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Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 21, Number 4 Fall 1975

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Fall 1975

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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 21, Number 4
Fall 1975

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

"Theater has more of a chance of enlightening and freeing the spirit than anything else I can think of." See "Getting Into the Act in Spring Green," pages 12-15.



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Featured on the cover is Lynette Tenno, who aptly expresses the feelings of the many participants in Spring Green's Robert E. Gard Theatre. In real life, she is an occupational therapist working with handicapped persons in southwestern Wisconsin. (Photo courtesy of Dale O'Brien.)

Walter E. Scott:
A Portrait
in Words

Excerpts from the
observations of his
friends—compiled by
Ruth L. Hine



EDITOR'S NOTE: Walter E. Scott has served the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in a variety of capacities and over the course of a number of years. A member of the Academy for over thirty years, he was secretary during the period 1957-60 and president during the 1964-65 term. He and Mrs. Scott (Trudi) founded the *Wisconsin Academy Review* and were editors of the quarterly for the better part of the first ten years of its publication.

Walter E. Scott retired from the Department of Natural Resources last spring after nearly forty years as a conservation warden, game manager, editor, and for the past twenty-five years, assistant to the secretary of the department.

His is a career studded with accomplishments, many behind the scenes. He is a trained biologist who became a professional in the field of public administration. In the early years with the department, he played key roles in improving deer management procedures and in setting up federal aid, research and land acquisition programs. He was secretary of the task force that wrote the Outdoor Recreation Program; he was instrumental in promoting wild rivers; he helped fight the battle to control the use of DDT. He worked unstintingly as secretary of the Midwest and International Fish and Game Commissioners, and, in Wisconsin, the Natural Resources Council of State Agencies.

Walter's contributions and professional life are inextricably mixed with people—people as individuals and as groups. And so it was to people—many of his friends and co-workers—that we turned for comments, impressions and experiences concerning their relationship with Walter Scott. We present a cross section of these on the following pages—from which emerges the story of a unique person, a life-style where personal and professional interests merge into a total, dedicated effort.

To know what the man was doing all those years, you usually had to read between the lines. But inevitably, if you became deeply involved in some aspect of resource management, there was Walter Scott. If your concern reached into another area, you met him again. And, the more widely you roamed the conservation field, the more often you would pause to marvel at the range of responsibilities and interest of this man.

Scott was the department's generalist, its staff philosopher, and to a wholesome degree, the conscience of the front office administration during the last quarter of a century. *Like Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Walter early tried his wings in unusual ways, fought against the conventional, soared in behalf of*

environmental excellence. He was saddest when he found his own department in a misdemeanor over which he was powerless. Like a benevolent father he suffered the pain of disappointment while his love continued undiminished. No man showed a fiercer loyalty and love.

He is one of a diminishing nucleus of those sturdy, far-sighted and creative men who joined the infant state conservation department in the 1930s when much of Wisconsin was barren and fire-scarred and when the conviction came that natural endowments exploited heedlessly by profligate generations could be repaired by successor generations of vision and courage.

Walter has truly loved Wisconsin—its “wooded streams and silver lakes, beloved by moon and star”—its verdant plains and glaciated hills—and, what is equally important, he has also loved his fellow men.

With his expert knowledge in all of the natural sciences, it is a pleasure to walk with Walter—whether in his garden at Hickory Hill or on a Wisconsin Academy field trip. His gentleness and love for wild creatures transmits itself to them.

Everyone knows that Walter keeps records on Wisconsin trees. He measures the circumference at a point exactly four feet above the ground. It is not unusual to see Walter go up to a tree and reach his arms around it. It looks like he is hugging it, but actually he is measuring it. Still, you never really know.

Walter Scott's outstanding achievement and contribution to conservation and ecology in Wisconsin has been his recording of the happenings, not just in the Conservation Department and the DNR, but in the whole of the conservation movement as well. Not just a diary of events, but the trend of policies and their implementation by all Wisconsin conservation groups—of history in the making.

Walter has been, is and will be an integral part of Wisconsin's history. An avid collector of almost everything, one can only surmise at the extent of his treasures, especially in the field of “Wisconsiniana.” *If there are two known copies of a Wisconsin historic publication, Walter owns one of them. If there are no known copies in existence, Walter probably has one anyway—or a reasonable facsimile. His collection is comprehensive, because it is a measure of his interest in and love for his state and everything in it.*

Ever since we first met Walter in the early 1930s he has had the acquisitiveness of a chipmunk. He has hoarded with a purpose—not to get rich or famous, but to save papers, books, and documents from irreparable loss. Walter and Trudi must have housed tons of such material in their house and garage, and

when his caches overflowed, he established new ones.

Over the years he has pursued records, reports, documents, minutes, speech manuscripts, and miscellaneous materials with such voracious zeal that he surely has the best private collection of resource matter on the natural history of Wisconsin and the state's protection and management efforts ever put together. An example of his intense interest in all conservation events was constant note taking at virtually every meeting he ever attended. These notes became of value to everyone who associated with him. They were records of what was going on and were available to all. When he isn't busy supplying someone else with his accounts, he is busy using them to promote programs.

He is by long odds the best-informed man in Wisconsin on the history and evolution of the department and its services to which he has devoted his life.

Walter is always eager to learn more and to impart this learning to others. *His mind is also acquisitive: of facts, figures, dates and people. It is astonishing that one brain can hold them all. (Actually, Trudi remembers some things for him.) He is not only a historical repository; he continues to assemble up-to-the-minute records. Furthermore, he puts the material to use.*

Anyone who has ever worked with Walter has to be continually amazed at the vast fund of information he has on who is doing what (and how), and who did what (and when) in Wisconsin conservation. How many times has the only solution to our problems been, "Call Walter!" If he couldn't tell you, or loan you something from his personal library, or tell you who would know, the question was most likely unanswerable. *Walter is extremely generous. Although his collection of books is extensive, he knows it so well that he is able to pinpoint material which might be of help. Not only have I been able to borrow rare books and maps from him, he has at times been so anxious to help that he has delivered them to my home.*

Here is an article in my interest. Yesterday was one "For your file." Today it says "Pass this along," or "Have you seen this?" Surely this man must be conservation's number one public relations man.

Regardless of whether the request is technical, administrative or cultural, there will be a prompt response. It may take digging in his library, or a trip to another library or consulting someone else, but the answer will come quickly. . . . almost always by return mail. Queries were always answered personally, immediately and unstintingly, providing a continuous inside track to background, policy, procedures, contacts with others concerned with the same issues, and sound advice. And always, warmth and encouragement.

As is often the case, Walter has worked quietly but effectively behind the scenes to stimulate interest and inform thousands of Wisconsin people on a wide

range of issues and problems. He has a deep and abiding faith that well-informed people will make the right decisions and carry out those actions that will protect our environment and enhance the welfare of man.

Perhaps the most unique contribution of this man to the conservation of natural resources has been his one-man information service to individuals and groups. In more than forty years of experience as a professional in natural resources I have known no one who was so effective in keeping people abreast of new issues and stimulating people to take action on these issues.

Walter has always been available and effective through his participation in the activities of a wide variety of organizations ranging from groups interested in the history of Wisconsin to societies devoted to the advancement of "pure science."

Walter has always been among the first to join a new worthwhile organization originating in Wisconsin. But it has not been just a case of joining. To each organization he has given of himself, attending meetings faithfully and at all times being a fountain of constructive ideas which could further the aims of the organization. When his enthusiasm for joining and working actively with the many organizations ran away beyond the time he could spend upon them he has always had the quiet backing and help of Trudi who shared his interests. A wonderful team!

