

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOLUME VIII NOS FEB '90

"The North Wind last night almost made him cough His tail - feathers off." -- Robert Frost
 "It's a warm wind, the West Wind, Full of birds' cries..." -- John Masefield

RAD has persistent cough.



Strange, strange winter!
 65° February weather in Springfield brings on daffodils -- then whammo! 0° weather!
 and geese went N. and of January!!

GETS BELLY SCRATCHED

"YOU TAKES IT WHEN YOU GETS IT," SAYS ENNL EDITOR



SOMETIMES, GARFIELD, IT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T THINK YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING -- FOR INSTANCE, THE AD TO THE RIGHT, AND THE ARTICLE BELOW. IT IS NICE TO BE APPRECIATED !!!

Illinois Times

Thursday, January 11, 1990

KID'S STUFF

"Reading, Writing, and Radio" and its creator, Jackie Jackson

RADIO / Barbara Burkhardt

The first lady of radio

It's lunchtime. The high-pitched hubbub of children's voices echoes through the gym. The aroma of turkey and gravy mingles with the sounds of clicking forks and straws slurping the last

Continued on next page ➤

Sunday, February 18, 1990 The State Journal-Register Springfield, Illinois



SSU at 20... A Record of Achievement, A Promise for the Future.

A Faculty Dedicated to Teaching

After 20 years, excellence in teaching remains at the heart of Sangamon State University's mission. Strongly dedicated to providing students with the best possible education, SSU's faculty members constantly apply creative teaching methods that involve personal attention to students' needs.

Representative Faculty 1970!

Cullom Davis, professor of history since 1971 and director of the Lincoln Legal Papers, was recently a guest at the White House where he attended the Inaugural Lecture, one of a series on the presidency sponsored by President George Bush. A well-known Lincoln expert, Davis has been the focus of several interviews by national and local media concerning a rare transcript of a murder trial in which Lincoln served as the defense counsel. Davis, who also recently served as president of the Illinois Humanities Council, was mentioned in a Feb. 10 New York Times article about Lincoln. Last year, he participated in an international conference on Abraham Lincoln held in Taiwan.

His work represents an excellent combination of teaching and public affairs.

Recently, Wisconsin readers were treated to excerpts from English Professor **Jacqueline Jackson's** book-in-progress, *The Round Barn*, as part of Wisconsin Public Radio's "Chapter-A-Day" program. The author of 10 children's books, Jackson's first book, *The Cloudlanders*, (written at age 10) ran serially in *The Galesburg Post* for four months.

Jackson, a graduate of the University of Michigan who has taught at SSU since 1971, was chosen by students and alumni to receive the first Dennis C. Foss Award for Creative Excellence in Teaching. She originated WSSU's "Reading and Writing and Radio" program, a creative writing radio class for 2nd-12th graders -- a show she has recorded weekly since 1975. The program is broadcast over WSSU's sideband, an auxiliary channel heard on special receivers transmitted to schools and the visually impaired each weekday morning. This year, 36 schools in 21 communities are participating.

Davis and Jackson are just two of the teachers who make SSU a special and unique university. Others will be featured in the future. We invite you to experience, first hand, the quality of teaching offered at Sangamon State.

For more information about SSU, please call
 217/786-6716

"SSU at 20" is supported through private funds given for this purpose.

drops of chocolate milk from miniature cartons. Apples. Twinkies. Chips. Red fruit roll-ups stick to tiny fingers.

The kids of Virden Elementary School sit at long picnic-style tables designed for their small bodies, girls and boys in separate clumps. Absorbed with each other and with their mid-day meals, they shovel down food from compartmentalized trays, brown paper sacks, ALF lunch boxes.

Suddenly, a few youngsters glance up, whisper to their friends, point. A wave of smiles, claps and excited giggles flows from the back table to the front; students begin to kneel on their seats, getting a better look at the celebrity who has just walked into the cafeteria.

"Hi kids!" says a vibrant, gray-haired woman. It's the first lady.

Barbara Bush? No, this first lady wears Nikes. Illinois' first lady of children's radio that is, a star of equal magnitude in the eyes of Virden Elementary students.

"Hi Jackie!" the kids shout. The room explodes with applause and cheers. Jackie Jackson is in her element.

"I feel like a hero in Virden," says Jackson, professor of English at Sangamon State University, author of ten children's books, and creator of "Reading, Writing, and Radio," a children's radio show that stimulates elementary and middle school stu-



dents to write creatively.

Jackson is at Virden to tape a program with fifth grade teacher Rose Corgan and four sixth graders who are Corgan's former pupils. "Jackie's an inspiration to the children," says Corgan, whose classes have participated in the program for nearly fifteen years. "She's also a surprise to them because she's so friendly and interested in them. She treats the children as equals. She never talks down to them."

