

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL IV NO 5 MAR-APR '86
 "And smale fowles maken
 melodge..." - Chaucer

TAKING THE PLUNGE

MEMORABLE MARRIAGE MOMENTS OF WELL-KNOWN MISSISSIPPANS

Jackson, Miss. The above is the title & subtitle of a series in a Mississippi magazine, and since Uncle Lewie is one of the most well-known Mississippians, they naturally asked him. The following is Lew's article, with some lay pertole, and a little poetic license (Pat & Lew were married in 1949, a year ahead of Jackie.) Great tale, Lew! And the ENNEEd can vouch for it.

Lewis Dalvit, conductor of the Jackson Symphony Orchestra—My wife, Pat, claims she fell in love with me when she was twelve. For proof, she produces her seventh-grade diary whose pages bulge with blurry snapshots of my childhood home, obviously taken by someone crouched low in the backseat of a moving car. She says she always hoped I would miraculously appear in the developed pictures, but I never did.

On close examination of one photo, a portion of my mother can be seen sweeping leaves off the sidewalk.

Pat recalls those byegone days, particularly Sundays after church when over the indignant protests of her hungry brother and sisters she would persuade her parents to detour blocks out of their way for a family 'viewing of Lewie's house before heading home to a delayed Sunday dinner.

At that time I never realized I was the object of Pat's affections, and ten years (and several wars) went by before I called her for a date. I am told that as soon as Pat hung up the phone, she ran screaming into the winter closet. Her hysteria lasted at least a half-hour while bewildered family members shouted into the coats trying to find out what was the matter.

After a short courtship, I asked Pat to marry me. She says that the excitement must have been too much for her, for shortly thereafter, she fell ill and we had to postpone the wedding for two years. During our interminable engagement, both Pat's sisters became



betrothed and then married. Still in delicate health, Pat managed to struggle down the aisle as maid of honor at these weddings, with all of us anxiously keeping a close eye on her for any signs of imminent collapse.

I had become a rather indispensable family fixture by then. Supporting Pat, being Pat's Rock of Gibraltar had gradually become my role, much to the relief of her father who leapt at the chance to shift this heavy responsibility to someone else.

I basked in parental gratitude and worked hard to enhance my solid and dependable image.

Fortunately, Pat was restored to glowing health just in time for our wedding. Her extensive experience as a bridesmaid to sisters and friends had shown her how to perfect and star in her own coming pageant. She had labored lovingly over every detail and to surprise me, kept all preparations top

secret. In fact, so little was discussed about the ceremony that I simplistically assumed it would be small and intimate.

The appointed day finally arrived. I donned my formal coat with the flower in the lapel and confidently drove off to the church, in my own mind, a macho knight on a white charger. Although I arrived in plenty of time, there were no parking spaces anywhere, not next to the church, not in the church parking lot, nor in any of the side streets as far as the eye could see. A police officer was directing traffic while another was helping herd throngs of people I had never seen before into the chapel vestibule. My visions of an intimate little wedding rapidly began to fade.

The ceremony began punctually. As rehearsed, I emerged with my best man from a small door near the altar and stood looking expectantly up the aisle. Unlike rehearsal, the pews on either side of the walkway were now bedecked with white flowers and ribbons, and not only was every seat filled, but there also

situation. In fact, I had been congratulating myself on my (Cont on P. 2)

was a jostling mass of humanity standing wall to wall at the back.

Unhappily, there is no satisfactory "white knight" or "macho" conclusion to my story. Until the Wagner wedding march thundered forth with all stops out, I had still felt in control of the

MARRIAGE can't from P.1

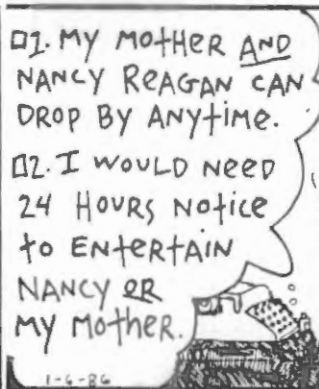
flexibility, for I had been making a series of careful emotional adjustments from the moment I illegally parked my car on the library lawn and dashed into the church until the moment when Pat appeared, poised and beautiful, on her father's arm at the head of the aisle. But during the Wagner, something totally unexpected happened. All of a sudden, just as my bride began to move toward me, all the ribboned flowers lining the aisle simultaneously burst into radiant, theatrical light. This shock was my undoing. Tears started to roll down my cheeks, and I was unable to stop them. Our vows were spoken, but mine were choked and barely audible.

Although it had been feared that Pat might break down during the ceremony, no one need have worried. It was the white knight, the Rock of Gibraltar, who had crumbled. Pat's eyes remained clear and her grasp on her new husband's arm firm and strong as she propelled him, still fighting tears, down the aisle and out of the church.

ERMA UNDERSTANDS!

Page 12 Sunday, March 23, 1986

SYLVIA



EDITOR MISSES NEPAL; DOES SOMETHING USEFUL

Spfd. It's been a poorish trade, but when the Nepal trek with Jeremy & Wendy fell through, JJ made a quadrennial clean-up of her bedroom. She made no spectacular finds, like last time when she found two loose contact lenses in the dust (missing a year) but did find a lot of mislaid papers, a Master's thesis, books, clothes, etc. It took a week (on & off) and she hasn't yet touched the sheet-covered mountain representing Round Barn book papers. She plans to hold a small dinner-party on the rug, to celebrate its visibility. (Erma Bombeck really zeros in on the problem: "Every item takes a decision: I must join it, sign it, pay it, protest it, answer it, burn it, read it, store it, use it, or toss it out.") JJ also must grade it or publish it!