Walt belonged to everything and took his turn in serving in office. He probably wrote more by-laws than anybody else in Wisconsin. His organizational ability and vast general knowledge of the whole field, now referred to as "environment" has rendered his advice to those of us who specialize in various aspects most valuable.

He has been more closely associated and has had a more trusting relationship with the major organizations of the department's broad constituency than most of his superiors. We characterize Walter as the "quiet leader." A model and inspiration to those who are lucky to know him well. A quiet, effective, personalized "consulting service"—an invaluable one-man advisory committee.

A Wisconsin Academy session has never been dull with Walter there to discuss, to prod, and to suggest ways of action.

Anyone who has ever struggled with creative writing, editing, and meeting deadlines quickly recognizes the Herculean proportions of just one of their many contributions. For ten years, Walter and Trudi edited the Wisconsin Academy Review, beginning with volume one, number one. It is one of the liveliest, most ingenious, and fruitful activities of the Academy and in a very real sense it is the Scotts' brainchild.

One of his accomplishments worth special mention was the primary role he played in the organization of the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology, which has grown to be one of the finest of its kind in the nation. I well remember his statement: "Let's organize a statewide organization to get us all together," and he immediately set off the spark and went to work.

Walter and Trudi are true friends of their neighborhood—unlike most people whose neighbors are only adjacent landowners, the Scotts' neighborhood blankets several square miles of western Madison. At each threat to his beloved neighborhood, Walter gathers his many supporters, circulates petitions, and leads the attack on the foe of the neighborhood.

And sprinkled liberally through whatever the business on hand, a wide range of personal interests—purple finches at a feeder, old books, big trees, the Wisconsin Academy, Wisconsin memorabilia, and a home that epitomizes the beauty and breadth of his personality and love of all things natural and historical.

But it is some of the little, everyday happenings that come to mind: Trudi on short notice entertaining and feeding scores of guests—from Brownie Scouts to octogenarians; Walter, on a bird trip, sauntering up to a big tree, whipping out a tape measure to see if it qualifies for a place on his list of big trees; or Walter at a Wisconsin Academy council meeting, breaking an awkward silence by volunteering to take on some tedious job that no one else offers to undertake . . . They both have much enthusiasm for little daily natural events.

My first contact with Walter Scott was some thirty years ago. It did not take me long to realize that the quiet facade hid an enormous drive for accomplishment. Walt just had to get things done.

. . . natural resource inputs far beyond the call of duty . . . Conservation's supererogator!

He takes time to recognize the "little things." As a person he is ever the gentleman; he greets you always with a firm handshake. I have yet to encounter an individual who has a single bad word to say about Walter Scott. This alone illustrates the high respect and dignity that this man demands and receives. One does not always share the same views as Walter on a controversial subject, but it is impossible to get mad at him or dislike him or cease to respect him. Although at times we have differed and even argued, he has never tried to force his own opinions but has been receptive to another's point of view. As far as I know, he has never been hostile toward any of his colleagues.

He is someone who can be relied upon completely, without any reminders or prodding. Never boastful,

he nevertheless, through his wealth of natural resources knowledge, causes the immediate assessment that here indeed is an environmentalist who possesses high credibility.

Any tribute to Walter includes Trudi, whose love and understanding have contributed so richly to her husband's career. Perhaps some day "The Scotts of Hickory Hill" will prove a best seller among the biographies of Wisconsin conservationists. *Trudi and Walter worked with a form of symbiosis—a husband and wife relationship that we also need more of in these difficult times.*

Walter's private life is the mirror of his public service career. With his beloved wife Trudi and her aging mother, the Scott family lives in a small dreamland of wildflowers, plants, birds, shrubs, and trees in a profusion to warm the soul of nature lovers.

Our acquaintance with Walter and Trudi has been casual, but they have the wonderful ability of giving you the feeling that you are a person who is worthwhile and whose friendship is important to them—making you feel about nine feet tall!

It would require more than a whole volume to do justice to the betterments which his sincerity, interest and good advice have made in Wisconsin. *As one on the sidelines, I can say with some assurance that Walter Scott deserves much credit for the fact that our conservation of resources program is and has been one of the finest and most effective in the nation. His has been an important hand in the subtle guiding of the conservation leaders of our state. In my opinion no single individual has had greater impact upon the conservation movement in the state of Wisconsin and its exemplary effect upon our neighboring states and the nation than Walter Scott.*

He has almost a passion to find a Wisconsin diamond and is always looking through glacial gravel if any is within reach. Wisconsin diamonds are rare—and if Walter never finds one in Wisconsin, perhaps the state has found one in him!

With his abilities and enthusiasm Walter will not really retire. His impact upon the people of Wisconsin will be felt for many years. The Scotts of Hickory Hill can be depended upon to make the years that lie ahead another era of rich fulfillment, the "last of life for which the first was made."

Retirement? Walt and Trudi are just changing channels!

Ruth L. Hine, staff member of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, is a past vice president for sciences of the Academy and is a former editor of the Wisconsin Academy Review.

One day a paleontology class was busy at work on one side, a mineralogy class on the other, mapping boys at both ends, and Nakoma eighth grade all underfoot—that was the day the mastodon looked down and winked at me.
—Virginia Warren, *The Outcrop*, 1948

Phoenix on the Rise: UW-Madison's Geological Museum

By Jennifer Burrell

Ravaged by fire, burglarized, victimized by negligence, always rebuilt, restored, remodeled, and now about to move into new quarters—this is the story of a museum, involving both pathos and humor, success and failure.

The Geological Museum is as old as the University of Wisconsin. On October 7, 1848, at the first meeting of the first Board of Regents, the minutes read, "A Resolution was unanimously passed that H.A. Tenney be requested to make collections of geological and mineralogical specimens and natural and artificial curiosities on behalf of the University." Tenney, a journalist and later assistant state geologist, immediately sent out a circular requesting specimens, adding, "As the University is yet in its infancy, and its funds are not yet available, the specimens desired, it is expected, will be gratuitously bestowed." Much of the expense of establishing this original collection came out of Tenney's own pocket.

The collection was housed first in Bascom Hall and then in South

College. Even then there were problems. At the meeting of the executive committee, July 12, 1867, it was charged that departing Professor Carr attempted to take his part of the University geological collection with him.

In 1877, Science Hall was completed, and Professor Irving moved his young Department of Geology, Mining and Metallurgy along with the collection to the new building. Several years later, Professor Conover, an engineer, warned the regents that Science Hall was falling apart. But on December 1, 1884, Science Hall burned to the ground instead, its fire hydrants locked to protect them from student pranksters. The destruction of the geological collection was total.

A second, completely fireproof, Science Hall was constructed on the same site, completed in 1887. Frank Lloyd Wright worked on the building in the capacity of assistant supervisor while an undergraduate. Structural steel (then unique), hollow tile, red brick, and black

slate were used in its construction. The total cost ran in excess of \$400,000, twice the amount originally appropriated and five times the amount spent on the first Science Hall.

The new building is wonderfully described by James Pyre in his book *Wisconsin* as, "the largest, most useful, most expensive, and easily the ugliest building the university had yet acquired, Science Hall will doubtless stand indefinitely, a monument to the prosperity, progressiveness, bad taste, and good intentions of the latter eighties." Continuing in this vein, Pyre describes "the colossal permanence of Science Hall which nothing can founder, short of an earthquake or a foreign invasion, or an aesthetic insurrection hardly more imminent than either."

Work toward a new collection began in earnest. Professor Van Hise contributed a large slab of Lake Superior sandstone. Plaster casts of fossils, modeled after the British Museum, were purchased. The

Smithsonian donated several fossil collections, and the Henry collection from Mineral Point was purchased. Sidney Dean Townley in his *Diary of a Student* wrote that the entire south wing of the new building's second floor is one large room which will be used as a museum for geological specimens.

