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## Correspondence - Thwaites family and Lee Clayton. 1999-2002

Thwaites, F. T. (Fredrik Turville), 1883-1961

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1999-2002

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November 9, 1999

Thomas Thwaites  
1113 Centre Ln  
State College PA 16801-6005

Dear Dr. Thwaites:

I have recently written a short biography of your father. It was originally prepared for a symposium on the history of Wisconsin geologists, at the annual meeting of the north-central section of the Geological Society of America in Madison in 1997, and will be published in *Geoscience Wisconsin*.

I know he was a remarkable geologist, but to thoroughly evaluate his work as a geologist will require many weeks in the archives of the survey, geology department, and university. A huge amount of information seems to be available.

Meanwhile, I could use some help with this preliminary version. I would appreciate it if you could take the time to read it.

I've tried to suggest something of his personality. However, I never met him, so I may have given some wrong impressions. Any corrections will be appreciated.

I made a few comments on his personal life and family background. Are they accurate?

There were several people named Henry Turville, and I may have them confused. Am I correct that the father of Jesse Turville (wife of RGT) was the one who homesteaded here in 1846?

Can you explain the variations in the spelling of Turville?

What was Ruben Gold Thwaites' family background? All the sources I've seen say he was from Dorchester, Mass., but they give no information beyond that.

Page 10 has a comment about Brown University. Can you verify that?

Please correct any errors or incorrect impressions. Any help you can give will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Lee Clayton



1113 Centre Lane  
State College, PA 16801  
January 7, 2000

sent  
7 Feb, '08

Lee Clayton  
Wis. Geological and Natural History Survey  
3817 Mineral Point Road  
Madison, WI 53705-5100

Dear Dr. Clayton,

You may quote us in describing the real Fredrik Thwaites but we wonder exactly what that was. We're seeing him from so many angles it's like the movie Rashomon.

Before he was married, Fred had a dog, Madge, who often accompanied him to the geology department. Madge had the reputation of being odiferous; Turville's Point must have provided many opportunities for an enterprising dog to roll in dead fish. Rumor had it that a student had to pet Madge to receive an A.

After Fred married, Madge no longer visited the geology department. Amy must have stopped the dog's visits. She had been an editor in the geology department for many years and realized how the geologists preferred unpolluted air. Amy also changed Fred's eating habits. For many years he had taken horseradish sandwiches to work every day (The Turvilles were frugal). Newly-married Amy tried all kinds of different sandwiches (probably the women's club type). Fred took them faithfully, but just once uttered a mild complaint. An exasperated Amy told him he could make his own sandwiches from then on. And he did. Until he retired, he made and carried Swiss cheese sandwiches to work every day. Every fall the family would drive to northern Wisconsin and buy a huge Swiss cheese wheel which sat on the enclosed back porch all winter, ready to be sliced any time. We used to smile at Fred's 20 years of Swiss cheese sandwiches, but as it turned out, Tom topped his record, with almost 30 years of Swiss cheese sandwiches.



Before Fred retired, the Geology Club made up a song to the tune of "On top of Old Smoky" which went something like this:

On top of a drumlin, All covered with till,  
We left Freddie Thwaites there, And he's standing there still.  
The glacier flowed east, And the glacier flowed west.  
The ice flowed in circles, The strait attest.

If there are any more verses, we would love to know.

Tom and Barbara Thwaites



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(814) 237-7703  
ttd2@vicon.net  
January 30, 2000



Lee Clayton  
Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey  
3817 Mineral Point Road  
Madison, WI 53705-5100

Dear Dr. Clayton:

We apologize for not writing to you earlier but we hope that our remembrances will help you at this late date. We have sent a copy of your letter and biography of Fredrik Thwaites to Bill and Carol Thwaites (Cape Meares, 6001 4<sup>th</sup> St. NW, Tillamook, OR 97141-9313). (wthwaites@oregoncoast.com). Henry Q. Turville(4<sup>th</sup>?) may be able to help you with information about the Turvilles. His address was formerly P.O. Box 561, Madison, WI 53701 but the last time we heard from him he was in poor health and we did not hear from him this Christmas. We would very much appreciate a copy of your biography when it is finished.

For more information on the Turvilles try local historian, Houghton Drives at 2822 Marshall Court #10 in Shorewood. We were unaware of the variations on the spelling of Turville.

