



A light broke in upon my brain, - It was the carol of a bird,
It ceased and then it came again, The sweetest song ear ever heard,
--George Gordon, Lord Byron

WE REMEMBER GRAM

R.A.D. SO ENJOYED THIS LETTER FROM JEREMY HE WANTS TO SHARE

2 July, 1988

Dear Grandpa,

I thought about you a lot the past week. I was sorry not to be able to make it to Wisconsin. But I was there in spirit. So was Wendy.

Gram had been ill for so long that her death was not a surprise. On the contrary, we've all been lucky that her health stayed as good as it did for so long. I have known that, but even so, I was much saddened this week. She's always been there before. I could look forward to seeing her. I'm sad to realize that I won't again. Not in this life.

I've been remembering her this week. A lot of images come to mind, but for some reason, the strongest one is from our Minnesota fishing trips on Crooked Lake. At Leo's place. My first visit there was just after first grade. I guess I was six. Thirty-two years ago. I had a broken arm from when Arty Stienon threw me down on the lawn and jumped on me. Having a cast on my left arm didn't seem to hurt my ability to hook a minnow on my line.

We stayed in a little cabin. I think it was you and Gram, Peter and me, and Mother and Dad. We had two canoes. Gram would sit in the bow of your canoe, Peter or me in the middle, and we would all fish for walleyes. She didn't seem to take it very seriously -- I mean she didn't concentrate as fixedly on her line as I did on my bobber, and I always thought it would help to will the fish to bite. That never seemed to bother her. She had a padded seat with a back on it and always read a book while she held her rod. It was usually Agatha Christie, wasn't it? And do I remember right that she usually caught the most fish?

You made up vulgar songs about Uncle George and Uncle Bert. We could hear them all over the lake. Peter and I loved the songs, even if we had no idea who these

TOM & THERESA'S WEDDING, AUG. 13

Madison, WI. It didn't get written up last issue, tho it had a headline, & the UNL Ed wasn't there. So she interviewed Ed & R.A.D. Tell me about Tom's wedding? R.A.D.: There was music, Karl read... "Ed: "What else?" R.A.D.: "I can't even remember the geography of my own mouth!" Ed: "Was the bride lovely?" R.A.D.: "Of course! And the groom radiant. And everywhere I looked were clusters of people who wouldn't be here if Vera and I hadn't got together in 1924. The great-grandchildren were whooping it up -- Jennie as the oldest was generally in charge, Sonja had long skirts & flowers in her hair - they all got with an open space at the foot of 3 tables, they were running, playing ring-around-the-rosy, giving high fives... Matthew took charge of me. I was sitting off at a little table, worried about meeting new people & not remembering names, and Matthew came & sat with me. I whispered that I had to go to the men's room. Matt led me by the hand (my cane in the other) located it, and (cont'd on p. 3)

uncles were.* The only uncle we knew was Crain. And each new song was punctuated by Gram. Without looking up from her book she would say "Oh Ron!" and her pretended disapproval was an essential part of our enjoyment.

Those were good times for me. You took me out one day fishing for trout in a little stream that flowed across the road. We put grasshoppers or something on our hooks -- at least you did. I figure I didn't do much fishing. I just tramped along behind you wondering if you knew where you were going, and in my six-year-old way, I was pretty sure you didn't. Then you confirmed my guess by saying "Gee, I wonder if we can find our way back to the road." I knew we could do it by walking back along the creek the way we had come, and I thought we should take the safe course, but you said "We can probably manage to find our way back before dark." And you took me on a round-about path through the woods. After a bit you stopped walking. "Which way do you think the road is?" you asked. I didn't know. But I started to worry. We went on a bit. You stopped again. "Haven't we been here before?" you said. "You know, when you walk in circles it's a sure sign you're lost." Now I was scared.

You had caught a trout. It was all of five inches long, a real sardine among fish. You pulled it out of your creel and said "Do you think we can survive on this until they find us?" I didn't think it was worth keeping. You proved me wrong that evening at the cabin. Of course we found the car. It took me thirty years to figure it out that you knew where we were all along. You were just pulling my leg. Weren't you? Hmm... We were probably all of 200 yards from the road the whole time, but when you're six years old that's as good as several miles. I thought we'd escaped with our lives, and put it down as a lesson that I should pay attention to where you were dragging me from then on. I don't know whether that had any real influence on me, but it's true that I never get lost in the woods now, and I do it by keeping close track of how to get back. Thanks for the lesson.

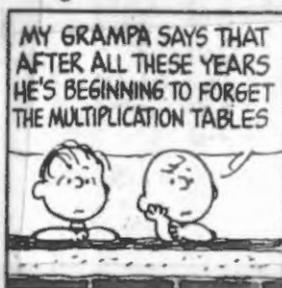
Well anyway, the fish. It was too small to clean, and to me that meant it was too small to eat. But you fried it with great fanfare, and held it by the tail and ate it in one bite, fins and guts and head and all! I was grossed out. So was Peter, and that's really saying something.

And we all know what Gram said. She said "Oh Ron!" and she smiled because she liked those little tricks as much as the rest of us.

I will miss her. I already do. I feel lucky to have had her for a grandmother. She won't be forgotten.

I know everyone is clamoring to have you visit, and you'll probably go out to New Brunswick for lobster this summer. I sure would. Even so, please put Jackson on your list of places to visit. Jackie said she wants to visit, but she doesn't know when. Maybe we can talk you both into coming at the same time. Our house is plenty big, the scenery is nice and there are a few trout in the river out here. I promise you can eat one guts and all if you want. But I'll happily clean one too.

*See p. 9 Love, Jeremy + Wendy (uncles.)



This article was way last April, but that never bothers the Empty Nest. Since then, Pat & Lew have had a successful 2nd season of the St. Andrews Summer Festival.

Dalvits enjoy Canadian life

WITH ALL THE recent publicity about the Jackson Symphony Orchestra, many are inquiring: "What happened to Lew? Where is Lew?" Referring, of course, to the much-loved former Symphony conductor Lewis Dalvit.

We "put a tracer" on him and his wife Pat, and found them having an exciting time immersed in a creative new life helping to establish a "Banff of the East" in St. Andrews-By-The-Sea, New Brunswick, Canada.

St. Andrews is a beautiful little resort city situated on the Canadian/U.S. border less than half an hour from the Maine border and attracts great numbers of tourists from May through October.

Lew is the executive director of the St. Andrews Arts Council and is also the artistic director and conductor of the St. Andrews-By-The-Sea Centre for Performing Arts and its related Summer Arts Festival.

ONE OF THE main objectives of the Centre is to encourage the work of regional, national and international artists, as well as serving both sides of the border in creating opportunities for young people to study and to perform.

Lew is seeing one of his dreams come true with this summer's International Summer Arts Festival which will feature two opera performances, two ballet companies, the Montreal String Quartet, Festival Symphony Orchestra, piano workshop, and several professional recitals.

Next summer Dalvit's Arts Council is planning to add seaside symphony performances similar to the reservoir concert which he established here in Jackson and which Pepsi subsequently sponsored as the "Pepsi Pops."

Their log cabin home, which is surrounded by 130 wooded acres and overlooks the beautiful Bay of Fundy, was built almost entirely by Lew and Pat, from the cutting of the trees to the laying of an immense stone fireplace. At low tide, Pat can walk a short distance through their yard, climb down to the sea, and catch a lobster for dinner! (SHHH!)

LEW AND PAT have traveled to Europe several times and recently returned from a trip to Hawaii where Lew was the assistant conductor of the Honolulu Symphony when he was practically a youngster. But they are never too busy to welcome visitors to their home like good friends Iris and Army Brown who traveled to St. Andrews last summer to attend the festival's Aida performance by the Surry Opera Company.

Peter Jennings recently covered



Visiting with the Dalvits were (from left, standing) Iris and Army Brown; (front) Pat, granddaughter Anne, and Lewis

this impressive company in a human interest segment for ABC. The enthusiastic 100 voice chorus, which sings in German, Italian and Russian, is made up of the border population's local residents including such unlikely singers as bearded fishermen and blueberry pickers, many of whom had never heard an aria before their recruitment for the opera chorus.