The UW catalog of 1888 states that "a nucleus of the new geological cabinet has been gathered in the shape of a general paleontology collection . . . as well as a nucleus for a mineral collection. Fitting out of the cabinets, however, has scarcely begun, and comparatively little can now be said as to the specimens they will contain in the immediate future. About \$9000 will be expended during the year in purchases for this department."

Under the direction of Professors Van Hise and Leith, an unparalleled collection of the Lake Superior region was completed, consisting of 70,000 specimens and more than 20,000 thin sections. The museum's trademark, the mastodon, was discovered near Richland Center in 1897 by the Dosch brothers, where its bones lay exposed on the bank of a small stream. In 1915, the skeleton was reconstructed in the museum under the direction of M.G. Mehl and G.M. Schwartz.

Professors Irving and, later, Hobbs cared for the early museum, among their many other responsibilities. One of the first designated curators of the museum was Frederik Thwaites, who remained within the Geology Department throughout his professional life. There was little genuine support for the museum at this time, however, and Thwaites spent a good proportion of his time leading student field trips and teaching. In 1928, after sixteen years as curator, he left the duties of the museum behind him, and became assistant professor of glacial geology.

When Thwaites was promoted in 1928, the museum's first full-time curator, Gilbert O. Raasch, was hired. He was a witty man, who came to the Madison campus from the Milwaukee Museum of Natural

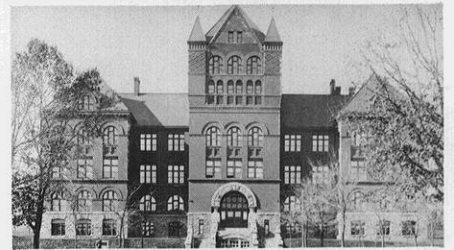
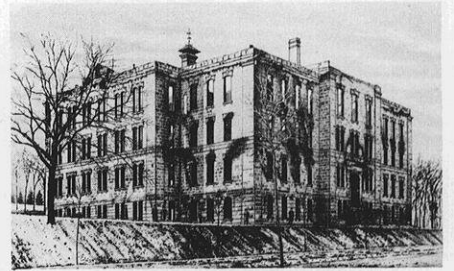
History. Raasch reported, "the Geological Museum presented something of the appearance of Poland after say the second partition. It had progressively dwindled on all sides . . . Without a curator who could devote his undivided attention to the Museum it became a sort of Cinderella whose career was sacrificed for the aggrandisement of her more aggressive sisters."

Raasch's plans were to restore the museum to its original proportions, to arrange the cases "in a symmetrical and logical pattern," and to mount specimens using standard labels and uniform plaques. Yet Raasch knew the bulk of the work would necessarily be done in the museum's backrooms, cataloging unlabelled material in storage. Raasch also hoped to fill gaps in the museum's collections; however, he realized funding was necessary and observed that, "dreams remain dreams until the magic touch of finance crystallizes them into reality."

But a comedy of sorts was in the offing. A year later, Raasch reported in *The Outcrop*: "the most consummate failure he can possibly achieve is to have large sums of money thrust suddenly upon him and to be unable to spend them in the specified time. To prepare the museum against this grave, and always imminent, possibility, a substantial part of this year was spent in drawing up a budget expressing our needs and the approximate costs . . . we are now prepared to sustain a heavy barrage of funds."

Five years later, the unthinkable occurred! Raasch reported receiving a pledge of \$30,000 to be spent on the museum, but "if he could not prove he could spend all of it, a la Brewster's Millions, he was to receive none of it." Work as he might, the budget was \$5,000 short, "the public excuse being the depression."

In spite of this failure, Raasch was successful in building up valuable reference sets for study, and after six years of cataloging the collections stated, "today it is possible to immediately lay hand on any specimen." He also mentioned "Old



The ruins of Old Science Hall which burned December 1, 1884. Completely destroyed in the fire was the first Geological Collection.

A view of Science Hall circa 1890. The new Science Hall was constructed on the same site as the original Science Hall. In an attempt to make the building fireproof, structural steel was used in the construction. The building represents one of the first buildings in the world to have used structural steel in any significant amount. (Photos courtesy of the *University of Wisconsin Archives.*)

Nic," the mastodon, and "Oswald," the quack glyptodon. Raasch was curator, too, when the very popular fluoroscope was installed. He referred to it as "the famous Emmonscope" after its inventor, Dr. Emmons, and described it as "bearing in its interior (10) mercury vapor lamps; (20) variously fluorescent minerals; and (X) an unknown quantity of inter-tangled coils, haywire, doorknobs, etc." In June, 1936, Raasch was to leave the museum and accept a job with the Magnolia Oil Company.

Construction of the dioramas made the museum more meaningful to the general public. Fred Wilhelm was hired by the department as a technician in 1929. His favorite work, however, was building exhibits for the museum, which, he reported, "didn't have much in the way of exhibit material at that time, outside of the Mastodon skeleton

and the rock collection." By 1939 he had completed seven dioramas, the most interesting of which were a set of four showing the geologic history of Devils Lake, and today on display at the Devils Lake Nature Center. During the Depression, when funds were especially scarce, Wilhelm turned his talents toward less expensive bas-relief plaques, depicting pre-historic animals in their natural surroundings. His painting of a coal-forming swamp scene is on exhibit today.

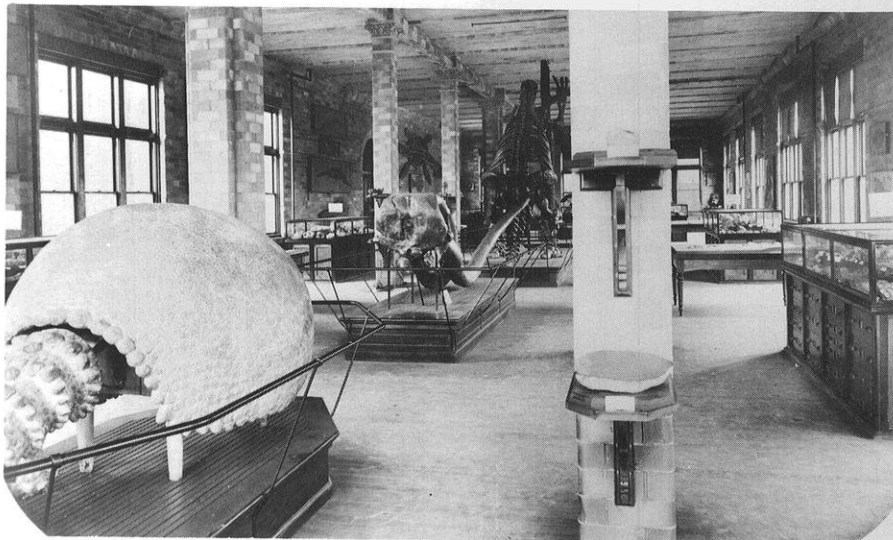
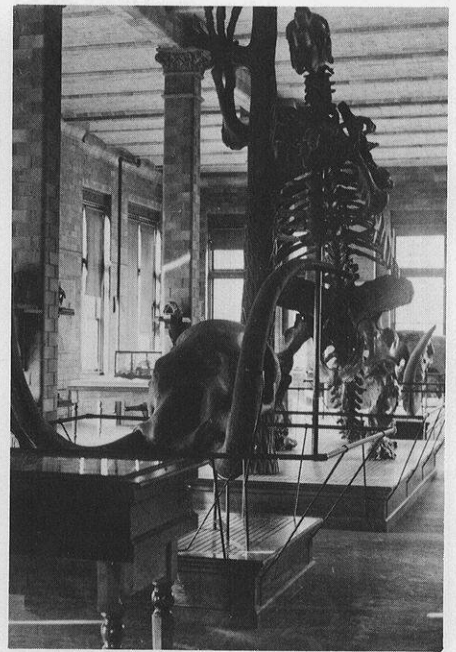
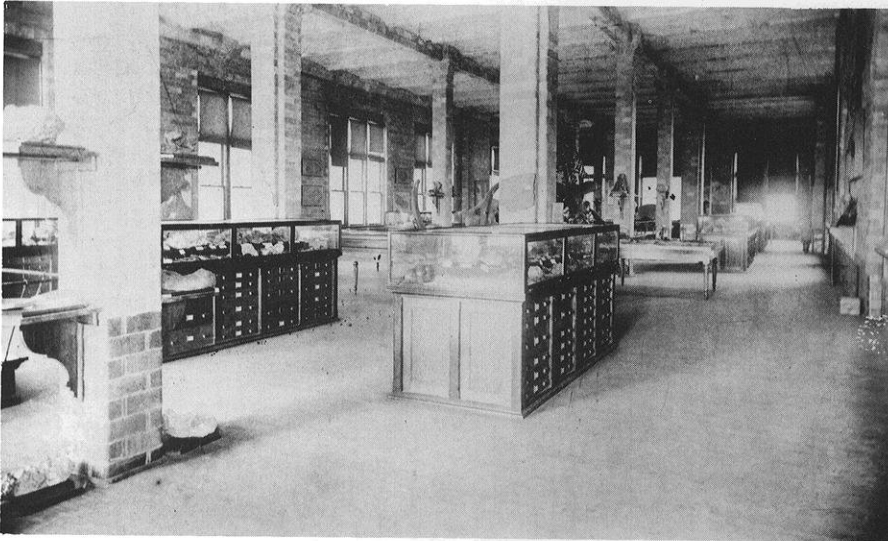
Men had held the job of curator for some ninety years when Miss Marvel Ings, a journalist by training, was given the position on a trial basis. She was one of three women curators of geology museums in the

