

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL III NO 4 FEB 1985

"... She'll sit in a barn, and keep herself warm, and hide her head under her wing, poor thing." -- Nursery song



VISITATION PERMITTED

"I'm just thankful she's gone to a loving home," owner says tearfully.



Chatham, Ill. The Gerald Veaches are the proud owners of a 1977 126,000 mi. VW Rabbit, recently the vehicle of ENNLEd., J.D. Jackson. When R. A. Dugan urged JDT to buy a new car she said, "But how will I ever explain it to the old one?" On the day she was to turn in the Rabbit for a 1985 Honda Civic, she spent the day instead holding the Rabbit's steering wheel. At dinner at a Chinese restaurant that night, with Jerry & Becky Veach, Jerry said, "What did they say it was worth? \$100? I'll buy it for \$150!" He showed up at the trade-in the next day & the Honda dealer sold it to him for

\$250. Jerry has bought spiffy seat covers, given it a tune up, a bath, & predicts it will run to 180,000 mi. Veach was not happy to discover a hole in the front passenger side floor (covered with plywood by JDT) big enough to drop a baby through, but he realizes that that's life in the used car world. He is now driving the Rabbit to work & leaving the Datsun 310 (81) & Chevy Celebrity (83) for wife and sons. JDT has been to Chatham several times to visit her beloved Rabbit. She has not yet bonded w/ the Honda.

DEMI WOWS QUILTERS

Minneapolis On Jan 11 Damaris Jackson, art-quilter, spoke to 150 members of "Minnesota Quilters." She presented 80 slides of her work, and discussed the evolution of her quilts, from drawings, to quilt, to the changes now that she has a long-arm dancer. Suzie Mudge, who operated the projector from the audience (while Demi spoke from a mike up front) heard much oohing & ahing, exclamations of "marvelas!" etc., and reports that Demi was clear, concise, personable, & drew laughs when/where she wanted. Ms. Jackson has been asked to speak at an evening meeting of Minnesota Quilters (membership over 800!) in July. Congrats, Demi!

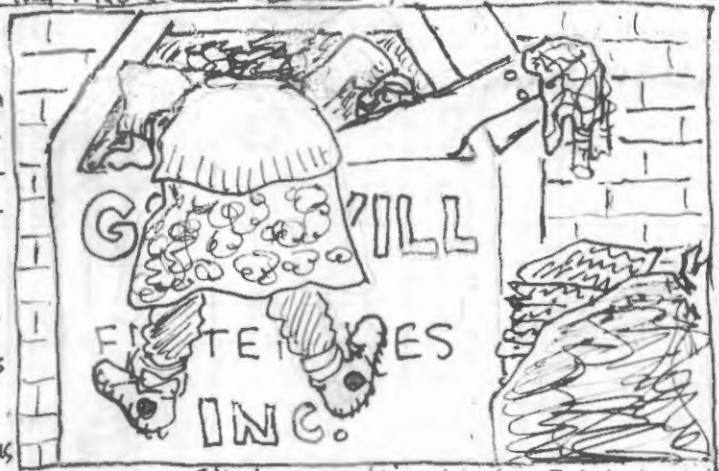
BAG LADY FINDS VIOLA!

WILL CLAIM \$500 REWARD

Belzoni, Miss. Some months ago, after a Symphony concert in Belzoni, Miss., the Catfish Capitol of the World, Pat Dugan Delvits uninsured, valuable Viola was stolen. Word has just been received by the Empty Nest Newsletter that a little old lady, rummaging among the clothes in the bottom of a Goodwill Box, found the precious instrument and took it to the Mayor, who telephoned Pat. Pat will travel to Belzoni to fetch the viola, which seems to be all there & in good shape, and to hand a reward of 500 Smackeroos to the l.o. lady. Pat plans to pay in bills so as not to disturb soc. security or food stamps.

PLANT VICTIM OF IKS

Spt 1d A large plant-tree belonging to Megan Jackson, & currently boarding at 816 N 5th, Spt B, was the hapless victim over Xmas of the dreaded IKS: Irritated Cat Syndrome. Mighty Mouse, piqued at being left for 3 weeks in a cold and empty house, chose this plant's pot (behind the sink) to pee in, instead of her kitty box. JDT, while watering the plant on her return, diagnosed IKS by the brilliant yellow hue of the water that ran thru into the pot-holder, and swiftly administered several total transfusions, flushing out the plant's root system till the water ran clear. The plant appears to be recovering. Not so fortunate was Rita Bresnahan's Norfolk Pine, which, though putting up a valiant fight, died a slow and lingering IKS death several years ago.



