



THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL III NO 5 MARCH 18, 1985

"I love my fellow creatures, I do all the good I can..." -- Gilbert & Sullivan

JACKSON SEEKS XTRAMERIT

"WHY NOT ME?" ASKS POPULAR SANGAMON STATE PROFESSOR

Spfld., IL By the means of this newsletter, now in its third year of publication, the editor, Jacqueline Jackson, Professor of Literature, is seeking Extra-Merit pay from Sangamon State University. In previous years when she did extraordinary work extra merit was not given, or given in such paltry amounts that one had to squint at ones paycheck to see any difference. But this year the VP has decreed \$1000 after taxes for ten deserving professors, and with Dartmouth tuition in orbit, and Jackson wanting to bicycle in England again this spring, she has decided to GO FOR IT!

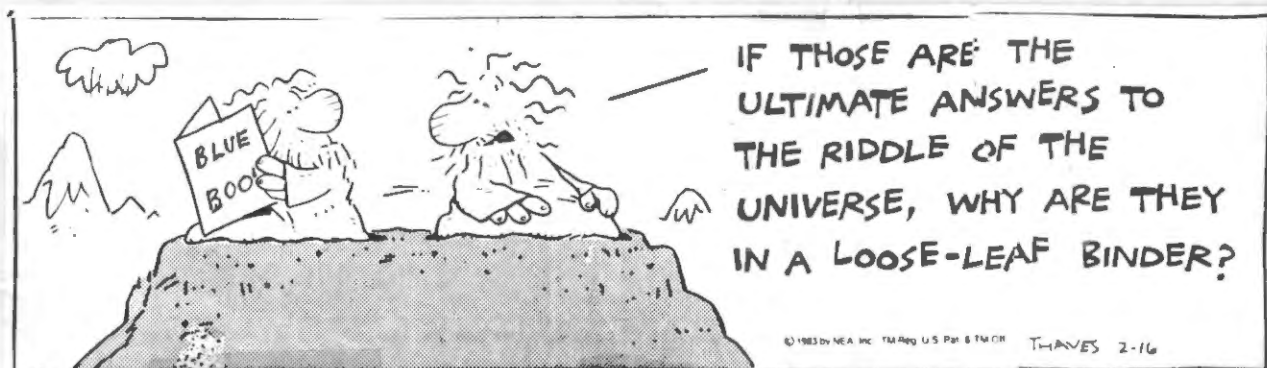


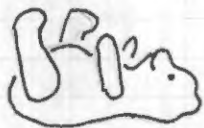
JACKSON HOSTS JAMBOREE

Did she have to have 1300 kids on campus April '83, 1500 last April, and 1500 coming this? No, she did not! (And many's the time she told herself this, too.) How intrepid can one be? For this no-budget activity she raised money in her Indian bonnet one year, in her sombrero and serape last year, and was prepared to don her M&M suit (everybody loves chocolate) this year, except that President Long heard good words about the Jamboree and decided to underwrite this well attended and high P-R event. (She suspects that the Jamboree was the model for the all-campus Open House last November.) With what style, what class was the Jamboree accomplished! What color and verve! Tents and banners, kids in bright clothing, continuous acts at the outdoor microphone, campus bigwigs giving aves atque vales, a concourse full of language arts displays, faculty presenting activities from Astronomy (See Charlie's Stars!) to Vivarium (See the Aged Swimming Rats!), 65 student, staff and faculty guides, wandering troubadours: a Poet, Mother Goose, the Lindsay Lifter, and Snoopy with writing advice. And at the end, 80 helium balloons released, each with a literary message and kids' names at the end of its string, to fly as far as Columbus, Ohio. In the long, cold, rainy springs of '83 and '84 the Lord made His sun to shine on one day each April: and it was the Jamboree. (Once may be chance, but twice? UPC take note.) After the kids were gone, the campus still vibrated with all that energy, and NOT ONE BIT OF LITTER was left on our greensward! They wrote great thank-you letters to everybody, too! Here was a day that took tremendous courage, meticulous planning and synchronizing, and much cooperation--and it went off, and will again, like clockwork. Both years teachers and kids have clamored to come back, and the University--originally skeptical--has sung the Jamboree's praises. Its leader? TA DA! Jackie Jackson.

WRITERS CONGREGATE

When J. Jackson realized she'd somehow euchered herself out of a writing class this semester (for the first time) she formed a non-credit writing group so that current students could continue to get feedback. Student run, with JJ one of the contributing participants, the group meets every other week at the Jackson home, or that of another member. Numbers and interest have held up, and students from previous years are attending in increasing numbers. This activity has not cut enrollment from SSU classes; a number are in John Knoepfle's writing classes, and a number more in other SSU classes.





POOH TO YOU AT SSU

Nov '84 At SSU's first Open House Jacqueline Jackson's contribution was to stage three separate "Reading Your Writing" shows in the Atrium Lounge. About 20 area children participated in each show. The topic was from the first Reading & Writing & Radio show of the season, "There's Always Pooh & Me." The children brought the stuffed animals featured in their compositions, and sometimes other characters: such as a baby brother, and a security blanket. The kids and the animals were colorful and the writing excellent. This activity brought a host of parents, teachers, and participants' siblings to the SSU Open House. Each group, before and after performance, enjoyed the other campus activities, especially the free hot dogs and coke.

UW-ROCK HONORS

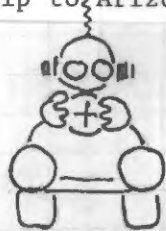
While J. Jackson holds two honorary doctorates (Beloit College, '75, MacMurray College '76), these fine honors are not recent enough to help with extra-merit pay. But at a luncheon Mar. 2, '85, at the University of Wisconsin-Rock County Campus (UW-Rock) Jacqueline Jackson, author, was recognized during Women's History Week as one of 32 "extraordinary Rock County women who have made a significant impact on their friends, family, community, or world." Not all the 32 women were present, some being dead.

PEN PAL PROGRAM PROSPERS

An outgrowth of Reading & Writing & Radio is the Pen Pal Exchange. Over 80 classes using Jackie Jackson's WSSR radio show on kids' writing (unique in the country, if you add in U. of Wis's statewide use of "The Author is You" which is also Jackie's) are participating in the exchange, and those coming to the Jamboree are looking forward to meeting their pen pal class. A teacher committee helps JJ match classes so that no class is writing to a group in its home town. They also try to match class size and age. This activity is "Language Arts in Action," for boring content and confusing skills are readily apparent to letter receivers. They see the real use in communication of spelling, handwriting, etc., and especially what makes writing interesting! Classes have used imagination in what they send: holiday cards; audio & video cassette tapes; treats; a whole party complete with games, favors & paper hats; photos; book reports for the pen-class to grade!

Some classes are corresponding with English pen pals secured for them when J. Jackson bicycled in England, springs of '83 and '84.

Starting March 2, a drama company based in Phoenix, AZ will perform the musical, The Endless Pavement, (premiered at Springfield Theater Guild and SSU's PAC auditorium in 1981, a no extra-merit pay year), over 50 times in Arizona theaters and schools, all without arrangements with the copyright holder, its author Jacqueline Jackson. The author wrote the errant director, who wept *mea culpa*, and promised to pay a very small royalty, which is all his struggling company can afford. The author, who will throw a few of the crumbs to the composer, figures something is better than nothing. "It will give the musical over 50 exposures," she says philosophically. "But you'd think I'd at least get a trip to Arizona."



