



THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL III NO 1 SEPT 84

"For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!"
--Longfellow

LOSES \$11 IN STRAIGHT FLUSH

Spfld. Ellie (Elspeth) Jackson of Spfld., IL., in a complicated maneuver not exactly understood by the editor of ENNL (who was not privy to the event) managed this summer to flush \$11 down the toilet.

It seems Ellie, in a hurry, was changing from shorts to jeans while using the facilities, & transferred a wad of bills to her jeans back pocket. She then, apparently, in simultaneous motion, stood, flushed, & jerked up her jeans. The \$11, not secure in the pocket, flew out and arced into the bowl just as the last swirl of water was vanishing. Ellie did not report this unfortunate occurrence to her mother, who found out by circuitous means.

ARTIST'S RENDITION OF MISHAP



ENNL BEGINS THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CONGRATULATORY MESSAGES POUR IN

Spfld. Well folks, here we are again with a new year of your favorite news medium, with all its varied features, photos, cartoons, limerick contests, photo caption contests, jokes, what Uncle Craig's ducks are doing, and all the news the ENNL has the bad taste to print. Our 1st issue byline, "Something to offend everyone," has held up well this year; we've managed to offend considerably more of our readership, some without even intending to. [We have, however, withheld many news stories & several poems, now collected into a special booklet, "Red Flags in Sunset," which will be sent in a plain brown wrapper on request.] So far no reader has written asking to be removed from our subscription list, but perhaps that first will be achieved this third year. One needs goals.

ENNL HIATUS OVER SUMMER

Spfld. You may not have noticed, but there's been an ENNL-gap since spring, due to 1) no place to print an issue; 2) the Ed. living in the NOW (& w/a full nest) and 3) the Ed's periodic aversion to putting words of any sort on paper (job related reaction.) Major and minor news heretofore unreported will be featured in future issues: the 60th anniversary; the cycling trip in England; the Wardner Reunions; Ellie's departure for Europe; several babies born; Craig's duck, Gimpy Halfbill; etc. and etc. Plus some letters and disclaimers from our readers. Help make this a less lopsided paper by sending in YOUR news, letters, ideas & suggestions.

ED. TRIES AGAIN TO ORGANIZE NEST

Spfld. This may be the year, (J. Jackson is hopeful) that she is able to shovel the debris from her office, & cut down the confusion!

NEIGHBORS RALLY TO AID RAD

Beloit When the mail hadn't come yet, Ronald Dougan stretched out on the grass at Kentells to wait. Joe came & sat behind him. Within a few minutes Betty Lange roared up, followed by Don Lange from the other direction, and then Ruth Vogel, all ready to call the paramedics for the heart or stroke victim. Said Betty Lange later, "I was so shook up I had to have a drink when I got home." RAD said, "I'm glad to know my neighbors are so alert!"



Brenda's strict regimen offers a refuge from confusion.

Opinion

Vera and Ron

The Dougans: a 'symphonic quality'

IT MAY NOT BE exaggeration to say Vera and Ron Dougan are an incomparable couple.

Their 60-year marriage is a love story that has known no dimensions. The affection and respect which they have earned over a lifetime of caring and contributing has a depth and a breadth rarely equaled. Their lives have a symphonic quality; a richness of tone, a completeness of harmony, a melodic beauty.

It is fitting that a Beloit organization, Treble Clef, will host a celebration honoring the Dougans. The event on Sunday afternoon at the First Congregational Church, has a dual purpose: It recognizes the couple's deep and abiding devotion to good music, exemplified by Vera Dougan's 55-year association with Treble Clef, and her long service as a director and president of the National Federation of Music Clubs.

SUNDAY'S PROGRAM, to which friends, relatives and associates are invited, also will celebrate the 60th anniversary of their storybook marriage, which took place in France where both were teachers. Theirs has been a union characterized by strength, humility, love of family, God and country, and great class.

While Vera Dougan distinguished herself as a musi-

cian, cultural leader and patron of the arts, Ron followed the footsteps of his father, a preacher-turned-farmer. He became a dairyman and seed grower of note, as well as an active leader and spokesman for agriculture. He was among early participants in animal genetics research that since has paid enormous dividends to farmers the world over. He played host to thousands of Beloit youngsters whose delightful field trips to the Dougan farms on Colley Road were a tradition for many years.

THE DOUGANS SHARED each other's interests to a remarkable degree, while parenting a fine family. Their children distinguished themselves in the fields of music, medicine and literature, in fine testimony to the quality of their parents' love and influence.