Belzoni Citizen making Lucky Find - AP photo

Farm's 'bullboards' spark a stampede of advertisers

KLEINBURG, Ont. (AP) — Frazier Mohawk says his plan to use cows as walking billboards — he calls them "bullboards" — has brought a stampede of clients to his farm.

"The first series (of six cows) has sold out and the demand is very high," Mohawk said. "We could put another 10 cows out there."

The six Jersey cows were to make their debut Monday at Puck's Farm, a working "public education" farm run by Mohawk in this town north of Toronto. The non-profit operation is open free of charge to the public and toured primarily by schoolchildren.

The advertisements cost \$500 a side for a year, and will be displayed on vinyl sheets draped over the cows' backs and tied down with twine.

Mohawk said the profits will be used to buy animal feed. He said the dozen companies already holding contracts range from a Kleinburg

restaurant to a national frozen food concern.

In his pun-packed promotional material, Mohawk proclaims: "Do readers skim past your ads? Want to milk your market for all it's worth? If so, it's time you herd about Media-cow."

The Jerseys have been in training for their new vocation for two weeks and Mohawk says they like their new gear, "especially in this chilly weather."

"It will be interesting to see what happens when they get out into the paddock together and see each other wearing them."

He said he is working on cooler signs for summer and signs that light up at night.

He says the venture is not original, although it is new to Canada.

"I vaguely remember seeing a cow with an ad on it in England one Sunday morning years ago," he said. "But then again, I don't remember the Saturday night."

R.A.D. COMMENTS ON LAST EMPTY NEST ISSUE
Beloit. Ronald Dougan read the last ENNL aloud to Vera D. while the ENNLed was within hearing. His comments: "Every one of those Wardner birds has character... Some rather low character..." On JDT's dressing as an M+M: "She wouldn't have to put much make-up on." On Paul's fall: "Paul has trouble with the wind." On Benjamin Yde: "A bug's ear is even cuter than a bug." On the ABS bull that fathered tens of thousands, "I told Craig I wasn't complaining, but I wanted him to see what others were doing."

JENNY AND MATT WRITE T Y'S.
Bethesda, Md. Dear Grandma and Grandpa Dougan, Thank you for the Roller Skates I really — ZOOOM — (ect.) around with my friend Kelly except when it's too cold. The roller skates were my favorite present. I wish I could see you this year. Love, Jenny Schmidt. P.S. Will I see you next year?

Dear Great Grandma and Grandpa Dougan, Thank you for the PTO truck I like playing with it. By Matthew

NEW ADDRESSES

Damaris Jackson is now at 3126 Oakland Ave S., Minneapolis, MN 55407, Tel. 612-825-3524. Megan Jackson is at 136 N. Union St., Burlington, Vt., 05401. Tel. 802-862-8284. Megan, in a new town, is especially appreciative of mail & calls.

but used to be an important port city.) For lunch we had soup and bread, then we drove back leisurely to the cities. (The Soup Group sticks to soup so ^{people} they don't compete so much when it's their turn to cook!!)

NEWS NOTES & DEMI REPORTS JUNKET

Hometown? USA Gordon and Karen Schafer became the happy parents of Phillip Baker Schafer on Sept. 23, 1984.

Minneapolis Demi Jackson & Suzie Mudge are off for 5 wks in Europe. They will visit Ellie Jackson and Nancy Hocking in London, Hugh & Jessie Perkins in Dorset, and a friend who makes violins in Germany. It is not known if they will manage to visit Cornwall or Oxford Friends of J.J.

Springfield The ENNL Ed. favored the K's in her address book with Christmas Cards this year.

Chicago When Vera Wardner Dougan saw Halley's comet she was on the 3rd floor of a white stone front apartment, at 315 California Ave., on the corner of California & Jackson Blvd., looking East out of the dining room window. (Sun Yat Sen, who lived across the street, saw it too.)

