

"She waddled in the water-pudge, and  
waggle went her tail,  
And chirrup up her wings to dry upon the garden rail."  
-- John Clare

# SHOPIERE DAM REPAIRED

OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE BACK LIKE IT USTER BE

Shopiere, Wis. Thank God! And alot of people who did not want that sacred site ruined forever! Letters filled the papers, editorials lamented, money was raised, and the DAM IS FIXED! You can now slide down it & wreck your britches again, swim beneath it, with the weak-tea colored water (clean, w/ earthy smell) pouring over you & foaming around you, & you feel like a salmon fighting your way upstream, & your foot brushes something soft (a carp) or hard (a snapping turtle) & the sky is azure, & little orange flowers grow in the rock creannies, and swallows dart

overhead, & you swim & swim & swim & don't get anywhere... Craig, do you remember being there in flood, a few years ago, when the great ice floes, broad as dance floors, would get to the dam, tip up & smash over, but not very far over since the water below the dam was almost up to the top of the dam?

## GRANDMA GIVES AWARD

THE DOOR COUNTY ADVOCATE—STURGEON BAY, WISCONSIN



Violinist Ralph Evans, left, won the National Federation of Music Clubs' Vera Wardner Dougan award which was presented at the Peninsula Music Festival Friday night. Center is Mrs. Dougan, for whom the award is named, and with her is Govert Vercooter, president, Wisconsin Federation of Music Clubs.



When fleas go unchecked

## EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER STARTS FOURTH YEAR!

Set B. With this issue your favorite publication begins its fourth year of sending sporadic and biased news to Kin, near Kin, and significant others. (Who needs a cast of characters?) The ENNL Ed. appreciates the outpouring of congratulatory telegrams, letters, phone calls, etc. on this historic occasion, and reminds everybody that the more news you send, the less one-sided ENNL is. ENNL has been criticized for publishing only the good things about subscribers. If you are willing to have your bad news, or touchy news, or closely guarded secrets published (and don't imagine the Ed doesn't KNOW them!) please say so. We could fill up several brown-paper-wrapper issues with items people say, "Now don't put THAT in the Newsletter!"

## GOODBY, BUCKLEY

It is with sadness that we report that William F Buckley Jr., brave & beautiful Samson of Craig & Barbara Dougan, gave up the ghost recently, having never really recovered from his cancer operation. His last hours were watched over by his loving owners; he finally licked a hand, & died. He is buried under his favorite tree in the front yard, & his tombstone is a rosebush, and he enjoyed being pulled around in after his amputation. We dedicate this song to your Buckley; sing it to "Dixie":

Is it true what they say about Dogland?  
Are there cats there, to chase, any time?  
Do the biscuit bushes blossom, by every dog house door,  
Do the dogs keep eating Alpo, till they can't eat any more?  
Is it true that the fleas all are muzzled?  
That the moon rises full every night?  
Do they bark, do they frisk, as they say in every song?  
If they do, that's where dogs belong!

## WARDNER, NOT SMITH

Spf 1d. Well, The ENNL Editor made some goofs in the last issue: She whited out some worse-than-usual printing, then forgot to fill it in again. But those were minor; the biggie was to call the grand-father of a whole lot of us "Morton S. Smith" instead of "Morton Smith Wardner," in the article on Atlanta, Megan, & Bobbie Caris Smith. What other mistakes did I make? Oh I know: I called Bart & Bonnie's Jennifer by the wrong name, another biggie! Pardone.

## Senior Olympicians Camp

Spf 1d. The ENNL Ed was pleasantly surprised when two contestants in the state-wide Sr. Olympics cyclled up to 816 N. Fifth and asked if they could camp in the back yard; the city would not let them camp in a city park. I said yes, and two little tents soon blossomed under the trees. The bikers had cycled down from Galesburg, and were Jim Creighton and a friend. I've known Jim (but rarely seen) since I was v. small. His mom gave me my literary start: She published

## NEWS BITS+PIECES:

Salem, VA. She's finally here- Samantha Hamlin came Aug. 4, 7 lbs. 6 oz. Dark hair, blue eyes, and doing fine, as are her parents Mary Ellen Campagna-Hamlin, and Samuel David Hamlin. (We pause now for a joke abt a cow)



"Hey! I'm coming, I'm coming—just cross your legs and wait!"