The State Journal-Register Springfield, Illinois

Trash flow trauma got you down in the dumps?

I finally discovered why I'm so tired and irritable lately. My "trash flow" is at flood stage and it is stressing me out.

I knew if I waited long enough, modern-day psychologists would put a name to my problem, which is how to get rid of all the clutter in my house before it starts to grow.

"Trash flow" has a nice ring to it. What it amounts to are all the magazines, newspapers, file folders, boxes, wrappings, clippings and excess junk that I am reluctant to pitch. Like garbage, I will bury no trash before its time. Most people do not understand the ritual that accompanies every bit of trash around the house. And that's where the stress comes in. Every item takes a decision. I must join it, sign it, pay it, protest it, answer it,



At wit's end

Erma Bombeck

burn it, read it, store it, use it or toss it out.

Some things have a longer shelf life than others.

Take the five garbage bags filled with styrofoam squiggles commonly referred to as "ghost poo." Who in their right mind would throw them out as soon as they are received packed around something breakable? You never know when you're going to send a glass chandelier or a

Ming vase to someone and need them to protect it.

For some reason, the subscription cards that fall out of magazines survive the trash cut. No one seems to know why, but invariably when they fall out, we carefully put them back on the same page so they can fall out again when we turn another page. We save magazines for 15 years and they still have a card in it that says, "If you subscribe before Jan. 5, 1971, you can still have 15 issues at half price."

I am always saving the front pages of newspapers where an earth-shaking event is recorded. I know I cannot outlive its historical value, but I always think it will be a great legacy for my children. (This, despite the fact that one of my kids wrapped their chewing gum in a Bi-Centennial Com-

memorative edition right before my eyes.)

The truth is, the decisions are coming too fast and it's getting harder and harder to channel the items with any order. I am in over my assimilation. The rotation system has gone to pot. I was only supposed to save the coupons for dog food until (a) they expired or (b) I got a dog. The invitation to a party in 1973 should have been tossed long ago. I am too old to renew my subscription to Seventeen Magazine. Am I really going to make a mirror out of the seashells I collected in Florida? Do I need 84 margarine tubs for leftover dishes? Do I really believe Mrs. Butterworth syrup bottles are going to sell for \$175 at an antique fair before I go?

Only my trash flow knows.

The above explains my problem with opening MAIL. Every item takes a decision, and then, action after the decision. IS THIS OUR FAVORITE MAESTRO?



DOWSER MAKES CONVERT(S)

Perranporth, Cornwall JJ isn't sure that Pam Taylor is now a believer, but Jackie has to admit the special dowsing rod dipped in her hands, without her intention, over water! JJ accompanied her host, Pam, to pay a gardening bill, was enchanted by a miniature water mill in the yard (in fact, 2) and then discovered that the son (Charlie Brown, I think I recall!) was often called upon as a dowser. He explained his trade, showed his tools, let Pam & JJ try, over Kudon spots, and with Pam, the rod dipped considerably (not as dramatically as Charlie) and w/ Jackie, it dipped some, a bit tardily. BUT IT DIPPED! Jackie took Meggie back on their way out of town, but Charlie didn't offer more demonstrations. M. did take pix, tho, of the 2 mills, with JJ looking like Gulliver in Lilliput.

RAD RIVALS COLLIER BROTHERS

Bebit Younger readers won't remember the NYC pair, one of whom was found starved in his wheelchair, the other, excavated from beneath tons of newspapers that caved in on him, in one of his tunnels thru the apartment. Trying to find the brothers, searchers found 5 buried grand pianos.



Anyway, RA Dougan is rivaling the Colliers, around his armchair, as the books, magazines, newspapers, & Republican appeals pile up. Keep a path!

BELOIT DAILY NEWS, Thursday, March 20, 1986

PEES ON PAINTINGS

Spfld. The bad news is, Mighty Mouse, closed by mistake in the spare room with no Kitty box, peed on a box of artist Megan T. Jackson's paintings. The good news is, Jackie had covered the box with a plastic garbage bag... but I bet that headline sent Megan into orbit!

NEWS BRIEFS

Chicago Chad Hamblin is taking Japanese in his public high school, and, the ENNL understands, loving it!
Shaftesbury, Dorset, Engl. J.J. found a big book in a used book store, in Navy Life of the Birds by Beloit College's (and Turtle Township's) Joel Carl Welty. It was priced at 35£ (abt \$ 50), had come via Brazil. Carl was entertained to hear of the find. (J.J. did buy it!)

Peterborough, N.H. Megan Jackson is singing in the Monadnock Chorus, the first time she's ever been in a choral group, & enjoying it greatly. The chorus will present two works by Dvorak, & Faure's Requiem, on May 10.
Port Regis School, Dorset, Engl. Our Dorset Correspondents (whose grandchildren attended P.R.) report this: Hugh Perkin's former P.E. mistress now teaches 1st Form at P.R., where Princess Anne's son Peter is enrolled. Every week the children have to write a letter home, & Jackie Williams checks them. When Peter brought up his letter, she said, "But Peter, it's so faint! Why is your writing so faint? Said Peter, 'I'm writing to Granny, and I write faint so that she can't see all my spelling mistakes.'"

IS THIS OUR FAVORITE MAESTRO?



