

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL V NO 1 AUTUMN '86

"Whatever poet said, 'There are no birds in last year's nest,' had it all wrong!" -- R.A. Dougan



NO HIPS AT ALL

RON DOUGAN TO GO UNDER SAW NOVEMBER 12 '86

Bebit. Remember that bawdy ballad of many years ago, the chorus of which goes (euphemistically) "No hips at all, No hips at all, She married a man who had No hips at all."

Well, the Dr. told Grandpa that he had no hips at all (literally). RAD could have told him that, from the pain he's been suffering. So, RAD's decided on a hip replacement, only one for now. He will be awaiting all your letters, cards, & phone calls so long as they aren't collect. (And, of course (from JS & McDoll) yr prayers.)

Overheard from RAD as he limps & staggers along: "O dear dear o dear! I wish I had four legs, then I could hold up two of them!"

Ellie Lands Job! Chicago. And what an interesting one! It started having to do with a slick-paper financial mag, called Intermarket, and book publishing:

The Big Hitters, plus The Chicago Board of Trade Liquidity Data Bank Manual, but now has moved over to "Market Logic School" and her firm is having seminars on how to be successful in trading. Ellie attended a weekend seminar to become more familiar w/ the job. Her boss has complimented her on how well she's doing. Ellie says if you're interested to learn what she's doing, pick up the Forbes 400 issue, & read the Stan August column, which is all about her boss & company.

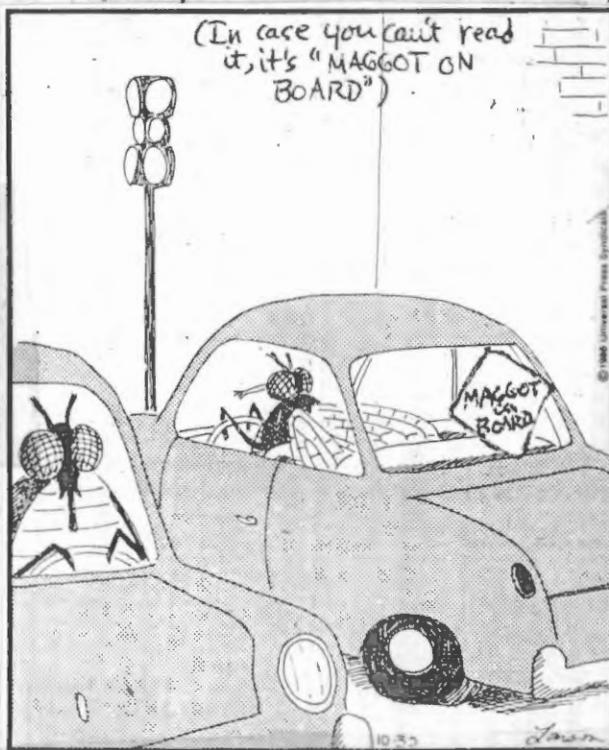


SEAN THOMAS HERE!

Mayfield Village, Ohio: Stephanie & Tom McPhillips are now parents! Sean Thomas was born Oct. 17, 86. 10z. All doing well. Congrats & honey!

TERRIBLE EPISODE FOR MEGAN AT COTTAGE

Hinesburg Pond, VT. I guess we could really leave something like this out of ENNL, awful as it is. On Oct. 21, at 5 PM, Megan switched off the TV, answered the phone, hung up, heard a strange noise outside, went to investigate, saw an overturned canoe out from shore a bit, then a man before it, barely above water, feebly struggling. In the 1st split second she dismissed "this can't be happening," & "this is a frogman" & realized he was drowning. In 2nd split second she knew she had nothing to throw (he seemed too spent to grab, any way); all boats were put away, the water was icy, he was twice as big as she was, there was no way she could swim to rescue him w/o being dragged under. She was a lone, further more, and even if she could get him into the shallows, how up the steep rocky bank for artificial respiration? So she did what everyone later said was the right thing: She yelled for him to hang onto the boat, shouting for help, then raced over the neck of land to the dam area, roused a neighbor, & she & Mr. Bergamo were back in a boat in about 5 or 6 minutes -- but the man was gone. The rescue squad came, & divers, & Megan had to stand on the shore and direct them where (cont on p. 4)



ENILED. on SABBATICAL

Bebit: That's why you haven't had any issues this fall. 1) I'm away from University Duplicating & 2) there's not enough time to get my writing work done, let alone ENNL. So news has really piled up. But with Dad's operation, felt you'd like to know. Bebit College agreed to print this. This issue, by the way, marks the start of the 5th year of publication. Congratulations notes welcomed (if you don't read your ENNL, allow me to delete yours at no extra cost.)

