



THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER



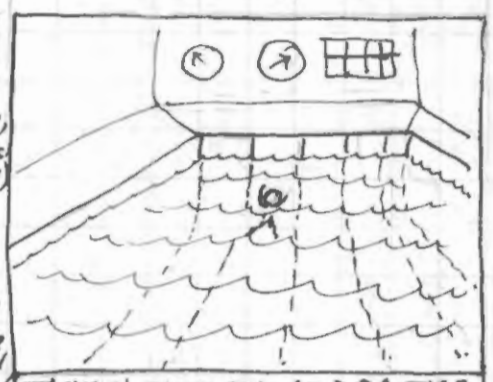
VOL I NO 5 OCT 17, 1982

"The early bird gets the minnow!"

ELLIE ON SWIM TEAM

TRADES GRUEL FOR POOL!

Home r: Ellie Jackson, late of 816 N. 5th, Spfld., now of The Lodge, Dartmouth College, has become a member of the Dartmouth Girls Swim Team. Due to the grueling practice schedule (4 hours a day?) she has given up her job serving cereal at the college cafeteria, which job had improved somewhat in her estimation, as she got to know other students on her shift. Becoming a college athlete does not jeopardize her financial aid; she will be able to go back to work after the swim season. As a member of the team she will compete at such places as Middlebury, Yale, and Springfield Massachusetts - being put up with the rest of the team at hotels. She will miss some gala Dartmouth weekends, such as Winter Carnival. If the whole team gets to go, OR if she proves to be one of the more valued players, Ms. Jackson will travel with the team to Florida, Dec. 8-18 for winter training, at the expense of Dartmouth College. The swim team, however, earns much of its summer money by giving swimming lessons, washing cars, etc. etc. etc. Let's all join in a cheer: **WE ARE PROUD OF YOU, SWIMMER ELLIE JACKSON!**



JACKSON GLIMPSED AT PRACTICE IN POOL DARTMOUTH COL. AP.

JJJ EARN'S EXTRA BUCKS

Spfld. An E.N.N.L. article will shortly appear on the work-shops that JJJ is doing around the country. Meanwhile here is her itinerary for the nonce:
 Oct 8: Lincoln (IL) public library
 Oct 14-16 Grand Forks, S. D., writing conference
 October 22: Reud Lake (near Carbondale, IL) writing conf.
 Oct 28-30 East Lansing Public Schools and Michigan Council of Teachers of English.
 Mid November (tentative): Champaign public schools.

POTTY TRAINING ON MIND

Ashland, Wis. Oct. 11, 1982 (From our Ashland correspondent): Sonja Lynn Yde, daughter of Republican Aspirant Richard Yde, and Kate Schmidt Yde, now two, is in the midst of an "on-again, off-again" potty training regime. On accompanying her father to a men's clothing store recently she climbed under a bench in the fitting room and was thought to be hiding there until her father heard, from the adjacent fitting room, "Why, hello there! I didn't know this room was occupied!" Sonja was called back under the bench, where she saw her father changing his pants. "What are you doing, Dad?" she inquired. "I'm changing my pants," he replied. Sonja nodded understandingly and said, "They wet, Dad?" There was much hilarity in all the other fitting rooms, and even out into the store, where numerous customers heard the exchange behind closed doors. In a related incident, Sonja approached her mother who was sitting on the toilet and asked, "Goin' poop, Mom?" When given an affirmative reply, Sonja instructed, "Go uhhh, Mom" and granted an example. As Mom chuckled, Sonja continued, "Push the poop out!" Her interest in the proceedings continued until her mother stood and flushed the toilet. "Good job, Mom," said Sonja. "I'm so proud of you!"



COMET HAS LONG TAIL

Beloit, Wis.: Vera Wardner Dougan, whose rise in the Federation of Music Clubs at both the state and National level was meteoric, is still attending state & National board meetings and events. Most recent was several days at Devil's Lake, where as parliamentarian she saved the Board from making several mistakes, and would have saved them from more if the president had been paying attention to her parliamentarian.