Dalvit leaves post

Lew Dalvit, cofounder and director of the Beloit Symphony Orchestra and for 20 glorious seasons director and conductor of the Jackson Symphony Orchestra, has resigned his position effective June 1.

Dalvit feels his goals for the orchestra have been largely met. He made his announcement early to allow time for the symphony board to plan for a smooth transition.

"Lewis Dalvit's name has been synonymous with the development of a fine musical product for Jackson and the state of Mississippi," said symphony president D. Carl Black Jr. upon receiving the resignation.

Dalvit is credited with nurturing the Jackson Symphony from a small community class orchestra into one of the largest metropolitan class orchestras in the nation. At the same time he aided it in developing its reputation for quality and diversity.

Dalvit has been heralded for his "lasting leadership role." His work and vision of the past 20 years has provided Jackson a brilliant musical heritage for future generations.

Pat Dougan Dalvit, wife of the conductor-director, has been a performer with the symphony, a teacher and a director. She says "Lew will be accepting another position for next season," but she declines to make public announcement at this time about their plans.

Lew Dalvit



The Jackson Symphony "has been the center of our life for 20 glorious years," she says. The decision to move onward to a new position "has been a difficult one," she says, adding that it was filled with excitement nonetheless.

In the next three months, Dalvit has several guest conducting engagements.

He was asked to direct the orchestra for the International Ballet competition. The only four cities in the world recognized by the International Theatre Institute as official international ballet competition hosts are Varna, Bulgaria, Moscow, USSR, Jackson, Miss., and Helsinki, Finland. The competition is June 15-28.

Incidentally, applications from nations around the world have flooded the Jackson office forcing the addition of preliminary qualifying rounds for the competition.

MYSTERY GOWN

Madison, Wt. Jo Dougan Schmidt is in possession of a wedding gown that no one can account for. It's been worn at least once, & Jo can't recall when she noticed it, in its box. She thought Grandma brought up Jackie's, for some reason, but JJ's is in the cedar closet at Chez Nous. It isn't hers or Pat's or any of the grandchildren's that she can determine. Ms. Schmidt asks you all to check your attics to see if you're missing a standard satin and lace gown veil, and if so, to check with her. Also, if any one happens to need a gown, Jo will be glad to give it away.

Beloit On April 5, while cycling on E. Colley Rd between the Hill Farm & Clinton Corners, JJ both saw & heard a meadowlark!

NYC Megan McGuire is taking a children's lit class at Mary Mount. Caitlin is Rowing for Radcliffe; Marcus is living at home & doing odd jobs. He says if he's home a year from now, these his folks can worry! Meanwhile, Demi & Don have a

FULL NEST! Marc is also studying French with his Grandma, Ercell Kullberg.

Reno Continuing last issue's headline story: One of Gillian's profs

greeted her with, "How's the DAR?"

"DAR?" asked Gillian, puzzled.

"Damn Average Raker," said the prof.

Maitland, Fla. Some Campagna

Capers! this Easter: Paula & EA

visited Mig and Herb; EA

brought grandson Ben, Jordan

& Karen Schaffer came with Philip,

Maggie Schaffer Manlove & Jim brought their two. Thirteen to dinner! EA took Ben to Disney World, & there was also a trip to NASA.

Special Occasion: Paula Schaffer

was confirmed in the R. Catholic Church!

Minneapolis Watch for Sam

Mersky's 70th Birthday Bang

in next ENNL!

Beloit Grandma now has a the-

ater style "rope walk" made out

of clothesline, brake drums & posts.

She can get around independently,

& is getting much more exercise.

STOP PRESS! BIG NEWS!

Beckers Brook, G. Exclusive to ENNL:

STEFFIE'S PG! Congrats Steff!

GRANDMA GETS AFFIRMATIVE MAIL



l. to r. Mrs. Carl T. Wilson, NFMC Chairman
Dougan Award; Vera Wardner Dougan, Past
National President, NFMC; and Gary Lakes 1983
recipient Dougan Award. (Heldentenor)

Beloit These two letters came to WVD on the same day, the day after Gary Lakes, magnificent heldentenor, sang with the Beloit Symphony, & Man wasn't well enough to attend: Dear Mrs. Dougan, I was so sorry I did not get a chance to see you this trip. But I hope your health continues to improve. Your many friends told me your greetings. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for suggesting me to sing for the symphony. I recall with great fondness the concert in Fish Creek and your wonderful awards. I have continued to work for the Federation, and will always be grateful for help in my career. People such as yourselves do marvelous things for the arts, and I thank you. Regards, Gary Lakes.

And from Virginia Wolfe, & Harry: We've been missing you at Treble Cleft and hope that Spring will bring you out again. Last evening surely confirmed the value of all your contributions of time, energy, talent, etc., to the National Federation, Vera. And we have to thank Ron also for his support. It was a stunning performance by Mr. Lakes, and you can be proud of your part in it. Affectionately, Harry & Virginia



IS THIS OUR FAVORITE MAESTRO?

