

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

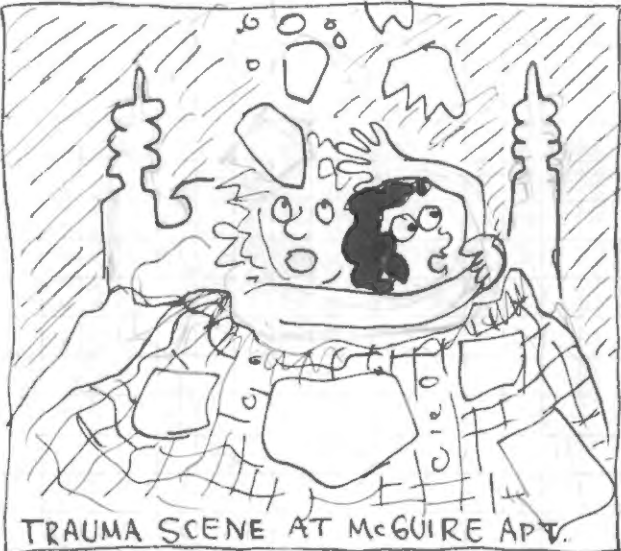
VOL III NO 2 OCT 1984

"I hold to my heart when the geese are flying—
A wavering wedge on the high, bright blue—
... Beautiful birds, let me go with you!"—G. Noll



SKY FALLS ON SIBS

SISTERS SURVIVE HARROWING EXPERIENCE



New York City. On the night before J. "Ellie" Jackson's departure for a month on the Continent, and 6. months' subsequent study in London, she and sibling Megan T. Jackson, in town to see her off, were enjoying the hospitality of Damaris and Donald McGuire who have a top floor apartment in Manhattan. The sisters, sharing a bed, were awakened in the wee hours by the ceiling falling on them. Just previous to the deluge Megan was warned in her sleep by a thin trickle of grit onto her face, which caused her to roll on her side and pull a pillow partially over her head. This protection saved her from serious facial injury. When the large rock-like chunks crashed down, she sustained a scalp wound. Ellie, miraculously unscathed, sat up and screamed, and the two clung together in fright & confusion until they collected their wits sufficiently to turn on the light & ascertain what had happened. The bed was deep in rubble and Megan was bleeding profusely. Till then the comfortee, Ellie now took charge of getting her wounded sib to the bathroom, & calling the McGuires. Demi bathed and bandaged, and family & guests sat around talking & having soothing drinks. It was recalled that men with jackhammers had been at work on the roof above the bedroom the previous afternoon, & must have loosened the ancient ceiling with their jarring. The sisters were bedded in the living room but found it hard to get to sleep again. When the building super surveyed the damage the next A.M., taking note of the size and weight of the chunks, he was heard to remark, "If any body'd been sleeping in that bed, they coulda really got hurt!" The sibs spent the next day being thankful they'd escaped serious injury, and that they'd had each other throughout the fell experience. [Demi McGuire is Demi Jackson's godmother.]

DYES TRESSES BLACK

NYC. The eve before departure for a month on the Continent, J. "Ellie" Jackson dyed her blonde hair black. "I have heard," explained Ellie, "that Italian men prefer blondes." The McGuires, at whose apt. the translation occurred, and Megan Jackson, pronounce that Ms. Jackson looks "pretty good" as a brunette. At the same session M.T. Jackson dyed her hair henna, but reports that the change was disappointingly undramatic.

London: Ellie Jackson has returned from a successful tour of Italy and Greece, and is now receiving letters at the following address:
Jacqueline E. Jackson
Campbell House (East)
University College London
Taviston St.
London WC1H 0BX, England. Her phone is 388-2522 (or 2526, or 2695) if you wish to try a transatlantic call!