## READ THIS AND WEEP!

Maitland, Fla. Can you believe it? Cousin Mig Schafer is still driving the '57 Plymouth that belonged to her mother (Cddie-Pie) before Stan Trilling went into the V.A. Hosp. It's newly painted and re-upholstered; Herb Schafer keeps the engine humming. Herb's '41 Chrysler convertible is being stripped, rustproofed and repainted at a body shop this month. Then Herb will reassemble it with all the newly replated chrome trim, etc., it will be stunning. Two stunning cars, but that's not what we're stunned at!

Molly the Maggot, "a short story, in The Galesburg Post, followed by a novel (when I was 10) which ran for four months: The Cloudlanders.

Pleasant Lake, Wis., ca. '37: Jim Creighton, 14, chased Jackie Dugan, swimmer, in a rowboat & pulled her out of the middle of the lake when she was a. She was swimming across the lake in a fit of anger. Her cousin Paul Campagna helped. The adapted story is found in Paleface Redskins.

Mayfield Village, Ohio The following essay was dredged out of files of Stephanie Dalvit McPhillips, written when she was in school—probably an early Freshman theme. The subject, (for non-kin), isyRAD.

### MY GRANDFATHER

Since I have always had a passion for men with mustaches, it must be because my grandfather has one. He has twinkly brown eyes, blackish white hair, and of course, a mustache. He loves good books and is always either reading or outside watching growing things. Grandpa loves nature and will deliberately drive his car off the road and into a field if he sees something interesting. Sometimes after we stay at his house over night and he is taking us home, we end up in a nature walk, or a wild goose chase after something he sees or thinks he sees.

Grandpa's mustache is quite a conversation piece. He thinks my hair is too long and tells me, "If you cut off your hair, I'll cut off my mustache." Sometimes he shaves off all his mustache to see what the reaction from his family will be, but usually nobody notices. To get more attention the next time, he will shave off only half of it and parade around enjoying being the center of attention. Grandma pretends to be irritated, which gives him more pleasure than ever.

This year he sent out a Christmas card with a picture of his face and Grandma's face on the front. Quite by accident, it looked as if their heads were floating in the sky above their house. Grandpa wanted to print, "The Gemini Twins" on the front of the card, but Grandma wouldn't let him.

Grandpa likes to tease Grandma and tells me that if he is the smartest man in the world, then Grandma will turn into a frog when he kisses her. She never does turn into a frog, but it is fun to watch Grandpa sneak up and kiss her expectantly. We always half suspect that this miracle will take place because secretly we believe he might be the smartest man in the world. He also teases Grandma by driving up behind cars very fast and stopping about a foot away. Then he asks her innocently, "Shall we give it a little bump?" At this point Grandma is tensely gripping the door handle and gasping, "Ron, Ron!"

At the dinner table, if there are olives, Grandpa imitates the way an owl eats by putting an olive in his mouth, chewing the meat off and then, with his hands poised 'owl-like' on his chest, crossing his eyes. He then spits the seed out and says "boop." Once it landed on Grandma's plate.

Once in awhile Grandpa will get a haircut that is ridiculously short. This is when he decides to wear his original "cupid hair style." He combs up a little tuft of hair on each side of his head so that it looks as if there are two horns. Grandpa wears this style when he is feeling particularly devilish. This hair-do goes well when he is being an owl.

One thing about Grandpa: when he gets up in the morning, EVERY ONE gets up. We spent a week at a lake and we would have liked to sleep late, but Grandpa intentionally banged around the cottage, opening and shutting doors, looking into bedrooms, and blowing his nose very noisily. Also, when we went down to the lake with our clothes on, he sometimes threw us into the water.

## NOW BACK TO NEWS B'S+P'S:

The Riverbank, Oxfordshire, Englund: Water Rat, known to his friends as "Ratty" in The Wind in the Willows is NOT a house or garbage dump type rat, as oft supposed, nor yet a muskrat, but is a water vole.

Chicago, IL, long ago: Did you know that Grandma (Vera Wardner Dugan) played the nicleodeon for a while in a movie house?

Florida news On Sept. 3, Maggie Schafer Maylove's eldest, Rachel, started Kindergarten at Samsula Elementary. On the same day Gordon & Karen Schafer & son Phillip moved into their brand-new home in Grant. Gordon works for the Harris Co. in Melbourne (We pause now for another joke abt a cow.)



