

Oh where can last year's nesting be?
The songsters search from bough to bough.
The storm has tossed it o'er the lea--
Oh where to rear our fledglings now?

--Ethel Hooper Sayers



CHEZ NOUS TRAVERSES FINAL LAP



Turtle Township: How much did I tell before? I ran a picture of Chez Nous crossing a cornfield in last Spring's issue--did I say the grand old house didn't get much farther? In early February it crossed fields kitty-corner to Colley Road and there stalled, for the owner hadn't cleared branches alongside the road nor filled necessary ditches to make a level pathway. He'd been warned since the previous spring that this had to be done before the frost postings went up. Next day he cut all the branches and threw them any which way, then went on a Caribbean cruise. The neighbors complained to the city about the mess, the city took away the mover's permit for a week, and sure enough, during that week the frost postings went up, so the house couldn't travel on the road. The owner came back furious, blamed the mover, Bob Hallett. Supposedly the house couldn't move till freezing weather again, and it sat there the rest of the winter into last summer, the farmer on whose land it was demanding rent, Hallett taking away his valuable wheels (63, but not the girders), various lawsuits threatened, the owner dickering with the city. I don't know what he paid, but they allowed him to go on the road in summer --then through a farmer's cornfield, which he must have paid plenty for. I later saw the swath of corn that had to be cut to allow passage. After that it sailed through a pasture, and neighbor Trevor Fellows, 12, grabbed his mom's camera and took the shot you see here. You can glimpse the tow truck that's pulling. The owner did pay Hallett's full fee, had to pay the second mover, too. Now Chez Nous sits on a greensward east of Colley Road on Walker Road, with shrubs, trees, handsome barn. Looking like it's always lived there. Drive past and see it!

While we're being nostalgic, this "Round Barn Rondeau" was written by **Martha Alexander** who played with Jackson kids in the barn; the other is by Sally Quinn Burmeister, who earlier played there with Dougan kids. As to the barn--I don't know its present legal or restoration status, only that every time I see it the roof is lacier.

At twilight in the cold Wisconsin fall
In late October, as the farmland rests
Around the dairy barn the swallows call
And dart and dip into their loft-tucked nests.
The barn cats purr as in the mounds of hay
In intertwined bliss they make their beds
And horses sigh and shuffle as they sway
Into their stalls and slowly droop their heads.
Then as the full moon rises in the night
And fireflies flicker faintly in the air
The scruffled calves cry out in sweet delight
To find their mothers waiting for them there.
And as they sleep, these creatures great and small,
The circle of the barn surrounds them all.

The old round barn on the Dougan farm
Has a wealth of stories to tell,
Of work and sweat and hardships met
And the love of a family as well.

The old round barn with her heart of gold
Was home to many a cow
With swishing tails and milking pails--
It's only a memory now.

We grieve the death of our splendid next-door neighbor on Colley Road, Betty Lang, Jan 5. She always kept a weather eye out for Dad. And what a teddy bear collection she had! More Colley Rd news on p. 6.

IRELAND, JAMAICA, SPRINGFIELD, FAMILY: A SAMPLER OF JACKIE'S CHRONICLES

The trip to **Ireland**, October (04) with Linda and Frank Kopecky and Delinda Chapman, was squeezed out of the Dec. ENNL. A bit: through the generosity of a colleague, Ros Robbert, our home base was her "cottage," one end of a remodeled coast guard station on Kilmichael Point, some 60 miles south of Dublin. No other houses near, the sea bashing on the rocks in front, a long sandy beach on one side of the promontory, tawny grass, cows, sunrises. Pure heaven! The cottage was snug with every convenience including boots and rain gear. We cooked delicious Irish meals--oatmeal, lamb, salmon--and fared forth from Kilmichael to sightsee--took one three-day trip to the West to Kerry, Yeats country, the burren, various great homes, gardens, castles. Several days in Dublin, staying with Ros's sister-in-law, Buddy. There's no way I can relate all we did nor how enjoyable it was; I'll express it (and more) below: it's self explanatory. I've never put myself forward as a poet, but somehow the editor of Illinois Times asked for me and I said I'd give it a try. It's being fun.