Jackson has recorded the show weekly during the school year since 1975 through the Public Affairs Department at Sangamon State. The program is broadcast over WSSU-FM's sideband, an auxiliary channel heard on special receivers, transmitted to schools and the visually impaired, each weekday morning. Thirty-six schools in twenty-one central Illinois communities are participating this year.

"My hope is that kids, through the program, will find writing a joy and a therapy, as well as a valuable skill," Jackson says.

"Reading and Writing and Radio" presents a wide variety of topics interesting to young people. At the end of each show, Jackson discusses ideas to foster the children's writing on the week's subject. Then the papers pour in: hundreds of children's manuscripts each month. Jackson and a student assistant read each and select some to be read on the air during "Reading Your Writing" segments broadcast four or five times each semester.

"Being read over the radio is embarrassing," says sixth grader Alicia Bumpus with a smile that reveals she likes it anyway. "I miss the show this year since my class isn't doing it."

This year Jackson has asked students to write about a woman participating in a traditionally male-dominated activity or job, and vice versa, in a show entitled "My Mom the Mechanic"; about a time when they felt worthwhile and happy with themselves in "Clever as Clever"; and about their own inadequacies in "Tall Girl," a program about a girl who feels she's too tall. "The teachers like to have Tall Girl early in the year because it gives them a window into their kids," says Jackson. This show generates writing by kids who feel self-conscious because of hearing difficulties or wearing glasses; others feel too fat, thin, skinny, smart, small, or dumb.

"Everyone feels too something," stresses Jackson.

But there are the funny stories, too.

"Most of the bathroom stories are hilarious," she says. "Like the mother who got her foot caught in the toilet. No one could get it out. Finally, a repairman had to take the toilet out of the bathroom. She had to ride in the back of his truck to a repair shop with her foot in the toilet!" *

Although the format of the show has remained the same over the years, Jackson has added discussion of social problems that affect children. "I've tackled subjects I wouldn't have tackled at the beginning," she says. "Divorce, drugs, child abuse. There's no subject that can't be written about and many that ought to be written about."

Corgan agrees. "The student's responses over the years have shown that children have some unresolved questions and concerns and haven't had a way to voice these to their parents," she says. She cites the program as helping children cope, and recalls a former student, now in college, whose parents got divorced while the child was in fifth grade. Writing for Jackie's show "helped the child get through that year," she says.

Sixth grader Jo Croll appreciates programs that treat such difficult situations. "I liked Alicia's story best," she says, referring to a program based on Virden student Alicia Emerson's account of her grandmother's battle with Alzheimer's disease. "It had more meaning to it."

Virden students have as much to say about Jackson as they do about the subjects she discusses on the radio. "She's an excellent writer," says fifth-grader Chris Seabolt. "But before I saw her, I thought she was a pop star. I thought she was Michael Jackson's sister."

"She seems young on the radio, like eighteen or twenty," says Heather Kruemmelbein of the sixty-one-year-old professor. "When she talks she makes it sound interesting," says sixth grader Tammy Fry. "When I heard her, it made it interesting. So I started to read and write."

Jackson appreciates the student's enthusiasm. "It heartens me to know that the kids enjoy the show," she says. "That it's not forced on them by teachers."

Still, Jackson and Corgan agree that university support is vital to the program. In 1987, lack of funding ended the annual "Jamboree" that Jackson initiated in 1982. Jackson's classes exchanged names, giving each student the opportunity to have a pen pal in another community. Each spring all the students would spend a day at Sangamon State, participate in a number of reading and

writing activities, tour the campus, and meet their pen pals, as well as university professors. "The Jamboree is not only wonderful p.r. for the school, but the most colorful day of the year," Jackson says. "It celebrates writing and makes the radio show visible."

During the Jamboree years, almost 8,000 individual compositions were sent to SSU from more than eighty schools in twenty communities. "That Jamboree did so much for all the kids," says Corgan. "I can't believe they quit supporting it for lack of funds. The university could appeal to these kids. The children get to see the university in a way that they ordinarily wouldn't. All the professors who take part are just great." Banners used to identify each class at the event still hang above all the participating classrooms at Virden. Corgan's reads, "Corgan's Classy Kids."

For now, Jackson is happy to be with her kids at Virden, ready to tape a program about the children's classic *The Wind in the Willows*. Sixth graders Bumpus, Matthew Barham, Mark Maynerisch, and Amy Bickel, along with Corgan, are ready to talk to Jackson about the projects they created in conjunction with reading the story.

"We built Toad's mansion," says Maynerisch. "It had a kitchen, bedrooms, everything. We used doll house furniture."

"Do you know a Greg Maynerisch?" asks Jackson.

"That's my uncle. He's in college now."

"I think I had him in Reading, Writing, and Radio, too!"

Jackson leans over with the mike to ask Matthew Barham about writing ideas for the kids in the audience.

