Rural artists of Wisconsin. 1948

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Rural Artists of Wisconsin

John Rector Barton

TO

Rural Artists of Wisconsin

Dept. of Art History

This Volume Is Published in Commemoration of the
HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
of the Founding of the University of Wisconsin

Frontispiece—

HARVEST TIME, *oil painting by* Lois Ireland


LOIS IRELAND
1944

Rural

ARTISTS OF WISCONSIN

By JOHN RECTOR BARTON

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To the Memory of

JOHN STEUART CURRY

This book is a fragmentary but convincing record of the vital influence of a great artist, a shy and unassuming man who inspired in everyday people the desire to create something true and beautiful.

Acknowledgments

THIS BOOK *is primarily about people. In addition to its purpose of serving as a human document of rural artists in Wisconsin, it was originally meant to include the seasoned comments on their pictures for which artist-in-residence, John Steuart Curry, was noted. His untimely death in the fall of 1946 has left us without the benefit of his sympathetic yet skilled interpretation. Fortunately, however, he had already helped lay the plan of the book. He took great pleasure in considering the rich choice of possibilities for this series of sketches. He would also be the first to insist that there is merit in the idea of a study which features the human side rather than technical appraisals of the work of these men and women.*

So the first acknowledgment goes to Curry, who believed in these lay artists as people, as well as in the quality of their production. It was he who encouraged the author to undertake the task of interpreting them in this light to the public. He took specific steps to implement this feeling. He interested Thomas Brittingham, Jr., in financing, through the Brittingham Foundation, the biographical research for the text, as well as a very considerable printing subsidy. All of us are indebted to Mr. Brittingham for his generous support of the rural art project. Curry also approached Adolph Bolz of Oscar Mayer and Company about a Wisconsin rural art calendar. I want to thank Mr. Bolz for his response. He and his associates have let us use the twelve color plates and personal photographs of Black, Boose, Burt, Grimm, Ireland, Krug, Lalk, Marty, Monegar, Peterson, Tellefson, Thorp, and Ubbelohde. All of these photographs were taken by Allan E. Wiemer, who devoted much of his own time to the project. I am indebted also to the Milwaukee Journal *for the picture of Mrs. Lela Smith and her prize-winning painting, "Between Beats"; to* Life *magazine for photographs of Ambrose Ammel, Frank Engebretson, Millie Rose Lalk, Lloyd Scarseth, and Earl Sugden; and to the well-known rural photographer, Nick Bruehl, for Ammel's painting "Canada Geese." Most of the photographs in this book were made by the Bureau of Visual Instruction of the University of Wisconsin, to the staff photographers of which I wish to express sincerest gratitude. Thanks go also to Anne Kendall Foote, Eva K. Marks, John H. Kolb, and James A. Schwalbach for help with various portions of the manuscript. Lastly, I must acknowledge my debt to all those rural people who have co-operated so generously in the research.*

Contents and Illustrations

Rural Artists of Wisconsin

ANY PIONEER cultural movement needs definition and clarification. The rural art movement in Wisconsin is a pioneer undertaking. A hundred years ago our settlers were clearing the land and building log houses. Neither they nor most of their immediate descendants had the time or the inclination to understand or pursue fine arts. That remained for the few professionals who maintained a precarious foothold in urban centers; and yet in time, with the growth of settlement and industry and comparative security, it was inevitable that democratic lay movements should arise.

However, a full interpretation of this rural art movement permits no easy generalizations, either from the point of view of the art or of the people who create it. The highly individualistic character of the graphic arts, on the one hand, usually leads to a great variety of expression in technique; on the other hand, the experience of the individual reflects itself in diverse fields of subject matter, composition, and meaning.

The relation of rural art to the true folk arts is that of a friendly though distant relative. Folk art is highly anonymous in origin, while a painting or water color by a rural artist is as characteristic of that person as his or her handwriting. Folk festivals, songs, or designs are the products of generations, authorship is obscure, coherence of form is marked, and feeling runs deep. But in spite of great variation, many rural artists share in common the primitive style of painting which is centuries old, and even those influenced by modern forms find they also tend to acquire a pattern.

As to feeling, there can be little doubt that the rural artist has a deep relationship with his subject matter. He has for the most part spent his life time in becoming acquainted with it. Both rural life and agriculture are still enveloped in nature, despite the increasing focus of rural interests in the social and economic activities of the town and the rapid extension of industrial techniques to the farm.

What the lay artists often lack in training, they attempt to overcome in their knowledge of their subject. Sugden, for example, has such a profound experience of his hills, the wild flowers, and bird life that he feels no need for the dominant values of our modern world. Indeed, he rarely goes to town and never to the city. Krause's response to his northern forests and their history is genuinely reflected in his painting. And few people have more poetic feeling for a tree than Rachel Grimm or Alice Weber.

Others move along to interpret the new conditions

of our social world. Frances Burt seeks to project herself into the currents and problems of our contemporary life, and to portray the movement of people and their ideas. Chris Olson paints with social realism as yet foreign to most rural artists. Others, like Elizabeth Nolan and Arthur Johnson, are experimenting with different types of subject and modes of expression. The rural art group can best be understood, however, in the light of its history.

Eight years ago a state-wide exhibit was planned as a part of the annual Farm and Home Week program of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. No one knew whether enough original work existed to form a show. The idea took shape in the minds of the Wisconsin delegates attending the American Country Life Conference at Pennsylvania State College in September, 1939. Among the delegates from Wisconsin were Curry and Chris L. Christensen, then dean of the College of Agriculture. Three simple criteria for the projected exhibit were drawn up: all participants were to be rural farm or village people, either currently or in essential background; they were to be lay artists, or non-professionals, making their living through other occupations; and their work was to be original.

During the autumn months an intensive search was conducted throughout the state, directly by extension trips from Madison and indirectly through publicity, correspondence, and the offices of county agricultural and home extension agents. Some county agents had become aware of farm painters, a few of whom had already exhibited at county fairs. Newspaper stories brought a few, and rural artists themselves sometimes knew kindred spirits. In two or three town centers, the discovery of one led immediately to another, as they had already come together for mutual guidance and encouragement.

The first exhibit held at the Memorial Union on the University of Wisconsin campus was organized by a Rural Art Committee, in cooperation with the Student Union Gallery Committee. The art work was surprisingly good, although only thirty people from seventeen counties participated. Some who had given up art work under the pressure of other responsibilities submitted work from an earlier productive period. Indeed, there are casualties each year, for many reasons: ill health, lack of time or energy, moving away, or change of interest. But the trend of participation has been steadily upward.

The second year, forty-four men and women entered ninety-one works of art. By 1942 the number of people submitting work had grown to fifty-nine. In 1945 there were sixty-nine. In 1946, one hundred and one people participated, including twenty-eight young people in a junior show. In the spring of 1947, one hundred and five rural artists sought to enter one hundred and eighty-one works of art in oil, water color, etching, pastel, lithograph, and sculpture.

The growth is due to the continual discovery of new

people and to the encouragement of others to begin. For every lay artist who drops out, two have come forward. Often they are obscure people who discount their efforts and have to be urged to put their work up for display. Some are reluctant to face publicity; others use it to sell their work.

Very few of our rural artists are persons of means. Nearly all of them put up a constant struggle to find the time and energy to do creative work. Since most of them lack adequate training, an additional output of time is often felt to be necessary in order to compensate for this disadvantage. Indeed, some are entirely self-taught, and many work under conditions of isolation and inadequate space and light which would appall professional artists.

But the spirit to create is there. Rural people live among growing things and habits of industry persist. Long years of husbandry in agriculture have provided a culture which tends to steady the wayward mind in an age of increasingly varied stimuli and confusion. The synchrony of man's life with the ebb and flow of the seasons, the patient waiting for a crop to mature, undoubtedly strengthens the tenacity with which man pursues his goals.

The full effect of nurturing a crop of plants or animals from gestation through harvest must have a very real effect on the art impulse of human nature. Curry was often amazed at the patient building of a painting by some rural artist, working alone day after day, as if the artist were growing with the picture and patiently expecting a harvest in the end. Measured in terms of dollars per day of labor, the financial returns might be small indeed, but monetary reward is only one element in a system of values.

This nascent development of a people's art may seem unrelated to other cultural art forms in the state, but research into the underlying sources of cultural movements reveals relationships in both motivating factors and conceived values. Parallel growth in the fields of rural drama, social recreation forms, regional and rural literature, and group music presents a striking illustration of the need of many rural people to participate in these art and group activities. Some people prefer these more creative leisure-time pursuits, but it must be admitted that the rural population as a whole are patronizing an inferior quality of movies, jazz, dances, and tavern life as freely as many of their urban compatriots. There are some signs that these amusements are not really meeting their social and psychological needs, but the enormous sums of money spent during the immediate post-war period show no signs of decreasing.

The rural art group probably numbers a thousand in Wisconsin, and its influence may go far beyond its members, but by itself it can do little to turn the tide of passive, undiscriminating amusements. In fact, any "cultural arts" group which germinates a system of values in the creative and, therefore, more permanent types of behavior will remain comparatively weak unless it be-

comes part of widespread education of adults and youth.

Rural art, literature, and music frequently can be traced back to European culture groups, which brought to the new land a rich heritage in folk song and dance, the memory of the folk village artist, and the concepts of more social and co-operative value systems. But a nostalgic glance over the shoulder at these folk cultures will avail us little. Germans and Poles, Irish and Norwegians, Bohemians, Swiss, and others have all brought their gifts to Wisconsin, some to be quickly discarded, others to contribute to the fascinating mosaic of American life clearly discernible in numerous art forms and modes of behavior. But America is fast becoming something more than the sum of these culture deposits, and while a knowledge of our historical background is necessary to understand the older heritage, new concepts, new methods, and even new institutions must arise to direct the dynamic stream of modern living.

So far, the family and the rural school seem to be the chief agencies encouraging rural artists. Some obtain help in idea and technique from a parent or a relative. More often it first comes from a country schoolteacher through the art of the slate and the blackboard. Most rural-town high schools studied seem veritable Saharas as far as any inspiring art education is concerned. The rural school has provided considerable encouragement and some competent guidance. The role of the family has been chiefly understanding at a time when the temptation was to get on with the hard, practical business of making a living. One still hears that farm people have "no business fooling round with art." But it was only fifty years ago that one heard the same thing said about the reading of books.

It is all the more noteworthy, therefore, that hundreds of rural people are drawn to the annual rural exhibits. Many come, no doubt, out of curiosity. Others find a type of art which is close to their lives and can be appreciated. Still others wonder whether they could begin to do something themselves. The honest character of the work, revealed in part by its limitations, invites respect; and the reticence of the rural artist forestalls any tendency to criticize unduly.

The next step is to translate appreciation for the work of these lay artists into concrete steps for placing it in farm homes, rural schools, and community clubs. It was a country tavern in Portage County which first gave public recognition to a young Polish painter for a series of native landscape murals, and the tavern keeper said it was good business. If it is good business for the tavern, it could also be "good business" for the local library, school, or community house. If the work is competent, it would seem more appropriate to recognize native talent than to hang a conventional print of three horses' heads, a blind muse playing a harp, or some other worn-out picture from a bygone age.

Local recognition could also have a salutary effect on the personality of the lay artist. The gossip on the street corner may still refer to him as the queer duck

who paints pictures. This attitude is changing, but approval by an understanding community would hasten the process. It is not enough to remove misunderstanding. We have come a long way from the time when school boys yelled derisively about painters, as they did at a small Kansas farm boy, "Sissy-pants Curry paints pictures." The next step is to establish the wholesome suggestion that the local artist is in reality a credit to the entire community.

The question is frequently asked, "What do professional artists think about this rural art development?" The answer depends, of course, on who the professional is. A few have dismissed it as negligible and naïve, on the assumption that art is hardly to be understood by the layman, much less created by him. But for the most part, professional artists and art critics have been sympathetic. They know that, in the long run, any genuine indigenous art development is fed by people who live at the grass roots, who do the work of the world. When local communities learn to appreciate and use art in their group life, talent will appear in grade and high school, and later in educational leadership.

Conversely, if, in the long run, art is cut off from the people by insistence on subtle techniques and abstruse meanings, we may reap a harvest of art forms which could invite the reaction of the community and hinder the alliance of art with education and community development.

The rural art movement cannot properly be understood apart from the democratic movement. Two centuries ago the common people were regarded as rather heavy civic liabilities. The Danish scholar, Georg M. Brandes, could conceive of culture developing in the great city of Paris to the south of his small nation of peasants, but not in Scandinavia. Rural people, particularly in England, France, or Germany, were supposed to have neither inclinations nor ability to participate in culture-building or fine arts. It was inevitable that the democratic revolution — still in process through universal education and today, adult education — should call into being, among others, a rural people's art.

The pictures in this book do not constitute the last phase in such a people's movement, nor do they record the first stage. But that they form some genuine part of a people's art is hardly to be disputed. They are for the most part direct and unsophisticated, a vernacular in graphics. Some of them reveal excellent color, others unique design in their composition; all of them express a meaning and a truth which will have great value in preventing disdain of rural people and neglect of their institutions.

The average rural town is still ramshackle and crude. The rural schoolhouse is for the most part drab and unvarying in appearance. Some day, we shall start building again: rural community houses, new consolidated schools, youth recreation centers, inspiring country churches. Our rural artists may in time help to pervade

the spirit and the morale of the community with the dignity and meaning of a tangible, cultural ideal. This is not to imply that no higher aesthetic standards are available. It does suggest that the lay artist can influence the standards which the community is prepared to receive.

Finally, we must all struggle with the commercialism of our day and its social system in order to save ourselves from the uniformity which stamps out individuality, the anonymity which threatens mental health, the competitive emulation which blinds us to more cooperative living. Rural society has its part to play in the undergirding of a true American civilization. We do not overlook the fact that country life has its own limitations. Its outlook is frequently narrow and provincial. But there are forces at work which foster creative social values and enrich human life. Urban people, since they inherit much of this good in the personalities of rural people, should seek to understand it and support it. One way is through the people's art.

The Wisconsin Idea sends the resources of the University into all parts of the state and into all its many phases of the arts and sciences. Under this influence, the rural art project has expanded to include regional and local exhibits, local art groups, and educational sessions with various instructors. A full-time extension worker has been added to guide the many activities developed and to initiate new ones. In 1945 the University secured the services of James A. Schwalbach, the producer of the current "Let's Draw" program of the state radio station, WHA. He began the annual Junior Exhibit which is intended to be the open door by which naturally inclined, art-minded young people may enter into a lasting avocation or vocation. If we can inspire our youth with opportunities for active creative expression in art workshops, we will do far more than develop a more extensive rural art movement. We will also lay the foundation for a more healthy social order, the groundwork of a better environment for our children.

AMBROSE G. AMMEL
ROUTE 1, MALONE

Naturalist Craftsman

HE FIRST became interested in the world of subtle movements and minute detail as a small boy. A ninety-eight-cent telescope purchased through a mail-order catalogue enabled him to become intimately acquainted with the birds and animals on the farm and along the banks of ponds and streams. He noticed the characteristic markings of their protective coloration, the habits and movements of each species. He became absorbed for hours in this fascinating pastime and little knew that he was storing his memory with a knowledge which would find expression many years later.

The Ammel family has a long Wisconsin history. Ambrose's grandfather, who was French, was born on a farm four miles east of the shores of Lake Winnebago; and his grandmother, of German ancestry, was born on a farm near Marytown. His father was born and raised on the same farm while his mother came from another farm just a half-mile away. This closely-knit family group accounts for the historical interests of the Ammel children. In the home place on the outskirts of Pipe Village today may be seen many relics of ancestral farm craftsmen: a clock made entirely of wooden parts, a hand-made iron candle-lantern of a design similar to those of Revolutionary-War days, flintlock muskets, and extensive arrowhead collections. The lantern is

an exact replica of early American lanterns which Ammel saw pictured in the old school-day Eggleston History Book.

His eight grades of formal schooling all took place in the Garnet District School Number 3 in Calumet County. He liked to draw pencil sketches of birds in these early years, but not in school; anyone caught drawing pictures in those days was roundly scolded. That was time wasted. Farming was hard work and more practical training was necessary, but one day in the fourth or fifth grade a teacher did appear who adopted a more liberal policy. Her name was Ella McLaughlin and "she was the finest teacher we ever had." Her own interest in painting provided at least an impetus toward the elaborate map drawing in which the schoolboy became greatly interested.

Busy years on the farm followed grade school. It was not until 1910, as a boy of sixteen, that young Ammel began to learn a craft which could express his interest in nature and which was to lead years later into the world of fine arts. He began a correspondence course from the Northwest School of Taxidermy of Omaha, and during the winter he completed the lessons which arrived every two weeks. Little by little he perfected his skill in mounting birds and animals until an enviable reputation was established not only for skillful craftsmanship but for life-like and faithful representation of animal character. He knew how to fashion the characteristic posture of a fox, an owl, or a water bird. So careful has been his work, that even in mounting a small fish not a scale is to be found missing or even slightly out of line.

This minute care for the smallest detail undoubtedly comes from his mother's training. A few minutes' study of the delicate and finely wrought fancy work she has left behind her reveals the artistry of the pioneer farm woman, and the native designs of our folk art. She was one of the many unsung experts who could express a love of the beautiful in the patterns of her day through tatting, crocheting, knitting, and fine needlework.

The interest in oil painting grew directly out of the mounting of birds. He noticed how the beautifully colored feet and bill of a bird would darken and fade after mounting. He then began the use of oil paints to restore the original color. Later, when a rare bird specimen came in for preservation he would make a drawing of it. The next step was to attempt a painting of the mounted bird, using old window-shade material instead of canvas. Finding that he enjoyed the work and that the results were becoming more and more life-like, he gradually freed himself from his models and painted independent designs. It was in 1937 that he started to portray on large canvasses Wisconsin wild life and history.

The most prized picture in his home today is a picture of his grandfather's ancient horse-powered threshing machine depicted from his father's descriptions.

CANADA GEESE, *oil painting by* Ambrose G. Ammel

WIDGEON AND GADWALL, *oil painting by* Ambrose G. Ammel

Most of his expressive oil paintings, however, are of the wild life he knows so well. In his living room can be seen "Great Snowy Owl," "Red Fox in the Forest," "Canada Geese," "Panel of Wild Ducks," "Widgeon and Gadwall," "Owl and Rabbit," and "Pheasants." He painted four large nature scenes during the winter of 1946–47. His method is first to make a complete pencil drawing of his subject, often taking twice as long for the drawing as for the painting. Two of the four subjects were originally still-life photographs of yellow corn and pumpkins which were made by his friend Nick Bruehl, the well-known rural photographer.

Ammel has entered his work four times at the Rural Art Exhibit, and was one of the thirty rural people discovered by Curry and others for the original exhibit in 1940. It was at night in the fall of 1939 that Curry and the author, by following rumors along the eastern shore of Lake Winnebago, paid him a visit. It was the first time Ammel had talked with a recognized artist and the occasion was all the more memorable because he had just been looking at reproductions of some of Curry's paintings in a current magazine.

Only two of Ammel's pictures have been sold, both for the Permanent Collection of Rural Art in the College of Agriculture. This has not been because he lacked buyers, but because he wishes to keep his pictures in his home. He has presented his brother in Fond du Lac with two, but he is not anxious to sell, or to exhibit.

Since 1943 when his mother died, Ammel has been living alone. He does not make new friends easily and one would think that gradually he would take on the character of a recluse. But his many skills and interests keep him busily occupied and reasonably happy. His taxidermy work consumes a great deal of his time in the winter. This past season he mounted fifteen deer heads, four foxes, a dozen ducks and geese, and a number of fish. He is an expert carpenter, having designed and built a large lake-shore log house, as well as a number of boats. He is an enthusiastic gardener and an avid reader. Besides numerous magazines, which he keeps filed, one finds his shelves stocked with good books.

One in particular has been a source of inspiration for his own painting. Nick Bruehl presented him with Rockwell Kent's *World Famous Paintings*, which has strengthened his own desire for careful technique by its portrayal of great craftsmanship in painting. Ammel does not attempt to understand much of modern experimental painting. To him it has nothing to recommend it to the future.

Although Ammel's home is as interesting as a small museum, with its mounted birds, its historical objects and its numerous warm-color paintings, the out-of-doors is his real home. The times spent boating on the lake, walking in the field, and working in his garden are his happiest. His chief complaint is the weather which restricts his movements so often. One winter in Florida was invaluable to him because of the multitude of birds to be identified and studied, and because the climate allowed him so much time to spend in the open. The world of living and moving nature is his home, and his creative activities reflect his deep and abiding interest in its myriad forms.

JOAN AREND
ROUTE 1, ALMOND

Along the Way

JOAN AREND was born in Milwaukee and raised as a school child in Stevens Point. When she was thirteen years of age, her family moved to the farm. For seven years Joan had experienced the thrill of creative learning in the progressive training school of Central States Teachers College. She had learned how to study independently and make her own decisions; she had responded to good books and music; and, above all, she had discovered an unusual interest in art. What fun it had been in the sixth and seventh grades to go to the art room, and, under Miss Carlston's supervision, to model with clay, make colors come alive, and — better still — do water-color sketching in the out-of-doors.

Then came the shock of a different cultural setting, a rural environment, an isolated country school which offered no books and few facilities, less responsive personalities, and an eighth-grade class of only two other pupils. Seven years of comparative security and continuous development for the city girl contrasted sharply with the lack of understanding and social adjustment in the new situation. Failing to find companions, she relied on long walks in the woods with a dog for company. She became introspective, began thinking things through, and finally found the inner resources which must undergird all maturity.

A remarkable family solidarity and democracy helped to provide the backdrop for the new adjustments. Relationships within the family were such that she felt no resentment against the father who changed her environ-

ment. For many years he had built up the family's security through his position as traveling salesman. Although born in Milwaukee, he had worked on a farm as a boy and had never forgotten his love for the soil and the sense of peace and independence achieved by many farmers. According to Joan, "the land was in his blood, and the family understood."

Three girls and two boys were trained by the mother to cooperate as a team in the home and on the farm. Each had a share of the work, part of which was to be done together, part as independent projects. Joyce, the sister, liked to help with the cooking, Joan preferred as much outside work as possible. It did not matter if she had to work alone. It gave her a chance to study and observe the world about her and to prove things which on the surface did not seem to need proving. Along the way home from school she gathered foliage and studied the structure of a leaf, the bend of a twig. Her mind began storing materials for future use.

The family, of French and German ancestry, yields no explanations in its history for this unusual interest in color and design, but it was enough that she was interested. An uncle from Germany sent her a pastel set, and she was encouraged to take time out for drawing and coloring. But numerous attempts to capture the elusive values of her subjects ended with crumpled pieces of paper. Finally, after three years of high school work in the near-by town of Almond, the parents decided to send her to Washington High School in Milwaukee. The chief reason for the change was her sense of frustration at the complete lack of art instruction in the rural high school. To make up for loss of time she took a double course in art, two hours each day in the classroom.

The summer following graduation was a happy one. Back on the farm with a renewed appreciation of her family, Joan painted many pictures in oil and water color, directly from nature. It was during this period that she discovered the "nature of materials." She became fascinated by the character of wood, its grain and texture, the color of bark, the changing character of its surface in the bends of a tree.

Soon a long cherished dream was realized in being allowed to continue art training. Entering the Milwaukee State Teachers College in the autumn, she found herself under the influence of the art teacher, Robert Von Neuman. She saw that Von Neuman cared greatly about a student's progress, whether advanced or not, so long as that student was seriously trying. Here Joan learned the intricacies of three dimensional form and the need to express the essential character of a person in her drawing. Von Neuman found some of her methods of painting unorthodox but told her "your way of doing things isn't wrong for you; work from within your own style as you seek to improve."

Back to the farm she went in the summer of 1945, to lay emphasis on people—especially children—in her painting. It was during that summer that she attempted

WISCONSIN FARM AUCTION, *oil painting by* Joan Arend

the difficult "Farm Auction" which was to win the *Wisconsin Agriculturist and Farmer* award in the next Rural Art Exhibit in Madison. She tried to make each figure stand out as a distinct type or character.

In Milwaukee State Teachers College that fall, Von Neuman was away; but a course in contemporary art by Professor Fred Logan inspired her to do extensive reading, particularly in the history of art, as she sought to understand the complex world of contemporary forms. That year she also experimented with techniques; she tried egg tempera, mixed powdered pigment with oils, and prepared canvas and masonite boards.

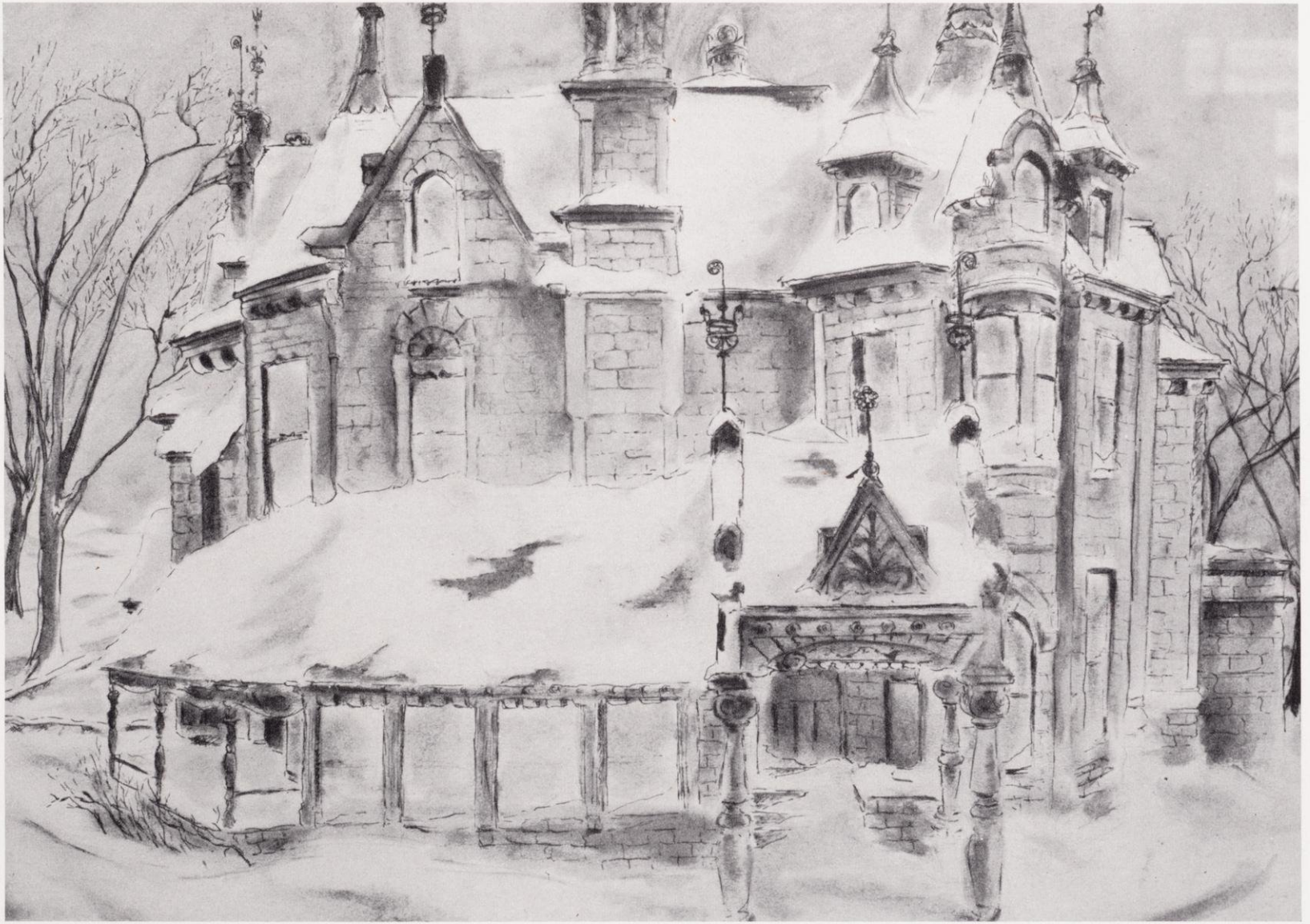
An interview with Curry in the spring of 1946 crystallized her desire to prepare for book-illustration work, particularly children's books, and her determination to enter the Layton School of Art in Milwaukee the following autumn. Curry was ill at the time, but he lay on his couch at his campus studio and talked to her about the fitness of her style for illustrative work.

The summer was passed in preparing for a one-artist show at the Roshold Fair, in a Polish district of Portage County. It was interrupted by three and a half weeks of work in a summer resort near Fish Creek together with three other students. During her spare time she was continually at her easel, concentrating on a number of landscapes in watercolor.

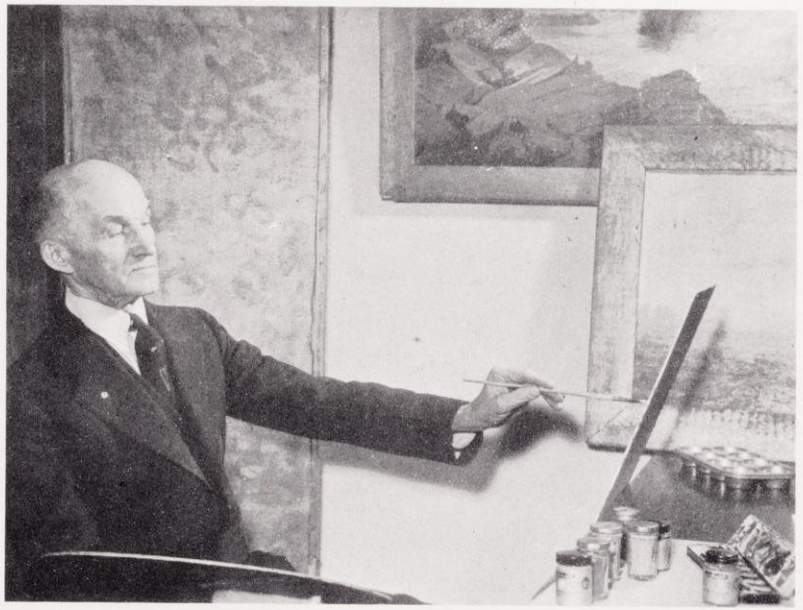
During the show at Roshold she mingled with the crowd and listened to the comments. As she heard the talk and laughter, she realized for the first time that the people did not notice the coloration or grasp the meaning of a picture as a whole. They were looking for little points of interest which would illustrate something in their lives or which would afford them an opportunity to communicate with their companions. She realized how willing many rural people were to learn but how little they knew of the meanings which would make the awareness of cultural values possible.

Still another area of experience waited for her in the fall of 1946, when she entered the Layton School of Art in Milwaukee. Commercial art, she found, had its own peculiar psychologies and an intensive emphasis on fine arts as media for advertising. For Joan it was a year of indecision. Should she abandon the world of pure form and color, concentration on poetic experience of man and nature, and enter the more circumscribed procedures of the market place? Or should she try to keep both spheres, shutting the door upon the one as she opens upon the other? These problems remain for the future. Marriage may postpone these questions, which have puzzled so many young and aspiring students before her. But the intensity of her training and experience will carry her art values with her into home or office, school or studio.

The girl from the city went to the farm, came back to the city. But it is a mark of her maturity that her secret ambition is, along the way, to contribute towards the appreciation of cultural values among the isolated rural folk for whom such opportunities meagerly exist.



DESERTION, *oil and ink painting by* Joan Arend



JOHN M. BLACK
BAYFIELD

Promise of the Years

AT AN AGE when most people have retired or are hoping to, John Black looks forward to his most productive years of painting. With the good earth beneath him, his seventy-five-acre farm fertile and well cared for, he is at last finding the time to realize a life-long ambition, the chance to devote more time to his art and less to the business of making a living. This does not mean that he dislikes farming, but rather that he prefers his oil painting over all other types of activity.

Last winter he did more painting than in any preceding, and found more thrill in planning a picture, working out the design, and building up the color scheme than ever before. He has "reached his maturity," understands what he can do and wants to do — at seventy-three years of age. As one talks with this genial farmer, the impression grows that he has learned some secret method of hoarding his energies, that the years of hard work have not dissipated his reserves, rather the contrary. When the author appeared on a warm Sunday afternoon in June, he found John Black volunteering his services for a yearly inventory at the local co-operative store. After the farm chores were over at eight in the evening, he took time out to dig a can of fishing worms for a small boy, before a three-hour session of discussing the past. On the next day he was planning an all-day trip to Superior to attend his one-artist show at the Douglas County Historical Museum, where seventeen of his pictures had been hanging for a month. For the following Tuesday, he was looking forward to attending the Grassland Field Day on the College of Agriculture experimental farm, east of Ashland.

Part of this indifference to age comes undoubtedly from the father, who lived to be ninety-three, but in temperament he is unlike the father, a practical man, not in the least interested in his son's early ambition to be a musician or a painter. In this respect, he was more like his mother who had a deep love of nature and who would croon over flowers and fondle little pine trees as if they were alive.

The father, Johan Schwartz, crawled out of a window at night and ran away to America with a companion at the age of sixteen. Johan's mother had died when he was a child, and he was unhappy with his stepmother. His father was a tailor in a small town of Saxe-Weimar-Elsen. Landing in New York, the boy worked on a farm in New York state at eight dollars a month until he could save money to come to the Middle West. He later settled in farming country twelve miles south of Crown Point, Indiana, and went through the stages of farm hand and small holder to become the successful owner and operator of six hundred acres of rich farm land.

The mother also emigrated from Germany. One of four children, she lived as a peasant girl on a landed estate near Mecklenburg. Sailing for America on a cattle sail boat, her family found the trip long and arduous; her grandfather and two of her uncles died on shipboard. Landing in New York, the party made its way to a small station south of Chicago and walked the twenty some miles to the Crown Point farming area. It was here that the peasant girl first met young Johan Schwartz and later, at the age of seventeen, married him.

John Black's peasant mother had had little education as a girl, but she could read German when she arrived in America, and was interested in "the power of books." When he was a small boy of seven she gave him a drawing book full of pictures to be traced, remarking to him, "Maybe you'll be a painter some day." He still remembers the pictures of horses and trees from that book.

The youngest of seven children, John Black was born on the Crown Point farm in 1875. By the time of his birth the farm was large and productive, the father a successful farmer. Each year, in addition to the grain harvest, two carloads of steers and one of hogs were fattened for the market. The three older brothers were working on the farm and branching out for themselves, but John was not so inclined. He disliked farm chores. He was more interested in observing and studying nature, and often his fancy roamed abroad. He remembers his fascination with the flowing lines of an old-fashioned bonnet, as he ran with it before the wind, a compound curving line which he later identified as the "Hogarth line of beauty."

In eight grades of country school he did not discover an interest to rival his for nature, although he does remember that he liked to draw pictures. One teacher was interested enough to have him draw a decorative

THE WATERING PLACE, *oil painting by* John M. Black

picture of trees on the plaster side wall of the school building. Following the eighth grade he managed to attend three ten-week winter terms at the Valparaiso Normal School, where he took commercial courses, looking forward to a business career.

A period of uncertainty followed. Farming seemed attractive to him, after all, and for six or seven years after normal school, young Black worked on the home farm and those of his brothers. But something was wrong. Something still needed to be done, and he did not know what it was. He had already taught himself to play the violin, but that still did not satisfy him. Finally the urge to paint came upon him, and he decided to take a correspondence course in illustrating. For the first time his interests were really aroused.

In the fall of 1901 he took a decisive step in preparation for a new career: he entered a five-year training period at the Art Academy in Chicago. This was run by J. Francis Smith, who was also its principal teacher. Young Black had to support himself during his study, and the first year he worked during the day as an apprentice in an engraving house at three dollars a week; he went to school at night. The second year he found a job as janitor and elevator boy in the academy and began day-time instruction. The last two years he worked part time for the Gunning Sign Company in Chicago, drawing designs for stencils. On graduating from the Academy, he was awarded a silver medal, second prize for scholarship.

In the summer of 1906 he went back to the farm in Indiana, but in the autumn he set out for Monrovia, California, where he was to team up with a fellow art student from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, to manage an orange grove. This arrangement was planned in order to give the young aspirants half of their time for sketching and painting. But the plan was discarded after a few months, and the two batched in a rooming house for two years, while they worked in orange groves for support, and painted. Black sold only one painting during this period, although he placed several in exhibits. One of his difficulties was in painting landscapes. Although a cardinal principle of the Art Academy affirms that if one can draw the human figure well one can draw anything well, John Black found that the transition to landscape painting was not an easy one.

After two years Black returned to Crown Point. To this day he remembers his father's blunt question: "What are you going to do with your art?" It was a good question. Some way had to be found to earn a livelihood and yet allow time for his painting. Shortly afterwards he met Laurie Nourse, a young man from Bayfield, Wisconsin, and the brother of the artist Bessie Nourse, who told him about the wonderful strawberry country in Bayfield County. He foresaw the possibility of a small fruit farm which would give him time to paint. In 1910 he went to Bayfield, bought forty acres on the Point, and raised live stock. He lived alone and painted some the first two years, but there was no mar-

THE LAST LOAD, *oil painting by* John M. Black

ket for his pictures and little free time for art. He began the task of building up a good farm and, finally, of establishing a family. In 1919 he married Ruby Wilson from Crown Point, and in 1921 they moved to the present farm of seventy-five acres, two miles south of the town of Bayfield, overlooking beautiful Chequamegon Bay. They have two grown sons, John and Howard.

John Black did not become a professional artist, but he became a successful farmer and has won an enviable place among rural artists in Wisconsin. He has exhibited at the Hoosier Salon at Marshall Field, Chicago, the Southern California Artists' Exhibit, the Douglas County Historical Museum, the Milwaukee Art Institute, and the Bayfield Library. John Black is a regular exhibitor at the annual Rural Art Exhibit, and last winter he sold three of his paintings at good prices.

Today he is a seasoned personality, but he has the drive and strength of a younger man. He is confident that the lay artist has a contribution to make which the public at large may appreciate. Much of modern art, he believes, is impermanent and is to be understood only by the art critic. There is much tragedy, he thinks, in the art world; too many artists have died before they became recognized. Others have had to depend on the promoters and speculators to gain acceptance. For himself he is glad to have made a humble contribution. He is conscious of the errors in his earlier work and hopefully looking forward to his most fruitful period.