THESE RUGGED individuals have been turned into opera stars in their own right. Yes, opera stars! These "diamonds in the rough" will perform twice during the St. An-



Lewis Dalvit



Pat and Lewis Dalvit shown on a trip to Hawaii

draws arts festival as well as at Wolf Trap and traveling to Russia again this fall for their third Russian tour!

The Dalvits' daughter Jackie Guthrie and her husband Lee are parents of four-year-old Anne and have recently adopted a five-month-old Korean boy David Myung-Woo. The Dalvits' younger daughter Stephanie McPhillips and her husband Tom are parents of one-year-old Sean and are expecting their second child momentarily. Stephanie will receive her PhD in May.

An eating disorder specialist, she has developed a highly successful treatment for anorexia and bulimia. Both Jackie and Stephanie and their families will spend part of the summer with Lew and Pat in Canada this year.



**IN MEMORIAM
VERA WARDNER DOUGAN
1895 - 1988**

Vera Wardner Dougan was born in Chicago, educated at MacMurray College, the American Conservatory and Kendall College of the Arts. Her enthusiasm, purpose of direction and leadership in a roster of clubs and organizations began in 1926. Her affiliations with Treble Clef, the Wisconsin Federation and the National Federation of Music Clubs eventually led to her election as president of the NFMCC. During her term she spoke in every state in the nation.

Innovations in Mrs. Dougan's illustrious career as musician and educator are: the founding of the Beloit Symphony Guild and becoming its first president; inaugurating "The Crusade for Strings"; instituting the Folk Music Archives; and the sponsorship of the Annual Parade of American Music by the NFMCC. The Vera Wardner Dougan Endowment Fund was established by the NFMCC and the purpose of the fund is to administer scholarships and awards to further the careers of striving and worthy artists. These recipients performed at the Peninsula Music Festival each year and received the awards from Mrs. Dougan. Currently the award is presented at the NFMCC convention.

More than twenty citations and honors including the honorary Doctorate of Music from MacMurray College and the Theodora Youman's Citizenship Award from the Wisconsin Federation of Woman's Club have been bestowed on Vera Wardner Dougan. During Dwight Eisenhower's presidency, Mrs. Dougan served on the People to People Committee and was a Fellow in the International Institute of Arts and Letters. She served for eight years on the American Symphony Orchestra League board of directors.

The Beloit-Janesville Symphony Orchestra honored Mrs. Dougan at the concert held November 23, 1982, and established the concertmaster's chair in her name. The Beloit Symphony Guild honored her as founder in 1985 on the occasion of the guild's twenty-fifth anniversary. Dr. Crawford Gates characterized her life as a marvelous contribution to the cultural life of the community.

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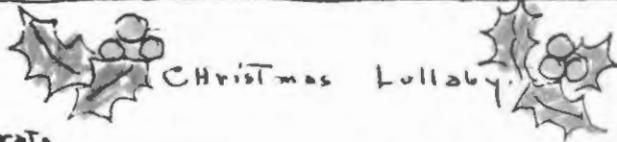
RAD CONFUSED AT FUNERAL! Beloit. This story got omitted from Mom's memorial issue. At her funeral, ushers handed out programs of the service (we published one in ENNL) Dad tried to follow his, and got more & more puzzled & bewildered. Finally he looked at it carefully & discovered it was from a funeral the previous day, of a man he knew (not well) who for many years was a local clown, professional name, Twinkle Toes, and his whole funeral had a clown motif. Mom would've whooped!

MOM RECEIVES TRIBUTES

Beloit The Beloit-Janesville Symphony dedicated their Oct. 4 concert to Mom, & there were nice notices in the paper. Crawford spoke at the concert. The sheet at left was a program insert. Dad attended, along with Jo & Karl & Mimi Dalvit. Also Margaret & Adam Lem. Janesville On Oct. 13, the Wis. Fed. of Music Clubs held their all-day 1st District meeting, & they had a whole program honoring Mom, which you can see below. Martha's remarks I'll print elsewhere in this issue, also the words & music to Mom's lovely Lullaby, which many have requested, & which you may want to make part of your Christmas carol repertoire. Jo & Lola played achingly beautifully, and Jo on the Bist du Bei Mir; Eudy & Helen sang at their best, the tributes were lovely. I raced from Spfld to get there, & got a ticket; the cop was dubious that I was going to a memorial service for my mother! There were wandering string players at the luncheon, abt 15 high schoolers, Mom would've loved it. And I saw the strength of the Federation -- Keeping quality music alive and part of our lives at a grass-roots level; the Federation is the local clubs. Mom's friends from Kenosha, etc. were there. I bless Mom again, for seeing to it that I (and my sibs) had so much music... I came up w/ Dad, she was moved, as we all were. He looked great in a new suit Jo & Karl helped him pick out. Mom would've liked that, too. . . . Many letters came

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V.M.D.

CHRISTMAS Lullaby

Vera Wardner Dougan

Moderato

Sleep, little baby, The daylight is fading, Dim yellow stars the dark heavens adorn;

Once, long ago, in a Bethlehem manger, The little Lord Jesus was born.

Lull-a-by, Lull-a-by — Sleep, little Baby, Sleep.

Ritard

Lull-a-by, Lull-a-by — Sleep, little Baby sleep.

(D#) (D#) (G# B) (E G#) (F#)



G.I. Century Brand

LULLABY

For little Vera Joan's first Christmas

Sleep little baby, the daylight is fading;
 Dim yellow stars the dark heavens adorn;
 Once, long ago, in a Bethlehem manger
 The Little Lord Jesus was born.
 Lullaby, lullaby, sleep little baby, sleep.

Sleep little baby, my arms are about thee,
 A circle of love which enfolds thee secure;
 So Mary cradled the wee baby Jesus,
 The little Lord Jesus, so pure.
 Lullaby, lullaby, sleep little baby, sleep.

Sleep little baby, thine eyelids are drooping,
 Thy warm, tender body relaxing to rest;
 Jesus thus slept in the arms of sweet Mary,
 His dear little head on her breast.
 Lullaby, lullaby, sleep little baby, sleep.

Here it is, every body; your Christmas present, Gram's Lullaby. People at the 1st District W.F.M.C. Club Memorial Service wanted it, so I've fixed it for all of you. It's in her own hand; I shrank it, and had to reconstruct some damaged staves. There may be some mistakes, but all you musicians can figure them out. This would have been written in 1925, since Jo was born March 6, 1925.



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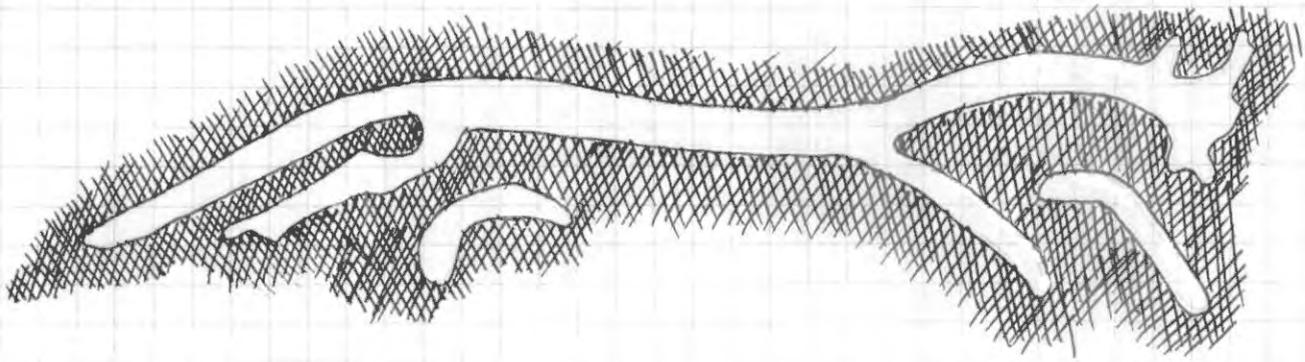
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MAGGIE LEADS ENGLAND CLASS TO WHITE HORSE

