



"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds . . . and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough . . ." --Milton

ROO IS HERE!

PRE-BIRTH NAME: HE'S NOW OFFICIALLY "WYATT ROYCE DEBOW"

He was due June 1, but ultrasound showed him to be in a breeches position—so Elle's doctor did a "version" procedure where the baby is turned (from outside pressure)—and got Roo properly head-down. Still, Roo didn't drop—the doctor decided to induce on May 28, while the baby was still in position; Elle was in the hospital 15 hours, but the inducement didn't work, so she came home again. When she went in on June 3 for a checkup, it was obvious that the baby was now heading back up into breeches again. (Mind of his own!) So rather than risk such a delivery, she had a C section that day—the doctors found all nine plus pounds of Roo spanning the womb from side-to-side—and said he'd never have come naturally, that way, so it was the right decision. Royce was present in the operating room, cut the umbilicus. Grandma was allowed in the nursery, so was in on all post-birth activity—and got to soap not-so-little Wyatt up! Statistics: JUNE 3, 4:52 P.M., 9 POUNDS 8 1/2 OUNCES, 22 INCHES LONG, Apgar Score 9.9 He's a handsome big boy, everything seems in good order, healthy lungs, and took to nursing as if he'd been practicing for nine months. Elle is doing fine, but has to be in the hospital 4 days on account of the C Section, and for two weeks can do nothing at home, not even unload the dishwasher. This will be hard on Rachel who is currently a clinging mommy's girl, and wants to be carried.

RACHEL VISITS AT THE HOSPITAL

and all was well. Royce brought her after daycare. She examined her mother's "owies"—her hands had tape on them—and ate a cheeseburger and fries—and then Wyatt in his crib made a noise, and she noticed him. Ecstasy! Wonder! Baby! Baby brother! I like him! And Royce held her while she patted him. Elle video'd it. The perfect time was marred when Rachel wanted to see the video, they backed it up a little too far, and Rachel saw a picture of Elle holding the baby—WOW! What a fit! —So, having a baby brother will be hard on queen bee Rachel, now 2 years and almost a month. Becky Veach says if first babies could vote, there'd never be a second baby. (I had to tell Elle the jump rope rhyme, "Mama's had a brand new baby—wrap him up in tissue paper, put him on the elevator . . .") I reprint the bears joke; we're hoping Rachel, after the initial REAL shock—when she sees Wyatt nursing—won't too often feel she liked it better when there were "three of us"! She does have a grand new swing set to keep her occupied.



"I was happier when there were only three of us."

CAT FOLDED, STILL IN GAME

Delavan While staying at DeBows, Jackie's been sleeping on a day bed in the sunroom. She put her bed away, preparatory to visiting Elle in the hospital; as she left heard a meow, couldn't find the cat, finally traced it to the bed, opened it and released Mausilie only a little ruffled.

TWO-FOR-ONE ISSUE AT NO EXTRA COST TO YOU!

Sp'd. As you know, ENNL is published erratically -- and I never get in all the news, or the items you're good enough to send. Next issue (when ever that is) will tell of Jo's weeks in Italy, Karl's John Adams productions, Dan Dougan's Russian wedding, Paul in Turkey, and more about all of you. (Also a shameless promo for Round Barn II!) If you want to send a card to DeBows, it's 401 McDowell, Delavan WI 53115 (53115) -- the editor

Symphony Maestro Lewis Dalvit Also Master Cabin Builder

By Lois Forbes
Special To The News & Neighbor

Are you or your family looking for a beautiful, historically rich summer vacation location on the sea? An idyllic spot where you can toss a fish line into the ocean just steps from your hotel and catch a flounder, or even a salmon on a lucky day? A place where you can enjoy unspoiled forest trails, parks,

Here on the Bay of Fundy, just minutes from St. Andrews is where Maestro Lewis Dalvit, conductor of the Johnson City Symphony Orchestra, constructed a rustic log cabin as his summer resident, a labor of love that entailed four summers of dawn to dusk work to complete. With the help of his wife, Pat, Lewis hand-dug foundations, chain sawed and spiked together cedar

the bay, decided that this was the view they wanted for their dream log cabin.

A few years sped by and now summers in St. Andrews are still busy ones for Maestro Dalvit, as he has become the artistic director and conductor of the St. Andrews Summers School for the Performing Arts. Throughout July and August this international school — often called "The Banff of the East," invites persons of all ages to study with some of Canada's finest performers and teachers. Major workshops include opera, piano, ballet, instrumental music, choral, creative writing and drama. Also offered are tangential courses in fencing, computer, script writing and gymnastics — the

University of Moscow. Drama students enlisting in the St. Andrews School's new *Whale of a Tale* theater course will learn to stage and act in mini theater productions throughout the summer. Vocal and piano competition winners, as well as ballet students, will be featured soloists with the Festival Symphony Orchestra conducted by Maestro Dalvit.

As you can see, St. Andrews by-the-Sea is surely a unique vacation locale. It has breathtaking scenery, a full range of land, sea and cultural activities offered against a backdrop of history and tradition. You will surely want to visit this charming city where the Bay of Fundy boasts the highest tides in the

Builder



Pat Dalvit catches and prepares fresh lobster. hmmm.

aquariums, children's playgrounds, camping, championship golf courses, shopping in exotic or specialty craft shops, ocean kayaking, whale watching, indoor ice hockey, or eating buttery lobster at romantic gourmet restaurants?