"I SAID I forgot you were there, didn't I?"

Hawaii Tom & Stephanie McPhillips have hopped over to paradise to celebrate their 4th Wedding anniversary. Minneapolis Damaris Jackson has found someone else who likes brazil nuts.



# THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL IV NO 1 P 3

## DAMARIS SHOWS ART-QUILTS IN SPRINGFIELD



### A former bulimic addresses the problem in her art

On a midnight blue sky, a maternal figure embraces the moon as it waxes and wanes. Grounded in earth-brown, a woman struggles to push her surroundings away, nearly drowning in curls that spell out cryptic messages:

"I don't eat."

"I must be sweet."

The medium for this expression is a quilt, part of a series on eating disorders, that is a personal and political statement by artist Damaris Jackson.

Damaris, a Springfield native who overcame her bout with bulimia in college, now lives in Minneapolis where she is a full-time quilt maker.

Her art work/quilts were displayed last week at Sangamon State University, where she also presented a program on "Women and Hunger."

Jackson, 31, talked of how, as a dance major in college, she became overly conscious of her body.

The ideal dancer is tall and thin. Popular thought holds that on

The State Journal-Register Springfield, Illinois

Sunday, May 5, 1985

Spfld, IL

Damaris Jackson, Minneapolis fabric artist, spent 3 days in Spfld last May & wowed 'em with a spectacular show of her varied art-quilts of many sizes and subjects & styles. She included a slide show and talk. A reception followed, with "Quilt Dancing" by Demi & Marianne Levin, against a backdrop of quilts, & wearing full quilted skirts that could be ripped off (Velcro)

and used as capes or swirlies. It was fun & beautiful!

Demi also spoke to an SSU Creative Arts Management Class over "Progress as a Fabric Artist," and a few adjoining article/picture shows, to a group about her own bulimia & how she's incorporated food issue themes in to some of her work.

stage, a person looks heavier, and a thin body naturally appears taller. To achieve the "look," dancers are notorious for dieting.

For Jackson, living with a calorie-counting roommate also spurred her compulsive reaction to food.

She was lonely and uncertain about facing life as a grown woman. Becoming preoccupied with eating was one way to avoid the bigger issues of life, she said.

"It gave a physical manifestation to feelings I couldn't express. It was a horrible thing, but it was also a shelter and protection."

Although Jackson binged and purged for two years, she says she stopped without seeking professional help.

"I didn't know how to ask for help. I didn't even know I needed help."

At the time, she thought her problem was singular. Her episode with bulimia preceded the media blitz that surrounded the "discovery" of eating disorders in the late 1970s.

For Jackson, recognizing the problem and eating sensibly eliminated her habit.

"When you starve yourself, your body doesn't know when you are hungry any more," she said.

Unlike many people who relate eating disorders to deep psychological struggles, Jackson doesn't think it is a mother/daughter or family struggle — although she said it is often used as a "powerful tool" to express resentment and control relationships within a family.

She said the physical and nutritional aspects are a more important link.

The predisposition to the eating disorder may be connected to malnutrition and to excessive consumption of sugar, salts and foods with chemical additives, she thinks.

She also traces the problem to cultural values.

"In our society, food is like a drug. The addictive response to food says something about us."

In this "foodaholic" world, families, relationships and social situations revolve around eating, she said, yet fear of fat is built into our culture.

Besides the societal issue, she says, the prevalence of eating

△ continued on page 20

(NOTE: Damaris was brought by SSU's Women's Studies Program and was well paid!)

### An artist and her work

▲ from page 19

disorders is a feminist issue.

"The adult female image is not accepted in society," she says. Next to her quilt depicting anorexia, there is a bold image of two full-figured women.

That positive expression contrasts with several of her other quilts, which show heavy bodies shrouded behind complicated lines.

"If you are thin, you are powerful. If you are not, you are not seen. You are invisible in society," Jackson said, explaining her work.

The never-too-thin attitude is "anti-women." The drive for a thin, straight, boyish figure is an effort to deny femininity, Jackson says.

"They are terrified of being women." By concentrating on body image, women relinquish their power. For some, it is a way to avoid responsibility.

"Taking on power is scary," she said.

But as Damaris Jackson describes the strong, nurturing image cradling the moon in one of her "feminist" quilts, the power that she so feared shines through.

# THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL IV NO 1 P 4

## GRANDMA WRITES ANOTHER WINNER!

Music Clubs Magazine

### I Remember When...

Summer 1985

(This story came out in *Music Clubs Mag* while NFMCIers were conventioning in Indianapolis in 1985!)

In 1937, a group of us from southern Wisconsin set out for Indianapolis in a seven-passenger Overland open car. When it rained there was great activity installing side curtains made of cloth with some transparent isinglass type of peekholes. We wore hats tied on with scarves, and one of the oldest club members even wore a linen duster. This was the "in" wrap for touring twenty years previously.

Anything could happen at the convention we were planning to attend, for much had already come to pass out of the ordinary. The NFMCI convention had been scheduled in a southern city. Committees had been working on it for over a year and all was in readiness. During the last week word had come that because of intense flooding and other acts of God this city found it impossible to host the important meeting. Indianapolis, with trepidation, offered its facilities. This gracious invitation was accepted gratefully.

Our spirits were high as we had been able to obtain rooms at the old and well-known hotel which was serving as headquarters. We arrived, settled ourselves, and hurried to a musical program already in progress—a delightful chorus of young people. This was suddenly interrupted in mid-performance by a woman in the wings with a stop watch. The conductor, terribly upset, insisted he had not run overtime, and that for months he had groomed this choir timing to the last second. Stop Watch came out on the platform and a heated argument ensued. The chorus filed off in frustration led by the furious conductor. Stop Watch bowed to the shocked audience and followed him in triumph. However, before the end of the day the zealous timekeeper was proven to be in the wrong and apologized. The conductor led his group back to perform the entire number to riotous applause.

After changing for dinner that evening we found one of our party missing. On investigating, Linen Duster had zippered herself into and was unable to get out of her dress. Zippers had just been invented and at that time were made of heavy metal. It took all of our ingenuity to cut her out of her dress and foundation and bring her

down to enjoy the evening.

It was amazing how smoothly and efficiently the new host city was handling all details owing to the magnificent co-operation between both involved cities, and the outstanding leadership of Agnes Jardine (Mrs. John Alexander Jardine), National President. Her brilliant ability for organization combined with an inner serenity was a joy to behold. She had that rare quality of calm and assuredness which evoked confidence and admiration. Her humorous asides were the yeast that leavened the entire proceedings—as, for instance, her solemn discovery of a committee headed by Mesdames Hamburger and Onion.

She was aware that Reinald Werrenrath, the famous baritone, had been presented in concert in Wisconsin a few months previously, with a beautifully printed program which carried the repertoire, the name of the host club, the town and the names of all committees involved. At the end of a tremendously successful evening and a standing ovation, Werrenrath told the audience that if anyone wished to know the name of the artist, they might find it in tomorrow's newspaper as the performer was not identified in the program. Therefore Mrs. Jardine personally introduced him, leaning heavily on his favorable press throughout the country and our good fortune in securing him.

Now the most unforgettable experience at this Indianapolis convention was the following: The formal banquet was held in the Ball Room, a chandeliered room with an ornate molding decorating the walls about eight inches below the ceiling. Reinald Werrenrath's concert was scheduled to follow the banquet. He was in excellent voice and when he began his "Vision Fugitive," everyone was enthralled. But then a gasp was heard from the audience, and another and another. To his bewilderment, Werrenrath was losing more and more of his listeners. Then there was a scream, now everyone's attention was riveted above the speaker's table. To our horror we saw two immense rats frolicking back and forth on the molding as if they also were inspired by the music.

To our bulging eyes they appeared a big as cats. Werrenrath was the last to catch sight of his competition and made an abrupt exit.

This event was put in perspective by Agnes Jardine's calm approach in summoning the proper hotel guards and police assistance and commenting, as order was restored, "Let us consider these unregistered guests as American cousins of Ratty, of *Wind in the Willows*, who was a gentleman, a sensitive poet, and one appreciative of all the arts. This is an historic first in Federation history." She then searched out Werrenrath backstage and they returned hand in hand amid tumultuous applause.

