



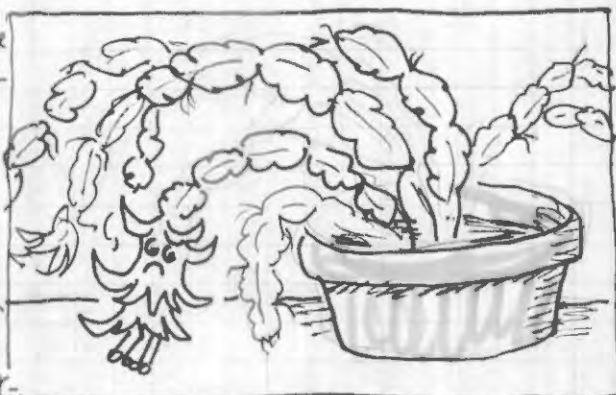
THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL IV NO3 LATE DEC'85, EARLY JAN'86

"And a partridge in a pear tree!"
--traditional carol

CHRISTMAS CACTUS PISSED

"I RETIRE!" SAYS CECILE NOËL SCHLUMBERGER A BRIDGES II. "NEVER AGAIN!"

Spfld, IL In an exclusive monologue directed at the Ed. of the E.N.N.L., a Christmas cactus that once belonged to Rita Bresnahan but by virtue of being left behind (in Spfld for 7 or 8 years) now considers herself to belong to JDJ, stated in no uncertain terms, "I've had it! Last year I worked hard, bloomed at Christmas, right on time, & where was Jackie? GONE! I was left blooming in an empty house. So this year I worked overtime, rerved myself up, gave it my all, and managed to bloom for Thanksgiving. And where was Jackie? GONE AGAIN, 10 DAYS. I was really pissed, blooming for an empty house again, and so were my two cousins, Megan's cactuses, who worked out with me this fall. Where's appreciation any more? What's the point? I really don't like to use the above vulgar language, I really am a lady of quality, but sometimes only the strongest language expresses irritation fully. I quit the whole blooming job!"



Christmas newsletters just don't provide much joy

Oh, c'mon, Erma, quitcher belly achin! We grant you, some newsletters just don't have what it takes, but you've never read a Yuletide issue of The Empty Nest which plods ahead with the news (as indeed do all the issues) as if it were July, 1985 (or 1905). We make scant concession to the seasons, or anything else, as our many contented subscribers will testify about their favorite publication. "The Empty Nest forced me to change my glasses prescription and I have experienced much more joy ever since," says a Minneapolis reader, S. Mudge. "I learn more from The Empty Nest than I do from the grapevine," says St. Paul reader Julie Schmidt. "You don't print all the dirt and that fills Grandma with joy," says Jackie Jo Gutterie, Philadelphia. So read this joy-packed Christmas edition, Erma, and consider an exception!

I beg all of you newsletter writers. Don't try to cheer me up this year. I can't stand it.
Erma Bombeck



NOW HAS PIN IN OTHER ANKLE

Beaver Creek, OR. Continuing with our page of cheer, ENNL reports that Barbara Dougan can now carry notes on magnets on both ankles, since both are just steel. Recently, after hauling wood, climbing fences to ducks and goat, & shoveling snow, she let the new pup, Dr. Wardner (Morton Smith, that is), out for a pee break. Dr. Wardner and Biscuit rushed at her, she stepped back to avoid an icy sidewalk, caught her foot in a recessed sprinkler, & went down for the count. Result: a week in the hosp., a couple of operations, wheelchair, walking cast after first of year. Readers feeling deja vu: it was 2 yrs ago we reported the 1st ankle, and also an article on the Xmas Cactus that panted in on Xmas Day 12!

BREAKS TOE ON CROQUET STAKE
Beloit In 1908, R.A. Dougan, 6 yrs. old, heard a tremendous clatter out on Colley Rd, rushed outside to see what was coming, it was the huge steam thrashing machine--& tripped over a Croquet stake on the lawn & broke his toe.