This is St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, Canada's oldest seaside resort town, a picturesque loyalist village in the province of New Brunswick just twenty minutes by auto from the Maine/Canadian border. It is also the home of the spectacular Algonquin hotel built by railroad mogul Sir William Van Horne to serve the rich and powerful of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in the 1800s. Now operated by the Canadian government, this magnificent hilltop citadel with its commanding view of luxuriant flower gardens and the sea, daily attracts hundreds of tourists and locals alike. The Algonquin's sumptuous "brunches" are famous throughout the province, especially on "Chocolate Fest" Sunday when serving tables groan under the weight of every imaginable chocolate delicacy.

logs, wrestled huge granite rocks from ditches and fields which he cemented together for a 12 by 15 foot fireplace. In the cabin-building process, the Dalvits also became accomplished beachcombers, feasting on clams, muscles, lobsters, flounder, lake bass and wild edibles such as goosetongue and orach. They also harvested blueberries, raspberries, blackberries and gooseberries that grew in abundance on their forest acreage, a practice they continue to this day.

Lewis and Pat discovered St. Andrews after Lewis traveled to Maine as a masters' class student of the French conductor Pierre Monteux. Falling in love with the east coast, they dedicated much vacation time searching for a plot of land on the ocean. Their quest took them over the border into Canada where they hiked over miles of accessible and almost inaccessible coastline as far north as Halifax, Nova Scotia. On one beautiful pile of volcanic rock near St. Andrews, the Dalvits became trapped on a bluff at high tide for several hours, and as they watched the full moon come up over



The cabin during construction.



Lewis Dalvit cuts logs for the cabin.

latter taught by a former member of the Cirque de Soleil.

The four-man opera department, headed by Wendy Neilsen of the Metropolitan Opera, features voice, acting, coaching and Alexander Method, all taught by professionals in their fields. The director of the ballet school is a teacher with the Canadian Royal Academy of Dance and the National Ballet School. The piano master teacher is Ludmila Knezakova-Hussey, a graduate of the Tchaikovsky Conservatory of the

world!

Here in Johnson City Maestro Dalvit and the Johnson City Symphony Orchestra will present their final season series concert, a dialogue with Angels on March 23 in Seeger Chapel, Milligan College.

Sidebar
article +
comment
sent by
Liz Weir

ENDING:

output display on what goes into a cow and the milk it produces.

A dozen gallon jugs indicate the average daily output of a single Holstein, and 84 gallon jugs hang from the ceiling to represent a week's production.

On the input side, there's a drum, representing the 25 gallons of water a cow drinks daily, and containers that show the 90 pounds of hay and grain cows consume to make that milk.

Kids' museum includes hands-on milking of fiberglass cow

She's a life-size fiberglass cow that children can hook up to a real-life milking machine to learn all about the dairy business.

"One of the goals of the exhibit is to show that milk doesn't just

appear in the grocery store, that it has many processes," said Paula Carlson, the museum's executive director. "There are many steps, and we try to simulate an experience that's as real life as possible."

Kids dress up in white coveralls and farmer baseball caps and go through a series of chores — everything from the initial cleaning of the cow's teats, to milking and sweeping up behind the cow.

Artificial cow pies?

The exhibit is loosely patterned after a similar display in Madison, Wis., and involves a number of role-playing experiences at kid level that involve production and retail ends of the business.

In the International Dairy Bar

It just would not feel the same!

display, kids can find themselves on either side of a food stand dish- ing up real or pretend delicacies such as chocolate malts, pizza, milk and cheese.

Then there's the graphic input- cont on bottom of page.

Associated Press

FARGO, N.D. — "Henrietta Holstein" quickly became the central attraction of the Marvelous Moo Machine exhibit at the Children's Museum at Yunker Farm in north Fargo.

HAIKU ON THE HOOF

In a rash moment I promised Cressida I'd go to Paris with her; last January she fortunately held me to it! For it was one of the best times I've ever had, and she was such a delight to be with. She knew the French I didn't, and could handle menus, transportation, museums, with aplomb. We got incredibly cheap fares, and a splendid apartment right in the heart of things (at a real discount). Below is a report on the trip, in verse that a haiku guru has refused to publish in his arid column because these aren't "true" haiku, he says they're "zappai." Whatever they are, they were a fun activity, and irrespective of whether they're any "good," have preserved many memorable moments. We presented these at the Illinois Philological Association Conference in April, under the above title, with slides. I give here only a selection.

Generic money,
Feeling like Monopoly,
Really does buy stuff!

King Tut in gold shroud
Bows thanks for francs and euros:
Paris street mime's life

In January 2002, four older women led by Cressida Broten, a cheerful 19 year old, granddaughter of one participant, and the one who knew the most French, spent eight full days in Paris. One of us composed a haiku--literally on the hoof, for we were walking down the Champs Elysees--and that started us all going. With no preliminary intent, we found ourselves chronicling our trip with haiku. As the days went on, and after we returned home, still suddenly coming up with a good line, we came to realize that this format, besides being a challenge to compress our experiences into a kind of verbal snapshot, gave us a focus on the many little things that might well have been lost, unnoticed, or forgotten. Our haiku do not always follow the conventions of seasons, nature, etc., though we think there is considerable human nature portrayed. And they range from ones we're pleased with, through ones we know need more work, to ones perhaps better scrapped, poetically speaking. But composing them, often together, and always sharing them, was fun, and even a not-so-hot haiku illustrates some facet of our trip.