world at that time. Miss Ings reported, "The day I took over, an assignment to bomb Berchtesgaden single-handed would have seemed a simpler task than my new job. The museum was badly lighted, dusty and stuffy. Practically the only visitors were geology students sent on class assignments . . . the museum looked more like a morgue to me than an invitation to explore a pre-historic world."

She succeeded in getting the attention of the public, especially school children, something previous curators had only talked about. She wrote feature articles for the media, information circulars for teachers, eleven original stories for children, several playlets, and gave talks over WHA and hundreds of lectures to

visiting classes. The mastodon became "Minnie" and the glyptodon "Glypie." Her Saturday morning story hours were great successes, with tales of Queen Mother Granite whose sons were all geologic systems, and the Geologist Detective.

She used the war to make people better realize the important role of geology in world politics, by displaying strategic minerals then in short supply. Her seasonal displays, like dinosaur eggs at Easter, may not have been applauded by the professors of the department, but her aim was to make the museum not only useful to specialists but also to students and the visiting public. For four years as curator, her guiding principle was "geology is close to the life of every person."



Interior views of the Geological Museum circa 1895. These early photographs show an enormous skeleton of a ground sloth which reaches to the ceiling. Today the whereabouts of the skeleton remain a mystery. (Photos courtesy of the University of Wisconsin Archives.)

In January, 1943, she left to become curator of the State Historical Museum; in the same year, she was chosen one of *Mademoiselle* magazine's "Women of the Year."

A year later, Science Hall figured in a mystery thriller, *Don't Look Behind You*, written by Professor Radger of the French Department. Dr. Radger credits the building's architecture with having inspired him to try his hand at mystery story writing, describing the building as "singularly lugubrious" and "liver colored."

Skyrocketing post World War II enrollments again made a Cinderella out of the museum, whose spaciousness attracted administrative attention. By 1948, only one-quarter of the museum's original space remained intact. Plans were drawn to surround the museum with three laboratories, two offices, and a classroom. The dioramas were removed, the lead-zinc mine, erected under Miss Ing's direction, was torn down. Many exhibits were put in storage at Truax field and others were given to departments with more space. The *Daily Cardinal* of May 22, 1948, quoted Professor Emmons, then chairman of the department, as saying, "We hope it will be restored some day."

In the same year, Dr. Lowell Laudon took over the duties of curator on a part-time basis along with his teaching responsibilities. He arrived that fall with high expectations which were soon frustrated when he saw the museum's size shrinking by seventy-five per cent and most of its contents already in storage. A paleontologist, he began to collect fossil material for the museum, and gradually refilled the display cases. But a mystery ensued. Many of the museum's previous exhibits and specimens were missing. Examination of the many boxes in storage failed to yield the material, and to this day, they remain unaccountable.

Dr. Laudon became the department's most popular lecturer in history, as thousands of students filled his courses in general geology. Then, in 1966, a \$100,000 theft was

discovered, traced to a former student. Pressure was put on the individual to return the ninety-six crates of stolen material, some of which had been sighted in a Chicago shop, on sale for a fraction of its estimated value. Most of the material was recovered, and later the State Crime Lab was called in to help decipher original museum collection numbers which had been painted over and relabelled by the thief.

The department began expressing interest in remodeling the museum, and so it was decided to once again hire a full-time curator. In 1969, Dr. Klaus Westphal arrived from the University of Tubingen in West Germany, where his older brother is curator of the renowned Tubingen Museum. The next year, the museum received a special grant of \$20,000 from the University, and remodeling work was in full swing. New display cases were purchased and a new ceiling installed. Spot lighting on movable tracks enhanced the exhibits, now effectively separated by new partitions. The Wilhelm swamp scene, grimy with accumulated layers of dust, was carefully washed. Specimens were cleaned with the new air brush technique.

Dr. Westphal occasionally followed leads in tracking down the still missing material, and success came with the recovery of a 386-pound slab of native copper. It had been discovered in storage at the Stock Pavillion by Dr. Dallman of the Zoology Museum.

The fairy godmother of finance who Raasch dreamed about finally materialized in the form of a 1917 geology grad, Lewis G. Weeks, who donated \$2.5 million, the largest gift ever given to the University by an individual. The money was to be used for construction of a new building to house the Geology Department, which had outgrown Science Hall and was also occupying several rented buildings. On October 18, 1974, the Lewis G. Weeks Hall for Geological Sciences was officially dedicated. A second wing of the building is planned which will house the museum. It is now in the

final stages of approval by the State and University. Once completed, the museum will have two to three times its present space, in very modern surroundings. All the remodeling work in the present museum has been carried out with respect to the intended move, so that all equipment is movable.

The Geological Museum has not been the only institution on campus to have experienced problems throughout its history. In response to past incidents of casual discarding of important materials, and valuable collections suffering from the whims of disinterested departmental members, twenty-four departments have recently formed a Natural History Council. Plans are "to combine programs, to share staff, to increase efficiency, to provide more specific information concerning their potential services, and to enable a unified approach in the quest for extramural program and facility funding."

Although at this time no plans are being made for a separate building, it is a goal of some members to eventually have a special Natural History Museum with its own staff, interested in maintaining exhibits for the general public and visiting school children and in giving tours. This would allow the understaffed museums of the individual departments to better spend their time behind the scenes, taking care of the enormous amount of material best suited for research and use by specialists.

What with the plans about to be finalized for the new wing of Weeks Hall and the establishment of the Natural History Council, the future looks rosy for the Geological Museum, which has occasionally suffered much but which has endured. *Jennifer Burrell is a Ph.D. candidate in geology at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. She has previously taught geology at the University of Wisconsin-River Falls and the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire. She is a professional free-lance writer and has written articles for several national and international magazines.*



"The Man Who Came to Dinner" is a former Plain teacher, Nick Bart (wheelchair). He's being regaled with the latest theatrical gossip by Beverly Carlton, played by hardware store employee Harlan Ferstl, now president of the River Valley Community Theater Association. (Photo courtesy of Dale O'Brien.)