Ridgeway, Oxon, England. In the last issue of ENNL, many of you reported enjoying the Cerne Abbas giant writeup & photos. There are more chalk carvings on the English downs, some recent, some more ancient than Cerne Abbas. Perhaps the most ancient is the White Horse of Uffington, near Oxford, definitely prehistoric, and which long-time friend, ENNL reader, & downs-walker Maggie Devereux introduced me to, a number of years ago. This past June we picked up Maggie & took her with us to the White Horse. Maggie was our guide for an unforgettable walk along the Ridgeway, an ancient footpath that goes many miles along the top of the downs, commanding a view on either side. We walked to Wayland's Smithy, the name of the ancient burial mound which could be the model for the barrow wight's barrow in Tolkien's Tom Bombadil chapter in the Rings. It was there we celebrated Tolkien. Visitors are able to climb into the stone burial chambers (excavated!) -- then we hiked back to the bronze-age hill fort above the White Horse, and on to the views of the chalk carving that doesn't resemble a horse unless seen (best) from the air, or from a distance. There, Maggie read us the following essay. The wind was strong but warm, the sky sunny, the larks singing, and the sheep baa-ing from ram bass to lamb treble. It was a perfect day, & we had the perfect guide. The class ate at the White Horse Pub, at a country crossroads, but Maggie & I & our coach driver picknicked in the grass, with a view of the White Horse. And back at Maggie's house on Third Acre Rise, we saw the wall hanging of the White Horse, now completed. The class was ecstatic at the day. This is the sort of thing ordinary tours can't do: the White Horse, Ridgeway, Wayland's Smithy, AND Maggie! Thank you, Maggie!

(I, too, following Maggie's example, don't ask people if they want to see it - just take them!)

The White Horse Hill.

My love affair with the White Horse Hill began during the late '50s. A friend drove us to see this historic landmark and we solemnly walked around the ramparts enjoying the bright clear day and the views of the ridgeway and downland above, and the Vale of the White Horse spread out below. Ever since then I have been drawn to it as if to a magnet. Somehow it has got to me, and I when I have an odd hour to steal along the winding roads of the Vale, I return to the Hill as often as my busy life allows. When I have visitors from abroad who are just passing through, after the streets of Oxford, they must come to enjoy the Hill. I don't ask if they want to see it, I just take them and, as they are kindred spirits, they like to be there, too.

We stand on the highest fold of the green ramparts that enclose the wide sheep meadow and look west towards Swindon. With a west wind blowing a skyfull of clouds, we are sailing through the ^{sky} to the Bristol Channel. North and East lies the Vale of the White Horse with a pattern of field and woodland. A train speeds Didcot on its way along the valley bottom and we follow its progress as it plays hide and ~~peek~~ behind the trees and villages. We walk eastwards towards the Horse and the ground falls away and we are above the deep hollow of the Manger. The thin soil on the chalk has slipped into ripples on its sides. It is a ^{place} for sheep but not the plough. Was the ~~soil~~ ^{soil} scooped out of this bowl to build the dragon mound? This landmark is surely man made, with its flat top and sloping sides. It might have been built to make a platform to view the ancient symbol of the horsemen, but like the tower of Babel it was abandoned before it reached the height needed. To view the White Horse from the ground, the nearest place we ever found was from a haystack at the corner of the crossroads where the exit road from the site crosses the main road from Wantage, which skirts the north of the downs. Farther away beyond Uffington, the Horse can be seen from the Oxford to Swindon highroad, and from a railway carriage. To see it at close range, there are the photos taken from a helicopter hovering above

BITS & PIECES

Mrs. Next time we'll tell you abt Demi's 4 pp. article in Threads, and her various shows.

West Bend RAD visited Katie & Dick Yde, Sonja, Josh & Ben, Dec 10-11; saw Josh in a church play. Josh loves 1st grade. Recently a neighbor girl snuck up & stuck a plant bud in his ear. Took a specialist 2 minutes to retrieve it. Later, he had to have \$118 worth of stitches in his chin! Katie is doing stained glass work, selling on consignment thru a store;

KATIE YDE
 Custom Stained Glass
 (414) 338-3134
 1354 Sylvan Way
 West Bend, WI 53095

Give her your stained glass business! (Nice Xmas & birthday gifts!) She's also playing in an orchestra. ^{Great!} Kate! Northwestern Ellie has been accepted at Kellogg Business School, rated by NY Times (or Wall St J?) as best in country. Bebit RAD commenting on ENNL Ed's dog, Muffie: "How can she lie around all day and not read anything?"

← Continued on p. 6.

White Horse, cont'd.

the hill. Why ancient men cut this symbol for the gods of the upper air alone to view is one of the unsolved mysteries which intrigue an inquiring mind. This aerial view is printed on the sign post that warns us that sacred ground lies ahead, where footsteps are discouraged by the present guardians, the National Trust. When Berkshire lost the site to Oxfordshire, there were fears that somehow the site would suffer. The motor car has increased the number of visitors. So it is fortunate that a body with wide experience of preserving the site and coping with its visitors has control. The visitor looks at some chalk-bottomed grooves and tries to match them to the picture on signpost. It is not satisfactory. When we turn our back on it and climb up to the ramparts, we are once more aware of ancient human handiwork. The great sheep field is enclosed in a roughly rectangular rampart of wall and ditch and lower wall, dug from the hill and moulded by time and weather into a grassy dip for children to roll and tumble down the steep sides. O yes, I've gone down them, too. When the winds are strong, the shelter of the dip suddenly surrounds you as you crouch below the rim. It is a pleasant retreat to eat our sandwiches and apples on a summer's day.

The ramparts cut off this piece of grassland from the hills around it and you are aware of the sky and the turf. In spring, it is filled with the songs of skylarks soaring up into infinity above our heads. I have been in the field when the November clouds are sitting down on it and the grass is brittle with hoar frost. It is a wonderful place to fly kites. The air flows over the hill like a sea surge and you can feel it flow through your fingers and tug at your clothes. Sometimes there are the black-faced sheep busily munching or tuning their orchestra of baaing in protest at human disturbance. Seldom we are reminded of the warring times when tribesmen sheltered here or of the great horse fairs of past centuries.

Sometimes there is water lying on the field and we troop around the perimeter on the top of the higher fold of rampart, looking down on the ancient ridgeway to the south. Beyond it are the downlands that change colour with the seasons, soft brown and white at ploughing time and flowing greens when growing and golden for harvest. As we turn to the west we see the clump of trees that stand over Wayland's smithy. If we have time, we tramp along the old highway to view its ancient stones. After rain, the track is muddy and filled with standing water. When it is dry and dusty, the heat is trapped between the hedges and the walk is longer. One day, there was a green parrot in the hedge, its plumage had probably saved it from predators. On the return to the car park, we stop for a drink and look across the fields to the army training school at Shrivenham. The distance has dwarfed it so much that it blends into the country round about. One Sunday morning there was a light carriage, horse-drawn and gleaming in the sunlight. Beside it stood a girl and two men in clothes of the last century, waiting for a film crew to record part of a children's serial for T.V. Another Sunday there was a caravan which had parked there overnight and the couple were having their breakfast before leaving for pastures new. They looked cold and touselled by discomfort. The car park is too exposed for creature comfort. (Cont'd on p.10)

NEWS NOTES

NYC. Ellie Jackson & Bob Gynn flew out to the Big Apple to have a terrific Thanksgiving w/ Tim & Chris Veach. While there they saw Marcus & Megan McGuire, visited the Cloisters, Museum of Mod. Art, etc. (Ellie put it all away at NY office.)
 WYO. ENNL readership has just increased by 100% in Wyoming, while only decreasing 16 2/3% in Minnesota. Phil & Mel Kendall have moved to Powell, Wyo, where Phil is now proxy of a jr. college.
 Germany Paul Campagna has been battling all around the Black Forest region of Germany (Bad Herrenalb) recently - where all us Wardners came from. He followed Carol & her Roy Wardner's trail to Waidner cousins, found some new stuff & people, & I'll report more when I find my notes!
 Somewhere when people ask RAD how to get a hold of Pat & Lewie Dalvit he responds, "God only knows and I'm not in such close communication that I can get addresses!"



Ron Dougan on land that hosted Farm Progress Days in 1961.

Farm event lured by quality in '61

By MIKE SHAW
 Daily News staff writer

When Farm Progress Days returns to Rock County next week, Ronald Dougan of rural Beloit may feel a sense of deja vu.

After all, he's walked those fields before.

From Oct. 4 to Oct. 6, 1961, the Dougan farm was the site of the last Wisconsin Farm Progress Days held in Rock County. The farm is located three miles east of Beloit on Colley Road.