Around the Streets of Paris:

Eighty years ago
My parents met here, married.
Their Paris haunts me.

My granddaughter romps
Through streets her great-grands trod. Will
She find enchantment?

Winter carnival,
Cotton candy, Ferris wheel.
Down the mall--the Louvre.

Atop Notre Dame,
Skyscrapers in the distance,
Gargoyle still gnaws dog.

Eiffel replicas:
Brass, glass, nougat, sardine tins,
Even a dildo.

We pop our heads up--
Look around! Down! Up again!
Metro prairie dogs.

Metro ensemble
Plays Vivaldi. Underground,
Seasons are the same.

We looked and looked. No
Fat people! --but one tourist
In a pink sweatsuit.

Monmartre's Metro steps
Spiral up. You'll be dizzy
With art by the top.



"Smart cars," they're called--small
Squashed autos smart enough to
Squeeze in anywhere!

At our Apartment

Door hinge squeaks loudly.
Avocado no help, but
Butter brings silence.

Luggage to Madrid
Four days in Paris lacking
Clean underwear, socks.

Strayed luggage returned,
Madrid maxipads inside.
Globalization!

Lost luggage comes back,
Increased by strange maxi-pads.
Madrid menstrual show?

Lights on the ceiling
Like the searching Tour Eiffel
Piercing through the dark.

Winter feast of feasts:
Orangina, and Nutilla
Spread on a hot crepe.

The cot is lumpy.
We play musical beds; each
Keeps her own pillow.

At the Museums

Louvre, D'Orsay, Cluny--
But the Asterix Theme Park
Is closed until March.

The glass pyramid
Welcoming us to the Louvre
Repels . . . or delights.

Our painting will show
The Virgin hanging diapers,
Clothespins in her mouth.

Not only "The Kiss"--
Rodin sculpted "Gates of Hell."
Hieronymous Bosch!

Musee Picasso:
Children sit clustered beneath
"Paul as Harlequin."

Stone lions recline
Outside Musee Picasso.
Old welcoming new.

Cluny's unicorn
Surrounds our spellbound senses.
We sit in dim light.

Eating Out

Paris Chez Ming, a
Shabby shop near Tour Eiffel.
Cress pukes, feels better.

Chez Ming greasy spoon.
Wooden chopsticks shed splinters.
We eat with our forks.

I offer to buy.
I lure them with garlic, beurre.
But escargot spurned!

At Le Balzar Restaurant, Where
Gertrude Stein Once Hung Out:
Cress bends for napkin;
Shirt, jeans part. Owner, passing,
Whispers, "Belle tattoo!"

*(What he really said is below, but
then we've left out why she bends,
ergo the feel of a restaurant. And,
she could be standing!)*

Cress bends; shirt, jeans part.
Balzar owner, passing, whispers,
"Tattoo, tres jolie!"

Picnic at the Louvre.
Dorothy flips the table cloth--
Orange pips in the face!

A Violin Recital

-Sonja Yde-
Violin

-Jean Wynia-
Piano

Featuring

-Maria Ritzenthaler - Viola-

-Rebecca Eggerichs - Cello-

-Caroline Moore - Piano-

Sunday April 21

2:00

First United Methodist Church
(corner of Wisconsin and Johnson)
works by Bruch, Mozart and Schumann

**SONJA WOWS AT
UW SENIOR RECITAL**

Madison: I decided not to miss this, and drove up for it; what a worthwhile trip! Elle came with me. The church is modern and lovely, a block from the capital, and Sonja was serenely beautiful in a blue shimmer of a dress. And how she played! The Bruch Violin Concerto is a demanding work, and she was full of fire in the fiery parts, and limpidly lyrical in the slow parts. I am amazed at how far she's come, in the short time from having to abandon the piano as her solo instrument. The Mozart sonata was excellent, too and the Schumann string quartet, where she was the violinist. After the church reception family and close friends celebrated with a dinner at Ydes, and you all know that Katie cooks as well as her mother. What a wonderful time. I confess I got a little teary at the recital, thinking how proud Mother--Vera Dougan--would have been. Sonja's violinist grandmas, Jo Schmidt and Lola Yde, certainly were!

UPDATES, UPDATES, UPDATES!

ON THE FARM (CHEZ NOUS):

Beloit. Now the latest word is (late May 2002) that yes, Beloit's Gateway Project is 95% certain of going through--but they can't sell bonds till the State has a budget, so there is no closing date yet on our property. (This may be Beloit whistling in the dark.) If things do start to move, we still won't have to be out till September. I continue clearing the house, also picked asparagus and rhubarb from the old garden and made a rhubarb pie for Elle and Royce. I still find valuable things (though no A ROOD DURTY DRAWERS, yet, or Mother's beaded Parisian dress, or Pat's 7th grade diary)--and don't know what to do with much of what I find, such as ALL Mom's piano music going back to when she was a kid--stacks and stacks--and Hazel's, and Esther's --(we sibs have taken most of our music), and there's World War 1 sheet music, and Barney Google (with the goo goo googly eyes). The more I work there, the more I miss Mom and Dad and have myriad things to discuss with them, and the more I grieve the loss of the place. Nick and Angus hang around, Nick is aging, Angus still a huge kitty. They sleep together in the garage. Gene Shepherd has gone ahead and planted (beans), and I saw a redstart, which was yellow and brown, not red.

Giant Ferris wheel
(An Illinois invention)
Brightens all Paris.

