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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Published Quarterly by the Wisconsin
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Volume 25, Number 1
December 1978

Facing the New Year resolutely

Some may snicker, but I make New Year's Resolutions every year. Like doing a family budget analysis, making resolutions requires getting a certain picture of where you are now, giving a modicum of thought to where you want to be, and a tad of attention to how you're going to get there. Yes, resolutions are almost always broken but then that's something to do in January, a month notorious for offering nothing better, if you can't head south.

On to the task, then, of resolutionizing the *Review*. The Publications Committee has mandated the promotion and enhancement of the publication and has recommended that it be made available on a subscription basis: $10 for four issues, without membership in the Academy required, but still desired.

For the moment, no drastic changes are contemplated. It will remain a quarterly, printed in black and white, running a maximum of 48 pages, and carrying no advertising.

We are trying very hard to get funding for special issues and, starting in December of 1979, there will be a four-issue celebration of the 25th year of publication, our Silver Anniversary. An exciting prospect.

Now for the resolutions. Better in every department. More readable, more relevant, more timely, more pleasing in design and format, more fun. Mainly, to be able truthfully to say in this space a year from now," '79 was a resolute year."

—*Elizabeth Durbin*

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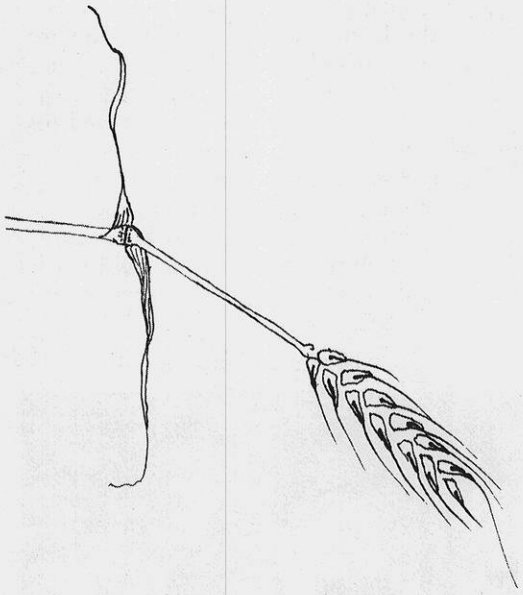
Additional copies available at $2.00 each.

The date of this issue is December 1978.

ON THE COVER... Amy Louise Smith brings to her subject, the tufted titmouse, her skilled pen as well as her love for birds and the outdoors, especially in winter. She is a keen observer of nature as she skis cross country. Currently enrolled in the architectural drafting course at MATC Tech Center, she makes her artistic talents available to groups such as the Academy and the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology.



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ABOUT THIS ISSUE. . .

Robert Gard

Robert Gard writes of a country he has visited many times in **"The Bells of Kahti."** "This story is based on fact," Gard says. "It is a yarn I heard in Finland, Lapland several years ago, and apparently it is true that the German troops did destroy the church, did bury the bells, and that a stranger did appear 20 years later and told where the bells were buried. I have taken a bit of liberty with the facts in that the stranger appears in my story in the old man's dream."

During the holiday season, our heightened awareness of human goodness responds to the spiritual quality of the story.

Barbara Rewey, illustrator of "The Bells of Kahti," holds a BS in art education from UW-Madison. Her watercolors and drawings, recently on display at Steenbock Center, have brought her recognition in the Madison community since 1963. The Wright Art Center in Beloit and the Burpee Art Center in Rockford have hosted one man shows of her work and she has also illustrated for *Wisconsin trails*. She is president of the Madison Art Guild, an Elvehjem Art Center aide and a member of the Madison Branch, National League of American Pen Women.

Also in the fiction department is the final installment of **"Mary Carter On Behalf of the Aunts,"** the letters written by **Hazel F. Briggs**, now Mrs. William G. Rice. A year-long Christmas gift, Mrs. Rice's whimsy has occasioned a record number of delighted reactions.

John Stark's article on William Ellery Leonard concerns "a famous and occasionally notorious Madison personality who was also widely publicized throughout Wisconsin as well as being remembered by thousands of students, many of whom thought of themselves as sitting at his feet." The quotation is from an unsung, unpaid heroine who labors on behalf of the Review: **Elisabeth Holmes**, editorial assistant. She was enthusiastic about Stark's manuscript and agreed wholeheartedly with him that Leonard's greatest works, *Two Lives* and *Locomotive God* do deserve to be recalled. In 1936, she remembers, "A Cambridge professor told my husband and me

Photo by Marge DeNucci

John Stark

that wherever the sonnet sequences of Shakespeare and Sidney are taught, *Two Lives* would have to be taught also."

Stark himself has a BA from Northland College, an MA from Claremont Graduate School, and a PhD in English from the UW-Madison. He has taught at UW-Eau Claire and Kent State University. Presently, he is a law student at UW-Madison.

Milwaukee born **Robert A. McCabe**, whose recollections produced **"A Christmas Remembrance,"** is a graduate of Carroll College in Waukesha. He received the Distinguished Alumnus award from his alma mater in 1977. Since 1939 he has been associated with UW-Madison, where he earned his MS and PhD degrees. He is currently chairman of the department of wildlife ecology.

Hunting and fishing are among his hobbies and he is an avid book collector with a great interest in the Arctic.

Robert A. McCabe

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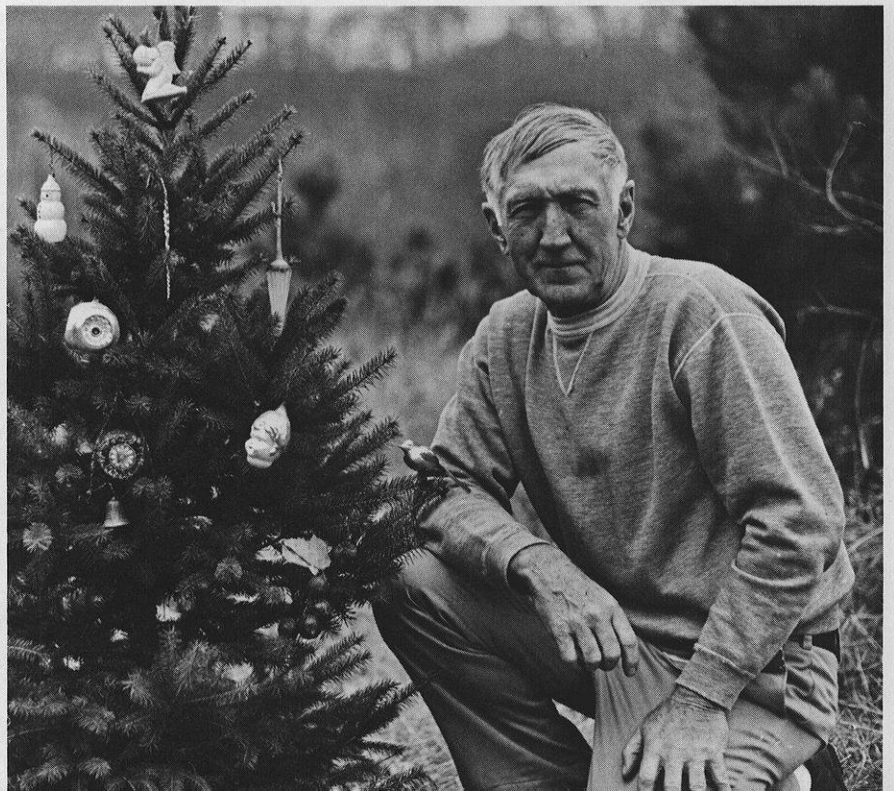
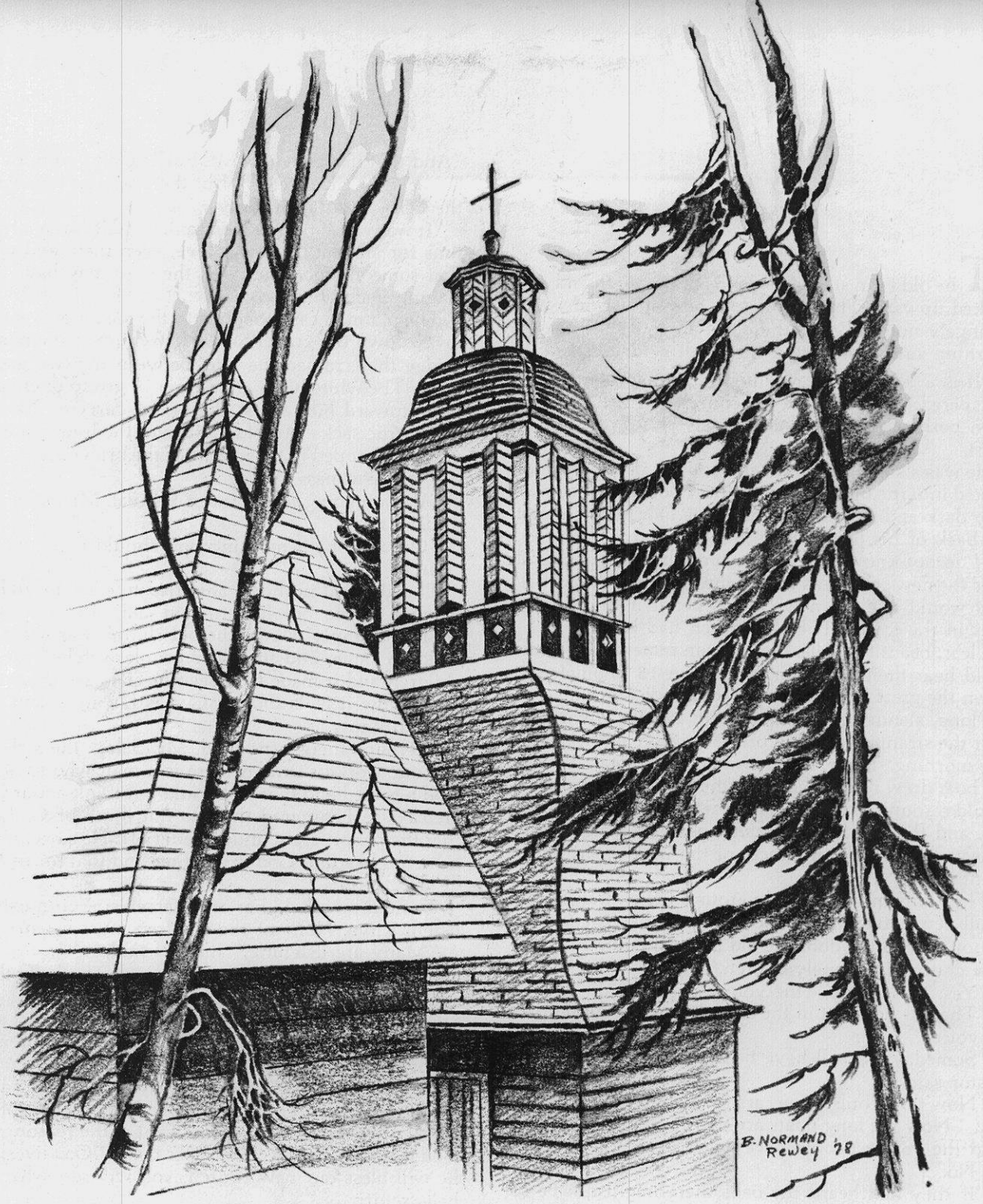




THE BELLS OF KAHTI

by Robert E. Gard

with an illustration of the old church

by Barbara Rewey

The old Finn stood beside the new church and looked upward. The steeple rose new and slender and strangely notched, and the old man could see the morning sun illuminating the small golden cross.

"It is a beautiful new church," the old man whispered. "Not like the old church but better for us now, perhaps. Except that the new church has no heart."

He was a small old man with trousers of rough wool tucked into the tops of high leather boots. His face was very dark and rutted, and the white hair hung long at the back of his head below the wrinkled woolen cap.

"I do not know," he said to himself, "whether God likes the new church as well as the old one. I think that God would like the new church better if there were bells in the tower. The old church had bells."

Clear, beautiful bells, the old man remembered. You could hear their notes for more than 15 kilometers down the great lake; and what joy, in distant times, in the long, slender church boat with 12 men rowing, to hear the strange, faint call of the bells on a quiet Sunday morning. There, on the waters of Mustakarna, as the boat drew nearer the bells, the bells, ever stronger, would resound in the hearts of the men who were rowing, and their clear, mysterious peals seemed to be reflected on the shining faces of the women sitting so silently.

The old man went slowly around the church to the small new cottage. He knocked, and when the young pastor opened the door the old man said quietly, "The new church is a lonely church."

"Yes, it is lonely," the young pastor said.

"There is no heart in the church and the church has no voice."

"Someday we will have bells again," the young pastor said.

"Now the people drive cars to church," the old man said. "Now the long boats are put up under the sheds. And the young people have never heard the bells."

"No."

"If they had heard the bells there might not be so much unhappiness."

"Perhaps not," the young pastor said. "Were the old bells so beautiful? I never heard them either."

"Their sound was as pure as the heart of the forest."

"Well," the young pastor said, "perhaps a rich man will come to the village some day and he will see the church and how empty it is and he will give us bells."

"The old bells will return," the old man said.

"I don't think so. After 16 years they are gone forever."

"No," the old man said, "I know that they will return, for the one that took them away, if he is alive, will return."

"I have heard of the legend," the young pastor said. "And that if a person leaves our Lapland with love in his heart he must return. But there was no love when the bells were taken away."

"It was war," the old man said, "and it was a terrible time for all. Yet there was love, even then, and when that someone took the bells, the bells may have been ringing inside him."

The old man said goodbye to the pastor and walked away down the gravel road. He went over the narrow bridge that crossed the inlet between the two great lakes. The white birds glided low. A group of children came toward him across the bridge carrying baskets and picnic sacks. An older girl was the leader and the old man stopped in the middle of the bridge and would not let them pass.

"We are going to the forest festival, Mr. Salo," the leader said.

"On a Sabbath morning you should be in the church."

The girl said nothing. She tried to edge around the old man but he took her arm and said, "Ritva, the new church is empty. When the old church was there, the children came, and the older people watched the children and it made God seem near to see the young ones. Now it is as though God is far away and very hard to know."

"Perhaps there is no God, Mr. Salo," the girl said. "In our workers' union there is a man who says that God has died and that we should not think about God. He says in Leningrad they do not think of God and that the people are so much better off. He says that we have not heard of God in our time and that for us he is dead."

The old man held her arm fiercely. "You must not listen, Ritva. None of the children must listen."

"Many are listening," the girl said.

"It is the old bells you must hear. The bells that spoke for God."

"I did not hear those bells, Mr. Salo," the girl said. She freed her arm and motioned for the children to follow her. "Goodbye, Mr. Salo."

"Goodbye, Ritva," the old man said. "Your father heard the bells but he lies in the cemetery. None of the young ones have heard them. That is the reason...and God is not dead," he called after them. "God lives, and he will bless our new church, you will see, when the bells return."

The children laughed at the old man as they walked on across the bridge, and some of them looked back at him, making sly remarks.

The old man saw and shook inside with fury; then the fury was suddenly all gone and only a sadness was there.

"Only the bells can save us." he said to himself. "It is a different world and a different time."

He thought of the log culture palace the Communists had built beside the river a kilometer from the village. The culture palace was taking the place of the church with many of the young ones, and the idea of the Sabbath was not important, "Lord, let them hear the old bells," he said.

He went across the bridge and onto the roadway beyond it. He left the road and followed a narrow path among young pines to a small neat clearing walled with river stone. In the clearing there were more than 200 crosses. The name of a soldier was on each cross. The old man came through the clearing, carefully walking among the crosses, and stood before the tall granite carving of the waiting wife, the baby in her arms. He stared a long while into the face of the statue.

"It is great art," the old man said. "Her sorrow is deeper than in life." He sat on a bench beneath the statue and thought about the spring of 1945 when the Germans had left the village, driven from the country, fury in their hearts because the Finns had made a separate peace with Russia and had had to eject the German troops. He remembered how the Germans had burned and destroyed everything before they left, even the small cabins in the deep forest. "And they burned our church and took the bells," he said, looking upward at the statue. "Oh, it was a bitter time, and the Finns killed the Germans and the Germans killed the Finns and all of Lapland was a battleground."

But in the end the German troops had gone, and among the ashes they left, the Finnish women searched for beloved objects. They buried their dead, and little by little the people came back to rebuild the village...and a church. A new, strange one without bells, and the people...it was as though their souls were dead.

The old man walked back to the church and sat or worked about near it for the rest of the day. He saw a few people come in automobiles and they were mostly tourists who thought it strange to see such a new and beautiful and modern church in such a tiny rural village. One traveler was a young man who took many pictures and talked for a long while with the young pastor.

Later the pastor said to the old man, "He is an American architect from Boston. He says he will put pictures of our church into a magazine. You see, our church is becoming famous."

"Except that it has no soul."

"And a woman who was here says she would like to think of giving us a set of bells for the steeple."

"They would not be good," the old man said. "You could not hear those bells in the way you could hear the old ones."

"You must not be discouraged," the young pastor said. "Our new church is by our greatest Finnish architect. There are few places that have such a church."

"That is true," the old man said. He thought about the children he had met on the bridge and about the culture palace on the river. "But it is not enough," he said.

"You are looking very tired," the young pastor said. "You must get more rest. You must go home now and rest."

"I rest enough," the old man said, "but I also dream a great deal. Often in the night it is hard to tell when I am awake or asleep."

He went across the village to the tiny cabin where he lived alone. He fixed his supper and then sat for a long while in the doorway watching the shadows come out of the forest. Finally he undressed and lay down in the narrow bed.

In the night he awoke suddenly and heard the voice. It was as though he were hearing the voice from a great way off, like a faint call heard in the dark solitude of a vast forest. He sat up and heard the voice again. "It is about the bells," the voice said. "You need the bells, old man."

"Yes," the old man said, turning his head in the darkness, trying to see, fumbling with things on his tables, searching for a match.

"You must get up and come with me," the voice said.

The old man sat still in bed for a moment. "Who are you and why don't you come where I can see you? I will light a lamp."

I am dreaming, the old man thought. The voice is a dream voice and if I lie quietly it will go away.

"Get up, old man," the voice said. "You will need to dress and follow me."

"It's very late. Where are we to go?"

"You must come."

If it is not a real voice the old man thought, then it is the most real dream I have ever dreamed.

He got out of bed slowly, feeling carefully in the dark, for once when he'd gotten out of bed in the night the rough boards of the cabin floor were farther away than he'd thought and he had a stiff knee now to make him remember. He fumbled with his clothing, drew on his trousers and the heavy jacket and boots.

"Come quickly," the voice said.

The old man pulled on his cap firmly and stood beside the bed in the darkness. "Why do you not come," the voice said. "Come quickly, old man."

"Where shall I go?" He began to move, wondering where the voice was hiding. He went outside and stared, first at the sky, which was bright with clear stars, and then at the dark edges of the forest, with its deep shadows, which surrounded the village. There was no sound, but immense figures, as tall as the sky, seemed to the old man to be stalking, irresistible, guardians of the silent land.

"You must not stand in the night and dream, old

man," the voice said clearly. "Take the shovel with the long handle and come."

The old man went around the cabin to the rack that he had made to hold his tools which he used sometimes in the summer when he worked on the roads. He found the long-handled shovel, and could see how the starlight shone faintly on the polished metal of the blade. He put the shovel over his shoulder and went out across the road into the village. I will walk, he thought, and surely the voice will tell me where to go and what to do...

A calm peace came to him. "I know that the voice will guide me even in the darkness after midnight."

"Through the village, old man," the voice said. "Past the church."

In the night the new church seemed more beautiful than by day. It waited still and white and indistinct; above it, clearly, standing out against the stars, was the curious, notched-out steeple the architect had made, and on top was the cross which seemed now to catch and hold all the light in the night sky.

The old man stopped a moment and bowed. "Our Lord is there, above the church," he said to the night sky, "and someday His Voice will speak out. Then the young people will hear it and they will know that Our Lord is not dead in our time, nor is freedom in the heart dead that makes a man go alone into the forest to seek that which is the truth for him."