WILLIAM H. BOOSE
ROUTE 2, POY SIPPI

Home and the Hunter

He looks like Deerslayer of *The Leather Stocking Tales*. If he had been a young man in 1814, he might have felt the call of the Lewis and Clark expedition. From his way of life, he appears the least likely of all our rural artists to become preoccupied with the subtleties of color values or the principles of design. Living near Poy Sippi, he leases his seventy-acre farm, fishes in the summer time, hunts in the autumn, and spends his winters trapping on his two hundred and fifteen acres of "muskrat farm" on Pine River. He knew before he came of age that he was not meant for office work or town life. He was born on a farm in Jackson County in 1887. His father, Jacob, of German ancestry, was born on a farm near Waukesha. His mother, Martha Gribble, came from a Walworth County farm. When William was five years of age, his family moved to Waupun. His father had been hurt in a farm accident and, after selling out, had taken the job as janitor in the Waupun High School. He held it for thirty years.

The boy grew up in town and graduated from the Waupun High School in 1907. But he had been hardly ten years old when he began trapping out in the country in the winter. In grade school he had been given short, fifteen-minute lessons in pencil and crayon drawing. This had been the subject he liked best, the one in which he had received the highest marks. When he reached high school all such instruction stopped, although occasionally he practiced making water colors for the sheer love of it. After graduation he found a job as bookkeeper for a local lumber company. This

he held for a year and a half, but it was not long before he knew that what he really wanted to do was to farm. Finding a twenty-acre farm for rent just outside the city, he left the bookkeeping job, and for two years he batched on his farm and raised crops.

When the owner returned, young Boose entered the uncertain and roving period of his life. He worked for a while in the Shaler factory, then took a job as attendant in the Waupun asylum for the criminally insane. This, the toughest job he ever held, lasted only seven months; but there, finding that he had time on his hands, he took up water coloring again. He did little more than copy the works of others.

The next years were mixtures of wandering and work in the far places of the West, with hunting and trapping in the winters back in Wisconsin. Farm, lumber camp, and saw mill became his work places as he sojourned in San Francisco, Seattle, British Columbia, and Saskatchewan; but his marriage in 1913 to Nellie Ammel, first cousin to Ambrose Ammel, rural artist of Pipe Village, put an end to his wanderings. The young people moved directly to the farm in Waupaca County on which he has lived ever since.

Oil painting and water color occupied the winter months after farm work and trapping were at a standstill. For years he relied on lamp light, but later electricity came in to make his hobby more enjoyable. His wife showed an interest in his work, and after a while she took up painting also. The two enjoyed doing many things together: painting, hiking, and fishing. Since his wife's death in 1935, Boose has developed hobbies. He made a birds' egg collection of three hundred eggs from sixty different species of birds and gave it to the Oshkosh City Museum. He is an expert philatelist, and besides several well-filled stamp albums, he has a sizable box filled with stamps which he keeps in a bank vault in Poy Sippi. His latest hobby is the collection of covers as well as stamps.

Today Boose lives a contented life. For companions he has two huge, purebred Labrador dogs who know they occupy a privileged place in the household. On entering, they immediately take possession of the blanket-covered sofa. They are like people to Boose, with responsive personalities; with them he never feels alone. Although he rents the farm—together with all its livestock and machinery,—he tends his own garden and berry patch. In a large deep-freeze unit capable of holding a full ton of meat, he freezes huckleberries, blackberries, strawberries, fish, and game, as well as meat for his dogs. His kitchen is neat, and a gun rack holds a dozen guns of all sizes and calibers, well oiled and clean. Last winter he trapped and sold five hundred and sixty muskrats and eleven mink. Three years ago he trapped eleven hundred muskrats. Upstairs one room is filled with paintings, brushes, oil, and presswood panels. Many of his older paintings are copies, because he never thought one could do worthwhile work without a lot of professional training. He regrets

SANCTUARY, *oil painting by* William H. Boose

now that he did not have proper training and encouragement years ago. Even after he began doing originals, he did not try to sell his work; he gave most of it away.

Others, however, have rated his work higher than he has. Of seven paintings hung at different times at the Waushara County Fair, he took first premiums on six and a second on the seventh. Five pictures entered in the Winnebago County Fairs have drawn four first prizes. Plans for the future include more painting, a continuation of his present mode of living, plus a return to the wanderings of his youth. He now owns a house trailer, and in summers he intends to visit far places. Winters, he will return to his home, the fields, woods, and streams of his out-of-doors.

EARLY LOWLAND FLOWERS,
oil painting by
William H. Boose

FRANCES BURT
ALBANY

New Generation A'Coming

TYPICAL of the busy life of Frances Riemer Burt is the arrangement of her house-life. Sandwiched between the nursery and the kitchen is a workshop which enables her to turn either way when the occasion demands. On a table near the window lie water colors, brushes, little water pots, and sketches. The dining table in the center serves as a sewing and mending place, and along the wall at the other end is a writing desk stacked with scrapbooks, papers, and pencils.

The activities of this modern young woman stretch even beyond the home. Most mothers would think they had plenty to do with a two-year-old, a four-year-old, and a six-year-old, together with all her own cooking and housework. But, in addition, this woman manages to write a weekly column for the *Albany Herald*, to read many of the latest books and magazines, and to enter into all kinds of community activities. In May, 1947, she submitted the water color, "Village Blizzard," in the eighth annual Rural Art Exhibit and won a purchase award for the Permanent Collection at the University of Wisconsin. Shortly afterwards her one-act play, a drama in verse called "Lost Paradise," won first premium in a state wide contest sponsored by the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs.

In trying to explain her range of interests, Mrs. Burt refers smilingly to her mixed ancestry. She describes "a blood stream teeming with Pennsylvania Dutch, mixed with a dash of Scotch-Irish, combined with German" and then adds with tongue in cheek, "pure high German straight from the Kaiser's castle." Quizzically she is wont to inquire, "Is that why I am what I am?"

The echoes from her ancestral past sound like a historical romance. When her paternal grandfather, Fred Riemer, was a child in Germany, he played and wrestled with "young Kaiser Bill" while his father served as coachman and guard for old Kaiser Wilhelm I. The boy grew up in Berlin and left there only because he was being impressed into military service. He escaped to America by way of Russia and Spain, landed in Chicago with fifty cents, and wound up doing farm work in Green County, Wisconsin. After securing his own farm in the new country, he sent back for the woman of his choice. The story goes that, although she was a castle kitchen maid, she herself could claim high-born lineage.

It is evident that Mrs. Burt approves more of the paternal branch of her family after it joins the democratic stream on this side of the Atlantic, and she applauds the fact that there is nothing feudal in the maternal family history. As far back as she can trace, stands solid American stock. In fact, these ancestors were among the very early settlers of Wisconsin. Her mother's paternal grandfather, Baird, came from Pennsylvania in 1832 and courted a girl from a large family which had also migrated from Pennsylvania. They were the first couple to be married in their part of Green County. They bought a farm, which remained in the Baird family for one hundred and two years, and had ten children, all of whom lived to bear progeny. These in turn built many of the first homes and churches and were buried in the oldest cemeteries of the county. It was only an occasional ancestor who strayed from the beaten path of settling and farming. Once one of them sold his farm and stock and left for California in the gold rush, but he returned penniless to the ancestral fold. Most of them were proud of their long and stable American tradition. Mrs. Burt's mother has in her possession a linen homespun sampler, a Baird heirloom, embroidered with the alphabet, the name of Hannah, and the date, 1776.

Born and raised on a two-hundred-and-seventy-acre farm in the rich loam area of the Jordan Prairie in Green County, Frances Burt has tied up her family feeling with this section. She knows, however, that the average Wisconsinite associates the Swiss with her county, and she is the first to recognize the part they have played in developing it. Three of her sisters have married Swiss boys, one of whose ancestors founded the famous Swiss colony of New Glarus. In her eyes, the Swiss are "good, industrious people" who have made Swiss cheese into the gold of Green County.

At the same time she does not want the earlier contribution of her own pioneering stock to be neglected. As she says, "the volumes of history buried under chalets, beer, yodelling, and Alpine costumes prove that Schmids, Ledermans, and Feldts were not the true founders of Green County, but that such names as Dawson, Turner, Briggs, and Baird, laid the groundwork."

Yet, because she is a very modern young woman, Mrs. Burt does not devote too much attention to her ancestry.

VILLAGE BLIZZARD, *water color by* Frances Burt

She is proud enough of it to feel a deep-rooted sense of belonging in her state and community; she is also curious enough to try to trace back some of her own traits. But she is neither so proud nor so curious that she allows herself to be distracted for long from the direct enjoyment of her own life.

One of the middle daughters in a large family, Frances Riemer reaped every benefit of growing up in the center of group life. Although as flat as a pancake, the family land became a favorite playground. Through a back pasture ran a brook where all eight children could fish, wade, and sometimes at night go hunting for crawfish. There was much comradeship during the twenty-five years it took for all of them to finish the Jordan Prairie School. Springing out of her pleasant, every day life came a desire to portray familiar objects. At home, after teaching herself to draw, she began to sketch the house, the old trees, and members of the family. At school, whenever holiday occasions rolled around, she delighted in the opportunity to make colored chalk pictures on the blackboard. Both in grade school and later in high school everybody was pleased with her work.

FESTIVE OCCASION, *water color by* Frances Burt

In neither school was any art instruction available. No one knew enough about the subject to offer her any guidance. For this reason Mrs. Burt today is a strong advocate of the consolidated-school plan. "A lot of talent is going to waste among country children," she explains. "If a school is large enough, it can afford a special teacher in such studies as art, music, and drama. If it still can't afford one, it can at least share such a teacher with another school. You can't expect a good teacher, well trained in the academic subjects also to be a good teacher in the fine arts."

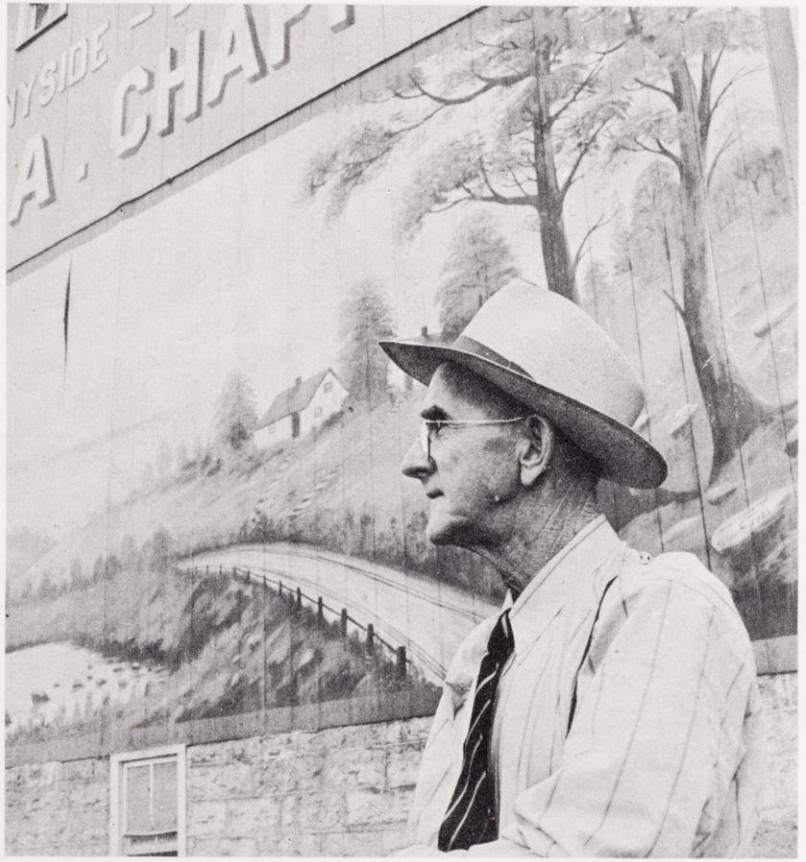
After five years of teaching in a one-room rural school herself, Mrs. Burt is well qualified to speak on this subject; and it is typical of her clear mind that she looks at it from other angles besides art training. What she is most concerned about is that the school serve the community needs effectively. She admits that "the farmers around here are afraid that they will

lose the heart of the community if they lose their one-room school." But she feels that they are "just stubborn" not to realize "that families have grown smaller, with correspondingly small school groups, and that the center has spread to other activities such as the 4-H Clubs." The school system thus needs to be streamlined to meet this challenge.

With her marriage to Oren Burt, University of Wisconsin student, came the advantages she had hoped for. For four years the couple lived in Sherman Park, in the Madison area. While her husband went to school and worked at a dairy, she became president of the local P. T. A. and took an active interest in the educational progress of the local school. Then they moved to the village of Albany, thirty-six miles to the south, where her husband has gone into the restaurant business, and where she weaves the strands together of her existence as mother, writer, artist, and public-minded citizen.

Today the Burt home is anything but isolated in the small community. Mrs. Burt's homely bits of philosophy in her weekly column reflect not only a thinking mind, but one well-stocked with materials from contemporary life. One glance at the nearest book shelf reveals her interest in a variety of subjects: Bellaman's *King's Row*, Pearl Buck's *Dragon Seed*, Upton Sinclair's *A World to Win*, Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, and Frank Yerby's *The Foxes of Harrow*. Although she did not happen to know that the latter was written by a Negro author, this rural Wisconsin woman is as well-informed in general on the race question as if she lived in a metropolitan area. Naturally democratic, she is as concerned over racial injustices as if she were located in a community where the problem would touch her daily life.

Mrs. Burt's inner world is enriched by people, ideas, movements. This is the secret of her happiness and her successful living. Her personality has become so stamped by these values that she has, to a large extent, compensated for her inadequate art training. When asked what her art means to her, she replies, "Far too much! I can sit in a littered room with three crying babies and become so absorbed that I am oblivious to my surroundings — and my duty!" In reality, at such moments she is drawing on the stores of her enthusiasm. The subject matter of her water colors tells the story. She avoids painting landscapes, flowers, or any kind of still life. She specializes in people, whether portraits of individuals or action scenes in which people predominate. When she finally realized in her maturity that the ordinary things around her made excellent subjects, nothing could stop her progress. "Village Blizzard," her most successful picture to date, was painted from her living room window after the big storm swept in over Wisconsin in January, 1947. As we look at the good-humored villagers digging and tunneling their way through the deep snow drifts, we can imagine the talented mother and housewife who reaches her hand out to her neighbors as she captures them in her paints.



FRANK H. ENGEBRETSON
BRODHEAD

Two Miles of Murals

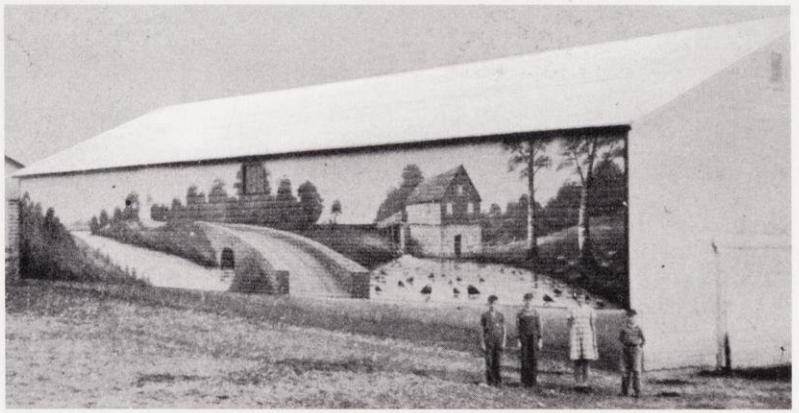
As a barefoot farm boy in a country school, Frank Engebretson, barn muralist, first attracted the attention of his teacher by his love for art. In the Engebretson School near Gratiot, LaFayette County, Frank Higgins, his teacher, brought him drawing materials, pictures of buildings he was to use as models, and encouragement to express his own originality. Aside from a few months' correspondence work in crayon drawing, when he was a young man, and a half dozen lessons in tapestry painting during a trip to California, this was all the training he ever received. It was scant preparation for the great eighty- and ninety-foot murals he was later to paint on the broad sides of Wisconsin barns.

The first painting he did was as a house painter. At sixteen years of age, having finished his eight grades in school, he began work as an apprentice. Two years later he was on his own, and to this day he has made his living primarily as an interior decorator and house painter.

His brother Julius was first responsible for his departure from the practical and utilitarian. His first barn painting, on the Jake Winn farm near Wiota in 1924, was a large advertisement of fine Holstein cows. When his brother saw the work, he suggested that the next mural be painted on the side of his own barn and be simply a beautiful landscape. Thus was born a

strange art, the creation of huge roadside murals on farmers' barns. He has painted scores of them, many located on obscure country roads.

Today Frank Engebretson is a well-known rural artist; his murals have attracted attention from newspapers and magazines from Massachusetts to the west coast. *Country Gentleman*, the *Prairie Farmer*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Life*, and many other national and local papers have carried stories about him and his pictures. His murals have brought vivid farm and nature scenes to over a hundred barns in LaFayette and Green counties, and but for limitations of time and energy — and because he is a "poor man to get away from home,"— he could have carried his art to many other parts of the state. Dane County alone brought over a dozen offers from farmers who had seen his murals to the south. Others came from as far as Green Bay.

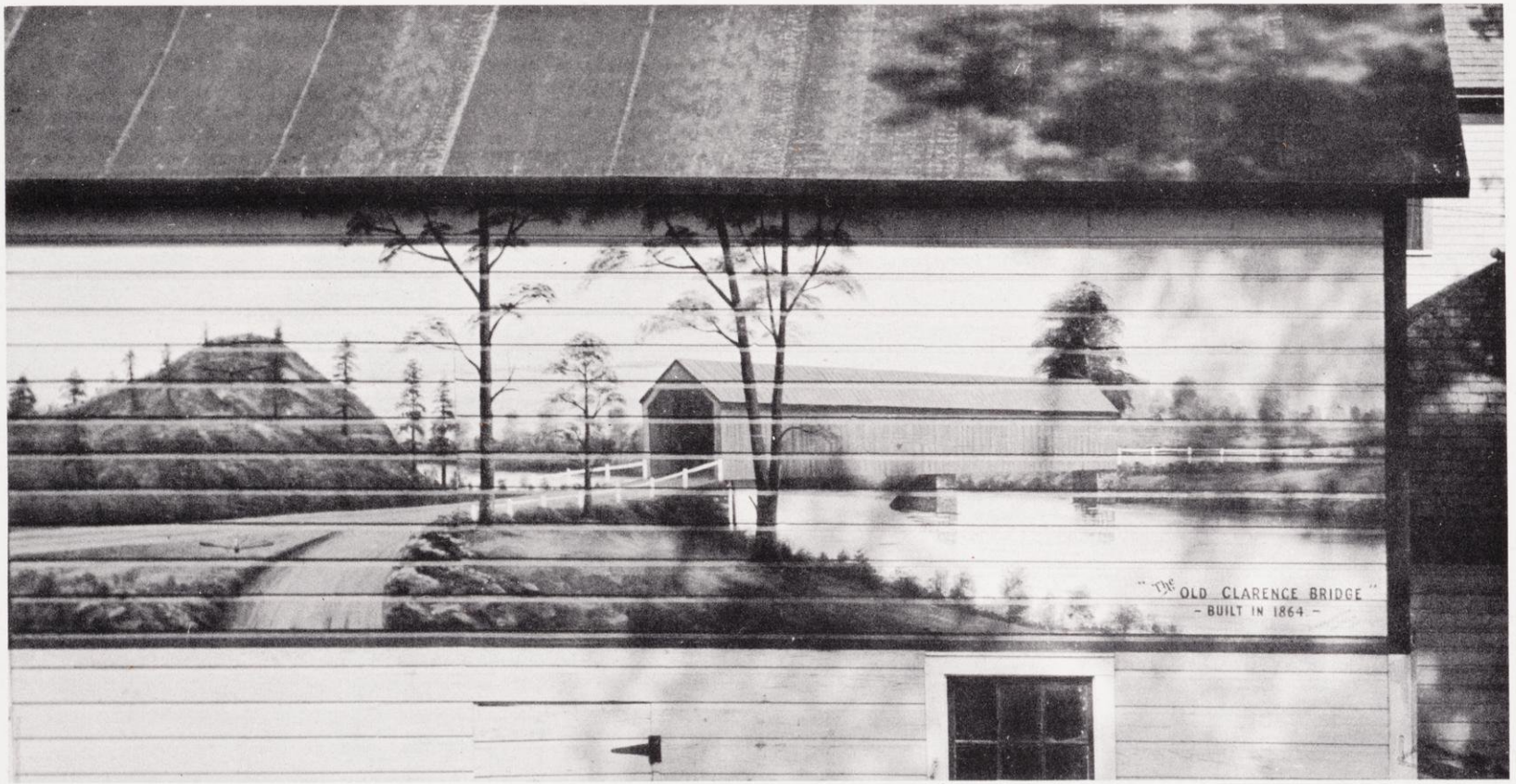


Barn mural by Frank H. Engebretson

Born in 1882 on a farm near Gratiot, he married a Norwegian girl when he was twenty-five years of age. Of their three children, the two sons work with the father on both interior decorating and barn murals. Both of Engebretson's parents were born in Norway, and the comfortable home in Brodhead today has typical Norwegian atmosphere and hospitality. We get a feeling of unusual compactness of family from the stories of great family gatherings, from Engebretson's elaborate chart of geneology. He has traced the family back to the old country grandfather who "came to Green County in 1848, after a nine weeks' voyage in the three-masted ship, *Forward*."

Located in the spacious northwestern section of Brodhead, the homestead has as its most noticeable feature the striking mural on the barn facing the house. It is a graphic portrayal of the old covered bridge at Clarence, which stood south of the town until fifteen years ago. Hundreds of visitors, chiefly from the surrounding community but also from neighboring counties, have walked or driven up to the house to study the picture, as well as the decorations on the house itself and in the yard. "It is not only the old timers who knew the bridge," remarked Mrs. Engebretson, "but also many young people who come." Although he has lived in both California and Florida, Engebretson and his calm Norwegian wife are rooted to their native state.

He is happiest when he is creating a mural for some Wisconsin farmer, and it does not matter that the farm-



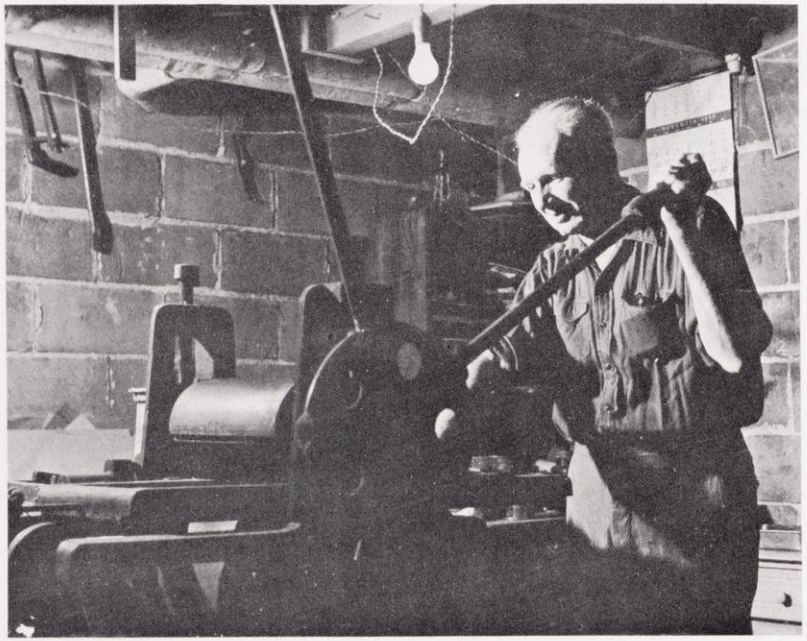
Barn mural by Frank H. Engebretson

er often wishes to furnish the subject matter for the painting. Some Swiss farmers, for instance, have asked for mountain scenes from Switzerland. Engebretson makes sketches and submits them for approval before beginning the work on the barn. But more often farmers have been content to let the painter work out the design from his own experience. This he does after talking with the farmer to find out his interests. Then he makes suggestions, often with reference to the size of the barn and the nature of the surrounding terrain.

Counting the many times he has repainted and refinished the murals which farm families have wanted, Engebretson has painted well over two miles of murals on barns alone. One might think that after this achieve-

ment he would be content to let his brushes lie, but he is still active with small sketches in oil. Last winter in a trailer camp at Sarasota, Florida, while recuperating from illness, he happened to paint a landscape on the screen door of a neighboring trailer. Soon his fellow trailerites were besieging him with requests for "screen paintings," for which they were willing to pay. "I suppose I could have done a land-office business," he said, "if I had had the time." As it was, people would take the screen doors off and bring them along in the hopes of getting a picture, particularly people from Wisconsin.

Thus the boyhood desire to paint pictures has followed him throughout his life. Though his barn murals are the most original contribution he has made to the needs of the common people for color and artistic experience, he also paints many small sketches in oil which he has sold or given away. One of his large oils hangs in the county court house in Darlington, and an interior mural may be seen in the Brodhead Hotel. Instruction might have made him a professional artist, but he is well content to have made a creative contribution to the life of people in his own rural community.



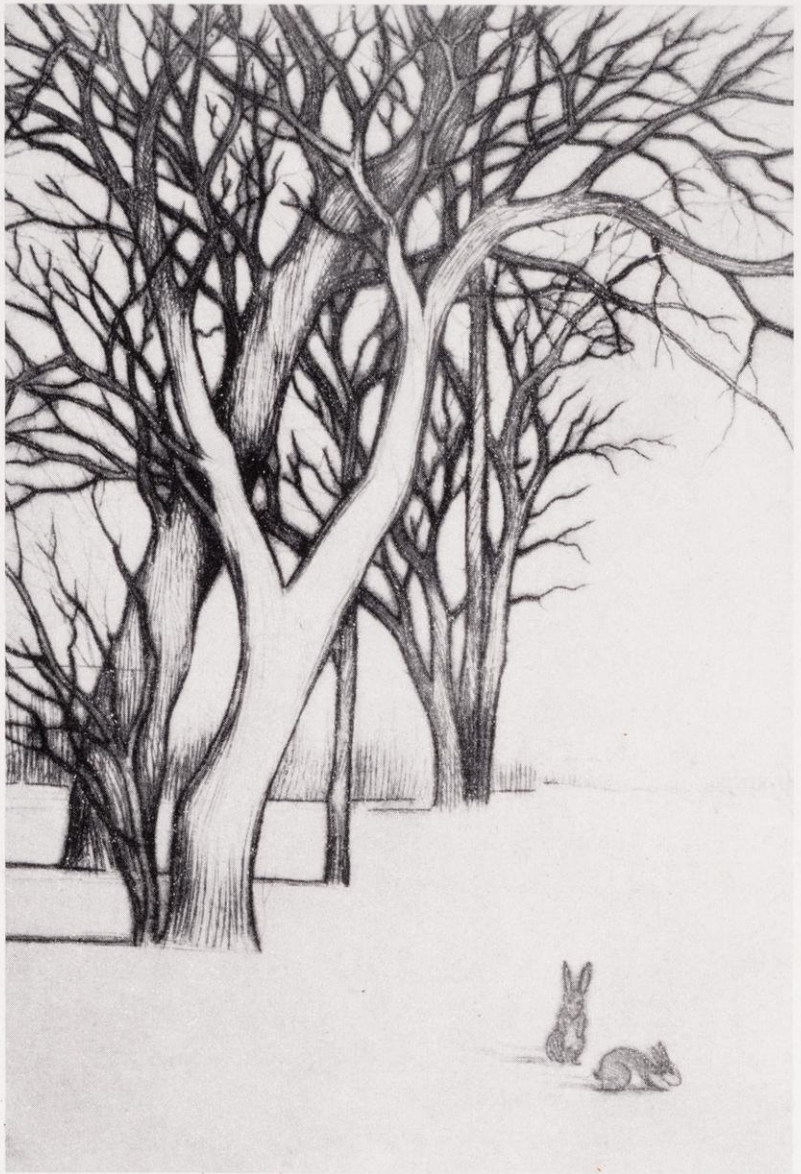
FRANCIS D. GRADY
MADISON

Fine Print Maker

THE VERMONT Gradys are an example of farm people who find themselves in occupation on the borderline between agriculture and industry. Francis Grady's grandfather was born on a farm near Rutland, in Vermont, and became a marblecutter in the Rutland quarries. Along with the grandfather's marble cutting went mill work for his children. As they became old enough they entered a gingham factory in Clinton, Vermont. When Grady's father was a boy, his oldest brother ran away at fourteen years of age and came to Wisconsin. Six years later he returned to New England and persuaded the entire family to move to the new land west of Chicago. Thus the family returned to the farm.

Grady was born in 1893 on a farm near Springfield Corners, fifteen miles west of Madison, where he lived until he was three. The father had decided to become a country schoolteacher as well as a part-time farmer, having trained for a short period at the Evansville Academy. A teaching position opened at Waunakee, and the family moved there. Three years later the family went back to the farm, this time near Oregon, where Grady lived and worked until he was twenty-one years of age.

On completing country school, he entered Oregon High School, only to leave in the middle of the second year. "There were too many children and too little money" in the Grady family to warrant higher education. He was fourteen at the time, and for seven years he worked full time on his father's place and as an occasional hired hand on nearby farms.



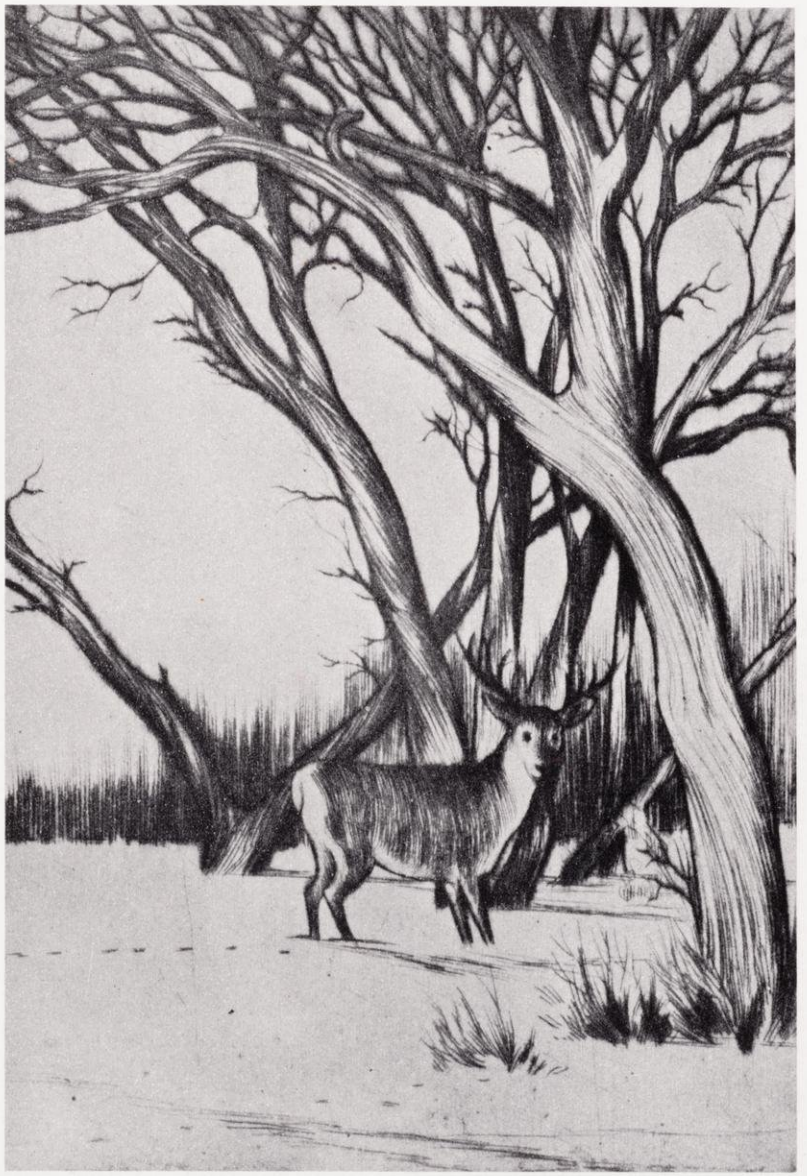
RABBITS WILD, *etching by* Francis D. Grady

There was no encouragement either at home, on the farm, or in country school for a natural and persistent interest in art. He has always liked to draw pictures. As far back as he can remember, he would stand at a table and draw things. "At home as a boy I fooled around so much with my pictures that my pencil was taken away from me because I neglected my school work." This continued into high school, where, however, he found three other boys who also liked to draw. The four of them often drew pictures as a group during their spare time, spurring each other on in pencil work and blackboard drawing.

Three years of working independently followed, in jobs on railroads, farms, and an Indian reservation. Then came the first World War. After training in the engineering corps, he went overseas to spend sixteen months with the A.E.F. in France. Periods of hectic and sometimes dangerous activity with the engineers were followed by lulls of boredom and idleness. It was then that the old and oft-denied pleasurable activity of sketching came to the rescue; and before long pen and ink, pencil, and crayon drawings of peasants, soldiers, mule carts, and homely French villages began to fill a small sketch book, which in keen perception and power of expression could rival the drawing of many a trained draughtsman. Few have seen these sketches, however; for Francis Grady is a retiring man, even though he has the burly good-natured appearance of many an Irish forebear.

Discharged from the army in the fall of 1919, like many a war-weary veteran he "took it easy for three or four months," but the following spring he married Hazel Brown, a Madison girl, and started cash renting a farm south of Madison. Three years of precarious farming followed. Ruinous agricultural prices added to his growing restlessness. With the courage of pioneering stock, Grady entered the University of Wisconsin in the fall of 1923, and one by one, passed the necessary make-up exams. After three years and two summer schools — during which time he did not study too hard and never thought of taking up art courses — he graduated in 1926 with the Ph.B. degree. After living a year in a city flat which harried their sense of independence and their need for space, the Gradys moved outside the city to the west in the town of Madison on what is now Franklin Avenue. It was then still farming country with truck gardens and herds of cows in the fields surrounding the four or five houses in the neighborhood. Gradually, the city has grown up around them and encroached on the open country.

Making a living brought a series of occupations which only permitted haphazard and uncertain art work. As salesman, truck driver, manager, and foreman, Grady worked for wholesale houses, oil companies, hardware companies, and finally for Uncle Sam in federal civil service. In 1934, while helping to manage forest control and soil conservation work in the C.C.C. Camp Crivitz in Marinette County, he felt the old urge



SWAMP BUCK, *etching by* Francis D. Grady

to draw. The forests, rock ledges, and water falls of Thunder River and Peshtigo River were too beautiful to resist. When Ray Adams, a Milwaukee "practical" civil engineer, saw his pen and ink sketches, he exclaimed, "You should by all means try your hand at etching." On a later visit he brought along a zinc plate which his brother had etched in Milwaukee, but Grady had hard work to do; and etching was not an art to be learned in a day.

Three years later Grady ran a filling station on Wilson Street in Madison and found long winter evenings on his hands. An unknown University student dropped in one evening and saw a picture Grady had scratched on some pattern metal with the end of a sharp file. Impressed with the delicate lines and sense of design, he suggested that they both go to the Memorial Union at the University and try to make a print, even though they knew nothing about the proper techniques. They tussled with it most of the night. The results were so poor that Grady determined to learn the proper methods. Shortly after, he searched the city library and state traveling library for books on etching, some of them difficult books not easy to master. Soon he had constructed a press and learned how to print and wipe. "I still don't follow directions very well," he says. "I have tried various techniques using paraffin wax, asphalt, beeswax, and combinations of all three, and then immersing the plate in a solution of nitric acid. But today I do dry point mainly, a more direct method."

Nights and weekends were devoted to a fascinating avocation, and by 1938 he had progressed to the point where he could produce and sell his prints without difficulty. While doing soil conservation work in Trempealeau County he joined a sketching club in La Crosse and sold some sixty prints of eight or ten different subjects in that area, at from two to five dollars each.

In the basement of Grady's home today there is a small laboratory which reveals many hours' work of experimenting and printing. A rather large and heavy hand press, discarded by a local printing shop, makes the actual printing easy. The technical difficulty comes in preparing the plates, wiping the ink, and padding the etcher's paper to obtain a clear print and at the same time not overweigh the delicate lines of the etching. Grady now uses ordinary industrial zinc plate which he prepares by polishing with steel wool and other materials. The picture is etched on the plate with a phonograph needle held by a small drill chuck. The ink is made by boiling linseed oil and mixing with painter's dry color, using both black and brown. The important wiping process is usually done with the heel of his hand. Water color is also a favorite medium, and in the Grady home today one finds many water color sketches of favorite Wisconsin scenes: hills and rocks, marshy lake shores, and old stone bridges.