ENILED. on SABBATICAL

THOMAS SCHMIDT, of "The Journal Staff" -- Milwaukee Journal! Milwaukee. First it was Butte, then Rochester, now, Milwaukee! Tom says he feels like a real journalist. Below is his first article, an assignment. Tom, let us know when you want the creative help of ENNL readers; we'll rally as we did for "lei sure"!

Now there's a magazine just for dads

By THOMAS SCHMIDT
of The Journal staff

"TWENTY YEARS ago, dad was an anonymous man in a gray flannel suit... a guy who was so tired in the evening he flopped into the La-Z-Boy and checked out for the rest of the evening... not merely a stranger, but a no-fun chump."

So writes Duncan Spencer in the premier issue of fathers magazine, which made its debut on the East Coast in June and will take its place on Milwaukee newsstands by September.

Even though Spencer doesn't seem the gray flannel type, he certainly knows how it feels to be a no-fun chump. For years he tried getting his first set of kids to share his passion for sailing, but their only reply, *ad nauseam*, was "Dad — It's booooring."

"Ten years ago, a magazine like this couldn't have been done. We wouldn't have been interested in doing it, nor would the public have read it."

— Harry Stein

Fortunately for Spencer, managing editor of fathers, he has broken into a whole new world of fatherhood in the last few years with a new marriage and a new son who happens to love sailing.

But Spencer's renovation of his personal life accounts for only part of the change he has experienced as a parent this time around. He and other fathers throughout the country are feeling pres-

sure from a transition in fatherhood itself, says Harry Stein, another of the magazine's editors. It's because of this change, Stein says, that the baby boomer cum daddy is ready for a magazine like fathers.

Even the magazine's title, which uses a lower case 'f' because it struck the editors as less authoritarian, reflects a change in the way today's fathers are viewed.

"Ten years ago, a magazine like this couldn't have been done," he said. "We wouldn't have been interested in doing it, nor would the public have read it."

How has the parental male changed in the last 10 to 20 years?

"Fathers traditionally have been either physically or emotionally absent," Stein explains. "There's a much stronger draw on men now and a greater feeling of re-

Please see Magazine, Page 2G



Ronald Reagan's on the cover

This slick publication is aimed at today's

Magazine, from Page 1G

sponsibility toward their families... there's more involvement on the part of fathers, more intimacy with their children."

A familiar litany of facts illustrate his point:

- The birth rate is growing faster today than at any time since the 1940s.

- Most of today's fathers attend the births of their children, with only one of five opting for the absenteeism of smoking and pacing in the fathers' room of the obstetrics ward.

- A mere 15% of American families fit the old stereotype in which the father acts as sole breadwinner while the mother stays at home rearing the children.

- Two-thirds of women with school-age children go to work in the morning, as do half of mothers with preschool children.

While these are important elements in the transformation of fatherhood, Stein says a more important change is "the sudden license allowed even traditional fathers to think about who they are and how they got that way."

Stein, probably best-known for his "Ethics" column in Esquire, says this new-found freedom is due in large part to the women's movement,



Author Harry Stein is the editor of fathers magazine

which prompted men to give more thought to their relationships.

And as fathers become more thoughtful, one presumes, they are more apt to read about men and what

they're thinking about.

Fathers magazine is by no means the first to pick up on this. Newsweek and Esquire have both run cover stories on fatherhood, and the sub-

ject is a recurrent theme in the Doonesbury comic strip and the regular "About Men" column in the New York Times Sunday Magazine.

But fathers is the first magazine to devote itself entirely to the subject of the male parent.

As Stein put it in the magazine's first issue, "What we intend to do is deal with the experience of the contemporary father in all of its dimensions; as an uncanny combination of joy and frustration, self-realization and ambivalence, in the ways in which it obliges us to grow but also the ways, given how we once saw ourselves, it can sometimes seem so constricting."

The magazine opens with several pages of short takes covering statistics and news related to fatherhood. One piece tells us that teenagers spend just a half-hour a week with their fathers. Another tells us that while women still gossip more than men, men are fast closing the gap.