WORK IS RUSHED TO PUBLICATION

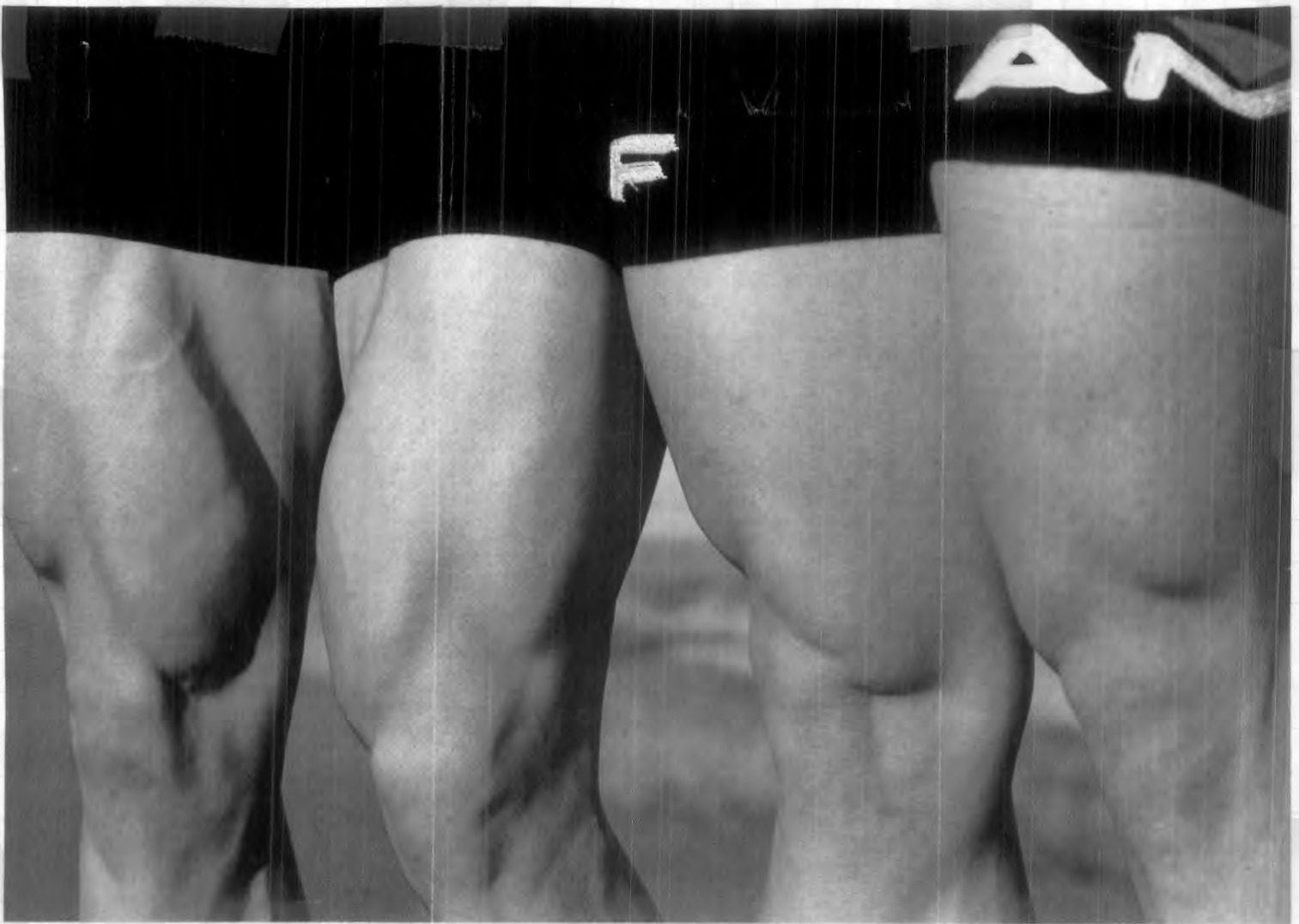
Cleveland. Stephanie Dalvit McPhillips, whose work w/ bulemics was featured in the last issue of ENNL, is having an article published in the Nov. Physiology and Behavior. First scheduled for a spring publication, the article is being rushed into print due to its importance. ENNL hopes to reprint the article for its own subscribers.

Chattanooga Maestro Dalvit's famous conductor of the South (and Far North) will be directing the Chattanooga Symphony Oct 1-10 in orchestral works, ballet & opera.

MUFFIE EXONERATED

Hinesburg Pond, Vt. Ms. Mary Muffet Jackson ("Muffie Sue") was cleared of charges recently when Jimmy Nelson testified in her behalf. Muffie had been accused by the Walsh camp of barking continuously for 4 hrs. while her family was at "The Maltese Falcon," the free Ben & Jerry movie. Jimmy, who had been next door during the time, said that the barking had come from further downlake. Muffie was silent during the testimony, but she later celebrated by eating a chocolate chip cookie. When questioned about the incident, Muffie commented, "I love chocolate chips."





MEGAN + JACKIE RETURN FROM CYCLING HOLIDAY

(Photo: Ms. Megan Jackson on left, Ms. Jackie Jackson on right.)

Sep 1d, and Vermont MTJ and JDT returned fit and enthusiastic from a wonderful bicycling trip to England, May 15- June 15 (and addicted to tea, Kippers, + Dorset ginger snaps.) At goddaughter Nancy Hocking's in London, husband Ara Nigogossian assembled JDT's bike while daughter Tamar, nearly 3, kibitzed. The travelers spent several days enjoying Hocking/Nig. hospitality, exploring London, buying Megan a Dawes 10-speed, visiting art galleries, Br. Museum, Wren churches and St. Paul's, etc. A bonus was Megan Hocking dropping in from Spain with daughter Keely. The cyclists took a shakedown trip to Canterbury/Dover, + stayed at their first hostel, where MTJ developed a lifelong dislike of steak + kidney pie. On return to London they spent a rich + warm evening at the home of Theodore and Lucille Booth-Clibborn, with a superb meal of salmon, salad + other goodies prepared by their hosts. It was Theo's birthday. Then on to Dorset, to Hugh + Jessie Perkins at Brauscombe Kennels. Their dog, Demi (Demelza) lifts her leg against you in jest (but you still shy away.) Demi took a fancy to Megan, and though a large dog, always cuddled in her lap while we watched British telly (but American "Dallas") with Jessie. Highlights of Dorset: grandson Jamie Crosfield's birthday, granddaughter Polly Crosfield's pony meet, where Polly took several ribbons, a trip to Yeovil with Jess, + Sue Crosfield, getting lost on the huge hill Duncliffe, cycling the hedgy lanes (there's a street in Marnhull called Sodom Way) a picnic at the mill at Sturbridge Newton's Hugh's home-

made wine, chocolate biscuits, yard eggs of many sizes + colors, and more + more. An idyllic cycle to Salisbury, then icy rain + wind to Winchester, trying to find an ancient Roman road (we did!) Then to bed in a hostel in another mill, where we had to climb over massive timbers to get to our bunks. On to Exeter, where we observed Molokai hairdos dyed green and magenta on the Cathedral Close. Via train, then bike to Perranporth, Cornwall, visiting Hocking relatives who feel like ours! Pam + Winnie



