Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 28, Number 3 June 1982

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, June 1982

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Published Quarterly by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

June 1982
Volume 28, Number 3

Editorial

The Lure of Other Places, Other Times

When spring finally arrives, my family begins taking trips on country roads around the state. Driving at moderate speeds along winding roads always causes me to muse about the lives I might have chosen. Like many people of my generation, I felt the strong pull of the "back to the land" movement. As I watch the farmhouses and well-built barns and register the nuances of the countryside's changes from week to week, I envision my family living in a sandstone farmhouse with an orchard, a garden, several horses, cows, goats, large dogs, and half-a-dozen barn cats. It's a romantic vision: I omit the chores at sunup and muddy barnyards; I omit winter on the farm altogether. What I see is the space, the freedom that caused our ancestors to move ever farther west. However, modern that I am I want it without the hardship and privation the pioneers endured.

One excuse for these drives is the distant antique show or shop full of country or primitive furniture and tools—those hand-crafted pieces from the farms of 100 to 150 years ago. The furniture makers, often the farmers, followed fashion but adapted the object to a particular kitchen or space beside the chimney. The kitchen and carpenter's tools tell a lot about how people spent their time. It's the flavor of a time before mass production that appeals to me, and this, too, is part of my romantic vision of freedom and independence and self-sufficiency.

Back to Madison where I don't make my own furniture or butter or quilts, to a small yard with neighbors close on three sides, to one cat, one parrot, and a tank of tropical fish. Reality is smaller than dreams. But I feel better for the indulgent glimpses of other possibilities and other times, even more content with what I have chosen. In a couple of weeks we'll be off again to another part of Wisconsin along another back road. The lure is irresistible.

—Patricia Powell

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

ACTIVE ..... $20 annual dues
SUSTAINING ..... $27 or more contributed annually
FAMILY ..... $27 annual dues (husband and wife)
SENIOR ..... $10 annual dues (age 70 or over)
ASSOCIATE ..... $7 annual dues (students only)
LIFE ..... $200-500 in one lifetime payment
LIBRARY ..... $20 annual dues

Your membership will encourage research, discussion, and publication in the sciences, arts, and letters of Wisconsin. Please send dues payment along with name and address to: W.A.S.A.L., 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53705. Academy members receive the annual TRANSACTIONS, the quarterly REVIEW, and occasional monographs or special reports. Members are invited to submit manuscripts for publication consideration or for presentation at Academy meetings.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters is affiliated with the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Association of Academies of Science, and the Educational Association Press of America.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

The REVIEW is published quarterly by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53705. Distributed to members as part of their dues. Available by subscription at $10 per year. Additional copies $2.50 each.

Statements made by contributors to the WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW do not necessarily reflect the views or official policy of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters.

Letters to the editor, poetry, fiction, line art, photographs, and article proposals are welcome. All correspondence related to the REVIEW or other Academy publications (change of address, single copy orders, undelivered copies, Academy membership) should be sent to the W.A.S.A.L. office listed above.

ISSN 0512-1175

REVIEW STAFF

PUBLISHER
LeRoy Lee

EDITOR
Patricia Powell

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Sue Davis

Second class postage paid at Madison, WI.
Printed by American Printing, Madison, WI.

Cover photo taken at Old World Wisconsin by Barry Powell.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Published Quarterly by the Wisconsin
Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters.

June 1982
Volume 28, Number 3

Contents

Authors & Artists

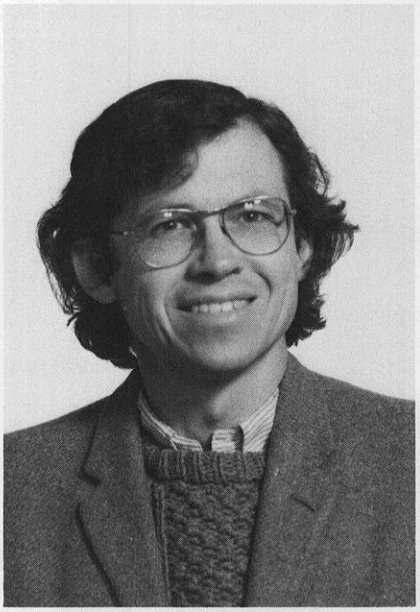
We are proud to announce that **Reid Bryson**'s "Ancient Climes and Faraway Times" has received the annual award of the Educational Press Association of America in the category of "learned article." The award was presented to the Review at the national EDPRESS conference in New York on May 20. We can modestly say that we are not at all surprised by this national recognition of Professor Bryson's excellent explanation of climatic changes which incorporated his fine photographs and poems.

Justin Isherwood writes of his essay "A Last Testament and Trespass" that "at times the need is to express what you don't know as much as what you do. I am not of the faith which leaves the ultimate fate of the cosmos solely to the physicists. The township and the kilt are as subtle and condensing instruments as the partial accelerator. We tend to forget Genesis was once the best science could propose; we fail to recognize the elastic properties of faith." Recently Graphic Arts of Portland, Oregon, published a coffee-table book, *Wisconsin*, for which he supplied the prose. He is a Plover Township farmer currently working on a collection of essays.

Jim McEvoy, a botanist and graphic artist for the DNR, is currently working on a series of illustrations of endangered plants of Wisconsin.

Lucy Baras

Jim Missey



Jim Missey was born in San Bernardino, California, and received the bachelor's degree from Pomona College and the master's and doctoral degrees from the University of Pennsylvania. He has taught in the English departments at Pennsylvania, Beloit, and Denison and has been teaching in the English department at UW-Stevens Point since 1966. He recently published an abridged version of his antiwar memoir "The Eve of Revolution" in the *Stevens Point Journal.*

Lucy Baras is now retired and living in Sheboygan, which she finds quiet and beautiful. She admits that she is "obsessed with the idea of spreading the truth about the Holocaust. The survivors must warn the world that a repetition of some kind is not impossible. Hitler did not come to power through an accident or a coup but through a normal democratic process." She has published articles on the Holocaust and won the first prize in the Jade Ring contest of the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association in 1977. She is now at work revising a book for juveniles on the Holocaust, trying to tell the truth while omitting some of the horror. Mrs. Baras made a seven-and-a-half hour tape for the State Historical Society's Jewish Archives on the Holocaust.

Ellen Votaw Miller teaches piano, organ, and sometimes strings, and writes on music. Her articles, essays, and stories have appeared in several publications including *Prairie Schooner, Cimarron Review,* and *Boy's Life.* A short story of hers is the 1982 winner of the Herbert L. Hughes award at *The Rectangle* at Northern Illinois University. Her interest in folk music came from her father, a violinist specializing in Irish music, jigs and reels, and her grandmother, who accompanied her "horrid and bloody" songs with a cello. Her interest in folk music has continued through work with students, who can all enjoy folk music though few become professional musicians. Her interest in Wisconsin history began when she bought a fieldstone farmhouse built in 1861.

Ellen Votaw Miller

John Judson has a spiritual autobiography entitled *The Carrabassett, Sweet William, Was My River* due out at the end of the year from Juniper Press, a book of poems *Reasons Why I am not Perfect* out by Sparrow Press this spring, and selected early poems entitled *Night Drop* out this year from Midwestern Writers' Publishing House. Mr. Judson's own press, Juniper, is celebrating its twentieth anniversary this year with a special issue of *Northeast* made up of essays by poets on poetry and poetics.

Ron Wallace is the director of the creative writing program at UW-Madison. His most recent collection of poems is *Plums, Stones, Kisses & Hooks,* published by the University of Missouri Press. He lives in Madison with his wife and two daughters.

continued on page 47

By Malathi Rao

Six Blind Men

Another culture is easily misunderstood and misinterpreted. Like the six blind men who had described the elephant each according to his own perception, people often make broad and partially true generalisations which make no sense in specific situations.

I began my preparation to leave for the United States of America. An ardent patriot and well-wisher told me, "Look, you are an unofficial ambassador of India. Don't forget that you inherit the spirit of Gandhi."

"Which one?" I asked timidly.

He cast a nasty look at me and left.

I have a degree in math. I can talk about the Pythagorean theorem. Maybe a little bit about Einstein. But, about Sankara and Panini?

I rushed to the library and checked out fifty books on every conceivable topic—from Mahatma Gandhi to Indira Gandhi, from Aurobindo to Guru Maharaj ji, from babas to cobras, Hindu religion, Elephanta caves, Meenakshi temple, Brindavan Gardens. . . .

Then I talked to the people who had been to the States and returned to India with valuable possessions and invaluable ideas. They advised me:

"Be yourself. Don't imitate them blindly and bring shame on our country."

"Remember, you've got to be a Roman in Rome."

"Take plenty of cotton sarees. Cotton is very expensive there."

"Don't take any sarees. No one wears sarees in the States."

"Americans are highly individualistic."

"Americans are success-oriented."

"Americans are honest."

"Americans expect you to be on your own."

"Oh! It's a heaven. The streets are paved with dollars."

"The girls there are pretty and friendly. Maybe you can get me a date," one of my brother's friends hoped.

One of my nieces secretly told me that I should send her four packets of that revolutionary panty-hose which was advertised in the latest issue of a Bombay fashion magazine.

I was also educated on such details as how to hold a fork, when to say 'thank you,' when to say 'you're welcome,' which car, which toothpaste. . .

Finally I arrived in New York with a suitcase that was half empty and a handbag loaded with Andhra pickles. If the customs officials thought I was crazy, they hid it very well.

After a week-long sleep-eat-sleep schedule, I woke up one beautiful morning.

I looked out of the window.

The first snow of the season!

The first snow of my life!

Glistening white flakes of snow floating in the air, settling gracefully on the treetops, roofs of houses, cars, bicycles, people.

I was thrilled!

I pulled my winter clothes out of the closet and put them on. I felt like a polar bear. But it was the most exciting moment of my life when I stepped out on the street and looked up to feel the snow flakes on my cheeks.

Thump!

I slipped and fell.

I got on to my feet, lifted one foot and fell again.

I fell for a third time.

I rose to my feet again, and before taking that small step, which was not in any sense a giant step for mankind, I looked around. I knew I was being watched.

With a gentle smile on his lips, he approached me and extended his hand. I grabbed it quickly and walked over to a safer place.

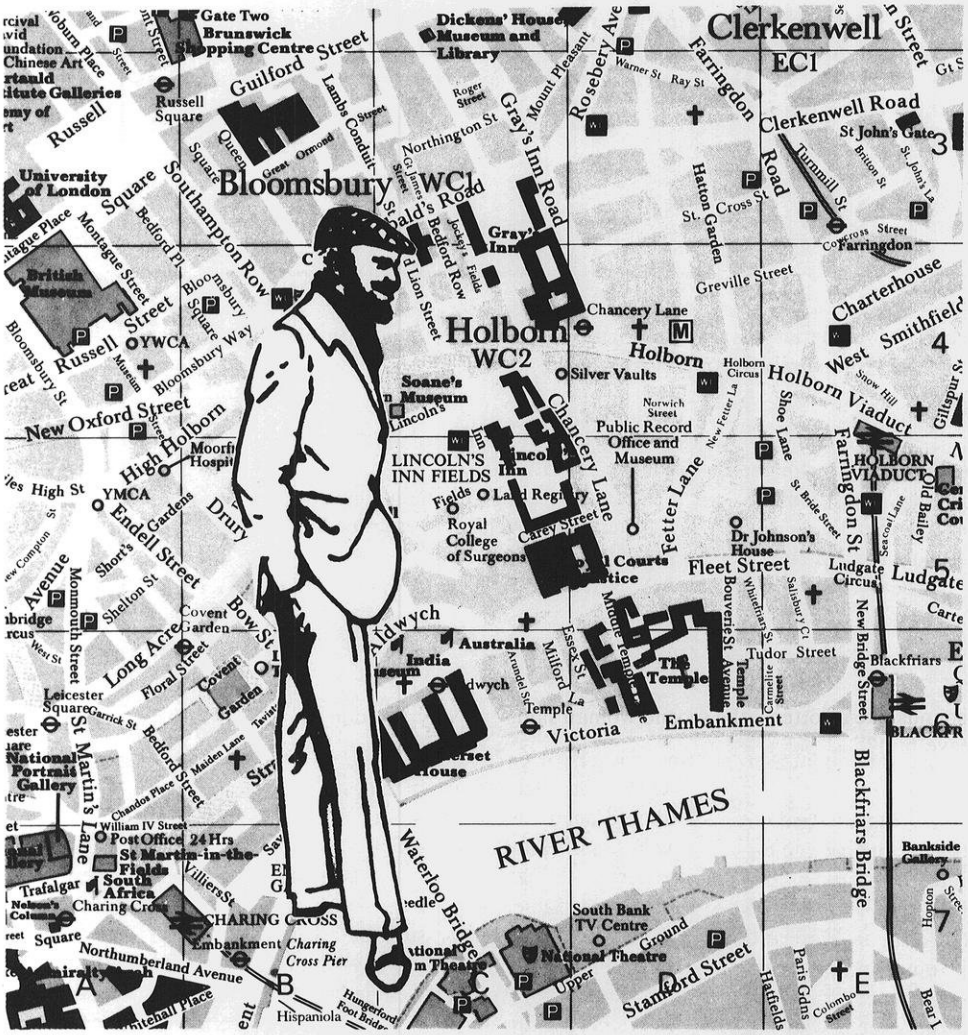
As I was about to go on my way, I said to him, "You know I just found out something no one has ever told me before."

"Oh?"

"One could slip on snow and fall!"□

The Rhodesian Woman

By Jim Missey © 1982



In London for my annual visit to England, I had lined up, at about eight-thirty one January morning, at the National Theatre to get a ticket to that evening's performance of Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus*. Though the day was well under way, dawn appeared to be just breaking through the gray, overcast sky. Standing in line, I happened to notice the woman behind me. She was attractive, almost stunning, and she reminded me a little of my former wife. She had dark hair, piercing brown eyes framed by carefully shaped eyebrows, and subtly reddened, flowerlike lips; she wore a dark suit, which closely fitted her trim body; and, in her heels, she stood perhaps five feet-six inches tall. She held herself straight and seemed to talk down to those around her, even those taller than she, in an edged voice that betrayed suppressed bitterness. We started a conversation, wondering whether we would get tickets—only seventy-five were to be sold.

"I have had difficulty getting a ticket to this play," she said. "I got here yesterday at nine, but all of the tickets were sold

by the time I got to the front of the queue."

"*Amadeus* has been highly praised," I said. "Have you seen any of the other plays at the National?" I asked enthusiastically.

She hadn't. I recommended Priestly's *When We Are Married.* We talked about other plays and musicals then running in London, many of which I had seen. I warmed to my subject as I found myself agreeing with her evaluations.

"The new Stoppard is dreadful," she said.

Evidently we had a lot in common, for I concurred with her judgment. "*Night and Day* is the worst of his plays that I have seen," I said.

"I hope this queue moves quickly," she said. "At ten, I plan to see a rehearsal of *Mayerling* at Covent Garden."

I didn't understand the title of the work and asked her to repeat it. She repeated it, and I still didn't understand. "Is it a play?" I asked.

"Ballet," she snapped, biting off the first and, as she stressed it, nearly only syllable of the word.

I withdrew slightly, in order to nurse my wound. I drifted off and became preoccupied with the progress of the line, hoping that we would get to the front before all of the tickets were sold. But I was drawn back to the woman's conversation.

"My husband doesn't like the theater," I heard her say to a woman near her. "But I have decided to go out and do things on my own or with my girlfriend. Life is too short."

I perked up my ears. I was better than her husband. I did, after all, like the theater. She surely wasn't including me in what I sensed to be her misandry.

"He only thinks about his work," she went on. "Making money. He stays up until well past midnight. Does some of his best work then."

"What does he do with his money?" the second woman asked.

"Oh, he starts a new company. He doesn't understand my wanting to go out, to hear music and see plays. He begrudges the time I take off from work."

"Where do you work?"

"I work for him. He makes me pay for the theater out of my own money."

"Your husband sounds like a rotter," the second woman said. "Why don't you leave him?"

I didn't hear the answer, but I thought, yes, why didn't she leave him. She could find any number of men good enough for her—me, for instance. We could go the theater and ballet every day. Whereas with her husband her food and drink were, well, food and drink, with me our daily bread could be the stage and our drink, music.

In truth, however, I was losing interest in the conversation and becoming a bit embarrassed by the woman's spilling her guts to complete strangers. She looked excessively reserved, but obviously she was not. I was not only better than her husband but better than she, too, in spite of my blunder about *Mayerling,* for I wasn't spilling my guts to strangers.

I drifted off and noticed the dullness of the scene around me—the gray-white buildings of the South Bank complex, the gray Thames beyond, and, farther beyond, the dome of Saint Paul's blending with the gray sky. I was drawn from the depressing scene, however, by the woman's talking about her past.

"We lived in Rhodesia, but life there became too awful, so we moved to England," I heard her say. "I never went anywhere without my pistol. Once we were attacked. I had my finger on the trigger of an automatic rifle, but I couldn't pull it. Fortunately, none of us was injured, but I've had friends who were killed—in fact, a chap I was engaged to marry. Many people have suffered out there."

By "many people" I assumed she meant whites. Still, I could tell that she had known suffering.

"Sounds traumatic," I said. I wanted to be supportive without condoning what I assumed to have been her relationship with blacks, for I thought she was presenting only part of the truth. "Do you think there will be a place for whites in the new Rhodesia?" I asked.

"Oh yes—by all means. I would go out now and open an import-export business. I'd love to do it, but my husband won't go back."

"But whites will have to give up their privileges in Zimbabwe," I said.

"They have no privileges. My mother has taught nursing to African women, who go right back to their native ways."

Her comment seemed to be a non sequitur. But we were at the front of the line, and I got a ticket. Then I stepped into another line, where I bought a ticket to see on a different night some O'Neill one-acts that the National was staging. The Rhodesian woman had got her ticket to *Amadeus* and, as she was leaving, walked near me. "Goodbye," I said cheerfully. "I enjoyed talking with you." Scarcely acknowledging me, she swept on her way to Covent Garden.

As I went about my business in London during the rest of the day, I forgot about the Rhodesian woman, though I suppose she played like an undercurrent in my consciousness. After getting my tickets at the National, I walked across Waterloo Bridge to the West End, where I picked up some more theater tickets. In the afternoon, I saw *Evita,* a musical about the career of Eva Peron. I found it pretty boring. The actress who played the lead was gorgeous, however, or anyway appeared to be from the distance at which I viewed her. She was slender, probably about five feet-five inches tall, and carefully put together. I hoped there would be a nude scene, but there wasn't. In almost any London play during the mid-seventies, one could always count on at least one character's stripping down, but now, in the late seventies, the London stage seemed to be gathering its garments closely about it.

After the show, in the damp chill of the evening, I gathered my garments closely about me, too, and headed for Cranks, a cheerful and warming vegetarian restaurant off Regent Street. Getting my food took longer than usual, and, when I noticed the time, it was seven. *Amadeus* was to begin at seven-forty-five. I hurriedly finished my meal and walked to Waterloo Bridge. Though I'd forgotten about the woman from Rhodesia, I remembered her as I retraced the steps I'd taken earlier in the day when I first crossed the bridge. And as I thought about her, I became excited. Maybe I would see her. Of course, I knew that one hardly ever met a casual acquaintance a second time in London. In a restaurant or theater, one could strike up animated conversations with strangers and then never see them again. Still, the woman had gotten a ticket for that night's performance, and, since she had stood behind me in line, I reasoned that maybe her seat would be near mine. I quickened my pace. I was sure I would see her.□

The Poet Makes His Escape

I fall asleep in my office.
Students clambering at my door
grow smaller and smaller,
first shouting, then buzzing,
now like gnats falling off.
Outside, the lake claps its hands,
the trees wave goodbye, goodbye.
My head drifts in its large spaces.
My songs lift their wings to the sky.

Meanwhile, the chairman,
black and important,
rings his hard voice in the corner,
tries his familiar wares:
money, position, my future.
But I'm not there, not there.
Let them find me tomorrow,
stacked on the table,
clean as a ream of new paper.
Let them thumb the page of my eye.
Let them crack my spine if they dare.
Let my silence astonish the air.

—Ronald Wallace

The Juggler

First it was just balls,
one, then two, then three in the air.
Then it was the children's playthings:
stuffed dogs, small dolls, a dollhouse chair.
And then his wife's things:
her pillows, utensils, her underwear.
Now he's juggling the children.
They're giggling and buoyant up in the air,
and his wife, worried, complaining,
now she's there,
and the house and the block and the city
and the world, spinning. Is it
too much for him? Does he dare?
Now he's juggling the planets and galaxies,
the stars, the stars. Until
everything's falling—stars, galaxies, planets,
wife, children, and pillows,
small playthings and dolls, until
he's juggling air, in one lung, out the other,
wondering with all his long practice,
why he can't handle it, there.

—Ronald Wallace

For Margaret Thatcher

Crime is crime, you say
moving frozen stars around
inside your head
as if the dreadful world
has no beginning
and no end.

The animal sits in his cage
smiling.

The sea is cold,
it splashes its eventualities;
it touches neither the House of Lords
nor the House of Commons.

The animal sits in his cage
dying.

The brass bands play
in Knightsbridge
in Berkeley Square.
I wish I could love you,
I wish I could touch you
with my cannonballs.

But you are off to the palaces
or the hairdressers;
your face is a cornucopia
but perhaps a little empty.

The animal sits in his cage
smiling.