There is advice on how to finance a college education with zero-coupon bonds and updates on the great diaper wars, paternity leave and the latest from the anti-circumcision movement.

Two regular features — called "fathers and sons" and "fathers and daughters" — follow. As if to say the more fatherhood changes the more it

modern father

stays the same, the first issue covers in this space two time-tested troubles of parenting. First, what do you do with a kid who insists on sleeping with mom and dad — every single night, by God! Second, in "Wolves at the Door," how a father feels when boys start calling for his little girl.

The cover story is an interview with President Reagan's son, Ron Reagan, better known for his exertions in ballet tights than his more recent activities as a broadcast and print journalist. Here, the son gives the not-so-party line on his relationship with his father, answers questions about his gender preference and talks about doing drugs as an adolescent.

There are other stories about relationships between famous fathers and their families — baseball's Pete Rose and his son, Petey, a piece on the difficulties Washington's busy politicians have finding time for their families, and words from former Sen. Paul Tsongas on his decision to leave politics.

Similar pieces are in the works. In upcoming issues, we'll hear about Dustin Hoffman's relationship with his kids and about Yogi Berra as father and husband.

If most of this sounds rather heart-felt and a bit soppy, Stein pledges his magazine will have a distinctly male

tone, "marked by self-deprecation and humor, often approaching emotional issues — as we men tend to do — by indirection or inference."

If Stein has a gripe about how other magazines have presented the subject of fatherhood, it is that some articles have come across so "starry-eyed" that "they don't sound like men talking."

Fathers combats that tendency with writing like this from Gordon Fairweather, on waiting for his daughter to come home from a date:

"Even though the streetlight was filtered by a full-leafed elm, I could see that they were kissing. *Going at it*. Right after the shock came the nagging little voice of restraint. There I was, after all, spying. This is what 15-year-olds do, isn't it? And, too, if I were Nick's father, I might not quite be shouting 'go for it,' but mightn't I be thinking it?"

Or this, from author Larry King, which sounds like something you'd hear in a corner bar:

"There's just damn little you can teach them. Some kids turn out sorry as puke no matter what."

With such down-to-earth voices talking about modern fatherhood, Stein and his retinue hope their readers — both male and female — will find fathers anything but booooring.

Do ENNL readers have anything they want to ask a REAL JOURNALIST? Here's your chance! Write Tom @ ENNL



IN CASE YOU EVER NEED TO WRITE OR DE-CIPHER ANYTHING IN CODE, HERE IS ONE.

A	B	C	K	L	N	O	P	X	Y
D	E	F	J	M	Q	R	S	W	Z
G	H	I			T	U	V		

L J J < U A Q O J J 7 7 7 E ?

From THE ILLINOIS TIMES,
June 19-26, 1986

Civilization in your own backyard

Find "Europe" this summer on a do-it-yourself bus tour of Springfield

text and photos by Rich Shereikis

The invitation came when the United States' bombing of Libya was still fresh in the news. "Grand Tour of Europe," it announced on the first page of a fold-up packet of tickets. "Travel Now! First Class Transportation & Libations Included With Your Ticket!" said the second card. "TRAVEL WITH . . . EXPERIENCED TOUR GUIDES," it promised, and it told us we must provide only a "PASSPORT or other document to clear immigration at port of entry," plus an "adventurous spirit," plus some food to share in a designated country, in our case Holland. This was, we were told, the "Second Quadrennial" tour, "REPEAT-

ED BY POPULAR DEMAND," featuring "OLD SIGHTS!" and "NEW SITES!"

As the packet unfolded, we found plugs for Switzerland, "Classical Greece," Spain, Scotland, London, Italy, Ireland, France, the British Isles, Holland, "Highlights of Egypt," and Germany ("romantic heartland of Europe"). A note on the last page informed us of "some changes in the itinerary" because "since 1982, both Norway and Scotland have been leveled," which was news to us, although we hadn't watched the news for more than a week and might have missed it. It didn't mention that it cost anything, so



During the bus tour's stop in "Scotland," customs officer Jim Miller and tour directors Rose Marie Roach, Anna May Smith, and Jackie Jackson join James Jervis for his performance on the bagpipes.

we called the RSVP number to see what was up, who was behind this ambitious plan to fly in the teeth of terrorist threats and international tensions.

