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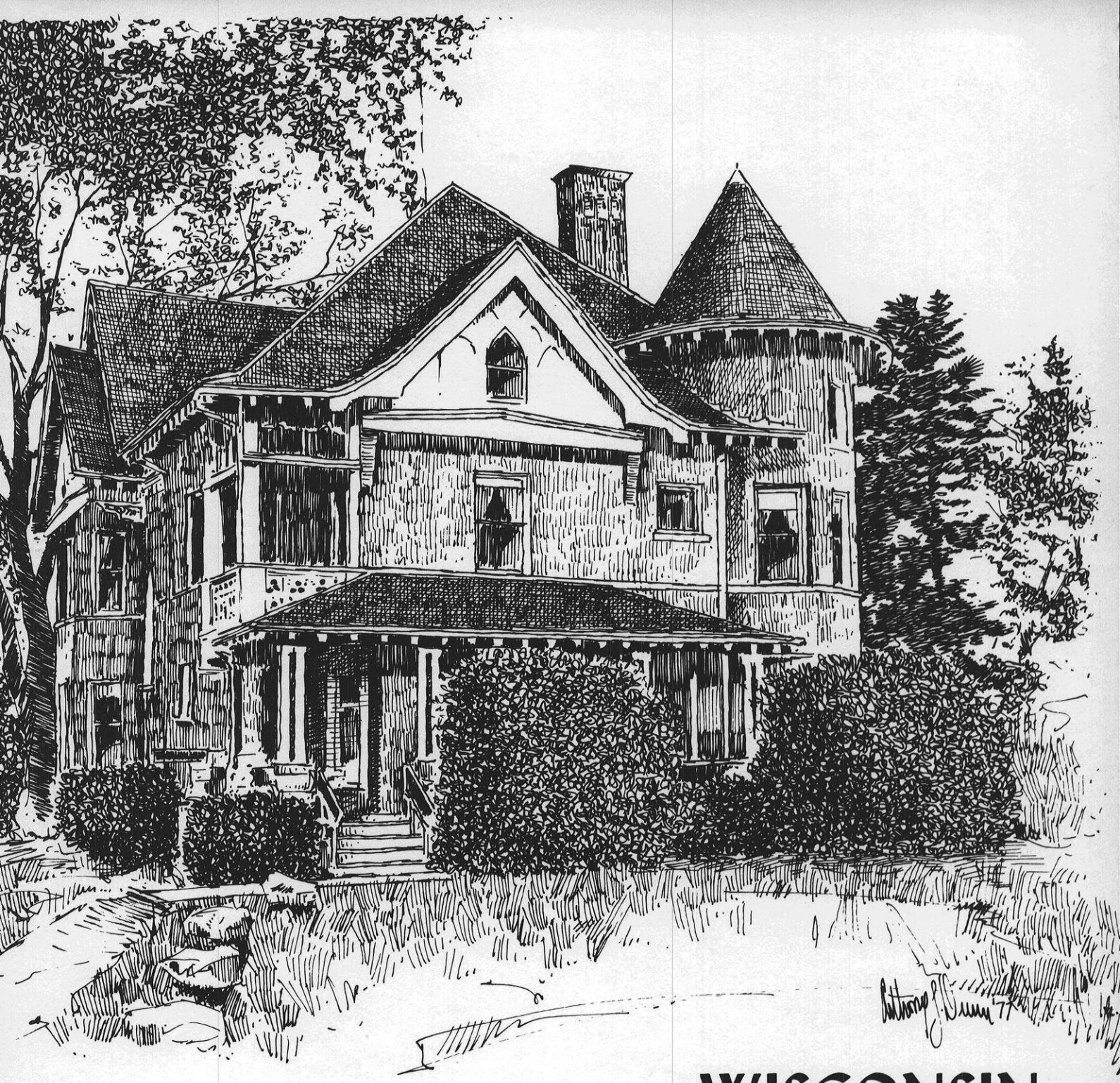

10 Babcock Drive

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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Volume 23, Number 3
June, 1977

Lilies of the Field

"To gild the lily" is a line from Shakespeare. Right?

Wrong. What the Bard of Avon wrote was: "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily . . . ."

Things sometimes just seem to get twisted around. Example: we've been on the receiving end of some compliments of late; our readers, for the most part, like what is happening with the *Wisconsin Academy Review.* Naturally, the editor takes kindly to such sentiment.

But let's set the record straight. The primary responsibility for the editing of manuscripts and the design and layout of the *Review* is in the capable hands of Managing Editor Elizabeth Durbin, who is also publications coordinator for the Academy. In our last issue, while Mrs. Durbin was easing into office, the lead was taken by a dear friend, Bonnie Bailey, of UW-Extension.

And then there are the contributors of articles, columns, poetry, and book reviews. None receives a dime or a dollar for bringing to the pages of this journal copy that has been, on several occasions, cited for awards by the Council for Wisconsin Writers (most recently, Marjorie Bitker and Arthur Hove.) Recognition and thanks must go also to Honorary President Elizabeth McCoy for past help in manuscript processing—and to staff members Nancy Ortiz, Sue Davis, and Carol Stewart for toilsome hours with mailing lists and an ornery addressing machine.

Here, gentle reader, are the Academy's own "lilies of the field." They toil and they spin, and thus does the Academy grow. We point them out, not paint them, for that would be, even as Shakespeare wrote, "to throw a perfume on the violet."

—*JB*

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The date of this issue is June, 1977.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 23, Number 3
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10 BABCOCK DRIVE

by Kathleen Cruikshank

A Visit with the Freds

by Elizabeth McCoy

Friends of Rosa and Edwin Fred will be delighted by this story of their home at 10 Babcock Drive. It is a fit setting for these gentle people and they share their enjoyment of it with their many friends. First there is a tour of the tomato garden, then a look at the wax begonia border called "Rosa's Necklace" and then (lucky visitors!) conversation on the wide veranda. Students wave, an officer in a passing squad car slows down and salutes, and Mr. Fred chuckles about his friends, the police. Then, *mirabile dictu*, a pair of wild mallard ducks alight at the front steps, may even hop onto the first step, and clearly say, "It's about that time," and it is. So they waddle along the driveway to the garage where they wait patiently and politely for a handout of corn. They have not long to wait.

Elizabeth McCoy, Emeritus Professor of Bacteriology at UW-Madison, was a graduate student under the guidance of E. B. Fred. She is a past and honorary president of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, and the editor of its scholarly periodical, **Transactions.**

Photo by Gary Schulz

Rosa and E.B. Fred share a quiet moment just before the start of his 90th birthday party celebrated with a host of friends at Van Hise Hall on March 22.

It was christened "Lake Dormer" when it was built and although today Lake Mendota is no longer visible from the north windows, the house at 10 Babcock Drive on the University of Wisconsin-Madison campus still possesses all the grace and charm of its era. The era was the 1890s, a period of tremendous growth for the University College of Agriculture under the guidance of William Arnon Henry, first dean of the College. The regents of the University, cognizant of the attractive offers of competing schools to lure Henry away, agreed to build the home to his specifications. Construction began in 1896.

Born at the century's midpoint, Henry came to the University in 1880 to become a professor of botany and to take charge of the work in agriculture. Under an 1866 legislative mandate the regents had secured 195 acres west of Mary Street (now Charter Street) and north of Sauk Road (now University Avenue) for a University farm. But there had been little academic development and the agriculture department at Henry's arrival consisted solely of the farm and the men who operated it. As Henry himself described it, "there was no office, laboratory, class-room equipment or other accommodation for investigation or instruction in agriculture. The department of agriculture was begun as an entity by placing a table and a couple of chairs in one of the rooms in the second story of the dwelling house at the University farm, other equipment being an inkstand, a little stationery and some record books."

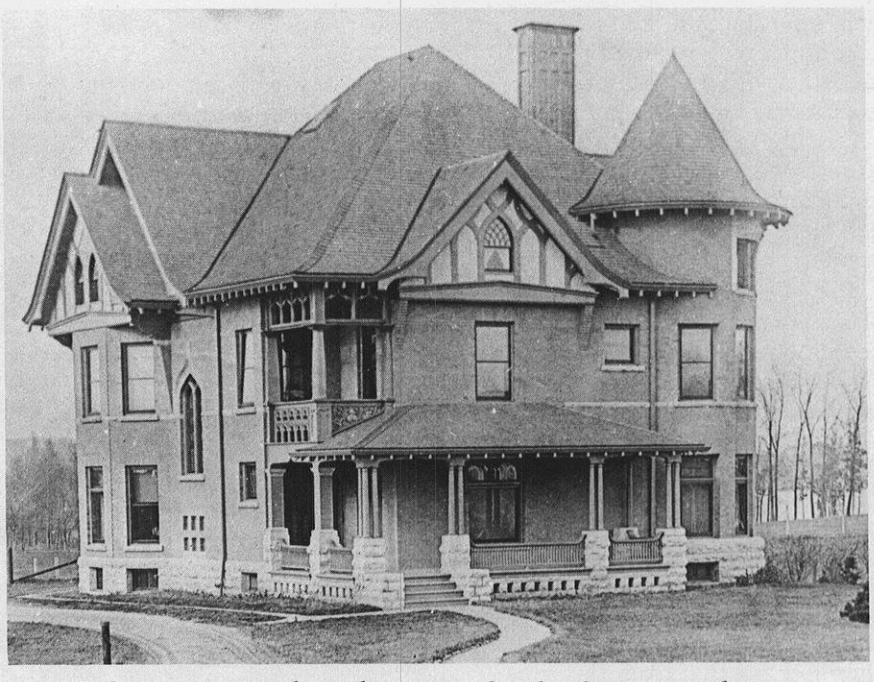
Nor were there any real links with the farmers of the state, despite growing demands for University involvement in agricultural development. By the end of the first year, however, Henry had established contacts which produced three to ten letters a day from farmers and had received from the regents both building space and the aid of a chemist and a botanist. By 1887

the problem of attracting students had found a partial solution in the short course. The overwhelmingly popular farmers' institutes had also been organized.

With Thomas C. Chamberlin's assumption of the University of Wisconsin presidency, Henry received welcome support. South Hall was turned over to the agriculture department, which was now budgeted, and Henry was named to the directorship of the Agricultural Experiment Station (called the Farm until 1883). His salary was increased to $2,500, plus the rent of the three rooms of the farm house which he and Mrs. Henry (the former Clara Roxana Taylor) shared with the farm workers. (This was one of three frame structures near the present stock pavilion.) With the organization of the College of Agriculture in 1891, he was named dean.

Henry's talents had gained wider notice than that of his Wisconsin audience. In the year of his appointment to the deanship he received an offer of the presidency of Iowa State College at a salary of $4,000, and an offer from Stanford University as well. From these offers emerged the terms which would keep him at the University of Wisconsin:

> 1st. A salary of $3,500 a year.
>
> 2nd. A new house to cost not less than $4,000 nor more than $5,000, to be constructed prior to 1893, if the finances of the University permit.
>
> 3rd. The care and keep of a horse, to be used jointly by myself and the farm.
>
> 4th. Milk, fruit and vegetables for my own table, so far as they can be produced at the farm for experimental purposes, when they are not otherwise needed, no gardening to be done on my account. I will pay regular rates for butter and cheese. At this point, let me call your attention to the fact that I am frequently called upon from my position to entertain persons as the guests of the Experiment Station.
>
> 5th. Since coming to the University I have never taken Saturday as a "day off" nor given up work during the short vacations, and only twice in eleven years have I taken the long vacation for my own use or pleasure. I ask that in the future I be allowed the equivalent of all the vacations at one time, if I desire, at any season of the year, winter or summer, which may seem best, all interests considered.
>
> 6th. That in the near future I be allowed a six months' vacation for the purpose of studying European agriculture, my salary to continue as though here . . .



Lake Dormer stands stark in 1897, shortly after its completion.

Such was the beginning of Lake Dormer. Its existence, however, remained solely conceptual for the next few years, notwithstanding the regents' resolution to accept Henry's deadline of 1893. In 1894 the regents appropriated $5,000 and authorized Dean Henry to advertise for "plans and specifications as agreed upon and approved . . ." but it took an extremely attractive offer to Henry from the New York Experiment Station in the fall of 1895 to set the wheels in motion. In addition to the budgetary autonomy for the College of Agriculture and improved vacations for its researchers, Henry proposed to President Adams

> . . . That beginning October 1st, 1895, my salary shall be $4,500 per annum with the perquisites now given.
>
> . . . That from the surplus now standing on the books to the credit of the College of Agriculture, there be constructed next spring a house for the director [of the Experiment Station] costing no less than $6,500, the same to be located on an avenue which shall be laid out to extend from in front of the dairy building to Fourth Lake running in a northwesterly direction. Adjoining the house shall be a lot one acre in area for use as a garden etc. . . ."