Next Tuesday, Metcalf Farms east of Janesville opens its pastures to the annual showcase of the latest and greatest in farm equipment and techniques.

"The original organizing committee arrived at our farm as having the best location for the kind of display they wanted," Dougan said. "They picked me because I was a

good farmer. And with my seed corn business, I was happy to have everyone come down."

Dougan grew up on what he calls the "Round Barn Farm," his family's homestead about 1 1/2 miles west of his current farm.

In 1938, Dougan ventured out on his own, raising oats, milking 120 to 150 cows at various times and running his private seed corn business.

The Dougan Dairy was a family operation every step of the way, from milking to marketing.

It also was one of the first local farms to pipe milk underground from the animal barns to the processing plant. In addition, the Dougan corn operation pioneered the use of contouring to slow down runoff water flowing downhill in the fields.

Those impressive agricultural credentials made Dougan Farms a

natural choice to host Farm Progress Days.

Dougan delegated responsibility for the event to LeRoy Viehman, who worked for Dougan as a seed corn salesman and organizer of his fair displays.

Viehman, who was general chairman of the show, and other organizing committee members attended the 1960 Farm Progress Days in Marshfield to gather ideas.

"I released him for about three months to do what he had to do," Dougan recalled.

The 1961 show covered 1,000 acres on Dougan's property and the neighboring Donald Lang farm. Dougan has retired from farming, but still owns and rents 200 acres of land.

About 150,000 spectators and 120 exhibitors attended the 1961 show, with the exhibition grounds spread out over a 30-acre field west of

Dougan's farmhouse.

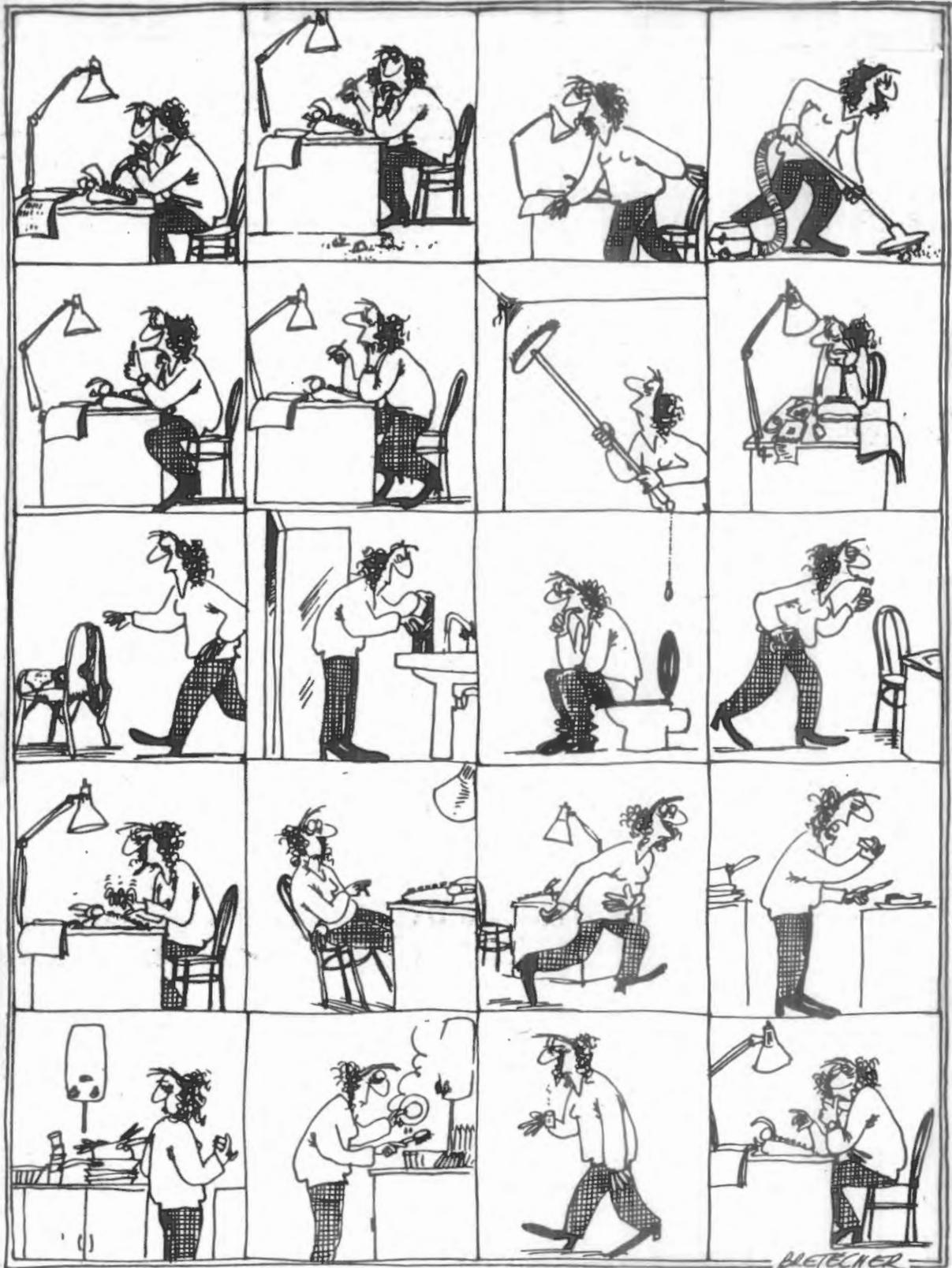
One day, Dougan saw a friend from the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture strolling the grounds and invited him to lunch. The state official asked if he could bring a friend to the meal and Dougan agreed, without a second thought.

The "friend" turned out to be none other than then-Gov. Warren Knowles.

When all the fields were cleared, all the crowds gone, all the books balanced, the show was a resounding success, Dougan said.

The 1961 Farm Progress Days was the first to turn a profit. As a result, Rock County did not have to pay off any debt, like other hosting counties had done in the past.

"They even turned some money back," Dougan said. "Everybody thought it was quite a show. Everybody was very happy with it."



"Creation," from *Frustration* by Claire Bretecher

DAMARIS HAS 114 (COUNT 'EM!) CURES ^{FOR THE ABOVE}

Mips. Yes, she's written with fabric folk in mind, but they'll adapt for all us ENNL reader creative types. So here's a holiday gift from Demi, and who will contribute # 115? # 116? # 117?

WAYS TO GET YOURSELF INTO THE STUDIO (OR DOWN TO THE TYPEWRITER, ETC.)

(Thought up by Damaris Jackson while avoiding getting into the studio.)

1. Leave something unfinished--it's more enticing to have something in mind to work on.
2. Work on more than one thing at once--they feed each other.
3. Take a class. Screen it first, but more structure, can show off, get feedback.
4. Lie on floor, relax, (listen to music or take a catnap), wait till an idea comes to mind. (As you do it, others will pop up.)
5. Write a letter to someone about "where you're at."
6. Write in journal, ditto. 7. Call someone up, ditto.
8. Look at your space with fresh eyes. Pretend your studio is someone else's space and you can do whatever you want!
9. GO to someone else's space and work there.
10. Have someone come to your space and bring their work. (Or use your stuff.)

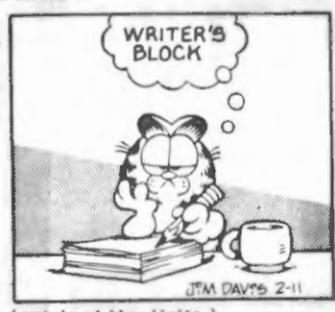
only 104 to go!