According to Frederick Jackson Turner's memorial address (published by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1914) "Reuben Gold Thwaites was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, May 15, 1853, the son of William George and Sarah Bibbs Thwaites, natives of Yorkshire, England, who had come to Massachusetts three years before. His early schooling was at Dorchester, and in the fall of 1866 he came to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where for six years he worked on the farm, taught school, and prepared himself in the studies usually pursued in the colleges of that period."... (We understand that Sarah and William were divorced some time after coming to Massachusetts, leaving Sarah to support three children, with no money to send Reuben to college, or even high school.) "By 1872 he was on the staff of the Oshkosh 'Times,' for which he reported the Democratic presidential convention in Baltimore that year. In 1874-75 he was a special student in Yale College, taking graduate courses in English Literature, Economic History, and International Law... While pursuing these studies young Thwaites supported himself in part by newspaper correspondence. Returning to Wisconsin, he removed to Madison and became, in 1876, managing editor



of the Wisconsin 'State Journal.'" In a little over 25 years he wrote 15 books and edited and published 168 additional volumes.

With such a busy father, Fred seems to have been closer to his mother and to have spent much more time with her. Jessie Turville received a degree in botany from the University of Wisconsin and was interested in botany all her life. Bill Thwaites remembers her informing him about botany, including botanical terms, and her supervising his planting a garden when he was small (she died when he was six and Tom was eight). In World War I she was very active in French Relief and received an honor from the French government.

1938  
-6  
1932, 1930

About three years after Fred's birth, Jessie had a girl, Sarah (?), who died from diphtheria as a baby. We don't know that Fred ever came down with diphtheria but we understand that his sister's death made Jessie decide to delay Fred's starting school until he was 10. He learned to read with the magazine Scientific American. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes was another early childhood favorite; in his 70s he could remember each story in detail and quote from it. Because of his isolation, Fred escaped catching childhood diseases as a child; however, when he was in his 50s his sons brought home various childhood diseases which he caught and became so ill he almost had to be hospitalized.

His early playmates were his young Turville cousins who all lived on Turville's Point. They were a clannish bunch who didn't much care for outsiders. When their elders sold a part of the land to a religious assembly, the children gathered snakes from a stone wall and let them loose from a rowboat, yelling, "Look out for the water snakes!" The snakes swam for shore to the great consternation of the religious people who were in the water. The children bombarded the assembly's tin roof with cannon firecrackers which must have brought the hellfire warnings very close to the communicants. The cousins also bombarded houseboats that moored within range of Turville's Point. Once young Fred and his cousins shot the Turville cows with blunt arrows until the cows jumped over the fence (milk production fell off.) The children built a tree house and named it The Secret House. In it they stashed The Secret House Library of Demoralizing Literature (mostly adventure novels such as King Solomon's Mines). Two of the gang were girls: Helen, who was "born good" and Catherine, who was the most inventive in planning mischief (but it was Catherine who married a minister, had 4 children and died in the flu epidemic of 1919-20).

When Fred went to the UW, the students were sometimes adversarial toward each other. He told us about the yearly fracas between the engineers and the lawyers when he was taking engineering. (Our son, who is named after his grandfather, is an engineer). Fred's class's motto was: "Hit 'em with sticks, Hit 'em with bricks, Varsity, Varsity, Naughty-six!"



Some time after Fred received his Master's, he was accepted by Brown University to enter the Doctorate Program (the UW did not give doctorates in geology at that time). He was accepted for the program but just before he was to leave he became ill. Recovering from his illness, (probably psychosomatic) he gave up his plan to go to Brown. (My recollection differs from Bill's who thinks Fred was headed for Yale and my wife's who thinks he was headed for Chicago) We understood that his lack of a doctorate, his disinclination to try to curry favors with the powers that be and his avoidance of faculty meetings and faculty get-togethers kept him from advancing from Assistant Professor.

He was rather shy, reserved, unassertive but gentle and kindly. He let his wife manage their house and personal life. He didn't want any hassles. He liked a quiet, orderly life. We remember his mild complaints, generally in the evenings: "There's too much confusion around here!" He was often pessimistic. In the 50s and 60s the family often drove to the west coast. Each time he would say, "This will be our last trip" (and, of course, one day it was). But he did have a sceptical mind and wry sense of humor. He told us how when he was young, his elders were very concerned with giving children "wholesome" food but whatever was wholesome was generally cheap; whatever was expensive (like fruit or desserts) wasn't considered wholesome. (The Turvilles were always frugal). His weekly family letters were delightful, his understated humor enlivening the most ordinary events.