He shuffled beyond the church, and to the roadway that turned toward the river.

"But you must not follow the road, old man," the voice said. "You must go into the forest."

"Into the forest," the old man said. "Yes, the forest is where every Finn should go to seek for the truth."

He turned away from the road and entered into the brush and trees. He pushed against the dark branches. His feet found it difficult to move ahead against the roots and stubs. He could hear his own breath and it seemed to come, hoarsely, from very deep inside him.

"It is here," the voice said.

"Where?"

"Beneath your feet. Now you must dig."

The old man placed the point of the shovel on the earth. He put his foot on top of the blade and sank the blade deeply.

"And what is it that I am seeking?" the old man asked.

"The bells, most certainly," the voice said.

The old man stood with his foot on top of the shovel blade. He could not, in the darkness, see the earth, but above him, through the branches, he could see the stars. He did not know where he was, yet it did not seem strange that he was here, nor was it strange that the bells were here too. He began to dig slowly, lifting out the earth, finding no roots of large size, feeling carefully for the edges of the cuts he was making.

"I am sorry that I was so long returning," the voice said. "It was in the early summer when we burned the village."

"I remember very well," the old man said.

"When we came to the church the Captain said to me, 'Put oil on the floor and on the walls. But first, before you burn it, take a detail of men and remove the bells from the steeple. Take them into the forest and bury them so that the people will never hear them again, for nothing must remain of this church.'

" 'The bells have a beautiful, far sound, Captain,' I said. 'I have heard them many times and their sound is the hope of the world.'

" 'That is why they must be hidden forever,' he said.

"We took the bells and buried them, old man, and then we burned the church, and when we were leaving the village I looked back and saw the smoke and I thought, I will return someday and tell them where we buried the bells."

"And why did you not come?" the old man said.

"It was on the next day in the forest that we met the Finns. They came suddenly around us, and when I was struck I knelt on the earth and fell on my side. And I thought, now I shall never return and the bells will be lost forever."

"Yet you have come," the old man said.

"Yes," the voice said.

It is too wonderful, the old man thought, I do not understand how he could come to me in the night, but I will not think about it.

"The bells are buried quite deep," the voice said.

And through the night the old man dug. He was very tired and often his shovel seemed too heavy to lift again, yet after a long while the point of the shovel touched against metal and the old man, deep in the hole he had dug, fell to his knees and his fingers found the curve of a bell mouth, and in the darkness he pulled the crumbling earth away and found the top of another and another. . .

"Goodbye, old man," the voice said. And then, very faintly, the old man began to hear the sound of bells, as though from very far away, the sound echoing, filtering through the forests and across the lakes. He heard the far sound of oars and a great joy came into him.

"It is the church boats coming over the big lake," he said softly, "as it was in the other days."

A bright picture came into his mind. It was of children coming to the new church, coming from many forest paths.

"It is as though I, too, am a child," the old man said. He spread out his arms and lay quietly forward across the bells.

* * *

It was the young pastor who found the old man and the bells. He didn't understand. Nobody understood, but the old bells are swinging now in the steeple and from path and roadway the people converge again on the new church. Often they pause, in the midst of the forest, to listen to the bells.

Robert E. Gard is the author of over 40 books and professor of continuing and vocational education at UW-Extension.

A Christmas Remembrance

by Robert A. McCabe

illustrated with photographs of the author's antique ornaments

Photos by Richard Durbin

The Christmas season officially opened for the boys and girls of Milwaukee's South Side 50 years ago, not with the school yule program nor the much anticipated Christmas vacation; it opened with the emergence of the Christmas tree lot. Here merchants or enterprising individuals offered evergreens for sale at what seemed always to be exorbitant prices. The cost of a good tree at that time ranged from 75 cents to $1.50. One always inquired about prices before entering.

These marketplaces were most often unused real estate, called empty lots. Parking lots then did not exist and warehouses were not available. Occasionally, merchandising took place in the back yard of a private home or adjacent to a shop. Free enterprise declared it so. Some of the local enterprising occurred when a relative owned or had access to a swamp near Rhinelander or north of Minocqua. These wild-grown trees, devoid of row planting, annual shearing, and green dye, were often ax-cut and never individually branch-tied. They arrived in empty lots by small trucks, closer to December 25 than to Halloween. Today's tree-toting semis that move trees from northern plantations to Milwaukee and Chicago had not yet appeared on our highways.

Night-lighting on the lots was perhaps purposely poor. The working class of the South Side shopped mainly at night and on foot. It was easier then to sell a lopsided tree, or one thinly endowed with lateral branches, against a camouflaged background of unsold trees or in a dark corner. When the often overanxious buyer examined his purchase by daylight or in a well-lighted kitchen, he sometimes felt indignant enough to return the tree and demand a refund. The unruffled salesman simply complied and waited for another nighttime sale to a less-sensitive buyer.

The major responsibility for picking our Christmas tree fell to my mother and me. Our selection did not always win complete approval from the remaining four critical males in the family. However, we had a good track record. Although I had regarded my role in the entire Christmas tree ritual as something of an honor, I was later to learn that I had come by the prestigious position mostly by default.

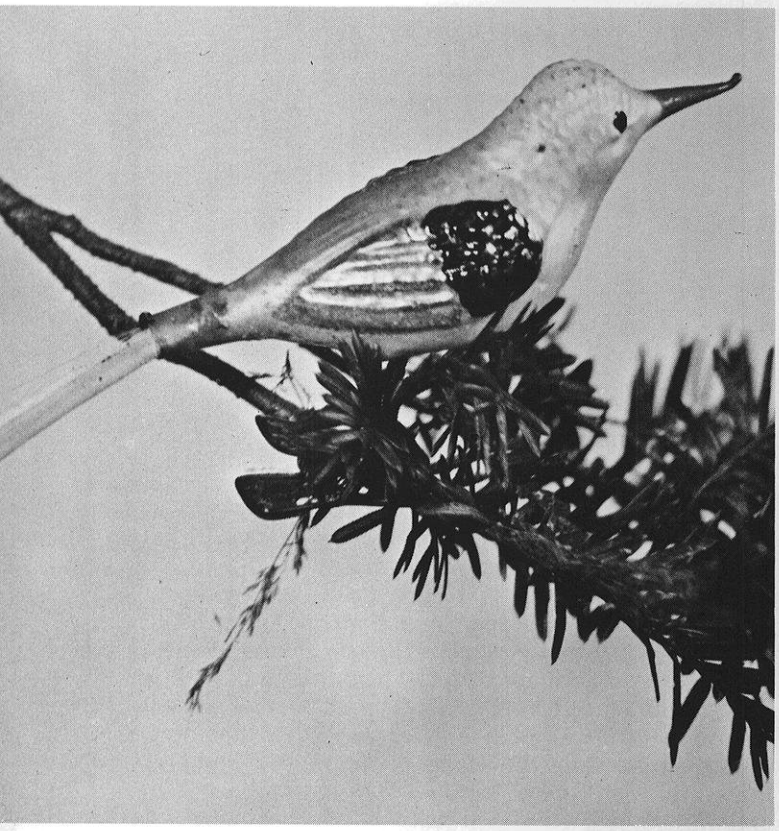


Photo by T.P. Stewart

Somehow, winters of long ago seemed colder. On a subzero night, packed snow creaked underfoot and stamping the feet did not always improve circulation. Even the tree clerk became impatient with prolonged selection, so the colder the night, the swifter the decision. It was rare to see a tree carted off by automobile. Lucky was the buyer who had a partner to help carry the tree home. My mother and I had to put the tree down and clasp thumbs with fingers inside our mittens to warm numbed hands. The prickly needles penetrated woolen mittens like so many organic pins, but the pain and cold barely registered; we were taking home our Christmas tree.

The children, perhaps boys more than girls, referred to the tree with few branches as a "broomstick," and often chided the seller by calling his merchandise broomsticks. Only the nimble and fleet of foot indulged in this painless harassment, and then only at voice distance. Nonetheless, many broomsticks made their way into South Side homes at Christmas. The tree merchant customarily gave a buyer a few extra branches, stripped from trees regarded commercially as hopeless, to fill the gaps. On at least two occasions, we in my family performed cosmetic surgery with brace and bit to give beauty to a lopsided tree.

One neighbor habitually bought a tree lacking in volume or symmetry or both. It became an annual event to watch him heading home with his tree under one arm and extra branches under the other. He must have heard that "only God can make a tree," but each Christmas he was determined to assist.

One Christmas stands out in my memory because of the unusually handsome tree that graced the parlor of an uncle and aunt. Close inspection here too revealed man's handy work. My uncle had bought two very lopsided trees of the same size, trimmed the branches completely from the thin half of each, and wired the trunks tightly together, thus wedding two trees that would otherwise have been denied the festivities of Christmas and taken from us the joy of beholding.

The most common Christmas tree on South Side lots was the black spruce. Its needles are dark and short. The branches are also dark and vary from dense to broomstick. Often the tops of even the smallest trees are laden with small brown cones, about the size of slim pecans. We always tried to pick one generously laden.

Sometimes a dealer had a load of balsam. These trees do not as a rule have as many branches; the needles are wider and longer, and exude the aroma of Christmas. In particular, the needles cling tenaciously to the smooth light-green branches, a quality needed back then in the moistureless coal-heater warmth of South Side flats and cottages. Unfortunately, balsam commanded a higher price than spruce. Scotch pine, red pine, or other evergreen trees commonly sold today were not to be found on lots or in many Milwaukee home of 50 years ago.

The first Christmas tree stand that I recall was made of wood. The square base of heavy boards had in its center a block of wood about eight inches square and two inches thick into which was bored a hole three to four inches in diameter. The butt end of the tree was either trimmed or shimmed to fit, and nails driven through the base and butt held the tree upright. The old block had the appearance of a wooden colander rendered so by the nail holes made to support trees in Christmases past. Also in vogue were a variety of metal stands with setscrews arranged to grip the tree butt firmly and a cuplike base for water to encourage needles to remain on the tree. Eventually, we obtained a metal stand and replaced it and others as more efficient tree holders became available.

During one childhood Christmas, an aunt took me to visit a friend of hers. The beautifully decorated Christmas tree in that elegant home turned slowly on its base as a built-in music box filled the room with Christmas music. The sun shone through the starched lace curtains of the parlor windows, putting full light on the revolving tree. The awesome sight made a deep and lasting impression on me: one day I would have such a stand. It took a long time, but today our stand does exactly what the friend's stand did for its tree long ago. That tree stand rotated and made music by winding an internal spring with a large clock key that appeared and disappeared on its circular journey among the presents at the base of the tree. Our stand is powered by electricity that also illuminates our tree with strings of colored lightbulb candles with star-shaped reflectors.

Our childhood Christmas trees were placed in the parlor, a room closed by sliding doors, that went unheated during the winter and was warmed only by day during the Christmas period. It was a room seldom used at any season, so it reached its finest hours each Christmas. Bulky, uncomfortable furniture was rearranged to make space for the tree. The rough textured, coffee-colored wallpaper—unattractive in its own right—enhanced the grandeur of the decorated tree. Were it not for its use at Christmas, the austere parlor of a low-income flat would hold no place in the memory of a small boy.

Most of our black spruce Christmas trees lapsed into old age in a matter of days. The candles lit for a brief, exciting, and dangerous five minutes on Christmas Eve began to tilt on aged branches on Christmas day. The rainlike rattle of falling needles on glass ornaments created an eerie sound at night, in a silent room, in a silent house. By day, a crescendo of falling needles accompanied my father's heavy tread as he entered or left the parlor. Our fortunately-never-used fire extinguisher was a less-than-attractive pail of sand that was removed as soon as the last candle released its thin plume of smoke, signifying the end of a ritual for another year.

We always decorated our Christmas tree a day or two before Christmas. The boxes of ornaments were retrieved from their attic retreat with the care accorded a freshly blown soap bubble and the reverence of a holy relic. To some of us, old Christmas tree ornaments will always have a strange, nostalgic fascination. At no other time of year was our home so immersed in bright color as when the tree was bedecked with figures, designs, and the globular beauty of the glass blower's art. Each held a memory, some real, others imagined, of Christmases past.

One of the oldest ornaments was shaped like a kettle with a twisted wire handle. The bowl of this diminutive kettle was old-rose colored and the fragile glass was reinforced on the outside with crinkly fine-wire mesh. This strange mesh was also found on other ancient ornaments.

Icicles made of real glass, clear, twisted, and pointed at the drip end, gave the tree a natural look if only for the instant of a glance. The anchor end of the icicle had a small loop for attaching a string or a wire ornament hook. These loops were most often broken, thus rendering the permanent icicle permanently useless.

One of the best attention getters for those who saw our tree for the first time was a pair of green pickles

with bumpy green warts and green cloth leaves. A golden cob of corn, still intact although the lacquer was chipped, was one of the false edibles along with apples, pears, and a banana, plus a host of vegetables that tickled the Yuletide fancy.

The tree held a gallery of smiling faces: Santas, angels, cherubs, clowns, and ethnically costumed people. Each twisted this way and that in the mild wind currents produced in a festive parlor filled with family activity. Delicate birds of species yet to be classified perched on tips of branches, balanced by tails of long strands of white spun glass. Peacocks and pheasantlike birds grasped the spruce perches in an awkward, legless stance. Bright, varicolored spheres, painted with designs and immaginary flowers, dominated the ornaments of blown glass. How many of these came from the famed ornament-producing town of Lauscha, in the forest mountains of Thuringia in Germany (now E. Germany) I cannot say, but surely some were of that lineage. Woolworth, Kresge, and Kress chainstores were the chief buyer of the *Werkstatten* (home workshops) products of Lauscha.

One glass blower among the cottage industry people in Germany prior to World War II used a mold that produced a charming ornament of various colors, enhanced by the delicate fluted folds of an unopened umbrella about eight inches long. These particular ornaments suffered high mortality over the years, but a cousin gave me several from her collection. Now these Christmas umbrellas are prized possessions.

The final embellishment of our Christmas tree, even today, had its origin in the 1920s with the advent of soft metal tinsel. This last accent of glitter was applied by carefully placing the silver strands one by one on the proper branch. No one dared throw the foil at the tree, although helpers often tried, hoping the result would represent thought and care.

More than 25 years ago, when our first child was a Santa Claus believer, I carved for her a kneeling angel out of a bar of Ivory soap. It has hung deep among the branches of our Christmas trees all these many years. With the passing of time it is yellowing, but the wings are still neatly folded and the hands face each other in prayer. The lights sparkle and the tree turns slowly to the tune of *Silent Night*. Perhaps each year at Christmas, the angel's prayers are answered.

Robert A. McCabe is a professor of wildlife ecology at UW-Madison.

The Monster at the Center:

William Ellery Leonard's struggle to stave off madness through art

by John Stark

Unfortunately, the writing of William Ellery Leonard (1876-1944), a Wisconsin author, has passed into oblivion, and he is remembered, if at all, for reasons that do him little credit. He published many translations, works of poetry and drama, scholarly studies and an autobiography, all of which are out of vogue. A few persons know about the slanderous story of his role in his first wife's suicide or about his acute neuroses. He deserves to be recognized, however, for his contributions to the University of Wisconsin and for his effective interweaving of his life and work. On the latter point he writes in "New Insight" that when a mind "takes its own/Distorted shreds, unravels, knots, and binds/. . .circled by scoundrel foes, then first we guess/The startling Energy of Consciousness."

There are reasons for his literary reputation's almost total eclipse. His plays, *Glory of the Morning* and *Red Bird,* are pallid, interesting mainly for his use of Wisconsin materials. As he recognized, his poetry was made obsolete by the swift development of American verse that Frost, Pound, Eliot, and others spearheaded shortly after World War I. Leonard used 19th century methods that by his time were enervated, rather than the vital methods of the 20th century masters. He mentions in *The Locomotive-God,* for example, that his verses "were obviously more and more Byronic." Rather than a Byronic zest, however, his poetry more often manifests a Keatsian wistful introspection. The first poem in *The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems* even echoes "Ode on a Grecian Urn":

> But I shall boast, O Bride forever bright,
> Forever young (with blossoms from the glade,

Leonard sought clarity, not verbal brilliance, which is more likely to endure. Characteristically, in "Anti-rococo" in the same volume he advises other poets to "strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse." Nearly all his effective poetry is in *Two Lives,* where he gives literary form to, and thereby masters, his intellectual and emotional responses to his wife's suicide.

His translations, too, are old-fashioned, although he did attempt to bring *Beowulf* to a larger audience. In his introduction he mentions that he wishes high school students, as well as others, to read it. Leonard often uses the alliteration and pauses in the middle of lines characteristic of the original *Beowulf,* but he adds rhymes and, like many 19th-century translators, he sprinkles his work with archaisms. The opening two lines are a fair sample:

> What ho! We've heard the glory of Spear-Danes,
> clansmen-kings,
> Their deeds of olden story,
> —how fought the aethelings!

A master of many languages, Leonard also translated from Dutch, Greek, and other languages and wrote a book in Spanish. His best translation is that of Lucretius' *Of the Nature of Things.* In order to turn this poem into English blank verse Leonard often forces the lines by using contractions, changing the accents of words and twisting syntax, and, as he did in his *Beowulf,* he uses many archaisms. Unlike most of his books, his translations of *Beowulf* and *Of the*

Nature of Things are still interesting enough to be in print.

His scholarly publishing began with the private printing of his dissertation, *Byron and Byronism in America.* He then began writing about medieval and classical literature, especially about philological and metrical topics. He contributed two monographs, *Beowulf and the Nibelungen Couplet* and *The Scansion of Middle English Alliterative Verse,* to a series that the University of Wisconsin published; he also wrote a book on the meter of *The Cid* and a long essay on Lucretius included with an edition of the poet's work. Leonard once wrote that because he divided his attention between the classics and philology he failed to build a substantial reputation in either field, and indeed his scholarly works are no longer important.

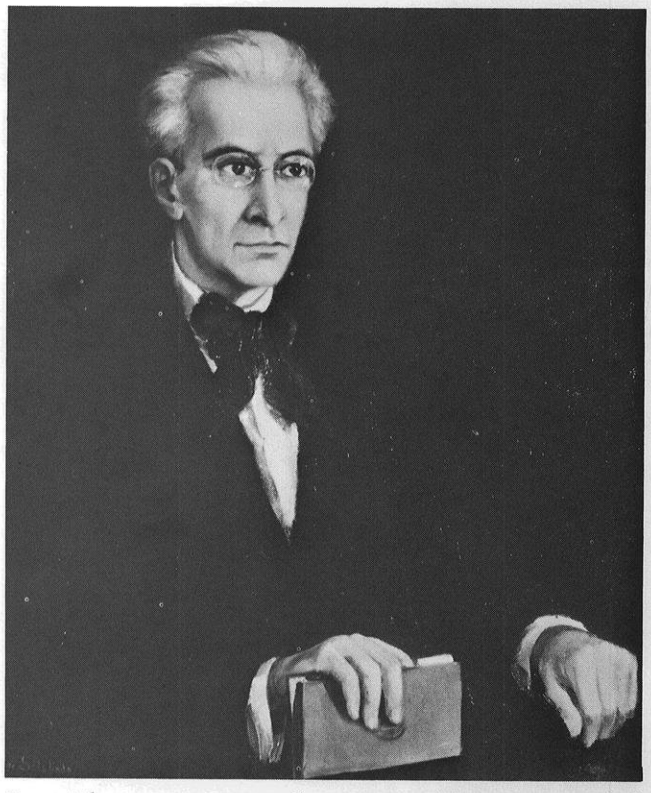
Although his writing is forgotten, perhaps the memory of his personal difficulties endures.

