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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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—*On Pockets*—

As a cousin of mine once said about money,
money is always there but the pockets change;
it is not in the same pockets after a change;
and that is all there is to say about money.

—*Gertrude Stein*

Not quite, Gertrude.

Money is not "always there." And there's something to say about how it gets from one pocket to another—and why.

Take the Wisconsin Academy for example (you knew this was coming, didn't you?). We think we get quite a bit out of a pocket that is not all that amply filled. In fact, dues payments and endowment income are not sufficient to meet the essential costs of operation, including publications and programming. The difference is made up annually through gifts and grants.

Gifts to the Academy are tax deductible. Equally important, they are put to good cause and are very much appreciated. The address of our particular pocket is: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, 1922 University Ave., Madison, Wis. 53705.

—*James R. Batt*
Executive Director

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The date of this issue is December, 1976.

11 FEBRUARY: I walked down and watched farmer Hornung haul cut wood from the meadow to the road past the Triangle . . . . He is a good, earthy fellow, simple-minded and honest, far better than many other villagers, who live under a veneer of transparently thin culture and conduct themselves tacitly as overlords of man and beast. I could not help thinking how small he looked, how symbolic was his smallness in the field, symbolic of man against all earth, against nature . . .

—From *The Only Place We Live*. Woodcut by Frank Utpatel. Words by August Derleth. For more woodcut reproductions and a review of *The Only Place We Live*, turn to "Bookmarks/Wisconsin," page 30.

(Woodcut reproduced with permission.)

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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The California-Wisconsin Axis in American Astronomy

by Donald E. Osterbrock

A very large number of American astronomers have made the pilgrimage eastward or westward between the Badger State and the Other Eden at least once in their careers, and several telescopes have made the same journey too, so that it is almost impossible to think of American astronomy without recognizing the connection between the two states.

The reasons for these ties are not hard to find—the two great American observatories founded in the nineteenth century, Lick and the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, located at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, dominated observational astronomy for many years. When the Mount Wilson Observatory was built near Pasadena, in the early years of the twentieth century, it was at first very largely a Yerkes operation, and contributed even more to the traffic in astronomers between Wisconsin and California. The University of Wisconsin was an additional factor in this traffic, and Palomar Observatory, completed just after World War II, eventually became the largest factor of all.

Lick Observatory—An Eccentric Millionaire's "Great Pyramid"

Lick Observatory was built as a result of the generosity of James Lick, an eccentric millionaire whose fortune was based on land speculation in downtown San Francisco at the time of the Gold Rush. Toward the end of his life, Lick decided he wanted to use part of his by then vast fortune to leave a monument to himself. His first idea was to build a pyramid in downtown San Francisco larger than the Great Pyramid in Egypt, but his advisors persuaded him instead to found an observatory with a telescope "superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made." It was built on Mount Hamilton, near San Jose, a site picked by Lick himself, and completed in 1888, twelve years after his death. Lick's body was brought from San Francisco to a tomb in the pier of the telescope, where it remains to this day.

Captain Richard Floyd, president of the board of trustees of the Lick Trust, was responsible for staffing the Observatory. In 1880, long before it had been completed, he wrote to James C. Watson, an outstanding theoretical astronomer, and at that time, the first director of the Washburn Observatory of the University of Wisconsin. Floyd tried to awaken his interest in moving to Lick. Watson was guardedly enthusiastic and replied, "Perhaps when the time comes I may enroll my name as one of the candidates for the directorship of your observatory . . . [N]otwithstanding the ties that bind me here, I am for the best scientific opportunity while I live." Unfortunately, he died of pneumonia—contracted while observing in the cold Wisconsin night air—less than three months after writing this letter.

Instead of Watson, the first director of Lick Observatory was Edward S. Holden, Watson's successor as director of the Washburn Observatory. Holden was a product of Washington University and of West Point, and the protege of Simon Newcomb, the most distinguished American astronomer of his day. Holden had been appointed director at Washburn on Newcomb's

Lick Observatory Photograph

Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, California

recommendation in 1881, while also acting as scientific advisor to the Lick Trust. After only a few years in Wisconsin, he accepted the position of president of the University of California in 1885 to be close to the scene of action until the observatory was completed.

First light was seen through the thirty-six-inch telescope on a bitterly cold night in January 1888; in June of that year the observatory was turned over to the university and Holden stepped up from president of the University of California to director of Lick Observatory.

Only two years later, George Ellery Hale, who was to found Yerkes, Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, visited Lick Observatory with his bride on their honeymoon trip through the West. Hale, the son of a Chicago elevator magnate, had from childhood a strong scientific interest, encouraged by his father, who bought him the prisms, spectroscopes, gratings, and telescopes he needed for his Kenwood Observatory in the backyard of the family mansion on Drexel Boulevard. Hale went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was a good student, although he was far more interested in his experimental work on solar photography than in the formal courses. Two days after graduation he married his childhood sweetheart and began the honeymoon, which took him two months later to Lick.

Hale was tremendously impressed with the telescope and the observatory; Holden, in turn, was impressed with Hale and offered him a chance to stay. But Hale decided instead to go back to Chicago, build up his own observatory, and keep himself available for the then new University of Chicago.

Hale was a unique character in American astronomy. Scion of a wealthy family, he was accustomed from childhood to dealing with the rich and powerful as an equal but, at the same time, he was a highly creative scientist who pioneered the science of astrophysics, and made many important observational contributions to the study of the sun and its magnetic properties. Above all, he was an organizer of science and a builder of observatories.

In 1892 Hale became an associate professor at Chicago as part of a package in which his father promised to give the University the instruments of the Kenwood Observatory if the University would raise the funds for a larger observatory. That same year Hale met Charles T. Yerkes, the tycoon who controlled the Chicago El system, and within a few weeks persuaded him to commit himself to build "the largest and best telescope in the world." Yerkes had been presold on the idea by President William Rainey Harper of the University of Chicago, but Hale clinched the deal. Fortunately, forty-inch glass blanks for the lens were available; they had been ordered by the University of Southern California, which hoped to build an observatory on Mount Wilson, but lost all its promised funds when the Southern California land-speculation bubble burst. Yerkes bought the blanks from the University, had Alvan Clark and Sons, the optical firm which had previously produced the thirty-six-inch lens for the Lick telescope, start to grind them into lenses, and the planning of Yerkes Observatory was underway. Apparently Yerkes as well was willing to consider only those locations for his telescope that were close to Chicago, and the site on Williams Bay, Lake Geneva, was chosen on the recommendation of Thomas C. Chamberlin. Before coming to Chicago as head of the Geology Department, Chamberlin had been chief geologist of the Wisconsin Geological Survey and president of the University of Wisconsin.

The forty-inch telescope was built and first light was seen through it in May 1897. It is still the largest refracting telescope in the world, the Lick thirty-six-inch is the second largest, and both are in regular use as research instruments. The Yerkes Observatory building, designed by Hale, was obviously greatly influenced by his visit to Lick, as the two observatories are very similar in external and internal appearance.

Even before the Yerkes forty-inch was finished, Hale had begun thinking of a larger telescope. He realized that the forty-inch is close to the upper limit of practical size for refractors, and that the new telescope would almost certainly have to be a reflector, in which the light is collected and focused by a large parabolic mirror rather than a lens. In 1894 Hale's father provided the funds to buy a sixty-inch glass blank from France, and to have it figured into a mirror. He agreed to give the mirror to the University of Chicago on condition that the University provide the mounting, dome, auxiliary instruments, and necessary operating expenses. Hale wanted to locate the new reflector in a site with clearer weather than in southern Wisconsin, and after a trip to California in 1903, he definitely decided on Mount Wilson. He was in close touch with the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which put up the money to found the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory (as it was originally known, for the first instrument was a solar telescope) and to mount the sixty-inch telescope. Though there was some unpleasantness with the University of Chicago about the ownership of the glass blank for the mirror, it was handed over eventually to the new observatory and by December 1908, the new sixty-inch telescope was mounted and in use.

However, before this was accomplished, Hale had turned his attention to building an even larger telescope, and in 1906, two years before the sixty-inch was completed, he persuaded John D. Hooker, a Los Angeles iron and oil magnate, to provide the funds for a hundred-inch mirror. Much more Carnegie money was required as well before the hundred-inch telescope was completed on Mount Wilson in 1917. This was the third largest telescope in the world built successively under Hale's direction, the first of them located in Wisconsin and the other two in California. After his retirement, he also secured the funds for the two-hundred-inch telescope, though he didn't live to see it completed;

National Academy of Sciences Photograph

George Ellery Hale, founder and first director of Yerkes and Mount Wilson Observatories, and guiding spirit behind the founding of Palomar Observatory, seen here in 1924, adjusting a solar spectroscope.

it was named the Hale telescope at its dedication in 1948, and the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories were renamed the Hale Observatories in 1968, the hundredth anniversary of Hale's birth.

The Williams Bay–Mount Wilson Connection

When the Lick Trust officially handed over Lick Observatory to the University of California in 1888, the staff included, in addition to Holden, four astronomers, S.W. Burnham, E.E. Barnard, John Schaeberle, and James Keeler.

Burnham was an indefatigable double-star observer, who for many years had been court reporter and later clerk of the Federal Court in Chicago. In the evening he would measure close double stars with his own telescope in his backyard observatory, where the young George Ellery Hale, as a boy of fourteen, met him and first saw a Clark refractor. Burnham had an excellent six-inch, which he took with him when he went out to Mount Hamilton in 1879 as a consultant to the Lick Trust. He stayed for two months, observed many double stars, and pronounced the atmospheric transparency and seeing excellent.

After his return to Chicago, Burnham set up his telescope on the University of Wisconsin campus in Madison, where he went on weekends to take advantage of the clearer and darker Wisconsin skies. This telescope, which Burnham had used in the Mount Hamilton site test, was acquired by the University of Wisconsin and was mounted for many years in a small dome just off Observatory Drive between the old Washburn Observatory and the old director's house. The telescope is now in use in one of the domes on the roof of Sterling Hall, while the old dome has been moved to the Madison Astronomical Society's Oscar Mayer Observatory, off Fish Hatchery Road.

Burnham finally went professional when the thirty-six-inch refractor was completed at Lick Observatory, and Holden persuaded him to join the staff. However, it soon turned out that Holden, a West Point graduate, expected to run the observatory as its commanding officer, supervising personally the research of all the astronomers on the staff. Relations became strained at the isolated and underfunded observatory, and after only four years at Lick, Burnham returned to the tranquility of Chicago. When Yerkes Observatory was founded a few years later, Hale managed to lure him out of retirement with a position that allowed him to come to Williams Bay on weekends while keeping his courtroom job in Chicago. Burnham together with another renegade from the Lick staff, Barnard, was present when the forty-inch Yerkes refractor was first turned on stars, clusters, and nebulae in 1897. Hale quoted the two of them as agreeing that it was "decidedly superior" to the Lick refractor.

Barnard was a native of Tennessee, a poor boy who became a self-taught photographer, an amateur astronomer, and eventually a pioneer of celestial photography. He discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter—the first to be discovered since Galileo's time—with the Lick thirty-six-inch in 1892, as well as several comets. His name became well known to the public, and it was a severe blow when he left in 1895 to accept a position at Yerkes.

Until about 1900 professional astronomers thought almost entirely in terms of refracting, or lens telescopes, but around the turn of the century, James Keeler at Lick and George Ritchey at Yerkes proved that reflecting telescopes had tremendous advantages for photographic work by obtaining pictures of clusters, nebulae, and galaxies revealing details never seen before. Hale had realized even before Keeler's and Ritchey's results that the big telescopes of the future would be reflectors, not refractors, and had put this conclusion into practice by getting his father to buy the sixty-inch glass blank from France. When Hale went west to Mount Wilson, the mirror went along, as did Ritchey, who was put in charge of the optical shop in Pasadena. He finished the sixty-inch mirror there, designed the dome and telescope, and took some of the first photographs with it after it was put into operation on Mount Wilson in December 1908.

In addition to Ritchey, Hale took with him to the Mount Wilson Observatory, Ferdinand Ellerman, Walter Adams, and Francis Pease; and Barnard, though he never joined the Mount Wilson staff, also came as a temporary visitor. This was almost the entire Yerkes first team, except for Burnham and Edwin Frost, Hale's successor as director. The mass exodus must have caused a certain amount of bitterness among those left behind.

Many of Hale's associates had little formal training in astronomy, and he not only directed their scientific work, but also as a sort of intellectual Prince Charming widened their horizons in the gatherings on cloudy nights around the fireplace in the observers' quarters on Mount Wilson.

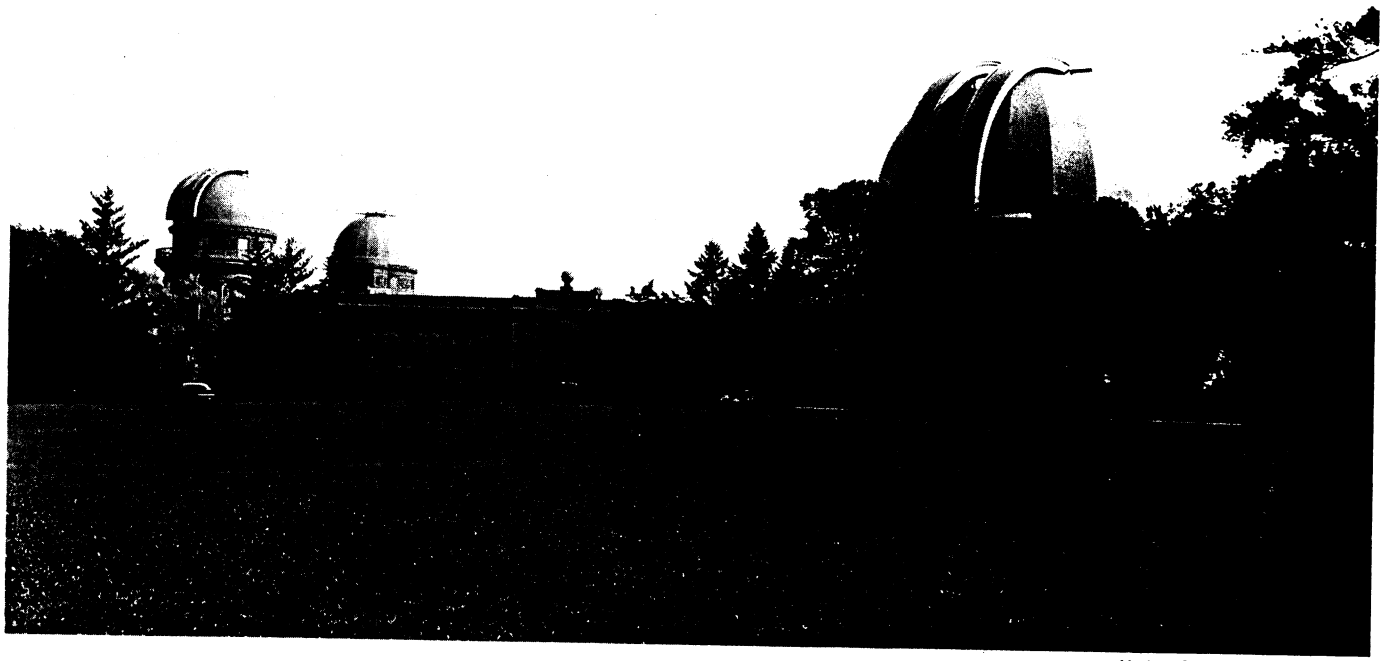
Walter Adams, however, was a trained scientist who eventually succeeded Hale as director of Mount Wilson Observatory. Born in Syria, Adams did his undergraduate work at Dartmouth, where he came under the spell of Frost, and followed him to Yerkes, where he worked closely with Hale. Adams' combination of scientific knowledge, observational skill, strong character, and physical toughness made it natural that Hale should depend more and more upon him.