ENDLESS PAVEMENT PIRATED

SLIMBUT STERLING

The Beloit Historical Society's long awaited Sparks from the Flaming Wheel (Nov. '84) contains two chapters by Jackie Jackson, one on the history of the Dougan family in the Beloit area, and one on how the Dougan Guernsey Farm Dairy increased from 2 routes to 7 during the Depression by innovating milk delivery in the factories. The latter chapter is part of JJ's forthcoming magnum opus, The Round Barn. These two absorbing chapters are the extent of Jackson's publishing this past year.

Potato Dance FEATURED

"There was just one sweet potato/He was long and brown and slim. . . ." Jackie Jackson and Marian Levin received a Springboard grant to do a workshop for Springfield school teachers this past fall on ways to use Vachel Lindsay in the schools; in art, music, literature, writing, and history. Dennis Camp assisted. Jackson will work with City Day School in the spring to put on a Village Improvement Parade.



K is for Kidneys

An innovative CONVOCOM class this semester, "Jump over the Moon: Sharing Literature with Young Children" features 15 TV shows about picture books (produced by the U. of S. Carolina). Jackson, the instructor, decided to emphasize the subtitle: each of the 40 students enrolled is sharing 75 picture books with a child, or group of children, and reporting on the experience. "This will create, I hope, a habit," says Jackson, "and let them see the value of reading together. They'll also, with their kids, begin to sort the lively from the tedious, the quality from the trash. They're experiencing the wonderful variety available to kids." Jackson also is having each student produce an alphabet book and a picture book. The finished alphabet books are, quite simply, marvelous. Cartoon body parts by a medical illustrator for a medical ABC, a Gardener's ABC, Fast Food ABC, Dinosaurs, Feelings, Show and Tell, the Ant's Picnic, Grandma and Grandpa's Hill, etc. etc. "I had no idea the students would glom onto this challenging assignment with such joy," Jackson states. "It bears out my belief that all of us are creative, whether we believe it or not!" The students are urging another picture book class--with or without the TV.



-- Bill Andrea

J Jackson spent time raising money for SSU on two phonathans in the last year, and wrote a thoughtful letter to the Foundation on how to improve said events.



CLASS MEETS IN HOLE

SSU professor J. Jackson's fantasy class spent a cramped evening recently, and in the dark, underneath several tables pushed together, and draped. The students crawled to the warren by means of a long tunnel made of overended classroom chairs. At the break, bucks and does were allowed to go up to pass hraka. Carrots, lettuce, and pellets were provided for a generous silflay. The evening's discussion was Adams's novel, Watership Down.

GOOD NEWS+BAD NEWS

The good news was Southern Educational Communications Association (SECA) asked J. Jackson to produce a 15 minute R&W&R program for a 90 minute pilot radio show for kids on a beginning grant from NEH. If the show went, SECA stood fair to get a million \$ grant, and JJ would have 13 shows in the next year. The bad news was the planning grant paid poorly. The good news was JJ's segment ranked #1 with the hundreds of kids who test-listened to all the segments. The bad news was the high honchos didn't use JJ's segment (they said it didn't have enough "humanities" in it--apparently writing isn't "humanities"). The good news was the 90 minute show they aired nationwide last November bombed and Jackson wasn't on it. The bad news is if SECA doesn't get the grant, and it's not promising, the twelve other segments JJ outlined will neither be heard by kids nationwide, nor bring in any moola. The final good news is Central Illinois kids will hear them.



To subscribers to this publication: A small but desirable prize will be awarded to whoever best finishes in 10 words or less, "Jackie Jackson deserves extra merit because . . ." Sample entry: "JJ deserves extra merit because she scratches my ears and cuts out my burrs."

WINNERS ANNOUNCED

The Empty Nest Newsletter announces that the winner of the University-Wide Extra-Merit Limerick Contest is Professor Laura Farrot. Ms. Farrot will receive a small but desirable prize. The winning entry follows:

Our VP extended a carrot
To faculty, called Extra-Merit.
Two hundred applied;
The UPC cried,
And awarded all 10 to L. Farrot

Second prize was awarded to Anonymous, who can claim a smaller and somewhat less desirable prize from BRK 389 on furnishing proof of authorship.

Our VP Mike Ayers cried, "I swear it
A foul day I broached extra-merit!

My committee just sighed,
And rolled over and died;
Now even Dick Durbin won't chair it!"

How many ways can you spell EXTRA-MERIT PAY? 5 bonus points if you spell AYERS, too!

S	E	T	E	S
Y	M	X	R	Y
A	E	M	A	P
R	P	X	M	T
I	T	E	R	I

CALIFORNIA HERE WE COME!

Well, Arizona anyway: Jackson did a week's workshops in the Mesa-Tempe public schools last spring; drove to Eastern in a March blizzard to give a speech to a Women's Studies banquet on humor; and spoke in Oxford, England, to the Cumnor Mother's Institute in June. Speeches and workshops fall '84 & spring '85 have been in: Lincoln, Moline, Decatur (Baum School), Decatur (Centennial School), Greenvew, Spfld. City Day, Taylorville, Galesburg, Lincoln Land (a children's lit class), Managing to Write Continuing Ed Workshop at SSU; Janesville, WI; Reno, NV. Oh! and AAUW book group.

Will J. Jackson find happiness with extra-merit pay? Find out in the next exciting issue of the Empty Nest Newsletter.

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL III NO5 P4 LIVES BY QUILL + QUADRUCEPS

New Zealand Here it is, folks, what you've been waiting for: Jer-Jer's prose! The ENNL Ed has finally come into (temporary) possession of some of the elusive magazines Jeremy Schmidt writes for, so get your magnifying glasses and read this (shrunk) version (sans pictures) of Jerry + Wendy Baylor's bicycling trip in New Zealand last year, published by Equinox, The magazine of Canadian Discovery, July/August 1984. Move, Jerry, move!!!

Shunning The Pikes

*"The first condition of understanding
a foreign country is to smell it."*

— T.S. Eliot

Article by Jeremy Schmidt with photography by Art Twomey

Thomas Stearns Eliot and my grandfather would have agreed about travelling. A Midwestern dairyman, my grandfather used to take me out driving down hidden lanes and through cornfields and pastures, bumping over furrows and scraping through bushes. His Buick was his Land-Rover; it went anywhere, which was fortunate, for he scorned paved roads. He called it shunpiking — avoiding the turnpikes, the highways, sniffing out whatever was of interest in the back alleys of southern Wisconsin. There was always something: a badger hole, a woodlot where he knew of an owl, or a slow backwater creek filled with turtles. Going slowly, by the back roads, was the only way to see the country, he would say, the only way to smell it.

It was a similar conviction that led four of us to choose bicycles for a tour of New Zealand last February. Bicycles seemed perfect shunpiking instruments; at the modest rate of 30 miles a day, we could go fast enough to feel we were making progress but not so fast as to miss the nuances of land and weather. Our party consisted of Art Twomey, an outdoors photographer from Kimberley, British Columbia; Margie Jamieson, a ski instructor and farrier, also from Kimberley; Wendy Baylor, a nurse from Flagstaff, Arizona; and myself, a journalist, also from Flagstaff. We hoped that by sticking to the back roads, we could capture the rural heart of the country.