"Well, we wrote three pages about the story. We had to write our Jackie Jackson's, too," he says.

"Your Jackie Jackson's?" she asks.

"That's what we call Reading, Writing, and Radio papers," he says.

"Jackie Jackson's," says Jackson, breaking into a smile. "I like that."

*Barb. Burkhardt didn't get in all the good details: The mother was painting the b. room ceiling, & stepped back off the ladder onto what she thought was the closed toilet seat, so her foot went in with considerable force! The firemen couldn't extricate her, so carried her & toilet across

Spfld Elle was helping the ENNL Ed weed clothes out of her closet & drawers. Ed downed a garment, Elle said, "That's the sort of thing that a person who puts plastic over furniture wears." The Ed. put the garment into the Goodwill box.

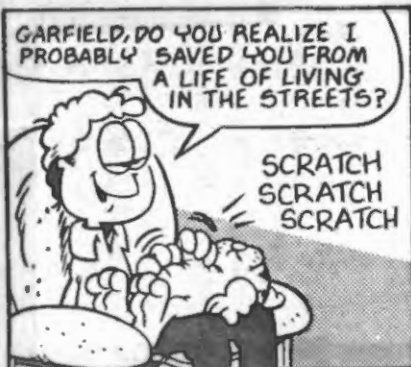


AN ENTHUSIASTIC ~ ENDORSEMENT ~

Bonnie, Clyde and Mighty Mouse strongly urge all Empty Nest felines to order their owners to purchase ~CAT DANCER~ for fantastic feline fun.

"Ron Dougan rushes through his supper in order to continue bobbing the little wire for Clyde and me to dance to," says Bonnie. "Even old cats gyrate: you should see Mighty!"

THIS SPACE WAS BEING SAVED FOR THE ADDRESS OF CAT DANCER (\$2.50) BUT RAD, WHO NEVER THROWS ANYTHING AWAY (See cartoon in this issue) JUST THREW OUT THE WIS. PUBLIC RADIO CATALOG!



town on the back of an open fire truck! I see her standing like Washington Crossing the Delaware! (And as grimly.)

Mary, queen of scribes

Ex-Hearst reporter still writing after 70 years

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1987

GALESBURG — Talking with Mary Allensworth Creighton these days is like unearthing some fascinating journalistic time capsule.

She is, at 91, not only one of the nation's oldest working columnists, but her stories go back over 70 years to a time when she wrote for William Randolph Hearst's New York American in those steamy days of newspapering when sob sisters gathered innumerable stories designed to make readers weep.

If television's soap operas have taken over the function today, writers like Mary Allensworth would often uncover the kind of tragedies not even modern soap scripters can imagine.

But a story goes with it. Lots of stories. And her own story reads like something from the pen of O. Henry.

Mary Allensworth Creighton will be 92 on May 29 and says brightly, "I don't look a day over 90." And soon, she says, she will be on the shelf. But from the fireside chair of her 100-year-old home on Galesburg's East Grove Street — which looks like some '20s setting from a Jack Finney story — she continues to dictate her columns for the Galesburg Post to her son, Peter.

Nothing quite like she used to do for Hearst. That all happened because of a poignant turn-of-fate story that even today brings a tear to the eye.

There was Mary Allensworth during the early years of World War I, a student at Knox, and wildly in love with one Henry Parkhurst, a boy who attended Coe College in Iowa. They met at a party. He brought her flowers. "He was adorable," Mary says. "But my parents thought he was a libertine. He promised the next time he visited me to have a dictionary under one arm and a Bible under the other."

Then Henry Parkhurst returned to college in Iowa and Mary Allensworth never heard from him again — until seven years ago. After one of her brothers died and the attic was cleaned out she went through some of the memorabilia. And there were Henry Parkhurst's letters. Someone in her family had intercepted them and hidden them away. They finally arrived — 60 years too late.

"So," Mary Creighton says of that broken romance, "I thought, I shall have a career."

While at Knox, she had worked summers in settlement houses in Chicago. And upon graduating in 1916, she headed there and began to canvass the newspapers. "It was pretty hopeless. I tried the Tribune, the Examiner, and finally found the Chicago Journal. The editor told me I was too young, that I should have married the boy next door and gone to work at Hart, Schaffner and Marx."

But she was finally hired temporarily by Richard Finnegan at the Journal. He had one job for her. A Polish bank had failed and she was sent to the county building to compile a list of the names and addresses of those who lost their money. Long Polish names with lots of c's and z's. All hand-written. One day, a young man named Walter Creighton came down from Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis's courtroom to give her a hand. "And I had a boyfriend."

When that job ran out, she was hired as the first woman at the City News Bureau, mainly because the war was taking away so many of the male reporters.

Mary Creighton, now 94 (95 in May!) is ENNL's Senior Subscriber, and was the ENNL's FIRST PUBLISHER! See p. 4 for more.