BIG NIGHT IN BEAVERCREEK

Beaver Creek, Ore: Dr. Craig Dougan and Ms. Barbara Dougan recently got all dressed up and went to spend the evening hanging around the Beaver Creek Feed Store. "We like to have an evening out & get a little excitement in our lives," says Ms. Dougan.

BRESNAHAN VANISHES

Bahamas: Word has been received that Rita Bresnahan, last heard from on a Caribbean cruise, has vanished into the Bermuda Triangle.

MOUSE DISCOMFITTED

Revo: A mouse living in idle compost (Harry's lawnclippings over the fence) was disturbed when Ms. Gillian Jackson tore the pile apart to rebuild into hopefully active heap. The mouse, in an effort to escape, ran up the pile and stayed in one place for quite a while as the dry grass kept slipping out from under his/her feet. Gillian worried momentarily about ruined nests and dying babies until she remembered it was October.

MOTHER'S MILK ON MIND

Ashland, Wis. Oct 11 1982: Joshua Lawrence Yde, age 3 1/2 mo. and nearing 18 lbs., concurs with his cousin Cressida that mother's milk is the best. "Besides," says Yde, "it comes in such pretty containers!"

DOUGAN FOR DINNER

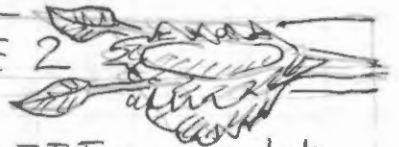
(OR IS IT DINNER FOR DOUGAN?)
 Beaver Creek, Ore: Dr. R. Craig Dougan has received the following epistle: Oct 11 '82. Dear Dr. Dougan: In recognition of your 10 years of service with Kaiser-Permanente Medical Care Program, we would like to honor you at a luncheon to be held Nov. 5. We will gather for luncheon at 11:30 a.m. in the Ballroom at Town Hall, 3425 N. Hawthorn. Presentation of awards will be made after lunch. Please notify Rose Lambert, Ext. 2300, whether you can attend. Sincerely, Marv (Marvin H. Goldberg, MD), Regional Medical Director, and Dan Wagster, Regional Manager.

WE ARE PROUD OF YOU, DECADER DR. DOUGAN!

WATERMELON GROWS IN D. WASKER

Spfld. When J.J.T. went to load the dish washer recently, she was astonished to find a watermelon plant 12 1/2 inches long from end of roots thru stem to split seed still containing the leaves. The washer had not been used in 6 or 7 days, & the seed had sprouted in the moist environment. It is now growing in a vase, & the seed has not yet been snuck off.

THE ED. OF THE E.N.N.L. REMINDS READERS TO SEND XMAS & BIRTHDAY LISTS, ADS, LETTERS, NEWS ITEMS, ETC. PREFERABLY IN BLACK INK IN COLUMN FORMAT, TO SAVE RECOPYING



PLUMBING WOES ON MIND News Briefs:

Ashland, WI, Oct 11 '82: A plumber's visit was required at the Yde household recently, to retrieve a washcloth rused down the kitchen sink by daughter Sonja Lynn, 2. In the Ron Dougan tradition, Sonja's daddy, Richard Yde, set to work on the kitchen sink plumbing, but in the Karl Schmidt tradition, ended up calling the plumber several hours later. The washcloth was found clogging the drains under the basement laundry tubs, where a bewildered plumber remarked, "I still don't understand how this relates to radishes!"

Still another foreign object met with the Yde drains this week, as Sonja apparently flushed a soiled diaper down the toilet. The error was not discovered till the next user attempted to flush. Unfortunately his back was turned at the time and he was unable to correct the overflow in time to prevent a long clean-up job. After several loads of wash containing soiled towels and bathroom rugs, a bewildered Mr. Yde remarked, "We don't know how we avoided a plumber this time, but evidently the drain relieved itself."