The regents authorized in October "construction of a house for the Dean of Agriculture. . . the ensuing spring at a cost not less than $6,500. . . .". In January they charged the secretary to advertise for bids when the architect's plans had been completed to Dean

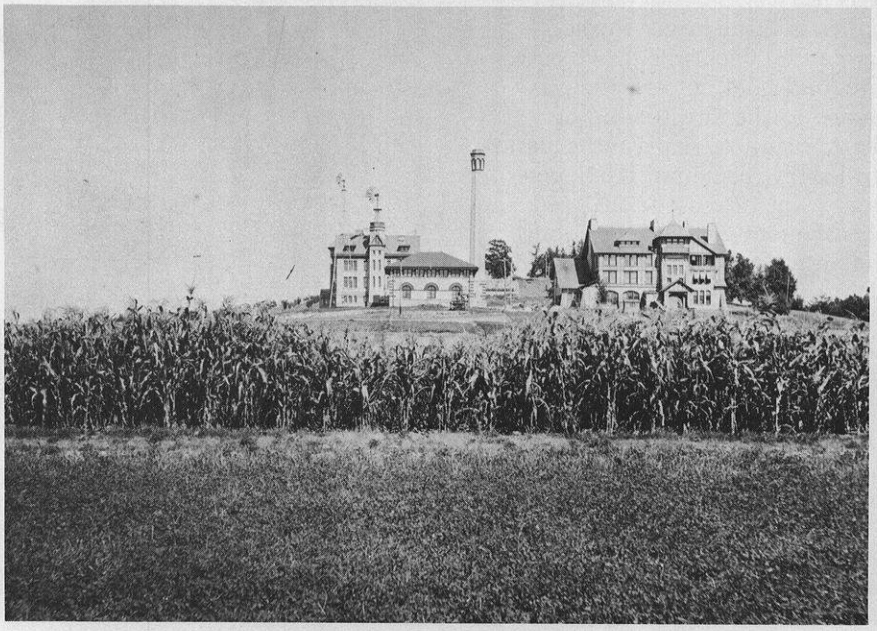
Henry's satisfaction, and in April the contract was awarded to T. C. McCarthy with an additional $2,000 appropriated from College of Agriculture funds.

Construction got underway rapidly and in December, 1896 Dean Henry wrote to the Board of Regents:

> The Dean's house has now been constructed according to contract. As usual, there are still a number of additions and some changes necessary to its completion. Recognizing that a building of this character should not continue a drain on the resources of the University, even in a small way, and desiring to show in some small measure my appreciation of the kindness of the Board in providing this home, I ask that from this time forward all expenses connected with this residence be met by myself. I promise to keep the building insured in the name of the University, through its secretary, and in good repair.
>
> Having a son who should be given daily duties in order to acquire habits of industry I desire to enclose a spot of ground back of the residence for a garden, and to be allowed to keep some fowls. I further ask to be allowed to build a small poultry house within this enclosure, and a boat house on the lake shore north of the residence. These buildings, to be paid for by myself, and to be the property of the University.

Thus, in 1897 the Experiment Station had something new in its midst—a great gabled house of golden brick, sporting curves and flourishes in its brickwork which modern masons doubt could be duplicated, and an equivalent wealth of detail in the eaves carvings and rooflines. The architects, prominent in Madison at that time, were Allan D. Conover and Lew F. Porter, also designers of the Old Red Gymnasium on Langdon Street. Mrs. Henry herself also contributed extensively to the plans.

The house was a large one—10,000 square feet to be exact—consisting of two main floors, a full basement, and an attic. It was far from finished, but by the turn of the century it appeared very nearly as it does today. To the right of the front steps extended a long porch, onto which faced the front and back parlors, both communicating inside with a spacious central foyer via large sliding doors. Tall windows with wide moldings, high ceilings, hardwood floors, and the warm tones of golden oak characterized



In the 1890s a flourishing corn crop served as foreground for the old windmill-topped Soils Building (now King Hall) and the Dairy Building (now Hiram Smith Hall). The site for the Dean's House is just to the left, out of the picture.

Mrs. Henry may well have patronized this farm wagon, loaded with plums, in the early 1900s as the College of Agriculture compensated for a shortage of funds by selling produce not needed for experimental purposes.

these as well as other rooms of the house. The back (north) parlor had a semicircular window seat and a fireplace of brick with a fine wooden mantel. This fireplace stood back to back with the tile fireplace in the library, which was west of but not connected with the parlor.

The molding pattern of the doors and windows throughout the house was carried to the tall recessed library bookshelves, which extended some six feet toward the ceiling. At the back of the house was the large kitchen, flanked on the north by a fully-finished back staircase connecting with the attic, a maid's outside entrance, the cellar stairs, and a bath. The spacious dining room to the south, with its numerous windows and elegant fireplace, was separated from the kitchen by a butler's pantry, complete with dumb waiter and buffet.

It may well have been from the foyer, however, that Mrs. Henry felt her greatest pleasure in the house. From there she could see the lovely carved front door with its leaded glass windows and, turning her eyes upward, she could view one of the treasures of the house: the extremely handsome leaded glass window, with its large centered crystal prism, which graces the wide staircase at its landing and passes a vivid spectrum slowly over the walls as the sun moves from east to west. So much a part of her life was this prism to become that she could read the time by the position of the colors. The staircase, then as now, was graceful to the touch as well as the eye, with banister railings so carved as to fit perfectly the grip of the hand. Beneath the staircase were a coat closet facing the front entry and a gun closet from which three gunholes faced out to the south.

The second floor contained four spacious bedrooms, each repeating certain features of the room below it, and separated acoustically by either entry halls or closet space. The southeast bedroom, with its adjoining dressing room, was the only one to lack a fireplace. The large northeast bedroom had a semicircular window seat, an elegant fireplace, and a magnificent view of the lake, a view shared by the smaller bedroom behind it. Beyond this lay the maid's quarters and the attic stairs as well as the back stairway to the lower floor. The master bedroom on the southwest had its own fireplace and a fine view over the growing facilities of the College of Agriculture.

But Lake Dormer was very much an object stuck onto the landscape during its first years. The acre-and-a-half which Dean Henry had stepped off for the site was as flat and ungraceful as the fields around it. The E. B. Freds, who have occupied the house since 1943, delight in showing pictures of "Lake Dormer—then and now". The contrast is astounding. Although the house was lovely in every Victorian detail, it was only with careful plantings and the passage of time that its full charm became apparent.

Dean Henry, whose wish it was that every native Wisconsin tree be represented on the University of Wisconsin campus, took particular interest in the grounds of his new home. Among his most unusual plantings is the Goff larch, a deciduous conifer which spreads its branches low and in the manner of a bonsai tree rather than in the characteristic larch "Christmas tree" shape. The little tree was noticed in northern Wisconsin on the shore of Lake Michigan by Emmett S. Goff, professor of horticulture. He brought the tree to Madison where it was planted in 1899 in its present location on the south side of the house at 10 Babcock Drive. It has since grown to a magnificent size and spread. As if to emphasize its uniqueness, the many cuttings taken from it in the hopes of producing more of that peculiar growth pattern have produced only fine, straight larches of the normal shape. The Goff larch remains one-of-a-kind.

In 1907 Dean Henry retired from the deanship for reasons of health. The tall, slender man who had guided the College of Agriculture through its first years, solidifying legislative support behind it, stepped back to become one of the first emeritus professors appointed by the regents. In many ways he had been the ideal man to serve as dean of agriculture. He had a keen mind and a rare ability to select staff members who understood the problems of agriculture and how to solve those problems. In his 27 years of devoted service to the University, the professor in farm clothes had managed to join the cause of the farmer with that of the University in a way that was to determine in large part the school's future. His legacy was a rich one.

But Dean Harry Luman Russell, whose tenure was to span 24 years, had no easy task at hand. The new-found unity within the agricultural forces in the state, which had contributed so much to legislative support during the last years of Dean Henry's period, was now beginning to split along the lines of greater production versus the growth of cooperatives. Russell's position on the side of production made relations with the legislature stormy at best. In addition, he had to balance his own belief in research with demands for staff time to be spent with farmers "in the field".

Russell was born in Poynette, Wisconsin in 1866, and had worked at the University of Wisconsin under E. A. Birge in zoology. After earning his M.S. degree in 1890 and studying in Europe under Robert Koch and Louis Pasteur, he completed his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins and spent a year teaching and studying at the University of Chicago. In 1893 he returned to the University of Wisconsin as bacteriologist for the Agricultural Experiment Station. There he began 14 years of outstanding work which included pioneering in the detection of bovine tuberculosis, the discovery with Stephen Moulton Babcock of

the cold-curing process in cheese-making, and development of a time and temperature standard for the canning of peas.

Russell's work in medical bacteriology was significant, both in tuberculosis detection and in connection with study of the longevity of the typhoid bacillus. He was deeply involved in the establishment of a state laboratory of hygiene and of a state tuberculosis sanitorium. Along with this experience he brought his fine organizational ability (he had organized the University of Wisconsin agricultural bacteriology department, the first in a major American university), an exceptional talent for picking top-notch men, and a devotion to the interests of the College of Agriculture—qualities which were to make him a strong and respected dean.

With the deanship of the College, Russell inherited not only the directorship of the Experiment Station, but Lake Dormer and its boathouse as well. In 1907 the new dean, Mrs Russell (nee H. May Delaney), their daughter, Gertrude Annette, and their son, Eldon Babcock, moved into the home which was to be the Russells' for nearly a quarter of a century.

The Russells' first winter in the "Dean's House" was a very cold one. There are many stories of the discomforts and inconveniences the family experienced because of the inadequacy of the heating system. They kept a big fire in the study fireplace and had their meals, did their studying, visiting, and playing there. Then when bedtime came they dashed upstairs to the warmth of their beds. By the next winter, steam heat from the University heating station was installed. From then on they were comfortably warm.

The spacious house lent itself to the entertaining the family did during the early part of their occupancy. A spirit of warmth and gaiety prevailed at the receptions for the faculty, at dinners for guests from abroad and from many parts of this country, and at Mrs. Russell's "at homes" for faculty and townspeople.

Viewed from the lake shore in the early 1930s, the tower, gables, and chimneys of 10 Babcock Drive soar above a field of haycocks.

Several features of the house added to the fun of the Russell children and their playmates. Among the favorites were a tube speaking system, an early version of the "inter-com" into which they could whistle to attract someone in another part of the house for conversation; the high-ceilinged, spacious attic where they played basketball or set up the electric train systems; the waxed stair railing which made a perfect slide when no adults were around; and the dumb waiter on which they could send a variety of cargoes—from a puppy to a bag of apples—from the basement to the pantry.

Like Dean Henry, Dean Russell believed a son "should be given daily duties in order to acquire habits of industry". Eldon was given tasks in the garden. Later he white-washed the Henry poultry shed and raised chickens. The family also used the Henry boathouse where they kept their canoe.

After Mrs. Russell's death in 1914, it was Gertrude who assumed responsibility for the house, providing the home-like setting for the family and taking her place as a gracious hostess on the many occasions demanded by the dean's position. Even when she and Alfred Fiedler were married in 1918, they made their home at 10 Babcock Drive for three more years. Her husband, Al, proved himself effective in helping the dean with his many duties. But Gertrude herself was stricken a few years later and died in 1922. Then Eldon, the son, and his bride, Margaret Callsen Russell, came in 1925 to carry on the home. For some years the dean had allocated very little of the College budget for the house and a change was definitely needed. The walls were repapered or painted, and a new bath was installed between the northeast bedroom and the north bedroom. Again the house became the scene of entertaining, both official and personal.

It was about this same time—the mid-1920s—that the peace and quiet and isolation that had been characteristic of the Dean's House gave way to the noise and excitement of the building and occupancy of the men's dormitories on the lakeshore down the road. During his first year, Bob, the Eldon Russells' son, enjoyed watching the students playing tennis from his playpen out on the lawn, where an occasional ball found its way.

One of the very attractive ad-

ditions to the home at 10 Babcock Drive was a wildflower garden and fountain on the north side of the house, planned by Dean Russell and his son-in-law, Al Fiedler. They collected rocks from various places in Wisconsin and built the fountain, then planted around it such woodland flowers as trillium, jack-in-the-pulpit, Solomon's seal, false Solomon's seal, wild geranium, mayapple, and several varieties of lady slipper. In the early spring this garden presented a lovely display which added much to the beauty of the home.

Another Russell planting was the large Norway maple which stands south of the garage. The tree was planted at the previous Russell home as a seed when the dean's son, Eldon, was born. It was then moved to the Dean's House when both tree and boy were seven years old.

In 1931 the board of trustees of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, which had been established six years earlier, offered Russell the directorship. He accepted and the talents which had built the College of Agriculture to a position of national prominence were turned to the guidance of another pioneering institution.