MEGAN + DEMELZA WATCH TELLY IN DORSET

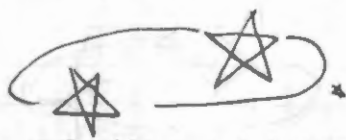
Taylor. The first night we stayed at the Youth Hostel, an Atlantic Cable bldg. high on the cliffs with the sea crashing below, after that at a WHOLE HOUSE next to Pam + Winnie's -- and didn't we feel elegant having our breakfast tea and sausages on our own sunny veranda! And climbing between satin sheets in electrically warmed beds! High lights of Cornwall: seeing "Androcles + the Lion" at the spectacular Minack Theater, built into the rocks with sea + cliffs as back drop! Pam + I bundled up in wool hats and mittens and blankets (Cont on p. 8.)

60th ANNOUNCED OVER LAKE WOBEGON!

St. Paul On May 5, eve of the 60th Celebration, Garrison Keillon over Prairie Home Companion, (Live from downtown St. Paul) said, "Vera and Ron Dougan are celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary on May 6. Everyone is invited and Dad says to bring your comb and tissue paper." Major thanks for this public service announcement go to Dan Schmidt who shuffled through the stacks that come in to the show, & put his Gram & Grampa on top. The ENNL ed. had previously sent it in as a P.S. to a folk song not yet featured on P.H.C. Folk Song Dept. The song, by the way, is familiar to all Dougan Kids, to the tune of "Come Thou Almighty King." VWD sang it to us when we were Kids:

"See those white ducks at play,
Out there upon the bay.
See how they swim!
See how they teeter-totter
Out there upon the water,
Seems like they hadn't otter
On a Sabbath Day!"

Anyone hearing this folk song on P.H.C., please call RAD & VWD! P.S. Several friends from around the U.S.A. telephoned in after hearing the announcement over Lake Wobegon.



STAR(S) NAMED!

Universe Somewhere up there, Star # XC68498F* has been given the name, "Vera and Ron Dougan," in the International Star Register, recognized by all astronomers. RAD & VWD have a handsome framed document attesting to this. Appropriately, the star is a binary. Two suns revolving around each other eternally! This designation is the unique gift of Pat & Lewis Dalvit, (a double star + themselves). What the telescopes don't reveal about Star VWD & RAD is how many planets & asteroids are orbiting out there around that double star. Two of the solar system hail you! We also salute the person (probably the treasurer of the International Astronomy Ass'n) who thought of this remarkable scheme; we wish we had the franchise!

"How is it possible for one to own the stars?" "... To whom do they belong?" the businessman retorted peevishly, "To nobody." "Then they belong to me, for I was the 1st person to think of it. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody, it is yours. When you discover an island that belongs to nobody, it is yours. When you get an idea before anyone else, you take out a patent on it. I own the stars because nobody else before me ever thought of owning them."



"When does 'the best is yet to be' start?"

THANKS for the MEMORY

Beloit Here are the words to Jo, Jack & Craig's portion of "Thanks for the Memory," sung at the end of the Dougan Family Presentation, & accompanied by Harry Wile: "Thanks for the memory Of summers at the lake, The trips we used to take, And please, Mom, you just gotta Work with me on this Sonata... How you toiled for our sake..."

"Thanks for the memory, Of each golden summer morn, When we detasseled corn, And how you let us always get Another pet (the following recitative on the same note)

Jackie Our dogs Tip & Shep & Lassie & Haaken and a half dozen Boxers and their progeny including Bushnut and Poopdeck...

Joan And the present dog who wandered in off the thruway, little Cover d'Or, meaning "Heart of Gold," but commonly called "Cur".

Craig Our cats Mittens and Maltie and Sadie and Maudie and Fernwood Scrimshaw and others too fierce to mention but we mustn't forget our talking barn cat

Jackie Our pigs Sausage and Petunia who could open the screen door with their snouts and come inside

Joan Our goats Butter & Sugarpudding & Cracker & Rocket

Craig Our raccoons Sig and Bundle and George Scrooge Raccoon Brown

Jackie Our squirrel Andrew who arranged his tail like a Christ was tree and lived in a pillow

Joan Our calves Perry and Peirrot

Craig Our ducks (Craig I can't read yr writing: what were their names?)

Jackie Our crows Sana Claws and Sani Flush, who all winter long sat and looked in mother's office window at her

Joan Rabbits too numerous to list, turtles ditto,

Craig A skunk who stayed a day

Jackie A pony Mona that we could never catch to ride

Joan The horses Jeff and Paint

Craig And a chameleon named Ponce de Leon that Craig found on the Fountain of Youth in St. Augustine, Fla., and brought home, and who lived on a rosebush on the radio and we sent flies his way..