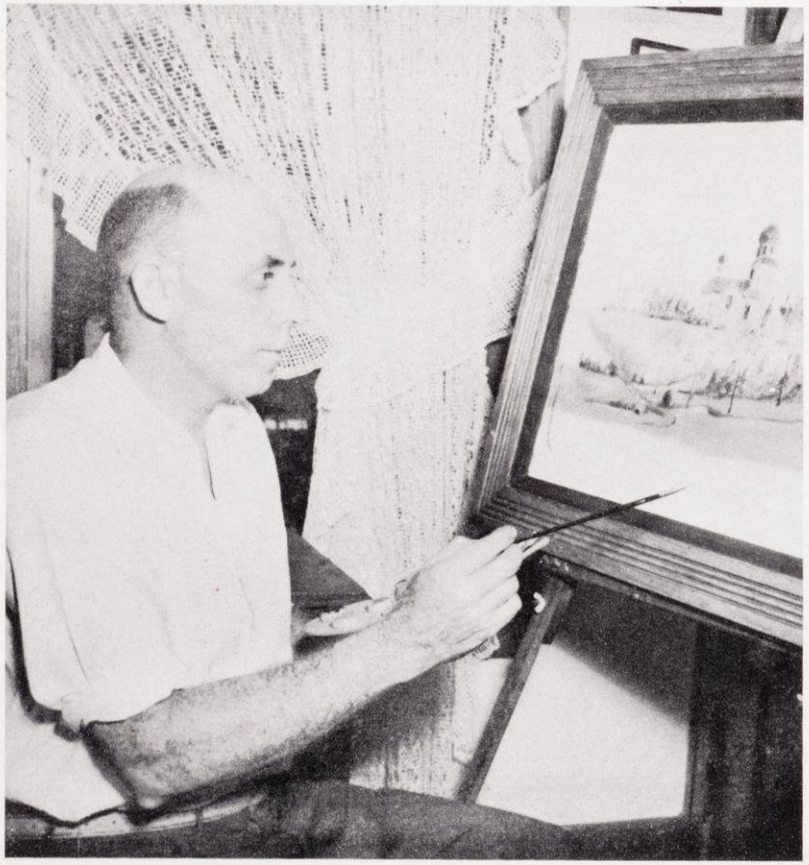
The Rural Art Exhibits have provided a brief but helpful forum for his prints. Nearly all the etchings exhibited have been sold. Two have been purchased

for the Permanent Collection. Curry bought two of them for his own enjoyment. This was a great encouragement to Grady, and other recognition has also come. The print, "Swamp Buck," was accepted in the 1944 Milwaukee Art Institute exhibit, and increasing sales of both water color and prints attest his merit both as a sensitive student of nature and as a good craftsman. Since Grady does not push either himself or his work, some agency is needed to keep his work before the public.

FRENCH VILLAGE TYPES, *ink drawings by* Francis D. Grady

BOMBED CATHEDRAL, *ink drawing by* Francis D. Grady

THE OLD HORSE BARN, *oil painting by* Louis Grebetz



LOUIS GREBETZ
ROUTE 3, RACINE

Old World, New World

IT TOOK a long time for the Grebetz family to decide whether they wanted to live in their native land, Hungary, or in America. They needed time to decide whether farming was to be the main occupation. It took years for Louis to discard his preoccupation with drawing European castles and old-world village scenes and to discover the fresh point of view in his everyday surroundings in the country near Racine. Grandfather Johan and his wife had felt the call of the new land back in 1896, and had emigrated to a farm in Nebraska, but the tornadoes of the plains country terrified the wife; they soon gave up and moved to Milwaukee. Louis Grebetz' father was about twenty-three at the time and had remained in Hungary to manage the forty-acre family farm in the village of Beje, county of Gömör. It was beautiful country and a good place to live. The cultivation of grain and the raising of livestock provided a modest but ample living for the family, but when he too felt the stirring of new life to the west, he joined his parents in Milwaukee in 1900. Six months later, however, he was back in the Old Country.

The shuttling process continued. Although Louis Grebetz was born on the Beje farm in 1902, the family migrated to Wisconsin two years later. It began to look as if the New World had finally won out in the struggle

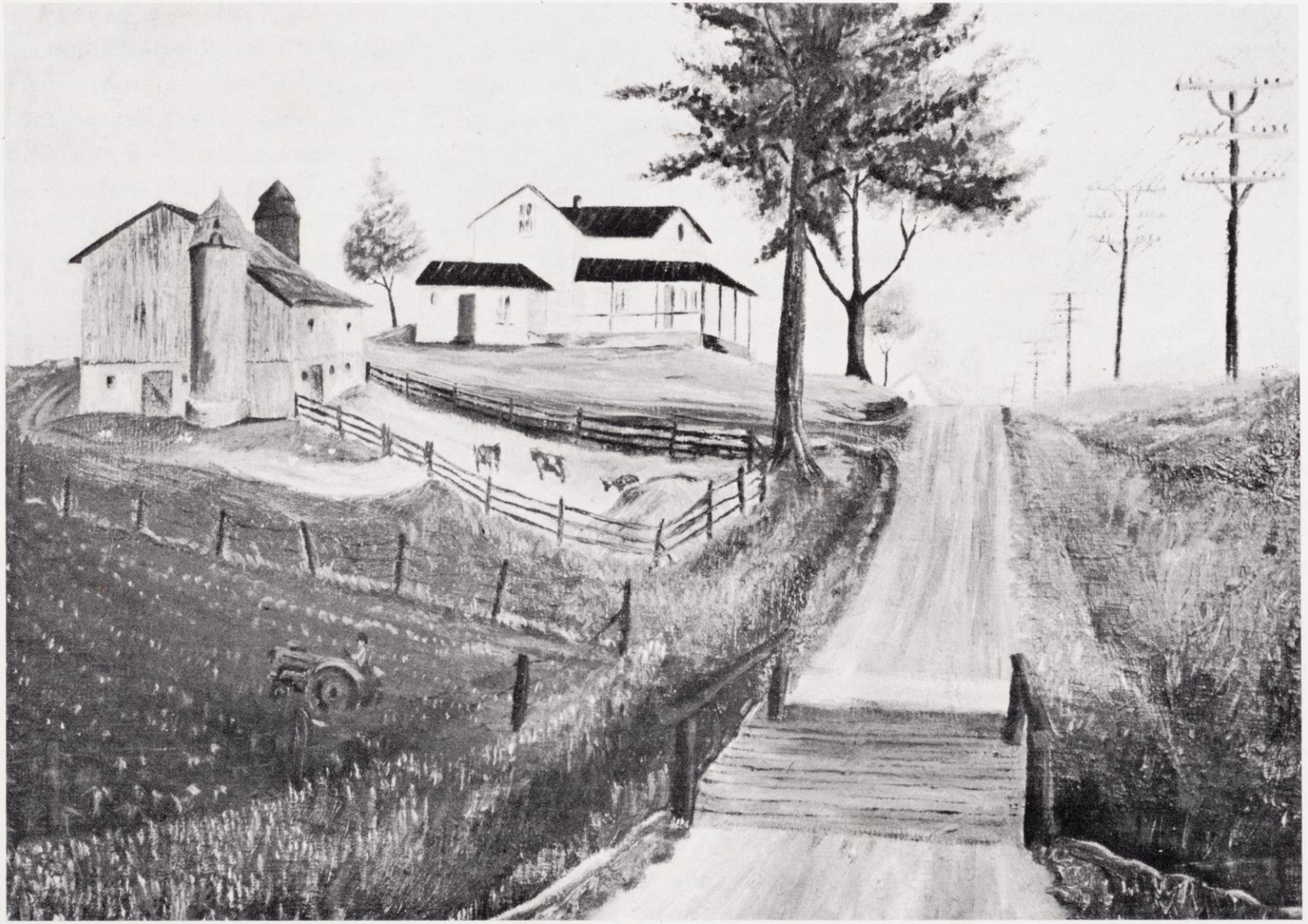
with the Old. Then the old grandparents decided to move back to their native land. When Grandfather Johan died in Beje in 1910, his son too gave up life in America and moved his family to the ancestral home. It was not long, however, before the decision proved troublesome. Louis' father and Grandmother Grebetz could not agree on how the farm should be managed. Besides, there was a freedom about life in the United States, freedom and a new sense of equality. Despite the advantages of a fine farm, they foresaw opportunity for humble folk in a land as yet undeveloped and uncrowded. In 1913 Louis' father set sail for the west, but left Louis behind with his grandmother. One year later war closed the ports of embarkation; Louis spent his years of adolescence in the land of his birth away from his parents.

This suited Grandmother Grebetz, for she had plans for her young companion. She had watched his interests with a discerning eye and decided that not only could he take an education, but that people could also get ahead in the Old Country by learning to use their brains. Louis took lessons on the violin from gypsies and finished elementary school in four years. He and his grandmother continued to live on the farm, where Louis worked during the summer; but when autumn came, Louis, together with a small group from the village, walked four miles and over a mountain to attend high school. Four hours in the morning were devoted to four school subjects, and the afternoon was free for studying and home work. Because discipline was natural to the Hungarian farm family, the grandmother saw to it that the afternoons were not "wasted" in play.

High school was passed successfully. The war did not strike the little village directly. In 1919, however, when seventeen years of age, Louis had to enter a military academy. A week later the Hungarian Revolution toppled the old regime, and the academy was closed down. Louis had by this time forgotten all his English, but the unsettled conditions of Europe finally precipitated his decision to rejoin his family in Wisconsin. He came to Racine in 1920, joined his family, and began the task of adjusting himself to an environment he had all but forgotten. He spent two winters in continuation school, concentrating on English. Thereafter he went to work on the assembly lines of a Racine factory, where hard work, noise, and monotony made the young man wonder if factory and city were to be his share of life in the Promised Land.

As did his father and grandfather, Louis felt strongly the conflicting loyalties and interests. Grandfather Grebetz had never really belonged wholly either to the old or the new country. Back and forth he had trekked with all or part of his family, nor could he make a final choice between farm and city. In this strongly knit family uncertainties were quick to translate themselves from the older generation to the new.

Later, when the question of marriage came up Old-World influences again appeared. If Grandma Grebetz



HILL FARM, *oil painting by* Louis Grebetz

had lost her chance to make something special of her grandson, she could at least pick a good Hungarian girl for him to marry. She offered to try and bring the girl of her choice to him but compromised by bringing her picture instead. Arriving in 1927 for a long visit, she returned to Hungary in 1928. Meanwhile, Louis decided that his grandmother had very good taste indeed. After corresponding for six months with eighteen-year-old Margaret Anotskay of the village of Csetnek, Louis followed in 1929; a courtship of two months led to their marriage.

It was a happy time for the young couple for they enjoyed a long, six months' honeymoon-vacation. Louis knew everybody in the home village already. Although strange things were happening in America, and rumors of hard times were talked about, it did not seem to affect life in isolated Gömör. The pair faced the future with confidence. Returning to Racine in 1930, they found the depression all too real. There was no work to be had, and the young bride found that America had an unforeseen side. Continued unemployment baptized her dream of the future in the bitter waters of disappointment.

In 1932 she found employment in a Milwaukee sweatshop at sixteen cents an hour, for which she machine-sewed five dozen dresses a day. In the meantime Louis and his father were clearing a five-acre truck farm in Berryville, halfway between Racine and Kenosha, and raising vegetables and berries. It was hard work; the returns were small; but life on the land offered some security and provided its own satisfactions. In 1934, after three and a half years, Louis obtained employment in the Racine Screw Works where he has remained to the present, working his way up to the position of a skilled laborer. A year later his father died, and Louis and his family took over the Berryville farm as their home when the mother could not keep up the payments on the mortgage.

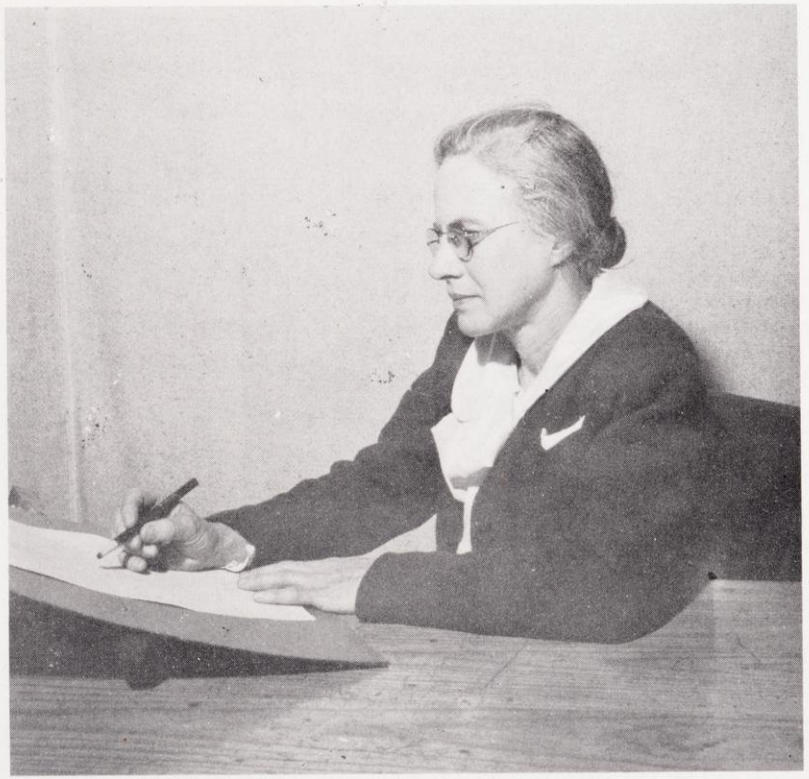
Work was a dominant note in the traditions of the family. But Margaret Grebetz had caught something of the ideals of the old grandmother and nurtured secret ambitions for her husband. She had noticed his interests and habits. One day on returning from work in the factory, she stopped and purchased him a set of cheap brushes and paints. Soon Louis was painting pictures on oil cloth as a pastime.

Although he had received a little pencil and water-coloring instruction in the high school in Hungary—one hour a week,—it had made no impression on him, and he never drew outside of school. Now, however, he became intrigued by water colors and oils, and for a number of years he made dozens of water color and ink drawings of Old-World cities and landscapes, most of them taken from small ink illustrations of a book, *Cities of Northern and Central Europe*, by Hare. The color and much of the detail were his own. It was not original work but it became a fascinating hobby, along with his stamp collecting. But several years ago he read

in a magazine that copy work, even in sketchy outline, was not art, not even a very creative pastime. He decided that he would learn to paint originals and taught himself how to mix oils properly. He began to paint landscapes from country-side scenes discovered on his weekend excursions. "Farm Scene" and "Old Horse Barn" were sketched in the out-of-doors, not far from his home, with gratifying results. "Farm Scene" was hung at the Rural Regional Exhibit held at the Racine-Kenosha County Normal School, Union Grove, in the spring of 1947 and, two months later, at the Rural Art Exhibit in Madison. "Old Horse Barn" was submitted to the state-fair exhibit a few months later and was accepted by the judging committee.

Grebetz' life has become a compromise between the city and the farm, but he loves the land and wishes he could spend more time on it. He still has three acres of truck garden and strawberries and wants his two sons to grow up in the country. Certainly there is no compromise with the spirit of the old grandmother in the long hours of working at the easel, of enjoying his music and books, all the finer things that she valued.

SPREADING WILLOW, *oil painting by* Rachel Gertrude Grimm



RACHEL GERTRUDE GRIMM
ROUTE 1, SUN PRAIRIE

Light Under a Bushel

THE MOST noticeable characteristics of Rachel Grimm are her simplicity and her zest for living. Although handicapped in health by an accident at the age of two, she has nevertheless led an active life. One of her greatest joys is painting, but she likes everything she does, housework, gardening with a hand cultivator, cutting the burdocks, gathering vegetables, and farm chores.

Seven miles east of Madison, the farm home where she helps to care for her aged parents stands square and plain, but the rolling prairie land is ridged with lush trees and shrubs. Only forty rods away in a swamp lies the locally famous Butterfield Island, the center of many rattlesnake fables and stories of stolen cattle. Two miles farther east stands the girlhood home of Georgia O'Keefe. Here we recognize the setting for the colorful pictures Miss Grimm has brought year after year to the annual Rural Art Exhibit in Madison: the spreading willow in the back pasture, the rows of green vegetables ringed by a rainbow over Butterfield Island, the twin maples at the head of the lane.

Born in her present home in 1898, of German parentage, Rachel Grimm and her younger sister Ruth amused themselves as children by drawing and by copying pictures from books and magazines. There was no art instruction in grade school or high school, but one summer while Rachel was a student in the Emmanuel Mis-

sionary College at Berrien Springs, Michigan, Mrs. McCormick, an art teacher, taught her students to find their inspiration in whatever lay within reach of their brushes: the kettle in the kitchen, the trees in a wood, the animals on the farm. Miss Grimm has never forgotten those lessons. After she spent two years teaching school, which she had to give up because of frail health, the desire to study art brought her back for another half year at the same school, this time to concentrate on drawing and painting. But the struggle with the debt on the farm, plus the need for more hands to help, intervened, and many years passed without the time or energy for brush and color. Only after the organization of the Wisconsin rural art project in 1940 did Miss Grimm venture to begin again. By this time the work was not so demanding, and the farm mortgage had been paid. Again she experienced the pure joy of expressing the values in the everyday scenes about her.

In 1942 she entered her first oil, "Hollyhocks," in the Rural Art Exhibit. In 1944 came the "Spreading Willow," described by Curry as "a brilliant, atmospheric effect of a summer day in Wisconsin." 1945 saw a vivid painting of a rainbow arching green vegetable fields and enclosing the eastern glow from a sunset day. In 1946 she brought "Trillium," a forest scene in which scores of white trillium dominate the picture, as hundreds every spring dominate the six hundred acres of marshland back of the farm. Both this painting and the "Spreading Willow" are a part of the Permanent Collection, owned by the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. Naturally her family has been pleased by these achievements. The eighty-two-year-old pioneer father is proud of her work and stated that "the only other member of my family who ever drew was Ruth and Rachel's grandfather, who liked to draw natural scenes on a slate." Although Miss Grimm is recognized as one of the most talented members of the rural art group, she is too unassuming to hang her pictures in the plain, clean living room. Usually painting two of a subject so she can keep one, she stows them away in an upstairs room and reluctantly brings them down for visitors.

Her world of vivid color and fine texture on canvas is no doubt partly a compensation for the frugal and simple life of this modest farm home. It possesses no telephone, electricity, automobile, refrigerator, or other modern mechanical techniques which so many American families consider the necessities for living. The family lives on a vegetarian diet as a part of their religious way of life, but Rachel Grimm does not envy those with more solid possessions. Her childlike spirit, her art, her religious faith enable her to transcend her limitations and handicaps so that today, as when a child in school, she draws and paints and lives simply because that is what she likes to do.

TRILLIUM, *oil painting by* Rachel Gertrude Grimm

LOIS IRELAND
WAUNAKEE

The Uncommon Touch

USING HER small upstairs bedroom for a studio and a discarded marble slab from a dentist's office for a pallette, the youngest artist-to-be represented in the Rural Art Exhibits seldom lets a day pass without painting. One of the most talented of the rural art group, she realizes the value of discipline and hard work. Each year she steadily and persistently produces oil paintings and water colors which manifest greater promise. Lois Ireland wants to become a professional artist, and, having the characteristics of a budding career woman, she probably will. A harmonious girl with abundant health, she has no regrets that her daily round of painting and studying keeps her from the usual teen-age social activities of dates and sports.

Lois was born in her present home in Waunakee to farm-born parents of Scotch and German ancestry. Her childhood was typical of small-town life, and for the most part uneventful. "The best way to keep Lois out of mischief when she was little," said her mother, "was simply to give her a pencil and some sheets of paper." Drawing became an absorbing activity that did not wear out, and in time the results prompted neighbors to comment on the unusual work of the pre-school child. Later her first-grade teacher commented on her drawing ability and sense of good color.

Several events sent her on the way toward competency in her art. A home-town neighbor persuaded Miss Barbara Dudley, University art student, to call on Lois during a visit to the town and to look at her work.

The result was an immediate arrangement for six lessons in water color and drawing at Miss Dudley's home in Nakoma. This happened in 1940 when Lois was twelve. A second determining happening was a visit to Curry at his campus studio. A neighboring boy attending the University gave Lois the courage to arrange an interview. Under Curry's criticism and guidance, she turned to oil, which has since become her favorite medium. A third factor in her development was the "Let's Draw" program of WHA, which was used by the Waunakee schools and which Lois found helpful. But Curry urged her to come to Madison and get personal instruction. With some difficulty, she succeeded in transferring to Wisconsin High School in Madison, where she studied art under Miss Ruth Allcott. Today she is an art student at the University of Wisconsin, plodding steadily towards professional work.

Perhaps the best training of all is that which she gives herself. Hour after hour she not only paints for practice, as some practice on the piano, but she studies the work and writing of the recognized painters who interest her most. For a number of years she has clipped articles and reproductions from such recognized artists as Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, Peter Hurd, George Bellows, as well as John Curry. Certain paintings, such as Curry's "Line Storm" and his "The Tornado," have made a great impression on her, and her own painting has become more alive and colorful as a result.

Today the subject matter of her work reflects largely the people, the land, and the products of the rich farming country around the small and peaceful town of Waunakee. With rolling hills and fields, diversified farming of corn and oats, dairy herds and gardens, the land provides a profuse variety of greens and yellows and browns as well as contrasting line in slope and tree. Since Lois paints from nature, often making her sketches in water color and later doing them in oil, her pictures are full of kindred subjects, each demanding expression. This fullness, coupled with a careful sense of detail, may mean an exacting task for a young and as yet inexperienced artist. Sometimes, of course, it will not come right for her, and when this happens she does not hesitate to lay the picture aside and to start on something fresh.

More often, however, she brings the canvas to life, and her success in both sale and exhibit has been a constant encouragement. Since her first showing in the Rural Art Exhibit in 1943, she has made steady progress. In 1944 the Wisconsin Salon accepted an oil portrait of her mother for its annual exhibit. In 1945 a study in tempera called "Sundown" was accepted by the annual Milwaukee Art Institute. In 1946 two more were accepted by the same Institute, "The Old Table," a brush and ink drawing, and "Sunny Boy" in oil. In 1946 she received a scholarship award and a certificate of merit for a picture submitted for the national high-school art contest. This won for her a place in the nation-wide exhibit which was hung in the Carnegie In-

CHURCH PICNIC, *oil painting by* Lois Ireland

MORNING GLORY, *oil painting by* Lois Ireland

stitute in Pittsburgh. As a result of this award, she received honorable mention and a plaque from the *Milwaukee Journal*. In 1947 her painting "Church Picnic" placed in the first six pictures to be selected by the *Milwaukee Journal* for its annual high-school art calendar and was reproduced in color. The award carried a hundred-dollar prize. She also received honorable mention in the Ingersol Watch Company national high-school art contest. There is only one such mention from each state. In the 1947 annual Wisconsin Salon, she again placed an oil for exhibition, and in January, 1948, her oil "Recess" received the hundred-dollar Oscar Mayer award in the Madison Art Association exhibit. In the last six Rural Art Exhibits, Lois has entered eighteen pictures, and sold nine at good prices.

Although Lois does not discount the importance of having sold nearly thirty pictures, she realizes that stiff competition lies ahead. This modest girl knows the dangers of swift success at this stage of her development. She is critical of her work and quick to discount praise.

Unlike the environment of some of our rural artists, the community of friends and neighbors in Waunakee appreciates this budding young aspirant. The family provided no obstacles in the way of advice and admonition to follow a more "practical" vocation. A sister took the initiative in securing for Lois a commission from the Lodi Commercial Club to draw an illustrated map of the Wisconsin River region from the Dells to Sauk City.

However, it is one thing to be proud of local talent and quite another to give this pride concrete expression by purchasing its work. So far, a local druggist is the only person who has bought one of Lois' paintings. How much more appropriate and meaningful to hang an oil painting which draws its substance from the culture and nature of a community than to purchase a stereotyped print of some remote and unknown time and place. Perhaps the farmers about are beginning to lead the way. Already Lois has painted the portrait of a farm not far from her home belonging to Joe Spohn. Since writers and art critics have acquired her work, one feels that her pictures could well contribute to the life of local school, church, or library.

Opposite: SELF PORTRAIT, *oil painting*
by Alexander Norman Jargo

ALEXANDER NORMAN JARGO
ARLINGTON

Sunday Painter

In an ancient and dingy smithy, surrounded by his tongs and hammers, a stumpy and determined figure still finds himself useful. Seventy-four years old, over thirty-eight years at the same hand forge, Alexander Jargo keeps busy eight to ten hours a day mending farm implements, welding chains, sharpening plough shares and mower blades. The song of the anvil blends with the hum of the forge, the snap of the bolt cutters, the gnaw of the huge hand drill. Iron slabs protect the windows in the now empty horse stall; and overhead, cobwebs all but obscure a familiar announcement to a vanishing generation—Hanford's Balm of Myrrh.

Jargo's journey through childhood was an itinerant one. When he was only three years old, his home was broken up, largely because "the farm went down my father's neck"; whereupon he was given away first to one family and then another. At that age there is not much a small boy can do to make himself appreciated and much he can do to the contrary; so his lot in the new homes was an unhappy one. Lacking normal forms of recreation, the diminutive farm boy found a way of retiring into himself with a purely self-made form of amusement. There were times when the only joy in life was in drawing magic pictures on his slate.

His first home was with his grandfather, a farmer of English and Norwegian ancestry who could shape beautiful half-shoes for his prize oxen but who could not make any impression on the life of his grandson. After a while the boy was moved on; his next home was

WINTER MOONLIGHT, *oil painting by* Alexander Norman Jargo

with Mr. Woelfers, a blacksmith near Cottage Grove, who, for some reason the boy did not discover, used to beat him when he came from work, "perhaps because Woelfers couldn't lick anybody else."

Jargo's next stop on these forced marches through childhood was at the home of his great uncle, where life at least does not stand out today in the man's memory as an unhappy one. Here he stayed for a spell; it could have been a few months, it could have been a year. Then he moved on to another farm home where his growing usefulness found secretly resentful expression helping with the ubiquitous chores of the housewife's kitchen. All the while, when circumstances permitted, there was the fun of drawing pictures to temper his underlying unhappiness. One day in school he became so absorbed in drawing a not-too-uncomplimentary picture of his red-headed school teacher that she stood beside him unobserved while he drew the profile and smudged in the hair. Apparently the results were appreciated, as this time there was no punishment and no reprimand.

Finally, when Alexander was nine years of age, the mother took courage and gathered her brood of three in Fargo, North Dakota. To each she assigned roles in the uncertain art of making a living, but the task was too much for the untrained mind of the mother. Her health gave way, and the children soon found that their next job was to raise themselves. For the small boy this meant scouring the railroad's right-of-way for fallen pieces of coal to keep the family warm and, for three and a half years, the life of a newsboy in downtown Fargo. Here he became tough and adequate for the hard life of a frontier town.

It was during this period that he nurtured a secret and romantic desire to follow the life of the cowboys who roistered in Fargo's saloons, and when he was thirteen a coveted opportunity came, work on a cattle ranch in Montana. Fate again intervened, and he was sent to an uncle's farm again near Cottage Grove. This time Wisconsin became his permanent home. All the while the hankering to become an artist lay in the background of his mind, but the sketches he made brought little sympathy in his uncle's household.

When Henry Stevens, a crayon artist who lived near Deerfield, gave the seventeen-year-old boy a series of lessons in crayon, the artist became so interested in the boy's work that he proposed to take him to Minneapolis and help him get a start with formal training, but the uncle thought this was tomfoolery — besides he needed a hand. The plan was dropped.

For some years the young farm hand contented himself with crayon portraits of local people. For these he received small sums of money. "I always wanted to be an artist," Jargo says, "but I never got the chance. It was always work, work." At twenty-four he married a farm girl of German background, and after an accident on the farm he took up the hard but fascinating life of a smithy. This was a natural decision and perhaps an inevitable one, for his father had been a black-

smith before him, and the grandfather frequently left the work of the farm for that of the forge. He labored at his forge on weekdays, and on Sunday, when most workers enjoy well-earned rests, he would retire to his "studio" in the barn and paint. Week in and week out, fair weather or foul, he could be found in the old barn with his pictures. After he married, oil paints became his favorite medium, "because I didn't have the money to buy them before," but the delicate lines of the crayon drawings of his youth reveal marked ability in this medium.

When the author visited his cottage home on the wide main street of this prairie town, he found scores of original paintings and drawings gathering dust in cupboards and closets which attest to the productivity of many Sundays. Unlike many rural artists, he seems to prefer people for his subjects; there are many drawings of his wife, many self-portraits. Perhaps the best is a lovely crayon drawing of his wife made before their marriage. She is portrayed standing beside her favorite horse. But his work covers many subjects, farmsteads, moonlight, animals, and the western plains of his youth.

Today his wife is blind and bedridden, adding to Jargo's work around the iron table the duties of cook, housekeeper, and nurse. There is heroic quality in the figure that stands in the Arlington smithy today and asserts, "I will never retire. It is work that keeps me alive and healthy. Work and control of the amount of food I eat." "Besides," he adds, "I love it. I no longer have the time and energy to paint, and that is a great loss to me. But I still have my pictures, and my yard and garden are beautiful."

The spacious green lawn and shrubs around his home, flanked by tall maples and elms, a giant pine, and a spruce, are the luxuries of this small Wisconsin town. And the village appreciates the achievements of the little smith. Even the local tavern keeper is proud to hang a picture by him in the town tavern, and on request, he quickly leaves his busy work behind the bar to show the painting to a visitor. Many others have acquired pictures by Jargo: doctors, pastors, and farmers. The tavern is no longer the only public place that shows his work, for one of his pictures now hangs in the Permanent Collection of the College of Agriculture.

ARTHUR JOHNSON
MONROE

Handyman-Painter

IN THE southern outskirts of Monroe, next to open fields of corn and red clover, a tall, broad-shouldered man of obvious Irish extraction divides his spare time between a huge garden of vegetables and flowers, a cheerful and contented family, and his beloved hobby of oil painting. Sometimes the painting plays second fiddle to more immediate family values, but the art work always returns. A practical man with tools, Arthur Johnson made a model studio with over-head lighting and a glass-block wall. His wife needed more space for a bedroom, and he remodeled it, adding a beautiful inlaid walnut dressing table of his own design. He always does his painting with the upright piano for an easel and the piano bench for a work table.

Many a daughter would object to a paint-bedaubed piano bench, but not his. High-school daughter, grown-up son, wife, and mother-in-law are all proud of the paintings that adorn the living room, and the steadily mounting sale of pictures to people in the community not only augments the family income but also vindicates the family's judgment. Son David has even tried his own hand at art but is very reticent about his beginning pastel drawings.

Like other rural artists, Johnson has woven into his family life the values he seeks to portray in his painting. His self-made kitchen-dining room is well designed and colorful; it could grace the home of a wealthier man. The old house built by his great grandfather has been enlarged and remodeled in spare time, and trees and shrubs carry his plans to the limits of a spacious lot.

OUR DAILY BREAD, *oil painting by* Arthur Johnson

An itinerant art and penmanship teacher, whom Arthur Johnson remembers as "a tall, slim man named Wilkerson, who rode an old white horse," was the first person to introduce to him the world of contour and color. He was the son of farm parents. At the age of eight in the old South School in Monroe, he learned to sketch pictures on a blackboard. In these short twenty-minute lessons each week he learned a little about design, but the lessons failed to impress him. He had already become interested in drawing at home, although this chiefly consisted in copying in pencil magazine covers of horses and dogs.

For years he drew pictures, just for the fun of it. When he was about twenty, he tried water color, but decided he did not enjoy it. In 1912, when he was twenty-four years old, he moved to Browntown, ten miles west of Monroe. There he discovered oils and his ability to use them. His first sale to an old lady who liked one of his pictures brought him only fifty cents, but his enthusiasm was not dimmed.

Year after year, as time and means permitted, he persisted in the practice of his craft. Today, Johnson's painting is acquiring more than a local reputation. A power and light company has sponsored a one-man show for him in Monroe. The *Detroit News* featured his work one Sunday in its pictorial section, and more than twenty people from Monroe and surrounding communities have bought paintings since the beginning of 1945. Local papers have repeatedly drawn attention to his

work, and a new Green County cheese factory has requested several murals. Eight of his pictures have been hung in the annual Rural Art Exhibit since his work first appeared in 1942.

Generations of farm ancestors keep Johnson close to the soil. His father is a seventy-year-old blacksmith and part-time farmer living near the village of Buena Vista. The father is of Norwegian and German ancestry and was born in North Dakota. The mother descends from Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors mixed with Irish; and in Johnson today, with his brown eyes, swarthy complexion and sense of humor, it is clear that the Irish predominates.

Some of his relatives frankly are not interested in his pictures, and on visits to his home studiously avoid looking at or mentioning his art work. Whether this stems from an uneasiness in the presence of a world of values of which they know nothing or from a feeling that such activity is only for queer people is not known. But there is nothing out-of-the-way about Arthur Johnson. He is thoroughly normal and American, and obviously enjoys both living and working.

His occupations are as commonplace as his painting is unusual. From farming and blacksmithing as early occupations, he switched to factory work in Rockford in 1925. It was here in 1928 that he subscribed, at five dollars a month, to a correspondence course in oil painting from the Federal Art School in Minneapolis. But his long cherished dream of training was soon to receive a series of jolts. The depression was on its way; a son was born to the small family, and although the art lessons continued to arrive, there was no time or peace of mind to work them out. The job at Rockford gave out, and the family moved back to Monroe. For eleven years a position as general caretaker of the Greenwood Cemetery on the edge of town not only provided the family living, but kept Johnson out in the open air and close to the fields and trees. His interest in painting was revived, and he plodded steadily on with it. In 1941, however, he changed jobs and became a yardman and truck driver with the Green County Lumber and Fuel Company where he has continued to the present.

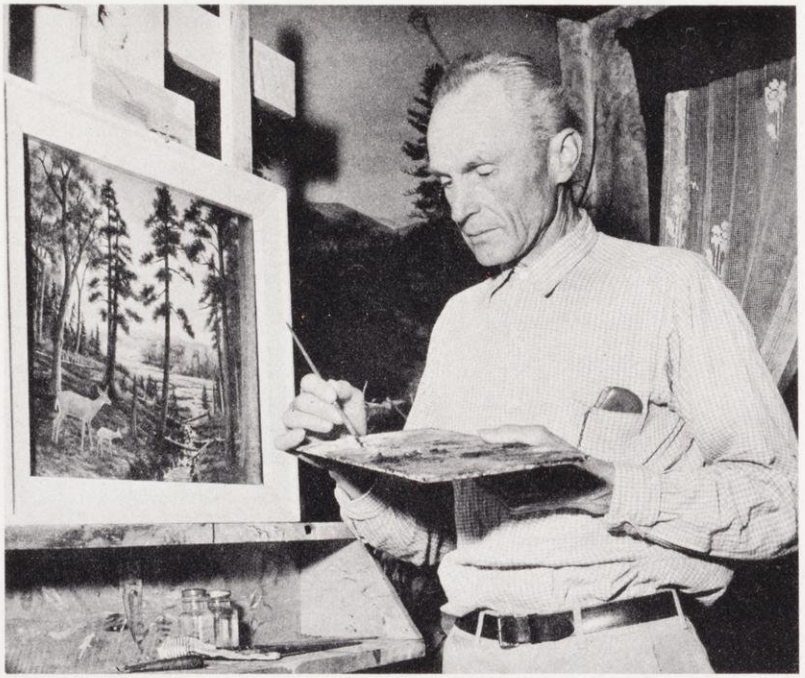
The big event for Johnson and his painting came in 1942. Entering a picture, "Peaceful Acres," in the 1942 Rural Art Exhibit, for the first time he met Curry and received direct suggestions on the basic design and texture of his painting. His work since has become more striking and life-like, with fresh, vivid coloring. In 1943 "Our Daily Bread" came to the Rural Art Exhibit, an oil of a hard-working, sweating farmer in a harvest field wiping his brow with a bandanna. Other pictures followed with better light and tone, and with a definite sense of movement in the subject-matter. Farms and the countryside provided the material for "Peaceful Valley," "Summer Storm," "While the Sun Shines," and last year's exhibit, "Rained Out."

Since Lawrence Schmeckebier's biography of Curry appeared in 1944, Johnson has taken it from the local

I. C. Spur at Monroe, *oil painting by* Arthur Johnson

public library and read it through ten times. It has become the Bible of his art interest. He also studied Benton. "I didn't care for Benton's worker and Negro figures at first; they seemed unnatural to me. But later I came to understand what he was driving at."

Anyone seeking to draw or paint in or about Monroe is not without support and appreciation. Johnson's chief sponsor in the community has been the popular manager of Turner Hall, Julius Hofer. Hofer has not only bought several of Johnson's pictures but has hung them in this thriving and beautiful Swiss community hall. This has meant encouragement and recognition not only to Johnson but to a number of other local amateur artists. In fact, Turner Hall is not only a center for social and group recreational activities but is serving as an art center for aspiring painters. No other public institution has as yet acquired Johnson's work, except the ubiquitous tavern. His pictures hang in two. A new mental attitude toward the culture of our region is developing, and these impulses from native sons, harnessed to simple and universal ideas, may yet play an influential role in the upbuilding of the community.



HERMAN A. KRAUSE
ROUTE 2, TOMAHAWK

Painter of the North Woods

THE STORY of Herman Krause is the story of hard-won achievement. Lacking any formal training, adequate materials, time, energy, and sometimes health, he has slowly won his way to an enviable place among the lay artists in Wisconsin. Painter of large murals of northwoods scenes, he labors under very poor lighting conditions which often prevent his full appraisal of his work until the sun has changed its course or another day has brought different light.

The five-hundred-acre farm lying in pine forest area five miles north of Tomahawk was a pioneer undertaking of the Krause family. When Herman was a boy of nine, the family moved in on a logging trail during the summer of 1900 to homestead forty acres of land and begin the backbreaking job of clearing the arable land and slowly building all the gear and structures needed in a farmstead.

Born in the province of Brandenburg, in Germany, about sixty miles northeast of Berlin, he was brought to the new world by his farm parents when he was six months old. After looking around for opportunities, they settled on a farm near Medina, New York, but some six years of farming on shares failed to yield an adequate living. The family moved to a farm near East St. Louis where the father undertook various jobs, attempting to accumulate money for a possible homestead up in the north. Then a chance newspaper article announced the opening of land in Lincoln County, Wisconsin, and the father hastened to take advantage of it. After the long

trek north, the entire family was soon at work clearing the land not only of trees but heavy stones and dense underbrush. "People should have known it was best just to let it grow in trees," said Krause recently. "I hated to see the old timers strip the timber to make money. And the irony is that most of them died poor." But today the forest seems to be slowly reclaiming its own as the trees and shrubs move in on the deforested areas and sub-marginal farms.

The Krause farm lies in the heart of one of the most beautiful forest areas of the state, and its influence on this farmer-artist is such that he feels he could never bring himself to live in a city, or even in open settled farm country. He has a deep feeling for the trees and lakes which surround him, and despite poor education and lack of art training, he manages to instill something of the poetry of his feeling into his imaginary landscapes.