—George Gott

Why Borgen Is Always With Me Now

That day, when I finally walked away from him
toward town, just as I left his yard, he said,
"Well, what *is* a mud hut?" He was always
coming on, making out he knew more
than what a person who spent a whole lifetime
doing something knew from doing it.
Borgen was like that. He had to be
the winner; even in conversations, though one
with him wasn't a conversation at all.
Good talk is flushed or stumbled on, like Cardinals
in winter followed on the run for color
or walking with a lover, barefoot through briar.
With Borgen though, you always know the trail.
And at the end you'd always end up leaving
in a huff, his last words coming at you like
dogs he'd trained to steal wallets out
of back pockets. So when I turned around,
Borgen was so happy he kicked his chair
and chewed the air as if it were tobacco,
because I'd taken his bait. "So it's *savages*
you're talking about?" he says, and he says it like
I was one for bringing the subject up,
the fact in Africa some build with what
they've got. I'd read about a tribe way back
in the bush that dragged up river mud and packed
it round the twigs and saplings wove together
round the house's frame—some last a hundred
years. They thatch the outside afterwards
with bark. I'd bet they learned from birds, I said.
But Borgen, he'd have none of it. "Heathen,"
he said with a smirk, baiting me so I'd come
back again. I looked at him cool, "What's wrong
with them?" But I didn't say it quite aloud
at him. I said it, rather, in my head,
remembering what's malice mustn't show,
if people have to live on the same road.
Then some part of me that thought a bit
comes back, insightful as you please, "Borgen
feels his talking has to fight, to protect
himself. It's not the savages at all.
He likes to dress his speech in burrs. He gets
a kick of watching people with no callous
on their ears or lives trying to pick
them off." Meanwhile, Borgen's smiling now,
knowing he's got me talking to myself.
But before I knew what he was smiling at,
I stuck nettle to my tongue and said
to him whose father and sons were ministers,
the ones he thinks have guaranteed for him
a place beyond the gravestone or the fire,
"Borgen," I said, "you know, of course, the ones
who came here for the Borgen God, lived
in holes. They dug them deep and called them home
for their first years. How come it took so long
to get your Christian thought above the height
of worms?" And he was quiet some. And while
he was, Lord, I felt damned good—until
he, sort of slowly, smirked, and then he squeezed
the weirdest laugh from what must be the bottom
of his Borgen heart, it shook him so:
like a tattered flag shaking tatters,
making more tatters in the wind,
for both of us knew that he'd converted me.
Since then, I've never gotten rid of him.
He's always laughing, way back in my head.

—*John Judson*

Mayflies

It's good you didn't put a wiper blade into them,
being they're out so full tonight. I've seen travelers
panic when they come round the bend at Victory
and see the miles of marsh they still have got to travel.
Running wetlands with headlights on takes gall, or something
driving a driver beyond his fear. But don't fret it.
When new folks come through, they all look just like you:
sweating full, and with their eyes popped out, and thankful
we are here, even if we don't keep pumplights on.
And when we tell them it's mayflies in those clouds, they think
a bit, and pretend a laugh, and ask how come we stay
if this is what happens every year. Well, to tell
a kind of truth, these nights our corn can grow so high
you almost hear it stretching in its stalks. That
and the fishing, and the sewage from St. Paul. They
need us. The River purifies, you know, only
as it flows; and living here can tell you what
it is that's made more pure. By now, more heavy metal's
in a pile of flies than you or I got gold
or silver on or in ourselves. Let's see . . . thirty
ninety-five for gas and six more for oil.
The windshield scraping is free, like talk. You know, since eighteen
forty-nine, most all roads west of here were paved
with promises, and high school history books said nothing
less. But let a person come himself, like you,
in summer time, and smell the smell of them piled ankle-
high in lighted all-night parking lots, and he'll
experience a truth no Eastern Pioneer
could ever dream, or our first mayors ever felt
they could write home about.

—*John Judson*

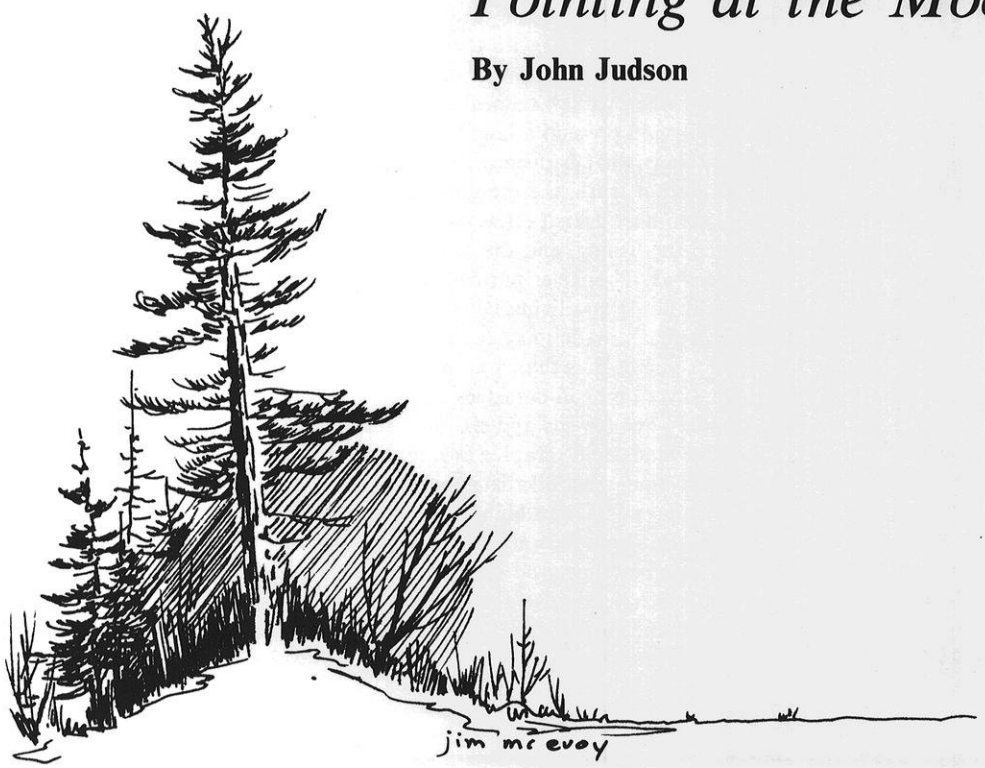
In the recent TV movie rerun *Papillon,* the hero is the epitome of handsome individualism and prideful self-reliance. While in long solitary confinement, twice he succeeds in keeping alive on a diet of bread and water and occasional gruel and by eating any insect that crawls or flies into his cell. He continues this latter habit even when he is served some rancid gruel in which he spies a floating maggot. In this carefully documented scene, we are shown that he refuses to give in to his civilized nature. He seriously contemplates the white worm for a moment, then, in a fit of hostility, plunges his hand in the pot, grabs the maggot, and devours it. We of the audience are to see this as an act of defiance, directed toward those who keep him where he is, those who have tried him and have found him not good or not normal or not believing in a hierarchy of law which extends beyond and above him. Because of the laws stemming from this hierarchy, the administration of the prison would force each prisoner who will not conform to them to be broken. The hero of *Papillon* will not conform, and as an act of defiance, starts gaining the sustenance denied him by civilization by consuming the lowest order of our civilized hierarchy, maggot, fly, and cockroach.

In another source, a book by Mr. Masanobu Fukuoka, entitled, *The One Straw Revolution,* (preface by Wendell Berry, Emmaus, Penn.: Rodale Press, 1978) the author indicates that modern man's belief in Progress has led him away from a holistic awareness of the mystery of nature. He says Progress encapsules ideas in definitions and thereby makes scientific distinctions. He says men, in turn, are encapsuled in those ideas. Such thinking, even though it can lead to an appreciation of *yin* categories and *yang* categories, breeds a faith in intellect only, the same intellect that has severed man from nature. Some of man's encapsuled distinctions include those made about foods and the ways we eat and prepare them. For instance, the author tells us that insects are one of the highest sources of protein known to man, and in Japan, before men were weaned from their original diet, they derived great nourishment from them. His past research into his own prefecture's history led him to discussions and recipes which include just about every insect indigenous to the area. One included a succulent dish made from maggots fattened and taken from the cool of the outhouse.

Beyond the sudden tightening of my stomach muscles in reaction to these examples of maggot eating, what is intriguing is that both sources use the insect as a means of biological and spiritual sustenance, Papillon by way of retaining his strength and pride to fight for his freedom from a system which keeps him near the level of beasts when it most admires saints, governors, and aristocratically dressed business men; and Mr. Fukuoka by showing that what is seasonal and regional and always available is beneficial to the sustenance of no-mind, which will, in turn, yield a complete harmony between its possessor and nature.

Pointing at the Moon

By John Judson



The Zen way of pointing at spiritual truth has made us in Wisconsin aware of a new view of the word: new for us, yet ancient and tried and true in the East.

On further look, it would seem that even Papillon might agree with Mr. Fukuoka in some degree, though, in fact, he may be too consumed with anger at his prison world to notice. Much like the modern day movie heroes, his consummate passions, if they are really passions at all—or just other manifestations of the hierarchy they would fight so violently—are always directed against something. The man fights so hard that the only peace he attains is experienced while floating in the ocean on a bag of coconut shells away from Devil's Island after he escapes. The scene in which he does so demonstrates this fact with much celebration and joy. One might ask him, however, or the director of the movie for that matter, what would suddenly happen if there were no hierarchy to fight against? What would either do? I am not at all sure that either would have an answer.

Perhaps this is being entirely unfair to Mr. Papillon, the author of the book from which the movie is taken, who found that what he had to say became a marvelous means of attaining wealth and thereby mixing on equal terms with governors and aristocratically dressed business men. But one is left to wonder about the substance of Mr. Papillon's meaning or message. True, it makes for exciting and adventurous reading between the covers of a book or viewing within the walls of a movie house, and there is a marvelous friendship which grows between the supporting character played by Dustin Hoffman and Papillon played by Steve McQueen, but it is one which Papillon finds he must violate because of Mr. Hoffman's reluctance to jump off a cliff with another bag of coconut shells to attain his freedom. This is crucial, for it is the supreme test of Papillon's integrity. By jumping, Papillon is free to be alone in the world, free to become a higher part of the hierarchy against which he has spent the major part of his life fighting, and free to forget about insects and their nutritional values.

On the other hand, Mr. Fukuoka, once having assumed the stance that only nothing is of value, is committed to a freedom beyond psychic and social alienation, and in many instances, though I'm sure he would disagree with my Western interpretation, a more responsible role. Mr. Fukuoka, you see, finds in nothingness and no-mind and do-nothing farming a connection between himself and such things as straw, insects, rice rust, young people, nutrition, the Japanese past, and the world's future. Of the two authors, he has become, ironically, the more alien and the more involved. One leaves *The One Straw Revolution* convinced as Thoreau that even government can not keep a man from his ultimate freedom, which is his responsibility to nature. And before we forget, let us remember that even to Thoreau, other men as well as his own body were parts of nature. Neither Thoreau nor Masanobu Fukuoka advocated isolation from any part of nature. But since there is no value in hierarchies, only in the Way, there is no need for Mr. Fukuoka to advance or progress in a hierarchy to a place of esteem (though, at times, the tone of his prose begs the point). In fact, since he has come to understand his relationship to his land and the Way it works with and through him, he comes to a realization that there is no need for Progress as we have come to know and define it. Instead of agri-business, therefore, he advocates small farms like his own; instead of pesticides and plowing, he advocates natural insect control and broadcast sowing; and instead of American wheat and American wheat-growing techniques, he advocates that the Japanese grow the old "unimproved" strains of rice, which, though they grow less tall in the field, are strong enough to ward off diseases because these strains have survived the past and the present. The upshot of all of this is that Mr. Fukuoka's farm has the highest per acre yield of vegetables and rice in Japan. It is also true that while the Japanese farmers who have followed American agri-business's advice and have depleted their soil beyond the lowest levels in Japanese history, Mr. Fukuoka's land, which has not seen a plow in forty years, has grown healthier than it has ever been in several centuries.

Because of his quiet success, word has gotten out, and young people from around the world come to him and ask to live and work on his farm. They are given lodging in mud huts on the sides of hills, and in trade for their labor, they eat a traditional rice and vegetable diet, work in his fields—using traditional tools—at "do-nothing farming," and learn quietly of this enigma. Nights, around the fire, they watch the ash grow as it gives off light and they listen, occasionally, to this believer in Nothing talk about what he does and why.

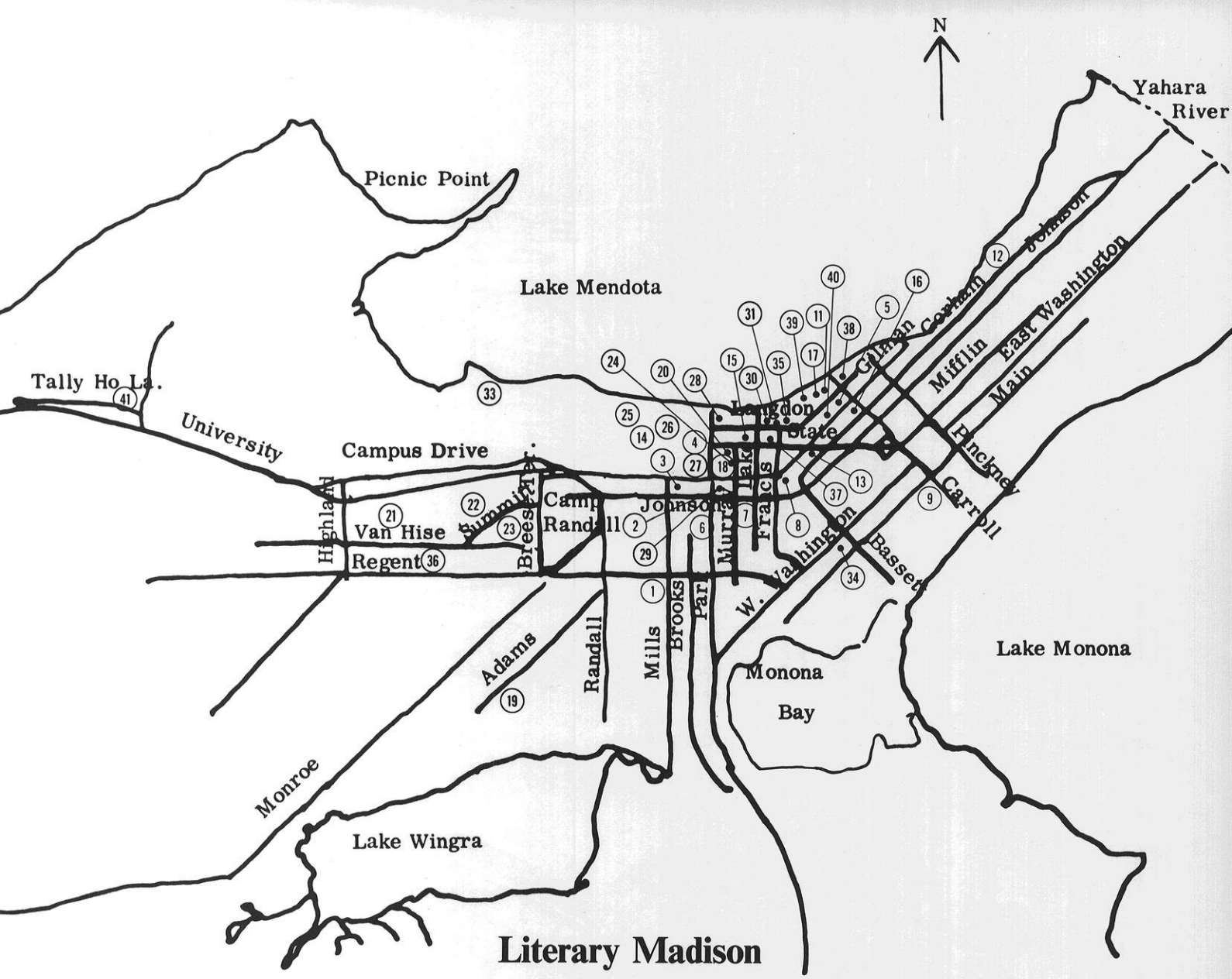
* * * * *

Last night, as I was driving home with my wife from a small gathering of friends, we returned by way of a road which ran on top of the bluffs just east of the Mississippi. It was about 9 p.m., and just as I was about to dip down over the last hill to start the final descent, in my rear-view mirror I caught a glimpse of a pale yellow sphere rising over the eastern horizon like a child's balloon. It rose rapidly, and rather than concentrate on driving or on where I was going or on the road as I should have done, I found myself looking in wonder at it. Before my eyes, it grew in size and intensity. It changed from yellow to lemon to a blanched but cold, flame-white. It grew from the size of a small balloon to something which took up half my rear window. Suddenly, I knew it by name. Before, I had been so caught up in its motion and its fullness that I did not think, and because I did not think, I saw, fully.

"My God!" I whispered to my wife, "Look at the moon." "I know," she replied, inflecting the same awe. "We just passed three people pulled off at the overlook. They were all standing on the bumper of their car to get a better look."

And the road started its soft curve down from the crest. And I, still looking at that light, felt the front wheels of my station-wagon slip over the shoulder into the gravel.□

Block Prints by Sierdje denDaas



Literary Madison

By John Stark

If there can be a *Literary New York* and a *Literary San Francisco*, why can there not be a "Literary Madison"? Madison has been the home of a surprisingly large number of good writers, even if one includes only writers who have or had a national reputation and those who wrote poetry, fiction, drama, or discursive or autobiographical prose, the literary qualities of which are both superb and integral. The writers included, although their main work is not in the traditional literary genres, are three of the leading prose stylists who have adopted nature as their theme: John Muir, Aldo Leopold, and Sigurd Olson. Their presence in Madison is not a coincidence, because there seems to be something unique and evocative in this state's natural setting, a complex of qualities that inspires such writing. Also included is the exquisitely written, autobiographical *The Land Remembers* of Ben Logan. Excluded are several of the more popular regional writers who have lived in the city and the vast number of scholarly writers associated with the University of Wisconsin-Madison, including such giants as Frederick Jackson Turner.

The writers whose residences are identified and works briefly noted here are not the only ones who could be mentioned. However, city directories and university directories, the only readily accessible sources of information about home addresses, are incomplete. For example, during the 1960s and 1970s the university's English department hired a number of well known visiting writers, such as Isaac Bashevis Singer, Elizabeth Bowen, and James Dickey, who were here only briefly and whose home addresses are not listed in directories. There are also gaps in the information about some writers who did not supply their addresses to directories for all four of the years they attended the university. Despite these lacunae, this map and narrative will both provide a guide for persons who enjoy seeing places associated with writers and cast light on Madison's influence on those writers.

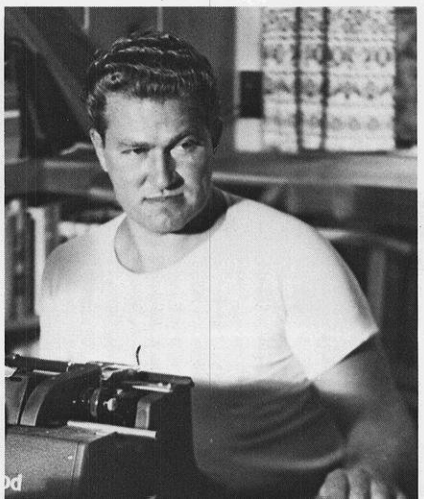
1. Saul Bellow, 112 S. Mills, 1937–1938

Bellow, the best known of all the writers listed here, is a Nobel Prize laureate and the author of such significant novels as *The Adventures of Augie March* (1953), *Henderson the Rain King* (1959), *Herzog* (1964) and *Mr. Sammler's Planet* (1970). He was a graduate student in anthropology at the university for a year, probably acquiring information on pre-industrial societies and insights into human nature that he used later in *Henderson the Rain King*. That year was six years before he published his first book, *The Dangling Man* (1944).

2. August Derleth, 823 W. Johnson, 1927–1930 (no longer standing)

As an undergraduate Derleth moved into the house where his boyhood friend Mark Schorer had lived. The same year Schorer seems to have moved out, indicating the other side of his ambivalence to Derleth. The two had collaborated on a number of stories during the summer before Derleth's freshman year and had sold most of them to *Weird Tales*; they are reprinted in *Colonel Markesan and Less Pleasant People*. In addition, they are rivals, as one would expect of two talented writers growing up together in a village as small as Sauk City was at that time: about 500 inhabitants. Their personal relationship ebbed and flowed until Derleth's death, but in general Derleth was much more attached to Schorer than vice versa. Derleth published well over 100 books, the most likely to endure of them being *Walden West*. He later taught part-time at the university, commuting from Sauk City. The university's most significant influence on him probably was the writing class that he and Schorer took from Helen C. White, a novelist and noted scholar.

August Derleth



3. Kenneth Fearing, 1031 W. Johnson, 1922 (no longer standing)

Fearing was an undergraduate at the same time as Margery Latimer and Horace Gregory, both of whom he knew. He continued his friendship with Gregory after they moved to New York. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1940 and *The Crozart Story* in 1960. As a young man Fearing built a substantial reputation, particularly for his poems of social realism, but his work is currently out of fashion.

4. Zona Gale, Ladies' Hall (on the site of the present Chadbourne Hall), 1891–1893

5. Zona Gale, 216 W. Gilman, 1894–1895

Gale wrote fondly of her years as an undergraduate, and her senior project, a study of Wisconsin writers, did much to shape her career. In his biography of her, *Still Small Voice,* August Derleth describes her experiences at the university. After a brief stay in Milwaukee and another in New York, she returned to her native Portage and made it the setting of her major work. She had a considerable reputation as the author of such novels as *Birth* (1918), *Miss Lulu Bett* (1920) and *Faint Perfume* (1923), and her Friendship Village books, although of lower quality than those three novels, were widely read. In addition to her writing, she was an influential advocate for peace and women's rights and an important member of the university's Board of Regents.

6. Horace Gregory, 223 N. Brooks, 1919–1920

7. Horace Gregory, 307 N. Murray, 1920–1921

8. Horace Gregory, 925 Conklin Place, 1921–1922

9. Horace Gregory, 133 W. Wilson, 1922–1923

In *The House on Jefferson Street* (1971) Gregory vividly recalls one of the most intellectually vibrant eras of the university and his contacts during it with such future writers as Fearing and Latimer, with William Ellery Leonard and with students such as Robert La Follette, Jr., and Charles Lindbergh. Despite his involvement with these persons, Gregory felt like an outsider, as his annual change of residence—each move taking him further from the campus—indicates. Needing a more sophisticated environment, he moved

Zona Gale

to New York after graduating. Gregory was a prolific and versatile writer, publishing anthologies, translations, literary criticism, and essays in addition to *The House on Jefferson Street.*

10. Herbert Kubly, 819 Irving Place, 1933–1934 (neither the house nor the street exists now)

11. Herbert Kubly, 144 Langdon, 1934–1935

12. Herbert Kubly, 637 E. Gorham, 1935–1936

13. Herbert Kubly, 404 State, 1937–1938

Kubly came to Madison from New Glarus, where he returned eventually and where for a long time he has lived. His writing about this state is limited to two fine essays in *At Large* (1963), but he won a National Book Award for his first book, *American in Italy* (1955), and he has published other travel books and such novels as *The Whistling Zone* (1963) and *The Duchess of Glover* (1975). He continues to write, having published a book on Switzerland, *Native's Return*, during 1981.