11. Collaborate.
12. Work out a time routine for a week and take notes on how it feels and what works so you have info on how to set up the next week.
13. Set a time limit: "If I work 2 hours in a day I won't let myself feel guilty about not working more."
14. Clean the space.
15. Decide for the day that you need therapy and this is all therapy anyway.
16. PLAN STIMULATION:
17. Field Trips (as rewards for working a couple hours?)
Museums
Out for coffee with other artists
ask to interview another artist about motivation/ time management.
Library? Art library.
Quilt meetings/ clubs/ show-and-tell-parties/magazines/books...
Take a long walk
18. Drink 10 cups of tea/ coffee. (Keep pot in space? Ritual herb tea drink only while working?)
19. Create rituals for space? Dress in "artist" clothes/ smock... put on certain music, work during certain TV or radio show.
20. Unplug the telephone
21. Do a warm-up/ make yourself up:
Jump around and make funny noises
make a hard phone call
try drawing something really stupid/rude/ugly
cold shower
Exercise tape
Draw big ideas in air (body/mind connections)
22. Contract to call someone up when you begin work just to say you are doing it (maybe call when finish too)
23. Buy new supplies
24. Put lots of work on the walls: yours, other people's, magazine ideas, etc. (Or keep bulletin board for constant reminder of ideas)
25. Keep an idea notebook/ folder. Look through it when stuck.
26. Decide to sit and brainstorm a lot of ideas. Write down the dumb ones too: they lead to unexpected new ideas, or strike you differently later.
27. Make a time-map. Examine it for BALANCE.
28. Draw pictures of yourself working.
29. Go to a place that makes you pensive (A view, by waves, water/ certain music...)
30. Pretend to be someone else. What would you do/make if you were them?
31. Make something for someone else specific (or general). What would that person like? How do they think/ see the world?
32. Take commissions. (\$ is a good incentive. Don't have client pay too much till piece is finished. Deadlines help too, if reasonable.)
33. Plan rewards (When finish project can go out to eat, YMCA, visit someone, spend \$, read a book, take bath, go to beach...)
34. Break a hard project down into manageable, simple steps. Expect self to only do one per working day, then can do something different.
35. Start a Salon. *as a business.*
36. Set up an experience for yourself that you then interpret in your art (an hour with eyes closed, exploring. Visit somewhere unusual, a factory?... some interesting elderly person? Arboretum? Dance concert? Do this with a group and see what each person comes up with?)
37. Create a challenge project that more than one person responds to (an assignment)
38. Teach a class yourself to get help figuring out your own ideas. To get feedback, see what others do with your ideas.
39. Have an "Unfinished Works" night. Others can help you get unstuck.
40. Ask someone over to talk to you about "what they see" in a finished or unfinished piece. (Solicit feedback. Drag someone home from the store with you.)
41. Set up a deadline:
Special day to give it to someone
Schedule a show/ performance
Dinner party where want piece to be in place.
Plan a vacation (One tries to finish everything before leaving town.)
42. Allow yourself to "go away" for awhile. ie not to work, think about work.
43. Learn something in another area ie science, astronomy, wildflowers...
44. Listen to learning tapes while work: Languages, talking books...
45. Go on a retreat. Find a way to have time alone for 2 or three days...
46. Try a studio in the house or vice-versa. Share a studio.
47. Re-design studio space.
48. Try regular hours. Contract time with family.
49. Try to pinpoint voices in yourself that are other people's expectations: judges, friends, parents, our culture, having to be "good" before something is even visualized ie not being allowed to fail, try something different...write these voices on a piece of paper and stamp on it.)
50. Alcohol? Spinning in place? Running? Caffeine? Don't get carried away with these.
51. Set up a list of exercises or experiments. Don't expect a finished project, just play.
Do "quickies" before settling into long, meticulous work. Vary tasks.
52. Make something useful as well as "good" or "beautiful" or "hard"... (It is a happier incentive.)
53. Think about presenting work to a place where it will be seen. (Hang around waiting for comments)
54. Steal someone else's idea and do it better/ faster/ your way...
55. Cancel something else: guilt makes doing something else useful more appealing.
56. Work very early or late when the world is sleeping.
57. Try to make something AMFUL.
58. Change clothes. Make/ design a "studio costume"
59. Rip up what you are working on.
60. Make appointments in the space (early in the day.)
61. Work on peripheral stuff; correspondence, finances, etc.
62. Set up times for above so guilt doesn't get in way. (contain w/ time limits.)
63. Get someone else to give you some challenges/ tell you what they see you doing
64. Decide on what your identity is. Write it down. You can always change it, but it gives you something to go on.

WAYS TO GET YOURSELF INTO THE STUDIO (CONT'D) (No III is good!)



65. Do something entirely different in space. Party, picnic, treasure hunt. Have a studio warming, ritual about what want space to be, *make it dreams for the space?*
66. Think about how want space to feel (versus what things one wants) and only then think about how to make it that way. *What are your dreams for the space?*
67. Pay someone else to use your space.
68. Make space public. "Walkin visitors. A gallery?"
69. Find a benefactor/tress/ grants...
70. Keep lots of paper and markers by telephone. Doodle become ideas without even trying.
71. Think about spiritual connections with your work. Beauty is enough? To praise god? Appreciate "wasted" items by using them? Helping or inspiring others...meditative time for self?
72. Play upbeat music.
73. Don't call what you do "Art". Call it "project" or "experiment" or "Mucking about"
74. Get a friend to write a review of your work in return for writing one about them. (article?) Send it in!
75. Write all kinds of outrageous reviews about self and paste them up.
76. Change lighting. Work by candlelight.
77. Remember that if you could do what you are doing perfectly, you would be bored, prob. wouldn't be doing it. *as first time*
78. Hire someone to help file/clean up.
79. Find out how to work with tools, do big projects. More skills = more sense of power, self confidence. (help someone build a house!)
80. Wear your art outside studio.
81. Switch to another art form for a while. Its interesting to translate one to the other.
82. Do self portrait.
83. Work in more than one medium. They feed each-other.
84. Study history of the field.
85. Borrow your stuff back for a show/ photo session. Its a boost to see a lot of your work together. (Keep photos of, review sometimes, notice tendencies, directions that you wouldn't notice otherwise.)
86. Have some goals. Reasonable ones. (Evenif goal is to not have goals!)
87. Change your identity.
88. Put encouraging notes to self on refrigerator.
89. Keep your breakfast cereal there.
90. Have someone else promise you a reward if you reach a certain goal.
91. Choose to spend a set, regular time in space with no strings attached: can read think, just sit in space...
92. Organize or go on a studio tour.
93. Bring some kids into the space, let them make what they want. They will love it, you will see possibilities through their eyes.
94. Tell everyone you are going to make something so that they keep asking about it...
95. Cut up your work and turn it into something else.
96. Pretend you are under house arrest, or only have one year to live.
97. Set limitations, don't try to do too many new things at once.
98. Invite a lot of critics/ critical people to dinner. Let them do all the talking. (Don't have to show your work, just see "art" through their eyes for an hour, see what you think about it.)
99. Pay yourself a little Mad Money per day ? hour?
100. Make a piece in memory of someone/thing.
101. Find a market or a need for what you do.
102. Work for posterity.
105. Pray for inspiration.
104. Set up lots of other responsibilities/tasks that you like doing less than quilting.
- Carpool. Have someone check in on you to see if you are working.
- Do "Mail" art. It invokes response.
- Find out how other cultures and times view(ed) art/ artists.
- Keep a pet in studio.
- Bring/keep all the good snacks in the space. (avoid LOWS in space. *though,* If studio out of house, call pizza place with studio address, then get there fast!)
- Auction old pieces and unwanted supplies for \$ = new inspiration and less cluttered space.
- Mail or lock self in. (Or out. You will want back in after a week.)
112. Develop laryngitis/sprained ankle so can't do other job(s).
113. Illustrate something. Communicate only thru drawing (letters, conversation *tion*)
114. Tell everyone you are on vacation, then live in studio. HOW TO GET OUT OF STUDIO? SOMEONE ELSE'S TURN TO WRITE!





--AND AT SSU, THE YAKS ARE MIGRATING. R.A.D. says he hopes I've enjoyed my job at SSU & have many happy memories.

