeeded by brawls, and on the slightest provocation knives are brought out, dreadful wounds inflicted, and sometimes horrid murder committed. The watchmen and police officers are intimidated by the frequency of these riots, the strength of the offenders and the disposition which exists on the part of those who ought to know better to screen the culprits from punishment . . ."

"(These Irishmen) . . . are the most ignorant and consequently the most obstinate white men in the world, and I have seen enough to satisfy me that, with few exceptions, ignorance and vice go together. . . . These Irishmen, strangers among us, without a feeling of patriotism or affection in common with American citizens, decide the elections of the City of New York . . . the time may not be very distant when the same brogue which they have instructed to shout 'Hurrah for Jackson!' shall be used to impart additional horror to the cry of 'Down with the natives . . .'"

Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-51. (N.Y.: 1936), p. 434. (Philip Hone was a Mayor of the City of New York during this period - ed.)

SEMINAR 5. THE EXPERIENCE OF IMMIGRATION: THE ITALIAN FAMILIES AND THEIR UPHEAVALS (Facilitator: Dr. William DeMarco, History Department, Boston College)

Suggested Resources:

Luigi Barzini. The Italians (1964)

Ann Cornelian. Women of the Shadows (1977)

Richard Gambino. Blood of My Blood (1974)

_____. Vendetta! (1978)

Herbert Gans. Urban Villagers (1962)

Carlo Levi. Christ Stopped at Eboli (1947)

Jerry Mangione. Mount Allegro (1943)

Angelo Pellegrini. Immigrant's Return (1951)

Bernard Weisberger. "Troublemakers" (Joseph J. Ettor, Arturo Giovannetti, Joe Hill) in his The American People (1970)

_____. "The Urban Promised Land," ibid., pp. 299-302.

SEMINAR 5.

. . . The more aware I became of the great differences between their Latin world and the Anglo-Saxon world (I thought of it as "American" then) the more disturbed I was; nor was I the only child of Sicilian parents who was disturbed. We sensed the conflict between the two worlds in almost everything our parents did or said. Yet we had to adjust ourselves to their world if we wanted any peace. At the bottom of our dissatisfaction, of course, was the normal child's passion for conventionality. It wasn't that we wanted to be Americans so much as we wanted to be like most people. Most people, we realized as we grew older, were not Sicilians. So we fretted inside.

I was embarrassed by the things my relatives did when in public; most of all by their total indifference to what Americans might be thinking of them. I mistook their high spirits, their easy naturalness, and their extraverted love of life for vulgarity, never dreaming that these were qualities many Americans envied. I had a particular dread of picnics in public parks. Spaghetti, chicken, and wine were consumed with pagan abandon then and the talk and laughter of my relatives filled the park like a warm summer breeze.

Some reminiscences of a Sicilian upbringing in Rochester, New York, appear in Jerre Mangione's book Mount Allegro.

SEMINAR 6. THE EXPERIENCE OF IMMIGRATION: THE PORTUGUESE FAMILY (Facilitator: Dr. Onesimo Almeida, Center for Portuguese and Brazilian Studies, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island

INTRODUCTION:

It is both presumptuous and ludicrous to analyze a creature that does not, in fact, exist. This paradox strikes hard at the present task, since there is truthfully no such thing as "Azorean," any more than there is some quintessential "American."

Despite a theoretical willingness to acknowledge the truth of this statement, our society nevertheless relies heavily on stereotypes and cliches about social groups. And here I again face the task of portraying a group to which I belong and about which I can say progressively less the more I learn about it. For indeed, generalizations about human cultures steadily lose both objectivity and accuracy as they increasingly attempt to be definitive, detailed statements.

In addition to the usual difficulties inherent in the social sciences, (namely those arisen by the fact that the subjects doing the observing are inevitably part of the objects being observed), this paper's objectivity is perhaps further limited, at least potentially, by the fact that this author is himself an Azorean.