kinquote poem #1

when I told my daughter
I'd been asked to do a poem a week
for the downstate newspaper
she said I'm not telling you
how to run your life or anything,
mom, but why would you want to
take on something new when you're
always trying to get rid of stuff?

but you have to think about something
while you're doing the dishes

kitchenpoem #1

I notice I'm having
an orange breakfast
orange orange
orange chunk of
butternut squash
orange egg
yes orange because
it's from a cage-free
drug-free
antibiotics-free
organically-nourished
yard hen named
heather fedbetter
who lives in port washington
wisconsin and bids me
have an eggsellent day
thank you heather
and the same to you

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(Heather Fedbetter is a trademark
of Egg Innovations LLC)

**This May I taught three weeks
in a Jamaican elementary school.**

jamaicanpoem #1

the heat is searing
but these many-hued
glossy-skinned
liquid-eyed jamaican schoolkids
in tan shirts and trousers
in green pleated jumpers
and snowy blouses
are like crickets the hotter it gets
the higher they leap the shriller
they chirp

Ireland poems

travelpoem #1

we went all the way to ireland and
spent a dublin sunday morning
at the unitarian church
how crazy can that be
the sermon was called
cowboys and indians
we sang a hymn about rootworms
in the afternoon we saw
the book of kells
and had carrot soup with ginger

grandchildpoem #2

it's an odd sensation to be
at the helm says my brother-in-law
I'm now the oldest of my line
I tell him about rachel
bustling into daycare
this is my grandma she is
very old she's going to die
she's not going
to be here very long
I think I'll be around
a little while longer
I say and she amends
she's very old she's
going to be here for
a little while longer
but not for very long
how young we begin
to taste the salt spray

travelpoem #2

her grandfather built the cottage
one hundred years ago
single room thick walled
white the kind you see in
coffee table books
I sit in the inglenook
is there an irish name
for that recessed spot
with seats on two sides
fire in the middle you can
look right up the chimney
she shows me how to turn the handle
of the large wheel against the wall
that somehow sends air up through
the bottom of the grate
I crank it round and round
make the peat glow brightly
she says when you do something new
you are supposed to make a wish
my wish is to come back
to Lena's cottage

environmentpoem #1

when I turn on the flame
beneath my iron frying pan
to dry the puddle in the middle
so the skillet won't rust
I stand and watch the water
shrivel in from the edges
like the aral sea

jamaicanpoem #2

the sun dangling from the schoolroom's ridgepole
is a styrofoam fisherman's float
big and yellow as a grapefruit
it sits at the hub of a hurricane-ravaged umbrella
the crazy outspread spokes each
skewering a planet
mercury a small red christmas ornament
farther out jupiter a fat papier mache breadfruit
saturn's tired paper rings droop like the brim
of a lady's summer hat
while the dozen paper strips of a comet's tail
hang languidly
the walls do not reach the roof in this hot clime
a bananaquit has flown in
built a woven twig globe its hole on the side
laid three speckled eggs within
she sits atop the nest atop the sun
and sings her bananaquit song
while the solar system turns gently beneath her
and the students at their desks
do their history and geography and math

lovepoem #2

contemplating getting up
I designated today as
toenail cutting day
such a boring chore
that even though it takes
just a few minutes
you need to celebrate it
but now I can't find the
clippers so the event
will have to be postponed
glad I didn't advertise it

when my mom was blind
and ninety I took on the job
of trimming her nails after
a doctor cut her badly
I'd first soak her feet
in warm water
and after the ordeal
give them a gentle massage
but she always flinched
at the scissors
I'd say mom I won't hurt you
I'm not a podiatrist
the writer ann beatty says
you forget the years and
remember the moments
I remember those moments

The Emiquon Project (our
university participating) is
restoring wetlands to a large
area on the Illinois River that
was drained in the early 1900s.
I was present when many tribes
came to hold a healing ceremony.