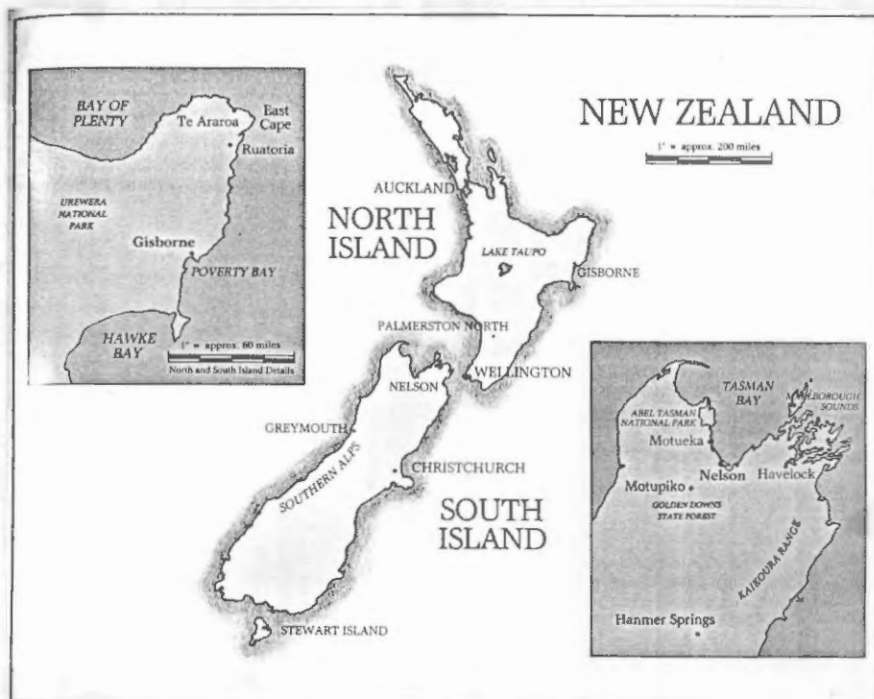
New Zealand is small, roughly the size of the United Kingdom, with a population of three million, and it seemed a proper size for the pace of a pedal. East to west, Christchurch to Greymouth, the southern of New Zealand's two major islands is 150 miles



by road. The long axis can be driven in 12 hours. Roads are rarely crowded; small towns numerous. Given five weeks, we anticipated a leisurely sampling of some of the world's best landscape, pedaling from mountain to sea in a matter of hours. We could visit the great sheep and cattle stations, eat our fill of mutton, milk, cheese, butter and fresh vegetables from backyard gardens and enjoy the justly celebrated friendliness of the people. The one New Zealand experience we wished to forgo was the rain, which some say was invented by New Zealanders.

With these expectations, we gathered in early February in Christchurch, a city of 350,000 people on the east coast of South Island. Our route, ever subject to whim, led north from Christchurch through the alluvial plains of Canterbury, wheat country in the rain shadow of the towering Southern Alps, the mountains that form the basic structure of the entire island. We would cross the Kaikoura range in a region of big sheep stations, descending through lush fruit-growing country to the sunny warmth of Tasman Bay on the Tasman Sea. We thought Marlborough Sounds — a cluster of serpentine peninsulas surrounded by ocean — looked interesting. Then, time permitting, we would move to North Island, where the Maori settlements of the East Cape beckoned.

The trip itself, in marked contrast to our flying anticipations, began with a stagger. Although Christchurch, rising on a pancake-flat plain, seemed a likely training ground for novice cyclists, its traffic promised an unaesthetic — to say nothing of nerve-racking — launch. Putting discretion before valour, we hopped the first bus to Hanmer Springs, a small spa a short distance to the north. The bus trip was not bad, but as we emerged into a hot Hanmer summer afternoon, Baylor calmly announced that she had the flu and needed to lie down.



SILVER LINING

Her illness, as inopportune as it was, contained the nut of some good, however, for as she lay coughing in the shade of a tree in the town park, a woman from a nearby house walked over to ask if she was all right. Baylor, sounding anything but all right, replied that she just needed to sit still for a time, and then we would be off for Jack's Pass, our first objective. Half an hour later, the woman was back, this time accompanied by her husband, concerned both with Baylor's health and with our route. There had been a big storm, the man explained, and the road was washed out. "You'd better come in for a cup of tea while we talk it over." It was our first encounter with New Zealand hospitality.

We followed the couple to their house, and after they had introduced themselves as Jim and Katherine Orlowski, the managers of the hot springs swimming pools. Katherine set the tea to brew and Orlowski went to call the town policeman about the road. He came back shaking his head. Totally washed out. Worst storm in a decade. It could be years before they could set it right. People trapped up there. Weather could still change without notice. There could be a snowstorm, and then where would we be?

We listened to his advice in silence, knowing that road conditions were not our real problem. Baylor's temperature was hitting 103 degrees, and she could barely make it across the room, let alone tackle a rough road that began with a 1,500-foot climb and then crossed several high passes in 70 miles of wash-outs. On the Orlowskis' invitation, we stayed the night, hoping the flu was a 24-hour variety.

In the morning, though, she was still sick, and leaving her to sleep, Jamieson, Twomey and I went out to salvage what we could of the day by touring the town. As befitted the philosophy of what

seemed, at that moment, to be our rapidly foundering journey, we were looking not so much for something in particular as for anything that presented itself. In Hanmer Springs, that meant the hot pools which were discovered there in 1859. A small shack was built beside a hot puddle; a skirt flying from a flagpole announced ladies' hours, trousers invited the men. As the springs grew in popularity, hotels were built around increasingly elaborate baths. Today, there are five separate pools. Orlowski retired from the New Zealand Navy and went into swimming pools. "Never could stay out of hot water," he said.

Besides its springs, Hanmer has the most varied exotic forest in the country. Although once a treeless region, commercial plantings of Monterey pine (referred to as radiata throughout New Zealand) and Douglas fir have created a local sawlog and fencing industry. A line of California redwoods rose above the pools. They seemed alien in this obviously arid part of the country, and Orlowski explained that although there was little rain, winter mists were common and the redwoods flourished.

When we returned to the house, Baylor was still sick, and it was apparent that it would be a week or more before she felt up to cycling. Our hostess saw no problem in that. As she plied us with an unending stream of goodies from the kitchen, she told us that she had it all figured out. Baylor would stay with them until she was well, then Katherine would put her on a bus to meet us wherever we happened to be. It was not so much an offer as a statement of what was to be, its implicit generosity a simple matter of fact. Orlowski, I think, was happy to have saved at least one of us from the dreaded Jack's Pass road. "With some people," he said, "you just have to let them make their own mistakes."

ROLLING ALONG

We said good-bye the next morning and finally began to do what we had come to do. The Jack's Pass road would be a test for both our gear and our bodies. To give us maximum freedom, we had chosen mountain bikes made by Healing of Christchurch. They were refined versions of fat-tired coasters, with 18 gears, fat, knobby tires, beefed-up alloy frames, flat handlebars and brakes that meant business — bicycles for backpackers. They climbed steep hills, were secure coming down loose gravel and handled the bumps and ruts of the back roads with ease. At least, they did when unloaded. Loaded, they became different animals. In theory, we were each to carry a maximum of 20 pounds in two rear panniers and a front handlebar bag. In reality, we had about double that, the surplus strapped clumsily above the panniers and wrapped in plastic. Far from settling our mounts, the weight made them uneasy. They had a tendency to buck and pitch, but mostly, they wanted to roll over onto their backs. As Twomey became fond of saying, "Look out, boys, she's a-fixin' to rear."