On the other hand, in areas of this country where Azorean immigrants are concentrated, there exists a real need for a greater degree of understanding of certain aspects of Azorean life and culture. That need both justifies and begs for some rough characterization of the Azorean people. Because hundreds of school teachers in this country work on a daily basis with Azorean immigrant children, and further, because many of these teachers have expressed having great difficulty in understanding those children's habits, values, and beliefs, it is fully appropriate to attempt a broad sketch of the Azorean. In order to minimize the limitations inherent in such a generalized treatment, the discussion will consider the

various major sub-groups of Azoreans separately . . . (1)

The Azoreans are seen as possessing a character that is deeply religious, good natured, submissive, indolent, sensitive, pacific, orderly, family oriented, industrious, nostalgic and somewhat sad. (34) That character is deeply endowed with a strong sense of family responsibility, one which transmits to children a worldview calling for adherence to a hard-work ethnic (35) and to well-disciplined obedience. Because most of these characteristics are shared with societies throughout Southern Europe, (36) particularly with traditionally conservative, (37) rural (38) and Catholic populations, (39) they need not be greatly elaborated on here. (40)

Of all the aforementioned traits, the Azorean's deep religious sentiment should be stressed. It can be said that above all in the Azores there is religion, but a religion which does not necessarily entail a commitment to church activities. That religion is expressed in part through the cult of Santo Cristo on Sao Miguel, the Espirito Santo (Holy Spirit) and the Virgin

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(1) Due to the nature of this essay, geographical and historical information on the Azores has been kept to a minimum. Here are a few pertinent facts: The archipelago consists of nine islands divided into three separate groups: the Central group (Terciera, Graciosa, Sao Jorge, Pico and Faial), the Western group (Flores and Corvo), and a third group (Eastern) consisting of Sao Miguel and Santa Maria. The islands have a combined surface area of about 2,330 square kilometers, or 900 square miles. Sao Miguel is the largest island, accounting for almost one-third of the total land area.

The Azores lie about one-third of the distance from Lisbon to Boston. Reaching them by air takes two hours from Lisbon, and four and one-half hours from Boston.

The islands had no human inhabitants at the time of their discovery, which probably occurred in 1427. Soon thereafter (1439) they began to be populated, primarily by mainland Portuguese.

In 1960 the population of the archipelago was 320,000, with roughly 170,000 of these on Sao Miguel. Since that time a steady wave of emigration has greatly reduced those numbers, bringing the total to 290,000 in 1970 and to 260,000 in 1975. By that point emigration had returned the population size back to exactly what it had been one century earlier, in 1875

Mary, throughout all the islands. Those are all as much a part of life in all the islands as air and bread. (41)

This religiosity carries with it an especially strong sexual ethnic. It fails, however, to generate a strong sense of community or collective responsibility in the arena of world affairs. Although the Azorean is very altruistic on sentimental occasions, particularly when that altruism is dictated by religious ethics, he is strongly individualistic in most matters.

The dearth of collective spirit has been crudely stressed by Jose Enes. Although this situation changed somewhat after the 1974 Portuguese revolution, it still applies fundamentally today:

> The mass of workers and employees, who serve the island's aggregate of large (only a few) middle-sized and small capitalists show no class spirit. Despite the de jure existence of labor unions, the workers are not united.
>
> And what about the agricultural masses, which comprise 70% of the Azorean population? Most Azorean agricultural workers are likewise dominated by a profound individualism and distrust in their relationships within their own social group. In some cases they also reflect a certain sourness towards the superior social classes.
>
> A small percentage of the fishermen can be included, in terms of general spirit, in the class of agricultural workers. (42)

The fragmentation of social and political life is strongly manifested through the phenomenon of bairrismo, or island rivalry. Each island acquires a special meaning for its inhabitants, and great inter-island antagonism exist which often polarize any given pair of islands. This is especially true for any two islands that face another geographically, or that have close ongoing administrative or economic ties. (43)

A recent study notes that the Azorean people appear to be characterized by behavioral patterns which generally oppose associative cooperation. On the other hand, it stresses that a number of factors do indeed favor some cooperative spirit. These include:

> The widespread practice of mutual and reciprocal help among people, social pressures (and the absence of specific humanitarian motives behind those pressures) the adhesive effect of neighborhood pride and rivalry, a sense of community belonging in recreational pursuits and the persistence of certain cooperative structures within various activities. (44)

Reinforcing each of these characteristics in the fatalistic worldview which, rooted both in religion and in the environment, dominates the islands . . .