"LIFE AN ENIGMA," PRONOUNCES YDE

letters from readers

Dear Ms. Jackson, We are enclosing \$10 to cover the cost of our subscription to the Empty Nest News letter. We look forward to each copy. My husband most enjoys the Beaver Creek News, and says that your reporter must be a most astute and delightful person! Sincerely Yours,

Barbara Dougan, Co-Owning Operator, Mind-Farm Enterprises. DS. A strawberry on top of its head??

Ed note: \$10 gratefully received. Yes, strawberry.

The above from Beaver Cr., Oregon. The ed. acknowledges a letter from her "devoted and admiring niece," Catherine Marie Noel Schmidt Yde, of Ashland, WI, which letter has been lost in the morass of 816 N 5th between the ed's writing up the 1st 3 Yde news items, & the last. The ed. apologizes for having to phrase Ms. Yde's last words,

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE VERSATILITY OF A GOAT BREEDER

(or how much they care)

Goats faint after tree falls on tent

TOPSFIELD, Mass. (UPI) — A one-ton tree toppled onto a tent at a country fair yesterday where 125 people were watching a goat-judging show. No one was injured but two goats fainted, officials said.

The goats were revived by contest officials who applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, fair spokesman Warren Rockwell said.

"They're all goat breeders and farmers and they all know what to do in those situations," he said. "Most of them have been midwives."

The 35-foot tree was uprooted by winds gusting up to 45 mph. It crashed onto the 100-by-25 foot canvas tent at the Topsfield Fair, landing between judges and spectators, Rockwell said.

"ASIDE FROM THAT, NANNY & BILLY, HOW WAS THE SHOW?"
(Clipping contributed by Ms. Barbara & Dr. R. Craig Dougan of Beaver Creek, Ore.)

The Grand parents of Gillian P. Jackson sent the following night-letter to the Jackson/Broteu household: "We would like to join the cowboy Cabal in our own delighted congratulations for the happenings in the Silver Queen. We approve of the 3 birds in the Reno nest! Love, G. & C. & G. & C."

Burlington, VT: A son has been born to Mitchell and Jenny Moore; date, weight & name will be reported in a future ENNL.

Champaign IL: Noqau Jackson reports that she is no longer the star of the music class, but has flunked an ear training test. "I couldn't keep all the 3/4's & 4/4's straight," she confesses, "and then it got into African music!"

St. Paul, MN: Karl Andrew Schmidt, 18 mo. old son of Dana and Julie Schmidt, has decided the prize goes to the 2-legged. He is now totally upright. His father has removed the dining room rug, & lusteded adrain in the middle of the room, & hoses down after each meal of son Karl Andrew.

Attention, DAMARIS JACKSON!
I'm sure you know that a person is innocent until proven guilty.

Hinesburg Pond: There are several more feet of beach at the cottage on Hinesburg Pond, due to leaks in the bottom of the dam. This summer, for the first time in ages, freshwater was clear as crystal. Limnologists credit the cold June, but the Wrights & Hughes are sure it is because the level is down.

Splfd: JJJ is being sued in a class action suit against the East Side Campus' Association, by a couple who want access to a wood lot on the Association road. Association members fear the couple may build cottages or motels. Jackson does not live on the A. Road.

Reno: INSURANCE COMES THROUGH! Pays obstetrician, altho Arthur Skip Broteu did all the work. (Also Gillian Jackson.) The pair are still awaiting the bill from the hospital.

KOPLow KALEIDOSCOPE

St. Louis: On Oct. 16, the Piano Teachers' Forum presented "A Koplw Kaleidoscope" -- piano music by Philip Koplw's Composer in residence at N. Kentucky U. Readers of the ENNL who have not known Koplw from childhood, will recall that he is the composer of the excellent music for J.D. Jackson's musical version of *The Endless Daydream*; he is the Compositorolla. He rolled 'em over in St. Louis, where his music from beginner ditties, through "Faculty Minutes - a Bitter-sweet for Piano," which includes such movements as "Bad News" and "The Budget"; to his concerto for piano & public consort (audience playing chimes, nails, bells, music boxes) left them stunned & wanting more. Koplw, wife Corky, Son Morris and 2 friends spent Sunday night at 816 in Splfd. JDJ could not attend the concert due to being in North Dakota till 5 noon.