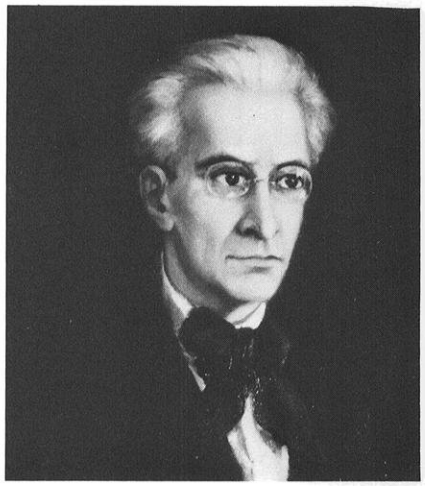
Herbert Kubly

T. P. Stewart

14. Margery Latimer, Barnard Hall, 1919–1920
15. Margery Latimer, 420 N. Lake, 1920–1921 (no longer standing)
16. Margery Latimer, 117 W. Gorham, 1922–1923

Financial assistance from her fellow native of Portage, Zona Gale, made it possible for Margery Latimer to attend the university. According to Horace Gregory, she spent most of her time at college in her room writing, and when she did attend classes it was often with Zona Gale. She published her first book at twenty-nine, followed it with three others and then, tragically, died in childbirth at the age of thirty-three. Her books are *We Are Incredible* (1928), *Nellie Bloom and Other Stories* (1929), *This Is My Body* (1930), and *Guardian Angel and Other Stories* (1932). Latimer was married to the black writer Jean Toomer, whose *Cane* has gained for him a considerable reputation.

William Ellery Leonard



17. William Ellery Leonard, 222 Langdon, 1906–1913 (no longer standing)
18. William Ellery Leonard, 415 N. Park, 1914–1915 (no longer standing)
19. William Ellery Leonard, 2015 Adams, 1916–1922
20. William Ellery Leonard, 433 N. Murray, 1923–1924

For unusual reasons Leonard's homes were very important to him. When he arrived in Madison, he rented a room from John Charles Freeman, a politician and a colleague of Leonard's in the English department of the university. Leonard married Charlotte Freeman, his daughter, and moved with her to Park Street. Her suicide was blamed on Leonard by a circle of rich, influential Madisonians, who tormented him for it. That experience and a boyhood trauma caused by a locomotive were almost more than he could endure. He frankly describes their painfulness in *Two Lives* (1923), a sonnet sequence, and *The Locomotive God* (1927), an autobiography. He expected to live happily in the house on Adams Street, which at the time was on the city's outskirts, but his neuroses forced him to confine his movements to a small area near the campus, so he moved into an apartment on Murray Street. Despite his psychological problems he wrote prolifically, publishing drama, poems, scholarly works, and translations from several languages.

21. Aldo Leopold, 2222 Van Hise, 1924–1948

From his arrival in Madison to become the assistant director of the Forest Products Laboratory until his death fighting a fire Leopold lived in a home near West High School. The most famous residence associated with him is, of course, not that house but a shack near the Wisconsin River which is the setting of his classic *Sand County Almanac* (1949). Leopold was an expert in game management, but when he began the project that much later became *Sand County Almanac*, little in his background and interests indicated that he had in him an environmentalist masterpiece and a finely wrought prose style. That book was published after his death and today overshadows his more technical work. Selections from his journal, *Round River* (1953), have also been published.

22. Sinclair Lewis, 1712 Summit, 1940

By the time Sinclair Lewis moved to Madison, his major novels had long since been published: *Main Street* (1920), *Babbitt* (1922), *Arrowsmith* (1925), *Elmer Gantry* (1927), and *Dodsworth* (1929). At the time he was looking for a teaching position at a university, and the University of Wisconsin English Department was willing to oblige him, but not to pay him. Lewis arrived on September 30, 1940, and rented a house in University Heights, of which he wrote "already today I have found a house—nearly as good as our Beverly Hills castle minus patio and pool, and just as large, at one-third the rent." He began to take piano lessons from

John Muir

Gunnar Johansen and to invite his carefully screened students to his home for class and refreshments. On November 7, he left without notice. This episode and the rest of Lewis's life are recounted in Mark Schorer's excellent biography of him.

23. Ben Logan, 1707 Summit, 1940–1941
24. Ben Logan, 449 N. Murray, 1941–1942

When Ben Logan arrived in Madison to attend the university, he had had the experiences that later he would artfully describe in *The Land Remembers* (1975). His choice of residences may have suggested to someone looking for portents at the time that he also had the literary talent to create a book as good as that one. That is, during Sinclair Lewis's few months in Madison Logan lived virtually across the street from him, and the next year Logan moved only a few doors from William Ellery Leonard. He also knew Aldo Leopold while he was a student.

25. John Muir, North Hall, 1861–1863

John Muir lived in the northeast corner of the first floor of North Hall when it was one of the handful of buildings on Bascom Hill that constituted the university. He filled that room with amazing devices that told time, turned the pages of his books, and did other tasks. The view from his window of a small wooded area and Lake Mendota was lovely, like the scenery surrounding his family's farm near Montello and the more rugged scene south of Portage that he contemplated on his walks back and forth between that farm and Madison. After leaving Madison, he traveled widely, helped found the Sierra Club, was a major force in the establishment of the national parks, and wrote such important books as *Mountains of California* (1894), *My First Summer in the Sierra* (1911), *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth* (1913), and *Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf* (1916).

26. Joyce Carol Oates, 332 Barnard Hall, 1960–1961

Joyce Carol Oates spent one year as a graduate student in English at the university, living in the same dormitory in which Margery Latimer had once lived. Although she has since done considerable teaching, her writing has for the most part consisted not of academic studies but of novels. She is amazingly prolific and has produced a number of solid, powerfully realistic novels such as *A Garden of Earthly Delights* (1967), *Them* (1969), *Do With Me What You Will* (1973), *Wonderland* (1979), and *Bellefleur* (1980).

27. Sigurd Olson, Chadbourne Hall, 1918–1919
28. Sigurd Olson, 740 Langdon Street, 1919–1920

In 1918 Sigurd Olson was a student at the university while he was a member of the armed forces, and the following year he stayed on as a civilian. Like John Muir, he had grown up in a rich natural setting (the northern Wisconsin area around Ashland) that would later provide material and inspiration for his nature writing. As it had for Muir, the university helped prepare Olson to write his excellent books. Olson later moved to Ely, Minnesota, and began to write sensitively about that region and regions even further north. Among his books are *The Singing Wilderness* (1956), *Listening Point* (1958), *The Lonely Land* (1961), and *Runes of the North* (1963).

29. Mark Schorer, 823 W. Johnson, 1925–1926 (no longer standing)
30. Mark Schorer, 661 Mendota Court, 1927–1929
31. Mark Schorer, 627 Mendota Court, 1932–1933
32. Mark Schorer, 425 Sterling Court, 1934–1936 (neither the house nor the street exists today)

Mark Schorer was an undergraduate at the university, left to earn an M.A. at Harvard, and then returned to earn a Ph.D. at the university. During the latter stint he met a professor's daughter who later married him. He describes this meeting in *Pieces of Life* (1977). Schorer benefited from the distinguished department of English during his graduate studies and went on to become one of this country's leading literary critics. For a time he was also well known for his works of fiction: *A House Too Old* (1935), *The Hermit Place* (1941), *The State of Mind* (1947), and *The Wars of Love* (1954). The first six stories in *The State of Mind* and *A House Too Old* are set in his native Sauk City.

33. Scott Spencer, 225 Pyre, Elm Drive Dormitories, 1964–1965
34. Scott Spencer, 10 N. Bassett, 1964–1965
35. Scott Spencer, 206 Bernard Court, 1965–1966

In the midst of an academic year Scott Spencer moved out of his dormitory room and into an apartment in the heart of Mifflland. His writing career began slowly; by 1978 he had published only two novels, neither of them much noticed: *Last Night at the Brain Thieves Ball* and *Preservation Hall*. During 1979, however, appeared *Endless Love,* which has been widely read, thanks in large measure to adulatory comments by Bob Greene in his syndicated column. Sales and attention increased further when it was made into a movie, even though that movie has been poorly received by film critics. This sketch of his career makes it sound like Spencer is merely the lucky recipient of the praise of a popular journalist and of a large check from Hollywood. However, *Endless Love* is reminiscent of the best work of Dreiser in that its emotional intensity overwhelms its technical infelicities.

36. Wallace Stegner, 2216 Regent, 1938–1939

Stegner, who is usually thought of as a writer of Western regional books, is perhaps one of the more surprising inclusions in the group of writers who have lived in Madison. He was here briefly, as an instructor in the English department at the university. During that time he lived only two blocks from Aldo Leopold's home. His best-known book, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, appeared in 1943, four years after he left Madison. Among his other books are *The Writer in America* (1951), *Angle of Repose* (1971), and *Recapitulation* (1979).

37. Eudora Welty, 625 N. Frances, 1927–1929

Eudora Welty is another surprising entry in this list, because she is firmly identified with the South, particularly with Mississippi. After reimmersing herself in her native state, she began to publish such notable works of fiction as *Delta Wedding* (1946), *The Ponder Heart* (1954), *Losing Battles* (1970), and, the culmination of her career, her *Collected Stories* (1980). Welty is perhaps the most distinguished creative writer among the thousands of persons who have earned undergraduate degrees at the university.

38. Thornton Wilder, 14 W. Gilman, 1897
39. Thornton Wilder, 25 Mendota Court, 1898–1906
40. Thornton Wilder, 211 W. Gilman, 1900–1906

Thornton Wilder is the best known creative writer to have been born in Madison. In fact, he was born in the house at 14 W. Gilman. His father at the time was the editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal*. For an account of his early days in Madison see his sister's essay in the *Wisconsin Academy Review* for June 1980. The house in Madison in which the Wilder family lived for the longest period of time is almost directly across the street from the house in which Zona Gale had lived five years previously. The Wilders left Madison for China, beginning a peripatetic life style for Wilder, which contributed to the urbanity of his writing; it is difficult to picture him staying in Madison and becoming a Midwest regional writer. Among his works are *The Bridge at San Luis Rey* (1927), *Our Town* (1938), *The Merchant of Yonkers* (1939), *The Skin of Our Teeth* (1942), *The Ides of March* (1946), and *Theophilus North* (1973).

41. Larry Woiwode, 2554 Tallyho Lane, 1973

For one semester Larry Woiwode was a writer-in-residence in the university's English department. This position seems appropriate because one of the settings of his first novel, *What I'm Going to Do, I Think* (1969) is Madison. His best novel, *Beyond the Bedroom Wall*, a powerful family saga set in South Dakota, appeared in 1975, shortly after his semester in Madison, so he probably worked on it here. Its quality and his youth suggest that he may become a major American novelist.

It is impossible to determine precisely the degree of influence that Madison has had on these writers. However, several things do seem clear from research into literary Madison. One is that Madison has a rich literary tradition, especially for a city of its size. Another is that the university, particularly its English department, has made a major contribution to the literary life of this country.□

Charm of Disguise

The pointed gold hat
which hides my hair,
the purple mask
I wear around my eyes
allow me to walk
beside my lover as a stranger,
allow me to lie.

The gloves covering my familiar rings,
and green shoes
none of my friends have ever seen
allow me to dance
anonymously like a spy.

I have hidden my mouth
behind a mustache,
my bosom within a studded vest
that shines,
my legs in stage tights
and ballooning opera pants.

I am enigmatic, mute.
They have guessed all the names
but mine.

I feel a surge of energy
as if I were a clear blue sky,
a white sail in wind
leaving that shore,
my identity behind.

—Angela Peckenpaugh

Gyromancy

(Divination by Circles)

Trees this time of year
are full of berries.
Before snow falls,
limbs are like iron filigree,
offering numinous protective
circles, amulets of yellow apples,
blue privet and holly.

After walking and collecting
berried branches, I come home
and paint wooden balls
blue, red, and gold
in imitation and hang
them at windows on colored
threads to await the solstice.

They'll be bestowed
to the house tree
with straw stars, paper
snow flakes reminiscent
of that winter sight which
like white paper
isolates these cycles
that divine
like ritually lighted candles
in imitation of the sun.

—Angela Peckenpaugh

Visionary in Isolation

"a beautiful and ineffectual angel"

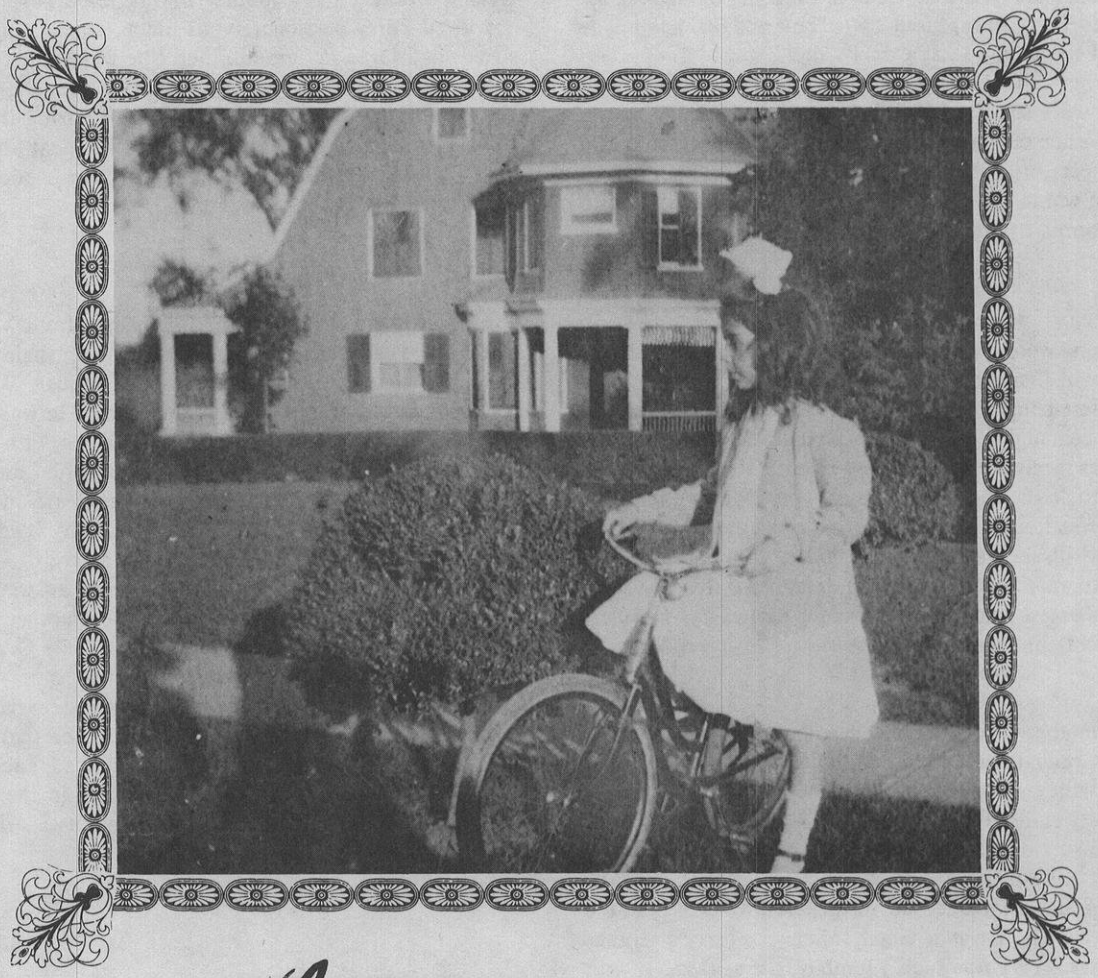
—Matthew Arnold

If Shelley had been stolen as a child
by a band of roving thieves
and left to grow in a primeval forest,
the world would have had no *Prometheus Unbound,*
but he would have been Shelley still:

he would have thrived in the pagan woods,
carved messages in bold runes
on the sides of rocks,
stepped each night
from his rough shelter
to chant wild songs
while forces lurking in the dark
quivered.

—Kathy White

By Marjorie Bitker



H from the Happy

Because I did not "pick up" after the measles, we had taken a house for the whole summer of 1909 in the New Jersey suburb of Montfield. To a city-bred, apartment-reared only child, the prospect was one of enchanted freedom. Fräulein, whom I loathed, would be in Germany visiting her family. Grandpa, whom I adored, would come to stay for the month of August while Mother and Father took a motor trip with friends. If only, by some miracle, there would be nearby a little girl around my own age who liked to play house-and-boarding-school and ride a two-wheeler bike, I could want nothing more.

We arrived at our summer home, according to lease, on June fifteenth. As the station hack halted under the porte cochere, I thought I had never seen a mansion so exquisite, with its fretwork balconies upstairs and wide porches down, its cupola topped by a gilded ball, its high trimmed hedges and precise flower beds. Trees tall as the house made black shadows on the green plush lawn, and the noon breeze breathed roses and honeysuckle.

While Mother and Father went inside to inspect the house, Susan Bell and I made a tour of the grounds. Susan Bell, who had a bisque head and chestnut-colored real hair was as delighted as I. We swung briefly on the rope swing on the giant oak in back; we sucked honey from the honeysuckle blossoms the way Grandpa had taught us the year before in the mountains. We were just looking for a good place to keep my bike when through a hole in the hedge came a little girl. She made me think of a gipsy—her face and arms were burned deep tan and her hair, very thick and dark, swung free about her shoulders. She wore a middy blouse and khaki-colored bloomers and a red sailor tie. All of a sudden I felt pale and cityfied and wished my long blond hair wasn't in careful curls, or my navy blue poplin traveling dress quite so stylish.

She came slowly over the lawn and grinned at me. Her teeth were very white and her eyes, which were big and brown, like a deer's eyes, crinkled up when she smiled.

"I'm Terry Fulham," she said. "Theresa, really. I've got two big brothers and one little brother and we live right next door." She waited. I told her I was Judy Miller and had no brothers or sisters. "This is Susan Bell, though," I said, holding her up.

"Oh!" cried Terry, enraptured. "Real hair and real handmade underwear. I never saw such a dandy doll."

When Father came out a little while later to see how I was, Terry and I were squeezed together on the seat of the swing, telling each other our favorite colors, and favorite names, and favorite subjects in school, and what religion we believed in, and what we wanted to be when we grew up. (She wanted to be a circus acrobat.) Already we were best friends.

The Fulhams were spirited and noisy. Their casual and gregarious mode of living was different as could be from our own carefully ordered regime. The Fulham children were spanked when they were naughty. My parents did not believe in spanking; but then, I was rarely naughty, at least where it showed. Whereas we had Eda to do the cooking and housework, Mrs. Fulham did everything herself, with only a laundress and a cleaning woman once a week. Still, she was, so Mother said, a "lady"; a D.A.R.—whatever that was; and the little blue enamel watch she wore when she was dressed up for church or for parties had been left to her by a great-aunt who was lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria.

The two mothers, both expert needlewomen, spent many afternoons on each other's porches, talking fashions and sewing fine seams as they sipped their lemonades, while Terry and I played endlessly enthralling games of house-and-boarding-school, or went on bike rides, sometimes clear to the race track; or, more exciting still, to the village candy store for banana splits. Always the Fulhams included me in their family picnics to the beach or the woods. I was a Good Influence, Terry's mother told my mother. Terry was such a tomboy, she said sadly, with all those brothers to copy. My parents, on the other hand, thought Terry a Wholesome Type, especially as a companion for an only child who read too much and was inclined to brood.

Terry and I spent every possible waking moment together. Now and then we were even allowed to spend the night in each other's houses. Mrs. Fulham borrowed dress patterns from Mother and made Terry dresses just like some of mine. Mother bought me three sets of middies and bloomers, khaki-colored, and a red sailor tie, just like Terry's. We had a private bobwhite whistle and an intricate signal system by means of towels draped over tennis racquets, from our bedroom windows.

Terry knew many intimate facts about birds and small animals. I learned, with her beside me, to crouch still as a stone to watch a mother bird feed her nestlings, or a bee climb into the heart of a blossom. She tried, in vain, to teach me to turn cartwheels and back somersaults, in which she was expert, and never grew tired of demonstrating her double-jointed elbows for my edification. Patiently she coached me in swinging myself without a push, till my toes touched the oak leaves. From her I learned how to ride my wheel no-handed and throw a baseball like a boy. I grew brown and hard and refused to let Mother curl my hair. In warm weather, Terry taught me how to braid it in two braids and loop them behind with ribbon bows. I cannot imagine what I did for her in return except, perhaps, worship her, but that in itself may have been enough for a little girl with three teasing brothers and a mother who believed in spanking.

I loved Terry passionately; as much, almost (my loyalty insisted) as I loved my grandfather. She was the only best friend I ever had had in all my begovernessed life: she could do no wrong. And for her birthday, which fell during the first week in August soon after Grandpa's arrival, I spent all my savings on a doll exactly like Susan Bell, with handmade underwear, except that her real hair was blond.

Mother and Father, looking like people from Mars in their dusters and goggles, left one afternoon with their friends who called for them in a Pierce-Arrow touring car. When I woke up the next morning, Grandpa had come. He was waiting for me at the breakfast table in his black skull cap, with the morning sun making silver wires of his beard. He lifted me up against the fine black cloth of his coat and kissed me and whispered "Liebchen" in my ear. I could hardly eat any breakfast, I was so eager to show him all the summer's marvels.

Right after breakfast Terry came over in answer to my bobwhite whistle. She and Grandpa took to each other at once. We sat on the garden bench under the trees while Grandpa in his deep, bumbly voice told us one story after the other—about how he had come over when he was fifteen in the steerage of a sailing ship, and there had been such a storm at sea that all the immigrants got down on their knees and prayed, each one to his own God; of how he had found by chance in the big strange city a friend from his own tiny village in Russia who gave him

his first job cutting out pants; of how he had sent for my grandmother and married her when she did not know one word of English, even Yes or No; of how happy she had been always, whether she was poor or rich—for Grandpa had become rich—"Blessed is God," said Grandpa, holding up his face to the sky beyond the elm branches, "who has given us this land of milk and honey, this land of the free." I felt like saying Amen, and I could see that Terry felt the same.