Helen O'Brien is the artistic director of the River Valley Community Theater Association. (Photo courtesy of Dale O'Brien.)

Getting Into the Act in Spring Green

by Dale O'Brien

It's sundown and Duane Radel, a successful Spring Green dairy farmer, hurries with his milking. Radel, 44, and a farmer all his life, has a rendezvous with Annie Sullivan, Helen Keller's teacher and companion. He's going to tell the Boston girl how to get along with the Keller family when she goes to live with them in post-Civil War Alabama.

Richard Schmid, a middle-aged general contractor from Plain, who's never lived in the South, sends for a recording of speeches by Governor George Wallace so that he

can learn to mimic an authentic Alabama accent. For Schmid is going to become Captain Keller, Helen's father, who will have to deal with Spring Green farm wife Deniece Feiner in her role as the Boston orphan girl out of the slums, the impoverished, deprived, brutalized and once-blind city urchin who becomes Annie Sullivan.

Meanwhile, diminutive Linda Taylor, once a teacher and now wife of a teacher and mother of two, prepares to change herself into a convincing seven year old blind, deaf and intractable girl who will become

Annie Sullivan's charge and, later, one of the world's most remarkable people. One of her supporting cast is a prominent Spring Green dog whose name is Satie. Satie, too, is rehearsing for a part as Helen Keller's pet who has some remarkably complicated things to do, at least for a dog. But Satie, like his human counterparts, is not ordinary. He, too, seems to have been transformed by a common experience which none of them would forsake.

It's all part of a game that lady bartenders; men and women teachers; farmers; electricians; an architect or two; a banker; a doctor's wife; merchants; a telephone lineman; a couple of University of Wisconsin faculty members; two former ballerinas, now ballet mistresses; a newspaper editor; a computer programmer; a truck driver; a plumber; a business consultant; a baker; and a still more varied assortment of other citizens play. They play it in such earnestness that it has become one of the stimulating and liberating influences in their lives.

It's an unusual phenomenon, for theater in rural (and, to be sure, urban) America was once, and still often is, a stiff and mawkish proposition. To present life, particularly contemporary and local life, as it is and to be forthright about greed, ambition, sex, politics, deception, death and even honest joy has been to discomfit the audience and disjoint the myths. With the exception of some of the professional stages, it's as if there had been an unspoken rule about American theater: if it is to be current and local, it must not be real.

But not nearly so much in Spring Green any longer.

For the actors there bear no resemblance to the all-too-familiar stick figures of the old amateur stage. They have learned to live their roles and thus to project the genuineness of the beings they portray. Nor are the audiences, comprised mostly of local people who come to see their neighbors and relatives, any longer quite the un-



Prince Dauntless the Drab (left) is in reality Charles Pope, farmer and student at the University of Wisconsin, Platteville. The Nightingale of Samarkand in Spring Green's presentation of "Once Upon a Mattress" is a physical therapy student, Marge Ferstl. And the charmer in Doctor Denton's is Peggy Lord, another Platteville student, who here has become Princess Winifred the Woebegone (Fred, for short). Peggy's budding interest in theater has won her a teaching fellowship in Paris. (Photo courtesy of Dale O'Brien.)

comfortable and uneasy people they once were in the unfamiliar environment of a theater showing a serious drama.

It wasn't always that way after the River Valley Community Theater Association was organized in 1971. Once, early on, the company gave a reader's theater presentation of "The Diary of Adam and Eve" by Mark Twain. This is a witty, often hilarious, account of the western world's first marriage. But not a chuckle, let alone a belly laugh, came from a packed house. A frustrating, even terrifying, experience for the actors. As it turned out, there was a locally understandable reason for the woodenness of the audience. An elderly lady explained it later:

"You know, I wanted to laugh at some of the things in that play," she said. "There were times during the performance that I thought I'd burst out in spite of myself. But how could you laugh when, all through

the play, the actors were portraying Adam and Eve and talking with God Himself?"

Today, however, they'd laugh, some still a little embarrassedly, but most unselfconsciously. And while once in the long-ago year of 1971, neither the actors nor the audience was really prepared for anything heavier than "I Remember Mama," the actors now are ready for more realism and they're hoping the audience can be brought along. Nobody's ready for nude love making on the stage of the Gard Theatre in Spring Green, nor are they probably ready for Beckett, Ionesco, or Pinter. With the understanding and insight that come from each performance, however, the actors' need to deal with the rougher, truer stuff pushes more to the surface. No more do the pretty, formula things satisfy them. And they hope that, little by little, the audience will inch after them.

In the last few years in Spring Green, and in other Wisconsin communities as well, something so different has started to come across the footlights that it cannot be understood as theater the way theater traditionally was understood and desired by rural audiences for a hundred years after the Civil War. It is a rediscovery of the validity of classical theater. It is the idea of involvement of cast and audience alike for a crystalline two hours in an undeniably real piece of life with which both audience and actor can identify. It is, in other words, no longer just an entertainment. It is a projection of and participation in truth.

To say that this is now the case with every production given by the theater group in Spring Green would be seriously misleading. The audiences still demand and get a leavening of diverting and unchallenging fare: "Born Yesterday," "Once Upon a Mattress," and "George Washington Slept Here," among them. But they're also getting and beginning to respond more appreciatively to such weightier things as "Look Homeward, Angel," "The Miracle Worker," and even an



Getting through to Helen. Farm wife Deniece Feiner (left) as Annie Sullivan endlessly tries to get seven-year-old Helen Keller, played by housewife Linda Taylor, to associate tactile sensations with speech. The two were the leads in Spring Green's production of "The Miracle Worker". (Photo courtesy of Dale O'Brien.)

obscure and mystic one-act called "Gotami the Frail," derived from Hindu Indian culture.

The significant evolution, though, has been in the hearts of the actors themselves, offstage as well as on.

Listen to Mr. Radel, the dairy farmer:

"I was never in the theater before. Now I've been in six plays since a neighbor first nudged me to get involved. In the beginning I took a dim view of it. But sometimes now I can look at life's problems a little differently and more tolerantly. I hope the community will soon be ready for theater with a deeper message. I believe our audiences have become more understanding and accepting. They're more comfortable with theater now."

Lynette Teppo moved to Spring Green a few years ago from Illinois. She's an occupational therapist with handicapped persons in southwestern Wisconsin.

"Participation in this theater company has become profoundly important to me," she said. "I have a different feeling about myself and more self-confidence than formerly.

Acting helps to heal the abrasions of everyday life and tends to push my problems into the back seat. I have a better impression of myself, and my new self-confidence on the stage carries over into my personal and professional life. Theater is real. Theater has more of a chance of enlightening and freeing the spirit than anything else I can think of."

Dick Schmid, the contractor, had been in a Knights of Columbus play about fifteen years ago. That was his only theater experience.

"But I had so much fun in it that I just had to try it again. It gives me a new motive in life and many new satisfactions. It has broadened my outlook and knowledge. Now my son is in the theater. It's been a humanizing and broadening experience for the whole community."

Pat Schwanke is a baker. She had never previously acted, but now has had parts in four productions.

"You're never the same again," she said. "You realize that ordinary people doing ordinary things can give our lives a new dimension of reality on the stage."

"Theater has given me insights I never had or dreamed of having,"

Deniece Feiner, a young farm wife, said. "I now understand more of myself and I've grown more tolerant of both myself and others. More than that, theater has helped to make this town more of a community. People who didn't know they had anything in common now know that they do. This experience has given an isolated rural community a better look at the world."

