SALT, Vol. 10, No. 1
Salt Institute for Documentary Studies

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/salt_magazine

Part of the Human Ecology Commons, Social and Cultural Anthropology Commons, Sociology of Culture Commons, and the Work, Economy and Organizations Commons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/salt_magazine/35

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Salt Magazine Archive by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.
KANSATH Pon is now a Mainer. She takes her place in the ethnic mix begun when Yankees first settled on Wabanaki land.
Become a part of Maine . . . its strength of character, beauty, integrity and determination. Study for ministry at Bangor Theological Seminary.

Write:
President of the Seminary
Bangor Theological Seminary
300 Union Street
Bangor, Maine 04401
(207) 942-6781
CONTENTS

3 Nineteen Pine Street
Contributors and notes about this issue.

5 Maine Journal
Plus a barbershop view of the economy. And BIW expansion.

7 Yankees and Other Ethnics
Ethnic groups in Maine—including Yankees—are not part of a homogenous “melting pot,” argues sociologist Peter Rose. They are distinct contributors to an identifiable American stew.

8 Finnish and Yankee Doodles
Where do you find the Finnish in Maine but in the sauna? Salt goes to a South Paris sauna, then to the homes of Finns, who are as stubborn as their neighbors, the Yankee Doodles.

26 The First Days: Starting New in Maine
Two Cambodian families land at Portland airport for their first days in Maine. The contrasts between their lives as refugees and their new lives in a land of plenty are extraordinary.

33 A Family Initiation
“It is like a dream. Is it real?” First experiences of Cambodian refugees as interpreted by Tonee Harbert’s camera.

47 Bridge Generation
Coming from Ireland, Afghanistan, Rumania, Austria, Italy, they are the bridge generation. Their lives connect to two countries and home may always be two places.

60 Guide to Maine Eating
If you want to eat where the locals eat, this is where you’ll find them—where prices are right and the talk is familiar.

62 Guide to Maine Inns
Innkeeping is an art and good innkeepers are a special breed. Here is Salt’s guide to Maine’s historic inns.

Cover Photograph: Tonee Harbert
A TRADITION IN PERSONALIZED EDUCATION

On campus or off, we have programs designed to meet your personal and professional needs.

■ Four Year Degree Program
Offering liberal arts and career oriented curricula in a warm, traditional campus setting appropriate for residents and commuters alike. 207-892-6766, x740

■ External Degree Program
Offering independent, faculty-directed study working adults can pursue at home, without interrupting career or family obligations. 207-892-7841

Maine's Boatbuilding Tradition

The Rockport Apprenticeshop
PO Box 539T, Sea Street
Rockport, Maine 04856
207-236-6071
Established 1982 • Lance R. Lee, Director

Western Maine Graphics
PRINTING
P.O. Box 153, Norway, Maine 04268
(207) 743-8225, 1-800-962-9634
FAX (207) 743-5061

Salt Magazine

SALT MAGAZINE

staff:

Pamela Holley Wood, editor
Hugh T. French, associate editor
Timothy Baribeau, advertising/ circulation
George Hughes, design consultant
Faye Eaton, bookkeeper

contributors
Marianna Ciampi, Tonee Harbert, Nina Hien, Kate Jeremiash, Peter Rose, Dan Stewart, Polly Stone, Mary Lou Wendell.

visiting faculty (fall, 1989)
Richard Fantasia, Associate Professor of Sociology, Smith College
Cedric Chatterley, photography instructor

academic committee:
Peter I. Rose, Chair
Sophia Smith Professor of Sociology and Anthropology, Smith College
George Carey, Professor English and Folklore, University of Massachusetts
Stephen J. Reno, Dean of Academic Affairs, Southern Oregon State College
Thomas Riley, Professor Anthropology, University of Illinois
David C. Smith, A.A. Bird Professor of History, University of Maine

A NOTE ON PRODUCTION
Salt is typeset in 10 point ITC Galliard ® from the Adobe Type Library with 2 point leading. Type output is by G & G Laser Typesetting in Portland on a Linotron 200. Interior page stock is 70 pound Mountie Matte. Cover stock is 80 pound Warren Lustro Offset Enamel. Printed and stitched by Western Maine Graphics, Oxford.

SALT, NUMBER 37
(Volume X, Number 1),
ISSN 0-160-7537.

Salt is produced jointly by college students and professionals as part of a cultural and educational project of the non-profit corporation, Salt, Inc., 19 Pine Street, P.O. Box 4077, Station A, Portland, ME 04101. Telephone: (207)-761-0660. Established in 1973, Salt also maintains an archives of approximately 2,100 hours of taped recorded interviews, their accompanying transcripts, and well over 100,000 photographic negatives. Second class mailing paid at Portland, Maine. Individual subscription: $12.00 per year (4 issues). Library subscription: $18.00. Membership dues: $30.00 per year and includes a subscription to Salt Magazine. Postmaster: Send address corrections to Salt Magazine, P.O. Box 4077, Station A, Portland, ME 04101. Contents © Salt, Inc., 1989.
ABOUT THIS ISSUE—People from other states often think Maine is homogeneous. We're all the same. We talk the same, go to the same churches, eat the same food and vote the same. Nobody but Yankees up here—and of course Native Americans, who keep to themselves.

If those people paid much attention to the last presidential primaries in Maine, they were in for a shock. The biggest city, Portland, went for Jessie Jackson!

What is going on here? Well, just about what has always been going on. Maine has never been inhabited by one pristine ethnic strain. Ethnic diversity began in the early 1600s and continues with today's new immigrants. The early Yankees were themselves an ethnic group, as sociologist Peter Rose points out in this issue. Then followed wave upon wave of new ethnic groups needed by a vast, sparsely populated territory to run its mills, load its vessels, build its railroads and cut its timber—Canadians from Quebec and Nova Scotia, Irish, Polish, Finnish, Swedish, Scottish, Greeks, Italians, Armenians, and a sprinkling of free blacks. Today's new arrivals are from Cambodia, Afghanistan, Ireland, Iran. This issue is one of two special issues which focus on Maine's rich cultural diversity in the 1980s.

CONTRIBUTORS

MARIANNA CIAMPI considered doing a study of the Italian-American community of her native city (Portland) when she came to Salt's 1988 Fall Semester Program. She opted for recent Cambodian immigrants to Maine and found that belonging to one ethnic group made her particularly sensitive to the problems of acculturation of another ethnic group. She is a senior at Bowdoin College who will graduate in June.

TONEE HARBERT held a photographic fellowship at Salt in the fall of 1988. His extended photographic project on recent Cambodian immigrants to Maine represents a major portion of his work at Salt. Much of his other work appeared in Issue Number 36 of Salt.

NINA HIEN came to Salt's 1989 Fall Semester Program with a dilemma—which side of her own ethnic heritage to research? Her mother's side, Finnish? Or her father's side, Asian? A graduate of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, she is soon to embark on a master's degree program in journalism at the University of Missouri.

PETER ROSE is chair of Salt's Academic Committee. A sociologist and writer, he is Sophia Smith Professor of Sociology and Anthropology at Smith College in Massachusetts.

KATE JEREMIAH came to Salt's 1988 Fall Semester Program from Hampshire College, where she will graduate in June. Her photographic work for two major stories in this issue will be followed by a photographic essay about the Russian community of Richmond in the next issue.

DAN STEWART hails from Ohio. He is taking part in Salt's 1989 Fall Semester Program. A graduate of Hampshire College in Massachusetts, he spent the past two years working for the College's development office. His major research at Salt examines the changing Maine economy from manufacturing to service industry.

POLLY STONE is participating in Salt's 1989 Fall Semester Program. Originally from New York City, she is a recent graduate of Williams College in Massachusetts. She is undertaking a major photographic exploration of midwifery in Maine.

MARY LOU WENDELL participated in Salt's 1989 Fall Semester Program. She came to Salt from the University of Southern Maine from which she graduated last June. An active contributor to Maine People's Alliance publications, she lives now on an island in the mid-coast area of Maine.
In that year, John Paul Jones embarked from Kittery, Maine, on the 18-gun sloop Ranger and sailed on to defeat the British man-of-war Drake in one of the most dramatic victories of the Revolution.

Since its founding in 1884, Bath Iron Works has added many "firsts" to Maine's record of maritime achievements. We're proud that during our long and close participation in our country's naval defense system, the U.S. Navy has learned to trust the "Bath-built" hallmark as a signal of shipbuilding excellence.

Thanks, Maine, for a great shipbuilding tradition.

Visit the Bath Iron Works Exhibit at the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath.
MAINE JOURNAL

MAINE, COMMUTER STATE

If you suspect, as you edge toward your job in a long line of slow moving traffic, that you now live in a commuter state, you are probably right. Current statistics, though not complete, will back up your suspicion.

Here's what's happening in Maine. Dick Sherwood of the State Planning Office calls it the suburbanization of Maine. Since 1980, almost all the growth in the state has occurred outside the cities in the rural areas. "People are fleeing the larger cities, anything over seven to 10,000," he says.

And when they do, they buy more cars, because it takes more cars to get where they need to go. Between 1980 and 1988, the number of registered passenger vehicles in Maine increased from 531,000 to 833,000, Mr. Sherwood reports. During that period the population only increased seven percent. More cars per family.

The number of work places has also increased from 23,000 to 34,000. That means people have that many more work sites to commute to.

Here are some other figures to back up your hunch. The Maine Turnpike Authority now sells 12,000 commuter passes good for a three-month period. When these passes first went on sale in 1982, the projection was that only 3,200 people would buy them. Now Neil Libby of the Turnpike Authority is saying he wouldn't be surprised if the number of passes doubles in a couple of years.

More proof. The traffic count in South China on Route 202 just west of Route 32 in 1978 was 3,917 cars daily. In 1988 it was 5,826 cars daily. Augusta commutes. Headed for Lewiston on Route 126, the count rose from 15,014 in 1978 to 18,974 in 1988.

And listen to this. Lynnwood Wright of the Maine Department of Transportation knows about someone who commutes from Caribou up in Aroostock to Bath Iron Works. He himself only goes from Farmington to Augusta on a daily basis.

BARBERSHOP ECONOMICS

Hardly a day passes without a new assessment of the economy from yet another economist or Wall Street analyst. You can take your pick and come up with almost anything you want to believe.

The most convincing view of the economy we have heard was in a Biddeford barbershop. This is straight from Norman Houde, who works with his father, Paul, and his brother, Don. He responded to a question about how things are going in Biddeford.

"Well," he said, "not too good. But then, not too bad. One thing about Maine. We never rise very high in the good times, so we never have very far to fall in the bad times."

EXPANSION OF BIW AND BATH

Bath is in an enviable spot compared with other industrial towns in Maine. While Millinocket trembles over a threatened Georgia-Pacific takeover of Great Northern-Nekoosa and Jay smolders over the strike breaking tactics of International Paper Company and textile and shoe towns like Biddeford and Lewiston continue to experience industrial shrinkage, Bath will see a $15 million expansion of its shipbuilding industry.

It is heartening news for most Mainer, no matter where they come from. Partly because it follows so much news of plant closings and layoffs. Partly because so many generations of Mainer have worked at Bath Iron Works.

Most of all, it is heartening because the announcement demonstrated a particular concern for Maine and Mainer that many had thought missing from corporate management during the 80s.

The plans call for a model day-care center for 150 children of BIW's 10,000 employees, who have 2,800 pre school age children. The plans also emphasize improving the image of downtown Bath by replacing an old warehouse with a $5 million multipurpose office building. "I'm not very proud of how that area looks now," said BIW Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, William Haggett. "I think we can change the image of our shipyard with this move."

The announcement and the pro-employee statements made by top BIW management this year are a far cry from the ugly old days of 1985, when management and employees were going at it tooth and nail. It makes an optimist wonder if an enlightened day of corporate responsibility toward Maine and its people just might be dawning.
"Past few years I’ve worked here at the landfill, I’ve never seen a Salt magazine in there. Even when I worked in the recycling center—never seen a Salt magazine come through there."

Nathan Gallant
Sanitation Worker
Town of Falmouth
Landfill and Recycling Center

Salt is a KEEPER. Nobody, but nobody throws it away. Sometimes it gets stolen—er, borrowed—and sometimes those center sections full of tremendous photographs end up on somebody’s wall. But chucked in the trash can. NEVER!

Anybody who reads Salt can tell you why. Salt collects stories and photographs about Maine people that you’ll never find in any of those magazines that go to the recycling center. Stories that last. Stories about real people like you. People who tell it like it is, the good and the bad, the funny and the sad, the stuff that makes them see red, the things that are important to them.

So that’s why Salt goes from hand to hand and never goes to the dump. On the average, every copy is read by four to five people. One copy was read by a whole shipload of Merchant Marines!

Now if you don’t mind waiting your turn, you’ll find out what others already know. Salt is habit forming. And it’s the kind of magazine you keep around forever. Some people have every issue since we started publishing in 1974.

If you DO mind waiting your turn to read Salt, there’s an easy solution. Subscribe and get your own copy. Twelve dollars gets you four issues. It’s as easy as filling out the order form enclosed in this magazine, or call Tim at 207-967-3311.

Subscribe to Salt and help solve Maine’s growing trash disposal problem. Because nobody EVER throws Salt in the dump.
IT IS SAID that the wealthy and worldly Dutch patroons of colonial New Amsterdam had a special name for the English farmers who lived in the bordering area. They called them “Jan Kees” (pronounced Yan Kays), the comic term given to the country bumpkin back in Holland. From that inauspicious beginning, a new word entered the American vernacular: YANKEES.

According to historian Oscar Handlin, whatever the true etymology of the nickname, by 1775 the words used to mock the English settlers had become a term of special significance, widely recognized to apply to those who “had antecedents in the Puritan settlement of New England, [colonists] who shared a distinctive form of religious organization.” They were white and Anglo-Saxon and Protestant; they shared in common certain manners, mores and other distinguishing traits.

The Yankees were viewed and viewed themselves as a tight knit lot. Proud, pious and patriotic. Independent, flinty and rather ascetic. Yankees were known as the sort of folks who minded their own businesses and kept their own councils. As Handlin put it, “[The] consciousness of their group identity held the region’s people together.”

In today’s parlance such a description of those bound by specific cultural traits would suggest that those called Yankees were—and are—ethnics, just as surely as are their French Canadian, Irish, Italian, Portuguese and Polish-American neighbors, who are also characterized (and caricatured) by language, customs, religious practices and patterns of social organization.

For many years, Salt writers and photographers have examined the ethnicity of members of Maine’s majority group without ever using so sociological a term to describe their character. We have introduced readers to lobstermen and sheep farmers, school teachers and factory workers, those who run the big old hotels and those who stay in them—and hundreds of others. Always we have been conscious that Yankees may be the dominant ethnic group in the area (though given the names of the governors of the six New England states, one could easily question such an assumption these days!), but they are surely not the only “really important people of Maine.”

Early issues of Salt focused on native Americans in Maine as well as other “ethnics.” Readers may remember one issue that featured Pericles Economos in 1975, an old Greek immigrant, who though very much at home in his New England milltown of Biddeford, told us still and all—laughing at the time—“I could never call myself a Yankee.”

We laughed with him. And we knew, as Pericles knew, that he might not call himself a Yankee, but he surely would call himself a Mainer. And so are Kim Sok and Veikko Pirainen and Mohammad Faizizada, three of the many people interviewed for this latest look at the people of Maine.

Each brings a new perspective on our wider community. Each shows how much she or he has been affected by the interaction of old country ways and those of the new nation and region. We see how ethnic identity, American-style, is a rather unique social phenomenon, the product of the give and take of adaptation and integration.

Ethnic Americans are keenly aware of this. Yet despite their clear sense of who they are and where they come from, few ever speak of the United States as a “plural society,” a term favored by social scientists and those who see particular strength in diversity. Instead the old idea of “the melting pot” continues to hold favor. Thus Americans contribute their special “ingredients” to the cultural fondue that is “the American.”

Instead of the imaginary fondue, thoroughly mixed and growing blander with each admixture, a more accurate metaphor might be that of a lumpy stew, an American stew whose gravy is the partially agglutinated representation of the various flavors, but whose meat and potatoes and vegetables are still clearly discernible.

Whether Greek-American, Mexican-American, Cambodian-American, or “American”-American (as some Yankees now are wont to call themselves), those who are introduced in these pages remind us that, in what Walt Whitman once called this “nation of nations”—and especially in our corner of it—the stew is still simmering.

YANKEES AND OTHER ETHNICS

By Peter I. Rose

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE • 7
Finns and Yankee Doodles
VEIKKO PIIRAINEN takes a sauna once a week on Saturdays. He drives his big, blue '64 Oldsmobile at a cautious speed, following the double pumpkin-colored lines on Route 26 down a few miles on a strip of road that begs for a speeder. He goes from the wood burning stove at the farmhouse where he was born, into the fiery dim-lit steam oven in South Paris, Maine.

Following behind him in another car, you can only see a speck of his red cap. It doesn’t look as though he’s in there. A car without a driver. He’s got no bath or shower of his own. “I don’t have a phone. No phone bill. No credit cards, no conveniences. Don’t have no luxuries. Simple life. Live just like the hippies, you know,” he says with a touch of sneer in his laugh and his stubborn lip curled under. “Don’t believe in hoppiness or yappiness,” he adds.

The sauna is the place where he cleans himself, the way he’s done it since he was a child on the farm. In the new land, the first thing the Finnish people built was the sauna, sweating out dirt and disease by tremendous heat. They even had their babies in it since it was the cleanest place around.

Many of the Finns in this area didn’t even build their own houses. Like Veikko’s parents, they lived in old Yankee homesteads. But in the sauna, they beat the dirt out of themselves with fragrant young birch switches that bent with each stroke to the back. And they practiced their uninhibited ways of leaping naked from sauna to water or sauna to snow.

Today, Veikko is here simply to get clean, although he’s already spotless, like his kitchen floor. Here he sits, on the bench at Dave’s Sauna, the only public sauna left in the area, waiting for his room to make good heat, clutching a shopping bag.

In the bag, Veikko’s got a pair of clean underwear. He tells a story in rapid Finnish about an old fellow, carrying a bag, who “imbibed” and got picked up by the police. In the bag, supposedly, they found a pair of soiled underwear. He translates the story into English.
for us all to hear and laughs with a nasal sneer, seeming to tell the story for its shock value.

Out walks “the eggman” from room number 10. Edwin Haakinen who works over at DeCoster’s Egg Farm. Out walks Bill Matson, shirtless and not conscious of his untoned, overweight chest, drying off with his towel from room number 13. The oldest Finns in Town, according to Dave, all sit side-by-side on the bench for a few minutes. They’re the only children of Finnish immigrants in this Finnish sauna now, besides me.

Room on a wooden bench is easy to come by here. So is shampoo, Dr. Brauner’s peppermint soap, Moosehead and apple cider. Scrub brushes and loofa sponges are lined up on the front counter and piles of faded multi-colored towels are stacked on tables and benches taking up their own space.