Grandpa helped us think up games for Terry's birthday party. She asked him to tell ghost stories after the picnic supper in the garden, when it was getting dark. The children would love that. And he promised he would. We were so busy planning that all of a sudden Terry's mother was calling her home for lunch in a voice that meant she had been calling for some time. In fact, she came through the hedge, looking red-faced and angry, to fetch her. When she saw Grandpa, though, she stopped scolding and just stared.

Proudly I introduced him, thinking, as he bowed over her hand, how much he looked like the prophets in my *Bible Stories Illustrated.*

But something was the matter with Mrs. Fulham. She kept staring at Grandpa and couldn't seem to think what to say. Finally she hustled Terry off as though she couldn't get home fast enough.

"I guess they're having something for lunch that won't keep," I remarked.

Grandpa shook his head. "Ach, Liebchen, so is it always. In paradise the serpent."

Before I could find out what he meant, Eda was calling us and we had to hurry because it was corn soufflé.

Grandpa and I sat at our own dining-room table while through the open windows came the sound of Terry's birthday party to which I had not been invited. The blond twin of Susan Bell lay ungiven in her cardboard box.

I tried my best, without success, to eat the blueberry pie Eda had made to cheer me up.

Grandpa patted my hand. "It is better, Liebchen, that early in your life you learn," he said, "what it means to be a Jew."

"Yes, Grandpa," I answered listlessly. We had been through this many times since the note from Mrs. Fulham had been delivered by the postman five days before.

Grandpa said: "Only that you must not have hate in your heart. In the Talmud it is written: 'Forgive those who insult you.' Also it is written: 'Who is the bravest hero? He who turns his enemy into his friend.'"

But how could I think of Terry as my enemy? That was what hurt, worse, even, than my throat when I had the measles. Mrs. Fulham had written in her letter: "Theresa has no desire to associate with Hebrews."

"May I go outside and swing now?" I asked Grandpa. Anything was better than talking about it.

The children in the Fulham yard were singing "Happy Birthday To You." Soon they would be cutting the cake and making wishes for Terry. I was filled with hate for them all. I hated the house and the whole summer; I wished I was back in New York with my hair in curls and Fräulein to tell me exactly what to do next. There it didn't matter that I was a Jew. There I was a little girl with lovely manners who played in the Park every afternoon and Saturday afternoons went to dancing school with my patent leather slippers in a flowered taffeta slipper bag. There I had no best friends who suddenly, without warning, became enemies.

I swung and swung with all my might, trying to forget how I hated them. The creak of the ropes and the rustle of the branches almost, but not quite, drowned out the horrid party noises.

A bobwhite whistled. I stared through the almost-dark. Terry, in her party dress, was standing on my side of the hedge. I felt frozen all over as I let the old cat die.

Slowly she walked over to me. "I brought you a piece of birthday cake," she said in a low, unnatural voice. "Here."

I drew my hand away. From far away I could hear Grandpa's voice: *Forgive those who insult you. Who is the bravest hero?* I wanted to throw the cake on the ground and trample on it. I wanted to hit Terry.

She must have sensed the way I felt, for she began to talk in a great hurry. "Gosh, Judy, it's not fair, that's what I told my mother. But she wouldn't listen and she made up a lot of lies about you. Oh, she had nothing against you, you were a nice enough child, she said, but just the same we owed it to Montfield not to encourage renting to Jews—that's what she said—and anyway, there were plenty of other children for me to play with, why did I just have to pick you? I cried like anything and said I didn't want a party if you weren't there, but she made me have it." Terry gulped and went on, faster and faster: "And she said another thing made her mad was, why hadn't any of you said right away you were Jews, and what was worse you didn't look like it and she wouldn't have known if it wasn't for your grandpa, and I said you had so told me the very first day and what was the difference, weren't you a Good Influence, hadn't she said so herself? And she said, 'Don't be impertinent, miss.' If she knew I was here now, I'd get a spanking sure. Here, eat the cake," said Terry, holding it out to me imploringly. "It's chocolate all the way through and there's a piece of the H from the Happy."

This time I let her put it in my hand. Joy such as I had never imagined was making me tremble and almost cry. For Terry had never been my enemy.

Somehow I choked down the cake, every crumb. "Thank you very much," I said politely because I couldn't think of anything else to say. "You're welcome I'm sure," Terry said. And we squeezed each other's hands fiercely in the dark.

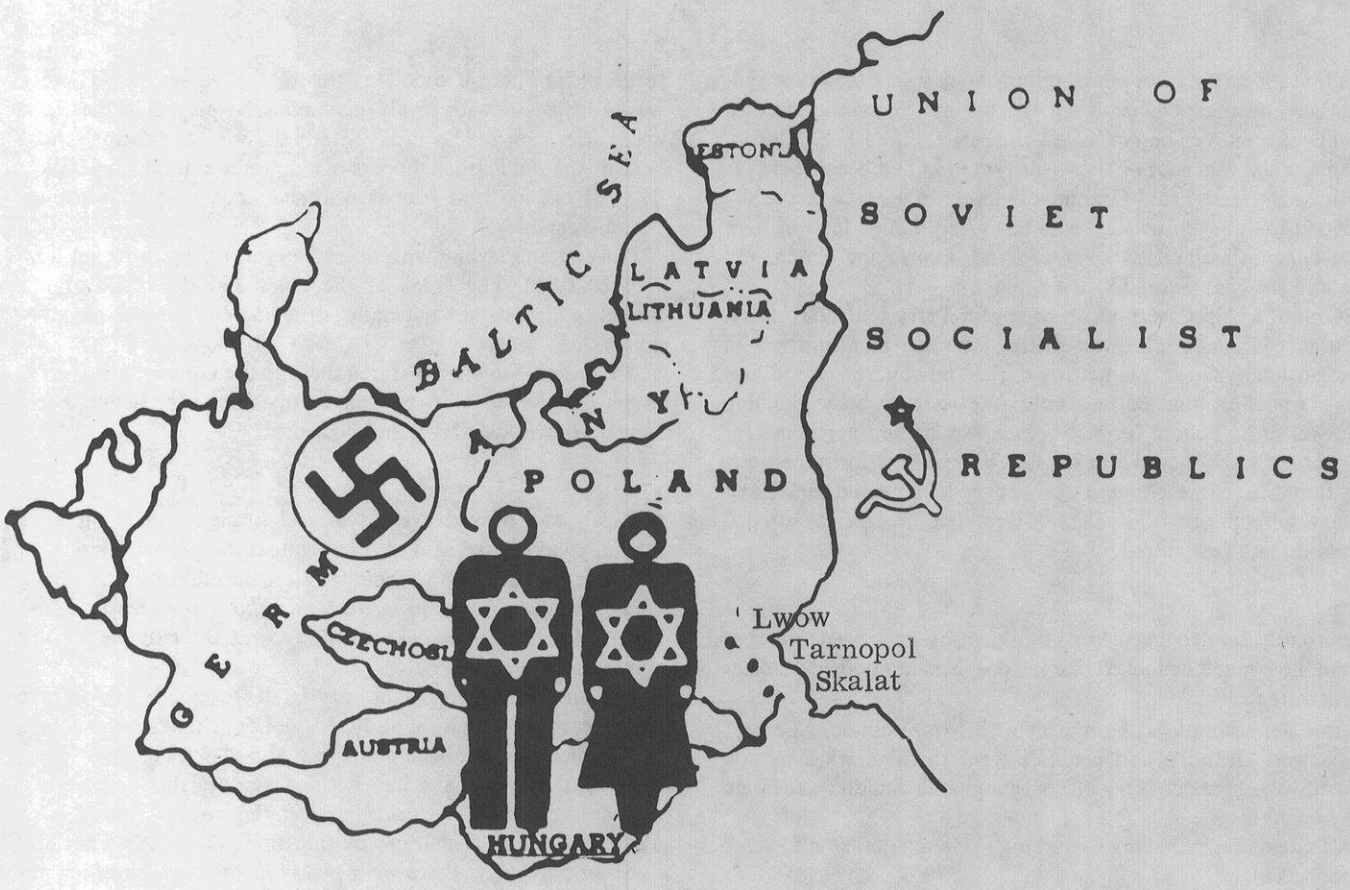
Mrs. Fulham's voice pierced the hedge. "Terry. Theresa. Come this minute. Your guests are leaving."

"Gosh," said Terry. "I'll get it all right." She darted away, then paused by the hedge. "We'll always be best friends," she whispered. "Cross your heart?"

We crossed our hearts, and she vanished.

Next morning, Grandpa and I took the train and joined Mother and Father in the mountains.

I never saw my friend Terry again.□



A Glance Back in Time

By Lucy Baras

Looking out the window of my living room at the neat houses topped with T.V. antennas and skirted with yews, gladiolas, and zinnias, I can't help but notice the contrast with my life of forty years ago. I see myself running like a mouse from one hole to another, hear my stomach growling like an angry cat, taste my bitter tears of moral degradation, and feel my resentment of the unconcerned, silent world.

I was born and raised in a very Jewish environment in a small city in southeast Poland which is now part of the Soviet Ukraine. Of the 3000 Jews who lived in my home town of Skalat the majority were poor or barely middle-class businessmen and craftsmen. There were a few wealthy business people and a few professionals. The class division depended more on the occupation and the knowledge of the holy books than on material wealth.

I was the eldest of three children, with brothers six and ten years younger. Although I attended public grade school (there was no other school in Skalat), I had only Jewish girl friends. Anti-Semitism was widespread, almost inherent among the Gentile population. We had to bribe the Gentile girls with candies so they wouldn't ask the Gentile boys to beat us up on the way home from school. Girls didn't stoop that low—they didn't fight.

My parents had a small store, where they sold leather, shoemakers' accessories, and work shoes. My father was an Orthodox Jew; my mother's concept of religion was more liberal, but she didn't confide in me until I was grown up. My parents often struggled with financial problems, but we always had enough food on the table and clothes on our backs. We had few luxuries, but we were a happy family.

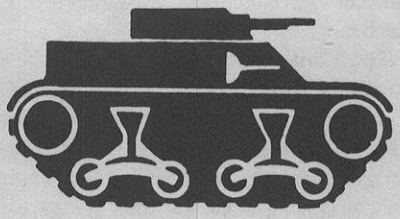
After I graduated from a private high school in Tarnopol where I tutored other students in order to pay tuition, I enrolled in law school in Lwow, but dropped out after two years from the four-year course. A new regulation required every law school graduate to practice in a law office for seven years before becoming a full-fledged attorney. This rule was aimed at cutting the influx of Jewish students into law, the only free profession accessible to Jews. All other schools with the exception of liberal arts had a quota, *numerus clausus*, for Jews.

Many unemployed students turned toward trades. Suddenly it became fashionable to be an educated artisan. Men and women learned tailoring. Among girls millinery and corseterie were popular; I went with the stream and took up sewing. A few months after I opened my own shop in Skalat, the war broke out.

Summer of 1939 was a restless period. People knew what was brewing but didn't believe war would come. When it came, I realized how naive I had been. I had seen wars in the movies, read about them in the books, but couldn't imagine a real war.

Poland was unprepared. The general mobilization order was issued only hours before the German attack. It was a war of tanks against brave cavalrymen.

We were surprised to see the Russians marching into Skalat on the morning of September 17. Later we found out by the way of rumors that they had a secret agreement with the Germans about the division of Poland, but we never read about it in the communist papers.



The Jews were relieved—better communism than Nazism. To the Gentiles it didn't make any difference, because they hated the Nazis as well as the communists.

The Soviets reorganized our lives in their image. The southeast part of Poland became part of the Ukraine, private stores and shops ceased to exist, and a new god was introduced—Stalin.

Whole families often disappeared during the night. They went to bed in the evening in their own homes and found themselves on the way to Siberia in the morning. Those left behind had to accept the citizenship of the U.S.S.R.

In spring of 1941 many young men, among them my brother Joe, were inducted into the Red Army. Hitler struck on June 22, and on July 5 the Germans were already in Skalat. The night before my father had divided our meager valuables into four parts and gave each of us a little bag to carry on a string around the neck in case of an emergency.

The morning the Germans arrived they rounded up Jewish men, including my father and my brother Milo, for "work." We never saw Father again. The next day 300 bodies killed by hand grenades were found in a basement of an abandoned watchtower.

We sent Milo into hiding. For the next few weeks no Jewish men were seen in the streets, but many were discovered and dragged from their hiding places by Ukrainians who had become the new allies of the Nazis. A hundred more were killed.

The population of that part of Poland was half Polish and half Ukrainian, and since the Poles were the enemies whom the Germans fought, the Ukrainians became the supporters of the new rulers. Hitler promised them an independent Ukraine, and as a down payment gave them their own militia.

Jews were ordered to form a council, *Judenrat*, whose task was to deliver workers for daily jobs, to supply the SS and Gestapo with goods suitable for a lavish life style, and to pay penalties to the Nazi treasury for the crime of being Jews. One of the first German orders was the wearing of the Jewish insignia, a white armband with the Star of David embroidered in blue.

Before the Germans could find work for us, we worked for the city. The streets and public buildings had never been as clean as in that bloody summer of 1941. I still remember the wry little city official who would tip his hat as he always used to do at a member of the Jewish intelligentsia, then sarcastically show him the way: "This way, Attorney Blum, to the farm wagons."

The Russians had changed the narrow Polish railroad tracks into wide ones, and now the Germans were changing them back into narrow ones to carry supplies to the eastern front. Labor camps for Jews sprang up all along the tracks, with the worst one in Kamionki where people were dying by scores from typhus and beatings. The Jewish Council had to supply live Jews for the dead ones, and this began a frantic search for local jobs. Men who worked in the city considered themselves safe from camp.

We feared that Milo might be taken to a camp, so we offered the council a room in our house for a shoemakers' shop where poor people would get their shoes repaired free. Milo was appointed head of the shop, and the shoemakers were glad to have local jobs. A race began for working papers with a German signature. One week the blue papers were good, the next week the green, then the white, until we came to the conclusion that only a good hiding place was safe. The safest work, although the hardest, was at the quarry for the German Otto Heil Company who paid the SS for Jewish labor. A Jew was never paid for his work.

Toward the end of August 1942 the air became pregnant with rumors and hints.

"The Councilmen know something," the suspicious ones would say.

Yes, they knew but couldn't talk. The Gestapo demanded 400 people for "resettlement," and the council began long hours of conferences.

"If we give them 400 of the old and sick, they will leave the rest alone."

"They will come for more."

"If we don't give them the 400, they'll run wild and take a thousand. And they will not take the old and crippled. They will take the young and healthy."

"But how can Jews send other Jews to death?"

They could, and they did, in the desperate hope that this would be the first and the last "resettlement action."

The SS took one glance at the crowd of old, sick, and crippled Jews gathered at the synagogue, bellowed, "There's no 400," and ran out into the neighborhood in search for more people. A truckload of young men, women, and children was added. The convoy went to Tarnopol where a train full of Jews waited for them. Some young people came back. They had jumped off the trucks or train or made themselves invisible during the transfer from one vehicle to another.

One of the returnees brought us news about our relatives in Tarnopol. My mother's sister and her husband, their son with his wife, and their two children were on the train.

People stopped looking for working papers and began building bunkers instead. An underground city sprang up. We turned our basement into a hiding place by changing the entrance, but we soon decided that it was not enough. All the searchers would have to do was to lift the loose board off the kitchen floor, and there we would be. We wracked our brains and came up with a plan. We dug a tunnel under an outdoor toilet seat, and scooped out enough ground at the end of the tunnel to make a sitting place for three people. We kept bread, a bottle of water, matches, and a candle always in readiness.

A ghetto was imposed. We didn't have to move because our house was within the borders of the proposed ghetto, which

quickly became congested since all the Jews from the neighboring cities and villages had to move to Skalat. Those who arrived at the last minute had to go straight to the synagogue, the gathering place for the "resettlers." We gave shelter to three families, nine persons altogether.

A few days after the deadline for establishing the ghetto, we heard shots at daybreak. Since we slept in our clothes, we only had to put on shoes and a wrap. We showed our "guests" the way to the basement.

"Aren't you going with us?" asked Ben Glaeser, a husband and father of three.

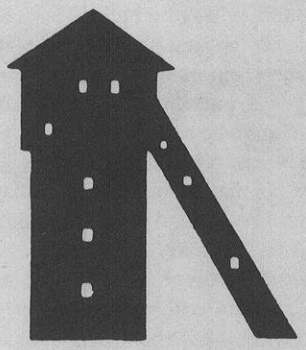
Mother, Milo, and I exchanged guilty glances.

"We have another place but only three can fit in," I mumbled while my head swirled and my heart pounded.

"Take me with you," said Ben. His sharp, dark eyes paralyzed us. "After they all go down, I want to camouflage the entrance to this hiding place with my own hands."

Time was precious. Seconds ticked away. The three of us helped Ben spread bedding all over the floor so that it would look as if someone slept here and took off in a hurry. We tried to reach the bunker through the back yard, but the spooky silence of the outdoors forced us to withdraw into the house. We had foreseen this possibility and prepared another entrance by making a hole in the ceiling directly above the toilet seat. When we reached the attic, we found the twelve-year-old son of our neighbor hiding there. He had covered the entrance to his family's hideout and now didn't know what to do with himself. We took him along. One by one we slid down a rope that was tied to a rafter. Below there was room only for one person which meant that one by one we had to lift the side of the toilet seat and crawl into the tunnel. Milo was the last. He untied the rope and took it with him, then placed a pail partially filled with water under the seat.

We spent two days and two nights in the tiny bunker. On the third morning our Gentile friend Kornel who knew the exact place of our hide-a-way, notified us that it was over and that two-thousand people had been shipped out by train. At that time nobody knew where the train went, but the rumors that began circulating soon afterwards about a place named Belzets proved true. Not until after the war did



the world find out what happened to the Jews in Belzets. They were put in buses and gassed. Since Belzets belongs now to the U.S.S.R., history finds very little documentation on the subject.

Many people jumped off the train, but only a few made it back home, some with broken bones. The eight people in our basement under the kitchen survived—for the time being—but the neighbors whose little boy we saved, did not.

The ghetto was made smaller. We had to leave our house and everything in it, but we considered the loss of the bunker the biggest deprivation.

In the meantime a new trend had set in, a hunt for Aryan papers. Mother and Milo arranged for false papers for me and insisted that I leave for "the other side." Many women did it but very few men, because every Jewish man was circumcised in accordance with the Jewish religion.

Mother packed a suitcase with my best clothes while she and Milo took some bedding and a change of clothes and moved to the small ghetto. A Gentile man was supposed to take me and another girl, Gusta Rein, who also had false papers, to a village where he would find us jobs.

Gusta and I said goodbye to our families. I couldn't look into the eyes of my mother and my brother; it was worse than a funeral. Gusta and I spent the night outside the ghetto in a deserted house, but, overcome by guilt and fear, we couldn't sleep and heard the shots that signaled another "action" early in the morning. Our guide, who had received part of his payment in advance, let out a yell "action," and fled. Gusta and I looked at each other. Without exchanging a word, we knew that we wanted to be with our families. We left our suitcases and our Aryan papers and barely made it back to the ghetto. Everybody was already hidden, but my mother and Milo waited for me at the open door. They had a feeling I'd be back. We slipped into the hiding place safely and survived another "resettlement action." This time nine-hundred people were transferred to Belzets in cattle cars. I never saw Gusta again.

Later we learned that the man who had offered us jobs in the Gentile world took all his previous customers directly to Belzets, his home town.

The Jewish Council bribed the SS into opening a labor camp on the outskirts of Skalat for the young survivors of the "actions." Acceptance into the camp was considered great luck, because the ghetto was doomed. Milo was again appointed the head of the shoemakers' shop, and I, as seamstress, had to look for torn sheets, but there were plenty of good ones left by the deportees.

The Skalat camp was supposed to be a branch of Kamionki, but it was paradise in comparison with the death camp and all other camps in the vicinity. Jewish officials were in charge. The Germans came once or twice a week, but their visits were often terminated right in the front office by good food, drinks, and gifts. Most men still worked at the quarry, but those who stayed in the camp during the day, men as well as women, did not exert themselves too much. The inadequate food had to be supplemented by relatives from the ghetto or other illegal means. Whatever way a Jew used to survive was illegal.

In the spring of 1943 I was given a job as a seamstress in the house of the *Landrat,* Herr Hefner, the highest ranking civilian in the county. His beautiful carriage, after dropping him off at the office, would pick me up from the camp and take me to his palatial house in the country. People gaped when they saw a girl with a yellow patch—the badge of the Jewish camp—in the *Landrat*'s carriage. It didn't bother me until two Jews gaped at me. They were handcuffed together and led by a Ukrainian militiaman to jail. Trains no longer went to Belzets, either because of a shortage of trains or a shortage of Jews.

The winter of 1942–43 passed without raids, and since the war in the east was going badly for the Germans, people began to hope. Maybe, just maybe, the Germans would be beaten before they killed all the Jews. But the Nazis did not stop the slaughter until the day they were forced

to withdraw. On a sunny April day in 1943 they surrounded the ghetto, pulled 800 people out from attics and basements, walked them to a field a few miles away, ordered them to undress—men, women, and children together—and shot them. The children were thrown into the bottoms of the previously prepared trenches alive.

The next morning the manager of Hefner's estate where I worked, Edward Baras who later became my husband, took a ride on horseback to the mass graves to visit his parents' burial place. He knew they were among the 800. He heard moaning and pulled out a 19 year-old girl. She died three days later, but not before she described the scene of mass murder. One young woman slapped a German in the face. He sent his bayonet through her body. She was the first victim.

Mother survived the April ordeal in a ghetto bunker, but life was getting harder and harder, because the inhabitants had to stay in hiding constantly. The city had been declared *Judenfrei*, free of Jews, though many people still lived underground. I took Mother to camp. When I was at work, she stayed in a hiding place where she could hardly move. Other young people did the same if they still had mothers, fathers, uncles, or aunts.

The last "action" in June cleared out the ghetto, and a scare fell over the camp. Tales of the "final solution" floated in the air until one evening our administration disappeared leaving us with a warning: "Save yourselves if you can. You are on your own."