Turtle Township, Rock Co., Wis. The records of "Dougan" School, the old school house that stood on the East Turn of the Dairy, have been found at Fond du Lac. They date from 1850-1923 when the school was consolidated. 1919-23 are perhaps missing, which contain the records of when R.A. Dougan taught there at 17. Eloise Marston, who was a pupil of R.A.D. is studying the records. More later.

Bethesda, Md. Betsy Schmidt, taking Auditing and Intermediate Accounting II this semester, has so far maintained a 4.0 average. Bravo, Betsy!!!

On my birthday eleven quilters from the Twin Cities drove up to Duluth.

(3 hrs. away-on Lake Superior)

We shopped, and then were served a delicious pot-luck supper, arranged by the Duluth quilters. The woman whose house 6 of us stayed at had had 11 kids (one is a ^{daughter} golf pro now).

(Ann Kirsch?) She had a quilt on a frame in the living room which we stitched on while chatting. In the morning people took turns cross-country skiing, & then we joined the Duluth quilters at their "Soup Group." They were tying a simple but pretty 4-patch which will go to someone who has lost belongings in a fire. Everyone who had brought their own items to stitch on got them out; we chatted, switched places, explored the huge house. (Duluth has very high unemployment now,



WAS SHE OR WASN'T SHE?

by KATIE YDE, age 34

This story is as much a reminiscence about myself as it is about Grandma, but since it has had an everlasting & profound effect on my memory, I think it worth sharing. I even remember the setting: I was a young child leaning over the back seat of a car driven by my mother, with Grandma in the passenger seat. Our family was on one of its frequent summer camping trips, and the Dougans sometimes accompanied us. We kids enjoyed having them along: Grandpa was always good for laughs (like eating the fishing bait live, whether it was worms or minnows); Grandma was always good for trips to the local bakery. No doubt we were returning from such a bakery run, when I finally summoned up the courage to ask "the BIG question" which had perplexed me ever since TV commercials clues me in that Grandma was beginning to get "old" (note that she was probably President of the Nat'l Fed. of Music Clubs at this time and very much in her prime). "Grandma" I asked, "are you still sexy?" Now, I have to say that at my present age, I'm not sure exactly what I meant back then, but I think it was more on the line of "are you still considered attractive or beautiful?" than, "do you or don't you?" But mom & grandma must've thought I was asking the latter (even though I'm not sure I knew about the birds & the bees then), for it was their response that I'll never forget: "Oh, Katie". That was it. Drawn out for about 10 seconds, and it told me everything: I had asked a real shocker, I had no business asking such a question, and no follow-up would be allowed. So, I never got an answer. But I think she was then & still is (beautiful, that is)!

OK, friends & family, shall we have a poll on Grandma? Results in the next issue. While we're at it, should we include Grandpa? How about Coeur??

CONTRIBUTIONS APPRECIATED

Spfld. The ENNLEd much appreciates the many contributions to the news of this issue, and for future issues. She also appreciates the outpouring of checks, cash, & stamps! And also that so many of you, not heretofore heard from, said, "Yes! I (we) read it & enjoy it!" Tinkerbell is alive and well and working out at Silhouette 3 times a week!, in Springfield. Many thanks to Barbara, Craig & David Dougan, for the hefty issue of "The Overflowing Nest" - "Chez News West" - that is going out to all Dougan relatives along with this issue. I'm sure you'll have as much fun reading it as the ENNLEd has had! East Lansing Wendell Hocking is working for City of E. Lansing on voter registration, & going to school at night, taking sign. lang. & greek!

Dec 10 '84 Cow sold for \$1 million

DALLAS (AP) — Stephanie, "The Super Cow," brought a super price at an auction on the Southfork Ranch of "Dallas" television fame.

Stephanie, a world-champion milk-producing Holstein owned by Long Haven Farms of Clayton, Mich., was on the block less than two minutes Saturday before she was bought for about \$1 million.

Auction organizer Robert Price of Price Dairies Inc. said the cow produced 51,000 pounds of milk last year, enough to fill 104,000 glasses.

CACTUS IRRITATED

Spfld. Rita Breshnahan's Christmas Cactus, long a bander at 86 N 5th, Spfld., was angered to spend three weeks of Yuletide blooming to an empty house. "I gear up all year," she says, "and I ask you, for what?!!"