Mary Allensworth Creighton, at top, holds a photo of herself in her office at the Galesburg Post while her cat, "Sweetheart," perches on her lap. Above, she reminisces about her 70-year career in journalism.

(This article was in the Patria Journal Star)

One of her early assignments was the children's court, a case involving a boy who stole a bicycle and won an acquittal by quoting Shakespeare's line, "The quality of mercy is not strained." She went home, looked through her "Merchant of Venice," embroidered the story with some of the lines and the next morning read her first piece over the shoulder of a rider on the El. "I wrote that," she said to the startled owner of the paper.

Her editor told her to go out and get a better job. And she did, winning a spot on the Chicago American. She was sent to Evanston, where the police chief told her there was no liquor in town and hence no bad news. Her biggest story from there was that of a woman working at the wartime Red Cross who could knit two pair of socks at the same time. That story, along with illustrations on how to do it, took a whole page of the Chicago American. "I knew I was a reporter by that time," she says.

By then, Walter Creighton had enlisted as a sailor

and gone to New York. "He urged me to come to New York and marry him. He was nice. And I did."

Once again, she trooped from paper to paper, finally winding up at the old Hearst American, which was then located on Park Row. Arthur Brisbane was a frequent companion on the elevator. Hearst himself spent considerable time at his flagship paper and was so personally involved he would give \$10 to the reporter who, in his judgment, wrote the best story of the week. Mary Creighton won that coveted bonus after a few weeks at the paper with a story (reprinted here) that detailed the tragedy of an adopted baby who began to develop Negro features and was brought back to the orphanage to be exchanged.

"They gave me great assignments," she says. One involved an abortive attempt by John D. Rockefeller to raise funds for the war through a massive benefit.

"Rockefeller hardly ever allowed reporters in his home. They were having war drives and it was very fashionable. Rockefeller sent an invitation to the New York American saying he was going to have a musical and auction off all the seats at the Metropolitan Opera House. They gave me that invitation."

The auction was to be held in the music room of Rockefeller's mansion, and Mary Creighton remembers the white ivory piano, the gilded chairs, the ceiling like a checkerboard with lights in each square, the walls dripping with paintings.

"We sat on those little golden chairs. One fat boy came in with his mother. There weren't more than six reporters. But no other guests came. Rockefeller was anxious. We waited an hour. Then he and Mrs. Rockefeller came in and he said he had a great favor to ask of us. His musical idea fell flat. Nobody came to buy the benefit tickets. And he asked us not to print the story. None of us did."

These were glamorous, exciting, historic times. George M. Cohan's name was up in lights along Broadway. Troopships slipping through the fog of the East River. Returning doughboys. One of Mary Creighton's early assignments was to do a story on wounded soldiers who were being taken for a cruise by a friend of Hearst's. She arrived at the dock moments too late. The yacht already was out in the harbor. But she convinced the operator of another boat to take her aboard. They overtook the yacht and members of the crew passed her from one boat to the other. She got her story.

Later, there were trips to Europe aboard the Normandie (\$90 for a third class ticket), the S. S. California, a meeting with Lady Astor in London, an interview with her in a London Paper. She was active in the restoration of "Old Main" at Knox College, and was written up in the November, 1963 issue of "Lady's Circle" for her work with the Children's Milk Fund, which she ran for 38 years in Galesburg.

The stories came fast and furious. Her mother, who graduated from Knox in 1879, was an early feminist, she says, who managed to get Knox College to hold a co-ed graduation. Previously men and women were graduated in separate ceremonies. And one time, Mary Creighton told the story of the foundation of Galesburg by upstate New York farmers over NBC's "Quaker Oats Hour."

But in 1918, as the war was just about to end, so did her career in New York journalism. "The last story was a sad one. The week before I left, I was to go to a job service to find out how hard it was to get

Please see QUEEN, Page D2



This panel is dedicated to R.A. Dougan's chair area, the "Collier Corner," which makes Shoe's area look downright tidy!

QUEEN

Continued from Page D1

jobs. It wasn't easy. Then I had a letter from my editor, Victor Watson, saying I could come back whenever I wanted. But I never did."

She returned to Galesburg, pregnant with her first child. Later, she worked with her husband at the Dowagiac Daily News in Michigan. He was editor and she was his assistant. Eventually, Walter Creighton was hired as sports editor by the Evening Mail in Galesburg. And then, in 1928, Walter founded his weekly, the Galesburg Post.

"I thought at first I wouldn't have anything to do with it," Mary Creighton says. "But I couldn't resist."

"We bought the old Labor News Press for a hundred dollars. We didn't have enough money for a Linotype, but borrowed the money and bought one second hand from the Peoria Star for three thousand. We wanted our first issue out on the Fourth of July."