What we got were instructions. "Come to the Cox House on the Sangamon State campus," we were told. "You're in charge of Holland. Bring along an appropriate Dutch snack and some kind of Dutch entertainment. We'll provide the drinks. We'll be on tour for about six hours."

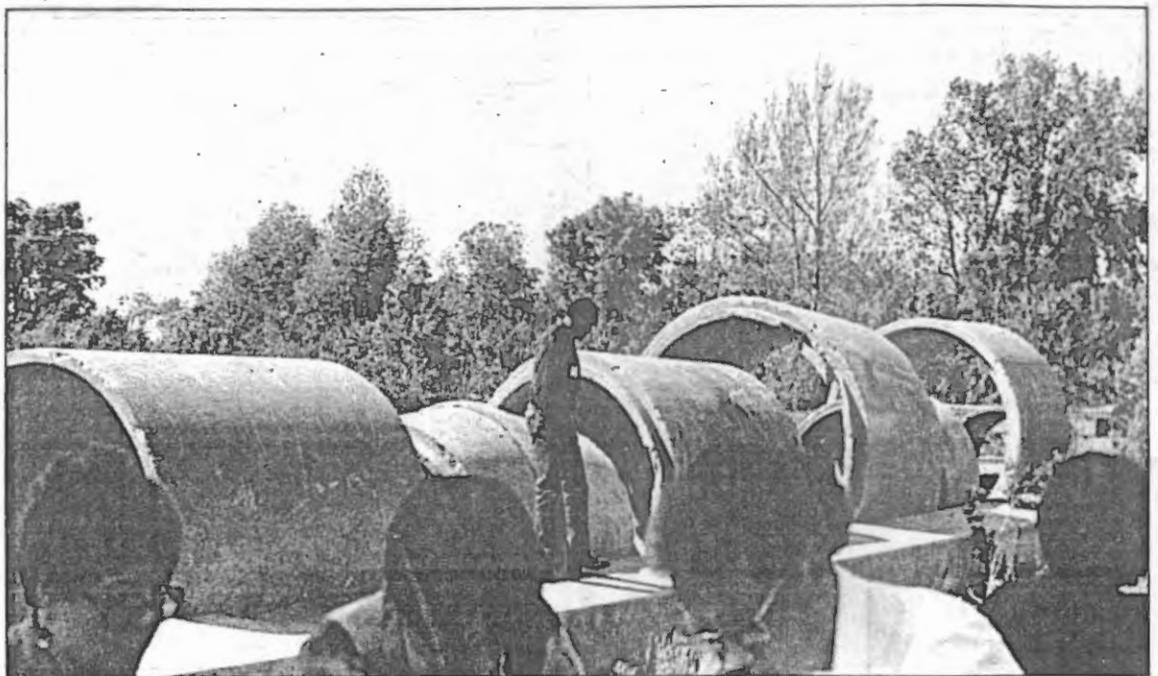
The travel agent was Jackie Jackson, professor of literature at Sangamon State and a writer of children's books and books about writing. She had conceived the first tour in 1982, she said, when she heard that the old "Castle" on Ninth Street north of St. John's hospital was going to be torn down. "Thinking about the Castle going down galvanized the idea," said Jackson. "It seemed like such a wonderful relic. And that made

me think of a party I'd heard of once, organized by a bunch of faculty from Beloit College. They rented a bus and went on an 'international' tour of some local sites that were reminiscent of foreign countries, with appropriate food and entertainment. I thought that would be fun to do in Springfield, too, so I dreamed up that first tour, with help from some friends. I rented a bus, bought different kinds of beverages, and assigned

different people to come up with entertainments and snacks for each site. I wish I could say it was my idea originally, but I have to admit I stole it from the Beloit faculty."

We checked in at the Cox House, with Anna May Smith and Rose Marie Roach, Jackson's fellow sponsors and tour guides, marshaling us through the registration process. Jim Miller, Roach's husband, served as customs officer. Veterans of the '82 trip, seasoned and resilient, took it casually. Some of the rookies expressed puzzlement, even anxiety, about where the day was heading. "Just hang loose," they were told. "Things will clear up as we move along."