To recite all the good works and fine examples that comprise the "life story" of this gracious, caring couple would, literally, take many pages. The dimensions of their teamwork range from an intense devotion to one another, to a boundless enthusiasm for cultural, civic and political involvement.

Vera and Ron are, in every sense, "the salt of the earth."

— Bill Behling

THIS EDITORIAL APPEARED IN THE BELOIT DAILY NEWS, MAY 4, '84, BEFORE THE 60th.

ing is always perilous if not impossible, — books in Mom's office, stacked in closets, under chairs, under tables, and books in piles around Dad within easy reach — books, books, everywhere, everywhere... When we were children I remember Dad reading to us at the dinner table, PG Wodehouse or Mark Twain. I remember Mother reading Saturday Eve. Post stories aloud to Dad while we traveled, and finding myself getting interested in them whether I wanted to or not. — Then I remember Dad rushing into my cement block house near the Dairy (which at that time in my early marriage I kept immaculately in order) and climbing onto the couch, dirty shoes and all, he stuck a roundish black object on the very top of my beige curtains. Without a word he dashed out again and when I removed my shoes & climbed up on the couch myself, I was astounded to see that he had hung a live bat up there!

~MORE OPINION~

Vermont. Dear Readers of ENNL and family and/or friends of Vera and Ron: Some of you responded to the request for "How Do We Love Them" stories; some of you said you meant to. We will continue to print your stories as they come in! The letters to the 60th book, requested by Treble Clef, were lovely tributes, and a few of these will be reprinted this fall. But on the whole they were not the sort of thing ENNL had in mind — i.e., story tributes, such as Pat Dalvit's, below. So send in your anecdote in which Ron or Vera (or both) plays a part, for them — and us all — to enjoy!

PAT DALVIT REMINISCES

Jackson, Miss. Dear Jackie — A couple of brief recollections: Mom & Dad always reading at night, seated in their favorite chairs. Mom usually sucked cinnamon candy balls. From earliest childhood I see them this way: — In the "little" house on the farm with their chairs pulled close to the floor-furnace register in the dining room, and in the present house (Choz Nax), side by side reading, reading, reading —

I think of Mom & Dad — I think of books; books everywhere. Attic filled with books, with notations inside the covers by Dad reminding himself when he read the book and how many times — the "maid's room" filled with books, bookcases filled with books, books stacked against walls in the upstairs hall, books crowding the back stairs so that descend-

ing is always perilous if not impossible, — books in Mom's office, stacked in closets, under chairs, under tables, and books in piles around Dad within easy reach — books, books, everywhere, everywhere... When we were children I remember Dad reading to us at the dinner table, PG Wodehouse or Mark Twain. I remember Mother reading Saturday Eve. Post stories aloud to Dad while we traveled, and finding myself getting interested in them whether I wanted to or not. — Then I remember Dad rushing into my cement block house near the Dairy (which at that time in my early marriage I kept immaculately in order) and climbing onto the couch, dirty shoes and all, he stuck a roundish black object on the very top of my beige curtains. Without a word he dashed out again and when I removed my shoes & climbed up on the couch myself, I was astounded to see that he had hung a live bat up there!

STEPHANIE CURING BULEMICS!

Cleveland Stephanie Dalvit McPhillips, where the whole medical profession has failed, has been having 100% success working with anorexics & bulemics. ENNL does not have the details you all want to read, but Steph will publish before long, and then ENNL hopes to have a scoop. Meanwhile, Pat Dougan Dalvit said it'll be OK to print some letters from people Steph has cured. Two will be on a Sunday Supplement page, included with this issue. The one below is by a girl to a girl she does not know: but heard she was going to see Steffie: it was written late spring, 1984:

Dear Betsy,

Though I do not know you, today I rejoice because of one simple decision you have made. You have just committed yourself to a wonderful healthy life, by seeing Stephanie McPhillips. Stephanie has changed my life. I was anorexic just three months ago. I entered the Cleveland Clinic in December and spent three hellish months there. Betsy, psychiatrists are wrong! Stephanie is right! The Clinic only fooled me, Stephanie helped me. The diet is scary and there are many hurdles to overcome, but thank God it works! I have had a rebirth through Stephanie. I eat whenever I'm hungry, I don't spend every waking moment thinking about my weight, and I am developing a healthy, beautiful body. Betsy, I just had to write because one more life was saved today, and it was yours.

Love, Amy.

Stephanie, please send us what details you can divulge, at this point -- and keep us informed on your progress. We're terribly proud (& some what in awe) of you!!!