He was happiest in the field. When Amy was ill, he cooked something called Island Stew for the children. He had lived on this mixture of boiled bacon, potatoes and macaroni when he was working in the Apostle Islands and living on a food allowance of 50 cents a day. (He could have bought fresh lake trout from the fishermen very cheaply but he never ate fish). He was surprised that his children wouldn't eat Island Stew because he had enjoyed everything connected with the field.

The only picture we have of him smiling is the color picture of him at his Devil's Lake mapping class, which is in the hall of the geology building. Prof. Robert Dott very kindly made copies of it for Bill and for us. Some of Tom's most treasured memories are of the two times he was allowed to accompany his dad for the mapping class when his school's spring vacation coincided with the university's. Tom was given a stout stick and told that his job was to stick close to the girl students to protect them from snakes. He didn't realize for many years that the snakes were all hibernating in the early spring and that he was really a chaperone to protect the girls from any unwanted (or wanted) advances of male students. Fred was always concerned about keeping a good reputation for the coed mapping classes.



One of his Fred's glacial geology students named a glacier that flowed out of the mountains and on to the ocean in the Antarctic, "Thwaites Ice Tongue." (It has since broken off from the mainland and is now Thwaites Ice Island). Many of his students went to Antarctica but Fred never got to see it.

Sincerely,

*Barb & Tom Thwaites*

Barb & Tom Thwaites

V  
T

Bill & Carol Thwaites  
6001 4th Street NW  
Tillamook, OR 97141-9313

marked 5 Feb  
Rec'd 8 Feb, '00

Lee Claton  
Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey  
3817 Mineral Point Road  
Madison, WI 53705-5100

Dear Dr. Clayton:

My brother Tom has sent copies of your original letter to him, their response to you and the draft of your and Attig's piece about my father F. T. Thwaites.

The draft clarifies many details regarding Dad's professional life that I was only vaguely aware of. And I want to let you know how much I appreciate your efforts in this regard. Reading the draft brings to the forefront many thoughts that I have had off and on about my brother's and my own professional lives. Neither of us made it to full professor either.

In thinking about our professional lives and that of my father, I have often placed all the blame on Dad's father, Reuben Gold Thwaites, who died 20 years before my own birth. I can recall my surprise when my junior high history teacher heaped praise on my grandfather and reminded me of how ashamed he would have been of my puny efforts in her class.

Until that time I had thought of R. G. Thwaites as a **rather evil and distant person**, a terrifying **tyrant** who nevertheless was afraid to carve a turkey because of the strict specifications demanded by his wife Jesse. To think that R. G. T. had friends and devout admirers was a novel thought to me at that time.

Since then I have tried to fit things into place around the hypothesis that **Reuben was a pretty impossible role model to have** around the house. He was so successful that **no mere mortal son could ever hope to measure up to his exacting specifications**.

I remember that my father told me of his father's disapproval of **his choice to study engineering**. Reuben apparently thought that **Greek or Latin** would be far more respectable and academic. I guess that Reuben thought of engineering as **no more than a trade school**. So Dad switched to geology, a change that only partly satisfied the desires of his father.

When you mention that Dad refused to study **German and French**, I can see that as fitting perfectly into the father-son competition hypothesis. Reuben had edited the "Jesuit Relations" from French archives. He was, as I understand it, a master at languages. To study German and French would have, in my father's eye, put him on the same stage with his father. And there was no way that he would let himself in for that. (Of course his father was now dead, but these intra familial competitions transcend life and reality.)



My wife, Carol, has a different take on the story of the Thwaites males. She attributes the problem to a genetically based lack of sensitivity as to how others will react to our actions. If I were to go for a genetic hypothesis, I would opt for an exaggerated awareness of our own fallibility.

I would like to amplify Tom's thoughts about Dad's **relative happiness at work** to that displayed at home. I recall that my mother complained that other faculty members frequently came home for lunch and that Dad never did. My mother was a very demanding person and their three sons created far more noise and confusion that Dad could stand. So Dad spent as many moments at work as he possibly could. When he was late coming home (perhaps four out of five days as I recall) it was always because someone had come into his office "the last minute" just as he was about to leave. That person always got priority over coming home to noisy kids and a demanding wife.

When I was in my early teens I recall helping load a truck for the annual Devils Lake trip. Dad was bouncing around with a lively gait and a friendly smile that I had never noticed before. He laughed at the off color humor and profanity of his students. He was a totally different person than the one I knew from home.