GOES TO RAN-SOME COUNTRY

Lake District, England
Meggie Jackson headed North on her own, last spring, & cycled all around the Lake



District: a beautiful area, and she has stunning photos to prove it. She stayed at a big hostel at Ambleside, bought a Holly Howe t-shirt at the H.H. Hostel, and on the train met a woman who the Walkers! She said the lake of & Amazonas adventures isn't

HEY- ISN'T THIS
OUR FAVORITE
MAESTRO?



had KNOWN the Swallows Windermere, but Coniston Waters. (No wonder J.T. never found the North Pole when she tramped all over Windermere in 1955!) Un-

fortunately, Meggie did not get the woman's name & address, so Jackie can't pursue it here. Our land is too lovely to be trashed! In Oxford I visited ENNL reader Maggie Devereux, for a few precious hours, read some of her fine plays & stories, then back to Dorset via Watership Down. Left Perkins for 2 days to cycle down to the coast on a wonderful little road between green hills; carved into the chalk (see Travels, p.5)

TRAVELS MUCH IN CONCORD

Beloit. For the non-literati, that's a Thoreau quote: "I have travelled much in Concord..." Instead of Nepal, Jackie travelled much in Concord, i.e., Turtle Township & Rock County, during spring break '86 -- discovering many a small country road she'd perhaps never traversed before, becoming reacquainted w/others, bicycling mainly. Was reminded that our villages have names as lovely as England: Affton, Avalon, Tiffany, Emerald Grove, Clinton Corners, Johnstown Center. Alas, a lot of them are NONpicturesque, even junky; but no sight in England is any nicer than the Tiffany bridge. Visited a "strange breeds" farm I didn't know existed here -- reduced to deer (no llamas) & was reminded I haven't reported on my solo cycling across the Cotswolds, last June, along remote tracks & am sure no Yankee tourist ever travelled! And visited did not get the woman's a rare-breeds farm near Oxford. In S. England, land & villages are rarely junkyards, even when tourists don't venture. I wish gas stations, derelict cars, etc., could be contained here. Our land is too lovely to be trashed! In Oxford I visited ENNL reader Maggie Devereux, for a few precious hours, read some of her fine plays & stories, then back to Dorset via Watership Down. Left Perkins for 2 days to cycle down to the coast on a wonderful little road between green hills; carved into the chalk (see Travels, p.5) on one is the

NO, THIS IS OUR FAVORITE MAESTRO, AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS OF OUR 3rd ANNUAL "CAN YOU CAPTION THIS PIC- TURE OF UNCLE LEWIE" CONTEST



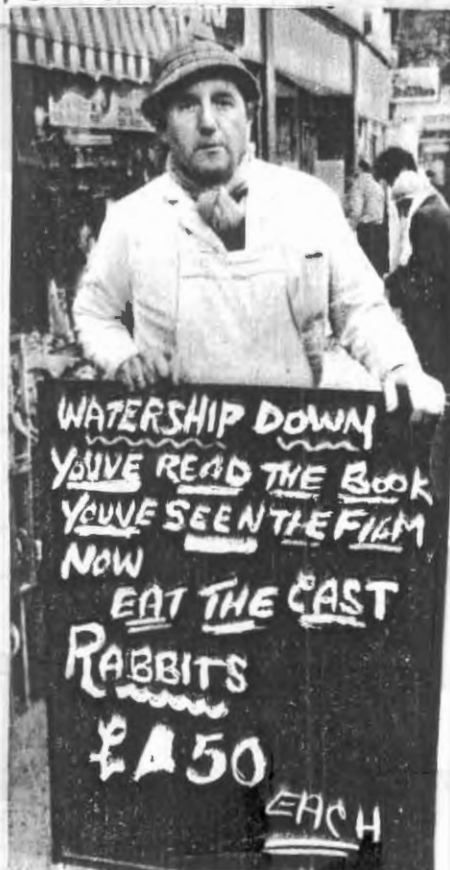
← Here's the picture.

Winner in total number of captions submitted was R. Craig Dougan, with 52 entries. Runner-up was Sam Mersky with 15, who complained, "I really don't have any more captions, but I'll be darned if I'm going to stand by & see Craig or Bobbie or Pat win just because they are 'natural' family and I only 'married in.' In all fairness, Editor, you ought to tell me how many entries the above are sending in. I hate to lose at anything... but I'm getting bleary eyed!" So, Sam, we pronounce you winner in the Family Division, with the caption at the left. Craig wins in the Semi-Vulgar (PG) Division with "What's the white stuff in chalk? That's chalk, too," and in the Vulgar Division (X) with "When you've got them by the —s, their hearts & minds will follow." Runners-up are (from Craig) "Same B.S., different day," "Time flies when you don't know what you're doing," "Look, Ma, one hand," "Talent does what it can; genius does what it must; I do what I get paid to do," "Last year I couldn't even spell 'musician', now I am one," "What left hand?" "Don't start with me, you know how I get," and "Stupid people shouldn't breed." Winner in the Total Stranger Division is Keith Boyer of Ks. City whose entry will be published when I find his buried letter. (See p. 2. for my perennial problem.)

TRAVELS (Cont from P.4) Cerne

Abbas giant, prehistoric, & very naked! Visited Jessie Perkins' old head mistress in picturesque Burton Bradstock... but no room for that story.

REPRINTED FROM LAST ISSUE SO THAT YOU CAN READ IT!



CRAIG HAS TRAVELLED

Below And on AMTRAK! Craig recently visited RAD & VWD at Chez Nous, for a week's took in a medical conference at Madison. EA NOT TO TRAVEL Alexandria, Va. EA, who should be a mission in Israel right now, was notified by TWA (required by the US Govt) & discouraged from going. "It is really very dangerous," The mission seconded this view. EA's presently booked for October.

PAUL TO TRAVEL

Chicago. Paul's off to China in June, w/ a bunch of architects! He's been re-searching, & found that the mission where Gr. Graudt. Nathan Wardner was, in Shanghai, still exists -- as 2 schools & a hospital. And he will visit it! He promises to report exclusively to ENNL, which will scoop words on Wardners. They can have it next.

