



THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

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"Oh poor little birdie, how cold you must be!
But still you keep singing, 'Chicka-dee-dee-dee-dee.'"

CRESSIE CRAWLS; BITES!

Reno: Word has been received at the ENNL office that Cressida Inquid Grey Breten, 1st daughter of Gillian Jackson and Arthur "Skip" Breten, has passed two milestones: about Feb. she finally put it all together, and crawled - having been balancing, including, getting where she wanted to go eventually. Now she can get where she wants to go very fast indeed, and also pulls herself up on everything. She is especially happy to be able to get to the dog Maybe, whom she loves. On Feb. 20, she sprouted two bottom teeth.

The night before they weren't there, the next morning they were! Her mother reports that Cressida is enjoying biting on things and her new acquisitions, but that she has only once bitten on the pap. Gillian's sisters and the Welsh kids no doubt remember the Jackson rhyme, "Gumming babies lose the pap, Biting babies get a slap!"

UNEXPECTED VISITORS

Spld: On a warm day in Feb. it was warmer outside than inside at 816 N. St., so the editor of the ENNL opened back & front doors & turned on the fan while she graded papers at the kitchen table. After a while she found a strange small grey kitty wandering through the kitchen, & threw her out. 10 minutes later, she found a big grey cat wandering through the kitchen, and threw him out. 10 minutes after that she heard nails clicking on the kitchen floor & looked up to see a full-grown whippet dog walking through. She threw him out and closed the doors.

hotel, and carpet was rolled down and flash bulbs and TV cameras popped and ground. Like royalty the four swept in. The tables were decorated with white trees in pots, and strewn with large pink and salmon flowers. The trees were hung with hewie: this likeness you see here. They had him "out on a limb." There were little perfumes at everyone's plate, for favors. The food was REALLY GOOD. Terrific salad, & filet mignon. Dessert wasn't much, a lemon cornstarch pudding, Scottie does much better every M.W. and Fri. But Pat & hew don't eat desserts anyway. There were hundreds there, bedecked, bejeweled, be-tailed, and they all had one thing - two things - in common. They all support the (cont. p. 3)

RARE DALVIT ROAST WELL DONE. Exclusive to the

ENNL from Jackson, Miss. It was a great day when Joan Dougan Schmidt and Jackie Dougan Jackson joined Pat Dougan Dalvit in Jackson for hewie Dalvit's ROAST on I think it was Jan. 20. Due to icy roads, JDJ was 6 hours late in, and missed dinner with the company and Betty Ruckman Alberti & Howard Alberti - Betty of Pleasant Lake days, and, Jackson older kids, you remember Ruckman's cottage on lake Michigan: as do Bart & Cindy, all Schmidt & all Dalvit kids. But there was much cheer and fun none the less, they all met her at the airport. Pat fed the group on healthy food, and Jackie got to attend a rehearsal of the Jackson Symphony before she had to return to teach. Jo stayed and played and even got paid, for two car-well, Jo & Pat decided that garment she'd brought, but of vera Wardner Dougan's

cents, ah yes, the Roast. Jackie shouldn't wear the amore glamorous dress. (Jackie agreed) and Jackie also wore lipstick and eyeshadow. To look & gorgeous and Pat looked gorgeousest of all in a blue creation she'd whipped up (like an angel) and some jewelry she'd found in a gutter. Hewie looked pretty good.

The party rode to the Roast in two Rolls Royces, one of which stalled. At the door of the



Jackson: Mrs. Lewis Dalvit thinks that Lewis's ancestors must have come from the Italian section of Switzerland.

It would explain a lot of things.

CRESSIDA

JOINS SWIM TEAM

Reno: C.I.G. Braten, along with several other babies age 7wks-8mos, including her friend Ms. Jackie Gainer, is taking swimming lessons at the local Y. Ms. Braten had a wonderful first session, but did not shine during the second. In order to appease her screams her mother, Ms. G.P. Jackson, had to retreat to the shallow end of the pool and nurse. Ms. Braten then slept through the rest of the lesson, through the mother's exercise period following, through the ride home, and for two hours in her own bed.