But the College that Russell left was far different from the one he had first led as dean some 24 years earlier. Now solidly grounded on high quality, extensive research, it was vastly more complex. It included a multitude of new departments, such as genetics, plant pathology, poultry husbandry, veterinary science, and economic entomology. Reflecting Russell's broad view of the College's role, departments in agricultural education, agricultural journalism, agricultural economics, and agricultural sociology had also come into being, and the School of Home Economics had become a vital part of the College as well. As a result of his study of an "agricultural representative" program in Ontario, Canada, he had set up the agricultural agent system in Wisconsin, which the state took over within a few years and which was to develop into one of the broadest agricultural extension programs in the nation. Russell's observations in 1925-26 of the school forests being planted in Australia had led to the initiation of similar forestry work in Wisconsin, and he had also been involved in the early work in wildlife management. His contributions were many and varied, but they were united by a central goal:

> It was H. L. Russell's principal interest and concern that research workers and teachers in the College of Agriculture should be free and be encouraged to study, discover, and utilize basic facts and knowledge of their specialties. Application of such fundamental information might then be made by the primary investigators or by others. He wanted faculty members to be discoverers and innovators, and to have teachers and extension workers disseminate new information. In his concept of the organization and functioning of the College, research workers, teachers, and extension workers were intimately associated in the same departments, or in others that were closely related because of their interests. At the same time, he was keenly aware of the need for all members of the faculty to recognize and to understand practical problems. But he did not want research workers to concentrate on "trouble shooting" or to direct their major efforts toward solution of technological difficulties. It was on these fundamental, foundation concepts that he recruited, supported, and developed an outstanding, productive faculty. (From a statement by William B. Sarles, dated August 17, 1976.)

Russell's successor in 1931 was Chris L. Christensen, a Nebraska farm boy who, after earning his baccalaureate degree from the University of Nebraska and pursuing graduate study at the University of Copenhagen and the Royal Agricultural College of Denmark, became a special investigator of cooperatives in Denmark for the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Following further study at Harvard University in economics and business administration, he was placed in charge of agricultural cooperation in the U.S. Department of Agriculture Bureau of Agricultural Economics in 1924. In 1926 he was appointed chief of the new Division of Cooperative Marketing of that bureau, and in 1929 he was named secretary of the newly-organized Federal Farm Board.

Like all his predecessors, the new dean was of imposing stature (he stood 6'5"), and he brought strong ideas to his new position. He was firmly committed to the cooperative movement and to the conviction that the people who were to make it succeed must be not only able farmers in the field but also open-minded and active leaders in their communities. He pointed to the Danish "Folk High Schools" as the key to Denmark's remarkable agricultural progress. It was this model that was to guide his work as dean.

With the arrival of the Christensens, Lake Dormer entered a new phase. Some major alterations were undertaken in its interior, reflecting perhaps the change in social habits as well as in taste over the house's 35-year-life. The sliding doors between the two parlors were eliminated, creating one large living room running the full width of the front of the house. The library, hitherto inaccessible from the parlors, was connected to the new living room, the fireplace was remodeled, and additional bookshelves added to the right of the fireplace to replace those removed to provide for the new door. The buffet and dumb waiter linking dining room and pantry were eliminated, the golden oak woodwork painted white, and the interiors in general brightened.

Likewise, the style of life within its walls changed. Within a year of

their arrival the dean and his bride, Cora Wells March, became the parents of twin boys, Christian Lauriths, Jr. and Charles March. Lake Dormer was to be a part of their little-boy antics for the next 12 years.

One of the first Christensen traditions established was the "Walk Around," a reception for the freshman agriculture students, held the first week of school on the grounds back of the house. As a result of this informal meeting with the young family, many students would drop by later to see how the little Christensens were doing and would sometimes bring visiting parents to call. Lake Dormer also became the scene of "at homes" for people outside the University, as the Christensens tried to draw together the Wisconsin farmers and the College in an informal way.

The dean and his wife loved to entertain and, consistent with the dean's emphasis on the arts and cultural life of the farmer, the gatherings at the house were characterized by sparkle and sophistication. In the autumn, pre-game buffet luncheons at the house were popular, and "Town and Gown" friends were frequently entertained. There were also such notable guests as Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, and Danish singer Lauritz Melchior who shared in and appreciated the gracious atmosphere of the house at 10 Babcock Drive.

By 1931 the varied plantings made by Deans Henry and Russell were coming of age, and the Christensens could enjoy the benefits. For the twins this meant particularly the Goff larch, with its low spreading branches making it the very best tree to climb. The elms along the drive and the Russell maple were reaching a fine height. The evergreens, which had earlier divided the house from the fields on the lake side, were now a thick stand of considerable size. The fields too had changed, giving way to the men's dormitories along the lake shore. As the campus moved in around them, the family shared with the students such good times as sliding and tobogganing in winter on the lake and the hills across from the house.

During Dean Christensen's 12 years with the College, a new emphasis emerged. Impressed by the broader, more culturally-oriented agricultural education he witnessed during graduate study in Denmark, he determined to stress the cultural and social aspects of agricultural training as well as the scientific ones. It was under his leadership that the College of Agriculture began its artist-in-residence program with the presence of John Steuart Curry; August Derleth, Sauk City author, was brought in to lecture on rural literature. The Short Course was broadened to include more appreciation of the rural heritage; and music, discussion, and general fellowship became an integral part of the program. The foundations laid by Russell with the establishment of the departments of agricultural education, home economics, rural sociology, and agricultural journalism were quickly built upon, yet with continued support for the important research programs underway. Dean Christensen participated actively in the development of the cooperative movement throughout the state, advocating sound business practices and strong membership participation. He was also a vital member of the American Country Life Association, and was deeply committed to 4-H work, later serving as national 4-H president. Joining fine administrative talent and a keen business sense to a vision of the farmer as a man of culture and a community leader, Dean Christensen injected into the College a concern for social and cultural life. His own life reflected the interest to which he was so vitally committed.

Yet the character of the house remained largely unchanged, and during the 12 years of the Christensens' residence it presided over the increased activity with much the same aura of elegance that had prevailed in quieter days. Thus it was when Dean Christensen resigned the deanship in 1943 to become a vice president of Celotex Corporation.

The new dean was Edwin Broun Fred, better known as "President Fred" to most of his friends and associates. His tenure as dean of the College of Agriculture was unexpectedly short before he was called upon to assume the presidency of the University in 1945. Dean Fred came to the University of Wisconsin from his native Virginia with a Ph. D. degree from the University of Gottingen in Germany and with a sharp eye toward the future development of agricultural bacteriology. Virtually lured away from a better paying position in Virginia by the future at Wisconsin foreseen by Dean Russell, Fred was to be more a part of that future than he could ever have imagined. He arrived in 1913 as an assistant professor in bacteriology to begin 21 years of scientific work in such areas as root nodule bacteria in leguminous plants and silage fermentation. In 1934 he was asked to become dean of the Graduate School, and for the next nine years he oversaw an intensive and successful effort to attract high-quality graduate students and to increase the funds available to them.

When in 1943 he became dean of the College of Agriculture, Lake Dormer had become an attractive residence, surrounded by a well-kept lawn and the luxuriant foliage of trees now expansive enough to shade even the upper floor on warm summer days. But still Lake Mendota could be seen from all the north windows and the house was bordered by the Experiment Station fields, gardens, and vineyards. The Adams and Tripp dorms had been built to house the Experiment College in the late 1920s and the old Soils building (now King Hall, housing the Land Tenure Center) was visible up the hill toward the Letters and Science

When E.B. Fred assumed the deanship of the College of Agriculture in 1943, Lake Dormer windows still looked out over Experiment Station fields, gardens, and vineyards, and offered glimpses of Lake Mendota.

campus. Otherwise 10 Babcock Drive was the sole resident of the long expanse of lakeshore at the bottom of the hill.

Moving into an unfurnished house in wartime, however, could be a problem, and Mrs. Fred recalls finding herself confronted with a kitchen devoid of everything but four walls and a small iron sink on four legs in one corner. With characteristic determination and a little luck, she managed to locate a ready-built cabinet—a scarce commodity then—and other necessities. And so the Freds settled in. They made only one alteration: the entrance of the basement stairs was moved from the kitchen to the storage area behind it. Before long the house was filled with fine and much loved belongings brought from Virginia.

Dean Fred's tenure in the College of Agriculture began with an effort to upgrade the branch experiment stations around the state but was scarcely under way when he was called to Washington by Secretary of War Stimson to head up a preventive program in biological warfare. He returned to the University only to find himself, within a few months, the choice of the regents for the University presidency. In February 1945, he began a 13-year term which, with the return of the veterans, saw the most explosive increase in enrollment that the University has ever had—from 9,000 to 18,000 students in one year.

The position of president brought with it the President's Home at 130 North Prospect Avenue. But Dr. Fred had no desire to be so far removed from campus and students. Since the new dean of the College of Agriculture already had a home near the campus, the regents acted to allow the Freds to remain at 10 Babcock Drive, using the house at 130 North Prospect Avenue for major entertaining and housing of regents during their Madison visits. Lake Dormer became the scene of smaller gatherings such as teas in the dining room and small-group meetings.

Although these were quiet times for the house at 10 Babcock Drive, the tremendous change which was taking place at the University could not fail to touch it too. With the return of the veterans there were acute problems of housing, and Mrs. Fred recalls that in the first years they frequently turned over the upstairs bedrooms to couples who were awaiting accommodations in the Camp Randall trailer camp. Mrs. Fred's visits to the trailer camp were a regular feature of those days. She and Dr. Fred threw themselves into doing all they could for the welfare of the veterans and their families.

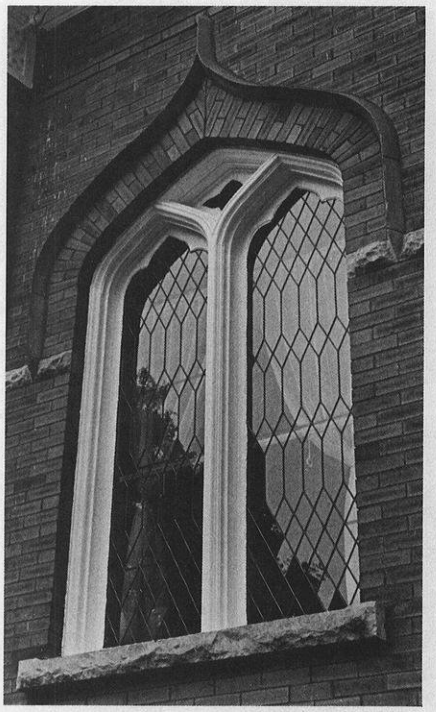
As they immersed themselves in the life of the campus, the campus was growing to meet them. Soon, with the construction of Slichter Hall across the street, there were dorms on two sides. No longer a farmhouse, Lake Dormer sat cozily among its towering elms and sumptuous evergreens, presenting in contrast to the strong, straight lines of the dormitories, a fanciful Victorian aspect. What had been the farmlands became a neighborhood of sorts. The Freds were frequently invited to dinner by the Slichter Hall girls, and the girls enjoyed informal visits in the Fred living room. Christmas was a special time too, as the Freds were always asked to the dormitory Christmas parties, and many groups of carolers from the dorms regaled them with song. "And we had to be ready with cookies!" Mrs. Fred laughs. She recalls also how the Carson Gulley food service staff came to their rescue for their daughter Rosalie's wedding. When the reception in the garden was faced with a downpour, the Commons was quickly converted into a setting appropriate to the festive occasion. Mrs. Fred remembers returning from a hospital stay in more recent years only to have the Slichter Hall girls bring her Sunday dinner in bed. It had indeed become a neighborhood.

In 1958 Dr. Fred retired as president of the University, having overseen for 13 years the enormous growth in both enrollment and resources. He had guided the institution toward serving the state as never before, in the education of the thousands of returning veterans and the enlistment of state

support for a program of construction and development which continues today. Side by side with the expansion of extension centers throughout the state had gone the continued development of research facilities and staff, giving the University a breadth of accomplishment found only in the best institutions. With his resignation President Fred inquired of the regents as to when he should leave the house at 10 Babcock Drive. Their response was a resolution that ". . . until such time as the property is required for the site of a new University building, he be permitted to occupy the residence at 10 Babcock Drive. . . . "

So the Freds remain at 10 Babcock Drive, in the home which they have grown to love, on the campus of which they have become so much a part. They still receive visits and invitations from the girls in Slichter Hall, and although many of today's undergraduates were not even born when Dr. Fred retired from the presidency, their curiosity is often piqued by the picturesque house and the white-haired couple who live there. In learning about the Freds and their home perhaps they acquire a sense of the University and its history. There may well be a lesson or two in industry as well for the few who are up early enough to see Dr. Fred make his daily walk to his office in Van Hise Hall.

Looking at the house today, one tries to picture what it was like in Dean Henry's days. One must imagine away the great shade trees, the large euonymous bushes out front, of which Mrs. Fred is so fond, the chain of pink and white wax begonias at their feet which Dr. Fred calls "Rosa's necklace". But perhaps the flower boxes were there, billowing apple-blossom-pink geraniums and browallia. Certainly Dean Henry's acre set aside for vegetable gardening has a worthy successor in the two sizable plots from which Dr. Fred produces his many hundreds of fine tomatoes each year. But the exterior of the house itself has had neither alteration nor restoration in its 80-year life, except for the replacement of the north chimney, which was struck by lightning some time ago.