BREAKS HEELS IN ZEAL
Beloit Then it was about 6 years later, Ronald was 12, & starting the summer as Asst Herdsman: his first job! He rushed to the loft after breakfast, tossed a few forks of hay into the chute, swung into the chute to stamp the hay down, lost hold, fell 30 feet to the cement cow barn floor below, & broke both heels. End of job.
WRECKS VCR IN EFFORT TO HELP
St. Paul Karl Andrew Schmidt, 4, recently decided to clean the VCR by spraying a whole bottle of cleaning compound into the works. The VCR was completely ruined.
MORE NEWS TO BRING YOU JOY on P.2



The empty message News if they're Jackson Mail-

drum below is provided for a brief to non-subscribers to the Empty Nest Letter; maybe even to subscribers lucky. While the Editor (Jackie of 816 N. 5th St, Spfld, IL 62702) ages to get this publication out sporadically, she does v. badly on correspondence as most of you can well testify. She will not attempt to catch anyone up on ANYTHING, or ALL IS LOST.

(These pics came on a card from Barbara Dougan to ENNLEd)



ALL JEWELRY STOLEN FROM GARMENT BAG
St. Paul Julie Schmidt, travelling via air on business, returned to St. Paul to find that someone had lifted her jewelry case out of her checked-through garment bag (unlocked), garments all still there. She is unable to put in a claim to the airlines for she didn't meet the 4-hr deadline, due to being met with the news of her G-father Heller's death, & the necessity of putting her cat to sleep. The loss wasn't on O'nassis scale, but

GOTTEN ANY GOOD DIRT LATELY? Julie swears to buy no more jewelry that she has to worry about. And what she takes travelling, to carry on her person.

Well, yes, Barbara, but I'm not allowed to print any of it!

BITS and PIECES

Beloit It was back in the fall, when Harry and Virginia Wolfe celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, and Eva Welsh surprised them by flying in from Vermont for 24 hrs., to join the festivities!

Spfld. The ENNLEd. intends to send Xmas greetings to the K's AND the L's in her address book this holiday season. Maybe also the C's & the W's.

Mpls. Damaris Jackson has moved her studio back to her house. She's also recently had a successful 10-quilt exhibit at her community credit union.

Bethesda, Md. Matthew Schmidt, soon to be 8, is turning into a chess wizard: he can almost beat his dad, and is taking chess books out of the library, springing plays on Peter. Must be his Russian blood!

Beloit Gene Shepherd, who rents the Chez Nous and from Ronald Dougan, recently ran over a fox w/ his tractor.

Kent, Ohio A work for solo cello (except for one drone note), "Variations on Amazing Grace," was premiered at Kent State University's Alumni-Composer's Festival Nov. 5. The composer is cousin Phil Koplan, who is the composer of Jackie Jackson's 1981 musical, "The Endless Pavement."

New Madrid, Mo. R.A. Dougan saw the biggest cockroach he'd ever seen in his life, in a motel in this city, quite a few years ago.

Beloit: A visitor, recover: "When'd you get that dust mop without handles?"

R.A.D. AMENDS SHAKESPEARE

Beloit "It is not 7 ages of Man," R.A. Dougan states. "It's three, and each has its typifying quotation. The first is, 'Oh, the world owes me a living!'; the second is, 'I must work harder,' and the third is, 'Oh dear oh dear oh dear!'"

WATCHES APARTMENT BURN

Chicago Paul Campagna, who owns an apartment building on Dearborn St., last winter smelled smoke, but could find no fire. He called the fire dept., who determined that there was a fire smoldering in the basement, started by an adjacent tenant burning chairs in his fireplace. The firemen & Paul carried out all Paul's valuable paintings, furniture, etc., before they chopped through the ceiling and put out the fire. Said architect Campagna, "It's an awful feeling to see firemen go at your ceiling with an ax, and then while you're standing there, see flames." ENNLEd wonders what wrath fell on the tenant.

CAR IN FLAMES BUT NO BIG BANG

Beloit Grandpa ran the Buick down to the mailbox, with a blown hose, & bucked alot of drifts. At the road, he found the engine smoking, threw up the hood, saw the engine in flames, and flung armloads of snow on it till he put it out. "I shudder in retrospect to think what could have happened," says R.A. Dougan ruefully. "It never occurred to me to run. There's no fool like an old fool!" In spite of Grandpa's efforts, the fire was the coupe grace, the Buick's on the scrap heap, and a new car at Cheffers.