All ... How lucky we were

"So thanks --- to the two of you, For music, art & books, Our inherited good looks ... For love of earth, For work of worth, For family joy & mirth: WE THANK YOU, SO MUCH!"



The Treble Clef Didn't We Have a Grand Time?



A Musical Tribute to honor
RONALD and VERA DOUGAN
on their
60 Wedding Anniversary
and
Vera Dougan's 55th Year in
TREBLE CLEF

Sunday, May 6, 1984, 2:30 P.M.
First Congregational Church

GREETINGS and TRIBUTE

Govert Vercouteren

THE BLESSING

Mrs. Walter Schwebke

HYMN

"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing"

PROGRAM

Chairman - Priscilla Wehler

VOICE:

Lullaby

Vera Dougan

Dawn on the Sea

Vera Dougan

Climb Every Mountain

Rodgers and Hammerstein

From "The Sound of Music"

Helen Buehl - Soprano

Anita Kentopp - Piano

PIANO:

Reflets dans l'eau from IMAGES

Debussy

Waltz Brilliant Op. 34 No. 1

Chopin

Polichinelle Op. 3 No. 9

Rachmaninoff

Judith Paddock - Piano

VOICE:

Voyage a Paris

Francis Poulenc

Connais-tu le pays

Ambroise Thomas

Avril a Paris

Harburg-Duke

Violon

Francis Poulenc

Eudora Shepherd - Soprano

Michael Baron - Piano

REMINISCING:

Thanks for the Memories

Robin-Rainger

Harry Wolfe - Piano

DOUGAN FAMILY PRESENTATION - arranged by the children

RECEPTION FOLLOWING

National Music Week, May 6-13, 1984
Sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Mrs. Karl Salzberg, Chairman

Miss Lucy Ellen Magee

Mrs. Robert Sholz

Mrs. Gerald Kurth

Mrs. Elizabeth Reinholz

Mrs. Frank Siegworth

Mrs. Govert Vercouteren

Mrs. Kenneth Wendorf

Theme: "Music Creates a Better Tomorrow"

Treble Clef takes this opportunity to salute Ron and Vera Dougan on this memorable day. Each one has chosen a field of endeavor distinctly different from one another, one in the arts, the other in agriculture - yet both have achieved nationwide fame for the service they rendered.

Contributions made to the advancement of music are far too numerable to list in this brief outline - however, they have been and are most significant locally, statewide and nationally.

Ron and Vera have been a marvelous inspiration to people of all ages and all walks of life. We want this occasion to be festive for them as well as for their family.

Govert J. Vercouteren

Letter memory book compilation

Jeannette Kurth and Priscilla Wehler

Co-Sponsored by
Children of the Dougans

The Round Barn



(This 4-page

program has been jammed into one by the dogged persistence of the ENNL Ed.)

'Sticking to one's last' A CHAT WITH CHAD WALSH

by Alzina Stone Dale

When Chad Walsh was in Chicago this spring, I made a date to talk with him. As an admirer of his writing—both poetry and prose—I wanted to hear what he is doing now he has retired from teaching at Beloit College, and I was frankly curious about this Episcopal spokesman's view of our Church in 1984.

In the post-Christian period of specialization, Walsh successfully combined three careers—poet-professor, tentmaker priest, and popular Christian apologist very like his friend C. S. Lewis, whom he introduced to America. Like Lewis, Walsh has gone on affirming that "God is not dead" in the face of much flak within and outside Anglicanism. Perhaps just "sticking to one's last" like the amateur carpenter he is has given Walsh's work its humorous authority which survives intellectual and liturgical trendiness, as when he says wryly,

The times—or I—were out of joint.

I was not strong enough to turn the times about.

Perhaps I should have learned to shout.

I settled for the counterpoint

Of the ironic southern voice

And commented with rhymes upon the passing scene.

In person Walsh radiates a genial charm combined with a gentlemanly modesty about his work. His balanced attitude I recognized as the genuine Anglican article, affirming balance and sanity. Like his books, he is accessible and amused, interested in what goes on about him.

In retirement in Burlington, Vt., he has returned to his first vocation of poet, but, paradoxically, he is at work on two projects which led us into a discussion of the present-day Church. One is a book of sonnets in which "the only thing that's different" is he refers to God as "She." I told him I have a hang-up about using pagan Earth-Mother mythology for God, like Dorothy L. Sayers who disapproved of editing out sex or gender because the Hebrews did not mean God represented male machismo. Madeleine L'Engle uses "El," but her neuter "it" is just not *English*. Walsh suggested "people now do misread masculine words" so he tries to desensitize language, but he, too, cannot destroy it by using awkward words like "chairperson."

I asked how he feels about women priests, and he said they do not bother him, perhaps because he has known several far more impressive than many men!

We talked about whether the new Prayer Book has changed the very nature of the Anglican via media. Although *The Book*



of *Common Prayer* was one reason he joined the Episcopal Church, again Walsh demonstrated his classic Christian sense of proportion by saying he feels that "meaning must be more crucial than aesthetics." But we agreed that it will take more time to regain the sense of community shaken by reworking the Church's hallmark. "It has been a far more bitter controversy than anyone expected, and it may require a generation to grow up using the new *Book of Common Prayer*," he suggested.