Despite Orlowski's most dire warnings, it took us just two hours to work our way to Jack's Pass, where a sign informed us that we were entering the 1,800-square-kilometre Molesworth Station, New Zealand's largest ranch. The station was created during the 1930s when the government picked up and patched together the various private sheep operations that were failing one by one. Overgrazing and fires had damaged the range, winter losses were heavy, and the market was depressed. The biggest factor in the bankruptcies, however, was a plague of rabbits unwittingly introduced from Europe. Under government management, the rabbits, which were outcompeting the sheep for available food,



were brought under control, and cattle were introduced to replace the sheep. Today, Molesworth is making money.

It looked like cattle country. Hills of grass reached toward rounded, rubbly mountains, a pale comparison to the spectacular Alps a half day's drive to the south. Trees were few and far between. An open-range wind blew cold. A river, which we traced gradually uphill toward its beginnings, ran wide and shallow over boulders. As we approached St. James, a small, unexplained dot on our map, we passed ragged groups of Herefords and bumped across the occasional cattle guard. Given such warning, we were not surprised to find that St. James consisted of no more than a cluster of ranch buildings.

Our first New Zealand cowboy, however, startled us. A "cow cockie" (originating from the early settlers,

who descended on the land "like a flock of cockatoos"), he was as leathery and tough as any aspiring John Wayne, but there the resemblance ended. For starters, he did not have his name tooled on his belt, and he wore a wool cap. His saddle was English, lacking a horn, and instead of a lariat, he had a whistle and two dogs. I suspect he could have ridden the Lone Ranger into the dust, but I had difficulty imagining him in the movies, rearing his horse and shouting, "Hi ho, Silver; here boy!"

He was friendly, though, an open man who told us about the storm ("not so unusual"), about the road ("you'll have no trouble with those push-bikes") and about the one real worry that lay ahead, the gate at Rainbow Station. In Hanmer, we were warned to call the owner of the Rainbow to ask permission to cross his property, and although we had tried several times, we had been unable to contact him. Reasoning that three courteous bikies would be of no concern, however, we started our journey, thinking little of it until we approached the station. When we asked our cow cockie about his neighbour's probable reaction, he said: "It'll be right." Reassured, we headed off in a cloud of naïveté.

A tail wind bumped us along the gravel track. Clouds lowered, making the dull mountains duller. Except for the power line that followed the road, there was no construction, no fence, no habitation. After 20 miles, we wearily stopped on the shore of Lake Tennyson, a barren spot that offered no shelter from an increasing wind and mist. A quick reference to the map showed that whoever had named the lake and the surrounding region was either a Tennyson fan or a veteran of the Crimean War. Here were the names associated with the Valley of Death and the 600 do-or-die members of the Light Brigade: Crimea Creek, Alma River, Mount Balaklava, Mount Sebastopol. Here were the commanders, St. Arnaud (a town) and Raglan (a mountain range). There was Mount Hopeless and streams named Horrible, Rag-and-Famish, Sandfly, Misery and Hellfire. We agreed that it sounded, at least, like a most unlikely setting for a cheerful vacation camp.

Lake Tennyson, in truth, was not a bad spot. A pair of paradise ducks, flashing white epaulets, rocketed overhead, followed by a small flock of Canada geese. The geese came straight for us over the water, wheeled above our tents, honked in their laughing way and swung back downwind out of sight. A greeting to break the sombre mood? Twomey fixed a spinner to his line, and before long, two firm mountain trout augmented our dinner. We ate huddled against the wind, then took our aching newfound cycling muscles to the warm shelter of our small tents.

In the morning, after crossing the steep and wind-blown Island Pass, we happily descended directly into the vegetation of lower elevations. Solitary beech trees stood high on the slopes, reminiscent of California live oaks in colour and shape. Outcrops

of rock pinched the river into a narrow canyon. Huge piles of loose debris, thrown off the mountains during sudden rainstorms, covered the road. We frequently dismounted and walked short distances. The land seemed in motion, new and raw, the earth shaking itself into a more comfortable position.

By midafternoon, the sun was hot. We stopped in the shade of some big beech trees above a gorge where the river purred in deep aqua pools. Water for big trout, we reckoned, and we went for our rods. Water for big, smart trout, we concluded after a barren hour of careful casting. (Water for big, smart, discriminating trout, we learned later when a man informed us that the fish in these pools grow fat on mice washed into the river by floods. "Every five years or so is a big mouse year," he said, "and then those jokers wallow like hogs.")

We were now on the wet side of the mountain range, and evening brought a damp, penetrating mist. We camped among thorny matagari shrubs draped in lichen, choosing the shelter of a bank to escape the wind. It was an instructive mistake: sandflies — relatives of Canada's blackflies and equally voracious — owned the meadow. By morning, the word on the free human breakfast was out, and we learned just how quickly we could break camp.

We pedalled hard for a few miles to warm up and then settled into an easy pace. Thin clouds drifted on high peaks and broke up as the day progressed. Spots of sunlight played across wet meadows, the warmth generating plumes of vapour that mixed with the clouds and disappeared. In only a few days, I reflected, I had learned much about bicycle travel on rough roads, and I liked what I had learned. With every mile, I worried less about loose gravel, and my legs grew stronger, accustomed to the work. With camping gear, any field was a night's stop, and we could follow the slightest track or leave the bikes and walk or put them on boats, trains or buses. Perfect!

SOUR ENCOUNTER

My reverie was broken by the cow cockie of Rainbow Station. We had just splashed through a small stream when he appeared on the road on horseback, his wife and eight dogs in tow. His wife had spotted us in the early morning, and they had been expecting us. Without benefit of introduction, he launched into his tirade: "Why do I have to put up with people on my land? Why? I've had it up to here with people. They come and knock on our door, steal our fruit, leave our gates open. How would you like it if people did this to you? I don't want people tramping through here. I've worked hard all my life to get away from people, and I still have to put up with this sort of thing. Why? Why should I?"

We stood quietly, the ugly North American trio, and listened to him vent his rage. As it ran down, Twomey said, "Well, it's your property; what shall we do?" The cow cockie kicked his horse to the side and told us to close the gate as we went. The encounter left a bitter taste with us. We had trespassed, and his day had been made as unpleasant as ours. Subdued, we pedalled on, and I thought about the Orlowskis and about a couple from Boston who had told us of waking up one morning in a late-pitched no-permission-asked-for camp in a New Zealand farmer's field. They heard footsteps circling their tent, then a scratching at the door. Finally, a head appeared, and a deep voice boomed: "Better get up now. Mum's got breakfast on the table for you." I decided we had become a little lax in taking the generous New Zealand character for granted.

Beyond Rainbow Station, the landscape softened. Following the Motupiko River, we saw numerous idyllic campsites in the deep shade of ancient trees. We saw no farmhouses, though, and finally, thoroughly tired, we realized that we would have to take our chances on another trespass. Decidedly gunshy, we moved like sneak thieves as we checked out our proposed site — a grassy knoll off the highway, part way up a steep dirt lane. Our tents had been up for just a short time when a station wagon came hurtling up the hill and sped out of sight. "Word passes quickly around here," Jamieson said as we started after it, full of apologies. The driver, a white-haired gent in his mid-fifties, emerged from a cabin to meet us. He was a fisherman who worked out of Nelson, and the cabin was his weekend retreat. Of course it was all right for us to be there. Why shouldn't it be?

Immeasurably relieved, I went down to the stream to bathe while the day was still warm. A mossy log bridged a tub-sized pool. Wild flowers crowded the bank. Sunlight winked through beech leaves, shining on the clean gravel streambed. I felt as though I had walked into a painting by Constable or Cole. I slid into the cold water up to my chin and let the current carry away all thoughts of angry cow cockies.