NEWS BRIEFS

Chicago Chad and Eva Walsh travelled to Chicago and stayed with Chad and Erin Hamblin while Bill & Maddie went to Yucatan for 2 weeks. Melanie Hamblin is now in Egypt.

Reno Ercell Kullburg's god-child, Jennifer Koleis, and her honey Dale, parents of Cressida's friend Jackie Gainer, have gotten married.

Minneapolis Wm. Hathaway, owner of an intestinal bypass for 8 plus years, will go under the knife next month to have his plumbing hooked up again. Now that they know more about bypasses, Drs. realize that people lose certain foods essential to health through these short circuits.

Spfld. The ed. of ENNL submitted a manuscript weighing several pounds to the Lincoln Library Writer-of-the-Year Contest. The title of the mss. is The Round Barn.

SETS CAT ON FIRE

Spfld. During these cold winter months, 816 N 5th has been kept at 55°, making the residents a tight little community around the electric grill. Jackie sits at the table, the cat sits on her papers, the dog sits at her feet, and they all share the heat. At night the only warm spot is the electric blanket, & Mighty Mouse drapes herself over the chest or neck of the ENNL editor. There is ONE other warm spot that Mighty Mouse has access to, daytime, and that is the metal stove top where two pilot lights spread warmth. Frequently she slept curled up on top of the stove, until J. Jackson one day, walking past in a hurry & deciding to have a cup of tea, turned on the wrong burner by mistake, igniting the cat. In a flash of flames she leapt, J Jackson grabbed at her & managed to extinguish the flames, MM beat it to the bedroom, and when submitted herself for examination later, proved to have nothing worse than singed whiskers, and one whole "burnt" side-the fine long hairs all brown, but the pelt unharmed, & no burns on paws, nose, etc. She was suspicious of the stove for a day or two, & then resumed sleeping on it. However if she's anywhere in the kitchen when a burner is turned on, she rushes out of the room at high speed.

UNDERGOES NAME CHANGE

Beloit Ms. Muffet, pet of the Ed. of ENNL, recently spent 10 days visiting her cousin Coeur Or at the Dougan Farm near Beloit, while ENNL Ed. earned money in Michigan. On her return the ed. found that Ms. Muffet had undergone a name change and is now known in Beloit as Fleur de Lis. Fleur (or is it Fleur?) and Coeur are also known locally as the Seagram Scotties. (*Turtle Township)

RAD REMARKS MARKED

Beloit "When Fleur snuggles up in my chair with me she's so long her back end doesn't know what her front end is doing. And when I get tired of her and boot her halfway across the room, she thinks it's just an Irish caress."

"Coeur is going to miss Fleur. She'll remember her everytime she scratches."

"Fleur is really a clean little dog. She always wipes herself on the carpet."

THERE IS, OF COURSE, MORE NEWS THAN THIS ISSUE CAN PRINT, BUT IT WILL JUST HAVE TO COOL TILL ISSUE # 12

MORE NEWS BRIEFS

Chicago It's taken the Ed of the ENNL so long to get out the next edition that Melanie Hamblin is now back from Egypt. It is reported she had a terrific time.

Beloit JDJ (ENNL ed.) recently visited Duane & Micky (Laud, saw Sara, & new baby Aaron. Duane is at the moment jobless, but the couple seems to maintain good cheer. Duane is being house

Minneapolis Due to the delay in writing up the news, Bill Hathaway is currently in the hosp. and will be strung back together or March 27. He will stay on an IV until peristalsis returns to the unused organ. He will also undergo a stomach stapling.

Beloit On a recent bird count day by the Ned Hollister Bird Club, R.A. Dougan called in that he had driven downtown and seen 155 sparrows and one starting. V.W. Dougan reported that she had seen 20 birds at the feeder but due to her eyesight (legally blind) could not identify them. The Ned Hollister Bird Club sends total counts to a national tally.

Grampa & Grama were glad to do their share.



Weather: Bad & Getting Worse. This is the year where Winter & Spring have been reversed. "Tulips in the snow."