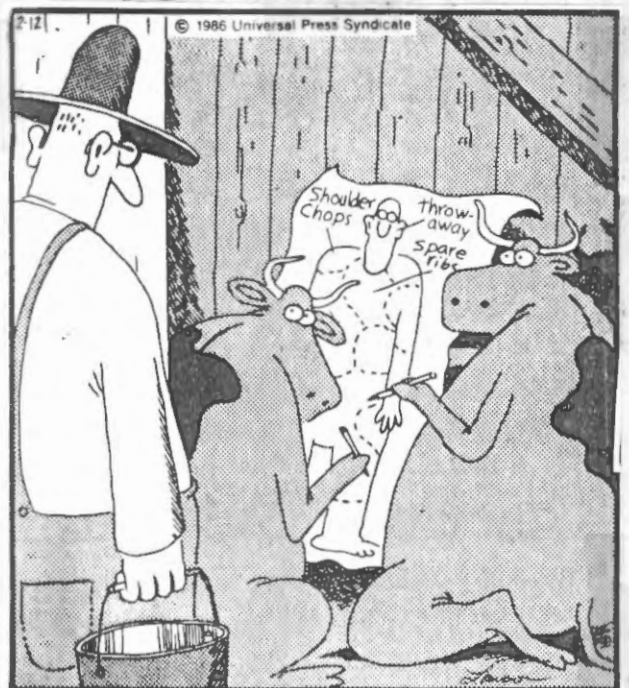
Animal Writes

Dear Charlie, I have just treed a ground hog on the Dougan lawn. Now what do I do?

Coeur D'Or

Dear Coeur, Do you have witnesses who can attest to your veracity?

Charlie Espy
Marin County Humane Officer



Farmer Brown froze in his tracks; the cows stared wide-eyed back at him. Somewhere, off in the distance, a dog barked.

Les Acadiens

This is the 3rd installment of Jeremy's soon-to-be-world-published article.

They usually worked in crews of four or five, sailing a 50-foot schooner out to the fishing grounds and remaining there for a week at a time. They caught cod with hand lines, heavily weighted and armed with two hooks. For the most part, they fished at night, sleeping a few hours at a time, and spent the days cleaning, boning and salting the catch. The cod were bigger then, according to old-timers who remember stories of those days, and a boat would take 600 to 1,000 per day.

In the 1930s, the longline was introduced. Instead of a single hand line dropped over the side, the longline was up to a mile long, with baited hooks every four or five feet. It was set on the bottom between anchored buoys and pulled up once or twice a day. "That was a wonderful change," says Joseph LeBouthillier, who is now retired but demonstrates the old techniques to Acadian Village visitors. "You could see all those fish ahead of you on the ocean at one time, 15 maybe, ahead on the line."

If the fishing was good, however, the income was not — not unless a man owned his own boat, and even then, he had to accept the price offered by the Robin Company. But World War II broke the Robin's 200-year-old lock on the fishermen. The North American supply of European fish dried up early in the war, and several American companies looking for another source arrived in New Brunswick in 1941. They did business in a new way, paying for fish with cash at competitive rates. They also built freezing works, thus liberating fishermen from the drudgery of cleaning and salting. The effects were immediate: incomes rose substantially. By 1955, the Robin Company, sticking to its old ways to the last, was out of business.

After the American companies' arrival, the pace of change quickened. Around 1960, bigger boats came into use — 87-foot draggers with powerful motors capable of trawling deep in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They still caught bottom fish, but on a larger scale. Then, from 1966 to 1970, according to Gerard St. Cyr, director of the Caraquet School of Fisheries, "we had the new fishing techniques, the purse seiner, the crab fisheries, the draggers for shrimp and the Danish, or Scottish, seine."

Fishing revenues leapt as the new equipment and techniques were introduced. There are now about 150 of the big offshore boats working out of the Acadian Peninsula. Including the catches of the numerous inshore fishermen, the area accounts for about 60 percent of the provincial catch. That translates into a market value of some \$180 million per year. Making those numbers really significant, says St. Cyr, is the ownership of Acadian boats by Acadian fishermen. Locally owned boats became possible with help from the federal government, which declared a financial emergency in the area during the 1950s and began an assistance programme. The Fisherman Loan Board bought boats for fishermen, who repaid the loans with a percentage of their catches — roughly 20 percent — instead of being liable for fixed payments. If they caught nothing, they paid nothing. With additional help for insurance, the incentive to acquire new boats was high.

For some Acadians, the programme has paid off handsomely. "We have a lot of fishermen who are millionaires from crab fishing and purse seining and all those things," says St. Cyr. "Yes, there's a lot of money here."

During the same period, the fish-processing plants were purchased by locals. The workers formed unions and began to exercise their political muscle. Two Acadian financial organizations — The Assumption Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Fédération des caisses acadiennes du Nouveau-Brunswick, a credit union — both of which had struggled through formative decades, grew into solid, well-financed factors of the Acadian economy. Their health reflected the general rise in available capital.

It was as if the Acadians, with almost 34 percent of the population, had awakened to realize that they were a significant part of New Brunswick and that collectively, they could exercise considerable power. In 1960, Louis Robichaud became the first Acadian premier of New Brunswick. He ran on a platform of French/English equality. Under his influence, New Brunswick became the first officially bilingual province in Canada. His formula was used as a model for national bilingualism a few years later. The Université de Moncton, also called the Acadian university, was established. So was a French-speaking school system to parallel the English schools. For the first time ever, French texts were permitted in New Brunswick schools.