Walsh's other writing project is a series of group interviews with the main actors in the Passion story, like Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate, done in the television style of Steve Allen. Remembering his warm praise of Dorothy Sayers' radio play cycle, *The Man Born to Be King*, I asked if it had served as a model, and Walsh reaffirmed my sense of continuity within the Anglican "writing communion" by saying with a smile that, yes, for him "Jesus will forever have a Scots accent," a reference to the BBC actor who played Christ.

Both writing projects should be done by year's end, and since this is 1984, I asked him how he feels, having foreseen in the 1950's and 1960's a 1980's world where God not only has not died, but is a name to start revolutions. I quoted G. K. Chesterton who said in 1904 that "never from the beginning of the world has the human race done what the wise men have seen to be inevitable." Walsh said he shares Chesterton's intuition about prophecy because he has always had a "very strong sense of history." In his work he combines it with those timeless flashes of joy he calls "hints, goads, and lures" to make up the Christian double vision of time and eternity.

I found his approach a true liberation theology, justifying institutional Anglicanism just as he made a contemporary defense of it in a recent poem where he said,

*In the last of wrecks any church
Offers fingers something rough to
clutch. This is much*

*To say thanks for when a God flows
smooth past your thumb.*

(Poems from *Hang Me Up My Begging Bowl*, Swallow Press, 1981.)

Alzina Stone Dale is a Chicago-based author who is an expert on Dorothy Sayers.

NEWS BRIEFS

Mayport, FLA. David Daugan, Electricians Mate, left his ship to do a job related errand in town, took a motor into a little shop. When he signed the papers, the worker said, "Doogan?" "No," said David, "DÖ-GAN." "Oh," said the guy, "I knew a real prominent family in Wisconsin that pronounced it that way." "Where in Wisconsin?" asks David. "Big farm outside of Beloit, Big dairy," says the fellow, & goes on to tell about how wonderful the place was, all the good done in the community, etc. Says David, "That's my grandpa!" But he neglected to get the guy's name, who apparently once lived in Rock County.

Spfld, IL FIRST LADY VISITS ELLIE'S SCHOOL! No, not Dartmouth, but Lauphler H.S., 8 blocks from 816 N. 5th. You should have seen the security! She talked to students about drugs, and took part in a drug play w/ some Lauphler kids. Beloit On a recent visit to Beloit, ENNL Ed. unwrapped a bulky package and found a MYSTERY BOOK written by Jeremy Schmidt, which she stayed up into the wee hours finishing, and pronounced EXCELLENT! Question to nephew Jeremy: have you tried this book many places? What criticisms have you received? Why have you given up sending it around??

Beaver Creek, OR. From Dr. R.C. Daugan to his parents: "Knack - Knack is a house duck. She had a leg & half a beak chewed off by a rat. Neither Barb nor I could twist its neck so the little blonde & peppered fellow survives -- in Barb's utility room -- going "Knack Knack" whenever Barb, me, Biscuit or Buckley wanders thru. Since Barb spends a lot of time in the utility room, the little duck is getting hoarse & developing a cigarette cough (Knack-cough- Knack-cough etc.) Only duck I know w/ concern a bit emphatic ma. The duck pays no attention to the cats. We take it for a drag around the back yard every other day."

Spfld ENNL Ed recently found Craig's Xmas present - FUP (a duck) at the bottom of a heap somewhere. He gave copies

to all of us, I believe. Craig's book selections are sometimes - well - you know. But FUP is a terrific book, very well written, & what a duck! (And other characters.) READ IT! You won't regret it - & it's short

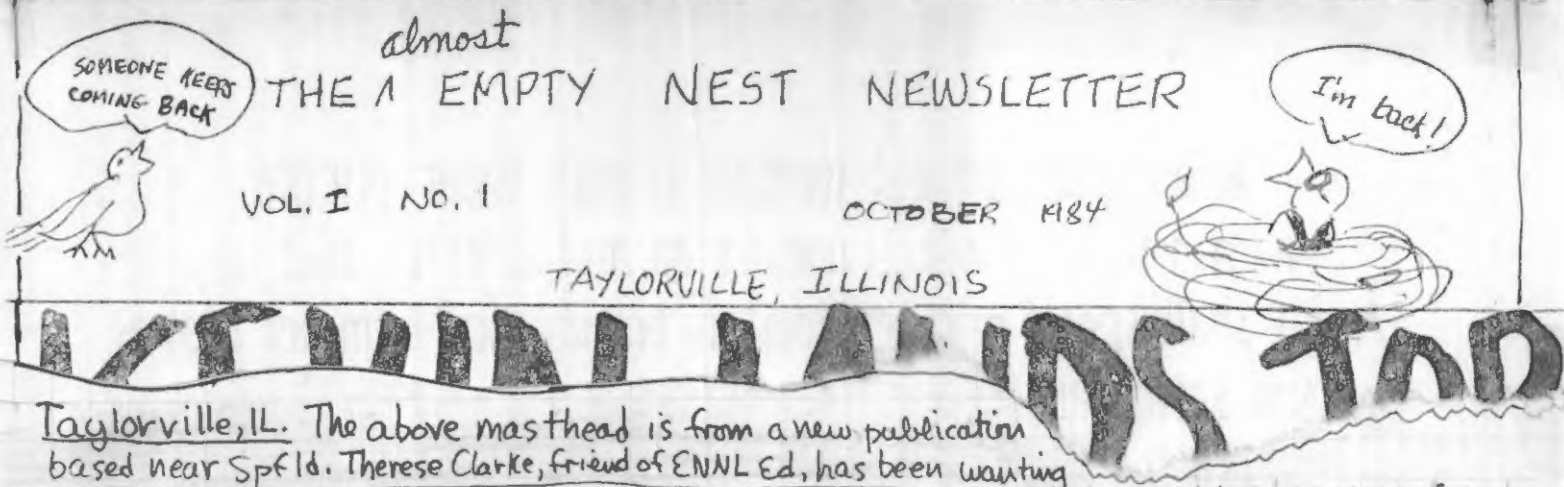
Yukon When last heard from Rita Bresnahan had hitchhiked this far and was still heading North. That's a long way from Peoria!