ON THE BOOK: MORE STORIES FROM THE ROUND BARN:

Evanston. Hey! The Press is in high gear, I've had the page proofs THREE TIMES, the pictures are all checked out and the cropping corrected (we now have 2/3 of Andrew Holmbeck instead of 1/3); 5 sample covers came yesterday, and I've been running around getting opinions: I won't tell you what the Press has chosen, with much input, but the cover is striking and engaging, and the whole book is absolutely beautiful! Worth waiting for. It'll be out in July but I'm going to treat it as a fall book, and do a big publicity blitz Empty Nest on my own, come September, so be warned: **Think Holiday giving!** It's suitable for everybody ten to 100, and some of the stories are even good for younger kids, such as when Dad was 6 and the little girl said she'd show him what she had if he'd show her what he had. He only had a broken harness buckle and three aggies in his pocket, but he wanted to see what she had. It was a traumatic moment for him. . . . My offer is the same as last time, I'll send you books at what they cost me--\$18, plus postage, and sweetly autographed.

Pere Lachaise
Forget Wilde, Chopin,
Abelard and Heloise.
All paths lead to Jim.

ON THE ACTUAL ROUND BARN (People keep asking me):

Beloit, Colley Road: It's still standing, and the owners have it propped up inside with new wooden columns, it even looks sort of cathedralesque, and they've wound the lower barn with white plastic like one of those sculptures by who? --the one who wraps buildings and countrysides. But they haven't got the roof covered, so it still rains in, and all the original boards are soggy with rot. They couldn't meet a matching grant of \$102,000 so lost it, and word has sifted back to me that they're spending what they did raise on these stopgap efforts. They need increasingly more money, and I suppose this makes it look like they're doing something, to fool grants and donors, and to keep the city from ordering it demolished. Bill Wieland is one of the two who got the barn away from us, and he made the paper recently for owing the city something like \$67,000 in fines on his property not maintained, this on top of an even larger fine. When Craig asked him, years ago, what he did, he replied, "I'm a slumlord." (And not smiling!) Nice folks.

Far above the Seine,
Smoky clouds off Tour Eiffel
Run from the search lights.

JACKIE GETS PICTURE IN PAPER AFTER 55 YEARS!



Portraits from "Saturday Sittings: A Reflection in Portraiture; Collected Works by Students of E.M.R. Weiner" can be seen inside the The Beloit Fine Arts Incubator, 410½ E. Grand Ave. At top, the two portraits on the left are unidentified, but the one on the right was know to be Jack Frey from the class of 1946 at Beloit College. At left, a charcoal drawing is on loan from Jackie Dougan Jackson who studied under Weiner as a high school student.

Beloit: Someone discovered oil paintings by Weiner pupils, and mounted a show partly to find out who the people portrayed were. I identified some (corrected the spelling of Dora Fjelsted, and told 'em her history!) and loaned a bunch of charcoals to the show that I'd found at the farm, ones by Jo, Pat and me; all three of us went to Weiner's classes over the years. Hey sibs, they printed mine, hee hee hee! and me the least accomplished of us three! (Who's the boy?)

Vera Hardner

Elements of Music in Song

ORIGINAL SPRING SONG

SURFACES!

A ONE BOOK COURSE IN VOCAL
MUSIC FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND
ELEMENTARY CLASSES

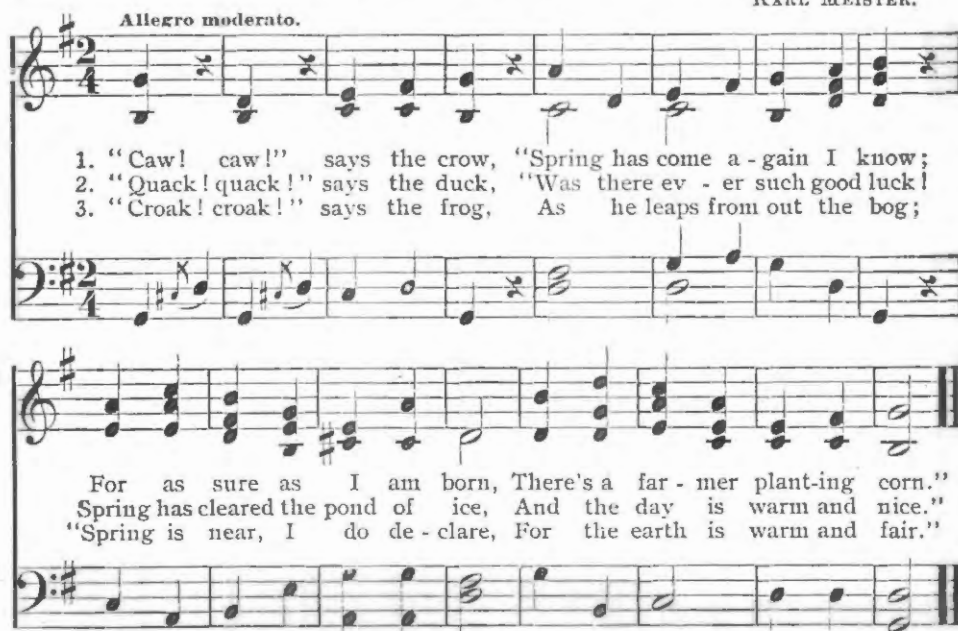
By F. W. WESTHOFF
Head of the Department of Music, in the
Illinois State Normal University

No. 12.

Spring Voices.*

KARL MEISTER.

Allegro moderato.