Unfortunately, the wooden floor of the old Post building wasn't quite up to holding the press. The floor creaked and it sunk partway into the basement. Volunteers from the town's other papers came and helped prop up the heavy press with bricks.

"The paper didn't come out that day, but the first edition was still dated July Fourth."

In the '40s, the Post was one of the few papers to publish Carl Sand-

burg's War Letters. The Register-Mail didn't want them, Mary Creighton says. "Through my old friend and first boss, Richard Finnegan, we managed to get them for a dollar a week. We ran them for four and a half years. To this day those war letters have never been published in book form."

Sandburg himself later came in and blessed the Post's old flatbed press, she says. "Other people worshipped him, but I never cared so deeply for Sandburg."

Her paper also carried Eleanor Roosevelt's column, "My Day," and Dorothy Thompson, the latter also acquired for a dollar a week.

These days, the Register-Mail prints the Post. The weekly originates at a small, 1920s style storefront office on South Cherry, just off Main Street. High, embossed ceilings, swirling overhead fans, heavy oak tables, decades of clippings on the walls. "Zephyr Sets New Rail Speed Mark." "Accuracy! Accuracy!! Accuracy!!!" The windows are lined with fading flowers. Traffic hums past outside.

And there is Mary Creighton's column, "Editorial and Otherwise," which still appears occasionally. Mary remains at home by the fire.

"If I have to keep on living, I would like to write a column called 'Treasured Memories.'" From this grand lady with a memory full of treasures, a mind that is sharp and clean and a heart that can still ache, it would be something, all right.

ED'S REMARKS ~ NEWS BRIEFS ~ BITS & PIECES

Spt 16. I realize this issue presents more bulky reprints than usual - (the article on Hazel was a surprise, but this was the issue to print it in). More usual format, next issue. Meanwhile I'm off to England Mar 5-19: couldn't resist the #298 RT, the longing to see all the dear ENNL readers over there, hike the cliffs & downs, & do some scouting for a possible Spring '91 MysteryBK tour!

Bebit It's fascinating to see Hazel Croft through another's eyes, & enlightening. To me, who never had her in school, she was more part of the "family furniture." She was an adopted daughter, her obit must not have said, & I learned from RAD & VWD that whenever she went away, for a job, travel, etc., Aunt Ida would get sick & Hazel would have to move back home. That selfish old woman had her way! It tended her all her life, & nursed her in her last illness.

S.F. Alison Walsh's cat Charcoal has a new door. Took him weeks to learn what it was for, but now he goes in & out, in & out for the sport of it. We also now know why Paul & Alison are maintaining separate (the closely linked) domiciles, after their marriage: Charcoal, and Paul's 16 lb. cat, Ace, are not compatible.

Bebit Ron Dougan, on VWD's father, Morton Smith, son of Nathan, 7th Day Baptist missionary, & power in the church: "Morton's relationship to the church was marred by his expulsion." (Yes, that could mar it!)

Santa Cruz ENNL Ed had a fine visit to Megan's, early Jan. The town's earthquake devastation is v. sad to see, but M's apartment looks good in spite of cracks. Enjoyed hikes along the sea, a day at Megan's job, a visit from Alison, TWO parties with Anna Belle Dirks!, a drop-in by Barb, Emily & Audrey Barker. Developed addiction to Russian non-violent computer game Tetris (oh the graphics & balalaika music!) but squelched it when it began to take possession of my dreams.

Reno ENNL Ed also visited Gillian, Cressida & Joe. Highlights: a funday at school w/ Cress (I was her show & tell) lunch with Elaine Broten -- a fine hike & picnic in the hills on a new nature trail -- DOMINOES! -- reading w/ Cress -- a visit to Skip's -- eating out at local pub. Became addicted to video game "Tiles" but ceased playing when it invaded dreams.

Beaver Creek Dr. Cindy Dougan has married Gunther Mueller. David Dougan & Cheri Guthrie are engaged. Lisa McDonald is recovering from back surgery. Craig & Barbara have 6 raccoons. Burlington, Vt. Elle Jackson drove E. at sem. break, visited friend Lisa, skied. Saw Eva & Chad Walsh. Eva said they both liked Elle's term paper (Bebit College) and Chad's poetry!

Galesburg, IL. Mary Creighton was Mom's close friend -- She & Vera Dougan met while Mom was still in high school. We called her "Aunt Mary" & when I was 10, she read my story "The Cloud-landers" (see p. 1, the SSU ad) and published it -- thus giving confirmation to me as a "writer," and helped bend the twig. Notice the bit abt someone -- probably her mother -- hiding the letters from a beau. This also happened to Dad's first cousin, Hazel Croft: only she died unmarried, never knowing that her mother, my Great Aunt Ida, had intercepted all the letters from her beau. I learned of it while Hazel was still alive (I was a teenager) and was appalled -- but I never told her -- would it have done more harm & hurt, than help at her late age? This ENNL issue has had things come together: I'd intended the Aunt Mary article, then came the Galesburg Post ref. in the SSU ad; I planned to tell about Hazel's experience (above) similar to Mary's (show many other women of her generation?) and tonight (Feb 23) the Bebit Daily News has run a long & loving article on Hazel Croft, by a former student, and the newspaper's historian, ENNL reader Lawrence Raymer!