When the place is in full swing, like on a Saturday night, all have a spot. There is no shortage of space and everyone can be an individual, which the air encourages. Some like it hot, some like it hotter and some just like to sit and sweat in moderately warm air. Some have trouble breathing in the “ay-yi-yi” saunas.

Dave and Nancy Graiver own the place. Dave is a bearded Jewish man in his forties from Newton, Mass. He used to be a “back-to-the-lander” but now he’s an entrepreneur. He wears his tee shirts that say, “Dave’s Sauna-Clean up your act.” Nancy looks Scandinavian though she is not. (She looks more Scandinavian than me, for I’m half Asian). With long blonde hair she’s thin but sturdy and one can tell that she has cut wood, hauled it in with her arms, and she knows how to work hard. Loni, their son, works hard for the sauna, too, scrubbing each room clean, making it ready for the next visitor. And little William and Holly Graiver play with friends outside in the woodpiles.

They all know everybody that comes in at this time on Saturday, by name or by face. Dave doesn’t know what anybody’s background is. Well, unless they’re carrying birch switches or they have a Finnish name, or like the Suomelas, they carry in their own sauna buckets and sauna paraphernalia. But even Mrs. Elea Suomela isn’t Finnish, which surprises both Dave and Nancy. She calls herself a “Yankee Doodle.”

A man, in his thirties, with a round face and a couple of beers clinking in his bag comes in from the front door. He lets some dry, fall air into the tropical warmth of the wood room.

“Hey you’re Finnish, right,” Dave yells from behind the counter.

“I ain’t no goddamn square-headed Finn,” says the man who admits to being a round-headed Irishman. “What’s square-headedness,” I ask. He says, “Finns stubborn as hell [like] a hog on ice.” I ask him what his name is. He refuses to tell it to me. I ask him again. Again he refuses to tell it to me. And he goes to take a sauna. I’m gonna find out what his name is. And he’s not going to tell me without a struggle.

Charlotte Snow comes from the back, out from her sauna room. With a red plaid jacket and a red plaid scarf on her head tied under her chin, she has sweat beads on her shining, rosy face. I don’t think she took a cold shower. Dave says you’re supposed to take one after the heat. She tells her story with a Polish/German accent. She drives here every week from Poland.

Charlotte was once a famous dancer, I hear from Nancy, and I wonder whether it is the sauna that has kept her graceful in face and in movement. Charlotte sashays out as “Dickie boy” enters Dave’s.

Dick McAdoo comes here several times a week. He rides his motorcycle up from Shapleigh. To him, the sauna brings him back in time. “This is one big closet up here for me,” he says. I guess he means it lets him escape and lets him think. He goes and takes a sauna.

To both Charlotte and Dickie boy, the sauna’s not merely functional.

However, to a constant buzz of families going in and out, the sauna means cleanliness. They live in trailers that have no running water. They live in cabins with no electricity. They come to Dave’s all summer long, on weekends in the fall and some year round. In November, hunters come in. But even the bulkiest of hunters can’t always take the hottest sauna for long and their buddies tease them. The winter’s skier season at the sauna. Summer’s camper season.

A troop of mimes from up the road at Tony Montenero’s mime school take saunas. They even have a sauna skit.

Some people just come and stop by for gab. Or they cart someone over to take a sauna, but don’t feel like taking one themselves. Like Rosie Zabiski, nee DeVito, who comes in with Johnny, her husband, who quickly disappears into one of the rooms. Rosie’s been taking saunas for a long time now for she has no hot water at her home. She says she used to hate them. “It used to be hot as hell. Now I’m used to it. I never liked a hot room. In my life I never did,” she says. Her kids ask her, “Grandma, how many times a week do you get steam cleaned?” Not today. Today she’s just sitting on a bench, hanging around.

A big discussion is going on at the counter. Nancy and Dave are involved in it. A man from one of the families without running water talks about his dissatisfaction with “small, closed, petty politics in small towns” and “religious do-gooders.” It’s in reference to the Grateful Dead concert at Oxford Plains Speedway that brought 135,000 outsiders.

Dave, who went to the concert, says some guy, an “oldtimer,” who writes for the local paper said something like, “Dead-
Yankee women didn’t go in the barn. Finnish women did all the barn work. They felt inferior because of it.

Heads were like a bunch of pagans waving their hands, aimlessly, paying homage to a hedonistic god.” He waves his hands around and laughs. Around the counter they talk about the town vote that will regulate bands coming to the speedway in the future. They talk about the struggle that the community is entwined in over change and outside influence. I need some air.

I go to my car and as I’m walking back, I look at Dave’s with the blur of people moving inside and the window steamed up, and it seems like I’m looking into a dryer with towels of all shapes and sizes, ages and colors spinning around.

I get back in and Dave’s putting another load into the washing machine and a load into the dryer. The whirring sound is a constant in this place. He cleans 50 loads of towels a week and 300 people.

Three cords of wood burn to cinder in a week. Dave says you could heat your house for a whole winter with that amount of wood.

Wood. That’s his love. That’s his job. Miles away, he cuts his own wood, hauls it over and stashes it right outside of the sauna in piles.

When I first came to Dave’s, I stumbled upon the place. It’s near the main drag. A friend who’s been there before says it looks like it could be a laundromat, or a good place for one at least.

I peered into the window and I saw a man sitting on a bench, shirtless with a towel around his waist. I knocked and another man came out in shorts. Randy, the tenant from upstairs, and his friend, soon to take a sauna.

Randy, who wears a leather jacket and parks his motorcycle outside, has tried all the Finn tricks in the sauna. He’s used the switches though substituted spruce hemlock for the traditional birch branches, and he’s “pulled the old, you know, get out of the sauna and run right out into the fresh snowbank, and that was like jumping on top of a razor blade, and oh, god, felt great.”

No such grand exit and entrance for Veikko now. He simply comes out of the sauna and wants to talk. He talks about the famous Finnish people in America. Hoover, the vacuum cleaner man, Jessica Lange and Gregory Peck’s wife. He talks about Idaho being named after a Finnish lady, Ida Aho. He talks about the Finnish immigrants who came to the area, saying that the only names in town were Anglo-Saxon and Finnish at one time.

The Finns chose to come to Maine because the weather and landscape is like that of Finland. Snow and woods and farmland. But not as dark. They had been country people, wanting to stay in the country, wanting to work for themselves. Here they could get their
own farms, cheap, and work in the woods as lumberjacks.

“They grubbed hard and grubbed hard. Some had ten kids or so, you gotta grub hard,” he says. He grubs hard now working some weeks six days at 65. Working alone “in the bush” as a logger.

He takes out “scrubby trees” and “homely devils.” Pointing them out, he decides whether they live or die. A tree is not judged for beauty. Judgement is for lumber or pulp worthiness. The woods are his pulpit and his church. And a cat, Morris. “You get kinda attached to a cat or a dog, and it’s out-grewed itself. You see, nothing else will grow around here. You see, those trees all suffer. You see, you gotta have space. This tree right here was robbing all the goodness that the ground produced. And this tree wasn’t going to produce nothing of any value.”

He’s a bachelor, always has been. Dave says that he asked Veikko once why he was a bachelor, Veikko said something like, “Why buy two cans of beans, when all I need is one.” But Veikko says to me that he’s “done nothing, accomplished nothing, got no family. I wanted to make sure my father was taken care of. I s’pose I s’posed to allow you. The only reason I do that, I’m a stubborn Finn,” he says.

And a car. In the barn rests his first car ever, a ’29 Model A. Kept for sentimental reasons. And that rig surely won’t get him to the sauna or to breakfast at Trap Corner, where we plan to meet the next day. He’s buying, he says.

The round-headed man comes out of the sauna. I say, “Talked to Veikko.” He says, “He’s tight. Frugal.”

“Can’t be too frugal,” I say. “He invited me to breakfast.” He says, you’re kidding. I say, “Nope, do you think he’ll show?” He says, “I never saw a Finn that his word weren’t good.” I say, “What’s your name?” He says mum.

The Maine State government’s report on industrial and labor statistics in 1908, about the Finns in the colony near West Paris, Maine, says, “They stand well as citizens and those that do business with them declare, as far as their experience goes, that the word of a Finn is as good as his bond.”

Well, I wanted to see how good his word was tomorrow. I wanted to see if Veikko and his Yankee tongue (that could easily switch into Finnish) would bust open the government’s “mold” of what Finns were about. But for now, I’d take a sauna.

I’m in here, revealed. Behind a faint mask of steam. It’s not completely clear, out of focus how I like it. Like a touched-up photograph. My mother said to me once that she’s not a true Finn. She’s never liked the sauna, even in Finland. She doesn’t like to be naked in front of other people. And it’s not that she looks bad. She’s a blonde beauty. But she’s private and self-conscious. She has grown accustomed to the modern day bathtub, not yet to the shower. It’s funny to think: some people can get just so modernized. Some people cannot. And some embrace it.
say, 'Where is that?' The original one is on the Scandinavian peninsula. 'Where is that?' What the heck, we're all dumb."

He swivels in his chair like he can't sit still and strides down the hall toward the door leading into the summer kitchen and out of the house, meanwhile passing Lady, his dog, and shelf space filled with minerals, collectables.

He passes the deerspike horns holding hats, his hunting cap, though he doesn't hunt anymore. And when he did, he never shot a doe deer, or an albino deer. He tells me, "You should never shoot at a white deer." But he hears the shots of other hunters, he hasn't heard any today yet, and he hears what I don't hear; blasting in any of the nearby mines, however faint the sound is.

He swivels and strides for he has new hips. Being a progressive person, he doesn't cling to the old ways,
the old sauna ways. He has his own bathroom and shower that is “easier and quicker” and two metal hips as well.

When he got his hips put in at the hospital he was registered under his full name. His “official” name: K. Nestor Tamminen. K for Kusta, after his father, Nestor, after a Greek warrior, and Tamminen meaning oaken. Old oaken bucket. “In all official places like even in the hospitals, they’re all computerized now, the girls, they say, ‘Well you’re not in there.’ I [say] I’m glad I’m not, I’d rather be here. And I say well try K. Nestor and they, ‘Oh, there you are,’” he laughs. He can move fast.

Several big boxes of squash are in the way as we enter the summer kitchen. But I hardly notice stepping over them for the walls are lined with shelves of shapes, shelves of colors: radiating green tourmaline, daffodil-colored sulfur, a violent-hued amethyst geode, deceptive fool’s gold (iron pyrite) and a rare pseudo-cubic clear quartz crystal.

“So what’s your favorite mineral,” I ask Nestor. “I don’t think I’ve got a favorite one. I’ve never thought of it that way. Anymore than I dare to say which is my favorite daughter or anything,” he says.

Nestor seems happy with all three of his daughters. His oldest daughter married a Hayes, his youngest daughter married a Verrill and Mary married a Perham. All old Yankee families in the area.

“We mixed in pretty well. I s’pose that’s why we’ve probably become Yankeeified, you know, associate more with the Yankees. I guess I’ve become a 100 percent American. I’ll never be a Yankee. You can’t do that. You can’t even become a Mainiac, even if you’ve lived here 60 years.

“The Maine people are a lot like the Finns. They’re hard workers, most of ’em, ’course I mean there’s always exceptions to everything, but I mean generally speaking they’re hard workers.

“In fact I’ve taken up a lot of the characteristics of the Mainiac. We like to razz the so-called ‘out-a-staters.’ Well, some of them, you know, they’re pretty snooty. They come here with their big cars, you know, and they’ll stop right here and he says, “Can you tell where this road goes?”

“And I’ll just say, ‘Yessir, I can.’ And then I don’t say any more because that’s all they asked me.

“They’ll wait, you know, and ‘Well can you tell me where it goes?’

“And I say, ‘Yes I can, if you want to know.’

“Then they’ll ask, ‘Does this road go so and so?’

“And I say, ‘No, it’s always been here.’

“That makes them mad. Some of ’em. Some of ’em take the joke,” he laughs.

Nestor lives on Richardson Hollow Road. You can’t miss his house, for right outside, in the middle of the lawn, is a table displaying minerals and a “Minerals for Sale” sign hanging underneath. Up the road a bit you come to the path leading to his mine. It’s free admission to kids and a buck for adults. And he doesn’t advertise it, it’s mentioned in mineral books all over the world.

I step over the wire and walk down far, far down to where past mining had been an industry. Where feldspar was plentiful and where many a can of Bon Ami and many a set of false teeth began. Where Nestor
THE SUOMELAS BRING A SAUNA BUCKET. MRS. ELEA SUOMELA ISN'T FINNISH. SHE CALLS HERSELF A "YANKEE DOODLE."

has found two hundred pockets of quartz crystals.

And I thought it would be dark. Dark like there was no sun. But as I come to the bottom of the path of rusty leaves and pin needles, I see the glitter. The sparkling whiteness of the feldspar and mica in the open air, in the open-pit quarry. A pool of water, frozen over, looks like one huge piece of mica laid out flat. The lines of past blasting are still on the white walls.

All the quartz mined here makes me think about time. Makes a crystal ball for me. Brings past figures to life. And I think of Nestor's father. His father, who had worked underground in the Quincy mines, like a mole, burrowing a mile deep. The lights were just carbide and candle there.

KUSTA TAMMINEN came to America, alone, the first time in 1903. He went to the gold and copper mines in Michigan for work. He came for work, he came for land, for he had been a farmhand with a small plot only big enough to grow a garden and keep a cow. He came to avoid being forced a spot in the Russian Army, for Finland was a grand duchy of Russia at the time. It has been a country for only 70 years.

Four years later, work stopped, Kusta went back to Finland and returned two years later to Massachusetts. He sent for the family the next year.

As Nestor says, they came, "to look for something better like most everybody did. Why did all of the Europeans that came? I mean there were no natives here except Indians."

In Finland, Nestor had been put to work at six, riding a horse which was hitched to a pole immersed in a round bin that mixed mortar for bricks. "All day long, riding that horse, giyup, giyup. They gave me a little stick and told me [to use it] every time the horse wanted to stop, and 'magine, he had to go to dinner time steady and then after again."

On the sled ride to America, actually to the Finnish ship that would take his mother, Hilma, two brothers and him to England, Nestor was thrown off the sled with the trunk that held their belongings. Down a ten foot drop, buried by the trunk. "When they looked, I wasn't anywhere. They thought, 'My god,' but I wasn't even hurt."

The family landed in Fitchburg, a large community of Finns, and met up with Kusta. Many Finnish women came over alone on the ship to meet their husbands in the new land.

Evelyn Tamminen, Nestor's sister-in-law, a Yankee, reflects on her mother-in-law and the journey. "Mrs. Tamminen came by herself and I have never been able to make it fit with her personality. To think that she took those three little boys across the ocean, all by herself. She was such a homebody. She didn't give a
hoot about anything outside, as long as she had her family and her home. It just seemed so brave of her to do it."

Evelyn is an accepted outsider who lived among the Finns. She was born and raised in Greenwood and later taught school up on Patch Mountain, which was mainly Finnish farmers and their families. She married Nestor’s brother, Lauri. About the Finnish households she says, “Everything was so clean. They don’t believe in having anything for pretty. They used to throw it away rather than have it around because it was a nuisance.

“Sometimes I thought they were a little scornful of the American way of doing things. They thought it was silly that people had to have washing machines and things like that. They could do it by hand just as well. I think that they clung to their old ways of doing things a good deal. They’d been brought up doing it this way. ‘We’ve always done it this way.’"

In school, Nestor was taught the English language that his mother never spoke and never tried to learn. “After all,” says Nestor, “she was on her home turf, what the heck. If somebody couldn’t speak Finnish, that was their hard luck. Just the same as a Yankee. If you can’t speak English, that’s your hard luck.”

The Finnish communities that the Tamminens lived in, first Fitchburg, then Greenwood, were large enough and self-sufficient enough to accommodate that line of thinking for the women, at least, who stayed home most of the time. The men had to be out and about more, so English was an accepted necessity for them.

After holding various jobs—an interpreter in a shirt manufacturing company, an apprentice to a clothing designer and a money carrier—at 17 Nestor came up to Maine for a vacation. He met Katie, his wife, a Finnish descendant, bought a roadster and claims he has been vacationing ever since. Vacationing as a youngster. She is clad in black. Her name is Alli, her mother is not Finnish. All of her father’s Finnish friends disappeared from her life. She sees many of them here today though they hardly recognize her. She, her daughter, a high school-aged girl and I are the only “youngsters” in the room of 60 people, though there is a woman in the room with the mouth of a youngster. She is clad in black. Her name is Alli, everyone tells me.

All society members are conscious of the group “falling by the wayside.” And they establish their goal: to teach the dying Finnish language to all who want to learn it. For even here, most of these who speak “Finnish” speak Finglish, a mixture of Finnish and English. English words with Finnish endings. STREETCARRA. BOTTELI. APPELPIETA. Streetcar. Bottle. Apple pie.

To teach “proper” Finnish is their attempt to preserve some of the culture and attract young Finnish Americans to the group.

As Laila Suomela, one director of the society, says, “We would like to raise the membership up with the young people, ‘cause I can see that it isn’t gonna last very long without them. We’re doing a nostalgia trip mostly by thinking back to the ‘Good Old Days,’ and our young people don’t have that to look back on. They were raised differently.”

“But were the ‘Good Old Days’ really that good? Did people want to keep their heritage intact?”

“I think we tried to cover up some of our cultural things, ‘cause we didn’t want to be different, you see, ‘cause we were the only ones that took a weekly sauna. And we’d try not to mention it when we were in school,” says Laila.

And the teenagers stopped going to the Finnish activities. “They kind of objected to going to these pokey old-fashioned things. They wanted to get out of

NOW, FINLAND is an independent country, increasingly free from Russian influence. Now, it has one of the highest standards of living in the world. Today, descendants of Finnish immigrants are interested in reviving their heritage. Meet the Finnish-American Heritage Society of Maine.

Meet the members who are mostly second generation Finnish-Americans and their spouses. Meet them in English, not in Finnish.

The monthly meeting is in a church. Not a Finnish church, for that church is long gone. The structure is there, but the minister is not Finnish. We are in the Congregational Church in South Paris. We pray, in English, a common prayer, one that I have heard before, but I don’t know much about prayers. We pledge to the flag of the United States. We go through official “meeting” rituals.

We are asked if any deaths of known Finns have occurred this past month. Not this month yet. We wait for the mystery door prize drawing and the coffee social, where I find out that if you don’t drink coffee, there’s something wrong with you.

Sitting next to me is a young woman. I talk to her, Kendra McClintock, nee Heikkenen. She is a new member, as of today. Here to find out about the Finnish side of her. Her father died when she was young and her mother is not Finnish. All of her father’s Finnish friends disappeared from her life. She sees many of them here today though they hardly recognize her. She, her daughter, a high school-aged girl and I are the only “youngsters” in the room of 60 people, though there is a woman in the room with the mouth of a youngster. She is clad in black. Her name is Alli, everyone tells me.