Hale was a highly neurotic individual, who worked intensely, and felt the responsibilities of his position more than most men, perhaps partly because he accomplished more than most men. He suffered a nervous breakdown in 1910, and Adams took over as acting director for a year. From that time onward, it was progressively more difficult for Hale to concentrate. He suffered from severe headaches, frequent depression, and sometimes even departures from reality. He withdrew from active research, spending long periods of time resting or traveling, as Adams became increasingly responsible for the supervision of the observatory. Over the years until he retired in 1946, and even after, Adams made many important research contributions, particularly in high-dispersion stellar spectroscopy. He stamped Mount Wilson with his own image of quiet, conservative competence, which it retains to this day.

Surely the Mount Wilson astronomer who had the most public impact was Edwin Hubble, who received his Ph.D. degree at Yerkes in 1917. He had been a student at the University of Chicago, and when he graduated in 1910 he was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship for three years study of law at Oxford. He practiced in Kentucky for a year, but then decided that astronomy was the only thing that really mattered to him. He returned to Chicago and Yerkes, where he did his thesis with the twenty-four-inch reflector, Ritchey's old telescope, photographing faint nebulae.

Hubble was offered a position at Mount Wilson, but when he had finished his thesis and passed his final oral examination in 1917, he volunteered for the army and sent a telegram to Hale, "Regret cannot accept your invitation. Am off to war." He was mustered out a major in 1919, and then joined the Mount Wilson staff.

Hubble was technically a rather poor observer, but he had tremendous drive and creative insight. Within a few



Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin

Yerkes Observatory Photograph

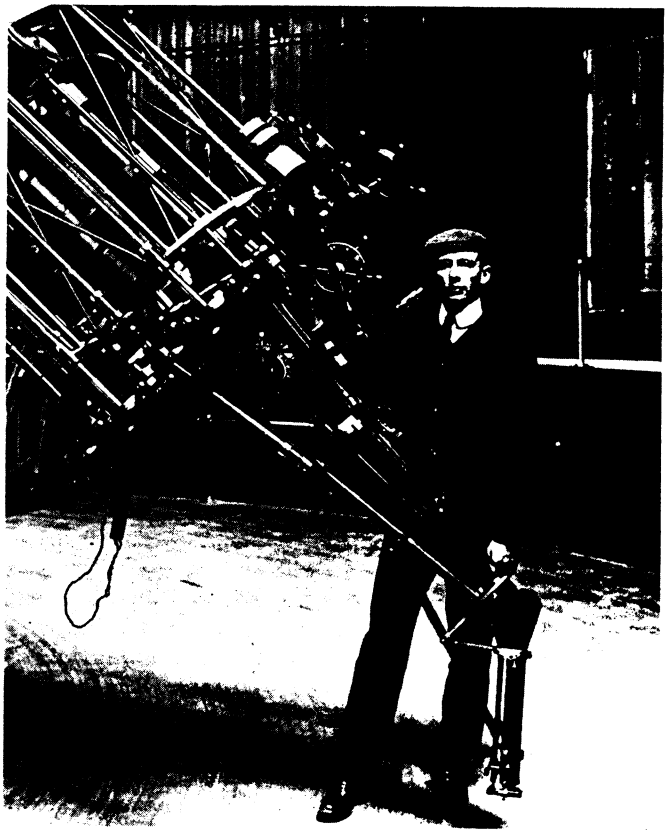
years, he was able to distinguish between galactic and extragalactic nebulae and to understand and prove the physical natures of both of these classes of objects. He soon grasped the correlation between the red shifts and distances of galaxies, and used it to explore observationally "the realm of the galaxies." Hubble was more outgoing than most astronomers, a fine speaker who projected a hearty, soldierly Rhodes-scholar image, and had a wide circle of friends outside astronomy and university life.

He had an excellent sense for public relations, and was constantly called on for radio talks and popular articles. On one occasion in the 1940s the Mount Wilson spectroscopists, concerned that people might think that cosmology was the only problem studied at the observatory, arranged a press conference at which they planned to let the world know of their own contributions. Reporters were invited from the Southern California newspapers and the national magazines. Hubble was not notified of the press conference but heard of it from his newspaper friends. He wandered into the library where it was in progress and the reporters, bored with the accounts they had heard of the spectroscopy of carbon stars, M giants, and cepheid variables, asked if Dr. Hubble had done anything in the line of spectroscopy. He modestly disclaimed any personal involvement, and instead, launched into a gripping explanation of the age and origin of the universe as revealed by Mount Wilson observations, emphasizing the role of spectroscopy as practiced by his collaborator Milton Humason. This was the story that the newspapers and magazines used.

There were tremendous contrasts between the transplanted Kentuckian Hubble and the frugal New Englander Adams, but these two Yerkes products were the outstanding observational astronomers of their generation.

Dr. Joel Stebbins—A Living Link, An Outstanding UW Astronomer

One of their contemporaries, Joel Stebbins, was the greatest astronomer the University of Wisconsin ever had on its faculty, a man who in his career very closely linked California and Wisconsin. Stebbins, after undergraduate work at Nebraska, went to the University of Wisconsin for one year as a graduate student. But George Comstock, the one and only professor of Astronomy at that time, advised him to move on to a bigger observatory with more research opportunities. Stebbins nearly decided to go to Yerkes to study with Hale, but instead decided on Lick, where Comstock had worked one summer. After he earned his Ph.D., Stebbins' first position was at the University of Illinois, where he began to experiment with the photoelectric cells with which he revolutionized astronomy. He returned to Wisconsin in 1922, where he was director of Washburn Observatory and professor of Astronomy until he retired in 1948. During these years, he observed



Lick Observatory Photograph

Joel Stebbins, later director of Washburn Observatory, here shown as a graduate student at Lick Observatory about 1903, with the thirty-six-inch telescope and stellar spectrograph.

almost every type of astronomical object photoelectrically with cells and multipliers that made possible, for the first time, the accurate measurement of the brightness and color of stars, clusters, and galaxies.

Stebbins maintained his contacts in California. He was often invited to bring his photoelectric photometer west to observe with the big California telescopes. He spent 1926–27 at Lick Observatory. In 1931 he was appointed a research associate of Mount Wilson, where he went for several months nearly every year until he retired. Like many another ex-California astronomer, Stebbins keenly felt the cold Wisconsin winters. He planned to live in Pasadena after his retirement at the age of seventy, but his appointment was terminated in an economy move, and he had to abandon this dream. Instead he became a research associate of Lick Observatory, and moved to Menlo Park, California, making weekly trips to Mount Hamilton for ten more years, participating actively in the research with collaborators on the Lick faculty.

Stebbins returned to Madison in 1958 to give the principal address at the dedication of the Pine Bluff Observatory in the Town of Cross Plains. An oil portrait of him, presented to the university at that time, is on display in the foyer there.

Stebbins' student and the first Ph.D. in astronomy at

the University of Wisconsin was C.M. Huffer, who previously had gotten his master's degree at Illinois in 1917 and then spent five years in Chile observing at the southern-hemisphere station of the Lick Observatory. On his return to the states in 1922, Huffer went to Wisconsin, where he received his Ph.D. in 1926. He joined the faculty, taught, and did photoelectric research, initially with Stebbins, until he retired in 1961. He then began a new career at the California State University in San Diego, teaching astronomy until he retired again in 1969. He now lives in Alpine, California, near San Diego.

Another Wisconsin product, Albert Whitford, was an undergraduate at Milton College, and then did his graduate work in physics at Madison. After receiving his Ph.D. in 1932, Whitford went to Mount Wilson Observatory and California Institute of Technology for two years on a post-doctoral fellowship. He returned to Wisconsin, where he collaborated closely with Stebbins, particularly in photoelectric measurements of interstellar reddening, globular clusters, and galaxies. Much of the observing was done at Mount Wilson, where Whitford continued to go as a guest investigator after he had succeeded Stebbins as director of Washburn Observatory. In 1958 Whitford left Wisconsin to become the eighth director of Lick Observatory, and was responsible for the completion of its 120-inch reflector, which was begun under his predecessor, Donald Shane. Whitford gave up the directorship at Lick in 1968, and retired from the faculty in 1973, though he continues to live in Santa Cruz and spends much of his time on astronomical research.

Just a year before Stebbins moved from Illinois to Madison (1922), Otto Struve emigrated from Russia by way of Turkey to Williams Bay. Struve was born in Kharkov, where his father was professor of astronomy; his grandfather and great-grandfather both had been directors of Pulkovo Observatory, and his uncle was a famous astronomer in Germany. Struve as a very young man served as an officer in the Russian army in World War I, and then after a short interval as a student, served in the White Russian army fighting the Bolsheviks. After the collapse of the Whites, he fled to Turkey, and eventually was brought to Yerkes Observatory by Frost in 1921. Struve completed his graduate work and received his Ph.D. in 1923, and continued on the Yerkes faculty until 1950, when he left to become chairman of the Astronomy Department in Berkeley, California. Struve was an outstanding stellar spectroscopist, who worked single-mindedly at astrophysical research and produced a prodigious number of papers, particularly on stellar rotation, binary stars, and peculiar stars of all kinds.

During the 1930s, two German astronomers, Walter Baade and Rudolph Minkowski, emigrated to America from Hamburg and joined the Mount Wilson staff. Baade, the first to come, had had an earlier Wanderjahr (1926-27) in the United States on a Rockefeller Fellowship, in the course of which he spent several months at Yerkes, at Lick, and at Mount Wilson. He loved to tell stories about his summer in Williams Bay. It was during the days of Prohibition; and the landlady of his boarding house was a strict teetotaler while her two sons, approximately Baade's age, were not—at least whenever they could get out from under Mother's eye. It was a situation that appealed to him. He could never forget their escapades, in which he himself was fully involved, hiding cases of beer in a tent in the backyard, in the woods around the house, or under his bed.

Baade's great contribution to astronomy—the recognition of the two stellar populations, young and old stars—was the result, in part, of the fact that he, technically an enemy alien, was one of the very few astronomers not involved in military research in World War II. As a result, he had large amounts of observing time with the hundred-inch telescope in skies made dark by the southern California wartime dim-out. He was able to photograph extremely faint stars in neighboring galaxies.

Minkowski, who came to Mount Wilson in 1935, four years after Baade, was responsible with him for the identification and interpretation of the newly-discovered radio sources in the 1950s. After his retirement from the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, Minkowski was a visiting professor at Madison in 1960-61, and then moved to Berkeley, where he was a research associate for several years.

After World War II, when the Caltech administration decided to build up an astrophysics department to match the two-hundred-inch telescope, the first new faculty member to be brought in was Jesse Greenstein, who came from the Yerkes faculty in 1948, followed in succession by Guido Munch, a Yerkes Ph.D. who stayed on the Yerkes faculty, myself, a Yerkes Ph.D., and Arthur Code, a Yerkes Ph.D. who had joined the University of Wisconsin faculty. Only after these four appointments was the magic Wisconsin circle broken. The next new faculty member came from Princeton.

In the more recent past, when the University of Wisconsin administration decided to expand to a full-fledged graduate program in astronomy, it brought Arthur Code and myself from Caltech in 1958. Within a few years John Mathis, who had received his Ph.D. at Caltech in 1956, then Robert Parker and Christopher Anderson, both Caltech Ph.D.'s, and finally Jack Forbes, a Berkeley Ph.D., joined the graduate program faculty at the university. When Forbes left Wisconsin, he was replaced by Kenneth Nordsieck, a University of California–San Diego and Lick Observatory product. Half the present University of Wisconsin astronomy faculty members are linked by graduate training or previous faculty experience in California.

Likewise, at Yerkes the present director, Lewis Hobbs, is a University of Wisconsin Ph.D. who had a post-doctoral research position at Lick Observatory before returning to Yerkes. His two immediate predeces-

sors were also closely associated with California. Nearly all the present senior professors at Lick have Wisconsin connections, either through graduate training or post-doctoral work.

Over the years, from Holden and Hale's days down to our own, about half the Wisconsin astronomers have had strong California ties, and vice versa. No other pair of states are so intimately linked astronomically. Probably in future years there will be more California-Arizona connections because of the growth of the Kitt Peak–University of Arizona complex in Tucson, but as yet there is little sign that the California-Wisconsin ties have slackened.

Donald E. Osterbrock is director of Lick Observatory in Santa Cruz, California, the third to come directly to Lick from the University of Wisconsin.

Found: One Skull and Bees

by Helen Fahrbach

The path was an old deer run,
it opened the woods like
a corridor with a grassy floor.
We walked Indian-file
hunting mushrooms and
leftover bones from winter.
The green absorbed us
in a sunless cocoon that
muffled sound until
I heard a high insistent whine
that hummed the air alive
and made my skin prickle danger.
I stopped,
searched deeper greens.
You shouted from ahead,
"I found a skull!"
Right then I found the bees
swarming in dead leaves
beside the path.
A thousand stings . . .
but they did not smell my fear
and I walked on,
left the sweetness
and the humming, humming
overhead.

An Irish Adoption

(In which a Wisconsin professor becomes a part of Ireland—and Ireland a part of him.)

Photos and Text
by Robert A. McCabe

To adjust in life style and mental attitude from Wisconsin to Ireland was no problem at all for me. Even the cool damp climate did not affect me as much as it did my wife Marie, or son Kevin. The camaraderie of an academic community and personal biases in favor of our new surroundings were also clearly to my advantage during the year we lived on the Emerald Isle.

Much of my work time was spent afield in the southwestern part of the country, and in this effort hangs the tale.

The sun was warm on my back as Danny Cronin and I trudged up the hill pasture on the outskirts of Killarney to meet Dan O'Donoghue. Danny and I are the same age and have been friends ever since I came to County Kerry in 1969 to oversee research projects in Killarney at the Bourn Vincent National Park, where he was in charge of maintenance. I went to Ireland from the University of Wisconsin as a Fulbright professor in the Zoology Department at University College, Dublin, to lecture in ecology.

During my stay I acquired two graduate students, both studying deer in the Bourn Vincent National Park. The Irish government through its progressive Office of Public Works had just agreed to a five-year arrangement that was to bring me back to Ireland twice a year to work with the students and to act as a conservation consultant on wildlife problems of the National Parks Branch. I had hopes of buying a small cottage in the Killarney area to serve as field headquarters and as a place to stay in lieu of a hotel. This possibility had been suggested to me by colleagues in Dublin, particularly if a local family could look after the cottage and the overall cost was reasonable. None was to be found.

Danny Cronin learned of my interest, and together we searched unsuccessfully. Then, as a consolation proposal, and partly in jest, he told of a small farm and house too remote to answer my needs. It might be for sale; was I interested? I was. The farm belonged to Mr. Dan O'Donoghue, and our march up the steep green pasture was to explore the purchase possibility with the owner—himself engaged at the moment in a minor fence-fixing operation.

Mr. O'Donoghue, in his early sixties, was a well-built man of medium stature with a ruddy face and handsome smile. A small brimmed Irish cap was cocked on his head. After introductions, Danny beat a hasty retreat to the other side of the small pasture, ostensibly to enjoy the view of Lough Leane in the distance. I was surprised by this maneuver, but my business with Mr. O'Donoghue could not wait. We spoke first of the weather, then of farming, and finally I came directly to the point by asking, "Mr. O'Donoghue, do you have a farm that you wish to sell?" My question came as no surprise. He paused as if to get a good mental footing and then replied simply, "I do." Without further inquiry he began to describe the land and house, apologizing for the lack of care given to the latter. Then stopping abruptly he asked, "Have you not been to Incheens?" I had not, although I wasn't sure exactly to what he was referring.