Although his writing is forgotten, perhaps the memory of his personal difficulties endures. Even before he came to the University of Wisconsin in 1906 he suffered emotional distress serious enough so that he could barely leave his family's protection in order to make that trip from the East. Those problems had caused severe psychosomatic eye pain, which was intensified by work on a dictionary. He felt obliged to tell his future father-in-law about these problems. His instability exacerbated the trauma of his first wife's suicide less than two years after their marriage. Leonard had known about her mother's psychological problems and about her own institutionalization and previous suicide attempts, but, encouraged by her brother, who was a doctor, and by a doctor who had treated her, he had married her. Her father was John Charles Freeman, a Civil War hero, a diplomat, and a wealthy, prominent citizen of Madison who owned a fine home on Langdon Street in which Leonard rented a room when he came to town. Freeman also, ironically, was a colleague of Leonard's in the English department who was known throughout the state for his oratory and as a pioneer in the study of American literature. The Freemans and many of their friends spread throughout Madison the allegation that Leonard was responsible for the suicide; in fact, in one version he was said to have forced Charlotte to take the poison that killed her. Shortly thereafter Leonard collapsed of emotional stress, missed a semester of teaching, and became more frightened of being away from secure places, a malady that confined him to a gradually shrinking area he considered safe and that virtually imprisoned his father and mother when they lived at his home. Later the two women, his second and third wives, each of whom was twice married to him, shared the same restriction.

It may seem that Leonard must have hated the university, Madison and Wisconsin, and in *Two Lives,* for literary effect, he does make Madison seem deathlike by contrasting its whiteness to the vibrant colors of nature. However, his true attitude appears in *The Locomotive-God,* where he calls Madison his "ideal for the dwelling-place of modern man." In *The Wisconsin Magazine of History* he praises his adopted state because, for example, "there is a set in Wisconsin toward civic affairs, a concern for the state's welfare."

Photos courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

The former Grace Golden, Leonard's third wife. An attractive graduate student 30 years younger than her husband, Golden married the professor in 1935. After their divorce, Leonard remarried his second wife, Charlotte Charlton, from whom he had been divorced in 1934 after 20 years of marriage. She stayed with him until his death in 1944. His first wife, Charlotte Freeman, married Leonard in 1909 and committed suicide in 1911.



Feverish eyes stare out of a painting by an unrecorded artist. Many students thought of themselves as sitting at his feet.

Leonard staunchly served the university. He was much more that the eccentric professor immediately recognizable because of his prematurely white hair and purple necktie.

He lists John Bascom, Richard Ely, John Commons, and the Progressives among those responsible for this concern. He did, however, consider Wisconsin culture unformed and the university faculty members too conservative (Leonard was vaguely a socialist). He differed sharply with most of the faculty members on World War I, which they overwhelmingly supported and which he opposed because of his pacifism and his pleasant student years in Germany. In *The Locomotive-God* he writes, "In the German universities I was for the first and last time of my life in my intellectual home." He was particularly impressed by the German professors' erudition, which convinced him that he should not become a professional classicist competing with them. Soon afterwards he extolled "Kaiser Wilhelm in Bonn," although later he changed his opinion. Despite these disagreements, Leonard thought highly of his city, state, and university.

Leonard staunchly served the university. He was much more than the eccentric—or mentally unbalanced—professor immediately recognizable on the campus because of his prematurely white hair and purple necktie. For example, he took an active part in campus life. He wrote for *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine,* which was good enough to be sold on newsstands in New York and which served as a training ground for Wisconsin undergraduates who later attained national recognition. On June 22, 1909, by reciting his ode written for the occasion, Leonard stirred a huge crowd gathered to see a statue of Lincoln unveiled on Bascom Hill. This poem, one of his best, resembles Lowell's and Whitman's poems on Lincoln; the echoes of "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" are particularly evident. It also, however, describes a specific response to Lincoln by relating him to the university. Leonard notes, for instance, that "The scholar (he who learns to wait/For meanings than the rest more clear)/Unveileth on the everlasting hill" this statue. Upon the death of President Van Hise, Leonard wrote a brief poem praising his scientific accomplishments and his extension of the university's service to the state, his "Wisconsin Idea." In a letter to *The Dial* Leonard denigrated a report on the university commissioned by the Board of Public Affairs and written by William H. Allen, an "efficiency expert." The faculty was enraged by this report, and Leonard excoriated its distortions and called it "an attack upon university ideals and the yet broader principles of candor, justice, and intelligence."

Leonard's psychological problems apparently did not vitiate his teaching. In *The Locomitive-God* he claims that he had the most self-confidence in the classroom. There was no question about the range of his knowledge, and his teaching methods were, it seems, adequate. His influence on students beyond the classroom was also important, as Horace Gregory, a noted writer, attests in *The House on Jefferson Street.* As a student at the university, Gregory found an "all-pervading atmosphere of youthful Epicureanism, inspired less by Walter Pater than by a new translation of Lucretius, published in 1915" by Leonard. Just before a dawn during the fall of 1922, Gregory came upon a girl in the mist near Lake Mendota reciting Lucretius. Gregory also says that Leonard "took special care of unworldly, unconventional, and promising students—he was guardian angel of the visionary and the shy," including Gregory, whom Leonard first sought out in a theater.

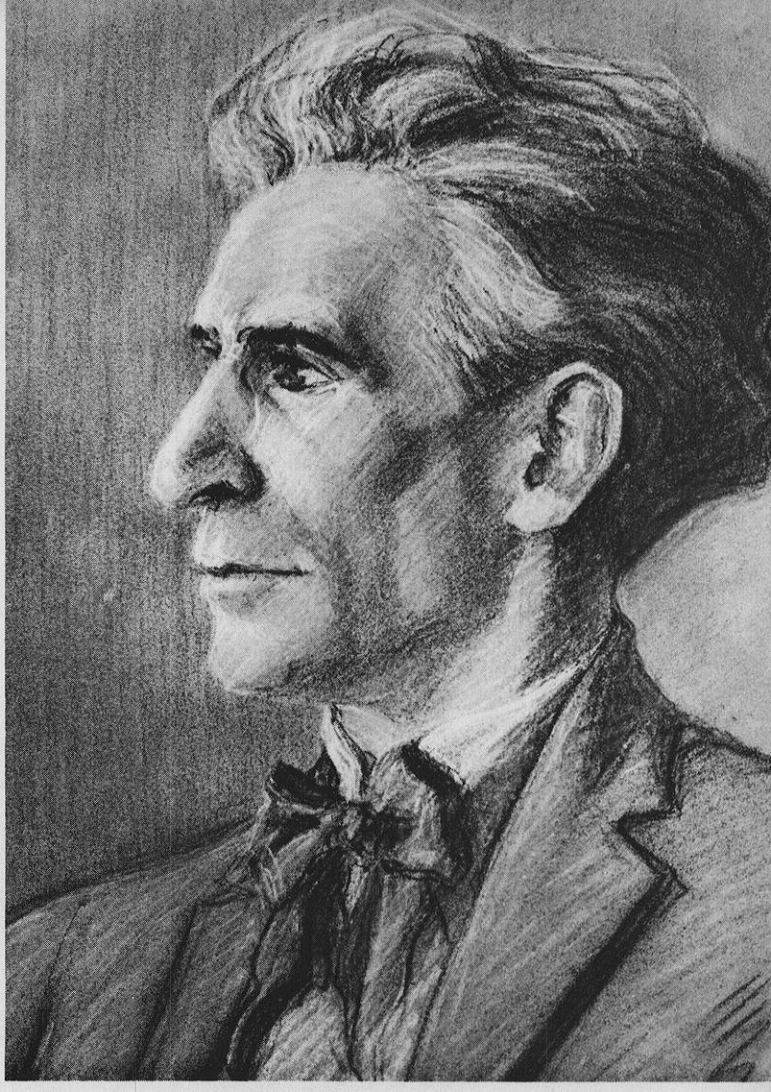
Gregory argues that Leonard was more valuable to the university than some claimed: "his opinions were forthright, . . . his wit abrasive—all of which served to make him unpopular with his less distinguished colleagues." Gregory asserts, too, that "surely (Leonard) was a man of broader experience and of greater stature than any of his colleagues." Writing to

President Van Hise on June 12, 1914, Dean Edward Birge evaluates Leonard. Leonard's teaching was improving, states Birge, and "while he will never be a distinguished teacher, I do not hear serious criticism of his work." According to Birge, "he was—and is—clearly the best man that we have in the faculty from a literary point of view. It was the quality of his Lincoln Ode which more than anything else won him promotion." Birge tactfully and obliquely refers to Leonard's psychological problems: "his general steadiness and poise have improved." Birge's assessment does not accord with Gregory's conception of animosity between Leonard and the rest of the faculty: "The best men in the faculty value Dr. Leonard's powers most highly."

Finally, Leonard more subtly and more self-consciously related his life and his work until he was able to increase his self-knowledge and to write two important books: *Two Lives* and *The Locomotive-God*. At first this relation was simple; his psychological condition influenced his choice of writing projects, although sometimes he did not see this connection until later. In *The Locomotive-God* he mentions that when he was 18 "Byron spoke out [his] emotions." Not by coincidence, a few years later he wrote his dissertation on Byronism in America. In *The Locomotive-God* he mentions also that after he wrote "Lynching Bee," a poem about a mob's vicious murder of a black, he realized that it was his literary response to the mob that had spread lies about him. Leonard's passionate involvement with this subject is revealed by this poem's vividness and by Leonard's uncharacteristic abandonment in it of too formal and stereotyped poetic diction. In his prose autobiography he indicates another connection between his life and his work when he points out that he translated *Beowulf* and *Of the Nature of Things* because they describe fighters against monsters. He conceived of himself as such a fighter against proponents of World War I and against the mob who scorned him because of his wife's suicide.

Of his non-autobiographical projects he identified most closely with his translation of, and long essay about, Lucretius. In his essay Leonard argues that poetry is essentially autobiographical: "a poet writes himself into his book more than any other man." He adds that Lucretius wrote compulsively, that his themes chose him rather than the other way around. This is true of Leonard, too, because the same themes that seized Lucretius seized Leonard when he read Lucretius, so he devoted considerable time and energy

Nearly all his effective poetry is in **Two Lives**, *where he gives literary form to, and thereby masters, his intellectual and emotional responses to his wife's suicide.*



William Ellery Leonard, from a pastel drawing by Bernice Oehler. The bow tie is diagnostic.

to translating and analyzing that poet. Lucretius' goal, according to Leonard, was to make people "unafraid of death, superstition, and all Gods." This goal appealed to Leonard's agnosticism and to his attempts to reconcile himself to his wife's suicide and to conquer his own fears of absence from a safe place and, although he does not seem to have recognized it, of death. Two passages in Book III of *Of the Nature of Things* illustrate Lucretius' attitude toward death:

> Therefore death to us
> Is nothing, nor concerns us in the least,
> Since nature of mind is mortal evermore.
>
> Nothing for us there is to dread in death,
> No wretchedness for him who is no more,

In Book II Lucretius writes more generally of terror and of its antidote:

> This terror, then, this darkness of the mind,
> Not sunrise with its flaring spokes of light,
> Nor glittering arrows of morning can disperse,
> But only Nature's aspect and her law.

Leonard held death at bay with the same two means, for he was interested in science, especially geology, and he filled his poetic account of his wife's death and the events that preceded and followed it, *Two Lives*, with nature imagery that contrasts with her death.

Leonard and Lucretius also had some of the same negative traits. Leonard notes that the Roman poet "had comtempt for much else—for all unreason, all unloveliness in high or low," which resembles Gregory's comments on Leonard's relations with his colleagues. Lucretius indeed is contentious, for example in his attacks on Heraclitus, Empedocles, and Anaxagoras, all of whom propounded cosmologies opposed to Lucretius' atomism. More ominously, Leonard cites the assertion, (probably unfounded) in St. Jerome's *Chronicles* that Lucretius alternated between madness and poetic inspiration and finally committed suicide. Madness is too strong a term to apply to Leonard, who could function effectively within limits and who died of natural causes, but he clearly was unstable.

Madness is too strong a term to apply to Leonard, who could function effectively within limits and who died of natural causes, but he clearly was unstable.

Most of Leonard's poetry books are collections of lyrics, brief responses to his own experiences. He published *The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems* in 1912, shortly after his wife's death, and he dedicated it to her: "My poems—all my sacred best of life—/Be yours forever, O my wife, my wife!" The ode to Lincoln is atypical of this volume of autobiographical poems, a few about his years in Madison, most about his earlier years. He assembled this volume and wrote new poems for it partly to assuage his grief, telling himself in "Natura Magna," "Gaze not at hearth-flame nor at funeral pyre/Too long in dreams or tears." *A Son of Earth*, although published 16 years later, also contains poems about Leonard's life before he arrived in Madison: references to reading Vergil as a boy, to an earlier unrequited love in Germany, to the unpleasant years working on a dictionary in Philadelphia and to other topics. He also writes about the interval since *The Vaunt of Man*, satirizing Dr. Allen and his report, feeling sorry for the confinement that his neurosis has created for his second wife and expressing his opinions about World War I. He includes other public poems, such as his tribute to President Van Hise and a poem for Robert M. La Follette. "The Lynchin' Bee" is here, as are other indirect recriminations against his enemies; a series of clever Aesopian fables that satirize members of the mob that persecuted him. The final collection of his poetry, *A Man Against Time*, was posthumous. Its title is appropriate because some of the poems in it lament his aging: "crippled, prisoned, white-haired, fifty-eight/My world a heap of ashes, splinters, shards." He writes, too, about the objects of his scholarship, such as *The Cid* and Lucretius, but most of this book is a group of 67 sonnets addressed to his third wife. Although the period covered by their marriage, divorce, and remarriage was brief, bringing into his life her youth—she was more than 30 years younger than he—was one of his strategies against time. He tells her, for example, "I'm sturdier than my years, yet old,/And you, how young with all your red and gold." Some of these sonnets are unusual for Leonard because of their mildly explicit eroticism.

Because Leonard's psychological self-analysis and literary craftsmanship suffused them, *Two Lives* and *The Locomotive-God* are his major achievements and still deserve to be read. He wrote most of *Two Lives* in 1913, published it privately in 1922 and publicly three years later, the first of at least ten printings. He wrote it to control his anguish by expressing it:

> After such long suppression, to be rid
> Of what hath worked within me of the past
> By making it creatively my own.

This task is made more urgent by his own specific fears and by general human fears:

> Deep within the core
> Of consciousness there lurks forevermore
> In man Primeval Fear.

He wrote it also to contradict the stories about him, "to roll (his) vindication unto Time." To accomplish these goals he begins by referring to episodes in Madison's past, such as the Ice Age and the time when Indians lived on the site. Then he tells of renting a room in the home of Professor Freeman and Charlotte, her confession that she "lived with a band of ladies wan and wild—/Myself a shuddering maniac, exiled," his resolve to be her "triumphant lover-alienist," his failure at this, partly because he "rebuked her—and she wept" and her suicide. He writes in *The Locomotive-God* that he alters some details in *Two Lives*, such as making himself a professor of Greek instead of English, but it is basically accurate.

His literary techniques add emotional intensity to this tale of woe. He contrasts many descriptions of the idyllic natural setting—the Freemans' garden, the lake,

The need for shelter became the most obvious manifestation of his psychological problems: his inability to travel more than a few blocks from home or to endure arriving home if no one was there.

nearby meadows—with the starkly white "House of Death" and the white dress she wore on her final day. Two references to classical literature are prophetic. Charlotte, shortly before she drinks poison, reads the description of the heroine's death in Euripides' *Alcestis.* Leonard does not mention it here, but Alcestis died as a substitute for her husband Admetus, and Charlotte possibly was motivated to kill herself rather than to add more psychological pressure to her unstable husband's life, pressure that might have turned out to be too much. He had seen this possible motive by the time he wrote *The Locomotive-God,* where he declares that "my wife took poison . . . to save herself . . . to save me." At the time she was typing his translation of Lucretius and, he claims, had left off with "O eternal Death" from the final lines of Book III. He also includes an effective narrative passage that symbolizes one of his purposes in writing this book. He tells about going into a cave in Germany, finding evidence of death—human bones—in a suitably dark setting, but then discovering that tapping on stalagmites produced an octave, and returning to the world of life, his spirits raised by the presence of art, that crude music, in a morbid place. This scene symbolizes his creation of art about his wife's death.

The Locomotive-God, Leonard's prose autobiography, describes some of the same events as *Two Lives* as well as events that happened before and after them. Its title refers to the object that Leonard thought was the main cause of his psychological problems: a locomotive that terrified him when he was two years old. Late in the book he remarks that after that incident he had been fascinated with trains for a long time without realizing that train's effect on him. He mentions two poems he wrote about them, "The Express" and "The Train." Neither reveals that a train played a sinister role in his life. The former poem, for example, ends with "O would mine her hour/Of large experience and power!" Leonard worked hard and ingeniously to discover in his psyche the image of the train that set off his neuroses. Unfortunately, that understanding did not cure him.

Years later Leonard realized that when the locomotive frightened him he thought of it as "God roaring from heaven to slay me for having disobeyed my mother and gone so close to the track." The train's steam hurt him, making this experience even more dreadful. He felt "terror, guilt, shame, and the cringing need of shelter." Terror became the basis of his emotional state; guilt and shame were activated again by later events, thus exacerbating this syndrome. The need for shelter became the most obvious manifestation of his psychological problems: his inability to travel more than a few blocks from home or to endure arriving home if no one was there. A few years later his teacher's refusal to acknowledge his request to leave the room forced him to wet his pants, which encouraged a mob of boys to chase him home. The similarity of this experience to that with the train intensified his neurosis, especially his need to be at or near shelter. This neurosis remained minimal for years, producing only nervousness, minor phobias, and the psychosomatic eye trouble that plagued him while he worked on the dictionary. Its next phase was brief: "Chronic phobias had set in over a year before (Charlotte's) death." The suicide and resulting attacks on him made his condition much worse, because the mob seemed to him to be a reincarnation of the Locomotive-God. In 1911 while he was walking near the west end of Lake Mendota he saw in a store a locomotive on a calendar that activated his syndrome and a few minutes later made him collapse. This experience strengthened his neurosis to such an extent that he could no longer hold it at bay. All that was left to him was to understand it.

...there groped a man through the labyrinth of his own mind until he discovered the monster at its center.

This he did by using his talents as a literary critic and poet; he increased his self-awareness primarily by identifying and analyzing image clusters. He learned to put himself in a state of "twilight sleep," during which images floated into his semi-conscious mind, and to imagine that he saw images in a crystal. He then began to identify image patterns and relationships, working mainly by himself but also with psychologists, two university professors being the most helpful. He got information about events and places from people who had lived in his home town: Plainfield, New Jersey. After several years he worked his way back to the incident with the train and began to understand how it had affected him. For example, he realized that when details from that experience recurred later they often caused extreme neurotic reactions. His years of literary and scholarly work thus led circuitously to his greatest accomplishment: "the intellect that began by trying to understand all the world ends by understanding something . . . of a phase of the single self."

Perhaps persons who pass the building at 433 North Murray in Madison, Leonard's home for the last 21 years of his life, will remember that he suffered there trying to comprehend himself. To put it in classical terms that he would have appreciated, there groped a man through the labyrinth of his own mind until he discovered the monster at its center. Perhaps, too, some people will be encouraged to read that journey's record, *The Locomotive-God,* and its companion volume, *Two Lives.* They are poignant records of struggles that went on in Madison.

John Stark, a law student at UW-Madison, published a feature article on Wisconsin writers in the 1977 **Wisconsin Blue Book.**

Histories of Milwaukee—city and county—yield nothing concerning the modest gentleman and inventive genius who preferred anonymity to fame

Levi Burnell—
Milwaukee's Forgotten Idea Man

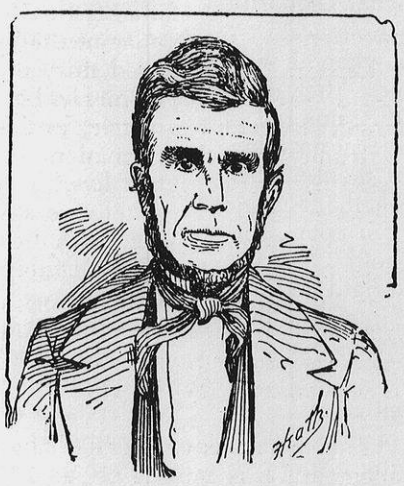
by Harry A. Friedman

When Levi Burnell died in Milwaukee in 1881, his eulogist remarked that "he has left behind him a record which will resist the tooth of time as long as science shall stand and man be in existence to enjoy its benefits."