All society members are conscious of the group “falling by the wayside.” And they establish their goal: to teach the dying Finnish language to all who want to learn it. For even here, most of these who speak “Finnish” speak Finglish, a mixture of Finnish and English. English words with Finnish endings. STREETCARRA. BOTTELI. APPELPIETA. Streetcar. Bottle. Apple pie.

To teach “proper” Finnish is their attempt to preserve some of the culture and attract young Finnish Americans to the group.

As Laila Suomela, one director of the society, says, “We would like to raise the membership up with the young people, ‘cause I can see that it isn’t gonna last very long without them. We’re doing a nostalgia trip mostly by thinking back to the ‘Good Old Days,’ and our young people don’t have that to look back on. They were raised differently.”

“But were the ‘Good Old Days’ really that good? Did people want to keep their heritage intact?”

“I think we tried to cover up some of our cultural things, ‘cause we didn’t want to be different, you see, ‘cause we were the only ones that took a weekly sauna. And we’d try not to mention it when we were in school,” says Laila.

And the teenagers stopped going to the Finnish activities. “They kind of objected to going to these pokey old-fashioned things. They wanted to get out of
it more or less, you know, you wanted to be an American and forget about all this," says Laila.

And the Finnish women felt ashamed about their position on the farm. “Practically all the Finnish women on these farms did all the barn work. And they know the ‘Yankee women’ didn’t go in the barn. They felt a little inferior because of this. That it was kind of a put down on women. I know a lot of Finns have a lot of inferiority complexes. Yeah, they do,” says Laila.

OVER RIVERS and streams, through luscious red-gold forests, I follow a speed-demon car, a silver wagon, with license plates reading “MOOMI” in red. Trying to follow Alli, you can’t see her, can hardly see her car. She goes like fall wind.

In Finland she’s Alli Sanelma Kaarina Kankalo Raatikainen-Lee. In the U.S. she’s Alli Lee. With that kind of name, she jests, “I could have been so famous. What am I doing just sitting here, not having made a
name for myself?” And her hands move to frame her face like fans. “I have no confidence. I sound like I do. I’m such a contrast.”

Alli wears a black hat. Either what she calls her “widow’s hat,” that she got for her husband’s funeral, or her “Bradlee’s special.” One with a brim and one with a crown. She says they hide her face, hide the wrinkles. Wrinkles that she would never give up because she’s “paid for them.”

But the hat attracts attention, too. With people accosting her on the sidewalks. “I hope you don’t think I’m too forward. Were you in the movies?” they ask. “No, I’m sorry,” she says. “Well you should have been,” they say.

Walking in high heels, she is a head turner. “I try to create an illusion every once in a while.” So that people ask, “Who is that woman?” she laughs.

But here at home, she calls herself “earthy and dowdy.” She says she looks like a “benign Buddha” because she has no neck and compared to her long legs, the top half of her holds all her weight. She puts herself down very naturally and she talks about her regrets. Her biggest one: not having filled “the vacuum between her ears,” having “only” gone on to business school, which she says was “demeaning.”

“I was thwarted. I wanted to be a lawyer. My father said I wasn’t fit for anything else but to work in the leather shop. So I couldn’t go to school. My grades would have directed me into going into the academics, but not when you have a dead stop right there. So what do you do? You goof-off,” she says.

I can’t picture this person “goofing-off.” At 65, she is a strong woman, a widow for 26 years. She has raised two children, fed and clothed them, educated them. Fought for house mortgages and loans for school tuitions, managed.

Never sitting still, rushing. Like in the Finnish church where she played the organ. She played the hymns too fast. “Finns like to drag.” They were still singing long after she ended.

Never still, like her dark, round, wide-spread eyes that dart around when she talks, always seeming to be in awe. And her sensual hands. Hands with long feminine fingers and short broken fingernails, reminders of long white gloves, reminders of “tomboy” tendencies. Hands that move rhythmically, balanced by her cigarette, they carry her story along with her voice.

Never still, like her voice, deep, husky. She can project it far, filling the room and probably every room she goes into. She speaks with long A’s. When she laughs, she “laaahhhs.” And her name is pronounced “AAhhlli.” Don’t say it any other way.

We are in her wood-beamed summer house, that Alli had to fight to get, a few days before it will close for the winter. In the main room, a reindeer skin on the wall reminds me of the shedding one that my parents have. This one was skinned at the right time.

She is living here alone now. She lugs water from the lake which is two steps away from the door, to bathe in and clean with. She has learned how to make do. She learned this in Finland.

Alli knows about Finland. Past, present day. Alli knows about America. Past, present day.

Alli’s parents met in the States. Got married in Finland. Thought they would stay in Finland, but it
didn’t work out. “That’s when I was born. Just before we left. I said, ‘Why wasn’t I born on the ship? Why did I have to be Finnish and only eight months old? Why couldn’t you have hung on that much longer?’”

Alli’s parents had the bug. Had already grasped what America was about and as Alli says, when people do that, “Then they’re definitely more American than they are Finns. Even though they think about going to Finland.”

The cycle continued, exaggerated, with Alli and her family. Back and forth to Finland. The first time was after WWII, in ’46. Finland was poor. Just as it had always been in the past. They went to help her husband’s mother with a hot-house vegetable business.

It seemed like they couldn’t figure out where to plant themselves. Staying for 14 months, coming back to the States so her husband, Eric, could go to an agricultural program here, going to Finland in ’50, leaving after three years, so Rick, her son, would lose his Finnish citizenship, buying a “broiler” farm in ’53 in Norway, Maine, going to Finland in ’55, leaving in ’57, going again in ’59, and leaving for good when her husband died in ’62. After that, she only went back to visit.

Alli had a “riot” in Finland, poor as conditions were the first time they went. She had never lived like that, where she had to learn how to stretch things, where she learned that it wasn’t important to have luxuries. You even had to work for your water. “I lugged water in, I lugged water out. I learned to chop wood, and once my husband showed me how to saw the logs. I was the one who had to keep the home fires burning.”

I looked at the massive stone fireplace in this room. It’s quiet now, unused. But I can see the flames. Silent flames and crimson sparks, mixed. I can see the flags on the mantle. Two small flags. One subdued, a light blue cross on a soft white background. The other loud, the red, white and blue clash of bars and stars. Calm and fireworks, both on the same base, falling in opposite directions. To Alli, the flags are more than objects.

“I’m such a G.D. American. I cry when I see both flags up there. I cry when I see the United States flag. I remember the day I came out of work and I was waiting for the bus and it was American week in Helsinki, and every other flagpole had an American flag. And the blue angels flew overhead and I cried and cried, ’cause they were giving a demonstration and I wanted to go, but I had to get home and take care of the kids and feed the family. I just stood there and tears were streaming down, ‘Ohh, oh, isn’t that wonderful.’ I was hysterical.

“See, this is what I mean. It’s very difficult for someone to be like me. You’re so attuned to your roots and you’re so very proud of their accomplishments, since the total devastation after the war, and no help at all and they have done this on their own, actually.

“You’re straddling. You’re extremely loyal to the United States, this is my country, I am an American, but an American cannot understand why I feel so strongly towards Finland. That it’s such an important part of my life.

“My husband couldn’t understand it. When he did change his name to Eric Lee and he swore allegiance to the United States, he became an American. An absolute American even though he really liked Finland, he grew up there, went to school there and everything else.

“But America appealed to him a great deal. He liked the casual, that ‘Hi, how are you,’ the friendliness. He said you could be yourself, totally, without having to put on a façade. He was accepted by every Tom, Dick and Harry and he opened up, himself. There was nothing he wouldn’t do for the States. So he was more American in many ways.

“He kept saying all the time, over here, ‘You’re such a goddamn Finn that I don’t know who you are.’ We were in Finland and he’d say, ‘I don’t know how you change colors, you’re such a goddamn Yankee. Everything you do is, ohh, it’s American.’

“And course he was, too. Even in Finland he was an American. He was more American, but he just thought it was weird how I, I was an American with Finnish roots and I had never lived there. I hadn’t gone to school there or anything.

“But I got this from my parents. ‘Cause they didn’t ever want me to be ashamed of my own country, my place of birth or my own forefathers. And I never was.

“We were ostracized terribly. I grew up in a small industrial leather manufacturing town of Peabody. Well, we had a very cosmopolitan population in that city. But what affected us most were the Irish Roman Catholics. And we were Lutherans and of course that would be black being a Lutheran. And then being a Finn, you were a Mongolian. So we used to hear it all the time from them.

“At least the Wasps spoke to us, when not condescendingly, they did speak to us. But the Wircs, god, they couldn’t see us for human beings. Who went and threw all kinds of crap on Halloween and hit our little Lutheran church up on the hill? Who put big “For Sale” signs and “The House of Satan” up there? They did.”

Alli means “the old squaw” in Finnish. “That’s me,” she says, pointing to two sea ducks on her shelf, “the Oldsquaw.” Not a Bufflehead, or a Dapper duck, a Helifdiver or a Gadwall, a Goldeneye or a Bahama duck. She’s the “Oldsquaw” duck. It fits.

At Gulf offices in Finland where Alli worked, she got the fame that her name deserves. The way she likes it.
"Well, one time when I was leaving Gulf and one of our supervisors came up to me when we were leaving, he said, 'Please don't make too much noise. Because everyone will think you are drunk.'

"And I roared at that and I had a girlfriend already, worked in the same office, and she did the same thing. Both of us burst out laughing like crazy and he just almost ran away from us. Couldn't be seen with us. And people did think I was drunk. Many a time. Not in Gulf after they got to know me. People on the street thought I was. Because I wasn't quiet.

"I'd talk and I was animated, which they weren't. Finns aren't like that. They're very formal. Oh they're so formal."

So her husband told her to go around the office once a month and apologize to everyone. "He was dead serious when he said it. I said, 'You're kidding?' He said, 'No, I think it would be a good idea if you did that.' Deadpan as could be. So I started it.

"I went to knock on the doors, 'Please excuse me, I do have a confession, that if I have been forward, there I'm trying to be formal in Finnish and say, 'Please forgive me, I don't know what I say half the time. That you have to forgive me, that I am not Finnish,' and I went to everybody's office, did that.

"They're roaring, the whole office thinks it's the funniest thing. So they thought it was funny the first time. When I did it the second time, I took the fifteenth of the month. They marked it on their calendar. So it got to be just a big farce. But I did it, 'cause they kept waiting. They called me a wild Indian. 'Pardon me if I've been a wild Indian. I'm only an American.' Uncouth. No couth at all. I had a wonderful time."

Life in Alli's two worlds. Seemingly self-assertive, almost flippant, but vulnerable. Life with a Finnish man brought out the contradiction. "When I left work, the minute the door closed behind me, I was this little brown mouse again. So I led two lives," she says and adds, "He was a man unto himself, a law unto himself." That's what Finnish men are like, she says.

Alli met Eric at a resort in New Jersey. Thoush she says he was not a romantic sort, they were engaged after the weekend. Which she shrugs off to fate.

When she was young, Alli said she wouldn't marry anyone other than a Finn. "Then when I got to be a teenager, well, I wouldn't care, but he'd have to be a Lutheran. Then it got, I really wouldn't care what he is, as long as he's a Protestant. Then I married a Finn who was an agnostic," she laughs.

Rick, her son, was born in Finland. Both he and Pixie, his sister, were schooled there to some degree. Pixie married a Finn and had her two children in Finland. Rick is a bachelor. The family line has not yet been mixed.

But the strain will probably end in this third genera-
tion, says Alli. For, in California, where Pixie is an associate producer at Columbia Studios, not much of a community of Finns exists. Of her grandchildren, she says, "The kids aren't Finnish minded. They have no contact with other Finns." And she says Pixie doesn't push "Finnishness" onto them.

"The Finns are more of an independent type of person. They are not as closely knit as the Italian family is or the Irish family."

**ABDUL "SAM" SALEH,** from Baghdad just bought the Trap Corner diner and store last week. "They call me Sam Saleh," he says. He wants to be known as Sam. I sit down at the counter and talk to Sheldon Morgan, a regular at the store. He politely defines "square-headedness" for me. He knows what it means, for his best friend is a race car driver of Finnish descent.

"They don't balk. They don't balk," he says. With
two hands parallel he makes a vertical gesture, starting up, going down, stopping in midair solidly. Sheldon says if he changes the plans on his friend, such as when they go hunting together and he suggests a different hunting ground, the race car driver buckles up in silence.

I sit here and wait for Veikko and breakfast listening to plates of eggs bang down in front of people. Coffee cups go from mouth to counter, sip and clink, and the spatula on the griddle pushes around the homefries.


We get into a conversation about out-of-staters like me, so called “flatlanders.” People around the counter jump in on this. A local guy, calls himself a “Mainer” but actually moved here from New Hampshire when he was two years old, says that the only place to live is either in Maine or Alaska. Where space is unlimited. A younger guy comments on the congestion that this area is facing.

Veikko has expressed the same feelings to me. Living on Hungry Hollow, Stearns Hill Road, he has enough acreage so that no one can come any closer. Yet, as he says, cats are apt to get killed by the heavy traffic going up that road and since too many houses are getting around, he doesn’t see many deer.

Veikko’s very much a gambler and a sportsman, betting on horses up in Lewiston. He had dreamed of becoming a professional baseball player. I wonder why he gambles. “Why do people get up in the morning, they gamble,” he says. I wonder how much he gambles. A $20 limit, what he calls his “recreation money.”

He calls himself conservative. “I can’t squander off whatever’s got to be. When your prospects are not coming into big money, you gotta live by your means,” he says.

Everyone I talk to says that Veikko’s the richest guy around. He says don’t believe what you hear. That it’s all propaganda.

We order breakfast. Veikko gets his eggs well done. I get mine over easy. And even though I was hungry, I can’t finish it all. Veikko looks at my plate and acts like there’s something wrong with me. “When you’re hungry everything tastes good. When you’re not, it doesn’t matter.”

Fred Oja, Oja meaning ditch, Veikko informs me, sits down at the counter near us. He’s here for coffee and he tells us a story, in Finnish, which Veikko translates. The story goes like this: Oja saw an old man standing in the Finnish cemetery one day, just standing there, all alone, all day. He asked what he was doing. The man said he was wondering, all his friends were gone in the cemetery already and he might as well be with ’em.

“You know, sickly man, old man already. You know, lot of people willing to die. You know, after they get old and all their friends are gone. But that’s the truth. If you become a liability instead of an asset, then you lose your marbles, so’s to speak, and all your friends are gone, what you got to live for?” Veikko adds to lighten it up a bit.
IT LOOKS LIKE it's going to snow because no sun is out and it's raw cold. The leaves are still on, still brilliant, rusty red like Finnish granite tombstones. But the sky is gray. Gray like New England granite slabs of tombstones. Veikko and I weave in and out around the tombstones in the cemetery in West Paris. The one where all the old Finns are buried.

- Where stand the American flags, silently, stuck in the cold soil on each gravesite of a veteran:
  "Puoli-suomalainen [half-Finn]. We're Americans, firstly," they say, Veikko says.

- Where an Italian name lies next to a Finnish name: Ralph Tucci, Helvi Heikkenen.

- Where lie the Halmes: the town masseuses.

- Where lie a very saving couple who died with a full trunk:
  "$22,000 in the bottom of the trunk, the trunk that they had come to America with."

- Where lie the Mustonen.
  Who killed themselves, for they would rather die than go back to Finland. The man in the suit following them was not a government official who had found out about their illegal entrance to the country by use of someone else's passport. He was only a milk inspector. They were good neighbors to Nestor. Lending him $580 before he even asked to buy a needed '35 Ford Sedan: "Yankees don't know about cooperation. Two neighbors can't get together. They usually have a fight over a fence," says Nestor.

- Where names of living Finns are written on the headstones with a birth year and a slash.
  "Don't know if there's many vacant lots now," Veikko says.

The first gravestone in front says Piirainen. I don't see his name on it. Veikko Piirainen says the only thing he finds scary about a cemetery is if it's not in decent shape. "If it's neglected, now that's a sad sight." He tells me that someday he will go to Finland, if he doesn't die first.


Here we stand on the edge of the cemetery, next to the road. Trucks are going by to the dump. Truck after truck passes. Veikko waves to them all and finally one stops. Leon "Bud" Hadley Jr., local Yankee, stops to talk. And I fade out.

They talk about Stevens, the gravedigger and the Immonen brothers who are the caretakers. They talk about the cemetery as a teller of history. Telling what years "they had the diseases." And who survived and "got over the hump." Sniggering about Morris Perleman, one of those people who moved here from Massachusetts, "a real hippie," who died recently of sugar diabetes in his 30s. He is not buried here. He's under an apple tree. Bud talks about another cemetery.
that he just found the other day. Moss had grown over the rocks, it was not taken care of like this one. Where is it, Veikko wants to know.

And they sigh, because all the names of roads have been changed around here. And they talk about a woman. A woman with big breasts. So big that if she leans over the porch rail, she'd be taken down to the ground. Laughs and sneers. And Bud says if he was Veikko, he'd get rid of his chainsaw and retire. Veikko replies that the chainsaw is “untouchable properties.” It is not for sale.

The two men, well into their lives, stand in front of the Finnish cemetery as Seyward Lamb, the undertaker drives by. Bud says, “He’s taking a long look, saying, ‘Well there’s two more.’” Veikko says, “He’s checking us out.” And Yankee to Yankee, Yankee to Finn, they grin.
“What is your name?”
“... naame is Kong Phy.”
Kong Phy sat behind the kitchen table. Frustrated and excited, his dark eyes squinted beneath the long brown forehead and curly upcombed black hair.
It had been over a month since we had first met Kong Phy and his family at the Portland airport. Communicating only through gesture and smile, I scribbled notes and Tonee, a photographer, manipulated flash and focus. Now there are words. Our words.


Kong Phy picked up his notebook. He had just come from English class. He got up from his seat and spoke to us in Khmer, the native language of Cambodia, as he shook Tonee’s hand. He was thanking us for speaking to him in English. Thanking us.

In the next room of the apartment a small crowd circled the wide screen television set, colored light blinking on earthy faces. They were taking a break from the thirty hour Chinese saga dubbed into Khmer which Sambo Sok, Saran’s husband, had recorded on a dozen video tapes. Today they watched The Last Emperor in English. “It’s a true story,” Saran told me.

On the wall above the television, surrounded by silk and silver flowers and behind an urn of incense, hung a portrait of a thin and graceful Buddha dressed in pastel robe. The opposite wall was covered by a tapestry of a majestic stag which loomed over the inhabitants of the couch below.

Children, dozens of tiny eyes fixed to the screen. The seven of Kong Phy and his wife Saruth Luy, the six of Saran and Sambo and the four of Sareth Luy and her husband Samuy Pon. Their ages ranged from three to nineteen years.

Saran’s oldest three or four are seldom home. They have lived here for seven years and have American commitments . . . friends, field hockey, football. The two youngest, Kosal and Sopheak, have spent their entire lives in the United States. Kosal was an infant when he arrived here, born in a Thai border camp just prior to his family’s resettlement in America. Sopheak was born here in Maine, like me. His American name is Rodrick.