A group of young men left the camp but returned soon, beaten up by hoodlums. The night was thick with tension. If we left, where could we go? After midnight men started leaving again, not by the main gate, but by jumping over a high fence in the back of the barracks. Mother and I took off our little treasures we had been wearing around our necks for almost two years, put them in Milo's pocket, and ordered him to run, try to save himself. We would stay with the other women and face what would come. It was a repetition of the scene in the ghetto when I planned to leave for the Aryan side.

The sun was already out when a few trucks pulled up in front of the gate. The Germans opened the door a crack, peeked in, listened to the deadly silence inside the camp, and left for the policy headquarters to get help. Many inmates took advantage of that moment and poured out into the fields. So did Mother and I. We walked in the direction of Hefner's estate. I left Mother in a field of tall wheat, and went to work, though I wasn't sure Frau Hefner would let me in. She did. She had hundreds of yards of fabric waiting for me. At the end of the day she warned me not to go back to the camp because another "action" was planned and offered me a bed in her attic which was full of furniture and other household goods.

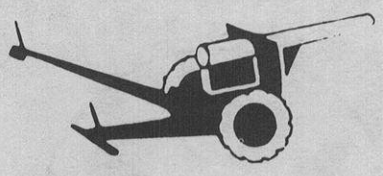
After work I brought Mother to Edward's room. Milo, who had lost the two little bags with the valuables while jumping over the fence, had arrived earlier. The news had spread already that about 200 people were killed, and that the SS had left the city. People who had been hiding in the fields and other places during the day were going back to camp. So did Mother and Milo. The camp began a new life under a new administration.

In the middle of July a group of Russian partisans appeared in the vicinity of Skalat, about 600 miles ahead of the front line. The German police and the administration, including Hefner and his family, fled. The Russians took over the city, burned the German offices, supplied themselves with provisions, and left in a westerly direction. The Jews who had tasted freedom for a few days tried to follow them, but the partisans would accept only people with arms. Nevertheless a few Jewish boys managed to wriggle themselves in.

When the Hefners returned, no Jew went back to work on the estate, because the farmers had put the blame for the plunder on the Jews. Edward went into hiding with his sister and her husband, and Mother, Milo, and I went to a nearby forest where we crawled into a natural cave with the hope of surviving the war. But we had to eat. We gave the forester our last little bag off Milo's neck: the good but poor man occasionally brought us bread and a bottle of water and on Sunday a few *pierogi*. After a few weeks Mother decided to go to our trusted friend Kornel and ask him to sell the household goods he kept in storage for us and give us some food in the meantime. Neither Milo nor I knew where Kornel lived. Mother never made it to Kornel's house and did not come back to the cave. The morning she left happened to be the day of the final liquidation of the camp.

The forester took Milo and me to some woods farther on where Jews had been living for a long time. There was hunger, typhus, and later a cold winter. Our empty stomachs forced us to steal from the fields, and this provoked the farmers to bring the Germans into the forest. In the fall when the nights got longer, we went more often to the city to the homes of Gentiles like Kornel who kept Jewish belongings in storage. Some gave us food, some refused, and some threatened to denounce us.

The snow was our biggest enemy, because it showed the tracks to our hiding places. One night we found many tracks, and they were not ours. We had been hearing heavy artillery for weeks, but didn't know where the fighting was taking place, until we met the Russians in the forest. We laughed. We cried. We celebrated. We mourned. Out of the seventy fewer than forty were alive. The Russians ordered us out of the war zone, because we did not have any papers. We gladly obliged.



As soon as we came back to Skalat, Milo was inducted into the Polish Army. He survived the holocaust only to die on the battlefield two months before the end of the war. Edward and I married and went back to the jobs we held in 1941.

As soon as the war was over, a push toward the West began. Nobody wanted to stay with the communists. Ukrainians were not permitted to leave, but almost all Poles and Jews departed for Poland. We hesitated at first, because we had a six-month-old baby. In July we undertook the trip with the help of Edward's brother and sister and their spouses. It took ten days to cover the distance of a few hundred miles from Skalat to the Polish border by train. After four months in Poland we went to Bamberg in West Germany where we stayed in a Displaced Persons Camp, and where I was reunited with my brother Joe who returned from Russia in 1946.

In Germany we waited for three-and-a-half years for a visa to the U.S.A., but we arrived in New York in May of 1949. We were welcomed by many relatives but not by job offers. For nine months we either looked for employment or worked part-time, getting seventy-five cents to one dollar an hour. In February 1950 we packed our suitcases and our five year-old son, and came to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where all able-bodied members of Edward's family had found work. It was a great relief to see a small clean city, blue skies above, and friendly people around.

An average person would call those first years in a new country hard ones, but for survivors of the holocaust those were great years. The Jewish community was helpful in finding work, housing, furniture, and household goods. As our buying power rose, we replaced all those gifts with new commodities. We bought a house, a car, a television, and other luxuries. We were blessed with another child, a girl, an American citizen by birth.

Not only Americans but the whole world has an American dream. Ours came true only after great sacrifices.□

Private A.G. Weissert at age 18, Company K, Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, Fall 1861, at Camp Randall, Madison. Note gray Wisconsin uniform.

Courtesy G.A.R. Museum, Madison

Campaigning in '64

Civil War Letters of A. G. Weissert

Edited by Richard H. Zeitlin

Augustus G. Weissert was born in Canton, Ohio, in August 1843. His parents, Michael and Magdelena had immigrated from Germany during the 1830s. The Weissert family was composed of five children by the time they moved to Racine, Wisconsin, in 1848, where Michael earned his living as a tailor. After Michael Weissert's untimely death the two oldest boys, Charles and Henry, supported the family for a year before Charles left Racine to prospect for gold in 1850. Augustus worked as a printer's apprentice at the Racine *Journal* newspaper while attending public school.

Augustus Weissert joined the Racine County Volunteers, a local militia company organized and commanded by William P. Lyon, the speaker of the Wisconsin State Assembly, after graduating from high school in 1861. In September 1861 Captain Lyon led the Racine County Volunteers to Camp Randall in Madison, where the 103 members became Company K of the Eighth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. Weissert served in the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry during the entire Civil War as a private and as a sergeant-major. After the war ended, Governor Lucius Fairchild promoted Weissert to the rank of captain.

The Eighth Wisconsin Infantry departed from Camp Randall on October 12, 1861, after a training period of less than four weeks. The 973 enlisted men and officers participated in their first action at Fredericktown, Missouri, nine days later. The regiment became the first unit of Wisconsin troops to be sent to the Western theatre of operations during 1861–1865, where they would be joined by the overwhelming majority of the state's Civil War military organizations.

Weissert's regiment played an active role in nine campaigns, operating in seven states. The regiment traveled 14,814 miles during the war, marching over 4,000 miles. Forty-three battles and skirmishes combined to make the Eighth Wisconsin the state's most heavily engaged infantry regiment, although other units participated in larger battles and suffered greater casualties. Corinth in 1862, Vicksburg in 1863, and Nashville in 1864 were the regiment's major encounters.

Regimental losses reflect the high casualty rates experienced by Civil War units. Out of a total strength of 1,342, including the recruits who joined after 1861, 280 died. Enemy bullets killed fifty-nine men, diseases carried off 208, and fatal accidents accounted for thirteen. Wounds incapacitated 177. Some seventy-one men received discharges for unspecified reasons, most likely associated with diseases. Coupled with sixty desertions, and three who suffered unknown fates, combined losses amounted to 593, or 44 percent of the total.

The Eighth Wisconsin Infantry is remembered more for its mascot than for its achievements. Between September 1861 and September 1864, Old Abe, the pet eagle of Company C accompanied the regiment on its campaigns. Old Abe was part of the color guard and gained notoriety for himself and for the Eagle Regiment, as the Eighth Wisconsin became known. Old Abe became a ward of the State of Wisconsin when members of Company C, deciding not to reenlist in 1864, presented the bird to Governor James T. Lewis at their muster-out. Old Abe lived in the State Capitol until his death in 1881.

Over half the members of the Eagle Regiment reenlisted when their three-year term of service expired, convinced in part by a generous bounty of $400. Augustus Weissert signed on for another three years at this time.

Four arduous campaigns, culminating in the two-day battle at Nashville, Tennessee, highlighted the year 1864. The campaigns included the Meridian Expedition from February 3 to March 6, 1864. Under the command of General William T. Sherman and James B. McPherson 38,971 troops of the XVI and XVII Army Corps marched 350 miles from Vicksburg to Meridian, Mississippi, and returned, living off the country, systematically destroying Southern railroads and other property and skirmishing with Confederates. At Meridian the Union forces carried out, in General Sherman's words, ". . . the most complete destruction of railroads ever beheld."

The Red River Campaign followed immediately. Under the inept leadership of Massachusetts politician soldier General Nathaniel P. Banks, 39,918 troops along with a major portion of the Mississippi Squadron of gunboats failed to capture Shreveport, Louisiana, as a base for an invasion of northern Texas. The fleet became trapped by unusually low water in the Red River and was nearly destroyed. Confederate troops defeated Banks at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads and the Federals retreated. Union forces extricated themselves on May 22 after being cut off for several weeks.

Price's Missouri Expedition took place in the fall, after the Eagle Regiment suffered one of its heaviest combat losses in an otherwise insignificant engagement at Lake Chicot, Arkansas, and spent a month home in Wisconsin on furlough. Confederate General Sterling Price, a Virginia born, ex-U.S. Senator, ex-Governor of Missouri, veteran of the Mexican War, and numerous Civil War battles led 20,000 mounted, but otherwise ill-equipped Confederates, on a large scale raid through northeastern Arkansas and across Missouri. Price's campaign degenerated into a looting expedition. Union troops, largely composed of infantry, chased the Confederates through Missouri and into Kansas, marching almost 800 miles in two months. Union foot soldiers kept within one-half day's march of Federal cavalry. Price escaped after several engagements with the Union cavalry. Weissert and his comrades marched 300 miles during the first eighteen days of the campaign.

Two weeks after returning from the Missouri Expedition, Weissert's regiment, along with all other available troops were hurriedly sent to reinforce the defenses of Nashville against Confederates under General John B. Hood. Hood, a one-legged, one-armed veteran of the Peninsula Campaign, Second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the battles around Atlanta struck boldly at Tennessee in a winter offensive. Hood believed he could carry the war north to the Ohio River while the main Union armies—under U. S. Grant in Virginia and William T. Sherman on the march from Atlanta to Savannah—were occupied.

The Tennessee Campaign was the last Confederate offensive in the Civil War. Hood's 30,000 ill-clad Confederates took up position around Nashville on December 2. Union troops, under the command of Virginia-born General George H. Thomas,

outnumbered the Southerners by a two to one majority. Snow, ice, and Thomas' natural caution delayed the impending battle, causing Washington politicians, as well as General Grant, to become alarmed. After very careful planning, Thomas attacked the Confederate entrenchments on December 15. Union troops routed the Confederates in two days of hard fighting. General Hood remembered, "I beheld for the first and only time a Confederate Army abandon the field in confusion."

A Confederate bullet struck Weissert in his left thigh during the first day's battle. Surgeons could not locate or remove the ball. Weissert never completely recovered and walked with a limp for the remainder of his life. He had not yet reached his twenty-first birthday. Weissert returned to the regiment after a recuperation period, however, and was present at their muster-out. The wound prevented him from accepting an appointment to West Point.

After the war, Weissert came back to Wisconsin and sought advice and help from his original company commander, William P. Lyon, now a justice of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. Lyon guided the young Racine man into the field of law. Weissert attended law school at the University of Michigan after marrying Mary Trautwein of Mount Pleasant in 1869. He established a law office in Milwaukee during 1876 and spent the remainder of his career working from there. Weissert joined the Republican Party, became a member of the school commission, held several appointed positions over the years, and participated in civic affairs.

Veterans' groups provided Weissert's life with long-term focus. He was in the vanguard of Midwesterners who began organizing Civil War soldiers into the Grand Army of the Republic (G.A.R.) during the 1860s. As the G.A.R. grew, it exerted influence on local, state, and national politics. Weissert helped found the G.A.R. post in Milwaukee. He became Department of Wisconsin G.A.R. Commander for two terms ending in 1889, National Senior Vice Commander in 1890, and National Commander in 1892. Weissert's years of G.A.R. office holding coincided with the height of that organization's membership, prestige, and influence.

Weissert became a member of the National Military Park Commission after his term of G.A.R. leadership ended. He served as the secretary from 1897–1917 of the Wisconsin Vicksburg Park Commission, which designed the monuments commemorating Wisconsin's role at the battle and siege of Vicksburg. Augustus Weissert died in 1923, survived by his wife and daughter Florence.

Several features help make the Weissert Civil War letters both interesting and significant. First, they record the thoughts and activities of an ordinary Wisconsinite who possessed greater than ordinary intelligence. Second, Weissert's unanticipated future successes make the letters important from a biographical and associational perspective. Third, the Eagle Regiment was one of the more active state units during 1861–1865, and their movements help provide an understanding of Civil War history. Finally, the Civil War was the first conflict in American history where the average participant—at least from the North—could read and write. Civil War letters, as a result, remain among the best sources for general and specific information concerning the era. The every-day life and hopes of a Wisconsin citizen soldier are revealed on and between the lines of the Weissert letters.

The Weissert Papers, several thousand items of manuscript and related material, were donated to the G.A.R. Museum of Madison in 1979. Dr. Paul and Mrs. Charlotte Allen of Markesan, Wisconsin, preserved the collection for many years after Florence Weissert Sleeper passed away. The collection is remarkable both for its size, and for the depth of its coverage.

A.G. Weissert, National Commander-in-Chief of the G.A.R. Photographed at the Brady Studio, Washington, D.C. about 1893.

Saulsbury, Tennessee
January 17th 1864

Dear Brother Charles:

This evening I received your letters of the 28th ult., [last month] and the 8th inst., [this month] also Frankie's letter of the 9th inst., and can assure you that they were read with unusual pleasure and interest. Undoubtedly you know that I am detailed at the Regimental Head Quarters. I take care of the Regiment's mail, write and take orders to the companies and so far, I suit very well.

I wrote to you a few days ago and sent you some papers. Perhaps before you receive this we will be on the move. Rumor says we will go to Texas, some to the Red River Country some to Little Rock, Ark., others say to Knoxville—but really where we will go no one can positively tell—but I think we will go to the Red River country, anyway time will tell. And, as soon as we do move you can depend on it, we will not move for nothing; we will be on the move to where rebels are. . . .

Dear brother Charles, I would like to see you very much, no one can tell the delight it would give me to see you. No one can tell, but the exigencies of the service will not present permit it. At the same time my term of service will expire in seven months, and then I will see you to my heart's content. . . .

Dear Brother, do not enlist, nor even mention it. . . .Mother is getting old, and the Weissert family are now able to take care of themselves. . . .I study here in the army, all my spare time. I intend being something in the world, if the thing is to be did by trying. Yes, Charles, all of the family have thus far a very good education, and all must and will have a still better one, you may depend on it. . . .

Next letter I hope to be more able to tell you what I think of doing when my term of service expires. . . .

The weather is very changeable down here, one day we have very cold weather then mild and warm and again mean, muddy and rainy weather. But we bear it like soldiers ought to—without a grumble that is the style of the old 8th Wisconsin. About one half of the regiment have re-enlisted as veterans, but I have not nor do I intend to—but our cause must be sustained and "Augie" will do everything in his power to help. . . .

Your Brother,

"Augie"

Saulsbury, Tennessee
January 22d, 1864

Dear Friend: [Mrs. Elizabeth E. Ellis, mother of his schoolmate George]

Today's mail brought yours of the 13th inst., which was read with unusual interest and pleasure. By the heading of this letter you will see that we have "moved" again, but are still on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. For sometime past I have been at Reg't Head Quarters, writing, taking charge of mails, etc. and like it first rate. You wish me to give you an account of our way of living, camp life etc. which I will do with the greatest of pleasure; however, to give you a detailed account of a soldier's life in camp, in the field, etc. would fill volumes, therefore, I will give a synopsis, taking the soldier as he is in camp.

Military rule when carried out is very severe, and if a soldier neglects his duty or disobeys orders, his punishment is generally severe. In camp at an early hour in the morning, the troops are awakened, and appear at roll-call, at seven breakfast—half-an-hour afterwards the "sick-call" is sounded, when the sick appear at the doctor's and receives his medicines, if required, about an hour after this—the weather permitting, we have drill one hour or so, at noon, dinner, at two o'clock drill again, till four, then supper, at eight o'clock—prepare to retire, quarter hour after-taps—when all lights must be extinguished. But, hark, I hear the voices of several ladies, the wives of several of our officers singing—and I must listen a moment, for we seldom hear ladies sing, they being scarce in the so-called "Southern Confederacy."

Good, that singing reminds me of home and friends, and it seems good. Well, to go on with the description of the soldiers. We are fairly fixed and think we will have a little rest; but no, orders come to march immediately, and in less than an hour that same regiment or brigade, who were thinking of having a little rest, are all "packed up" and are marching, no one but the commander knows where, by night they may be miles off. Soon the roar of cannon is heard, and preparation is made for a fight; in fact, we go "right in," some who were in camp in the morning, not dreaming of marching, or battle, are, perhaps, killed, wounded, or prisoners. Thus, you see, we are liable to move at any moment.

Rapid marches are frequently made, through rain, mud, dust, and under a scorching sun. Many miles of surface are gone over and at the end of the day's march the soldier is glad to partake of a little coffee, made from what some call water, but contains more mud than water, this with a little bacon, or salt meat, makes a meal, and we gladly lay down on some leaves with our blankets near each other, and partake of rest, and if any one can enjoy rest, it is a tired soldier. I have seen men, after traveling all day and night, lay down at the first halt, and no sooner down, then they would be as fast asleep as you could imagine, even when the booming of cannon is heard on every side, danger is not thought of. In battle the soldier thinks of his duty and the place he is in, or what the next thing to be done—and we generally succeed. Rainy days are generally spent mending clothes, writing letters, reading, telling stories, and I am sorry to say that many pass their time in playing cards and such like. I spend my leisure moments in studying. I have picked up an arithmetic and some other old books, and being here, I have them carried in the adjutant's chest.

Having given you an insight of "camp life" I will let the remaining details go until the coming summer when my term of service expires, and then I can tell it better than I can write.

My health is very good, as is the case with nearly all of old Co. K. I hear from home every week one or two times, and with the papers keep well posted. . . .Our regiment has been enlisting as veterans, over one-half have already "gone in," and before two months expires, I think three fourths will have re-enlisted for the war. I still adhere to what I said when at home, that I wish to see the war out, and I will but I do not want brother Henry to enlist. I want him to stay where he is, and I am willing to do his and my share of military service.

Courtesy G.A.R. Museum, Madison

Color guard of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry with Old Abe, taken at Big Black River Bridge just after the fall of Vicksburg, August or September 1863.

Our eagle never looked better, as soon as I can get a photograph of him, [I will send one to you], I understand there will be some in the regiment.

Christmas and New Years was spent waiting an attack of the enemy, but he did not deem it proper, and well he did; we were ready to receive them at the opening of 1864. I have spent three New Years and Christmases in the service and every one were, waiting for the enemy. . . .

Yours Truly,

"Augie"

Vicksburg, Miss.
March 5th, 1864

Dear Friend: [Mrs. Elizabeth E. Ellis]

Today, by mere chance, I received your kind letter, and today the great "Sherman Expedition" returned to Vicksburg. As everything at Head Quarters, where I am, is "hurly burly" you will be satisfied, for the present, with merely a small letter and a synoposis of the expedition.

The expedition consisting of the 16th and 17th Army Corps, under the lead of our old Genl. Sherman, left this place over a month ago, and with hurried marches and continual skirmishing made their way to Jackson, Miss., leaving there after destroying all the public property, and pushed on to Meridian, Miss., here everything was destroyed from Meridian to Enterprise, which like Jackson and Meridian was destroyed; from here the expedition took a different road for home destroying everything; some of the towns through which we passed were completely demolished, not even a fence post left standing. At Canton, Miss., I counted the remains of twenty-three locomotives; living on the country through which we passed, without shelter not even a tent or house, driving the rebels in rain and mud, heat and cold, we returned to Vicksburg. Some of the troops marched two and three hundred miles, while others but one hundred and fifty. . . .

Head Quarters, 8th Regt. Wis. Vet. Inf.
Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 28, 1864

Dear Brothers Charles and Henry:

For a long time I have been waiting for a letter from you, but did not have the pleasure of receiving one, until this morning. . . .I had one of the most pleasant times in Racine that you could imagine. And if yourself and Charles will keep cool I will give you the particulars. Well, Henry, you know who I know in Racine, rich, poor, pretty, ugly, and in fact there are mighty

few in that town that I do not know. Well, after a few days being there, Joe and I began to get tired and wished we were back in the army. But, in fact, we did not want to be there until our time was out. As soon as it was found out that we were home, and that was soon, for I went into my old office, [at the Racine *Journal*] and they all knew me you know, and when I took up the journal the next day I see a puff on me and Joe that we had arrived etc. Then you ought to see the invitations come in, Augie was old King! Well I went to those I thought I could enjoy myself the most with.... Well there I got acquainted with a girl, you know her, Lucy Minser, she has lived in Racine for quite a number of years. She told me she knew you well. Well, I only got acquainted that is all, of course that's nothing—folks think different. Well every time I went to a picnic, or party of that crowd, she was bound to be there. Well, I thought she was a "gay girl" but that is all. But soon Mother and some others opened on me and gave me "Hail Columbia," so I told them not to get uneasy about a soldier, I came home for the purpose of enjoying myself, and that I would, cost what it may, and I did. Mother did not like it.

Well, I re-enlisted, Hank. Got the first installment of the $400 and will get the remainder by the same process. The war will be over before my time is out, I have two years and four months to serve yet. Anyhow I do not intend to stay in the army that long, don't say anything to anyone. I am clerk at Head Quarters yet and suppose I will be for a long time. We had another fight since back, and had two killed....