GETS THROWN IN GORSE BY 3 (plus) POLICEMEN

Greenham Common, England Well, let's start at the beginning. ENNLEd & Megan went bicycling again in England last May-June, with the idea of Jackie writing stories and Megan illustrating them. London god-daughter Nancy Hocking said, "don't hit the road till you've come out to Greenham within 100 miles, it's my week to take supplies." Nancy's Muswell Hill Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament group regularly supports one of the women's peace camps that surround the RAF-USAF cruise missile base near London. We went, spent the afternoon, participated in an eviction, & were impressed. And Jackie, whose political involvement has been slight (in anything) saw real potential for a story, especially since Kids both visit & stay at the camps, and lies of children all over the world are being oppressed by the armaments race--with the v. real possibility that lives of all of us on this earth can be destroyed. I've been knowing that I must start working for peace somehow--and soon--but how? The story came to me before the politics, & I don't see it as "politics" anyway: life motherhood, shouldn't we all be "FOR" peace?!!! So, I wrote a draft later in the summer, Megan started illustrations, we both applied for grants to go back to Greenham for the necessary data--and I felt I needed to earn the right to write such a book: it can't be by a total outsider. I had to make the decision to go before I heard from the grant: and so did, over the quivering breath, Nov 21-Dec 1, & such was my class arrangement that I only missed one class. Took a gortex bivvy sack & polypropylene underwear (advice of Jeremy Schmidt) and dried food & gortex raincoat & Chris Robertson's back pack, and went to Greenham, via plane, & train & taxi. Walked up to the campfire, drew up a log, & joined the community. Discovered that "Cruise is on the road," that the convoy (cont'd p.3)

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



WASHINGTONIANS OF THE YEAR

Text by Gail Friedman

Photographs by Michael Anderson

These nineteen men and women are 1984's Washingtonians of the Year. This is the fourteenth year of the awards—there have been 235 winners since the awards were started in 1971—and again this year there were hundreds of nominations of very deserving people.

Sometimes lost amid all the headlines and stories about controversy and demonstrations in our city is the reality that many people are working hard, often quietly, to make this a better city. As the Downtown Jaycees and the editors of *The Washingtonian* picked 1984's winners, we were again impressed with how many people are helping others, building bridges of understanding, putting something back into the community. We honor these winners with the hope that they will inspire others to do more to make this a better city for all of us.

ELIZABETH ANNE CAMPAGNA

The ladies'-club days at the Alexandria Community Y are long gone, and Elizabeth Anne Campagna, with as genteel a manner and as charming an accent as any southern gentlewoman, helped them on their way.

With Campagna (top) as director, the Y gained a social conscience. Change began shortly after Campagna joined the Y as youth director 21 years ago. "The president then caused a revolution, and I supported it," she recalls. "We said, 'We're putting our feet in the street, and where there are needs, we'll try to meet them.'"

Now the Y, no longer affiliated with the YWCA, serves anyone from a woman in jail to a pregnant teenager or a runaway child—hardly the tea-and-biscuits projects that preceded Campagna. The This Way House began only a year ago and houses runaways in volunteers' homes; Campagna's foremost goal is to secure a permanent shelter for these troubled youths. "Most of them are not runaway children," she says. "They are throw-away children, put out from families in crisis."

The This Way House is just one of the Y's many programs for youths. Staffers might bring students together with police to discuss self-protection, counsel youths in detention centers, or set up sports programs. Campagna, through the Y, has tried to meet any need she sees with a program: reading classes for illiterate children, quality day care with sliding fees, employment placement and counseling, and support groups.

Some of the Y's activities are upbeat, like the yearly Scottish Christmas Walk. "We try to give a core, a pulse beat to the town," says Campagna. She infects her 53 staffers and more than 1,000 volunteers each year with this sense of community, plus her desire to right a wrong, fulfill a need, or make a change. Her biggest battles may be past, but, says Campagna, "as far as making changes that need to be made goes, we want to keep the revolution going."



Readers, remember the page we ran on EA's retirement a few issues back, & mentioned she'd been featured in THE WASHINGTONIAN? Well, here's the article, pared to its pertinent parts!