Where did he first get the idea of drawing? "It just came to me one day in school. None of my family or relatives had ever painted or even shown any interest in the matter." But one day in the old Bradley School, Miss Bessie Smith, country schoolteacher, noticed the boy's work, and soon thereafter colored crayon sketches of some harvest or Christmas scene would greet the children of the school when they arrived in the mornings. Young Krause stayed after school to draw his pictures under the guidance of his teacher, now Mrs. Ray Conant, wife of the watchman at the Bradley Dam. She told him then that he should plan for training in art, but even his grade-school education was soon to be interrupted.

The family was poor and the eleven-year-old boy was soon to drop out of the fourth grade to go to work. He was just beginning to be interested in his studies. His father, like many struggling farm people of the day, "didn't believe much in schooling"; so his education had to continue on the farm and in the timber. At twelve years of age he hauled wood all winter long; even when the weather sometimes settled at thirty or forty below, the hauling continued. Additional land had to be purchased, and although it only cost two dollars and a half an acre, money was scarce in this family of six.

A full-fledged job in a logging camp came when the boy was nineteen years of age, and thereafter for over fifteen years he followed the life of a logger in camps from Lake Michigan to the west coast. "The crowds were tough, but there were always decent fellows in camp, as well. Some of the camps allowed no drinking, and others, no gambling. In a few it was lights out at nine and strict discipline." Krause saved little money during this period, but he did find a rich opportunity to continue his education, for each year brought a slack season for the loggers. For Krause this meant time for the fascinating places of the west: Seattle, Denver, Vancouver, Portland, Spokane, Victoria, Vancouver Island, and San Francisco. Here he visited art museums, parks,

AUTUMN, *oil painting by* Herman A. Krause

NORTHERN LANDSCAPE, *oil painting by* Herman A. Krause

libraries, zoological gardens, and any place of local interest where he could learn of the world and broaden his knowledge of America. He did no painting, but he often thought of his early interest, and the words of his school teacher would still ring in his ears: "You should plan to study art." But there was no bitterness at the lot which had excluded him from higher education, and if there was any tendency to self-pity, that has long ago been disciplined out of him by the need to make a living and by association with the brawny men of the lumber camps where that need forced him to work.

At the age of thirty-five he returned to the farm home. He had "seen the world." The father's health was poor, and together with his brother, he has since carried on the work of the homestead. Although only about sixty-five acres are under cultivation, there is a herd of twelve milking cows and, in winter, selective cutting from fine timber land. They process the logs in their own small saw mill.

Back home on the farm on winter evenings and stormy days Krause again tried to develop his long buried impulses to draw and to paint. But there was

no help available in use of materials and methods, and periods of productivity were irregular. Thirteen years after he returned to the farm a visit from Curry gave encouragement and enthusiasm to his latent and fumbling talent. Krause had groped his way into a distinct style of his own; Curry described him as "an accomplished and primitive painter, his work showing striking originality of design and individual characterization; his paintings are beautiful in design and feeling." Of his woodcarving, Curry wrote, "they show a monumental sculptural style, equalling the work of more experienced lay woodcarvers of Sweden and Denmark." *Life* magazine described him thus: "One of Wisconsin's ace exhibitors, Krause paints from imagination, specializes in romantic landscapes in the manner of Albert Ryder."

When asked if he had consciously produced in a "primitive" style, Krause answered, "Remember that I never even saw an artist at work. I have had no opportunity to study schools or styles. I just paint naturally, designing and arranging as I feel it to be true to the subject I am working on. I only try to paint the things that appear real to me, and I plan the picture as I go along."

Since canvas has been hard to obtain, especially in large pieces, he has been using presswood panels, which he prepares by using any ordinary ivory-tinted filler. After two or three coats, he starts a landscape by painting the sky, trees, and other objects in the background. Then he gradually works forward in the picture as a whole, filling in the foreground with the things he has observed in his surroundings. He works from no models or sketches. It is difficult for him to remember, like Monegar, the detailed markings of a bird or animal, but

Wood carvings by Herman A. Krause

he portrays accurately the details of the artifacts of old logging days.

His most ambitious undertaking is probably a large twelve-foot painting of an old-time logging scene, showing in graphic detail the snow-laden forest, the cutters and haulers busily at work, the log stacks accumulating on the frozen river, the long low bunk house in the background. Another painting, depicting all the chief species of native wildlife in a typical northwoods setting, was purchased as a class memorial by the 1944 class of the Farm Short Course and is to be hung in the new Short Course Dormitory on the University campus. Other paintings hang in inns and resorts about Tomahawk, and many have been carried to other states by visiting tourists. More than fifty visitors came to the Krause farmstead during the summer of 1945, some of them wishing to buy pictures or carvings which Krause had not had time to finish. Each picture is painted carefully by this man of slow speech and thoughtful mood, and all his wood carvings and small pictures are sold soon after they are produced. He would not embark on mass production if he could. The hardest job he ever tackled, he said, was a woodcarving, the "Log Driver," of solid oak eighteen inches high.

He likes to carve, using only a sharp pocket knife and several small wood chisels; but he is never able to keep up with the demand. They also do not pay, for each figure is an original, and the price is never high enough to compensate for the time and energy required. But he is happy in his painting and carving for he knows now that his work has been appraised and appreciated by a great artist; and each year, in the state-wide rural exhibition, his work brings increasing recognition. Plans for the future include a cabin studio not far away on the banks of the Tomahawk River, where he can arrange for lighting and to which he can retire after the work of the farm. Here he can enter increasingly into the alluring world he envisaged as a boy.

RALPH KRUG
ROUTE 1, CALVARY

Ploughman-Painter

FEW FARMERS are more absorbed in agriculture and rural life than Ralph Krug. One can almost say he is profoundly rural, sequestered as he is on his father's isolated farm three miles south of Mt. Calvary and ten miles east of Fond du Lac. The land is a few miles north of Kettle Moraine country and is marked by long sweeping hills, falling away into wide valleys mottled by black patches of eroded top soil, frequently bounded by long fence rows of glacial boulders.

The family has been relatively unmarked by the tides of urban influence sweeping in over the towns and through the channels of communication. The eight children, three boys and five girls, are for the most part still farm folk, although Ralph's older brother is a Lutheran minister at Lena, Wisconsin. His father, of German extraction, was born on an adjoining farm. His mother, also German, was born on a farm five miles south of Osceola. Mrs. Krug, as a young woman, tried working in Fond du Lac, but after three days of "feeling cooped up in the city," she returned to the farm. She missed the spaciousness of the country, the sunset over the hills, the songs of the wild birds. She had not realized how much it had meant to her to be able to watch a crop grow from sprouting to harvest or to observe the effect of the ebb and flow of the seasons on all growing things.

Ralph is of medium stature, slender, with clear blue eyes, and although very reticent, he has a friendly smile. He has been outside of the state once, but has never visited Madison, has never traveled on a train. One gets

the feeling after a while that here at least is one young person who does not feel the need of a train ride, contacts with city crowds, or the new and exciting experiences made possible by a rapidly changing world. On the walls of the farm home are a number of paintings of pastoral scenes which reveal a deep appreciation of nature's forms. He is at home in the open fields, among the herds and the trees. Why should he leave?

Born on the present farm in 1917, he spent the first three years of formal education in the Tom Paine School nearby, after which he was transferred to a Lutheran parochial school on highway 23, a few miles to the south. Finishing the seventh grade there, he then attended the eighth grade at the parochial school in Fond du Lac. Here, for the first time, he received some ordinary instruction in drawing and water color and found that he liked it. There was no special art instruction, and he can remember no one teacher who spurred his efforts, but the opportunity was in itself sufficient. He had discovered a natural interest.

His use of oil paints began the following summer in 1931, when his uncle, Arnold Krug, visited the farm. The uncle was located in Arizona and spent most of his time painting desert scenes. He noticed the boy's water colors and, without attempting to give him advice or instruction, gave him brushes, tubes of oil paint, and a pallette. For guidance he left an ancient-appearing book called *The Painter in Oil*, by Daniel Burleigh Parkhurst. This the boy read carefully.

Occasionally he made a few paintings, most of which have been given away; but it was not until five years ago, when young Krug began work away from home as a hired hand for a neighboring farmer, that he painted a half dozen large impressive oils of real or imaginary farm scenes which had caught his interest. Seeing a print in a book of a Rosa Bonheur painting of sheep in a pasture, he got the idea of painting a herd of dairy cows with his neighbor's farmhouse in the background. The color treatment is romantic, and without knowing consciously how to plan a design, he nevertheless placed the cows in diverse positions to avoid uniformity and monotony.

Another pastoral called "Late Summer Morning" has a rather classical arrangement of tall stately trees and a good design in contrasting lines of trees, fence posts, and cow paths. The sense of depth and perspective in the picture is realistic. "Threshing in Wisconsin" portrays an imaginary scene which is a composite of many threshing experiences which he had long wanted to put on canvas. This picture was recommended by Curry for the month of September in a rural art calendar. One of the most convincing works he has done is a portrait of his mother knitting. The paintings were usually done on long winter evenings, never on Sundays. The only exhibit he has entered was the Rural Art Exhibit in Madison, which he saw announced in the local newspaper. He does not care to sell his pictures; he does not seem to be particularly interested in

THRESHING IN WISCONSIN, *oil painting by* Ralph Krug

money. Also he is not sure he will keep on with his painting. If he should stop he wants to have those he has already painted for the enjoyment of the family.

He has done no painting recently, and several people have urged him to take it up again. He noticed that it was the "more educated people who understand these things" who have urged him to continue. However, it has been a "pastime" with him, and when the pressure of hard work on the farm leaves him no time, the desire to express his moods does not arise. If he does not continue, it will not be because of any possible lack of market for his paintings, since he still has offers, but because his work life and farm responsibilities interfere with that inner desire to create which moves him to portray some familiar scene in the world of the "uncommonplace" about him.

WALTER KUSE
ROUTE 1, MEDFORD

Church Muralist

WALTER KUSE has combined successful farm living with an unusual painting hobby which is not only remunerative but which places his work before hundreds of people. His thirty-five-acre farm is a fruitful orchard, lush garden, and wide expanse of lawn with many trees and flowering shrubs. He keeps a small but productive dairy herd in a well-kept pasture. In this setting stands a massive house which he himself built from the glacial stones gathered from the fields. He dressed the stone himself, even for doorways and window ledges. The house itself is a work of art, which took five years of spare time to build. During that time the family was content to live in a nearby cabin, for they realized that the house was meant to be a thing of permanence and perfection, or a kind of memorial if you will, to the dream of a farmer who needed to express his own sense of proportion and design.

His creative impulse expresses itself to an even greater extent in woodcarving, easel painting, and a form of art unique among our rural artists, large and dramatic mural paintings for churches.

Kuse is the most stalwart figure in the rural art group. He stands six feet four inches tall, weighs a hundred eighty-five pounds, and is well proportioned. It is hard to visualize his strong workman's hands carving delicate lines in wood or painting subtle tones in oil. He has the composure of a person of great strength as well as of a culture developed by generations of people

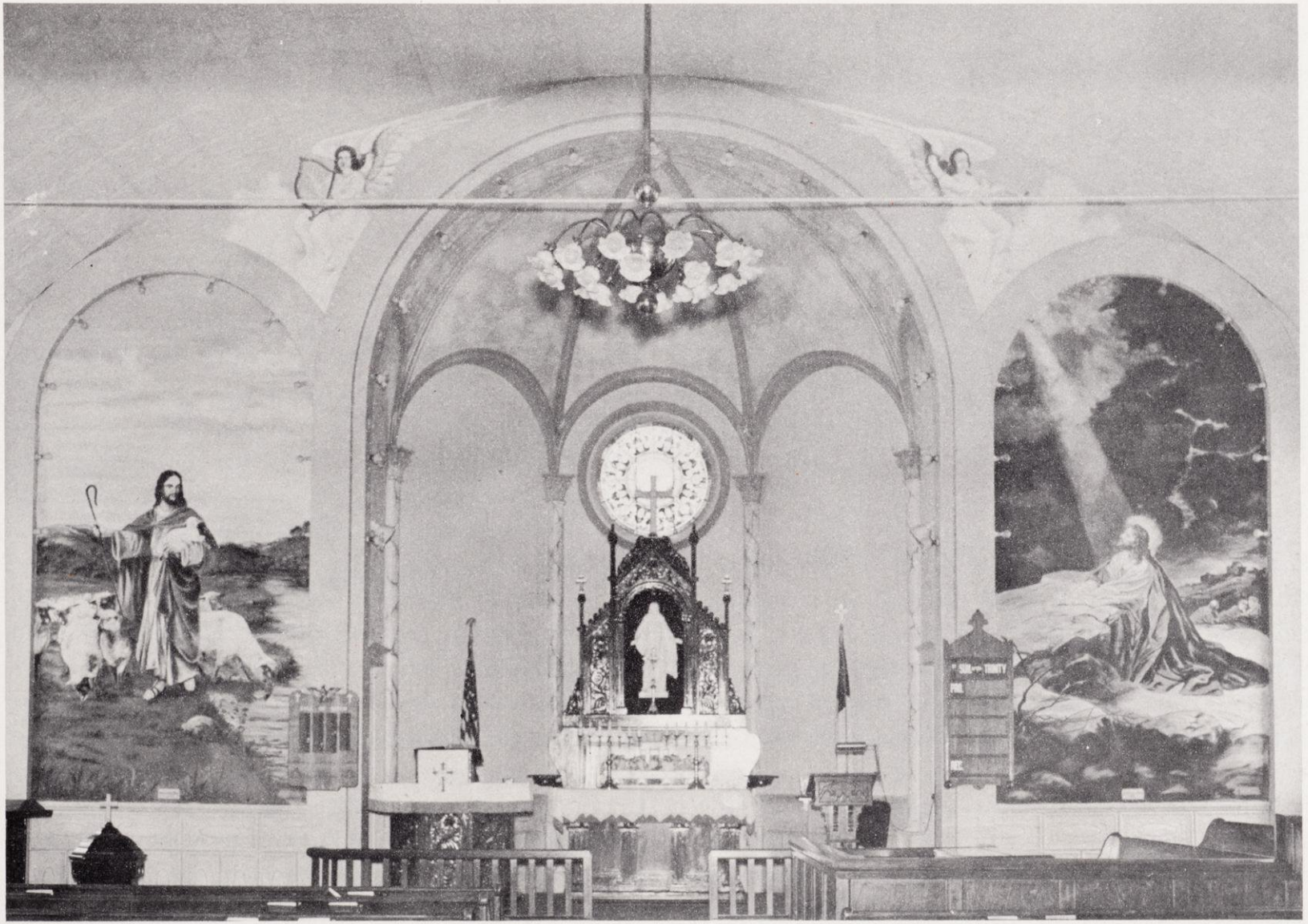
who have tilled the soil. He believes in rural life. "For this kind of world, the farm is the place to live and raise a family. And yet for our purposes we keep our acreage small so that it can provide most of our living, and yet not so large as to keep me tied down and unable to accept painting commissions away from home." Thirty-five acres may seem a small farm, but there is ample evidence of plenty in the large well-tended berry patch, the thriving orchard, the luxuriant garden with its long rows of tomato vines.

Kuse was born in 1896, on this, his grandfather's pioneer farm, originally eighty acres wrested from wilderness country. Three generations have given the place a tradition of family solidarity and security that is enjoyed today by too few Americans. Of German parentage, his mother came to America from East Prussia when she was fifteen years of age; his father, from Mecklenburg-Schwerin at the age of five. His mother is still active and a warm-hearted member of the harmonious family.

He has known both the soil and art all his life. The grandfather loved to carve useful things for the home and the farm, such things as wooden tools and utensils. Kuse particularly remembers a long ornamental butter dish. The father also did woodcarving, sculptured figures and toys from shingles and blocks of wood. He early taught his children to draw. When young Walter and the small sister were assigned a lesson to draw a picture of some doves, the father looked them over and said, "Sister's is better than yours." The boy determined to do better. When he was five years old he took a piece of hard stove wood from the woodbox and tried to carve it into a figure. During his second grade in the old White School in Medford, Anne Hoppe, his teacher, asked him to remain after school to do a drawing for the county fair. She had already noticed his preoccupation with crayon and pencil. The drawing was forgotten, but days later he learned that his picture had won first prize. He was afraid to go to the county officials and get his dollar, but encouraged by the company of his sister, he trudged up for his premium.

School teachers and local ministers continuously sponsored his work. He remembers interesting art and music instruction twice a week during the third grade. A teacher, Charles Wachtel, induced him to take a correspondence course in drawing cartoons. He was fourteen at the time, but the cartoon idea failed to impress him.

The Reverend Mr. Sheding from one local church opened the way in 1929 for an apprenticeship in the Henry Keck stained glass window shop in Syracuse. At the same time, he studied charcoal drawing for three months in night school at Syracuse University. But the depression came, and the necessity of making a living brought such a change in plans that Kuse returned to his wife and the farm. Although the farm occupied a great part of his energies, he soon learned to express his love of art in a variety of ways, each one different



Murals in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Medford, *by* Walter Kuse

THE PIONEER, *oil painting by* Walter Kuse

and quite unlike any of the forms of expression for which he had briefly trained. He took up woodcarving, chiefly of the artifacts of the old logging days. Having kept a pair of huge oxen for farm work, he made them stand as models for hours while he studied and carved the lines in the short legs, the low massive shoulders.

Kuse cannot remember when he did his first oil painting, nor how many he has created. Many have been sold and others given away. One of his best was a series of six paintings illustrating the various stages of Wisconsin history: "Virgin Forest," "Pioneer Days," "Early Logging," "Fire in the Cutover," "After the Fire," and "Result of Hard Labor." This last is a picture of a modern dairy farm. This series was exhibited in the third Rural Art Exhibit in Madison. Many details in the picture are accurate historically: the shakes, or hand-hewn shingles of cedar or pine, the logging sled with runners turned up at both ends, the long ten-foot "bunks," and the early ploughs with the heavy wooden beams.

But his chief distinction and his chief interest are in the strong and richly colored religious murals which he has made in numerous churches in central and northern Wisconsin. Two large murals twelve feet high stand on each side of the altar in St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Medford. They reveal not only superior craftsmanship but deep religious feeling. On the right side he was asked to paint a picture of Hoffman's "Gethsemane" from a small print. He was allowed to create his own idea on the left and painted an interpretation of the Shepherd's Psalm, a Palestine setting with a realistic flock of sheep. Seven Catholic churches, including one in Medford, one in Ironwood, Michigan, and St. Agnes Church in Ashland, have engaged this Lutheran to do murals for them. Perhaps his most original work is a small painting of the Last Supper with his own interpretation of non-idealized figures of the disciples grouped around a table in the various postures of rough men under stress of great emotion. In the figure of Christ, however, he has not felt that he could successfully experiment but has chosen to follow the more traditional pattern of classical Christian figures.

EARLY LOGGING DAYS, *oil painting by* Walter Kuse

Kuse has also at times painted pictures for taverns, but his conscience has troubled him about these. "Why make these places beautiful?" he asked himself. Other rural artists have made the same query, but patronage has come too tardily from other community institutions, and there is often a need to get work before the public and to augment the family income.

Kuse is today a modest man with little material security, but he has many non-material satisfactions. Not only does he have the realization that hundreds of people enjoy his paintings in a dozen churches of his native state, but he is in love with growing things, especially his fruit trees, many of which contain grafts of his own making and which he knows as intimately as if each had a name and a personality of its own. He is wealthy, too, in meeting the many friends and interested strangers who call in at the farm home to visit with the family, to look at his pictures, and to view the vari-colored stone house. It is not too much to say that no visitor leaves without some small reflection of the contentment this man has achieved in a world of conflicting values and competitive struggle.

ETHEL KVALHEIM
STOUGHTON

Farm Girl Saga

HER LIFE is essentially the pattern of thousands of American farm girls to whom town high school became the open door to new opportunities. But the roots of her art lie back in the farm home, the deepening colors of autumn, the spire of a country church steeple. The watercolor, "The Home Place," represents a dream which came to her some twenty-five years ago. While a schoolgirl of ten, she was given the job of watching the cows graze along the roadside when pasturage was short in late summer. As she looked back on the home place, she was so impressed by its richness of color that she tried to paint a picture of it then. Complete lack of any guidance in or out of school made her task too difficult. Although she is a second-generation Norwegian, Ethel Kvalheim is as much an American type as any New England Yankee. With the exception of a large wooden platter decorated with the famous Norwegian *rosemaling* hanging on the wall there is no visible evidence of nationality influence in the comfortable home on the southern outskirts of Stoughton. Her father, John Nelson, born in Sheboygan, was brought up in the Martin Luther Children's Home near Stoughton and began farming on the home place at nineteen.

As with many another rural artist there is no "art history" in her family background, at least in the fine arts. Grandfather Nelson was a sailor, and Grandfather Larson was a farmer. Neither parent was interested in art, but they were pleased when the daughter began to

draw. There was at least no discouragement, no admonition to use her time in more practical pursuits. When she was a schoolgirl she went for long walks alone in the woods, and no cross words to spoil her mood waited for her at home.

The farm lies in Pleasant Springs Township, nine miles east of Stoughton, two miles from the small hamlet of Utica, which in those days was two general stores, a creamery, and a blacksmith shop. There the Nelsons did their grocery shopping, but Cambridge and Deerfield provided clothing, doctors' services, and grain feeds. To the schoolgirl the land about was as beautiful as country needed to be. The roads wound over rolling hills, the valleys were banked with virgin woods, alive with song birds in summer, resplendent in warm colors in autumn. Today to Mrs. Kvalheim no spot can offer more charm, and no scenery can compete with that of the old home place. It is as if the magic of the wood and hillside had opened the eye to the inner nature of the world, and to enter one must return through this open door. Time and again this lay painter has driven back to sketch and color along the open road near the West Koshkonong church a mile from the home place, or on the crest of a hill overlooking a familiar valley or clump of trees.

High school in Stoughton brought an interest in town life and the desire to learn a trade and earn her own way. On graduation in 1930 she did housework for a while, then worked in a dry-cleaning plant. Her marriage in 1933 to Norwegian-born Arthur Kvalheim was followed by six years' full-time work in the cleaning plant. She learned the complete operation, machinery and all. She could run the whole plant, and sometimes did. The years 1939 and 1940 were spent keeping house and doing part-time work in a hardware store. In 1941 for the first time she became a homemaker full time and began to feel a restlessness and an urge to find some creative expression outside the home. Almost without forethought one day in 1941, she drove out to the old neighborhood and sketched the "Koshkonong Church and School." The next spring she was reluctantly persuaded to enter the picture in the Rural Art Exhibit and was surprised when it was accepted, doubly surprised to have it purchased for the Permanent Collection.

Completely unassuming, Mrs. Kvalheim is far more aware of her limitations than she is of her talents. She might have entered more pictures in other shows, but she was skeptical of their value and candidly afraid of having them rejected. When asked by a curious passer-by one day, as she was sketching in the open, whether she was an artist, she exclaimed, "Heavens, no! I'm no artist." Wanting additional and competent guidance, she is now faced with the care of two small, active boys. When asked why she did not use oils, as well as water colors, she replied, "Oils are pretty messy with two small boys around. They don't mix very well." She still manages to do ten or twelve pictures a year.

THE HOME PLACE, *water color by* Ethel Kvalheim

An obliging husband takes over the duties of nursemaid on Sunday afternoons while the mother finds some satisfaction for an insistent urge to be alone, to paint, to develop her own feeling for the subjects about her. Often she makes a sketch out of doors and completes it at night when the children are asleep.

A series of factors has accounted for her growth as a water colorist during the past six years. A trip to Curry's studio in the summer of 1941 resulted in the assurance that her work was good and could become better. One of her treasured possessions is a book Curry gave her for which he had drawn the illustrations. A second encouragement came from the Madison art teacher, Arthur Colt, who held a weekly art class in the Stoughton Vocational School during the winter of 1943. Here she received instruction in basic design and use of oils. One result from this class has been the regular meeting of four Stoughton women for mutual help and study. They discovered the extension library service of the University and from time to time obtain books on painting. One of the most stimulating has been that by the Minnesota artist, Adolph Dehn.

West Koshkonong, *water color by* Ethel Kvalheim

She faces the future with a clear view of her problems. The family comes first, and if it proves necessary to sacrifice time from her art work for the children, she will do so cheerfully. But she loves the out-of-doors and the sketching time, and with her practical ingenuity she will manage to keep her interest alive. She still seeks competent guidance. "Nature is very complicated to the untrained mind, and it takes a good teacher to help one know the right things to leave out!"

MILLIE ROSE LALK
ROUTE 2, FORT ATKINSON

Strange Harvest

FOR FORTY years Millie Rose Lalk lived the harmonious, uneventful life of a conventional, mild-mannered American. During this time her only art work was the painting of an occasional oil as she stole time from her many duties as mother, farm housewife, and friendly neighbor. Then, almost suddenly, she became a serious painter aware of new principles, intent upon new meanings, and productive of far more significant work. For years this farm woman had dabbled at painting drab, uninspired oils of grapes and pears and of chromo-like landscapes of mountains, lakes, and hunting scenes. Searching through her small collection of early work one finds nothing to suggest the power of expression and experimental textures she was to develop during the last few years of her life.

The art classes she attended in high school had inspired her to do nothing more original nor exciting than a series of school-girl portraits of fashionable young ladies in the manner of James Montgomery Flagg. Nor did three months' attendance at a special course offered by the Chicago Art Institute have any marked effect. The metamorphosis may be explained in part by the inner brooding of spirit that a series of especially profound experiences engendered in her. When in 1935 her youngest son died, her husband noticed a change in her personality. She became introspective and began to devote much more of her time to sketching and painting. For a time, however, her re-

newed interest in painting resulted in nothing exceptional. She received honorable mention for a poster submitted in a national contest, and she undertook a number of large barn murals near Fort Atkinson, advertising Guernsey cows for the local breeders' association.

There can be little doubt that among the experiences that were most fruitful for Mrs. Lalk was a series of meetings with Curry. In 1940, having entered a rather prosaic oil, "Filling Silo," in the first Rural Art Exhibit, she attended Curry's tour of the gallery. He appraised and criticized each picture before the assembled group of rural artists. She listened thoughtfully to his succinct advice: "Use more color. . . . Develop your own style. Don't change it for someone else's. . . . Paint the world you see about you. . . . Paint the things about which you have feeling." The next year Mrs. Lalk submitted a large, ambitious oil depicting her own family group busy in a barnyard full of huge sows and their litters. When someone criticized the immense snout of one of the sows as being out of proportion, Curry replied, "That's a part of the design; it looks more like a pig than a pig does." A year later Mrs. Lalk succeeded in placing an oil — a modern, symbolic treatment of the subject of the golden calf — among the professionals in the annual Wisconsin Salon. Thereafter until her death in August, 1943, Mrs. Lalk's work received increasing recognition.

Perhaps the most profound event in her life was her discovery in 1941 that she was seriously ill. A deeply religious woman, she refused to be shocked out of her normal way of life or to give way to invalidism. Few people knew that she was a sick woman, but it may have been her awareness that time was running out which prompted her to offer advice to all those who, endowed with a little talent, were planning to have fun with it "when there is time" — which for most people means when they grow old. "Don't wait," she said on one occasion in 1942. "Play around with your hobby as you live your busiest years. It keeps you stimulated and interested, and you may surprise yourself by developing something really good." She herself had led too busy a life to realize her own potentialities. She was born on the edge of the town of Whitewater in 1895. Her father, John Brinker, a machinist of Dutch ancestry, kept the family of six on the move as he obtained employment in various small woolen mills in the midwest. When Millie Rose started school the family lived in Grafton in Ozaukee County. Two years later the Brinkers were in Maguoketa, Illinois. But that job, like the rest proved to be temporary, and soon they were again living in Wisconsin, this time in Janesville.

When she was graduated from the local high school in 1913, Millie Rose was undecided about the future. Two years later she entered the Janesville Business College, where she met Henry H. Lalk, a fellow student. Their marriage in 1916 was followed by two brief attempts at business, one with the Jamesway Company

OUR FARM BUILDINGS, *oil painting by* Millie Rose Lalk

THEY'RE CUTE WHEN THEY'RE SMALL, *oil painting*
by Millie Rose Lalk

and the other operating an auto livery. In 1917 the young couple decided to farm and moved to eighty acres near Chippewa Falls. There the first of three boys was born in 1918. The young farmer's wife was much too busy to spend any more time at the easel. A year later the farm was sold, and they moved three times in rapid succession. Finally, in 1926 they bought a hundred-acre farm on the Janesville road. It lies among rolling hills dotted with tree clumps and commands a view of Lake Koshkonong. It was this farm that supplied subjects for Mrs. Lalk during the 1940's.

When her two boys had left for the University and she had moved to a country home near Fort Atkinson, she was able to transfer her energies to art. In the few short years that remained to her, she crowded the days with activity. Months before her death she knew she had not long to live, but she continued to work with remarkable productivity. In the autumn of 1942 she was asked to exhibit her work in a one-artist show at the Wustum Museum at Racine. In September she had been recognized by the *Milwaukee Journal* as Wisconsin's outstanding rural artist. For the third time her work was shown at the Sculptors and Painters exhibition in Milwaukee, making her eligible for membership in that organization. Her entries at the state fair brought her two first prizes. She was featured in *Life*, and an article about her in a Chicago newspaper brought numerous invitations to talk about her paintings before organizations in near-by towns. She is credited with organizing and teaching the first fine arts class in Fort Atkinson. She was among the first to be selected by the Rural Art Committee for representation in the Permanent Collection. Her works were exhibited by the Madison Art Association, Beloit College, the Milwaukee Art Institute, Purdue University, and in 1943 the Chicago Art Institute. Her painting "Our Farm in Wisconsin with Lake Koshkonong in the Distance" was requested from the Chicago exhibit by the Illinois State Museum at Springfield, where it was hanging at the time of her death. She had continued active and productive until the last two and a half weeks of her life.

What was the secret of those creative years? It was as if she had borrowed time and was hastening to repay it with a gift which was to live for her. Or perhaps the educational philosophers have a word for it: that dreams and hopes may lie buried in the minds of men to awaken long after the age when the schools suggest that we stop learning.

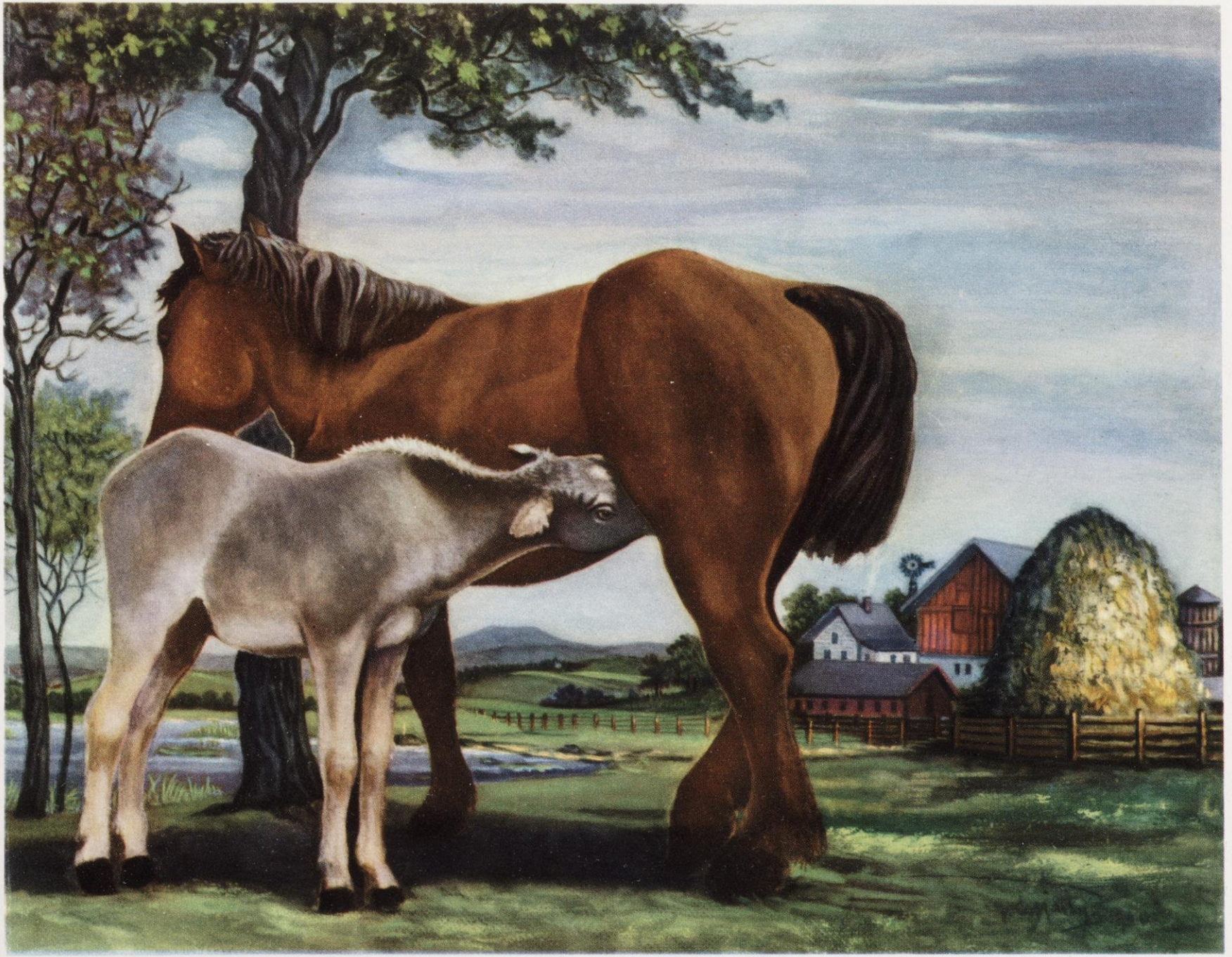
CARL MARTY, SR.
MONROE

In the American Spirit

HIS PATERNAL grandfather was a farmer in Switzerland, his father a cheesemaker, his mother a farmer's daughter. Carl Marty, after emigrating to America at the age of thirteen, tried numerous jobs and finally achieved the success so many emigrants dream about. He began as an old-fashioned cheesemaker, stoking his own fires, pouring the milk, making the butter, salting the big Swiss cheese loaves. He was a farmer, bookkeeper, warehouse laborer, and country newspaperman before he found a niche in an expanding cheese business which was to make him financially independent.

He was born in 1873 in the village of Gachnaug, Canton Thurgau, the seventh child of twelve children. The year the mother died, the father, unsettled by his wife's death and hearing about the high wages in America, left his family behind him and set out for the New World, hoping to establish a new home for his large family. He made cheese in Ohio for two years and then moved on to a new Swiss colony in Green County, Wisconsin. In 1887 young Carl, together with the last members of the family, came to the Tom Cary Swiss cheese factory in the country ten miles northwest of Monroe. Here he was to work with his father for two years. At the age of fifteen he became an independent cheesemaker in the Bill Cary factory three miles away.

Cheesemaking in those days was a simple yet strenuous process. One large kettle swung on a small crane over a fireplace. By dint of hard work a one hundred and twenty-five pound cheese loaf could be made in the



LUNCH TIME, *oil painting by* Carl Marty, Sr.

morning and one in the afternoon. Thirty-five hundred pounds of milk made two loaves. The young Swiss lived alone, cooked his own meals, and handled the incoming farmer folk as best he could. He occasionally ran into trouble because of his broken English. The young men in the neighborhood called him derisively a "Dutchman," and he had to fight a couple of them his own age before he gained their respect.

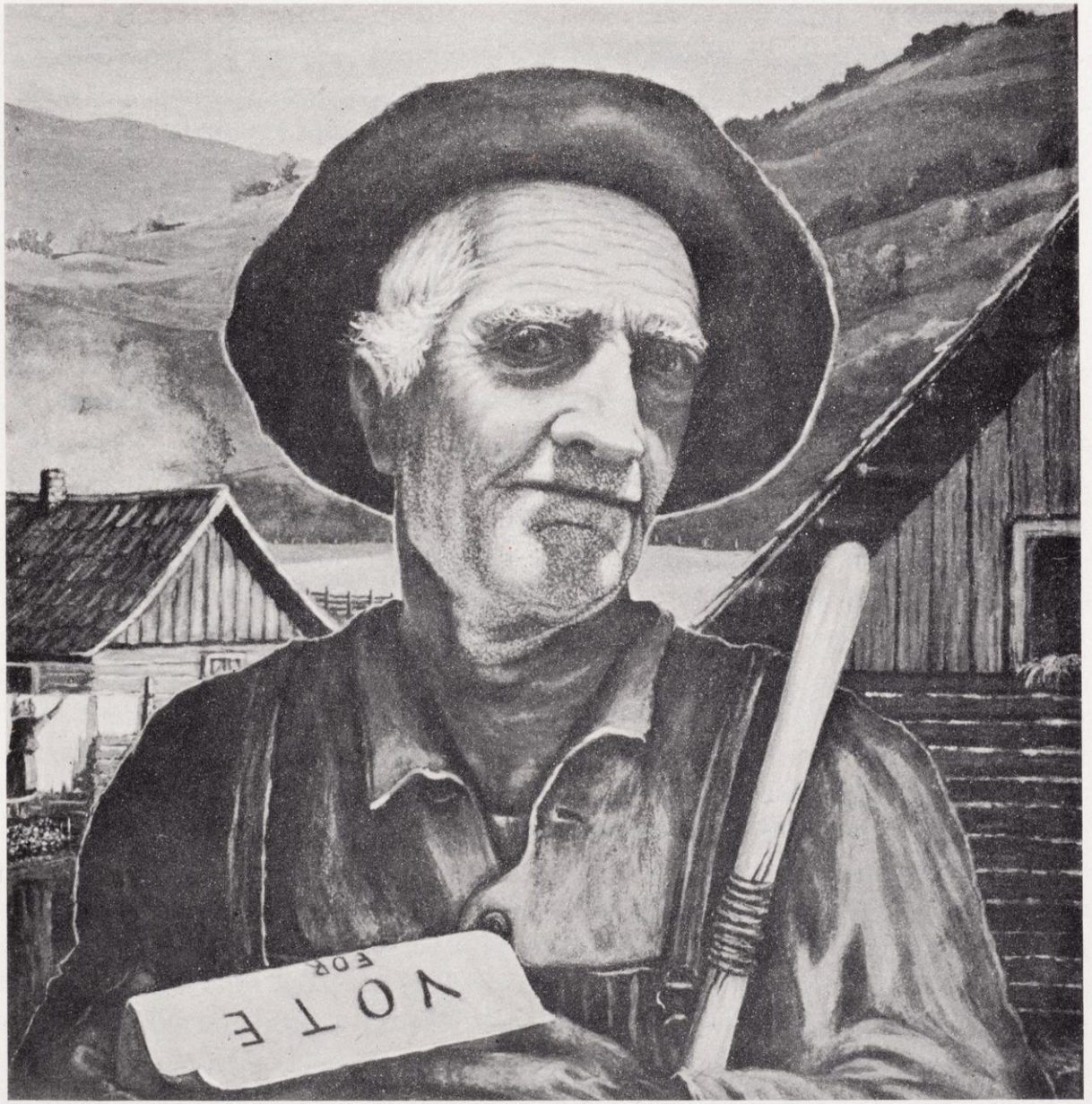
It was in the long winter days when he had comparatively little to do that the young emigrant took to drawing and sketching. There was still heavy work to do, for the big cheese loaves had to be lifted down twice a week, washed, salted, and a few hours later the salt had to be rubbed in with a brush. But making cheese came to a standstill for about five months and left plenty of time for reading and making pictures.