The rest of the children arrived at the airport a month and a half ago with their parents and young aunt, Sarath Luy. They all live in the same apartment house on Riverbank Court, upstairs and downstairs from Sam’s family and television.

The first time Saran’s daughter Kim saw television seven years ago she was puzzled. “When I get to my grandmother’s, I see TV. I go behind there and say, ‘Where’s the people? How’d they get in there? They so small! Are they gonna come out of there to eat or do we gotta bring them food?’”

Cartoons were a greater mystery. “Wow, what kind of people is that? How’d that little thing get in there?”

Now her cousin, three year old Putheary Phy, stood on the threshold of the apartment, holding the doorknob. She is very small, very delicate. Her straight dark hair is pulled into two pigtails on the sides of her head. She hid behind the door as Tonee tried to photograph her, peeking back every few seconds to see if he and his cylindrical glass eye were still there.

Rodrick watched from the nearby couch. “She’s shy.” Later he told me with kindergarten innocence, “She’s the littlest girl in the world.”

Kosal saw that Tonee’s camera was out. He took his place in Tonee’s face, very close to the lens, eye-to-eye. His tongue was sticking out.

“Kosal’s in the most of my pictures,” Tonee laughed. “He’s the comedian,” answered Sam.

Saran brought us some chicken which had been barbecued in the oven. It was sweet and salty and sour and spicy all at the same time.

I chewed slowly. “The reason that I think my food is healthy is that we season in equal balances,” Kim told me. “Sugar, sweet. Salt . . . you have to balance to taste in the same amount in order to eat it.”

“MY MOM put a beautiful pink skirt on me and I walked down the stairs,” Kim remembers a day in 1975 in her native city, Battambang. “It was the first day of spring, sunny like this, and a little bit breezy. I was six years old.

“I was standing there. I looked up and saw these two soldiers walking. They dress in black. Everything is black, even their skin . . . even their guns. They walked toward me and they were strangers. I have a sense, a feeling, even though I am six years old that something is wrong around here. I thought I was going to die.”

Kim did not die. The dark soldiers walked past her and up the stairs to inform her parents that they were the victorious Khmer Rouge and they were going to “clean the city.”

“I thought they really mean cleaning city. But instead they say, ‘Three Days. We’ll take three days to clean the city and after three days you can come back.’”

“Three days. Three days’ clothing, three days’ food, three days’ money. Three days for the Communist soldiers to clean the city.

“Three days later on we weren’t allowed to go in the city. Suddenly we moved to the countryside. I live with my grandmother. We don’t even have a house yet.” Three days and the city, all the cities of Cambodia, are clean. No more people.

“One morning one of my dogs find his way by scent to our grandmother’s house. He’s black. Black dog. One morning he feel upset. He feel uncomfortable that he’s not going to live any longer. At six years old it’s the first time that I ever feel sad with my dog.

“He was just sitting on the street. He saw a big truck coming, he was lying on the street. He saw it. He look at it. He’s just lying down there. I keep calling him, he didn’t come. I run out there trying to get my dog, the truck almost hit me. One of the woman who lived next to me pulled me by my arm and I was stayed back.

“Sure enough the truck crushed my dog into two or three pieces. You could never find his head, nothing.

“Very big one, that truck. There were soldiers riding on it.”

The cleaning of the cities, the genocide of more than two million people under Pol Pot’s Khmer Rouge.

“There was killing going on around there. They kill all the famous people . . . the soldiers, the doctors, and the teachers. They brought them all out there and they killed them every day. You could see blood everywhere.

“You live in a nightmare. You go around with a headache, you say, ‘Am I having a nightmare or is this real to me?’

“It is real.”

GREEN LEAF LETTUCE, red grapes, tomatoes, peaches, watermelon quarters wrapped in clingy saran wrap—a supermarket garden spread six feet square across the kitchen floor.

Eggs, brown ones, packaged in squeaky yellow styrofoam. Meat wrapped neat and bloody on its white tray. Gold shampoo, two bottles lined up next to the two bottles of matching gold dishwashing soap. Dial soap, cigarettes . . . Marlboro, and bread.

Everything in twos or fours waiting to be divided—one for upstairs, one for down . . . except the giant gallon tub of vanilla ice cream and the opened box of “Tasty Cups” beside it. Did I want some? Of course.

Gr andmother Mean Orm spooned the melting pale yellow goop into the cup and handed it to me.

“Akoon,” I smiled, but she giggled at me and repeated, “A-kuhn, a-kuhn.” I opened my mouth wide, “Aaa,” then lowered my chin and pulled my tongue back, “—kun.” Yes, much better, she smiled in approval, accepting my clumsy Khmer thank-you.

As I sucked on my cold sweet cone I watched little Putheary study hers. No American three year old was ever so daintily careful and fascinated with a simple cone of vanilla. Her tiny tongue licked then savored, licked then savored, her exotic eyes examining the flattening mound between each beat. Not a drop leaked over her lips to her soff brown skin.

“Americans waste a lot of food,” Kim had told me before.

She described her grandmother’s reaction when one of her young cousins brought home a jack-o-lantern, a gift from a new American schoolmate. “Who’s throwing a pumpkin away around here? You eat the pumpkin!” her grandmother had demanded.

“That time I was starving, able to feed my whole
family with just that one pumpkin, and you make jack-o-lantern lying out there in the street. That's how I see we wasting food.”

It’s not that nothing was growing in Cambodia. At seven years old, Kim had lived in a youth work camp. She was squatting chest high in water from sunrise until after dark picking rice. Her solitary daily meal was a bowl of “soup-rice” with perhaps one sliver of meat in it. There were bloodsuckers in the irrigation ditches, Kim said, but after a while there was no blood in her ankles left for them to suck. The leeches would have to starve, too.

Kim was a survivor. She thought of the hours she and other children spent harvesting the rice which they could not eat. She looked at the fruit falling from the trees everywhere. Forbidden fruit. She used to sneak the fruit from the ground any time the soldiers were not looking.

She understood the penalties for such a crime. The Khmer Rouge slogan at the time was “to preserve you is no gain, to lose you is no loss.” Kim’s philosophy was that she would rather be killed trying to live than let herself die. “Every time I know that it’s one chance in my life that I still have to have my stomach full before I die. One chance. So why not? Eat it first and die later, who cares? I don’t want to die of starving.”

She told me over and over that she had since expelled that demon which made her steal. “I have cleaned my hands since then.” She did not want me to think she was a thief. “I won’t steal any more because I have enough food to eat.”

She told me about the ghosts which wandered the streets of her village. They were victims of starvation who had not received a proper burial. “I saw a lot of people who ate too much soup and their bodies got swollen. Before they die, oh, they scream, ‘Give me some food!’ That’s all they want. Spirits everywhere. You can walk around and you can hear them, ‘I want some food!’ There’s a lot of dying so the spirits come out everywhere.”

Sometimes, she said, they would enter the bodies of the living and speak through them, as they had done once with her mother. Her mother’s eyes went blank once, and she cried and cried for food. After she had been fed, the satisfied spirit left her and her consciousness returned.

Now I watched Kim in the middle of the grocery pile, counting out tomatoes to be divided between her aunts’ two families. Her grandmother was closing up the ice cream container.

As I left the apartment I looked back up the stairway at the glaring jack-o-lantern and listened for the cries of hungry ghosts.

SARAN LEANED down and dabbed her glossy eyes with a corner of her long print skirt. She placed a hand on her nervous stomach and gracefully composed herself. She was telling the story of Hony, her first husband and father of her first four children. He died in Cambodia.

“After they eat dinner, one bowl of rice, they ask them to go to work again. To go to work again at night. Twelve o’clock at night come home, sleep. In the morning, go to work again.

‘My husband don’t want to work like this. He saw his friends die everyday. He say maybe next time he . . . maybe next time him.

“He see his friends. He don’t want to go to work; he stay home.”

Staying home was not an easy option. An expensive option. Hony would pay off the Khmer Rouge soldiers who came to force him into field work with the money and jewelry he and Saran had managed to bring from their house before the evacuation.

Saran was pregnant with their fourth child. “The Khmer Rouge asked me, ‘WORK! WORK! WORK!’ Everyday. I said I couldn’t go because I’m pregnant. Big, my stomach’s so big. I cannot do anything. My husband was very upset because they ask his wife to go to work.”

The money they had was slowly disappearing. Hony was frustrated, desperate. Twelve days after their son was born, he went to Saran and told her, “Three days more. I am dying.”

Saran and her children did not believe him. “My children say, ‘No, Dad, you not die. You so strong, you so big.’

“My husband say, ‘I’m so strong, but I want to die.’

Two days later, Hony carried his newborn son in his arms all day as he did his chores. He talked to his children, giving them instructions and advice. At seven years, Kim was the oldest child. The only girl.
Kim was the first Cambodian in her class. Now she will help her newly arrived cousins. “I’m there to translate for them. I’m there to eat lunch with them. I teach them. Nobody can criticize them, because I’m there to hear.”

“He says, ‘Daughter, Kim, you must take care of your mother and your brothers. Don’t let her do anything.’” Saran paused, “She say yes.”

Hony loved his wife and children. He worried about their fate without him. But he wanted to die. He was poisoning himself slowly. Everyday he took more poison, he knew when he would die. “Tomorrow morning, I am dying. Seven o’clock.”

Saran still did not believe him. “And then, the dark come. He throw up and diarrhea . . . blood down and blood up. All blood.”

Saran’s mother came to the house to try to heal him. “He fall down on the floor. He say, ‘Mom, please take care of my wife and children. I don’t have anything to give to you.

‘Please tell God to help my family and help me, too. Tell God to let me die and go to Heaven, go to Everywhere.’

“He say like this. My mom cry, I cry, too. He say, ‘Don’t cry.’”


“Hony say, ‘Saran, don’t go away from me. Sit down. Sleep with me and talk with me before I die. My children around me.’”

He gave Saran his bottle of poison, “When I die, you have some jewelry and gold to buy the food and take care of children. When the jewelry all gone, you can kill all children and you, too. Here is the medicine, I give to you.’

“Seven o’clock ... bang, bang, bang ... seven times. He not talk. He hears, but he cannot talk. I say, ‘Can you hear me?’ He nods. ‘You say something to me again?’ He say, ‘Goodbye, honey. Take care of children. I love all.’

“He say like this. He die.”

Saran hesitated. She looked very young, very sad.

“I wait until my brother come. Ten o’clock in the morning. Bring him, put in the ground. I say goodbye to him.”

Saran remembers the crying, always crying. She remembers the song that Kim sang to her newborn
Saran and I looked at a small cone of green plastic from the toy box, trying to figure out what it was. It was covered with dots of white and red and tiny gold curves. The wide end was jagged and hollow.

"I think it's a Christmas tree .... " I tried to stand it upright.

"It's broken," we shrugged.

One of Saran's sisters held a pair of jeans to Tonee's waist as he moved around with his camera. He thanked her with a shy laugh, then tried to explain that he already had a pair. He slipped them back into the pile.

More sweaters and hats. Flannel shirts. Coldness and snow were still unknown to the sixteen new Mainers. These hand-me-downs from neighbors and friends will be their winter wardrobes.

Kim told me about an episode between two of her aunts seven years ago. "One time my aunt, she wanted to go to the store. She don't have any clothes like pants. It's cold out there.

"One of my aunts who arrived here in 1980 bring her one pair about that big," petite Kim held her hands out wide, "She was about my size. She put them on and the pants would fall off.

"My aunt say, 'Just tie together and put the belt on and go to the store. You look cute.' My other aunt knew it wasn't cute at all, must have looked stupid. She didn't go."

At that time there were not many Cambodians in all of Maine, let alone Springvale. Community awareness was low and prejudice was high.

Kim described her first day of school, "When I walk into school there were no other Cambodians in my grade. When I walk in, I look different from everyone. I feel like an alien. I walk in there and people were talking. I know they're talking about me but ... what are they saying?"

At that time there were no classes in English as a second language offered at the school. Kim sat in a regular fourth grade class not understanding a word of English, saying nothing.

"I start to speak a few words and one day one of the kids hit me. The only word I know is kick. Kick is easier than hit, I think.

"He hit me. At that time there was a lot of prejudice, criticizing. They criticize me a lot but I don't know English anyhow.

"I went over to the teacher and told her one of the boys kicked me and he say, 'I didn't kick you, I hit you.'"

"The teacher say, 'Why are you telling me he kicked you? Why don't you say he hit you?' Well, I couldn't find the word, that's the only word easy to me. Kick.

"She kept laughing about me."

Kim wants to protect her cousins from some of the difficulties she had to face. "I'm there to translate for

continued on page 41
A FAMILY INITIATION
"THE UNITED STATES IS FIRST CHOICE, FIRST COUNTRY WHERE REFUGEE WANT TO GO."
"Who's throwing away a pumpkin?" demanded Grandmother Mean Orm when she saw her first Jack-o'-Lantern. "That time I was starving, able to feed my whole family with just that one pumpkin."
"WE SEASON IN EQUAL BALANCES." SWEET, SOUR, SALTY, SPICY. BALANCE. THE EASTERN, CAMBODIAN WAY OF COOKING. A WAY OF LIVING.
"You're so happy when you get here. Then you remember the past. You feel scared that someday maybe you're gonna be like that again."

Photography by Tonee Harbert
I T'S LIKE BEING in a black room," Sam tries to tell me about life in the Khmer Rouge slavery camps. "There's no door. It's being trapped. You don't know where to go, you can't see far from you. It's just black. Everything's locked."

Sam was a student before the civil war ended and Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge took over Cambodia. He lived with his parents in the capital city, Phnom Penh. His father was an officer in the defeated Cambodian marines.

Phnom Penh, like the other cities in the country, was evacuated in April of 1975 and the "city people" were relocated to the country side. As urban educated people, Sam and his family were a threat to Pol Pot's scheme to construct a classless society of rural peasants.

"They hate the city people, they hate the rich, they hate the officer, educated people. They don't like to keep those people. Anyone in the way they just shoot, like you see a tree and just cut it, take it down. Clear the way."

Sam and his family had to hide their identities when they arrived at their new village near Battambang. "As soon as we get off the truck they ask us to write biography. We did, but we changed everything.

"We have to lie, say we are from a poor family, I have only two, three years in school, my father was a taxi driver, my mother was a merchandiser selling vegetables. We try to lower our status to the bottom."

Sam, like other young, unmarried men and women, was assigned to a mobile team on the "front line" about ten miles from his parents' village. He was forced to work there in a Communist run slavery camp for three years.

"All you do is go to work five o'clock in the morning, come back five o'clock at night and work again until midnight. You exhausted."

Sam worked on. He came down with malaria and was placed in the same hospital where his father and brother died of sickness. He never knew they were in the hospital, he has never seen their graves.

He lived in an isolated world of work, knowing nothing but the rising and setting of the sun, and the single bowl of soup-rice he received each night, until a day in 1979.

"One day I remember about a week before the Vietnam get into Battambang area, I saw the Khmer Rouge escape. The soldiers escape, walking along the road, some in train. Day and night, 24 hours... train, train, train. I couldn't believe it. I say, 'What's going on?'"

"A week later the Vietnamese came and we knew what was going on. Big shooting, big fighting. At that time when everything was mixed up and confused, I escape back home."

Sam returned to the village near Battambang where his family had been relocated. He had a friend there named Samuy Pon, the brother-in-law of Saran. Samuy Pon went to Saran, a widow with four children, and said, "Sister, I have a friend named Sambo. He very good man."

Sam began to send fish and meat to his friend's...
beautiful sister-in-law whom he had never met. Saran would say, “Oh, Pon Samuy, where you get the meat from? Where?” Samuy Pon would answer, “From Sambo.”

Finally, Saran told Samuy Pon, “I want to see Sambo. You tell Sambo to come eat dinner with me today because I make the soup — meat.”

Saran remembers the dinner, “He saw me. He look at me. I look at him. I ask him, ‘Are you Sambo?’ ‘Yes, I am Sambo.’ I bring the soup-rice to him. He say, ‘I’m not hungry, I not eat.’ He don’t want to eat. He is nervous, shaking a little bit. I ask Pon Samuy, ‘Sam already ate at home?’ And Pon Samuy say, ‘No, Sam want to come to eat the soup-meat.’

“Sambo say, ‘I’m not hungry,’ but he look at me when I go in and go out. I saw him look at me, and I look.” Three weeks later they were married.

Sam hated the Khmer Rouge, but the Vietnamese were the historical enemies of Cambodia. He did not want to see them in control of his country. He went to the border of Thailand to join the freedom fighters there in driving the Vietnamese out of Cambodia.

“I want to stay on the border and fight,” says Sam, “I don’t want the Vietnamese in my country. I want to get my country back.” But when he arrived at the border, he found that the guerrillas were thieves and rapists.

“They are mean people. The guerrillas’ high rank people I don’t trust. I’m not spending my life for them. I don’t mind spending my life for my country but not for this game. So I left.”

Sam decided to move his new family to the border of Thailand where many Cambodian refugees were setting up camps. Though still not completely safe, these camps were away from the Vietnamese and away from the Khmer Rouge and guerrilla attacks on the Vietnamese.

The escape from their village in Cambodia to Thailand was nearly sixty miles. Sixty miles of mud, jungle, mines, and soldiers. The escaping refugees were the defenseless victims of robberies, killing and rape by guerrillas and other soldiers. Anyone with a gun.

“I have talked to many people who have escaped,” says Sam, “If you have a single woman who looks more Chinese, a light complexion, they know you are not a farmer. They know you are from the city. Then you’re in trouble. You’re raped or robbed or whatever. It’s unsafe. It’s not easy.”

Sam’s own escape with his children was frightening. He was carrying one child, pulling another along through the mud on a bicycle. “Somehow we got lost, we end up somewhere in no man’s land and have to walk across the muddy water because of the monsoon season.

“We were shot at by the Vietnamese troops. We ran, I couldn’t believe how fast I ran through the mud with my children on my back and bicycle and so on. We were hiding in the bush and we can see the Vietnamese troops just walk by, looking.”

Kim, who was ten years old at the time, was hiding in the bush with a small child in her arms. “Imagine, I’m sitting like I am a bush. The soldiers were walking with guns going around and around and around. They were looking for us.

“There were also a lot of things that would cut our feet, but at the time we were so scared that nothing hurt at all. We went crashing into the wood with my friends the red ants.”

The bush where they hid was also the home of thousands of red ants which crawled across her arms and body, biting both her and the baby girl she carried. They could not scream, they could not move.

“I have a feeling in my mind, I say, ‘If you cry, we’ll die,” says Kim. “I didn’t tell her that but in my mind I say, ‘If you cry we die!’ If she cry, they shoot and I was carrying her, both of us would be killed.”

“After about an hour the Vietnamese turn back and we continue our trip,” says Sam. “Somehow, we safe.”

The trip was long their feet were swollen from the sharp rocks in the mud. The children were discouraged, but they had to continue. Sam had to keep them going.