My principal recollections of my father are based on the home version. While there, almost everything he said was in a whining tone. "Now, what did you say? There was so much confusion. I didn't get it." and "I'm sorry, I couldn't see it. It was in the blind distance." Towards his sons, the tone was a harsh command with only a tinge of whine, "Stop the rough house. We've GOT to get to bed." or more of a wounded cry when he would say, "Say! But that's hot!" as he dropped something my mother had put on the table. Home life was largely misery for my father. Eventually Tom and I left the house to pursue academic careers, but my younger brother Bob (possibly **autistic**) never left home.

But disliking home life is one way that I did not follow in my father's footsteps. I think I put in an honest day's work, but I loved it when I could slip out a bit early to go home.

Anyway, thanks again for your efforts on my father's behalf.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Bill Thwaites". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

Bill Thwaites with Carol's input on genetics



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February 11, 2000

Houghton Drives  
2822 Marshall Court, #10  
Shorewood Hills WI 53705

Dear Mr. Drives,

I am writing a short biography of Fredrik Turville Thwaites. His son, Tom Thwaites, suggested I ask you some questions I had about FTT's mother's family, the Turvilles.

There were several Henry Turvilles. Was the Henry Turville who homesteaded the Turville Point area (1846) FTT's grandfather?

Why did the family name change from Turvil and Turvill to Turville around the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century?

I have the impression that there were several homes on the Turville farm for various Turville relatives. Is that right? Also a commercial green house and a small boat works?

FTT and parents, and latter his wife and boys, lived in house on the Turville farm for about three decades. But in 1938, when his mother (Jessie) died, "the Turville estate sold the house," so the family had to move (to Roby Road). Why was that?

*Tom Thwaites*

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January 4, 2001

*Bill & Carol*

Tom and Barbara Thwaites  
1113 Centre Lane  
State College, PA 16801

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Thwaites,

Thank you again for your comments on FTT.

Our editor says I must finish the manuscript. Attached is my last revision, with some additions from your and Bill and Carol's letters. Would you check again for any misrepresentations? *Tom + Barbara*

Sincerely,

X-Sender: wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu  
X-Mailer: QUALCOMM Windows Eudora Pro Version 4.1  
Date: Thu, 11 Jan 2001 13:27:49 -0800  
To: Lee Clayton <lclayton@facstaff.wisc.edu>  
From: William Thwaites <wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu>  
Subject: Dad's biography

Dear Lee,

I can't thank you enough for doing the research to put down Dad's life on paper. We have many remembrances of his father's life, but very little on Dad.

Your efforts have shown me that my own recollections have been altered a bit by time and circumstance. I also realize that my views of Dad's life at work were often filtered through my mother. Dad rarely spoke his difficulties in the Department. It was up to Mother to fill us in. Even so, I don't think she enjoyed the task.

What Dad did talk about were people such as the technician? E. H. J. Lorenze. Countless times I heard the story that Lorenze would shout out, "It's a humbug, a swindle, it's graft!" When asked what "it" referred to, Lorenze, we were told, would stop for a moment of reflection and then say, "Oh, why the city council of course."

And I remember Mother saying that Dad took unwrapped pickle sandwiches to work in his sweater pocket. Horseradish and Swiss cheese is probably more accurate. I recall that he liked both.

Here are a few minor suggestions, if it is not too late:

- page 5 line 2 reference should probably be "Hotchkiss and T..."
- page 8 line 4 "were" to "was," and "One" to "Two" (Tom or I, not Bob)
- page 8 line 6 insert "unwrapped" between "his" and "horseradish"
- page 11 line 6 change to "interests. In general he"

References: Dad wrote an article for National Parks Magazine about his trip to Yellowstone and the Grand Tetons in 1902? 1903? with his father. I think it appeared in the late 50's or early 60's (probably before his death). It is significant because it is probably the one thing he published with first person pronouns and humor in it. We have the issue, but like almost everything else, it is still packed somewhere while I finish building the house.

Thanks again -- Great job!

Bill and Carol Thwaites



X-Sender: wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu  
X-Mailer: QUALCOMM Windows Eudora Pro Version 4.1  
Date: Fri, 12 Jan 2001 12:42:34 -0800  
To: Lee Clayton <lclayton@facstaff.wisc.edu>  
From: William Thwaites <wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu>  
Subject: Re: Dad's biography

Dear Lee,

My mother was known by her family and friends as a stern old maid when she married at the age of 33 or 34. That isn't terribly old by today's standards, but at the time I guess it was. Dad was 11 or 12 years older than she, and was known for being an introverted confirmed bachelor.