OH, HE'S NOT
A PET..
WE'RE JUST
LIVING TOGETHER.

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER - VOL III - NO 2 - P 6

hatches an egg!



Taylorville, IL. The above masthead is from a new publication based near Spfld. Therese Clarke, friend of ENNL Ed, has been wanting

FROM MUSIC CUBS MAG, HERE'S GRANDMA THE AUTHOR AGAIN! LET'S *I Remember When* . . . HAVE 3 (MOODY) CHEERS FOR GRANDMA!

I remember when I saw and heard Jessie Kelley—Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley—for the first time. She was a Past National President, having held this high office from 1925 to 1929. Now for several years she had been actively and seriously serving NFMC on the Board of Directors and as a department chairman. The occasion was a convention in the Midwest where I had been sent as a delegate from my local club, Treble Clef, of which I was president. This was an unusual opportunity for me, a mother of four young children, and not to be taken lightly.

The first featured speaker was Mrs. Kelley, a handsome and charming woman who assumed an easy dignity on the platform and held the listeners through her recognized knowledge and authority. She was an outstanding musician known throughout the country and abroad, and wife of the distinguished American composer, Edgar Stillman Kelley. She spoke with great clarity and in an intense manner which left no doubt of her deep concern for her subject, "Opera in English." "Opera must be mounted in English as well as in the original language so that people can understand what it is all about. No wonder we have friends, even musicians and especially husbands who think they do not care for opera, but who might become its greatest promoters if they understood the lyrics!" At the end of her address there was no one in the room who was not ready to take up arms to promote her cause. She remained a leader, sharing the spotlight with the beloved President, Agnes Jardine.

Mrs. Kelley dressed differently from most, in a manner which in later years became her trade-mark. She wore an ensemble dress and coat of the same length and color. She wore a turban under which her light hair was tucked attractively. Over her shoulders and down to the hemline were scarves, two beautiful scarves of different pastel colors. Often one was of chiffon, which set off her countenance making one think of the cherubim faces floating around the Sistine Chapel.

A few years later I met Jessie Kelley at a board meeting in a southern city. I was State President and had kept that feeling of awe and gratitude toward the wonderful leaders who were contributing their time and talents to music and to the Federation. Mrs. Kelley's ringing address was on American Music, calling us to battle for

the encouragement of American composers and the performance of their works. She spoke of their difficulties of being accepted even in their own country, to say nothing of Europe. She eschewed with scorn as inadequate the slogan "An American encore on every program" and provided lists of names and major works of our own fine composers. She also praised our leading American artists. Again she made a deep impression on us all.

In the evening Jessie Kelley in a long formal gown started down a broad flight of white marble stairs to the ballroom. Full of animation and flushed with excitement as she anticipated the banquet and concert, she tripped and fell down the steps. Later we found she had broken a hip. She recovered normally, with a short hospitalization and a month or two at home, after which she returned to her chosen NFMC service.

At the Dallas Biennial in 1949, Mrs. Kelley was again one of the featured speakers. Here in traditional fashion she gave an impassioned address to the Juniors, but one which any adult who was present also found thrilling and never to be forgotten. I was then a Regional Vice President and realized more than ever what a great woman she was.

In the early years no convention or board meeting was without a "Frolic." This was the one fun occasion, and was programmed as carefully as the serious and often elegant affairs. The frolic at Dallas was one of the funniest ever. It was a Duck Wedding. The participants wore costumes of some sort of yellow feathery material over back, wings and head. Squatting, they entered the room with appropriate music, ready for a solemn ceremony. The group included the minister, the parents, the bride and groom, the bridesmaids, groomsmen and ever a flower girl and ring bearer. Picture if you will a group of ducks marching in, waddling, squawking and quacking. We laughed until we were limp. Wiping our eyes we suddenly realized that leading the flock was Mrs. Kelley, thoroughly enjoying herself, and among those following were other important members of the Federation.

The last night we all went to the State Fair Grounds for a concert in the auditorium. Mrs. Kelley was enthusiastic, greeting friends and complimenting the performers.

The next morning we gathered for the White Breakfast. Everyone was dressed in

to start her own ENNL for over two years, but was repeatedly thwarted by circumstances beyond her control. She finally started anyway, with an amended name and explanatory pix. One told item:

GUILTY OF THEFT
The title and format of this newsletter were blatantly stolen from J. Jackson of Springfield. No formal charges have been made.