QUERY:
Who currently has the "ALMOST A GRANDMA" Sweetshirt?

I THINK I HAVE TOO MUCH STRESS IN MY LIFE... I THINK MY ARTERIES ARE CLOSING...



IF YOU'D DO MY HOMEWORK FOR ME, IT WOULD REDUCE MY STRESS...



FORGET IT!



YOU CAN'T DO GOOD HOMEWORK WHEN YOU CAN FEEL YOUR ARTERIES CLOSING..



FROM OUR NANTUCKET CORRESPONDANT -

BRIDE THREATENS TO EXHIBIT HYSTERECTOMY SCAR

***** NEWPORT RI*****

After obtaining a divorce decree with required Raised Seal, Carol Millar once more attempted matrimony.

As Rhode Island requires a rubella immunization to protect off-spring from possible birth defects, she submitted the surgical report from her hysterectomy as proof the test was not needed.

Alas, this was not legal as this fact needed to be scrawled on the blood test form by the physician who ordered the premarital serology.

As the bride grabbed her hem and snarled, "Wanna see my scar?" the twice thwarted groom carried her over the threshold of the courthouse and threw her into his van.

Somewhere between Newport and Providence, "hysterectomy" was illegally scrawled on the proper form and the marriage was performed two hours later in Providence.

The Providence County Clerk presented the bride with a complimentary newlywed package containing household cleaning products and a box of Stay Free Maxi Pads.

The first words of the new Mrs. Anderson were "And you : can shove these right up your..."

The groom hastily kissed the bride and rushed the wedding party over the state line before the forgery was detected.

BRIEFS

Burlington, Vt. Megan Jackson, for her birthday

Feb. 2., threw a party to which came Chad & Eva Welsh, Don & Audrey Moore, Mitch & Jennie Moore, & Jerry & Irene Case. Oh, & Megan's two housemates. Megan is working for a temporary work agency, but there's not a whole lot of temp. work for an operator, so

she's teaching herself typing. Also taking a cross country ski class: cold! she reports. Maddie Hamblin visited recently.

Champaign, IL Way last spring Megan Jackson graduated from the U. of I Art school with honors! Her diploma stating this came during the summer or fall. ENNL may be slow but it gets there!

Beloit The wind howling around the doors at Chez Nous sings Drorjak's New World Symphony, 2nd movement. "Goin home--goin home."

Alexandria, Va. E.A. Campagna reports that Delia C. is 24 yrs old, that Mary Ellen will have a new baby in the summer, and that she, EA, will retire in summer '85. (How will the Alexandria Y get along without EA, we wonder?!!)

Beloit Returning from a Beloit Symphony Family Fun Concert a recent Sunday after noon, Ron & Vera Dougan got stuck coming up through the field (the lane is impassable most of the winter.) Neighbors rallied--Leutells, Laugs, to get them out. We're glad the neighbors are alert!

Sp. H. The ENNL Ed DIDN'T get a Sabbathial: probably because she's had one before, & none of the others vying had. 7 of 11 were awarded, she's 1st alternate. What this means--not getting it--is further delay on Round Barn. JJ is determined really to be a hermit, skimp on her job, etc. etc., to finish up that book. Oh for a patron!

Winchester, IL A high school student was giving Aubrey Lois lots of gaffs about the uselessness of studying Latin. Lois finally replied, "Well, it will make more wrinkles in your brain, and that will do you good!"

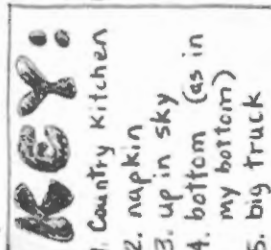
Reno, NV When Gillian came out of the supermarket & said, "Oh, it's getting dark," Cressida, 2 1/2, said, "No, it's getting pink." When Skip said to C., "Did you fall down?" she said, "No, I lost my balance."

FONETIKS LESSON

(or: How big is your vocabulary?)

by JOSH YDE
age 2 1/2

1. Crunchy kikenge
2. bākin
3. up a kie
4. dollum
5. big fwuck



(Ed note: We're really relieved about that last one. After all, this is a FAMILY publication!)