To prevent any unnecessary rhetoric produced by remembering and describing I broke in, stating that cost was the primary consideration. If my purse and his price were hostile, further negotiation was pointless.

The moment of truth had come. As I hung on his every word, he said without the slightest hesitation, "I must have ten pounds to the acre for the sixty-five acres." It was as if he had rehearsed the punch line many times in anticipation of this moment.

The price took me by surprise; it

was very low by American standards and by Irish standards as well, as I was to learn later. We stood looking at each other for a moment, then I held out my hand and said "done." After a strong handshake, I asked whether he wanted a down payment or some kind of document to seal the agreement. He said, "No, my word is good," to which I replied, "so is mine." The transaction had ended. More small talk and inquiry as to my status in the United States occupied our time as we walked toward the distant Danny Cronin still taking in the local scenery as if he needed to, yet having lived in this part of Kerry all his life. On the way back to Killarney, I asked Danny why he retreated to the far end of the pasture, as I had looked to him for moral support. It seems that in Ireland, or at least in County Kerry, only the "dickeree" and the "dickerer" are party to a sale of land or livestock. Honorable third persons absent themselves. Frankly, I would have been more comfortable had Danny Cronin been present, but, as it turned out, each of us had played his role properly in this brief encounter.

On the way back to the park headquarters, my friend Danny was a bit taken aback when I confided in him the results of the verbal business deal in O'Donoghue's pasture—particularly so when the price agreed to was divulged. He, too, sucked wind in amazement, but seemed pleased that he was trusted with so personal a piece of information. Inadvertently, it may have strengthened our relationship, although no strengthening was ever needed.

Danny had business to attend to when we returned to the park, so Jim Larner, one of my graduate students, and I took his mini-van up the Muckross Road along the scenic route past the lakes of Killarney toward "Ladies View," which overlooks the beautiful valley and lakes below. Before arriving at this scenic overview at the handsome but unused Catholic church just over the bridge above Derrycunihy cascade, we turned to the left along the "Old Kenmare" Road. This little road is now defunct and used only in parts by a few fishermen, one farmer, sheepherders, and, in the warm months, assorted backpackers and motorbike adventurers.

The road is unkept and bumpy, and several rocky fjords were crossed before we traveled the mile to an abrupt rise and turn in the road that even the mini-van could not negotiate. The ruts, constant seepage, and steep grade at this juncture are too much for most vehicles—praise be!

We parked the car and walked southward the quarter mile up the rise to a beautiful flat land; in the distance, toward a saddle in the mountain range called Windygap, the mountains rose again at the far end of this flat valley. A stream, the river Ullauns, flows through the valley and marks the east boundary of Incheens, as this farm is called. It is named after the town land of Incheens, County Kerry, in which it is located. In Gaelic it means "the little flat at the bend in the river," or at least this is the general interpretation given me by several persons knowledgeable in Gaelic.

The stream is at times deep and cold and tumbles over a bed of dark rocks adjacent to the road we had climbed to get to this perched valley. In the pools small trout darted recklessly into the sparse cover to avoid the human eye. The scenery in every direction is wild and rugged and on stormy days harsh and forbidding; it was a perfect place to call one's own.

In a grove of evergreens and ancient oaks surrounded by, indeed choked by, the beautiful, but now unwelcome, rhododendron stood a small house in a state of disrepair (and last year, almost a state of collapse). Sheepherders and vandals were parties to the degradation. It could have been repaired, but to what end: perhaps more decay, as it could not be attended to in its lonely isolation. I examined it in great detail, room by room, including a two-bedroom loft. In spite of the chaos, one could see it was a house that had been for many years a lived-in home.

Across the broad valley, the house stares face-to-face with the west slope of a craggy mountain called Knockrower. It is a picture-postcard view, but there was no picture window to capture it. To the left, about two-hundred feet above the valley and several miles distant, are the ruins of a small community, now barely discernible, where stone and thatch had housed, among others, Dan O'Donoghue's parents. It was from this place that they had

A rear view of the house at Incheen. The front of the house is obscured by large bushes and trees.

The Farm House at Incheens

by Robert McCabe

The road bends sharply at the place
where the old farm house rests
among the rhododendrons.
Disheveled slates failed to halt
the intruding rain drops, and wood rot
claimed the floors.

Cold and dank a once warm hearth.
The metal crane that ushered kettle
to glowing turf, awaits in vain
the morning fire.
Blackened fireplace and flue
cherish still the long dead ash
confined to corners by the draft.

Jesus of the Sacred Heart now
hangs askew in glassless broken frame.
Flowered wallpaper tattered and molding
releases its grip reluctantly from thick
plastered walls. Laughter and weeping
echoed in these rooms now shrouded in
silence, befitting a house cadaver.

Old iron bed steads freckled with rust
stand, with mended chairs, abandoned
for the modern fare in city home of pastel color.
Dull cement was once the modern fare
in shift from field stone and thatch
to masonry and roof of slate. Such is the measure
of time and change.

The garden now a shambles
of uncontrolled hydrangea.
Cedars too tall and wide obscure
the garden gate and only the grass
is trimmed and orderly, kept so by
the appetites of wandering sheep and
an occasional deer.

The sheep shed, atuned in size
to yesteryear, self destructs as
roof and walls part company.
The bleating lamb began its life and later
fostered others in the dark recesses of this
wooden womb of animal husbandry.

The aged sheltering oaks,
undernourished by impoverished soil,
fall, one by one upon the garden wall.
Shattered windows descry marauding vandals.
Door locks and hinges shared the indignities.
The building must have turned its cheek.

Houses like men are transient on the scene,
but rugged walls like celtic crosses
mark, in order, the graves of homes and people.
I am saddened by this ruin-bound house but
lifted by the spirit of those who built
and called it home.

moved during the famine when families fled the perils of hunger. Dan's father was made gamekeeper, as was Dan, for the Kenmare estate—from which the O'Donoghues had received these sixty-five acres and the house. As I stood in the brush-covered small garden (lawn) presently covered with hydrangea that escaped from cultivation and were living a happy feral existence, I could sense the loneliness, isolation, privation, and struggle for survival that had to be in this rugged land with its unkind climate. Here, too, was the sense of oneness, of family and pride in homeland ingrained in most Irishmen.

My eyes and camera took in all that they could hold, and I left Incheens with a stout determination that it would be mine, since the agreement on O'Donoghue's hill was only a preliminary step in the complicated process of land purchase.

I have returned to this wild and beautiful valley many times since that first day, and I still marvel at my luck to have been able to buy the farm and revel in its primitive beauty.

On one occasion my wife and son Kevin visited Incheens. The March day was cold and wet. Although each of us viewed the farm in a slightly different light, they indulged my enthusiasm and let me think I made the right move in real estate. Those of our children who have not been to Ireland view endless color slides and enjoy Incheens vicariously and humor their father and wonder about the Irish farm. To claim it for the McCabe family was not as easy as shaking Mr. O'Donoghue's hand. I had to be certified by the Irish Land Commission, the title had to be cleared, and all legal aspects put in order. The Irish legal machinery is not jet-propelled. Fortunately, the solicitor I chose to handle the legal aspects happened to be Mr. O'Donoghue's solicitor as well, so we had only one man to deal with.

With help from friends in Dublin who could vouch for my honesty, integrity, and ability to comply with all rules and regulations, I was certified as a legal buyer by the Land Commission. To process the legal papers locally was another matter. I consulted Donal Courtney, my solicitor in Killarney, twice a year for four years (through no fault of his) before he was able to obtain all the necessary signatures. To relate my frustration during those fruitless waiting years would be to use foul language, but on April 21, 1975, Incheens was mine.

It would be difficult to describe the feeling I had when Mr. Courtney placed the registered deeds in my hand. They were like adoption papers. But in this instance I became the adopted Kerryman, thanks be to Danny Cronin and Dan O'Donoghue.

Friends in Killarney made it official when on a return to Ireland it was remarked in the local pub: "I see that you have come home again." How better to be accepted? What better stimulus to pride?

I have been asked many times since, by Irishmen and Americans alike: "What are you going to do with the property?" My honest answer: "Nothing, just pay the rates (taxes)." Jokingly, the rejoinder is: "I'm going to build a Kenmare Hilton," or "Perhaps run a boarding school for poachers"—although there are currently more instructors than pupils available locally. Mr. O'Donoghue has my permission to run his sheep on the farm, and if he doesn't, another herder will, as is the custom in Kerry. I wouldn't change it if I could.

My indenture states that the farm, Incheens "situate in the town land of Incheens in the Barony of Dunkerron South and County of Kerry" was land once held by the Earl of Kenmare.

Sheep now graze these hills and compete with deer for forage, but nothing can detract from the romance and wonder one experiences in this wild place that was once the hunting grounds of foreign royalty and also an early site of fierce Irish nationality. I, too, am a foreigner, but with a kind of kinship and with a feeling of belonging.

The least that can be said of this mountain farm in the hills of Kerry and the effort it took to acquire it, is that I now have a part of Ireland, even as Ireland has a part of me.

Robert A. McCabe is chairman of the Department of Wildlife Ecology at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

The River Ullauns, flowing through the pasture at Incheen.

John Muir— His Timepieces and Other Ingenious Creations

By Joseph G. Baier

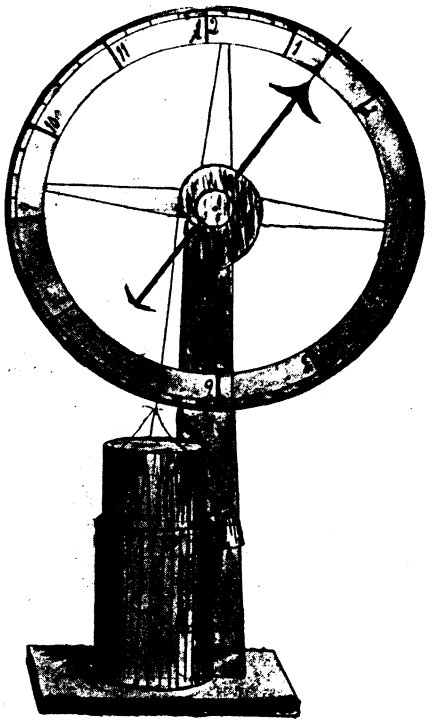


Figure 1
Water Clock
Copy of John Muir's Drawing

(Photographs of Muir's drawings courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.)

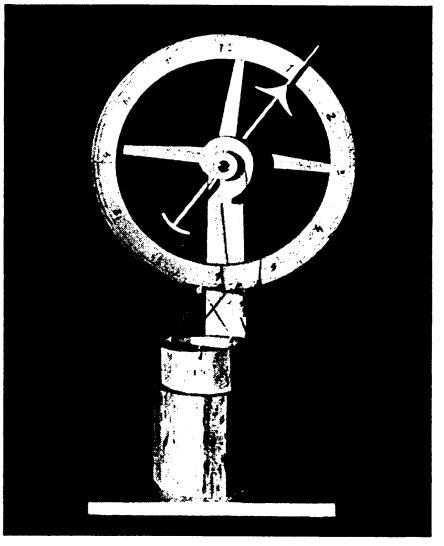


Figure 2
Scale Model of Figure 1
Model Made by Author

Numerous articles have appeared in magazines and newspapers over the years concerning John Muir, naturalist, explorer, and Father of the National Park system. One of these, appearing in the April 1973 *National Geographic*, written by Harvey Arden, with photographs by Dewitt Jones, covers in story and pictures the boyhood and youth, the travels and accomplishments of the mature man, with quotations from his own voluminous writings. Two of his creations are discussed and illustrated in the article: his reading desk, the only item yet in existence (and presently on display at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin at Madison) and a photograph of an original drawing by Muir of his hickory clock, shaped like a scythe to symbolize Father Time. Other drawings of a variety of objects, which form the basis of this article, are still on file in the Iconography Collections of the State Historical Society.

John Muir spent his boyhood and early youth on his father's farm in Marquette County, just north of Madison, Wisconsin. His was a life of toil, attending to the chores of the farm from early morning to dusk. His father, disdainful of learning beyond the minimum necessities of life, could neither understand nor approve of the curious interests and insatiable craving for learning in his son. He was so strict that young John had to secure special permission to use part of his noontime lunch break and the early morning hours before daybreak to pursue his special interests. Among these interests was the design and construction of various mechanical contrivances: timepieces, hydrometers, curious door locks and door latches, a barometer, an automatic sawmill, and other elaborate devices. Timepieces with special functions such as igniting the fireplace in the early morning before one arose, lighting a lamp, upsetting a bed to arouse the sleeping culprit to sudden wakefulness, and devices to feed horses were also constructed.

In the Local History Room of the Milwaukee Public Library there are found several news items in the files of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* that cover for several years around 1860 John Muir and his creations. For example, on September 27, 1860:

> An Ingenious Whittler—While at the Fair Grounds this morning, we saw some very ingenious specimens of mechanism in the form of clocks made by John Muir of Marquette County. They were without cases, and were whittled out of pine wood. The wheels moved with beautiful evenness. One registered not only the hours but the minutes, seconds, and days of the month, the other in the shape of a scythe, the wheels being arranged along the part representing the blade. It was hung in a dwarf burr oak very tastefully ornamented with moss about the roots. We will venture to predict that few articles will attract as much attention as these products of Mr. Muir's ingenuity. (*Madison Journal*)

In his book, *John Muir—Wanderer*, James I. Clark states:

> One September day in 1860, a slender, bearded young farmer trudged along the streets of Madison, Wisconsin and out to the State Agricultural Fair, on the west side of town. He had things to exhibit, and as he opened his bag to show them to the gatekeeper, he wondered in broad Scotch accents what it would cost to get into the grounds. After a glance at assorted contraptions he couldn't begin to understand, the attendant waved the young man in, and directed him to the Temple of Art.
>
> Passing through that gate, twenty-two-year-old John Muir left behind a rough, hard life on a Marquette County pioneer farm. He took the first steps along a path that would lead to greatness as an inventor and naturalist, and to lasting fame as an advocate of national parks.
>
> By 1860, eleven years of farm life had convinced Muir that he wanted to be an inventor and eventually find work in a machine shop. A neighbor suggested that he exhibit his work at the fair, where he could attract attention and perhaps to be offered a job.
>
> To John Muir's corner in the Temple of Art, thousands of people came to see two clocks and a thermometer carved from wood. One clock, called the "early riser," was attached to a bed, sliding the occupant onto the floor. To help Muir demonstrate this invention, two boys lay on the bed and pretended to sleep. Wide-eyed spectators laughed with delight when the couch went down and the boys hit the floor.
>
> Newspaper reporters called the clocks and the thermometer "prodigies in the art of whittling," and exclaimed that Muir's inventions were "surprising and could be executed by genuine genius."
>
> High praise indeed, among exhibits of blooded livestock, a squash that weighed 162

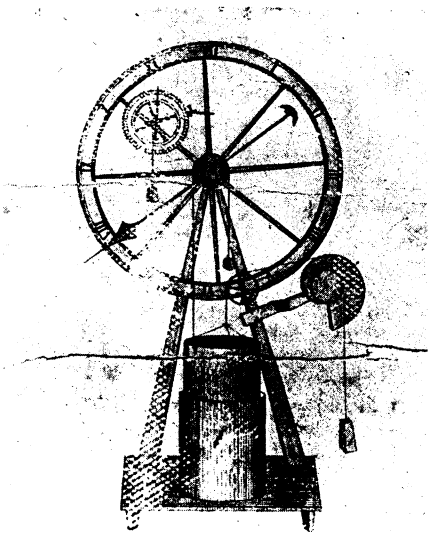


Figure 3
Water Clock - Second Version
Copy of John Muir's Drawing

pounds, cornstalks "the ears of which were fully twelve feet from the ground" and "beets of prodigious longitude and onions of unheard of diameter." To say nothing of a cheese that weighed 1,625 pounds and three playful cubbears from Pierce County.