For the Earthquake Special ENNL edition I couldn't find this cartoon I'd saved -- so I run it now. You're wondering abt living in Santa Cruz?





REMEMBER TIM VEACH? We advertised a caption contest several issues ago, and never got back to you with the results. Dr. Craig Dougan won again in the V.V. Division (Very Vulgar); his cap-

tion cannot be printed in a family newspaper. Dr. D. also won in the number of captions submitted: 15, with Sam Mersky as runner up: 9. A number of Doc D's were medical; he won hands down (foot down) in the Hallux Division: 1) Najinsky Navicular Syndrome, 2) The Cuboid Cartilage Capet, 3) The Cuboid Collapse, 4) The Sesamoid Slip, 5) The Tibial Tumble, 6) The Fibial Flop, 7) "Os trigonum" is not a 4 letter word, and related, 8) "I suppose he'll make an Industrial Claim." Sam Mersky, most of whose entries were variants on flying (with a broken wing!) won in the Best Alliteration Division: "Vilbur Veach Varming up for Vlight at Kitty Hawk," and, "No, Mikhail, I won't risk the Baryshnikov Break again-- I'd rather do the Veach Valse Variations well." We are sorry to disappoint all other contestants. Watch for our next contest!

Osteochondritis Dissecans of the Ankle

CAUSES

When you walk, the weight of your body is distributed over the top surface of the ankle bone (the talus). When you play sports, that weight is dramatically increased. For example, when you rebound in basketball, the ankle bone comes under three times as much stress as walking generates.

The real problem arises when you land heavily with your foot turned in underneath you. This jams the inner part of the ankle bone against the lower leg bone. A tremendous amount of force is concentrated over a small area. Such repetition can damage the surface of the ankle bone. It is as if the ankle bone has been hit with a golf club and a divot has been taken out of the top of it. In medical terms, this is called osteochondritis dissecans.

Why some athletes develop osteochondritis dissecans and others don't is a puzzle to medical scientists. In my experience, the condition occurs in those sports where the ankle is used hardest. Ballet dancers develop this problem in a different location from running athletes because they use their ankles in the "on-toe" position. The osteochondritis dissecans produces pain when the divot-like piece becomes loose in its crater.

DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

All the athletes with dissecans tell the same story. Pain in their ankle develops over a three- to six-month period. In use, the ankle hurts. Because swelling develops in the joint, the pain may intensify after a workout, and the ankle gets stiff. This is not a matter of instability of the ankle joint, so taping the ankle does not help. Only rest seems to relieve the symptoms.

My examination of the ankle does not give me much of a clue. The ankle generally has close to normal motion, and because the ligaments are unaffected it is not loose or unstable. It is impossible to push directly on top of the ankle bone through the skin to find a tender area.

The diagnosis for osteochondritis dissecans is totally dependent on an x-ray evaluation. Plain x-rays sometimes show the loose bone fragment. It is seen lying in a shallow crater. Because the loose piece of bone has lost its blood supply, it becomes more dense on the x-ray than the remainder of the ankle bone and it is easily identified. If I have

... sorry ...

conservative treatment to bring relief of the symptoms. Putting you into a cast or restricting the use of your ankle does not work. Biologically, the fragment does not have the ability to heal itself. The only answer is surgery.

The surgery starts with an incision over the front inside part of the ankle. The ankle joint is just beneath the skin in this area and the joint itself is opened. By putting the foot in a downward position, the ankle bone tips forward in the ankle joint. In this position, most of the ankle bone with its loose fragment can be easily seen. I carve out the dissecans. It is like taking a worm out of an apple. This leaves just the crater. With a small drill, I make many holes at the base of the crater in the main substance of the ankle bone. Blood flows through the holes, creating a new blood supply.