ANNABELLE TO ASIA

Santa Cruz, Cal. Annabelle Dirks, friend of many ENNL readers, flew to Hong Kong in January, as a delegate to the tenth anniversary meeting of the Asian Women's Institute, a consortium of about 15 institutions devoted to women's education in Asia. Then on to Bangkok to see daughter Becky & son-in-law.

PETER HITS BIG TIME

Wash. DC Or else Big Time hits Peter! The details are fuzzy to me, but Phillips Oil Co., so much in the news, has sought out Peter Schmidt to be their lawyer in all their collierieshangies. Pete will operate out of his D.C. firm, who are, of course, well pleased!

Mrs. Bomblatt suddenly realizes she has spent her entire life cooking and cleaning for other people:

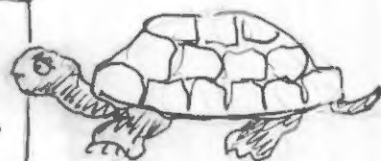


1983 Kate Gail

TALE OF TORTI: FROM OUR DORSET, ENGLAND CORRESPONDANT, JESSIE PERKINS. ENNL ED. heard this tale & asked for details. JESSIE WRITES:

Torti, a large land tortoise, was admitted with all pomp and ceremony to Branscombe Kennels, Dorset.

○	Owners' Names: Mr and Mrs. Appleyard
○	Name and Age of Pet: Torti, age 28
○	Food: Lettuce and Tomatos
○	Contact whilst owners away: Mr. Gray, Vet. of Gillingham



Mrs. Mary Appleyard looked really proud. "I've had him since I was seven years old," she said. He obviously was the apple of her eye. And away George and Mary Appleyard went on their holiday, leaving Torti to enjoy his.

Torti was given VIP treatment. The kennel girls loved him. He was put on his own private lawn with a little chicken house for a home and a long wire run to protect him from interested kittens, cats, dogs, ducks, bantams, chickens, calves, cows and ponies. His food was always on time and of the best.

The week went by and the Appleyards were due to collect their pet late evening on the morrow. Hugh decided to go outside after doing all the clerical work of the kennels to view his land and to see all was well. He was met outside the door by Mrs. Gorman who wanted to buy eggs. She lives in the next village, is a great nature lover and beekeeper, and always stops for a pleasant chat. Hugh told her about Torti and she was immediately longing to see such an aged one. "Quite an event," said she blithely as she tripped gaily after Hugh to the well kept lawn where Torti was spending his holiday.

ALAS! HELLS BELLS AND BUCKETS OF BLOODNO TORTI!

The wire run askew and the occupant missing

PANIC STATIONS!

All kennel girls now subject to third degree interrogation. "WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE TORTI?" etc. etc. Answers varied from "ten minutes" to "thirty minutes."

EVERY ONE ON PARADE.

EVERYWHERE SEARCHED.

Out came the hundred year old scythe. Out came the modern trimmer. Out came four pairs of gentle hands, knees caressing mother earth, feeling through everything. All weeds, grasses, nettles, etc. were cut down. Everywhere began to look bald and scalped.

Hearts were thumping. "Where are you, Torti?" "Please be here, Torti!"

The evening wore on and all the time we were searching, searching . . . hoping . . . calling . . . The fields were thoroughly walked over and many a brown cow pat was thought to be Torti. The light started to fade.

Mrs. Gorman came to apologize that she must go home to cook her husband's supper. She could stay no longer. She gazed at the five faces and being a Quaker said softly, "Pray to St. Anthony. He is the patron saint of lost animals. He always finds them." We all smiled faintly and said our thankyou's at her kindness for staying so long to help. Off again we all went right until darkness descended and night fell.

I came indoors, found a white candle, lit it and said my prayer to St. Anthony.

By first light on the morrow everyone was up early doing all the kennel chores but had one eye always looking for a brown lost Torti. The morning dragged on. The Appleyards were due back. Who would break the news to them? The sad, sad news. No one wanted any lunch.

The hunt was still on. Hugh now offered a reward of £5 to the finder of Torti.

The girls exercised all the kennel dogs, and then it was Demmy's turn. [Demmy--Demelza--is the Perkins's house dog; see ENNL Vol III # 2 p. 2 for a picture--Ed.] The time was 3:30 PM. At 3:50 the triumphant cry,

"TORTI IS FOUND!"