ROAST, con't.

A Roast Toast for the Maestro

Laugh with Lew

Sheraton Regency Hotel
Jackson, Mississippi
January 22, 1983

Jackson Symphony, and they all adore Lew and Pat. This was the most moving thing to the ENNEd. of the whole Roast. When the time for speeches came, Lewie was roundly insulted -- only the Mayor did it in bad taste -- and gradually the roasting got more & more toasting & loving, till the final tributes brought tears to all eyes. There was a slide show of Lewie thru the years, and some good singing ("Thanks for the Memory," and "You Must've Been a Beautiful Baby") by a talented singer with lots of pizzazz. We took a tape of proceedings, & you can hear Joan & Pat cackling like Gr. Gramma Eunice Dongan used to. Lewie's talk was best of all. He responded by saying he "really didn't come from here -- he came from 'there,' where time is different, & so it doesn't matter what his age is" [Some ENNEd readers may not know that whereas they add a year at every birthday, Uncle Lewie & Aunt Pat subtract one], but that he likes it here, and especially "I'm getting to like your music. Whenever I want to hear it I just climb up on a box and wave my hands." Also, "you have quaint customs. Several nights a month you all stand around sipping out of little glasses and blowing smoke into each other's faces." He also said if they thought his hair was long, they should see his body. He finished his speech with the way the Mayor handles a disaster, when a snowflake is sighted north of Jackson. (The Mayor manages to surround the snowflake & destroy it before it can do harm. Then all the Citizens can come out again.) Roses were given to Pat, there was dancing & laughter. Van Cliborn & his mother sent huge bouquet of flowers, and Gram & Gramp Dongan sent a verse and a check for the Symphony; Gram's verse was read aloud for the flute.

The rest of the visit was also fun. Jackie ate catfish w/ the visitors from New Brunswick. Pat & Jo practiced. We went to the dress rehearsal & heard Fodor play the Sibelius violin concerto. And a GRAND Choral (orch. no., Pellias & Melisande (Ravel?) and Afternoon of a Faun. (cont.)



Lewis Dalvit

Most concert patrons visualize him in white tie and tails, baton in hand.

For thousands of school children, he is a piper enthusiastically leading them into a world of music.

To the people of Jackson, he is one of our most beloved citizens—a man who continually gives of himself to his community and to his adopted State.

Few men or women have contributed as much to the cultural enrichment of their city as has Lewis Dalvit, conductor of the Jackson Symphony Orchestra since 1965.

When Lew and his wife, Pat, came to Mississippi, they found a community orchestra with a budget of \$28,000 which performed four times each season. "What made me decide that Jackson was the place for us was the enthusiastic and dedicated symphony supporters I met here. I liked them and I liked the city," Lewis says.

Today, under Dalvit's direction, the orchestra serves as the State Symphony, performing almost 50 concerts each season from Hernando to Pascagoula. More than 400,000 Mississippians heard the Jackson Symphony or one of its ensembles perform last season. The orchestra's budget is \$700,000. [HOT FLASH to ENNEd: \$ 800,000 NOW]

Lew is recognized as a national leader in music education. It was his idea, in 1967, to begin classes in violin, viola, cello and bass in the public schools. Today, the Jackson Symphony string program is considered one of the best in the nation and was presented by the National Endowment for the Arts to Congress as an example of the proper use of federal funds.

Lew is dedicated to giving each child the opportunity to know and enjoy the arts. He feels we are educating "only half the child" unless we integrate music, dance, art and the humanities into the school curriculum.

Because of his dedication to education in the arts, Lew has taught music appreciation courses at Belhaven College since 1965.

Not long ago a newspaper reporter wrote an article on prominent people and their "best friends." Lew named Pat as his longest and dearest "best friend."

Pat has always been Lew's strongest supporter and most ardent fan. To her we can give thanks for Lew's robust good health and lean good looks as she provides excellent nutritional care.