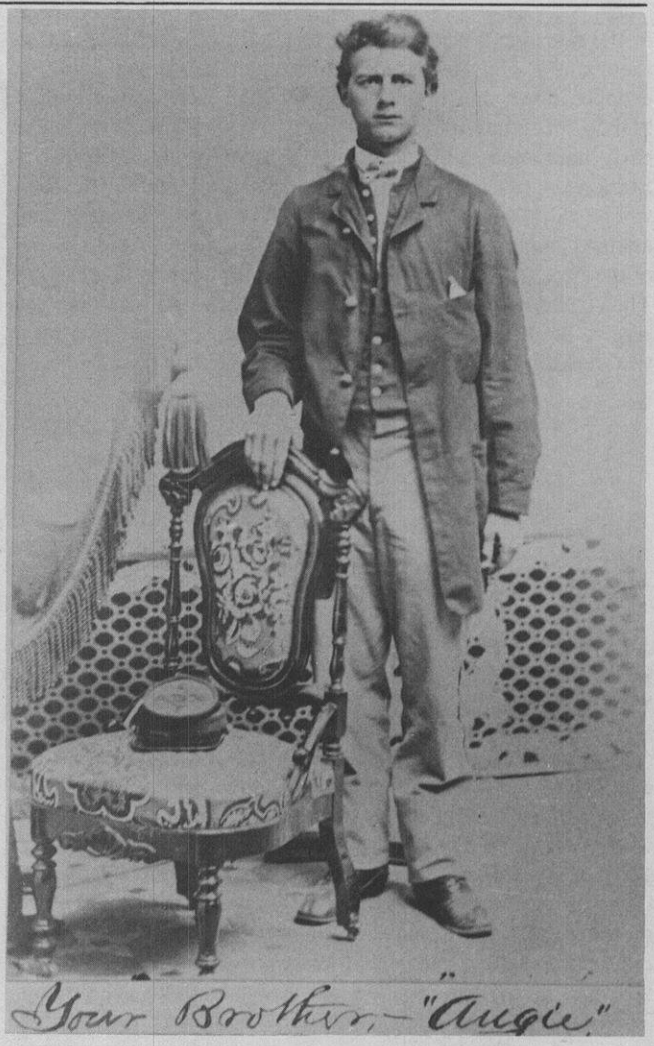
Your brother,

"Augie"

Camp near Brownsville, Ark.
Sept. 13th 1864

My Dear Mother:

Today is Sunday and, as I have been very busy and now have some spare time, I thought I would commence a letter and finish it when we return. The last four days were the warmest I ever experienced. The heat was almost suffocating, but we all bore it the best we could. The last letter I wrote—I told you we had orders to be prepared to march—on the following morning left camp for the boats that were waiting for us at the levee, and by night we were all loaded. While at the levee, George Ellis came down, and we had a very pleasant visit. On the following morning, quite early the signal was given and the fleet, under command of our old commander Major-General [Joseph A.] Mower [Commanding Division 16th Army Corps], started for its destination passing Helena, Ark., in the forepart of the afternoon, we arrived at the mouth of the White River at night where the fleet came to anchor and early next morning started up the White, and at night again anchored near one of our gun boats, and the next day—today—started again and at this writing are going still. Last evening as our fleet halted we had some pretty good music. One of the steamers composing the fleet, has a steam calliope, perhaps you recollect the one that was in Racine some years ago, with a circus. And as we landed, struck up some of the national airs, to the great pleasure of the whole fleet: tune after tune was played, and each was responded to



Weissert in Racine in 1864.

by the cheers of the whole fleet. On the 3d inst. I was promoted to Sergeant Major of the Old Eighth, tell you some other time. With this you will receive my Sergeant Major's warrant which I hope you will keep for me. Every now and then our boats touches the bottom, but thus far have received no serious, if any, injury. The afternoon of the 5th we landed at St. Charles, Ark., went ashore and camped overnight and prepared for camp on the 7th eve again embarked on the steamer and on the 8th arrived at Duvall's Bluff, Ark. and on the 9th received orders to march, and came to this place, two miles west of Duvall's Bluff.

We marched back of Duvall's Bluff until the afternoon of the 10th and at two o'clock, on that day, our division started out. The heat was intense; in fact, our way lay across a plain or tract of prairie sixteen miles wide, and no water was to be found all the way over, except occasionally in muddy pools, that was not fit for dogs to drink, but now and then we would drink of this miserable stuff with much gusto. I never saw a piece of country, not a house to be seen, we traveled one hundred and seventy-five miles, and saw but one house or rather an imitation of one and but one white person. We marched till about one o'clock

in the morning, and then came to a halt, in a desolate part of the country. Oh! how tired and how glad to get some rest, we dropped down on our blankets and soon were in the land of "Dixie." The next morning we were again on the tramp, at an early hour, and marched about 10 miles to near Brownsville Station on the railroad from Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock where we encamped in the woods. We expect to move soon again. I hope we will return to Memphis soon. I and the rest of the boys never want to come or go into such a country again. They could not hire me to live here, desolate and lonesome. We receive hardly any mail. The regiment has not received a bit in two weeks. I hope soon to receive some and letters from home. . . .

Your Son,
Augie

Steamer "Onward"
Missouri River
Oct. 11th 1864

My Dear Friend: [Mrs. Elizabeth E. Ellis]

Perhaps you may think that I have forgotten my old friends, on account of my not writing before. But you will believe me, when I wrote you that we have had a very severe time of it, as you will see, or perhaps have already seen in the papers. I commence this, on the steamer but do not know where I will end it, as I think we will go some distance before we stop. But for my "story" I recollect my last letter to you was from Brownsville, Ark., just a day after the 17th ult. we the old 1st Division, 16th Army Corps and one division of old Gen. [Benjamin] Grierson's Cavalry started out from Brownsville, in a northernly direction, with ten days rations. On, on, we traveled over hills, mountains, valleys fording large rivers through dense forests where in many instances we had to cut roads to get through. Then, over hot plains, dusty roads, and through the immense swamps of northern Arkansas, and southern Missouri, sometimes marching night and day. One night in particular, we were going through one of those swamps near the Missouri line, it was very dark, and many times we had to feel our way. One of us had to go ahead of each regiment making some intentional noise so that those in the rear could know the way, after having traveled quite late in this manner it began to rain, and so we could not get through the swamps with the train and artillery, we had to stop in the swamps and camp for the night.

After traveling several days we ran short of rations, and none to be had in many miles. Many of our men were bare-footed, mules and horses died by scores, and soon we came to our old camping grounds of three years before [near Pilot Knob, Mo.]. Continuing our march to the northeast and at this time entirely out of clothing, and nothing to eat, we trudged along and on the 20th day had the pleasure of seeing the old Mississippi again at Cape Girardeau, Mo. being out twenty days, hardly anything to eat or wear, and entirely isolated from the civilized world and having marched 348 miles. The boat is very unsteady, consequently you will please excuse penmanship etc. We are nearly clothed. My health is very good. Weather often very cold.

Yours,

"Augie"

Camp on the Field, near
Harrisonville, Mo.
October 28th, 1864

My Dear Friend: [Mrs. Elizabeth E. Ellis]

As soon as we had disembarked at Jefferson City, [Missouri] from which place my last letter was sent from we were put on the cars, and went to LaMine Bridge, which had been burned but a few days previous by the rebels. After remaining here two days the remainder of Maj. Gen. A.J. Smith forces came up and at daylight on the morning of the 16th inst. the troops went marching. . . The regiment received a mail—the first they had in six weeks, two sacks. We read our letters while marching—among mine were two letters from you of the 1st and 21st ult. and were read with unusual pleasure and interest.

Our march in pursuit was very severe, we being infantry, and the rebels—twenty thousand—all mounted, and consequently had to keep up with the horses, if we wished success-night and day sometimes thirty-five miles a day, never less than twenty miles. Our cavalry came up to the rebels at or near Kansas City [Independence] and we were 15 miles distant at that time. The rebels being in so much larger force cut their way out, and when the infantry came up were gone. Here it was decided that it was useless to continue the pursuit with infantry—a wise decision—and we took a circuit of quite a number of miles through Kansas and came here and I suppose will remain here and rest and then return to St. Louis, and perhaps to Memphis. One day while marching, "Old Rosy" [Maj. General William S. Rosecrans, Commanding Department of Missouri] came up; this was the first time we had seen him since the battle of Corinth. As he came up to our regiment, he remarked "Well boys, you keep up your old reputation, you are great marchers," the boys cheered him. . . .

We are having very cold weather here, something that we are not as accustomed to—having lived for the last three years further south. All of us, more or less, suffer from the cold, I think it equals Wisconsin. One day recently, while crossing one of the immense prairies, the wind blowing at a high rate, it commenced to snow; wet us through and through and altogether it was one of the most disagreeable days we ever passed.

Yesterday, a guerrilla was hung at this place by order of Gen. Rosecrans; he had been killing and plundering indiscriminately and finally had been caught and yesterday a rope tied to a tree, he on a horse, and a rope around his neck, and then the horse drawn out from under him, and he was suspended. I should think expended! This is the way to deal with these rascals. I did not go to see the execution, as I have plenty of such scenes to witness when I do not wish to. The war I think will soon be over and then we can return to stay. My health never was better and in every respect I feel better. I have gained in weight. I am writing on the Regimental Chest, in an army wagon, with eight mules hitched to the wheels, and am jerking constantly, making it a poor place of writing together with the cold. I hope soon to be where we can write with some ease, at least, and where we will not be jerked from one place to another.

Yours etc.

Augie

Headquarters 8th Wis. Veterans
Nashville, Tenn.
December 1st, 1864

My Dear Brothers:

Yours of the 10th and 19th of October was duly received on the 30th of November and I assure you that it was read with the greatest of pleasure, never before have I felt such deep regards for yourself and Henry.

We arrived here on the night of the 29th of November. Well, General [John B.] Hood [commanding Army of Tennessee, C.S.A.] is marching on this place, our old Division is in line of battle and waiting for him, not a half a mile from here. I just came in, and as soon as this is finished, you will find me back again at my post. Tomorrow we expect a battle and are ready for the pay. May He who has protected us till now do so in the coming campaign, and also bless and protect my brothers in a distant land, and crown you with success. You must not feel out of the way of this letter. I mean it well, as a brother should, only do not enlist nor allow the "feller" along with you either. Remember that now. Do not enlist under any circumstances.

Your brother,

Augie

Outer Union line at Nashville, Tennessee, December 15, 1864. Photo by George Barnard.

Headquarters 8th Wis. Veterans
Nashville, Tenn.
December 1st, 1864

My Dear Friend: [Mrs. Elizabeth E. Ellis]

About 40 minutes ago, we received orders to be ready to move in ten minutes, but we are not gone yet. So I thought I would make an attempt to write you. My last letter to you left me in a "big" snow storm near Sedalia, Mo. on our return to civilization. The same morning I mailed that letter we started out from Sedalia, in snow fourteen inches deep and still falling. It was really "hard" marching, snowing, muddy, and oh how cold over those almost endless prairies. But not a single complaint from our division. Gen. Mower left us at Franklin, Mo. and the humane [Brig. Gen. John] McArthur took command, and is still commanding us, and with this exception we are the same as ever, the 1st Division 16th Army Corps [Army of the Tennessee] Brig. Gen. McArthur commanding, and our regiment are as usual in the old second brigade. So when you hear of McArthur you hear of us. Under Gen. Smith. Election day passed very hard with us, our regiment, with the 11th Missouri being sent twenty miles in advance of the army, on the evening of the 8th ult., we camped between then two small streams. Headquarters were pitched in an elevated position. No sooner had we fairly got in camp—Head Quarters were the only tents in the Regt. or command, the troops had none—when the rain commenced to pour down, at dark all who could went to sleep. Early day found a swift torrent—on either side of this little command

Library of Congress photo

from 12 to 15 feet deep and no way whatever to escape, guns, hard tack, ammunition, and all were washed away by the merciless stream. The water still rising found our little piece of ground fast disappearing; many of the men were half under water, others on trees, logs, while two companies were busy felling trees to escape over. Mules and horses were struggling in the water. Soon the army came up and the troops went to work felling trees and soon were out of danger, and thereafter we were once more on terra firma, the water receded and in two days the army proceeded on its march and after severe marching arrived on the 15th ult., at St. Louis. The campaign was a severe one. Our brigade marched 816 miles, and not a step of it did I ride. I can give myself the praise of not riding a single step in this campaign, while others were marching one day. Our brigade started after daylight, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, we had marched 25 miles. This certainly was the most severe campaign during the war. I stood it well, I never enjoyed better health, I weigh about eight pounds more now, than previous to the Arkansas and Missouri campaign. On the 24th we left St. Louis in transports, and after a pleasant trip arrived on the 29th at this place. Dec. 2nd 1864. And now are in line of battle south of Nashville.

More next time, I received yours of the 1st Nov. yesterday and read it with pleasure.

Yours etc.,

Augie

In the Trenches near
Nashville, Tenn.
Dec. 7th, 1864 6 o'clock a.m.

My Dear Friend: [Mrs. Elizabeth E. Ellis]

Yours of the 12th ult. came to hand several days ago with letters from home. I intended to answer them all at the same time I received them, but the appearance of Hood's army before the city compelled me desist as soon as I had written to my mother. . . .

On the 2d Gen. Hood appeared before Nashville, we arriving, as I told you in my last, on the night of the 29th or 30th. . . .We took our position on the next highest eminence of all the hills that encircle Nashville to the West. The rebels can be distinctly seen on all sides. Whether they intend to make a general assault or not I cannot say. If they do they will regret it for we have all worked diligently and with our position have thrown up good temporary works. Bang! Bang! that's music that sounds good to a soldier's ear, when it goes from him. Last night they advanced in columns, but soon concluded they had better get back, which they did. . . .

Yours & C,

Augie

U.S. Christian Commission
Nashville, Tenn.
Dec. 17, 1864

My Dear Friend: [Mrs. Elizabeth E. Ellis]

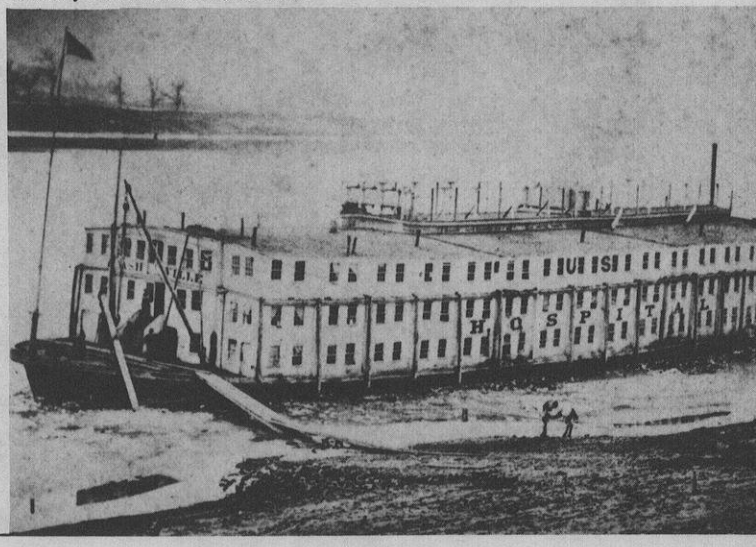
Here I am, not exactly down, but down for the time being. I am laying on my bed, consequently it is hard to write. My leg pains me very much today, and did last night, but I can stand it with a good grace, considering what we gave the rebels "Hail Columbia!" I wish you could have seen my old regiment "go in," cheer after cheer, amid the shower of shot and shell, grape and canister. We took their fort and breastworks, cannon, prisoners, small arms, caissons, ammunition and drove them like sheep, and we are ready again to flax them—Oh, excuse me, I thought I had the use of two legs—well I hope soon to be well again, and then I will give them another "pull" or "drive". . . .Our regiment suffered severely. I can give only a partial list, there is more of my regt. in this ward with me. I am well cared for. The boys at the camp of the 8th come down and see me. This is the surgeon's explanation of the wound: gun shot wound, left thigh, lower ⅓, external aspect, flesh, ball lodged. The ball is still in the leg. They put me on the amputating table at the Field Hospital, and several surgeons took hold of my leg and wished to give me chloroform. I respectfully informed them I did not want any chloroform or anything of the kind and told them to proceed. They asked me if I could stand it. I told them I thought I could, so they went to work, in turn they probed my wound with their fingers, then with probes and lances and after considering, they concluded to not to try to extract the ball at present but wait for future developments.

Tell mother and the rest, my brother and sister, I am in the best of health, and hope soon to be home, no telling however, if I can come or not. But think I can come by Christmas or New Year. I was wounded during the second charge on the enemy's works on the 15th instant.

Yours etc.,

"Augie"

Courtesy G.A.R. Museum, Madison



Floating hospital ship Nashville, on which A.G. Weissert was shipped north along the Cumberland and Mississippi rivers, after being wounded on December 18, 1864.

Resettlement in a Small Town

I

Too much time together.
Mark has gone camping
by himself.
Just up and left suddenly,
pack on back, determined to
"collect" his "thoughts."
(As a fifth-grade student
collects leaves on assignment,
he will learn them well
for the duration of the
project.) For this, I am
left alone.

I refuse to
understand; decide
to take a walk.
Close the door on
the dog, leave
no lights on.

II

Street after street the
town tries to hide from
itself—and especially
from the likes of
my prying eyes. (What
are houses for?)
These doors do not seem
to welcome knocks, despite
public invitations.

III

I shop, profuse with
thank-yous. Find my
way to a cafe. An old
man with at least one
torn seam wanders in, eyes
searching for friendly
recognition. He is
itching to talk. The
slightest glance will
provoke him. There is
a book before me, and I
lean farther into it. He
ends up eating his chili
in silence. After he
goes, I stare out the
plate glass window,
noting the traffic flow.

IV

It is growing dark on my
way home.

One star hangs icily in the
mauve sky.

Even more shades and curtains
are drawn.

Ducks scatter in alarm as
I approach.

Mid-autumn trees are distinct
in each branch.

Lights leash their reflections
on the bay.

V

Our house is
abysmally black,
intensely quiet.
The dog seems
distraught.

I realize I did
not leave a tip.

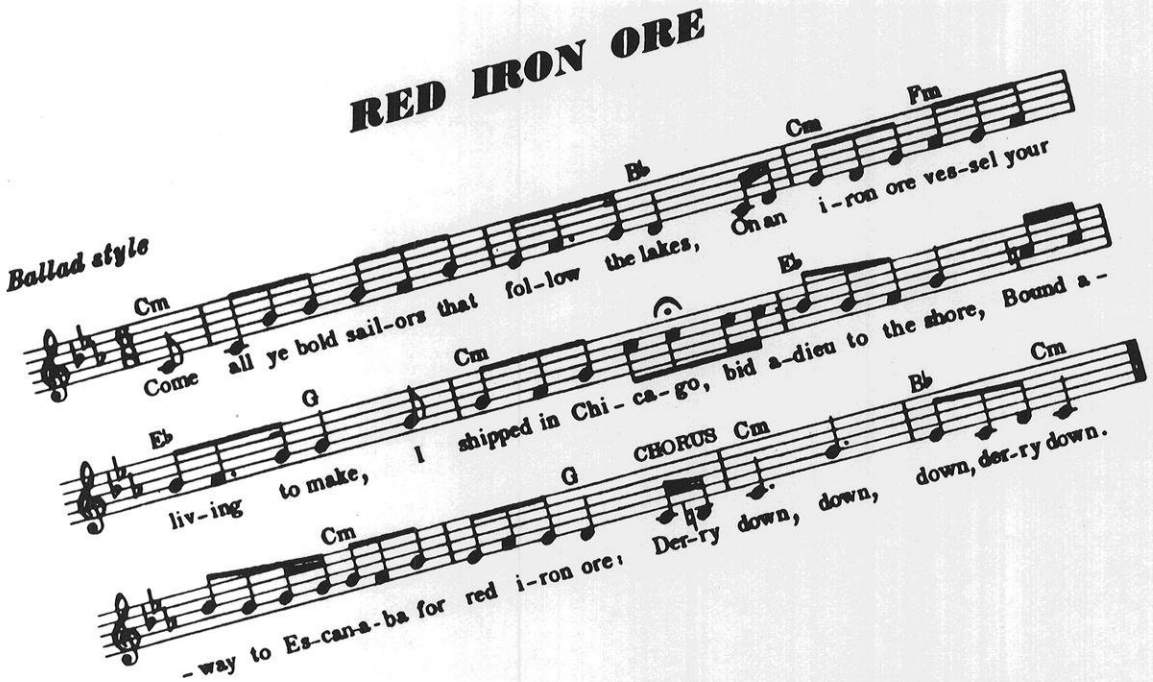
Too much time together.

—Karen Schuster

Swift
Imperceptibly swift
Like a bird darting limb to limb
While I strain to know the enchanter of such song

So are your eyes when I try to read them
Song upon song
Unsung
On the wing
Witheld too long
Too long

—Elaine A. Gardner



Our Singing Pioneers

By Ellen Votaw Miller

Wisconsin's first settlers arrived singing.

Frontier life promised golden opportunity but often provided only hardship and misfortune. Despite these things our first residents continued to sing. Their legacy in song, passed down to us through several generations, provides interesting glimpses of life in early Wisconsin.

Whatever befell these courageous men and women, they sang about it. Happiness, sorrow, success, and failure all became the subjects of songs.

Most music was homemade. If a trained musician existed in a community, he or she was highly valued. Music was a welcome change from the monotony of daily life and the loneliness of isolation.

Songs were of two types, those invented on the spot, and those the settlers brought with them. Often the two types blended. An old tune from "back East," from England, Germany, or Wales might be set with new words describing events in Wisconsin. People did not hesitate to substitute the names of new heroes for those in ancient folk ballads. Second-hand songs were remodeled like second-hand clothes—cut down, let out, trimmed, and decorated—to fit the needs of the moment.