FAMILY GOES PART-TIME

St. Paul Reporting exclusively to Empty Nest, Julie Schmidt writes: "Some time last winter, amid piles of dirty laundry, dusty old newspapers, overdue library books, a refrigerator filled with green slimy things, dark circles under four pairs of eyes from lack of sleep, and 'hurry up we have to go!' ringing in our ears, we decided the life of the SUPER family (driven by two full time jobs and full time daycare) was not for us. Whew! After some serious negotiating Mom (Julie) swung a deal with her employer to 'share' her job with another para-legal, thereby cutting her hours in half (three consecutive days one week, two the next, etc.) Mom's new hours have, of course, meant more time at home for Karl and Sarah. The part-time schedule began in mid-July and is a success on all fronts so far. Dad (Director, Administrative Services for Minnesota Public Radio) enjoys sleeping later and coming home to a warm house and dinner (usually), Karl and Sarah enjoy watching all of 'Sesame Street' in the morning w/ their pajamas on, and, of course, playing in their own back yard. Julie is enjoying part-time in the 'other world' of Moms and Kids and coffee klatches, & day trips to the zoo on Wednesdays! Now the pressing question, put forth by Karl Andrew, is, 'When is DADDY going to work part-time?'"

GORSE

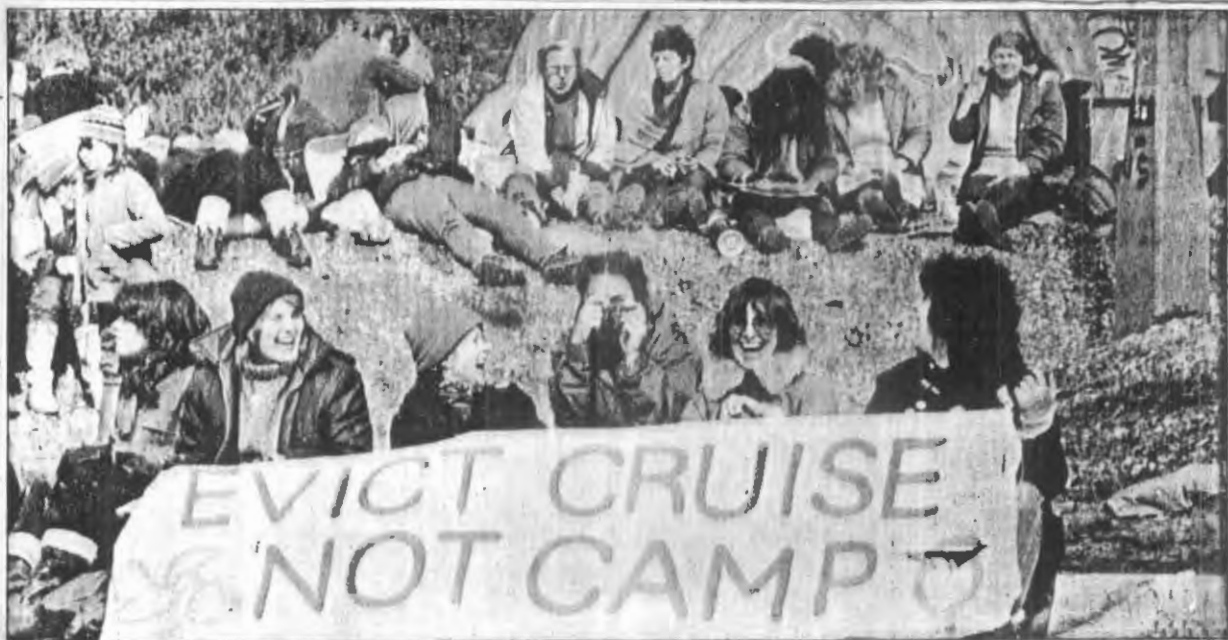
Cont'd from p. 2

had gone out for the 1st time since mid-summer, on Day 1 of the Geneva talks. So the G. Women, AND men & women "Cruise Watch" members from all over England, were waiting for it to come back. By chance I'd hit peak activity, Yellow Gate, where I stayed, was like Grand Central Station; had I wondered before what the women did all day, I found out one thing: no time for boredom! I took my turn sitting up, Sunday night, (till 6 AM) by the fire with a housewife from N. England (Lancaster) whose husband & 2 Kids were out on Salisbury Plain keeping an eye on the convoy. It returned the next night, abt 2 AM, we were alerted an hour before its arrival, & what a stunning sight, to see policemen shoulder to shoulder, both sides of the road as far as the eye can see, in the glare of headlights of a road block of dozens of police cars. All guarding the convoy from us, & the Cruise Watch people. Even more awesome was to see the military might trundling along the road, the great missile launchers (loaded?) & attendant vehicles. I stood at the curb, peeking between police shoulders; when the women behind me rushed the convoy to throw paint on the launchers

the police surged forward to intercept, & I and the women & the paint got thrown into the thick gorse hedge. When I got untangled and out, the convoy was almost within the gates, & I was paint bespattered. Two women were arrested for assault (the most unlikely ones) and an American student, Connie, ended up in hospital, from being thrown against a wooden bus shelter. I'd guess the ratio was abt 200 police to 40 women. The women were like quats harassing an elephant, & with about as much plan/organization, and chance for "success"—yet the success is in the protest, and 3500 women were at Greenham 12 days later. I was glad I went, learned abt, got story material, & will go again. More later.