The leaded glass window containing the centered, crystal prism which "passes a vivid spectrum slowly over the walls . . ."

The changes inside have been minor, too. The lines of the rooms remain the same, and many of the furnishings are those which the Freds brought from Virginia in 1913, heirlooms of their respective families. The cedar-lined blanket closet on the back stairway landing is still there to delight a visiting homemaker; the elaborate iron gratings from the original heating system provide a visual surprise in the smooth hardwood floors; and the finely decorated brass handles on windows and doors bespeak the elegance of a bygone era. One continuing treasure of the dining room is a steam radiator opening into a food warmer, which has proved its worth many times as a plate warmer.

And Mrs. Henry's prism is still in the window on the staircase, casting its colors over the walls now as it has for 80 years past. Those colors have counted out the greater portion of the University of Wisconsin's history, and they are as lovely now as they were then—even as is Lake Dormer itself. In strolling through the house, in viewing it from outside, whether from across the street or from the towering top of Van Hise Hall, one is struck by a bit of nostalgia, a faint hope that the loveliest things of bygone days might somehow be a part of the future.

Kathleen Cruikshank is currently directing the Law-Related Education Project of the Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction and the Wisconsin Bar Foundation.

Will the "loveliest things of bygone days . . . be a part of the future?"

Gordon D. Orr, Jr., campus architect and a member of the Wisconsin Historic Preservation Review Board, says, "The Madison Campus of the University of Wisconsin has been actively pursuing a study of architectural, historical, and archaeological sites and monuments, both to identify their historical role and to gain factual information in order to evaluate their potential for National Register of Historic Places nomination. While the publication of this study is not anticipated before the fall of 1977, the committee has already identified the Agricultural Dean's Residence (10 Babcock Drive) as an important building that should either receive a separate nomination or be included as a part of another historic district."

Orr is chairman of the committee. Other members are: Professors William Tishler and James Stoltman; and Jeffrey M. Dean, of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Professor Narciso Menocal serves as consultant to the committee.

Hungry, Happy, and Hopeful Days

by Jack Burke

The term "Spartan" characterized the life of University of Wisconsin-Madison students in the early days, 128 years ago. Whether they had come by train (after 1854), stagecoach, farm wagon, or afoot, the new students sought out the first professor, John Sterling, or the first chancellor, John H. Lathrop, to make arrangements to be tested and assigned to the appropriate class. Most of the early Badgers hailed from Madison families, although some of the first registrants claimed Whitewater, Platteville, Lake Mills, and Sun Prairie as their home bases.

To all, Chancellor Lathrop noted: "No educational institution in the country offers the advantages of liberal culture on more favorable terms." Life in Madison was, indeed, plain and inexpensive, with most of the students getting by with an expenditure of less than $100 for the academic year. Initially, tuition was $20 a year, later $12 and then $10. Starting in 1851, a room could be rented in North Hall for 25 cents per week and students often cooked their own meals at a weekly cost of less than 80 cents. Many of the first students lived on little more than bread and water, according to one diary. Another diarist wrote: "We generally have coffee in the a.m., potatoes and meat at noon, and milk and pudding at supper."

Dormitory rooms were unfurnished, which meant locating a bed, pine table, a chair or two, a book stand, an oil lamp for light and a spirit lamp for cooking. Straw mattresses lugged from home, or stuffed with straw found on a nearby farm, sufficed. The rooms were monastic, seldom carpeted, and the students had to clean their own quarters.

The North Hall central heating system failed to provide sufficient heat, so stoves had to be installed in the rooms, with the inmates finding their own fuel. Not until after the Civil War was running water available.

Chapel was part of the daily program and some students, including famed naturalist John Muir, also began and ended the day with prayer. A half century after he left the Madison campus, Muir wrote of the University "as the place where I had spent so many hungry and happy and hopeful days." It was a life befitting the sons of pioneers, and a straight and narrow path for the University's first students. Chancellor Lathrop and Professors Sterling and O.M. Conover agreed that the hours of study and recitation should extend from 6 to 7 a.m. and 9 a.m. to noon, and from 2 to 3 and 7 to 9 p.m.

At the start of the school term, each student was credited with 100 points in scholarship and another 100 in deportment. For each academic failure or lapse from grace, the student was charged with one to 50 points. He lost points for inability to recite satisfactorily, for skipping a class or an examination and for not rendering an assignment properly. Chancellor Lathrop maintained a big ledger book to record the debits.

Rules governing deportment were somewhat more exacting. Absence without excuse from chapel, declamations, or recitations cost two points, while each unexcused tardiness cost one, as did absence from a study room without an excuse. Causing a "disorder" cost one or more points, at the discretion of the professor. "Personal violence" cost 50 points, and missing a test ten or more. Skipping a recitation was a more serious offense against the rules of deportment than against those of scholarship.

Amusements consisted of boating and fishing and picking berries in season. Since there were so few lawful pleasures to lighten this simple existence, it sometimes happened that the rules of campus deportment were shattered by gambling, drinking in the saloons, causing disturbances in the community, fighting, and theater-going.

If during a term, students picked up more than 25 debits, they were scolded, warned, penalized and parents or guardians notified. Accumulation of 50 and 75 points resulted in a second and third warning and further notification. Once 100 points were charged, the student was "separated from the institution" as Chancellor Lathrop put it, (one of his own sons was so separated), and not all were allowed to re-enter on probation.

On the other hand, the professors were ever alert to defend the students. In 1861, for instance, Professor Sterling publicly reacted (in the village's two newspapers) to gossip that the deportment and scholarship of the students were bad. In retaliation, he denounced these rumors as being without foundation: "We take this occasion to brand them as false and slanderous, and we affirm that in deportment and scholarship, the students of the Wisconsin University will bear favorable comparison with those of any similar institution in the land."

It was like that in the olden days.

Jack Burke recently retired after 15 years as managing editor of the University of Wisconsin-Madison News Service. He is now living in Phoenix.

by Forest Stearns

Northern Habitat—an Everchanging Resource

Both natural alterations and man's concepts of "growth and development" threaten the Northland's potential as a quality deer-hunting environment

People have ways of remembering landscapes as they first saw them. They refuse to accept the changes that age makes in vegetation, in structures, and most of all, in themselves. If the land is seen first as a child, impressions are particularly longlasting and on a different scale from those of an adult. We return to the scenes of our childhood, usually with pleasure. We recognize the growth of some trees and the death of others. Yet, these events do not in themselves convince us of similar changes throughout the whole landscape, changes that affect man and every animal and bird who take this land as their own.

Change, growth, and aging are inherent in life, and if we are to intelligently plan for the future of our North, we must remember that while this land provides shelter, food, and limited security, it is fragile and ever-varying. The dynamic nature of habitat is equally significant for beast and human alike.

Long before white settlement, the American Indian knew the vital role of wildlife in the Lake Superior Basin. At first, its primary value was food. Hiawatha and the voyageurs, the early settlers, the loggers, the game hunters, and, especially during the Depression, the jobless, all knew wildlife primarily as a food source.

More recently, certain wildlife species have become the base for an extensive sport hunting industry, an activity which remains important today. Each autumn several hundred thousand deer hunters take to the woods of the Lake Superior Region. Many years ago wildlife was recognized as an amenity by the year-round residents, travelers, vacationers, and, of course, by resort owners to whom the summer visitor is bread and butter. Throughout, the primary control on all wildlife populations had been habitat. Woodsmen, foresters, wildlife managers, and knowledgeable citizens have long understood this relationship but there are still many citizens who do not.

Man in the North has been even less aware of the changes in his own habitat than he has of alterations in wildlife habitat. What habitat components does *Homo sapiens* require or want? What can we afford and how best can we maintain quality? Most of us are not handpump and outdoor plumbing purists, but neither are we committed to the neon sign, the gaudy chain eatery, or a nightly tour of the plastic-trimmed establishments providing liquid hospitality.

To avoid human bias in respect to ourselves, let us first don the hide of the white-tailed deer and describe deer habitat—past, present, and future. If we were to choose the skin of some other beast or bird it would make little difference. The lives of all wildlife species are interrelated. As one looks at habitat today, one can easily find bases for prognostication on habitat tomorrow. My pessimistic view is that wildlife habitat (for deer etc.) will be of higher quality than the habitat for humans, if the people of the North follow their present course.

First a brief review: the North—including large portions of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan—is a fragile land. Soils lie shallow over the ancient rock, and fertility is usually low. Lakes were once clean and clear, but few can now be so characterized. The growing season is relatively short and cool. Energy for tree reproduction and new growth must be fixed in a few short weeks. Winters are cold and snow is deep. Animal and bird populations must either migrate to and from warmer climates or

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adapt to very different winter and summer regimes of food and shelter.

On Lake Superior, the white-tailed deer is near the northern border of his range. and because his adaptation to the North is imperfect, disaster sometimes results. Yet, there are complex terrestrial and aquatic ecosystems in this land, that have adapted to the rigorous conditions.

For human and beast alike, the long winters are especially critical. Green food is scarce, and the white-tail adapts by shifting from a summer diet of leaves and succulent greens to woody twigs. In the autumn the deer change residence, moving from aspen-birch forests, grassy openings, and pine plantations to stands of cedar, hemlock, and fir—where winter food once was abundant and where shelter from the wind is still to be found. In pre-settlement times the forests were extensive and many stands were older and more dense than those today. Even so, those stands were not without disturbance from wind and fire. The deer populations were usually in balance with the food supply and with their chief predators, the timber wolf and the Indian.

"Change, growth, and aging are inherent in life and if we are to intelligently plan for the future, we must remember that while this land provides shelter, food, and limited security, it is fragile and ever-varying."

In the primitive condition, last evident in Menominee County in the 1950s, deer populations were estimated at about four animals to the square mile. Pre-settlement populations were generally ten deer or fewer per square mile, in contrast to 20-50 today. The forest showed no sign of browsing and retained its full range of flora, including those plants most palatable to deer. White-tail populations grew or declined depending upon natural changes in habitat, predators, or the severity of winters—although the winter yards provided ample food for low populations. Not only was food available in quantity, but there was good variety. Quality as well as quantity is always an important consideration in habitat.

With the rapid spread of European settlement into the Midwest, habitat conditions began to change drastically—the change starting in the northern Lake States about 100 years ago. Logging, mining, and sporadic farming had already caused some changes, but in 1870 much of the North was as yet untouched. Although deer were fewer in number, there was a greater diversity in forest animals and birds; spruce grouse were abundant and bear, wolves, and furbearers were common.

By 1870 Wisconsin sawmills were producing one billion board feet per year and by 1889, 3.5 billion, chiefly pine. The peak was reached in 1899; then the cut began to decline. By 1920 much of the virgin hemlock and hardwood had already followed the pine to the mills. A few stands remained uncut until the 1940s; today only a few acres in Menominee County and a few tracts in the Upper Penninsula of Michigan remain.

With heavy logging came widespread and major fires—not that fire had ever been absent. It was always a factor, especially in the jack pine plains. Post-logging fires prevented rapid regrowth and for many years delayed forest succession over vast areas. The land responded with brushy growth of pioneer trees, and in the late 1800s, deer, grouse, and snowshoe hare flourished. The "stump pasture" became a common sight.

Growth of the deer herd was limited by unrestricted hunting and, more drastically, by market hunting until deer numbers declined to a low level about 1910. After 1910, enforcement of hunting laws encouraged an upward trend in population. By 1930 deer were present in large numbers, and by the 1940s excessive populations—with the concomitant damage to the winter range—were obvious everywhere.

Fire protection entered the picture about 1920 and improved rapidly; by the late 1930s fire had become a minor factor in the regrowth of the forests. Forest surveys made during the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s show a shift in species composition and an increase in density of vegetation.

So much for the past. Where do we stand today? A few specific illustrations can be noted.

Today, forests are taking back the land, trees are replacing brush; shade-tolerant species are replacing intolerant pioneers. Forest openings are gradually disappearing because of planting or natural regrowth. However, the conifer swamps are not regenerating (with a few exceptions), and the shortage of winter food often limits deer populations. In the swamps, where the white-tailed deer spend their winters, the future looks dim. In 1966, Ralph McMullen, director of the Michigan Department of Natural Resources, described the situation in Michigan succinctly when he said that the inevitable growth of the forest and associated habitat changes could result only in a decline in deer numbers, a decline which would continue for many years.

"The inevitable growth of the forest and associated habitat changes can result only in a decline in deer numbers."

With the anticipated trends in forest growth the outlook for the Lake Superior region is for a continued decline in winter browse, especially in hardwood forest areas. Growth in the hardwood pulp market could be beneficial, but will not drastically change the picture. During the winter yarding period, food remains the single most critical habitat component for deer, but summer range is also declining. There seems little chance for massive improvement.

Where does "Brother Buck" go for his three pounds of winter browse each day? If one rules out such

confounding factors as snow, wind, and human interference, he usually heads for the nearest brush patch or logging operation where twigs are both abundant and within reach.

"Unfortunately for our bucks and does, there are few brush fields and less regenerating timber today. Likewise, food is often not where it is needed when the snow is deep."