Splfd: J.J.J. swam in Lake Springfield on Oct. 18. She reports the experience to be "brisk."

Corvallis, Ore: Trever Dougan's address at college is; McNary Hall, Room 436, Corvallis, Or, 97233. Trever is in the jazzband.

Reno: Gillian & Skip Broteu have recently become the owners of a home word-processor. They say, "Send us all your words to process!"

Splfd: The ed. of the ENNL has bought a shower curtain. Now all that is needed is a shower.

Chatham: Jerry Veach is teaching a class at LLCC.

Champaign: Patty Goll recovered all her stolen jewelry by reporting it to local pawn shops. When the thief came in to pawn, they nabbed him.

Splfd: There is a new pine tree in the back yard of 816 N. Fifth, transplanted from the meadow in Vermont, by JD Jackson & Miss Baldwin.

Baldwin: The tree crossed the country decorated with Christmas tree balls, which Ms Baldwin never noticed. The green bangles had been purchased at a Vermont yard sale by Baldwin.

Reno: Cressida Ingrid Broteu has received her first immunizations, DPT. and Polio.

There has been a request for Rita Bresnahan's address. It is, 9437 S.E. 52nd St., Mercer Island, Wash. 98040, and her tel. number is 702-786-3290.

Reno: Ann Scott, old friend of the Jackson family dating from New Haven days, gave Cressida Broteu an alphabet book, not noticing till after purchase that it contained a round barn in one of the illustrations. Says Scott, "When I saw that I knew I'd made the right choice."

NOTHING ON MIND

Ashland, WI, Oct 11, '82: The mother of the Yde household, Ms. K.M. N. Schmidt-Yde, reports that her mind, being completely addled due to current circumstances, has absolutely NOTHING on it. "Not likely to in near future," she sighs.

SNOOPY! MARBLES!



JUST THINK OF THE MILLIONS OF THINGS THEY HAVE TO TALK ABOUT

AREN'T FAMILY REUNIONS SOMETHING CHUCK? TWO BROTHERS WHO HAVEN'T SEEN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS, ARE SUDDENLY REUNITED!



HOW'VE YOU BEEN? FINE..HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?



Dear Granpa ~~am~~ and Granma,

Sept 20 1982

We have a beautiful day in Butte. The snow clouds that hung so low over the city last week broke up and we've had lovely fall days ever since -- clear skies, cool temperatures. I keep trying to catch fish, but something always goes wrong. I have the wrong fly, or I can't find the place some local told me about, or there isn't enough gas in the car and it's just far enough from payday to keep from filling it.

At first, the job disappointed me. I thought they would put ~~at~~ at least as much pressure on me as the people in La Crosse did last summer. Apparently, they have decided to break me in slowly because I didn't have much to ~~do~~ do last week -- just ran down to the police station twice a night and ~~did~~ copied anything from their reports that looked interesting. They gave me some more responsibility this week and I earned my first by-line Thursday. I will give it more time before I render final judgement on the place.

I get along fine with the people I ~~work~~ work with, though they lack an enthusiasm I have come to associate with newspaper reporters. They ~~go~~ go to bars and buy each other rounds, which is in ~~the~~ line with the best journalism traditions, but they don't talk that much. They shoot pool instead of the breeze, play video-games rather than play off each other's ideas. Something's missing...

Also lacking is a determination to dig up the news. Most of them are content to handle whatever comes up on their beats -- they wait until an official says something or does something before they print it. I have been taught to question everything an official tells you and to try to get past the stuff they hand out to you, or that you can pick up at meetings. Now I'm not saying that the official version of the news should not be covered. I'm just saying that there's more to an issue than what the government ~~concerns~~ concerns itself with.