1. "Caw! caw!" says the crow, "Spring has come a - gain I know;
2. "Quack! quack!" says the duck, "Was there ev - er such good luck!
3. "Croak! croak!" says the frog, As he leaps from out the bog;

For as sure as I am born, There's a far - mer plant - ing corn."
Spring has cleared the pond of ice, And the day is warm and nice."
"Spring is near, I do de - clare, For the earth is warm and fair."

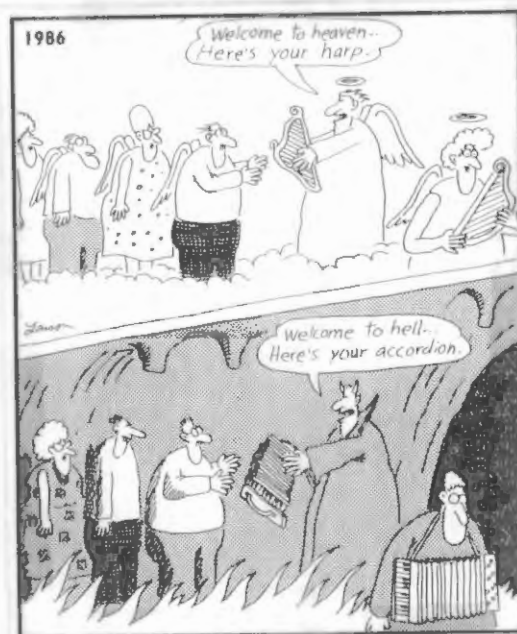
PUBLIC-SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO.
Bloomington, Illinois
1920

Beloit: Many of you own the Spring Song book. Mom sang three engaging verses to us when we were kids: the crow, the duck and the frog. Years later, at little Jacksons' urgings, I made up ten more verses, Barbara Morrow illustrated them, Pop Jackson harmonized the

tune, and Kent State University Press published the book in four colors. They won big graphics prizes, though they didn't know how to market a children's book nor did they try to find out. (The Press was new; they wanted to show the world what they could do, and they accomplished that purpose.) The Cleveland Public Library researched about 50 "Spring Songs" for me, so that I could give credit, but couldn't discover the original. Mom said she'd found it in some Primary material. And going through old boxes at the farm, I came on a little brown songbook: the instant I saw it I said, "That's it," and scanned the contents. No "Spring Song." BUT! There WAS a "Spring Voices," and that was it, and here it is! (Author's note: Because of the non-marketing, KSUP eventually remaindered the book. I bought up a crate of copies: I still have a supply. If you want one, let me know. Perhaps you may have it for a song.)



"Can Wolfgang come out and play?"





CAPTION CONTEST

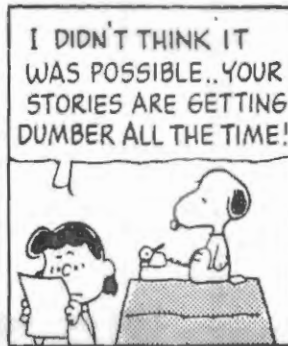
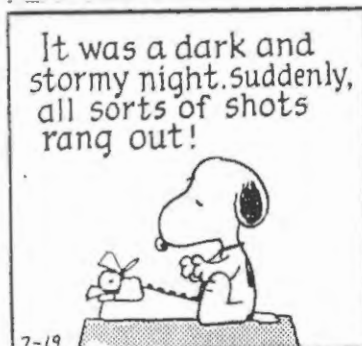
We used to caption pictures of Uncle Lewie + Uncle Karl -- but how about this remarkable never-seen-before one of Vera? (Mom, Grandma, Aunt, etc.) Jackie just found it in the strata of the farm. Send your entries to JJ, 816 N Fifth, Spfld, IL 62702. Or email: jjackson@uis.edu.



NEWS BRIEFS

- Stateline, NV:** Gillian's been teaching a section of chemistry at the community college, in addition to the lab and tutoring that she has been doing.
- Columbus, OH:** Becky Veach has retired from UIC, and she and Jerry have moved to Columbus, where Becky is editing the newsletter and creating the website for Tim's Columbus Dance Theatre. Matt and Rhonda are living in the Wheaton house. And guess what--Toby--TOBY!--is getting married! A February wedding in Los Angeles.
- Johnson City, TN:** Pat Dalvit tripped on her shoestring and broke her leg. They pinned her up and she barely missed a beat; last I heard she was only using a cane. "We have good bones," Pat says. "All that milk!"
- Reno, NV:** Cressida, finishing her sophomore year at UN Reno, has been accepted into the French overseas program, and will spend next year in Paris! She's double-majoring in International Relations, and French.
- Gresham, OR:** David and Lori Dougan have a new little daughter, Journey MacDonald. Big brother is Chance. We are glad with them!
- Madison:** It not yet been reported here that the Yde family has moved from West Bend to Madison this year. Everybody's happy, especially two sets of grandparents.
- Okemos, MI:** Last fall, Pam Taylor and her brother (with his partner), came from Cornwall to visit their sister, and first cousins the Hockings. Since I'm a near-Hocking (three Hocking kids being my godchildren) I'm a kissing cousin, and visited, too. Some of my happiest times over the years have been hiking the footpaths of Cornwall with Pam, who knows every plant, bird, and bit of history. I had a rich time, walking the woods with Pam and Sarah, watching Gib turn out miracle boxes in his workshop, marveling at the boat he's built, enjoying Judy's unparalleled cooking (she introduced me to Cornish pasties in 1950!) and catching up on everybody. We had a dinner out at a gourmet restaurant where every waiter and the proprietors were buddies with Gib and Judy. Wendell was recovering from a mean bout of flu, so alas, I didn't see much of her.