His formal education had stopped during the second year of *realschule*. There had been no art taught in *primarschule*, but in the *realschule* the students had received drawing lessons once a week for one hour. He was fascinated by sketching, which he did so well that his classmates stole some of his pictures. His first drawings in America were made on cheese paper, but in 1892 he bought some cheap oils from a Monroe drug store and did his first oil painting. He still has one of his first oils, a simple barnyard scene of cows and a watering trough. The color treatment is rather somber, but the design shows careful handling.

Beginning in the fall of 1890 he decided to work on a farm as a hired hand. His friends could not understand this, but he wanted to be sure he understood the farmers' problems and the farmers' point of view. The next autumn he decided to realize another ambition. With nearly three hundred dollars in savings, a lot of money to him, he entered Mayers Business College in Milwaukee. Board could be had for only three dollars a week, but at the end of the three months' course, Marty had no money left. However, he had an education.

The spring of 1893 saw a depression in America. There were many unemployed, and people were walking the streets looking for work, but the young business college "graduate" found a job lugging heavy cases and crates at Steinmeyers, a wholesale grocer. One day the proprietor noticed the young man's exact handwriting and put him to work marking packing boxes at eight dollars a week. His future then at twenty years of age did not look particularly brilliant. It took a long visit back to the Old Country to bring the young man to the realization of what America meant to him. He had saved a hundred dollars and in October decided to visit his sister in Bucharest, Rumania. In Chicago he saw the World's Fair for fifty cents, then bought a scalper's ticket to New York for ten dollars, and paid sixty dollars for steerage to Basle, via Le Havre.

In Bucharest he found a job as assistant to his brother-in-law, bookeeper in a bank. The Swiss as educated functionaries were needed in a backward country, and



THE VOTER,
oil painting by Carl Marty, Sr.

with Carl Marty's certificate from a business college in America, he stood a good chance of advancement and solid respectability with the better class of people. But young Carl was uncomfortable. He had had a taste of New-World democracy, and against his sister's protests he decided to go back. "In America every man who was honest and willing to work was as good as his neighbor. Poor devils from all over the world were flocking to the new country, and if they were honest, they could command respect. Why, even in Switzerland a class system had developed. If a man had a little money he would look down on the common people, and they would look up to him."

Back in Wisconsin in October, 1895, he began work again at Steinmeyers, but in the following spring, too late for making cheese, he got into an argument with the manager and left for Green County. He was idling on the square in Monroe, planning a trip to the west "by riding the rails," when Mr. Kohli, publisher of the *Green County Herald,* chanced by and offered him a job on the paper at six dollars a week. It was then a German-language paper, and Marty had to learn high German and learn it well.

Five years' work on the *Herald* followed. In 1897 he married Verena Isely, a young widow with three small children. His wages were raised to ten dollars a week, but his wife had to take in washing to help. Marty spent one whole evening figuring out his budget so that he could convince himself that he could afford a nickel glass of beer a day. Work on the *Herald* gave him an opportunity not only for writing and editing but to make original zinc plate sketches for illustrations. It was during his work on the paper that he ran for register of deeds on the Democratic ticket. "But there was no chance for a Democrat in Green County," Marty said, "and I expected to lose."

The need for more income to raise his family finally led the newspaperman to accept a job as bookkeeper for Charles Zuercher, a cheese dealer in Brodhead. His wages were now fifteen dollars per week, which did not last long. Six years later Marty accepted a job as field man and grader with the Glauser, Ladrick wholesale cheese company in Chicago, overseeing forty-five cheese plants in Dodge, Buffalo, Iowa, and Green counties. The young man knew the cheese business from the inside and was now rapidly on his way up. In Chicago the Swiss were called "Green County cow horns," but Marty did not mind. He soon bought into the business and by 1923 had made enough money to educate his children and to return to Monroe. He could have stayed on and become a rich man, but there were many things he wanted to do.

He had been too busy to paint pictures, but a sketching class once a week in the Chicago Art Institute revived his old interests. He spent a lot of time in the Art Institute. Every year since, Carl Marty has painted many pictures, chiefly of rural scenes. He has sold some, given many away. In 1940 he became a charter member

Early Green County Cheese Factory, *ink drawing by* Carl Marty, Sr.

of the Rural Art Group and a staunch supporter of the annual exhibit. "I admired Curry for his candid, pioneer spirit," he said. "He made us realize the importance of the every-day world around us." He knows Arthur Johnson well and thinks that Johnson is a better observer than he is. Regarding the many rural people in the state who are doing original work in the field of painting, he declares that it bears out his theory of art. "There is a kind of instinct of art in everybody. Given any kind of chance they can develop a feeling for it, even if they can't express it. This feeling is related to the essential simplicity in most people. All sorts of people can enjoy my pictures, but they too, farmers and all, should have some creative hobby to round out their lives."

Competing with his interest in oil painting is his collection of the simple and yet beautiful relics of rural pioneer life. His home on the eastern outskirts of Monroe is a veritable museum of hand-made historical objects, many of them collected from junk piles. Scores of old settlers' kettles, pans, coffee grinders, bottles, and glassware are neatly stacked about the house, together with many utensils and tools of the old cheesemaker trade. One of his strongest desires is to see a Green County historical museum which will keep in the community the many outer garments of its history. Otherwise these colorful objects will be scattered over the world by antique dealers and collectors, away from their historical setting.

Today, Carl Marty, Sr., at 74 is a genial philosopher, still keenly interested in the welfare of his adopted country. At one time he was a member of the Socialist Party; he even ran for state senator on that ticket. But he was not satisfied with everything he read about the socialists, and when old Bob LaFollette came along in the twenties, he became an enthusiastic supporter.

Carl Marty has never regretted that he became a citizen of the New World. Its freedom has matched the spirit of the pioneer and the free man in his own nature. He cherishes the privileges which have become his heritage and the opportunity to put on canvas the everyday subjects about him.

CLARENCE BOYCE MONEGAR
BLACK RIVER FALLS

Between Two Worlds

BROODING, restless, of full-blood Winnebago stock, Clarence Monegar in his temperament, habits, and art seems to express typical Indian characteristics. He is nomadic, taciturn, childlike; the subject of his paintings are running deer, feeding grouse, and flying ducks in the woods and by the rivers of his native homeland. He is a keen observer of both man and nature. He can converse on the art and society of his times in excellent English. He is unhappy and partially estranged from his people, but his feelings are seldom apparent. His soft voice and gentle manners are considerate of friend and stranger alike. He is polite and unassuming.

His life in many respects is characteristic of other American Indians who try to adjust to the white man's world outside of the guidance and protection of the ancient tribal communuity. For a number of years he has spent periods among the Winnebago at Black River Falls when he immersed himself in the life and work of his people. Sooner or later he would find himself back in the city, a wanderer, painting and selling his pictures, seeking the companionship of friends and acquaintances who understood his art and his problems.

He was born thirty-eight years ago on the outskirts of the village of Eland in Shawano County. None of his father's people had shown any interest in the ornamental art work of the Winnebagoes. His great grandfather, Chief Joe Monegar, had been a famous leader and medicine man among the Winnebago tribes during the Civil War. Later his paternal grandfather's chief dis-

tinction had been as trick rider with a wild west show, the 101 Ranch. His father, Thomas Monegar, provided a precarious living for a family of seven by working in nearby cranberry marshes. Conscious of poverty, the father was inclined to discourage Clarence's early attempts at drawing and painting. His mother, however, offered compensation. She herself had done competent work in ornamental basketry and crayon drawing. Thus she could understand and encourage her son's artistic interests.

Monegar's first three years of education were spent at the Indian Parochial School in Wittenberg. One day of each school week was devoted to study in art, but no specially trained teachers were present to offer more than just perfunctory art instruction. Nevertheless, his ability to draw began to show itself during this early period. The minister, the Reverend T. M. Rykken, was so impressed that he made lantern slides of some of his work. At the Tomah Indian School during the next five years, Miss Crane, an art teacher, succeeded in arousing more than passing interest in the subject. This was the first regular instruction Monegar received in the fundamentals of drawing. A year in Wittenberg High School followed; but the family was poor, the father had died, and Clarence dropped out of high school to help support his mother and the family.

Various jobs followed during the next five years — farm work, wood cutting, odd jobs, and cranberry picking. In 1927, at seventeen, he travelled with a circus as a rider in a covered-wagon act. Six months later, however, he returned, having "gotten the circus out of his system." Sign painting supported him for a time. At twenty-two he married Emma Stacy of a prominent Indian family; his attempts at creative art expression were revived and directly encouraged by his young wife. For a number of years the family thrived, but after the birth of their four children, tragedy loomed ahead when the mother contracted tuberculosis and was removed to a sanitarium.

During this period of Monegar's life, occupation and livelihood became uncertain. Ill fortune followed hard on the heels of tragedy. His wife died; the resulting shock and loss were more than he could absorb. Relatives soon complained of his inability to provide for his children, and he was rudely and futilely placed in the Neillsville jail on the non-support warrant of a kinsman. Monegar found that his nascent art impulse was paradoxically shocked into a new and intense expression. He literally painted his way out of jail. His first studio was the bull pen; his first public was the jailor, the sheriff, and the district attorney.

Asking for paper, brush, and crayon, Monegar painted eight pictures of wild animal action figures in realistic settings. Minute details of the anatomy of a deer in full flight, the feather arrangement of a partridge, the markings of a fallen tree in the forest were reproduced accurately and vividly. This was done from a memory stored by careful observation and sensitive perception.

RUNNING DEER, *water color by* Clarence Boyce Monegar

The results so astonished these Clark County authorities that they took an unprecedented step. The district attorney had Monegar paroled to himself, and personally drove the young Indian and his paintings to the campus studio of Curry. Curry found the work distinct in style and far more impressive and original than other more established painters of wild-fowl and wild-animal life. Curry's encouragement was, according to Monegar, the biggest thing that ever happened to him. It gave him the determination to support himself and his family, at least partially, by means of his painting.

Thus was born another rural artist. His work was featured at the next Rural Art Exhibit, and all eight of his entries were soon sold. During his stay of several months in Madison he made numerous friends. In intermittent periods of productivity, a dozen or more paintings were finished and sold. All of them brought favorable comment from conservation workers and lovers of wild life. Lithography was his next step. After a short period of instruction by Curry and one practice drawing on a stone block, Monegar drew a picture of a feeding grouse which was then sent to New York for printing. This edition, sixty copies, was soon exhausted; now, four years later, there is still demand for "Feeding Grouse."

The role of an artist is never an easy one, especially in wartime. He worked at a number of jobs and painted little. Finally, in May, 1945, he was drafted and became an ambulance driver. Early in 1946, after release from the army, he returned to Black River Falls, where he worked at various odd jobs. By spring, however, back in Madison for six weeks, he produced sixteen water colors of wild life and sold them all, at about twenty dollars each. These pictures were developed from pencil sketches which he had made along the Mississippi River near Fountain Head.

Monegar is still subject to the urge to wander for reasons he finds hard to explain. "Maybe I'm too much like my ancestors," he said recently. "I don't know why I can't lead a more settled life." He is unable to find his roots in the white community, and the Indian community no longer provides the culture and the social group which he needs. His second wife, Mathilda, is the sister-in-law who cared for his children; she has until recently held the post of secretary of the Winnebago Indian Handicraft Cooperative at Black River Falls. She has kept the five boys and girls together.

Monegar is taking his G. I. benefits in training at the Chicago Art Institute. His desire is to specialize in lithography, but other media also attract him. He has tried silk screen, which he encountered during part-time work with a Chicago commercial art company. He is eager to support his family through his art, but his long range planning is as always uncertain.

FEEDING GROUSE, *lithograph by* Clarence Boyce Monegar

Spring Frontispiece, *pastel by* Elizabeth Faulkner Nolan

ELIZABETH FAULKNER NOLAN
ROUTE 2, WAUKESHA

Keynote of Freedom

As HER father's favorite "hired man," she knew that she was not cut out to be a conventional farm girl. Small of stature and feminine to the core, she nevertheless preferred stacking the oats and feeding the cows to housework. Even today, as the young mother of two children with plenty of home chores, she still takes delight in a large garden, an orchard, a flock of chickens, the farm animals, and always the fields and hills beyond.

Born and raised on a farm in eastern Wisconsin, she has a feeling for the free movement of growing things. This she has learned to express in art, whether in oil painting, water color, sculpture, or ceramics. Reflecting this mood is "Spring Frontispiece," the pastel which Curry considered her best work; in this, onions, potatoes, and roots, sprouting in a dark cellar, lift their pale green forms upward towards the dim light of a narrow cellar window.

Generations of farm people may be partly responsible for her relationship to the land and her growing desire to portray it in color. Great-grandfather Faulkner, of Scotch-Irish lineage, was born on a farm in New York. His farmstead, "Rose Hill," was drawn by a relative, Grace Tyrrell, at one time an instructor at the Chicago Art Institute. Maternal grandfather Russell was also a farmer and often amused himself by the drawing of pictures. Elizabeth Faulkner's father impressed her as a child with his collection of Old-World castles drawn during long winter evenings when he had

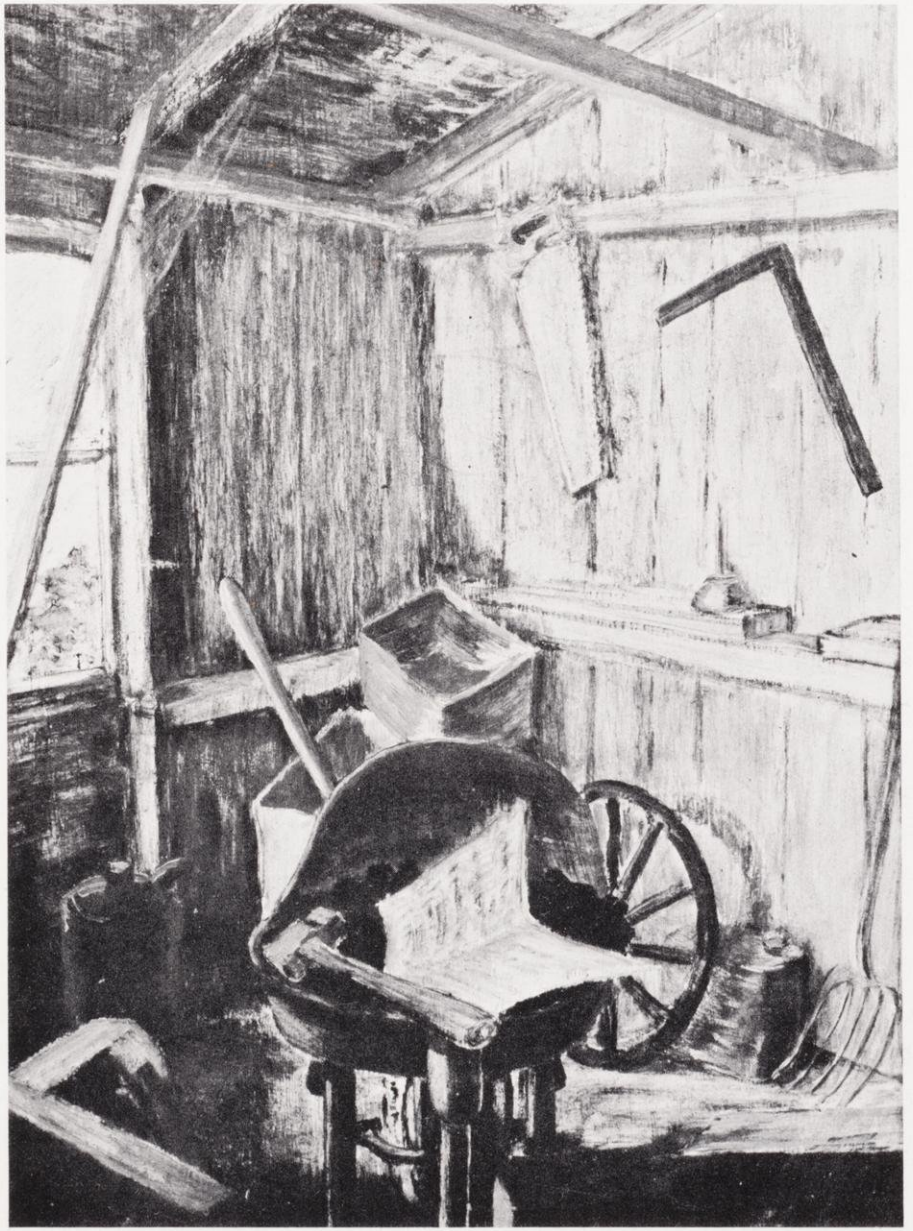
homesteaded a quarter section of land in South Dakota. Beginning with her earliest school years, Elizabeth herself could draw so well that she was frequently enlisted to make pictures on the blackboard on festive occasions.

Although this natural talent helped to foster her inclination toward a career in art, many practical difficulties intervened as she reached maturity. Determined to make a start towards art training she entered the vocational school at Waukesha only to find that the art courses were not open to her at the time she could attend. Compromising for a business course in secretarial work, she knew very soon that she was on the wrong track. By this time she was wise enough to recognize her dilemma clearly: it was true that only a career in some form of art would satisfy her, but it was equally true that she lacked both training and experience. If avenues for training seemed closed to her, at least the world of new experience was still open. Elizabeth and her sister, Virginia, packed up their Model "A" and thirteen dollars and started west for adventure. They worked in restaurants, harvested potatoes on a farm, bought and sold watermelons, even operated a concession at the Marion County Fair in Iowa. The climax of the tour came with two weeks' work in a coal mine near Oskaloosa, Iowa, picking coal, driving mules on the coal cart, and topping off the job with packing and lighting the fuse for the blast. This job had been hard to get. The mine boss said that it was man's work, much too hard for women; but at four o'clock the next morning the would-be coal miners appeared and proceeded to bail water from the pits so that the men could work. Determination had its way, and the stubborn Wisconsin girls secured the job.

They were called home by the illness of their father. For Elizabeth, "Freedom Road" was followed by a dormant period in both mood and creative effort. With the work of farm and home consuming the next year, she produced only one picture, "Bonniedale," a rather subdued painting of the home farm. She was not particularly impressed with it, but, under her mother's encouragement, she entered it in the first Rural Art Exhibit in Madison in 1940. The following summer held out new hope for art training. Hearing that Chester Mayer was beginning a class in sculpture at his studio in Dousman, she bicycled the forty-six mile round trip twice a week for the six weeks. This was repeated the next summer. Yet once again circumstances interrupted her training.

During the war years she worked in the Allis-Chalmers plant, doing stenographic work, winding motors, and training others; at the end she was working on special motors. The war was a serious matter with her, and she spent much time recruiting blood donors and folding bandages for the Red Cross. Eleven pints of her own blood went out to the plasma processing center. Odd nights she attended the classes of the Layton Art School and the Art Institute.

Finally, she succeeded in entering the Cranbrook



PORTRAIT OF DAD, *oil painting by* Elizabeth Faulkner Nolan

Academy of Art in Michigan, where under Carl Milles she studied the fundamentals of design. The architect, Saarinen, also made a strong impression on her, when he substituted for a semester in the design class. Perhaps the strongest influence over her was Curry. During the earlier, uncertain years, it was his tour of the gallery at each rural exhibit which kept her producing. "The annual tour was a wonderful experience for me, and the inspiration that kept me returning each year for criticism and guidance." When Curry first saw her work in pastel, "Spring Frontispiece," at the third Rural Art Exhibit, he praised its imaginative design, its elusive color values.

Five times she has exhibited at the state fair, winning prizes in all but one year. At the Milwaukee Art Institute her work has been accepted twice. "A Bit of Blue Sky," a sculptured terra cotta of a newly born calf, was sold from the 1944 spring exhibit. The J. I. Case Purchase Prize was awarded for her painting of "Emil's Farm" in 1946. She has taken home eleven first prizes from the local dairy show. Two of her pictures are in the Permanent Collection, and a large mural hangs in the Vernon Methodist Church in her community.

Natural environment has remained a compelling force in the life of this young farm woman; it was typical of her, when she went to Cranbrook to study art, to live on a farm. She had learned to fly a plane and flew to Cranbrook with her instructor. Circling the town, she chose from the air a place she liked, landed, and taxied to the farm. There she persuaded the farmer and his wife to take her in as a boarder. This grew out of a deep desire to stay close to the land, to remain steeped in the atmosphere of the country side.

Elizabeth is married to Indiana-born Frank Nolan, an electrical engineer at the Allis-Chalmers Company. They have established a home seven miles east of the farm home at Bonniedale. The Nolan home stands on the crest of Prospect Hill. From any direction appear miles of rolling farm lands dotted with green and yellow fields and red barns. In the southern distance three blue lakes stretch over the landscape. At the very foot of the hill nestles the farm to which great-grandfather Thomas Faulkner brought his bride in 1846.

As Elizabeth Nolan faces a life-time job of homemaking, she happily contemplates a continuance of her art career at the same time. In fact, she believes that they are a part of the same reality. Her art reflects the values of farm and home, and the home in turn is already enriched by her linocuts, ceramics, water color, sculpture, drawings, and oil painting. The struggle towards freedom of expression has a new setting, but the struggle will go on, with the urge to create an integral part of each day's work. The chains of habit and convention will never bind the life of this young woman.

CHRIS OLSON
ROUTE 1, BERLIN

Dreams Came Early

As a small boy he had an irrepressible desire to draw and paint which has persisted through years of obstacles and misfortune. If he had lived in a city, he would probably have painted in the proverbial garret. In the country, he has planted roots in the soil in order to grow the elusive twin plants of stability and security. Although Chris Olson was born in the city of Oshkosh, his family moved to Fremont six years later. There he started to school. The following year they moved to Weyauwega where the boy grew up and finished high school.

He received little or no art instruction along the way but eagerly grasped every opportunity to draw. Sometimes this meant blackboard illustrations for the teacher, sometimes a design for a school paper. His uncle encouraged him during elementary-school days. A painter of landscapes and animals, he was an example; he also provided his small nephew with oils and brushes. But the first competent instruction came after high school when the local Kiwanis Club granted him a scholarship to study for six weeks at a summer art school in Cedarburg. Here he joined a class taught by George Obertauger, of the Chicago Art Institute. The school was run with considerable freedom as to subject matter and time of work. Everyone was "on his own," and each could work as hard or as little as he pleased. Instruction was on an individual basis. The students were encouraged to do a great deal of landscape painting out of doors. The school made a great

impression on Chris Olson. His hopes ran high that he could some day succeed as an artist. Returning to Weyauwega, he painted industriously during the winter and tried to sell his pictures, but with no success.

Discouragement followed not only because people would not buy, but because he completely lacked any means for further training. Years of hard work at numerous jobs followed: railroad section laborer, clerking in a store, working in a flour mill. In 1930 he married Dagny Irene Winjun of Grove City, Minnesota. The following year he and his father bought a forty-acre farm near Omro, but this had to be given up the following year; farming did not pay. They next tried renting a small truck and dairy farm, but net income was small and young Chris worked during the summer at a nursery.

Work at the easel naturally receded into the background, but strong dreams die hard. In 1935, Olson took several of his paintings to Niles Behncke, director of the Oshkosh Museum, and was immediately recommended for the Federal Art Project. Five years of creative activity in painting followed, years which have left behind a record of many competent works in a variety of subjects, interrupted only for a three months' period of study at Stillwater, Minnesota.

His work can be seen today in the Oshkosh Museum, the Oshkosh State Teachers College, and a number of local school buildings. One series of paintings in the college depicts Wisconsin's history: the days of the Indians, through those of the horse-drawn street car to the present. Another series now hanging in the hallway of the college is a group of still-life paintings of scientific subjects. Here, too, can be seen an impressive mural of Wisconsin's native song birds.

The Federal Arts Project ceased in 1940, and a year later Chris Olson acquired a small truck farm fifteen miles north of Berlin. He was told in 1941 when he started out again in agriculture that he needed at least eighty acres to succeed. Lacking capital for such an undertaking, he proceeded to make a go of it on seven acres. His principal source of income comes from two acres of strawberries, which he works largely by his own labor and that of his family. He is enthusiastic about the new everbearing variety of plant which produces throughout the summer and thus makes unnecessary a peak harvest when labor supply is scarce. He is also equipped to supply other growers with certified plants. With a large garden and one cow for home dairy products, the family is slowly building up its livelihood and independence.

Of a philosophical turn of mind, Chris Olson today expresses his ideas in the hardy perennial flowering of his oil painting. His style varies from the romantic in "Apple Blossoms" to the realistic and careful in "Parsley Tea." In the latter he set out to portray as realistically as possible the essence of the life-giving elements of nutrition. He is engaged in growing food, highly nutritious food; the selection of parsley, with

WINDOW SHOPPERS, *oil painting by* Chris Olson

PARSLEY TEA, *oil painting by* Chris Olson

its highly concentrated vitamins and rich lush greenness, was deliberate. The whole picture was planned to symbolize the bonds which tie man to the soil.

A strong conservationist, he believes that man is unhistorically-minded and is taking more from the soil than he is replacing. He is skeptical, too, about the pace of modern life and the drabness of much of modern living. Having experienced the strife and enforced movement of depression and war, he seeks consciously to express in his painting the underlying values of harmony and repose which bring a deeper sense of satisfaction. He is a productive painter, and although he realizes that agricultural markets may crumble, he no longer psychologically needs to sell his pictures. It is enough that he may express, often in purely lyrical form, the perceptions of a sensitive mind.

FLORENCE PETERSON
ROUTE 1, FAIRCHILD

Only the Young Can Grow

BACK IN the schoolhouse after long years of homemaking, a naturally gifted teacher finds herself still fascinated by the unfolding mind of the child. After thirty-two years of raising her family, Florence Peterson discovered that she could not only answer the need for teachers occasioned by World War II, but could put into practice some of her matured convictions about education in general, art teaching in particular.

Art was still not on the curriculum of this present-day country school, but the County Superintendent granted half an hour on Fridays. Into this short period she has packed a new variety of interest-bearing fruit: water colors, pen-and-ink sketches, or imaginative designs on masks to represent various characters in history. Increasingly, she notes the response of most children to color and perspective and to the suggestion that they pursue voluntary activities. Because she has a sympathetic insight into the normal range of interest in young people, she deplores much of our technically proficient yet uninspired art teaching which requires all the pupils to do the same thing at the same time and in the same number of minutes.

Undoubtedly she is more in a position now to guide her pupils into creative expression than when she began to teach. Just out of Mattoon High School in 1910, she undertook her first teaching engagement in a nearby country school after only one summer's preparation at the Oneida County Normal School at Rhinelander. Although she felt no hesitation in tackling a job towards which she had a natural inclination, there must have

been more will than way at the time. After three years of teaching, she began that long career of homemaking which, along with a slowly ripening art skill, has enabled her to return to the classroom with an enriched personality and a store of practical wisdom.

Mrs. Peterson's development both as a person and as an artist has been steady. At first she showed no particular talents. In grade school and high school she had no art instruction. She always liked good pictures, but the idea that she could teach herself to draw or paint was wholly non-existent during the period of formal education. Yet her early family life offered some vivid impressions which she was to capture in her paintings years later.

She was born Florence Hansen, on a farm in Waupaca County. Her father emigrated as a young man of nineteen from a Laaland farm in Denmark. The mother came from Oslo, Norway. Three years after the birth of Florence, the youngest of five children, the depression of 1893 wiped out the Waupaca County potato farm, and the family moved to Mattoon. The father then engaged in logging and sawmill work, and his children received many enchanting rides on a hand car through Wisconsin's virgin forests to logging camps and the scenes of cutting operations.

Although there is nothing directly related to her painting in the family history, there is much to explain her later choice of subject matter and her careful workmanship. Her Danish father reflected his old-world folkways by planting trees wherever he went, chiefly elm trees, which compare in majestic sweep of trunk and branch with the great beeches of Denmark's state forests. Her mother was an accomplished seamstress and "could even make a buttonhole look beautiful." She was also skilled in *hardanger*, a characteristic Norwegian open-weave cloth designing.

Today we can note that Mrs. Peterson's painting, "Logging in Wisconsin," Curry's choice to represent the month of January in a rural art calendar, is an imaginary composite of many impressions of childhood experience, gathered on trips through the woods of Forest and Shawano counties. It is executed with the same faithfulness to detail which her mother revealed. In addition, her old interest in trees has reappeared. and in her next work she wants to make a design in which trees will dominate the picture.

As we look at her pictures, it is hard to realize that this artist did not start her painting before she was approaching middle age. The problems of homemaking and shifting fortunes all but obscured the opportunity and the wish to spend time at the intangibles of such creative pastimes. In 1913 she married E. L. Peterson, of Swedish and Norwegian parentage, a farmer and cheesemaker, but eventually a logger and mechanic as well. Logging and sawmill operations shifted from Wisconsin to Meadowland, Minnesota, where the growing family lived for six years. Then they moved back to Wisconsin to do the same work at Rhinelander. After

LOGGING IN WISCONSIN, *oil painting by* Florence Peterson

this followed seven years of potato and livestock farming in Oneida County. In 1938 the family moved to Woodruff where the mechanically-minded husband operated a garage. From 1939 to the present, the home has been at Fairchild, a small town in Jackson County.

In spite of her busy life, moving from place to place and caring for home and children, Mrs. Peterson decided to take up art as a hobby when her fifteen-year-old son was accidentally killed in 1931. By chance, she saw an advertisement of a correspondence art course in a magazine, and thus turned to water coloring. For nearly three years she received monthly lessons from the Washington School of Art, Washington, D. C.; and each month she completed a water-color drawing and sent it to the school for criticism. After this, during the thirties, she finished relatively few paintings. Those that she did paint she promptly gave away to friends and relatives as birthday and wedding presents.

Now a new period is opening for her. The family is scattered. One son is in business in California; another is enrolled in the College of Engineering at the University of Wisconsin; her husband is on a business venture in Alaska. For the first time in her life she has the leisure to do the things of inner desire: teach again, read, spend golden hours at the paint boxes. From 1942 to 1944 she taught at the Fairview Country School near Fairchild. Later she taught at Lone Pine, where she discovered a boy, a dreamer, slow in his ordinary school subjects. He became interested in art; and soon, under her guidance and encouragement, he displayed an unusual talent.

It is because this older woman has the spirit of youth that she not only lends spark to the learning process in others, but takes up again and improves her own art work. If she could live her past years over again, she would secure more education, especially art education. But it is typical of her attitude that she wastes no energy on vain regrets. She looks ahead with a perspective which includes her love of art and the companionship of youthful minds. In the winter of 1946 she painted "Strawberry Harvest," a portrayal of activity in the strawberry country around Fairchild, which was hung in the 1947 regional art show at Stout Institute. The colors are modern, fresh, and alive. The near future promises a continuation of the high level of painting this questing woman has achieved in the last few years.

MARTHA RODENBOUGH
ROUTE 1, JUDA

Latter-Day Pastorale

A SCHOOL teacher in the fourth grade put art into her mind; she never forgot it. The weekly art class lasted only one hour, and the name of the teacher is forgotten; but through a busy life of farm home maker, church and neighborhood activities, the desire to paint remained a thing of inner longing, waiting for an opportunity to find expression. The spark of desire was fanned into a flame when, on a visit to the home of her youngest daughter in Washington, D. C., she went sight-seeing in the Smithsonian Institute, the Mellon Gallery, and the Corcoran Gallery. Studying the famous paintings, she became aware of the long dormant interest and vowed to herself to take steps toward the necessary training. She was a young grandmother in her forties by then, with her three children reared: time, at least, was available.

On her return to Wisconsin, she inquired of a shopkeeper in Monroe whether there was someone about who could give lessons in painting. It was thus she secured the name of a local woman who might teach her. She returned to her farm home south of Juda and thought it over. Several months later she summoned the courage to visit Mrs. John A. Becker and ask for instruction. It was in November, 1940, that she decided to begin at the beginning and take regular weekly lessons all during the winter. At first she was very discouraged at her slow progress, because she thought adults should be able to learn faster than young people. Several times she almost decided to give it up, but when her husband remarked "Haven't you any pa-

tience?" she determined to keep on trying, and it was not long after that she began to make some progress.

The next opportunity came when she was called back to Washington because of her daughter's illness. It was her first plane trip, and she arrived the day after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Finding spare time on her hands, she took a breath-taking step by enrolling in the Corcoran School of Art, along with 500 other students ranging in age from 17 to 75 who were of all dimensions in background, temperament, and outlook. She was frightened by a barrel-chested Bohemian, a man who would suddenly burst out in song, and by a class sketching nude models, but the little grandmother stuck by her easel, determined to learn good painting. She concentrated on still life under Nicolai Cikovsky. She began work at nine in the morning and worked all day, double the required period. It was difficult to leave the course when the time came in February to return to the farm.

Martha Rodenbough had learned to make important adjustments long before. Born Martha Pyle in 1894, in the small Missouri town of Seybert, she was continually moved about as her father plied his trade as carpenter in first one town and then another. She started school at the Eugene Field School at Neosho, Missouri, but at nine years of age, she went to live with her oldest sister in Goodman, Missouri. She was the youngest of four daughters in a family of seven children, and the house was too crowded. A year later she rejoined her family at Carthage, where she received her only art instruction in school. Then she returned again to her sister's home, where she remained until she had finished high school.

The next year she visited a sister in Green County, Wisconsin, met a young farmer, Luther Rodenbough, and was married to him within a year. It was a difficult job she had undertaken, because she knew nothing about a farm. She was only eighteen years old and weighed a hundred and two pounds. But she had two advantages: she had a will to learn, and she secured the services of an older farm woman who consented to come to the Rodenbough farm and teach her the ways of farm homemaking. It was then that she learned how to cook and bake bread, preserve and can foods, care for the chickens, keep house, and manage generally. Gardening she already knew from her father.

The first year she was homesick for her friends and for town life, but gradually she not only became adjusted but grew to appreciate deeply the life of the farm and the rolling hills of southern Green County, studded with trees and ridged with alternating fields of deep green corn, yellow grain, and verdant meadow.

She thinks Wisconsin summers are unparalleled in the nation, but her background and ancestry are too southern to appreciate the winters. Grandfather Pyle was born in Kentucky, fought in the Civil War, and later became a lawyer and a state's attorney in Kansas. His lineage can be traced to the Isle of Man. He married Sara Gant, a Missouri girl of Scotch extraction.

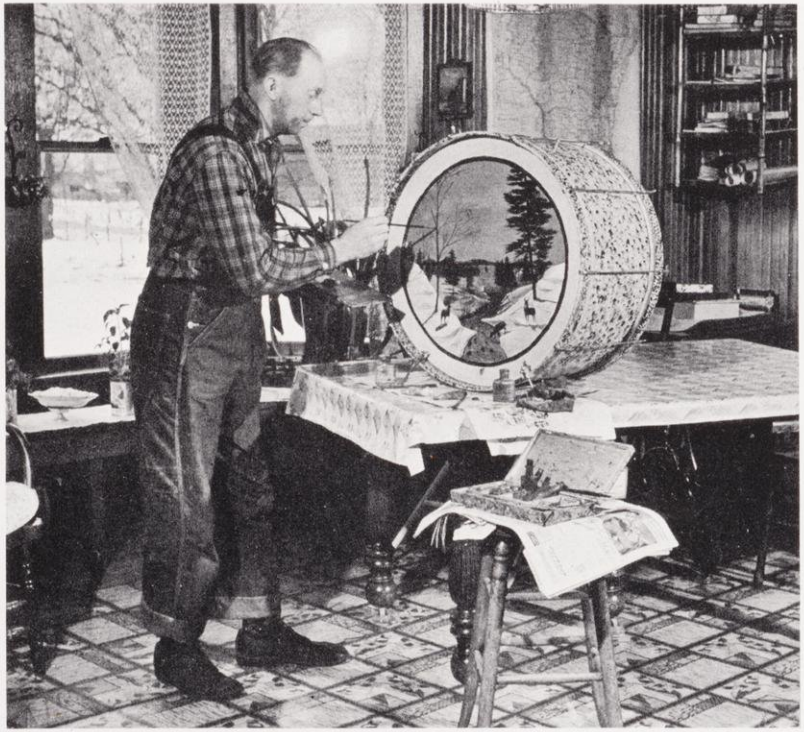
Her maternal grandfather's name was Gordon; his

OAKLEY VALLEY, *oil painting by* Martha Rodenbough

background was Irish, and he was a Missouri farmer. Mrs. Rodenbough remembers her mother for her black hair and blue eyes, her fine needlework, and her exquisite lace work. In her home today she treasures a hand-carved chest made by her father, who was a woodcarver as well as a carpenter, and who often molded animal figures of the red and white clays of Missouri.