In 1972, Acadian nationalism took another turn when the Parti Acadien was formed. Its organizers claimed that the French-speaking politicians of the 1960s, having carved niches for themselves in the government, had been co-opted by their own self-interests and had become part of what they should have been fighting. The ultimate answer proposed by the Parti Acadien was not French involvement in



The days of farming have long passed, and today, the Acadians of New Brunswick are inexorably tied to the sea. Top left, a fishing boat awaits repair at the Bas-Caraquet dry dock, while another unloads its precious cargo of snow crab, top right. Lobsters are a main staple of the local economy, and the lobster fleet, bedecked with colourful buoys on homely boats, bottom right, provides a sharp contrast to the high-tech equipment of the other fisheries. But even owners of expensive crab boats must move with the seasons, and Jean-Pierre LeBouthillier, bottom left, ice fishes for smelt while his \$1.5 million Katrena Leslie is in winter dry dock.

New Brunswick's government but outright separation. They suggested the formation of a new province: L'Acadie aux Acadiens — Acadia for Acadians. A line would be drawn across the province, splitting it in half northwest to southeast, with one side Acadian, the other English.

Support for the party grew rapidly. "We wanted to be independent socially, economically and politically," says an Acadian teacher. "It lifted you up; you were always walking three or four feet above the ground. It made a lot of noise. It made people realize that, hey, we wanted our rights." Concurrently, there grew a feeling of solidarity with Quebec; in fact, some suggested that if Quebec separated from Canada, Acadia should join with the new country. In 1978, the Parti Acadien gathered 12 percent of the provincial vote. That was a heady success, but it was short-lived. In 1982, the party lost ground, taking a bare 2 percent of the vote. Its future is now uncertain.

RETURNING SPECTRE

"I think that the party will not exist for the next election," says Louise Blanchard, current president of the Parti Acadien. When asked why, she shrugs: "There is no one paid to organize." When pressed, however, she agrees that the underlying problem appears to be a simple lack of interest. Acadians in general feel adequately, if not well, represented by the Conservative government of Premier Hatfield. Blanchard points out that at least her party has served notice to the province that no government can be elected without the Acadian vote. As for separation: "It can take 30 years, 40 years," she says, but it has to come eventually. "We say that's the only way the culture of the Acadians will survive."

There is another explanation for the demise of the party. Acadians are basically conservative in their outlook. Separation is too radical a programme on which to hang a political philosophy, especially at a time when optimism runs high. "First I'm Canadian, then Acadian," says Martina Dugas of Caraquet, reflecting a common attitude. "Not French, not English, not Quebecer — Acadian." Yet another viewpoint is expressed by Antoine Landry: "I think this is the big difference between the Quebecer and the Acadian. The Acadian people do not throw rocks through windows."

Not throwing rocks and not having rocks thrown at you, however, are two different matters, and in recent months, the old spectre of Francophobia has returned to haunt the Acadian community under the guise of bilingualism. For generations, relations between New Brunswick's Acadians and Anglo-

phones have been peaceful, an amicability recognized when Robichaud established bilingualism in 1969. Although critics at the time complained that the legislation was unenforceable window dressing, the act, which ensured that government services were accessible to everyone in either language, seemed to stir up relatively little controversy.

Lately, however, trouble has arisen as the Conservative Hatfield government prepares to entrench French language rights further, following the recommendations of a 1980 task force. Last fall, several task-force information meetings exploded into angry clashes between Acadians and Anglophones. Newspapers ran headlines about exchanged insults and hurled eggs, and 12,000 Anglophones banded together as the New Brunswick Association of English-Speaking Canadians, an outspoken group established by Len Poore, a Fredericton insurance agent and retired municipal councillor. Of particular concern to many Anglophones are recommendations for increased hiring of Francophones at management levels in government and the imposition of bilingualism as a job requirement within certain areas of the bureaucracy. In June 1984, Poore warned the members of his association that they were in danger of becoming "third-class citizens unless you get off your butts and do something about it."

He points to the increased call for bilingual applicants by the provincial public service commission as evidence that Francophones are getting preference for government jobs. "According to my figures," he says, "67 percent of the population is English and 27 percent is French, most of whom also happen to speak English. Yet 53 percent of recent job openings were classed as bilingual. This report is interfering with our right to government jobs."

Robichaud, now a senator in Ottawa, dismisses Poore and his concerns: "His people are a completely irresponsible but vocal group. Nothing, though, will block bilingualism because it is a fair proposition — fair to both English- and French-speaking people. The only people threatened by bilingualism are those too incompetent to find jobs. They are nincompoops and failures in life and should be ignored."

Acadian activist Aurèle Thériault is less vitriolic but just as firm on Poore's claims of inequitable hiring practices. Speaking as president of La Société des Acadiens du Nouveau Brunswick, Thériault says that while Acadians hold about 30 percent of civil service jobs, they are found in only 13 percent of managerial positions.

"It is a traditional problem that we have to overcome. We have to train our people to believe that they are competent to do the jobs. And competency should be the deciding factor in government hiring. We support at least three objectives of the report. Citizens should be served in their own language. People should have the choice of their working language. And there should be equity in the distribution of jobs."