wetlandspoem #1

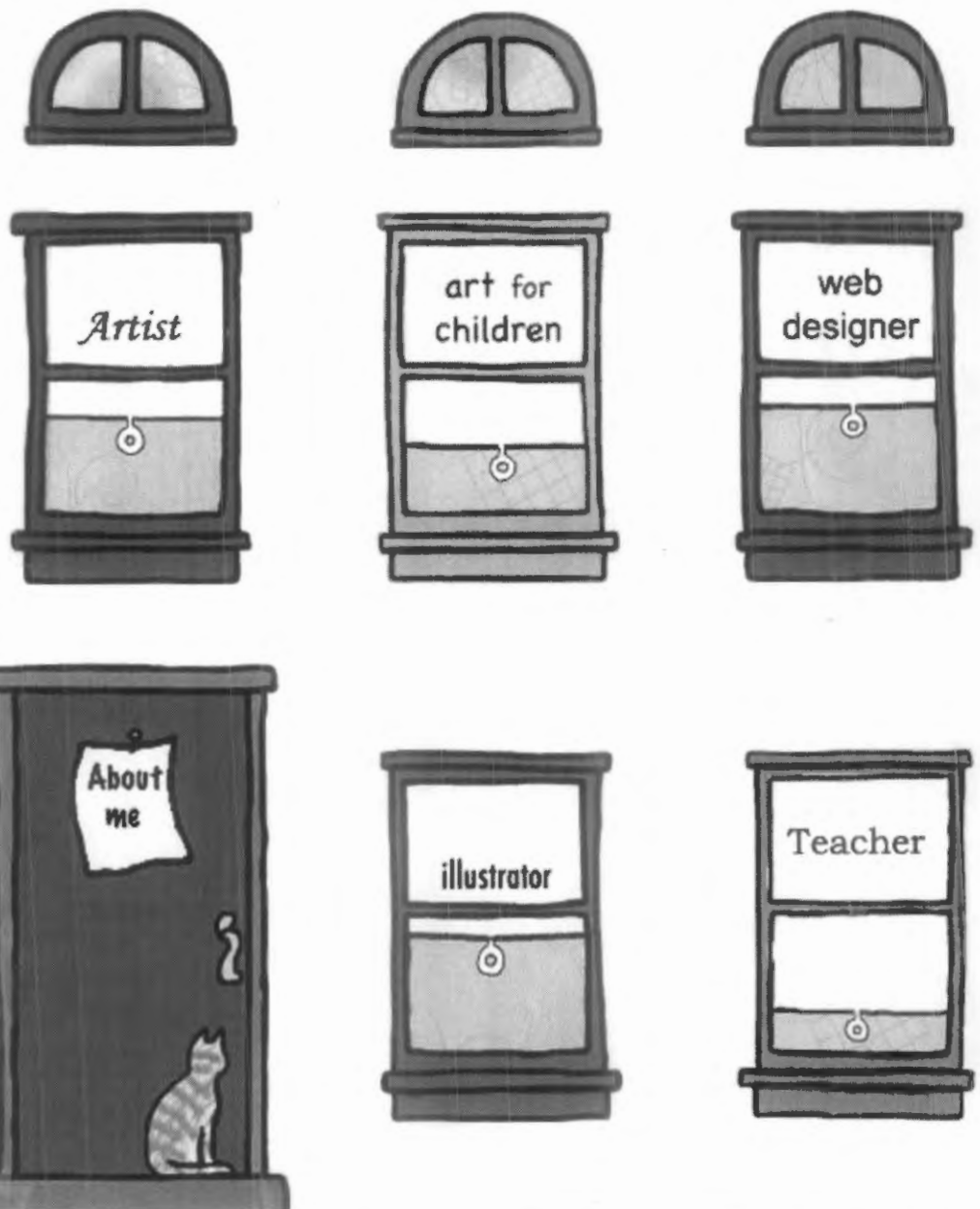
the waters are returning
with the waters the plants
with the waters and plants the fish
with the waters and plants and fish the birds
from the east has come phyllis singing bird
danny fire crow from the south
from the west lionel little eagle
chuck running elk from the north
to spread cleansing smoke over stubbled fields
to speak words of blessing
to praise the creator
with song dance drum flute feast
as the earth is healed
as the waters return to emiquon