The archipelago lies profoundly cut off from the external world. Even today they remain two hours by plane from Lisbon, and four and one half hours from Boston. Isolation from the outside aggravates isolation between individual islands; both exert a tremendous effect on peoples' lives. The impact of isolation upon social and political structures shall be discussed shortly. At this point, it is useful to consider the psychological effects on the individual. Isolation is felt to varying degrees, depending in part on the size and character of a given island. Certain groups of people on several of the larger islands enjoy relatively greater physical mobility and varied social exposure than do most Azoreans . . .

This island syndrome affects the individual Azorean in countless ways. His worldview is shrunken considerably simply because his world itself is so small. (73) Being stuck in the middle of the ocean creates a feeling of abandonment which erodes hope, instead producing fatalism. The islander feels wholly engulfed by the elements, and beyond more engulfment, he feels imprisoned. Furthermore, this feeling is unconscious among these people who have never had much exposure to the outside world . . .

All of the islands' major religious celebrations have some underlying connection to natural disasters. These relationships are clearly evidenced in a number of religious events. The tradition of the Romeiros (79) for instance, was begun in direct response to several vulcanic disasters. Similarly, the cult of Santo Cristo owes much of its development to geological tragedies . . .

A recent brief but interesting political document (91) has attempted to explain the islands' present stage of development. Under the sub-heading "Keys to an Understanding of Azorean Backwardness," the document points to the policies of the

Lisbon government and the behavior of the local dominant classes in the Azores, stressing the two leitmotives of stultification and abandonment. The document holds that the political powers in Lisbon directly promoted and sustained the archipelago's socioeconomic isolation and lack of growth, and that those powers acted largely through the remnants of the old Azorean aristocracy and their associates.

The document pinpoints the following three reasons for the region's underdevelopment: 1) the development policies of the Esatdo Novo (the Salazar-Caetano regime); 2) the local (Azorean) land-holding system; and 3) the local socio-cultural microsystem. Each of these merits some consideration . . .

Arruda Furtado has referred to the tradition of "monumental ignorance in all social classes." (100) This may have played a role in the islands' underdevelopment during the 1800's, but this was no longer the case by the turn of the century. By that point the ascending elite had in fact become quite well-educated. The education of the elite, however, had almost no effect on the already crystallized social structures which left most countryside towns in the dominant hands of plenipotentiary priests and all-knowing teachers. Rather, the dominant classes' acquisition of education merely refined the existing social system, sharpening the hiatus between rulers and ruled. The Estado Novo did all it could to help preserve the status quo, receiving full cooperation from the local establishment in that effort. Towards this end, education for the majority of the population was strongly deemphasized. Until the late sixties, the Azores had only four years of compulsory education. Given that mass of the people were never taught the value of education, but were in fact discouraged from seeking it, one can better understand why schooling is not a high priority among many Azoreans today . . . (101)

Fortunately this circle is broken here and there both by outside forces, coupled with a very deep human longing for something else. The saudades da terra never cease to act upon the islanders, and whenever life in the islands has become close to impossible, people leave. Overpopulation, acute economic crises, and periodic lack of outside involvement in the archipelago, (104) have all provoked emigration. The largest migratory waves have been to Brazil in the 18th and 19th centuries, to the United States towards the latter part of the 19th century, and today increasingly to the U.S. and Canada; in truth, virtually to every single place on the surface of the earth . . . (105)

## CONCLUSION

The foregoing perspective on the Azorean is, needless to say, one perspective. If objectivity is unattainable, even at the microscopic level within a single social science, then clearly a broad interdisciplinary analysis such as this one (an analysis which is intentionally holistic and which employs both diachronic and synchronic approaches almost simultanesouly), will inevitably be highly subjective. Given the subjectivity inherent in this approach, I have purposely avoided hiding behind any so-called and illusive "demands of methodological rigour." (108) My point of view has been left clear, and the values underlying my analysis made quite visible. In this I chose to follow Gunner Myrdal's advice, (109) for an object is always perceived by a subject from some point of view. There is no point in concealing or obscuring which side one is on.