We were still in that painting when we awoke the following morning. Heavy dew sparkled in bright sunlight, and mist rose from the river in delicate toppling columns. It all portended a good day's travel. A few miles from our campsite, we hit pavement, and we fairly flew along past Kikiwa, over a ridge into the Motueka River Valley and the Golden Downs State Forest. It seemed that anything could grow here, and foresters were eager to experiment. They had planted a garden of exotics, each species having its own area. Here was the eucalyptus patch,

there the Douglas fir, there the radiata. Smatterings of noncommercial plantings – Lombardy poplar, birch, apple – added variety. The scenes of the harvest, however, shattered the beauty and order

of the woods. Large blocks of forest had been clear-cut, and the mud from the hillsides haemorrhaged down and across the road.

Much of the day, we rode three abreast under a bright sky. There were no cars to trouble us, and what wind we had was tail wind. I could hear the bird song, the cicadas, the wind in the trees. I could smell the landscape as it changed. An old apple tree offered us its fruit; farther along, the pines provided shade for a grassy lunch break. We waved and shouted "Gudday" to people sitting on farmhouse porches or working in gardens.

The road ran straight to Motupiko, where Baylor was to rejoin us. We arrived early in the day, discovering that we had chosen for our rendezvous spot a town consisting of a hotel and a pub. Not bad, we thought: if a town is to have one building, this is the right one. Leaving the cycles in the hot sun, we ordered a pitcher of beer and joined a substantial Saturday afternoon crowd watching a televised cricket match.

That afternoon was shunpiking at its best. If a traveller were to stay in the cities of New Zealand or not deviate from the tourist route, he would miss that rural cricket crowd, and that, I believe, would be a shame. For there was rural New Zealand at its best – wall-to-wall cow cookies in gummies (gum-boots) and baggy shorts. Knobby knees below, blue singlets and slouch hats above, their owners stood at chest-high tables drinking DB bitter and talking

about sheep, sheep dogs, footy (rugby) and cricket.

The conversation was good-hearted and, for me, often hard to follow. Although they would hotly deny it, New Zealanders speak with an accent, an accent that mysteriously becomes stronger when there is background noise, as in a pub. I am sure that some of the cow cookies I spoke with thought I was Greek, for all the trouble I had understanding them. I have never heard such tortured vowels: they would say "yis" when they meant "yes" and "noee" when they meant "no." I heard a man say he liked a shock knife to carve a bloody limb, and it was only through translation that I learned he meant a sharp knife to carve a bloody lamb. Even more problematic than the tortured vowels, however, was the vocabulary itself. Food is called tucker. Tea is the evening meal, which meant that I occasionally found myself asking for a cup of tea with my tea. Cars in New Zealand are oddly dressed, for they have boots in the back and bonnets in the front. If you're tired, you're knackered, and if a friend shouts you a drink, you don't cover your ears but say, "Ta mite, and good luck with the footy pool, eh?"

More than the footy pool, though, the crowd was involved with cricket, for an international match was in the second of its three-week duration, and New Zealand stood a chance of winning – for the first time ever. The nature of cricket is such that one can watch a match more or less as one would watch a flower opening, checking periodically to see what has occurred over the past few hours, and it struck us that life in Motupiko, at least on that sunny summer afternoon, had geared itself perfectly to the match.

Baylor's bus arrived later that day, and we started afresh as a quartet. Fortunately, the road could not have been better for her initiation, and we followed it easily, down the broad Motueka River to the coastal town of the same name. We were rapidly approaching the north tip of South Island, productive country of good soil and gentle climate. It is the chief fruit-growing region of New Zealand, and apples, peaches, plums, nectarines, grapes and kiwi fruit share fields with hops and tobacco. We found that we could make our meals from vegetable gardens along the road, although we were rarely allowed to pay for what we needed. One evening, Twomey stopped to ask for raspberries. "Of course," came the reply, "and do you have cream for them? And sugar?"

We were headed for Tasman Bay, named for Abel Tasman, a Dutch explorer who, in 1642, became New Zealand's first European visitor. Tasman, though, had little regard for his discovery, perhaps because he lost four men to the Maori residents he found at his first anchorage, which he named Murderers' Bay. He sailed on without setting foot on the land. The next recorded visitor was Captain James Cook in 1769. Others followed, but it was not until 1841 that Colonel William Wakefield founded the Nelson Colony in Tasman Bay. The colonization was part of a larger scheme for the settlement of both islands by the Crown-supported New Zealand Company. Wakefield's dream was to build a country more English than England, to transplant not only the people but the entire structure of the society. He wanted to preserve the class system, not to break it down. In that, he failed. Yet if he could see the city of Nelson today, a mercantile centre surrounded by some of the country's best horticultural land, he would have reason to feel satisfied.

points and gold sand beaches crowded with native vegetation that looks as exotic as it sounds – rata, rimu, supplejack. Together, they weave a formidable bush on steep slopes that are next to impassable without a trail. Happily for travellers, the park has such a trail threading the forests along the coast, and the thought of it captured our collective imagination. At Marahau, at the end of the gravel coast road, the owner of a motor camp said that he would look after our bicycles until we returned from our walk.

By this time, well into our trip, I was beginning to wonder about the New Zealand rain. The weather was superb, each day warmer than the one before, and there seemed little chance of any change. Our first night in the park was spent on an exposed sand spit under towering radiata pines. The rocks on either side of the beach were covered in mussels. We picked them like peaches from a tree, boiled them briefly in sea water and ate them from the shells with butter. I put a few raw ones on a hook and caught wrasse, small perchlike fish, tasty but bony.

Two or three hours of walking each day was enough. We loafed from one afternoon to the next, enjoying the shade along the trail, marvelling that the lush vegetation was all second-generation growth. The original forest had been a victim of what a park warden called "matchbox agriculture," the common method, in pioneer days, of clearing land for sheep farming. Farmers simply waited until the bush was dry and then tossed in a match. Much of the burned land, however, was not suitable for sheep, and as the farms failed, the bush returned.

And with it, we noted with delight, came dozens of native birds. Numbered among our constant companions were wekas, looking like scrawny chickens and just as fearless; brown creepers, small, inveterate beggars; bellbirds, so named for their astonishing song; and wrens. The most audacious of all was the fantail, a sparrow-sized bit of impertinence that flits ahead of a walker to perch on rocks and tree trunks, displaying its spread of tail feathers as if expecting applause.

The days in Abel Tasman National Park melted together, a kaleidoscope of new sights, sounds and smells. We encountered few people, but those we did meet were memorable. At Torrent Bay, with its cluster of private beach houses, or baches, a tall barefoot gent stood on the tide flats beside a neat row of orange golf balls. He whacked the balls one way, then collected them, placed them in another row and whacked them back. We cheered each well-hit ball, and he bowed to us. And some time later, at a river mouth, a sleek little sailboat pulled into the inlet. Its owner came over to us in his dinghy, a fine piece of inventiveness: a large inner tube with a plywood bottom. "A little hard to paddle in a straight line," he allowed, "but the price was right."

By prearrangement, we were met at Tonga Bay by a mail launch that carried us back to our bicycles. Several others waited with us for the launch, including two women whose legs were masses of red welts from sandfly bites. The sandflies are the true owners of South Island, but the locals shrug them off, saying, "They prefer the blood of strangers." If they bothered us, we were told, we would do well to follow the example of the woodsmen on the west coast, who drink a tot of kerosene each day to discourage the beasts.