Yes, I think you are right. They met in the Survey office where Mother worked as a secretary. She had obtained a masters degree in geography by that time. Her undergraduate major of German had not been the best avenue to employment in the darkness of WWI. During the war she worked for one year as an English teacher in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The year of her death (1980) we found a partially unpacked steamer trunk used when she returned to Madison. In it we found a post card from an Army base in Texas. It was from one of her several Chicago relatives who was in training there. The card was a picture of the training platoon. The text told Amy that she could "have her pick" of the men the relative was training with. The card showed that she had already obtained a reputation of being the extended family's non-drinking, non-dating prudish man-hater.

Mother occasionally took advantage of this reputation when it came to practical jokes. During her tenure in the survey office one of the geologists was preparing for a trip to Africa to do geology. Mother called the newspaper and told them that this fellow would be leaving for a big game hunting safari to Africa. She told them his name, description, and the train that he would be leaving on. The reporters leaped at the story and met the geologist as he prepared to depart on the train. She said that the fellow played along with the ploy and told them of the game he hoped to bag while in Africa. And Mother said that no one ever suspected her of perpetrating the joke. The survey office people tried and tried to figure out who had called the reporter. They knew from the start that the sober, straight-laced Amy Mueller could NEVER had done such a thing.

Another of her rare tricks Carol and I experienced first hand. During our occasional visits to Roby Road after my father's death, Carol and I had criticized my mother's almost religious attention to writing the purchase date on every can, bottle, and box of food she ever bought. She even put rubber bands on milk bottles to show their relative ages. We offered that were she to be a little less prepared for WWIII or civil unrest, she might not need to date everything.

Then a year or more later we noticed that there were dates on the toilet



paper! We went to the top of the stairs and called down to her that this was going too far. Outdated toilet paper should not be a serious concern. Surely the paper didn't need to be dated.

Both Mother and Bob ( who lived with her until her death in 1980) were in on the joke, and both broke into howls of laughter. Carol and I had been taken in completely. Again it was Mother's normally sober and stern demeanor that had kept us off guard.

Mother had wanted daughters. All she got were sons. Dad was too old for children and I think I have told you how he would yell at us, "Stop the rough-house! We've got to get to bed. We're not a young as most parents." The implication was that we might succeed in making ourselves orphans if we did not behave.

Mother seemed as if she didn't like or fully trust men in general. Many smelled of alcohol and/or tobacco. "You could never tell when the alcohol a man has been drinking will go to his head." And then, who knows what he might do. As a child I would wait for the next bus if a man with liquor on his breath was also waiting for the bus.

And mother claimed that the men in the Geology Department would still be zipping up their pants as they exited from the lavatory. Horrors!

So I always wondered why my father and mother had gotten married. (Her first child was born some three years after their marriage and after she had her fallopian tubes expanded with nitrogen gas in an effort to conceive) I can only guess that it was the same lack of assertiveness that held Dad back that she found attractive. And Dad neither drank nor smoked.

Mother often told us that before she entered high school, her parents had told her that "good girls don't go out in high school." Mother apparently took this to heart and simply dropped the "in high school" part of the admonition.

As I reached adulthood I gradually discovered that Mother was really a racist (as I suppose nearly everyone who grew up in the virtual absence of Africans was). While Martin Luther King was still alive, she told us that the southerners were right about "keeping blacks in their place," and she said that King had been "duped" by the communists.

Both she and Dad voted for Joe McCarthy in elections after his anti communist paranoia had started to contrast so vividly with our traditions of democratic freedom. However, in the last election before McCarthy's death they actually voted for his Democratic opponent. It wasn't that McCarthy was threatening the underpinnings of freedom. No. They found out that McCarthy was a heavy drinker.

Before I go on complaining about my mother, I should say that I now realize

that she was right about a lot of things: the importance of education and hard work, the extreme importance of honesty, and, I suppose, many other things that I take as being part of my own basic nature. I owe a lot to her. But living with her wasn't always pleasant. Tom probably can not be this generous, even twenty years after Mother's death.

She would often criticize Dad in public. I can still hear her say at a restaurant, "Fred! You're spilling all over yourself!" And he would sit and take it. I suppose that he thought of this humiliation as his punishment for getting married. After Dad died Mother would do the same thing to poor Bob.

Well, much of this is a bit too personal and too detailed for publication. I tell you all of this to sort of give the flavor of Dad's home life. He much preferred being at work. I think it was only during the brief times when he had a daughter-in-law around the house that he actually enjoyed home life.