The flamboyant prophecy certainly was in harmony with the sentiment of his contemporaries. Actually, it was unprophetic. The record exists, fragmented in yellowed newspaper clippings, in letters, in state and national archives, and in legend. His name, shrouded by an aura of evanescence, is lost in a quagmire of historic oblivion. Because he made introversion a way of life, his much-deserved niche in the halls of Wisconsin's illustrious stands bleak and bare.

The "modest gentleman whose mechanical ingenuity was very remarkable," harnessed the wild wind, developed a workable concept of scientific weather forecasting, conceived a basic idea for telegraphic communication, and was one of the first to suggest the use of Niagara Falls as a power source. He was associated with the typewriter, with designs for stoves, furniture, and machinery.

LEVI BURNELL AND DR. LAPHAM



LEVI BURNELL

Clipping from State Historical Society Library

He was a pioneer developer of Wisconsin's railroads.

But, and it bears repeating, he deafened his ears to the plaudits of his peers, preferring the shelter of anonymity, with, for him, its attendant peace of mind.

As we face the frigid blasts of winter, the "windchill factor" becomes a familiar term. Levi Burnell cannot be blamed for nature's contribution to our numbing discomfort, but he is responsible for the instrument that led army meteorologists eventually to correlate the affinity of wind and temperature and to measure the effect. That happened more than 100 years after Burnell, "Milwaukee's placid, practical-minded philosopher," invented what came to be known as the anemograph.

To measure wind direction, the world until 1774 had depended upon high-mounted, sometimes picturesque weather vanes or, more primitively, a moistened finger held aloft. To determine wind speed was pure guesswork. In the mid-18th century more sophisticated devices were created to measure both direction and speed. But that is all they did—they measured.

Burnell's invention in 1860 solved the problem of recording wind activity "minutely, exactly, and continuously." Ten years later it was a vital element in the establishment of the US Signal Service, which had its origin in Milwaukee under the auspices of Dr. Increase A. Lapham, one of the founders

of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, and Gen. Halbert E. Paine, Fourth District representative.

Lapham's reputation secure

Lapham has been and is acclaimed as the inceptor of weather forecasting and as the prime mover in the origin of the National Weather Bureau. Available facts, however, tend to coalesce in a conclusion that while he was instrumental in framing the plan and following through to its eventual adoption, Burnell had formulated a theory of forecasting years before and produced the anemograph to support his beliefs.

All the devices in his day were capable only of describing what conditions were in one place at one time and not what they would be in the future. Burnell reasoned that the forecasts would be more dramatic if the readings were known simultaneously at a number of locations. Thus, by exchanging information derived from the individual observations and recognizing the time element, a good preview of weather conditions could be obtained.

As a matter of simple justice to Lapham, he never claimed to be the inventor of the anemograph nor did he ever claim to be "the author or inventor of the method by which the weather could be foretold." He was not a vainglorious man. Were he alive he would be distressed to learn that Burnell, his friend and co-worker for many years, had been denied the accolades he so richly deserved.

Early in 1857, Burnell is believed to have revealed data for long-range observations. This was attested to by J.N. Sherman, an old Milwaukee settler, who knew both men intimately. Sherman, in an 1895 newspaper article, stated that Burnell "often had declared it was quite possible to foretell the state of the weather. After hearing his explanation of the practicability of the idea, Dr. Lapham frankly admitted that it could be and would be done."

First called "wind writer"

Within three years, Burnell presented a working model of his "wind writer," and placed it on Lapham's home. Readings from this instrument thereupon were added to Lapham's now historic, weekly "meteorological and tidal tables," in which he seldom failed to give Burnell credit. A short time later the wind writer was transferred to the C.C. Comstock residence near Fourth and Galena Streets, because it stood on high ground.

The invention was first called an anemograph by Lapham in November 1860, at a meeting of the Milwaukee Lyceum Society.

"Burnell's anemograph," he said, "is the name I propose for the newly invented and very ingenious instrument now in operation on the house of C.C. Comstock. . . . It is the invention of Mr. Levi Burnell of this city and is intended to write down on a piece of paper six inches wide all that can be known of the direction and force of the wind."

Lapham further stated that he had a "sheet of paper 40 feet in length on which was written by this instrument the character of the wind for the last ten days of October 1860."

The faded "sheet of paper," together with other memorabilia, was donated to the State Historical Society by Burnell's daughter, Fanny Newcomb Burnell, in 1917, and is deposited in the Society's archives.

The subsequent history of the anemograph is interesting, as it reveals the fate too often in store for inventors.

Burnell and Lapham worked for months to prove the reliability of the device, thereby attracting the attention of Capt. George C. Meade, then superintendent of the Northern and Northwestern Lakes Survey, who was persuaded by Lapham in the summer of 1861 to purchase additional instruments from Burnell for use on the Great Lakes.

Correspondence in January 1943, between J.B. Kincer, US Weather Bureau chief, and the Madison Bureau office, indicates that "this was done, for the records of the Survey (now in custody of the National Archives) contain a large series of these wind recordings made at various cities on the lakes between 1861-75."

A copy of a March 1875 letter from Lapham to Burnell describes the success achieved in that effort:

"The minute, exact and continuous indications and perfect record of the anemograph were of great service to that survey; and no doubt materially aided in securing that advanced state of meteorological knowledge that induced the Congress of the United States. . .to adopt the system of storm-signals and predictions that now yield such rich results.

"You will have the satisfaction of knowing that this instrument of your contrivance has thus been of great service to the world."

In the interim, as steps were about to be taken to adopt the machine for general use, the nation was plunged deeply into the throes of Civil War. Mounting confusion incident to the war and the uncertainty that followed undoubtedly caused the inventor's rights to be ignored. After the conflict, the government started to manufacture the anemograph for all of its Great Lakes and Atlantic Coast stations.

As a result of this activity and the earnest exhortations of Lapham and Captain Meade, Congressman Paine in January 1870 called upon the Secretary of War "to provide for taking meteorological observations at military stations in the interior of the continent, and for giving notice on the Northern lakes and Atlantic seaboard of the approach and force of storms." The previous two years had been disastrous for lake and ocean navigation. More than 530 lives had been lost in hundreds of shipwrecks, with a resultant loss in the millions of dollars. Congress shortly passed Paine's bill creating what is now the National Weather Bureau. Burnell's theory had borne fruit.

A few hundred dollars

Burnell probably never received more than a few hundred dollars from his invention. Urged by loyal Milwaukee friends to sue the government, he shrank from the proposal, characteristically revealing a desire not to involve himself or his colleagues in a legal battle the outcome of which was uncertain.

As far as Burnell was concerned, that was the end of his rights to the anemograph. He had neglected to protect his interests with a patent. One of his supporters, commenting later on the oversight, remembered him as a "quiet gentleman. . . . whose modesty and lack of business abilities alone prevented his accumulation of a large fortune."

Recognizing the dramatic results of the anemograph's performance for the Lake Survey, Appleton's *Annual Cyclopedia* in 1863 published the only existing detailed description of its operation, giving Burnell credit for the invention.

Briefly, it consisted of a clock which regulated the motion of a drum to exactly two inches to the hour by means of an intricate gear arrangement. The place of each hour was indicated by a series of points along the margin of a roll of paper fastened to the drum.

Five stylus-like pencils, one for each point of the compass, the fifth to register speed, marked the direction of the wind and showed how much an attached weather vane, consisting of four hemispherical cups, fluctuated to the right or left of the mean direction. Since the various motions were synchronized minutely, it was thus possible to find both direction and speed of the wind at any given time.

In the course of attempting to exhaust available sources concerning Burnell, the writer came upon an item in *Chamber's Encyclopaedia* (published in London) granting to Dr. William H. Dines, British meteorologist, the honor of having been "the first to record the velocity and direction of the wind."

The reference may be excused on the basis of national pride, but it is a rank injustice to the Milwaukee inventor. First, because wind measuring devices known as anemometers were used about 1724 and were improved by British meteorologists Robinson and Edgeworth in the early 1840s. Secondly, because Dines, born in 1855, was only five years old when Burnell's instrument was created in 1860. Finally, because the anemograph was exhibited at the 1867 International Exposition in Paris, long before Dines started his work.

A coincidence that cannot be overlooked is the appointment of Doctor Lapham as an American delegate to the Paris Exposition, and a letter from his son, S. G. Lapham to Burnell in 1880. "The Anemograph record was exhibited at Paris in 1867," the younger Lapham wrote. "We have no record of the fact but that is the understanding of the family."

Further, in the concluding sentence of his letter to the Madison Weather Bureau office in 1943, mentioned previously, Kincer said, "It is certainly interesting that a self-registering instrument of this detail was in existence some years before Dines' studies in England."

Fame definitely had a penchant for dancing away from the arms of our "quiet gentleman."

Burnell was born in Northampton, Mass., in 1803, moved to Rochester, N.Y., as a child, was educated there, and later became a bank teller. Having displayed an avid interest in science since boyhood, he soon was invited to membership in the Franklin Institute of Rochester.

A telegraph before Morse

On Dec. 28, 1827, at the age of 24, Burnell submitted to the Institute "the question of electric telegraphic communication between that city and New York."

Levi's thesis entailed transmitting sparks through a system of wires into a dark camera-like box, each series of sparks corresponding to a letter which would be decoded at the receiving end.

Press accounts at the time related that the youth's presentation "caused a furor among scientific thinkers all over the country. . . . To further prove his theory, Mr. Burnell caused wires to be erected throughout the building, connecting all the rooms, and by the aid of batteries, transmitted sounds from one point to another." Rochester newspapers, especially, made much of the project and praised Burnell as a genius.

The experiment was referred for intensive study to a committee of three, Burnell being a member of the group. "He could not, however, induce his colleagues to view the question with his eyes, and with owl-like wisdom the other two members of the committee declared the project 'impracticable at present.' " This dampened the young man's ardor. He had no ready funds to continue on his own and refused to borrow. The whole idea was abandoned.

When Samuel F.B. Morse patented his telegraph in 1837 it so much resembled Burnell's plans that chastened fellow members of the Institute insisted that he put in a claim as originator of the idea. Burnell's introverted nature rejected their pleas. He found the prospect of challenging Morse abhorrent.

In a review of the affair written in November 1883, the narrator asserted that "the country (in 1827) was not ready for it, and the men before whom the scheme would have been brought did not possess mental faculties clear enough to grasp the idea and its possibilities and would have scouted it as the delusion of a fanatical inventor."

Seventeen years earlier the association of Burnell with telegraphic communication was brought to light by Charles C. Sholes, a brother of Christopher Latham Sholes, in the *Wisconsin State Journal* of Jan. 23, 1866. The writer, then superintendent of the Wisconsin Telegraph Company, took issue with an article in the

New York Tribune which gave exclusive credit to Morse for the invention of telegraphy.

"As a matter of historic interest," Sholes wrote, "I hope Mr. Burnell. . . .will deposit with the Wisconsin Historical Society a paper which I have seen, signed by Wm. W. Reid, M.D., of Rochester, and by him sworn to before a clerk of the court of Monroe county, setting forth that the records of the Franklin Institute were in his possession, and that on said records substantially these interesting facts appear."

Doctor Reid's sworn affidavit, dated December 1843, reposes in the Society's archives. It was obtained for the Society by Dr. Lapham.

Promoting the railroads

Burnell emigrated to Milwaukee with his family in 1853 to become secretary of the old Milwaukee and LaCrosse Railroad. His activities as a railroad executive and promoter extended over several years. In 1856, he was named secretary of the Kenosha-Beloit line. Throughout the Civil War period he labored to improve the state's rail facilities so that troops and materials could be moved readily. In 1864, he toured the state to interest the public in an extension of the Southern Mississippi Railroad, which then terminated in Milwaukee.

What follows is an admixture of legend and, paradoxically, unsubstantiated fact written by an anonymous admirer in 1883. Notwithstanding the possibility that it may be pure legend, it is nevertheless strictly characteristic of the man's versatile and generous nature.

Cookstove for a friend

Shortly after he settled in Milwaukee, Burnell apparently learned that a neighbor was at a loss for a means of steady livelihood. Burnell suggested the manufacture of stoves, "and presented the model of a cookstove to a friend of his named Stewart, who reaped a mine of wealth out of the manufacture of the stove invented by his generous friend."

Whether Burnell was compensated for this contribution to kitchen efficiency is not known. The juxtaposition of these facts, however, lends credence to the legend: A family named Stewart lived a few doors away from Burnell on Eighth Street. A patent for a new type of stove was issued to a J.L. Stewart on Aug. 10, 1858. Whoever reads will have to make the judgment between surmise and certainty.

Partial credit for the typewriter

Burnell's association with the typewriter probably began in 1863 when Christopher Latham Sholes was named collector of the port of Milwaukee by President Lincoln, and Burnell became his chief deputy.

That the inventor of the typewriter owed a debt to his deputy is evidenced by a statement Sholes is said to have made to Burnell's son, Capt. Joseph Burnell, shortly after Levi died.

"I wish your father were alive," Sholes is quoted, "I do not know how I could have succeeded but for him."

Burnell never sought credit for whatever part he might have played in the matter and his name nowhere is mentioned in connection with the typewriter. Considering his mechanical aptitude, there may be verity in the belief that he was worthy of the tribute. It is a matter of record that Sholes and Burnell still held office together when the typewriter was patented in 1868.

A prime example of Burnell's exasperating evasiveness was revealed in March 1864, by William R. Sill, a noted civil engineer and fellow official of the LaCrosse Railroad.

Harnessing Niagara

Several years previously, Sill disclosed, Burnell had suggested using the force of Niagara Falls to furnish compressed air power to the cities along the New York Central Railroad route from Buffalo to New York City.

Sill and other engineers believed the plan had possibilities. They begged Burnell to elaborate on his ideas in an article requested by the *Scientific American* magazine. Their pleas were fruitless. Burnell had his little shell of anonymity as a refuge from the trials of life and therein he crept.

Burnell retired from the customs service in 1868. Obscurity was his desire but idleness was not. In the next few years he was granted patents on an industrial hoisting apparatus used by masons on the old Milwaukee courthouse; a device he called a "nursery footstool," and a new type of drawer slide for cabinet furniture.

In April 1880, on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary, the Burnells were surprised by the Ladies Aid Society of the then Spring Street Congregational Church. More than 200 of the city's most prominent residents paid tribute to the couple, lending emphasis to their respect "with a purse of cash." It was one time Burnell could not avoid the "plaudits of the crowd."

On Dec. 9, 1881, Burnell died at his home on Eighth Street. He was 78. His grave in Forest Home Cemetery is surrounded by those of his wife and children.

Of him it was said:

"He closed his eyes upon this life, unknown and unsung by the people he had wrought for, but was not unrewarded. He knew the great good which his thought had done for his fellowmen, and no earthly glory could have gladdened him more than did this simple knowledge."

Now the chill wind of oblivion needed no anemograph to gauge its direction. Mournfully subdued, it enveloped the soul of the modest genius who must have welcomed its shroud of comfort.

Harry A. Friedman is a retired Milwaukee teacher and former newspaperman.

An Artist's Eye View Of Rural Wisconsin

by Mary Michie

An artist's eye view of rural Wisconsin. The title itself suggests a painting. Immediately we visualize a peaceful rural scene: barns red as strawberries, tall tubes of white silos fitted between, and a dirt road that runs ahead of us from the foreground, disappears, and appears again very much diminished in the distance. The fields are yellow with wheat, green with early rows of corn or patterned with the striping of contour cultivation. The scene changes according to the seasons or time of day: harvest, blizzard, tornado weather, milking time, or noon rest. The compositions are endlessly varied and each one is enchanting.

It is a response to this rich visual stimulation that has produced painters called the Wisconsin Rural Artists. They are the artists who truly paint for the love of it—*les amateurs*—in answer to the surrounding landscape.

They exhibit their work in their own communities, in shows covering several counties or the entire state. Their media are not confined to oils. Watercolor, printmaking techniques of many kinds, weaving, woodcarving, stitchery, and metal serve as vehicle for their inspiration.

More than 24 years ago a group of these painters and craftpersons joined together to form the Wisconsin Rural Art Association. These artists—designated non-professional because they do not practice their craft for a livelihood—not only find time to paint but also to organize art workshops and exhibits in their communities, to publish a newsletter called "Contour Notes," and to maintain a traveling show of outstanding work done by members. Today the 400 plus membership is state-wide, with a 12 person board of directors elected annually.

Originally the group was sponsored by the University of Wisconsin Extension art department, but at present the organization is supported by its members alone. The Extension continues, however, to assist with workshop and exhibit opportunities through its Regional Art Program, providing informal instruction and constructive evaluation and criticism of each artist's work.

The foresight of three men of the University of Wisconsin in 1939 was primarily responsible for the inclusion of an art program for rural men and women in the Agricultural Extension Program. They were John Steuart Curry (then artist-in-residence at the university), Dean Chris Christensen of the College of Agriculture, and professor of sociology John Barton. Their encouragement of the early rural painters was the foundation of the Rural Art Association and the Regional Art Program of the University Extension today. They provided the first informal teaching sessions for the amateur painters who recognized the beauty around them and took the time to record it on canvas.

Criticism and instruction came from Curry himself, one of America's best-known landscape painters. The equally prominent artist Aaron Bohrod, when he became the university's artist-in-residence, worked in the program also and traveled the state for many years, attending workshops in every community where a group of artists was organized.

Rural art flourished under the leadership of the artist and teacher James Schwalbach from 1945 to 1965. During that time numerous university art department staff members assisted at the workshops, and the activity became affectionately known as "Schwalbaching."

The 1978-79 president of the board of the Rural Art Association is Joseph Burk of Waukesha. Corresponding secretary is Patti Smerling and readers who wish to join the organization may write to her at Box 307, Omro, Wisconsin, 54963. Information about workshops can be obtained from the present director, Professor Kenneth Kuemmerlein, UW-Extension Art Department at Lowell Hall, Langdon Street, Madison, 53706.

The annual state show of prize-winning paintings and craft pieces, chosen from the exhibit-workshops held around the state that year, is presented each autumn at the Wisconsin Center in Madison. Paintings from the Extension's permanent collection of outstanding rural art are always on exhibition at the Wisconsin Center. These are examples dating back to the early years of the program and they therefore reflect a wide variety of landscape and subject matter. Some of them, painted by retired farmers who grew up in pioneer communities, are documents of the early years of the state and all are well worth a careful look by anyone who appreciates the visual arts.

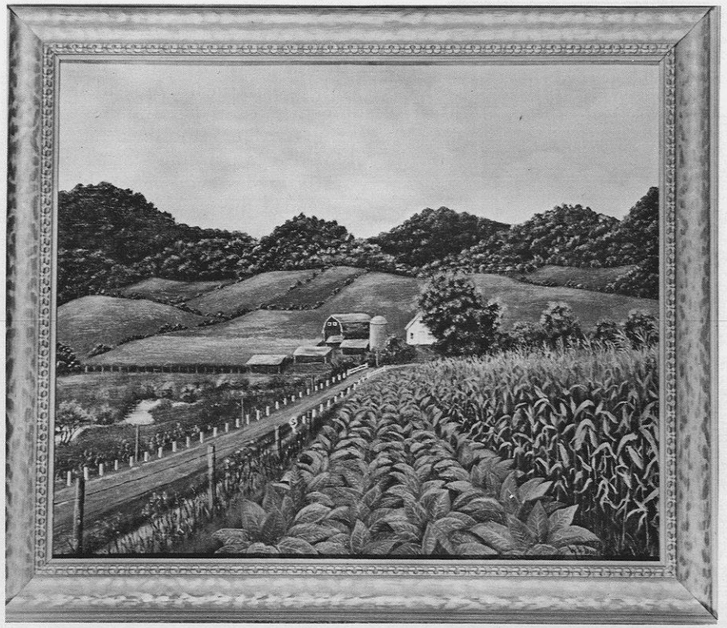
Mary Michie, a Wisconsin sculptor, is the former director of the Regional Art Program at UW-Extension.