Mrs. Jardine enhanced the scope of NFMCI in a score of ways. She enlarged the services of the Junior Division while establishing a Student Division. She assisted Young Artist winners with a nation wide tour. She was the first National President to establish a headquarter's office with a paid secretary and arranged for publicity promotion. She took office when a number of new national movements and projects were being promoted. These new groups recognized the power, size and prestige of NFMCI and turned to us for our advice, assistance and experience in guiding their progress.

Mrs. Jardine found herself on many national executive and advisory committees and boards, such as: the Music Division of Motion Picture Foundation; National Council of Women (Chairman of Music); National Broadcasting Music Appreciation Hour; National Music League; Federal Music Project of WPA; Music Teachers Association; and Interlochen Music Camp for high school students.

This leader, with no fanfare, accepted the responsibility for these major organizations and brought the Federation to a peak of service that it had never before attained. As she finished her richly successful administration the Federation and the Nation were blessed with her continuing interest and support.

Our ride home from the 1937 convention in the open Overland was uneventful.

Vera Wardner Dougan

### GRANDMA'S HEALTH NOT-SO-HOT!

Beloit Since about mid-August, Vera Wardner Dougan, mother, q' mother & grandma to so many of us, has been having a lot of intense pain that doctors are trying to get under control. It's probably connected w/ her <sup>increasingly</sup> crooked back, but no one knows for sure. She's on strong pain killers, has had deep heat therapy at the hospital, and was recently embarked on some electric therapy, when she felt her

heart cha-chaining and thumping and asked, "What will all this electricity do to my pacemaker?" They snatched the electrodes off her! Next steps are uncertain, but she has some good periods most days & nights, and is wonderfully brave. Dad is supplying lots of loving care, reading aloud, etc. Grandma loves to hear from all of us, so keep the phone calls and letters coming! If you want to visit, call ahead. We love you, Grandma. Your pain hurts all of us!

COMING SOON: DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF ENNL, FEATURING THE SCHMIDT-BAYLOR WED-

DING, AND ALL JEREMY AND WENDY ARE UP TO, THESE DAYS. EXCLUSIVE REPORTING IN THE EMPTY NEST!

### PERSONNEL



ANY AWARDS OR HONORS FROM ANYBODY OTHER THAN YOUR MOM?

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# 'Audience' gone, cooking changes

By Sandra Kallio  
Food writer

Jo Schmidt met no resistance when she tried out recipes on her family.

"All my kids are great cooks," she said. "I had terrific audiences."

She also had time to perform, not only as a violinist but as a cook.

"I'm one of those mothers who stayed home with the kids and had a wonderful time being here," she said, sitting in the dining room of her near West Side home, which is full of photos of her children and grandchildren.

Those early years were busy.

"By our third wedding anniversary, we had three children," she said, explaining the wedding was in February, the first child arrived in December, the second followed in 10 months and the third was born 13 months later. The last two children were spaced a little more, she said.

The "audience" dwindled as Ms. Schmidt's children grew up and moved out. Now her husband, Karl, is the only one left to appreciate her cooking.

"We've changed our whole way of eating," Ms. Schmidt said. "We're getting into our late middle-ages, and we don't want as much. We certainly don't need as much."

"I've gone back to simple cooking, but it's much better simple cooking," she said, explaining she changed her cooking style after eating out at ethnic restaurants.

She would look for recipes to match the Italian, Chinese or French foods they had sampled here or abroad. Sometimes the trick was to find the right ingredient.

There was the mystery item on pizza she and her husband ate in Venice. She finally figured out it was red pepper in wine vinegar.

"It adds a very unusual, interesting flavor to the pizza," she said.

Also in Venice, a waiter told her the different green in the restaurant salad was arugula. That was back in

## Look what's cooking

1977 — before arugula or rocket became trendy in the States. She managed to find seeds and grow her own rocket, which she substitutes for the usual lettuce in bacon-lettuce-tomato sandwiches.

She traveled quite a bit when her husband, a producer for public radio station WERN, was producing radio dramas. The desire to travel with him, in fact, changed her career plans.

"Until I met Karl, I was going to be a professional musician," Ms. Schmidt said. A former student of the Juilliard School in New York and Marie Endres in Madison, she has taught violin and played chamber music.

"Now I play mostly at church," she said.

She also has learned enough about cooking to almost qualify her for a restaurant career.

For two years, she took lessons from Madame Kuony, owner of the renowned Postillon restaurant at her Fond du Lac home.