Given that data collection itself constitutes a selection process, then clearly the evaluation of that data will necessarily involve premises built on personal beliefs, values, and preconceived assumptions of the evaluator. I note this to point out that the reader of this paper will arrive at his or her own conclusions, and that those conclusions will vary between readers, even where none of those readers have access to any additional information about Azoreans other than that presented here. For instance, a folklorist committed to the preservation of old customs merely for the sake of preservation will lament the rapid Americanization of Azorean immigrants, and may even lament any changes that occur within the islands. Someone else might applaud the arrival of television to the islands as a means of breaking the thick isolation between the archipelago and the outside world. A more traditional moralist might be infuriated by the same event because it will jeopardize the survival of ancient mores. As a final example of possible contradictory value preferences, consider people in an American factory which employs a good number of Azoreans. Management may praise the hard-working virtues and good-natured obedience of those immigrants who oppose strikes and rarely complain about working conditions. American workers raised within a tradition of unions and of rights-consciousness, however, may become enraged with the subservient attitude of Azoreans who want not to offend their bosses and who argue that they should be thankful to the owners for ever having received a job.

The preceding examples illustrate but a few conceivable scenarios wherein the Azorean people may be judged as "beautiful" by some, and as quite the opposite by others. This paper does not intend to prevent this sort of inevitable interpretive variation. Such differences in perceived worth are an unavoidable part of the value conflicts we all face daily. Rather, this paper has attempted merely to address two broad questions. The first of these comes from people who do not know the Azoreans well, and that is: "What are the Azoreans like?" The second comes from those who know the islanders, but who may be perplexed and have either mixed or non-sympathetic feelings towards them: "Why are the Azoreans like that?"

These questions, raised by Americans about the immigrants in their midst, are often raised from an idiosyncratic and rather ethnocentric point of view. This is true, for instance, of such questions as: "Why do the Azoreans drop out of school?" "Why don't they value efficiency?" or "Why aren't they more active in local politics?" Inquiries such as these are all equally common, and it was with precisely this type of question in mind that the preceding pages were written.

To combat any Manichaen tendencies on the part of the reader, he/she is reminded that the Azorean people are as "good" and/or as "bad" as any other human group. Like any other people, the Azoreans have been strongly affected by the ecological and social infra- and supra-structures which pervaded their lives throughout centuries. Whether we like it or not, cultures do not change instantaneously. The effects of profound and prolonged influences upon a culture remain in force, to varying degrees, for long periods. But then as ecological and/or socio-political conditions change, cultures are also bound to change, however slowly. This is the inevitable outcome of any historical processes: so cultures continue as they are, change, or die.

PERSONAL NOTE

I wish to make one final statement to my fellow Azoreans. This essay was not written for a touristic brochure, and thus I did not refer to "the beauty of the islands and the polichromy of the landscapes," nor did I insist much on the hospitality of the people. This analysis was not a hymn to the land nor a eulogy to the populace. The acorianidade (Azoreaneity) which I share and which will always be an integral part of my world should not prevent me, or any compatriot, from taking a close look at our

roots in order to understand them. If understanding is to be meaningful, we cannot avoid being critical in the genuine sense of the word. Following Socrates' advice, "know thyself," is both helpful and difficult. But pursuit of that goal reveals ourselves to us as we are, rather than in illusions of what we would like others to think we are. That is at least a worthwhile beginning.

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These statements (above) are excerpts from Onesimo Almeida's "A Profile of the Azorean," an unpublished manuscript. They were reprinted by the Hudson School Department by permission of the author.

SEMINAR 7. NOVEMBER 7: "THE SCHOOLS AND THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ETHNIC FAMILY"

Guest Panel: John Hollenbach, Principal, Hudson High School; Leo Mulready, Superintendent of Schools; Dr. Joseph L. McDevitt, Assistant Superintendent of Schools; Dr. Gerard Hoffman, Associate Director of the National Origin Desegregation Assistance Center, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

The discussion centered on the possible collision course between the goals of the schools (as institutionalized learning) and the needs of the ethnic family.

SEMINAR 7

Successful Programs Allow the Transfer Principle to Work

# ARE BILINGUAL-BICULTURAL PROGRAMS SOCIALLY DIVISIVE?

WILLIAM PULTE

In Integrateducation

Several anthropologists have expressed concern that multicultural education programs, including bilingual-bicultural programs, tend to teach minority children only the knowledge associated with the minority culture, thus denying them access to the knowledge needed for acquisition of power in the larger society.

These particular critics find suspect the "culturally relevant curriculum"--one which takes into account the preschool and out-of-school experiences of minority children. Such a curriculum is intended to promote the ethnic identity of the minority child while providing access simultaneously to the knowledge valued by the mainstream society. Susan U. Philips notes that "for some aspects of a curriculum, it is difficult to find fault with the expectation that the two concerns can be equally well-served."