DESERTION

Joan Arend exhibited as early as the 1940s in the Rural Art Shows. She was born in Milwaukee but spent most of her childhood in Stevens Point and on a farm. Her interest in painting started in the early grades and eventually she attended the art classes of Robert Von Neuman at Milwaukee State Teachers College. *Desertion* was painted when she was a young art student and is especially interesting because it is a combination of oil and an ink line.

CARDINALS

Lela Smith from Lancaster delighted Rural Art Show viewers for many years with her Wisconsin landscapes, sometimes intimate but often on a large scale. She exhibited first in 1941 and steadily after that until her tragic death in an auto accident in 1971. She was a charter member of the Lancaster Art Club, and an inspiration to many who went to her for advice on painting techniques.



KICKAPOO VALLEY FARM
by William Boose

HOMECOMING

Lois Ireland was born in Waunakee and at present lives in Oconomowoc. All her life she has been involved in painting and drawing—on her own when very young and in classes, formal or otherwise, later on. She first exhibited in a Rural Art Show in 1943 and since then her work has attracted steady admiration.

PEACEFUL VALLEY

William Boose, born in 1887, lives now at Wild Rose and is still painting oils and watercolors that reflect his life as a Wisconsin farmer and fur trapper. He took some sketching classes as a very young school boy, but his style is his own and his beautiful paintings the result of a naturally good eye for form and harmonious colors in nature. In 1975 the Wisconsin Rural Art Association honored him with a life membership and a special exhibit.

THE VALLEY

Chris Olson, born in Oshkosh, now lives near Berlin. He has been painting since he was a young boy, and in 1935 produced work for the Federal Art Project. Some of his paintings are now in the Oshkosh Museum and at the University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh. He exhibited often in the early years of the Rural Art Shows while at the same time he was establishing a thriving hybrid strawberry business. Today he is known for excellence in both: strawberries and paintings.

Poems by John Judson

PURE HISTORY

Is it time to
roast the turtle,
and, cupping the shell
on the coals,
watch cracks widen
the years of camouflage,
hear Chinese voices
seep into our separation?

Or do we follow
another tradition,
haruspicate
on the entrails
of the bird whose
eye has seen
both before us
and behind, who
has swallowed what
we knew of
as horizons?

Or shall we cease
speaking? Let
what waters there are
seek their own
levels, so we can
kneel to drink them,
bending beyond the
blue-backed image we
bear downward, toward
something that slakes,
something that always
has and always will
escape sand?

AMERICAN POPCORN

for Robert Francis & my wife

It is so God-damned hard
and brown, closer
to its center and more

compactly kernelled than
any nut;
but just once

expose its tough
skin to fire,
and right before

your eyes it
pops, changes, be-
comes twice

its size,
pure as cloud.
It is then,

at once, what
real poets &
dancers have had to,

because of their
God-damned close
kernelled & nutty

centers,
feed on.

HUNTING WITH ABE TUTTLE, LATE OF THE KINGSTON PARSONAGE

"Why, thirty years ago, right out of school,
I thought I understood science and
the world I lived in. That's the danger of
an education to someone born to ideals.
Never since have I made that mistake.
Why, I don't even understand how the roof
of my own home stands up to all the weather
it does to keep me dry. Hell knows, I wish
my skull could do the same for everything
that's under it!" And he went on, chuckling,
sticking a birch stick into the fire
before our tent, not so much for effect
or the point just made, but to lift one of the brands
and to study it, then to set it
back against the larger stump he based
his fire on, so it had space to burn.
I edged him on. "Why? Did you think the world
needed you to understand the way
it wants to work?" he laughed. I couldn't tell
if it was at me or at something else,
his former self, perhaps; then rubbed the wart
that for all my years had grown to characterize
his chin. "No," he said, "but a man may find
something, early, in him that doesn't want
to understand the world or himself or the way
the wind does or doesn't get behind
his sails, and he becomes like someone in my choir
caught suddenly by a sermon whose reach astounds
him, and he wants to cease singing
and become part of the audience before
the feeling fails, so he might applaud whatever
ghost or god found its way in to raise
this preacher's speech beyond the platitudes
he's sermoned to death and grown bald by.
That's the way it was: what I used to get
from keeping up with Einstein and science news."

"And now?" I asked again, thinking of a
pastorate come unkept while its pastor grubbed
roots and planted corn and seemed the better
for it—at the least a *true* smile was there
below his long forehead, and his right hand
reached beyond officialdom right
in to mine to shake it. . . "And now?" He laughed again
a gentle laugh, and fingered the wart on his chin,
"And now you might say that my delight
is what I've grown to find inside a human
skin...that feeds this wart, where its roots
join all my friends, and makes me appear to them,
only when I'm looking sideways, at dusk,
you understand, like some death mask
of a bald Abe Lincoln."

Mary Carter

On Behalf of the Aunts

by Hazel F. Briggs

To The Secretary Of The Cemetery Association

October 4, 1937

Dear Mr. Primghar:

I am writing you on behalf of my aunts the Misses Elsie, Fannie, Libby, Ruth, and Grace Leslie who live on the near outskirts of Madison and who own a family plot in the city cemetery. You will not remember, but I am sure it is in your records, that my grandfather, Moses Pomeroy Leslie, bought a sizable plot of land so that all his family and their progeny might lie together when they passed away. This lot at one time was located at the far west end of the cemetery and there were no nearby lots available or used at that time. My grandfather was always very foresighted and a man of great privacy. He was, as I am sure were many men of his generation, reluctant to mingle too frequently with the so-called *hoi poloi*, and for this reason he went to the limits of the cemetery at that time to select an adequate spot for his family.

Unfortunately today—and I am sure Grandfather Leslie would be shocked—many people lie adjacent to this plot, people who did not even have a speaking acquaintance with the Leslies, not even with the aunts who are still in the Land of the Living. However, I am aware of the fact that this cannot be helped and I am not reproaching you or any member of the Cemetery Association that such is the case.

This is the last installment of the letters from Mary Carter, the fictional character created in 1939 and recently revived by the author.

The last time I visited my aunts in Madison I found there was considerable disagreement as to where they should lie in relation to each other as well as to their deceased parents and to my mother and her husband who are no longer with us. Unfortunately my father, who was not a Leslie and was not too well received by the family, being as he was in ladies' underwear at the time of his marriage, has been buried on the plot and rightly so, I think. He died subsequent to an unfortunate accident with a horse and at that time my mother, who loved him dearly, insisted that she would lie in no other place than at his side. Hence my grandfather, who was then still alive, relented. And so, my mother and father rest at the feet of my grandparents.

The problem now arises as to how my aunts, when those sad moments come, shall be laid to rest. Obviously the space next to my father should be reserved for me. Not only would none of my aunts like to think she was placed so close to a man—to say nothing of a man whom they did not really know or like, but also, although it is obvious that my father was my mother's husband, my aunts would feel it was something of an intrusion to lie beside him. Hence I want

it definitely understood and recorded that my place, when I am laid to rest, shall be at my father's side.

As for my aunts, there is a problem which we have talked about for some time. It would be most convenient and most simple if the aunts were content to be laid to rest according to their respective ages. This would place them as follows: Elsie, Fannie, Libby, Ruth, and Grace. Aunt Grace is the youngest of them all. She is also quite frivolous, I might add, and often has notions that are most embarrassing to her sisters. It has been their custom, when they appear in public, to flank Aunt Grace and thereby protect her from indiscretions which even she might later regret. For this reason it seems to them unsuitable that Aunt Grace should be at the end of the line and most adjacent to strangers in other plots.

There is another reason and a more important one, I think, why this arrangement is not suitable. During the years they have lived together on the Leslie homestead, Aunt Ruth and Aunt Grace have shared one bedroom. This has been a great trial to Aunt Ruth who, above all, would have enjoyed more privacy. I am sorry to tell you that Aunt Grace has several times been apprehended going through her sister's dresser drawers. She has always stated, when caught, that she was hoping to find some of her own missing possessions. But this argument was so clearly a fib that she was not easily forgiven. Poor Aunt Ruth has even, at times, resorted to locking some of her drawers and her desk. But keys are easily lost in a large house and eventually these precautions have presented other problems. As she grows older Aunt Ruth has also become somewhat forgetful, and in recent years she has frequently been embarrassed by not being able to find the suitable key when needed.

Aunt Ruth therefore—and I have made the above explanation so that she will not seem unreasonable—seriously objects to having Aunt Grace at her side forever. Either side. This seems fair. Although I will admit to you that when they are deceased, their respective places are not really important, it is very important while they are still with us that their minds be put to rest. And once that decision has been made, I would not for anything betray their trust. I am sure you appreciate my position.

Aunt Ruth can safely be placed in Grace's spot at the end of the line and this seems very sensible. Aunt Ruth has always been well received by outsiders and has indeed a very interesting personality if you take time to get acquainted with her. I do not know whether you are aware of the fact that this aunt is something of a poet, and this, I believe, should be noted on her gravestone when the time comes. I think that none of the aunts would object to Ruth's proximity to outsiders. She has much dignity and if she were at the end of the line there would only be two unavailable places for Aunt Grace which would simplify the problem.

There is, however, another obstacle: namely, that Aunt Fannie, who has been most kindly disposed towards Aunt Grace's foibles, has also been most careless at allowing some very sad indiscretions which even Aunt Grace later regretted. Fannie is not the custodial type, being, I am glad to say in other situations, very relaxed and tolerant and rather indifferent. I might add that Aunt Fannie, if you do not object to a certain degree of untidiness, is probably the easiest of the aunts to get along with. She enjoys her food; she sleeps well and soundly; is happy puttering about and very much inclined to mind her own business, whatever that may be.

The aunts therefore feel, and particularly Aunt Ruth who is sensitive to embarrassment, that Aunt Grace should rest between Libby and Elsie, putting her then close to the top. It would be better if Aunt Grace had more dignity. I do not disparage her. She can be very

charming at times. Possibly it has not been a happy situation for her to be the youngest of six sisters. Indeed I don't know how I myself would have behaved over the years in this sadly unenviable spot. But certainly anyone in the future, reading dates on the gravestones, is bound to wonder why Grace, the youngest, should almost head the list. It would seem to make her much more important than she warrants. Don't you think?

And yet, Mr. Primghar, it has been decided that the wishes of my aunts be recorded in your files as follows: Elsie, Grace, Libby, Fannie, and Ruth.

Yours very truly,

Mary Carter

P.S. Perhaps you wonder how Aunt Grace feels about all this. Is she offended or not? Rest assured. She is not, for she told me privately that she didn't give a toot—imagine—what they decided. She told me that perhaps she would not even be buried in Grandfather's plot because she might get married. I am sorry to tell you this is entirely a figment of her imagination, for the gentleman whom she mentioned has already buried two wives. It would be a grave risk, I am sure, for Aunt Grace to be a third in this case. And none of the aunts would approve of such a hazardous step. Furthermore, when I observed the gentleman in question in church recently, I cannot honestly say that he cast one tender glance in Aunt Grace's direction.

Having received no word from Mary Carter for some months subsequent to the foregoing letter, I eventually wrote to her and inquired regarding her health and the welfare of her aunts.

Again another month elapsed before I received the following letter.

To Hazel Briggs

May 27, 1938

Dear Mrs. Briggs:

Thank you so much for your letter inquiring about the health and welfare of myself and my aunts. I am very glad to tell you that we are all well, at least as well as you could expect insofar as my aunts are concerned. They have their aches and pains, but nonetheless I believe that the fine stock from which they come — both Grandpa and Grandma Leslie lived to a ripe old age and were seldom plagued with illness — has stood them in good stead. Even the frailest, Aunt Elsie, who is, as you remember, also the oldest, is bearing up well.

I have been fortunate in arranging that they make at least periodic visits to the family doctor and he is very careful in checking on the most essential features of their health, which is a great comfort to me. Recently I have not been in such frequent contact with my aunts for the following reason.

A few months ago I visited them in Madison and happened to arrive at a time when Aunt Fannie was scheduled to help prepare a

church supper in the basement of the First Baptist Church of Madison. She is, as I think I have told you, an excellent cook and therefore a great favorite with the church ladies when they put on a supper for the congregation. I should add, in case you might think the ladies only like Aunt Fannie for her culinary achievements, that this is not the case. She has a great deal of personal charm and is quite a favorite at all times, especially with the charming wife of their pastor, the Reverend Audrey Hathaway.

Most unfortunately, the day I arrived Aunt Fannie had come down with an acute ailment. I believe it was intestinal, but did not specifically inquire, which made her very miserable, and it was apparent that she would not be able to attend to her duties as she had promised. I might add here that one of Aunt Fannie's specialties is baking powder biscuits. I cannot tell you how popular Aunt Fannie's baking powder biscuits are. You have to eat them to appreciate their flakiness, their flavor, and their wonderful texture. Aunt Fannie always cuts them out with a drinking glass, a small one, which she powders with flour. She says, and I do believe she is right, that a metal cutter does not yield such fine results.

It was unthinkable for any of the aunts to replace her since none of them is at all competent in the kitchen, and in this case the quantity to be prepared called for a really skilled person. It had been planned, in fact, that Aunt Fannie would mix the dough, roll and cut out at least 100 biscuits and that one of the other ladies would bake them under her direction. In other words, you can readily see that I arrived at a moment of great crisis, for none of the aunts felt it proper to go to the supper unless some member of the family had done a share of the work. This would have been most unfortunate as the aunts do not go out very often any more and had had this date marked on their calendar for some time. They had indeed been looking forward to the church supper with much anticipation.

My arrival in Madison at this particular time was therefore most gratifying because some years ago Aunt Fannie, in a moment of generosity—she does not like to share her culinary secrets with anyone—had taught me, after much persuasion, how to make baking powder biscuits. It had been an understanding between us, I will say, that I would never make them when she was around. But at the moment you can see that my presence was most fortuitous, and she was not only glad to have me take her place, but I am proud to say she also felt I would be a worthy, if not equal, substitute.

We therefore repaired quite reluctantly to the church, leaving Aunt Fannie alone at home. She insisted we should all go and that she would be all right, and I am glad to say she was greatly improved when we returned at a later hour.

At the church I was in the kitchen for a good share of the time, as you can imagine, and quite enjoyed myself with the other ladies. When my duties were over I went into the dining room—it is really the church hall—and was most warmly greeted by Mrs. Hathaway who was sitting at a table near the kitchen door with a man whom I did not know, but whom she introduced to me as Mr. Parsons. She begged me to join them for my supper, although they had almost finished, and seeing that my aunts were well occupied with their various friends, I did so. Mrs. Hathaway informed me that Mr. Parsons had been for many years a member of the First Baptist Church, although not in too frequent attendance. His mother, however, had been a prime mover in the missionary society until she recently passed away.

I am glad to say I had on a new silk crepe blouse. It is a soft, robin's egg blue and has a lovely, lace flounce. I must confess the color goes well with my somewhat reddish hair. I might add here

that I inherited the color of my hair from my father, although I understand that his was a bright red. This has been told to me many times because it seems that one reason Grandpa Leslie was so opposed to the marriage of my mother and father was on account of the color of his hair. Grandpa insisted a red-haired man could not be depended upon to be steadfast in his intentions. I have frequently regretted that my father did not live long enough to prove Grandpa Leslie wrong.

Very soon after I joined Mr. Parsons and Mrs. Hathaway, she excused herself to other duties and I was left alone with him.

I am not too accustomed to entertaining gentlemen, as you might know, but Mr. Parsons was not at all difficult to talk with. He told me at once how many years he had looked after his sainted mother and how much he missed her, now that she is no longer in the Land of the Living. He also told me that she had been a superb cook and that he very much missed the wonderful meals she used to prepare. Then he complimented the church ladies to me on the excellent supper they had served and made a special reference to the baking powder biscuits of which, he confessed, he had eaten three.

I hope you do not think I was forward in telling him that I had made the biscuits. I assure you I did it in all modesty, and it seemed quite suitable to do so at the time.

Mr. Parsons and I thereupon launched into a long and most interesting conversation about cooking, meals, and housekeeping. He was, poor man, very bereft after having lived with his mother for so many years. He had never married because of his mother's devotion to him, and, I am sure, of his to her. And he was most understanding of my attachment to my aunts. I think it was his own situation which made him appreciate my devotion to them. So you see, we immediately had a great deal in common.

After the supper Mr. Parsons offered to drive us all home, and since I did not have my car, this was most gratefully accepted. I might add that Aunt Grace immediately decided Mr. Parsons was showing a special interest in her and she simpered quite embarrassingly on the way home. I tried to point out later that evening that he was a good many years younger than she, but this did not deter Aunt Grace from harboring romantic fancies for some time.

You can imagine my surprise when Mr. Parsons invited me the next afternoon to go for a ride with him. He has a very fine Buick car, and keeps it in excellent condition. I found out later that he had even washed and polished it before he picked me up. It was a very lovely afternoon.

Need I say more? Mr. Parsons, his first name is Seymour, and I are going to be married next month. This has been a great surprise to my aunts and I must confess also to me. I had no longer thought that I would have an opportunity to enjoy the matrimonial state—it has always seemed to me that our family was fated to be single. Nor ever, I assure you, believed it was possible for me to meet so fine a gentleman as Mr. Parsons.

I sometimes fear that my lack of domestic experience may keep me from taking as good care of My Intended as his mother did. But he assures me that he is confident of my ability and this pleases me greatly.

I would like to tell you that my aunts are completely happy at my impending marriage but that is not quite so. As far as Aunt Grace is concerned I appreciate the pain it must cause her again to see romance so near and yet so far. She has been, I am sorry to say, quite unpleasant at times. The other aunts object to Mr. Parsons for a different reason.

You may remember that my father was not well received in the

family mainly because he was a salesman of ladies undergarments. Now I assure you immediately that Mr. Parsons does not have this profession. But he does sell and what he sells is not too acceptable to my aunts. Using very modern terms, to which I confess I am somewhat unaccustomed, he is called a Sales Representative and this title pleased my aunts very much when they first heard it, but not when they discovered that he sells septic tanks. No matter how often I tell them that septic tanks are a great boon to people who live in the country, they insist that the product—that is what Mr. Parsons calls it—is indelicate.

Mr. Parsons has explained to me exactly what septic tanks are and I fully accept his explanation of how important they are in improving the lives of country people and I think, if anything, that his profession is one of great service to mankind. But I unfortunately cannot persuade my aunts that this is so.

I think Aunt Elsie, who has shown the most loving kindness to me, does not know at all what a septic tank is and since I have made several attempts to explain it to her, I have now done my duty in this respect.

I am happy to say that none of them objects too strenuously on this account. They are more regretful than anything else and I believe eventually will become reconciled. Presently all their interest focuses on the wedding. There have been so many conflicting ideas on my wedding outfit, particularly what I should wear at the ceremony, that Aunt Libby—who is the most practical of my aunts—finally suggested we consult Mrs. Hathaway. We all agree that she should know much more about these matters than any of us since the Reverend Hathaway is in constant demand to officiate at weddings.

Mrs. Hathaway agreed with Aunt Libby that a white dress with tulle and veil might not be suitable because after all Mr. Parsons is still somewhat in mourning and it would be most painful to embarrass him. She did agree however that a bride is entitled to wear white and since it is fortunately summer time we have decided that I shall wear a white linen suit. I shall dispense with a veil as I do not think it would be at all becoming. I am going to Marshall Fields in Chicago next week to buy the suit and am taking Aunt Fannie along since I feel that it was through her that I met Mr. Parsons.

After the wedding Mr. Parsons and I shall travel in his Buick car to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon.