Demmy had found him sunbathing on a piece of warm concrete a hundred yards away from his home. Torti had negotiated a sort of back way, a solitary way, a long path, a cowyard, and a stretch of potholed muddy ground to a stick heap where Hugh always places USUABLE RUBBISH!! It must have taken Torti hours.

Amidst all the excitement and jubilation I crept quietly into the kitchen, lit my white candle . . .

"Thank you, St. Anthony," I said.

(Ed. Note: Nobody told the Appleyards. "Fine," Hugh said, "Torti's been just fine." Which in all honesty, of course, he had. Demelza collected her £5 in chocolate biscuits, other favorite varieties)

O TO BE IN ENGLAND....

Brauscombe Kennels, Dorset Ellie Jackson writes enthusiastically, from visiting Empty Nest subscribers Jessie and Hugh Perkins on their farm near Gillingham, where ENNL Ed, first visited, spring of '79, and then the last two springs while bicycling, once with Wendell Hocking and once with Megan Jackson. When Ellie wrote suggesting she visit for a day or two, Jessie wrote back immediately, "I must say we had been hoping that Jackie's daughter would honor us with a visit, and now it is coming true!" -- and insisting she stay the week of her break. Which she did, & (as of the 14th when she posted her letter) enjoying it tremendously -- as I knew she would! Torti was not there, but Demmy was, and lots of Kennel inhabitants and Kennel maids (the Dutch girl Ellie's age) and of course, Hugh & Jessie! They had lunch at the pub (in Marshull?) of Tess of the D'Urbervilles fame, and Ellie had her hair cut by the world famous fellow who divides his time between Dorset & -- where? Cannes? -- and watched lots of telly with Jessie, & did you milk any cows with Hugh, Ellie? We await more news. London, Cornwall, etc. Long lovely letter from ENNL subscriber Judy Hocking, about their trip. Visited Nancy, Ara & Tamar in London in their greenhouse kitchen (it has a glass roof!), and Nancy cooked fabulous Cypriot dishes... Ara had surgery in early Dec., for a torn lower colon (prob. from swallowing something sharp like a sunflower seed shell, so watch out!) Tamar took awhile to recognize G & Jas grandparents; on looking into their bedroom sev. days after their arrival & seeing Gib's back, "This one's turned over; where's the other one?" And for awhile she referred to Judy as Gib's "friend." Nancy is figuring out ways for the family to move to Cyprus... ENNL Ed will just have to visit there!... J & G travelled to Perranporth, Cornwall, & visited cousin Pam & Aunt Wynnie Taylor, where they were treated like royalty, with Winnie cooking all the meals & bringing in early morning tea. They couldn't have been treated any better than we were! Gib & Judy, was the pastor's wife still sleeping there every night? Back in Okemos, Mike, Gib is taking boating classes from U.S. Power Squadron: so he can be licensed to captain a boat. Can we sign on as crew?



ANNOUNCING SECOND ANNUAL CAN-YOU-CAPTION-THIS-PICTURE-OF-UNCLE-LEWIE CONTEST. SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES SOON! (NO LIMIT)

Predict Co-op Rates To Soar As Debt Climbs

Lake In the Woods, VT. That's our VT. Electric Co-op referred to in that headline, & Seabrook Nuclear Plant (maybe never finished!) that'll cause it. Visitors to Hinesburg Pond in future may find Kerosene lights, a generator powered frij., and will have to carry water from the lake... and pee in the woods! Rates are already high!

FINDS-AND SPENDS-TREASURE

Spfd. Last fall the ENNL Ed., in moving a junk pile, unearthed a current local coupon book, apparently left by a summer tenant, who had paid \$20 for it & only used one pizza coupon. JDT, from Sept. thru Jan., had 4 pizzas, 5 egg roll servings, 5 frozen yogurts, 5 treats at SHOW BIZ, including a "torpedo dog," a car wash, a free hair cut, a bottle of Vitamin C, 4 "Belgium Malt" waffles, a front wheel alignment, 2 free Sunius at Nelson Center during 105° Sept. weather, and

a free month at Silhouette American health spa, where she did all her bathing (& saunas) & could turn off her hot water at home. Future tenants are invited to buy & leave promotional coupon books!