"What I got from her was attitudes and methods and skills and feelings about the ingredients — how important the quality of the ingredients is," Ms. Schmidt said.

For instance, she prefers the taste and texture of free-running chickens for her Cobb salad, an adaptation of a Julia Child recipe.

When she cooks shrimp jambalaya, she buys the finest cured ham and the best shrimp she can find.

If a recipe calls for two to six tablespoons of butter, she uses all six.

She uses fresh rather than dried herbs whenever possible and grows her own Italian parsley, basil and coriander.

She has cut the size of her vegetable garden, preferring to shop for small quantities of produce for herself and her husband.



Jo Schmidt uses freshest, best ingredients for Cobb salad

ENNL POLL: IS THIS WOMAN "LATE MIDDLE-AGED"?  
(Send in your opinion)

## Shish kebab

- 1 large onion, cut into 1/8-inch-thick slices and separated into rings
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 2 pounds lean boneless lamb (preferably from the

- leg), trimmed of excess fat and cut into 2-inch cubes
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- Cherry tomatoes
- 1 large green pepper, cut into quarters, seeded and de-ribbed
- Whole large mushrooms

Mix the onion rings with the oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Add the lamb; stir to coat well. Marinate at room temperature at least 2 hours or in the refrigerator for 4 hours, turning occasionally. Remove lamb from marinade, reserving marinade. Thread lamb on skewers, pressing meat firmly together. Place skewered meat on a cookie sheet with raised edges; brush meat evenly on all sides with cream, saving cream that drips onto cookie sheet. Thread tomatoes, pepper and mushrooms alternately on separate skewers. Grill lamb as you would steak, turning skewers occasionally until lamb is done as desired. (Well-done is typical for Middle-Eastern cooking.) Grill vegetables to the side of the lamb, or add vegetables to the grill later so that they are ready with the lamb. Pour reserved cream into reserved marinade; heat and serve with cooked kebabs.

## Shrimp jambalaya

- 1/2 cup sliced celery
- 1 cup diced green pepper
- 1 medium onion, thinly sliced
- 2 tablespoons butter, divided
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 1/2 pound cooked ham, 3/4-inch thick, cubed
- 1 pound peeled and deveined shrimp
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon hot pepper sauce or more to taste
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 1 can (16 ounces) tomatoes
- 1 1/2 cups hot cooked rice

Cook celery, green pepper and onion in 1 tablespoon of butter until tender but not brown. Add garlic and ham; cook 5 minutes. Add remaining butter, shrimp, salt, hot pepper sauce, chili powder and sugar; cook, tossing often with a fork, until shrimp are pink. Add tomatoes; heat. Just before serving, stir in rice. Yield: 4 servings.

Note: This dish can be made ahead of time (up to the point of adding the rice) and frozen.

## Cobb salad

- For the chicken:
- 2 chicken breast halves
- Butter
- 1/2 cup dry white French vermouth
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 shallot, finely minced
- 3 sprigs of parsley
- 4 peppercorns
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Olive oil
- Lemon juice
- For the dressing:
- 8 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

- Freshly ground pepper to taste
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- For the salad:

- An assortment of finely chopped greens (iceberg, chicory, romaine and watercress)
- 6 slices crisply cooked bacon
- 2 tablespoons minced fresh chives
- 2 ounces real Roquefort cheese, diced
- 2 medium-sized tomatoes, peeled, seeded and diced
- 1 ripe but firm avocado, peeled and diced (see note)

To prepare the chicken, lay the breast halves in a lightly buttered saucepan. Pour in the vermouth and enough cold water just to cover. Add the bay leaf, shallot, parsley, peppercorns and salt. Bring just to a simmer; cover and cook at the barest simmer for 8 to 10 minutes, until the meat is springy to the touch. Let it cool 30 minutes in the cooking broth. Drain, and cool completely. Dice the chicken. Sprinkle it with a little salt, pepper, olive oil and lemon juice. Refrigerate until needed.

To prepare the dressing, combine the oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and dry mustard; set aside.

To assemble the salad, place chopped greens in a bowl. Arrange remaining salad ingredients attractively on top. Just before serving, add dressing as desired and toss.

Note: After peeling and dicing avocado, put it in a sieve and wash with cold water. Drain well. Sprinkle with lemon juice, salt and olive oil.