(You all have the volume, Lovingly Rose .) And is Wesson's letter a treasure! All family members will receive for Xmas (from Jackie) a volume of WJD's letters & writings, and this fantastic find will be among those. But here are a few excerpts: "... of course I was glad to get it [the letter] and of course I laughed at you for letting your heart get away with you will. Now don't think that I take that note as any weakness but rather the overflowing of a full heart." ... "You know, too, that one of the reasons for postponing our correspondence was to test the genuineness of our affection for each other. Now my dear girl, let me assure you that my affection for you has only deepened since our separation." ... "When I think of our parting I do not think of the last trip over to Williams Bay and the last parting but rather our trip over on that foggy morning and our parting on the beach. Do you remember?" ... "Eunice, I wish we might exchange pictures right away." ... and he sighs it, "With love and kisses, Wesson." You will read the full wonderful text at Christmas; if Eunice hadn't sent that letter, we all might not have been here!

FANTASTIC FIND BY JOAN SCHMIDT!

Madison Well, family, you all know the story of great-grampa Wesson Dougan's courtship - how he and great-gramma Eunice Trever met at College Camp at Lake Geneva, and Eunice fell in love (the pat of butter through the knot hole, remember?) But Wesson had 2 young women after him & he said, "don't mail me any letters," ... Eunice held out till November, and then she sent a letter down to Madison via courier -- not mailed! -- and Grampa's heart was won.

Several years ago Vera Dougan told Jackie Dougan Jackson that Wesson's reply to that letter existed, she had come across it in Eunice's things. But Jackie, search as she might, couldn't find it. This summer Joan Schmidt was sorting some papers for VWD and LO! The missing letter was in them! Jo now knows the thrill of discovery that Jackie had when she found Ronald's letters home from France.



here

"True, you're a butterfly now, but you still think like a caterpillar."

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NEW FOR '83

DUÖFONE-160. This amazing "all-in-one" telephone stores up to 32 frequently called numbers for instant one-button dialing. Each of the 32 memory positions has a 28-digit capacity—you can even make overseas calls with the touch of just one key! Selectable tone or pulse dialing works with any phone system. It also allows users with rotary-dial lines to access services that require tone dialing, such as bank-by-phone and long-distance low-rate systems. Has built-in two-way amplifier and on-hook dialing for hands-free "family" and conference calls. Amplifier has pushbutton on/off, high/low sensitivity and privacy mute controls, rotary volume control. Modular connectors let you add a longer cord to handset, if desired. 3 1/8" x 8 3/4" x 9 1/8". Battery backup protects memory. (Requires four "AA" batteries). With 6-ft. modular cord. Single-line use only. FCC registered. 43-293 139.95

NEW PHONE FOR V.W.D.

Beloit, July 7: The four children of Vera Wardner Dougan banded together to purchase her a new telephone for her birthday July 7. This special model will enable Grandma to telephone 32 different numbers with one-button dialing. "This is an especially appropriate gift for a Wardner," commented Ronald Dougan.

Exclusive to ENNL: For those attending the 60th, & those who wish they had, Jo Schmidt has sent the recipe for the salad that disappeared so swiftly: We thank her & Eula Johnson for providing it:

Eula's Salad

- 1 Lg. Cauliflower
- 1 bunch broccoli
- 1 Lg. Onion
- 1 box frozen peas
- 2 C celery
- 2 C Miracle Whip
- 1 C Sour cream
- 1 t. garlic salt
- 1 t. Beau Monde
- 1/2 t. Pepper

MORE TIDBITS FROM PAT DALVIT:

Jackson, Miss. I remember Dad flooding the field in front of the little house so we could ice skate. I was so appreciative of his efforts, particularly when it took so much more water than he had anticipated. The soil kept soaking it in and never did flood completely. There were always "soil islands" and even though our "rink" didn't look like the proper rectangular rinks of the city kids, we could skate in a make-believe land where we charted countries, peninsulas, frozen rivers & lakes with imaginative names. (Addition by ENNL Ed: That rink was magical, especially at night! Didn't Dad do it more than one year? And Mother would heat up a milk can of chocolate milk, & we could skate over to the rink's edge and have a steaming cup any time!)

SKIP GETS RAISE Tom Hits Big Time

Reno Word has reached ENNL that Arthur "Skip" Broten, husband of Gillian Jackson & father of Cressida Broten, has received a raise in his job at the U. of Nevada, Reno, where he is a word processor and edits the University Computer magazine. Skip has figured out the raise amounts to 26 1/2%! Congratulations Skip!

\$20 NETS \$1900
Reno Gillian Jackson's friend Jennifer, godchild of Erzell Kullberg, recently had 20 to blow at a Reno casino. She spent it on a card game (Keeno?) & won \$1900. It's enough to make a gambler of you!