Robert Entringer, a high school teacher and president of the theater association for most of its life, said he's confident that theater means a great deal to those involved. "They know that they're doing something both positive and enriching for themselves and the community. We all now have a broader view of life."

And Harlan Ferstl, the new president of the theater company, who was formerly a banker and now is a hardware store employee, sums up the theater's social value this way:

"It's a good thing for the community's health and I would encourage every community to try it for that reason."

As this piece was written, the company was preparing its next production, a new translation by Tunc Yalman, former artistic director of the Milwaukee Repertory Theater Company, of "The Liar," a comedy by Carlo Goldoni, an 18th Century Italian playwright. This production typifies the multi-dimensional experiences small community theater can afford its participants.

A retired Chicago corporation executive now living in rural Cazenovia, a woman bartender, an advertising manager, a farmer, a couple of university students, and a man and wife team of musicians—among many others—were preparing themselves to assume such unaccustomed personalities and cultures as those possessed by the likes of Dr. Balanzoni, Rosaura, Columбина, Florindo, Pantalone, and Arlecchino in the play.

Frank Leach, an architect, and Marge Ferstl, a physical therapy major at the University of Wisconsin-LaCrosse, were supervising the reproduction of set and cos-

tumes with scrupulous accuracy.

Greg Heine, Peggy Lord, and Patrick Nease, all lead actors, were painting the scenery. Two other actors were cutting the stencils for a stunning Italian poster to publicize the production. Herbert Fritz, another prominent architect (who also plays the cello) and Jay Meredith Fitts, WHA radio actress and producer (who also is a violinist) were preparing the baroque score which they would play as background for the performance.

Skip Pifer, architectural draftsman and long-time technical director of the company, and Allan Armstrong, phone company employee, were setting up a complex lighting system in the Gard Theatre. Other citizens were photographing the rehearsals, writing the publicity copy and arranging for tickets and programs to be printed. Still others were making plans to furnish the punch and cookies which are catered between acts to help defray the costs of the not-for-profit company.

And thus it was that a cross-section of a small southwestern Wisconsin community was about to enter into the life and spirit of an old and alien culture, and to encourage their fellow citizens to accompany them on the journey.

Helen O'Brien, the company's artistic director, has a firm point of view about all this.

"It is not our ambition to try to develop new Lunts and Fontannes.

"We look on theater as a means to enrich personality and life. We make an offering of ourselves and the truth of the playwright's insights to those who come to see us. It is a gift we make to the audience which, in turn, makes a gift of response to us. In this communion there is fulfillment for both sides. We could have no higher aspiration."

It would appear that it is an aspiration well on the way to realization.

Dale O'Brien, who resides in Spring Green is a public relations and management consultant.

About the Robert E. Gard Theatre

On a soft June evening eight years ago citizens from throughout the River Valley area surrounding Spring Green assembled at the town theater. They were joined by Senator Gaylord Nelson and then Lieutenant Governor Jack Olson to pay tribute to a man who hailed from the plains of Kansas and who had done more for the cause of "grassroots theater" in Wisconsin (and possibly the entire country) than anyone else.

They came to tell Professor Robert E. Gard of the University of Wisconsin-Madison how much they valued what he had done for theater in many small communities such as theirs. They made their thanks palpable by renaming their old theater the Robert E. Gard Theatre and by speaking tributes into his embarrassed ear.

The entertainment of the evening, while not locally supplied, was nonetheless "grassroots." It was presented under the direction of Professors Don Rintz and David Peterson, both then of the University's Madison campus, and was entitled "Grassroots Theatre on Stage." It contained selections from "Badger Ballads," "Straddlebug," "Hodag!," and other productions which have since become regular entertainment fare throughout the state.

The summer's programming at the Gard that year was provided by the Wisconsin Idea Theatre (itself a creation of Gard's) under the supervision of David Peterson.

This was followed by a season of professional performances by the Milwaukee Repertory Theater Company before disappointingly small audiences and an absence of any significant local involvement or enthusiasm.

But with the organization of the River Valley Community Theater Association in 1971, theater in Spring Green began to take its place as a meaningful part of community life. What it lacked in professionalism, it made up in an enthusiasm born of the involvement of local people, whether in the organization of a not-for-profit company to buy and operate the theater property or in the companion organization responsible for the productions.

The theater itself is a charming structure with fine acoustics and seating for about 250. Use of the location as a theater dates back to 1894 when the Post Opera House was built on the site. The opera house was destroyed by fire in 1916; a new theater was built in 1921 and, for several years, entertainment was provided by stock companies. After the mid-twenties, movies were shown sporadically until early 1967 when the theater was closed. The impetus for its reopening as a legitimate stage—and for the festive redecoration of the building's exterior—was provided by the since-disbanded Uplands Arts Council, centered in the town of Wyoming across the Wisconsin River from Spring Green. Uplands president Robert B. Graves, Spring Green landscape architect, was the innovative leader who foresaw the possibilities for significant arts activities in the area. It was he who first interested Professor Gard in Spring Green's theater potentials.

—Dale O'Brien

When art can hold its own with prize cows, it is in a healthy state.
—Life, March 31, 1941

Image of a State: Wisconsin As Portrayed in Life Magazine

By Walter Graffin

In the introduction to Daniel J. Boorstin's well-known book, *The Image: A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America*, the author expresses his conviction that "what dominates American experience today is not reality," but illusion or image. When one analyzes the presentation of Wisconsin in *Life* magazine, it is not always easy to apply Boorstin's distinction between the real and the pseudo event, even though he mentions the popular "slicks," such as *Look* and *Life*, as contributors to the influence of illusion in American society. However, after a survey of more than 275 items pertaining to the state, it is possible to ascertain the bold outlines of the composite picture of Wisconsin that emerges from *Life's* 1,864 issues (1936-1972).

The scope and nature of the Wisconsin material reflects, of course, the journalistic concepts which *Life* employed. At the magazine's inception, Henry Luce proposed an ambitious goal for his favorite project: "to see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events . . ." To carry out this plan, *Life* pictured the significant events, such as the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the first landing on the moon, as well as the inconsequential but human ones, such as a barn raising and a marble tournament in Wisconsin. More importantly, in terms of the Wisconsin image that emerges from *Life*, Luce's publication developed a prose style not given to understatement. Hyperbole was commonplace. So a Green Bay Packer, in the pages of *Life*, becomes a "Golden Boy"; a baseball player is "The 200 Grand Kid"; the University is "the great state university"; a local crime is "unforgettable"; fishing takes place at two

of the best "holes" in the nation; state cities include one which is the very best place in the entire country in which to live; the artistic climate is "spectacular"; and one state politician ranks with the "immortals" of the U.S. Senate.

This list, in its variety of subjects, suggests that *Life* was inclusive in its coverage of the world it surveyed. Yet, the magazine was not as eclectic in its selections of material as the list implies. In the first issue, on November 23, 1936, the editors listed categories or departments which would receive regular and prominent attention. The first three listed were "Life on the American Newsfront," "The President's Album," and "Art." These three areas (news, politics, and art) continued to appear—the first two with more frequency than the third—until the magazine changed its format (even abandoning "The Week's Events") in the late Sixties. As a result, Wisconsin was featured in many articles about art and politics as well as in the news. In fact, these two categories constitute the key factors in the state's image as a creative environment.