Greenham Common,

England This article came out in the Chi Trib while you Editor was at Greenham. I met Rebecca J., talked to her a little, but didn't see her as any more a spokesperson as anyone else. If they'd wanted women to talk, they might have sent a female reporter. I, who might have been such (I'm



Most of the women at Greenham Common are drawn by what the camp stands for as a protest against the arms race.

Chicago Tribune Sunday, November 24

1985

Tempo

For women only: A mecca against nukes

By Timothy Harper

Greenham Common, England—Until 3½ years ago, Rebecca Johnson, 30, was a promising Ph.D. candidate at a London university.

"Then in April, 1982, I read that President Reagan had said it would be possible to wage a limited nuclear war in the European theater," she recalled. "Well, the European theater happens to be my home."

She packed a rucksack, threw it in the back of her car and drove 60 miles west from London to the U.S. Air Force base at Greenham Common, where several dozen women had been living for six months in a "peace camp" organized to protest plans to deploy U.S. cruise missiles here.

"I intended to stay for two days," Johnson said recently as she and a handful of other women huddled around a small campfire outside the base's main gate. "I'm still here."

After four years, the Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp is still here, too, despite lawsuits against the women, thousands of arrests, the risk of physical violence and illness, the cold, hunger and other discomforts that go with living outdoors in makeshift plastic tents and the continuing daily harassment from police.

Consequently, the words Greenham Common have become legend in the relatively brief annals of antinuclear war protests. The camp—it's really seven camps, one at each of the base's gates—has become a mecca for women from all over the world. Men occasionally visit, briefly, but are not welcome to stay.

Thousands of women from not only Britain and Western Europe but also the United States, Canada, Australia and Japan have spent anywhere from a single night to Rebecca Johnson's 3½ years here. Up to 10,000 have gathered for large weekend protests. This fall, however, with winter coming on, only 40 to 50 women are in the camp on any given night.

The camp did not stop cruise missiles from coming to the base two years ago this month, but they have proved a constant and expensive irritation to American military personnel and British authorities.

In addition to their vigils at the gates, the women several times have used bolt-cutters to get through the 10-foot-high chain-link fence surrounding the nine-mile perimeter of the base. They've camped on runways, hung banners from the airstrip control

Continued on page

reporting, aren't I?!), was accepted with no questions asked. Made welcome, when I read them my story, around the campfire, they all liked it, suggested some emendations, but nobody criticized the philosophy of it, the tone, the writing, or the portrayal of the camps.

Peace camp a mecca for women against nukes

Continued from first Tempo page tower, painted peace signs on trucks and handed leaflets to startled servicemen.

They've won lawsuits granting them the right to get mail (cards and letters addressed simply as "Peace Women—England" come to them) and vote. They lost another lawsuit filed in U.S. federal courts against President Reagan to force withdrawal of the cruise missiles, but may still appeal to the Supreme Court.

They've blocked 22-vehicle convoys from the base going on maneuvers to practice deploying missiles throughout the English countryside—something that is to be done routinely during times of U.S.-U.S.S.R. tension so that the arsenal would be scattered and less likely to be wiped out by a Soviet first strike.

Some convoys have gotten out of the base, their unarmed nuclear-warhead missiles on truck-launchers and aimed deep into the heart of Russia 1,500 miles away. On several occasions, however, the women have hopped in their cars and flower-painted vans and followed, honking horns and passing out leaflets to draw attention to the "secret" maneuvers.

Greenham Common is one of 102 U.S. military bases in Britain, but it is one of only two selected as a cruise missile site under a 1979 NATO agreement. About half the 96 missiles scheduled for Greenham Common have been delivered, with an additional 64 eventually scheduled for a base at Molesworth, north of London.