Since the critics include bilingual-bicultural programs in their critique, I will assume that they will also find suspect what I will call the "linguistically appropriate curricula" or bilingual programs--curricula taught through the medium of the child's native language as well as through the medium of English in order to provide an optimal learning environment.

Philips has noted that aspects of the curriculum can promote ethnic identity through their cultural relevance and simultaneously promote the acquisition of knowledge needed in mainstream society. But her statement needs to be strengthened. Many aspects of knowledge needed to function in the mainstream society can be acquired much more effectively through use of a culturally relevant curriculum.

This point can be illustrated in the use of a bilingual program which utilizes the child's native language and culture to promote learning. Consider the use of the child's native language

for the teaching of reading skills. The theoretical model of bilingual education calls for the initial teaching of reading in the child's own language.

Only when the reading skills have been acquired through the medium of the first language, and only when the second language has been learned, is the transfer of the skills from the native language to the second language attempted. In this way, the child learns to read the second language much more rapidly than he would if he were to wait to begin reading until the second language has been acquired, or if he were forced to make an unsuccessful attempt at reading in a language he did not understand.

A similar point can be made about teaching content through the child's native language. Obviously, math or science concepts can be taught most effectively in the language the child understands best. As soon as the child has mastered the concepts and those aspects of English vocabulary and structure which are necessary to discuss them in English, reinforcement of the acquired concepts and further learning can take place through the medium of English.

Often, it may be precisely when the use of English is delayed the longest that the child learns most effectively knowledge needed to function in the larger society. According to a recent unofficial report from the Texas Education Agency, there are only four bilingual education programs in Texas in which the students are reading at grade level in English in the fourth grade. What these four programs have in common is that the use of English in the teaching of reading is not introduced until the second or third grade.

## THE TRANSFER PRINCIPLE

These four programs have apparently succeeded because the transfer principle has been allowed to work. Before reading skills acquired through the medium of Spanish can be brought to bear on reading in English, these skills must be mastered. In too many cases, the transfer is attempted too soon and with negative results.

Observers who fear that minority children will be denied access to knowledge needed for coping in the mainstream culture through excessive use of the minority language may often take this position because they fail to understand the transfer principle.

principle. This principle implies that knowledge of the basic skills which form the core of the curriculum is not specific to any culture or language. This knowledge can be acquired in a minority language and facilitated by the use of culturally relevant curriculum.

The failure to understand the transfer principle and the tendency to exaggerate the extent to which bilingual-bicultural programs teach "knowledge specific to a minority culture" may result from what Eleanor Leacock terms "we-they dichotomizim." In her view, this is a powerful tendency within American society to relate to people in "terms of strongly evaluative unidimensional polarities according to which individuals are viewed in terms of higher and lower on a scale." Critics who fear that bilingual education programs teach only the knowledge associated with the minority culture may feel there are two kinds of knowledge; ours and theirs. This leads to the erroneous view that knowledge of the basic educational skills is specific to the so-called mainstream.

I conclude that bilingual-bicultural programs as presently conceptualized and implemented are not divisive. One may reasonably ask, however, if they tend to be assimilationist. It could be argued that children who more effectively acquire the knowledge needed to function in the larger society by virtue of their participation in a bilingual-bicultural program are more likely to lose their ethnic identity. This seems to be the intent of certain educators who advocate the bridge model of bilingual education, in which the use of the minority language is discontinued as soon as sufficient proficiency in English is achieved. It remains an open question, however, if children who succeed in a bilingual-bicultural program of this kind are any more likely to lose their sense of ethnic identity than are minority children who fail miserably in a traditional school program, since the latter may blame their language and cultural background for their failure and reject their ethnic identity as a result.

It seems clear, however, that the maintenance model of bilingual-bicultural education, which provides for continued use of the minority language together with English and for continued use of a culturally pluralistic curriculum, is much more likely to lead to what Philips calls "the goal of access to power and the goal of maintenance of ethnic culture and group identity." Students who succeed in school because the transfer principle was understood and utilized and who become functionally literate in their own language are much more likely to maintain their ethnic identity than are those who see the use of their

native language discontinued as soon as they are capable of learning through the medium of English.