Therese is also bolder in her reporting of family news:

DID YOU KNOW.
On September 29 Kevin celebrated six months of sobriety. He will add another medallion to his collection.

The Ed. of the AENNL (hey, try pronouncing!) ask for news to be sent simply to:

Mother
805 W. Main Cross
Taylorville, IL.
62568

white and all flowers and decorations were also white. A hush held the quiet room. Marie Keith, tall and regal presiding, waited for Mrs. Kelley's place at the head table to be filled. Mrs. Wendland said she had seen her in the lobby clothed in white ready for the breakfast. Mrs. Keith summoned a page and told her to find Mrs. Kelley and bring her to the platform. In a few moments the page returned alone. The President and those close by were getting worried. This time the page was dispatched to Mrs. Kelley's room. She reported quietly to Mrs. Keith, and the latter began the opening prayer. With no change in her expression or voice she asked that a special blessing fall upon one who had left our midst—one who had gone into the land of music and beauty. Afterward we realized that Mrs. Kelley had been found in her room dead. The poignancy of that passing seemed more a triumph than a tragedy because of the aura of joy that surrounded Jessie even to the end.

Vera Wardner Dougan

Jeremy Schmidt,
of
Route 1, Box 918AA
Flagstaff, AZ 86001
(602) 526-4289,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WRITES:

I wanted to answer the libelous, unfounded--nay, fantastic--charges laid against my honorable brother and me in a recent issue of ENN by one Dr RC Dougan, normally a man in control of his emotions but clearly, regarding this case, out to lunch. May MacDonald's burn his fish sandwich.

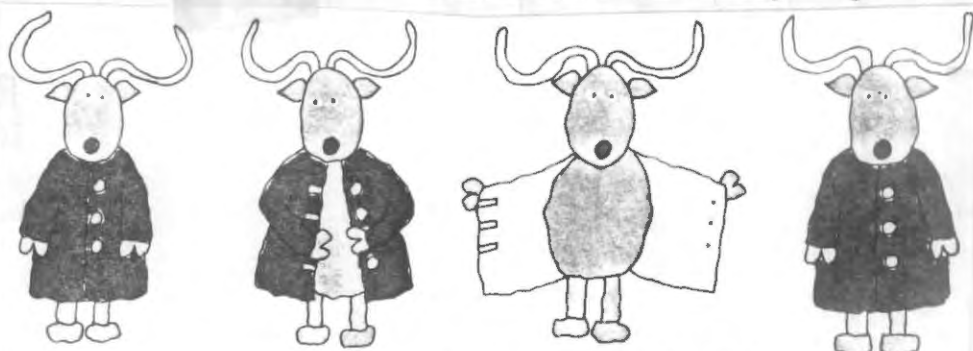
Here is a clipping from the Flagstaff Advocate:

Jeremy Schmidt yesterday denied charges of removing a complete file of Mickey Mouse magazines from a Beloit, Wis attic. Said Schmidt, there were better things to look at up there than some big-eared cartoon character. "I remember a rusty WWI bayonet, a stack of Big-Little books, some nifty camping gear, a Victrola which we undoubtedly damaged beyond repair--but Mickey Mouse? No way. On the other hand, had it been Minnie..." Schmidt suggested that the aggrieved Dr Dougan look to the more likely cause of disappearance--the magazines were eaten by mice.

class in the house before the round barn farm house. And she needed someone to provide some piano music. I don't remember how I made contact, or she with me, but I used to ride out to the farm on my bicycle to play "La Cinquenaire" for "point, rest; point, rest," or something for skipping or something for grand jete's. I don't recall any of the little dancers except the three little Dougan girls; the diapers hanging on the line must have been Craig's! * * * That was a horrifying tale of Gillian's trip to Reno last Jan ... Donner Pass an awesome place even in clemeat weather... [tells that the Howard Donner family of S. Beloit "used to run a grocery where I went to get margarine when it was illegal in Wisconsin -- oh dear, don't tell your dad-- for the moment, I forgot he was a dairy man--" are scions of that Donner family--spelling altered, but family the same.

[JJ to Craig: Do you remember Jules Donner, our age?] on with Mardi: "I enjoyed reading about all Vera's & Ron's grandchildren in this issue; would love to have read more about Jo and Karl and Pat and hew and Craig. Thanks, Jackie, for including me in your mailing. If only I were a cartoonist I would draw you how it made my day. Love, Mardi."

I, for one, would like to know what happened to that stack of Playboys.
Vera

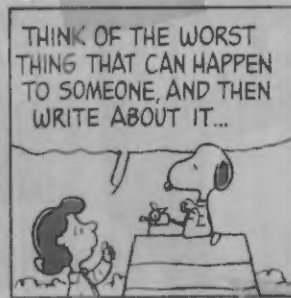
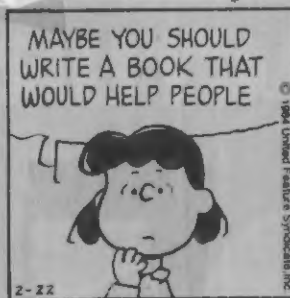


GNUS FLASH:

Unfortunately, by the time the ENNL Ed manages to get out an edition, the gnus has already grown whiskers or got arthritis, but we print it anyway... for the record, and to have any news to print at all! Herewith are unreported (by ENNL) births:

The NEW GNUS, or, WE HAVE GNUS for YOUSE!