Rochester, Mn. Tom Schmidt has recently accepted a job at the Rochester Post-Crescent, where he will work as a critic in the "Arts and Leisure" Department. Tom will review gallery openings, concerts, etc. His first assignment sent him to Wayzata, MN., to review a croquet tournament. MERSKY HOLDS 4TH GALA
St. Paul Polly and Sam Mersky held a 4th of July celebration dinner for relatives Dan & Julie Schmidt & Andrew, Damaris Jackson, & Jerry & Debbie Dougan. The Dougans were unable to attend; the rest had a blast.

DANIEL SCHMIDTS HOST GARAGE SALE

St. Paul On a recent visit to the Dau Schmidts, parents Jo & Karl Schmidt, and siblings Tom Schmidt, Katie Schmidt Yde & spouse Dick Yde, stayed home while Dan & Julie went to church. In a merry mood, the group debated such morning activities as rearranging all the furniture in the new house, but settled on having a garage sale. They moved to the front lawn skis, bicycles, furniture, a rack of clothing, appliances, lawn mower, books, etc., set up a card table and chair with a money box—very businesslike-looking—and made a large sign for the lawn, one for the head of the cul-de-sac street. They posted the signs just before the churchgoers were due to return, having earlier shooed away several boys who'd rushed to the scene to buy. Immediately a station wagon filled with a large family descended on the sale, & were bitterly disappointed to be turned away. Shortly thereafter Dan & Julie arrived, & found the family waiting for business. Jo Schmidt took pictures of their astonished faces as they pulled up. [Jo: You should have kept the station wagon family to be browsing! — Ed. ENNL]

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~SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT~

LETTERS TO STEPHANIE:

May 20, 1983

Dear Stephanie,

I have just been referred to you by Karin [—], Karin and I spent some time together last year when we were both patients at the Cleveland Clinic.

First of all, I would like to tell you a little bit about myself to help you decide if you feel that you can help me with my problem(s).

I am 20 years old and I have had anorexia for almost three years. I am now suffering from severe bulimic tendencies. I binge and purge approximately three times a day and I am really sick of this type of existence. I have been married for almost three years and I have no children. My husband has almost reached his breaking point after all of this. Last year I spent almost six months in the Cleveland Clinic. I feel as though it was a big waste of time and lots of money. I left there with more problems than when I went in. The doctors there just made you think that there was something terribly wrong with your head that makes you behave this way. I think that this is partially true because I know that I do have a few psychological problems. But I don't think that the problem is entirely psychological.

I have been gaining some weight but I am terrified of the gain. I am five feet seven inches tall and I weigh about 102 pounds (which I think is too heavy). My weight does tend to fluctuate greatly though because of the enormous amount of bingeing and purging. I do not abuse laxatives or diuretics. I do sometimes fast for a couple of days at a time. On my "good" days, I can look at myself objectively and think that I look o.k. On my "bad" days, I look at myself in the mirror and think that I am extremely obese. I know that I still have a distorted body image because I never think of myself as thin but everyone else still does.

The thing that bothers me most about my problem is the bingeing. Everyone thinks that I am better because I have gained some weight but I know that this isn't true. I am still extremely obsessed with weight and eating. I plan my binges and really look forward to them. In fact, that is the only thing I do look forward to anymore. I hate myself because of this and I really want to stop this vicious circle. I want to stop so bad that I'll try anything. The only thing is that I don't want to gain any more weight. I eat basically anything except beef. I don't include sugar in my regular diet except if I plan to throw it up afterwards.

If you wish to see me, I hope that we can arrange something on a Saturday. I work at two jobs during the week and I don't usually have a free evening. Please advise me of any fee. I can be reached at _____ in the evenings-- after 9:00, or at work from 9:00 - 5:00 at _____. I can speak to you briefly at work. My home address is _____

I hope that you can help me. Nothing else has. I'm really desperate at this point. I will anxiously be waiting for your response.

Thank you,

Debi

Dear Stephanie,

July 27, 1983

How can you tell someone in a letter just how much they've done for you in such a short period of time?

It's hard to believe that less than three months ago I had even contemplated suicide as a way to end the nightmare I was living. Life had gotten that bad. Now don't get me wrong Stephanie, things aren't all terrific now and life still has its ups and downs. It's just that there seem to be many more ups lately than there have been downs.

I think the hardest thing to realize is that life is so full of things to do! Everything doesn't have to revolve around food, eating, dieting, bingeing, etc. When I was in the hospital last year, I was told that I would have anorexia for the rest of my life. Well, if I do have anorexia now, no one else would be aware of it. And to think, I paid the hospital a fortune for their verdict.