U.S. Air Force officials at Greenham Common generally refuse comment on the peace campers and claim that they make no difference to cruise missile operations, but a recent statement acknowledged that no full deployment maneuvers—originally planned at least monthly—have been carried out since midsummer.

Court orders bar the women from land around the base, but they ignore the injunctions. If they are arrested or driven off by police, they return as soon as they're released; so far no judge has been willing to jail them indefinitely.

A year and a half ago police staged a major sweep of government land where the women were camped, ripping down their tents and throwing clothes, books, food and personal items left behind into a garbage truck shredder-compactor. British newspapers the next day proclaimed the end of the camp. By the end of that day, however, the women were back.

In the last year, every morning has brought a routine police sweep, and there are sometimes two or three a day. The women throw their bedding and plastic sheets into their vehicles and drive away until the police leave. Food is kept in otherwise unused baby buggies that women grab and push across the road until the police leave.

Several women have been injured in scuffles with authorities and hundreds have been to jail at least once, largely because they refuse to pay their trespassing

fines. Rebecca Johnson, one of those arrested in the control tower last year, said she has been jailed eight times. She showed a nasty scar on her hand that she said happened when a police officer turned on a shredder-compactor as she reached in to retrieve her belongings.

The Greenham Women, as they're known throughout Europe, have cost the British government an estimated \$7 million for policing, and the U.S. Air Force is considering a new \$1.4 million perimeter fence to keep them out and a new \$3.5 million closed-circuit TV system to watch them.

As women come and go, the camp population is rarely the same two nights in a row. A few are full-time residents, but many have homes and families and spend an occasional evening or regular weekends at the camp. A number of teachers, for example, regularly show up during school vacations.

Most of the women are drawn by what the camp stands for as a protest against the arms race; others are simply drifters and misfits. A London newspaper reporter who lived with them "undercover" for two weeks described them as "a weird collection of young lesbians, political militants, middle-aged housewives and lost souls with nowhere else to go."

"All women are welcome," said Rebecca Johnson, one of the few longtime campers who not only offers her real name but speaks willingly to reporters, even male reporters.

"There are certain women here who want nothing to do with men under any circumstances," she said. "Men have tried to join us here, of course. We tell them to go join a mixed-sex peace camp, or start one of their own. This place is not about excluding men, though. It's about including women."

A reporter stopping gate-by-gate at the present camps received mixed greetings. At one, several women in their 30s and 40s interrupted their evening meal of sautéed mushrooms on bread—nearly all the peace campers are vegetarians—to yell tirades against Americans in general and American men in particular.

At another gate, a group of younger women, most of them wearing their hair in punk styles and colored orange or purple, gave names such as "Blue" or "Spring" or "Kissed" and explained with mystical reverence that Greenham Common was a popular site for witch-burnings in the 16th and 17th Centuries. One woman played a guitar as others sang along or rolled cigarettes from their tobacco pouches.

"I decided to come here two years ago, when I was in my London flat listening to the radio and I heard [British Defense Secretary] Michael Heseltine say he could not offer assurances that no peace women would be shot," said Paula Smith.

"After I smashed the radio, I got a babysitter and came down. I can't spend full-time here because of my kid, but I come as much as I can."

The women with nowhere else to go occasionally take showers, make telephone calls, have a hot meal or a good night's sleep in a real bed in the homes of women supporters who live in the nearby town of Newbury. Otherwise they exist on "the dole"—the national welfare payments that give them 20 [\$28] a week—and donations that come into a Newbury bank account for them.

There had been as much as \$20,000 in the account, but legal fees, leaflets and living expenses have diminished it.

Once a week, representatives of the seven gates meet to consider each person's money requests. This week, as usual, there wasn't enough money, so all the requests were cut in half.

At the front gate, Rebecca Johnson said she would spend her money on gasoline for her car so the bedding could be safely moved each day. She would have to rely on handouts from other campers for her food. She reflected on her abandoned career, her abandoned apartment, her abandoned life in mainstream society.

"Sometimes it's quite scary," she said. "There's no security like a place to live or a career. But I don't think the world can afford to think in terms of security in the face of the threat of nuclear arms."