When the Dalvits came to Mississippi, Pat expected everyone to live in white columned mansions and sit on verandas drinking mint juleps. Instead they found their "dream home" in the woods on twenty acres north of Jackson. Here, among the tall pines, Lew studies his musical scores, runs the dog, chops wood for the massive fireplace, and does a variety of home maintenance tasks including roofing. Pat, who plays viola with the orchestra, practices several hours each day, as well as makes beautiful bowls, plates, and other pieces of "Dalvitian" glass. Her glass is considered a work of art and is highly prized by the lucky recipients.

For nine months of each year, the Dalvits are dedicated Mississippians. Lew can no longer stand the sight of snow.

(Continued)

ROAST, STILL CON'T.

But, come June, they leave the pine hills of Mississippi for the rough hewn coast of New Brunswick. There, taking three summers and doing most of the work themselves, they built a home which in many respects resembles the Jackson house in style, simplicity, refinement and peace.

During the summer months, the Dalvits play host to the people they love most: their daughters, Jackie and Stephanie, and their husbands; Lew's mother; Pat's parents and sisters; as well as musical figures and friends from across the United States.

Lew's dedication to the arts has led him to become the founding father and director of the St. Andrews-by-the-Sea Performing Arts Center near his home in New Brunswick, Canada.

A versatile musician who has distinguished himself both at home and abroad, Lew most recently was featured guest conductor for the 50th anniversary celebration of Radio City Music Hall in New York. Within the past year, he has conducted for Mikhail Baryshnikov, Leontyne Price and the International Ballet Competition.

Lew's ultimate ambition is to make symphony, opera, dance and the visual arts accessible to all Mississippians. To this end, he devotes his efforts to expanding the programs and activities of the Jackson Symphony.

We are indeed fortunate to have Lewis and Pat Dalvit among us to have enjoyed Lew's distinguished services as conductor of the Jackson Symphony Orchestra for the past seventeen years. Jackson and Mississippi are better places because of them.

Roast, Cont some more.

Lewie tried s' thing new, had a big screen up and coordinated the Impressionists with music, sculpture, history, philosophy, etc. It went over well w/ the audience, I understood, but not w/ the dumb reviewer. Lewie also showed a scurrilous movie where everyone walked sideways, like Egyptians.

And in all the interstices we ate, around Pat & Lew's kitchen table, oatmeal w/ bananas & raisins and oranges, and gulped vitamins & laughed a lot & talked a lot & hugged a lot. It was a grand grand time, & the ENNL Ed is so glad she spent the money & went down there. First time she & Jo & Pat have been together as a threesome in nobody could remember how many years.

Story of maestro by wife: A famous singer-beautiful -- was in her dressing room & called to Lewie to come in and fasten her zipper. Lew told Pat she'd better go in & do it. Pat waltzed in, & found the soprano bare naked.

Sonata for Piano, Dog is howling triumph

NEW YORK (AP) — Composer Kirk Nurock's Sonata for Piano and Dog was a howling success, even though the performers were not unleashed.

The piece, which features three dogs, had its debut Wednesday at Carnegie Recital Hall. The avant-garde composer said the piece was inspired by a Sidney Harris cartoon for the New Yorker magazine.

It showed a woman at the piano playing from sheet music titled "Sonata for Piano and Dog," with the woman's pet howling along.

Thirty-two dogs were auditioned for the three parts.

"Most were too noisy or inattentive," Nurock said. "but a handful seemed interested in making sounds with the piano."

Chosen for the performance were Emily, a white female mongrel; Sasha, a male Siberian husky and Terra, a female who is part collie, part golden retriever.

Each dog howls separately for the first three movements of the sonata, and join voices for the fourth. The performers were onstage with their owners, who held them by a leash.

"A lot of people laugh at the notion," Nurock said, "but it's a humorous piece."



PETER PRINCIPLE IN-OP

Bethesda IF YOU puzzled over that headline in the last ENNL, only to find that the news story that went with it was postponed till the next issue, now is your chance to sort of find out. Peter Schmidt, lawyer in Wash. D.C. w/ a large & prestigious law firm (name, Jo? Karl? Peter?) was approaching the equivalent of tenure: up or out in the firm. Only four of some (8-11-14?) would be kept on, & naturally everybody was on tenterhooks. (hooks used as in text stretching: OED) BUT, Peter got retained, and there was dancing in the streets and Champagne in the slippers. So, Peter has not yet been promoted to the level of his inability, so the Peter Principle is non-operative. There was sadness, however, in Peter's success for it meant that some of his good friends didn't make it.