Wildlife researchers have clipped and weighed browse in a variety of forest types. We rate a brush field as producing between 100 and 300 pounds of available food per acre and a regenerating sugar maple stand at an even higher rate of 500 to 600 pounds. A regenerating aspen stand might produce even more annual growth in the first several years, but usable browse might well be less than in maple. Rapid growth of aspen results in long, thick, unbranched and only partially edible sprouts, while maple will usually produce branches and many twig tips. Unfortunately for our bucks and does, there are few brush fields and less regenerating timber today. Unforested brush land is disappearing as the forest grows. Likewise, food is often not where it is needed in the "pinch"—when the snow is deep.

In a few places, deer have traditionally used jack pine stands for wintering. There is some indication that as pine plantations mature they too may serve this function—provided food is available. Upland sites provide better opportunities for plant manipulation—the regeneration of hazel for example—than do the lowlands, so there may be opportunities to improve winter browse conditions in critical areas.

Quality of winter food is still another consideration. Canada yew is gone from most of the northern deer range. White cedar reproduces only in protected areas or in the large swamps of Michigan's Upper Penninsula, while eastern hemlock reproduction is infrequent or rare. Other favored species are also becoming scarce, and diversity has decreased throughout the heavily used deer range.

The summer range and the forest openings are important habitat considerations. Keith R. McCaffery and William A. Creed summarized much of the applicable information in a 1969 technical bulletin of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources. They reported, in brief:

> Forest openings produce much herbaceous forage and sustain high use.
>
> On sandy soils, where the vegetation of forest and open areas is similar and aspen clear-cutting is frequent, specific openings are not a critical habitat need.
>
> Deer numbers on loamy soil, i.e. in hardwood areas, are directly correlated with the availability of openings. Smaller openings receive much use, especially in spring and autumn; this use is related to the timing, type and amount of green forage.
>
> Most semipermanent openings, especially on the heavier soils, had their origin in heavy use by man and domestic animals.

The microclimate of forest openings have been examined in an effort to determine whether openings might have values to deer other than food supply. In classifying openings, the ratio of diameter to the crown height of the surrounding trees (d/h ratio) is a better measure than acreage alone. This relationship influences the patterns of temperature, humidity, radiation, and wind in the openings. Little imagination is required to visualize the appearance of the 30 foot "open" strip around a plantation after the trees have grown to be 50 feet tall.

Man's findings on the microclimates of forest openings are known intuitively to the white-tailed deer. However, there is also a message for the two-legged animals who utilize openings for tenting places. In reading the interactions between vegetation and microclimate, the camper should remember that openings with diameter/height ratios of 1 : 1 through 4:1 or 6:1 are especially humid. In such openings, dew may persist for hours, and insect activity is favored. The camper who picks a large opening (d/h ratio 10+ :1) should have an ample supply of blankets. Temperatures in such places often drop well below those in the forest, so on a hot, reasonably clear night, it follows that the large opening may be more comfortable than a small one.

As trees grow larger, openings get smaller. New growth fills in from the edge of the forest utilizing the sidelight from above. Then, too, large openings are ready-made for the tree planter, tractor, and plow. We know that openings are disappearing in the north, and with them, an essential component of wildlife habitat.

One could make much the same observations on habitat for ruffed grouse, for snowshoe hare, for innumerable other species—the pattern is similar. Total acreage in young stages of forest growth is declining rapidly. The forests are closing in and, with human pressures on the land, these changes spell poor habitat.

In addition to the white-tail, another animal deserves special mention. In most of the North, beaver habitat has declined drastically, in large part as a result of fire control and inadequate replenishment of aspen near streams. In the Boundary Waters canoe area in Minnesota, for example, aesthetics have played a role in reducing beaver habitat. Restrictions on cutting near the lakes favor the growth of spruce and fir as does fire control; aspen and willows are replaced by conifers. Elsewhere, the human desire to be near water insures that the ambitious beaver will get an eviction notice when he floods a cabin, footpath, culvert, or even a patch of expendable balsam fir. It will be a continuing struggle to maintain beaver habitat, and so too, the

beaver itself, in the North, but it is a worthwhile struggle for the sake of tourism, aesthetics, and ecosystem diversity.

In any forested area, commercial logging remains the major tool in wildlife habitat management. This is especially true in the northern Lake States. The trend toward intensive management at first may be detrimental. Later it can be beneficial. The use of fire in site preparation offers an opportunity for maintaining species diversity, as does the utilization of smaller logs.

The future of wildlife habitat in the North is not desperate, but it is gloomy. Habitat for *Homo sapiens* is changing also, and again, there is relatively little reason for optimism.

The log cabins on the "cut-over forty" still stand, but they are now outnumbered by ranch style "cottages" on hundred-foot lake lots and by year-round residences planted, garage to picture window, along miles of highway. Gas stations, billboards, mowed bluegrass lawns, and similar discordant reminders of our conforming urban civilization spread in virtually uncontrolled profusion.

In the southern portions of the Lake States, the larger cities have become sloppy, ill-defined, massed monotony. The change in quality of habitat shows itself in the behavior of the two-legged animals who inhabit them. Must this also happen in the North?

In a 1970 *Life* magazine article, Robert Ardrey pointed out the importance of stimulation as relief from monotony. As a human need, he placed stimulation above security and on a par with an individual's sense of identity. He also expressed the belief that much of the unrest today stems from the increasing anonymity and boredom of modern industrial society. This, presumably, is a major reason for the success of the tourist industry. But what if the Milwaukee or Chicago tourist arrives in the North only to find a developing "slurb" with many of the same elements of monotony that had prompted his search for a stimulating environment in the first place?

In a very real sense, "development" is often self-defeating. Motel after motel, hamburger stand after hamburger stand, realtor following realtor—all line the approach to nearly every town in the North. The "wild" and "different" atmosphere which has drawn people (and often kept them) is fast being replaced with what they left behind.

To this point, Rene Dubos has written, "Sensory deprivation is incompatible with the maintenance of sanity . . . . to live is to respond and the diversity of stimuli thus becomes a part of functionalism in the design of human settlements." Diversity and stimulation are still provided by the North. But how long can these qualities be maintained?

There is, clearly, a vital need to supply a decent standard of living, not only for the four-legged animals who search in vain for food in a winter deeryard, but for humans as well—people caught up in poverty in a beautiful land whose climate and soil are not suitable for intensive agriculture. Adding to the problem is the great influx of those who would use the resources of forest and lake for their own ends. Without attention to the needs of the land and its inhabitants, animal and human, they promote growth for growth's sake, with little consideration of the cost to others, and then take their profits elsewhere. Fortunately, many have found the North a place to retire and these people have a unique opportunity to use their skills and time to work toward the common goal of quality habitat. For all who live in the Northland, whether by choice or by necessity, the problems of human habitat must be met—and met now.

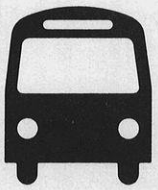
We have accepted, without thinking, the proposition that growth both in population and business, is the key to prosperity. We have ignored the costs of growth, both the direct monetary costs (schools, roads, police, waste disposal) and the indirect costs of reduced environmental quality. Why should we mourn the fact that a northern county loses population or does not grow? This is not inherently bad, since it can be argued that the resource base can support only a limited population. We must analyze prospective development to compare gains and costs to both human and animal residents. Habitat studies are essential. Wildlife are an important component of the charm and economy of this ecosystem. Likewise, we may learn that such studies are applicable to the habitat of man as well.

"The North has much to offer in the way of a free, beautiful, and varied environment, but today this asset is being abused and destroyed, chiefly for individual profit."

Diversity must be maintained, swamps preserved, suburbanization limited and eutrophication of the waters halted. Intelligent zoning in cluster patterns could help reduce the developing recreational slums. Tax laws may need revision. Why not, for example, reduce taxes on undeveloped lakeshore land to encourage private retention of wild shorelands? Undeveloped lakeshore is a public good.

Like wildlife, humans must also eat and be sheltered. To meet these needs, diversification of industry will best serve. It will be a challenge to discover small, essentially nonpolluting industries which could tap the talent available. If labor must be attracted, let it be those with the appropriate skills. The North has much to offer in the way of a free, beautiful, and varied environment, but today this asset is being abused and destroyed, chiefly for individual profit.

Action and understanding are long overdue. Both must be backed by knowledge and increased by further research and education. The birds and animals of the forest prosper only in a favorable habitat; so, ultimately, will it be with the human inhabitants.



Poetry

Of poets and poetry in Wisconsin there is an abundance. Creativity is rife, as the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters discovered last autumn when it initiated a project known as Poetry in Public Places (PIPP), under the direction of Rosella Howe and partially funded by a grant from the Wisconsin Arts Board. The idea was to conduct a kind of pilot project in which state poets would be invited to submit brief works, with the ten prize-winning entries

TEMPERA

I'm making light
with my camel's hair brush
The importance of illumination
The prepared canvas
From mud and slate and gray
come the subtle stirrings of light—
the gleam of a cloud's edge,
the glaze of pottery
the white of an eye

—Jean Berman, Madison

LADY

In my grandmother's time,
you would have candled eggs
in this fine, flat light.
You would have held each egg
up to a flame to check its yellow—
tossed the rottens,
moved the double-yolks
off to the side—
wiping faintly at your fingers
after each touch.

—T. Gardner, Madison

SLAUGHTERHOUSE

A large room, white walls, tile ceiling.
I wear coveralls and rubber hip boots.
Tiny globes of pork fat and blood wash over
my ankles. A black man, behind me, hoses down
the rich grease before it jells into pink lard.
I check swine off a clipboard, fill them
full of stars with a hammer, and cut their throats
with a scalpel. I no longer wear ear plugs.
The squeal center in my head sleeps
behind a shunt. My boss smiles or hums
when I'm ahead of my quota.

—Charles Cantrell, Madison

IN EXCHANGE FOR RIGHTS TO SILENCE

They are hacking a road through my quiet ways.

The branches, slashed,
now hang like broken wings.

All green bleeds brown
to blot out track of doe and fawn,

and beaks of birds are cemented shut
and bee hum thins.

Too late, I run to seal the cracks,
sandbag the walls, hoard up old sounds,

while mad machines move heaven,
and earth,

and batter down my door.

—Marion Rewey, Verona

I AM NOT BLOND

nor blue-eyed.
When the Wisconsin sun shines,
as it does, in fits,
my hair does not explode
into showers of gold.
Nor is my skin the white
of polished teeth;
no sparkling laughter
underneath.

My dark hair and darker eyes
conceal, are quiet.

I make no stray revelations.

—Credo Enriquez, Madison

in Public Places

to be reproduced as placards and placed on Madison city buses throughout the winter months. The response from Wisconsin poets was overwhelming: in all, some 900 poems from 240 poets were received. Reproduced here are the ten poems which brought Madison bus passengers temporary relief from the headaches of ordinary overhead advertising—plus a baker's dozen that we felt worthy of publication in the **Wisconsin Academy Review.**

A TALE

There was a time when one could not afford
to sleep so deeply. People had to keep their eyes
open, or closed only tight enough to shut
out the moonlight. They learned to subdue
the speed of blood through the organs,
take in less air and forget all ideas.
They could sustain this state while performing
vital chores: feeling for a thick stick,
tapping the ground for water,
dreaming with eyes wide open.

—Ron Slate, Madison

I HAD A PAINTER FRIEND

His bathtub gin
was very weak because he forgot to
turn off the overhead shower.
But he drank it anyway
and left a ring wherever he travelled.

Fitting it was-
he disappeared in a bath
that he drew himself when,
backed against the rack,
he threw in the towel
and conceded in this life
he was no match for raised eyebrows.

—David Clewell, Madison

THE WISH

To be a fish
slender and sliding through water
water of ocean, water in motion
soothing.
Blue sides flashing, silvery sliding
down
deeply
down
to begin again
in darkness
and the taste
of salt.

—James Dott, Madison

AM

I will be born, again. Be here, again
Burning. Cry like the killdeer,
watch the nests, night's nets come up,
west burn, bull amble to the white fence,
dog twist on the rope, upset his bowl into the grass.

Perennial as any fire I am
bird, star, dog, bowl and desire.
am. I am. Being one
endlessly one.
The brown moth beats against my glass.
I watch. And beat.

—Michael O'Malley, Wausau

BE SURE AND BRING YOUR BONES

Yes, you can now purchase your own bones.
We will painlessly extract them from you
clean them of unsightly gristle
oven-dry and bleach them
and deliver your bones to your own home
in our attractive plaid overnight bag
—all for the low low price of $499.50 plus tax.
You will want to carry your bones wherever you go.

—John Ceely, Barneveld

More PIPP

AND THE BLACKBIRD WILL ALWAYS FLY AWAY

there will always be blackbirds
and there will always be 13 ways of looking at a blackbird
and if there are 4 and 20 blackbirds
there will be 13 times 4 and 20 ways of looking at them
and there will always be a royal accountant
counting ways of looking at blackbirds
and there will always be the blackbird
the little
green
blackbird

—William R. Rodriguez, Madison

PHANTOM

The new tree stump sits
listening to the dull ache
in its utmost branch.