Prior to a discussion of these most prominent features, a sampling of the other facets of the Wisconsin image is in order. Sometimes the references to Wisconsin are only passing and at best of marginal importance to the total picture. Clint Hartung, who *Life* called a "legendary" Giant rookie, was featured in a 1947 issue. His connection with Eau Claire was as brief as his fame in major league baseball: both lasted for part of one season. In a long article on John Ringling North, the link with Wisconsin comes in a one-sentence allusion to his boyhood home. And an interesting discussion of "The

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN'S NEW PRESIDENT SINGS BARITONE

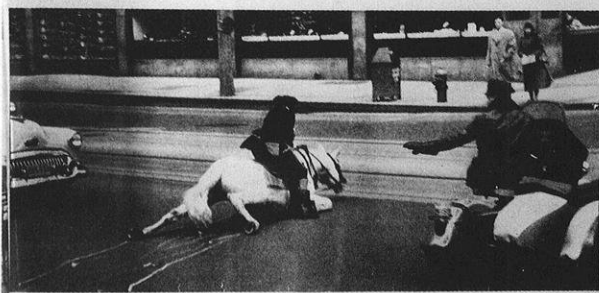


Sixty-three new presidents are taking office in U. S. colleges this fall. Of them none is a more able administrator than Dr. Clarence Addison Dykstra, the new head of the University of Wisconsin. Last winter Wisconsin's regents ousted dressy Dr. Glenn Frank, elected Dr. Dykstra who wears no spats, swings no cane,

but likes to raise his baritone voice in song while his wife accompanies him on the piano (above). Academically he won fame as a political scientist at Ohio State, the Universities of Kansas and California. Pragmatically he proved his science in seven years as City Manager of Cincinnati—"best-governed city in the U. S."

The University of Wisconsin provided *Life* with frequent material, ranging from the bombing of Sterling Hall in 1970 to less violent events, such as a change of presidents in 1937. (Appeared in October 4, 1937 issue. Photo courtesy of *The Milwaukee Journal*.)

Albright Twins" reveals, briefly, that the famous painter, Ivan Albright, and his brother had a Wisconsin childhood. Conversely, some important information sneaks into *Life* in articles whose titles give no indication that they deal with the state. One of the examples that generates the image of Wisconsin as an exceptional place refers to a gun battle near Mercer, Wisconsin, between the FBI and John Dillinger. However, the title gives no hint of the Wisconsin setting. Another example is the case of "John Curry of Kansas," an item in the first issue of *Life*. Unexpectedly, the article discloses that Curry of Kansas will become Curry of Wisconsin because the Badger state was said to be more appreciative of artists than Kansas. And even when the titles clearly indicate the relation to Wisconsin they are not always informative about the exact subject. "Gawking Milwaukee," for instance, is one of many references to that city's zoo; this time the focus rests on a hippopotamus' open mouth, which appears in a full-page photograph. The Wisconsin covers frequently provide vivid and descriptive pictures of the state, such as, "100 MPH on a Wisconsin Lake," which fits into the "beautiful Wisconsin" side of the state image, or "Hubert and Jack in Wisconsin," which supplies an appropriate photograph for one of the many articles depicting the Wisconsin primary as a crucial one. But other covers show only famous sons or daughters, and they are not always identified as such: Hildegard, Frederic March, the



REVERE'S RUIN Out in Milwaukee Arnold Braun put on a Paul Revere costume and mounted a horse. As the Revolutionary hero, Braun had a mission: to warn the citizens against a proposed political reapportionment. Unlike Paul Revere, Braun had to cope with traffic signals, motorcycle escort and pavement. Turning was easy for the motorcyclists, but Braun and his horse were going too fast and, in applying the only brakes they had, wound up in a posture which accurately predicted the sad outcome of their politicking.

Life covered serious and trivial Wisconsin events. Less significant than a Wisconsin presidential primary and not as successful as Gertie the Duck's sit-in was Arnold Braun's ill-fated Paul Revere ride. (Appeared in April 20, 1953 issue. Photo courtesy of *The Milwaukee Journal*.) Lunts.

Whether it be serious or frivolous, much of the miscellaneous information on Wisconsin in *Life* will seem today to be trivia or "nostalgia." Because of a bizarre accident which resulted in the death of Charles Mayo's son, (he was driving his car down some railroad tracks when a train appeared) Alma, Wisconsin made the opening issue. Two issues later, in a lighter vein, Wisconsin has pictures of "Nuns at Play." Perhaps the most famous piece of trivia is the case of a "creative" state resident who visited here in 1945. "Gertie the Great" (even Wisconsin's ducks get a royal billing) nested on the pilings of the Wisconsin Avenue bridge in

Milwaukee and thereby won national attention and a place in *Life*. Other entries appeal today because they show "the way we were" when: \$150 was the cost of painting a barn; \$15,000 was the amount spent by a major candidate in a presidential primary or by the "most active" patron of the arts in the Midwest; every street in Madison except State had trees; the Packers were the "World's Most Famous Pro Team" (in 1939, not in the 1960s); and the Braves were in Milwaukee. A more sobering reminder of the past occurs in the juxtaposition of these articles: "Campus '69—The Quiet Year—So Far" and "Shoveling Out the Work of a Lifetime." (An ironic part of *Life's* coverage of the bombing of Sterling Hall at U.W.-Madison is its assertion that the person who lost the most was Professor Joe Dillinger, who had his life's research destroyed, not Robert Fasnacht, the post-graduate student who lost his life.)

Turning to the more prominent categories under which material on Wisconsin was presented, one of the most noticeable is sports. Strangely, there were only a few articles on the major sports until the Braves came to Milwaukee in 1953, but by 1973 there were about forty. One explanation for this distribution might be that *Life* followed the winners, and during the '50s and '60s both Milwaukee and Green Bay had winning teams. As a result, the pages of *Life* contain glowing accounts of Warren Spahn, Red Schoendienst, and Lew Burdette of the Braves; Paul Hornung and "The Miracle Maker of Green Bay, Wisconsin"; and Lew Alcindor (who had not changed his name before *Life* ceased operations). By themselves, the articles on the teams and their stars might seem rather tangential to the depiction of Wisconsin as a creative environment, but these accounts were bolstered by articles which stressed the support given the teams by the local fans. Thus the sporting environment was presented as a very productive and lucrative one, and the product that resulted as a winning one.

More significant, in terms of contributing to the image of Wisconsin as a good place to live, were the entries concerning Wisconsin's educational and recreational opportunities. In the very first issue these remarks were made about UW-Madison: "On December 1 he (John Curry) will accept one of the strangest jobs ever offered a U.S. artist. His title will be 'artist in residence' at the University of Wisconsin. At \$4,000 a year his duties will be to mingle with undergraduates, ramble over Wisconsin farmland for pictures and occasionally drop remarks about the Appreciation of Art to students." While these remarks contain some levity, they also indicate the innovational character of the University. *Life* exploits the stereotypes associated with campus activities during five different decades; it shows prom queens, a greasy pole fight, a singing college president and one who was ousted for his "shifty kind of liberalism," and, of course, the violence of the '60s and '70s. But the longer articles are uniformly laudatory and praise the significant research and innovation being sponsored at Wisconsin's universities. Especially visible were several articles illustrating how the University of



Of the many Wisconsin athletes who appeared in *Life*, Warren Spahn is among the most recognizable. (Appeared in September 1, 1961 issue. Photo by *Life* photographer, Joe Clark.)

Wisconsin, through "Short Courses" and extension work, made education available to all ages and areas in the state. In an article, "Rural Art," *Life* noted that farmers were encouraged to cultivate the arts as well as the land and that as a result of the University's efforts art had become "part and parcel" of many rural Wisconsinite's lives. Finally, *Life* indirectly spotlighted the quality of Wisconsin's schools when it carried two articles on Nathan Pusey's transfer from Lawrence College to Harvard University.