Thursday, I covered a plane crash that killed a local man. We knew about it at 2:30 p.m. and know where ~~it~~ it had crashed. Even so, the paper never sent a reporter out to look at the wreckage first hand. They failed to send even a photographer. Their excuse: the road leading to the wreck requires you to ride in a four wheel drive vehicle. I would have gone in my little Opel if I ~~hadn't had~~ had to cover a meeting that night. ~~The~~ The way the paper covered this story illustrates what I mean by a lack of determination, enthusiasm. It's as though they figure if there's a good reason not to cover the story, don't cover it.

Anyway, I still feel lucky to have the job. They pay me very well and I will generate enough clips here to get a better job when I want to move on. My fiction writing, while not frozen, moves along in a very sluggish manner. I hope to do more of it when I get this typewriter fixed. The carriage doesn't move very well and the guys at the shop I took it to can't reproduce the problem when they fiddle with it.

How are things out there?? What do you hear from the rest of your brood? Tell Craig that I would love to visit him, but I won't get any vacation for at least a year. Thanks for forwarding the letter to Jackie. Mom gave me ~~her~~ her address before I left, but I misplaced it.

Dick and Katie are thinking about a ski trip out this way in January. If I work all the holidays between now and then, I might get some time to spend with them wherever they go.

Anyway, I should get going. I have to work this afternoon, and I want to get some reading done before I trot down to the police station.

Take care, both of you.

Love, Tom - fit

EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL 1 # 5 Sunday Supplement IA
Tom Schmidt's address: The Napton Apts. #407 25E. Granite St. Butte, MT 59701

Author teaches skills to young, old

By DOUG POKORSKI
Pantagraph Lincoln reporter

LINCOLN — "Feelies," fantasies and physical exercises were all a part of a writers' workshop last week at the Lincoln Public Library.

The workshop, conducted by children's author Jacqueline Jackson of Springfield, was attended by more than 50 area residents ranging in age from 6 to 65. The day-long event gave participants a chance to exercise their imaginations and to enjoy writing without worrying about grammar, spelling and punctuation.

"I'm not worried about those technical matters," Ms. Jackson said. "I want them to get their ideas down in as rich a way as possible. I want them to write what they care about and to enjoy writing."

"Schools emphasize skills," she added. "I think skills should follow content. Concentrating on skills kills content."

Ms. Jackson, who has had 10 books published and teaches writing at Sangamon State University, has been writing since she was 8 years old. Her first book was published in serial form in the Galesburg Post newspaper when she was 10.

Besides teaching, she conducts a weekly radio program on WSSR

called "Reading and Writing and Radio," aimed at stimulating third through seventh graders to write, and to hear their work read over the air.

She calls her own books "people books," explaining that most of them are aimed at an audience of children, but that "when adults read them, they enjoy them."

She said that she tries to put as much variety as possible into the workshops she conducts. She began Friday's session with a discussion of writing, reading some passages from her own work, and a question and answer period.

Her audience, which was mainly children but included eight adult participants, asked questions such as "Is writing fun?" and "Where do you get your ideas?"

The next segment of the workshop was devoted to physical activity, with participants pretending to be automobiles, cogs, screws, pistons and other mechanical parts. This pretending was tied in with Ms. Jackson's book "The Endless Pavement," a fantasy based on the idea of a totally automated society.

After a picnic lunch, participants joined in a game of "feelies." They put their hands in paper bags con-

taining objects such as a warm water balloon, various kinds of fabrics, and honey locust thorns, which, Ms. Jackson warned, would "bite back."

Participants then wrote about feelings they liked best and least.

"Some were not very specific," Ms. Jackson said, "but others were, such as one who wrote about liking 'puppy fur on the tummy, not on the back.'"

Participants also wrote stories or poems about feelings. One, by Lincoln sixth grader Andrew Heinebaugh, particularly impressed Ms. Jackson.

"I hate the icky feel of fresh paint, or the feel of sticky flypaper," he wrote. "A dead ant is not my favorite. Neither is a melting candy bar. Icky as these things are we still must touch the gross things of life. UCK."

The last part of the workshop found everyone lying on the floor with their eyes shut. Ms. Jackson then took them on a fantasy trip to different areas of their minds where they could meet themselves at other ages, and open doors that led to their greatest hopes and deepest fears. Later they wrote about where

they had been on this "trip."