In Muir's book, *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, he explained his "early riser":

> . . . I happened to think it would be a fine thing to make a timekeeper which would tell the day of the week and the day of the month, as well as strike like a common clock and point out the hours; also to have an attachment whereby it could be connected with a bedstead to set me on my feet at any hour in the morning; also to start fires, light lamps, etc. I had learned the time laws of the pendulum from a book, but with this exception I knew nothing of timekeepers, for I had never seen the inside of any sort of clock or watch. After long brooding, the novel clock was at length completed in my mind, and was tried and found to be durable and to work well and look well before I had begun to build it in wood. I finished it in the half hours that we had at noon, hung moraine boulders that had come from the direction of Lake Superior on it for weights, and set it running.
>
> But somehow it seemed impossible to stop. Inventing and whittling faster than ever, I made another hickory clock, shaped like a scythe to symbolize the scythe of Father Time. The pendulum is a bunch of arrows symbolizing the flight of time. It hangs on a leafless mossy oak snag showing the effect of time, and on the snath is written, "All flesh is grass." Like the first [clock] it indicates the days of the week and month, starts fires and beds at any given hour and minute, and, though made more than fifty years ago, is still a good timekeeper.
>
> My mind still running on clocks, I invented a big one like a town clock with four dials, with the time figures so large they could be read by all of our immediate neighbors as well as ourselves when at work in the fields, and on the side next to the house the days of the week and month were indicated.

The previously-mentioned *Milwaukee Sentinel* article (dated September 27, 1860) piqued an interest in discovering whether or not other items besides the reading desk still existed. The State Historical Society of Wisconsin at first brought forth no information until the query came to the attention of Dr. Josephine Harper, who without hesitation, brought out the sheaf of drawings made by John Muir. The photographs, which form a part of this article, are from those original drawings. It is not known whether all of Muir's designs were built by him as drawn or were merely experimental or preliminary designs. However, the writer has constructed scale models of two water clocks to serve as representatives of Muir's creations. These facsimilies (Figures 2 and 5) will remain for display with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

The principle of the water clock (Figures 1 and 2) has been known for over a thousand years. These clocks, known as clepsydras (stealers of water), measure time by the slow release of water from a container. There are many variations. In simple form, one vessel will have a small hole in its base from which water will slowly run out. When all the water has been released, a certain period of time will have elapsed—much like the sandglass of today. In years gone by, clepsydras were used to limit the length of a lecture, a debate, a legal argument or trial, or some event of a physical nature, which lead to expressions such as "time has run out" and "one has run out of water."

From Figure 1, it would appear that initially both buckets are filled with water, the inside one being submerged within the outer or larger bucket. As the inside bucket loses water through the small hole in its base, it gains buoyancy. Through the system of cords and pulleys, the inside bucket rises thus moving the pointer clockwise to indicate the passing of time. Presumably, the eccentric wheel was designed to permit a uniform time-change over the total period in which the clepsydra was in operation. However, the water clock as designed by Muir is

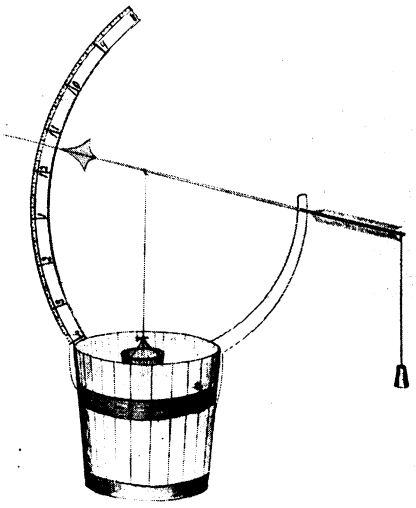


Figure 4
Water Clock - Third Version
Copy of John Muir's Drawing

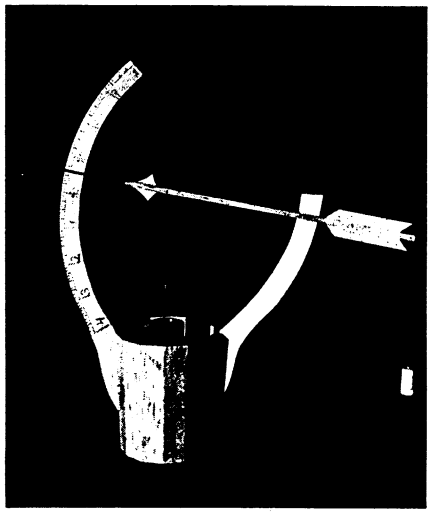


Figure 5
Scale Model of Figure 4
Model Made by Author

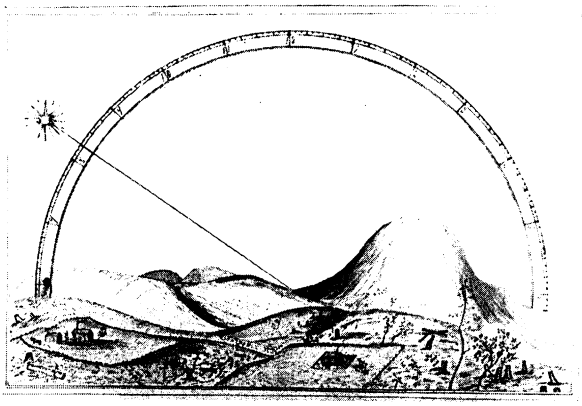


Figure 6
John Muir's "Sun" Clock

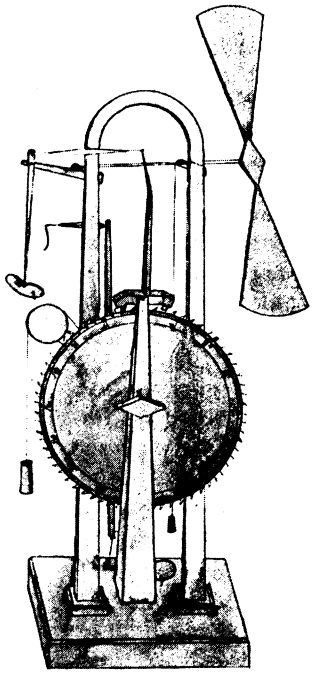


Figure 7
John Muir's "Barometer"

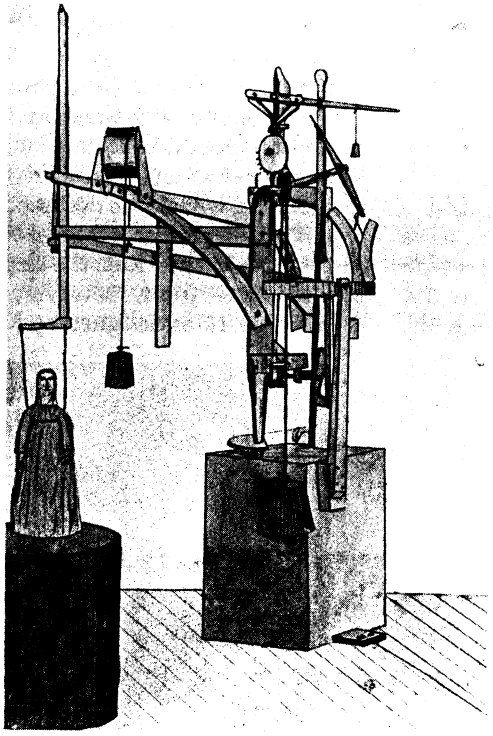


Figure 8
Drawing by John Muir
Function ?

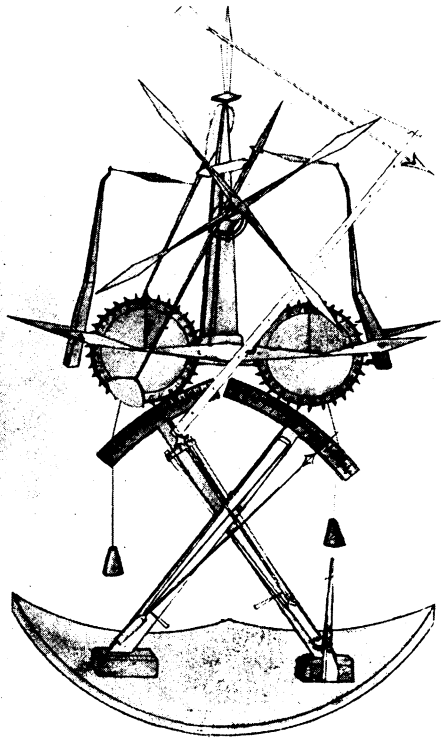


Figure 9
Drawing by John Muir
Function ?

not likely to have operated properly: the movement of the upper bucket is not sufficient to move the pointer more than a few hours with the dimensions shown in the drawings. It is likely that the working model was modified. Figure 3 is another variation of the same type of water clock.

The third water clock designed by Muir (Figures 4 and 5) operated in reverse fashion to the first one described. Here time elapses with a lowering of the upper bucket. To accomplish this, the upper bucket at the outset is empty. With the bucket heavier than the weight (at the right end of the pointer), and with water entering a small hole in its base, the bucket loses buoyancy and slowly sinks, moving the pointer counterclockwise with the passing of time. In effect, this clock is comparable in its operation to a slowly sinking ship.

Figure 6 is a photograph of a drawing of Muir's "sun" clock, with an indicator that rose and fell with the sun registering time as the radius of a circle and sweeping a large arc from six in the morning to six at night. The farm scene shows a house and barn at the left and a cabin at the right, with smoke rising from the chimneys of both the house and the cabin. A cut-over woodlot and rolling fields and hills (with a pronounced peak to the right) completes the view. This timepiece apparently is a variant of the sundial except for the position and form of the dial.

Figure 7 is labeled as a barometer in Muir's book on his boyhood and youth. This may be true. But the large center "wheel" appears to be some type of escapement: the wheel is numbered both clockwise and counterclockwise from zero to thirty-two. There is a vane, which could measure wind velocity as would an anemometer, and there are weights placed here and there. The stretched bands could be moisture sensitive, as in a hygrometer. Muir did not identify the drawing, and its function may be unknown; or perhaps he was just exercising his mental freedom.

Figure 8 is equally puzzling. I would presume the "child" could be raised and lowered into the bucket as a result of some environmental change. With the several weights and levers and some sort of ratchet device, almost anything could be happening. The writer queried an engineer-friend about its purpose. He simply said he would not have made it that way!

The same comment can be repeated for Figure 9. There are two sets of "escapement," two sets of pointers, some sort of turning device and, above all, there is the unknown function. Perhaps one of our readers can shed some light on the subject.

These, then, are some of the drawings created by John Muir in his youth. From seeing his reading desk, and from reports of his display at the 1860 Wisconsin State Fair, we know that he was capable of fine craftsmanship and ingenuity. His drawings attest to his skill in three-dimensional expression, and his writings reveal his far-reaching vision. From his role in bringing the National Park system into existence, we should be grateful that there were circumstances which reshaped his early life, however ingenious these early creations were. I, myself, had a certain pleasure in recreating two of Muir's clocks as models for others to view.

Joseph G. Baier is a Michael F. Guyer Professor Emeritus of Zoology of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee and a past president of the Wisconsin Academy. A member of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, Professor Baier is also a licensed watchmaker.

Voyages
by Paul Thompson

Raleigh found "divers sorts of fruits
Good to eat, flowers and trees, birds of all
Colors"

Villages, dark naked people, gold.

Then the blue sea held monsters, Indies;
The wind set fair for coral islands,
Swamps, fevers, alligators.

Now all this has rounded into local
Habitation,
A colored cave.
The real sea
Is vacancy, dark realms of vacuum.
Planets spin like dust through emptiness.

Across the void,
From distant mechanical ships
Come images of
Stone, sand, stone.

We stare at quivering metal pens
Tracing molecular patterns,
Seeking *that* pattern,
The skeined ancient carbon.

We pray to blank, blind dark:
Say we are not alone.
Say we are not alone.

Poems by John Bennett

John Bennett's collections of poetry, The Struck Leviathan, Knights and Squires *(both dealing with situations in* Moby Dick*), and* Griefs and Exaltations, *have won several honors, including Midwestern Book of the Year. During World War II, he was a liaison officer with the Free French Underground. He lives in De Pere, and is a professor at St. Norbert College.*

At My Study Window, Close to a Winter Dawn

Dimmed lamps behind me and my eyes prepared,
I stand before the window and look out:
the thin glass opens into local night
and opens farther on the universe.

Orion moves above the southern verge,
a January stalker. There! and there!
on a stilled clangour of lost/angel wings,
two sudden night birds fleck the setting moon
with shadow that fades out the moment that
it emphasizes light, the round of light.
Untouched at last by troubling winds, new snow
lies galaxied upon the windowsill
and limns the edge of nearest night with stars.

Orion in his massive southern pace,
the westered moon and clouds, the dim-lit fields,
the maple tree that slants above the lawn,
the very house itself, this room, my dog
who sleeps beside an empty chair, all these
are silent as a dream of silence is.
And far far eastward now, night tilts toward day
as quietly as planets spin in space.

Only my muffled heart in its raw cage
disturbs the stillness of the coming dawn.

The Zoo/Aquarium

Brought here to magic square or round,
the mythic prototypes abound:
the narwhal with its spiral horn
contains the shining unicorn;
the griffin hides its eagle claw
within the lion's dreaming paw;
the dugongs once and anciently
gave birth to mermaids in the sea;
the Great Komodo lizards keep
dragons within them, fast asleep;
the old camelopards come down
from distant tapestries to merge
with young giraffes in Masai brown.
The zoo is built on Plato's verge:
it lives in Plato's honied head.

The Water Skipper

Bred somehow in a brook where trout
gleam like brief rainbows through wet shade,
the water skipper's purely made
of insect buoyancy. He leaps
away from tides that race around
those flimsy tensions in his floor
which keep him upright and undrowned.

Yet he is boat and acrobat:
with suddenly a casual ease
he darts on mimic voyages
across reflected skies and trees

and water warps beneath his weight
and each small dancing foot reweaves
the image of a flindered bough
and its thin multitude of leaves

while he in minor triumph runs
upon a thin security
until he finds a moveless place
and stands afloat where suns might see.

Dark Threshold

The moonstruck slug retreats
from buffetings of light.
It undulates toward
the central depths of night

and there it better finds
pure shadow where its track
melds with the primal dark
that flows along its back.

The pulseless shape of night
lends it essential form:
a subtlety like Death,
a chilliness like Worm.

The North Country as Portrayed Through Its Literature

by Gladys Jackson

State Historical Society of Wisconsin

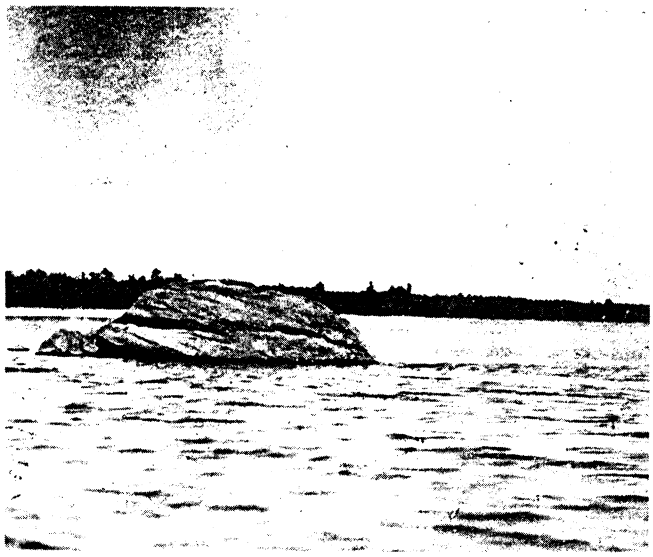
Pine trees on rock outcropping over Chequamegon Bay near Washburn, Wisconsin.