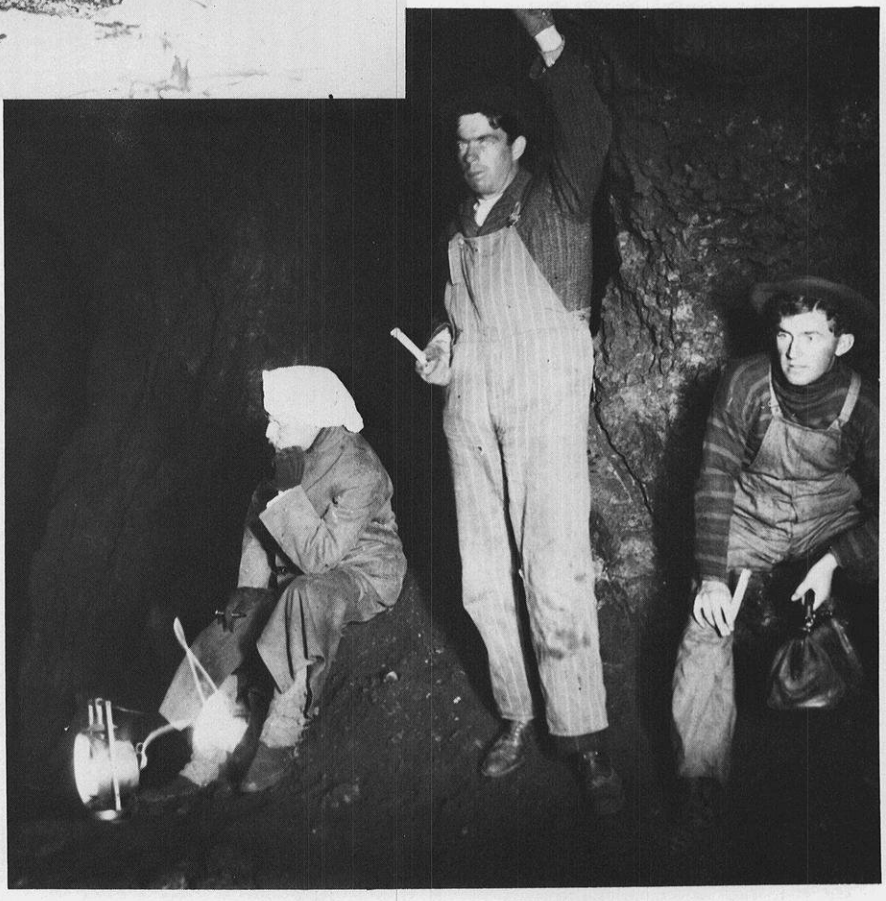
No aspect of life was too insignificant for a song. Men and women sang about their work—logging, mining, farming, cooking. They sang about loneliness, heartbreak, nonsense and fun, heroes both real and imaginary, raising children, war, birth, death, marriage. They sang religious songs and Christmas carols. Singing was democratic. Women sang as freely as men. A child with a good voice was pushed forward and encouraged. And, the lyrics of songs came in many languages.

Songs were learned by rote and passed along orally. Words were lost, dropped, added, and, often, misunderstood. Thus the Christmas carol, "The First Noel," was sung in early Wisconsin with a chorus that proclaimed, "Oh well, oh well, oh well, oh well. / Born is the king of Israel."

The old English ballad "Lord Randall" cropped up frequently, but the hero's name had completely disappeared. He was replaced by someone named "Dorandel." Perhaps singers had simply misunderstood

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Men sang about their work.



the words. Perhaps lords and ladies were out of place on the democratic frontier and a substitution was made. And maybe, just maybe, there actually was someone in early Wisconsin named "Dorandel."

Some songs were the result of a blending of languages, as neighbors from different parts of the world attempted to learn and sing each other's songs. This could account for the curious word "kallamaking" that appears in the song "One Morning in Spring." A singer reported he had been singing the song all of his life and believed that "kallamaking" was a form of quilting. Actually, the original phrase had been "cow milking."

The American folk song known most frequently as "Pretty Mowhee" appeared in Wisconsin as "Pretty Mahmee." The Indian maiden described in the lyric may well have been a Miami.

Germans laboring gallantly to sing in a foreign tongue were certainly the source of the rollicking courting song "Oh Yah Ain't Dot Been Fine."

Early Wisconsin held a rich and varied ethnic mix. "The Rabbi's Daughter" warns a young Jewish girl that her planned marriage to a Christian will break her father's heart.

"Of Late I've Been Driven Near Crazy" is the account of a husband grieving because his wife ran away with a Chinese man.

"Kitty Wells" is a black man's sad account of the death of his sweetheart.

"Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane" was the song of former slaves who settled in Grant County following the Civil War.

Clearly, the English, Germans, and Scandinavians so frequently mentioned in Wisconsin history were not the only people on the scene.

Indians also sang and were often invited to perform on special occasions in towns and villages. However, the sophisticated rhythms of Indian music coupled with the difficulties of language made these songs hard for non-Indians to learn. Only occasionally has an Indian song passed into common use by other ethnic groups.

Disasters were often the subject of songs. "The Fatal Oak" describes how three men were killed when a dead tree fell across their raft as they plied the Kickapoo River. Many raft songs survive to establish that this was once a widely used conveyance on Wisconsin waterways.

"Lost on the Lady Elgin" describes a shipwreck on Lake Michigan in 1860, in which 300 Milwaukeeans lost their lives.

Disaster and bravado often blend in folk songs. "Jim Bledsoe" was a Mississippi ship captain who wrecked his vessel while trying to win a race. However, the song tells us he steered the burning craft to shore and held it firmly there while all of his crew escaped to safety. Bledsoe himself perished in the disaster.

"The Newhall House Fire" describes a hotel fire in Milwaukee in 1883. It tells poignantly of a young girl trapped in a window on the highest floor. She stood looking down at the crowd gathered below until the last possible moment and then jumped to her death. Arson was suspected, and the songwriter vows that Milwaukee will not rest until the crime is avenged.

The Civil War brought with it a host of songs. "How Are You, Conscript?" tells us a Wisconsin man could buy his way out of the draft for $300. "I'm in Want of a Substitute" describes a man seeking a substitute he could pay to go to war in his place, an accepted practice of the time. In "The Dying Wisconsin Soldier" a wounded infantryman tries to arrange care for the young sister he left behind in Wisconsin.

Many songs were written and sung simply for fun. "Now He's Sorry That He Spoke" is a Wisconsin version of a joke enjoyed all across the American frontier, an account of the meeting between a city slicker and a skunk. The skunk seems to have been unknown to many Easterners and Europeans. Settlers told newcomers it was a "pretty kitty" and wickedly urged them to make friends with it. The disastrous results were considered great fun.

"Pat Malone Forgot That He Was Dead" describes a man who feigned death in order to collect his life isurance. However, at his wake the smell of whiskey proved too tempting and he sat up in his coffin to join the festivities.

Work songs frequently provide insights into daily life. "Red Iron Ore" tells us Lake Michigan sailors in the nineteenth century earned two dollars and a quarter a month. For this salary they shoveled ore until their hands were raw and their bodies red from ore dust.

Paul Bunyan stories glorified lumbering, but "The Shantyman's Life" presents an unsentimental account of lumbering as back-breaking drudgery in bitterly cold weather, complete with wolves, accidents, poor food, and crushing loneliness.

But through all of the hardship, Wisconsinites remained optimistic. Songs like "They Can't Keep the Working Man Down" express hope, and boundless faith in America. Settlers were here to stay, prepared to meet the future with courage, and with a song. □

Amsterdam, Student Round-up

Winter 1943/44

Heads shorn
like sacrificial lambs
shuddering in panic or cold
a herd of young men, still unbroken in spirit
handcuffed together against possible flight
are marched through the desolate city
—echoing steps along hostile canals—
to a lone waiting train
no farewell.

—Iefke Goldberger

A Last Testament and Trespass

By Justin Isherwood

A neighbor, the one with the maple in his pasture, died last week. Of goings, it was leisurely. A succulence of occasion to dispense favors and redress any lingering wounds. He died propped up to a window. In the last moment an uncommon urgency took over him; impatient at his listener's sleeve, he implored nearness and whispered, "There is always something left to say." I thought his dying words were sad at first, now think them quite adequate.

Among the various jugglers, the universe is deemed to be somewhere between twelve and twenty billion years old. A juvenile universe as defined by certain adolescent excesses and a slight disinclination toward reliability. It has been importuned that creation was lifted out of a common darkness. The poet knew before the physicist only darkness alone could hide the sleight of hand sufficiently selfish to birth up a universe.

The farmer too knows something of creation physics in his earnest tenet of "Waste not, want not," asserting creation is but a season, a soil turned, whether by some dread share or a shiny enormity. The farmer does not know of the missing mass dilemma or its whereabouts but presumes a galactic fate from other derivations. If the grass withers, and the mountain and the star, then so must all of it. A thorough infection.

The farmer wonders if immensity will be greater than eternity when the light dwindles and hulking masses disrobe amid the dust, time has become slippery and dawdling and even gravity wheezes.

Imagine, if you will, the continued existence of our particular species to the architectural limits of this universe. Something on the order of another 150 billion years, when the stars are down to the last shovelful. It is, I grant, an imaginary supposition. The very notion of our remaining a singular species to the span of a hundred million generations is rash and unpremeditated.

The mind falters to think of them. Will they be any longer two footed, or will they float? Will their children still balk at string beans for supper? A billion year species is difficult to propose, a hundred billion year species is, I think, beyond supposing. They will, of course, continue the various ecologies of charity and ambition without which we would not have enriched beyond the gelatinous. But as scales lean to feathers and feathers learn of skin and goose bumps, what silken creatures will they be? The bond of genetics may be stretched beyond even its advertised elasticity to call them kin. They will take no more fame in our investment than we do of Brachiosaurus or a box of tinker toys. Though kissing cousins, we'd no longer know what or where to kiss. At 100 billion years, both ends of the family should be granted their doubts.

Theirs would be a grand predicament, assuming the extra mass is located and this cosmology has slowed, stalled, and is reversing at full throttle. I imagine them to be a collection of star chasers, like moths orbiting the last display of porch lights on a warm township night, with whole armies sent foraging for the stray sparks, to huddle around them, suck out the nourishment, and move on when the light stutters. In the last epoch the star hopping could become frantic. Big scopes panning an imperious sky, rocking the lenses to settle the merest grains from the increasing dark. A people of supreme technology reduced to the ordinary motivation of survival. As the night deepens.

Imagine the light, all of it, going down the drain of the biggest, widest black hole ever, and this natty assemblage of a hundred billion year species is facing the absolute end after two billion generations of seers, probers, and test-tube swirlers. Before them is the great promised pit. No vision of a half-starved prophet, this is the real apocalypse with no chance of escape for all their accumulated cunning and wit. In the night sky they watch as the distance closes, a month away, a week. All the calculations performed, the time remaining known to the millisecond. Other places seen lean toward the turn, dip, then catch. Whole galactic remnants stall and warp from their old shape and tumble in. The radio cackles, then goes to static like in all the ancient movies.

Would they have something left to say? If they are any fair relation to us, I suspect they will. But how to say it? Everything is going into the crusher, nothing spared, neither microfilm, nor handwritten diary, nor crib notes on fleeting atomic walls.

We already know what they would wish to say. Philosophy and its adherents have been at-large far too long not to know. The simple declarative, "I am," would suffice. Adjusted for tense, "I was," then plurality, "we were." Any language would do; a set of numbers, a chunk of pottery. But what the bottle and what the cork to contain this note to stand the impunity of a cosmos that does not abide with rumors? Still two billion generations remain to figure it out. A crevice, an urn, a niche to set the message, a symbol will do. An insignificant bit spun the wrong way, or dyed red or a corner cut square and able to survive all the perversions a universe might practice at its gallows dance.

I do not think they will whimper. A whisper might define the volume, if not of pathos, then from reverence. Imagine them, setting out lawn chairs in front yards, inviting friends over to watch. Raising a glass of old-fashioned wine to the compounding dark, then breaking the glasses against hearth stones. But for every goblet smashed, ten will wash the dishes and stack them in the cupboard. We've been that kind of species.

Doubtless some will wail it was all without meaning and beg for deliverance, imploring the thickening night to spare them. Some will, even then, canker and strut about evil; in the end they will be ignored. Instead just a calm letting go, the meaning implicit. Beginnings and ends, which is only fair.

Curiously, the origin of life on earth is being pushed ever farther back. A planet ciphered to be 4.5 billion years old has apparently harbored life 3.8 billion years. As if life had been hanging around waiting for the place to happen again.

Is the prejudice built in, a predisposition for life? I favor that they, 100 billion years grand, might find a way to sneak through all the smash and fire that most intrinsic of all faith, the quickening for life. High life, low life, or some in between, it doesn't really matter. Life and the fair pasture of time define the occurrence any way you want; consciousness, digestion, locomotion, reproduction, appetite. An old wish placed on matter, to begin the struggle and that severest addiction of all, to know; we can start with basics, the difference between water and dry land.

The search for extra-terrestrial life begins right here, but an existence not of this creation, rather the one previous. Somewhere among the quarks and strangeness of irrevocable matter is a secret, abiding, and hurried scribbled note.

What was a fragile bacterium doing on a volatile planet 3.8 billion years ago? Following, I wager, the urgent tilt of stuff. What better disturbance to declare, "We were." Always there is something left to say.□

If You Are a Stranger Here

Step softly now that Autumn seeps
Inside this gold and crimson wood
Whose painted china leaves drift down
Whose sky as clear as crystal could
Be shattered by a careless step. . .
Leaves gone, clothes-pinned to talking wires,
Bird refugees are left to mourn
The nudity of tall tree spires.

—Marian Paust

This Long Hot Summer

This spring by ritual
he spaded and sowed his garden;
hovered over each seedling
like a parent over child.
He welcomed each debut with trumpets. . .
Now his thoughts cling resolutely
to the mirage of
strawberry jam and tomatoes,
green beans and pickles
parading on winter shelves
like rainbow-uniformed soldiers. . .
This year though, his plants
are arthritic and stunted
for weather has abused them.
Now even after supper he haunts
these sun-scorched dusty rows
to cultivate them endlessly,
with caring hands
anxious and pale
as veined cabbage leaves.

—Marian Paust

Do I Know You?

Do I know you seven days
Or do I know you seven years?

If I know you seven days
And speak in wavering voice
And kiss you
Then I do not know you.

You should not confide.
You must not trust.
There is no meaning
In my eyes.

But if I know you seven years
And speak to you in even tones
And take your hand, marking lines of faith,
Then I know you well.

You should unfold your life.
You must believe I will accept.
There is friendship
In my eyes.

—William T. Lawlor

Prints by Sierdje denDaas

WINDFALLS

Hosanna for Hawgs

By Arthur Hove

"Non-ruminant omnivorous ungulate bristly mammal of the family Suidae. . ."

How's that again?

"A domestic wild animal with short legs, cloven hoofs, and a broad blunt snout."

Well, that's a little better, but both definitions—taken respectively from the *Oxford Concise* and the *Oxford American* dictionaries—seem a bit pretentious, considering the subject. American humorist Ellis Parker Butler has offered a more apt description in the title of his most remembered story.

"Pigs is Pigs."

Even though they are revered in some countries, pigs have not until recently enjoyed a high ranking on the animal kingdom social scale in America. After all, it is difficult to grant favorable status to an animal who will eat virtually anything, grunts indiscriminately, and appears to be most content when wallowing or rooting in the mud.

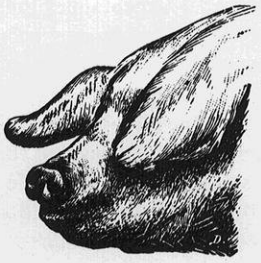
Although the *Oxford English Dictionary* notes the noun's "obscure etymology," life and language have been systematically unkind in any consideration of pigs. A substantial catalog of negative connotation and metaphor has accumulated over the centuries. Someone who is indolent and filthy is a pig. They probably live in a place that looks like a pig sty. No doubt, they also are piggy or hog things.

Protesters of the 1960s may be surprised to know that policemen were referred to as pigs more than a century ago. Police informers have earned the same title of approbation. People who are fat and sloppy or promiscuous women are called pigs. So is an inferior race horse. Stubborn people are pig-headed. Those who gorge themselves pig out. Those who pig it run a race poorly or demonstrate cowardice. Someone with a crew cut gets a pig shave. If they also carry a long knife, they have a pig-sticker. Pigs in clover are people who have money but lack social graces. And there are those who vow not to do something by exclaiming, "I will, in a pig's eye!"

Similar associations come with the word hog. The domesticated hog's scientific name is *Sus scrofa*. A scrofulous person might wind up going hog wild, probably while spreading hogwash or hog wrestling (crude or vulgar dancing) after consuming a hogshead of fermented beverage.

For those who exhaust the invective possibilities contained in the plosive sound of the word pig or the aspirant hog, there is always the sibilant alternative, swine. The result continues to be negative, as in the Biblical admonition about casting pearls before swine, or in that recurring line from the movies, "You *dirty* swine."

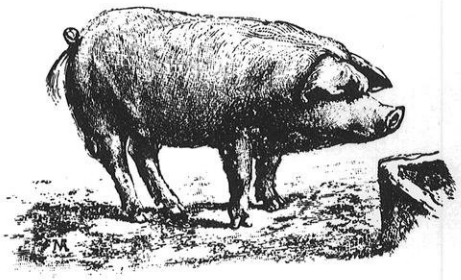
Swine breeders and pork producers, however, do not perceive their product to



be without dignity or value. They can point to the various breeds, names which have an association that takes one beyond the barnyard—Chester White, Poland China, Hempshire, Hereford, Duroc, Jersey, and Berkshire. And gourmets take swine into the woods to use their sensitive snouts to uncover truffles.

For an animal so low on the mammalian social totem pole, the pig represents an important link in our contemporary food chain, supplying us with ham, bacon, pork, and lard, as well as providing pigskin for gloves and footballs, and bristles for such items as shaving brushes.

These associations have encouraged additional figures of speech. An actor who gets carried away with his performance is a ham. A pig between the sheets is a ham sandwich. A good provider is someone who brings home the bacon. Overweight people are porky or a tub of lard. Sportswriters get occasionally effusive about



running backs who do well in lugging the pigskin.

Closer examination of the overall subject reveals there is something about a pig that elicits sympathy, pathos. For the most part, pigs mind their own business. They show aggression primarily with their own kind, when it comes to fighting for a place at the feeding trough or a spot to wallow. Because of their general docility, they are looked on with a sympathetic eye by animal lovers.

In some circles the pig—or at least the image of a pig—is currently enjoying a high degree of acceptance. Pigs are in these days because certain people have the need to identify with an animal—particularly if it is one that asks little in return. Others have adopted the pig in obvious reaction to the revival of the preppy craze, a style of fashion and life symbolized by those who walk around with embroidered alligators attached to their shirts. A recent advertisement in a fashionable magazine picks up on the antipathy and offers the pig shirt as it asks: "What's a fat pink pig doing on a classic polo shirt? Causing alligator tears for one thing."

Perhaps some who consider it fashionable to identify with pigs might change their minds if they found themselves downwind from a hog farm on a particularly hot, moist day—or in the barnyard at hog slopping time.

Nevertheless, positive pig testimonials appear regularly in literature and popular culture. Those of us who have had nursery rhymes as part of our catechism can recall having our toes tweaked as the litany of "This little piggy went to market. . ." was recited. Or we remember this couplet: "To market, to market to buy a fat pig/Home again, home again, jiggety-jig."

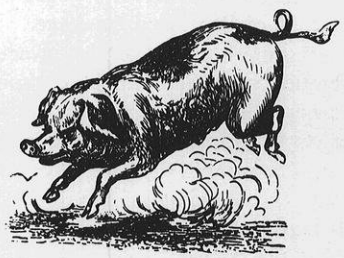
Perhaps our first knowledge of larceny came in the lines, "Tom, Tom, the piper's son/Stole a pig and away he run." Certainly there are few of us who have grown up without some mention of the homilies folded into the story of "The Three Little Pigs," or without having been given a piggy-back ride.

Our childhood also may have included an introduction to economics through a piggy bank, or a temporary fascination with Pig Latin, or playing a variation of baseball called piggy move-up.

Despite a prevailing tendency to ridicule them, pigs are prominent protagonists in many popular forms of entertainment. One Hollywood leading man has managed to outlast hundreds of more handsome heroes who have found themselves momentarily the center of attention but eventually wind up walking the Boulevard of Broken Dreams. The star of Warner Bros. Looney Tunes, Porky Pig is a plump, stuttering, unlikely candidate for Hollywood prominence. Yet he serves as a kind of Everyman as he appears regularly in comic books, comic strips, and animated cartoons.

Other candidates for porcine notoriety emerge now and then. Many of us have fond childhood recollections of Winnie-the-Pooh's ingenuous sidekick Piglet. Pigpen, a cohort of Charley Brown, moves through the comic strips surrounded by a cloud of dust. And now that Sophie Tucker and Mae West are no longer with us, Miss Piggy of the Muppets has become our national paragon of voluptuous pulchritude. Her recently published *Miss Piggy's Guide to Life* provides helpful hints on fashion to finance.

And then there is Wilbur, Zuckerman's Famous Pig, who serves as the centerpiece of E.B. White's children's classic, *Charlotte's Web*. It is Wilbur's all-around excellence and desire for life that inspires Charlotte the spider to weave slogans such as "some pig" or "terrific" into the strands of her web in an altruistic effort to save Wilbur from the slaughterhouse.



Perhaps an even more impressive and versatile specimen than Wilbur is the pig who became one of the stars of the television comedy *Green Acres* in the late 1960s. Television chroniclers Tim Brooks and Earl Marsh remind us that on the show pig farmer Fred Ziffel "had a pet pig named Arnold who watched television, could do various tricks on cue, and was so intelligent that Fred treated him like a son."

Such anthropomorphism is not always exemplary. George Orwell's allegory *Animal Farm* closes with a banquet scene of pigs (walking upright and manifesting all the bad habits of humans) meeting on equal terms with a delegation of local farmers. The farmers have come to inspect the communal farm the pigs have established—primarily through exploiting the labors of their fellow animals. An argument over a card game follows the banquet. The celebration turns ugly. The other, less privileged farm animals look in at the proceedings through the windows of the farmhouse. They glance "from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which."

For better or worse, pigs and people have much in common. They share physiological similarities to the point that research is being done on pigs to determine possible causes of and treatment for human heart disease. Poet Robert Southey, in his "Ode to Pigs," noted that: "When at last the closing hour of life arrives . . . pigs must die as well as man."

E.B. White, dealing in another context than his children's book, mourns the death of a pig on his farm: "The loss we felt was not the loss of ham but the loss of pig. He had become precious to me, not that he represented nourishment in a hungry time, but that he had suffered in a suffering world."

Perhaps such temptations to romanticize should be resisted. After all, as Butler observed, pigs is pigs.

Nevertheless, enthusiasm remains and is often infectious. University of Arkansas athletic fans, when they become excited about their teams (nicknamed the Razorbacks), voice their support in an encomium that resounds through the Ozarks. It serves as a fitting hosanna for pig fanciers:

"How 'bout them hawgs!"□

BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

LEARNING AT THE BACK DOOR: REFLECTIONS ON NON-TRADITIONAL LEARNING IN THE LIFESPAN by Charles Wedemeyer; The University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1981. xxviii, 260 pp. $19.50.