UNCLE GEORGE AND UNCLE BERT (see Jeremy, P. 1)

About those uncles Jeremy & Peter didn't know, except for the verses ("Oh, Ron!"). Eunice Trever, my grand mother, Jer & Pete's great grand mother, was the 10th of 12 children who came over from England in 1869, when Eunice was 6 months. Rose, then Bert, the baby of the family, were born here. George was the oldest boy. He grew up to be a Methodist minister, actually was at Beloit for a stint, which is why Eunice had a year at Beloit High, living with her brother's family. George is reputed to have once been preaching so vigorously that his teeth flew out onto the lap of a parishoner in the front row, & George said, "Would Mrs. Jones please pass the plate?" George ended up as president of a Negro college in Atlanta, and bought a pecan grove with the money he'd promised to lend his bro-in-law Wesson (WJD) to build the round barn. He lost the money, whereas the Needham sisters, WJD's cousins, who made the loan, got all theirs back, with interst. The Lord has ways. Uncle Bert grew up to be head of the History Dept at Lawrence College and wrote a 2 vol. textbook on ancient history which is still one of the best in the field. Trever Hall on that campus is named after him, & at its dedication there were T-shirts with his picture silkscreened on, wreathed with his marvelous name, "Albert Augustus Trever" and "De Profundis." I have one in my possession. Ron says one of his pleas was as a boy was riding with Uncle George. Uncle Bert on trips, and listening to the two of them go at it hammer & tongs about the Bible, esp. Genesis. George was a rabid fundamentalist, while Bert was a Darwinist. (Ron did the same with his mother, arguing w/ her while she cooked - she perched on the flour bin.) (WJD, also a Meth. minister, was an evolutionist. I have a sermon of his extolling the wonders of creation as revealed through Geology!) Bert had a great sense of humor, & was a wonderful uncle & much beloved. I never knew George. Bert always said there had to be a lot of Semitic blood in the Trever line, because the Trever noses were definitely not Irish or English. Which brings me to the scurrilous verses Ron & Craig made up, that Pete and Jeremy so enjoyed. There must be 20 or 30 verses, to the tune of Humoresque; I can only recall the 1st couplet: "Uncle George and Uncle Bert, They picked their noses till they hurt..."

("Oh, Ron!...") Uncle Craig, can you supply us with any more choice lines?

DRS, NURSES LEARN SOMETHING!
Duluth We misspelled Megan Eli Sabath, born to Dawn & Julie Schmidt, Sept 29, '81 11 oz, 22" long, soft brown hair, dark blue eyes. She looks a bouncy babe, in a photo of her son, quiet. In August, at the Door County group honeymoon, sister-in-law Wendy Baylor told Julie what the Navahos do, when a baby is coming posteriorly (W. was a midwife on a reservation.) The baby should come out face down, & if not, they rock. At Megan's birth, Julie learned she was presenting posteriorly so without a word to her dr. & nurses, she got up on her hands & knees in the birthing room, humped her back, & rocked. Then she lay back down, & Megan came out properly! Hah!

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION
 Send to EMPTY NEST for a gift boxed magnifying glass, to enjoy more fully your favorite newsletter. Or order one for a loved one. Order now! Supply limited.

Charging that a pattern and practice of sexual harassment exists at SSU, seven faculty members filed charges against President Durward Long and the Board of Regents Tuesday.

After filing their charges with the Illinois Human Rights Department, the faculty members held a news conference announcing their actions. Faculty Senator Pat Langley explained that the BOR's failure to impose proper disciplinary action against Long was a deciding factor in filing the charges.

"The charges allege that Durward Long and the BOR have created a hostile, offensive, and intimidating working environment..." she said.

Along with Langley, faculty members John Collins, Hugh Harris, Norman Hinton, Jacqueline Jackson, Richard Shereikis and Phyllis Walden filed charges.

Caves of Mystery

From Canadian magazine *Equinox*, Mar/Apr '88,
 A team of Canadians seeks adventure in
 —and beneath— one of China's most
 celebrated landscapes

This is the start of professional fallout from Jeremy & Wendy's 8 months in the Himalayas, with preliminary visit to China.
 Article by Jeremy Schmidt

Paul Griffiths disappeared, and I did not like the place he went. He swam there, across an underground lake into a dark hole. I watched his light recede down that dripping tunnel, the ceiling almost touching his head as he swam. Then the light was gone. Ten minutes later, I was still waiting, undecided, waist-deep in cold water under a Chinese mountain. Not a sound came from the tunnel. Kevin Roberts splashed out to join me, his face invisible behind the glare of his carbide headlamp. "Paul!" he shouted. The darkness swallowed his voice without so much as an echo. If Griffiths answered, we could not hear him. "I guess it goes somewhere," said Roberts, but he made no move. On the shore, the shadowy figure of Chen Yang, our Chinese companion, struck a comic pose, huddling over the tiny flame of his lamp as if over a campfire. It was only half in jest. We were all shivering from the cold; we had been in the cave for hours. The entrance was a long, hard way back, and only Griffiths was properly dressed. I knew I had to move or risk hypothermia. I remembered what Griffiths had told me about terror in caving. He said that of all the hazards cavers face, the most serious, and

(Wendy stayed above ground.) the most common cause of death, was water. "Things can go wrong, and you don't get a second chance."

He had encountered the acid rush of panic himself. It had happened in British Columbia, in a tunnel much like the one we now stood before. Using scuba gear and following a hand line through a flooded cave, he had surfaced into a tiny pocket of air scarcely larger than his head. He hung there, his helmet bumping the cave ceiling as a slight current pulled at his legs. He sank back under the surface, eager to move on, but found the water opaque with silt. "I couldn't see where I came from or where I was going. The weight of rock above was crushing me. I had trouble breathing. I thought, 'God, this must be what a person who's claustrophobic feels.'"

I hoped he had not run into trouble here. The place seemed adequately hazardous — an unexplored passage with unknown currents. On the other hand, he was not diving; he was just swimming. And he had assured me that caving accidents were rare. Good cavers understood the risks and knew how to minimize them. Griffiths was a good caver. He loved being underground in new places. He had swum into the tunnel warbling with pleasure, aware that he

MAGGIE & WHITE HORSE (Concluded from p. 6)

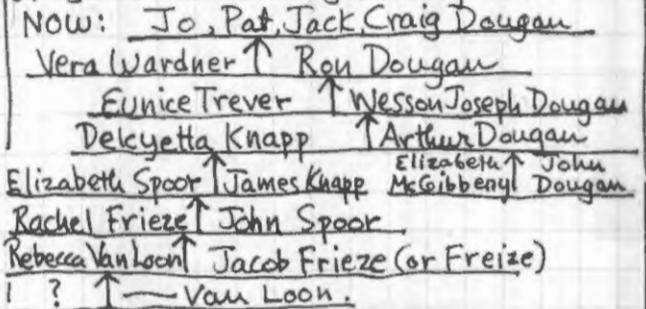
Not all my visiting friends are content with watching from the vantage points. If Lucy, my grandchild, is with me, we leave the strollers and take the narrow path beyond the Horse that leads down to the Dragon mound. The soil has been washed away and the ribbon of chalk can be very slippery. We scramble down and cross the narrow road to the flat-topped mound. Lucy looks at the bare patches and says they were made by the Dragon's blood. She says he couldn't be a very big dragon on such a small platform. We usually go back up the road to the car park in case the waiting adults are impatient to be off.

The tiny flowers that thrive beneath the level of the sheep cropping are not so plentiful as they once were. Clovers, vetch, and trefoil are common but harebells and quaking grass are pleasant surprises.

During the past few years, I have taken photos to record the textures of the Hill and the colours each season brings. I'm not an artist but I am trying to record my feelings about White Horse Hill in a wool rug to hang behind the settee when I am too old to visit it as often as I wish.

SOME DOUGAN GENEALOGY

which a lot of you can tap into at some point along the line. Put in your baby books!



The VanLoons were Hudson River Hollanders, came from Holland in early 1600's, settled in N.E. Pennsylvania. Note how this record goes back mainly through the women. Unusual!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU, AND EVERY LIVING ITEM ON THIS PLANET HAD ANCESTORS WHO DIDN'T GET WIPED OUT TILL AFTER THEY'D BREED? ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE PRIMORDIAL OOOZE? CAN YOU IMAGINE THE STAGGERING ODDS AGAINST THAT?

Speaking of Yaks; How About Llamas?
 Rock Co, JJ took RAD & Ellie to see 4 or 5 llamas on a farm beyond Clinton, discovered while she was bicycling. She shaved them the spot where the llamas always evacuated, in the pasture. Julie Hornbostel has a friend who owns llamas & takes them out on the trail, backpacking with guests. The llamas won't go on the trail, hold it till they get home, rush to the pasture, and then stand in line as one by one they take turns using the spot!



Marcia settles into her personal productivity center. (Quiz: Which of the 114 got her going?)

IS HE SINGING, RODNEY?