MIPS: How can I omit a spring visit to Damaris -- seeing her school, her crop house, art exhibits, Gilbert & Sullivan, a grand dinner, a evening for us both with Jerry + Polly Dungen, and a luncheon for all of us with cousins Sam + Polly Hensky? It's all in it: Polly singing, with Sam as the organist. What a voice! And then, Damaris singing. Sam is accompaning. I know Damaris had a good voice -- but I was a bit surprised!



I had never heard Polly or Damaris in a "court" setting!



November 2001

Featured
Books in this
Issue:

The Right Bite

Good in Bed

*The Unofficial
Guide to
Buying a
Home*

*Death on the
Downs*

*The
Quarterlife
Crisis*

O Pioneers!



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NOW READ THIS!

Monthly Book Reviews from the Springfield Library and Museums Staff!

THE RIGHT BITE

By Dr. Stephanie Dalvit-McPhillips Call #: New Case 613.25 DALVIT-M

Reviewed by Reggie Wilson

If you browse through our catalog under the key word "reducing diets" you will be confronted with over 234 listings including *The Beverly Hills Diet* which probably lets you eat rich foods! It also lists *The Scarsdale Diet* which helped Jean Harris lose 175 lbs.—unfortunately belonging to her lover! But seriously folks, the problem with most of these books is that nobody seems to lose much weight using them, and if they do it's only temporary. Ohio registered dietitian and nutritional biochemist Dr. Stephanie Dalvit-McPhillips has stepped into the crowded shelves of weight loss books, which are sometimes written by profiteers, with an outstanding new book. The book provides hope for frustrated people who desperately need help battling the myriad health problems associated with being overweight. A disturbing number of these people have patiently waited for results and have unfortunately been the victims of ill-conceived, trendy diets by the latest con person of the month. The strength of most revolutionary ideas which impact science and life begins with a thorough mastery of the subject, which Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips possesses. Her book takes you on a fascinating journey on how the human body works and uncovers 43 potential fat triggers which undermine the interrelationship of many of the body's weight regulation systems. According to her program, these triggers are any food, substances or behaviors that cause an increased appetite and/or uncontrolled weight gain. When you identify your own fat triggers, the next step is to follow a rigorous core diet that will produce weight lost without the typical starvation (starvation according to the author will actually cause you to gain weight).



Dr. Stephanie Dalvit-McPhillips wrote, "A journey to the peace of mind that comes with permanent weight control begins with a single bite. Make it the right bite."

The book also recommends a reasonable exercise program, eliminating negative self image and defeatist attitudes called "fattitudes," and tries to discredit nutritional myths. The second key factor in the genius of Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips' book is that she was an actual "before picture" who experienced the ravishes caused by fad diets, bulimia, and a near-fatal eating disorders as a teenager. The "after" picture of Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips is a petite, very beautiful, picture of health. Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips stated that, "I have made it a personal mission to share the program that ultimately conquered my obesity problems." The book is intelligently written and clearly reflects the author's 20 years of expertise in her field. The author also has a genuineness about her that is magnified by being able to truly relate to overweight people because of her own early experiences. Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips wrote, "losing and maintaining weight is like anything in life that we might want very badly. Most of us have to fully open our eyes to what has to be done and then do it."

—Continued on the Next Page—

An Exclusive Interview with Dr. Stephanie Dalvit-McPhillips

Dr. Stephanie Dalvit-McPhillips graciously took time from her busy schedule for a Now Read This! interview to discuss her *Right Bite* weight loss program and her groundbreaking new book.



Reggie Wilson - "One-all-too-familiar request heard in restaurants throughout America is: 'Let me have a cheeseburger with French fries and a large Coke. For desert, I would like a hot fudge sundae.' As a nutritionist and expert calorie counter, what type of long term damage does this 'caloric calamity' have on the body?"

Dr. Stephanie Dalvit-McPhillips - "Cheeseburgers can range from 320 calories to 960 depending on what size one picks. Fat grams range from 15 to 63 grams (135 to 567 calories from fat) and 45 to 145 milligrams (mg.) in cholesterol. The sodium ranges from 770 to 1420 mg. French fries range from 210 calories and 10 grams of fat (90 calories from fat), small, to 540 calories and 26 grams fat (234 calories from fat), large. A large cola would run 300 calories. A hot fudge sundae can range from 300 calories (small) to over 1500 calories depending on quantity and quality of ingredients. If one were just to choose the smallest portions the calorie total would amount to a whopping 1130 calories. For the heartier appetites, the larger size versions would amount to 3300 calories and of that about 1200 calories is from fat! Such a meal is extremely detrimental. Obviously, such a high caloric and high fat diet would cause and perpetuate obesity, the most common form of malnutrition. Also, 35% of human cancers in the Western world are attributable to diet. These diseases consist of: cancers of the lung, breast, endometrium and ovary, prostate, bladder and kidney. Also other cancers include cancers of the oral cavity and pharynx, nasopharynx, all the gastro-intestinal cancers, larynx and possibly cervical cancer. Dietary risk factors suspected of causing these diseases are excess calories, saturated fat, cholesterol and sucrose like the typical meal you described. A high sodium diet is associated with stomach cancer and also high blood pressure. High fat diets are also linked to macular degeneration, cardiovascular disease, Alzheimer's, and decreased immune function."