By Orrilla T. Blackshear

The title of this book *Learning at the Back Door* intrigued me. It promised a whole new organization of ways by which one might learn without going to class on a regular schedule. Where did that title come from? Did this author find it fitting for what he wished to write? He did find it, he tells us, in a quotation from Jonathan Swift who, in 1704, "said a few choice words about institutionalized learning." To quote: "For to enter the palace of Learning at the Great Gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door."

Wedemeyer's sub-title: *Reflections on Non-Traditional Learning in the Lifespan* also raised questions. In his reflections the author urges us to remember that "a useful feature of this book is that almost nothing in it has seemed self-evident. The viewpoints expressed here are just that—viewpoints." It would seem that he raised these viewpoints for further examination and eventual clarification. Wedemeyer points out in his personal note that he hoped this book would in some small way at least, present a "field theory" of non-traditional learning through the lifespan, noting and analyzing the dynamics of all the forces—educational, social, cultural, psychological, technological—that are involved in the various kinds of learning employed during the lifespan. His colleagues among adult educators will welcome his "reflections" and find ways in which they can continue the study.

It is quite possible that the general reader may find chapters that will stimulate thought, possibly stimulate action, and most certainly inform them. The two final chapters of the book will serve this purpose well. Take note of how well the quotation from Carl Sandburg illustrates an understanding of back door learning.

In his preface the author explains what the general reader will wish to know at the outset and what the adult educator probably already knows. He defines *non-traditional learning* as replacing, extending, supplementing, or building upon other learnings acquired in traditional ways. Throughout the book he offers the challenge that non-traditional learning has the potential to bring about profound changes in all of American education.

Charles A. Wedemeyer, William H. Lighty Professor of Education Emeritus at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and the University of Wisconsin-Extension, has spent more than thirty years in the study of non-traditional learning. He has received recognition of his work with numerous honors and awards. He served as consultant and lecturer at institutions in many parts of the world. He has been a Kellogg Fellow in Adult Education at Oxford University and was a consultant to the Open University of Great Britain at its formation.

He asks, is anyone a free agent in a world where our ideas about humanity and the need for learning are culture-bound? Is the present structure of education flexible enough to meet the complex needs of the 1980s?

Wedemeyer discusses these questions and more, describing the kinds of non-traditional learnings. Distance learning is the method whereby teachers are linked with learners via various media over vast distances. Correspondence study is a method of independent learning.

Open learning describes a process of learning that is not encumbered by any barriers. Since there have been many experimental programs that have used the term "open," it is difficult to find a common definition for "open learning." However, it is discussed in this book in terms of certain characteristics and complex issues in the form of pertinent questions.

It is encouraging to learn that there is far more of self-initiated, independent back-door learning going on than is generally realized. It was at this point that I was delighted to recall that the author had made a bow to public libraries in his introductory note about terminology. He referred to public libraries as being the one exception when other sources were denied adults because of the barriers of entrance requirements. Having spoken many times about the public library as the "people's university," I was glad to find that it still held that place in this author's thinking.

Orrilla T. Blackshear is the retired assistant director Madison Public Library.

ALPHA CENTAURI by Robert Siegel; Crossway Books, Westchester, Ill., 1980. 255 pp. $9.95.

By Dennis Ribbens

Alpha Centauri, which received first place in the Council for Wisconsin Writers' juvenile book category for 1980, reflects the strong influence of the Chronicles of Narnia. This is a story which projects the currently somewhat subtly defined human and environmental conflicts between good and evil, harmony and disorder, love and hatred, nurture and destruction, into a distant past where these conflicts become sharply delineated. In that early world the forces of good and evil distinguish themselves clearly in the descendants of Cain, called the Earth Movers, who rule the earth with violence and distrust, and the descendants of Abel, called the First Ones, who together with the satyrs, fauns, and the centaurs live in peace. In particular the centaurs, the narrative center, represent creatures in perfect harmony with their environment, a time when man and horse were joined, when reason ruled flesh with justice.

The tale begins in the last days of the centaurs who have been oppressed and harried to the last corner of the earth and are under attack by the Rock Movers who are determined to extinguish the centaurs under the order of a usurping ruler and under the guidance of the priests of their dark god Phogros. The Rock Movers are described as men who "hate the beast within themselves" and who hate centaurs because in them "they see the human linked to the beast within." The redemption of the centaurs closely parallels the saving of old Narnia in *Prince Caspian.* Out of a different time, the twentieth century, though from the same England, is drawn a human child Becky and her horse Rebecca. Together they represent man and beast separated but still in harmony. Through a series of sometimes exciting and often remarkable events Becky makes possible the earth-loving centaurs' escape from the earth-destroying Rock Movers. The evil usurper uncle (Targ or Miraz) is replaced by the rightful ruler nephew (Rhadas or Caspian) and a new era of man/man and man/earth harmony begins. Even as in *Prince Caspian* the earth-destroying Telmarines are sent to another world through a magic door, so in *Alpha Centauri* through self-sacrifice Becky enables the earth-loving centaurs to pass on to centaur paradise through a magic door.

The overall conception of the book is successful. But its execution is uneven. For example the first pages set in twentieth century England are stiff and unconvincing. But when Menos speaks and when the centaurs suffer, the book reads well. In general the book suffers from narrative clutter, from nonessential event and character response, from too frequent telling rather than showing. The spareness that makes the Chronicles of Narnia so effective is rarely found in *Alpha Centauri. Whalesong* is much more successful in this regard. But for all that, *Alpha Centauri* deserves attention. To attempt little is to achieve little; Siegel has attempted much and has achieved a great deal. Readers who enjoy C. S. Lewis and Madeleine L'Engle will certainly enjoy *Alpha Centauri.*

Dennis Ribbens, WASAL vice president for letters for 1982, is librarian at Lawrence University.

WHALESONG by Robert Siegel; Crossway Books, Westchester, Ill., 1981. 143 pp. $9.95.

By Jennifer A. Kitchell

Robert Siegel has provided us with the lyrics to the music of humpback whales. His new novel, *Whalesong,* is as hauntingly lyrical as the eerie underwater resonances of humpback music. The masterful lyrics of *Whalesong* are accompanied by a sensual description of unencumbered movement in waters that change color and character with depth of the dive. We are momentarily one with these white-winged leviathans, traveling along great underwater canyons to the end of the world with its singing ice and easy krill.

This is a ballad, or an epic poem, or both, told by Hrūna from the time of his first memory of "islands of mothers" to the fulfillment of his destiny. As a young calf Hrūna has no song but describes the early sensation of being bathed in the music of his mother. As Hrūna grows, his composition begins. It is a singular song, unique to his growing experiences of awe, tenderness, comprehension, ambiguity toward man, tragedy, horror, and triumph. These elements are woven together in an underwater aria that is increasingly complex. Siegel is a master here, describing the evolving music with such clarity that we alternately hear the airy trills, deep reverberations, harsh chords, and lilting cantabile of experience.

Although this is the individual story of Hrūna and his pod, it is also the story of Everywhale. Experiences are written with capitalized letters: the tragic Change, the lonely Cruise, the ascetic Plunge. The Story, as revealed by the Great Whale, is a capsule account of whale evolution—original marine ancestry followed by a period of terrestrial ancestry, and then the return to the sea as animals who "gradually . . . changed shape to move easily through the currents and waves, and their limbs turned into flippers and flukes."

It seems niggardly to quibble over facts in a volume of such powerful beauty. But recent research on the behavior of the humpback whale (*Megaptera novaeangliae*) has revealed that individual whales do not sing individual songs; all whales in a geographic area sing the same song. Moreover, it may be that only the males sing. Most at odds with Siegel's theme is the nasty revelation that singing by males is related to combat and rivalry for females. The lifetime bonding, so lovingly described by Siegel, is not factual. Males apparently travel with a calf and its mother not to "guard well cow and calf," Hrūna's mandate from the Great One, but to assure sexual access to the female. Siegel's story is the prettier interpretation.

In 1966, an international whaling ban on the humpback whale, then near extinction, went into effect. Siegel, an associate professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, has committed a portion of his earnings from *Whalesong* to whale conservation causes.

This is a beautiful book to be read by all.

Jennifer A. Kitchell, assistant professor at UW-Madison, is a paleobiologist.

KENOSHA RETROSPECTIVE: A BIOGRAPHICAL APPROACH edited by Nicholas C. Burckel and John A. Neuenschwander; Kenosha County Bicentennial Commission, Kenosha, Wis., 1981. 384 pp. $10 plus $1.50 for postage and handling. Available from Kenosha Public Museum, 5608 10th Ave. Kenosha 53140.

By Terry L. Shoptaugh

A compilation of articles written by professors and journalists in the Kenosha area, *Kenosha Retrospective* offers many interesting insights into the history of this Wisconsin city. Seven of the articles are of the traditional "life and times" genre, dealing with the public careers of prominent Kenoshans Charles Durkee, Zalmon G. Simmons, C. Fred Stemm, Charles W. Nash, Conrad Shearer, Felix Olkives, and George Molinaro. The remaining two essays are innovative biographies of the Snap-on Tools Corporation and the UAW Local 72 labor union. Taken together, these nine essays trace the interrelated economic and political development of Kenosha from 1835 to 1981.

The editors and contributors to this book are to be commended for their judicious selections of subjects, considerable research into local public and private records, and readable narratives. While it is not within the scope of this review to assess each essay, two of the pieces are deserving of special note. Richard Keehn's sketch of the Snap-on Tools Corporation is an excellent mixture of individual and corporate history that smoothly moves between national and local scenes in demonstrating this company's economic contributions. Thomas J. Noer's biography of Charles Nash is also exemplary: it is a critical, but fair, evaluation of a powerful and important figure in American economic development, who is used as a microcosm for understanding the great changes that have overtaken the twentieth century.

Most of the remaining articles concern local and state politics. Through these a satisfactory summary emerges of the course of Kenosha government. However, the political biographies are somewhat disappointing, due to an overall lack of critical analysis. Some of these men became influential and controversial figures, whose decisions affected thousands of lives throughout Kenosha and Wisconsin. Yet, in some cases, their biographies sound like little more than laudatory campaign material. Occasionally, an individual's relationship with Kenosha becomes lost in an undigested narrative of events and maneuvers at the State Capitol. Prospective readers should also be aware that the book contains no significant information on the social history of Kenosha.

Kenosha Retrospective is copiously illustrated with dozens of photographs taken from several public and private collections. The volume is likewise enhanced by a fine index, and an excellent set of appendices that list the votes cast in Kenosha, by candidate, in each of the major local, state, and national elections since the middle of the last century. The makers of *Kenosha Retrospective* are to be complimented for their combined efforts, for they have produced a useful history that will be of interest to both general readers and researching scholars.

Terry Shoptaugh is a graduate student at UW-Madison.

JACKPINE SAVAGE by Art Lee; Adventure Publications, Staples, Minn., 1980. 352 pp. $5.95.

By John R. O'Boyle

H. G. Wells, in the introduction to the *Outline History of the World,* said that a proper historian would limit himself conscientiously to a thorough analysis of a narrow time frame and take into account all the influences bearing on that slot of time. As a writer of fiction, Wells claimed a more comprehensive and sweeping view of the past. The author of *Jackpine Savage* is an historian writing fiction, interpreting a narrow slot of history as fiction. The work should be judged both as fiction and as history.

The novel is located in the town of Bemidji, Minnesota. The lakefront entrance to town is dominated by two huge concrete statues of Paul Bunyan and Babe the blue ox, which become symbols of any small town. The cold of winter pervades the novel until it takes on a real force. The harsh cold represents the fixed, implacable force of small town attitudes; the final coming and going of spring thaw represents the slow final realization and partial acceptance of new attitudes.

The plot develops simply, accompanied by observations that are sometimes clever and always thoughtful and satisfying. Although the plot carries the reader through a series of attitudes rather than events, the necessary suspense, mystery, and resolution through action are present.

The older characters are uniformly uneven and typecast as typically savage and parochial. The younger characters are more intelligent, perceptive, and understanding. Only Williard the janitor shows any depth of feeling or growth of character. However brutal and impoverished his values, he is the only character to whom we can warm. That the characters seem flat and wooden and serve mostly as a vehicle for advancing the author's purpose is not necessarily negative; character development in a political or social protest novel is not the purpose of the author.

The author, a native of Scandinavia, Wisconsin, shows a critical feeling for the details and texture of a narrow slice of time and place: the impact of a questionable war on the minds and lives of the young and old in a small Midwest town. We see and feel the generation gap, the attitude gap, the drug gap—and all differences and feelings of the time. Small town conservative youth with few convictions accepted the draft, if not the war; their values of family, loyalty, and dimly perceived patriotism allowed them to transcend the strident opinions and justification of the war.

This particular historian wants to project total history, not just the facts, the chronology, the issues but the feel of the past, and used the vehicle of the novel to project this feeling. For anyone who wants striking history and good, informative reading, I recommend this novel.

John R. O'Boyle, former instructor at UW-River Falls, now teaches at Bemidji State University.

THE FLAVOR OF WISCONSIN by Harva Hachten; The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, 1981. 376 pp., map, bibliography, 32 pp. of photos. $14.95.

By Patricia Powell

Those who have followed Harva Hachten's column on cooking in *Madison* magazine

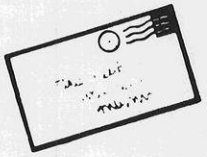
or who have used her 1970 African cookbook, *Kitchen Safari,* will expect more than recipes from her cookbook. This book, the result of a Wisconsin heritage project of the State Historical Society begun in 1971, offers over 100 pages of historical essays on the eating habits of pioneers and immigrants who settled our state, of loggers in camps, and information about medicine from the kitchen and earlier Wisconsin cookbooks. In these pages we learn that Sundays were first concocted at an ice cream parlor in Two Rivers, originally served only on Sunday but becoming sundaes as they evolved into everyday fare, and that skunk oil salve was a sure cure for lumbago and other rheumatic pains.

Nearly 1600 recipes were contributed in response to a State Historical Society news release by more than 900 persons from all ethnic backgrounds, with the largest number of recipes being German and the smallest Armenian and Syrian. Mrs. Hachten's task was to choose about 400 recipes which would "impart the historical flavor of Wisconsin without taking up precious space with recipes that have become fixtures in ordinary cookbooks."

Ordinary is just what this volume of ethnic eating lore is not. It is a first-rate cook's tour through time and the cultures which make up Wisconsin.

Patricia Powell is a Madison editor and free-lance writer.

Letters



Editor:

I was stunned when one of our graduate students showed me earlier today a copy of your December 1981 issue. This issue was totally dedicated to mining in Wisconsin, yet to my amazement not one single mining engineer was included in the group of people contributing to this issue. There are two mining engineering departments in our state, one at Platteville and one at Madison. The latter also has a mining graduate research program with students working on research projects directly related to mining in Wisconsin. It is therefore frustrating to see how this state ignores our existence when it comes to appointing committees related to mining in Wisconsin. Your December 1981 issue is only another example of the complete disregard that politicians and state organizations have for us! There are people in Wisconsin who believe that the only experts on mining in Wisconsin are geologists, environmentalists, economists, lawyers, and social workers. They forget that those who valuate mining properties, design mines, and protect the environment are the mining engineers. To exclude us from contributing to such an important special issue like yours is to ignore the existence of probably the most important ingredient for successful mining in Wisconsin—that of the Wisconsin mining engineers.

Bezalel C. Haimson
Professor of Mining Engineering
Madison

I've just finished reading the March Review. Congratulations! Of the many years I've been reading the Review, this is by far one of the most outstanding issues.

Jerold W. Apps
University of Wisconsin
Madison

Just a note from a former Council member to tell you how very much I enjoyed the special Review issue on Wisconsin Indians. Congratulations for developing and implementing the idea and to all the people who contributed such interesting articles. This will be a valuable resource for all of us at this college with a special interest in Native American Education and for all members of the Academy as well.

Malcolm McLean
Northland College
Ashland

Although not a member of the Academy I am responding to your request of members to comment on the Review, "what we're doing right and what we're doing wrong." The beautiful March 1982 issue is certainly something you are doing right. I enjoyed my borrowed copy so much I want to order a copy of my own to keep and another for a friend.

Joanne E. Hohler
Archives, State Historical Society
Madison

Please send copy of the special issue on Wisconsin Indians. I want to have this number specially catalogued for our Wisconsiana collection; it looks to be a valuable addition to the literature of Wisconsin Indians. These special emphasis issues are quite useful, and although they cannot be done every time, I certainly commend the approach for other appropriate subjects.

Edwin L. Hill
Murphy Library-UW
La Crosse

Authors

continued from page 2

Malathi Rao

Malathi Rao, born in India, received her master's degree in English from Andhra University in 1959 and her master's in library science from the University of Delhi in 1963. She taught English and was a librarian in universities in India before moving to Madison after her marriage in 1973 to V. Narayano Rao. She has been teaching Telugu at UW-Madison since 1977. Malathi Rao began writing fiction in 1951. Two of her short stories in Telugu won prizes and three other stories were translated into other Indian languages. She has become interested in differences in the attitudes and lifestyles of Indian and American cultures and has been writing about her perceptions of these differences.

Kathy White is an assistant professor of English at UW-Stevens Point, primarily teaching freshman composition. Active in a poetry group she began, she has published poems in *Friends of Poetry Chapbook I* and *III, The Feminist Connection,* and *Primipara.*

Kathy White

Marjorie Bitker was born in New York City, graduated from Barnard College magna cum laude, and began her professional writing career as an occasional journalist while working on her master's at Columbia in English and comparative literature. She married, had three daughters, and continued writing, mostly for magazines. In 1957 she moved to Milwaukee and began doing book reviews for *The Milwaukee Journal.* Her age—81—and a bad knee have recently kept her from one pleasure, tennis, but not away from the piano. She still plays weekly duets with a friend.

George Gott teaches English at UW-Superior. "For Margaret Thatcher" was translated into Greek by the poet Phoebus Delphis and appeared in the May-July issue of *The Twelfth Hour.*

George Gott

John Stark has published many articles and three books of literary criticism including *Pynchon's Fiction* in 1980. He has taught English at UW-Eau Claire and Kent State and is now a legislative attorney for the Wisconsin Legislative Reference Bureau.

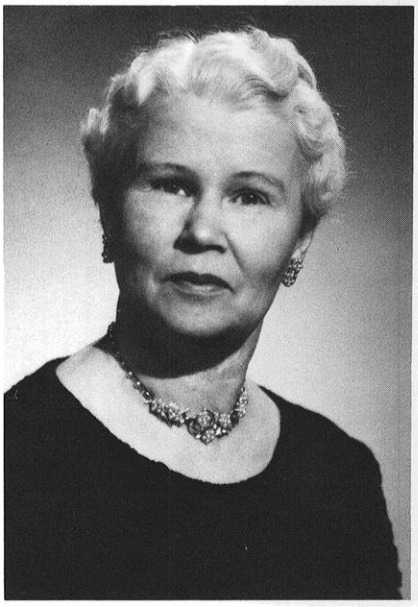
Jack Stark

Karen Schuster, the daughter of Milwaukee tavernkeepers, received her master's degree in English from UW-Madison. After a brief career in publishing and advertising in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, she returned to Wisconsin to live a saner life. She now lives in Door County and writes poetry and children's literature.

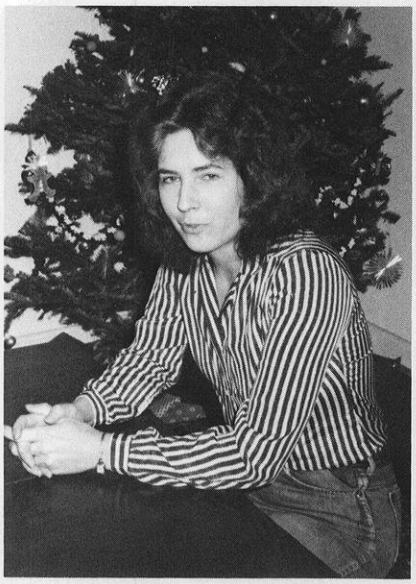
Born in New York City in 1951, **William Lawler** studied at City University. He has worked as a messenger and cab driver but now teaches English at UW-Stevens Point. He translates from Spanish and has appeared with Friends of Poetry at various schools and libraries around the country.

Marian Paust has been a member of the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association since 1949 and is a charter member of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets. She has twice won first place in the WRWA state poetry contest and has also received the state writer's cup award given by the University of Wisconsin's professional journalism society. Her books include *Honey to Be Savored, Everybody Beats a Drum,* and *New Poems Hung Up To Dry.* She and her husband live in Richland Center and have four daughters.

Marian Paust



Angela Peckenpaugh



Angela Peckenpaugh directs the writing program for adults for UW-Extension and is an editor for Sackbut Press. Two of her books have been published: *Letters from Lee's Army* by Morgan Press and *Discovering the Mandala* by Lakes and Prairies Press. Her poems have appeared in *Virginia Quarterly, Southern Poetry Review* and elsewhere.

Iefke Goldberger, born in Spain of Dutch parents, grew up in The Hague and Amsterdam where she spent the bitter years of World War II. "Amsterdam, Student Round-up" first appeared in her volume of poems *The Catch,* 1982.

Richard A. Zeitlin was born in New York City. He graduated from Queens College with a B.A. and pursued graduate training at UW-Madison, where he earned a M.A. and Ph.D. in American history. After completing his dissertation in 1973, he worked at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, the University of Wisconsin, and as a private consultant. He became curator at the Wisconsin Department of Veterans' Affairs in 1980 and directs the activities of the G.A.R. Memorial Museum in the State Capitol.

Sierdje denDaas was born in Holland but moved here as a small child. She studied commercial art at Mercer County Junior College and majored in art at UW-Madison. She is particularly fond of printmaking—aquatint, wood blocks, linoleum blocks, and silk screens—but she also works in clay sculpture.

Elaine Gardner

Elaine Gardner has only recently renewed her interest in writing poetry. She has contributed winning essays to Yarns of Yesteryear and the Jade Ring contests through the years and has recently contributed to *Exclusively Yours, The Lutheran Standard,* and *Women's Household.* Now that her four children are grown, she is finding more time to write.

Lazy days of summer

Barry Powell

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Second-class Postage
Paid at Madison, WI

1922 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
MADISON, WISCONSIN 53705

Address Correction Requested