Beloit, early 40's. A former farm worker, Rodney Jennings, recalls this story about W.J. Dougan: A huge bull had to have his hooves treated by the vet. Rodney & others trussed him up & forced him onto his side in the barnyard. The bull didn't like this one bit, and was bellowing bloody murder. Grandpa (who most ENNL readers know was totally deaf) was supervising the proceedings, and he said to Rodney, "Is he singing, Rodney? Is he singing?"

Griffiths

would not have wanted to know what lay at the end of the passage. He was there for the unknown, the unexplored.

was, quite possibly, the first person ever to get so far into Crab Gate Cave.

Reluctantly, I plunged in. The tunnel narrowed quickly and the ceiling sloped so low that for a moment, I had to put my head underwater. Farther on, low-hanging stalactites forced me to turn sideways to squeeze through. There was nothing to stand on, nowhere to rest. I had to dog-paddle with no idea where I was going. For a caving novice, a curiosity seeker, the allure of exploration was beginning to lose its shine.

Griffiths, I was certain, would not have wanted to know what lay at the end of the passage. He was there for the unknown, the unexplored. Danger, cold and discomfort ignored, the lure of new ground pulled him on.

We had come to one of the best places in the world to find new ground, or new underground, I should say. We were in southern China near the ancient city of Guilin. Located in Guangxi Autonomous Region, Guilin was recorded as a town as early as 111 B.C., and for much of the time since then, it has apparently been a tourist attraction. Its landscape is the one most often associated with China - nearly vertical towers of limestone, bristling with vegetation, rise hundreds of feet above lush rice paddies and placid rivers. The very word for landscape is expressed in Chinese by the symbols representing mountain and water. Where the two occur together, there is, by definition, landscape.

To a scientist, the caves and pinnacles of Guilin are a prime example of karst topography, a landform characterized by spectacular erosion and found most commonly in areas of carbonate rock such as limestone. In China, carbonate rocks outcrop over 460,000 square miles (1.2 million km²), with substantially more buried under surface layers. Joints, cracks and fractures in the limestone provide places for water to flow and dissolve caverns. It happens all over the world, but regions of warm climate with plentiful water - like Guilin - are subject to more rapid erosion; therefore, bigger caves are found there than in, for example, British Columbia.

The towers are another matter. Their origin remains a subject of debate. Obviously, they are erosion sculptures, but why are the sides so steep? Why do some stand separately and distinctly on flat plains, while others rise in dense clusters? One popular thesis suggests that the answers lie in the rates of regional uplift and erosion, which vary almost as much as the explanations of geomorphologists.

Reputedly, every tower - and there are thousands - has at least one cave and maybe more. Some caves are well known, but

Jeremy & Caves, cont'd from p. 9. And

for you to explore the rest of this article, you'll have to seek it out in EQUINOX, March/April 1988, for this is all that ENNL is going to print!

many have never been entered, making southern China the most important karst region in the world to both scientists and cavers. The Chinese government has established a major research organization, the Institute of Karst Geology, in Guilin. Much of the work done there is basic research with an eye to practical applications, most of them involving water. Underground passages can be exploited as reservoirs and aqueducts, but only if they are fully mapped and understood. If not, construction projects can end in disaster.

"SLENDER FOOTHOLDS"

Therefore, the institute values contact with foreign researchers and cavers alike. In speleology, the methods of science and adventure go hand in hand. Our visit - facilitated by the president of the International Union of Speleology, Derek Ford of McMaster University, in Hamilton, Ontario - was intended mostly as a get-acquainted opportunity for Canadian cavers. It had elements of a social call; exploration would be preliminary in nature. But we knew that in China, there was always a good chance for new discoveries.

For me, anything would be new. I had long been curious about caving and its practitioners. Loren Eiseley, the famous naturalist, also wondered. He wrote about looking into a well: "Something that did not love the sun was down there, something that could walk through total darkness upon slender footholds over evil waters, something that had come down there by preference from above." He meant insects and arachnids, not people or spirits, but the same thought applied: What compelled a good-humoured, intelligent family man like Griffiths to spend, by his own reckoning, "most weekends for 20 years" crawling about underground? He did it with his wife and, in recent years, their children.

Our group was a mixed lot. It included three experienced cave explorers - Donovan Whistler, Paul Griffiths and Kevin Roberts, all members of the British Columbia Speleological Federation. It was their expedition, and they had kindly invited the rest of us. R.I.P. Hayman, a sinologist and China buff who lives in New York, joined us as interpreter and liaison. He had been to Guilin numerous times but had only seen the developed tourist caves. Photographer Patrick Morrow and his wife Baiba, from Kimberley, British Columbia, along with me and my wife Wendy, were at the start of an extended China tour. By visiting Guilin, we followed ancient tradition.

Since the Tang Dynasty, and probably earlier, the Chinese have loved Guilin.

Jeremy Schmitt

Patrick Morrow/Print Light

MARTHA GAUMON'S TRIBUTE TO MOM AT THE 1ST DIST FED. MEETING

I would like to give this tribute to both Vera and Ron Dougan. It was together that they created the unique home that produced wonderful vital children and it was together that they made visiting their home such an experience.

My first association with this remarkable family was as a child playing with the children of Lewis and Pat Dalvit. At that time Lewis was teaching at ^{College} Milton where my father was head of the music dept. The symphony that Lewis and Pat and the Dougans founded was very young then. I remember my father's admiration and respect for the Dougans and their generous support of the ^{College} Milton Music Dept.

Much later after the Dalvits had left and I went to ^{College} Milton I became great friends with another of their grandchildren, Damaris Jackson. And her mother, Jackie Jackson. Here again is evidence of exciting stimulating people who were then and are now still very much involved in music and the arts. Demi is a violinist, dancer and quilter.

It was really then that I actually got to meet the patriarchs of this fascinating family. I visited the Dougan farm on a number of occasions with Demi and my soon-to-be husband Jim. We enjoyed their wonderful hospitality and the great mealtimes where vital conversation and funny stories were part of the menu. Everywhere around them was evidence of their interest in everything and especially in music. Both the Dougans were not merely the grandparents of a friend of mine, they took special interest in all the young people that seemed to flow in and out of their home.

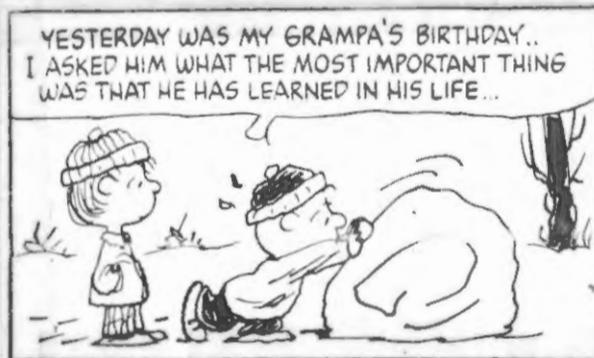
Together Vera and Ron have sparked the community and beyond in their support of music. Vera drove it home to all of us but Ron was always at her side. I visited the Dougan home before the recent BJSO concert to get a photo of Vera. Ron showed me some wonderful shots of the two of them. They shared a great life and their ^{commitment to the arts and to life} is still visible all around the farm, in all the people they have touched, and in all their off-spring who carry it on.

GRANDPA TRAVELS-HEADS FOR THE NORTH

Lowell, WI. On Labor Day weekend Jackie found a letter of Aunt Lillian's, saying she wanted to be buried beside her father in the Prairie Grove cemetery near Lowell. Leaving Lillian's remains in the Dougan plot in the Beloit Cemetery, RAD, Jackie & Ellie hopped in the car and drove through the golden countryside in search of Arthur. With considerable luck we found the cemetery on a tiny back road (a v. small cemetery). Ellie immediately spotted the tombstone of John & Elizabeth (McGibbeny) Dougan, her gr-gr-great grandparents, surrounded by other Dougans, then off by the fence, her Gr-Great Grandfather, RAD's grandfather, Arthur. We found a grave of a daughter of Arthur, sister of W.J., who died at 3-- Agnes Augusta-- and Jane, Arthur's sister, who died in childbirth at 22, along with her babe. Later we phoned a Dougan cousin, Frey, who lives in Lowell. We'll visit her another time. She's one we know of, but don't know (The RAD has met her).
MINNEAPOLIS HO!