Special to The Tribune

It is almost amusing to contemplate the perimeter fence, in many places as full of holes (albiet patched) as a Swiss cheese. Britain & U.S. have already spent 6 or 7 million on inner fences, at Greenham & Molesworth bases, to keep women (men, at Molesworth) out: while children's hospital wings close, & a vital allergy research center, the only one in Britain, is forced to close for lack of funds. Ironically, any one can still get onto these bases, & does. I covered here. So could a Russian spy. And any one know what the military are up to, all the time, but the military pretends those places are secure!

One was going on while I was there, however, during the Summit talks — & I was in the thick of it. ** These four categories don't begin to describe the Greenham women. There were young "straights," middle-aged housewives, lesbians, professors teaching in Bri-

fish Universities, students going to save mothers in their 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s. And VERY INTERNATIONAL. I get collections of very varied people in my own classes including lost souls & misfits, but do I brand them weird?

Spfld. Halley's has been a topic in this publication for a couple years now. The Ed didn't take a cruise (not much point, except for the nice astron-

I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT HALLEY'S COMET WON'T BE VISIBLE FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER MONTH...



THEN WHY AM I STANDING OUT HERE NOW FREEZING TO DEATH?!!



NOBODY TELLS ME ANYTHING!



NOBODY TELLS ME ANYTHING EITHER, BUT I LIKE IT THAT WAY..



owners and meet) but instead took a CLASS, by nice astronomer Charlie Schweighauser, Prof at SSU, & V. learned & enthusiastic in these matters. Called "Comets for Everyone." Enrollment included 8 & 9 yr. olds, & 80 & 90 yrs olds who'd seen Halley's before. We learned a lot abt the universe, & comets in particular. You all know by now that this is the worst time in 2000 years for seeing the cosmic visitor.: RAD & YUD had spectacular views of it 76 yrs. ago! But see it I did, twice, in the telescope, a fuzzy faint ball (Gillian & Cressida saw it, the 2nd time) and as the 1st member of our class to see it said (I was right behind her) "I had expected more ecstasy." JJ felt just seeing it was pretty special, & that there may be a bit more tingle when she sees it in March, at 4 AM, with a tail. Meanwhile the view of Jupiter, with 4 moons, was something of a thrill.

EXPECTED MORE ECSTASY

Spectacular Sun Dogs Sighted

Belmont It was the early morning of January 5, 1986, the sun was arisen in a clear cold blue sky - and on either side, Ronald Dougan, Damaris Jackson & Surie Mudge saw HALF RAINBOWS--HUGEYS! Not the little bitty spots the ENNL Ed saw last June. This was at Chez Nars, out by the back door. You can tell a sundog from a rainbow because a rainbow is opposite the sun, while a sundog is with the sun, and there is no rain. Reported RA, Demi & Suzi: "It was a pretty ecstatic experience!" (Demi: "It was like mastadon tusks going up into the sky!")

(Re Snoopy above: Nobody tells the ENNL Ed much, either, but she always appreciates it when they do! Send news!)

WENT TO THE DOGS

Branscombe Kennels, Dorset When JJ & Megan bicycled to ENNL readers (and contributors: take of Torti!) Jessie and Hugh Perkins, in May, the house was full up with kennelwads, and so the American guests were accommodated in a little silver caravan ("trailer" to U.S. readers) in the very heart of dogdom. They soon adjusted to the incredible din the barkers and howlers kept up for half an hour at dawn, or in the wee hours if a fox came near.

"It seemed as if they were right in bed with us," said Megan. (For the record, the guests suggested & elected the caravan stay!)

REEBOKS BURIED

Minneapolis They were brand new, too; Demi put them on top of the car, then (of course) drove off, & then it snowed 21" so there was no use retracing her path - though she did. The interment was ob-served by lamentation, but a resurrection is hoped for abt Eastertide. Meanwhile friend Suzi, unable to bear the agony, presented her with a new pair, which Demi in a fit of generosity gave to friend Nelly Ranyard (waitressing).

VICTIM EATEN

Spfld. Cressida Broten, 3½, adds to this cheery publication the news that, "Did you know the fox ate the gingerbread man?"