Hope this is of some help.

Bill

At 10:32 AM 1/12/01 -0600, you wrote:

>Dear Bill and Carol,

>

>Yes, there is time to make those changes-things tend to move at a glacial

>pace here

>

>I just read the biography "Frederick William Sardeson, Geologist,  
>1866-1958" (2000, Minnesota Geological Survey Bulletin 48, 203 p.). He was  
>an outstanding geologist who studied Wisconsin as well as Minnesota  
>geology, but he is most remembered for the upheaval when the University of  
>Minnesota fired him. I was struck by the fact that his wife is scarcely  
>mentioned. A spouse must be important enough in many professional lives to  
>deserve more than passing mention. This reminded me that I know little  
>about Amy Mueller except that she was FTT's student and a Survey (not  
>Department?) secretary. Would you add a little background?

>

>I think the University archives has her letters and diaries, but it will be  
>a while before I can sort through all that. Over the years, students of FTT  
>have reminisced to me about him, but some of the stories are probably  
>second or third hand and can't be trusted. One story concerns her. When  
>Amy was secretary, students were teasing FTT that she was interested in  
>him. He broke the ice one day by putting a bouquet on her desk and walking  
>away without a word.

>

>Thanks for the changes!

>

>Lee

>



>  
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1113 Centre Lane  
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August 1, 2001

Dr. Lee Clayton  
Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey  
3817 Mineral Point Road  
Madison, WI 53705-5100

Dear Dr. Clayton,

We are very grateful to you for sending us the copies of Geoscience Wisconsin with the article about Tom's father written by you and John W. Attig. We gave the extra copies to our children. Becky, who was 5 when her grandfather died, scarcely remembers him, and Fred, who was 3, doesn't remember him at all, but your biography has made him a real person to them. Tom and I especially appreciate your account of his father's professional life.

In your article you mention two short autobiographies (Thwaites, 1954 and 1961a) and a short biography by Bailey (1980). Do you know how we could obtain a copy of them? We plan to be in Madison the Labor Day weekend but I suppose the Geology Department and the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey will be closed for the holiday.

Thank you so much for sending us your article.

Sincerely,



Barbara Thwaites



1113 Centre Lane  
State College, PA 16801  
ttd2@vicon.net  
September 11, 2001

Dr. Lee Clayton  
Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey  
3817 Mineral Point Road  
Madison, WI 53705-5100

Dear Dr. Clayton,

Thank you so much for sending us copies of Bailey's biography, G.F. Hanson's notes on a talk by Fred Thwaites, and Fred Thwaites' autobiography. We especially appreciated Hanson's notes. They are far more personal than anything else and helped us in trying to understand Fred's life and his personality. We didn't know the notes existed and we're very grateful to you for finding them, citing them in your biography, and sending us a copy.

I'm enclosing a memo to you that we found between the papers on Fred.

Thank you again.



Barbara Thwaites

1113 Centre Lane  
State College, PA 16801  
January 25, 2001

Lee Clayton  
Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey  
3817 Mineral Point Road  
Madison, WI 53705-5100

Dear Dr. Clayton,

Thank you for sending us your manuscript. I apologize for taking so long to reply. Two small changes:

Fred Thwaites' 1962 article in National Parks Magazine on camping in Yellowstone with his father and mother is entitled: "Through Yellowstone and the Grand Tetons – 1903."

Before he married, Fred took a horseradish sandwich for lunch almost every day. After their marriage, Amy, full of housewifely enthusiasm, put the kibosh on horseradish and started making fancy woman's club type sandwiches. When he mildly protested, she declared, "You can make your own sandwiches from now on!" And he did. For the rest of his working life, he made his own sandwiches, always swiss cheese, but he carried them to work in a bag. Tom and I thought that was being in a bit of a rut until we realized that for six years in graduate school and 30 years in the Penn State physics department Tom made and carried his own swiss cheese sandwiches. Thwaites like swiss cheese.

Sincerely,



Barbara Thwaites



**Bill & Carol Thwaites  
6001 4<sup>th</sup> Street NW  
Tillamook, OR 97141-9313**

6 October 2002

Lee Clayton  
Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey  
3817 Mineral Point Road  
Madison, WI 53705-5100

Dear Dr. Clayton,

First I want to thank you for the nice job that you did on the biography of my father, F. T. Thwaites.