“While we’re walking,” Kim says, “I keep asking him where we’re going and he say, ‘Over there. Can you see it? Keep walking, keep going. It’s over there. You can see it.’ I keep walking for 24 hours and he keep telling me it’s over there!

“I say, ‘What’s that light over there, Dad?’ He say, ‘Well, it’s a big town. It’s a beautiful city with a store every place and there’s lots of things selling over there.
You’ll love it. You can sleep on a beautiful bed, with a big apartment, car . . . .” Kim remembers Sam’s fairy tale city. “He predicted story so I can walk faster. “Sure enough, when I got there, there was only mud. When I got there I asked him, ‘Dad, are we there? Is this the place we going to live?’ He say, ‘Sure enough, that is the place, Kim. That’s the beautiful place I was talking about. That was the big house I was talking about.’ “Bamboo house . . . small. You sleep on the ground. There’s no water. They sell the water. Where you gonna find the money to buy the water to wash your mud? The mud was so thick. No water, mud. “Have to adjust to Thailand with that small house. No place, like a jungle. It’s not even like a jungle, no trees or anything. Like a desert.” They lived on the border for two years.

“We arrived in Kao I Dang camp and stay there, do nothing,” says Sam. “Life in the camp is nothing. You just stay there day by day. No future. People just waste time, that’s all. “It’s a prison except no walls. You are given a piece of land to walk or stay, but you never allowed across an area. It’s a prison. They call unwalled prison. “I didn’t have any future plans. When I left my country in 1979, I did not have any plan to come to the United States or plan to go to France or Canada at all. We hoped that someday Cambodia have peace and we return back home. “One day to the next nothing happened,” says Sam. “Finally I decide to write the request to the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok and I write to France, Canada, Germany, Japan, Belgium, you name it. “But I write more requests to the U.S. than any other country because the United States is first choice . . . first country where refugee want to go.”

SAM SOK WORKS TO LAY THE FOUNDATIONS FOR CAMBODIANS SETTLING IN MAINE. “I’M JUST THE ONE TO OPEN THE DOOR INTO THE NEW SOCIETY.”

My LONG GRAY Chevy station wagon rocked cradle-like under the weight of the eight children bouncing in the back compartment. I opened the wide back door and motioned for the crew of red, blue, green and black faced goblins to empty the little cabin while I tried to release the third ‘way-back’ seat.

We were on our way to the Maine Mall for six of the eight children’s first American Halloween. Some faces were smeared with eye shadow and lipstick. Others were hidden behind paper plate masks to make a resourceful if not scary array of monsters, clowns, cowboys and even a little mouse topped with a mangled pair of Mickey Mouse ears. There wasn’t the money or time to assemble the elaborate costumes that so many other children prowled in that night.

Saran’s son, Rodrick, and I struggled with the cold vinyl of the third seat but it did not budge open. I bit my bottom lip as the kids piled once more into the back of the car . . . four, five, six. I remembered the days when my own family used to load our station wagon for outings—my sisters and brothers and I all scooching in the back, rolling and tumbling with the fast turns and quick stops—and the bruises we had after the fun.

I slid behind the steering wheel next to Saran and her sister. “Let’s go!” The car continued to rock with the monsters’ anxious crawling and jumping as we pulled out of the dirt driveway.

“Burn rubber!” came a call from the dark recesses of the lower wagon. I jerked my load onto the paved street with a faint skid—“She did!”

We drove along Route 111 toward the turnpike and the distorted chants of “trick or treat . . . twiss a twit” increased. Saran put her fingers to her forehead. She had taken a few Tylenol before our trip, but her dizzy headache continued. She wanted to quiet the children, but feared that if they were not talking to distract themselves they would get sick on the hilly road. They were not used to automobile transportation.

Saran laughed as one of her sisters whispered to the children in Khmer, “Be quiet, the Vietnamese.”

Giggles in the back were the only response to this once grave warning. The holiday noise continued all the way to South Portland.

The Maine Mall seemed a strange place to me for trick or treating. To the band of newly arrived Cambodian children with me, it was just a strange place.

The closest place many of them had seen to the mall was the local Ames department store near their home in Springvale. Even that small example of American capitalism and commercialism was overwhelming to
"Before my relatives came, I used to feel sad every time I put a piece of food in my mouth. As soon as I open my mouth, I think, 'I'm eating. I wonder what my cousins are doing now. Are they starving?'"
people whose markets consist of outdoor stands run by independent farmers and fisherman. These markets have to be visited daily in preparation for meals since there is no refrigeration.

As we first set out, the eyes of the children wandered confused behind their make-up and masks, but soon through an almost Pavlovian system of performance and reward, they caught on and followed the leads of their cousins, Rodrick and Kosal: approach store front, open bag, receive candy. The children continued through the Mall in silent amazement.

Four year old Kansath Pon, the mouse, was always behind as she tried to fit each piece of candy into the pocket of her pants after it was dropped into her bag. Her mouse ears kept twisting around on her tiny head so she looked more like a black crowned rooster than a mouse.

Putheary, a not-so-scary monster in her red hooded coat ran to her mother's side after each treat and then silently rushed back to the group at every store front. When an especially elaborate or strange costume walked by, like the giant horse and dragon who passed us side by side, her whole upper body twisted around to stare in awe, but her little hand never let go of the edge of her mother's coat.

Then we came to the candy store on the corner whose display cases were abundant with dark, rich looking chocolate jack-o-lanterns, orange and yellow candy corn, special Halloween jelly beans and shiny foil wrapped candy skeletons and witches. The large frowning woman behind the counter looked down at the children and said, "We're all out, kids. Run along, no more treats. You're too late."

The kids, who could not understand her English explanation, remained in front of the tasty looking showcase with bags open until Saran motioned to them and translated the candy woman's message, "No more candy."

The man in the fluorescent green wig dealing out Reeses Peanut Butter Cups in front of the novelty gift store panicked as he came to the end of his bag. His partner arrived with reinforcements in seconds. He smiled in relief and continued his job, joking with the children, who could only stare and smile at the funny man making foreign noises.

We finished our candy safari at the Food Court and turned around to make our way back to the main entrance. Someone had run after the once shy Putheary to stop her from hitting all the stores again on the rebound.

We loaded up the station wagon once again and the sound of chomping began immediately in the back. The tired goblins' faces had faded by the time they jumped out of the car into the driveway. Kansath was an earless mouse with smudged black whiskers that moved with her cheeks as she emptied her pockets into
her mouth. Kosal's cowboy hat was tilted way back on his head. He flicked it off and ran to the door with the rest of the children.

It was dark and cold when I walked back to the quiet car. Empty candy boxes rattled around in the back as I waved goodbye. I burned rubber toward home.

“I NEVER SAY I’m fine,” said Kim. “People say, ‘How are you doing?’ I say, ‘I guess I’m fine.’ I just don’t know. I never know.” Kim leaned back on the floor against her parents’ bed. She was wearing a pink cotton school shirt and black stretch pants. She smiled and laughed as she spoke, but her eyes were serious.

“You never say you’re fine ‘til you know that you’ll be fine. You never can read the future. The future is a second ahead of you.

“When I was six years old, I never dream I’d be in America, speaking another language. I was fine. That’s what I feel when I’m six years old. Everything was fine to me.

“Now, no way I’m fine. Every time I say I’m fine I have that feeling, ‘Oh my God. When I was six years old, I say that once, that I was fine. As soon as I reach seven years old, I wasn’t fine at all.

“A lot of people dream of becoming something but they end up differently. A lot of people dream of starting college, they don’t even graduate high school yet.

“I could never say 100 percent I’ll be able to do what my dream is. I say I want to be either a doctor or ambassador. But don’t take my word for it.

“What I want to do is to be able to do something to bring back my country. If I am a doctor, I will be able to travel back to the camp and help patients over there. If I am an ambassador, I will be able to travel around and ask for help for my people.

“What I really want to do, I want to do something I’m able to help both America and Cambodia at the same time.

“I feel lucky anyhow. Get to come to America, I’m still alive, speaking different language. I love it. Sometimes I feel so sad because I’m happy here, alone. My people are starving back there.

“Before my relatives came, I used to feel sad every time I put a piece of food into my mouth. As soon as I open my mouth and I’m crunching on it, I think back and go, ‘Ah, I’m eating. I wonder what my cousins are doing right now. Are they starving?’ I don’t know what to do. I’m not an angel. I wish I was an angel.

“You know you feel scared when you’re happy. When you get here you’re so happy, then you remember the past . . . that someday maybe you’re gonna be like that again.

“I feel lucky anyhow,” Kim looked at me with eyes that have seen both Hell and Purgatory. “I feel like I come to Heaven.”
THEY ARE THE FIRST. The first of their families to settle in Portland, Maine. Coming from Afghanistan, from Rumania, from Italy, from Austria, from Ireland, they have little in common but their destination. Not even a common reason for leaving home—sometimes driven by war or politics or poverty. Sometimes drawn by hope or jobs or friends.

Once in Maine, first generation immigrants begin to share common experiences. Finding jobs, meeting new people, learning new customs and a new language, fitting into new surroundings.

All of these first people discover a sleeping dragon within themselves. Sooner or later it hits them. They can never go back. The gnawing in their vitals tells them “home” will never again be one place, but two. For they are the bridge generation whose lives connect to one country at one end and another country at the other end.

By Mary Lou Wendell
Photography by Kate Jeremiah
They "Went back to immigration and stood in line for the application." They handed the marriage certificate to the clerk. Without looking up, she said, "Congratulations."

FRANCES NICKESON
IMMIGRATION: 1970
"I'LL TELL YOU an interesting story," Frances Nickeson says in her Dublin accent.

"One of the times I was visiting in Galway. I was with my sister and a friend of hers whose father had a pub in a small town. She said, 'Come and meet Frances; she lived in America, too.' So it's funny that she had the same first name as myself, Frances."

Born and raised in Dublin, Frances Nickeson came to the United States as an exchange student when she was 22 and has been here 19 years. Now she warms to her story about another Frances.

"She was an old woman and she pointed her finger at me." Frances lifts her hand closer to her face, crooks her finger and points towards me. "And she said to me, 'NEVER LEAVE AMERICA.'

"She had grown up dreaming of going to America. Had left Ireland at sixteen. Come to America. Trained to be a nurse. Never married. Worked her whole life. Saving money to go back to Ireland. Her youth in Ireland dreaming of America. Her adult life in America dreaming of Ireland."

She retired and went back to her home town in Ireland. "Her friends were dead or had forgotten who she was. She knew nobody. She had no life there. She didn't belong there."

"She was an American by intention, by lifestyle, by everything and didn't know it. A life wasted on dreaming."

"She just filled me with the greatest fear. Because you don't belong here and you don't belong there. And you get to this stage where you don't care where you're buried. Because you really don't feel that anywhere is home ground."

As a young student in America for the first time, Frances says she couldn't wait to go home. But as soon as she got back, she realized she couldn't stay. "I was home about a week when I thought that it [the United States] really was the greatest place in the world."

"You come here and visit and you realize there are freedoms here. Once you get a taste of freedom, it's very hard to live without it."

"Ireland is all locked up and tight," she says. For a young woman in Ireland there were many restrictions. "At the time, there was no birth control. A young unmarried mother left Ireland. Absolutely. And went to England. I think it was at the time eighty percent of them ended up as prostitutes."

Frances chafed under the rule of her religion. She says there are 70,000 people who can't get married because they've been married in the church once before and whose children are illegitimate. "It's a grim situation when the church can rule that way."

Twenty years ago, Frances was active in the women's lib movement in Ireland. "It was a very militaristic movement at the time," she says.

"We went to Belfast to buy condoms and bring them back into Ireland and declare them at customs to see what they'd do."

"They played right into our hands. They had the customs inspection in Dublin. We were terrified they'd have it without the media because we had told the newspapers we were doing it and they were all waiting. It was very amusing."

"My mother didn't talk to me. I told her I was doing it. And she wouldn't speak to me. She said unmarried mothers were sluts. And she couldn't at the time see that they were victims. And I left for America that summer. She let me go without saying goodbye."

"I was sick when I came back. I had a lump in my throat for six weeks," she says. "I was heartbroken. I knew I'd left then. And I couldn't listen to Irish music. I just would turn it off."

Frances' apartment is small. Spanish music comes from a child's record player on the living room floor. Frances' husband, Pete, an unemployed artic geologist, sits in the next room working at the computer. David, their small son, runs back and forth between his parents.

Frances met her husband that first summer in New York and fell in love. After the summer ended, she returned to Ireland, but not for long. With a one-way ticket and forty dollars she flew back to New York, not even knowing if Pete would be at the airport. He was.

When her six month visa expired, Frances was given two weeks to leave the country. Immigration officials told her there was nothing to be done except get married. They were joking. Frances and Pete took them seriously.

"We went to city hall. We got a license. We had our blood tests. We went back to his mother's house in Connecticut for a couple of days. We robbed her car. Came Back. Got married.

"Went back to immigration and stood in line for the application." They handed the marriage certificate to the immigration clerk. "She stops, looks over her shoulder at the calendar, back at the form, back at the marriage certificate, back at the calendar. And then without looking up, she says, 'Congratulations.'"

Frances talks of her Dublin. It's like she's been frozen in time, she says. When a person leaves their home, the place where they grew up, those memories also are frozen in time. And mixed in with a little romance, they turn into a song, always better, always more beautiful. Like a postcard.

When Frances first went back to visit Ireland, "I stayed too long. Six or seven weeks I stayed and started to slip back into the life style. You know, less tense, lackadaisy as they say. And that was the first realization that I had left. That there was the holiday and here was home."

"And I was sick when I came back. I had a lump in my throat for six weeks," she says. "I was heartbroken. I knew I'd left then. And I couldn't listen to Irish music. I just would turn it off. And it doesn't really go away. You just learn not to turn it off."

Frances says she has got the hook in the soul. Her Catholic parents "would like to think I go to mass. And occasionally I do. But I go for the quiet time. I go... I don't know why I go."
AFGHANISTAN

“A good future. We can go to school. It is very good. It's a good chance. After a while, we can speak like American people. When we graduate, life will be better.”

MOHAMMAD FAIZIZADA
WITH WIFE, MARIA, FROM RUMANIA AND CHILD
IMMIGRATION: 1985
A lone in Greece, hoping to hear he could immigrate to the United States, Mohammad Faizizada had nothing to do and no place to go. "That's a really difficult time when you are waiting because you don't have a country," Mohammad says. "You don't have permit to work. When you are waiting, you don't have anything."

Mohammad greets me at the front door of his Portland apartment. He is neatly dressed. Inside, the living room is warm. Plants and dark rugs are everywhere. On one wall hangs the Afghan alphabet with the equivalent English letters underneath each Afghan scroll. Above the couch is a poster with many Afghan letters on it. This is the name for God.

Mohammad speaks clearly, plainly. His eyes meet mine. He hides nothing it seems.

"You don't know if you will be accept to the United States or not. If you are accept, you can come. You can continue your life. But if you are not . . . ."

His wife, Maria, tells of her life growing up in Rumania. Of how poor she was, of how she dreamed of marrying a foreigner so she could escape. Deep auburn hair frames her smooth taut face. Her eyes are dark and circled. She often corrects Mohammad's speech.

Mohammad and Maria met when Mohammad was in college studying chemistry in Rumania. They were married in Rumania and had a child. When Mohammad graduated, he knew he would not go back to war-torn Afghanistan. He was a fugitive.

"If you go to Afghanistan, they will kill you. Just the killing waiting for you." Mohammad went to Greece, where he waited months for Maria and their child to get a passport to join him. Then many more months of waiting in hopes they could immigrate to America.

"But Mohammad still worries. He fears for his brother, Mohammad Aseef, who is now waiting in Pakistan. His brother also left Afghanistan to go to college, not in Rumania, but Russia. He met his wife there. After college, his brother fled to Pakistan to escape conscription and his brother's wife and children remained in Russia.

Mohammad worries that the guerrillas will harm his brother because he's been to Russia and has married a Russian woman.

"I feel weak here in my life if I don't have any brother," Mohammad says. "When you have behind your brother, you know if you sick, if you have some problem, they can watch your family. That's very hard if you live in other country. No mother. No father. Even for my wife. Nobody."

Mohammad worries. Concentration becomes impossible. It's not like the old days when he was a young student in Afghanistan studying for his tests for scholarships. Then all he had to think about was studying. Now, life is different.

It's hard to come from a country to a place where you don't know anybody, Maria says.

When they first came, Maria says she was the only Rumanian in Portland. Now about twenty more have come. "Sometimes, we meet together," she says.

"We meet all of them maybe," says Mohammad. "All Rumanian and all Afghan people. When we have birthday, we do like this. I invite my friend, Afghan friend, and she invite her friend who is Rumanian.

"But we don't have time, that's the problem. When you study, too busy. Never a free day. When you work, you know, every day work. Sunday, study. All homework. Monday come again.

"But we are very glad because we find a good place. This a free country. We feel free."

Free from the experiences that drove them from Afghanistan and Rumania. Also free to build a future for themselves. "If you just lazy, you can do nothing here," says Maria Faizizada. "But if you are a good worker, you can do many things here."

Mohammad teaches at Portland High School. He helps students from various countries understand their studies by explaining to them in their own language. "I pick up the work and I explain in my own language. Persian to the Iranian children or Rumanian for the Rumanian children."

In his classes are two Rumanian children, ten or so Afghans, and one Polish student. He also teaches some Cambodian children.

Mohammad goes part time to the University of Southern Maine to study computer science. Part time means every night from around five thirty to nine o'clock.

Maria goes to Andover College full time. She studies to be a medical assistant. "The beginning was difficult," she says. "I was just a foreign student. It was hard. I talk to the teacher. I'm citizen and I don't speak so well English. She try to understand.

"My school goes it's a non-stop school. No summer vacation. It's just go one year and a half. We take break just from Christmas vacation and one week in spring vacation. The rest is school and school and school."

"She has to do a lot," says Mohammad. "No sleep."

"I don't have so enough time. Small children around. Things to do. Home. So I work a few hours, days, at Levinsky's. But it's okay." She's not the first or the last to work very hard, Maria says.

"You can do many things here. You can study," she says. "You can make profession. You can have . . . ."

"A good future," says Mohammad. "We can go to school. It is very good. It's a good chance. After a while, we can speak like American people. When we graduate, life will be better."
“I remember the pizza store. I ordered a pizza and she said, ‘Heretogo.’ What she actually said was: ‘For here or to go?’ It makes you realize you have to grow up again.”

WOLFGANG SCHUTZINGER
IMMIGRATION: 1982
Far from his small mountain village of Kaprun in Austria, Wolfgang Schutzinger rents a room in a boarding house on the West End of Portland.

At the door Wolfgang speaks to me softly. He doesn't feel very comfortable in the house, since he doesn't know any of the other tenants. We walk up the two flights to his room. Second one on the left, Wolfgang says.