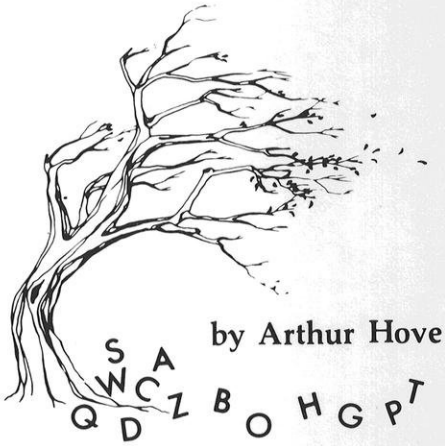
Sincerely yours,

Mary Carter

P.S. Do you not think it interesting that one person's misery can bring another person happiness? If it had not been for Aunt Fannie's illness, I shudder to think that I might not have met Mr. Parsons. The least I can do for Aunt Fannie is to give her a very good time in Chicago. The aunts agree that this is so and Aunt Fannie is quite excited about the trip.

Hazel Briggs, now Mrs. William G. Rice, is also author of a book about her parents' marriage, **Papa Always Met Us at the Boat.**

WINDFALLS



by Arthur Hove

On the Rack

The rack. A once common instrument of torture, an ingenious device used in the Middle Ages. Recalcitrants were put on it; their bodies were stretched so that muscles were extended beyond their limits and limbs came out of their sockets.

A contemporary apparatus with the same name is, on the surface, a much less diabolical contraption: a cage-like affair of thin brass wire (sometimes in a bronze hue, sometimes painted over in black) used to hold paperback books. Its purpose is to provide a compact and eye-catching display space for the thousands of mass market paperback titles peddled in drug stores, discount stores, supermarkets, airports, and bus terminals each year.

Because the rack is primarily functional, it is the titles and covers of the books that hold the most interest. They form an index of what certain editors and authors presume is on our collective minds, what constitutes our national consciousness at a given point in time. A display of covers on the rack can be something like an Impressionist painting, a dappled display of color that is a surface manifestation of deeper realities. The brush strokes in the composition are many and varied.

Another metaphorical construction sees the rack as a virtual cupboard of provisions containing staples designed to satisfy a number of varying tastes. Romance, history, intrigue, espionage, mystery, fantasy, gothic adventure, self improvement, and the exploration of other worlds await the browser as well as the gourmet who chooses to pick from a selection of similar dishes, or from the smorgasboard of reading set out before him.

The display of titles points up a paradox of those conflicting temptations, which are inherent in our modern existence. *Casserole Cookery* and *House and Garden's Drink Guide* rest cheek by jowl with *The Last Chance Diet.* Perhaps the ultimate answer posed by this dilemma of too little, too much, or just enough is to seek divine guidance. *Cooking with God* offers some hope for inspiration combined with moderation.

At the moment, the most prevalent fare offered from the titles on the rack falls under the broad rubric of romance. The titles are easily and immediately recognizable. Fragile but buxom heroines looking limpid, ravishing, and vulnerable gaze out at us. These incredibly beautiful creatures wear period costumes festooned with frills and ruffles. The women are hardly the type you would expect to encounter on any street corner, or pushing a grocery cart down a supermarket aisle. It is hard to imagine that people can be so physically attractive, so well formed, and consistently desirable. Their appeal is further enhanced by their euphonious names, which often serve as the title of the books—*Fauna, Julie, Desiree, Valentina, Shanna, Moira, Joanna, Poppy, Samantha, Rachel, Yvette,* and *Alinor.*

Lurking in the background we generally see some incredibly handsome and well-constructed male who performs two functions: to rescue the heroine from potentially tragic fate and to give her the ultimate ravishing that she needs to realize her full womanhood.

The background is further decorated with a hothouse of exotic and lush flora such as wisteria or bougainvillaea. The only sensory delight missing is the seductive smell of the foliage and the soft music that comes wafting in on a trade wind.

The places where these people live, or where the drama of their lives is played out, are usually large, looming mansions that dominate the landscape like huge monoliths. These places add further to the atmosphere and sometimes contribute their names to the book titles: *Pennhaven,*

Ravenswood, The House on the Hill, Oakhurst, Harmony Hall, and *Castlereagh.*

For the most part, the characters and the milieu they inhabit seem hopelessly two-dimensional. It is significant that the cardboard floor displays used to hold several copies of a particular title booksellers want to push are sometimes called "dumps." The territory described in most of these books constitutes a kind of intellectual dump, a wasteland of the imagination. Nevertheless, some authors have grown embarassingly rich turning out such offerings. Barbara Cartland, for example, has sold nearly 100 million copies of her books worldwide.

Science fiction, science fact, the occult, and fantasy are often mixed into a stew of titles that makes it difficult to tell the difference among the individual ingredients. Earthly menace is manifest in *The Omen* and *The Amyityville Horror.* Outer space, real and imagined, contains almost limitless possibilities. Earthlings are forever embarking on voyages to the unknown. Conversely, creatures from other galaxies regularly threaten our own rather insignificant planet. *Attack from Atlantis* finds some everyday explorers "trapped miles beneath the sea and by people who couldn't exist." Above ground, *Creatures of the Outer Edge* answers the question: "What lies behind the Bigfoot mystery?" Beyond the earth's atmosphere, there are the strange beings found on the *Dinosaur Planet.*

From android to zooplankton, there is an almost infinite catalog of real and imagined creatures unlike ourselves that populate the universe. One could spend a lifetime studying their variety, examining their mysteriousness. For those who have neither the time nor the inclination to embark on such an adventure, there is a world of personal exploration to be found in the self-improvement, self-fulfillment titles on the rack. The spectrum is exceptionally broad; one can dabble in this or that, or specialize.

Some of this often depends on the inclination of the moment, or on one's perceptions about what are the most pressing contemporary problems and how can they be coped with. To provide initial assistance, there is *A Handbook of Yoga for Modern Living, The Silva Mind Control Method,* and *Kicking the Fear Habit.* For those who feel life is a question of mind over matter, *Exer-Sex* offers "The fantastic new fitness plan that improves your lovemaking. Exercises for sex, for love, for life."

Less specific remedies for less specific problems are offered by *The Greatest Secret in the World* ("The amazing new book that unlocks a new world of personal happiness and extraordinary achievement.") or *GH 3* ("Will it Keep You Young Longer? Is this the Third Wonder Drug of the Century?").

Assistance in dealing with other dimensions of modern living are found in: *Home Energy Guide: How to Cut Your Utility Bills, Instant Vocabulary, Omar: Astrology and the Man, The Complete 1978 CB Handbook, The Diviners Handbook* ("Your guide to divining anything from precious lost objects, precious metals, to the mysteries of your own mind."), and *How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time.*

A much older genre—the Western—has been with us since the penny dreadful and the dime novel captured the public imagination almost a century ago. Although the names of Zane Grey and Owen Wister do not retain their original magic, others have moved in to provide a steady production of hell-for-leather sagas: Luke Short, Max Brand, and today's dominant voice, Louis L'Amour. The titles they produce give a whiff of the openness and wildness of the West. They sometimes reveal that the West was not just Cowboys and Indians: *See Texas and Die* ("Slocum had only one thing to offer, but for a woman like Letty, it wasn't enough."). Obviously, the Fastest Gun in the West does not impress everyone.

Other people's lives generally do, however. And the rack has a supply of them in abundance. In addition to conventional biographies, there are such offerings as *Haywire* ("A stunning confession of a magical Hollywood family. They were beautiful, rich, famous, and damned."), *Hollywood Kids* ("The child stars—their years of cinema glory and the human dramas of their growing up."), *Will Shakespeare: The Untold Story, A Sexual Profile of Men in Power, Great Lawmen of the West,* and *Smart Dads I Know.* Some titles, as is the case with most genres, can be misleading. *Alone of All Her Sex* is not the autobiography of a singular hooker, but a book dealing with "The Myth and the Cult of the Virgin Mary."

For those who simply want to be amused, humor (in various permutations ranging from ribaldry through nonsense to irony) abounds on the rack. Charlie Brown is a regular. So are many other comic strip characters: Hagar the Horrible, Broom Hilda, Andy Capp, Beetle Bailey, Marmaduke, The Wizard of Id, Doonesbury, B.C., Mad, and Tumbleweeds. Other tastes, other forms of humor—*The LAST Official Polish Joke Book, Clones I Have Known* by Sy Clone.

Mystery and crime fiction have never gone out of favor. Familiar names are glimpsed among those in the crowd. Alfred Hitchcock, Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Mickey Spillane, Rex Stout, Ellery Queen, Ross MacDonald, Georges Simenon, Ngaio Marsh, John D. MacDonald, and Nick Carter provide reassurance that there is no end to the types of mayhem possible in the world.

In the face of this cornucopia of reading abundance, one may feel overwhelmed and convinced there is simply not world enough and time to wade through the pages. To try is to stretch one's intellectual resources beyond their limits. But not to worry, there's even a paperback to help one cope with this crisis of confidence. It's called *The Encyclopedia of Ignorance.* □

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

Wisconsin's Notable Authors

by Orrilla T. Blackshear

Because both librarians and the Council for Wisconsin Writers realized that many of our native authors were neglected, they decided to initiate, in 1972, a writers Hall of Honor. In response to a request by the Council, the Wisconsin Library Association appointed a committee to select the state's most noteworthy writers. The publicity given those first selections to the Hall of Honor soon made it evident that the reading public would be stimulated by the annual addition of other authors, new and old. A standing committee was therefore authorized.

The first responsibility of the Literary Awards Committee, working with representatives from the Council for Wisconsin Writers, was to set up criteria for selection. The guidelines that were adopted required that the authors have or have had legal residence in Wisconsin; that an author could be selected for consideration of the body of his/her work as well as a single work; and that to be eligible, an author must have written a work or works that are a contribution to the world of literature and ideas. With these points in mind, and the recommendation of the Council that only deceased authors (not more than 12) be honored the first year and that in the second year *no more than* three living authors be honored, the Literary Awards Committee has presented as Notable Wisconsin Authors an impresive list of names. (See box.)

In 1973:

August Derleth	1909-1972
Edna Ferber	1887-1968
Zona Gale	1874-1938
Hamlin Garland	1860-1940
Aldo Leopold	1886-1948
John Muir	1838-1914
Reuben Gold Thwaites	1853-1913
Frederick Jackson Turner	1861-1932
Laura Ingalls Wilder	1867-1957

In 1974:

Louise Phelps Kellogg	1862-1942
Increase Allen Lapham	1811-1875
William Ellery Leonard	1876-1944
Thorstein Bunde Veblen	1857-1929
Glenway Wescott	1901-
Frank Lloyd Wright	1869-1959

In 1975:

Ray Stannard Baker	1870-1946
Merle Curti	1897-
Juliette Kinzie	1806-1870
Sigurd Olson	1899-
Helen White	1896-1967

In 1976 the Council for Wisconsin Writers discovered that they would not be able to house memorabilia and files of information about each author selected in a special room in the May House at Fort Atkinson; the entire project was given over to the Wisconsin Library Association's Literary Awards Committee. The name was changed to Notable Wisconsin Authors, the criteria for selection remaining the same.

Wisconsin librarians and authors had seen this project as a way of creating interest in the books of Wisconsin writers. They had not foreseen that the selected authors would have a common thread in their writing. The first nine Wisconsin authors wrote of their home state as a background for their fact or fiction. There is also a unique balance in this legacy of novelists, essayists, poets, historians, conservationists, and children's authors. Many of the honorees are nationally famous for the ideas expressed in their writing.

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER pioneered the study of the West, developing and refining his theory of the role of the frontier in American history. The "Turner Thesis" was first presented to the American Historical Association in 1893 in a paper entitled *Significance of the Frontier in American History.* Another Wisconsin historian on that first panel of honorees is **REUBEN GOLD THWAITES.** He not only wrote well of his own adventures in this new state, but he is also mentioned with great respect for his historical editing of the *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents* (1896-1901).

JOHN MUIR, by the time of his death in 1914, had achieved national recognition as an explorer and naturalist, a pioneer conservationist who has been called the father of our national parks and forest system. In his writings and in his conservation achievements, he warned us about what is happening in our world today.

Out of **ALDO LEOPOLD'S** writing about game management and wild life restoration came his ever popular and still pertinent *A Sand County Almanac* (1949). In 1892 Muir founded the Sierra Club, one of its goals being to carry on the Muir and Leopold tradition by stimulating appreciation for wild land through words and pictures. Sierra Club credits these two men and Henry David Thoreau for the emergence of a new literature—the "literature of man's enduring love for the land."

LAURA INGALLS WILDER did not need the recent television series to make her books for children well known. She already had an appreciative audience. Her "Little House" books are considered 20th century classics.

Other writers on the Notable list who wrote for children and adults include: **AUGUST DERLETH, ROBERT GARD, STERLING NORTH, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, MEL ELLIS,** and **MARGUERITE HENRY.**

Two women writers on this first panel were **ZONA GALE** and **EDNA FERBER.** Zona Gale, born in Portage, used the village settings as background in her novels. One of those, *Miss Lulu Bett,* later dramatized by her, won the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of 1921. Although Edna Ferber was not born in Wisconsin, she did live most of her girlhood in Appleton. She worked on a newspaper there and in Milwaukee. She has written that this background was helpful to her in her later writing.

The esteem with which **HAMLIN GARLAND** is held is expressed in a letter from **WARREN BECK** to the Literary Awards Committee after notification that he was an honoree on the 1977 panel. He

In 1976:

Warren Beck	1896-
Robert Gard	1910-
Sterling North	1906-1974
Felix Pollak	1909-
Thornton Wilder	1897-1975

In 1977:

Chad Walsh	1914-
Walter Agard	1894-
Horace Gregory	1898-
Ella Wheeler Wilcox	1850-1919
Mark Schorer	1908-1977

In 1978:

Roy Chapman Andrews	1884-1960
Melvin R. Ellis	1912-
George Frost Kennan	1904-
Marguerite Henry	1902-
Lorine Niedecker	1903-1970

wrote: "The list made me feel proud to be on it. I was glad to see Hamlin Garland's name; it revived a memory from my graduate days at Columbia when he came and lectured to a group of us, and two of us walked him back to his hotel. He was such a gentle, natural, unpretentious, yet charmingly self-possessed old man that I felt the strangeness of his presence on the streets of that ambiguous region of New York." Garland's *Main-Travelled Roads* and *Son of the Middle Border* vividly recall his years in the Coulee country of western Wisconsin.

Since **AUGUST DERLETH'S** death in 1972, appreciation of his talents has grown in other parts of the United States as well as in his home community of Sauk City. In his lifetime he wrote more than 160 books. In his own evaluation of "Outstanding Wisconsin Books" prepared shortly before his death, he indicated his favorites as: *Country Growth*,.1940; *Evening in Spring*, 1941; *Wisconsin Earth*, 1948; *Walden West*, 1961, *The Moon Tenders*, 1958; *Wisconsin in Their Bones*, 1961; *Sac Prairie People*, 1948; *Countryman's Journal*, 1963; *Village Daybook*, 1947; and *The Shield of the Valiant*, 1945. The quarterly *August Derleth Society Newsletter* carries articles about this Wisconsin writer.

The Wisconsin Library Association Literary Awards Committee works hard. Established in 1973, its members include librarians with a deep interest in Wisconsin authors and a considerable background of reading of these authors. In their meetings it became evident that an up-to-date, comprehensive bibliography of Wisconsin authors was very much needed. Through the Reference and Loan Library of the Division for Library Services, represented by Director John Kopischke, a limited amount of Library Services and Construction Act funds was secured.

AUTHORS BIBLIOGRAPHY

It was my privilege to act as director of the project to prepare a Wisconsin authors bibliography. There were two earlier bibliographies of Wisconsin authors. The *Bibliography of Wisconsin Authors* is a list of books and other publications in the library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. It was prepared, under the direction of Reuben Gold Thwaites and Isaac Samuel Bradley, by Emma Alethea Hawley in 1893, and printed by Democrat Printing, the state printers in Madison.

One Hundred Years of Wisconsin Authorship, 1836-1937 was written by Mary Emogene Hazeltine with the assistance of Harriet Esther Evert and the cooperation of Wisconsin librarians and the Wisconsin Library Association and came out in 1937. There were 903 authors listed with their books in this bibliography.

There is also "Wisconsin's Own Library,"not a bibliography but a book collection; as such it contains some materials that are not available elsewhere. This collection of books by Wisconsin authors was begun by Mary Rennebohm when she was president of Federated Women's Clubs of Wisconsin. Books have been collected from clubs in Wisconsin communities since 1949. "Wisconsin's Own" collection furnished much needed information in identifying authors who had lived in this state.

The search for authors who would be eligible for inclusion in *Wisconsin Authors and Their Books, 1836-1975*, the most recent project, was guided by the following criteria:

1. One who has or had residence in Wisconsin;

2. One who published one or more books.

It was not the intention to include single speeches, lectures, publications of fraternal orders, single magazine or newspaper articles, graduate theses and dissertations, sermons, or state and federal government documents.

There are some authors of technical scientific, medical, and legal books included. Such titles were deemed important in giving a perspective of the kind of writing being done in Wisconsin. In some instances the titles in a specific area show the growth of an industry, e.g., publications of researchers at the Institute of Paper Chemistry reporting on the results of their experiments record some history-making contributions of that industry in this state.

A large number of early and some quite recent family histories were included for the record they give of various periods in local communities in this state. Aiding in the effort to locate authors, librarians and writers in the state suggested authors who were eligible. Librarians in various places had already prepared helpful bibliographies of authors in their regions. The publications of the State Historical Society and the University of Wisconsin Press also provided clues to authors who might have been missed.

The search began with a card index of several thousand names of authors. There was excitement in finding a new author and then verifying beyond a doubt the fact that he/she really was eligible for inclusion. The problem of identifying birth dates, even though the author might still be alive, or death dates was not easy. Individual authors were sometimes reluctant to give a birth date and, contrary to popular belief, men were more often reluctant than women. Even though there was other evidence that an author had Wisconsin roots, there were instances when we could not find a location for those roots. However, every effort was made to provide birth dates and, if the author was deceased, death dates, as well as the locations within the state where the author had been born or had lived. Funds did not permit the inclusion of biographical information, but we did include all of the books written by an author, giving publisher and date of publication or copyright. The number of editions of a book

are given wherever possible. More than 5,300 authors appear in the final count. The time came all too soon when we had to stop searching and put pages together. That point was reached in July of 1975, but the bibliography was not published until October of 1976. We had hoped it would be part of the centennial celebration in 1976—it *was* for those who had worked on it.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

There were many questions about the necessity for a bibliography of Wisconsin authors. Essentially its use is for the person who wishes to find such facts as: what books were written by Frank Spearman; what is his middle name; where did he live, and what are the dates of his birth and death? Was William Maxwell who wrote *The Folded Leaf* a Wisconsin author? What pseudonyms did Laurence Keating use and where did he live? What is Marguerite Henry's married name? What is Herbert Kubly's full name? How many books has he written? These questions and similar ones about other authors can be answered by checking *Wisconsin Authors and Their Books, 1836-1975*. Since the search had to stop in mid-1975, books written in that year but not published before July 1975 are not listed.