Above all, it seems, Acadians want to be allowed a measure of independence. From the start, from the time they left France, what Acadians wanted was to be left alone to pursue their own lives. And for a while, they were able to do just that. For the two generations before 1670, France took little interest in the colony, while English interest was limited to the occasional raid. As a consequence, Acadians developed a taste for self-reliance which, for European colonials, was well ahead of their time. When French governors tried to reestablish central control, they met with resistance and complained of *demi-républicain* attitudes in the outer settlements.

It was that way even after the expulsion. The Caraquet settlers lived for a time in hiding; then, when their existence was finally legalized in 1763, they were ignored or exploited for nearly 200 years. Of those expelled, a large number — after spending years as prisoners of the English — were welcomed into France by Louis XV, who saw them as lost subjects. He refused to sign the Treaty of Paris until the English agreed to return the Acadians to France. That done, the Acadians were given land in Brittany and other areas under terms that French peasants of the time might have envied. But the Acadians would have none of it. They were not French, they were Acadian, and when the chance came to emigrate to Louisiana or back to the Maritimes, they left enthusiastically. They preferred to live with less and to lead their own lives rather than to be assimilated into what they regarded as a foreign culture.

Animal writes
Dear Charlie,
My cousin Maffie, many years my junior, wears me out. I am glad to see her come, but gladder to see her go. Can you help me? Cover D'or

The Clanton-Ledger/Jackson Daily News Sunday, March 16, 1986

WE LOVE YOU, LEW!

A Tribute to Maestro Lewis Dalvit Conductor of Jackson Symphony Orchestra Since 1965



Photo by Libby Wilkes

As the Jackson Symphony Orchestra closes its 41st season, it marks the end of the vigorous and innovative leadership of Maestro Lewis Dalvit.

For 20 years, Maestro Dalvit has led in the development of concepts which have placed our symphony among the leading Metropolitan symphonies in the nation.

Through his energy, vitality, imagination and perseverance, he has instituted programs which have taken symphonic music out of the formal concert halls and into a variety of places where people generally gather.

Lewis and Patricia Dalvit's creativity and tireless work sparked not only the orchestra, but provided impetus for the other performing arts in our state. Lewis Dalvit has led us on a cultural journey with a skillful hand, educating and enriching our musical experience. He leaves with an impeccable personal reputation, artistic integrity and a visionary outlook that holds promise for future endeavors.

With deep affection, we wish him Godspeed.

Twenty Star-Studded Years

- * From an orchestra with a budget of \$28,000, Lew Dalvit developed a Resident Symphony with a budget of over \$750,000.
- * He is credited with the rapid expansion of the Jackson Symphony from Community to Metropolitan to near-Regional status.
- * Annual audiences grew from a few hundred locally to a half-million statewide during Dalvit's tenure.
- * Our orchestra season grew from four local concerts to six classical concerts plus several Chamber Concerts, a Summer Pops, Brown Bag, Concerts for Senior Citizens and Kinder Konzerts for five-year-olds. Youth Concerts were presented to 10,000 school children each year.
- * Dalvit's emphasis on the importance of all the arts was a great stimulus to the flourishing ballet, opera and other groups in Mississippi.
- * The orchestra became a prime cultural force in the city and state under Maestro Dalvit.
- * A massive symphony string training program in the schools was named one of the country's best by congressional hearings on the National Endowment for the Arts.
- * Lew Dalvit created six-state piano and aria workshops to provide orchestral performance opportunities for emerging talent.
- * Under Dalvit's direction the Jackson Symphony got nationwide recognition in national publications such as *Musical America*.
- * He organized a professional string quartet, woodwind quintet and brass trio.
- * He helped other cities form orchestral and string programs.
- * Jackson Symphony tapes are available nationwide for educational television.
- * He organized the local Suzuki string program for toddlers.

- * Local concerts and a statewide touring program gave the Youth Orchestra opportunities to perform.
- * He developed and taught college-level cultural enrichment courses in the humanities.
- * He encouraged volunteer groups to launch a number of innovative projects which produced much support for the arts.
- * Lew Dalvit twice acted as conductor for the International Ballet Competition.
- * He participated in a five-state regional competition for American composers.
- * He created a Young Artists Series for instrumentalists, singers and dancers.

Comments from the Arts World:

- "Lewis Dalvit is a sensitive and skillful conductor who commands the music and the performance."
Roberta Peters, 1986
- "How do you get such a beautiful string sound? I used to attend the New York Philharmonic concerts but the strings play with such harshness that it hurts my ears. I don't go any more."
Grant Johannesen, 1985
- "This is the best Brahms I have played with any orchestra!"
Lojin Hollander, 1983
- "I've played with orchestras throughout this country and all over Europe. This is one of the finest accompaniments I've had... You really have something here."
Lili Kraus
- "Appearing with you and the Jackson Symphony was one of the highlights of my season. What an improvement in that orchestra! You do splendid work."
Ralph Votapek, 1982
(First Van Cliburn Competition Winner)

- "Maestro Dalvit is a splendid musician and his sense of style and charm brought much to this glittering (and difficult) very French work. Dalvit is a distinguished musician."
Panayis Lytras, Pianist, 1982
- "The rehearsal and two performances were a thrill for all players. As you know, they played their hearts out for you, and the audience made it one of the most memorable responses in the history of the orchestra."
Crawford Gates, Conductor, Rockford Symphony (Illinois)
- "Word from New York has it that Peter Martins considers Dalvit 'an inspired conductor' and that Baryshnikov wanted him to lead the Fort Worth Symphony as well."
Clarion Ledger

Among those who have lauded Conductor Dalvit's artistry are Cellist Gary Hoffman, Mikhael Baryshnikov, Peter Martins, Vincent Price, Pierre Monteaux, Stuart Sebastian (Dayton Ballet Director), Beatrice Grover (former Manager, Ulster Orchestra, Belfast, Ireland), and others.