In his room, Wolfgang, a man in his early thirties, sits at his desk. He is a small person with a nose that juts out sharply from his eyebrows. He has brown trusting eyes.

Wolfgang writes music and we listen to one of his pieces. "Mia No Gotta" this one is called. Suddenly the room fills with the sound of brass. Many instruments. Horns. A whole section of percussion. Big music. Big band. Jazz.

What does this mean, "Mia No Gotta?"

"This Italian lady I used to work for in a bakery," Wolfgang says, "every time I used to ask her something, she used to say, 'Mia no gottta.'"

"She meant, I don't have it. I don't know."

Wolfgang shows me the score for "Mia No Gotta." I hold the stack of sheet music in my lap and run my hand over the pages. I can feel the hours and hours of small round notes being penciled onto these well worn pages. Erased and rewritten. Over and over.

Wolfgang's room is simple. Aside from his desk, only a bed, stereo, a book shelf. Under the bed are boxes which hold all of Wolfgang's work, his music, all of his photographs, everything. He likes to keep his belongings within reach, he says.

Wolfgang came to the United States to study music. In 1982, he began at the Berklee School of Music in Boston. "There's no place else that is something like Berklee," Wolfgang says, "that offers you so much in contemporary American music. You can study music in Europe if you want to play classical. But jazz, that's something you can do in Boston."

Learning this American culture for Wolfgang was thrilling but frightening. "I was in school so many years and I took English and I can't understand a thing," he says.

Wolfgang says that the people, when you come here "think whatever, stupid foreigner. You are at first, especially if you don't get it in stores and things.

"In Boston, I remember the pizza store. I ordered a pizza and she said something, the Italian lady there. 'Heretogo, heretogo.' Something like this. And what she actually said was: 'For here or to go?'

"I thought that was kind of funny, but it makes you realize it's like learning again, a child again . . . naive. You have to grow up again. One more time.

"Ah, people in the street. You don't learn it at school if somebody says to you: 'Spare change?' What's that? Spare change. I had no idea what that means. But I heard it so often . . . ."

You can't just talk to everybody, Wolfgang learned. "It's really sad, you know, drugs on the street . . . . In America, you see all these things. Everybody has money and everybody is dressed nicely. And I saw this, people on the street that can't afford an apartment.

"That's not so easy to get used to this kind of thing."

In Austria, Wolfgang says, the government takes care of the people. Kaprun is a "kind of a rich community," he explains. For instance, there is a power dam there. "People who work for this company," Wolfgang says, "they have a good life." Five week vacations. Thirty-five hour work week. There are many more benefits and social services for the worker in Austria.

"People here are individual," says Wolfgang. "I see more people alone out there. And more difficult to get close."

After college, instead of going back, Wolfgang decided to stay. Austria, he felt, was out of the question.

"If I go back I have to go home. I have to live in my mother's house in Austria. I'm broke and have to go home to my parents. So, I decided, well, you have to get up and stand on your own. So I stayed."

Once out of school, Boston became a new world. It was a place unfamiliar, no longer safe and secure.

"I'll be honest, at first I was very disappointed and shocked. The prices . . . and for apartments. The cost of living was incredible."

Wolfgang gave up his big city life for a while and decided to give Portland a try. On a three-year work visa, he teaches guitar both privately and for Daddy's Junky Music Store in Portland. Always short of money, he hopes business will pick up. He needs more students. Sometimes he earns extra money playing in restaurants and bars.

Wolfgang has been back to his Austrian hometown, but only for three months. His mother was dying there.

He almost didn't come back.

With all his friends there he could easily have gotten a job. "But, you see, I'm not that type. I want to do things on my own. And that's a good place to do that. The United States. To do things on your own."

After three months in Austria, Wolfgang remembered why he left in the first place. "They are very helpful and nice people but . . . I felt I need room. I need space. You know, I need to get away from that."

Which brings us to today. "Well, maybe I try to stay a little longer and I still don't know. It depends on how things go. I would like to stay here if things go okay."

So for now, Wolfgang sits in his room, composing.

As I make my way into the cold night air, the front door of Wolfgang's rooming house shuts behind me. And in my mind his song plays over and over again, "Mia No Gotta. Mia No Gotta."
ITALY

“Maybe if I was in Rome or Naples I never come here because it’s a big city, you gotta more work. But there, little town. There was talk about America, and I come here.”

EVANGELISTA DONATELLI WITH WIFE, LILIANA, AND CHILD IMMIGRATION: 1965
EVANGELISTA Donatelli sits at his sewing machine in the back of Donatelli's Custom Tailor Shop on Congress Street, right next to Liliana's Laundromat. Liliana, his wife, has left for a while but she'll be back soon.

Through his glasses, Evangelista looks down at the fabric he is working on. He is a dark, round man with hair that's thinning a little on top. A light from the sewing machine rests on the spot where he works. Some old movie is playing on the black and white TV that sits way up on a shelf. The cool fall air comes in through the open back door of the shop.

The Donatellis have been in Maine since 1965 when they moved directly here from Lettomanopello, a town "in the middle" of Italy. On the wall just above Evangelista are many photographs. One of them is an old black and white of Evangelista when he was eighteen years old. He is slim and handsome. He stands there smiling next to his father.

Evangelista came to the United States "for the progress," he says. "To do better." Evangelista began learning his trade when he was nine years old in Italy. He eventually had his own tailor shop.

"It was good business over there. Over here you gotta more work. The money, I don't know. You see, mine it was a small town. Maybe if I was in Rome or Naples I never come here because it's a big city, you gotta more work. But there, little town. There was talk about America, American, and I come here."

Evangelista had an aunt in Portland who told him she could get him a job as a tailor in Portland. Three months later he and his young family arrived.

"Did your wife want to come, too?" I ask.

"We came in all three together. I think she want to come." Evangelista stops to think for a moment. "She's here anyway."

Liliana Donatelli comes in through the back door of the tailor shop. She is a small woman, wearing jeans, casual. Her hair is short, going gray. She smiles and seems relaxed. When Liliana and Evangelista first came to the United States they already had one child. They traveled by boat to the United States.

"It really make open your eyes," says Liliana. "You come out, you come from a small country, with our case was about 4,000 people. Very small town. Everybody knows everybody."

"And all of a sudden, you see New York. I never saw those big building in my life. And the first thing I saw before I saw all those building was the Statue of Liberty. And when I saw that, I didn't even know the meaning of that statue. I thought it was just a big figurine. You know, over here they do everything big."

"It's different," Liliana goes on. "But through the years you understand what kind of country you came to. And you start to realize that you was, that I was lucky to be in this country."

"She do better than me," Evangelista says.

Up until now he had been silent as he listened to his wife while he worked at his sewing machine. I ask Evangelista if he agrees.

"I don't know. It's all right." Liliana's voice grows loud, indignant at his hesitancy. "What, you agree that you lucky to be in this country?"

"She's right," he says.

"He convince me about all this," Liliana says. "You know, because I thought I'm gonna go to America and I'm gonna stay five years and I'm gonna be a millionaire. I'm gonna become so rich and then I'm gonna get back in Italy and live happily ever after. So every five years that I keep on say to him that, he keep on say to me: 'Five more years.' So by the time that five more years come, I end up with four kids.

"And he keep on say that," says Liliana. "You can give to your kids better opportunity than if you back in Italy with them. And even though you feel homesick and no matter longer you gonna be in this country. But you do all these things for the kids. I want to give my kids a good opportunity."

So time slipped away, working and saving, raising a family. "And," Liliana says, "then you start to understand that by the time you go back to visit, everything is gonna be different. You never stop thinkin' about Italy," Liliana says, "because I don't have nobody here. They all there. Like at Christmas time. I see girls, or families, they spend Christmas together with their family, and sister-in-law, and niece and nephew. And they buy a little gift, a little gift there. They exchange gift with each other. We never hada that." She has two brothers in Italy. Another brother lives in Australia.

This brother in Australia Liliana has not seen for 24 years. They kept missing each other, she says. When she went back, he couldn't go back for some reason. And when he went back, she couldn't make it for another reason.

"So we miss each other all these years. And that's another thing. That if I see my brother, naturally I'm gonna recognize him, 'cause how can you no recognize your brother? But he might not recognize me. I got all gray. And I don't know what color hair he's got."

"She gotta fat," teases Evangelista.

"And I got fat," concedes Liliana. "He won't recognize me for sure."

The Donatellis visit their family in Italy occasionally. And even though it had been eleven years before she went back at first, Liliana considers herself lucky.

"Years ago, the immigrant who came in this country," she says. "They never saw Italy back again. I mean they never saw their family. When people used to come, as a little girl I remember, they used to cry. 'My daughter's leaving and I'll never see her again.' So, you know, I was lucky. And I went back after eleven years. I went back after six
years. And after six, I went back about three times.” But, it’s really not that much, Liliana says.

Going home. “The street which we thought was a quarter mile long, that’s so narrow because in Italy, there’s a small country,” says Liliana of visiting her old town. Everything starts to look small when you go back. And people change. “We went back over there. The first time we went back was after eleven years. After eleven years to be here, I came in this country with a baby ten months old. And I went back, I had four kids.”

Liliana had planned a visit this year to Italy but she has her son’s wedding coming up, she says. The Donatelli’s oldest son, Faustino, is getting married. To an Italian girl.

“I wouldn’t want my kids to go through the same thing with an Italian girl.” An Italian girl from Italy Liliana means. She says this is another reason why she didn’t go back to Italy that much with her kids to visit.

“But if I were to take my kids back and forth,” Liliana continues, “they would have started to fall in love. Or like somebody there. And then the girl, she would have come in this country. She would have felt the same way I did. And I didn’t want my son to go through that experience. To have somebody here, somebody he love, that she would be homesick all the time. I said to myself, when he’s ready to get married, he’ll find a good girl here.”

A woman wearing a red coat walks in the front door of Donatelli’s Custom Tailor Shop. She passes a very long counter and racks and racks of slacks to get to the customer counter at the back of the store. She waits for service.

“Yes?”

“The last name is Staples,” she says.

Evangelista moves slowly now but with precision. Past suit jacket after suit jacket he walks looking at the labels attached to the hangers. There it is. He pulls the Staples order, a skirt, and puts it on another rack and moves back again to the counter.

“It’s not ready,” he tells the woman in the red coat. “After six. Combe back after six.”

“Her skirt wasn’t ready?” I chide Evangelista.

“I’m very busy,” he says.

Evangelista has been very busy for a long time. Ever since he came to the United States, he’s held several jobs. Sometimes two at once. After four years, he bought a three-family house. Two more years, another three family. In that second house, he opened his own custom tailor shop. A few more years, another building, which is where the tailor shop is now, on Congress Street.

“If you like to work over here,” says Evangelista, “you get what you want.” If you put your mind to it, he says, you can buy a Mercedes if you want to. “It take a little while, but if you like work, you do. If you no like work, no matter where you go, you don’t do nothing. It’s over here you gotta more opportunity to do. Over here if you want two, three jobs you can get it . . . you can get anything you want.”
ONE NIGHT, IN MY SLEEP, I saw I was on the top of Mt. Ararat. I saw an iron cross, right in the center, and red flames were coming from the mountain, all over that cross. It was all flame, and the cross was in the center of the flame.”

Danny Mardigian is sitting in one of the half-dozen chairs placed for customers in his three-chair barber shop near Portland’s Congress Square. The small place, labeled simply “Barber Shop,” used to be the candy stand for the State Theater next door; on the other side is a vacant store space.

Danny leans forward as he tells his story, his white jacket littered with snipped locks of hair. His small, thick hands punctuate with choppy gestures a speech still laced with a noticeable eastern European accent.

His story begins in 1921; he was about eleven, although he does not know the exact year of his birth. He lived through the First World War, in which the Turks exterminated perhaps two-thirds of the Armenian people in the first genocide in modern history, and through the futile struggle of the Armenian Republic to preserve its independence against the Turks and the Russian Bolsheviks. Of Dan’s family, only his brother, Markar Mardigian, remained. He left Armenia in 1912, settling near Portland on a small farm in Windham.

Danny’s childhood dream is as fresh and detailed in his mind as if he had dreamed it only last night. “In my dream, I says, ‘If I go kiss the cross, God will give my wish.’ So I did, I kissed the cross. When I came down to the valley, there was a Turkish village. They were all sleeping, but the dogs see me, they chase me. I run. I came down to where the river was, it was called the Araxes River. I got in that river, and halfway I woke up. I was in my bed.

“The next morning, another boy and I, we used to go together to the bazaar and look things over. Halfway to our destination, this older boy saw me. He cross the street, he says, ‘Donig’ — my name is Donig. He says, ‘Donig, you got a letter at the office.’ There were 23 orphanages [in Yerevan, the Armenian capital], and they had a large office in a separate place. I went to the office. There it was, my brother’s friend was writing to the orphanage, trying to find out if any Mardigian family was alive. I was the one. I forgot everything, I went to my orphanage, I went to my principal, and I knocked [on] the door.

“I’m going to America,’ I says to him. I was so happy.

“And he read the letter. He says, ‘My boy, don’t you ever try that. America is 6,000 miles away.’

“I says, ‘I don’t care if it’s 10,000 miles away!’

“I left same day, direct to the train station.” He told the ticket seller, ‘I want a ticket from here to Tblisi,’ in Georgia. He says, “50,000 rubles.” I give him the rubles—he didn’t know what to say. How the hell I get that money? ‘You got any more of that money?’

“Oh, yeah. I got plenty.’

“You give me that money,’ he says, ‘I turn it to Georgian money.’ I give him all I got. I had 1,800,000 Armenian rubles. I had that money because I was a child laborer. Armenia was fighting with the communists trying to take Armenia over.

“They come, picked us up, eleven, twelve-year-old boys. Not very far from the front line, we were greasing the Russian amunition they left on the field. It was all rusted. The Armenian Republic paid us. So he gave me 900,000 Georgian rubles, and I took the train. I went to Tblisi.

“I was a youngster. I didn’t buy a ticket—I stole that train!”

Danny laughs with energy, his mouth slightly open. His face is deeply lined beneath a short shock of white hair, his eyes clear and bright. His countenance might be severe but for the deeply etched furrows where laughter has molded his skin. He tells how he got from Batum to Istanbul to America.

“I went to the American embassy. I saw the line almost half a mile long, trying to get into America. I say, ‘I’ll never make it.’ I went through the building, I saw a broken window. I went through the broken...
THE BARBER SUPPLY man opens the door, letting the harsh bustle of the street into the muted green, black and white interior of the shop. Danny’s order is small. Five bottles of Beau Kreml hair tonic, two sets of Super cut blades.

A customer enters, a familiar face with a thick gristle of beard. Danny shaves him wordlessly, trimming first with the electric clippers, then with the straight razor he sharpens on the leather strap hanging from his favorite chair, the one by the door. The stainless steel shaving cream dispenser whirs like a blender for a moment, leaving a mound of warm white cream in the palm of his hand.

Moving silently on brown, thick-soled shoes slightly curled at the toes, he holds the man’s head firmly while he drags the blade across the skin. It is an intimate moment, Danny’s eyes focused and unavering, the other man’s head still beneath his strong fingers. Danny has to stand on his toes for all but his shorter customers. He is a small man, but seems larger when in motion.

The shave complete, he removes a clean, white towel from a neat stack next to the long mirror in front of the chairs, wiping the man with brisk, practiced movements. The cash register is small and ancient, topped by a carved wooden “Danny,” but he rings no transaction. The man gives him a bill, Danny fishes in his pocket for change: two dollars. With a ready, full-faced smile and a cupped-hand wave, he says goodbye.

Outside, the red, white and blue barber’s pole turns in the unceasing spiral which runs toward, but never reaches, the concrete below.
window; I got in that building!” Danny laughs. “I was a youngster.’

“I was happy. I went to the desk. [The clerk] asks me, ‘Where you going?’

‘I’m going to America.’

“When I come out, I hear all this talk on the loudspeaker. ‘Today,’ they says, ‘is the last day those people whose relatives are not American citizens can get their passports.’ Tomorrow they’re not to come. I was lucky; my brother was not an American citizen. I think God was with me. In no time, I got in the U.S.A.”

On his brother’s farm in Windham, Danny learned how to feed, water and milk cows, how to pick eggs, and began to learn English, “but pronunciation, I couldn’t figure it out.

“I used to go to Portland, I used to go to the Armenian territory and sell eggs and butter, sweet butter—I made it. I used to take the horse and buggy, go get him and take him up to the farm.

“One Sunday, I told my brother, ‘I gotta go to school.’ He agreed with me. I started the Americanization class to learn English. Then after school I had to go to my brother’s shop; I learned the trade.

“I got through Chester Street School in six months. They send me North Grammar School. I went to sixth grade there, from sixth they put me in eighth grade, from eighth they graduated. I graduated from North School in 1927.

“I was given a medal by the Sons of the American Revolution. There was 33 of us in the class. I voted for one boy; I thought he was a good boy. Two other boys voted for themselves. All the rest voted for me, and the teachers voted for me.

“The principal went to the school board, and he says, ‘This boy was not born in this country, and he’s getting a medal. Does he deserve to get this medal?’ They says, ‘He’s a good boy. He’s gonna be a good American.’

“I was supposed to go to college, but it came to the time when the Depression started, in the thirties. My brother says, ‘What you want to go to college? Here’s a farm for you. I’m not a farmer, I’m a barber. I give you the farm. Go to work on the farm.’

“So I went. I was working 18 hours a day, and my earning power was ten cents an hour. I was too ambitious, and finally I says, ‘Oh, no,’ and quit. I came to Portland.”

In 1936 a barber made Dan an offer. “He says, ‘Dan, I want to sell my barber shop.’ It was on High and Congress. ‘I been drunk for two, three weeks. I don’t want to go back. I’ll sell it to you cheap. Hundred dollars.’ He had a chair, he had everything.

“I agree with him, but I didn’t have a hundred dollars. I was living with this young fellow. He had a good friend, a partner in the State Paper Company. I went to high school with him. I told him I want a barber shop.

“You got a hundred dollars?” he says.

“No,” I says, “I haven’t got it.”

“Tomorrow morning, go to So-and-so Store, pick up a check.’ He knew me, he trusts me. I took that hundred dollars. I became the proud owner of a one-chair barber shop!

“I told some of the guys, ‘I got my own shop!’

“Oh, Danny,” they says, ‘you ain’t going to last a month. Too many barbers.’

“We counted. From Monument Square to Longfellow Square, there were fifty barbers, and I was the fifty-one!

“Two days later, I become a full-fledged barber in my own shop! First week, I made seventeen dollars. That was pretty good, I thought, for the beginning.

“Today, I’m the only one left.”

Soon after arriving in America, Danny met a high school student who taught him the English name for the violin and then how to play. In 1929 Danny joined the Portland Symphony Orchestra and played with the orchestra for 17 years. Now he plays for his own pleasure and it is a common sight on Congress Street to look through his barbershop window and see him practicing. “I started playing and playing and playing. I have fun myself. When I play the violin, I enjoy it.