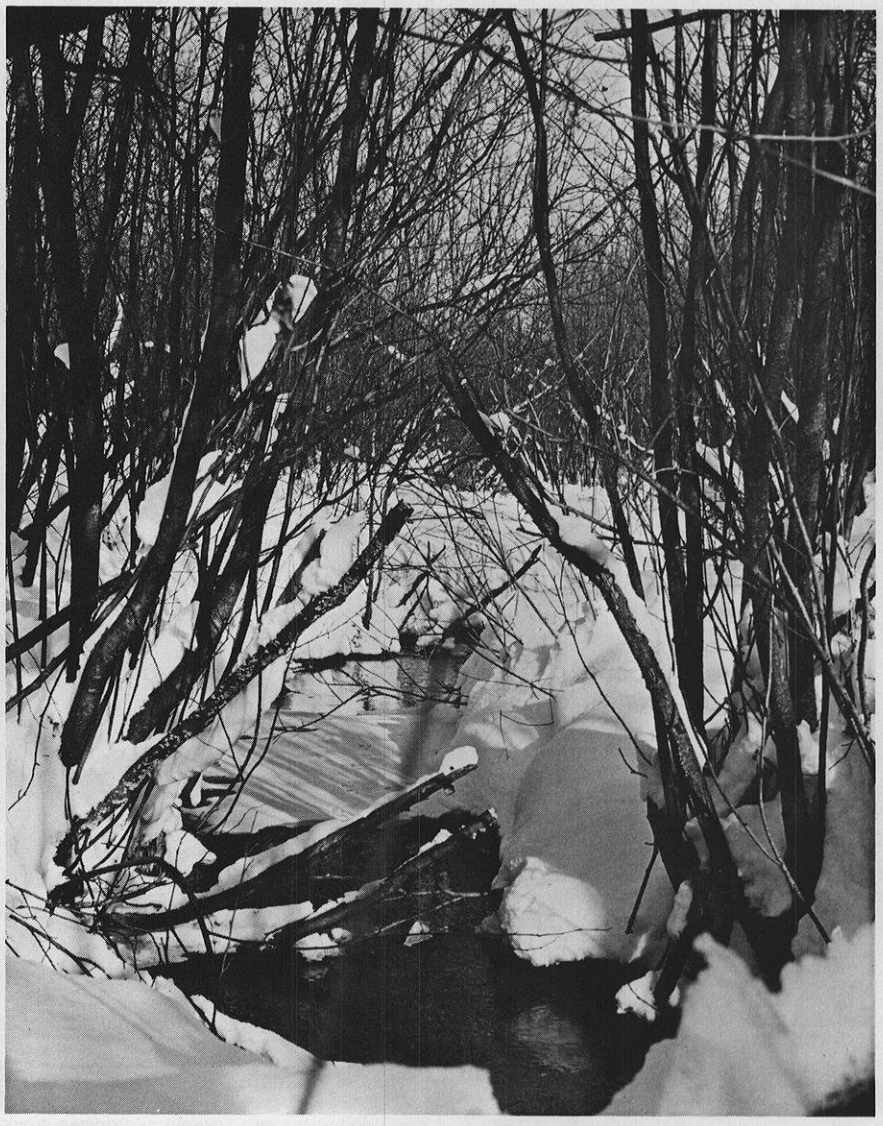
Other states such as Indiana and Ohio have prepared excellent books to identify their native writers. We were interested to find that both states claimed some of the same authors we were claiming for Wisconsin.

THE BANTA AWARDS

In 1973, the Wisconsin Library Association, at the suggestion of the Awards Committee, established an annual award honoring a single Wisconsin author for a book that has made and will continue to make a contribution to the world of literature. A grant from the George C. Banta Company, Inc. of Menasha makes this award possible. The first Banta Award was given in 1974 to **THORNTON WILDER** for his novel *Theophilus North*, published in 1973. The second award was presented in 1975 to **MADELEINE DORAN** for her book of poetry *Time's Foot* published in 1974. **BEN LOGAN** was given the award in 1976 for his delightful book *The Land Remembers*. **RICHARD M. CURRENT** received the award in 1977 for *The Civil War Era 1848-1873*, the second volume in the State Historical Society's "History of Wisconsin" series. The Banta Award winner in 1978 is **REID BRYSON**, University of Wisconsin climatologist, for *Climates of Hunger* published in 1977.

Orrilla T. Blackshear, whose career as a librarian has spanned 40 years, has had a pivotal impact on libraries, not only in Wisconsin but nationally.

BEAVER CREEK, SAUK COUNTY by T.P. Stewart



Mary Michie

continued from page 2

Mary Michie writes about **"An Artist's Eye View of Rural Wisconsin."** An artist herself, she was born in Green Lake County and attended Ripon College, UW-Madison, and the London Central School of Art. Later she lived in Africa for four years, working as a sculptor. Her hobbies are jogging, rowing, and swimming.

John Judson, this issue's featured poet, is a native of Maine who has found the Midwest a place where one can live in harmony with one's environment.

He is the author of five books of poetry: *A Purple Tale; Routes From The Onion's Dark*, and *Within Seasons*, both of which won the Council for Wisconsin Writer's award for best book in 1971 and 1976; *Ash Is The Candle's Wick*, which won the Midwest Books Competition in 1974; *Finding Words in Winter;* and *Surreal Songs.* His radio play "West of Burnam, South of Troy" won an Earplay award from National Public Radio in 1974. The poem **"Hunting With Abe Tuttle"** is from a later stage version of that play produced by the Wisconsin Repertory Theater.

Judson teaches at UW-LaCrosse; is the editor of *Northeast*, a small literary magazine; the editor, publisher, and printer of Juniper Press; and an editor of the UW-LaCrosse's Center for Contemporary Poetry's "Voyages to the Inland Sea" series. He is presently at work on a novel.

Harry A. Friedman, author of **"Levi Burnell: Milwaukee's Forgotten Idea Man,"** put a lot of himself into his article. In the letter accompanying his contribution he writes, "The deed is done, granting me surcease from a mounting trauma of having to trail a ghost. There are no pictures, letters, or personal effects to be had. I traced every Burnell and likely descendant of Levi's three married daughters in and around Milwaukee without finding a single person even remotely related. The most promising source, a newspaper and photograph album of the Burnell clan, is missing from the files of the Milwaukee Public Library's local history room."

With an old-time newspaperman's persistance, Friedman got his story anyway and *Review* readers benefit.

Orrilla T. Blackshear, who wrote **"Wisconsin's Notable Authors,"** initiated her career as a high school apprentice in the Randolph community library. Most recently she served on the Governor's Advisory Committee for a conference on library information services.

Some of the highlights in between: Wisconsin Librarian of the Year in 1962, teacher of library science at UW-Madison, president of the Madison Library Board, assistant director of the Madison Public Library, WHA radio "book talk lady" for 20 years, and prime mover in the establishment of the South Central Library System.

Orrilla T. Blackshear

Photo by Douglas Wollin

Harry Friedman

Have you ever, in your wildest childhood dreams, imagined that you're standing in front of your house, hearing band music in the distance? The music grows louder and louder and louder. A huge band, drumming and tuba-ing and trumpeting and crashing cymbals at full volume marches right down your street and into your very own front yard. They are playing just for you!

Fantasy?

It happened on October 12 to **Rosa Fred**, co-author of the article **"Chaos on Campus"** in the last issue of the *Review.*

Rosa and her husband, Edwin B., who was president of the University of Wisconsin-Madison from 1945 until 1958, live, conveniently enough, at 10 Babcock Drive.

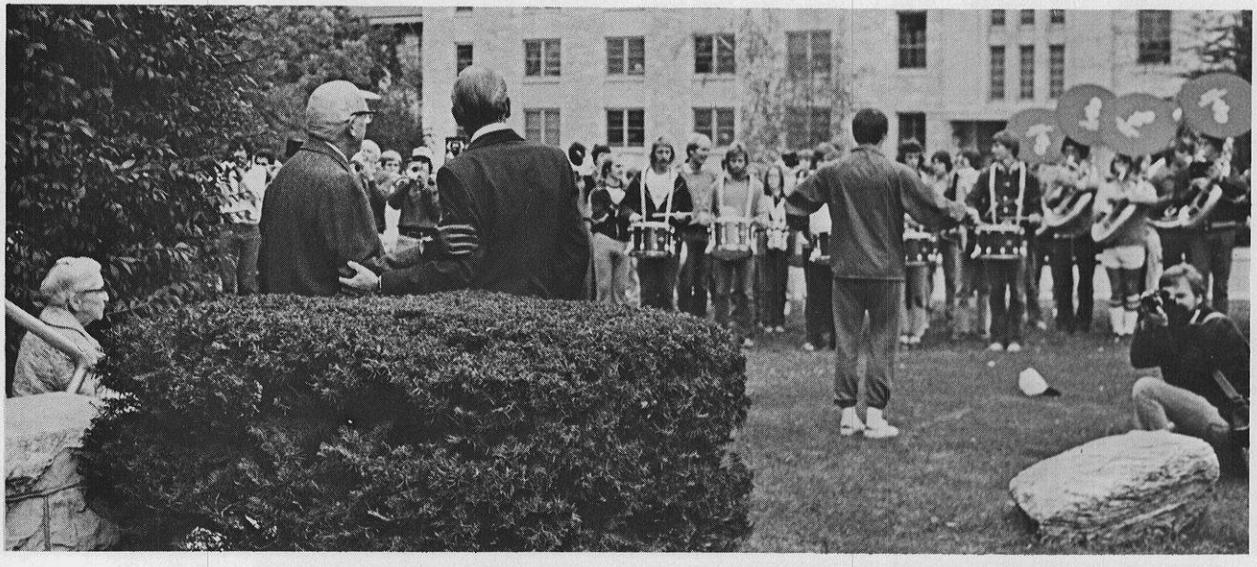
"I've been chasing bands ever since I was a child," exclaimed the delighted octogenarian, who enthusiastically clapped and kept time to the music, "but this is the first time one has come to me."

The Academy staff made the arrangements and **Dr. Michael Leckrone** and the young men and women of the UW Marching Band made possible an unforgettable half hour for the Freds, their daughter, co-author of the veterans article Gladys Kauffman, and the Academy staff, who wouldn't have missed it for all the sciences, arts, and letters in Wisconsin.

Photos by T.P. Stewart

Rosa and Dr. Fred

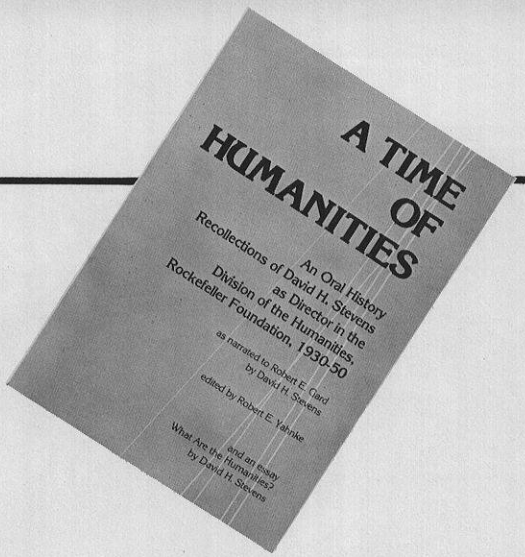
In your own front yard: a band, Michael Leckrone directing



Humanities in Crisis

David H. Stevens, born and raised in Wisconsin, was director for Humanities of the Rockefeller Foundation from 1930-1950. He emphasized the development of new ideas and programs particularly in the field of far Eastern studies, American literature, American studies, and college and community drama.

According to Robert Gard, who recorded Stevens' thoughts, "Stevens' memories of work in which he was engaged during a crisis period in history throw into relief many personalities and programs that have become vital to an interpretation of the country and its values. It is the first time many accounts and adventures have been published. Every library and individual seriously concerned with humanistic development in America should have the book for reference, and for much of the detail that has been missing from other accounts."



These are the recollections of David H. Stevens, Director of the Division of the Humanities, Rockefeller Foundation, 1930-1950—as narrated to Robert E. Gard, Wisconsin's foremost man of letters, and edited by Robert E. Yahnke, with an essay, "What Are the Humanities?" by David H. Stevens. Published by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in association with Stanton & Lee, the book is available for $6.19. Checks should be made out and sent to Stanton & Lee Publishers, Sauk City, WI 53583.

BLACK EARTH CREEK, CROSS PLAINS by Pat Irvin

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

SPOOKS: THE HAUNTING OF AMERICA - THE PRIVATE USE OF SECRET AGENTS
by Jim Hougan; William Morrow, New York, 1978. 478 pp. $12.95.

It's hard not to get hopping mad while reading this book. Jim Hougan, ex-resident of Racine and a UW-Madison graduate, and now Washington editor of *Harpers*, spent the past four years trying to find out what has been going on in the world of private intelligence. Digging beneath the familiar litany of names like Watergate, ITT, Chile, and Lockheed, Hougan preceptibly probes the inner-workings of a "secret metropolis the size of Pittsburg" that threatens our democratic society. As Hougan points out in his introduction, "*Spooks* is an effort at excavation in an area usually identified as 'off-limits'—it's something of a map and scorecard." He could add that it's a terrifying nightmare.

Just what constitutes a *spook*? The word itself is gray and vaguely mocking, full of ambiguity and a lack of definition. Still, the term is very apropos; America, Hougan emphasizes, has become a haunted place as its intelligence agents (tens of thousands of them) move from the federal campus (CIA and FBI) to the more profitable private sector. He is not directly concerned with the CIA and federal spying but rather with the "Mission Impossible" agencies whose clandestine operations are available to the highest bidder. More often than not, their clients are the upper crust of the financial establishment—Hughes, Hunt, Rockefeller, Getty, Ford, and Mellon as well as the pioneers of spookery themselves, the multinational corporations (ITT, IBM, Exxon, GM). Even the MacDonald's hamburger chain, Hougan tells us, has become a player by putting Intertel (a large, private intelligence firm nurtured on the Bahamas' Paradise Island) on its payroll to investigate two of its own franchise holders. The list, quite frighteningly, goes on and on.

By also shadowing the affairs of professionals like Mitch WerBell, Robert Maheu, Norm Casper (referred to by his colleagues as "the friendly ghost"), Bobby Hall, and others, Hougan weaves a tattered tapestry of payoffs, kickbacks, assasinations, and revolutions. We watch Robert Vesco, the mysterious "man behind the scenes" of the Watergate affair, wield his power and engage people like Orlando Bosch (anti-Castro political terrorist), Paul Louis Weiller (reputed to be the orginal "French Connection"), Mafia boss Sam Trafficante, the Drug Enforcement Agency, and 2,000 submachine guns in a bungled attempt to eliminate "socialism from the Western hemisphere as a whole." Or we follow then Vice-President Richard Nixon, Greek shipping tycoon Stavros Niarchos, Big Oil, and the CIA in an effort to destroy Aristotle Onassis. And then there's the wild struggle over the barely functioning organism known as Howard Hughes and his immense wealth, a bizarre tale with more twists than the best John Le Carre thriller.

We also discover that it's not just Nixon, the right-wing H.L. Hunt, and the conservatives who are involved in this "spying," but the liberals and left-liberals as well—Stewart Mott, the Kennedys, and Larry O'Brien just to mention a few. As Hougan later states: "Nixon is a convenient fall guy whose banishment to San Clemente tempts us to believe that the worst is over." Rather, spookery itself has spread with a vengeance, corrupting everything and everybody it touches.

Perhaps most astounding are both the breadth of the private intelligence operations and the incestuousness of its corrupt universe. From the Bahamas to Burma, from Indonesia to Italy, the spooks do their thing with the likes of the Park regime in South Korea, "Baby Doc" Duvalier of Haiti, and the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. And the "incestuous" nature of these exploits is represented best by Washington attorney Edward Bennett Williams whose clients have included: the *Washington Post*, Richard Helms, Robert Vesco, the Democratic National Committee, Bobby Baker, Senator Joseph McCarthy, Jimmy Hoffa, and master spook Robert Maheu. These names (and Williams') pop up over and over again in *Spooks*.

The future does not appear bright. Hougan quotes an authority who claims that "for every bugging device in the hands of government, there are 300 in the private sector!" Likewise, since World War II, multinational corporations have established their own intelligence agencies, enabling them to operate either above the law (in most cases) or to be the law (in Venezuela, for example, the CIA has merged with Exxon's Creole (spying) subsidiary resulting in Exxon's being the CIA and vice versa). The unkindest cut then begins to reveal itself—our tax

dollars have supported an intelligence community that had originally been established to protect the US democracy against alien threats but now has turned inward against the same public on behalf of an industrial sector that waxes totalitarian. To say the least, it is high time we began to reverse the process. Reading *Spooks* is a step in this positive direction.

—Douglas Bradley

Douglas Bradley, a freelance writer from Madison, recently joined the Wisconsin Academy as an administrative assistant.

AN EAGLE TO THE WIND by Mel Ellis; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1978. 141pp. $6.95.

The last time I wrote about Mel Ellis it was to unload my contempt for the cosmetic sportsmen attacking his book *Wild Goose, Brother Goose*. They were calamitously charging him with anthropomorphizing—attributing human qualities to other animals.

Anyone who knows Ellis knows he was falsely accused. He is too good a friend of the animal kingdom to attribute to them the characteristics that have made the human species the great nest fouler of history. That relationship has been recognized by everyone interested enough to read him. The Audubon Society has certified it with an award proclaiming "By making the world a better place for wild things, you have made it a better place for mankind."

The cosmeticians dislike him because he sees man for what he is—a part of nature—a stubbornly reckless, at times mindless, part. They prefer to think of man as a separate entity with nature as his plaything.

The commercial tuna fish interests proclaim a right to slaughter dolphins because they take "our" tuna. The beautiful loon is being helped to the brink of endangered specieship by trigger-happy "outdoorsmen" who are outraged by the loon's harvest of "our" fish. Otter trapping is similarly rationalized.

In this book Ellis again shows his disdain for those who view nature as a vast smorgasbord to be plundered for man's profit, table, and the gratification of his compulsion for capricious destruction.

He does it in this drama of the backwoods by the development of the character, Gifford Pinchot, a repulsive head of a frontier family, in contrast to his sensitive wife and equally sensitive but circumstantial son. The husband looks on the creatures of the wild only as fodder for his belly or competition for the food supply. In either case they must be destroyed. Thus it is that the son, Dyland, is required to stand helplessly by while the clod of a father nonchalantly axes to death baby owls whose nest came down with a felled tree.

The story is set in the wilderness near Lake Superior before the turn of the century. It involves the grim struggle to wrest existence out of a defiant environment. Also the struggle of the 15-year-old bastard child to resist his Oedipean compulsions, which finally tear him from his home and his cultured schoolteacher mother, who married a frontier Caliban to provide a name for her son.

Ellis uses a pair of eagles—Teelon and Taalon—to sharpen the dichotomy between the son and the makeshift father. The father wants them destroyed because of the threat to his chickens. The son, enchanted by the beauty of their flight and their majestic freedom, refuses to kill them. Instead he kills the rooster that protected the hens from the preying eagles.

Unfortunately, the eagles appear in the story far too infrequently. When they do, the author writes of them in the inspired style that has made Ellis fans of so many of us.

—Miles McMillin

Miles McMillin recently retired as editor and publisher of the **Capital Times.**

STUDY SKILLS FOR THOSE ADULTS RETURNING TO SCHOOL by Jerold W. Apps; McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1978. 237 pp. $4.95.

For anyone considering going back to school, this very practical guide offers sound advice on basic study skills and a touch of self-confidence building as well. Many of us who have returned to the hallowed halls of learning find both factors necessary to sharpen up underused academic abilities and to shoo away the mini-dragons of self doubt. It is written by a man who knows from experience, his own and that of many other mature students including me, some of the imagined and real problems facing the returning learner. Jerold Apps himself returned to school to obtain advanced degrees and, in his present capacity as professor of continuing education at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, has helped many others to successful academic encounters as well.

The book reflects Apps' common sense approach to improving communication skills and his insistence on an understandable writing style. His tips on jargon-free, clearly expressed prose are ideas he practices in this book as well as preaching and teaching them. His work is a comfortable friend full of homely tips and encouragement for all students. (I shared my copy with our college-freshman daughter.) Topics covered include a start-to-finish commentary on coursework. Listening skills, notetaking, and examinations are discussed in simple and reassuring terms. Communication and thinking skills are also emphasized. A special chapter for graduate students gives nitty gritty information designed to make the process of getting advanced degrees easier to understand.

This book is a worthy addition to the ten works Apps has already written. In subject they have ranged from the barns of Wisconsin to natural history, from works on community decision making to the philosophy of education. The

theme which underlies all of his writing is a sense of wonder at the human condition and an effort to explore with the reader how we arrived at where we are and how we can use our knowledge to go farther. He begins with the simple and understandable, and systematically expands the horizons of his readers.

Although he is now chairman of the continuing and vocational education department at UW-Madison, Apps is still very much a learner with us. The philosophy he expresses is the code by which he works: "Whether we believe it or not, we are and must be continuing learners all of our lives. We are students constantly."

I do have one regret about the book. I wish it had been available at the beginning of my foray into academia-round-two instead of at the end of the process. I probably would have returned earlier and found the path smoother. For anyone with even an inkling of an urge to embark on professional improvement or just-for-fun learning adventure, I recommend this paperback traveling companion. It provides a useful roadmap to better learning.