North country people think of themselves as distinct: separated geographically from the southern parts of their states, people living in the Lake Superior area assume that their values are different from those held by their southern friends, but they are not sure how they are different. By examining the literature of the lake country, some of the distinctive qualities of north country experience become more apparent.

In his collection of writing, *Out of the Midwest*, John T. Frederick declared, "The regional writer . . . serves most distinctively if he can reveal and interpret the people of his region to themselves." The people of the north country have been revealed as people with a recent romantic and colorful past. North country people can read the accounts of explorers and travellers and put themselves back into the breathtaking beauty of the wilderness. They can read the myths and legends and inhabit the early world of the native American people. They can lose themselves in a novel or a sentimental retrospection and enter a marvelous frontier world, lusty and bustling, or homely and tender.

Two books that celebrate the past, Grace Lee Nute's *Lake Superior* and Walter Havighurst's *The Long Ships Passing*, are sensitive historical treatments of the lake country. Grace Lee Nute, herself, felt that the best writing about the lake country "is to be found in the artless efforts of travellers and the faithful recording of the natives' legends, mythology and customs." Helpful in this regard is an annotated bibliography published in 1961 covering early midwestern travel narratives from 1634-1850. Particularly interesting is *North to Lake Superior: The Journal of Charles W. Penny*. On this first trip into the hinterland Douglas Houghton discovered the extent of the copper deposits in northern Michigan. Young Charles Penny saw the journey as a great adventure on the frontier, standing in sharp contrast to his life in the civilized east. His description of this adventure is readable and lively. He writes: "It seemed at first quite droll, after revelling all night in the events of Eastern life, to wake up on the wild shores of Lake Superior."

For the legends of the Chippewa, one might turn to Henry Rowe Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, compiled during the long winters of his stay at the Soo where he lived with his beautiful and accomplished Ojibwa wife. Walter Havighurst writes of her, "Deeply devoted to the traditions of her grandfather's people, she helped Henry Schoolcraft to an understanding of their mind and their mythology." This is the work which inspired Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem, *Hiawatha*. Grace Lee Nute observes, "Lake Superior entered belles-lettres when *Hiawatha* was published . . . Ask even a semi-literate what Gitchee Gumee refers to and he will reply,



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Chippewa spirit-stone named "Crawling Stone" located in Vilas County, Wisconsin. It is believed to be the abode of a manido who is slowly moving the stone across the lake.

'Lake Superior.'" Longfellow was generally faithful to the Ojibwa folk tales, although he softened them and chose to fashion them into the form and versification of the Finnish epic *Kalevala*. Everyone remembers the lines:

By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Maybe *Hiawatha* is not considered the greatest American poem, but it does hold a unique place in our literature, and it is a genuine attempt to celebrate the values of the first north people. Later compilations of Chippewa legends and customs include *Ojibwa Myths and Legends*, compiled by Sister Bernard Coleman, Ellen Frogner and Estelle Rich, and *The Legend of Leelinaw*, by Marian Nordberg Lowe.

Among reminiscences, one finds *Autobiography of a Surgeon*, published by John Morris Dodd in 1928, which deals with his life in Pennsylvania and, later, in the frontier town of Ashland. He writes, "My arrival in Wisconsin was like coming into a new world," but describes himself as being homesick. Retold from the reminiscences of Louis Blanchard, Walker D. Wyman's *The Lumberjack Frontier* is full of tall tales—like the one about the lumberjack who inadvertently sliced his dog, Tige, in half. Noticing that Tige's heart was still beating, he hastily repaired his error and stuck him back together again, alas, two legs up and two legs down. But since this is a frontier yarn, Tige is up and running again, flipping himself upside down when he tires of traveling on two legs.

The Good Old Days: Stories of Northwestern Wisconsin, by Paul J. Raihle, contains one of the many accounts of that best-known lumberjack hero, Paul Bunyan. Fred P. "Wigs" Lund recalls his childhood in Iron River in *My Home Town*. In his book *And That's the Way It Was*, he relates what he calls "a series of true stories, slightly embellished, that occurred in northern Wisconsin from the 1890s to 1910." Helga Skogsbergh's *Comes the Day, Comes a Way* is a sentimental reminiscence covering the first four frontier years of a Swedish pioneering family.

For a list of novels dealing with the various frontier localities around the lake, one can again consult Grace Lee Nute who cites books like *Black Feather*, "a novel of trade and travel on Lake Superior in the early nineteenth century," by Harold Titus. For lumbering days, she includes *Holy Old Mackinaw*, by Stewart Holbrook, and *Come and Get It*, by Edna Ferber. For a "faithful representation of the Cousin Jack of Keeweenaw Peninsula," she suggests *The Long Winter Ends*, by Newton G. Thomas. She lists histories and novels dealing with the iron ranges—books like *The Iron Mountain*, by Phil Stong, and *The Iron Will*, by Margaret Culkins Banning. There are many more. A rather romantic but highly readable novel about a French-English pioneer family in early Ouisconsin is *Song of the Voyageur*, written in 1956 by Beverley Butler.

This literature about the frontier presents the north country people as they were when they were taming the wilderness in the past, a recent past and one that is still within the minds of many north country people. It is a past they are happy to inhabit—"Wigs" Lund's *And That's the Way It Was*, published in 1973, is a current best-seller at the Browzer Book Store in Ashland.

But what about the north country of the post-frontier era? No one has done for Ashland or Duluth what August Derleth has done for his hometown of Sauk City. Not much post-frontier fiction is set in the north. To be sure, F. Scott Fitzgerald had the young Jay Gatsby meet Dan Cody at what he called Little Girl Bay, and used the dangerous sailing conditions on Lake Superior as a means to get Gatsby onto Cody's yacht. But Fitzgerald was interested in a different Long Island than the one in Lake Superior. One writer who does present north country people with candor and sympathy is John Voelker, Jr. Writing under the pseudonym of Robert Traver, he has given us two excellent books on northern Michigan: *Trouble Shooter* and *Anatomy of a Murder*.

A melodramatic but effective use of the lake occurs in the short story, "A Duluth Tragedy," by Thomas A. Janvier, published in the June 1899 *Harper's*. The story is a reverse of Dreiser's *American Tragedy* situation,

with a rich hero being drowned by a poor but very proud heroine whom he has wronged. If the references to sex are somewhat vaguer than in Dreiser, the drowning is sharply described. Janvier prepares his readers at the outset with his portrayal of "the deathly cold waters of Lake Superior; waters so cold that whoever drowns in them sinks quickly, not to rise again [as the drowned do usually], but for all time, in chill companionship with the countless dead gathered there through the ages, to be lost and hidden in those icy depths." And, although Janvier is perhaps more interested in the splendid Nordic heroine he has created, proudly avenging her honor, than he is in the icy death to come, nevertheless it is certain death. "Ulrica felt in every drop of her Norse blood the glow and the thrill of this glorious battle with great waters . . . glad and eager to give herself strongly to the strong death clasp of the waves."

The lake is a presence for Voelker also. Near the end of *Anatomy of a Murder*, he writes:

> We sped along, finally shedding the last scars of the town, and at length climbed a long granite-girt hill. Gaining the top, we seemed breathlessly to hang in midair. Spread out far below us was the tremendous expanse of the big lake: beautiful, empty, glittering, cold and brooding, gull-swept and impersonal; always there, always the same—there for the grateful and the ungrateful, there for the bastards and the angels, there for the just and the unjust alike.

Two books that succeed in capturing the presence of the big lake are photographic essays. *Superior: The Haunted Shore*, published in Toronto in 1975, effectively combines the prose of Wayland Drew and the photographs of Bruce Littlejohn. This book complements *Superior: Portrait of a Living Lake*, with text drawn from journals and diaries assembled by Arno Karlen and with photography by Charles Steinhacker. Both books are artistic pleas for preservation; both capture the spirit of place of the north country.

Dave Kubach, one of three Ashland poets who has edited the first issue of a new northern country poetry magazine, *The Great Circumpolar Bear Cult*, writes in his editorial that he sees the northland as one of the few areas where "the lives of the animals, the seasonal advance and retreat of the flora, will serve to mediate our existence." Kubach invites his readers to look up Rodney Nelson's essay, "North of North," published in the *North Country Anvil*, No. 8:

> In the cold marchlands of civilization people have been afforded an empathy with the nature-spirits. Scot and Russian, Lapp and Eskimo; all have learned the art of speaking with nature. The urbane have only spoken about it.

This is the secret of northness. It was not a secret to Ernest Hemingway; it is not a secret to Sigurd Olson. In Leo J. Hertzel's article, "What About Writers in the North," published in *The South Dakota Review*, Spring, 1967, he quotes Sigurd Olson as saying at a workshop on north writing:

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The rugged terrain of River Falls is portrayed in this 1890 photo taken by Margaret Faulds of Florence, Wisconsin.

> Mankind needs to do things to establish contact with the earth, to establish contact with simplicity, to pause to enjoy doing the simple, the physical, which in the end are spiritual things. Human beings need that sort of thing.

This is what Nick Adams is doing in Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River." After he has lost the biggest trout he has ever seen, Nick:

> . . . sat on the logs, smoking, drying in the sun, the sun warm on his back, the river shallow ahead entering the woods, curving into the woods, shallows, light glittering, big water-smooth rocks, cedars along the bank and white birches; the logs warm in the sun, smooth to sit on, without bark, grey to the touch; slowly the feeling of disappointment left him. It went away slowly, the feeling of disappointment that came sharply after the thrill that made his shoulders ache. It was all right now. His rod lying out on the logs, Nick tied a new hook on the leader, pulling the gut tight until it grimped itself in a hard knot.

Hemingway knew how to speak with the nature-spirits. His Nick Adams is establishing contact with simplicity, doing the physical which in Sigurd Olson's terms is the spiritual. This is what Sigurd Olson does in his own work. He wrote in the preface to *Sigurd Olson's Wilderness Days*, "My first book, *The Singing Wilderness*, was an attempt to catch the meaning of primitive experience in the wilderness canoe country of the Quetico-Superior." I think the whole Olson canon does this, that

it speaks with the nature spirits, extracting the secret of northness.

Thus, three motifs recur in the literature of the post-frontier north: the presence of the big lake, the relationship between man and nature, and the spiritual quality of wilderness.

There is a relatively substantial body of poetry dealing with the relationship between man and nature. Two sharply differing views of that relationship are revealed, one celebrating the restorative powers of the natural world on the human soul and the other (which more frequently characterizes the poetry of the north) depicting the tension between man and the natural world. As an example of the former, consider "When Violets Wake," by Beulah Jackson Charmley and published in *Poems Out of Wisconsin* in 1961:

Sing blithely, robins, when violets wake
Here in Wisconsin along every lake—
  Sing blithely.

Blow gently, wind, where each emerald leaf
Resembles the heart of some hunter or chief—
  Blow gently.

Go softly, children, and bend to bright faces
Where violets hearken our forested places—
  Go softly.

Hum tenderly, bees, near the purple nosegays
Our brides have entwined for their happiest days—
  Hum tenderly.

Wave merrily, Spring, to the strangers who roam
For in leafy Wisconsin is always a home—
  Wave merrily.

The contrasting poem, "Four Little Foxes," is from the *Collected Poems of Lew Sarett*, copyright 1942:

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
  Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
  Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them
  from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
  Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
  Step softly.

On the surface, the tone of these two poems is the same, but Sarett knows the certain fate of those thin blue foxes he covered with boughs and which suckled at his arm.

Now contrast Louise Leighton's poem, "Who Has Fear of Winter?", a poem from her *Journey to Light*, published in 1953, to Ray Smith's "This is the Country," reprinted in the *North Country Anvil* from his book *The Greening Tree*, 1965:

Who has fear of winter?
Only he who stays
Always in the city's
Groomed and angled ways;
He who keeps his loving
Barred from wind and frost,
Warm beside the fire
Lest it should be lost.

Not the one who searches
Each petaled, birded place,
While seasons mark their wonder
And beauty on his face.
He has no fear of winter;
His skies are wide and deep,
He knows that earth is timeless
And love is his to keep.

Here is Smith's poem:

This is the country, yes, toward which they
  shouldered
the daily suns; at dusk put off their packs
among the everflowing forest whispers
with sunset floundering in the lakes.

On fields burnished by noon
sprouting promise like wheat ears
they halted, husked the soil for ripeness
with lean plow; secured their roof.

This is their children's land
gripped in winter of human agency,
insecurity's ague, chills that eat us poor.
Hopes gaunt in kennel no longer trace
that once warm scent, love's quiet early deer.

Blue the Minnesota spring
grassblown, familiar sweet and strange,
and migratory birds each year succeed
to quell the nameless winter fear.
The dead here made their choice,
we too must choose,
dispel the frost of spirit and stand forth.

Perhaps it is the tremendous presence of this big lake that sometimes daunts the poet. In 1904 Will J. Massingham published his long poem in tribute to the lake, its cities and surroundings. It is a tremendous effort, a genuine attempt to cover every area around the lake as

well as the lake itself. It fails because he idealizes the lake and ignores its real presence. His poem turns into a eulogy for a region that bears little resemblance to the living community.

Sometimes, however, the poet succeeds in capturing the presence of the lake. This is accomplished very quietly in Louis Jenkins' prose poem, "Restaurant Overlooking Lake Superior," which was published in the first issue of *A Lake Superior Journal* and collected in his *The Well-Digger's Wife:*

> Late afternoon: only a few old men at the bar drinking and talking quietly. Waitresses for the evening shift begin to arrive. One stands a moment at the far end of the dining room and looks out the window facing the lake. Snow is falling. The lake is completely obscured, but still customers will ask for tables near the window. A few early diners begin to arrive, then others. Soon the room is filled with sounds, people talking, the rattle of dishes, the waitresses hurrying about. The lake is a great silence beneath all the noise. In their hurry the waitresses don't look out the window. Yet they are in her service, silent a moment as they fill the glasses with water.

Some writers, poets in particular, are interpreting north country people as a people living in a special relationship with the natural world. Michael Karni of the Immigration Research Center at the University of Minnesota in St. Paul called my attention to such a work, one which was recited at the funeral of a Finnish man who had been harassed by the immigration authorities.

To Bill Heikkila, American
(Whom they tried to make a man without a country)

I am the wind
I am the northern wind that blows across the
  Arrowhead to you,
  Bill Heikkila,
Across the land of ten thousand lakes
And the big sea waters.
I am the wind that whines in the open pits of
  Nashwauk and Hibbing and Coleraine
And blows upon the red dust of the Mesaba.
I am the wind in the hoarse voices of the ships at
  Allouez, Duluth, Split Rock and Castle Danger
And all the ports of call of the Unsalted Sea.
You've heard me purring in the birches of Big
  Fork, the Gun Flint and Echo Trail
Over the bunkhouses of the lumberjacks.
I am the same wind that howled like a wounded
  wolf on the winter prairies.
I come to you bearing the perfume of the first
  spring crocus,
The buds of lilacs.
I come stroking the grey fur of the pussywillows.
I am the wind that breathes your father's name in
  the underground coal pits of Hanna, Wyoming,
In the blast furnaces of the Monongehala
As I shall breathe your name forever in the
  Arrowhead.
You live, Bill Heikkila. You live.
You live in the timbers of the mine shafts.
You live in the rock between the furrows,
You live in the stumps of cedar
And burnt over popple
On the road you cut to the Pale Face River.
The land nourishes men and men nourish the land.
You have seeped to the roots of Minnesota
Like the melted snows of 54 winters.
I shall breathe your name, Bill Heikkila,
  among the jackpines.
I shall mingle your dust with the red ore of the
  Mesaba
And where the long boats load at Allouez
And the fog horn warns them off the rocks of
  Castle Danger.