Mpls. In Oct., Jackie & RAD drove to the Twin Cities, making two Wisconsin stops to see two men who'd worked on the Farm, Rod Jennings in the early '40's and Quentin Bowea in the early '20's. Then on for a great visit with Demi & Suzie M, admiring their still-producing garden, the organization of the house for D's studio & S's study,

all the conveniences S. has built & designed. We ate whole grain muffins & organic chickens eggplant & veggies. Walked in Powderhorn Park. Visited the catacombs at the "Depth of Field"



fabric store, where Demi bosses her crew of futon makers. Went to the Unitarian church Sun AM where Demi was playing viola in a magnificent Beethoven concert (the church has a 1st rate orchestra.) Suzie had a take-home exam, & came up for a fair now & then during the weekend. Cheswick the cat behaved like a kitten, streaking through the house. We slept dormitory style on the floor; Grandpa had the bedroom. My eyes were level w/ Demi's quilt hanging over the ironing board, called "NOT EVERYBODY SWIMS LAPS" and I enjoyed studying all the lap & non-lap swimming figures on their watery material. Grandpa read an autobiog. of ex-Mormon feminist, Sandra Johnson; prompted much discussion. **VISIT HATHAWAYS & FRANCIS.** We wish it'd been longer! We had a scrumptious brunch with ENNL readers Dorothy & Bill & Will Hathaway, & Francis Perlmutter. Mary Brown from Ely was there; much good food, & talk of fishing in northern Minnesota in days gone by. We'll come again, stay longer. **POLLY & SAM ENTERTAIN** And, we spent a super aft/eve with ENNL readers (& cousins) the Mers Kys. Polly put on a roast leg of lamb feast, & we burst buttons. Besides RAD, JJ, Demi & Suz, guests were 1st cousins Jerry & Debbie Dougan, & more distant D. cousins, Joy & Arlene Johnson. We were suddenly immersed in Dougan genealogy & ancient pix, with **STORIES** for some



of the ancestors! To be printed here soon, along with the family line for all Dougan baby books. Discovered everybody had made separate visits to the Prairie Grove cemetery in the last year! And we thought we'd made a discovery,



ENNL ED GOES WEST. SF, Nov 17 Met Alison Walsh at her office, thence to her condo of the white couch + blue rug, for a toothsome salad + spaghetti dinner, great evening w/ spectacular view out over SF. Didn't meet Paul. Charcoal the cat got in a big fight establishing territory in new neighborhood, + talked about it loudly all night. Alison put me on bus Nov. 18, noon, while taking Charcoal to the vet. Arrived Santa Cruz, Megan met me on her bike, we walked to her apt. She'd borrowed a bike for me, I'd brought my helmet. Events at Santa Cruz: Rode to see tidal pods + annoyed the anemones; visited the monarch butterflies (Tons of thousands hanging from the eucalyptus trees like swarming bees); beach walks + cliff top walks, walk 3 mi to hot tub one rainy night, + tub out of commission; visit Megan's illustration class, + loved Megan's cat-by-the-stove, reading Cat Tales + eating Mousie Nibbles; dinner on the wharf with crab green-lipped mussels; no time to shop, so ate a bit of oatmeal (delicious, with maple syrup); visited Megan's job slung around all day (Do you know that Columbus + his men committed genocide?); visited Barb Lewis + her three daughters; went to an ecological happening called "FISHES" + took Megan's fish mobile to show; went to a cartoon festival; knocked out a contact lens on the street in the dark (a branch hit me) and MEGAN FOUND IT! in about 5 minutes. We had fun, AND: ANNABELLE DIRKS; CHRIS AND TIM DIRKS

Santa Cruz On Sunday, while Megan was working on her illustration, Annabelle fetched me + drove me up into the redwoods. We took a little steam railway train, that climbed + climbed, surrounded by the incredibly tall trees. It was awesome - beautiful - enchanted. And a long trip! Annabelle drove me through the Santa Cruz campus, + we fetched Megan for dinner. A great day! Then Weds., Megan + I went over for a pre-Thanksgiving with Annabelle, + twins Chris + Tim Dirks, + A's housemate from Japan. Tim is teaching/teaching at a private girls' school, Chris is writing the catalogue -- which takes a lot of scholarship + being a Renaissance man -- for a firm that sells documents; letters, autographs, signed pictures, etc. I studied the catalogue + it's fascinating. Dougau sibs, what ever happened to the letter Ruth Plumly Thompson sent us? It's worth money now! But not anywhere near what a Marilyn Monroe brings! It was another splendid evening. On Thanksgiving, equipped with rented car + boughten chains, Megan + I drove to Reno; trees in the mountains were snow covered + glittering in the sunshine, we needed no chains. Breath taking views! Arrived early at Gillian, Cressida + Joe's house. It's on a hill and looks out over Reno to the mountains, as fine a view as Alison's! (and Annabelle's, out over Santa Cruz. Megan, alas, sees an alley + a backyard.) Cress showed us how she could ride a bike! and Gillian served up a full Thanksgiving meal: turkey, stuffing, gravy, broccilli, salad, cranberry relish, pumpkin pies made from Halloween pumpkins. Joe's grandmother's banana bread. A scrumptious feast! We had visits from Skip Broten, Elaine Broten, Ingrid Keady + Cress's cousins Willie + John. We visited Joe's grand parents at their motel -- has adoll collection and old tools wall -- lots more character than a Holid. Inn! -- and also visited Ann + Bill Scott. Ann showed us the proofs of her new picture book, Someday Rider. (How about "Rider Some Day; Ann?... Jackie got hooked on a computer game where rocks fall down + bury "Willie" if you mis-step. She was also entranced with Joe's invented program, Crazy Mouse(?) which does remarkable things with colors + shapes, + struggled with a program when once it gets the hang of your style, it can take over your correspondence. Pant, pant! CRESSIE CAN READ! CRESSIE CAN WRITE! Cressie can balance on the top of the sofa. Another great visit. Megan + Jackie drove back over the mountains, no snow on the high way, but everywhere else. Viewed SF from Alison's balcony, ate out at A's frij, saw Melanie Hamblin + boyfriend, fed Charcoal his medicine, read sensational case historys (At Mother's Request, Salt Lake City murder of grand father by grandson), didn't meet Paul. Megan put me on my plane the next day, returned to Santa Cruz, + got a refund on the chains. I returned to flat + cold Illinois + lots of schoolwork, but fortified for it by the happiness of the trip. Dear ones, thank you, + I want to come again! Selah.

How Cold is it? THE ANNOTATED THERMOMETER

40 ← CALIFORNIANS SHIVER UNCONTROLLABLY, MINNESOTANS GO SWIMMING
← WATER FREEZES

30 ← You can see your breath.
← BOSTON WATER FREEZES
← CALIFORNIANS WEEP PITIABLY, MINNESOTANS EAT ICE CREAM
← You can hear your breath.
← N.Y. CITY WATER FREEZES

20 ← TOO COLD TO SWIM
← YOU NEED JUMPER CABLES TO GET THE CAR GOING

10 ← TOO COLD TO SKATE
← You can cut your breath and use it to build an igloo.

0 ← TOO COLD TO THOUGHT
← YOU NEED JUMPER CABLES TO GET THE DRIVER GOING

-10 ← THE MIGHTY MONONGAHELA FREEZES

-20 ← CALIFORNIANS DISAPPEAR, MINNESOTANS BUTTON TOP BUTTON...

-30 (THANKS TO MARION STOCKING'S CHRISTMAS NEWSLETTER!)

ITALIAN CARS DON'T START → 35
Politicians begin to worry about the homeless → 32

Cat insists on sleeping on your bed with you. → 25
Politicians begin to talk about the homeless → 15

YOU PLAN VACATION IN MEXICO → 10
Cat insists on sleeping in your bed with you → 5

YOU PLAN VACATION IN HUSTON → 5
AMERICAN CARS DON'T START → -5
Politicians actually do something about the homeless → -5

Cat insists on sleeping in your pajamas with you → -15
YOU PLAN A 2-WEEK HOT BATH → -20
JAPANESE CARS DON'T START → -25

YOUR KIDS CALL HOME FROM COLLEGE... → END OF THE WORLD NEAR...

DANZI GFR
The Oregon Science Monitor