GR. GR. GRAMPA HONORED

Beloit. Well, let's tackle another one of those old headlines, old news. This goes back before Christmas. Any of you Beloit visitors of the past two years know that the black railroad bridge on Colley Rd. over Turtle Crick has been being replaced and we've all had to go via the State Line Road or across the fire road to Leesons Park & Milwaukee Rd. They FINALLY finished the bridge, and Gr. Grampa (to Crossidce, Sonja, Joshua, KA, Matt & Jenny) got a phone call saying Turtle Township wanted to name the bridge Dougan bridge, and have a dedication & ribbon cutting. R.A. was about to modestly pull his forelock, when they clarified, "W.J. Dougan Bridge." So RAD & VWD repaired to the bridge on Dec. 10, I think, & there was a brief huddled ceremony, & then everyone retired to the Sportsman's Gun Club to toast the event. This is the tavern that once advertised "On the way out to Dougan's" and WJD blew a gasket. (It sits right beside the bridge.) He probably turned in his grave, Dec. 10. The Ed. of ENNL was unable to attend, but examined the bridge on her recent visit. It is undistinguished, and bears no plaque or commemorative marking of any kind.

take two

Sprfld The following picture and article occupied a full 2/3 of a page in Monday's Journal-Register. The Ed of ENNL thought they were interviewing about the Jamboree, when 1300 kids are coming to campus, and abt Reading + Writing + Radio, with writings by kids. But no. Just thought you'd like to read an article about "one of the finest writing teachers there is." It'll either make or break my promotion! (And yes, Jo + Pat + RAD, in dieting - I've lost 5 lbs. since this pic was taken!)

These are Beverly's Chess set made of Spools + drawer knobs

All factory books
↳
↳
↳

Demi made the vest

Over size kids pic books

Miscellaneous stuff

New bike



Jackie Jackson at home.

State Journal-Register / Bill Hagen

by Sandy Hoefler

The tables, chairs, counters, beds and every inch of floor in her home is swamped with paper. School papers that need grading, letters that haven't been answered, newspapers that haven't been read.

Jacqueline "Jackie" Jackson is surrounded by paper. The written word. The written word is her life.

Sometimes, it literally is part of her. "I don't lose my band," she quipped, making a quick note on the back of her hand with a felt-tip pen. "And I do lose paper."

Jackie Jackson is unique. She is a writer. Not just any writer, either, but a writer of fantasies and ghosts and make-believe.

You get the impression that when Jackie comes home at night and unlocks her beveled-glass door, she steps through the looking glass into her own wonderland.

Her house is a kind of mini-castle, a Victorian hospice that shelters visiting friends and provides a backdrop for her imagination.

"I love a house with something always going on," she says.

"You need to be an active and an enthusiastic participant of life in order to be a writer ... a more fulfilled person."

Her work is to make better writers out of children and adults. Jackie has written 10 books; she teaches literature classes at Sangamon State University; and she is known, by her reckoning, to more than 1,300 children in the area from her "Reading, Writing and Radio" program on WSSR.

Every day, Monday through Friday, at 9 a.m. and again at 10 a.m., Jackie goes on the air and discusses topics — that sometimes are controversial — and then encourages students to write about the topic.

Each week's program deals with a different topic, including such items as adoption, death and divorce.

Dear Jackie Jackson:
I'm going to take your advice and write about my mom and dad's divorce, so here's my story.

"I try to make a variety of things, a variety of programs and moods," Jackson says. "I believe that we should be able to write about any topic, so I try to make a blend of light-hearted topics and heavy-hearted topics."

The program, however, is not just to get children to write. To Jackson, writing is a "therapy," and the exercises in the programs teach children how to shape their thoughts and be imaginative people.