I feel as though I'm still thin, although I am no longer a sickly thin. I'm usually quite satisfied with my appearance although my end opinion often depends on my mood and the circumstances of the day. I'm sure you're aware of this, based on your findings and your treatment of other individuals.

~MORE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT~

As far as the other aspects of my life go, I see a great improvement in many areas. My husband and I certainly get along much better, primarily because there is far less tension in our relationship. He feels as though the responsibility for my health is no longer on his shoulders. With that heavy load having been lifted, we find ourselves communicating more and doing more things as a couple. After three years of disaster, it sure is nice to see what marriage has to offer.

My job seems to go much smoother also. I've even contemplated a career change and possibly finishing up my college education. Three years ago I would never have even considered this! Life just didn't have enough minutes in the day to diet and do other things. It's amazing how much time I devoted to perfecting my anorexic state.

Well, once again, thanks so much Stephanie for making sense of this crazy world of mine. I know I was extremely doubtful of your program before I started on it, but not any longer. I'd be the first person to recommend your treatment to other anorexics & bulimics. I appreciate all of your time and devotion. You've been a terrific friend and advisor. I owe you a lot for all that you've done for me.

Sincerely and love,

Debi
Debi

Reprinted from Music Clubs Magazine, Spring '84:

I Remember When

I remember when Dorothy Bullock and I gave a reception in New York City which was not only a tribute to the NFMC's Parade of American Music, but a greeting and thank you to our distinguished friends and colleagues. I had recently ended my four-year term as National President of the Federation and Dorothy had succeeded me in this august position. Dorothy, enthusiastic as the new President, and I, as the new Chairman of the American Music Department, decided that such a social gathering was in order. Headquarters was still in New York. We invited those of our Board of Directors and Departments as well as other outstanding musicians, composers, officers of ASCAP, National Music Council and affiliates in the area.

We knew that a New York conductor had begun a symphony orchestra which presented only American works. Furthermore, a piano concerto written by a Texas composer was to be premiered, the pianist performing it, Claudette Sorel, one of our prestigious former Young Artist Winners.

We had chosen a hotel within walking distance of Carnegie Hall where the concert was to be held. We had arranged for a charming room with small tables where some guests might relax and visit. This room opened off the end of the dining-room which insured privacy—or so we thought. We were not told that there would be some construction work going on in the open hallway and at the end of the dining-room. In consulting with the caterer, we had decided on their famous hors d'oeuvres and loads of coffee.

The concert was a big success, and afterwards our friends came trooping over to the reception. We were dismayed that they had to step over, around and through various lumber impedimenta and tarpaulins to reach our area, so we placed the receiving line just outside of the reception

room in order to guide the guests. The line consisted of Dorothy, the conductor, the composer, Claudette and me. Our friends came pouring by, chatting and pleased with the evening's entertainment—and they kept coming. A steady stream continued of those we knew and others who, strangely, were not familiar to us. They came and came and kept on coming. We thought perhaps some had brought their escorts or even families along. The odd thing was that nobody seemed to depart. Finally we in the line got so tired that we called a waiter to bring us coffee. It took him quite awhile. Before we had left for Carnegie Hall early in the evening, one of the waiters suggested that some of our guests might prefer a drink other than coffee, and should he put out a few bottles? We thought he might do so but to be sure that there was plenty of hot coffee.

When the line broke up and we mingled with the large group, which, by the way, was still enlarging, it seemed that most were having a good time and no one wanted to go home. In fact some were somewhat "tiddly" as the English say, and a few had already over indulged. One man wanted to tell us his life history and we understood that later he had to be poured into his taxi. One composer told us proudly of a second place award he had won from the Federation thirty years before. Though terribly upset, Dorothy and I acted unperturbed, realizing that instead of coffee the hotel had proffered strong drink and little or no coffee. Also we discovered that news of a liquor dispensary had spread through the hotel, out onto the street, and every free loader within its scent had joined our party.

Alas, here were two innocent officers of the Federation setting 'em up! Come one! Come all! We even heard some of our friends say, "We didn't know you ever—!"

Beloit Vera Wardner Dougan, former president of the National Federation of Music Clubs, has been writing a series of articles for NFMC's MUSIC CLUBS MAGAZINE. Here is the first one. Others will be reprinted in future ENNLs.



The next morning when we paid up, Dorothy and I were aghast to find we were billed hundreds of dollars for liquor. It also set our husbands back on their heels. Mine still kids me about it. He said he had always thought the Federation was a sober organization.

I promised to be faithful to the pledge I signed at six years of age when I was President of the Buster Brown and Tige Music Club.

Vera Wardner Dougan