Secondly I want to ask if you know of a good repository for a number of his publications that I have included in the attached list. We saved them from my mother's house on Roby Road at the time of her death in 1980. We thought that one or more of our children would like some of them for their family archives. Now, twenty two years later it would seem that this is unlikely. In the meantime we would like to distribute our surplus things in an ordered and thoughtful manner.

With this in mind we ask if you know of any organization or individual who would be able to archive any or all of the items in the attached list, to please let us know.

Sincerely,

Bill Thwaites

## Reprints and related items from F. T. Thwaites:

- Thwaites, F. T. - Leader (1953) Field Guide, Friends of the Pleistocene, Northeastern Wisconsin.
- Thwaites, F. T. (1932) Ground Water Supplies of Allegany State Park, New York State Museum, Albany. N. Y.
- Thwaites, F. T. (1927) Stratigraphy and Geologic Structure of Northern Illinois with Special Reference to Underground Water Supplies, Report of Investigations - No. 13, State Geological Survey, Urbana, Illinois
- Thwaites, E. T. [Probably F. T. Thwaites] (1958 or later) Evidences of Dissected Erosion Surfaces in the Driftless Area, (Separate) – 4 copies
- Thwaites, F. T., Bertrand, Kenneth (1957) Pleistocene Geology of the Door Peninsula, Wisconsin, Geological Society of America
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- Thwaites, F. T. (1928) Pre-Wisconsin Terraces of the Driftless Area of Wisconsin, Bulletin of the Geological Society of America, Vol 39, pp 621-642 – 2 copies
- Thwaites, F. T. (1921) Windrow formation: An Upland Gravel Formation of the Driftless and Adjacent Areas of the Upper Mississippi Valley, Bulletin of the Geological Society of America, Vol 32, pp. 203-314
- Thwaites, F. T. (1921) A Glacial Gravel Seam in Limestone at Ripon, Wisconsin, The Journal of Geology, Vol. XXIX, No. 1 pp.57-65
- Twenhofel, W. H., Thwaites, F. T. (1919) The Paleozoic Section of the Tomah and Sparta Quadrangles, Wisconsin. The Journal of Geology, Vol. XXVII, No. 8
- Thwaites, F. T. (1926) The Origin and Significance of Pitted Outwash, The Journal of Geology, Vol. XXXIV, No. 4. – 5 copies
- Thwaites, Fredrik T. (after 1958) Land Forms of the Baraboo District, Wisconsin. Unknown source, pp. 137-159
- Thwaites, F. T. (after 1961, *post humus*) The Base of the St. Peter Sandstone in Southwestern Wisconsin. Read at 90<sup>th</sup> annual meeting of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, pp. 203-219 – 4 copies
- Thwaites, F. T. (1940) Buried Pre-Cambrian of Wisconsin, Transactions of the Wisconsin



Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Vol 32, PP. 233-2452 – 2 copies

Ekern, George L, and F. T. Thwaites (1930) <sup>G</sup>The Clover Bluff Structure, A Distributed Area in the Paleozoics of Wisconsin. Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Vol. XXV, pp 89-97 – 7 copies

Thwaites, F. T. (1929) Glacial Geology of Part of Vilas County, Wisconsin. The Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, Vol XXIV, 109-125 – 2 copies

Thwaites, F. T. (1927) The Development of the Theory of Multiple Glaciation in North America. The Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, Vol. XXIII, pp 41-164

Thwaites, Fredrik T. (1921) Educational Collection of Wisconsin Rocks. Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, Bulletin No. 63, Educational Series No. 7

Thwaites, Fredrik T. (1952) Carbon 14: New Approach to the Glacial Age. Wisconsin Magazine of History, pp 227-279 – 9 copies

Thwaites, F. T. (1943) Pleistocene of Part of Northwestern Wisconsin. The Geological Society of America (New York) – With two large fold out maps – 2 copies

Thwaites, Fredrik T. (1949) Geomorphology of the Basin of Lake Michigan. Papers of the Michigan Academy of Sciences, Art, and Letters, Vol. XXXIII, pp 243-251

Thwaites, Fredrik T. (1942) Stratigraphic Work in Northern Michigan. Papers of the Michigan Academy of Sciences, Art, and Letters, Vol. XXVIII, pp 487-502 – 2 Copies

Thwaites, Fredrik T. (1933) Well Logs in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan Showing the Cambrian Section. Papers of the Michigan Academy of Sciences, Art, and Letters, Vol. XIX, pp 413-426 – 4 Copies

Thwaites, Amy M. (1931) Recent Stream Intercision. The Journal of Geology, Vol. XXXIX, No7. pp 653-654 – 2 copies

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Oct 16, 2002

Bill Thwaites  
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Tillamook, OR 97141-9313

I will look into the possibilities:

»» The archives of the state historical society (which has about two dozen archive boxes of material in its RGT collection, much of which is sparsely-catalogued FTT material) . I can find out if they want them and ask what they would do with them.