I am the wind that carried your shouts.
I have spread them like pollen.
I am the wind that lifted your banners.
I have scattered their seed.
They shall blossom again on city streets
In another season.
You live, Bill Heikkila, you live.
I am the Northern wind.

—Irene Paull

North country writers are still interpreting the people of the region in terms of a past with which they like to identify. They seldom reveal the north country people to themselves in their everyday lives in the northern towns and villages. North country people are emerging in the literature as people in touch with a special northern environment which is for some authors a solace, for many northern poets a sharp reminder of the tension between man and nature, and for other writers a place of spiritual renewal.

This paper was prepared for a conference on North Country Values in Public Policy-Making at Northland College, funded in part by the Wisconsin Humanities Committee serving on behalf of the National Endowment for the Humanities and was presented by the author at the 1976 Wisconsin Academy Fall Gathering held in Ashland, Wisconsin. Gladys Jackson is Associate Professor of English at Northland College in Ashland.

I, Phyllis Grey

by Marjorie M. Bitker

She was slender as a willow wand, with pale golden hair and eyes the color of a summer sky. Her brows were delicately arched, her wrists and ankles patrician. And her smile, revealing teeth like pearls, would melt the heart of a hyena—my own.

She was twelve, three years older than I when first I came upon her in one of those nauseating "girls' books" popular at the time, a birthday gift from Aunt Carrie, literary arbiter of the family.

I was a swarthy brunette, sturdily equipped with what Uncle Julian, Aunt Carrie's cigar-smelling husband, termed "piano legs." I wore bands on my teeth. Quick-tempered and rebellious, I often felt my naturally rosy cheeks flush hot with anger, while my eyes (of a loathsome greeny-brown color) filled embarrassingly with tears. Phyllis, always calm and courteous, was pale as a lily.

She was the eldest, adored by her three brothers. Her father, six foot two, eyes of blue, was a general in the U.S. Army, but wore his medals only on dress occasions. I was an only child. My father, five foot six, with mild brown eyes behind rimless spectacles, was an accountant who wore a green eyeshade at the office. Phyllis lived in a gracious, white-pillared antebellum mansion set amidst spacious lawns. There she was devotedly tended by Auntie Bee, the mammy of her early childhood. I lived in a drab "railroad flat" in upper Manhattan within earshot of the subway as it emerged from below. When not hovered over by my doting mother, I was tended—unless I could avoid it—by our damp-palmed, hirsute general houseworker, Esther.

I cannot remember at this distance—over half a century—exactly when the spirit of Phyllis Grey entered into me like a dybbuk. But I do remember that after an impressive number of rereadings of "A Daughter of the Old South," a transformation took place. I began to act so politely to relatives (including Aunt Carrie and Uncle Julian, my pet hates); I did my homework so promptly without a fuss; I was so helpful to Esther around the house that my worried mother decided to dose me with Scott's Emulsion, a nasty cod-liver oil concoction, every day after breakfast for longer than I can bear to think. At the time, however, this medication seemed small sacrifice to make for my beloved.

Sharing my secret Phyllis-worship were my two best friends: Alice, a freckled redhead who took elocution lessons, and Berenice, a pallid child on the plump side, unexciting as mud. On warm spring afternoons and all summer long on the lower slopes of Riverside Park across from Grant's Tomb, we played the Phyllis Game, while our mothers or nurses, all unknowing, sat and gossiped above. Elaborating on the original story (author, alas, forgotten) we invented dozens of dramatic episodes: Phyllis At Boarding School; Phyllis In Europe; Phyllis At Coney Island; Phyllis At Summer Camp—this last a Mecca to which all three of us, so far vainly, aspired. Naturally, I played Phyllis. Alice, with magnificent gestures emanating from her elocution teacher, played my father the general. She also played my mother, a gentlewoman of fragile health who, when strong enough, descended to the parlor at dusk and in a velvety contralto sang songs of the Old South. She was accompanied on a golden harp by Phyllis—who else? Most importantly, Alice played the villain of the drama, Etta, Phyllis' arch enemy. So realistic were Alice's portrayals of the jealous, unscrupulous Etta that often, after one of our games, I would wake up

screaming in the night. My mother attributed this to overeating, as well she might.

Berenice, doughy in nature as in looks, meekly consented to play everybody else, bringing to each part the same lack of verve.

Our serial drama progressed satisfactorily until one hot July afternoon. We were standing in the shade of the syringa bushes that served as stage wings, settling costume details for the day's production. In reality all three of us wore middy-and-bloomers, the conventional vacation garb for little girls circa 1910. We had reached that exciting moment in our story when Phyllis, the darling of Camp Pineview, was about to have her solid gold heirloom watch stolen from her tent by Etta, during swimming period. Alice was Etta, I, of course, Phyllis, and Berenice the counselor (unnamed) who was to discover the culprit. So uncomplainingly did Berenice accept this bit part that we rewarded her by letting her choose her costume first.

"A navy blue skirt," said Berenice. "And a shirtwaist."

"What color?" demanded Alice.

"Green, I guess," said Berenice, since grass was what her eyes rested upon.

"That's a terrible combination," Alice objected. "White goes better. White with blue polka dots."

Berenice amiably agreed to the change.

Now it was Alice's turn. Her pug nose, at this season one enormous freckle, wrinkled up as she closed her eyes, better to visualize Etta's accouterments. "I am wearing a black Annette Kellerman," she declared brazenly, "with nothing over, and no stockings." Even the placid Berenice gasped. It was daring enough to sport an Annette Kellerman—a one-piece knit swimsuit named for the beautiful amphibian who thus clad (or unclad) performed in a tank on the vaudeville stage for all the world to marvel at—but without stockings!

I had had an entirely different outfit in mind for Phyllis, but could not allow her—us, that is—to be eclipsed. "You dassn't wear an Annette Kellerman. That's what *I'm* wearing. It reveals my perfectly perportioned (sic) young figure." Obviously, this was a quotation from the book, since in my own person I resembled a rather stout toothpick.

"My figure is just as good," Alice argued. "From all that horseback riding. I am a suberb (sic) horsewoman."

This was true. Nevertheless, I was inspired to say, "Don't forget, your horse threw you yesterday. Because you croolly shortened the check rein."

"To impress the judges and win a blue ribbon," contributed Berenice helpfully. "But you didn't win it because you fell off."

"So you're too black and blue for an Annette Kellerman," I said triumphantly.

That did it. Alice blew up with the traditional explosiveness of the redhaired female. "I don't care. It's my turn to be Phyllis, I'm sick of being that awful Etta, it's not fair for the same person to be Phyllis all the time, is it Berenice?"

Under Berenice's calm, impartial gaze I felt my cheeks flame and tears spring under my eyelids. "We could play another game," suggested Berenice.

"No!" cried Alice and I in one shocked accord.

It was I who at last craftily hit upon an acceptable compromise. I would continue to be Phyllis until the part where she rescued Etta from the river. This was an especially noble act as Etta only the night before at a school hop had vamped "our" beau. "It's a good place to change," I pointed out. "Because when Phyllis is getting over the pneumonia she is thin to the point of emacion." That's the way I said it, but both girls understood.

"And Alice is so skinny," offered Berenice.

Alice at last agreed, though warily, smelling a rat. And rat there was. At the slow pace of our continued drama, we couldn't possibly reach the rescue episode that summer.

This is exactly what happened. With the first day of Fourth Grade, the Phyllis game vanished, at least for the original cast. But not for me.

On the secret stage of my imagination the show went on nightly between waking and sleeping. "Our" home was now in New York, since Father had been transferred to Governor's Island, or sometimes the Academy at West Point—I never quite settled this. Our mother had passed away painlessly in her sleep, and now reposed under the whispering pines of the family graveyard down South. Our brothers were away at school—military school of course. By now, we had developed a slight limp, aftermath of the river rescue and—viewed from this perspective—of frequent exposure to "The Birds' Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Anyway, on us even a limp was becoming.

The family had presented us with a huge, gentle dog (my real mother was so scared of dogs she would cross the street if she saw one coming). Major, as we named him, was a combination in my fancy of the mastiff owned by Little Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather the Earl, and the Dog of Flanders pictured in my big illustrated book (also containing "The Nurnberg Stove") by Ouida, another gift of Aunt Carrie.

Resting one tapering hand, transparent in its whiteness, upon the gold-studded collar of Major, we would wander from room to room of our elegant city home, which was nothing less than the Schwab Chateau at the time occupying the entire square block between Riverside Drive and West End Avenue, and Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Streets. How resplendent was that interior! Every bedroom featured a different pastel color, with matching bathroom, even unto towels and bathmats—ours, of course, being pink. Since several times a year my real mother took the real me to view the so-called House Palatial,

a permanent display of model rooms at John Wanamaker's on lower Broadway, I took pleasure in effecting instant redecoration of the rooms, courtesy of Wanamaker's. Often the decor was of a style I could visualize better than pronounce. I did the droring room over in Lewis Size, with an Owbuzzin oval rug on the floor. The music room was Barrowcue even the piano on which I played divinely was Barrowcue, while tears of pleasure trickled down the bronzed face of my father—wearing all his medals—and all twenty of the servants listened worshipfully behind the Barrowcue doors which had been left open a crack for their benefit.

What a wardrobe we had, Phyllis and I. No gingham or dotted swiss, even in summer. It was every bit silks and satins, georgette crepe and chiffon, most with velvet or moire sashes and matching slippers *with heels*. For outdoors we wore broadcloth or velvet, always fur-trimmed, with hat and muff of the same. The muff was strictly for style, since we never had to walk anywhere. Our Pierce-Arrow limousine always stood ready in the courtyard. Uniformed chauffeur and footman in front, we would drive out when the spirit of charity moved us, carrying covered baskets for the poor. On Fifth Avenue heads would turn, and the murmur pass from lip to lip: "There goes the beautiful, wealthy Phyllis Grey on her errands of mercy. She is lame, poor thing." The unspoken blessings of the populace would follow us into the slums.

Whenever I had time on my hands, I would practice drawing Phyllis in profile, and by spring of that Fourth Grade year could practically do it with my eyes closed. But somehow or other her aristocratic features had begun to resemble the clean-cut, snub-nosed, outdoor looks of Miss May Campbell, the new gym teacher. In fact, by the school year's end, Miss Campbell had completely erased Phyllis Grey from my dream world. Before falling asleep, I would win Maisie Campbell's praises by rescuing somebody —preferably a Fifth or Sixth Grader—from the swimming pool. Or better, I would play heroically through the basketball game with a sprained ankle, shoot the winning basket, and collapse in agony on the gym floor, while Maisie wept.

That summer, Berenice and I played Gym Teachers. Alice, the lucky, was at a summer camp.

Phyllis Grey remained less than the ghost of a memory until, in the late 1940s, when I was living in a fifteenth-floor apartment on the corner of Seventy-fourth Street and Riverside Drive, I had the traumatic experience of seeing the Schwab chateau being battered down by one of those huge iron wrecking balls. One by one my erstwhile rooms rooflessly presented themselves: some pastel, several Barrowcue, and one unmistakably Lewis Size. For one solid week, while I was recovering from flu, Phyllis and I watched, teary-eyed.

Phyllis returned again last Christmas under totally different circumstances. During a visit to grandchildren on the west coast, Molly, youngest of the flock, told us of her pet monster, named Honree, who lived in the street outside her house in Palo Alto. He is, I understand, a very gentle monster with soft teeth, and never hurts her hand when she feeds him. His roar is so soft that only Molly can hear it. Soon he will take her in a spaceship to the moon. It was then that Phyllis briefly returned, white-haired but still patrician, a reminder of how the world has changed since we were a girl.

Of the two monsters, I really prefer Molly's. In retrospect, my own is a sorry relic of mouldy splendors best forgotten.

And yet, how beautiful we were . . . .

Marjorie M. Bitker, a Milwaukee free-lance writer, is the author of "Writ In Remembrance" (Wisconsin Academy Review, *December 1975), which was awarded second place in the short fiction category in the 1975 Council for Wisconsin Writers competition. This article, like her previous one, is taken from her forthcoming book,* Teachers For Lunch.

SENDING & RECEIVING

A COLUMN ABOUT COMMUNICATION

by Arthur Hove

"So You Want to Lead a Meeting"

Sometime, in the American evening, before the television tube lit up the night, there was a radio program called "So You Want to Lead a Band." The program's participants were selected randomly from the studio audience. They would be placed before a full-scale orchestra, given a sheet of music and a baton, and told to wave the musicians into some kind of order. The results generally ranged from cacophony to sweet harmony—depending, of course, on what the sometime bandleaders could make out of the notes on the page. Prizes were given to those who came closest to getting the musicians to follow the music as written.

The whole presumption of the program was that few people could walk in off the street, take up a baton, and wave a few musicians into a glissando of recognizably professional quality. The program's continuing existence hinged on the probability that most people would botch the job and that the results would be entertaining. It would be just as entertaining when someone would come along and make the orchestra sound like its musicians knew what they were doing.

A parallel might be made with meetings. Meetings seem to permeate our lives as much as music. Almost every moment, people gather together in meetings at given points throughout our great republic—whether it be two people involved in a passing encounter, or a multitude assembled in some convention hall. Our penchant for meetings is deeply ingrained in our national character. Waking and sleeping, we seem to be analyzing what significance we should place on the last meeting we have attended and simultaneously anticipating what will happen at the next meeting on our schedule.

De Tocqueville, who recorded many of our national idiosyncracies, observed how instinctively the meeting habit is ingrained in our character:

> An American cannot converse, but he can discuss, and his talk falls into a dissertation. He speaks to you as if he was addressing a meeting . . . .

It is presumptuous to say there is something distinctively American about meetings. Meetings have been going on since before the first duly-elected recording secretary was charged with making a record of the proceedings. But we do seem to have a particular appetite for getting together at the slightest excuse. This American predilection was apparent even before most of us arrived on the continent. One of the enduring aspects of Native American culture is the powwow. The Indian powwow, often ritualistic, has been borrowed and utilized by the larger society. Thanks to countless movie and TV westerns, we have come to regard the word as signifying any gathering mainly for talk.

Since many of us spend a considerable portion of our lives in meetings of one kind or another, it is important to recognize that leading a successful meeting requires skills like those of a successful bandleader. The meeting, in the hands of the rank amateur, can be a painful,

draining experience. Discussion drones on endlessly. Confusion proliferates as people try to decide how any official action can be taken. This can produce a situation as painfully discordant as the most jangling moments of that now forgotten radio program.

But, thanks to the sensitivities of a particularly perceptive Army major, we have an instrument which, when properly played, can turn a quaking neophyte into a reasonably competent performer.

The chain of events which gave us this invaluable device began in 1874 in Milwaukee. During a particularly severe Wisconsin winter, which curtailed army engineering activity on Lake Michigan, Henry Martyn Robert began writing a handbook he called the *Pocket Manual of Rules of Order for Deliberative Assemblies*. Unable to interest a commercial publisher in his work, he had it published at his own expense. The title was changed by the printer to *Robert's Rules of Order*.

The book became an immediate best-seller, confirming Maj. Robert's suspicion that there were others who were searching for a means to impose some kind of order on those increasingly frequent and sometimes anarchic occasions when people got together to decide something. His handbook provided the average citizen with a guide that would enable organizations and societies to conduct their business under the most workable provisions of parliamentary law.