- This page is supported by:**
- A group of past presidents of Jackson Symphony Orchestra Association.
- A group of past presidents of Jackson Symphony League.
- A group of present members of the Board of Governors of Jackson Symphony Orchestra Association.
- Many friends of Lewis Dalvit and the symphony from across the state.

The Empty Nest: on top of the News!

24 March 1986

Dear Mother-Dad, We've finally made it to Lhasa, after a reasonably pleasant 4-day overland trip from Kathmandu. Tibet is everything I'd hoped for and more. I'd expected the people to be interesting, warm, mysterious... but I hadn't anticipated the landscape being so beautiful. The sky at this altitude (~~12,000~~ 12,000 to 18,000 feet) is intense blue. The hills, mostly bare of vegetation, range from rich brown to burgundy, yellow, grey, blue-green and other tones, all muted in mid-day but intense at sunrise & sunset. I shouldn't call them hills really. They are mountains, but mostly big & rounded like in Montana, if all the vegetation were stripped off. Here & there a group of much higher peaks rise above the others, gleaming with glaciers and snowfields. Yesterday, on the 4th day of our overland trip, we passed an immense lake of icy turquoise water - obviously very deep - with yellow/red hills & mountains rising on all sides. Many waterbirds - big gulls, grebes, ducks, orange geese. It was a long sinuous lake (the landscape here is all flat-floored winding valleys drained by gravel-bed rivers - lakes are rare) and on the other side, seemingly cut off from the world, were numerous little villages or Buddhist monasteries made of the same stone as the mountains, as if they grew up directly from rock outcrops. The only colors which distinguished them from the landscape were those of prayer flags - yellow, red, green, white - in clumps of bamboo wood on rooftops or in string like pennants.



Imagine
Jerry & Wendy
being in Tibet!



I'm
green.

NO, folks, it's not wallpaper, or Arabic, it's Jerry's handwriting reduced on the Xerox, & you'll need more magnification to read it than you usually do for Empty Nest, but it's a fabulous letter from TIBET, & you don't want to miss a word of it! Exclusive to ENNL (via Jo & Karl), & this issue is STOP-PRESS what with Lewie & Jerry, & taking another stamp! But worth it. The above P.S. was from Wendy, who goes by a variety of aliases.

Our trip has so far been superb, considering the usual difficulties of logistics etc. Khumbu (Everest region) was sheer pleasure. Both of us got into shape for the first time in years. 25 days of walking, 54,000 vertical feet up, the same down. High altitude (almost 18,000 ft) and good spirits. For W, it was her first time in a place without motor vehicles or electricity, where foot traffic is the only traffic. For me, some of the magic from 8 years ago is gone, but it's been replaced by a better understanding of what I see. Now, Tibet...! I understood almost nothing, and everything is magic. The Potala, the 1000-room palace of the Dalai Lama, is a wonder, I've always thought so, from photos I'd seen, but it turns out to be one of those buildings which surpass any expectations. No sense of anti-climax here. We've been in Lhasa less than a day, and I'm going around with my mouth open. Everything I see, I want to stare at. Tibetans are beautiful people - they remind me always of Navajos, but more slender, narrower in bone structure. Some of the women are stunning, even if they are dressed in greasy old sheepskin wool side in - like Eskimos. Combined with the accoutrements of their religion, which remains very strong here, they are the most exotic people I've ever seen. And friendly. Big smiles, strong white teeth. Living here is easy, if traveling here was hard. We're staying at the Snowland Hotel for 5 yuan per night (about \$1.60 each). We ate last night at a noodle kitchen where you walk in to the back room - smoky, dimly lit, half a dozen people washing dishes,

Hi there! Ditto, ditto, ditto. Happy, happy, happy! Love, Carmelita

chopping vegetables, rolling out noodles, grinding spices etc, and one man busy at a wok over a wood fire. You take a bowl from a side board, and fill it with items from about 20 tubs of ingredients: cabbage, sprouts, tofu, peanuts, potatoes, radish, various greens, ground yak-meat and more; and you hand the bowl to the cook. He tosses yak butter in the wok, waits for the foam to subside, and dumps the bowl of veggies into it - followed by garlic, soy sauce, chili, salt, other spices, eggs if you want them, and noodles. That gets dumped back in your bowl. You take your chopsticks, find a seat, open a beer and eat. The cost, with a quart of beer, is about a dollar. Our plans - to spend 2-4 weeks here, depending on transport arrangements. We want to go east, down the Brahmaputra, to have a look at the area around a mountain named Namche Barwa. The river falls something like 10,000 feet in 140 miles in what has to be a stupendous canyon. Then we hope to go west, upriver, in a journey which would take us across the high Tibetan plateau, toward Kashgar, the desert highlands. There's a chance of crossing the Karakoram Range into Pakistan, and going from there to India/Nepal instead of backtracking. In any event, we expect to fly out of Kathmandu home via Thailand around the end of April or early May. You can write to us at: % Kathmandu Guest House, Thamel, Kathmandu, Nepal; or try % Post Restante, Lhasa, Tibetan Autonomous Region, People's Republic of China. Or wait till we get home where mail delivery is reliable. End of page. I'll write again soon. We're having a blast!

J+W