\$ GOT GRANT \$

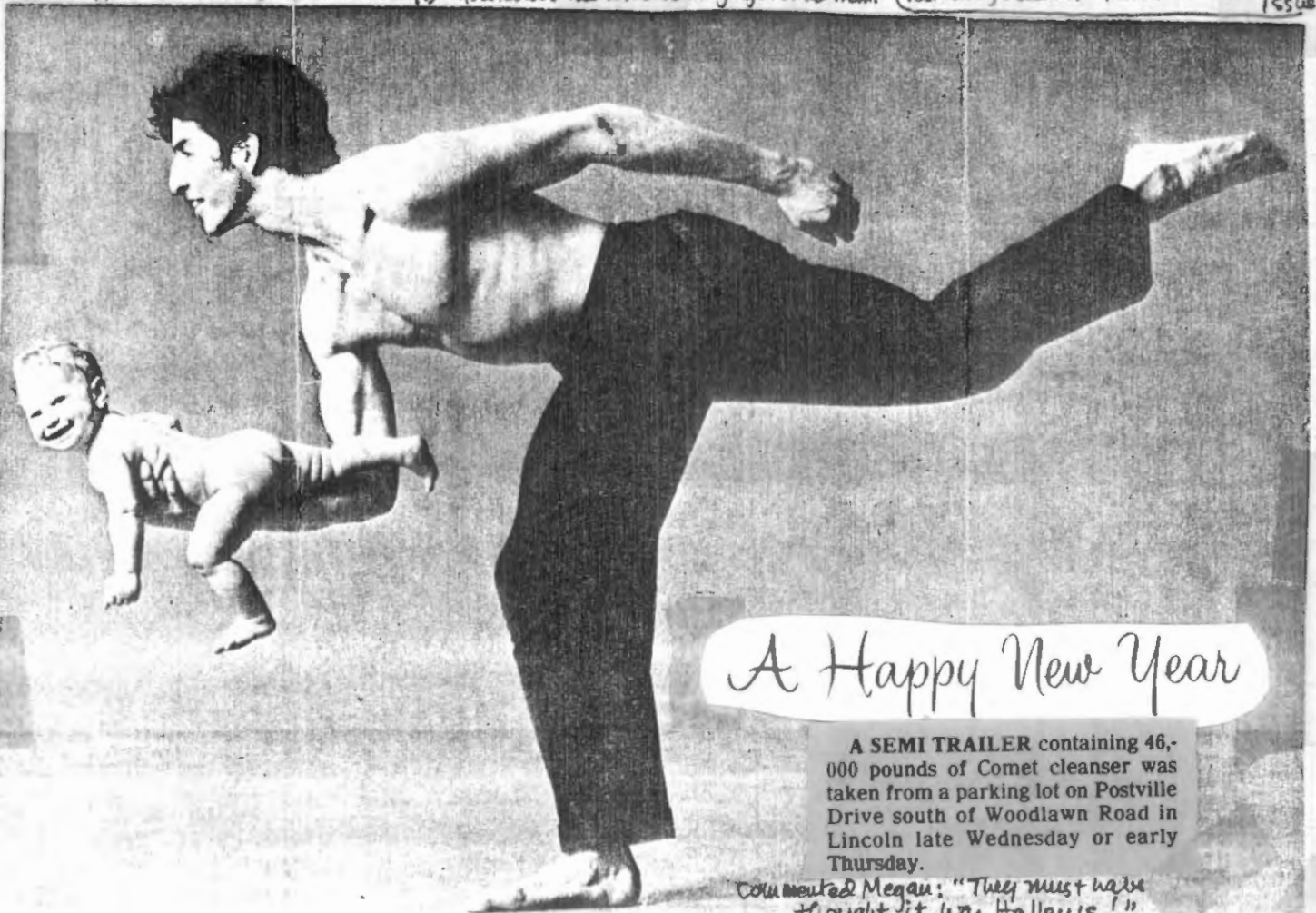
Spfld. We're trying to hold this issue to bad news, but it really needs a hurrah that the Ill. Arts Council paid for JJ's trip to Greenham! Word on Megan awaits.

DIDN'T LOSE A ROOD DURTY DRAWERS

Spfld. While on good news, JJ didn't lose the 100 yr. old graffiti board of the old school house, which she put on top of the car, and then drove to Clinton to give a speech on the Round Barn. Jeremy S. found it intact in the lane. Whew!

NEWS MUST WAIT

Spfld. As usual, there isn't space for all the news there is to print, but Patience, Jackass - there'll be another issue.



A Happy New Year

A SEMI TRAILER containing 46,000 pounds of Comet cleanser was taken from a parking lot on Postville Drive south of Woodlawn Road in Lincoln late Wednesday or early Thursday.

Commented Megan: "They must have thought it was Halley's!"