—Felix Pollak, Madison

LIFEQUILT

I go at it with
no eye to the
final design

one
bright
square
at
a
time

—Karen Stacey, Madison

ON BEING DIVORCED

Now . . . .

one potpie can be a whole meal
and nobody complains.

I can pick out which album I'd like to listen to
or which television program I'd rather watch

and nobody argues.

Dirty dishes can sit in the sink for two days
and nobody minds.

I can sleep on either side of the bed
or take all the covers

and nobody says anything.

Except the clock on the stand
beside my bed.

—Judy Lynn Wesner, Madison

SEEING THROUGH

Again you pretend the season
takes you by surprise, falling
like a sudden fist on a table. Your house
shakes, rooted in the quivering land.
The windows steam grey and the phone
stops ringing. Sometimes this is the hardest part
of winter, this starting without snow or unusual wind.
You think there is room for something different.
You think this time there will be a chance
to carve your green initials
in the heart of winter.

—David Clewell, Madison

More PIPP

THE EYES OF THE POOR

I shudder each time the wind knocks
at my back door wanting in like a hobo
who sprang from railroad jungles behind
my mother's house, spouting bruised words,
his pockets full of lint and wind.
He stepped in and watched the flame
burning low under the coffee pot.

When the eyes of the poor touched
the eyes of the poor, they raised cups
of steaming coffee, while their eyes
slowly turned to stone.

—Charles Cantrell, Madison

PICKING THE PEANUTS

Defying my own frank doubts about their existence,
I gripped the stiff, unpromising stalks and pulled, hard.
The brittle plant came out in my hand,
dragging a tangle of roots.
But there they were – a close cluster of chubby nuts
sprouting out from under my fingers.
I raised them high and stood there
grinning hugely, my heart a surging kernel
of perfect, naked elation.

—Marcia Casey, Madison

NIGHT-TIME

the children turn in their beds
like weather vanes on windy roofs.
and like the fog,
which gently wraps the suns fever
i want to sneak in
& pull the roosters from their dreams.

—Susan Firer, Milwaukee

LANDSCAPE

my bones move with some complaint.
they have swelled in protest.
at being broken and bruised.
and worn, they shrink
from their only landscape
of muscle and tissue.
they speak slowly
and whisper of change,
of seeing the dark
muscle of earth.

—Charlotte Bliss, Madison

WAUSAU EARLY

What I am here
is measured by mornings, Lord—
laid out in the long line of
first light, smoke climbing from chimneys in a creamy curl,
mountain's back still hunched against the
east end of night.

Let me line them out
the way an old pro hits fungoes;
one good solid morning after another.

—Michael O'Malley, Wausau

More PIPP

PREPARING FOR WINTER

The loose leaves in the moonlight
fall like days
on our unsuspecting faces.
Noiseless winter crouches in the grass.

Wind blows somewhere through a long street;
lights in all the houses,
quiet.

And while I should be sleeping
I watch the squirrels who shake their heads at us,
except for one
who drops an acorn from his mouth
and moves closer.

—David Clewell, Madison

NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE . . .

I go to the laundromat
and fold my clothes alone
and miss you . . .

the sheets are bigger than I remember.

—C. Rossitter, Milwaukee

RAH-RAH FOR THE LUNCH BUCKET

What does your lunch bucket smell like?
If it smells like plastic or steel, you're
in trouble. It should smell stronger than
the person next to you. If it does, then
you know the secret of in-transit smiles.
Cotto salami, kosher dills, or a small
cube of cheddar will open the books and newspapers.
Someone will rub Plato from their eyes
because of you. Someone will dream of rose gardens.
Someone will ride an argument over coffee
into the song of the tires. Someone will leave
here and touch the skin of a new day.

—Charles Cantrell, Madison

Then I remembered what Ma said my job was. It wouldn't be the easiest thing in the world to keep Grandpa from bidding on everything from lamp wicks to butter churns, but I had to try.

My Loveable Aggervatin' Grandpa

by Clarice Chase Dunn

Ma took Mrs. Turner into the parlor to pay her respects to Grandpa who was laid out in his coffin with bought flowers in tall vases all around him. He was dressed up in a new blue serge suit and white shirt and fancy necktie. The truth is he didn't hardly look natural. But you can't lay a person out in his overalls and have just plain garden flowers around. It wouldn't be proper.

I was dressed up too in my Sunday suit. I had on the new leather belt with the initials T.B. for Tom Bartlett that Uncle Luke gave me for my birthday last year when I turned nine.

While Mrs. Turner was saying a rosary for Grandpa, I had such a lonesome feeling I thought I might bust out crying in front of everybody, so I started saying the multiplication tables to myself. I just got through the elevens when she got up off her knees, put her rosary beads back in her pocket and stood there looking down at Grandpa.

"He was the most loveable man I ever knew," she said.

"Yes, he was," Ma said. "And the most aggervatin'."

I thought for a minute I wasn't hearing straight. How dast Ma say such a thing when poor Grandpa couldn't talk back! But when she patted Grandpa's shoulder and smiled at Mrs. Turner, I knew she didn't mean no disrespect at all. Most likely she was just remembering some of the things Grandpa did. Like his going to auctions, maybe.

Right then and there I got to thinking about Grandpa and auctions. When the "Farmers Dispatch" told about an auction coming up. Ma hid that part of the paper or spilt something sticky on it like sorghum so it had to be thrown out. But it didn't do one bit of good. Grandpa always got wind of it from someone going by in a lumber wagon who stopped to rest his horses and exchange the time of day. Or he got the exact details rubbering in on the telephone.

"If he was locked up in a room with no doors or windows, he'd still know about every auction in seven counties," Ma would grumble as she looked at the old beat-up lamp holders and bent button hooks and chipped enamel kettles he brought home.

"They was a bargain," Grandpa would say. "They was dirt cheap."

Ma would just heave a sigh.

Well, one day Ma had just about enough of auctions. When the men folks were all out in the field planting

corn, and the baby was down for his nap, and my sister Dottie took the little kids down to the crick to wade, Ma motioned for me to come in the storeroom back of the summer kitchen. She was whispering like there were people all around us listening.

"You don't need to whisper. Tnere ain't a soul in this room besides us and old Shep," I said. When he heard his name, Shep wagged his tail and knocked over a cracked lamp chimney which smashed to smithereens.

"You're a good dog, Shep," Ma said as she swept up the pieces. Shep looked up at me kind of surprised because he always expects a clout when he knocks things down and breaks them.

"One less piece of trash to get rid of," Ma said. I held the dust pan for her.

Then she told me what she had a mind to do.

"Tom, I want you to help me load up this barrel with the junk Grandpa brought back from the auction at the old Schmidt place last week."

"You ain't going to throw it out?"

"Of course not. You think I lost my mind? I never threw out anything in my life that Grandpa didn't tote right back in again. I got me a better idea. A real sneaky one!"

"What?"

Ma sat down on a wobbly old footstool Grandpa bought at the Hike auction.

"I happen to know there's not a living soul at the Sweeflehofer place this morning. The relations and the auctioneer are going out there this afternoon to get things set up for the auction tomorrow. Now you and I will load this barrel up with junk and haul it over to the Sweeflehofer's . . ."

"Gee, Ma, won't somebody see us?"

"Not if we're lucky. We'll go down the lane, over the tote road, through Lebec's woods and right up to . . ."

"But a barrel's mighty heavy to hoist."

"I thought of that. We'll get old Ep up from the pasture and hitch him to the stoneboat. We'll put the empty barrel on the stoneboat and load it. Then when we get to the Sweeflehofers, we'll just ease it off."

"It don't seem right," I said.

"Listen, young man," Ma yelled. "It's not for a shirt-tailed youngone like you to tell his poor put-upon Ma what's not right. For two cents I'd trounce you with this old broke-off flag pole Grandpa brought home from the Dykman auction!"

Ma waved the flag pole at me. I could see she was on edge, so I shut up.

"We'll drive right up to the granary door and leave the barrel with all the other stuff the Sweeflehofer relations are getting together for the auction."

Ma had this whole business so well planned out I began to get the drift of why she forgot to put salt in the pancake batter that morning and why she didn't half fry the potatoes brown.

Well, we did it. And nobody saw us. And Grandpa took me to the auction with him next day.

As many auctions as I been to, I got to admit the Sweeflehofers had the most lot of stuff I ever saw. The old folks died a few years back, and now that Wilhelmina had got married and moved on to her man's place, which didn't need so much as another carpet tack, there was nothing else to do but have an auction.

Grandpa shaded his eyes with his hand as he looked over that whole yard full of junk. Old furniture with one leg off. Big fancy wicker chairs people used to have their pictures taken in. Busted-up canary bird cages and doll beds. You couldn't name a thing what wasn't there. There was a lot of nice things too—like a three-decker organ and a black leather-covered chair and sofa stuffed with horsehair and standing on fancy legs.

We spent pret' near an hour poking through the beds and bureaus and dishes and butter churns before old Charley Garey got up on a kitchen table and started the bidding.

"What am I offered for this genuine granite preserving kettle?" he yelled. "Good as new. Except for a few nicks and a broken handle any smart ten-year-old boy can fix between chores and breakfast. What am I offered? A dime? A dime? Grandpa Bartlett says a dime."

Then I remembered what Ma said my job was. It wouldn't be the easiest thing in the world to keep Grandpa from bidding on everything from lamp wicks to butter churns, but I had to try.

"Grandpa," I said, "Ma's trying to get the storeroom cleaned out of junk, so she don't want you toting a lot of new junk home." Ma already had more preserving kettles than she knew what to do with.

"Junk," Grandpa yelled. "Tommy, boy, I never hauled no junk home in all my born days. Trouble is, your Ma's got no eye for bargains. She's a good hardworking church-going woman, but she . . ."

"Twenty-five cents. Twenty-five cents. One round quarter. One round silver quarter," old Charley was saying. "Sold to Joe Hike for one silver quarter."

"Now see what you did," yelled Grandpa. "Whilst you was gabbing, I didn't hear Joe's bid. Doggone you, boy! If you expect me to take you to any more auctions, you got to keep your trap shut, so—say, Tommy, we got strangers here. I don't recollect ever seeing those ladies around here before."

I turned my head to gawk at three ladies all dressed up like in the *Sears Roebuck Catalogue.* One of them was carrying a parasol, and it wasn't even raining.

Grandpa tipped his hat to them, but they were too busy watching old Charley to notice Grandpa's politeness. And all the time they kept edging up closer to the auctioneer's table and pointing at things and talking low.

When Charley held up a big fancy chamber pot with red roses and gold edging on it and even a cover, the ladies nudged the one in front and pushed her even closer to the old kitchen table where Charley was standing.

"Now here's a beauty," shouted old Charley. "Fit for

a king, ain't it?" He held it way up so everybody could see.

"Too old-fashioned," Grandpa said. "Them granite slop jars with handles over there is more practical. Don't break if you slip on the ice in winter when you're taking them out to empty."

"What am I offered for this elegant chamber pot? Make me an offer, folks. Any offer . . ."

"One dollar," yelled the lady with the parasol. "I bid one dollar!"

Grandpa looked flabbergasted.

"Why, that poor soul don't know those old-fashioned chamber pots ain't worth carrying home. She must be brand-new at auctions."

He walked over and started talking to the lady.

"Lady, I can see you ain't used to auctions. Now if you wait a spell, you can get a slop jar ain't more'n ten years old. That old chamber pot has seen 50 years if it's seen a day."

"A dollar and a quarter," the lady yelled. Grandpa was rattling her so much she was bidding against herself.

People started laughing and bidding at the same time. I think they were bidding mainly for the fun of it thinking someone else would get stuck with the pot.

"Lady, you could buy a brand new one down at Turner's store for less than that." Grandpa was standing right in front of her. She gave him a shove. When he got in her way again, she waved her parasol at him.

"Old man," she yelled, "will you please get out of my way and stop yakking? I'm trying to concentrate. I'm trying to . . ."

"But lady . . ."

"Going, going, gone to Augie Kelly for three dollars. Step right up, Augie!"

While everybody was laughing and joshing Augie Kelly, that lady gave Grandpa a tongue lashing that'd burn the hair off a dog. And every time she stopped to catch her breath, the other ladies put in their two cents worth.

"You meddling old fool," the parasol one yelled. "I've hunted for months for that identical item and now you . . ."

"But lady, what'd you want that old thing for? It's all of . . ."

"Well, it's none of your business, but if you've just got to know, the descendants of Colonel Joshua Redding are restoring his old house over in Redding Prairie to what it looked like when he was living there, and I'm chairman of the committee to furnish the bedrooms in every item of that period."

"Well, I'll be . . ."

"And thanks to you, I've lost a prize item. Come on, girls, let's move to a better spot." They walked right through the crowd over opposite to us, mad as hornets, all three of them.

"Well, Tommy, a fella tries his darndest to help folks, and half the time he gets no thanks for it at all."