Megan Ryan has put together an imaginative website; you will enjoy every part of it, She says, "The ABCs of Me was developed as an introductory page for my web design class at Cabrillo College, Spring 2005. My background is in fine art, toy development, children's illustration, and art curriculum developed at the grade school level. I also have experience as a freelance artist, graphic designer, and web designer. I'm the mother of three young sons, and have lived in the Santa Cruz area for 18 years." Here's a sample from her web site. I wish I could reproduce her wonderful colors. But you visit the website and see: it all for yourself: <http://www.emectec.com/Portfolio>

Megan Ryan

This is the portfolio of Megan Ryan. Mouse over the windows to see me at work, then click on the window to see samples in each area.

All art on this site is original. Please don't use anything without my permission.



When you get
on the Net,
watch this cat!
J.J.

Beebo's Loose Tooth





ABC's of Me



Asparagus



Bicycling



Camel's Hump

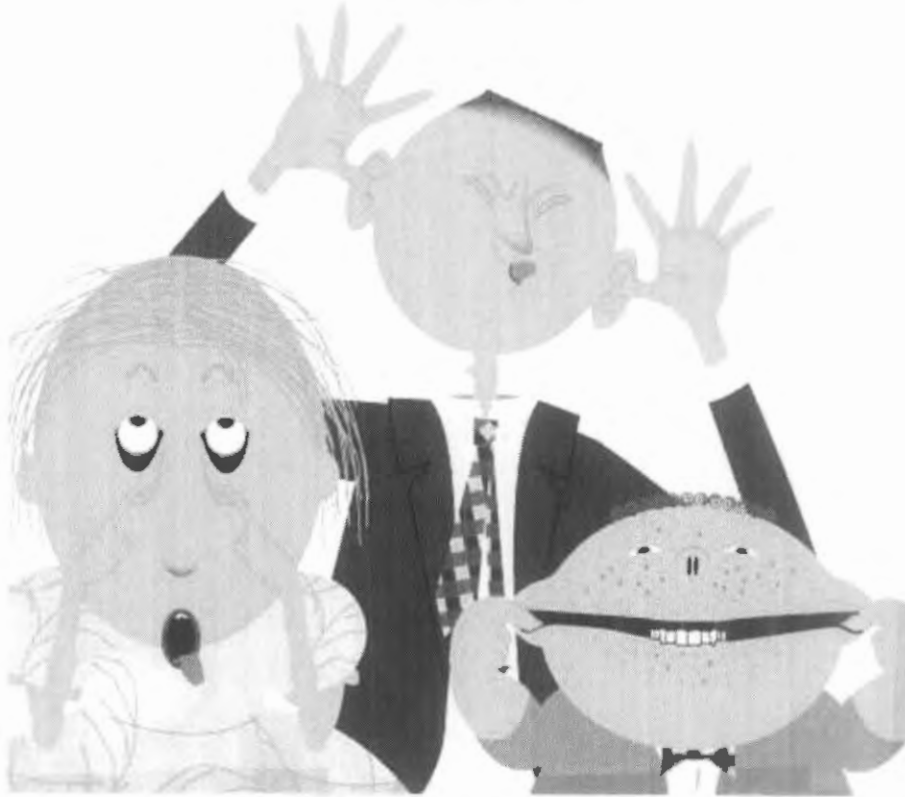


Davenport Landing



Egypt

"Monkey See"



Patty's Party



"Oh Dear!" cried Patty. This is too confusing!
What shall we do?"