After boarding, the bus made a short trip to the pond on the north side of the SSU campus. Several lawn-sized windmills, borrowed from a local garden store, teetered in the stiff breeze, near some willow trees. Jackson and her staff unloaded a card table from the bus, with some bottles of a Dutch chocolate liqueur. Dutch cheeses and some crackers were unwrapped, along with a package of windmill cookies. An empty cup suggested donations, since this was, after all, a "Dutch Treat." The tourists snacked and sipped, and then plowed through a tedious but original ballad about the Dutch which began "While you might think there isn't much/That can be said about the Dutch"—and went downhill from there. (You try to say something interesting about Holland.) Then, with the card



Homer Butler examines the ruins of "Classical Greece" located behind the Furrow building on South Sixth Street.

table folded and the bottles emptied or capped, the crowd reboarded, bound for "Classical Greece," led in song by tour director Jackson.

With things divided this way," said Jackson, "it really isn't that expensive. Rosie, Anna May, and I split the cost of the bus, which came to \$116 to haul fifty people around all day, plus the drinks we bought, maybe a couple of bottles for each stop. When you figure it out, it only comes to a few dollars for each

traveler, which is pretty cheap entertainment. And then, what each group works up as a snack for each stop gives it variety, and the entertainments are fun, and sometimes even educational—if not for the whole group, at least for the ones who organize them."

Classical Greece" turned out to be a barren lot behind the Furrow building on South Sixth, distinguished by some gigantic concrete sewer pipes, the crumbling relics of an earlier age. There

was a tossed Greek salad, full of olives and nicely dressed, and several bottles of ouzo, the anise-flavored favorite of the modern Greeks, at least, which gave a noticeable boost to the travelers' spirits. The entertainment was appropriate—a reading of Aeschylus in the original, which none understood but all acknowledged as elevating, especially those who sampled the ouzo most frequently.

From the sublimity of Greece, the group was whisked to the earthiness of Ireland, the parking lot of a well-known north

side Irish saloon. Some Irish li-queur and a moving tenor solo of "Danny Boy" brought the tourists nearly to tears before they departed for a short junket to Scotland, in the heart of a nearby cemetery. As the bus pulled up to a rustic tower, the mournful wails of a bagpipe hung in the air, and a kilted piper marched sedately on a nearby walkway. Between the scotch and the snacks and the bagpipe's tunes, the crowd was both soothed and inspired, strengthened for the remainder of the rigorous trip.

continued on next page ▶

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I had checked with the owner of the Irish pub at eleven the night before," said Jackson, "to make sure he'd be open when we got there on Sunday afternoon. He had a beautiful stained-glass illuminated leprechaun inside, and I thought that would make a good stop for us. That and the washrooms. But when we got there, of course, there was no one there, so we just had to stay in the parking lot. I should have known better. One of the travelers told me that afternoon, 'Never trust what an Irishman says at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night.' But the Scots, of course, didn't let us down. As someone said, when she saw the bagpiper, 'The Scots may be dour, but they're dependable.'"

The tour seemed to accelerate after the Scottish high. Next was ancient England, at a Stonehenge-ish tomb in the cemetery, where the travelers gnawed on bones (chicken) and sipped some ale (both alcoholic and nonalcoholic) and learned some local lore involving the former Illinois governor buried there. Then it was on to Egypt, where a reading about the pyramids from Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* complemented the impressive forty-foot-tall pillar which marks the resting place of Mattie Rayburn, the second wife of a nineteenth-century Methodist bishop of some sort from Williamsville. Then it was on to Italy, somewhere north on Walnut Street toward the airport,

where the group learned about the Italianizing of names, sampled a beverage made from hazelnuts, and walked the length of the aqueduct, which, according to Jackson, had been "sadly compromised" by recent construction.

From there, it was on to "Hyde Park" in Washington Park, where a Chaucerian recitation ended the day's entertainments. Finally, as dusk settled, the group came full circle back to the Cox House and a massive Germanic potluck, complete with potato salads, sausages, and kraut.

From what I can gather, Mattie Rayburn's story is a real piece of local color," said Jackson. "Her husband was the bishop of some Methodist splinter group—the Pilgrim Movement—who operated out of Williamsville and Springfield in the 1860s. She was his second wife, and somehow or other he got a reputation for advocating 'free love,' and he was all but expelled from the community for his ways. Mattie's stone gives her birthdate and date of death—1836-1891—and the inscription 'What God has joined, let no man put asunder.' As I've heard it, the bishop had Mattie put up on this huge pedestal, her figure facing Williamsville, so that she could spend eternity 'looking down on those who had looked down on her.' The bishop himself is apparently buried somewhere in Europe. However much of it is true, it's a great story, I think."