»» The geology department has some FTT material, including albums of department photos with some of FTT and some by FTT. I can find out if they want them and ask what they would do with them.

»» WGNHS has 10 boxes of uncatalogued FTT papers (stored in my office), which I intend to straighten out someday and, if I have time, to serve as the basis for a more complete biography. The publications could eventually go along with the contents of the boxes, wherever that might be.

»» Or we could incorporate them into the reprint files of our reference collection, which is used by WGNHS geologists only. It already has one or more copies of many of those publications. (In addition to books, our reference collection also has 5000 photos taken between 1910 and 1930, including several hundred taken by FTT, each keyed to his field notes in various files.)

»» Or we could establish a FTT Collection in the WGNHS. (The short publications could be bound together into book-sized volumes, including xeroxes of hard-to-find ones.)

What are your thoughts on these possibilities?

Lee



Date: Tue, 22 Oct 2002 12:32:34 -0700  
From: William Thwaites <wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu>  
Subject: FTT material  
X-Sender: wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu  
To: lclayton@facstaff.wisc.edu  
X-Mailer: QUALCOMM Windows Eudora Pro Version 4.1  
X-ECS-MailScanner: Found to be clean

Lee,

Now that I have your E-mail address I can save 37¢.

Thanks for your many suggestions of what to do with my father's various publications.

I suppose the last suggestion -- establishing an FTT Collection in the WGNHS -- sounds the best to me. It seems the Historical Society and the Geology Department already have a lot of material. The Historical Society, having "sparsely cataloged FTT material" might be a very long time in getting it organized since their main interest is probably in RGT material. Furthermore, the FTT material they have may have come from my mother's house at the time of her death in 1980. What we have here may be items that we had then saved for our children.

The second to last suggestion -- incorporation into the WGNHS reprint collection -- sounds OK too. To save on postage you or someone at WGNHS might find out which item(s) on the list I sent is(are) lacking from the collection and we could just send it(those).

Thanks again,

Bill Thwaites

Date: Tue, 22 Oct 2002 12:39:43 -0700  
From: William Thwaites <wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu>  
Subject: FTT material  
X-Sender: wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu  
To: lclayton@facstaff.wisc.edu  
X-Mailer: QUALCOMM Windows Eudora Pro Version 4.1  
X-ECS-MailScanner: Found to be clean

Lee,

I didn't mean to slight suggestion number three -- add to the 10 boxes of FTT papers stored in your office. But knowing how my office looked and how our house looks now, I am hesitant to add to such storage problems. The last two of your suggestions appeared to take care of the problem in a more expeditious manner.

Bill



Date: Tue, 22 Oct 2002 12:50:34 -0700  
From: William Thwaites <wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu>  
Subject: FTT material  
X-Sender: wthwaite@sunstroke.sdsu.edu  
To: lclayton@facstaff.wisc.edu  
X-Mailer: QUALCOMM Windows Eudora Pro Version 4.1  
X-ECS-MailScanner: Found to be clean

Lee,

I keep thinking of things after pushing the "send" button. Here's an electronic version of the list I sent before. If you have need of ordering items that could fill out the WGNHS collection, such a list could save some typing.

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Bill,

There seems to be a general feeling here that a "F.T. Thwaites Collection" is a good idea, and that it should be housed in the WGNHS library.

Our library ("Reference Collection" or "the archives") consists of a room full of material related to Wisconsin geology, used only by Survey geologists. It has a couple dozen floor-to-ceiling book cases of published books, plus a few hundred theses, several thousand reprints, thousands of photos, several thousand field notebooks, microfilm, etc., much of it from the early days of the Survey in the early 1900s. So there is a fair chance that a FTT collection would be well cared for as one generation replaces another, maybe better than if held by the geology department or the state archives.

I don't know what form the collection will take. The main idea would be to make a complete collection of his publications, with originals in restricted access, plus a bound working set of photo copies. Added to that would be a miscellaneous collection of related things (copies of letters, etc.).

Don't discard extra copies of his publications (we'll repay your postage). They can be used to fill out other collections.

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Sent  
Nov 4  
(7 sections?)