Tintin

Sam Mersky



Mersky Sam Mersky, age 89 of Mpls. Born in Mpls March 11, 1916, graduated from North High School. Sam graduated from the University of Minnesota School of Business in 1939. He became president and owner of Storkville Stores Inc. in the late 1940s. Storkville, located in St. Paul, was one of the first discount juvenile furniture and toy stores in the country. Sam was a

jazz organist for over 40 years and was a volunteer organist for the Mpls Woman's Club. He was an avid sports enthusiast and participated in a variety of sports throughout his life. With his wife, Polly, he was a volunteer for Meals on Wheels, the Intergenerational Program (helping gradeschool children at Ericsson School), and served for 10 years on the Steering Committee of the Intergenerational Program to set policy for grade schools. Survived by wife of 33 years, Pollyann; sisters, Bea Gold, Mpls and Myra Soboloff, LA; children, Larry, CA, Joan Campbell, Shoreview, Robert, Mpls; step children, Kirk Mahle, Cannon Falls, Chrisann (Harry) Albaugh, CA, Tina Mahle, OK, Josephine (Dale) Freitag, TX; grandchildren, Todd, Tom, and Brad Campbell, Paul and Marc Mersky, Cindyann Douglas, and Zack Albaugh, Christina and Alicia Freitag, Robin and Thomas Mahle, Jonathan Bogle, 5 great grandchildren, nieces and nephews. Memorials preferred, to donor's choice. Funeral service 1:30 PM Sunday, July 3, 2005 (TODAY) at Washburn-McReavy Davies Chapel, 2301 Dupont Ave S (at Hennepin), Mpls (612-377-2203). Private interment. SHIVA Sunday only, 6:30 PM, at 1901 Irving Ave S, Mpls.

Our beloved, buoyant cousin Sam died suddenly July 1, of pneumonia. He was undergoing chemo for cancer, had other ailments, and, says Polly with regret, "Life really wasn't fun for him anymore." We'll remember his many contributions to this publication: whenever I ran a "Can You Caption This Picture of Uncle Lewie" contest, Sam and Craig both sent in lists of hilarious, irreverent captions. I'd have to declare them both winners. We'll remember his wonderful organ playing; his accompanying while Polly sang. We'll remember the tales of his dancing; we all knew his zest for life, and loved get-togethers at his and Polly's home. We'll miss him. (I'll print Jerry Dougan's eulogy in the next issue.)

Sam, I'll caption this picture of Uncle Lewie for you: He's saying, "Attaboy, Sam! What a fine life you've shared with us! Huzzah!"

OUR MISSION

The East Tennessee Regional Symphony will identify and respond to the artistic and educational needs of the region by providing innovative, creative, and compelling ways for an orchestra to become actively involved in its community. This will bring an important and meaningful arts experience into the lives of our children.

For its inaugural season, the ETRS is planning exciting programs with challenging educational and performance opportunities.

Conductor Lewis Dalvit is an experienced, internationally known ballet, opera, classical and pops conductor. The East Tennessee Regional Symphony is supported by enthusiastic and visionary leaders throughout the area.

Although the orchestra will seek funding through grant programs, your financial help is important for its success and will be greatly appreciated!

Please send your tax-deductible contributions to:

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**...PASSING ON AN ARTS
LEGACY TO FUTURE
GENERATIONS**

A Letter from our Congressman!

February 2005
Lewis,

Thank you so much for all that you have done and are doing for the performing arts in our great state of Tennessee!

I am very proud that you have chosen to continue this educational effort in East Tennessee. Keep up the great work!

Your friend,
Rusty (Sen. Rusty Crowe)



Maestro Lewis Dalvit

A Pierre Monteux protégé, Lewis Dalvit has conducted extensively in the U.S., Europe, Canada, Middle East, Mexico, Central America and at Carnegie Hall, Toscanini's Symphony of the Air.

His educational programs for children have been recognized as unique by the United States Congress and the National Endowment for the Arts.

As founder of the St. Andrews Summer School for the Performing Arts, Dalvit has received three International awards from the Canadian government..

Among the numerous superstars who have performed under his baton include Leontyne Price, Van Cliburn, Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Lili Kraus, Benny Goodman, Chet Atkins, Vincent Price, Jack Benny, Doc Severinson, Dinah Shore, Ella Fitzgerald, and the entire cast of Sesame Street.