Although the happiest time of her life was when she was raising and educating her three children, she is just entering on a period of original painting which promises a new and deep satisfaction. She has sold some of her pictures, but does not wish to sell any more until her work has become better. A church in Missouri and two churches in Wisconsin have requested large murals reproducing famous religious paintings from small colored prints. She has painted four and is at work on a fifth, when that is over she will do no more.

At the Rural Art Exhibit in 1946, her landscape, "Oakley Valley," was selected by the judging committee for the purchase prize of the *Wisconsin Agriculturist and Farmer*. The painting was sketched in the open from a high hill overlooking the valley just two miles north of her farm home. It embodies the true art of Mrs. Rodenbough and proves that she knows now what she wants to do and how to go about doing it. Already she is working on a winter landscape of the same region and is planning a picture of the farm country to the south, sloping lands of farmsteads, tree clumps, and fence rows. It is one of her favorite hilltops. The peaceful ridges are piled on one another like low blue-green waves. The land has been cared for, but here and there among the hills are fertile valleys formed by gentle erosion. There is a serenity about this country, and it is Martha Rodenbough's ambition to portray it.



LLOYD H. SCARSETH
ROUTE 2, GALESVILLE

Roots in the Earth

THREE generations of Scarseths have farmed in this picturesque region of western Wisconsin. Mississippi-River and Black-River delta country alternates with high rocky bluffs, green valleys, and worn-down mountainous hills. Fifty years ago the family acquired one hundred and twenty acres on the Decora Prairie, a rich Black-River bottom land twenty miles north of La Crosse, and a thriving agriculture speaks for its careful husbandry. All four grandparents of the two Scarseth brothers who operate the farm today emigrated from Norway. Both paternal grandparents came from the same community, Biri. They did not find the steep hills and bluffs of Trempealeau and La Crosse counties like Norwegian mountains, but they are the nearest to them to be found in Wisconsin.

For the past few years the farm has operated with some thirty to forty head of livestock, including about two dozen Holstein milk cows and a registered bull. About thirty-five or forty pigs are raised yearly, a cross between Poland China sows and Berkshire boars. Two hundred acres of grassland have been rented, freeing the home acreage for crops. A garden and a flock of some three hundred chickens complete the agrarian picture.

Both the mother and father were born in nearby Hardie's Creek community. They went to the Glasgow district school, but teaching was haphazard and poor in those days, and neither finished the eight grades. Often they walked four miles to school and just sat

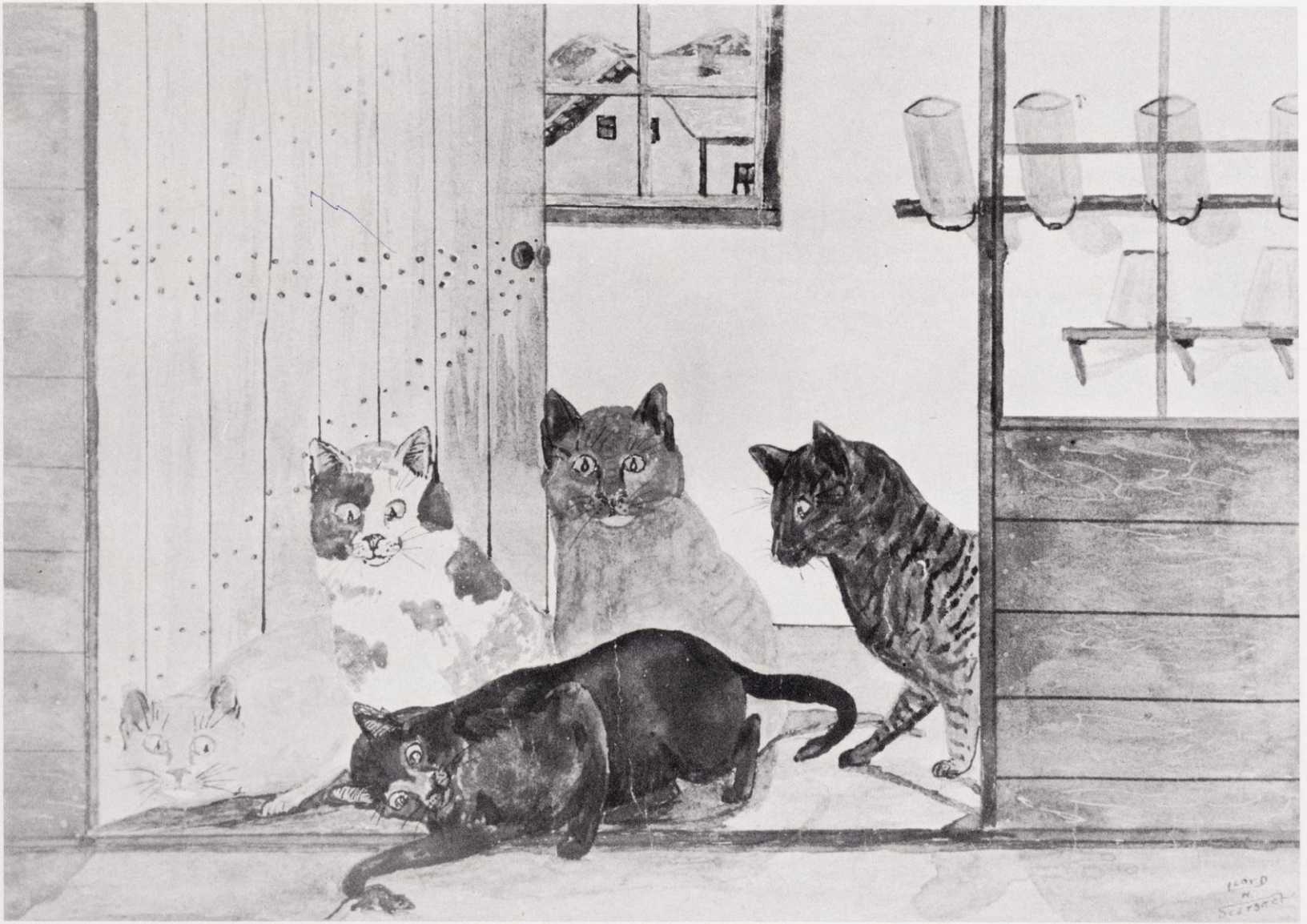
there all day without being called on. Attendance of most pupils was irregular. There was some evidence of arts and crafts appreciation in the family to help explain Lloyd Scarseth's vivid oil paintings today. Besides the mother's competent crocheting, rug making, and cornhusk basketry, the father often carved outlines of fish and roosters from cardboard and wood and painted in life-like markings and coloration with ordinary house paint.

Lloyd was born on the home farm in 1906 and has never lived anywhere else. He went through eight grades at the Grant district school in the neighborhood and then took two years at the Galesville High School. There was no art instruction at either school, but in grade school he was always called upon to do the festive-colored chalk drawings on the blackboard for Thanksgiving and Christmas. He has drawn pictures as far back as he can remember. Before school days he would draw pictures on the blank pages at the beginning and end of his father's books. "I spoiled a lot of good books that way, and my father didn't like it." Old copy books exist today which reveal scores of pencil sketches of dogs, raccoons, grouse, rabbits, sheep, and cows. At the age of eleven, he wrote a booklet on birds, complete with drawings, which won first prize in an exhibit at the Trempealeau County Fair. In the eighth grade he took up water colors, and a year later he began experimenting in oil.

Scarseth has supplied most of his training, together with the dubious help of the old-fashioned book, *The Painter in Oil,* by Burleigh Parkhurst, first published in 1898. He first exhibited at the Rural Art Exhibit in 1941, and came to the meeting and gallery tour the following year. But seeing so many different paintings and modes of expression did not prove helpful. In the tour of the gallery, he did not understand many of the comments made and decided to stick by his own home-made methods and favorite subject matter. Curry was quick to see Scarseth's characteristic primitive style and told him to keep right on with it. He has remained essentially true, not only to himself, but also to a cardinal principle of most rural artists. He has painted the familiar scenes and events of his own experience, and he has painted them in his own characteristic way.

The titles of his paintings illustrate well his interests: "Snowy Owl," "Black River," "The Brent," "A Peaceful Awakening of Spring," "Milking Time." The last named is largely imaginary, but the line of cows was suggested by the cowpath winding up from the Black River on the home farm. "Rationed Meat," is a humorous idea suggested by the fact that some farmers during the war were not overly restricted in meat supply, even when city people were.

While the two brothers, Lloyd and Clinton, have always been active in the life of the neighborhood, the people in turn appreciate Lloyd's art and the music of both. For more than ten years they sang first and second tenor in a local farm quartette, until the demand



RATIONED MEAT, *water color by* Lloyd H. Scarseth

MILKING TIME, *oil painting by* Lloyd H. Scarseth

from community clubs and churches all the way from Osseo to La Crosse became too much for a farmer's limited time. For more than seven years they also played in an orchestra for old-time country dances, Lloyd with the banjo, Clinton at the drums.

When a group of neighbors gathered at the farm recently the women admired a landscape painted last April on the door of an old-fashioned kitchen cabinet and expressed a desire for something similar. But farm folk are still farm folk, and many are not ready to spend hard-earned dollars for pictures. No picture of Scarseth's hangs in the local schoolhouse yet, even though eventually he will probably donate one.

At two yearly exhibits at the Jackson County Fair, twenty-three different pictures were exhibited by request—enough easily for a one-man show. Scarseth also exhibited for two years at the Trempealeau County Fair and received both first and second awards each time. But the prize money was hardly a motivating factor, since the first premium was one dollar and the second, seventy-five cents. Yet the prize pig at the fair brought a seven-dollar premium, and second place paid five. Scarseth has never tried to sell his work. "Many people like my painting," he said, "but they have never been taught to place much value on a good picture." However, two of his paintings have been acquired for the Permanent Collection.

When asked why they have never married, the two brothers laughed, and one of them replied: "Well, for one thing, most of the girls around here leave for La Crosse as soon as they get out of high school. And we decided to stick by farming anyhow." The home place does not show any lack of care. The kitchen is modern, with an electric range, the living room clean and comfortable. In the parlor, which still contains the old family organ, there are family pictures and a dozen or more oils and water colors. Flowers often deck the living room table, while a well-stocked magazine shelf reveals wide reading habits.

Few farm homes can boast of more farm journals. Besides a daily paper, *Life*, and *Sports Afield*, the Scarseths read the *Wisconsin Agriculturist and Farmer*, *The Prairie Farmer*, *Country Gentleman*, *Cappers Farmer*, *Hoard's Dairyman*, *The Farm Journal*, *The Nation's Agriculture*, and the *Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin*. The farm is usually no place for a bachelor, but, fed by books and magazines, music and a love of art, the sanguine mood and buoyant mind are no strangers in the Scarseth home. The flavor of life is still good on the Decora prairie.

LELA BORAH SMITH
LANCASTER

Through the Window Glass

THE SLOW, persistent development of a native sense of design, linked to useful hands and an alert mind, explains the achievements in fine arts of Mrs. Millard Smith. In her early childhood she caught on to the everlasting tinkering of a craftsman farmer and a pioneer mother who could likewise turn her hand to anything about the home; she learned to do many new things and to do them well.

Her father, Charles E. Borah, born on a farm seven miles north of Lancaster, was as good a carpenter as a farmer, and probably better as a machinist. When Mrs. Smith was a school girl of eight, he moved to town and started working in the local electric plant. But he had a strong sense of independence and liked to work with machinery; so he set up a portable horse-powered wood saw and toured the town and country on custom work. The tinkering turned into inventiveness and soon he had developed a motor-powered saw which attracted attention of designers from Chicago and beyond.

Grandfather James N. Borah was of German stock, from which the late Senator Borah also came. When he discovered as a young man that Wisconsin was good country, he returned to the home farm in the Kentucky hills, "abducted" his mother and the other children from a domineering father and rode them all on horseback to a Grant County farm.

The mother was equally useful. An expert at sewing, knitting, crocheting, decorating, and paper hanging, as well as cooking and general housework, she taught her children to be resourceful with any task which pre-

sented itself. The mother was Libbie Jane Decker, of Holland Dutch extraction mixed with Fletchers, an old American stock stemming from Maine. The grandfather had been a Yankee sea captain.

Practical capability may sometimes prove a handicap. When Mrs. Smith finished her sophomore year in Lancaster High School, the family decided to operate a local hotel. The mother was too busy to guide her flock that year, and the children did pretty much what they wanted. "In fact, I've done just about what I've wanted to do all my life," Mrs. Smith said recently. So at that time she quit school and started to work in a variety store.

At nineteen she married Millard Smith, a local barber, and very soon after, she began a millinery shop in Lancaster. The propelling motive was a strong desire to design hats. She has always been interested in designs. As a child of four she enrolled in the Dyer Country School and brought some pictures she had drawn to show her teacher. She had learned to draw before she could write. There was no art instruction, but as time went by, it was Lela Borah who drew the maps and festive decorations on the blackboard. In the sixth grade a teacher of art and music often took her home after school to give her special guidance in water color. Later in the ninth grade an understanding teacher let her drop a subject which she disliked and spend the time sketching.

It was purely by accident that the sense of practical designing turned into the painting of pictures. Coming to the aid of a sister who had attempted in 1939 to conduct a W.P.A. art class, she sat up nights to help work out an art program for next day's class. It was then that she discovered the medium of oil. She painted a picture of a gray cat on a brilliant red pillow and hung it on her wall for her own enjoyment. In 1941 on the suggestion of a rural artist, Mrs. Edward Staver, she entered it in the second Rural Art Exhibit in Madison.

When Curry and the committee of selection first saw the cat picture among a hundred other entries, the committee was not impressed, but Curry's attention was arrested. The cat had personality, the design was good, and the texture of the paint was unusual. The picture was hung, and favorable comments by Curry in the annual tour of the exhibit gave Mrs. Smith the inspiration to paint in earnest.

The 1942 exhibit received "Straw Boss," an oil by Mrs. Smith, which drew the comment from Curry, "a monumental figure of a cat; the person who painted this picture loves cats and knows how to draw them." It was later awarded first prize, twenty-five dollars, in the 1946 Grant County exhibit and was selected by the students to hang in the Lancaster Junior High School. Mrs. Smith was now painting with unabated zeal. Entirely self-taught in oil, she made a complete pencil sketch of each subject before painting.

In 1943 her picture "Between Beats" was entered in the tenth annual Wisconsin Salon and was awarded the

BETWEEN BEATS, *oil painting by* Lela Borah Smith

Milwaukee Journal Prize, one hundred dollars. It is a still life of a sleeping kitten, a drum, and a small pair of shoes. It also ranked high in the popularity poll conducted by the Salon that year. In 1944, the Salon again accepted an oil by Mrs. Smith, "First Steps," a picture of two kittens and a child's feet and legs. Her sense of color in this painting is dramatic and the design simple but strong. In 1945, after a suggestion by Curry that she try something else besides cats, she entered "Robin's Return" in the sixth Rural Art Exhibit. This picture, likewise, drew favorable comment and was purchased for the Permanent Collection. The setting for the picture was a neighbor's back yard as seen from the Smith's front window. This rural artist has never gone far afield for subject matter. She looks on the commonplace things about her with poetic feeling.

Since 1941 Mrs. Smith has been a charter member and one of the leaders of the Lancaster Art Club, a group of women from both town and farm who meet regularly each week for mutual guidance and instruction. Beginning with five members the club now numbers fourteen, most of whom are present at the regular Monday afternoon meeting. They discuss techniques, criticize each other's work, and offer encouragement to new members.

The summer of 1946 brought a new departure from the accepted routine. The club decided to experiment with water color, and each Monday members could be found outdoors sketching from nature. Mrs. Smith produced twelve water colors during this period, seven of which were sold to visitors to the town, one going to Chicago, another to Kansas City, and one to Freeport.

When the author called, on a Tuesday afternoon in November, 1946, he found that the club had spent the day before in Dubuque, Iowa, studying and enjoying two exhibits: a one-man portrait show of a Beloit artist, Mr. Weiner, and the Hans R. Teichert collection of old masters then on display at Clarke College. This visit proved to be an inspiration to the various members, but each is aware of the need to stick to a personal manner of working. Mrs. Smith, for example, does not articulate a design beforehand but feels her way into it as she slowly and carefully works on ideas as they shape within her mind. These ideas do not come from afar or roam afield; they seek to express the enchantment of the familiar life and artifacts about her.

ROBIN'S RETURN, *oil painting by* Lela Borah Smith

EARL SUGDEN
ROUTE 2, CAZENOVIA

Five-Talent Farmer

EARL SUGDEN is an unassuming Wisconsin farmer, without training of any sort in art. Entirely self-taught, he had taken up painting as a hobby in his middle age. What he has done is amazingly simple. He looked around him and tried to reproduce the familiar scenes of his daily life. His canvas may often be a Kellogg Corn Flakes carton; his oils the ordinary barn paints of the farmyard. Curry regarded Sugden as the most versatile of all the farmer-artists to exhibit in the annual rural art shows.

When Curry and the author went to see him, they found his shaggy gray head bent over a row of empty whisky bottles. Certainly there was no indication that he had been responsible for their emptiness. In fact, as his keen, gray eyes raised above his spectacles, he laughingly explained that he believed in putting these pint flasks to better use than the original one.

And so we were introduced to his now famous "sand paintings." The six-foot overalled farmer turned back to his delicate work. His equipment consisted of a bottle, a funnel, piles of various colored sands, and an old-fashioned hatpin. Pouring the sand down the funnel, he sorted and poked it into shape and form. At the end of half an hour, when the container was solidly packed, we were as delighted as the waiting school child to see green trees and dark brown slopes on one side, a white house and a dust-brick road on the other. School children are his best customers. They collect discarded

Sand paintings by Earl Sugden

whisky bottles and bring them to Sugden. No request seems to baffle his ingenuity. Not only sweeping landscapes but also more intricate human figures took form: sometimes the profile of a pensive girl, sometimes a gay child swinging through the air.

Everywhere we looked we saw evidences of other interests and skills. There were jackknives of all sizes, arrowheads, fungus paintings, and even a homemade shepherd's pipe. He had made the knives from scraps of metal in the barnyard; the arrowheads, from flint and colored glass according to the primitive Indian method of pressure chipping; the fungus painting, by cutting fungus from trees and etching on the freshly cut surfaces. He composed tunes on his shepherd's pipe. In one room stood his collections, varying from coins to rock crystals. In another room were shelves of books, ranging over subjects from botany, geology, chemistry, and mathematics to sociology, economics, psychology, philosophy, and religion.

The presence of these books served both as lock and as key to further understanding of this man. On the surface it did not seem too unusual to find a farmer who was a jack of all trades. Many small farmers could repeat the tale of resourcefulness he told us: clearing the land, logging, road building, erosion control, masonry, and carpentry, as well as the more orthodox pursuits of dairying, stock raising, and farming. It also seemed credible when he mentioned the recreational activities of his youth; his list included hiking, skating, coasting, baseball, boxing, wrestling, swimming, bicycling, and even acrobatics. But why geology? And above all, why philosophy? Whence all this intellectual curiosity?

It took further visits to piece the answers together, but Sugden helped us out with bits of family history. The fourth child in a family of seven, before school age he had learned the alphabet from an older sister and mastered the first, second, and third readers. At this time the family lived in a one-room log house. The parents disciplined the children into quiet and concentration. However, the boy was not so well prepared for school as he thought. There, the second day, he spoke up abruptly, volunteering to read a word on the blackboard. When the children laughed, he was hurt and would not return to school. In that backwoods location his absence went unchecked.

Yet, as things turned out, this was the beginning, not the end of his education. The woods and hills, the streams and sky became his teachers. He collected fossils, rock specimens, and toadstools, grouping them but not knowing how to classify them. He watched the drifting snow, the thunder storms, the creeks undermining the banks, and wondered about natural law. He grew familiar with the songs and habits of the birds long before he could call them correctly by name. His observation never wavered. But home folks did not always jump eagerly to inform him. Around the house he noticed that the dust heaped up on the floor beside

the pounding hammer. But when he asked his father why dust piled while sand scattered, his question was brushed aside, for his father and mother were pioneer folk who could scarcely write their own names. They were too busy making adjustments to indulge in wonder. Earl Sugden learned to do the hard work of the farm, but his desire for knowledge was like a bubbling spring.

One November day, when the grown man was cutting wood, he overheard the conversation of passing school children, "Is he a fool?" they whispered. This shamed him into action; he returned to the same country school he had left twenty years before. By May he had passed all his exams and won his graded school certificate. By the end of the next year he had attended normal school and earned a teaching certificate. For the next sixteen years he taught other children all those answers he had longed to know.

Sometimes his teaching was as unorthodox as his schooling had been. When he decided that the routine of the common school was too boring, he would take his classes on nature study trips and refuse to talk except in reply to questions. He explains that in this way he quickly spotted the worthwhile pupils among the usual crop of "don't learns," "won't learns," and "can't learns." One girl wrote him years later that his geology tours had inspired her to collect rocks and minerals from all over the world and influenced her husband, in turn, to take up geology professionally.

Out of his own teaching experience, Earl Sugden has drawn some special ideas about education. He believes that modern universities are too large and classes too crowded. He would like to teach in a college, but only if it were nestled back in his hills. "Why not decentralize our state university?" he asked on a spring morning which lent itself to fancy. "The School of Geology and Mining could be near our Devil's Lake with its mineral deposits; the School of Forestry could be in our north woods. Students should live in smaller home-like buildings, never in huge dormitories. For lectures common to all groups, we could utilize the radio." He has the personal touch in mind when he pleads for decentralization. He wants to promote the individuality he has enjoyed. Like a modern Thoreau, he is convinced that in his own case he is nourished more by the country than by the city. "The larger the city is, the farther away I like to be," he answered humorously when invited to Madison. "City people bustle around too much. I like peace and quiet. Why, I can master more algebra on a quiet evening at home than I could in a month in a large city."

His way of life today matches his temperament. A careful grass farmer, he nurtures his slopes and gullies against erosion, milks his seven Jerseys and Guernseys by hand, and never misses a chore time. His hilly forty acres will not support a more ambitious farm program, but he and his sister make an adequate if frugal living, are never in debt, and have some valued leisure time.

WISCONSIN SCENE, *oil painting by* Earl Sugden

He has a car and a comfortable home and does not envy more prosperous neighbors. At the outset of the war, when the county agent asked him to raise their twenty-three thousand pounds of milk annually to twenty-five thousand, he went ahead to produce thirty thousand. Having reached this peak of efficiency within his modest setting, he does not wish to push beyond it. Earl Sugden will always be more interested in the land than in farming. He will always feel an identity with the ancestor of his who longed for his native Yorkshire and who finally exclaimed, on a return visit, "I saw the hills, and drank from the springs." He knows what it means to have a warm love of place, an intimate sense of belonging in his own native hills.

At last one could see that all of his varied interests sprang out of this rootedness. In fact, he feels more free to roam on his mental excursions because he can always circle back to the familiar. His interest in geology and botany are explainable in terms of his outdoor explorations, but so are his later creative expressions in music, art, and poetry. For each of these is only a more refined form of his love of earth and its mysterious ways. His approach to poetry is typical of the completeness he demands from his experience. First he taught himself German, Italian, Spanish, and especially French. He studied French phonetics and checked his pronunciation with a French housewife on a nearby farm. Then he began to translate from the classic poets, at the same time trying to preserve the original meter and stanza form. What shines through the changed words is Sully Prud'homme's feeling for the sun, or Victor Hugo's feeling for the sower, which seems to bind the translator to the poets. The American farmer-poet-artist must have turned philosopher at the very moment when he first discovered that his personal emotions about nature were shared on a world-wide front.

It was inevitable that he should try his own luck with poetry. Perhaps his most interesting attempt is a Paul Bunyan series. This poem was recently published in a folklore series by the State Historical Society. Even more ambitious is a long poem entitled "Creation" which uses the findings as well as the scientific language of his beloved geology. And so the circle is completed, from his curiosity about layers of rock to his wonder about the formation of the universe. However his poems and his paintings will be judged by critics in the future, they serve a definite purpose in the present. They are the natural outlets for a man who has always been a seeker. Blessed with quick perceptions, he has chosen to find his treasure in his own fields.

IRIS FURMAN TELLEFSON
ROUTE 5, OSHKOSH

Daughter of the Midwest

SOME OF our rural artists paint to while away lonely hours, others seek to create in the outer world something which can express an inner tension. Iris Tellefson paints as naturally as she would bake a cake or take a walk down the lane. Were it not for her art she would seem just a typical, healthy, town-country girl—sociable, humorous, good-looking, but unpretentious. The cares of this world rest easily on her shoulders, but she does not hesitate to assume responsibilities. She is lighthearted and gay but knows how to become seriously intent on her training to be a good painter.

Her birthplace was a farm near the present homeplace. Her grandparents stem from Norway, Ireland, and Germany, and in this country plied the trades of the logger, farmer, carpenter, harnessmaker, and blacksmith. Her father was born on a farm twelve miles west of Neenah and has farmed most of his life. He studied pharmacy and ran a drug store in Oak Park, Illinois, for a few years, but the farm drew him back in 1916 to his present location, a few hundred yards from the western shore of Lake Winnebago.

Iris Furman attended eight grades in the Winnebago County school and felt indifferent to the piecemeal drawing lessons. Her sister could draw better than she, and when the pictures were hung up on the wall, Iris did not like it. But she was not spurred on to do better work. High school art classes beginning in the sophomore year were even more of a fiasco as far as her interest was concerned. Starting out to take two years' art instruction, she was so bored the first year that she changed over to something else. She found herself

forced to study heavy books on the historical periods of European art, from ancient architecture through the complicated forms of the Renaissance. Half of it she did not understand, and the other half seemed unrelated to anything she wanted to do.

Music seemed alive and fascinating in comparison; so she and her sister, Ione, began to teach themselves to play various instruments. Iris concentrated on the mandolin and banjo; Ione the guitar. They became good enough to join a small orchestra, and it was seldom that they were not out two or three nights a week, playing for a dance or social gathering. Iris then added the bass viol to her musical accomplishments.

It was not until a year out of high school that a drawing interest appeared. She made a pen sketch of a covered wagon, which set the family to talking. After some discussion she decided to take a weekly art lesson from Mrs. Mark Catlin, Sr., a graduate of the Chicago Art Institute, living in Appleton. A class of six pupils was organized, but as time went by, they dropped away one by one. Iris continued for four years and gradually developed her skills and her fundamental interest in the subject. She liked Mrs. Catlin for her contagious enthusiasm and for her ability to paint as well as teach. She tried a lot of still life during this period, but her teacher also sent her directly outside to paint in the open.

She was a charter member of the rural art group in 1940 and came to Curry's first tour of the gallery. Curry liked her "lively sense of color," and made suggestions as to design and framing. He was always a strong believer in painting the frame to harmonize with the picture itself, avoiding the elaborate or gold-plated varieties. Iris became a frequent attendant at the annual meetings and continued to show steady progress.

She has not been a persistent exhibitor anywhere, however, and so far, has not tried to develop a market for her work. She exhibited at the state fair once and several times at the Winnebago County Fair in Oshkosh. Yet the award for the best painting at the Oshkosh fair was fifty cents, whereas a prize farm animal is usually awarded fifteen dollars. Her painting of "Feeding Time" is one of the most popular paintings in the Permanent Collection. It was sketched directly from a farm scene. Eighteen or twenty of her paintings have been given away to relatives.

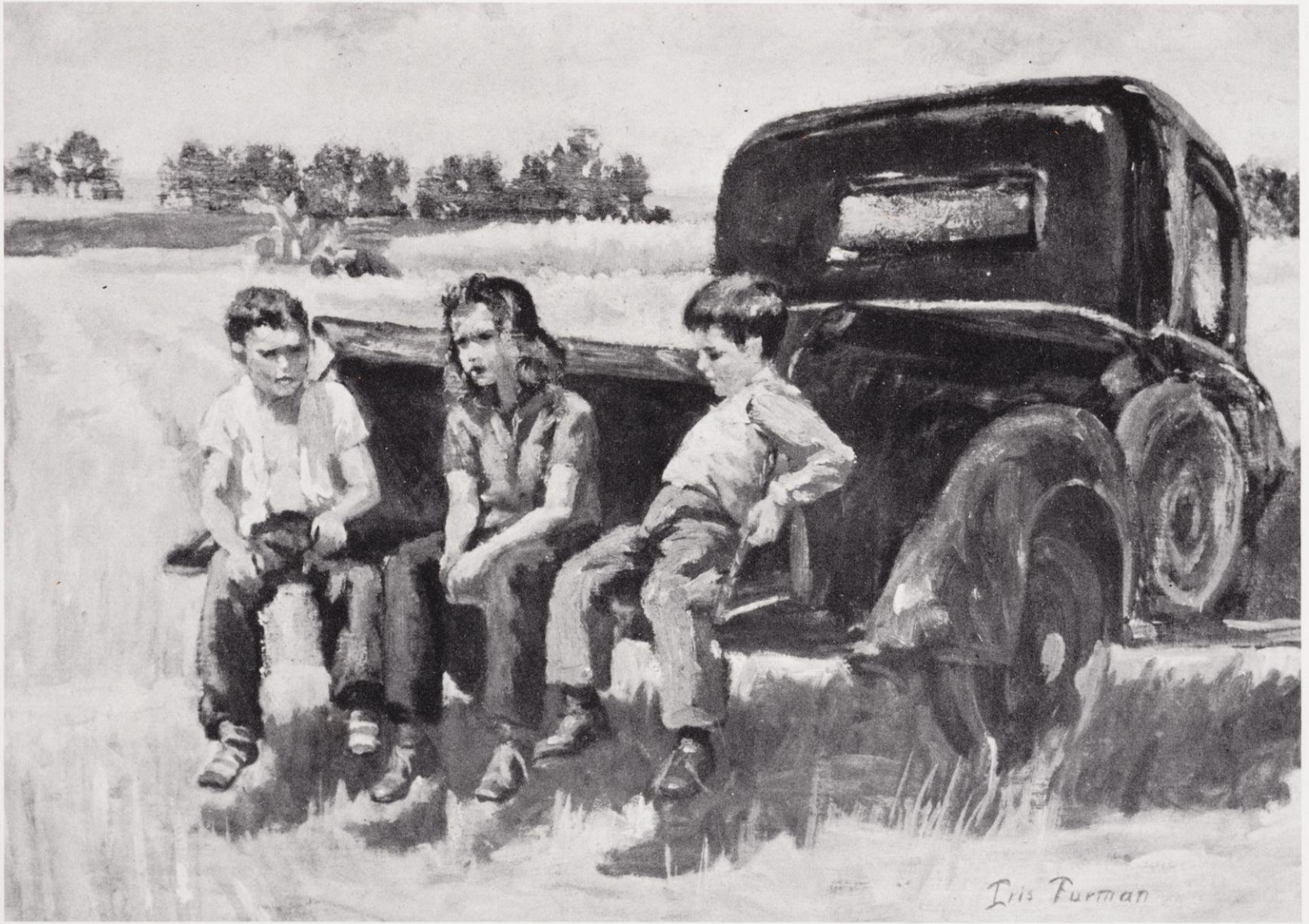
In 1942 Iris tried a new venture, commercial art. For a year and a half she worked in a paper mill in Menasha, making carton designs. But a year and a half of almost complete neglect of her fine-art expression caused her to make a decisive shift back to her old interest. In January, 1943, she enrolled in the Chicago Art Institute for a six-month period, and the following autumn, for a full school year. She continued to work at night in a commercial art studio in order to help pay for her course, but her original objectives were now uppermost.

She has always been interested in portraying people

FEEDING TIME, *oil painting by* Iris Furman Tellefson

as well as landscapes in her work, and at Chicago, under such recognized artists and teachers as Giesbert and Pougealis, she concentrated on figure drawing, portraiture, and the art of incorporating figures into landscapes. She would especially like to become a good portrait painter and has already had one commission. She was not interested in knowing how well she succeeded academically at the Institute and therefore never inquired about her grades. She knew what she was after and whether she was getting it, and she did not want to be influenced by the marks she might obtain. Besides, she had other plans in the offing.

In November, 1945, she was married to Edgerton-born Ainsley Tellefson, a veteran, recently returned from service in Australia and the Pacific Islands, and in the spring of 1947 their first child was born. With the duties of homemaker fully assumed, it remains to be seen how extensive her painting can become. At the time of this writing, June, 1947, the Tellefsons are living temporarily at the Furman home, and four generations share the conviviality that still characterizes many farm families. Iris obviously reveals the humor of her mother, the seriousness of her father, but adds in her own right the charm of her lyrical mood translated into color.



RESTING, *oil painting by* Iris Furman Tellefson

COVEY OF QUAIL, *crayon drawing by* Walter Thorp

WALTER THORP
ROUTE 3, BARABOO

Nature at His Right Hand

NO RURAL artist has a more natural sense of the dramatic arrangement of line and color than he. He has drawn few pictures, and these mostly to ease the sense of futility which from time to time permeates his moods. He has not consciously set out to plan a painting which will arouse in the mind of the student or critic the subtle yet powerful feelings of the art experience. But great artists have been quick to appreciate his efforts. When Thomas Hart Benton saw "The Rattlesnake," he exclaimed, "The man who drew that is an artist." Frank Lloyd Wright likened "Covey of Quail" to a Japanese print, and Curry described "Passenger Pigeons" as "a dramatic portrayal of a flock of birds, unusual as to design and sensitive in color."

Yet Walter Thorp is aware of his estrangement from the mechanical age about him and of his nostalgic love of nature heightened by the keen memories of his boyhood experiences. Without fully articulating it, he has judged history by what society has done to man's fundamental way of life and to his own perceptive powers. He feels that he has lived a million years, through wars, depressions, uprooting of family life, rapid mechanical progress, and the sprawling growth of cities, while new values transplanted the old. When his father remarked recently that he had lived in a better age, Thorp suddenly realized that he would prefer either to have lived in a by-gone age and now be dead or to face this world with the vigor of a young man, without the memories of a vanished world of virgin forests and of birds and

flowers which have become extinct at the hand of man. Fundamentally a humorous person, slow and laconic in speech, he knows what he thinks, despite a meager formal education. For what he has lacked in formal preparation for modern man's tortuous role in a complex society, he has partly compensated by his keen memory and his sensitive observation of the only world which has retained its meaning for him, the world of nature.

He was born in 1887 on a forty-acre backwoods farm near Fayette, Iowa. His father had to cut the wood and clear the land to plant the corn. The log house was so small it was later referred to by the family as our "two by four." When Thorp, the oldest of seven children, was born, the only other building on the place was a log henhouse. A log corncrib, log sheds, and log pens were added in time. The principal diet was mush and milk, and he remarked dryly, "somehow or other, I have never cared for it since." Three of his grandparents were English, and one was Irish. Two were born in England, one in Vermont, and one in New York. They were all farmers. None of his ancestors that he knows about was ever interested in art.

One of the first things he remembers, however, was his mother holding him up to look into a mourning dove's nest. He has a clear recollection of the two white eggs and the mother bird fluttering in the branches above. Later in his childhood, on a warm spring day which followed a long and severe winter, he was watching his father cutting trees when a small flock of birds passed overhead, making a peculiar whistling sound with their wings. He asked his father about the "funny noise" and was told that the birds were passenger pigeons. He remembers seeing a small flock again that autumn, and one the following summer.

He was interested in art as far back as he can remember. It became a habit with him. While a pre-school child, he tried to draw a train of cars on wrapping paper when his fingers were stiff with cold. He threw the pencil on the floor because he could not make the wheels round, was spanked for his efforts and put to bed. He was four years old when the next child was born and so had no one to play with. He learned to play alone and to amuse himself. His favorite pastime was to wander in the woods, pick wild flowers, and watch the numerous birds and animals. The woods were wild and virgin. He said he felt a harmony with all the wild things, except the snakes. His childhood habits, love of nature, and feeling for art values have kept him apart from the average man. He has sometimes thought that his experience of nature and art was a curse because it has meant isolation for him. Whether farming or working in a factory, sawmill, or on the Alcan highway, he found he could not enjoy what seemed to amuse other people. Sundays and free time would find him wandering in the woods, alone with his thoughts, the past a troublesome companion.

Thorp stayed at home with his parents until he was

PASSENGER PIGEONS, *crayon and pencil drawing by* Walter Thorp

twenty-one. Then after a brief period, he married and began to raise a family. He has farmed in Ohio, Iowa, and for eleven years in Wisconsin. When he first learned of the Rural Art Exhibit, he was a tenant farmer near Baraboo. After the second exhibit was already hung, Thorp walked into the main gallery of the Memorial Union with two of his drawings rolled up under his arm. One was "Covey of Quail." They were done in pencil and ordinary school crayons, but the usually undemonstrative Curry exclaimed over them and proceeded to make a place for them in the exhibit.

However, the tenant farmer could not find the energy and time to become a regular contributor. He has sold only two pictures, both to the Permanent Collection. The offer to purchase came as a surprise to him. He has usually given his drawings away. He has exhibited only at the Rural Art Exhibit, the Sauk County Fair, and once in Iowa.

Three years ago he sold his farm stock and machinery and started out into the world to try to accumulate a grubstake for a small farm on which he could spend the remaining years of his life. He is aware of the fact that farming today takes considerable capital, and he has not been able to accumulate that capital. He has worked on a fruit farm in Oregon, the Alaskan Highway, a lumber mill in Washington, and is at present working in a factory in Toledo. He has seen the world the poor man's way, and what he has observed has not increased his optimism about modern civilization.

An unsettled spirit has developed within him, matching the migratory mode of life temporarily adopted. Although he does not lament his fate, he has developed an inward sadness that his life is gradually closing down without his having realized many of his ambitions and dreams. He believes a person should make the best of this life, but he is not certain what the best is. One focal point sustains him in the flux of a changing world. When the past becomes too unpleasant in retrospect, or the future too doubtful, he relieves his mind by expressing in a painting the feelings which have been accumulating within him for years. This somehow consummates for him the desire and the purpose which makes life worth living.