## SPRING PEEPER TREE

Spfld. (A story old, but not yet told.) Last April 1 Gerardo Valdez, who's a counselor at Gateway House, the drug rehab center across from 816 N. Fifth, where lives the ENNL Ed, and who (Gerardo) sleeps at 816 on Monday nights to save a long commute, spotted a man climbing down from the pine tree outside JJ's bedroom window just after the light went off, & ordered him off the property. On April 2, JJ got a Gateway resident to climb the tree while she posed in bed. Mike pronounced the view excellent, "clear as a TV show." On Weds. night, JJ and Karen Fuchs-Beauchamp (who sleeps at 816 Weds. & Thurs. to save a long commute) staged a trap: they turned off the downstairs lights at 11, turned on JJ's bedroom light, then watched from an adjacent darkened room. Immediately a man started climbing-- not the pine tree, which views only the bed, but the mulberry tree, which affords a view of the disturbing area. A rude shock! since this meant he climbed Tree #1 for Act 1, & #2 for Act 2. Most titillation must have been in Act 1, unless he's turned on by JJ snuggling w/ Mighty Mouse, and falling asleep reading Science '85. And how long had this creep kept this vigil? JJ & KFB called the police, & kept watch till they came; the peeper hung s, hovered in the tree like a huge spider in a branchy web. The cops nearly muffed the capture, fumbling around in the street, but managed to find the tree (by schoolyard) in time to pluck him from the lowest branches as he was hastily descending. He pleaded guilty in court, & the judge gave the punk 24 hrs in jail.

## MUFFIE A HERO!

Spfld. "I tried to tell her," says Ms Mary Sue Muffet, when interviewed by this press. "Night after night I barked my fool head off, trying to tell her there was a man up our tree, and on April 3 I barked myself hoarse, non-stop-- but she thought I was barking at people in the schoolyard... Well, that'll learn her to listen to me... and to pull her shades, too!"

## DOESN'T PULL SHADES

Spfld. When interviewed as to why she doesn't pull her bedroom shades, the ENNL Ed replied, "My house is so tall that NOONE could see into my bedroom window without climbing a tree-- and the trees, in addition, make a curtain. There's no house, only a schoolyard adjacent. So I reverted to my childhood upbringing, in the solitude of the country. Even now, nobody ever pulls a shade at Chez Nous!"

QUERY TO JO, PAT, CRAIG (also RAD, VWD): IF I WERE TO SAY TO YOU, One-two-six, what sort of bell does that ring? (33)



MATTHEW SCHMIDT AS YOU-GUESS-WHO JENNIE SCHMIDT AS ALLIGATOR MATTHEW SCHMIDT WINS YELLOW BELT Bethesda, Md. Here's the scoop on Jennie and Matthew Schmidt, reported by their mother Betsy. Both kids attended a summer day camps in swimming Jennie was promoted to Shark, Matt is a Pollywog. Both kids have attended the Bethesda Academy of Performing Arts. Matthew (7½) was narrator in a play, "Miss Nelson is Missing," while Jennie (9) in "Really Rosie" was a smash as the alligator, and Rosie's mother. Jennie's going into 4<sup>th</sup> grade, and is a straight A student; Matt's going into 2nd with straight O's (Outstanding; Satisfactory; Needs Encouragement.) Both kids were selected for, & have been participating in, the "Primary Extension Program" for gifted students in reading & language arts. Both took "Little Feet" aerobic dancing last year. Jennie's had 3 years of Spanish, Matt took karate once a week all winter, liked it so well he continued all summer, & passed his yellow belt exam. Betsy, by the way, is nearing the end of her coursework, working toward CPA, & maintaining a 4 pt.!

## HOW CAN YOU BEAR NOT TO ORDER MELLOW CELLO CARDS?

Here's what they'll cost, including envelope (but postage added.)

- |                           |                                    |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 6 for \$ 2.00 (33¢ each)  | Dark blue background ones          |
| 12 for \$ 3.00 (25¢ each) | will say "Praise the Lord" inside. |
| 100 for 20.00 (20¢ each)  | Light blue background will         |
| 200 for 35.00 (17½¢ each) | say nothing inside.                |

Can't get a deal any better'n that, can you?

Write ENNL at 816 N 5<sup>th</sup>

Spfld IL 62702.  
Support your family craft-  
persons. And just look at  
that Sevcik bow arm!