"But Grandpa," I said, "if the ladies wanted to . . ."

"Tommy, you got no concern for your fellow human beings. Now that's a streak I can't abide in a youngone."

Then I lost track of his jawing at me because I noticed Augie Kelly taking the fancy pot over to the city ladies and selling it to them for exactly what he paid for it.

But I never should of took my mind off Grandpa. When Augie Kelly edged back I could see a big barrel being loaded onto our lumber wagon. It was the same doggone barrel Ma and I went to so much work getting here to the auction.

"I sure got me a bargain," chuckled Grandpa. "This whole barrel of useful articles for less than that lady bid for the pot."

I thought for sure Ma'd take a stick to me for not keeping Grandpa from bidding, but when we drove up to the storehouse door and she saw the barrel, she just sat down on the top step and began fingering her apron. For a minute there, I thought she was going to bawl. Then she shook her head back and forth slow and sad and kept saying over and over again, "Death and taxes. Death and taxes. AND AUCTIONS."

Grandpa didn't even hear her. He was too busy toting the barrel back into the storeroom.

As I sat there in the parlor feeling lonesome, I just had to agree with Ma that there were times when my loveable Grandpa was downright aggervatin'.

Clarice Dunn is a Madison teacher and free lance writer. The first director of the Yarns of Yesteryear project, she recently received an honorable mention for her short story, "A Gift for Carney and MacDonald," awarded by the Council for Wisconsin Writers.

Marian Lefebvre is a Madison artist. Her recent work includes two books published by Wisconsin House Book Publishers. She illustrated We Were Children Then *and designed* The Only Place We Live *which won her special recognition and a Certificate of Award at the Chicago Book Clinic.*

WINDFALLS

"Tell Me About Yourself"

by Arthur Hove

"Sit down. Tell me about yourself."

Many of us, I presume, have been tendered this or a similar invitation at one time or another. The response given in each instance has been, no doubt, as infinitely varied as our particular lives. The opportunity is usually a welcome one. After all, we have a sometimes annoying tendency to view ourselves as the center of the universe.

It is a natural impulse. Philosophically we can rationalize that we create the world in the act of perceiving it, that nothing exists unless we will it into being.

A pithy illustration of this impulse can be seen in one of Bill Mauldin's World War II cartoons. His prototypical dogface soldiers—Willie and Joe—are slouched in a foxhole as shells whizz overhead. Willie looks at Joe and says, "Th' hell this ain't th' most important hole in th' world. I'm in it."

Socrates recognized this very human reaction to circumstances long before Willie when he observed, "The life which is unexamined is not worth living."

Those of us who hold any illusions whatsoever about shaping our own destinies, think, at least subliminally, that our lives will be examined. If not now, maybe later on. When I was a boy, I sometimes had a feeling that there was someone with a movie camera lurking nearby in the shadows watching my every move. When I died, the first thing that would happen to me in purgatory—or wherever I was bound for—would be that I would have to watch the complete, uncut, unedited version of my life reeling out before me, playing on some vaporous movie screen in the sky.

Time and technology have tempered my original presumptions. I'm not sure any longer that there's anyone but the Grim Reaper in the background. Yet, I still have moments when I sense that some kind of record (perhaps a videotape) is being made. In talking with others, I find this sensibility, which reflects a deeply human psychological need, is not uncommon.

The evidence is there. Consciously or unconsciously we make a record of our lives as we transcribe the reality of our existence into artifacts. If we don't do it as individuals, we do it as a people. The records we leave behind in one fashion or another become part of what modern literary critics have come to call the "collective unconscious."

In addition to such expressions of self love, we are continually motivated by a curiosity about what happens to other people, about what they do and believe. There is a bit of Peeping Tom in all of us. It is difficult, for example, to resist the temptation to snoop. How easy is it to walk down the hallway of a building without peering into open doors? Curiosity forces us to turn our head and glance in. We want to know how other people conduct their lives. We want to see how like us they are, or how different.

If not directly, at least vicariously, we judge the content of our own lives by holding them up to the light of other people's lives. That is why biography has become an everyday staple—something so common it threatens to engulf us at times. Popular magazines have flourished because of the public's curiosity. Movie magazines have capitalized on the public's desire to know about the "private lives of the stars." The *New Yorker* profile (a genre in itself) and the cover stories about people in *Time* and *Newsweek* have become familiar parts of the media landscape. Newspapers regularly run "sidebar" stories about personalities considered "newsmakers." Corporate and institutional files are filled with "bios"—those summaries of people who are considered potentially newsworthy. Most of us have a resume handy in the files, something which tells a potential employer what a distinctive person we are.

Expanding the scale, the ultimate recognition for a citizen who has any pretentions about being significant is to be listed in *Who's Who*. Every self-respecting country has a dictionary of national biography. Our state has a *Dictionary of Wisconsin Biography*, published in 1960 by the State Historical Society. This spring I saw an advertisement announcing publication of the *Concise Dictionary of American Biography* (Second Edition), sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies and containing "concise biographies of more than 16,000 men and women notable in American history."

Further evidence of the pervasiveness of biography can be seen in the current publishing scene. A recent single issue of the *New York Times Book Review* produced these titles: *The Fabians* (a study of those quirky English socialists, with particular emphasis on the lives of Sidney and Beatrice Webb and George

Arthur Hove, Wisconsin Academy's essayist in residence, recently won a Council for Wisconsin Writers honorable mention for short non-*fiction for his essay, "Letters from the Wad", published in the March, 1976* Review.

Bernard Shaw); *The Vidocq Dossier: The Story of the World's First Detective* (Francois Eugene Vidocq, 1775-1857); *Carlos: Portrait of a Terrorist; Catherine the Great; Nixon vs. Nixon; A Literature of Their Own: British Novelists from Bronte to Lessing;* and *Infamous Woman: The Life of George Sand.*

For those who like quantifying things, there were 13 "general" titles listed in this particular issue of the *Review.* Of that total, seven—or 54 percent—were titles that had a substantial biographical content. Obviously, the careful statistician would point out that this particular issue might be atypical. However, a look at the "general" catagory for the Best Seller List in that same issue revealed six out of the ten titles listed were biographical or autobiographical in content.

People, a magazine launched in 1974, further reinforces the pervasiveness of biography in our popular culture. In the introduction to the first issue, the magazine's editors unabashedly declared: "*People* will focus entirely on the active personalities of our time—in all fields. On the headliners, the stars, the important doers, the comers, and on plenty of ordinary men and women caught up in extraordinary situations . . . Editorially, we hope to come at everything fresh. To reappraise, to ask 'Who is this person' and give an honest, up-to-date answer. To reassess the old familiar faces. To welcome the new and eager. To peer into the lives of the hitherto undiscovered . . ."

Aside from the grammatical atrocities committed in that declaration, the business about peering into other people's lives by a national magazine is disturbing. The practice, unfortunately, has become something of a modern disease, a factor which has made the price of celebrity extraordinarily high. As a society, we have developed such an addiction to personality that we have created a battalion of lost souls who have courted and been rebuffed in one fashion or another by the bitch goddess success.

Becoming a legend in one's own time is a hazardous undertaking, one that requires some skill and a high degree of luck. Those among us who manage to achieve some kind of celebrity too often discover that fame is not always the answer. The day-to-day reality of being famous and living with the burdens that celebrity imposes on one's personal life have often been too heavy for some. It seems to be a particularly contemporary infection. As fame arrives, so do the curious, those who come gazing in at the windows of one's life with their noses pressed against the glass of privacy. If the public isn't always there, their scouts—the reporters and photographers—are hovering nearby, hoping to catch one off guard. What one has and does suddenly becomes community property. Totems of all kinds—autographs, pieces of clothing, snippings of hair, even nail clippings—are sought by the idolatrous.

Some have found the burden to be too much. The public legend created about them does not coincide with what they know about themselves. They are unable to continue this fundamentally schizophrenic existence, to turn themselves on and off like a light bulb. The release they seek from such bondage is self destruction, an impulse which sometimes results in the pathetic gesture of suicide.

One could put together a substantial list of "famous" people who have been driven by one set of demons or another to take their own lives. Poets seem particularly susceptible. In recent years, the toll has been heavy—John Berryman, Anne Sexton, and Sylvia Plath; before that, Hart Crane. Novelist Ernest Hemingway found it impossible to live up to the public caricature he and the press created and did away with himself. Comedian Freddie Prinze and actress Marilyn Monroe found they could not continue living with the personal emptiness that fame brought them.

These tragic examples lead to a consideration of the final and most common form of biography—the obituary. (Alas, it appears too late for us to personally savor.) The art of writing a comprehensive obituary has become such a specialized skill that it has resulted in a particular kind of fame for whoever practices it well. Alden Whitman of the *New York Times,* the premier practitioner of the art, in a name well-recognized by those who have followed his exhaustive chronicles which appear the day after a "world figure" has passed from the scene.

Few of us will have an Alden Whitman to memorialize us when we are gone. The best we can hope for is a simple notice in the paper. This used to be given freely as a kind of final tribute by community-minded newspapers. But paper shortages and inflation have changed things. Now the obituary is something purchased by the bereaved in the same way they buy a classified ad.

If you have a particular sensitivity about this most recent reminder of the harshness of human existence, you might consider writing your own obituary before you go. Newspapers exercise no editorial stringencies here. Facts are not checked by conscientious copy editors. You simply pays your money and takes your commensurate number of lines.

If you want something less ephemeral, consider that ultimate last word—the epitaph. The challenge here is more formidable, of course. You have to capture the quintessence of a life in a phrase.

Hobbyists regularly scout graveyards looking for memorable examples. The magazine, *Vanity Fair,* popular in the 1920s, once gave a group of artists an opportunity to write their own. Percy Hammond offered what seems a fitting close:

"At least he had a pretty name."

This is the first of two essays on biography.

BOOKMARKS WISCONSIN

Book Reviewing: the Past and Present State of the Art

by Leslie Cross

The editor of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* has kindly invited me to write a guest column on books, and has suggested as a theme, "Criticism: The State of the Art." This is a tall order, if a complimentary one.

My own field is not criticism as such. It is book reviewing—the writing, procurement, and editing of reviews—along with the gathering of news and opinion on what might be called (a bit jocularly at times) the literary world. You won't find many Matthew Arnolds, T. S. Eliots, or F. R. Leavises in this trade, at least as it is practiced in the general press. It has been graced, though, by Sainte-Beuves, Edmund Wilsons, Oscar Wildes, and H. L. Menckens, to drop a few names from the top of my head. It is, in short, journalism, but it can be journalism of a high order.

And, of course, criticism is an indispensable component of book reviewing. It is the heart of it, but even in the animal world the heart isn't the whole body. A good book review should be lively and well-written (even artfully written); a reviewer *must* snare the reader, especially in these days of television and other enticing distractions. It should be informed and informing. It should give readers some basis for judging whether the book under scrutiny is good or bad—for them, anyway.

How does book reviewing today stand up to these criteria? Pretty well, I think. More newspapers are publishing more reviews than was the case at most times in the past, and often the reviews are better. There are more magazines that provide book coverage. Most of them, though, are small and rather specialized.

Just the same, every coin has two sides. It is easy to underrate book reviewing in past decades. The *Times Literary Supplement of London* recently published its 75th anniversary edition. It reprinted a sampling of reviews that appeared in its first year. They dealt with authors like Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Edith Wharton, and the Conan Doyle of "The Hound of the Baskervilles." Remarkably good. Prescient.

In this country, large magazines with a literary bent have all but disappeared. Do you remember when the *Saturday Review* was the *Saturday Review of Literature?* I was an adolescent in the 1920s, and I fondly recall the old *Bookman*, the brilliant *Vanity Fair*, the *American Mercury* of Mencken and George Jean Nathan. In the early 1930s, I read Fitzgerald's "Tender Is The Night" in *Scribner's Magazine*, before that novel, now much pored over in university courses, appeared in book form—and bombed. The Roaring Twenties were over; the Dreadful Thirties had begun. What Leslie Fiedler calls "the art novel" was out. Life was grim; life was earnest.

Today there is less popular interest in books of a literary nature than there was even as late as the Forties and Fifties. In fact, the very word "literature" has become suspect. Authors used to be lionized—perhaps not so much so as television performers and rock stars are today, but lionized nevertheless.

I remember discussing Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* with my barber in the 1930s, and it was *he* who brought up the subject. He was not a learned man (I doubt that he had finished high school) but he had an alert mind and thought that literature should be for everybody. Try discussing *Gravity's Rainbow* with your hairdresser or hair stylist.

The point of this digression is that the position of books in American life has changed. Books at one time were magnetic; they had a numinous quality, perhaps partly the product of centuries of Bible worship. To write a book! What an aspiration! Here and there you may still find a postman who dreams of completing a Great American Novel, or a lonely housewife with the manuscript of a play hidden in her linen closet. My impression is that there are not as many of these now as there used to be. Carol Kennicott has long since left Main Street; if she is still living, she probably is taking graduate work at a branch university, hobbling about in advanced old age to the admiration of "the kids" among whom she is immersed.