Minority parents need not fear that bilingual-bicultural education programs will prevent their children from gaining access to power in the mainstream society. What they do need to fear is that a linguistically appropriate, culturally relevant curriculum will not be sufficiently utilized to promote optimal learning of basic skills needed for coping in the larger society. They should also fear, if they wish their children to retain their ethnic identity and to become literate in their own language, that the use of their language will not continue long enough to promote this goal effectively.

William Pulte is Associate Professor of Anthropology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas. Condensed from Integrateducation, XVI (September/October 1978), 31-33.

SEMINAR 8. "THE SCHOOLS AND THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ETHNIC FAMILY (II)"

Guest Facilitator: Dr. Mary Vermette, Director, Bilingual Program, Southeastern Massachusetts University.

Dr. Vermette discussed the schools as a viable institution for Portuguese family acceptance into the community and the family's possibility of subsequent upward social mobility.

Suggested Readings: John Holt, Paul Goodman, R. D. Laing, Ivan Illich, and others have argued that the schools are the contemporary major institutions in neuterizing or aberating the young, and this seems particularly clear where ethnicity is still visible.

That is, to the extent, heretofore, that the schools "prepare a person for a job," do they have to neutralize him ethnically and ethically? And yet today comes the hue and cry "there's no common sense; the kids have no morals or values."

Or, put it another way, do the schools make the young indifferent to everything, particularly their families, history, language, so that nothing is important?

SEMINAR 9. NOVEMBER 28: "THE COMMUNITY AND THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ETHNIC FAMILY"

Guest Facilitator: George Gould, Merchant, Hudson, Mass. Mr. Gould's presentation centered on "Jewish Family Life in a Small New England Town." The presentation was the focal point of the seminar's discussion on how a community's institutions (e.g., the church, religion, school, banks, police, etc.) shape ethnic family life.

SEMINAR 10. "MATERIALS AND METHODS FOR THE CLASSROOM STUDY OF ETHNIC FAMILY VALUES"

Facilitators: seminar participants

Seminar participants presented specific classroom methodologies for the implementation of ideas and concepts developed throughout the seminar.

# LIST OF FURTHER ACTIVITIES AND RESOURCES UTILIZED

Activities:

1. Lou Killens--balladeer of traditional Irish and English songs--called "a master of the traditional ballad" by the New York Times, November 26, 1979, at Hudson High School.

2. Rebecca Wells and Frances Robertson (professional actresses) in "Portraits of Working Women" (a one act play adapted from Studs Terkel's Working.

3. Participation by Focus on the Family Staff in the Feast of the Holy Spirit, June 1979, Hudson, Mass.

Resources:

1. Community Advisory Board: Antonio Chaves, Claudinar Salomao, Jose Mareira, Jose Figueiredo, Patrick Kavanaugh, George Burney, Denise Burney, Joseph Coffey.

2. Dr. Mary Vermette, Director, Bilingual Program, Southeastern Massachusetts University

3. Dr. Onesimo Almeida, Center for Portuguese and Brazilian Studies, Brown University

4. Dr. Gerard Hoffman, Associate Director of the National Origin Desegregation Assistance Center, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, N.Y.

5. Dr. William DeMarco, Department of History, Boston College

6. Development of Ethnic Heritage Center, Hudson, Massachusetts

ITALIAN (BARISI) PEASANT SAYINGS:

Tutti i principe sono difficili.
(All the beginnings are hard.)

Una mano lava l'altra.
(One hand washes the other.)

Non far cadere il sole sul tuo rancore.
(Save the anger of the night until the morning.)

IRISH SAYINGS:

Put the devil on horseback and he'l ride you to hell.

The quietest way is the best way.

Don't speak the truth until you have your own money.

A man who is not afraid of the sea will soon be drowned.

An education is no burden.

Merry hearted boys make the best of old men.

PORTUGUESE SAYINGS

-Felicidade é um fenomeno curioso. Quanto maior é a porção de felicidade que damos aos outros, tanto maior é a parte que nos fica.

Happiness is a curious phenomenon. The bigger the portion of happiness we give to others, the bigger the piece we get to keep.

-A felicidade consiste em vermo-nos formosos no espelho da consciencia.

Happiness consists of seeing ourselves as handsome in the mirror of consciousness.

-Mais vale um pássaro na mão do que dois pelo ar.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

-Quem bem me quer, bem lhe venha, quem mal me quer o pior que lhe venha.

Let good come to the person who wishes me well. May the worst come to him who wishes me evil.