Reggie Wilson - "You wrote that your *Right Bite* program has a 95% success rate for weight loss. It eliminates from the participant's diet: alcohol, caffeinated coffee & tea, refined sugar, chocolate (including chocolate milk), luncheon meats, white refined bleached flour and bread, many cheeses, cakes, candies, and cookies. Despite your program's high success rate, do you find that a large amount of people have difficulty staying on your program without cheating or just find it too strict and shy away from it? It may be the 'right bite', but it also may leave a bad taste in some people's mouth."

Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips - "When I first began counseling and giving clients the *Right Bite* Program, I always expected that they would react with a certain amount of negativity and incredulity at the foods and substances that they must eliminate. However, this reaction never occurred and I believe it is because prior to the administration of the diet program, I always discussed in great detail the 43 triggers and the causal connection between uncontrolled weight gain and uncontrolled appetite. The elimination of each person's unique set of triggers makes following the *Right Bite* program easy and desirable. Individuals are quick to see that their past cravings, slips, and weight gain were because of triggers that were sabotaging their diet and they willingly avoid these triggers."

Reggie Wilson - "You see the victims of obesity every day who may suffer from high blood pressure, diabetes, heart disease, low energy, painful joint and back pain, hopelessness, and the lack of a positive self image. Your remarkable program has helped some people lose 40 or 50 lbs. and keep it off, according to some of your testimonials. Is *The Right Bite* plan good for people who want to lose just a moderate amount of weight?"

Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips - "The *Right Bite* Program is definitely for everyone who has a weight problem no matter what it is or for individuals who want to eat nutritiously and avoid diet-related health problems. It may surprise you to learn that many normal weight individuals, that one would not suspect of having a weight problem, have difficulty keeping their weight within range. The *Right Bite* Program is perfect for those who are normal weight but have trouble maintaining it, to the moderately overweight, to the chubby, to the obese. I also use this program to successfully treat the more severe eating disorders of anorexia, bulimia, and bulimic-anorexia."

Editor's Note - Please remember to consult your physician before embarking on any diet or exercise program. Dr. Dalvit-McPhillips mentioned that she really is impressed with the books of Covert Bailey.

—Continued on the Next Page—

She said that his book *The Ultimate Fit or Fat* (Call #: 613.7 BAILEY Ultimate) or any book by him would be an excellent supplement to her *Right Bite* Program. She also told me that she has not been scheduled to do a book tour in Western Massachusetts, but she does warmly encourage people to check out her website at www.therightbiteprogram.com.



WE WENT TO SCOTLAND: TWAS VERRA VERRA FINE!

~~ENNL readers may recall the editor, Winter 2001, pleading for travelers; we always have much eagerness about a class but for various reasons people fall by the wayside! We didn't make our quota for the June trip, but the family responded—Damaris, Gillian, Cressida, and Paul. (I telephoned Paul, who'd been on two England trips with us, and who'd scouted this trip with me and his sister Mig, Fall 2000, and asked, "When will you get a chance to be 20 days with four first cousins again?" Paul figured he better go, but first had a scheduled trip to Iran. He accepted my offer the day he got back. By the time you get this issue, he'll be in Turkey—just had his 85th birthday. With him and my older sibs as role models, I figure I have plenty of active years left.) Good people came on the trip, besides our family: repeaters Dorothy Ford, Karen Gregg, Sue Becker, Aretta Rathmell, Rose Hutches, Marjorie Fisher, and newcomers Sue Weed, Cliff Garner, Karen Moranski's husband John, daughter Kate, and nephew Sawyer; and a number of others. A few highlights:~~

- the "cloutie well" on Black Isle! What a eerie sight—the spring, and draped around it on every branch and twig all manner of clothing, and when we walked back into the woods, there were more trees and bushes draped, shirts, shoes, ribbons, everything! Some new, some old and bleached with weather. The legend is, leave a bit of garment and if the fairies take it, they will cure your physical or emotional ills—but if someone else takes it, that person will die! I had no garment to spare, but I cut a bit of trim off my underpants, to leave, and then cut a bit for Demi, too!
- Husky, pony-tailed Cliff being fitted for a kilt. How grand he looks in it now, all finished!
- Demi lying on the sunny grass near the statue of Robert the Bruce
- a gang playing Boggle evenings at the hostel, Gillian always winning—except when Cress did!
- Derek, our beloved coach driver, singing "The Snows of Glencoe" as we drove through the area of the historic massacre. Also Derek sporting a plaid tam and long red hair!
- in Dumfries, being entertained by David Morrison and his friends and family at a ceilidh, lots of singing and playing. We reciprocated with song, especially a funny one by John Moranski, I led "Bill Groggins' Goat."

Paul Campy
na going
through the
hoof-and-
mouth foot
bath at Scow
Palace.