The East Tennessee Regional Symphony is proud to welcome the dynamic Maestro Lewis Dalvit as its first music director.

News Nuggets

Delavan Wis: Royce DeBow is working on an MA in Public Policy, through New England College, online but with some residency requirements. He spent a week in N.H. in early July. **Rachel**, just five, graduated from Day Care in a class of some thirty, complete with caps, gowns, Pomp and Circumstance, and a medley of songs around the season performed by the graduates. (My friend Sam is working at a kennels in Springfield: he says they have cap-and-gown graduation for the dogs who pass Obedience School. What music do you suppose they play?) **Elle** is singing in a women's barbershop group and enjoying it muchly. **Royce and Elle** recently bought a nearly 3 acre lot only three blocks from their home; in town, with water and sewer, but borders on no-wake Turtle Lake, much of the lot protected wetlands, and all of it bird-filled jungle. They can build on the hillside. Royce has put in a dock and built a bridge over a stream so they can get down to the water, where they have the farm canoe. Dad would be so pleased! They can't put up a permanent lakeside gazebo, but are allowed a portable one. Or, they can park their little tent-trailer down there. This all promises interesting.

Milan Italy: Where **Ben Yde** from Denver U. Music Dept. will be studying voice in his Fall semester abroad.

Montana: Freelance writer **Tom Schmidt** is taking classes to become certified as a third grade teacher. Also, he and **Jeremy Schmidt** have a contract with National Geographic to produce a Yosemite Road Guide Word comes, with photos to prove, that **Patrick and Colleen Schmidt**, whenever Bozeman has street fairs, become buskers. They play their fiddles: Vivaldi, Bach, and people toss money into their open violin cases.

France, Spain: Where our indefatigable cousin **Paul Campagna**, now 88, traveled with his architectural group, this May and June, and afterwards spent a few days with our Weidner cousins in Germany.

Connecticut: Gillian traveled here to take her battery of final exams for her Nutrition MA and stayed to march in the graduation ceremonies. She and Ed toured maritime sites in Mass. and Rhode Island. Earlier, home in Tahoe, a bear and her three cubs spent a day in their front yard.

Colley Road: It's Langs who put on the yearly pig roast, hayride, and bonfire next door to Chez Nous. I missed it last September by being in Ireland. When I stopped in June with the Gjestvangs I said to Bob Lang that there must have been great fall activity at Chez Nous, for the ruins of the great barn and all other buildings had vanished, the cellar hole filled, and grass growing, as if nobody had ever lived there. It had given me a very odd feeling discovering that, earlier. He said they had the hugest bonfire they'd ever had, and ever would again, for they burned the remains of all the buildings. And he was the one who'd leveled the ground and planted grass. Now, as ENNL goes to press, he's told me that the Little House on the Dairy, where us Dougan kids lived our first years, was set on fire probably by kids from the trailer court and only partially saved. (That's sure to be the final fate of the round barn!) And, on a happy note: he'd mowed a big space on the former Chez Nous lawn, and he and many neighbors gathered there on the Fourth of July. They could see fireworks from Janesville right around through Beloit, Rockford, and Belvidere, and everything in between. A great viewing site, he says, and I agree--glad to have the place still loved and used.

Mongolia: **Jeremy, Wendy, Kestrel's** adventures next issue. Meanwhile, see the film "The Weeping Camel."

Virginia: **Mary Ellen Campagna** has published an attractive book, **Unalet P. Zipley**. Write her at PO Box 14034, Roanoke VA 24038-4034 for info or your copy!