Cycling again, we pedalled the broad curve of Tasman Bay toward Nelson, inevitably becoming enmeshed in traffic as we approached the city of 35,000. Heavy trucks hurtled past, shaking us in their turbulence, and by the time we reached the outskirts of Nelson, we had had enough of crowded highways. Our next destination was the town of Havelock, gateway to Marlborough Sounds, and we decided to avoid, at all costs, the highway connecting Nelson and Havelock. As it turned out, the exact cost proved high, for the alternate route was a bridle track built in 1858 to service the developing timber industry of Havelock. Known as the Maungatapu Track, it runs directly over the highest part of the Bryant mountain range, climbing steeply and unrelentingly to the 2,500-foot divide. Several people in Nelson said that they would not walk over the

Maungatapu, much less ride push-bikes with heavy loads. We were optimistic, however, and kept asking until we finally found an enthusiast who said he envied us our trip. That was enough for us. We did, after all, have mountain bikes.

It was, then, on the Maungatapu Track that I came to understand the other side of cycling. The day began pleasantly enough, a cool morning along a gradually inclined paved road. We stopped to chat briefly with a group of labourers preparing for their day's work and then pedalled off with the happy superiority of truants on their way to the swimming hole while school bells peal in the distance. The gentle road turned to gravel and narrowed, shaded by heavy foliage overhead. Our spirits were high.

After several miles, however, the road began to climb in a series of steps. We could pedal the flatter sections but had to dismount for the risers. It was hard but companionable work. Then, with little warning, it was afternoon and the level spots disappeared. The road became a steep gravel track, so steep that our feet slipped backward as we pushed the cycles along. The bikes became burdens, and we heaved them forward, one hand ready at the brake, the other behind the seat, with nothing ahead but 2,000 grinding feet of sweat and loose stones. This, I realized dimly, was the real thing. Beyond hard work, beyond afternoon weariness, this was what bikies fondly refer to as a grunt. I grunted in 20-yard spurts and stopped, heart heaving, resting first on one leg, then the other, handbrake clenched for dear life, sweat pouring, sun baking and some idiot bird twaddling its nonsense off in the bloody bush, hardly audible over the searing fantastic whine of what was either cicadas or the sound of my own blood ringing in my ears. I cursed all the rhapsodizing I had done about bicycling and thrashed on.

The climb, of course, could not last forever, and I finally came upon Twomey and Jamieson sprawled in the shade at the pass, claiming that they had arrived at least 40 minutes earlier. Baylor huffed up a minute later, exclaiming about the hardest work of her life, and was confronted by all three of us in the shade looking impatiently at our watches.

Pedal pace reassessed itself the next morning. Less than half a mile from camp, we found a sheep farm preparing for a day's shearing. The owner, Graeme Sharland, invited us to stay and watch. His hired help, Clive Billingsly, was a professional shearer, who said that with electric shears, he could trim about 300 sheep a day. It worked out to 30 an hour, which was important, since he was paid by the animal: 62 cents a lamb; 68 cents a ewe. A large farm normally hires a gang of shearers, but Sharland's farm was small. "Three hundred sheep," he said, "and it won't support us. My wife works in a canning plant. I work for the government. Weekend farmers, that's us."

Billingsly's electric shears surprised us, although they shouldn't have, for agriculture in New Zealand is fast becoming a mechanized industry. The country supports 70 million sheep and 9 million cattle on 56,000 farms that produce 680 million pounds of wool, more than a million tons of meat and about 500 million pounds of butterfat each year. Agricultural products are by far the country's major export. Twenty years ago, 84 percent of the exports were meat, wool and dairy products. An attempt was made to diversify trade items, but even now, farms produce well over half of the total goods exported. Because farm owners outnumber employees 3 to 1, mechanization is important. The average sheep flock is 1,800 animals, while the average dairy farm supports 120 cows. On the most progressive farms, the cows are led onto large turntables that allow 350 to be milked per hour.

PENINSULA BOUND

Our experience at Sharland's was but a warm-up for us, since our final destination on South Island was the sheep farm of John and Beverly Foote. We had heard of the farm through other cyclists, and a short telephone call led to an invitation to visit. The Footes own 1,700 acres at the end of a long peninsula in Marlborough Sounds, an ancient mountain range that was submerged when the Pleistocene ice melted. As the ice melted, the ocean rose 500 feet, and today, only the summits and high ridges of the range remain above water. The land plunges precipitously, without benefit of beach, into deep waters, and transportation is difficult. Even where roads exist, it is often easier to go by boat.

To reach the Footes, we booked ourselves on the mail launch from Havelock. The launches are an institution in New Zealand, and the "mail" they carry is an eclectic assortment. They pick up and deliver groceries, hardware, live animals, gossip and visitors, and their arrival is a noteworthy occasion. Each homestead in the Sounds has a substantial wharf, and inevitably, as the launch pulls in, people appear to greet it. They all know Ken Gullery, the skipper, and at each wharf, he holds a brief court, bestows his gifts and motors regally away. Late in the afternoon, he deposited us at the end of the Footes' peninsula.

By following a narrow ridge, we reached the house in an hour. Beverly met us at the door. Our traveller's instincts had obviously been well honed by weeks on the road, for her first words were: "Hello. Come in. You're just in time for tea," meaning supper. Foote came in shortly after us, alerted by the mob of chained sheepdogs that noisily her-

← picture cropped to fit my space is view from inside tent!



FOOTLOOSE INTERLUDE

Tasman, on the other hand, would be nothing but surprised. On the west side of his bay is a national park named for him. It covers an area of rocky

aided our arrival. The Footes were a capable, comfortable couple, clearly solid partners, and I liked them immediately.

We ate hogget, or yearling sheep, that night. It was tasty, not yet mutton but stronger than lamb. "I wouldn't eat lamb," said Foote. "Can't taste it." He told us that his great-grandfather homesteaded the farm. In those days, supplies came by sailboat from Wellington, at the southern tip of North Island, to several depots in the Sounds, and the pioneers rowed to the nearest depot. "John's grandfather," said Beverly, "told of going with a friend to Havelock one time. That's 30 miles of rowing. They stopped off in the pub for a few before starting back, and when they got to the boat, it was dark. He and his mate rowed and sang all night, and when it got light, they looked around and saw they'd never untied from the dock." We laughed, and Foote shook his head: "No, no. True story!"

We stayed with the Footes for three days, helping with small jobs — harvesting the garden, milking the cows, feeding the big sow, building an enclosure for a duck with a new brood, picking grapes from the arbour and gathering driftwood from the shoreline — the wood, we learned, was left to wash in the rain for a year so the salt would not ruin metal parts in the chimney. Fortunately, the Footes needed very little wood: "Only frosts one week a year, and then you have to go looking for it." Beverly had high hopes for a banana plant growing behind the house.

As we left Marlborough Sounds, heading back toward Havelock and our bikes, we realized that the end of our trip was palpably near. We had a week, no more, and we were faced with the decision of where to spend it. We decided on a blitz of the East Cape of North Island. Bikies had told us that it offered superb cycling, relatively free of traffic and highly scenic, and it would give us a chance to meet the Maoris, the Polynesians who settled in New Zealand centuries before the Europeans. One doesn't travel in New Zealand without hearing of the Maoris, and throughout our South Island travels, we had struggled to pronounce and remember Maori place names. The *pakeha*, as Maoris call Europeans, spoke with pride about Maori history. New Zealand, they said, had escaped much of the racism of other countries. Yet we had seen few Maoris and talked with none.