“I’ll tell you the truth. I don’t want to stay home. I come here to pass my time. Whatever I make, I pay my rent, I make a little money left over, that’s all I care. I am very happy, I make a good living, my eyesight is good, my legs are good, my heart is good. I raised three young girls. Now they’re working for the government, and they all got good job. In fact, I am proud to say my youngest daughter became a secretary of the Secretary of the Navy. That’s an honor.

“I still got a farm, my brother left that to me, and I go over there every weekend because I feel like I was just born there. I was eleven, twelve years old, just like my birthplace. A lot of people stop, they say, ‘You want to sell it?’

“Oh, no! I” I says. “This is where I was born. I came here, I couldn’t speak English, I learned it here.”

“And they say, ‘I don’t blame you.’

“And there you are, this is my story. I’m proud of what I did in this country. I became a good citizen, do nothing wrong. I always did my best.

“This is a wonderful country. Any young man who wants to make a home here, they should be proud to be in this country, because you can get anything you want if you work for it. I became a citizen 1935, when I graduated from high school. Four years later I went and got my paper and became a first-class citizen.”
Our list comes entirely from unassigned and utterly unpaid for reviews. We wouldn’t pay a plug nickel for any of them. And though it was suggested, with merit, we’ve resisted mentioning Burger Kings. This is an informal guide to places where locals feel comfortable enough to sit, eat and talk and not have to worry about looking right, eating right or their wallet. We reply on suggestions from readers. We welcome others. Tell us about the place, what goes on and how it came to be.

ALFRED
Leedy’s. Route 202 in the center of town. Everyone takes their mother here on Mother’s Day. It’s mobbed. The two seaters at the counter are different. Avoid the pies. Hours: Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, 7 A.M.-8:30 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, 7 A.M.-9:30 P.M.; Sunday, 11 A.M.-8:30 P.M.; closed Tuesday.

ANDOVER
Andover Variety Store. “Can’t understand why they call it that because it’s a place to eat,” says Monty Washburn, who tests his fishing stories at the counter every year. “Maybe it’s that you can get a variety to eat.” Addie Feener opens at 6, closes 13 hours later at 7 and does it all herself at age 70. Coffee and hot chocolate go for 25 cents. Ham, eggs, toast and coffee cost $1.50. There’s one lunch special every day.

BIDDEFORD
Christo’s. 66 Alfred Road. Can you believe it? After all these years as the Colonial Hut in downtown, milltown Biddeford, the restaurant owners have joined the “ethnic” restaurant bandwagon. We understand their children are the culprits. Christo’s is the name of the husband-owner. We’re waiting for Pat’s (the wife-owner) name to be given equal space. Other than the change of name, the building is the same. What’s different is the expansion of the restaurant’s trademark of Greek food. Pat and Roger are still cranking it out. Try their homemade spinach pie. The Franco-American club Richeau still meets here weekly. Hours: 8 A.M.-10 P.M. every day except Saturday when open until 11 P.M.

Dan’s. 106 Elm Street. Brash Biddeford Democratic Party politics are argued here. Heaps of cheap food spills over the edges of your plate. Open for lunch. Hours: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 11 A.M.-6 P.M.; Thursday and Friday, 11 A.M.-7 P.M.; closed Saturday and Sunday.

BINGHAM
Thompson’s Restaurant. In the center of town on Route 201. The kind of town on Route 201 where people still talk about the deer that broke through the front plate glass window 20 years ago and ran into the men’s room sending the occupants out with their trousers down. Hours: 8:30 A.M.-8:30 P.M. every day of the week.

BRUNSWICK
Miss Brunswick Diner. 101 Pleasant Street. Fourteen. (10 + 4) stools front a long and short counter. Also several booths. Daily specials listed on board. Misses her old food. A Budweiser beer costs $1.25. Placemat was a puzzle of finding presidents/vice-presidents’ names from a maze of letters showing the shape of a U.S. map. People in three generations of quality meals at fair prices. The sign outside reads, “The Little Place With the Big Plate,” and they aren’t fooling. Lunch and dinner menu from $2 to $11, featuring seafood, steak, poultry and homemade deserts. Take out, too. Grignon’s Taxidermy Trophy Museum on display inside set the tone for an experience in country dining. Dear Mrs. Libby may take your order.

EASTPORT
Waco Diner. (Pronounced Waa-co, not like that foreign place of Waco, Texas.) Bank Square. Water Street in the downtown. Originated as a lunch cart. Name comes from combining founders’ names Watt and Cowell. Until recently, the one place in town where a Budweiser beer is served during the day throughout the year. Locals eat the food. Outsiders often don’t the second time. So much for outsiders. Hours: 6 A.M.-9 P.M. Monday through Saturday; 7 A.M.-11 A.M. Sunday (breakfast only).

FORT KENT
Doris’s Cafe. Route 11 on the way to Eagle Lake. Across from the Dodge Dealer. If need you can grab a room for the night or have your laundry cleaned. You can brush up on your Aciadian French while feasting on Doris’ large succulent omelettes and thick homemade French Toast. Only three bucks. Comes with a smile.

HERMON/ BANGOR
Dysart’s Truckstop. Just off Exit 44 of Interstate 95 in Hermon about three miles south of Bangor. See Salt Issue number 28 for article about this place. Dysart’s own their own fleet of trucks and truc- hers have their own tables. Breakfast is the deal here. One of Salt’s trustees from Bangor says he has a sticky bun here before driving to a board meeting.

JONESBORO
White House. One of readers, Bill Conway, sent us the following review on this place: “Route 1 on way to Machias. Too much good food when you go for dinners. Order light for specials, sandwiches, salads, and you are served tremendous meals. The crackers and cheese placed on table before any order will fill you up—be careful. Plenty of tables with a long counter space.”

KENNIBUNK
Glen-Mor. Route 1, just north of center of town. Good pies. Heavy on the fried food variety. A salad brings you half a head of iceberg lettuce. Rotary Club takes over back room once a week, but there’s plenty more room out front. Hours: 7 A.M.-8 P.M. Tuesday to Thursday; 7 A.M.-8:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday; 8 A.M.-7:30 P.M. Sunday.

Hole in the Wall. Literally that. Route 1 in the center of town. Good, simple food and soups. Carol, the owner/cook, is something. Easy to be in the middle of a minor war of give and take.

KENNEBUNKPORT
Allison’s. In center of town. Dock Square. Bastardized descendant of the old wonderful Chat and Chew. Polished gold rails instead. Don’t expect miracles with the food. Tourist types enter heavily the summer, but locals still dominate the bar. Emmy rules the roost. Hours: Serves breakfast 6 A.M.-11 A.M.; lunch 12 noon-4 P.M.; dinner 6 P.M.-10 P.M. every day of the week except Sunday when open at 7 A.M. Bar is open until 1 A.M.

LUBEC
Tip’s Lunch. Say it isn’t so, but Tip’s has changed hands. The restaurant and name are still there, though. On the land side of Water Street next to the Lubec Narrows. Straight food. Put your feet on a chair and you’ll be told to remove them. Just as you should be. Counter stools and tables. Hours: 5 A.M.-6:30 P.M. every day except Sunday when it’s closed.

MACHIAS
Helen’s Restaurant. Unfortunately, now the New Helen’s just north of the center of town on Route 1. Nothing like the great old Helen’s. But the thick pies with thick topping of whipped cream are still the greatest. Counter area has closest feel to the old Helen’s.

MILBRIDGE
The Red Barn. Route 1 in the center of town. Straight food and a large salad bar. Has a wishing well out front where coins are tossed in. Eat blueberry pancakes in wild blueberry barness’ country.

MACHIAS
The Red Barn. Route 1 in the center of town. Straight food and a large salad bar. Has a wishing well out front where coins are tossed in. Eat blueberry pancakes in wild blueberry barness’ country.

MILBRIDGE
The Red Barn. Route 1 in the center of town. Straight food and a large salad bar. Has a wishing well out front where coins are tossed in. Eat blueberry pancakes in wild blueberry barness’ country.

ORONO
C.D. “Pat” Farrsworth’s Cafe. 1 Mill Street. Established in 1931, then selling ice cream and coffee and cigarettes. Later became a restaurant pizza to its menu in 1953. Now Pat’s Pizza chains are dotted throughout the state. This, however, is the original, and little changed since the ‘30s. Tin ceilings, a long bar with worn formica counter, high red stools, a wooden cigar case with long glass doors hanging behind the counter, and a straight row of rustic booths line the opposite wall nearly forever. Added bonus: two Lion’s Club gum ball machines beside the entrance. Pat is 80 and “going strong,” said his daughter. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. six days a week.

PORTLAND
Good Egg Cafe. 705 Congress Street. “Good for a crowded Sunday brunch,” says one of our
Steve adds. Usually requires patience for tables to clear. Good Bach and jazz music. If that's your music.

DiPhilippo's Ye Olde Pancake Shoppe. For-get that the name conjures up. 617 Congress Street. Breakfast and lunch. Hours: Monday to Friday, 5 A.M.-1:45 P.M.; Saturday, 6 A.M.-1:30 P.M.; Sunday, 6 A.M.-12:45 P.M. "Lunches 10 A.M. till closing But Never on Sunday" says the menu. Counter stools and lots of tables.

Jimmy DiPhilippo's in charge at the cash register hard by the entrance/exit.

"George, you want a table?"

"No."

"You want talla young lady?"

She takes it. Two minutes go by.

"George, there should be something breaking shortly for you."

Port Hole. 20 Custom House Wharf. Near the end of the old Casco Bay Ferries pier off Commercial Street. First name place for people who work on the waterfront. Sit down at the 25-foot counter and before you know it someone will be calling you "deah"—either Russ the owner or Linda the wait­ress or Louise the cook. Speedy comes in at noon.

"Linda has made you your favorite dinner. It's nam today.

"Just sit yourself right down, Speedy."

Breakfast served all day on Saturday and Sunday. Fall and Winter hours: Monday-Thursday: 3 A.M.-6 P.M.; Friday: 3 A.M.-9 P.M.; Saturday: 3 A.M.-6 P.M.; Sunday: 6:30 A.M.-3 P.M.

Village Cafe. 112 Newbury Street. Inexpensive Italian food. You get what you pay for. Serves as a reminder of Portland's Italian community before it was dispersed by housing renewal projects, and a link for the remaining community. Micucci's Italian grocery is around the corner on India Street. Hours: 11 A.M.-11:30 P.M. Monday to Thursday; 11 A.M.-12:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday; closed Sunday.

PORTSMOUTH (NEW HAMPSHIRE)

Rosa's. We realize this is just over the state line, but it's one of the two places outside of Maine that's worth eating at. 80 State Street in the downtown. Straight Italian food. Not the same since recent expansion and renovations. Catch the Memorial Bridge All Stars musical group—a mixture of ages and instruments from piano, trombone, drums, to clarinet. Heavy on old tunes. Play every Wednesday evening.

The Plaza. Main Street. Don't be fooled by the fancy new front. The Plaza is a great old girl in a new hat. The steam that clouds the windows on a winter day comes from the same 50 year-old coffee and water urns that began belching out strong black coffee in 1936. Wooden booths and teak wall paneling are also that vintage. Mashed potatoes, meatloaf and realiable from a can in the two dollar range.

Ray Camiore, the original owner, began business in 1954 using a Hood milk truck, three years before McDonald's arrived in town. Ray recently died from a heart attack, but the place is still going. Biggest bargain: steamed hot dogs. This is pure hot dog heaven with servers you'd think if you met them on the street sold hot dogs for a living. Have hamburgers as well.

SANFORD

Redman's Corner Diner. Corner of Washington Street and Pioneer Avenue in the center of town. Eighteen stools line a long straight counter. There's a gumball machine behind. A couple of two chair tables plus one for four round out the seating options. Hours: Monday to Friday, 5 A.M.-2 P.M.; Saturday, 6 A.M.-1 P.M.; Sunday, 7 A.M.-2 P.M. Breakfast served 5 A.M.-11 A.M. Monday to Friday and all day Saturday and Sunday. Homemade toast rivals Wonder Bread for airiness. Homemade pie: 90 cents. Daily special that day was steak and eggs for $3.50. Highest price on menu is under "Dinners" at $4-50. An 18 Wheeler goes for $3.50.

SEARSPORT

[New Listing]. The Grand Mariner. U.S. Route 1. Our resident exile in Stockton, California sent us the following on this place. "Don't let the sleek diner architectural style fool you. It's just an outer skin. Inside, the place still has much of the feel of their former hot dog van. Ray Camiore, the original owner, began business in 1954 using a Hood milk truck, three years before McDonald's arrived in town. Ray recently died from a heart attack, but the place is still going. Biggest bargain: steamed hot dogs. This is pure hot dog heaven with servers you'd think if you met them on the street sold hot dogs for a living. Have hamburgers as well.

Saco

The Plaza. Main Street. Don't be fooled by the fancy new front. The Plaza is a great old girl in a new hat. The steam that clouds the windows on a winter day comes from the same 50 year-old coffee and water urns that began belching out strong black coffee in 1936. Wooden booths and teak wall paneling are also that vintage. Mashed potatoes, meatloaf and realiable from a can in the two dollar range.

Rapid Ray's. Center of Main Street. Gussied up from former elongated super mobile unit of duo Rapid Ray and Dynamite Don. Part of the gentrification look for Saco which no one thought possible three years ago. Don't let the sleek diner architectural style fool you. It's just an outer skin. Inside, the place still has much of the feel of their former hot dog van. Ray Camiore, the original owner, began business in 1954 using a Hood milk truck, three years before McDonald's arrived in town. Ray recently died from a heart attack, but the place is still going. Biggest bargain: steamed hot dogs. This is pure hot dog heaven with servers you'd think if you met them on the street sold hot dogs for a living. Have hamburgers as well.

SEABOAG

Galli's Variety/Cafe. Intersection of Routes 35 and 114. $1.69 breakfasts 6 A.M.-11 A.M. Walk past the variety store to the four or five tables by the beer cooler in back. Lunch and dinner from 11 A.M.-9 P.M. Twenty five cent coffee all day long. Real food for real men. Local fishing stories are also that vintage. Mashed potatoes, meatloaf and realiable from a can in the two dollar range.

Saco

The Plaza. Main Street. Don't be fooled by the fancy new front. The Plaza is a great old girl in a new hat. The steam that clouds the windows on a winter day comes from the same 50 year-old coffee and water urns that began belching out strong black coffee in 1936. Wooden booths and teak wall paneling are also that vintage. Mashed potatoes, meatloaf and realiable from a can in the two dollar range.

Rapid Ray's. Center of Main Street. Gussied up from former elongated super mobile unit of duo Rapid Ray and Dynamite Don. Part of the gentrification look for Saco which no one thought possible three years ago. Don't let the sleek diner architectural style fool you. It's just an outer skin. Inside, the place still has much of the feel of their former hot dog van. Ray Camiore, the original owner, began business in 1954 using a Hood milk truck, three years before McDonald's arrived in town. Ray recently died from a heart attack, but the place is still going. Biggest bargain: steamed hot dogs. This is pure hot dog heaven with servers you'd think if you met them on the street sold hot dogs for a living. Have hamburgers as well.

SEABOAG

Galli's Variety/Cafe. Intersection of Routes 35 and 114. $1.69 breakfasts 6 A.M.-11 A.M. Walk past the variety store to the four or five tables by the beer cooler in back. Lunch and dinner from 11 A.M.-9 P.M. Twenty five cent coffee all day long. Real food for real men. Local fishing stories are exchanged daily; both fact and fiction.

It's 7:00 one recent morning and a portly, bearded man walks in wearing an orange cap, baggy blue trousers and a black and red checked jacket. He smiles broadly as he rounds the corner to find his friend Walter mixing with some locals over coffee.

"Hey, how are ya Walt," he says.

"Not too bad, Ben. I'd be better if this rain would let up. What've you been up to anyway?"

"Took my youngest out on the lake last week salmon fishing. Had fair luck anyway, brought in a small one. It's too cold still."

"Now that you two are settled down, would you care for breakfast this morning?" says owner Dan Galli.

"Not for me, thanks," says Walt.

"Two eggs over medium," says Ben, lighting a cigarette while helping himself to a cup of coffee.

"Yea, I was up around Bangor last week and thought I'd scout for this pond I'd heard so much about." began Ben. "I finally found it and damn if it wasn't still iced over! Jesus, you know I don't think the sun's been in there for years. All that bushwacking and I didn't even wet a line."

"Well, says Walt, "just because ice out came at Sebago in April, there's no tellin' if it will ever come to them dark bogs!"
Guide to Maine Inns

The Really Important Places

Majestic homes, splendid country inns, fine furnished historic guesthouses, and cozy Victorian rooms — all filled with authentic period antiques and furnished with period antiques. Perennial gardens, home-baked breakfasts, and beautifully landscaped grounds. $74 to $140 for two. Open May to mid-November.

Ricker House, Cherryfield, P.O. Box 256, 207-546-2780. Innkeepers: Jean and Bill Conway. An 1803 colonial style home built by blacksmith Amaziah Ricker. One of the oldest homes in the area. Grounds border the Narraguagus River, famous for salmon. In the heart of Maine's blueberry country. A comfortable Downeast lodging with full country-style breakfast served each morning. $35 single, $40 double. Open year round.


McGilvery House, Searsport, Route 1, 207-546-6289. Innkeepers: Susan Omness and Steven McGilvery. The Captain William McGilvery House, built in 1860, is one of the best examples of mansard architecture in central and north coastal Maine. McGilvery was a Searsport ship owner and builder. He and his four brothers were all ship captains. Spacious guest rooms, some with ornate marble fireplaces and views of Penobscot Bay. Shared or private bath available. Home baked continental breakfast. $45 double. Open May through October.

Bagley House, Freeport, R.R. 3, Box 269C, 207-865-6566. Innkeeper: Sigurd A. Knudsen, Jr. Built by Israel Bagley in 1772, it is the oldest house in the area and has served as an inn and a schoolhouse. The area's first worship services were held next to the house. Set in the country on six acres of fields and woods, the Bagley House offers five antique filled guest rooms with both private and shared baths. Full breakfast is served to all guests. A splendid country home. $60 to $80 double, lower off season. Open year round.

Bagley House Bed & Breakfast

Peace, tranquility, & history abound in this magnificent 1772 country home.

RR 3, Box 269C
Freeport, ME 04032
(207) 865-6566

The Captain Lord Mansion

An Intimate Maine Coast Inn

- Our inn is nationally recognized for quality and hospitality.
- AAA has awarded our inn a ★★★★★ ★★★★★ ☆☆☆☆☆ rating for 8 consecutive years.
- Country Inns B&B magazine in their Jan/Feb '89 issue rated our inn as one of the top 10 inns in North America.
- We extend a special invitation to Salt readers to experience our inn this winter. Call now for winter rates.