Poor Carol, *dear* Carol! But she isn't our norm today. Time, as an old radio show used to proclaim, marches on.

More books, of more kinds, are being published than ever before.

Who is the reader of today? This is a question that is difficult to determine. Book review editors have to aim their sights on him, or her. Today's readers are less interested in fiction than were their

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Leslie Cross has been book editor of The Milwaukee Journal since 1951.

counterparts as recently as 15 or 20 years ago. Nonfiction titles on the best-seller lists outsell the fiction titles two to one. So who reads what? The obvious answer is that there are as many kinds of readers as there are kinds of books. Some ten thousand books come to my desk every year—hundreds in a single day at the height of the fall season. Some must be plucked out to be sent to reviewers. The margin for error is enormous. One simply can't cover everything. Space (alas) is not infinite.

Speaking for myself, I think that American culture (this phrase should be set off by quotation marks, to denote a possible irony) has been spread too thin. Granted, we are a nation. Granted, regionalism as such has tended to be disappointing.

Nevertheless, the view from Wisconsin is different from that in San Francisco, New York, London, or Paris. Not better (in many ways it isn't). Just different. We Wisconsinites (I am a native) have come a long way from the frontier, a fact we often forget. I have managed to get a glimpse of these things from Europe.

A phenomenon of late years is the growth of syndicated book review services. These are excellent. Who could quarrel with the institutional sagacity of the *New York Times* News Service or with its stable of bright full-time reviewers?

But I look upon such offerings with misgivings. After all, the view *is* different from Wisconsin. And we have a lot of good book people. I'd rather read and publish a review by Warren Beck on Faulkner than rely on something that comes over the wire from New York or Los Angeles or Washington. Warren Beck is an expert. The syndicated reviewers, able though they are, write generally about a particular case. This is only one example.

Ours is a big country. I think it would be good if more of it were heard from.

LAURA: THE LIFE OF LAURA INGALLS WILDER by Donald Zochert; Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, 1976. 260 pp. $8.95.

The preface to this work includes an assumptive statement on our knowledge of frontier America to the effect that, "If historians had hearts they could study her (Laura Ingalls Wilder) with profit. Following that there is a possibly depreciative reference to historian Fredrick Jackson Turner, and a qualification for "those who left their childhood behind."

The impulse to take issue with such notions is soon dispelled as the careful reader perceives the complexity and insight of a superb essayist. Donald Zochert also includes 16 photographs to further bring his subject into perspective, along with three appendices and a good index.

As many a reader may recall, the first of the "Little House" books ends: "She thought to herself, *This is now.* She was glad that the house, and Pa and Ma and firelight and music were now. They could not be forgotten because now is now. It can never be long ago."

Those who appreciate Laura Ingalls Wilder's literary legacy will be struck by how subtly Donald Zochert has adopted her style for this biography. His artistry is sustained from the opening line ("For Laura, this is where it all began—in the Big Woods of Wisconsin") to his closing description of her 90th birthday—and to the next, and last, two days of her life:

> The house at Rocky Ridge was quiet. In her mind was half the history of America. Where had they gone, the Indians? Single-file, sadly west, silent. Fleeting years have borne away the voice of Alfarata. The sky was so high and wide that the wagon seemed to stand at rest. But the wagon was moving . . . . The sound of a fiddle drifted and faded and drifted again. What was it? Captain Jinks? The Blue Juniata? Oh, carry me back, carry me back! Laura closed her eyes. Now is now. She wished they could go on and on, forever.

History is everywhere present in Zochert's writing, not as reminders of battles or political affairs but of inventions and expositions. Yet, despite his extensive research, there are discrepancies and gaps. Laura's art could, and often did, master fact and memory, as when she was rebuked by a reader for failing to mention a town near Plum Creek. Her response: "I should have, but at the time I had no idea I was writing history."

In this, Zochert himself is somewhat of a prestidigitator. But delineation of Laura's many relatives and numerous neighbors in the town of DeSmet, South Dakota eventually becomes tiresome. These are not, afterall, the likes of those—Justice Holmes, Tchaikowsky, the Rubensteins, etc.—who enliven the biographies of Catherine Drinker Bowen.

The historical gaps we can only ascribe to the editing and assistance of Laura's daughter, Rose Wilder Lane, herself a writer. There is, for example, too little about those who helped turn Rocky Ridge into a suburb of Eden. We are told that husband Almanzo suffered a stroke when he was 30 years old and that, "For the rest of his life shuffled as he walked and leaned sadly on a cane." Though we learn that "half-pint" Laura could "work like a little French horse," our credulity is tested by the revelation that they cleared the land; planted orchards, vineyards, grainfields; built barns and a spacious ten-room house ("Its ceilings lined with heavy oak beams, which Laura and Almanzo cut and hewed and set by hand").

Still, new dimensions to our understanding are provided. We discover that wife and mother Caroline was not always acquiescent, finally saying "enough!" to Charles' wanderlust. And here is Laura writing articles for Missouri farm papers, and the first of her books at age 65, and the last in her 75th year. (Take note, retirees!) More on this would be too

like the publisher's blurbs that appear on jacket flaps.

Laura is memorable, both as a testament of steadfast love and for its high literary caliber. Its permeating theme is expressed in Laura's own words: "To know the cost and eventually the comfort of the self-sufficient spirit." Nowhere does one apprehend that cost better than in the chapter, "Burr Oak" (an Iowa town about which Hamlin Garland also wrote). It is here that we find Laura—ten years of age, weary with hotel work and the nursing of the sick—seeking sanctuary in a cemetery on a low hill: "Where weathered stones were carved with folded hands, open Bibles and willows; that spoke in a single word a whole life: Gone, Home, Farewell."

Back at the hotel, she finds the doctor's wife earnestly wanting to adopt her. Laura's heart and breath stop, waiting for her mother's "no." It is an episode in which we have not only a translucent capsulation of the book, but also the epitome of the terrible vulnerability of children during that period of our nation's adolescence. Other such passages make *Laura* a book to reread and to cherish.

—Edna Meudt

Edna Meudt, Dodgeville poet, recently won first place for drama awarded by the Council for Wisconsin Writers for her play "Promised Land—the Life and Times of Henry Dodge."

AMONG THOSE PRESENT
by Nancy Dickerson;
Random House, Inc., New York, 1976. 238 pp. $8.95.

This is an insider's privileged view of important people and events in the nation's capital during the 25 years prior to the 1976 election. And what years those were for young Nancy Hanschman, who came to Washington in 1951 from Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, full of idealism and fortified with a University of Wisconsin degree and two years' experience as a Milwaukee schoolteacher.

Talented, determined, and charming, she landed a staff job with the prestigious Senate Foreign Relations Committee, witnessed firsthand the fear and cowardice of the McCarthy era, dated promising young men like Jack Kennedy and "Scoop" Jackson, found entree into Washington's most exclusive social circles, worked her way through the ranks at CBS to become the first female national network correspondent, and won top assignments from hectic political conventions to press trips around the world accompanying, first, Vice President Johnson and then the Nixons.

Somehow in the midst of all this, she managed to integrate marriage and motherhood with her professional image as a reporter who scored more than her share of scoops and wasn't afraid to ask tough questions, even of presidents.

Mrs. Dickerson makes no attempt to impress, as she shares her observations about members of the nation's power elite. Indeed, her friendships and longstanding familiarity with the Kennedys, the Johnsons, the Fords, congressional leaders, ambassadors, government officials, and others in high places, allow for casual objectivity in commenting on their personalities and actions. She fondly recalls JFK's lively intellect but notes the effects of his *machismo* outlook on our policies in Vietnam; mentions Jackie Kennedy's endearing qualities as well as her appetite for wealth and luxury; sees Lyndon Johnson as a complex man who was an enigma even to himself; and pictures Richard Nixon as an uncomfortable man, incapable of spontaneity.

With her behind-the-scene perceptions, she is able to put such events as Kennedy's choice of LBJ to be his running mate in 1960 and Nixon's middle-of-the-night decision to mingle with war protesters at the Lincoln Memorial into fresh perspective.

Interwoven with her analyses of people in the news and the events that surrounded them is the story of her personal life and the triumphs and frustrations of her career. There's a certain romantic appeal in her account of the change from the fun, the dates, and the dinner parties to the happiness she found as a wife, mother of five, and new mistress of Merrywood, the gracious estate once owned by Jacqueline Kennedy's family.

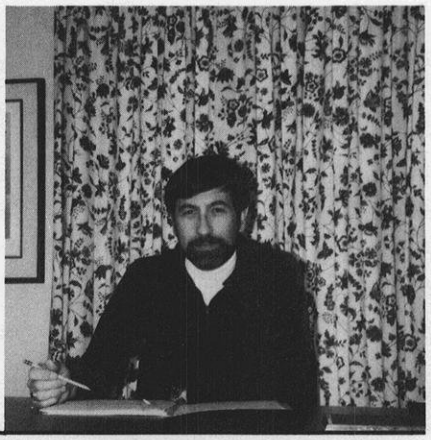
As for her career in a competitive field dominated by men, Mrs. Dickerson's years of experience reveal that there was more tolerance of a woman—a young and attractive one, at least—when she first achieved some stature at CBS than after the feminist movement gathered momentum. Looking back at the vicissitudes of being a woman newscaster, she remembers the consideration shown by Eric Sevareid and Edward R. Murrow who became her mentors and her friends, the generous praise of network executives when she delivered an exclusive, and the TV glamor that eventually made her as much a celebrity as the people she interviewed. But there were also the times her news judgment was ignored and she was subjected to condescension or resentment by her male colleagues. She is candid, too, in confronting the rumor about sleeping one's way to the top that trails in the comet of many a successful woman's career.

This book ought to be on the required list for young women seeking role models. Mrs. Dickerson displays a healthy ego, a good sense of humor, and the intelligence and energy necessary for achievement. Beyond that, there are enough revealing and amusing anecdotes about the famous, a success story aura, and a sense of intimacy conveyed by the conversational tone to ensure *Among Those Present* a varied and satisfied readership.

—Shirley Wisner

Shirley Wisner is staff associate in the central administration of the UW System.

INSIDE THE ACADEMY



by LeRoy Lee, Director
Wisconsin Junior Academy

As I travel throughout the state, I frequently meet people who raise a lot of questions about the Wisconsin Junior Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. What is it? What does it do? Now, I finally get the chance to answer these questions for a large audience, all at once.

The WJA was started over 30 years ago by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters and the University of Wisconsin to encourage high school students to become involved in science activities. For the next 22 years the Academy provided leadership; the University provided the necessary space and funding to operate the program. Because of this, many people considered the Junior Academy a program of the University and a separate organization from the parent Academy.

During the early period of growth, opportunities were provided for students to present their science projects at regional and state meetings. Science clubs in schools were also encouraged, and clubs could "join" the WJA to receive membership cards and a periodic newsletter. Thus was born the concept of the WJA as a separate membership organization.

As long-lived organizations tend to do, the Junior Academy has changed. The club encouragement program was discontinued when the number of science clubs in the state declined in the late Sixties. There is no separate membership presently available in the WJA for individuals or clubs. Schools may now become members of the Academy and, with their membership, receive special WJA mailings.

The major change occurred in 1969 when the Academy began providing complete financial support of the WJA program. With this move the Junior Academy became an integral part of the Academy programing.

The Junior Academy still has as its major goal the encouragement of science. Now however, activities have expanded to include the encouragement of creative activities in the arts and letters as well. In addition, the WJA serves in a cooperative role with other agencies and organizations in programs involving youth.

So what does the Junior Academy do?

A major activity over the last several years has been the Spring Festivals held in seven different locations throughout the state. Students present or display their creative efforts in sciences, arts, and letters to other students, parents, and interested community members. A network of volunteers scattered throughout the state assist seven area directors to ensure that the Festivals operate smoothly.

Another popular activity is the WJA Summer Institutes. Students spend two weeks in traveling about various locations in the United States and Canada to study the area geology, ecology, and history. Four such Institutes are in operation this summer. When they are finished, 16 instructors will have driven over 25,000 miles; spent 1,500 hours with students; planned, purchased, and supervised the cooking of over 3,000 servings of food; and made sure that eight tents were each set up correctly 62 times—and all while teaching specific geologic and ecological concepts.

The WJA encourages creative writing not only via the Spring Festivals, but also through a publication program and workshops. WORDWORKS, a week-long creative writing workshop held during the summer , provides an intensive creative writing experience for 20 promising Wisconsin student writers at one-day workshops held throughout the state. While the format of each workshop varies, all provide students with the chance to have their work critiqued and to interact with recognized Wisconsin writers.

Creative writing and photography selected from Festivals and workshops are published and distributed to participants and to all high school libraries. Future plans call for the establishment of a statewide creative writing magazine to be published three times a year.

There! Now everyone knows what the Junior Academy is and does. It's *your* program. It can operate only because of your Academy dues, various grants and gifts for specific activities, and most important, a large number of people willing to give of their time and talent.

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