Everyone seemed to have enjoyed the entire experience, with some benefiting more than others. To 10-year-old Adam Blaum of Lincoln, the day was, quite simply, "mostly fun." For 11-year-old Mary Lynn Foster, who wants to make a career out of writing, it was a chance to "learn how to notice, and to take the imagination further than usual." Jenny Hookstra, 12, enjoyed being able to fantasize and to "make up my own ideas, not anybody else's." And 65-year-old Marjorie Larson of Atlanta found the exposure to new ideas stimulating, and "appreciated the opportunity" the workshop offered.

For her part, Ms. Jackson "loves being in touch with kids," and wants them to know that writing is not a special thing, that it is for everybody.

"I would like them to have a sense that writing is combined with everything else, with all the senses, with moving, with reading and thinking. It's not a special thing that you have to be a special person to do."

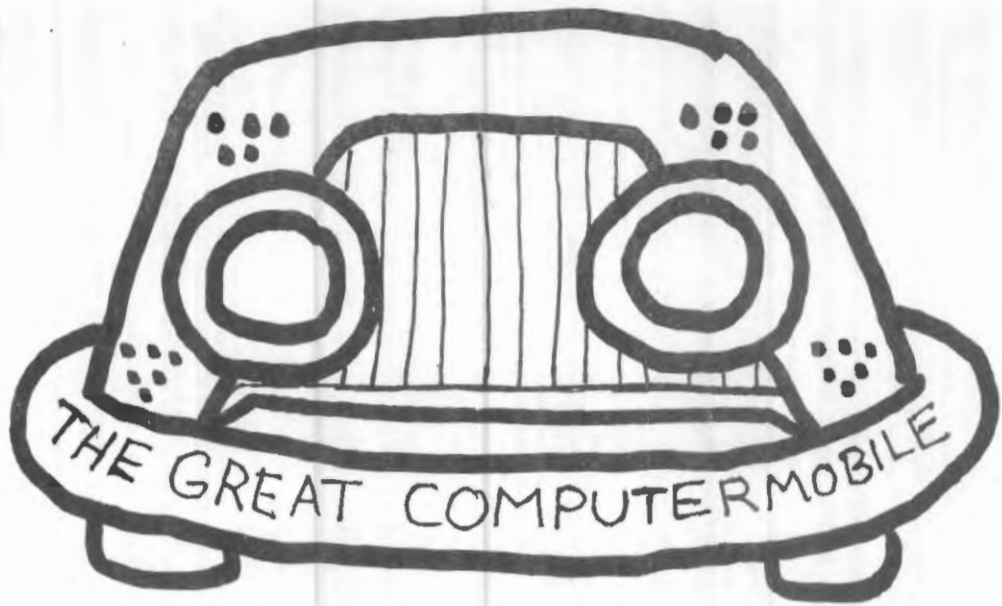
"To be a writer all you need is to notice, to be alert with all the senses and then to get things down."



Jacqueline Jackson

Pantagraph photo/DOUG POKORSKI

FROM:



TO:

**ADMINISTROLLAS
PROFESSAROLLAS
STAFFAROLLAS**

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DRYAROLLA

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MUSIC by PHILIP KOPLOW STAGING by MARIAN LEVIN

Lights - Guy Romans

Voice Coach - Nancy Older

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: SSU STUDENT JANE HARTMAN

DON'T SPIN YOUR WHEELS + MISS THIS

ROCKIN' ROLLIN' FANTASY!

EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER, VOL 1 NO 5

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT 3A

Did you ever wonder what Ronald A. Dargatzis, Beloit, does during a long winter conversation? Now you know.

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Beloit, Wis. Ronald A. Dargatzis has again won the "Doodle of the Week" award. The judges commented on the "fantastic complexity" of the "overall lattice-work design" and the "challenge to find all the hidden faces." Dargatzis says he feels he won the competition "fairly" and expects to enter again.