And a nice addition to an entertaining day. Some of us are too broke to think about a real international trip. Some, too cheap. Some, too lazy or scared,

given the international situation. All of us get too earnest at times. "The Grand Tour of Europe" was a nice break from all that, and a creative way to

celebrate the spring. As you might guess, fantasies are some of Jackie Jackson's favorite kinds of literature.

In "Egypt," travelers visit the memorial of Mattie Rayburn, wife of a nineteenth-century Methodist bishop who (the story goes) will spend eternity "looking down on those who had looked down on her."

MEGAN + DROWNING, FROM P. 1
to dive; the man's buddies showed up, then family, reporters, TV cameras, etc. Betty Wright, magnificent neighbor, kept an eye on Megan and when the divers finally located the body, whisked her to the Wright cottage so she didn't have to see it come up. The day was windless, the lake calm, the man was ALONE, NO life jacket, NO floatation cushion. He must've stood up, in order to overturn, fall in. (He had a bruise.) His group had been partying, he might have had too much to drink, but no report on that. He hadn't taken off his heavy jacket or boots. A Williamstown man, 30 yrs. old, Megan + Betty Wright went to the Visitation, it was sad, and a hard thing to do. M. says all the neighbors were splendid - Walshes, Lisa Brackett, Dr. Lautman the coroner, the rescue squad. But she adds wistfully "But it would have been nice to be a heroine" - is haunted by not having been able to save him. Yes... but I am deeply thankful that Betty Wright didn't call to report two drownings. It was too late when she heard him and she was alone.

Re the above trip, which happened abt Chernobyl time, Megan said, "Tell them you planned to take them to the Ukraine ... Clinton [the nearby nuclear power plant] but your travel agent advised against it." (Also re above: party cost more than R.S. understood.)

As many of you know, the ENNL ed. is at Beloit, working on The Round Barn magnum opus, with RAD and VWD's help. One of the delights is digging through mounds of stuff from attic & office, and finding kernals among the chaff: Here is Ron writing to his father, WJD, 12/30/37, ab't buying in to the milk business: ". . . this is your enterprise and the last thing I would want to do would be to perplex you in handling it. I enjoy my work and association with you. Any thing you do about this is O.K. with me. My feeling toward you is much like the one I voiced to Vera last night about wives. She read me about a prize contest in which the contestants were to tell what sort of wives they liked in 200 words. I told her it was too many words. Five would be enough. Vera bristled up and said, "Couldn't you write 200 words about me?" I said sure, but why use so many when five would do. "I like what I got."

Jackie, defleating Cover, Fleur's Miquity Mouse: "It's been a terrible summer for fleas!" R.A.D.: "Depends on your point of view!"

The cartoon below is dedicated to Carol Dell:



NEWS BRIEFS

Beloit Eloise Marston supplied Chez Naus with 2 puff balls big as basket balls! Craig & Barbara ate till their eyes bulged.

Japan Chad & Eva Ursh will soon be there, with friends Winklemans, Iuk

in Japan, I in China, I in Hong Kong. JJ was touch-

ed to be invited, but stay-

ed behind to write. Now w/ RAD's operation, it's good to be here. Bon Voyage, dear Wink!

Austria JJ was invited to give a paper at a peace conference for educators, in Lun-

sbruck, late Nov., but turned it down for some reason above.

She's also postponing England till spring, when she hopes to bicycle again.

SxH. Nancy Ranyard's finally removed all her stuff from the back room at Sdb!

Calif. Carol Ranyard & Mark Bilyeu have finally gotten married!