Nature has been his principal guide and teacher, both for art and for living. For living, it means simplicity and sincerity, and moving in the out-of-doors; for art, the expression of something which comes to him easily. The nearer his art can approach the delicate shading, markings, and moods that nature alone can create, the better it becomes for him.

RATTLESNAKE, *crayon and pencil drawing by* Walter Thorp

MRS. CARL UBBELOHDE
WALDO

Of Time and Hard Work

LONG YEARS of persistent and painstaking effort have marked the career of this homemaker-artist farm woman. Mother of three daughters and two sons, she has produced some of her best work during the period when she had three small children to care for. Usually she spent the time in the early afternoon at her easel, but often she painted early and late, usually in the dining room next to the kitchen where she could watch the pots boiling in preparation for the next meal.

Through her genius for organizing time she was able to take care of her housework and family and still have energy left to paint some six to ten paintings a year, most of which she has sold. Two things also point to her ability as a homemaker. One glance at the large, comfortable, well-planned living room reveals the care of an able housewife, and the thoughtful planning of an artistic mind. What is of greater importance, her five grown children are so strongly attached to the family that they make a bee-line for the home when vacation time arrives. Her three daughters, Marguerite, Marion, and Doris, are all teachers. Marguerite, taught by her mother, has herself become an exhibitor in the Rural Art Exhibits. Carl, a veteran, is a student at Oshkosh State Teachers College, and Edwin is studying for the ministry at Mission House College near Elkhart Lake.

It was pure chance that led schoolgirl Carrie Stratton to become interested in art. She was born in Greenbush, a village eighteen miles west of Waldo, but grew up in the little town of Adell. Her schoolteacher father had become cashier of the bank in Adell and asked his

daughter to make several pen and ink drawings from the blueprint sketches of the new bank building soon to be constructed. It dawned on the grade-school child that she not only liked to draw but that she could also use her fingers. Mrs. Ubbelohde never had an art course of any kind in school. On the contrary, anyone drawing pictures in the Adell School, or later in Waldo High School, was inviting censure. The use of color in school then was considered a waste of time. But drawing and water color continued from time to time as a favorite pastime during out-of-school hours.

It was as a young schoolteacher that her art first served a useful purpose. Teaching in a country school near Random Lake in 1909, she soon transferred to another rural one-room school at Twin Lakes, now called Cottage Grove. Here the schoolhouse walls were drab and bare, and the young teacher asked the school board for some funds to buy pictures. When the request was denied, she decided to make her own. Using water color and crayon, she drew landscapes of the surrounding country and asked the children to bring frames from unused pictures in their homes. When she later moved to a school in West Greenbush, she left the pictures hanging on the walls and painted for the new school. When she stopped teaching school in 1916, she had noticed a change in prevailing attitudes towards art instruction. There was no longer an active discouragement of pupils' interest in drawing. Here and there she observed traces of a more progressive curriculum.

Following her marriage to farmer Carl Ubbelohde in 1916, at twenty-four years of age, she continued to teach school for one year as a substitute teacher. Along with a class of fourteen others she took fifteen lessons in oil painting from a private art teacher, Hattie Croghan of Plymouth. Here she first learned the use of oil color, the art of mixing oils, and the proper use of the brush. It was John Steuart Curry, years later, who gave Mrs. Ubbelohde the new ideas she needed not only on mixing techniques but in design and, of even greater importance, in the expression of her own originality. Curry was quick to see that this rural artist had unique characteristics of her own. Her landscapes have new, unconventional atmospheric effects, and her whimsical figures of people are reminiscent of the works of such recognized artists as Doris Lee and Horace Pippin.

The painting, "Spring Housecleaning," is an imaginary attic which never existed, but whose familiar contents are to be found in the Ubbelohde's farm home, as well as in many others. The rafters were drawn from the interior of their wood shed. The two chests of drawers are still in use, along with the blue lamp, the table and storage trunk. The ox yoke hangs in the barn, the two churns are today's relics of yesterday's home industries. The old sofa is in storage, and the two old-fashioned milk containers are now used for storing hickory nuts.

No rural artist has been more faithful in attending the Rural Art Exhibits and in listening to the com-

When Spring Comes, *oil painting by* Mrs. Carl Ubbelohde

Spring Will Come, *oil painting by* Mrs. Carl Ubbelohde

ments and criticisms of the gallery tour. She has exhibited at the Sheboygan fair and at the state fair. While the Rural Art Exhibit has constituted her chief public showing, perhaps the most significant of her exhibits have been the six one-artist shows held in the surrounding region at Sheboygan County Normal School, Plymouth High School, and Plymouth city hall. Her pictures hang in the homes of people living in Tennessee, Nebraska, New York, Massachusetts, Washington, New Mexico, Michigan, Illinois, and Maryland. Three are owned by the Permanent Collection.

Perhaps the most unique honor she has received, however, has been a series of "pilgrimages" to her home by groups of twenty to thirty students from the county normal school at Sheboygan Falls. Nine different groups have spent most of a morning or an afternoon watching a painting demonstration by Mrs. Ubbelohde and listening to her instructions on the technique of preparing a ground, mixing colors, and sketching in a design. Now she takes her demonstration to the school.

Most of her landscapes are first sketched in the open with charcoal or pencil and later painted in the home. If it is a farm scene she is interested in, her husband becomes her most exacting critic. In fact, Mrs. Ubbelohde attributes much of her success to her husband's encouragement and interest. If in the busy life she has led, her art has at times receded into the background, or fallen away altogether, it was Carl Ubbelohde who insisted that she should keep on with her painting.

Few farm families can point to a more satisfactory way of living. The eighty-acre farm is located on the western fringe of the town, the house itself being the last residence of a long row of town houses. The modern utilities of town life are available and yet the living quarters of the house face out upon the farm and the trees and wide lawn of a typical Wisconsin farmstead. A pure-bred herd of twenty or more Holstein cows constitutes the dominant feature of a diversified agriculture. Throughout the home are to be found colorful oils and water colors of Wisconsin farmsteads and fields. Although subordinate to the main business of her life, Mrs. Ubbelohde's art is the means of its ennoblement.

ALICE WEBER
GREEN BAY

When the Light Comes

HER BOHEMIAN peasant mother could not read or write, could not even distinguish her name from other words, but Aliska will never forget how she would stand in a sea of grain, entranced by the billowing windswept expanses of the new land, America. Here the mother had found freedom and a new hope. As a girl of twelve she had walked twelve miles to the border in order to hire out to the Germans. As a child, she had quit school after only two days, because the schoolmaster had made her kneel for half a day in a hoop of dried peas as punishment for some infraction of the rules.

The voyage to the New World in a sailing vessel had lasted for three months, for the ship had been caught in the Sargasso Sea. But the dream of what lay ahead sustained the small party of emigrants through hunger and thirst. The fourteen-year-old girl landed with the party in Wisconsin at Manitowoc and then proceeded on to Oconto County, where a Bohemian settlement helped with the problem of homesteading near the small village of Spruce. At seventeen years of age the girl married a Bohemian farmer, but after her fourth child was born her husband died. Her second husband, Joseph Shipla, was a stonecutter who in following his trade was constantly away from home. Five children were born to the second union, and to the second oldest child, a girl, the father gave the name of his favorite book, *Aliska.*

Of the nine children all were girls except the oldest, who left the farm at seventeen years of age, and the

youngest. The mother, therefore, ran the farm, and the girls did all the work. The bull on the farm was so used to seeing skirted figures about that he would rage at the sight of a man. Aliska learned to do all manner of farm work as a girl, as well as the usual cooking, sewing, and embroidery. She was a tomboy and could compete with the boys at running and jumping.

The Spruce country school adjoined the Shipla farm, and here the Bohemian-American girl started her journey out into the world, through books and pictures, teachers, companions, and tales of the unknown. During the eight grades only one teacher stands out in her mind as an inspiring person. Miss Hankowitz from Gillette not only got her pupils interested in their lessons but told them that if they were good, she would teach them to draw and let them sketch pictures for a short period on Fridays. Pencil work was followed by colored-chalk drawings on the blackboard.

The next teacher could not draw a line or sing a note, so Aliska would do all the colored-chalk illustrations and sketches needed for various occasions. In the eighth grade she became friends with Corrie Cone, whose mother was an educated farm woman and a "lady," and the Bohemian girl responded to the influence of the Cone family. At Corrie's suggestion they pooled their savings and bought several brushes, some tubes of oil paint. and a small palette.

After twenty years on the farm the young woman worked for two years in country stores, first at Spruce and then at Lena. Nearly two years followed taking care of an elderly lady in Ohio, her first trip outside the state. The following year she married Andrew Weber, keeper of a lighthouse, and for twenty-five years she lived near the water, raised her family of three children, and tended a large garden which supplied the family with most of its food. In 1922 the lighthouse moved thirteen miles out on a point of land, became partly automatic and a "man's affair." The family moved to its present location on the southern fringe of Green Bay.

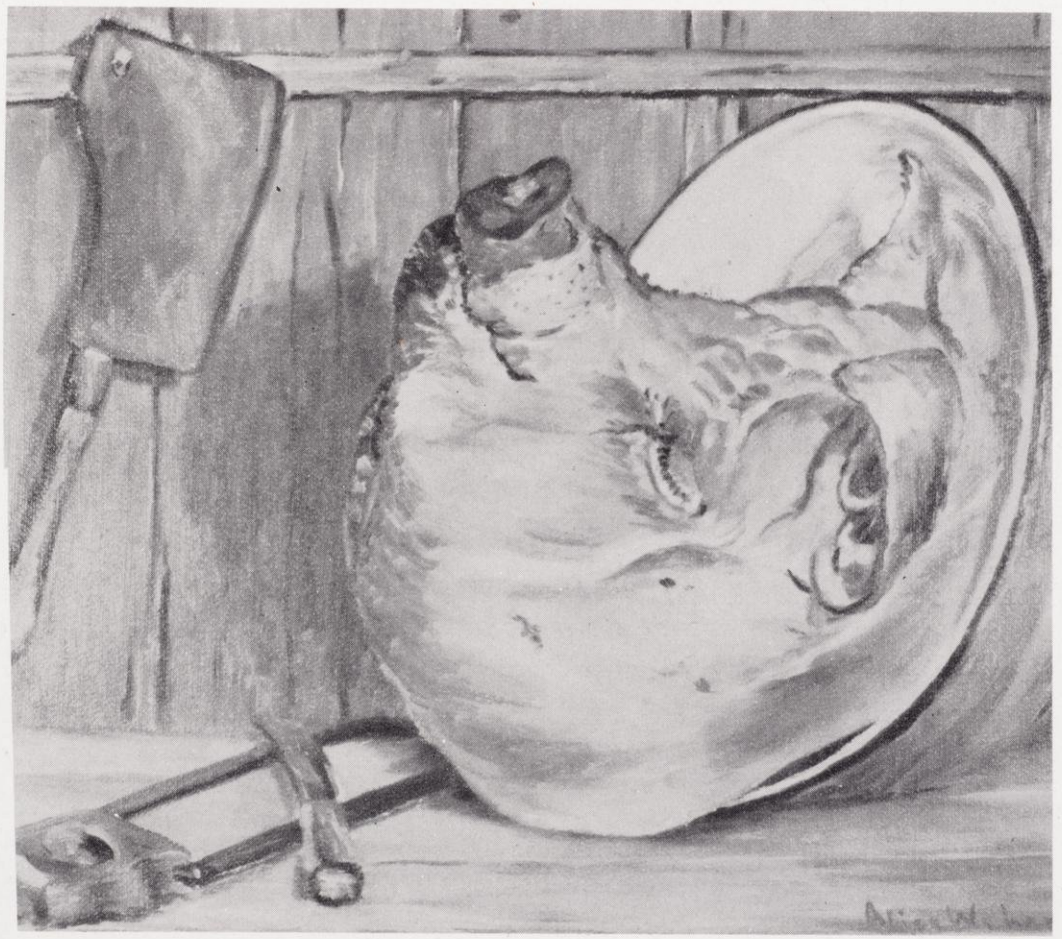
Although her husband gave her a set of water colors a few years after their marriage and she wanted to make full use of them, she lacked training, led a busy life, and had no inkling that her few sketches were harbingers of better things to come. It was not until an illness in 1933 that she began to paint seriously. After a one-hour weekly lesson from Sister Cassiana at the St. Joseph Academy in Green Bay, she became aware of her ability in drawing, design, and the use of oils. In 1934 she took about a dozen lessons in oil at the Green Bay Vocational School. During the next six or seven years she made steady progress, painted numerous pictures, and began to sell some.

In 1941 she met Curry and received the impetus she needed to realize the nature of her own gift and the value of the simple and yet profound elements in her own experience. On the farm she had been preoccupied with land and sky. On the shore her interest was

more in air and water. Earth, sky, air, and water are the recurrent themes in most of her painting. Curry showed her how these elements become uniquely interrelated when the light ties them together. Mrs. Weber will sometimes watch a scene for days until the light comes to illumine the inner core of a landscape which has caught her eye. Then she will paint it all day, if she can find the time. The light must not be too bright, as in brilliant sunshine, and yet not dark, as in an overcast sky.

Alice Weber met Curry in 1941 at the Y.M.C.A. building in Green Bay. The county agent, James Kavenaugh, had organized for Brown County a rural art exhibit, and a dozen or so people had brought their work for Curry's appraisal and criticism. It was a time of inspiration to Alice Weber who said "We were just crawling out of our shells. Curry told us what was good and what was bad with our pictures. We couldn't absorb all of it then, but he encouraged us to grow."

Another lesson Mrs. Weber has learned is that it takes much time to be a good painter. And here the ingenuity acquired on the farm has proven a handicap as well as a help. She has developed almost too many skills to master the one. She is a competent housekeeper and cook, enthusiastic gardener and seamstress. She can fix a pair of shoes and make a bird house. She is a member of the Wisconsin Ornitho-



HEAD OF SWINE, *oil painting by* Alice Weber

POINT SAUBLE, GREEN BAY, *oil painting by* Alice Weber

logical Society and was membership chairman for a year, until her painting began to suffer.

"My family has kind of crimped me down," she said humorously. "But my painting makes it a lot easier to do the household chores. It enables me to be a better homemaker. And it is good to hear my three children argue about who is to get this or that picture."

It is characteristic of this humorous and versatile woman that she is forever trying new subjects in her art. When Curry suggested that she try painting scenes of her pioneer farm life, she recreated a picture of her mother sowing grain by hand. Then one day she recalled the impression a familiar farm scene had made on her many years ago, and in the city of Green Bay she proceeded with all the tenacity of her peasant forebears to put it into effect.

Woman: "Do you have a pig's head in your shop?"

Butcher: "A pig's head? Well, we might have. Do you have the ration points?"

Woman: "No, I really don't want to buy it. I only want to borrow it for a while."

Butcher: "Borrow a pig's head? What for, lady?"

Woman: "I want to paint it."

Butcher: "Paint it! What do you mean you want to paint a pig's head?"

Woman: "I want to paint it, to make a picture of it."

Butcher: "I don't know, lady. Why on earth do you want to paint a picture of a pig's head?"

Woman: "I think it is a very interesting object. Did you ever notice the smile on a pig's head?"

Catalogue of Works Exhibited

Works Shown at Rural Art Exhibits in Madison, 1940-1948

AKEN, MARLEY H., Richland Center
1942 *Found* — pastel on leather
1942 *Fertile Valley* — pastel on leather
1944 *Lord's Supper* — pastel on leather
1944 *The Outlaw* — pastel on leather

AKRE, BARBARA, Monroe
1946 *My First Charcoal* — charcoal

AKRE, MARTHA, Monroe
1944 *Barbara Akre* — oil
1944 *Pink Buttons at the Fair* — water color
1946 *Sugar and Spice* — water color
1947 *Thirteen* — water color

AMMEL, AMBROSE G., Route 1, Malone
1940 *Great Snow Owl* — oil
1940 *Widgeon and Gadwall* — oil
1940 *Chinese Pheasant, Wood Cock, etc.* — oil
1941 *Mallards* — oil
1941 *The Bruehl Farm* — oil
1946 *Early Morning Flight* — oil

ANDERSON, ARNOLD, Route 2, Withee
1946 *Fox and Pheasants* — oil

ANDERSON, ARTHUR J., Random Lake
1946 *Retrieved* — tempera
1947 *Still Life* — tempera and pastel

AREND, JOAN, Route 1, Almond
1944 *Seasons* — poster paint
1945 *Wisconsin Farm Auction* — oil
1946 *The Farm* — water color
1947 *Desertion* — oil and ink

ARNDT, THELMA, Route 2, Randolph
1945 *Blossom Time* — oil

ARNESON, CARL, Route 1, Rice Lake
1943 *Fawn* — carving
1944 *Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull* — carving

ASKOV, MARY, Luck
1947 *Maple Syrup Time* — pastel

BACHHUBER, JOHN, Sauk City
1946 *Portrait of Girl* — pastel
1946 *Portrait of Man* — charcoal

BAILEY, KATHRYN, Richland Center
1947 *Moss Fairies* — oil
1948 *Snow Drops* — oil

BARTLETT, ELWOOD W., Milwaukee
1942 *Nippersink Creek* — wood engraving
1942 *Silent Evening* — wood engraving
1943 *Spring Ploughing* — dry point
1943 *Grazing* — dry point

BAUMBACH, FLORENCE, Route 3, Delavan
1947 *November Day* — oil
1948 *Delavan* — oil

BAXTER, ELLEN, Weyauwega
1943 *Blue Bowl* — water color
1943 *Sunday Morning Preacher* — oil
1944 *Morning at Echo Mill* — oil
1944 *October* — oil
1944 *Skater's Waltz* — oil

BECKER, MRS. JOHN, Monroe
1943 *Pastor Schuh* — oil
1943 *Red Scarf* — oil
1947 *Waiting* — oil

BELDA, MRS. WM. F., Sun Prairie
1945 *June Roses* — pencil

BENSON, MRS. GUY, Spooner
1945 *Needles, Black Hills, S. D.* — pastel
1947 *Fish Hatchery* — water color

BERLIN, REUBEN T., Route 4, Madison
1947 *Baby Chicks* — oil
1947 *Lake View Sanitorium* — oil

BERSIE, ROY WM., Green Bay
1947 *The Duck Hunter* — oil

BEYELER, ROSE MARIE, Shullsburg
1947 *Home on the Range* — crayon

BIALOZYNSKI, GENEVIEVE, Route 3, Pulaski
1946 *Spring Plowing* — pencil

BIDDICK, MRS. ELMER, Livingston
1943 *Trelay* — water color

BIEGEMANN, JESSIE, Route 2, Waukesha
1946 *Airing* — pastel
1947 *Through the Farmyard* — oil

BIRKEMEYER, FLORENCE, Route 1, Rio
1944 *Abandoned Farmhouse* — tempera
1945 *On Pasture* — oil

BIRKHOLM, MRS. ELEANORA, Milltown
1948 *Old Homestead* — oil

BLACK, JOHN M., Bayfield
1940 *Oaks in Their Mantle of Snow* — oil
1940 *Sky Blue Waters* — oil
1940 *Fish Houses, Cornucopia* — oil
1940 *The Watering Place* — oil
1941 *Autumn Road* — oil
1941 *Sand Bay, Lake Superior* — oil
1941 *Landscape* — oil
1942 *The Hidden Calf* — oil

THIRTEEN, *water color by* Martha Akre

1942 *Ashland* — oil
1943 *Forest Scene* — oil
1946 *Bayfield Environs* — oil
1946 *Woodland Patterns* — oil
1948 *Bayfield* — oil

BLUMER, FRED, Monroe
1941 *Alpine Horn* — oil

BOETTCHER, JOHN, Mellen
1948 *23 Falls* — water color

BOHLMAN, FLORENCE, Boscobel
1945 *Wisconsin Snowscape* — water color
1946 *Spring Preview* — oil
1947 *The Three Nineteen* — oil
1948 *Dollar a Day and Board* — oil

BOOSE, WILLIAM H., Route 2, Poy Sippi
1944 *Sanctuary* — oil
1948 *Early Lowland Flowers* — oil

BOPRAY, MRS. MARTIN, Route 6, Green Bay
1946 *Young Lochinvar* — oil
1947 *Juanita* — oil

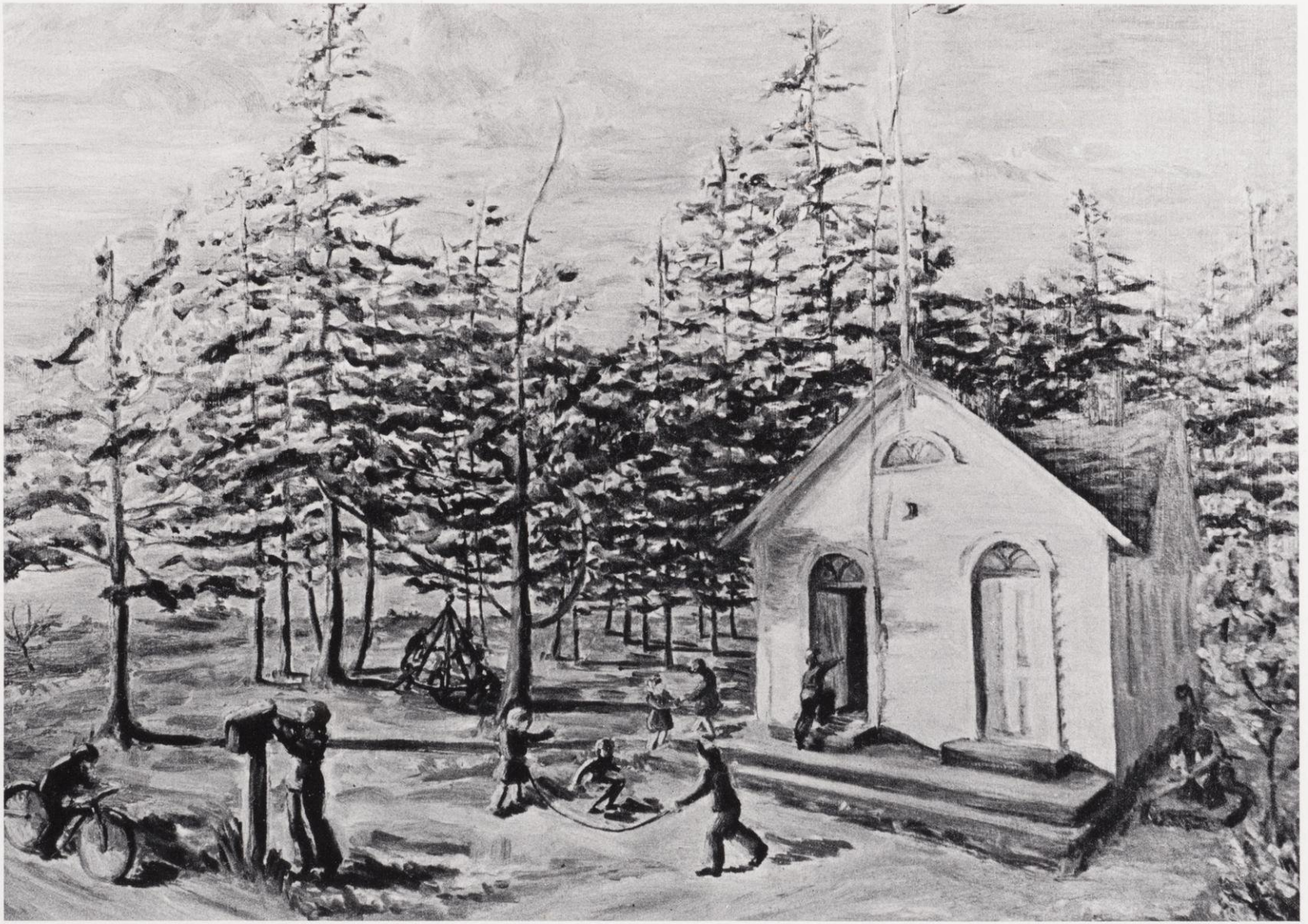
BRANDT, FRANCOISE, Route 3, Delavan
1946 *Landscape* — water color

BROADFOOT, MARGARET, Mondovi
1948 *Thompson Valley* — water color

BROBST, DORIS, Richland Center
1948 *Spring at Tuxfords* — pastel

BRONK, CECILIA, Custer
1940 *Woods in July* — oil
1941 *Gladiolas* — oil
1941 *Landscape* — oil
1944 *Woodland* — water color
1944 *Lake Country* — water color

BROOKS, LAURIE, Nekoosa
1944 *Our Alley* — oil
1944 *Winter in the Village* — water color
1945 *Winter in Farmyard* — water color
1946 *Stirling Court* — water color
1947 *The REA* — water color
1947 *Then Comes the Winter* — water color
1948 *The New Lamp* — oil



WHITE PINE SCHOOL, *oil painting by* Elaine Brunette

BROWN, ALICE, Waukesha
1945 *Tea Caddy, Cup, and Cozy* — oil
1946 *Gourds* — oil

BROWN, MRS. E. R., Stratford
1948 *Country Church* — water color

BROWN, JEANETTE, Stratford
1943 *Flowers and Fruit* — water color
1944 *Gladiolus in Full Bloom* — oil
1947 *Autumn Over the Hills* — water color

BROWN, LEONE, Route 1, Green Bay
1941 *Looking West* — oil
1942 *Homestead* — oil
1945 *Brick Kilns, Whitewater* — oil
1946 *Peonies* — oil
1947 *Late Summer* — oil
1948 *The Farmer's Helper* — oil

BROWN, MIDGIE, Blue River
1948 *Sand Bars* — oil

BRUNETTE, ELAINE, Route 1, Green Bay
1945 *Delia* — oil
1946 *White Pine School* — oil
1947 *Approaching Storm* — oil

BRUNKOW, ROMIE, Route 1, Pepin
1947 *Red Mill* — oil

BRZEZOWICZ, JULIA, Krakow
1944 *Autumn* — crayon

BUCKMAN, A. E., Amberg
1941 *Squirrel* — oil
1942 *Talking Waters* — oil
1944 *Indian Summer* — oil

BUHLMAN, MRS. HARRY, Juda
1946 *Winter Scene* — oil

BURKHARDT, WALTER, Monroe
1941 *Northern Woods* — oil
1941 *Wisconsin Lake* — oil
1941 *Wisconsin Landscape* — oil
1942 *Autumn* — oil
1942 *Landscape* — oil

BURT, FRANCES, Albany
1947 *Village Blizzard* — water color
1948 *Christmas Program* — water color

CASE, FRANCES, Columbus
1945 *The New Filly* — oil
1947 *The Crawfish* — oil

CASE, LUCILLE, McAllister
1946 *The Old Road Mill* — oil

CASE, MRS. WALTER, McAllister
1945 *Winter Twilight in Wisconsin* — oil
1946 *Menomonie River in October* — oil
1947 *Woodland Trail* — oil

CHAMPA, FRANK, Willard
1941 *Preserve Wild Life* — oil
1942 *Deer Season in Wisconsin* — oil

CHENEY, MRS. T. C., Milwaukee
1948 *Fall Bouquet* — oil

CHRISTISON, BONNIE, Route 1, Elkhorn
1944 *Lonesome* — pencil

CLARK, ANDREW, Lodi
1948 *Winter Morning* — oil

CLEMENTSON, KATHARINE, Lancaster
1945 *From My Kitchen Window* — oil
1946 *Across the Street* — oil

COOK, GORDON W., Montfort
1945 *Cottage* — pen and ink

COOPER, JUANITE, Richland Center
1947 *Grandpa's Woodshed* — pen and ink

DAVIS, BEULAH, Richland Center
1946 *Summer Siesta* — oil

DEGAYNOR, VIRGINIA, Barnum
1948 *Kickapoo Dirt Farmers* — oil

DEHNERT, MRS. GEORGE, Lancaster
1946 *Merrimac Ferry* — oil
1947 *Wisconsin Landscape* — water color
1948 *Dakota Crossroads* — oil

DOANE, MARY, Delavan
1946 *Snow in the Woods* — water color
1947 *Fish Hatchery, Wild Rose* — water color

ELFBERG, "BEEBS" INGEDARD, DeSoto
1946 *Flowers and Kittens* — oil
1947 *Birches* — oil

ELFBERG, ETHYL, DeSoto
1946 *Spring* — oil
1947 *Wisconsin Pasture* — oil

ELFBERG, JUDY CLARA, DeSoto
1946 *Autumn* — oil
1947 *Swimming Hole* — oil

ELLSWORTH, LUCILLE, Lake Geneva
1947 *October* — oil

ELLSWORTH, PHEBE F., Elkhorn
1947 *Extemporaneous Spring Excitement* — water color

EMCH, HERMAN, Monroe
1941 *Cows* — oil
1941 *Goats* — oil

ENGEBRETSON, FRANK H., Brodhead
1945 *Swiss Alps* — oil
1948 *Wood Chopper* — oil

ENGEL, MRS. HAROLD, Merrill
1945 *Soap Carvings* — soap carving
1946 *Old Joe* — wood carving

ENGEN, MRS. EDWARD, Route 4, Beloit
1946 *The Old Homestead* — water color
1947 *The Old Country Store* — water color

EVERS, HUBERT, J., Merrill
1948 *Bend in the River* — water color

FITZAY, ANDREW, Baraboo
1941 *Camp Devils Lake* — oil

FLEMING, EDITH, Route 1, Park Falls
1947 *The Fawn* — crayon

FORD, MRS. SUZANNE, Beloit
1948 *Collie Dog* — pen and ink

FORSTNER, NYAL C., Wisconsin Rapids
1948 *Frustration* — lacquer

FRANTA, DOROTHY, Route 1, Walworth
1947 *Vegetables* — oil

MERRIMAC FERRY, *oil painting by* Mrs. George Dehnert

FRIEDE, MRS. FRED, Reedsburg
1947 *Products of the Soil* — oil

FRIEDRICH, G., Platteville
1948 *Thin Man* — carving

GARDINER, IRVING J., Route 4, Edgerton
1940 *The Santa Fe Trail* — oil
1940 *The Crossing* — oil
1940 *Hiawatha's Courtship* — oil

GEORGE, REV. EDWARD A., Merrill
1946 *Cyclone Church* — water color

GIBBONS, WINNIE, Route 1, LaValle
1944 *Spencer Lake* — pastel
1945 *Hills of Home* — water color

GLINSKI, EDMUND, Kenosha
1947 *Wisconsin Aglow* — oil

GOKE, EMMA, Route 3, Beloit
1941 *Glory of Winter* — oil
1942 *A Happy Family* — oil

GOULD, ESTHER GRIFFIN, Kenosha
1940 *Cabin in the Woods* — oil
1940 *Forest Scene* — oil

GRADY, FRANCIS D., Route 62, Madison
1941 *Davis Mill* — etching
1941 *Threshers* — etching
1941 *Crogan's Bridge* — etching
1941 *Ed Smith's Barn* — etching
1943 *Weather Prophet* — etching
1943 *Tank Creek* — etching
1943 *French Creek* — etching
1943 *Symphony in Shade* — dry point
1943 *Maple Grove* — etching
1943 *Rocky Harbor* — etching
1943 *Pickwick Falls* — etching
1943 *Sherman Ave. Bridge* — etching
1943 *Winter Trees* — etching
1943 *Oehler's Cave* — etching
1943 *Grant's Bridge* — etching
1944 *Cross Creek Bottoms* — dry point
1944 *Monona Morning* — etching
1944 *Swamp Buck* — etching
1944 *The Tired Trees* — etching
1945 *Durwards Glen* — etching
1945 *Restless Is the River* — etching
1945 *Durwards Glen, No. 2* — etching
1946 *Looks Like Rain* — water color
1947 *Bridge at Pheasant Branch* — dry point

GRAHAM, MILDRED, Madison
1947 *Pigeons* — oil

GRAHL, DOROTHY, Route 1, Eden
1944 *Wild Life* — etching

GRAHN, PALMA, Stoughton
1948 *The Old Southside Square House* — water color

GRANSEE, STUART F., Evansville
1946 *Two Men* — crayon

GRAY, MARIE, Route 3, Richland Center
1940 *Still Life Flowers* — water color
1943 *Still Life* — water color

GREBETZ, LOUIS, Route 3, Racine
1947 *Farm on Hill* — oil
1947 *Old Horse Barn* — oil
1948 *Little Russian Church of Kenosha* — oil

GRIGANO, MRS. JACK, Route 1, Friendship
1942 *Winter Vegetables* — oil
1944 *Mother's Love* — oil

GRIMM, RACHEL G., Route 1, Sun Prairie
1942 *Hollyhocks* — oil
1944 *The Spreading Willow* — oil
1945 *Rainbow Scene at Sunset* — oil
1946 *On Butterfield's Island* — oil
1946 *Trillium* — oil
1947 *Twin Maples* — oil
1948 *Scene at Rockwell Mills* — oil

GRIMM, RUTH F., Route 1, Sun Prairie
1942 *Wedges Creek* — oil
1943 *Farm in the Valley* — oil
1944 *Landscape* — oil
1944 *The Slough Bridge* — pastel
1946 *Village Street* — oil
1947 *Pheasants* — oil
1947 *Landscape* — oil
1948 *Landscape* — oil

GRITT, DONALD, Little Suamica
1942 *Indian Craft* — oil

GROSSENBACHER, PAUL, New Glarus
1945 *Autumn Peace* — water color
1947 *Her Favorite Ride* — water color

GRUBISIC, MARY, Beloit
1948 *The Farm* — water color

HADDEN, KATHERINE, Poynette
1946 *Barn Dance* — oil

HANSEN, ALMA, Route 2, Medford
1942 *Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox, Babe* — oil
1942 *Paul Bunyan's Roll Out* — oil
1944 *Wisconsin Highway Scene* — oil

HANSEN, MRS. VIGGO A., Withee
1942 *Night is Calling* — water color

HASKINS, MRS. LESTER L., Lancaster
1942 *Hudson River* — oil
1943 *Our Maple Doorman* — water color
1944 *Boy's Blue Jeans* — water color
1946 *Wisconsin, My Home* — water color
1947 *Second Story Scene* — water color
1947 *Haskins House* — water color

HEADLEY, RALPH M., Eau Claire
1942 *Cape Hatteras Light House* — oil

HEGLAND, ELLEN, Hollandale
1947 *Madonna of War* — oil

HEIMMERMANN, MICHAEL C., Rte. 2, Appleton
1940 *Mountain Elk* — carving
1941 *Horses* — carving

HEISER, SERENA, Route 1, Hales Corners
1942 *Tom and Jerry* — oil

HELGERSON, LAURAYNE, Mount Sterling
1944 *In the Still of Evening* — scratchboard
1944 *Tranquility* — scratchboard
1945 *From My Window* — pen sketch

HELKER, ROSENA, Platteville
1947 *Old Memories* — oil
1948 *Valley View* — oil

WISCONSIN PASTURE, *oil painting by* Ethyl Elfberg

HENRY, WESLEY R., Niagara
1942 *Marine* oil

HJELLE, ALMA, Route 1, Ferryville
1947 *Child's Head* clay

HOARD, MRS. WM. D., JR., Rte. 1, Ft. Atkinson
1947 *Summertime* pastel
1948 *Old Milton House—East Side* oil

HODIEWICZ, BERNARD, Route 1, Pulaski
1944 *Homestead* crayon

HOLT, EVE, Route 3, Delavan
1946 *Morning's Work* water color

HORN, BARBARA, Delavan
1946 *Famine* pen and ink

HUMEKI, HUBERT, Route 3, Pulaski
1946 *Linoleum Blockprint* blockprint

IRELAND, LOIS, Waunakee
1943 *The Autumn Scene* oil
1943 *The Grain Fields* water color
1943 *The Old Barn* water color
1943 *Kathryn* oil
1944 *Story Time* oil
1944 *Old Shoes and Basket* oil
1944 *Summer Time* oil
1944 *The Young Rooster* oil
1944 *The Homestead* oil
1944 *October* oil
1944 *Still Life* oil
1944 *Mother* oil
1945 *Harvest Time* oil
1945 *Homecoming* oil
1946 *Yellow Grain Fields* oil
1946 *A Hunter's Prize Catch* oil
1947 *Church Picnic* oil
1947 *Summer Landscape* oil
1948 *Morning Glory* oil

JACOBSON, TOM, Pulaski
1946 *Country Lodge* blockprint

JAEGER, GLADYS, Reeseville
1947 *Fishing for Dreams* crayon
1947 *Sunrise on the Farm* crayon

JANES, LEILA, Fond du Lac
1948 *Dandelions* water color

JANICEK, ROSE MARIE, Route 1, Sobieski
1946 *Winter Landscape* blockprint

JANOUSEK, ORVAL K., Route 1, Yuba
1945 *A Wintry Night* enamel

JARGO, ALEXANDER NORMAN, Arlington
1943 *Winter Moonlight* oil
1943 *The Traveler* oil
1944 *Self Portrait* oil

JOHANSEN, ROBERT, Kenosha
1948 *Winter in the Country* oil

JOHNSON, ARTHUR, Monroe
1942 *Peaceful Acres* oil
1943 *Our Daily Bread* oil
1943 *While the Sun Shines* oil
1944 *Peaceful Valley* oil
1944 *Summer Storm* oil
1944 *Tire Setting* oil
1945 *Golden Wedding* oil
1946 *Rained Out* oil
1947 *I. C. Spur at Monroe* oil
1947 *Spring* oil
1948 *School Bus* oil

JOHNSTON, BETTE CLAIRE, Route 1, Waldo
1946 *Birch and Bone* oil

KAISER, EARL H., Route 4, Bloomer
1941 *Heavy Snow* oil
1941 *Summer Reflections* oil

KAZAR, MICHAEL R., Pulaski
1942 *Rose* lithograph
1943 *Pulaski Rural Winter* oil
1944 *Deserted* oil
1946 *Wisconsin Farmer* pencil