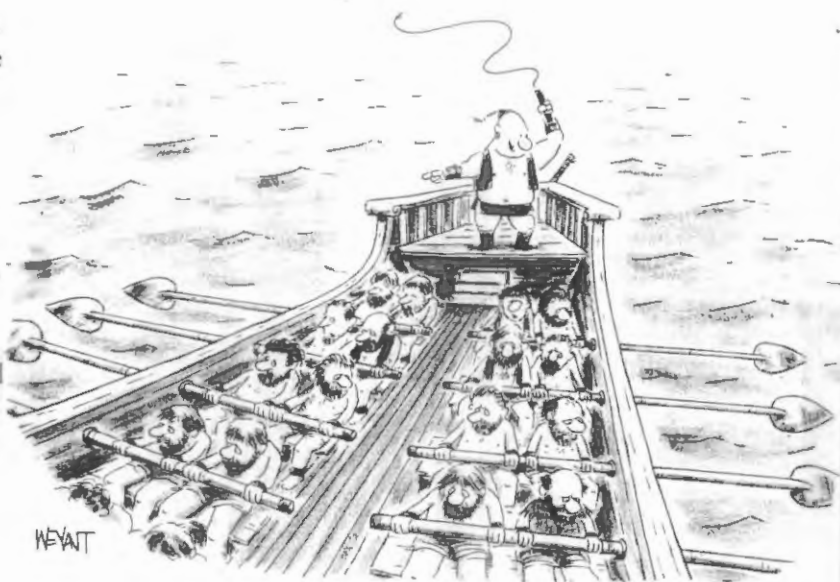
A VISIT FROM THE GJESTVANGS

Delavan: Many of you remember Gilbert, Dad's farm manager. As you know, he and Solveig returned to Norway when Jon was 4 and Eric 2. Recently Jon's wife **Mona**, a vet, was sent to a World Pork Expo in Des Moines. **Jon** came along, and daughter **Henrietta**, 15. They came to see us afterwards! We all stayed at Elle's to Rachel and Wyatt's delight, who took over Henrietta! We had a great time, with much fun and laughter. Jackie led them on the Trail of Tears, to Chez Nous as of now, the spot where it used to be, the rotting round barn, vanished milk-house, and then over to the State Line Road where the seed house with the mural was moved. Gilbert was in charge of building that seed house, and **Nils Lang-Ree**, a brother-in-law, assisted! The Gjestvangs flew to California and visited their Lang-Ree cousins at Tahoe where Gillian and Eddy joined them. Haakon Lang-Ree is a ski instructor for handicapped kids. I'm hoping friendships will continue with the second generation from the round barn.

R. DEBOW SELF-DIAGNOSES AT AGE FOUR

Delavan: Grandma brought Rachel the book *Madeline*, and Rachel soon had it memorized. A few days later she had stomach pain and told her father, "It's an appendix." They took her to the ER and sure enough, it was. It was taken out next day at Milwaukee Children's Hospital.

Lake Iroquois Catchup: **Milfoil:** Not bad yet, for whatever reason. **Zebra Mussels:** None yet. **Erin (Pratt) and Kurt Violette** birthed **Andrew Richard**, June 11; mighty cute he is! **Colleen Pratt and Addison Bouchard** are sending engagement announcements. **Joan Hughes** is nursing a broken arm. **Catherine (Case) and David Ricklefs'** baby is due. **Jared Stolper's** "boat house", being built, is ugly, and a bone of contention. **Alison Sackett** dislocated a shoulder and wrecked a knee; Vermont rocks and hills are not for her till she's healed. She and Paul expect to come in September. **Damaris Jackson**, in and out, has her usual stint at Vermont Music and Art Camp in Lyndonville, where she is manager, plays in quartets, and gives massages. **Elle, Rachel, and Wyatt Debow** were 8 days at Mole End while **Royce** was parttime in New Hampshire. They liked getting together with **Caitlin, Martin, Chad, and Grace Reid**, and also with **Demie Wren. Sarah Parente, Christina, and Saul** were at Rockhaven for a week. **Carol Dell** is here June-October! She and **Irena Case** found themselves together on an Elderhostel to Iceland in May. **Megan** and tribe aren't here this summer, nor is **Cressida**, who remains in France except for a quick trip to Reno to renew her green card. **Hamblins** will celebrate their 40th wedding in August, with mucho family.



"Excellent. Now just the altos."