Violating pedal pace, we ferried to Wellington and rode a train the 250 miles from Wellington to Gisborne, at the south end of wedge-shaped East Cape. We also violated the shunpiking mentality by carrying with us a list of references and introductions from the New Zealand Department of Maori Affairs, documents that we hoped would help us make quicker connections than chance encounters. Whatever we did, however, seemed to offend the powers that be, for it was raining heavily when we wheeled our cycles off the train at Gisborne, and it continued to rain the next day as we tried to contact one of the people on our list. After six futile hours, we gave up and asked to be forgiven our transgressions. The sky was blue when we pedalled out of Gisborne in search of a Maori connection.

East Cape was the first part of New Zealand seen by Captain Cook, but he, like Tasman, found the Maoris hostile and sailed on, bestowing the name Poverty Bay on the area. The Maoris continued their independent ways during the settlement of the 1800s, aided in no small part by the ruggedness of the interior. Even now, more than half the Cape population is Maori, and over a quarter of the land is Maori-owned.

The land itself, however, has been badly used; production is lower now than it was 40 years ago. The Maoris leased much of their land to the *pakehas* before the turn of the century, and the *pakehas*, without the incentive of ownership, practised cut-and-run agriculture. Much of the native vegetation was stripped away, and spectacular erosion followed serious overgrazing, ruining much of the land.

Eighty percent of the Cape is classified as steep terrain, and in 1970, 75 percent of Waiapu County was suffering from severe erosion. In places along the Whararua River, streambeds rose 25 feet in 10 years.

The European leaseholders were not entirely to blame, however, for the Maori system of land ownership and English law are like oil and water. Single parcels are often owned communally by the members of huge extended families, which makes it difficult to manage the land effectively or to finance capital development. One of the mandates of the Department of Maori Affairs is to untie such tangled knots, but progress is slow.

If the East Cape is less than prosperous, however, it is undeniably beautiful. The beaches, separated by rocky headlands, are broad and sweeping, drawing in the big slow-breaking rollers so popular with surfers, and the coast was peppered with trailers, tents and other makeshift housing — mobile surfer towns. Where the coast was rough, the road turned inland, rising and falling with the lie of the land, bypassing one sheep farm after another. Late-summer vegetable gardens were at their peak, and we feasted on corn, tomatoes, melons, squash and kumara, the traditional staple of the South Pacific, a white sweet potato that tastes like yam.

The towns we passed — Tolaga Bay, Tokomaru Bay, Te Puia — consisted of little more than a few shops, yet each had one or more Maori meeting-houses, constructed in a special compound, or *pa*. The larger *pas* sported modern community halls as well as the traditional structures. At Tokomaru Bay, the community hall was jammed with people who had gathered to unveil the gravestone of a man who had died the year before. The long delay between the burial and the placing of the stone is Maori custom. Self-conscious about intruding on the songs and speeches in the community hall, we slipped into the smaller traditional building to see what were reportedly some excellent Maori carvings. The building itself was built in the form of an ancestor, according to Maori *tanga* — the Maori way. The interior was his belly, the ridgepole his spine, the latter supported by ornately carved ribs rising from the ground. Outside was his head and, as extended facing boards on the eaves, his arms. The walls were filled entirely with carvings, and each figure, each design, had a history and a meaning, although none of the small group of children who greeted us knew the stories. Neither, as it turned out, did any of the adults who wandered in. The only carving any of them knew — and, in this case, they all knew of it — was one that had cried real tears when an important man had died. "I saw it, and I didn't believe it," we were told. "I went around outside to see if there was a hose. Tears were pouring out. You can see now, there isn't even a hole."

From Tokomaru Bay, we pedalled north to Wairoa Bay and then on to Ruatoria, where three young Maoris approached us during lunch. They liked our bicycles but were amused that we were not travelling by car. As we chatted, some boys rode by on horses, and our friends were quick to comment: "This is a cowboy town, you know. Wild West. Marlboro country. Hey, where you fellas from? Lots of big cars there, eh? Real fast. Lots of people too. You fellas ever been to Los Angeles?" One of the Maoris had a Mohican haircut, punk-style, and the talk turned to him. "He must have been to America. He got scalped. Indians, you know. Whack, off it goes. I'd like to go there. Nothing to do around here, eh?"

After lunch, I tried calling people whose names I had been given, and it started raining again. This time, though, we were invited to the *pa* at Rangitukia, 20 miles north. Rain or no rain, we saddled up and rode on.

There was a hum of excitement in the air when we reached Rangitukia. We were indeed expected, and welcome. Two women were sweeping the hall, pulling out mattresses, chopping vegetables and

boiling water for tea. Upon our arrival, they put aside their work, herded a flock of children outdoors and invited us to join them for a cup of tea. Cena Tangaere, the older of the two, had lived on the east coast all of her life. Her family, she said, was the centre of her existence, and she badly wanted her children to be able to stay in the region. But there were expensive land disputes in her family, difficult to settle, and she was uncertain of the future. "We need money for the land, but without clear title, the banks won't lend us any." She sipped her tea and put the cup down. "Of course, if a *pakeha* wants a loan, zip, he has it."

A short silence settled over the table. "We've heard there isn't any discrimination against the Maoris in New Zealand," I said.

The younger woman, Riria Timu, was quick to respond: "They've whitewashed it, but they have their ways. To a *pakeha*, when the Maoris disappear, they are integrated."

Tangaere got up to chase a child. "Well, it's not so bad."

When she was gone, Timu turned to us. "That's the way people are here. They've been brainwashed into accepting things." Timu had been to school in Auckland and had lived in Palmerston North. Her experiences had sent her home full of bitterness. "I used to think it was all right, too, until I started looking around. When I did, I saw it was all window dressing. If you go looking for an apartment to rent, then you see it. Nothing for a Maori, but plenty for a *pakeha*."

Timu's work is Maori cultural affairs and community activism. Maori language and arts are once again being taught to the children, reviving a sense of Maori worth. Timu spoke of the work with enthusiasm and gave us a short lesson in her language. We had supper together and talked late into the night. She was a vivid, bright woman looking for a way to use her energies and yet keep in touch with Maori *tanga*. It is not easy: like others of her age, she is a pioneer.

The Maori population is growing. From a low of 42,000 in 1896, the race now numbers 250,000, three-quarters of whom are under the age of 30. Contemporary Maori writers focus on the young and on the very old, using the two extremes to symbolize the Maori challenge. Patricia Grace, one of the best-selling Maori writers, could be speaking for Riria Timu in her short story "And So I Go," in which a young woman says:

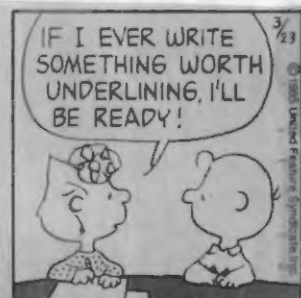
"This land is mine, this sea, these people. Here I give love and am loved, but I must go, this is in me. I got to learn new ways and to make a way for those who follow. . . . This place we love cannot hold us always. The world is large. This I have always known. And so I go ahead for those who come. To stand midstream and hold a hand to either side."

The next day was the last of our trip. Leaving the warm hospitality of the meetinghouse, we headed off in a driving New Zealand rain for Te Araroa to catch a bus for Auckland. A white-haired woman with a shawl over her head was picking a bouquet of flowers beside the road. She straightened as we passed, smiling. "Oh, hello," she said. "I'm so sorry it's raining on you."