KELLY, ALBY, St. Croix Falls
1948 *Back Yard* pen and ink

KETTLER, EVA MARIE, Platteville
1946 *Still Life* oil

KLEMP, HENRY, Dousman
1947 *Coming Home* oil

KOBERLE, JOHN, Route 1, Middleton
1946 *Home Guard* crayon
1947 *Woods Gate* oil

KOBERLE, KENNETH, Route 1, Middleton
1947 *Mama's Doll* oil

KOEHN, EDMUND, Nekoosa
1947 *The Old Shanty* water color
1948 *Autumn Reflections* water color

KONKEL, JEANNE, Route 2, Marion
1945 *Evening Flight* water color

KRAUSE, HERMAN A., Route 2, Tomahawk
1940 *Two Wood Carvings* wood carvings
1940 *Wolf and Lake* wood carving
1940 *Mountain Scene* wood carving
1940 *Northwoods* wood carving
1941 *Folk Types* wood carvings
1942 *Deer Trailing* oil
1942 *Sheep Camp* oil
1942 *Northern Woods* oil
1943 *Wisconsin Wild Life* mural, oil
1944 *Bass Water* oil
1945 *The Homesteader* wood carving
1945 *Log Driver* wood carving
1947 *Autumn* oil
1947 *Central North American* wood carving
1948 *Morning Mist* oil

KRETEK, CYRIL, Eagle River
1940 *Forest Road* oil

KRUG, RALPH, Route 1, Calvary
1945 *Threshing in Wisconsin* oil

KUJAVA, LAWRENCE, Green Bay
1940 *Cameo Shell Prayer Book Cover* carving
1941 *Cameo Carvings* carvings

KURTZ, THEODORE, Elkhorn
1948 *Troy Marsh* oil

KUSE, WALTER, Route 1, Medford
1942 *Progress of Wisconsin* (6 paintings) oil
1942 *Ox Team* wood carving

Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, *oil painting by* Ralph Headley

THE OLD PROSPECTOR, *wood carving by* Vernon J. Lemerond

1946 *Beauty of Nature* wood carving
1947 *The Lord's Last Supper* oil

KVALHEIM, ETHEL, Stoughton
1942 *West Koshkonong* water color
1946 *Grahn's Place* water color
1946 *Leedle's Mill, Cooksville* water color
1947 *The Home Place* water color
1948 *Lovers Lane, Lake Kegonsa* water color

LALK, MILLIE ROSE, Route 2, Fort Atkinson
1940 *Birthplace of Carrie Jacobs Bond* oil
1940 *Filling Silo on Our Farm* water color
1941 *Pride of Wisconsin* oil
1941 *They're Cute When They're Small* oil

1942 *Our Farm Buildings* oil tempera
1942 *The Golden Calf* gouache
1942 *Head* ceramic
1943 *Wisconsin Farm Scene* oil
1943 *Wish I Could Have Seen Just One* pastel
1943 *Wisconsin Scene* water color
1945 *The Church on the Hill* water color
1945 *The Golden Calf* gouache
1945 *Husking Corn* oil
1945 *Returning from Work* oil
1945 *The White Horse* gouache

LATHROP, SALLY, Waukesha
1947 *Old Main* oil

1947 *Old 10763* oil

LAUFENBERG, JEROME F., Waunakee
1944 *Homestead* oil
1944 *Red Barns* oil
1945 *Queen* oil

LAWRENCE, PAUL R., Madison
1940 *Late Mail* oil

LAWTON, CHESTER E., Whitewater
1946 *For These, My People* wood carving

LEININGER, MRS. C. E., De Pere
1948 *Winter on the Farm* oil

BARN DANCE, *oil painting by* Katherine Hadden

LEMBEKE, MARTHA MARSCHKE, Appleton
1940 *A Winter Home* — oil
1940 *Wisconsin Trees in Autumn* — oil
1941 *American Mergenser* — water color
1941 *Vegetable Table in Cellar* — oil
1941 *Still Life, Books and Plant* — oil
1941 *Still Life, A House Plant* — water color
1942 *Lake Beauty Des Morte* — oil
1942 *A Starling* — water color
1943 *The Old Stone Quarry* — oil
1943 *Sabotage* — oil

LEMEROND, MELVIN J., Route 1, Oneida
1945 *The Lone Wolf* — wood carving

LEMEROND, VERNON J., Route 1, Oneida
1940 *The Old Prospector* — wood carving

LENSKI, DOLORES, Necedah
1946 *Pal* — pencil

LENSKI, J., Necedah
1946 *Rocky Shore* — oil

LENSKI, LORRAINE, Necedah
1946 *Cranes* — pencil

LENZ, MURIEL, Stitzer
1947 *Jersey Shore* — oil

LINDERUD, MRS. NORRIS, Stoughton
1942 *Autumn on the Yaharah* — pastel

LORIER, PETER, Route 3, Wilson
1940 *Buffalo* — oil
1940 *Winter in the North* — oil
1940 *Rural Landscape* — oil

LUND, JANETTE, North Lake
1945 *Favorite Spot* — pen and ink

LYNCH, JOHN WILLIAM, Delavan
1946 *The Red Barn* — crayon

MACKINLAY, ELIZABETH G., Auburndale
1945 *Midsummer Perennials* — pastel

MCKINNEY, JEAN, Delavan
1946 *At Third and Main* — water color

MCNEILL, MARY, Janesville
1945 *Portrait of Helene* — oil

MALIN, GERARD J., Genoa
1944 *The Silent Sentinel* — oil

MANNAGH, NELL, Route 1, Beloit
1945 *Happy* — pastel

MARDEN, MRS. L. S., Neillsville
1944 *The Brook* — water color
1944 *The Woodland Path* — crayon

MARLOW, JOHN, Denmark
1945 *Friskie* — wood carving
1946 *Bessie* — wood carving

MARSDEN, WALTER, Edgerton
1948 *A Memory* — oil

MARTIN, DOROTHY, Route 2, Poplar
1941 *Quiet in the Woods* — pencil
1941 *Fire in the Barn* — pastel
1947 *A Farm Scene* — water color
1948 *Hauling Logs* — oil

MARTIN, MRS. KAY, Hales Corners
1948 *Whitnal Park* — oil

MARTY, CARL, SR., Monroe
1941 *Swiss Peasant Faces* (3 pictures) — oil
1942 *Lunch Time* — oil
1942 *The Voter* — oil
1943 *Hauling Corn Stalks* — oil
1943 *Hauling Corn* — oil
1944 *Phlox* — oil
1944 *Lyre Tree* — oil
1945 *Corner of My Den* — oil
1946 *Friendly Enemies* — oil
1947 *Blackeyed Susans* — oil

MASHAK, CLARICE, Route 3, Cashton
1946 *Scenery* — oil

MASON, JOE M., Route 2, Eau Claire
1945 *The Chippewa* — water color

MATHIESEN, JOHN T., Chetek
1942 *Barron County Landscape* — oil
1942 *Trolls in the Moonlight* — scratchboard

MAUEL, WLLIAM, Mt. Calvary, St. Lawrence College
1946 *Rain* — water color
1947 *Pride of Wisconsin* — water color

MCDONOUGH, MARY, De Pere
1948 *Rural Church* — oil

METOXEN, MRS. THOMAS, Sun Prairie
1947 *Still Life, Shells* — oil
1948 *Wind and Winter* — oil

MILLER, MRS. JOHN J., Route 2, Argyle
1947 *Vacation* — oil
1948 *Winding Ways* — oil

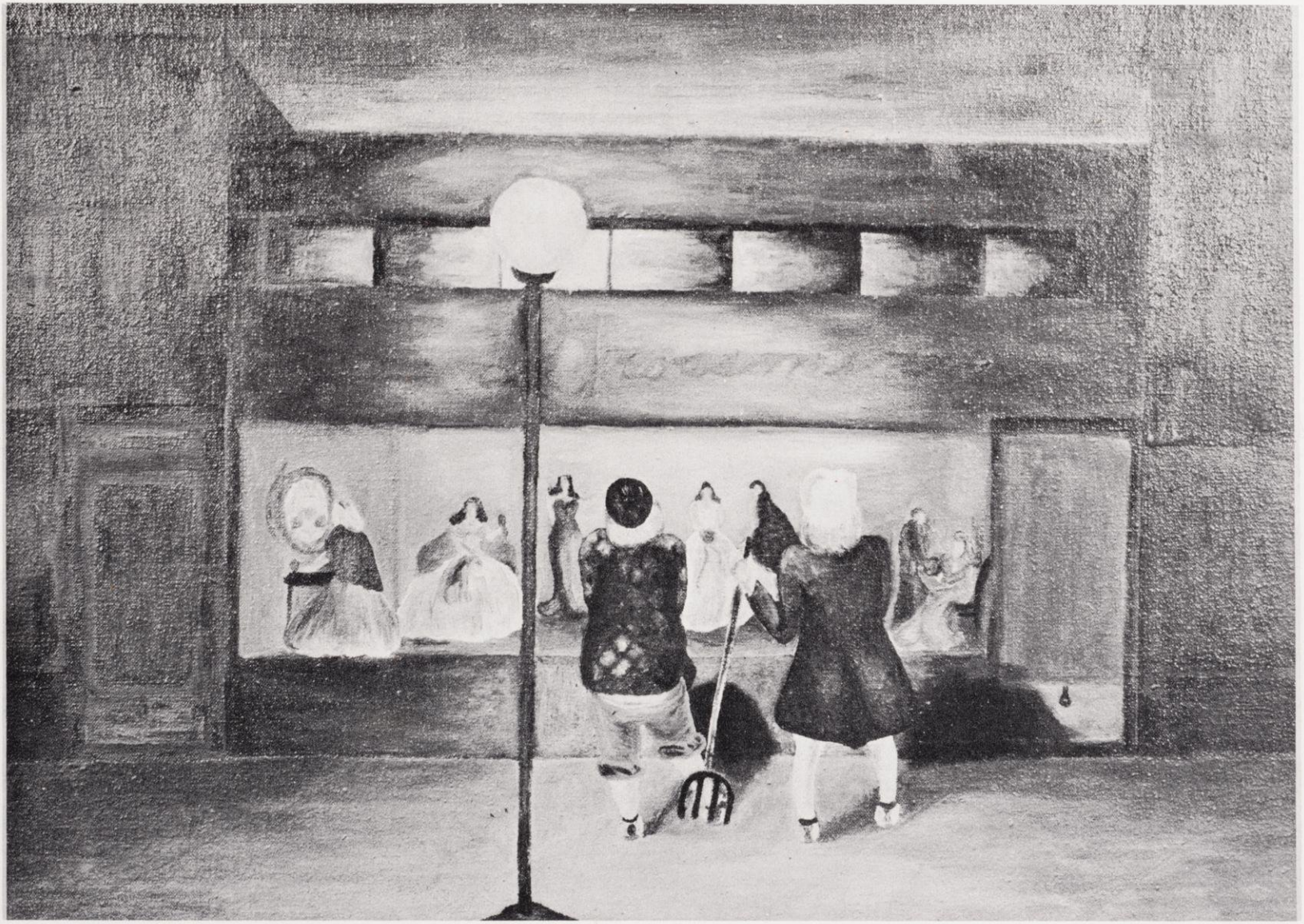
MOG, ISABELLE, Plymouth
1940 *Little Elkhart Lake* — water color
1940 *Mullet River* — water color
1940 *Snow Bound* — water color
1948 *Summertime* — water color

MONEGAR, CLARENCE BOYCE, Black River Falls
1941 *Indian Portraits* (2 paintings) — crayon
1942 *The Water Hole* — water color
1942 *Running Deer* — pencil
1942 *Doe and Fawn* — pencil
1942 *Buck in Snow* — pencil
1942 *Mallards* — pencil
1942 *Partridge* — pencil
1943 *Feeding Grouse* — lithograph
1944 *Pitching Mallards* — crayon
1944 *Running Deer* — water color

MONOGUE, NORMA, Fort Atkinson
1940 *Jack and Judy* — oil
1940 *Still Life* — oil
1940 *The Watering Trough* — oil
1941 *Moist Earth* — water color
1941 *Good Morning* — oil

MOORE, JOHN H., Route 2, Marinette
1942 *Spring* — pen and ink
1942 *The Old Sailor* — oil
1942 *Our Neighbor's Farm* — water color

MORLEY, KATHERINE C., Route 1, Nashotah
1941 *Mountain Cabin* — oil
1943 *Bristol* — oil
1943 *Knapp Street, Milwaukee* — oil
1944 *The Kill* — oil
1944 *The Siesta* — oil
1945 *Decoys* — oil



RETROSPECT, *oil painting by* Mrs. Allen Van Heyl

1947 *A Beach Scene on the Gulf* oil
1948 *Neighbor's House* oil

MORSE, MRS. E. J., JR., Lancaster
1947 *The Carmody Place* water color
1948 *Grant Valley* water color

MORTENSEN, MORRIS, Chetek
1941 *Torpedoed Steamer* oil

MUNDON, DALE E., Route 3, Platteville
1946 *Black, Tan, and Beige* oil
1947 *Waterfront* oil

MUNKBERG, MRS. ARDIS, Pepin
1948 *Ice Breaker on Lake Pepin* oil

MYHRE, BEVERLY, Elcho
1947 *Mother's Love* crayon

NELSON, MRS. ELVIN A., Stoughton
1946 *My Church* oil
1947 *The Castle* oil

NELSON, LYLE R., Bennett
1948 *Prelude to Sorrow* oil

NELSON, ROBERT J., Okee
1947 *Old Buildings at Night* pen and ink

NEUENDORF, EDWARD C., Medford
1942 *R. F. D.* wood carving

NEVERMAN, LEAH, Waukesha
1947 *Alex* oil

NEWELL, CARRIE B., Neillsville
1942 *October* oil
1945 *Early Winter* oil

NEWMAN, JOSEPH L., Maiden Rock
1946 *Winter's Debut* oil

NICK, DOLORES, Krakow
1946 *Sunburst* blockprint

NOLAN, ELIZABETH F., Route 2, Waukesha
1941 *Bonniedale* oil
1941 *Pursuit* oil
1941 *All Men Are Created Equal* oil
1942 *Approaching Storm* water color
1942 *Reliance* carbon pencil
1942 *Back Seat* carbon pencil
1943 *A Farmer's Understanding* blockprint
1943 *Spring Frontispiece* pastel
1943 *The Unfailing Crop* oil
1943 *Dawn* ceramic
1944 *Felix* pastel
1944 *Of the Herd* blockprint
1944 *This Egg Business* carbon pencil
1945 *A Bit of Blue Sky* terra cotta
1946 *Emil's Farm* oil
1947 *Portrait of Dad* oil
1948 *The Storm* oil

NOURSE, BESSIE, Bayfield
1940 *Ashland Roofs* oil
1940 *My Studio* oil
1940 *Cabbage Patch* oil

OEDSMA, GEORGE, Route 1, Mindoro
1941 *Carvings* wood carvings
1948 *Carved Clock* wood carving

OIE, AGNAR, Washburn
1940 *Doe and Fawn* wood carving
1941 *White Deer* wood carving
1941 *Deerhead* wood carving
1942 *White Deer* wood carving
1942 *Fawn* wood carving
1944 *Deer* wood carving
1944 *Deer* wood carving
1944 *Horse* wood carving
1944 *Horse* wood carving
1945 *Horse* wood carving
1945 *Little Dog* wood carving
1945 *Dog* wood carving
1945 *Deer* wood carving

OLM, FRANK R., Route 3, Birnamwood
1946 *Homestead* pencil

OLSON, CHRIS, Route 1, Berlin
1947 *Parsley Tea* oil

OLSON, NILS J., Route 2, Hales Corners
1945 *Daphne* wood carving
1945 *Lincoln* wood carving

OLSON, RAYMOND B., Route 1, Ferryville
1947 *Ante Lucem* oil

OVERZET, IDA, Wisconsin Rapids
1948 *Sugar Bush* water color

PAGEL, MRS. W. J., Route 11, West Allis
1943 *Half Dome Mt.* silk textile
1943 *Beyond the Great Divide* silk textile
1944 *Half Dome Mt.* silk textile
1944 *Sunrise Over Kieta* silk textile
1945 *In the High Sierras* silk textile

PARK, JOHN S., Route 1, Stoughton
1943 *Plow Boy* crayon
1943 *Gramps* crayon

PAWELCZYK, AUDREY J., Krakow
1944 *Autumn Scene* oil crayon

PEARCE, THOMAS L., JR., North Lake
1947 *Lake Michigan from North Lake Drive* oil

PEPLINSKI, JACK, Pulaski
1942 *Cacti* oil
1943 *Nocturnal Farmscape* oil
1944 *Autumn Fantasy* crayon
1944 *Evening Profile* pastel

PETERS, AUDREY L., Potter
1946 *Joyful Season* water color

PETERSON, BEVERLY LOO, Comstock
1945 *The White Board Fence* oil

PETERSON, CLARA MAE, Amery
1940 *Water Color* water color
1940 *Prize Cow* water color

PETERSON, ELAINE CHARLOTTE, Comstock
1945 *Just Neighbors* oil

PETERSON, FLORENCE, Route 1, Fairchild
1941 *Whispering Pines* gouache
1941 *Logging in Wisconsin in 1900* oil

PETERSON, MRS. HERBERT R., Comstock
1945 *Near Evening* oil
1946 *Rice Lake* oil

PETERSON, LAWRENCE, Baraboo
1941 *My Home in the Valley* oil

A Farm Scene, *water color by* Dorothy Martin

PIETRAS, FRANK, Route 1, Sobieski
1946 *Barnyard* pencil

PLATTEN, WILLIAM J., Green Bay
1940 *Orchard Scene* oil
1940 *Farm Scene* oil
1940 *Cornfield* oil
1940 *Silo and Barn* oil
1941 *The Elms* oil
1941 *Sambo* oil
1942 *Fall Plowing* oil
1942 *Dairyland* oil

POWERS, MRS. JOHN, Fort Atkinson
1940 *Country Bridge* oil
1940 *A Prize Cow* oil
1940 *Lilies* oil
1942 *Cow's Head* oil on wood
1947 *Frontage on Indian River, Florida* oil

PRATT, MRS. LONA, Richland Center
1948 *North of Pine River* water color

QUAM, MRS. EGBERT, Stoughton
1942 *Back of Earl's Barn* water color
1945 *Tulips* water color
1946 *The Old Leedles Mill* water color
1947 *The Old Homestead* oil

QUIRK, JANELLS, Route 4, Dodgeville
1945 *Beasts of Prey* tempera
1945 *The Old Homestead* tempera
1946 *Black Palamine* pastel

RACE, EARL EDWARD, Route 1, Peshtigo
1941 *Portrait* oil
1941 *Fishbasket* oil
1941 *Grandmother* oil

RADLIFF, KENNETH, Route 3, Berlin,
1942 *Lights on the Farm* oil

RAY, ANGUS S., Columbus
1944 *Sweating It Out* oil

REDCLOUD, MITCHELL, Route 1, Merrillan
1945 *War Club, Gavel* wood carving

REHN, LADONNA, Route 1, Sobieski
1945 *North Woods* pastel

RICHARDSON, GERTRUDE, Lancaster
1946 *County Seat* oil
1947 *District School* oil
1948 *Dobson Bridge* oil

ROBINSON, HARRIET, St. Croix Falls
1948 *Side Street* water color

ROBINSON, VIOLETTE, Wisconsin Rapids
1948 *Wisconsin Rapids Bridge* water color

RODENBOUGH, MARTHA, Route 1, Juda
1943 *Young Man* oil
1946 *Landscape* oil

ROGERS, MRS. ROBERT F., Route 1, Neenah
1945 *Back Home* oil
1946 *White Tablecloth* oil
1947 *Wisconsin Landscape* oil

ROLLE, CHRIS, JR., Bennett
1948 *State Park* oil

ROSE, VICTOR, Route 1, Eden
1944 *Wild Ducks* pastel

ROZANSKI, ELIZABETH, Route 1, Pulaski
1945 *Homestead* pastel

SCARSETH, LLOYD H., Route 2, Galesville
1941 *Fall Plowing* oil
1941 *Camouflage of the Red Brush* oil
1941 *Milking Time* oil
1942 *The Black River* oil
1942 *The Brent* oil
1942 *Peaceful Awakening* oil
1944 *Moonlight Silence* oil
1945 *Rationed Meat* water color
1948 *Lake Onalaska* oil

SCHALLA, ANNA E., Route 1, Wisconsin Rapids
1945 *A Frosty Morning* water color
1947 *Sandpiles* water color

SCHANTZ, JANE, Madison
1944 *Pro Patria* bronzed clay
1944 *The Shepherd* terra cotta
1945 *Ave Caesare, Morituri Te Salutamus* bronzed plaster
1946 *La Verghe* clay
1947 *Tschaikovsky* plaster

SCHERER, EMMA, Route 2, Muscoda
1945 *Our Pets* oil
1947 *Late Apples* pastel

SCHINDLER, CAROL, Monroe
1946 *Hilltop* water color

SCHLICHER, MARION B., Lake Geneva
1947 *Woodland Pool* oil

SCHMITT, ARTHUR, Pewaukee
1947 *The Pirate* blockprint
1947 *Western Highways* water color

SCHNEIDER, CLAUDE, Port Edwards
1947 *Pitcher, Plant, and Fruit* oil

SCHOTT, PHILOMENE, New Franken
1941 *Flower Painting* oil
1941 *Mexican Portrait* oil
1941 *White Flamingos* oil
1946 *Orchid* oil
1947 *An Owl Asleep* oil

SCHRUTH, A. V., Pepin
1940 *Wood Carvings* wood carvings

SEEGERT, MRS. LESTER, Sayner
1945 *The Coffee Pot* oil
1946 *Going Fishing* oil
1947 *Dad* oil

SEEP, MRS. LOUIS H., Route 1, Reedsburg
1944 *The Meadow Pasture* oil
1944 *Moonlight on the Wisconsin River* oil

SENG, MRS. AMBROSE, Potosi
1947 *Portrait of an Afghan Hound* oil

SIEMERS, H. C., Platteville
1946 *Fruit Piece* oil

SIZER, JANE ENGEL, White Lake
1947 *The Viaduct* water color

SKARE, MRS. ALBERT, McFarland
1944 *Cold Winter Night* oil

SMITH, LELA BORAH, Lancaster
1941 *Kitty Awakes* oil
1941 *Toby* oil

SUGAR BUSH, *water color by* Ida Overzet

1942 *Cat Tails* oil
1942 *Wisconsin Landscape* oil
1943 *Straw Boss* oil
1943 *Between Beats* oil
1944 *Hip-38* oil
1944 *Sunning* oil
1945 *Cardinals* oil
1945 *Detasslers Return from Field* oil
1945 *Mother Love* graphic
1946 *Robin's Return* oil
1947 *Mrs. Mulrooney's Wash* oil

SMITH, MARGARET, Lake Geneva
1947 *Jonquils* oil

SNEDIC, JOHN A., Willard
1942 *Hay Creek Dam* oil
1942 *Lincoln* plaster

SNYDER, EMELIA E., Route 1, Richland Center
1940 *Rockbridge* oil
1940 *Horse (Belgian)* oil
1941 *Friends* oil
1942 *The Thorn Bush Blossoms Again* oil
1942 *Snow on the Oak* oil

SORENSON, ANN, Route 4, Oconomowoc
1946 *Autumn* water color

SPAIGHT, CATHERINE, East Troy
1946 *Tulip Time in Holland* water color

WHITE DEER, *wood carving by* Agnar Oie

STAVER, MRS. EDWARD J., Route 3, Lancaster
1941 *Wisconsin Winter* oil
1941 *Lovely Lillies* pastel
1941 *The Milkman's Horse* oil
1942 *Pine Knob Vista* oil
1943 *Great Grandfather's Home* oil
1944 *Sunset Over Grant* oil
1945 *River Bottom* water color
1946 *A Day in April* water color
1947 *Wet Night* water color
1948 *Circus* water color

STOLLE, TIMOTHY, Tripoli
1947 *Dragon and Fairy* chalk
1947 *Plowing* chalk

STOLLE, MRS. RUTH, Tripoli
1948 *Winter Morning* water color

STOLTZ, EDWARD, Rhinelander
1948 *Dancing Figure* carving

SUGDEN, EARL, Route 2, Cazenovia
1940 *Wisconsin Scene* oil
1941 *Sand Paintings* sand
1941 *Landscape* oil
1941 *Raccoon* oil
1942 *Brook* oil
1943 *American Crow* oil
1943 *Among the Hills* oil
1943 *Rail Fence* oil
1943 *Sand Paintings* sand
1944 *Birches* oil
1944 *Perpetual Art Calendar* oil
1945 *American Satire* oil
1945 *Gold Star Mother* stone carving
1946 *Water Scene* oil

TANNER, MRS. BERT, Lodi
1947 *Wisconsin Moonlight* water color

TELLEFSON, IRIS F., Route 5, Oshkosh
1940 *Omro Park* oil
1940 *Marsh Scene* oil
1940 *The Dock* oil
1940 *Summer Time* oil
1941 *The Lonely Road* oil
1941 *Tempting* oil
1941 *Late Winter* oil
1942 *Feeding Time* oil

A MEMORY, *oil painting by* Walter Marsden

KICKAPOO DIRT FARMERS, *oil painting by* Virginia DeGaynor

1942 *Midsummer Feed* oil
1943 *Sledding* oil
1943 *Resting* oil
1944 *Shore Scene* oil
1945 *Indian Woman* oil
1946 *Pensive Mood* oil
1948 *Hoeing* oil

THOORSELL, ROBERT, Solon Springs
1948 *Still Life* water color

THORP, WALTER, Route 3, Baraboo
1941 *Rattlesnake* oil crayon
1941 *Covey of Quail* oil crayon
1944 *The Passenger Pigeon* crayon & pencil
1944 *The Partridge Family* crayon & pencil
1948 *The Picture of Life* pencil & water color

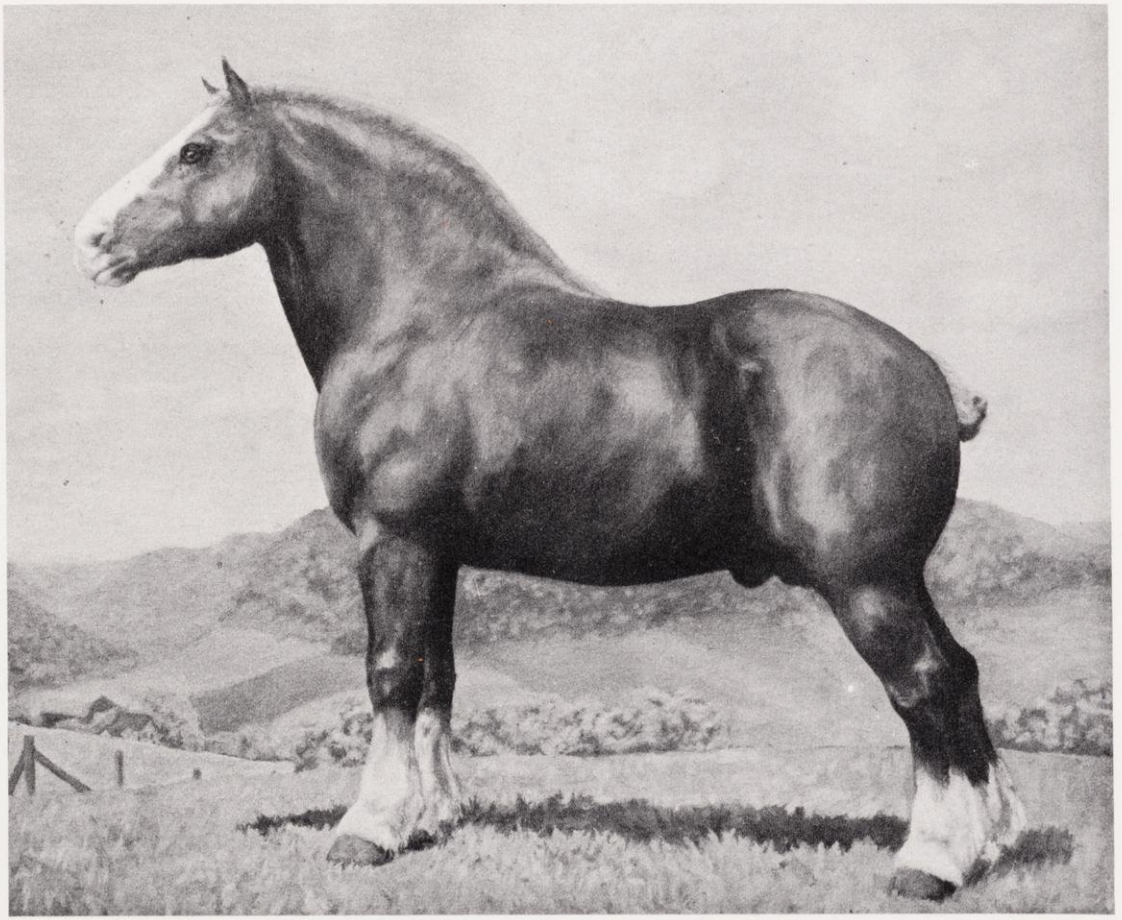
TOLKSDORF, RICHARD, Grafton
1944 *Retired* oil

TOWN, ETHELYN, Fort Atkinson
1940 *Goldenrod* oil

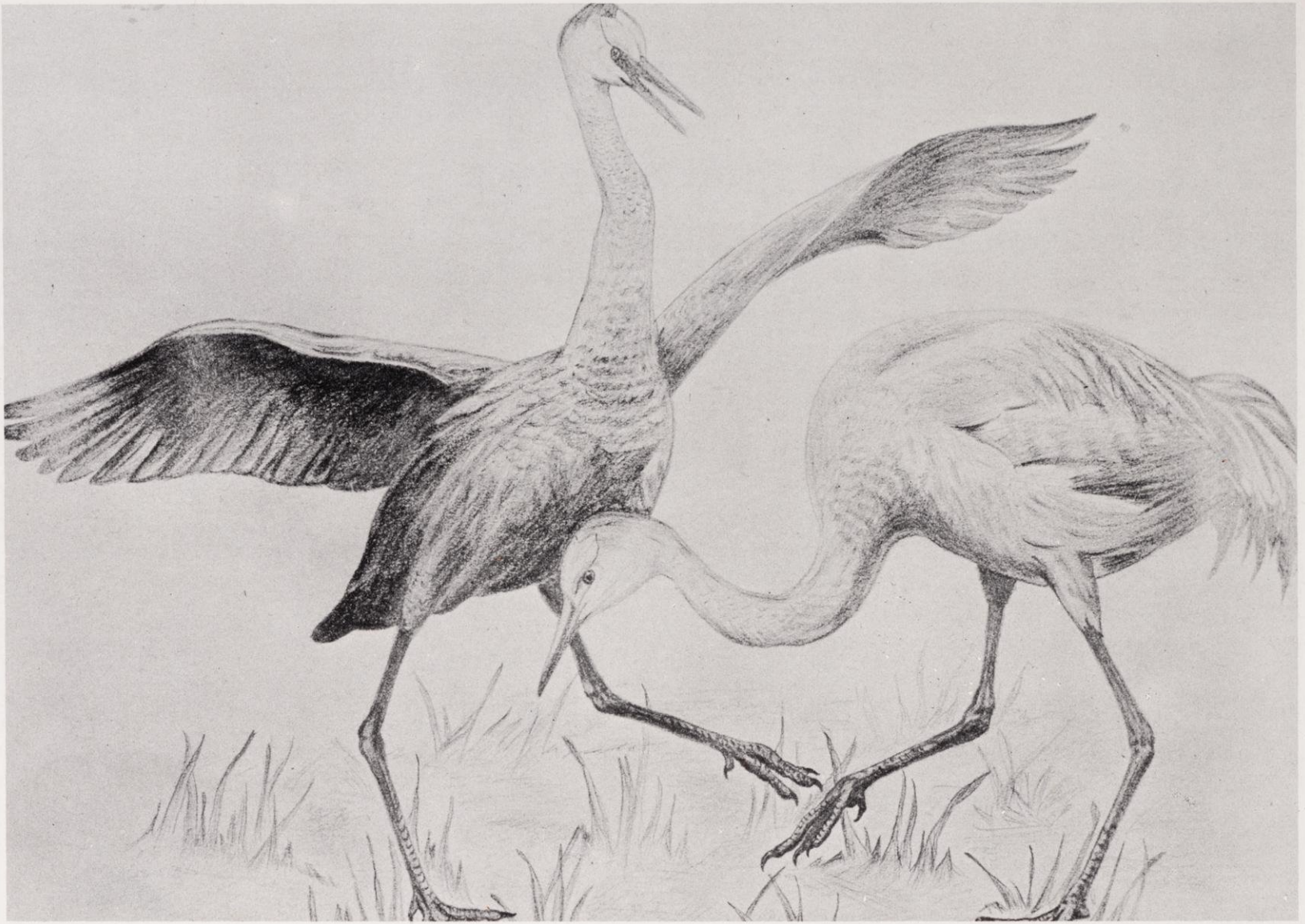
TURCO, MARY JANE, Route 3, Kenosha
1946 *Bright Eyes* water color

TVETEN, ELAINE M., Elco
1947 *Good Friends* pastel

UBBELOHDE, MRS. CARL, Waldo
1940 *Our Homestead* oil
1940 *Sunset Glories* oil
1940 *Hillert's Creek* oil
1940 *Red Barns of the Kettle Moraine* oil
1941 *Sheboygan Marsh Restored* oil
1942 *Line Fence Neighbors* oil
1942 *Heir to Eighty Acres* oil
1943 *God Bless America* oil
1943 *The Free Movie* oil
1943 *When Spring Comes* oil
1944 *Goodbye, Mom* oil
1944 *Heritage* oil
1945 *Point Free* oil
1945 *Spring Will Come* oil
1947 *Pea Vinery* oil
1948 *Admiration* oil



STALLION, *oil painting by* Emelia Snyder



CRANES, *pencil drawing by* Lorraine Lenski

UBBELOHDE, MARGUERITE, Waldo
1940 *View from Campus* oil
1941 *Mankato School* oil
1941 *Mill Pond Hockey* oil
1942 *Playmates* oil
1943 *War Stamps for Mankato School* oil
1943 *Vacationing at Home* oil
1944 *The Night Shift* pencil
1944 *Watching for Daddy* crayon

USIAK, NORBERT, Pulaski
1942 *Mural Sketch* oil
1942 *Twilight* water color

VAN HEYL, ALLEN V., JR., Platteville
1947 *The Three Trees* pencil

VAN HEYL, MRS. ALLEN, Platteville
1946 *Jericho School* pastel
1947 *Retrospect* oil
1948 *Country Auction* oil

VAN SLATE, MRS. FRANK, Route 2, Merrill
1946 *A Screech Owl* oil
1947 *A Winter Scene in Lincoln County* oil
1948 *A Wisconsin Homesteader Brings Home His Bride* oil

VEUM, MRS. JAMES A., Route 1, Strum
1947 *Picture Window* tempera
1948 *March Hills* egg tempera

VICTORY, MARGARET, Green Bay
1940 *Elk and Mountain* oil

VONDERHEID, MRS. HENRY, Haugen
1942 *Wilhelmina Ann Vonderheid* pencil

WALLER, CASPER D., Black River Falls
1945 *Wisconsin, Jackson County Valley* water color

WALS, JAMES G., Rhinelander
1948 *K-K River Scene* water color

WALSKE, JUNE, Sobieski
1942 *Wisconsin Landscape* oil

WARNER, MRS. DAVID M., Whitehall
1946 *Street* oil

WATSON, AUDREY, Troy Center
1946 *Abandon* chalk

WATSON, GERALDINE, Troy Center
1946 *Vegetables* water color

WATSON, MRS. J. E., Tripoli
1948 *The Promise of Spring* water color

WEBER, ALICE, Green Bay
1941 *Marks Barns* oil
1941 *The Cottonwoods* oil
1941 *The Old Willow* oil
1941 *Historic Old Light* oil
1942 *Fishing Time* oil
1942 *Green Pastures* oil
1943 *Rural Green Bay* oil
1943 *Summer Time* oil
1944 *Devil River Near Claras* oil
1944 *Head of Swine* oil
1945 *Miss Victory Garden* oil
1946 *Winterwonderland* oil
1947 *From Carlsons at Ellison Bay* oil
1948 *Just Cow Skulls* oil

WESTPHAL, REV. GEORGE B., Wisconsin Rapids
1945 *"Fairfield" Jamaica* water color

GREENWOOD BARN AND SILO, *water color by* Anita Zentner

WHITWORTH, MARION, Route 4, Mondovi
1942 *Chi-Chi* pencil
1943 *Our Mill* oil
1945 *Autumn Groves* oil
1946 *The Awakening of Spring* oil
1947 *Carol* oil
1948 *Pheasant Houses* oil

WICKMAN, MRS. ARTHUR, Washington Island
1946 *Island Gems* oil

WILLIAMS, ORVILLE, Amberg
1946 *Dave's Falls* oil

WILLOUGHBY, LESTER, Belleville
1946 *Joys of Winter* oil

WILSON, EDITH, Route 3, Seymour
1944 *Portrait of Veronica* charcoal
1946 *Resort on Shawano Lake* pencil

WOODMAN, MRS. EDWIN W., Monroe
1944 *Depression* wood carving
1944 *My Lady Nicotine* oil
1944 *Science* oil
1945 *Corn* oil
1945 *Self Portrait* oil
1946 *The Cob That Cheers* oil
1947 *Fisher Girl* oil

ZELLMER, LILLIAN D., Antigo
1947 *Tracy's Boathouse* water color

ZENTNER, ANITA, Milwaukee
1944 *Aztalan on the Crawfish River* water color
1944 *Libby Lima Bean Harvest at Lake Mills* water color
1945 *Greenwood Barn and Silo* water color
1945 *Milw. Fire Tugs at Cherry St. Bridge* water color
1945 *Octagon Barn at Port Washington* water color
1946 *New Farm Practices in Rolling Farms* water color
1947 *Old Finnish Windmill, Douglas County* water color
1948 *Amicon Falls* water color

ZIEGWEID, BETTY G., Arcadia
1942 *Dancing Couple* ceramic
1943 *Lake Scene* oil

ZIEGLER, MRS. JESSIE L., Lancaster
1946 *Pigeon Creek* water color

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