- the ocean sloshing over my feet as I tried to jump to the ferry ramp to Iona
- wandering Findhorn, that strange new-age colony of flowers and little dwellings.
- a beautiful tea at Forbes Castle with Forbes cousins, and Malcolm Forbes leading us to a stone circle back in the woods. Also, our family group and a few others had a private tour of Craigievar Castle, a more ancient Forbes castle nearby. Mom always longed to visit Craigievar.
- Cress, Sawyer, others, heads down, all in a row doing cross stitch on the ferry.
- Sir Walter Scott's "castle" filled with every sort of odd collection; Cress, acting as guide, leading people around and giving a humorous spiel: "Now here we have—" (The painting of Mary Queen of Scot's head was popular.)
- an angry cob swan attacking dogs who were getting too close to his babies—and with the dogs routed, sailing majestically away, cygnets in a row behind him.
- Demi and I being treated to an Indian dinner in Edinburgh by Maggie Devereux, up from Hull. Maggie had lived on the street in Oxford where we lived, 1953-54, and knew Demi as a new baby. She regularly took my classes to the famous White Horse prehistoric carving on the downs near Oxford, and there, with wind and sun and larks, read us a moving essay she'd written.
- near Dumfries, having an hour on the sea, playing in the sand, wading way out in the shallow water. Seeing the tide racing in, and racing not to get caught in it.
- the art, architecture of Charles Rennie MacIntosh! Hill House! Everybody enthralled. Seems pretty obvious that Frank Lloyd Wright cribbed a bit from this man-ahead-of-his-time.
- singing Sunday night hymns with the directors of Kilvarock Castle, which is a religious retreat center, and a super-elegant place to stay. The hike with Demi through the grounds past the monkey puzzle tree down to the stream.

Critical Thinking, Thoughtful Writing

A Rhetoric with Readings

SECOND EDITION

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Director, NY Center for Critical Thinking and Language Learning
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—I didn't like the Ghost Tour in Edinburgh, but 'twas a highlight when Sue Becker screeched!
 —The statue of William Wallace at the Wallace Monument looking like a famous screen star.
 —On our last afternoon, free, I wandered through the Glasgow University and found they were just finishing graduation ceremonies. It was a joyful sight to see the crowds milling on the greens around the old buildings, quaffing refreshments, taking pictures, —the students in their robes and hoods, the faculty in their rich multicolored PhD garb from universities around the world, the families in bright clothing (SHOES esp. fascinating!), everyone merry—and then, I wandered a bit further and discovered two weddings about to begin in U. chapels, back-to-back, and that was an equally absorbing sight—to watch the wedding guests arrive, in fancy hats and fine clothes, and finally the brides in elegant limousines, and photographers taking pictures every inch of the way.

I haven't mentioned all the castles, in use (Scone) or in ruins (Urquhart), museums, art exhibits, splendid lectures and lecturers, good guides, battlefields, rides on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, dancing and bagpiping at McTavish's Kitchen in Oban, etc. etc. Too many riches to relate! And others along will have many different highlights to share.



Gillian and
 Cressida in
 Jimmy Forbes's
 perfumerie
 lab, at Forbes
 Castle. All us
 Wardner cousins
 are Forbeses,
 through Vera
 Wardner Dougan's
 grandmother,
 Olive Forbes
 Wardner.

FOUR--COUNT 'EM--FOUR COUSINS BORN ON W. J. DOUGAN'S BIRTHDAY!

Kestrel Schmidt, 10 years old, leads the parade. In 2000 Rachel DeBow and Cole Pendexter followed. Word's now come that Cole has a new brother, Mason, also born May 10! We all know that's the birthday of our grandfather, who built the round barn, and to whom the Round Barn books are dedicated. He's their great-great-grandpa. (Incidentally, Delcyetta was 45 when she bore him--so we're all lucky to be here!)

WE'VE HAD SUCH SAD DEATHS.

--I am mourning my beloved Dorset friends, Hugh and Jessie Perkins. How often I visited them, and felt like one of the family. Every time a class came over, they put on a spectacular tea for us at the Crosfield farm. I could write an issue on Jessie, and what her mum says. (e.g., "Ketchup is an insult to the cook.")

--I am mourning my good friend Catherine Storr, author of Marianne Dreams (and have you seen the movie based on it, "Paper House"? Spectacular!)

Catherine hosted a morning coffee and discussion for my students at her Hampstead apartment every time I brought a class to London, and I saw her frequently in between.

--I am mourning my hero, Stephen Jay Gould (I believe in the Gospel According to Stephen Jay Gould). But he wrote on everything, not only evolution. Look up his essay on his high school chorus; you will be moved to tears.

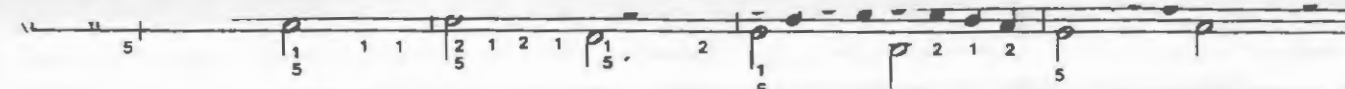
--And I am mourning the death of my little companion Cheswick, Demi's cat that I've been privileged to have for the past four or five years. Like Mighty Mouse, she lived to 21, and also had a dominant personality. If I get another cat, I want it to be middle aged and contrary. The house is pretty empty with just me. (Though Angus will be homeless when the farm goes, she's not a candidate--she's an outdoor cat, and also she'll walk 200 miles back to Wisconsin.)

--There have also been deaths of those we don't know personally except through their books: one, last June, is Tove Jansson, (Moomintrolls, and the superb Summer Book.)

Midwest City, Oklahoma was, like so many of you, pleased to see the Albinoni *Adagio* in
ve this composition very much," wrote Mr. McKee, "and also appreciated the eighteenth
hapsody on a Theme of Paganini." Continuing the stream of requests for classical works used
ee would like to see an arrangement of Pachelbel's *Canon*, which was used for the film
ppy to comply!

CANON

JOHANN PACHELBEL
(1653-1706)



DO NOT PRINT
THIS SIDE