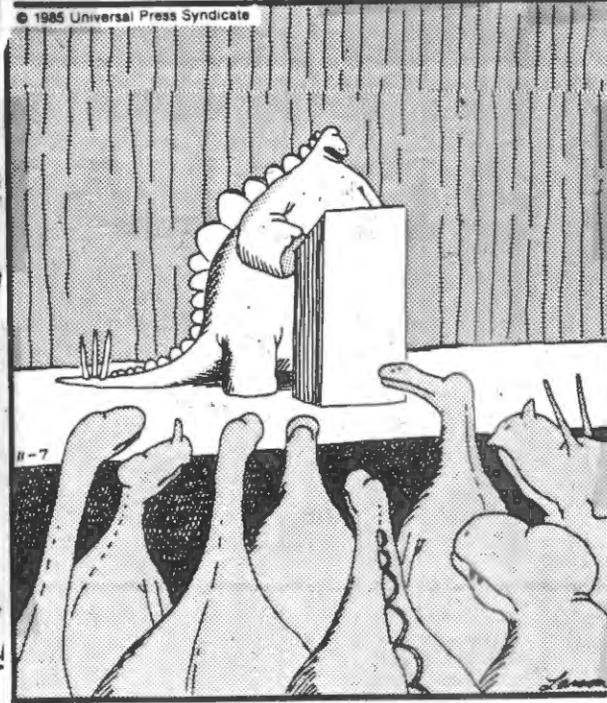
Spring Green, WI. Damaris Jackson had 9 quilts up in a health food restaurant/cafe in this noted village.

JJ, Joan Schmidt, Wendy Baylor Sch drove over to have lunch, & admire the quilts. Great food, great view! A serene dipitous bonus was meeting Demi & Suzie's friend Sarah, who's a cobbler.

Beloit The ENNLEd is happy to report that if you accidentally swallow a heart worm pill, it won't hurt you.

Beloit RAD, looking over last issue of ENNLE "Leonardo need have no worries about computer art,"

Minneapolis Karl Andrew Schmidt, S, recently phoned his great-grandparents to tell them he is sending them his kindergarten photo.



"The picture's pretty bleak, gentlemen. ... The world's climates are changing, the mammals are taking over, and we all have a brain about the size of a walnut."

Beloit: JJ & RAD had the pleasure of hearing their hero, Stephen Jay Gould, paleontologist of Harvard, in a lecture at Beloit College. He autographed all RAD's books, which we re-commend: *Ever Since Darwin*, *The Panda's Thumb*, etc.,

COUSINS CLICK!

Chicago That's the word we got, any way, when Ellie Jackson & Trevor Dougan met in Chicago recently, some 20 years after one whopped the other over the head w/ a bottle. This time one whopped the other in backgammon, & a good time was had by all.

CREAMY EYETALIANS VISIT FARM - 7th DAY BAPTISTS.

Janesville & Beloit: And not once, but twice! Paul Campagna & June Campagna Sch. fer came to the 7th D. B. headquarters at J'ville, where Paul showed his slides & told, to an eager SDB group, of his finding the SDB Shanghai mission, founded by Nathan & Olive Wardner. (See last ENNLE.) Mig brought along the famed Chi-

na Box papers, which thrilled us all, & we'll soon have Xeroxs. ENNLEd & Jo Schmidt attended, & our clan was esp. charmed by the gentle enthusiasm of an elderly woman who'd lived at the Mission till 18, who recognized every picture. At lunch, Jo, Jack, Paul & Mig kept goading the waitress to tell us the s. dressings, in order to hear her say, "Creamy Eye-talian." Whispers Mig to Jo (re Paul) "You're sitting beside one!" Paul & Mig so enjoyed the buttermilk squash served at Dougas later that they made a return visit, & this time Mig remembered her family (& new kitchen) pic.

FLUSHES 143 SLUGS DOWN THE TOILET

Minneapolis The late summer wet weather encouraged the slug population. Damaris Jackson plucked 143 out of the garden on return from Nova Scotia & flushed them all down the toilet. (No word on how many flushes it took.) Craig Dougan's Oregon gaggle of geese, including Aunt Rhody & Toulouse Goose (lame) are in mourning.

NO LONGER A HOLE

Jackson, Wyo. And a good thing too, since Wendy & Jeremy are moving there (P.O. Box 7494, ZIP 83001) & wouldn't want you to address letters to such a degrading name as formerly. Their exquisite hand-built Flagstaff house, now finished, & finally w/ running water, is for sale. Why leave? "The skiing's bum, & nobody came to visit us in Flagstaff." (*Apologies to Kate & Dick, Jo & Karl, who did.)

ONLY SPACE LEFT

And it's not enough, Craig & Barbara, to tell about your visit. Apologies, & next time!



RAD to JJ, as she was moving in for her sabbat: "Are you going to unload your car at once, or clutter things up a little at a time?"