July 11, ASHLEY JENNIFER, to MITCH & JENNY MOORE, in Burlington, Vt. To DAN & JULIE SCHMIDT, on July 18, SARA JOAN (the "Joan" after both grandmothers) in St. Paul. The ENNL Ed. had the joy of seeing and holding little Sara when visits to Chez Nous in late summer coincided. On July 16, in Montana, was born KYLAH MARISSA, daughter of Tom Schmidt and Tracy Schmidt. Hurray for this fine crop of little girls! And as for little boys: TWINS, to Talie Alexander & Tom Zier, Alexander and Nathaniel! They were born a bit prematurely, had a hospital stay (Talie sent in mother's milk) but they are fine! Cheers!



Bicyclist hopes to hit 150 mph at Bonneville Flats

"We could have covered England in half a day," states Megan (Cycling Holiday: cont from p.2)... and drinking hot soup while sea gales whistled accompaniment to the play... A hike along the cliffs & back through the footpaths... Scrabble in the cosy Taylor livingroom while Tausy & Megan played Growl-and-Seek... A hivers hut we all climbed in the rain, but spotted no pilchard... Searching (in vain) for prehistoric hut circles on Goon Whimpy Downs... and other good times! Thence to Bath & Oxford, where we shared a lane with a fox for 30 yards, and spent a great day hiking with Maggie Devereux above the Uffington whitehorse, on the prehistoric Ridgeway. That eve. Jackie pinch hit for a dog trainer at a Women's Institute meeting, and met some friends not seen since 1954 (and wore Maggie's clothes & a neighbor's shoes, since cycling does not include dress clothes!) Time then in the Cotswolds, enjoying at several hostels a neat Australian family; down to Stonehenge & Avebury in a rented car -- we missed these earlier due to sleety headwinds -- back to Ana & Nancy's & a few London days, then home. A splendid trip! The cliffs of Cornwall daylie in Megan's mind (esp Kynance Cove) when people say, "Tell us about your trip," when they ask Jackie, she goes off into raptures about the Youth Hostel's "Members Kitchen"s. She is trying (unsuccessfully) to set up her own kitchen in like fashion. She also stands ready to cycle again. Any takers?



PLEASANT LAKE STILL PARADISE (THOUGH NOW A CHICAGO SUBURB)

Pleasant Lake, Elkhorn, Wis. RAD, VWD & Jackie visited Pleasant Lake, scene of childhood joys of alot of us, & locale of Paleface Redskins & Ghost Boat. The lake (in which TJ swam, in October!) is still clear & clean, the scout camp lands still keep it largely uninhabited. Cottages are now almost all permanent homes, however, so its not got a "summer community" feel. Some folk commute to Chicago to work! The swamp, scene of Paleface's (& Dougan Kids') campsite, is now filled in & has 2 houses on it. Sob. Met Mrs. Lavold, No Bob Frye. The trip was in response to a letter from Fred Bromley, who owns a farm near Pl. Lake, & heard TJ talk about the lake over WHA "The Author is You." He accompanied the Dougans, she & TJ reminisced about childhoods on the Lake. A lovely man! We all had lunch at Lauderdale Lake, along with Shirley Bromley Taylor & husband (Fred's sister): we all knew Shirley at Conference Point! She sang, remember, Jo & Pat? It was a perfect day from start to end.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEND YOUR

CHRISTMAS LIST

if you want your wants published in ENNL Spfld. When the THOMPSON TWINS rock group played in Spfld, Jackie & Ellie invited the synthesizer, Carolinda Booth, to breakfast. She did not respond, probably thinking we were Groupies. Carolinda is the granddaughter of Theodore Lucille Booth-Clibborn, of London (to whom we explained Tintin!) Ellie, who attended the concert, enjoyed it.

WARDNERS REUNE

Weatherfield, VT. This is the longest ENNL in a long time, and the Ed hasn't YET covered all the back news. The Wardner Family Reunion will just have to be covered in the Words on Wardners newsletter, which has not yet been written, due to the overload of the new editor. J.D. Jackson was a sitting duck for the job, due to knowledge among all the Wardners of this publication. She will be assisted in production by a Wardner who lives on a houseboat near Portland, Caroline Buck. Now that this issue of ENNL is at last finished, the Ed. will change hats to the straw one of the 1976 reunion, & begin editing the new W.on W. All you Wardners who get ENNL can look forward to seeing it soon. Also, all you ENNL Wardners: HOW ABOUT NEWS FOR WORDS ON WARDNERS? We will have contemporary columns!!!

Vermont Now that it's getting cold out there, Megan Jackson is going to leave the camp, & before finding a job & apt. in Burlington (where she will sweat out her transfer) she will take a trip West, seeing friends, & ENNL readers Gill & Skip, & Alison Charley. Maybe even Annabelle Dirks!

MIps The house is sold -- and Demi Jackson & roomie Suzi Mudge must find a new place. Also, the 1yr. old WAVE gallery will soon fold, due to lack of funds. The arts are a hard life!

San Francisco was the scene of a recent shopping spree by Gillian Jackson, assisted by Alison Walsh.