"Even if a kid keeps it very private and doesn't show anybody, it's still done

some good by having them get it out," she said.

There are some topics that are particularly special to Jackson.

"There was a mother who spoke to me personally, and a teacher who told me about the same situation, where a little boy, I guess in the fourth or fifth grade, began to cry during a program about adoption, and cried and cried and cried. *(It was the divorce program)*

"He didn't write, but he began to talk. And it was the first time that he had been able to give expression to his feelings; he had been holding it all in.

"That mother wrote me a letter and said how grateful she was to me for doing the program and giving her son this opportunity that finally came to grips with the problem and that because of it they were now able to talk about it."

Every fourth week, the program is set aside for students to help Jackie read other students' papers on the air.

THE WRITTEN WORD

For fiction writer Jackie Jackson, spreading that word is her life

"We have a lot of kids who don't shine in other sorts of ways but who can write something that can be used on the radio," says Jackson.

"By radio composition, many, many kids get recognition and their place in the sun that they normally don't get otherwise."

You'd think, though, after eight years and the hundreds of pieces of work that have been sent to Jackie, she would forget the names of students and what they used to write.

Not so. She has saved every paper sent to her resulting from her suggested writing exercises. Some of the material has been used in her books.

She often recites her favorites, the ones she says have "loads of vigor to an idea," while she fusses about doing other work.

She doesn't care about the spelling, either.

"A kid who can scarcely write and spell might write something that is really a very good composition but that is being dragged down by his skills," she

says. "This doesn't mean I'm against skills. I put the idea ahead of the skills."

Writing has always consumed Jackie's life, ever since the first time she picked up a pencil.

"There is a tremendous creative satisfaction in writing, in showing in the making of things," she says. "You're showing creation with God, so to speak. And if you can produce things that others enjoy and are moved by to laugh or to cry ...

"I think that I'm a communicator, and I've always been a communicator. I believe that communication is tremendously important, and writing is one of the best ways of communication there is ... of sharing, of self-revelation and coming close to other people."

Jackson grew up in Beloit, Wis., and attended Beloit College and the University of Michigan. She began teaching at SSU when the school opened in 1970 and brought with her the radio program, "The Author is You," that she started while teaching at the University of Wisconsin.

The name was changed when WSSR began airing the program nine years ago. Some of the content has also changed.

"Down here, it has become something quite different from what it is up in Wisconsin, because here we're a community and up there it's spread all over the state. It's become a much more homey sort of thing down here.

"Writing wasn't particularly encouraged when I was in school. There wasn't all the encouragement that there is now with creative

writing and young authors, things like that. So my parents encouraged me, and an occasional school teacher was happy to see that I was writing. But it wasn't part of the curriculum.

"I've got a very strong feeling about kids' creativity, because I've been the witness of so much of kids' creativity being squelched by school systems and adults.

"What I'm trying to do with kids is to get them writing early and to get them to love writing. So often they are turned off to writing, very rapidly, because of all the thou shalt nots and the skills, tenses built around subject matter and things like that.

"Living is such an adventure, and I get so frustrated when kids are bored. I think kids are being gypped by sitting in front of television instead of doing things that require their own guts and their own energy, and they're being gypped by having things done for them."

Jackson does have a few activities to get away from her work. She paints her home, rides a bicycle, takes long quiet walks or works out on her portable rowing machine.

She also attempts to finish decorating her two "literary" bathrooms.

One is Alice in Wonderland decor and the other, a half-finished Earthsea, the magical kingdom of wizards and dragons and mystical powers cre-

ated by author Ursula LeGuin.

Occasionally, she'll sneak into a local hotel for a swim.

But to Jackie, her work is her play. "I don't like being this crowded," she admits. "But many of my creative

projects are play. Why can't you play at your work? That's what I do.

"I'm one of the finest writing teachers there is," she says. "I care about kids. And I care about kids' creativity."

it aint no quip its serious

A number of errors, of course. 1300 are the no. of kids coming to the Tamboree. We must have 2600 kids listening this year.

sharing! sharing!

well I did nt start it I did nt teach at UW

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