Thomas Jefferson had earlier established the value of such a system:

> The application of parliamentary law is the best method yet devised to enable assemblies of any size, with due regard for every member's opinion, to arrive at the general will on a maximum number of questions of varying complexity in a minimum of time and under all kinds of internal climate ranging from total harmony to hardened or impassioned division of opinion . . . .

Even though Maj. Robert's prescriptions for meeting decorum have been largely swallowed whole, there is often a lingering doubt about whether parliamentary procedure actually encourages freedom, or whether the method, utilized by a few sharpies who know how to manipulate the system, tends to place power in the hands of a select few.

Some of us recall that our first introduction to the late Wisconsin Senator Joseph McCarthy came when we observed him sneeringly intone, "Point of order, Mr. Chairman," during the televised Army-McCarthy hearings in the 1950s. He interrupted the proceedings so often with this parliamentary device that the saying became a catchphrase. Most organizations have at least one similar soul who rises at the slightest provocation to challenge the propriety of a given action or comment.

There are other techniques. Each year, one reads newspaper stories of the hands of the clock being literally held back in various state legislatures so that eleventh hour business can be concluded before the assembly is statutorily forced into adjournment at the stroke of midnight.

In spite of the weaknesses in the system, which often try one's patience, parliamentary procedure still seems to be the most reasonable means available for deciding questions in a democratic society. Its important features are that it promotes the transmission of information, encourages debate, and provides a means whereby matters can be put before the house for decision or ratification.

Successful meetings often mean that considerable work has been done in advance. Resolutions must be framed, motions drafted, constituencies cultivated before the opening gavel is sounded. Our folklore is filled with stories about important decisions being made in smoke-filled back rooms by a handful of power brokers. It is often here that the choreography of a meeting is carefully plotted so that formal decisions give a comfortable mandate to those who must be responsible for their implementation. It is becoming more difficult to make such decisions behind closed doors. The Watergate revelations and the subsequent passage of "sunshine" laws have sent the backroom boys looking for more obscure closets than the caucus room.

The mixed curse and blessing of a democratic society is that there is always room for a surprise at any given meeting. No matter how careful the advance planning, there is invariably the possibility that the assemblage may turn around and do the exact opposite of what is expected. A case in point has been the feisty attitude encountered at stockholders' meetings in recent years. Unexpectedly, executives have been pilloried by shareholders who want them to know that the annual meeting is no longer a *pro forma* exercise dedicated to passively endorsing the way the corporate ship is being run.

Maj. Robert was not particularly concerned about this inherent quirk of parliamentary law. His rules are more involved with process than they are with substance. The principal reference to the subject in the most recent edition of *Robert's Rules* simply says that "Any main or other motion that is absurd in substance is dilatory and cannot be introduced." No effort is made to define absurdity. It is a rather fruitless undertaking in the context of contemporary life, anyway. The burden of proof for deciding what is absurd and what is not resides with the chair. This situation leaves us free to make sublime asses of ourselves at meetings, or to behave like statesmen and take responsible action to meet a particular crisis.

Following *Robert's Rules of Order* provides for the consummation of action under the proper circumstances. The consequence and wisdom of that action is something the good Army major left for others and history to decide.

The subject is open for discussion. Maybe it should be at the top of the agenda for our next meeting.

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

In my budding days some dozen years ago, when I gazed into my crystal ball for dreams of what would come to pass, I saw but one path: writer, creative writer, a playwright, to be specific. It came to pass, all right, but in much the same way as a pitcher who yearns to wear the Yankee uniform winds up in Elmira in a uniform faded and patched.

Even then I had little respect for critics, those culture-vultures whose eyes and ears seeking our weaknesses, preyed upon carcasses of poems, plays, and novels. Without "our" slaving agonies and, finally, our printed or performed realities, critics would remain dumb creatures selling pencils in tin cups. Literary parasites, we glowered and grumbled, living off of our beloved labors.

I became a critic a decade ago, first of dramas and films, and then of books. I spent hours and days gleaning thick tomes for flickers of greatness or patches of blight. I sat through tedious plays scribbling notes in the darkness, or stared at the screen and sought truth in two-dimensions. And then I stayed by my faithful typing machine and tried to pull words out, both positive and negative, that would describe what I had experienced and witnessed.

Do I contradict myself?—as the Great Grey Poet asked so well. I am not a multitude, however, only a writer who must write, in one way or another.

Twain once commented that he felt his imagination to be like a well: emptying below the bucket so he would have to wait until it filled up once more before he could write. I have felt that way during the past couple of months as the stack of books upon my "review table" grows higher. I look at titles like *Men Against McCarthy, Run to Starlight: Sports through Science Fiction, The Northern Wisconsin Bicentennial Cookbook Reader, Florimond J. Bonduel: Missionary to Wisconsin Territory, Indonesia's Elite: Political Culture and Cultural Politics, The Growth and Structure of the Chilean Economy: From Independence to Allende, Witness to Power, Lord Somers, Milton and the Line of Vision, The Art of Mark Twain*, and I wait for the water to reach the bucket.

In the last issue of the *Review*, I concentrated on titles that had waited because I could not find a particular shelf on which to place them, except that of inevitable obscurity. These volumes, save one or two, do not fall into that category. The book about McCarthy has to be important, because we are now approaching a time when we must consider his terrible reality. Marquis Childs has long been a witness to power yet capable of literary gentility, so we will not waste our time in considering his thoughts and conclusions. Bonduel deserves recognition, and Malcolm Rosholt continues his one-man quest for our state's history to be recorded as he sees it. So, the well is there, and all that needs to be done is to lower the bucket.

I am not up to the task right now. My critical nerve ends have reached a point of fatigue or insensitivity. My incorrigible appetite for a myriad of literary delights has been sated for the present. And my motivating drive of being one of the few voices in the wilderness of literature has slowed to a purr.

Frost's two roads converged upon a wood and he took the one less traveled. Years later he could comment upon the value of his choice, his somber commitment. I find myself in that same dichotomy, choosing the directions of the pursuit of my future. It will be some time before I look back and see what I have done by my decision, but I do know that this is probably the main reason I am powerless to once again draw up the bucket from the well called "Bookmarks/Wisconsin."

So I feel it is best to step aside and let another haul up the water. It would not be vain to say that "Bookmarks/Wisconsin" has been a boon to Badger literature and literary accomplishments. In the same way that the Wisconsin Academy serves the intellectual, artistic, and academic communities in our state, so must the *Review* and its regular feature, "Bookmarks/Wisconsin" serve those dedicated to the advancement of all disciplines.

I look now upon the brightly covered books sitting unread on my desk. Unlike pathetic puppies wagging sad tails as strangers pass by the pet shop window, these books will move on to my successor. Some time in the near future, other eyes and minds will pause to consider them and take them to a warm hearth and a happy home.

My literary malaise will pass, I'm sure, as it has done before. Perhaps I will be asked to drop by "Bookmarks/Wisconsin" sometime in the future. Being a critic gets into the blood, like a one-time fly-fisherman's thoughts everytime he passes a running brook . . .

—Hayward Allen

THE NORTHERN WISCONSIN BICENTENNIAL COOKBOOK READER compiled and arranged by Alice F. Kempen and Joan LeFebvre; University of Wisconsin-Extension, Northern District, 1976. 68 pp. Paper $1.50.

You've heard all that talk about the folks up north wanting to withdraw from Wisconsin and form a fifty-first state. Well, after

you take a look at some of the recipes in this little book, you just might be ready to bid them adieu. Reference is made to "winners" like carrot pie, birch beer, noodles 'n prunes, bear fat pastry, and Mrs. Wardall's Prison Fare (mix two cups of coarse graham flour with two cups of cold water, stir quickly, drop spoonsful in hot pan and bake in hot oven). OK . . . .

But wait a minute folks—that's just a pinch of local color to spice things up a bit. Before you go too far with your farewells, check out such tasties as German vegetable soup, Finnish herring salad, baked eggs, blackberry dumplings, Gram Gusta's butter cookies, and several "remedies for health and happiness."

Good things here from the kitchens of the cutover country, and they are yours by purchase of the book through your County Extension Office, or by mail order to Cookbook Reader, P.O. Box 695, Rhinelander, Wi. 54501. The people at that address are also looking for other family recipes in case they decide to do something along the lines of *Son of The Northern Wisconsin Bicentennial Cookbook Reader*. Anyone for Hodag stew?

SOILS OF WISCONSIN by Francis D. Hole; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wisconsin, 1976. 223 pp. $15.

Although of special appeal to the soil scientists and their kin in agricultural and environmental fields of study, this book should be of considerable interest also to the concerned or curious layperson. As the author explains, "A basic understanding of the soils of Wisconsin helps the observer to 'read' each landscape for practical purposes or simply for the pleasure of it."And elsewhere: "The people of this state have the power to control the land-use pattern and to adapt it to the capabilities of the hundreds of different kinds of soils. We in Wisconsin have long been concerned with good stewardship of the land. The purpose of this publication is to provide a tool for the effective discharge of this responsibility."

A finely-honed tool it is, too, billed, in fact, as the first modern comprehensive treatment of the properties, origins, and classifications of the soils of Wisconsin. The book is divided into three parts, each part containing several chapters: "Introduction to Genesis and Classification of Wisconsin Soils," "Characteristics of Wisconsin Soil Associations," and "Properties and Occurrence of Major Soil Series in Wisconsin Landscapes." Maps (including several in full color), tables and illustrations are abundant throughout and include a circular key to the new USDA soil classification for Wisconsin, coded in color.

Soils of Wisconsin was published by the University of Wisconsin Press for the Geological and Natural History Survey, UW-Extension. In addition to Professor Hole's work, there are contributions by Marvin T. Beatty and Gerhard B. Lee.

A SEASON OF BIRDS by Dion Henderson; illustrated by Chuck Ripper; Tamarack Press, Madison, Wisconsin, 1976. 87 pp. $5.95.

The trailmark of Aldo Leopold's life has been left upon many men and women. Clearly, Dion Henderson, an early student of Leopold and chief of the Milwaukee bureau of the Associated Press since 1967, is one of them.

Where some might only look, Henderson sees. In thirty-six, one-page segments, each nicely accompanied by the sensitive sketches of Chuck Ripper, the author serves up a blend of technical information and personal perceptions that is food for both mind and heart.

Lest you be misled by the book title, let it be noted that Henderson's observations run the course of the four seasons, that in addition to the two dozen or so different bird species commented upon there are equally appealing vignettes on a mouse that found its way into a bird feeder; rains of spring; summer fullness; the grass hopper, spider, and rabbit; mischances of nature; the life and demise of a peach log; and a "song" to the constellation of Orion—all fitted between essays of introduction and conclusion.

A Season of Birds is a book for all seasons. It is a book of life.

THE HERITAGE OF DUBUQUE: AN ARCHITECTURAL VIEW by Lawrence J. Sommer; illustrated by Carl H. Johnson, Jr.; Tel Graphics, East Dubuque, Illinois, sponsored by First National Bank of Dubuque, 1975. 172 pp. $12.50.

Who was it, Harold Ross or E. B. White, who said that the *New Yorker* magazine would not be edited for the little old lady in Dubuque? It doesn't matter, just let it be noted that Dubuque has taken some unfair shots. In reality, Dubuque has a proud cultural heritage, the architectural portion of which is magnificently captured in this book through text, art work (including full color), and photography.

The Heritage of Dubuque is a bicentennial project of the First National Bank of Dubuque, with proceeds going to the restoration of the city's Orpheum Theater, which will become the Five Flags Civic Center. Book orders can be placed with the Five Flags Office, Room 622, Dubuque Building, Dubuque, Iowa 52001.

Dubuque is situated along the Mississippi River, tucked among the bluffs right across the channel from Wisconsin and Illinois. As Iowa's oldest city, it provides vivid evidence of its past in the architecture of its neighborhoods, its businesses and industries. This book is a fitting salute to and a record of that which is no more, as well as that which has been preserved.

SPRING FLORA OF WISCONSIN by Norman C. Fassett; Fourth Edition revised and enlarged by Olive S. Thomson; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wisconsin, 1975. 413 pp. (illust.) Paper $3.95. Cloth $8.50.

Praises be to the university presses of the nation, for few commercial publishers would likely bring us a state compendium of "plants growing without cultivation and flowering before June 15."

This, the Fourth Edition of *Spring Flora of Wisconsin*, has long been awaited by professional botanist and botanical buff alike. And they have no reason for disappointment. More than one hundred new illustrations have been added; revisions in content take into account the changing distribution of species, the introduction of new species, and more complete descriptions for many families and genera.

The publisher reports that the Third Edition of the book (1957) ran to twenty thousand copies. Olive Thomson's work on the Fourth Edition, accomplished upon a foundation of love and knowledge of Wisconsin's flora, merits even greater success. Doubtless it will achieve it. In paper or cloth, it is easy on the pocketbook. And yes, it is of pocket size. Like the seed catalogs, *Spring Flora* will set you dreaming of the season ahead.

KOSHKONONG COUNTRY: A HISTORY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, WISCONSIN by Hannah Swart; W. D. Hoard and Sons Co., Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, 1975. 331 pp. $9.95.

Anyone who knows Hannah Swart—her success as curator of Fort Atkinson's Hoard Historical Museum and the many achievements which justify her distinguished certificate of merit from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin—should not be surprised that she has produced something considerably more than "just another county history."

Koshkonong Country is the culmination of over a decade of research, including contact with descendants of pioneer families of the Jefferson County area. The author moves from township to township in her historical coverage and includes also extensive state and county topical treatments. The book is profusely illustrated with maps, drawings, and fascinating photographic "portraits of the past." The writing matches the illustrations in substance and interest. The neatly-bound book is set off by a four-color cover photo of a rual Koshkonong Country scene.

CALKED BOOTS AND CANT HOOKS by George A. Corrigan; edited by L. G. Sorden; MacGregor Litho, Park Falls, Wisconsin, 1976. 245 pp. $7.95.

At the age of eighty, George A. Corrigan of Wisconsin's north country remains in appearance a rangy, rawhide of a man who can yet hold and handle the lumberjack's cant hook or peavey with authority. Little wonder, since the author of *Calked Boots and Cant Hooks* has been in the business since 1912 and lays claim to the vocation to this day.

In a preface to the book, Corrigan explains, "This is a true account of the logging history of Ashland and Iron Counties of Wisconsin and Gogebic County of Michigan 'as it was' in those counties from 1912 to 1937." He adds, "I am setting down this information because no one else has come forward to do the job."

Indeed, the history of Wisconsin lumberjacks and logging, although an important chapter in the development of the state, does not seem to have attracted the research attention it deserves, particularly that period covered by Corrigan's personal recollections.

George Corrigan makes no pretense of offering a scholarly work on the subject. So much the better, for the book reads like an extended fireside personal history, rich with the remembrances and knowledge of a man who saw and lived it "as it was," one who is a part of a vanishing race.

WE WERE CHILDREN THEN edited by Robert E. Gard, Fred Lengfeld, and Mark E. Lefebvre; illustrated by Marian Lefebvre; Wisconsin House Book Publishers, Madison, Wisconsin, in association with UW-Extension and Wisconsin American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, 1976. 187 pp. Paper $5.95.

Americans have a proclivity for "knocking" things—America and their fellow Americans for example. The celebration of our nation's bicentennial was no exception; yet, if you can see your way around the commercial doodads (tomorrow's collectibles?), there is much of lasting good that resulted from the event.

No small share of that good was realized through the encouragement of state bicentennial commissions, created and supported in part by the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration in Washington, D.C. The book at hand is a prime example, published as it was through a matching grant from the Wisconsin American Revolution Bicentennial Commission.