Bev Davis & Rick Litchfield
Innkeepers

(207) 967-3141
P.O. Box 800
Kennebunkport, Maine 04046

Portland’s west end

46 Carleton Street
Portland, Maine 04102

INN ON CARLETON

Bass Harbor, Route 102A. 207-244-7261. Innkeepers: Doris and Warren Townsend. Spacious 21 room home built by Captain Richardson in 1780. Situated on the shore of Bass Harbor, bordering Acadia National Park. Six comfortable rooms with period furnishings, 4 shared baths. Mr. Townsend said the place looks just like it registered by Greater Portland Landmarks as the Barbour/Milliken House, circa 1884. Stunning interior design retains the architectural integrity while lending a decidedly contemporary flavor. Truly unique accommodations. Six guest rooms, antiques, fine linens. Full continental breakfast. $95 double, $85 off season. Open year round.

Kennebunk Inn, Kennebunk, 45 Main Street. 207-985-3551. Innkeepers: Angela and Arthur LeBlanc. Located in the heart of Kennebunk, the Inn has been a landmark since 1799. Nationally renowned for its fine dining room and charming, historic accommodations, the Kennebunk Inn offers a variety of guest rooms with many antiques and fine furnishings. $45 to $98 double, lower off season. Open year round.

The Captain Lord Mansion, Kennebunkport, P.O. Box 800. 207-967-3141. Innkeepers: Bev Davis and Rick Litchfield. Built in 1812 by Captain Nathaniel Lord. 16 spacious guest rooms, all with private baths. 14 working fireplaces, octagonal cupola, blown glass windows, hand pulled working elevator, and other unique architectural features (Don't forget to see the gold vault). Full family style breakfast with freshly baked muffins and breads. Each room is richly appointed with period reproduction wallpapers and quality antiques. $90 to $189 per room, May through December. Lower off season. Open year round off season. Open year round.

Pointy Head Inn, Bass Harbor, Route 102A. 207-244-7261. Innkeepers: Doris and Warren Townsend. Spacious 21 room home built by Captain Richardson in 1780. Situated on the shore of Bass Harbor, bordering Acadia National Park. Six comfortable rooms with period furnishings, 4 shared baths. Mr. Townsend said the place looks just like it registered by Greater Portland Landmarks as the Barbour/Milliken House, circa 1884. Stunning interior design retains the architectural integrity while lending a decidedly contemporary flavor. Truly unique accommodations. Six guest rooms, antiques, fine linens. Full continental breakfast. $95 double, $85 off season. Open year round.

The Really Important Places

Pointy Head Inn, Bass Harbor, Route 102A. 207-244-7261. Innkeepers: Doris and Warren Townsend. Spacious 21 room home built by Captain Richardson in 1780. Situated on the shore of Bass Harbor, bordering Acadia National Park. Six comfortable rooms with period furnishings, 4 shared baths. Mr. Townsend said the place looks just like it registered by Greater Portland Landmarks as the Barbour/Milliken House, circa 1884. Stunning interior design retains the architectural integrity while lending a decidedly contemporary flavor. Truly unique accommodations. Six guest rooms, antiques, fine linens. Full continental breakfast. $95 double, $85 off season. Open year round.

The Captain Lord Mansion, Kennebunkport, P.O. Box 800. 207-967-3141. Innkeepers: Bev Davis and Rick Litchfield. Built in 1812 by Captain Nathaniel Lord. 16 spacious guest rooms, all with private baths. 14 working fireplaces, octagonal cupola, blown glass windows, hand pulled working elevator, and other unique architectural features (Don't forget to see the gold vault). Full family style breakfast with freshly baked muffins and breads. Each room is richly appointed with period reproduction wallpapers and quality antiques. $90 to $189 per room, May through December. Lower off season. Open year round off season. Open year round.

The Really Important Places

Pointy Head Inn, Bass Harbor, Route 102A. 207-244-7261. Innkeepers: Doris and Warren Townsend. Spacious 21 room home built by Captain Richardson in 1780. Situated on the shore of Bass Harbor, bordering Acadia National Park. Six comfortable rooms with period furnishings, 4 shared baths. Mr. Townsend said the place looks just like it registered by Greater Portland Landmarks as the Barbour/Milliken House, circa 1884. Stunning interior design retains the architectural integrity while lending a decidedly contemporary flavor. Truly unique accommodations. Six guest rooms, antiques, fine linens. Full continental breakfast. $95 double, $85 off season. Open year round.

The Captain Lord Mansion, Kennebunkport, P.O. Box 800. 207-967-3141. Innkeepers: Bev Davis and Rick Litchfield. Built in 1812 by Captain Nathaniel Lord. 16 spacious guest rooms, all with private baths. 14 working fireplaces, octagonal cupola, blown glass windows, hand pulled working elevator, and other unique architectural features (Don't forget to see the gold vault). Full family style breakfast with freshly baked muffins and breads. Each room is richly appointed with period reproduction wallpapers and quality antiques. $90 to $189 per room, May through December. Lower off season. Open year round off season. Open year round.

The Really Important Places

Pointy Head Inn, Bass Harbor, Route 102A. 207-244-7261. Innkeepers: Doris and Warren Townsend. Spacious 21 room home built by Captain Richardson in 1780. Situated on the shore of Bass Harbor, bordering Acadia National Park. Six comfortable rooms with period furnishings, 4 shared baths. Mr. Townsend said the place looks just like it registered by Greater Portland Landmarks as the Barbour/Milliken House, circa 1884. Stunning interior design retains the architectural integrity while lending a decidedly contemporary flavor. Truly unique accommodations. Six guest rooms, antiques, fine linens. Full continental breakfast. $95 double, $85 off season. Open year round.
might have 200 years ago. “We’re just a mile from Bass Harbor Headlight,” he said, “easy to find.” Full country style breakfast. $35 to $65 double. Open early May through November 1st.

Brewster Inn, Dexter, 37 Zions Hill, 207-924-3130. Innkeeper: Mary Ellen Beal. This 19 room mansion built in the 1840s was remodelled by the famous Maine architect, John Calvin Stevens, in 1935. He also designed the gardens with Greek-style arbors and garden seats. The mansion is the former home of Senator Ralph Owen Brewster who was governor of Maine in the 1920s. It has eight guest rooms with period features and antique furnishings. Full breakfast served. $50 to $75 double. Open all year, with reservations required November through April.

Captain Drummond House, Phippsburg Center, Parker Head Road, P.O. Box 72, 207-389-1394. Innkeeper Donna Dillman. High on a bluff overlooking the Kennebec River, the inn is minutes from sand beaches and historic forts. It is believed to be the former site of the McCobb Tavern, named after one of the area’s earliest settlers, James McCobb. The restored 1792 country home, occupied for many years by the Drummond family has four guest rooms decorated with folk art and fine antiques. Donna says the handsewn quilts go on all the beds in the fall to ward off the winter chill. Six working fireplaces. Full gourmet breakfast with fresh baked breads. $65 to $85 double. Open May through October and during the winter months by appointment.

Samuel Newman House, Brunswick, 7 South Street. 207-729-6959. Innkeeper: Ann Greacen. A federal style house on grounds adjoining the Bowdoin College campus. It was built in 1821 by noted Brunswick architect, Samuel Melcher, for Bowdoin professor, Samuel Melcher. “The house has passed through the hands of numerous Bowdoin professors,” says Anne Greacen, “and the constant flow of Bowdoin guests and lecturers lends a certain academic feeling to the place.” Seven casual guest rooms with fine furnishings. Continental breakfast served with fresh baked breads and homemade jam. $35 to $50 per night. Open year round.

Todd House, Eastport, Todd’s Head. 207-853-2328. Innkeeper: Ruth M. McNiss. In the easternmost city of the United States, this old inn is on a bluff overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay with splendid views of incoming vessels and Canadian islands. It was built in 1775 as a cabin with a huge center chimney, later converted to its present size. Townsend people gathered here in 1801 to charter Eastern Lodge Number 7 of the Masonic Order. Full breakfast served before the big fireplace in the common room, with home baked goods. Five guest rooms with many original features and fine furnishings. Don’t forget to ask Ruth McNiss to let you have a look at her mysterious front staircase! $35 to $45 double. Open year round.

Inn at Parkspring, Portland, 135 Spring Street. 207-774-1059. Innkeeper: Wendy Wickstrom. In the heart of Portland, close to museums and movies, this three story townhouse built circa 1845 reflects popular 19th Century Portland architecture. Seven comfortable guest rooms with fine furnishings, most with private bath. Continental breakfast served daily. $80 to $90 for two, lower off season.

Royal Brewster Bed & Breakfast Inn, Bar Mills, Box 307. 207-929-3012. Innkeepers: Bill and Marian Parker. Marian is from the English countryside and brings to the Royal Brewster all the charm and hospitality of an English bed and breakfast inn. Four spacious corner rooms in this splendid Federal period mansion, circa 1808. Full breakfast served daily. Located in the historic Tory Hill section of Buxton, only a few minutes from Portland. Bill Parker sees his inn that lets people “enjoy the attractions be day, but come back to the country at night.” And there’s a lot of beauty out his way.” $65 double. $55 winter months. Open year round.

Crocker House Country Inn, Hancock Point, 207-422-6806. Innkeeper: Richard Malaby. The Crocker House is located at the end of the old express line between Washington D.C. and Bar Harbor which ushered vacationers to the Mount Desert area between 1885 and the early 1920s. The carefully restored 1884 Inn has ten guest rooms, all with private bath and period antiques. Full breakfast served daily. Evening dining offered in the Inn’s dining room. $68 for two. Lower off season rates. Open from mid April to New Year’s Eve.

Maine Stay Inn, Kennebunkport, Maine Street, P.O. Box 500A. 207-967-2117. Innkeepers: Lindsey and Carol Copeland. On the quiet end of the street, close enough to the river, ocean bluffs and small shops (as well as President Bush’s home on Walker’s Point) to walk to them if you want or enjoy the less travelled part of the village if you want. Built in 1860 by Melville Walker, the inn has square block Italianate architecture, with Queen Anne colonial revival added in the early 1900s. The cupola was used to spot rum-runners during Prohibition. Antique filled guest rooms with private baths. Cottages also available. Buffet breakfast served to all guests. Inn rates $75 to $125 double, $95 to $125 two to four. Open April to mid December and on weekends only, late December to March.

Our 2nd Season Speaks for Itself.

"Ambience Outstanding - Food SUPERB - The beautiful table setting (dancing serving plates) created anticipation for good things to come - and they did - a wonderful dining "experience." Greg Giorgio, Wilmington, MA 1989

"Last Year an adventure - This year a tradition." Greg Giorgio, Wilmington, MA 1989

Luncheon & Dinner Mon. thru Sat. and Sunday Brunch & Dinner

Follow Rte. 9 to Cape Porpoise, Pier Rd. to the harbor
Cape Porpoise Harbor, Kennebunkport 967-6500
THE SALT PILE
BACK ISSUES, BOOKS & BINDINGS

The Salt Two book (hardbound, 433 pages) sells for $14.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. The cost of back issues is $3.00 each plus $.50 shipping, with the exception of Nos. 21 & 22 (Eastport for Pride) that costs $6.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. Library rates for back issues are available. Binders (each holds 8 issues) are available for $9.25 including shipping cost.

No. 1:—Sold Out.
No. 2:—Sold Out.
No. 3:—Sold Out.
No. 4:—Farming with Clifford Jackson; How to Build a Lobster Trap (Stilly Griffin); Dowsing (Gordon MacLean and George Martin); Wildwood Chapel; Blueberry Hill Ghosts; Wild Honeybee Hunt (Monty Washburn); Charcoal Making (Ava Ross); Cottage Cheese (Eleanor Nedeva); Masonry (Wille Grenfell).
No. 5:—The Forks; Bear Trapping (Russell Kennedy); Old Bottles (Ted Towne); Willis Gowen’s Drugstore; Making Flintlock Guns; Wild Honeybee Hunt (Monty Washburn); Arthur Fretwell’s Wooden World; Gooch’s Beach.
No. 6:—Sold Out.
No. 7:—Maine Barn Raising; Bean Hole Beans; Perkins Tide Mill; Early Greek Immigrant in Maine (Pericles Economos); Snowshoe Making.
No. 8:—Sold Out.
Nos. 9 & 10:—(Bicentennial Issue) North Haven Island; Goat Island Lighthouse; Gill Neck; Maine Maple Pudding; Sam and Hazel Wildes; Designing with Shells; Ships in Bottles (Richard Nickerson); Boat Building (Herb Baum); Logging (Grover Morrison); Horse Pulling (Dick Wallingford); New Sweden; Making Maple Syrup; Cluny McPherson in Potato Land; Basket Making; Making Pota­to Barrels; Stone Walls; Country Auctions (George Martin).
No. 11:—Dragging (Lester Orcutt); Fiddleheading; Making Bait Bags (Ada Foss); Making a Duck Blind; Willie and Elizabeth Ames; Whistle Making.
No. 12:—Tuna Fishing (Ken Hutchins); Butter Making (Mary Turner); Stone Walls (Mortared); Fly Tying (Martin Pieter); Porcelain Figures; Sail Making; Sumach Sap Spiles.
No. 13:—River Driving (12 chapter se­ries); Cider Making; Old Time Christmas (interviews with scores of Salt’s people about Christmas 50 and 60 years ago).
No. 14:—Grandfather’s Golden Earring; Marie Gallaros; 50 Years in the Mills; Filling a Tree; Paddle Making; Cod Liver Oil; Ken Berdeen’s Lilacs; Swan’s Island (Part 1); Maine Diner.
No. 15:—Fishing Cutting: Laying the Keel; Swan’s Island, Part 2 (Ruth Moulden, Walter Stinson, Basil Joyce and Edwin Goot); Country Sawmill.
No. 16:—Indian Island, Madasa Sapiel, Clan Mother of the Penobscots; Medicine Man (Senabeh Francis), Part 2; Ships in Bottles; Fishermen’s Superstitions; Fire of ‘47; Metal Spinning.
No. 17:—Friendship Sloops (Ralph Stanley); Rigging the Endeavor; Sam Polk; When You’re Married to a Fisherman; Stencil; Medicine Man (Senabeh Francis), Part 2.
No. 18:—Cecil Kelley’s Tales; Digging Clams with Jake; Greek Easter; Fly Casting; Wreck of the Schooner Charler; Sam Miller, the Minstral Man; Alewifes; Bertha Guerin; Lofting a Boat; Helen Perley.
No. 19:—Mount Desert Island; Draper Liscumb; Bar Harbor’s Art Deco Theater; Evelyn Turner; Clarence Roberts; Plastering (Maurice Gordon); Pottery Making.
No. 20:—(Tenth Anniversary Issue) Gems of Cape Porpoise (Harbor Islands); Alberta Redmond; Tower Clocks of the Kennebunks; Salt’s New Home; Semester in Maine; In Search of the 20th Century Penobscot.
Nos. 21 & 22:—(Eastport for Pride) East­port: Then and Now; Inside a Sardine Fac­tory; Politics, People and Pittston; Revival of the Minstrel Man; Alewives; Bertha Guerin; Lofting a Boat; Helen Perley.
No. 23:—(I Could Never Call Myself a Yankee) Five Immigrant Experiences: Italians (David Breggia); French Canadians (An­toinette Bernier); Russians (Ilsa Pasechnik); Greeks (John Anagnostis); Japanese (Suzuko Laplante).
No. 24:—Shakers at Sabbathday Lake; Fizhenny’s Store; Weaving (Bessie Swan); blades in Maine (John Gaskill and Geneva Sherrer).
No. 25:—Waitressing (Gladyis McLean); Island Shepherdess (Jenny Ciron); Island Sheep Drive; Lobstering (Casey Stender).
No. 26:—Quilting; Salt Marsh Dikes; Wild Blueberry Harvest; French Canadian Musi­cian (Toots Buthot).
No. 27:—Beals Island Storyteller (Avery Kelley); Fencing the Sea (Lobstermen vs. Musselmens); Maine Says No to Nuclear Waste; One Room Island School (Cliff Island); One Room School Teacher (Ruth Jackson Pinkham).
No. 28:—Storyteller (Avery Kelley of Beals Island); Dysart’s Truckstop (Bangor); McCurdy’s Smokehouse (Lubec); Francis O’Brien, Bookseller (Portland).
No. 29:—(Maine: Myth and Reality): Being Young in Maine; The Great North Woods; The Homeless; UPS Man (Sacopee Valley).
No. 30:—(Tourism in Maine): Colonists and Coneheads; Young workers in the trade; Boynton McKay Drugstore (Camden); Tour­ism on the Seashore and the Lakeshore; Tour Bus; Rustor.
No. 31:—Lost Hunter at Chesuncook; Custom House Wharf (Portland); Repairing engines unseen (Ken Doane); Woman rural doctor (Marion Moulton).
No. 32:—Life at the Summer Hotel; Aire­line Road Tour; Les Acadiens du Madawaska; Lost Hunter of Chesuncook (Part 2); Fifty years a bellman (John Foster); Outsid­ers in Friendship.
No. 33:—The Mall: Community and the Concrete Beast; Vessals of the Farm; The Farming Edge.
No. 34:—Rural Poverty in Maine:Piecing Together a Year; Following a Social Worker; Single Parent With Child; Staying in School.
No. 35:—(Folk Culture/Popular Cul­ture): Two monuments (Paul Bunyan, Woodman’s Memorial); folk group Schoo­ner fare; Inner Maine (photography); Bingo Fever; Junkyards of Manicured Maine.
No. 36:—Jamaican Apple Pickers; Flea Market; Peaks Island.
Edited with an introduction by Pamela Wood

SALT TWO

This is Walter. The bear is Cuddles. Walter’s struggling to overcome child abuse. He’s also trying to find a home. The two may be the same.

NUMBER 29

On Custom House Wharf, life stays much the same. That’s the way Fonnie likes it. Grime, fish and sweat. Not a place for Yuppies.

NUMBER 30

Six million people come to Maine on vacation each year. Do they make life better or worse for Mainers? How are they changing the state?

NUMBER 31

THE BIG, OLD Summer Hotels are a dwindling breed. They cater to a lost elegance. But some people go without jacket and tie!

NUMBER 32

The magazine about the really important people of Maine. Life at the Mall - Visions of the Farm - The Farming Edge

NUMBER 33

ALLS MAY NOT BE the village square, but people meet in the neon light of the concrete beast to forge the same old links of belonging.

NUMBER 34

One in every five rural Mainers is poor. Like Monica, struggling to get by. Christmas rubs in the difference between having plenty and little.

NUMBER 35

Big Paul Bunyan, Maine “folk hero,” is an ad salesman’s product. His nemesis stands in the heart of the great North Woods.

NUMBER 36

Flea Markets are as Maine as pine trees and lobsters. What’s a flea? “Anything that’s been used, abused and ready for resale.”
Most Magazine Christmas Covers Are Pretty Much the Same.

A Few Aren't.

The caring gift for Christmas with more than glitter and glitz. Individual subscription $12/4 issues. Salt Magazine, P.O. Box 4077, Station A, Portland, Maine 04101. (207)-761-0660. Ask for Tim.