—Bette Salmon

Bette Salmon is a doctoral candidate in land resources, UW-Madison, and a member of the Dane County Board.

ONLY IN SUMPTER by Erhart A. Mueller; Worzalla Publishing Co., Stevens Point, 1977. 278 pp. $6.95.

Historians have always dealt mostly with prominent men or heroes, with wars, with facts involving countries, states, or cities. Fortunately some writers are concerned with villages and farms, their inhabitants, their local heroes or "characters," and their traditions. None is better qualified for such a study than one who lived there all his life, observing the changes that took place, hearing stories, watching the tearing down of buildings, sharing the interests, the joys and griefs of his fellow citizens.

Erhart Mueller is such a writer. He was born on a farm in Sumpter Township, Sauk County, and as a youngster he would have liked to become a teacher. Instead he was needed on the farm, and after graduating from high school remained there. However, he had an interest in reading, especially books on history. In his spare time he kept on reading and eventually started writing. Retired now from farming, he has given form to the data that he had collected from conversations, documents, records, newspapers, and cemeteries. The result is the book *Only in Sumpter.*

The book consists of 25 chapters, each one a story in itself. Some are biographies, such as "Prescott Brigham: Pioneer," "Meletiah Willis: A Yankee," or "The Rattlesnake King." Others are histories of families, such as "The Accola's of Schweitzer Thal" or "The J.P. Kindschi Saga." "Miss Lu's Diary" gives a picture of the life of a rural teacher and of rural schools at the end of the 19th century. "Murder at Shark's Hollow" and "The Strange Disappearance of Mr. Preuss" are detective stories. "The Coming of the Badger State Ordnance Works" shows the impact that the establishment of this United States government powder plant has had on a rural community.

Portraits and pictures of houses, farms, and buildings illustrate the text. This book may interest all those who enjoy reading about life on the land in the "good old days."

—Maurice E. Perret

Dr. Maurice E. Perret is a professor of geography at UW-Stevens Point.

WISCONSIN IMAGES edited by Michael Wm. Doyle; Lewis Koch, photography editor; David Huebner, graphic designer; Wisconsin Arts Board, Madison, 1978. 95 pp. $3.95.

A striking piece of graphic design laced with a tasteful selection of typographic elements, this soft-cover edition presents a melange of black-and-white photographs, poetry, and short stories loosely unified by the fact that the artists were inspired by living in Wisconsin.

The book was published through a Comprehensive Employment and Training Act grant aimed at sponsoring community and public service activities by unemployed Wisconsin artists.

Left without a fiber of continuity to tie together its content, the book overlaps the works of ten very talented contributors as it moves inconclusively from page to page. Perhaps if more caution had been devoted to organizing the elements presented in the book it would flow more smoothly and less confusingly from photo to poem to prose. Frustratingly, the book turned out to be a collection of visual and literary art intended for greater things.

But the volume is not without its individual merits, which are numerous and provide singularly enjoyable moments for the reader.

All of the photographs are well printed, many carry strong and enduring compositions, few relate thematically to each other. The short stories are contemporary vignettes drawn from the observations and experiences of the authors. The poems bring forth solitary reflections of various moods and views inspired by what can be called the *Wisconsin experience.*

Most importantly, this volume has provided an opportunity for Wisconsin artists to share their creativity with a potentially large audience. In this sense, their labors were successful in contributing to an imposing publication and an esthetically laudable accomplishment for the Wisconsin community.

—Pat Irvin

Pat Irvin is a Madison editor and photographer who is currently the public information specialist for the Dane County Regional Planning Commission.

SUBJECT TO CHANGE by Felix Pollak; Juniper Press, LaCrosse, 1978. 36 pp. $3.50 soft cover, $8 cloth.

Many of these poems have appeared in literary magazines and are, as one expects of this poet, intelligent and witty or painful explorations of the human condition. Those in section I. SCHERZOS are a tense conjunction of the traditional with the mod. A cerebral poem dealing with an admonition from Rilke is then followed by "Popular Song," a satire on some of today's idiotic lyrics. It ends with the pithy "How I Got Myself Trapped":

"It was easy.
I took one right step
after another."

II. ETUDES begins with "Bach," a beautiful though frightening delineation of his music that concludes with:

"And though the snake forever
stares at the bird,
vindictive to swallow his song,
the palpitations of joy are
exuberant
in the throb of disaster . . .
listen."

The imagery is startling throughout. Snow covered lawns, driveways shoveled clean become in "Winter Landscape":

"The unframed lithograph
of a sleeping zebra."

"The Funeral Home":

"Hunched at night it looms,
like an assassin,
laughing with one gold tooth."

Evoking Horace in a chilling example of what poets are supposed to do: examine the underside, force us to think outside the mold, is "Astronaut." One seldom comes on such lines—seemingly written to test a condition best described by T.S. Eliot in *Four Quartets:*

"Humankind cannot bear very
much reality."

Continuing in this genre, ironical and highlighted with wry humor, are several others. Less successful is "Widow," not so for being inexpertly wrought, but rather because we are like outsiders to an in joke. And then we come to the last poem, "A Day," which casts its strange shadow toward the third movement of this book.

III. NOCTURNES. The work here is not easy to define, for somehow Pollak reaches outward best when he is reaching inward. Articulating brotherhood with Beethoven and Milton, he involves us artistically and emotionally. The poems are less descriptive of the oncoming darkness than manipulative, forcing the reader to experience its inevitable and bitter progression. In the mode of the terminology of this volume, here is a kind of pavan, the concluding lines of Felix Pollak's "Reality":

"My eyes remember
the forgetting of sight.
They remember the melting
of contours, the fading away
of colors. My eyes have memories
of losses. My eyes
are forgetting to remember.

"It is like speech going
into muteness. It is a deafening
of eyes, it is like a candle's
burning past its wick, it is
like impotence, as one lies
beside the beloved.

Intolerables
are like a succession of stairs:
one intolerable
always leading to another."

Subject To Change is a small collection wherein are poems to elicit smiles and concerns. They are samplings from a fine craftsman.

—Edna Meudt

Edna Meudt is a well-known Dodgeville poet.

LEAVE YOUR SUGAR FOR THE COLD MORNING by Warren Carrier; St. Andrews Press, Lurinburg, N.C. 1977.

A line from one of the poems in this collection asks, "Who is that man in the white mustache?" The majority of the poems try to answer that question—for the reader and for the poet.

Warren Carrier, chancellor at the University of Wisconsin-Platteville, is an accomplished and oftentimes complex poet. His verse is not the kind that flows along with pleasant but virtually insignificant undulation. His words must be chewed several times before they can be thoroughly digested.

His present collection is divided into five sections, each dealing with a segment of the poet's life, each a separate voyage of discovery. For the most part, the poet is on the road—sampling the various manifestations of life in such contrasting locales as the New Jersey beaches, the high country of Wyoming, Montana, and Nevada, the tourist-worn haunts of ancient Greece, the snowy stillness of the wintry Wisconsin landscape. His is not just a simple transworld trek, sampling and comparing the quaintness of this place and that—but a passage of the soul. Along the way, people make love, separate, grow older . . . and die.

The poet matures as he travels, learns to husband his resources—to, indeed, leave his sugar for the cold morning when it will be needed most. The world is a place of oftentimes searing contrasts. The harsh and the gentle intermingle. We do our best, gain our greatest understanding when we can recognize that: "Beauty happens and we live with it."

One of the best defenses, as always, against the sometimes debilitating crudities of the world is a wry sense of humor, a recognition that much of life is ironic, and perhaps meaningless. Carrier's lines and sometimes his entire poems represent a playful dealing with some of life's more demanding

realities. "I live in my head," he explains, "and track my days in pages and talk."

For the poet, there is no end to the search. The road is endless, yet it must be traveled. Where is he going? "My direction is only the track of my words," he responds. Those willing to make the journey with him will find that it is an impressive trail to follow, full of surprises and pleasures.

—Arthur Hove

Arthur Hove is the Wisconsin Academy Review's essayist in residence.

ECHOES FROM A PEACEABLE KINGDOM by John Bennett; William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 1978. 53 pp. $6.95.

John Bennett's sixth book is about his walk with his daughter through the zoo. The collection is loosely based on the Biblical passage where Adam names the animals in Paradise.

In the best poetry written about animals, the reader learns new things he had not known before. Unfortunately, much of Bennett's observations deal with insights already familiar to us. There is no need to write that a giraffe is tall. Flashes of more penetrating observations by the poet do come through. Bennett writes about the giraffe as,

"held up by subtle strings of
nothingness,
it seems to walk the sky,
not subject to the earth of
gravity."

In various places throughout the collection, Bennett's academic preoccupations destroy the mood of the poem. He is professor of English at St. Norbert College in De Pere. Words such as *sacerdotal, mustelic, protophallic, megatherium,* and *melanistic* seem a bit too fancy to use in a poem. Bits of French and German are also thrown into the text. Foreign language phrases have a tendency to alienate the reader. Otherwise, Bennett's verse moves with a lively gait across the page. There is a tone of musicality since the author employs end rhyme. Many times, the lines rhyme alternately.

When the images appear visually vivid, they are impressive. Writing on the mole, Bennett says,

"Star-nosed or common, always
velvet-skinned,
the mole lives deep beneath the
softest wind,
denies display, and loves
obscurity. . .
He has apartments underneath
the zoo."

Sometimes the various animals are merely listed without ever being described. Bennett does well when he tells us about his subjects such as the cassowary,

"On three-toed feet. . .its
feathers hang like tendrils
from a shape ovoid and high;
it turns its head and blinks
a lizard eye against the sun."

In the case of the pangolin, the poet calls it "the dragon mammal with its plated hide."

Echoes From A Peaceable Kingdom is more than a photographically visual stroll through the zoo with Jennifer. The peacefulness of the animal kingdom is contrasted to man's world. Bennett sees man's environment as ritualistic. The poet from De Pere opposes war and violence. Bennett comments,

"Warlike men
who lace the long autumnal
nights with fear,
who shake the woods and
crack a small heart's rhyme. . ."

One could disagree with the author who says that the environment of animals is more peaceful than man's kingdom. Of course, the zoo animals do live in a controlled environment. Animals in the wild live in a world that threatens their survival daily. Some mammals, such as the shrew, may kill 100 times as much as they need for food to live on. That does not destroy the fact that the book is fun reading. John Bennett's lively use of active verbs sees to that.

—Reinhold Kaebitzsch

Reinhold Kaebitzsch is a Madison poet.

Just Browsing

WISCONSIN: FORWARD! by Marion Fuller Archer; McRoberts Publishing, Inc., Fenton, Mich., 1978. 223 pp.

Here is a school children's text by Oshkosh author Marion Fuller Archer that attempts to cover the Badger State from pre-history to the future. As might be expected in 223 pages, including table of contents, illustrations, and index, the result is a rather sketchy survey, with language that seems too telegraphic for even the upper elementary or lower middle school levels for which the volume is apparently intended. Still, the book is profusely illustrated, including a number of full-color photos. Large type and plenty of spacing make it easy on the eyes, though the same cannot be said for the sans serif type face employed. Printed on a durable, linenlike stock and well-bound, *Wisconsin: Forward!* should stand up to the customary abuse rendered by pre-adolescent scholars.

—J. B.

GUIDE TO INTERPRETING ROCKS AND MINERALS by Carl E. Dutton; Kallas Geological Supply, P.O. Box 1034, Beloit, Wis. 53511, 1978. 52 pp. $1.25, $1.00 for orders of 10 or more copies.

Dr. Dutton knows whereof he writes, having taught geology courses at the University of Minnesota, Wayne University, the

University of Michigan and UW-Madison. His state geological survey work has taken him throughout much of the upper Midwest, and from 1943 to 1977 he was associated with the Mineral Resources Branch, US Geological Survey.

This little (about 5" x 3") pocket booklet endeavors to explain, in the words of the author, "How a few easily determined features of common rocks and the minerals of which they are composed may be readily identified." Nifty primer that it is, the booklet will hardly keep all novices from finding themselves between a rock and a hard place when it comes to identification. Still, it's nice for starters and as a handy refresher reference.

—*J.B.*

FISHING HOT SPOTS IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN: AREA-LAKES SERIES by Robert D. Knops, Recreation Research Co., Star Rt. 2, Box 26, Rhinelander, Wis. 54501, 1976-1978. 72-112 pp. $2.95-$3.95.

Thus far there have been five of these *Fishing Hot Spots* paperback books produced, all focusing on Northern Wisconsin. Included are maps and information for the St. Germain; Lake Tomahawk and Arbor Vitae; Woodruff and Minocqua Sections (1976, $2.95 each, plus four percent sales tax and 50 cents for postage and handling); the Boulder Junction Section (1977, $3.95 plus tax and postage); and the Sayner-Star Lake, Conover Section (1978, $3.95, plus tax and postage).

The series will continue with coverage of other areas of Wisconsin. In the planning stages are ones for the sections of Eagle River, Hazelhurst, Land O'Lakes-Phelps, Manitowish Waters, Rhinelander, and Three Lakes-Sugar Camp.

The books cover up to some 85 "hot spots" in each issue. Nearly all references are to section lakes. Although a few rivers, flowages, and springs are included, there really isn't much on streams. The information is abundant and in good order, however, including a number of lake survey maps; access classification; location; size and depth; water source and nature; shoreline ownership and characteristics; lake bottom type; kinds of fish and, in many instances, where located; boat rental, campgrounds, resorts and other related services; outstanding features, plus a general discussion of each spot.

The work of Recreation Research Co. is a good example of the value of regional publishing, and the *Fishing Hot Spots* series is bound to find a place in the library, tackle box, or duffle bag of many a fisherperson.

—*J.B.*

EARTHWATCHING II (A Collection of Scripts From Earth Watch/Radio) edited by Linda Weimer, Jean Lang, and Whitney Gould; UW Sea Grant College Program, 1800 University Ave., Madison 53706 and UW-Madison Institute for Environmental Studies, 610 N. Walnut St., Madison 53706, 1978. 281pp. $1.00.

"Earthwatch" is the highly successful two-minute daily radio show, featuring information on environmental matters in general and Great Lakes area issues in particular. Begun in September of 1972 under the aegis of the UW Sea Grant College Program and the UW-Madison Institute for Environmental Studies, the program was carried originally by 13 Wisconsin stations. Today, some 1,500 programs later, it has become the largest public service radio series in the state, broadcast to an estimated listening audience of four million people a month via more than 100 stations in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and New York.

As the Roman numeral in the title indicates, this is the second compilation of "Earthwatch" scripts, the first having been published in 1974. The new volume consists of scripts from January 1976 through April 1978. Each of the 246 one-page articles is about 300 words long, and nearly all are gems of concise, creative, and informative environmental writing. They are grouped by chapters on water, air, land, wildlife (plants and animals) ecology, and society (lifestyles, food, climate, waste and resource recovery, and contaminants), and energy (conventional sources, alternative sources, and conservation).

Interesting subjects bear intriguing titles to tempt the reader: "The Wanlass Wonder," on a new standard electric motor design developed by one Cravens Wanlass of California; "A Feathered Fortune," on the profit and environmental threat in the marketing of exotic birds as pets; and "A Marsh Takes Root," on using dredge spoils to create new marshland.

At a price of $1.00, *Earthwatching II* has to be given an environmental "Best-buy" rating.

—*J.B.*

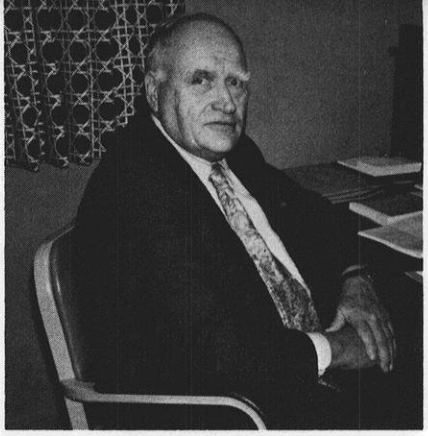
LITERARY CRITICISM
by John Bennett

As for Marianne Moore, she was essentially wrong.
Poetry is a real garden filled with imaginary toads.
There's the magic in it. Earth and sun plus water
with the goddamn metaphors hopping, jumping, squatting
—and everywhere the magic of patterns patterns patterns
learning themselves in the middle of learning patterns.

INSIDE THE ACADEMY

'Transactions' Then and Now

by Forest W. Stearns
Editor of 'Transactions'



It is with some temerity that I use this space to reflect on the *Transactions* of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Temerity is particularly in order—this column recently carried a delightful and penetrating reminder that overcommunication: strident, excess spoken and written words, bites deeply into our few opportunities to read, write, or reflect. We need time to read our *Transactions.*

Let this be a warning to authors, and a reminder to the editor, that communication is best served with brevity and clarity.

Established in 1870, the *Transactions* of the Wisconsin Academy have been a vital part of Academy activity for 108 years. The early volumes reported the activities and papers of several years. Thus Vol. LXV appeared in 1977 while Vol. X, which was published in 1895, covered 1894 and 1895. (Delays of a year or two in publication are nothing new.)

My first contact with *Transactions* came in the years before World War II. The years before 1944 may seem ancient history and the pages of those volumes are often yellowed and frayed—even if some are uncut. Yet early volumes carry ideas that are still fresh, and descriptions (from the pens of Birge, Clark, Fassett, Van Hise, and others) that are crisp and useful.

In a random look backward, Vol. X is a good stopping point. The volume is filled with well-known names. The published membership list was headed by C. K. Adams, president of the University of Wisconsin, and the minutes of the 24th Annual Meeting note that on December 27, 1893, Professor C. R. Van Hise called upon Professor E. A. Birge to open discussion of the question, "How can meetings of the Academy be made of greater interest?" It was this same Annual Meeting that proposed the establishment of a Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey.

Vol. X included as diverse a set of papers as any volume in recent history; its contents included articles on the origin of the Dells of the Wisconsin River by Van Hise, Birge's first paper of the plankton studies on Lake Mendota, the history of early banking in Wisconsin by Hadden and a discussion by A. H. Tolman on English surnames. Other subjects covered ranged from stellar parallax to political corruption and personal ethics.

A glance at Vol. XII for 1900 reveals one of the longest papers—140 pages—ever published by the Academy, "A Revision of Pronouns" by Edward T. Owens.

What of *Transactions* today?

By intent and tradition, the *Transactions* provide a potpourri to interest readers from many disciplines. History, politics, science, and literature are all portrayed.

Transactions, as the name implies, were originally designed to publish papers presented at the annual meetings. This coverage has gradually broadened to include other work of pertinence and importance to Wisconsin. Perhaps the limitation to presented papers should be reinstated. In that way, each paper published would first have received the scrutiny of the Academy.

There are certain areas of work for which *Transactions* have been the outlet over many years. For example, *Transactions* include all of the preliminary reports of Wisconsin flora, a series which began in 1929 with Preliminary Report 1 on the Juncaginaceae and 2 on the Ericaceae, both by N. C. Fassett. That the same volume included a paper on the "Romanticism of Edward Young" by Harvey Hayden Clark is coincidental and characteristic. For the preliminary reports, as for other similar series, *Transactions* provided not only an outlet, but, more important, continuity in publication, a quality useful to librarians and readers alike.

If *Transactions* is to continue in a substantial role, how can it best serve the Academy and the state? Each of us will have different answers. I believe that *Transactions* should continue to provide the publication vehicle and repository for work of particular interest and value to Wisconsin citizens—just as Academy membership spans science, arts, and letters, so must *Transactions* intermingle papers in diverse fields.

Guidelines toward these objectives follow:

1. *Transactions* should continue to emphasize information dealing with Wisconsin science, arts, and letters.
2. Articles in *Transactions* should be moderate in length, reporting ideas and specific studies, not comprehensive monographic works.
3. Papers for *Transactions* should be refereed or reviewed.
4. *Transactions* should refer manuscripts clearly appropriate to specialized journals.
5. *Transactions* should provide quality publication for Academy members. However, since publication is expensive, author as well as editor bear responsibility for holding down costs.

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