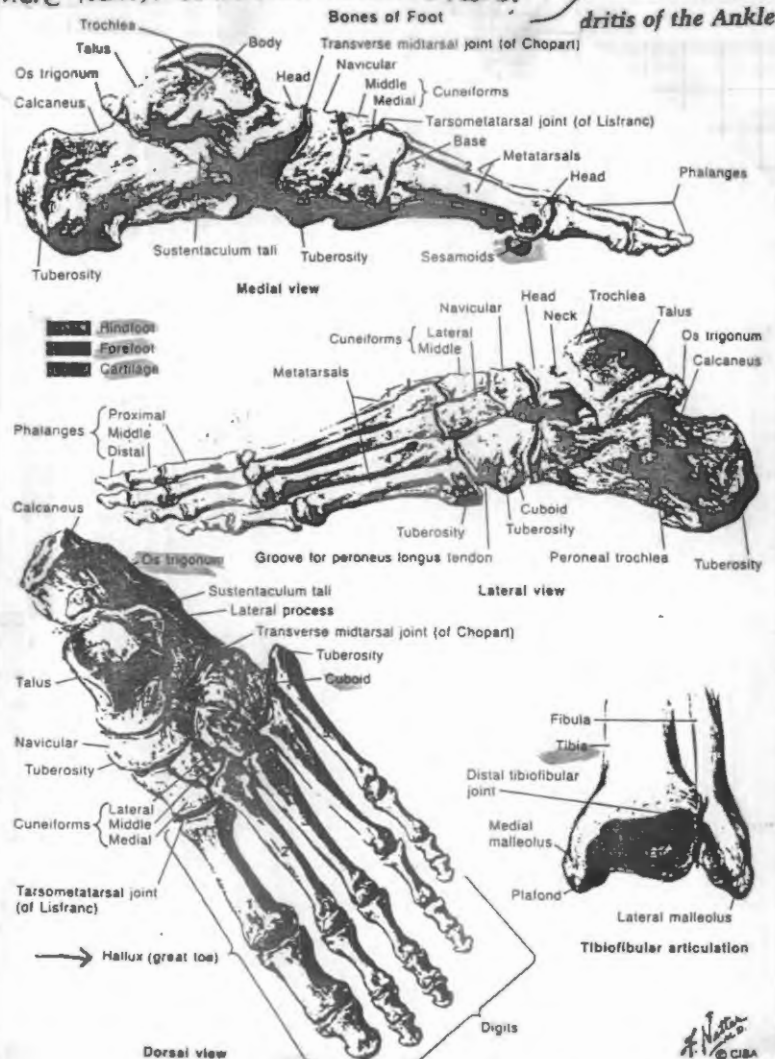
Eventually, a blood clot forms in the crater which, over time, hardens into firm scar tissue. In this instance, the hardened tissue acts as an excellent substitute for normal joint surface material.

After the surgery, I make a cast which I divide in half. This is called a bivalved cast. It allows you to remove the cast three times a day for motion exercises of the ankle, and while it is on, it assures that the ankle will be rested.

This page may tell you more about osteochondritis dissecans than you wish to know, but it would be a shame to waste Dr. Craig D's research! N.Y.C. & Chatham, Tim is now recovered from his Baryshnikov Break, but his wife, even reader & good friend Betty Veatch, sustained a broken ankle when a car shot out of a side road into hers (Chris & Tim unharmed) in early Jan. She's progressed from wheelchair to crutches to limited walking, & will make it to Paris in April-- Tim is dancing there then, & Beck & Jerry have free fare!



Osteochondritis of the Ankle



LARRY RAYMER ON COUSIN HAZEL CROFT

This article is abridged.

QUESTION: A dear friend in Lake Geneva, Gretchen Hobbs Allen, writes "Remember the fun carnivals we had while attending Lincoln Junior High School?" (Beloit, WISCONSIN)

Answer: You bet we do, Gretchen, and they were marvelous! We worked for weeks beyond school classroom hours to rehearse "plays and programs" to present before parents and friends. We had booths in the school halls to sell homemade fudge and popcorn balls, and the carnivals gave us a chance to fill bulletin boards with our best classroom work.

We recall that we were in an amateur version of "Robin Hood" for one of the carnivals, and the excitement of a duel we had with Kenneth Ritcher. Our mothers, aunts and friends helped us get costumes together, and teachers like Jessie Allen and Hazel Croft did the coaching and fussing over us to see that everything was entertaining and "turned out all right."

Another feature of parents' nights were colorful pageants called "Operettas" coached by Miss Croft. There were soloists and choruses, and the music and costumes were grand. We remember one operetta in particular called "The Emperor What-For-I."

AND HOW WE loved Miss Croft. She was so kind and caring, and spent hours with us outside of the classroom. She sponsored and coached a male quartet we were in with Elmer Johnson, Brown Trexler and Victor Johnson, and what fun we had. We would rehearse at her home on Bushnell Street across from the old Strong School, and after the scales and harmonizing sessions she always had little cakes, cookies and tea for the four of us fellows.

Miss Croft "booked" us into the Second Congregational Church, where she was an organist and we attended the "Wakanda Club" various service clubs, and the Knights of Pythias Lodge. We remember the K.P. date, because the folks liked us so well we ran out of songs! Our three best were "I Love a Lassie," "Kentucky Babe," and the spiritual "Deep River." We sang "lead," Elmer took high tenor, Brown was the baritone, and Victor gave us a wonderful bass. We became known as "The Wakanda Club Quartette."