How typically New Zealand. How very generous. It was so easy to feel at home there, so easy to poke along from town to town, talking trivia with people over their garden walls, feeling almost as much a part of the people's normal life as the milkman and the bus driver: Oh, hello, here come the cyclists, a bit early today. I was reluctant to leave, nostalgic even as I boarded the Air New Zealand jet for home. So many roads to pedal, places to see. A road, a bicycle and just a little money, and the world is yours. My grandfather would have liked that. ■

Jerry, how about including a 56 yr old aunt on your next joint, reporting for the Empty Nest Newsletter?

FLASH! Hinesburg Vt. Elementary Teachers union strike, 19 days so far! Their contracts in dispute. Baskets in front of the school board! Scabs coming!



FLASH! Osgood was married at Easter!

!STOP PRESS!!

Peterborough, N.H. CAROL DELL has been made HEAD NURSE of the Emergency Room at Monadnock Community Hospital!!! Wonderful promotion, Carol!!!

PSYCHODELIC PANTS A BIG HIT

Killington, Vermont Megan Jackson wore some pants so bright that Ellie J. didn't want to be seen with her at a ski resort April 20. (Ski pants cast down of Mimi Baldwin) The pants were not only the hit of the weekend but garnered Megan an invitation to a party in Salem Mass in May.

CHANGES VOTING RECORD

Sptd When J. Jackson went to vote at a local election Apr 2 she cast her eye over the big book on the table & saw they'd recorded an "R" for her in 1980. She made them correct the mistake. She doesn't want even one person in the future to think she ever voted for Reagan.

GOES SUGARING

Shelburne, Vt. On an early spring day in March, Megan Jackson cycled from Burlington to Shelburne and helped Don and Audrey Moore boil sap in their sugarhouse. The menu d'jour was hot dogs boiled in maple sap!

ELLIE BACK FROM LONDON

Hamover N.H. Address is: H.B. 1572, Dartmouth College, Hanover NH 03755. She may answer at 1-603-643-9784.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED

BITS & PIECES



The response to the 2nd Annual Can-You-Caption-This-Picture-of-Uncle-Lewie Contest was gratifying. Entries poured in from all over the U.S. and England. Winners in the Vulgar Division will be notified by mail, in a plain brown wrapper, and other ENNL readers will be sent these captions on request. (1st prize goes to Dr. C. Dougan.) Printable winners are as follows: SHEER VOLUME OF ENTRIES DIV: Winner, Cousin Sam Mersky of Minneapolis with 14. Runner up, Dr. Craig Dougan of Beavercreek, OR, w/ 13. MUSICAL CAPTION winner: Sam Mersky, with "I know that note you just played was not in the original score. Shall we get the composer to add it for everyone?" DANCE CAPTION WINNER: Craig Dougan, with "Do that one more time, Baryshnikov, and it's back to Siberia!" BEST PUN DIVISION: Winner, Cousin Bobby Smith of Atlanta, Ga (Yes, Pat, Jo, Craig, EA, Paul, June, we have a 1st cousin (1/2 cousin) in Atlanta who claims Morton Smith as Grandpa, too!) Anyway, Lewie to choking concertmaster: "How COULD you swallow your bridge?" NON-MUSICAL WINNER: J. Jackson of Spfld, IL, "I wonder how the flounder are biting, up there at the mouth of Bokokek Creek?" Congrats, winners! And what happened to the entries you had ready to send, Pat Dalvit??

Reno. New Address for Gillian Jackson: 950 Nutmeg, Apt. 3-11, Reno 89502. Mail welcomed: Hinesburg Pond, VT. New address for Megan Jackson, after May 1: Rt 2, Box 534, Hinesburg, VT. 05461. Megan's moving back out to the lake. Minneapolis Polly & Sam Mersky had Jerry & Debby Dougan over for dinner on the occasion of Polly's 60th birthday Jan 23. Daughter Chrisann flew in from California just for the party! Sam's sister Bea & spouse were also there; Bea swears by Dr. Jerry, who is super w/ her arthritis. Jerry has a great reputation in Mpls/St.P. & all over. Spfld. Much favorable comment & appreciation has come into the ENNL office about Dougan West newsletter, enclosed last issue. Thanks again to Barbara Graig! Shelburne, VT. ENNL reader Betsy Moore is being married May 25 to Dr. Donald Lee Weaver! Felicitations!! (June 25th and I'd be there!) Rock Co., Wis. Vera Wardner Dougan was ALSO one of the 32 women honored (see p. 2 of this issue) and she is very much alive!

and a white linen tank top vest and a blue circle skirt quilted for her by Cousin artist Damaris Jackson. Demi Jackson knows somebody who likes Brazil nuts.

'Abandoned'

To the editor: (of Beloit Daily) This note is addressed to the family who discarded their family cat on Colley Road just east of the I-90 underpass.

This cat visited all of the family farms in the area. Some fed her, but not enough of them. She finally found our homestead which is forty rods north of the road. We fed her but we didn't need a cat. She found some dead mice, I assume, poisoned because our warehouses must be protected against mice.

At any rate, she went into decline, could not eat, and today we had to dispose of her, in spite of her wanting love and welcome into our home.

So your sick cat is dead. We have numerous cats and dogs abandoned on our property. Probably one of the most memorable was when a dog was introduced and locked inside of our screen porch to be found the next morning! Or was it when six kittens, still sightless, were left in a box at the foot of our land?

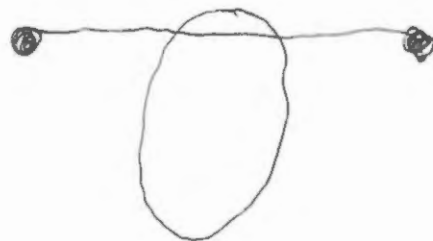
Whoever abandoned their pet cat in early March, for whatever reason, might like to know how she suffered and how her life ended on March 29, 1985.

R.A. Dougan
Beloit

CRESS CORNER - by Gillian Jackson

Reno. Cressida Broten, 2½, was playing with her new magnetic letters. She marshalled them all into a line, but since letters aren't all even what she actually got was a wobbly arc spanning the refrigerator door. She studied her handiwork a moment, then called: "Look! I spelled a rainbow!"

Cress had drawn a picture, and I heard her telling Skip something about "grass". This sounded like a much higher level of drawing than any of her previous pictures, which were mostly circles and scribbles. Sure enough, when she brought it over to show me, it was a very organized and con-



|||||

trolled drawing, with the grass quite obvious down at the bottom. I instantly saw a figure, but not wanting to assume, I tried to get her to tell me. "What a great picture!! Tell me about it! What's this?" and I pointed to the 'arms'. She looked where I was pointing, looked back up at me, and said "Oh, that's a straight line!"

SIBS FIND STRANGE HIDAWAY

Rock Point, VT. When Megan & Ellie Jackson made a bicycle pilgrimage to Rock Point Church Camp on Easter, they stumbled on a deserted campsite in the woods: garbage, litter, and a couple dozen women's purses strewn around the fire area. The purse-snatchers had apparently used the ransacked purses for cupboards, for one was crammed with tea bags, another held potatoes.

GO SEE "THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE"

Movie advice: For a 1st rate plus plus plus movie, go see this French film of 16th Century Europe: A fascinating story of a man who returns to his village & is branded as an imposter. It is well documented - i.e., TRUE, beautiful, moving, great scenery & village scenes. It is also now a book of same name.