We Were Children Then was edited by the trio identified in the citation above all right. But, just as is noted in the acknowledgement, two persons are chiefly responsible for the success of Yarns of Yesteryear, the contest from which the stories included in this book were drawn: Clarice Dunn and Gen Lewis, who exercised a labor of love in soliciting and processing hundreds of manuscripts of remembrances from Wisconsin senior citizens.

So here is the pick of the lot—still nearly one hundred in all, arranged in the categories of "Growing Up," "School Days," "Remembered Places," "Daily Life," "Working," "Hard Times," "Health," something called "Both

of Us," "Characters," "Gypsies," and "Entertainment and Holidays."

In less than two months, the book has gone through a first printing. Deservedly so, though here's hoping for a better binding the second time around.

WISCONSIN AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS: 1836-1975
compiled by Orrilla T. Blackshear; Bureau for Reference and Loan Services, Division for Library Services, Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction, Madison, Wisconsin 1976. 649 pp. Paper $10.

In an introduction to this massive and most useful reference work, John Kopischke, former director of the Bureau for Reference and Loan Services and the person to whom compiler Blackshear accords special appreciation for his role in the project, wisely observes, "The attempt to produce a truly 'comprehensive and definitive bibliography' is clearly an impossible task."

So it is. But given the time and resources available, it is difficult to see how Mrs. Blackshear and her assistants could have come closer to the mark than does this volume, a listing of some 5,100 Wisconsin authors, the dates of their birth and death, state locations with which they have been especially associated—and the titles of the books written, date of publication, publisher or location of publishing if published by the author, and the number of editions when known.

Quoting Frederick Jackson Turner, Mrs. Blackshear, herself perhaps the major resource to Wisconsin literature, records, "American literature is not a single thing. It is a choral song of many sections." In her own words, she adds, "We hope that *Wisconsin Authors and Their Books* will be a guide for anyone who is searching to identify Wisconsin's unique voice." It is all of that.

—Staff Reviews

BLACK AMERICAN PLAY WRIGHTS, 1800 TO THE PRESENT: A BIBLIOGRAPHY
by Esther Spring Arata and Nicholas John Rotoli; Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, New Jersey. 1976. $12.

This bibliography grew out of research done for an earlier work published by Scarecrow Press in two volumes. (*Black American Writers, Past and Present: A Biographical and Bibliographical Dictionary* 1975). Ester Spring Arata was one of the three authors involved in that earlier work.

The present publication includes the dramatic works of 530 black American writers, most of whom are still living. Such a bibliography has been greatly needed and should be very useful in locating specific black playwrights, their works, and criticism or reviews of their works. Included is a general bibliography with specific references in detail. The preface indicates how to use the earlier sections of this bibliography. It includes anthologies, books, articles, and dissertations on black American theater. A very useful index is also appended.

This much-needed bibliography was prepared by Esther Arata of the English Department of the University of Wisconsin—Eau Claire. She was assisted in the preparation by a student, Nicholas John Rotoli.

—Orrilla T. Blackshear

WOMEN AND SOCIETY, A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE WITH A SELECTED ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY
compiled and edited by Marie Barovic Rosenberg and Len V. Bergstrom; Sage Publications, Beverly Hills, California, 1975. $17.50.

The first twenty pages of this book are devoted to a brief critical review of the literature in which it is indicated that this "evolving field is characterized more by basic factual research than by sweeping interpretive writing." The bibliography includes more than 3,750 references: books, periodical articles, government documents, and some unpublished materials. This is all organized in a classified subject arrangement: Sociology, Political Science, History, Women in Philosophy, Religion, Medicine, Health, Biography, Literature, the Arts, Psychology, Anthropology, and Economics. There is a comprehensive listing of reference works devoted to women. The addendum includes some very helpful materials: an interesting listing of three hundred biographies and autobiographies of women, and addresses of women's organizations, women's periodicals and newspapers.

One of the compilers, Dr. Rosenberg, has a joint appointment as Assistant Professor in the Institute of Governmental Affairs, University of Wisconsin-Extension (Madison) and in the School of Business, University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire. She is active in business and political science associations and has served in various positions in the Women's Caucus for Political Science.

Dr. Bergstrom teaches courses in Chinese and Japanese at the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire. He is active in numerous professional organizations and has been involved in women's studies for a number of years.

—O.T.B.

RUN TO STARLIGHT: SPORTS THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION
edited by Martin H. Greenberg, Joseph D. Olander, and Patricia Warrick; Delacorte Press, New York, 1975. 383 pp. $7.95.

The editors of *Run to Starlight* make the appropriate explanation that sports do rely heavily upon science and technology; thus the logic of a "sports science fiction" collection of short stories. Science fiction, as a literary form, has not produced many sports stories, and *Run to Starlight* is apparently the first collection of its kind. The items chosen by the editors sweep through boxing, chess, fishing, hunting, to

basketball, football and golf.

Science-fiction fans will probably find *Run to Starlight* entertaining and unique. There is a whimsical account of the "last superbowl game," played in 2016 before 832 aging fans. The enduring Packers are one contender, and the Hoboken Jets (far-off relation to the New York Jets long forgotten) are their competition. (Martin Greenberg is director of Graduate Studies at the UW-Green Bay, and Patricia Warrick is Assistant Professor of English at UW-Fox Valley Center.) The Packers won the game! But by then (2016), big-time sports were basically over, having been finally clobbered to death by Home Matchmaker Sets by which anyone could at will replay by computer any sport anywhere and in any past time. Both the NHL and the NBA had folded in 2010. Well, anyhow, the Pack did win the last big one.

Anyone who enjoys sports stories will find this collection easy to take if he is willing to accept his sports with a few swallows of fantasy, whimsy, and humor related to our truly fantastic existence and its extensions.

—Robert E. Gard

THE ONLY PLACE WE LIVE words by August Derleth, Jesse Stuart, and Robert E. Gard; edited by Mark E. Lefebvre; wood engravings by Frank Utpatel; Wisconsin House, Madison, Wisconsin, 1976. 186 pp. $12.95.

Something is let loose here, here in the pages of *The Only Place We Live*. It touches our inner selves deeply. It frees a kind of energy, an excitement, an affirmation of life.

Editor Mark E. Lefebvre, who has orchestrated this work with skill and sensitivity, quotes from Thoreau in his introductory remarks: "If a man is rich and strong anywhere, it must be on his native soil." And earlier: "The poet has made the best roots in his native soil of any man, and is the hardest to transplant."

Derleth, Stuart, and Gard with their words, Utpatel with his woodcuts, are poets and artist of deep roots, "regional" in the sense that the richness and strength of their work is drawn from those same roots.

Derleth is gone now these several years, but thanks to the permission of the Estate of August Derleth, Executor Forrest D. Hartmann, and the cooperation of April Derleth Smith and Walden Derleth, his published works are quoted freely. From his *Village Year* of 1941 he once more walks Wisconsin.

> 31 DECEMBER: My footsteps upon the hard snow like the clock's sound marking Sac Prairie's years as minutes down the frozen air before another year, another year, and still another year . . . .

Derleth explains his lasting wedding to Wisconsin in an apologia: "Long ago, during the years of my childhood, I was lost forever to the world in which men engaged life in momentous concerns and affairs, charmed away by the world intimately near to my senses." He inventories his world as one of Joe-Pye weed, the majestic beauty of hawks aloft, wild plum bloom, and " . . . the solitudes of men and women who lived in this same world, as intimately near as I, and saw it seldom or never at all."

It is fitting that Kentucky's Jesse Stuart should be a part of this publishing venture, and it is a tribute to Frank Utpatel, whose woodcuts inspired his contributions to the book, and to Derleth, his friend of thirty-seven years and the object of his poem, "Letter to August Derleth" *(Wisconsin Academy Review*, March 1973), in which he wrote: "You were Wisconsin, two-yards wide," and assured him, "I don't care what anyone says, Augie, / I am as positive as I still live that this is right. / You stayed with your land and your people!"

Would that there were more of Jesse Stuart in *The Only Place We Live* than the twenty brief songs that accompany the Utpatel art. Little wonder that he is one of the world's most widely read living writers and that he was a 1976 nominee for the Pulitzer Prize in poetry. To hear a train, for Stuart, is to hear "mean groans of heavy engines/Striking the emptiness of night . . . the lonesome whistle screaming . . . the oozing steam from slick pistons . . . the swinging and banging of boxcar doors." "The sounds I have loved," writes Stuart, and he causes them to reverberate anew.

The third and concluding portion of the book is provided by that teller of regional tales, Robert E. Gard. He sets the stage, like the playwright that he also is: "The time is 2:00 a.m. There are lights over at the old Franklin farmhouse. Something is happening. The Franklins are an old, old family around here. Four Generations. Dora and Will are the only ones left. They're up late. It isn't like them."

The something-that-is-happening concerns Will Franklin and his nighttime hunt for a mysterious creature, with narrative byways occasioned by Will's tendency on such excursions "to remember: things and stories come back in the night-woods." Thereby, too, does Gard relate to the Utpatel work ("And I have watched the hawks, so high, they are nearly lost at the tips of clouds; then down, their dive and rush and swoop, and a wild cry.") There, on the facing page, is Utpatel's hawk, even as Will, through Gard, saw him.

But then, Gard and Will are one. Whoever has been with Bob Gard as he explores Wisconsin has seen him come alive with wonder, yet somehow sensed he might have passed this way before—seen this land, known these people. Or, as Will says, "I'm me but I'm not me, I am like everybody I ever knew and they are right there beside me." And again, "That's why people are immortal, to be able to see and feel all in one moment everything they are, or what the land is, or has been."

It is, of course, the woodcut art of Frank Utpatel that brings this all into unity. As Editor Lefebvre explains in his preface, "The art was the beginning point of *The Only Place We Live.*" The Mazomanie artist deserves fully every bit of the long-overdue recognition and appreciation that will undoubtedly come his way as a result of this book.

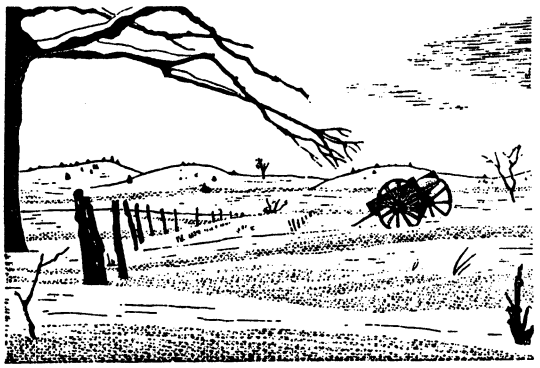
If you do nothing else, pick up the book and page through it for the Utpatel woodcuts alone. That's probably all the publishers would ask, believing as they must that that would be enough to hook you. And they would be right.

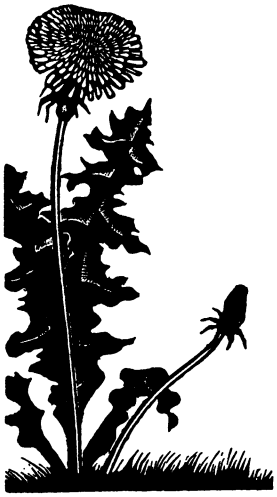
—James R. Batt

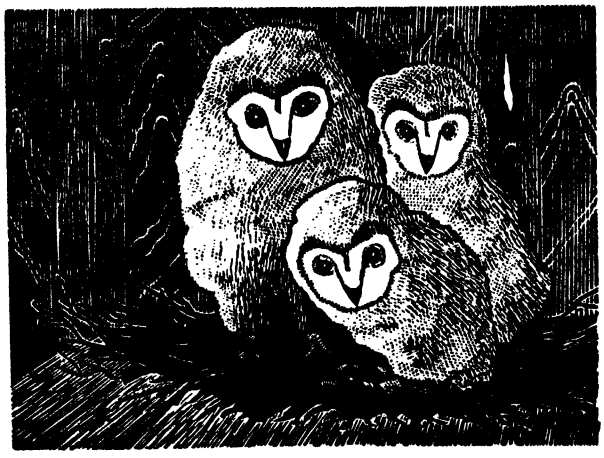
The Woodprints of Frank Utpatel

Frank Utpatel of Mazomanie is widely known for his woodprint illustrations, which have appeared in more than thirty books, including many by Wisconsin writer August Derleth. He is a graduate of the Milwaukee and Chicago Art Institutes and studied with John Steuart Curry at the University of Wisconsin. His wood engravings have been shown in major galleries throughout the United States, including the Whitney Museum of American Artists Galleries, the Chicago Art Institute, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh and the Library of Congress. The 1973 opening of Steenbock Center, the Wisconsin Academy headquarters, featured an exhibit of one hundred prints from the Utpatel collection—which proved to be the catalyst for The Only Place We Live *(reviewed in this issue).*

(Woodprints reproduced with permission from Wisconsin House, Ltd.)







Inside the Academy

By Elizabeth F. McCoy
President

"You are the Academy!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: To bring Academy *Review* members other voices from "Inside the Academy," regular columnist and WASAL executive director James R. Batt will frequently invite guest writers to share this page. This issue's column is by Dr. Elizabeth F. McCoy, president of the Wisconsin Academy.

This is wonderful! I've been wanting the chance to write to you, the Academy members, because I have something to say that needs to be said. *You are the Academy!* We—the officers, Executive Director, and Council—are only the working parts of the Academy: we exist only to run the Academy for you, to do what we *think* you want us to do to carry out the purposes of the Academy. But we cannot do our part well unless we have guidance from all of you, and participation in Academy programs by as many of you as possible. Won't you get involved? Won't you give us your ideas and your active help?

We do have one basic concern though. The Academy, by its very Charter, is and should be a statewide organization. True, the Charter says that the headquarters shall be "located at the city of Madison"—a natural provision, since it was state government that issued the Charter and it is to state government that we render an annual report. Also, the university provided a nucleus of early members—and still does. But now, of course, Milwaukee and many localities throughout the state comprise the bulk of the membership, in fact, about seventy-five percent.

Our concern, and it is a real concern, is that the statewide members are at a disadvantage in receiving full benefits of membership, and consequently, have tended to be less active in programming and governance of the Academy. Maybe that cannot be helped. It is a fact that distance is a handicap to participation, since it takes more time and effort. But how can we minimize that? How can the more distant members serve on committees and thereby deepen their interest in the Academy and become potential officers? How can we get *all kinds* of Academy members involved? Perhaps I need to remind you by saying it out loud—the Academy is not an elite club. We have "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker" as well as the scientist, the artist and the writer, and the governor! The only qualification for membership is the interest and desire to promote the material and cultural growth of Wisconsin in any of the fields of Sciences, Arts and Letters. We have a lively Membership Committee at work, and you have recently heard from it. One other thing I know it is planning is a survey of present members so that we will know more about our mix of talents and interests. Programs can then be better planned, delivered, and I hope, more beneficial to members and to all citizens of Wisconsin.

Right now we need to know how to choose and present programs around the state. Shall we establish "chapters" at populated centers? Or "districts" to include the less populated? Or shall we ask some present member to act as "liaison" in areas where we wish to deliver programs or to recruit members or whatever? Best we start modestly in any expansion, partly because we do not know what you want and partly because all such programming will require staff time and program dollars, both already strained by our tight budget. However, let that not deter us from what is worth doing! Let the statewide programming stand on its merits and we, who have thought about the matter, believe that those merits are high.

Write to the Executive Director or any officer, or better still, drop in and tell us your ideas, when you come to Madison. We've been in the Steenbock Center at 1922 University Avenue about two and a half years. Have you visited your Academy's home base?