Hazel (she was a lot older than we were at the time, but she was so disarming that we didn't call her Miss Croft) played the organ and piano at Second Congregational Church along with Lila Gayton when Bill Tucker was choir director. It was a brilliant choir which sang Rossini's "Stabat Mater" in Latin on Good Fridays each year, and did all the big ones like "The Messiah," "Elijah" and "The Creation."

THE CHOIR "took to the road" several years, singing in Rockford, Janesville and smaller nearby communities.

But we wanted to say more about Hazel Croft. In her Daily News obituary on Dec. 9, 1968, the paper said: "Hazel Croft was a fine teacher, who enjoyed her teaching, and was a firm believer in modern youth. Her leadership and fine teaching contributed much to the development of the boys and girls with whom she worked. She believed in young people. And she believed that youth should sing for the joy of singing."

How true these words are! Hazel made singing fun, and we sang for the sheer joy of singing!

HAZEL IRENE CROFT was born Sept. 4, 1886, in Oshkosh, Wis., the daughter of James and Ida M. Dougan Croft (Ron Dougan, "the baby's milkman" in Beloit, was her cousin, and they were proud of each other.) She attended Beloit schools; was graduated from Beloit College in 1910 with a bachelor of arts degree. She taught in Lake Mills, Burlington, Reedsburg, and Rockton's Hononegah High before her teaching years at Lincoln.

Hazel retired from teaching in 1951, and spent three years as "minister of music" at "The Church by the Sea" at Madeira Beach, Fla. This was after she served as organist for Beloit's First Church, the Methodist Church, and the Second Congregational Church. She always specialized in youth choral groups. In between she took advanced educational work at Pomona College in California, Northwestern University, and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music in Ohio.

A member of the Methodist Church, Hazel was active in various community musical circles, including Treble Clef. She took an active role in the Eastern Star, Phi Beta Phi sorority at Beloit College, and the Retired Teachers' Association.

HAZEL WAS A resident of Cedar Crest in Janesville when she died in 1968, closing a long career of inspiring others with her music and her charming personality. She was another of "the great teachers" of the community held affectionately in the memories of so many. We owe her so much. And we'll never forget her. Thanks, Gretchen, for your letter, and the memories of the fun-filled "carnivals" at Lincoln Junior High School. How lucky we were to have attended Lincoln in those exciting times!

Daily News Historian Laurence A. Raymer, former editor of the paper, writes Heritage Q. & A. Questions may be submitted in writing to Heritage Q. & A., Beloit Daily News, 149 State St., Beloit, WI 53511.

MARIANNE DREAMS!-STORR



Charlotte Burke plays Anna, a little girl who finds that the house she's sketched on a pad of paper becomes the setting for her dreams in "Paperhouse," now available on videocassette.

'Paperhouse': A Smart 'Elm Street' Alternative

by Josh Mooney

PAPERHOUSE (Vestron Video, \$89.98, Dec. 10 Directed by Bernard Rose. Featuring Glenn Headly and Ben Cross.)

FANTASY and reality collide when a girl's recurring dreams turn to nightmares and begin to affect her waking life. It sounds like another "Nightmare on Elm Street" episode, but rest assured that this imaginative British film owes more to Grimm's fairy tales than to Hollywood horror.

Director Bernard Rose, best known for a series of clever music videos, and writer Matthew Jacobs have made sure that their story has depth and substance. It's rooted in some intriguing ideas about the human soul, and is more a psychological thriller than a horror story. Anna, played by newcomer Charlotte Burke, has a tense relationship with her mother (Glenn Headly), and so when she becomes bedridden with a fever, she begins to cut herself off

from reality. She finds that the house she's sketched on a pad of paper becomes the setting for her dreams. Inside the house is Marc (Elliot Spiers), a crippled boy who says he's trapped there, and Anna discovers that the drawings are affecting the content of her dreams. In turn, those dreams are affecting reality. She eventually draws her father (Ben Cross) into her dream world, only to find that she's made him a figure of terror.

While Burke isn't the most convincing of young actresses, Rose's dream world is a marvel. As a filmmaker, he's made the effort to do something different and original, and it's always good to see that.

If this British movie, now showing in the U.S., sounds like a steal from Catherine Storr's Marianne Dreams that

we've all loved--it is -- but they paid her nicely! They've taken liberties--Marc dies, a father is created--but it comes off well, Catherine likes it, I went in London, at her urging, and found it splendid, especially the dream scenes! So go see it or rent it--it's unusual... I met Catherine in 1975 when I phoned her in London to tell her how much we loved the book. She invited me over, and we've been good friends since. She entertained Mom + Dad + Ellie when we were all over in '77. And last June the children's

lit class visited her at her apartment; we talked books + movie versions + writing + publishing + had a fine time. It was a highlight for Grampa + us all.