If Wisconsin is presented as a state in which to learn, it is also pictured as a good place in which to relax and enjoy the beauties or "Splendors of the Great Lakes." According to *Life*, the fishing here is usually good—so good, in fact, that when the magazine listed the nine best places for fishing in the nation, two were in Wisconsin (Boulder Junction and the Apostle Islands). As early as 1940, *Life* was running articles on Wisconsin's winter recreational facilities, and they continued to appear, occasionally, into the 60s. Furthermore, Wisconsin's scenic grandeur and its prosperous land prompted *Life* to present the state in patriotic and lyric terms. During the big war, the magazine sent a letter to the troops, "A Look at America," to show them what they were fighting for. Three of the landscapes were Wisconsin ones. This part of the Wisconsin image can perhaps be summarized in one simple but expressive phrase that appeared in an editorial on Wisconsin politics, in which the state was described as "that green and pleasant land."

The previous comments imply that *Life* emphasized the rural charms of Wisconsin. True—but the magazine did not overlook the attractions of the cities either. While Milwaukee's name is frequently linked with beer and sausage in national media, *Life* avoided these clichés when it published a two page advertisement, "What Happens When Life Hits Milwaukee?" in 1952. For the lead, and most striking, photograph the magazine used a picture not of a brewery, but of the Layton School of Art. And while the article did mention the beer associated with the city, it also noted the universities and the artistic activities.

Wisconsin cities have, in fact, fared very well in the popular magazines. *Look* cited Green Bay and Madison as "All American" communities in the course of its publication run. But such fame is meager in comparison to what Madison received in what must be the "Best of Wisconsin" in *Life*. In its September 6, 1948 issue, *Life* had a cover story on "The Good Life in Madison, Wisconsin." Featuring a colorful section on "Madison Likes The Arts," the article explained how cities had been inspected by *Life* to see if they met the standards of "scenic beauty, nice homes, good job opportunities, a wide variety of healthful recreation near at hand, first-rate schools, good hospitals and plenty of cultural activities." Madison satisfied every requirement, and consequently *Life* announced that Madison was not just an All-American city, but the best city in which to live in all America.

As previous statements have hinted, one of the chief positive features of the Wisconsin image in *Life* concerns its artistic environment. While the number of entries devoted to the arts is only about half that given to sports, the influence of this cultural material weighs heavily, because of the fuller treatment given to the average article on the arts. Wisconsin is introduced to *Life's* readers in terms of its well-known artists. For the most part, these are figures who created in the visual fields. *Life* did publish the work of the most famous writers of our time; Hemingway and Mailer both serialized books in the magazine. But more graphic than written art appeared, probably because *Life's* field was photo-journalism. All of this is to explain why such people as Sister Thomasita, Dean Meeker and the previously mentioned [John Curry] will accept one of the strangest jobs ever offered a U.S. artist. His title will be 'artist in residence' at the University of Wisconsin. At \$4,000 a year from the more popular entertainments, such as "Awesome (Orson) Welles" (he didn't blame his parents for Kenosha, but Kenosha blamed his parents for him),

Hildegarde and Frederic March. The Lunts received greater coverage than most of the other Wisconsin artists because they lived in Genesee Depot and because they played several times at the Memorial Union in Madison, including at its opening in 1939.

But the significant thing about the references to Wisconsin's cultural activities is that many were to the common man or to the person who *Life* discovered in unlikely places. The longest article pertaining to the arts, for example, described the career of a businessman turned patron, Charles Zadock of Gimbel's, who *Life* claimed was responsible for bringing the "most spectacular art splurge in the country" to Milwaukee between 1948 and 1952. In typical *Life* terminology, this angel of the arts was called "Wisconsin's Cultural Dynamo." While Zadock's motives were a blend of good business and interest in the arts, his results were highly beneficial to the cultural environment, according to *Life*.

But the image of the Wisconsin artist often had nothing to do with commercialism. Two of the most



Throughout *Life's* 37 year history, Wisconsin was continuously depicted as a vital home for the arts which supported not only internationally famous artists such as Frank Lloyd Wright and John Curry, but also amateur and community talents. Pictured is an example of Frank Engebretson's barn art. (Appeared in August 28, 1942 issue. Photo by *Life* photographer Gordon Coster.)

interesting people in *Life's* gallery of Wisconsin creators were Earl Sugden and Frank Engebretson. The former was self-taught, with the aid of the University's outreach programs. He painted impressive works, often using brushes made out of his own horses' hair, and paint that he made from vegetable juices. Engebretson, also a rural man, was a house painter who became a self-taught artist and who specialized in painting murals on barns. Over a period of twenty-eight years he beautified over one hundred barns in Wisconsin. And the pictures of his craft are among the most impressive examples of Wisconsin art in *Life*. Other articles refer to entire families who paint and to artists who take their work into their urban neighborhoods.

To characterize *Life's* treatment of the state's creative climate, a paraphrase seems in order: the boundaries of the canvas are the boundaries of the state. *Life* summed up its attitude when it titled one article "The Creative Middle West" and when it said that "Up in Wisconsin . . . artists are not afraid to use their imagination."

Another group of Wisconsinites who use their wits, according to the portrayals in *Life*, are the politicians. Politics is the most reported aspect of Wisconsin in the magazine, and while many of the politicians receive favorable evaluations, the most cited figure did not. To understand *Life's* treatment of Joseph McCarthy, one must know what the magazine felt about his predecessor, "young" Bob La Follette. *Life* placed the La Follettes in the progressive camp, which produced the "Wisconsin Idea" and a political ideology "far purer and more consistent . . . than the New Deal . . . [one based] on a deep faith in small business, equal opportunity and individual freedom." Seeing McCarthy's rival in 1946 in this light, *Life* said about the ex-marine, ex-judge's victory: "Don't look for issues behind it. Just pray we get other senators as good as he [La Follette] has been." In that first reference to McCarthy, *Life* said only that he was a young and handsome model of a senator. Within a few years, *Life* would adopt a much more severe position on the junior senator from Wisconsin. If La Follette stood for "good government," according to *Life*, then, in the course of at least four editorials, McCarthy stood as its antithesis. McCarthy was labeled as "a smart politician with an elastic conscience." "McCarthyism is a form of exaggerated campaign oratory; it is abuse of the freedom of speech . . ." "McCarthyism is a venial sin," which hinders the country from fighting the real and deadly sin, Communism. *Life* urged the President to speak out against the senator from Wisconsin and to "bury the McCarthy era once and for all."

Because of the negative depiction of Senator McCarthy and because of the large number of references to him, the image of Wisconsin suffered during the '50s. Yet, the good side probably comes close to balancing the bad. For if McCarthy comes across as one of the worst senators to appear in *Life*, most of the other Wisconsin politicians receive far better treatment. In fact,



Politics captured much of the photographic space in *Life*. The rich Wisconsin political heritage, preserved in State Historical Society archives, is a valuable resource for national as well as local periodicals. For a 1953 pictorial essay, *Life* borrowed this 1925 photograph of Robert La Follette's funeral procession. Pictured in foreground are Robert, Jr., Belle Case, and Philip La Follette. (Appeared in March 9, 1953. Photo courtesy of State Historical Society of Wisconsin.)

one of the greatest compliments paid to the state of Wisconsin in *Life* came when the magazine listed Robert La Follette, along with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Taft, as among the men selected by the Senate to be classified as "Immortals."

There is still another aspect of Wisconsin politics that gets very favorable attention in *Life*: the Wisconsin primary. As *Life* said of political candidates, the state's primary was "like the Fourth of July to major league baseball." In 1944, Wisconsin voters exercised their influence by selecting Dewey in the Republican primary, a decision which *Life* said was the end of Wilkie's career. In 1948, *Life* theorized that "A Great General's Try For The Presidency May Soar-or-Crash April 6." When Stassen wrecked MacArthur's hopes, *Life* decided that the Wisconsin primary was the "most important of the annual tests for Republican hopefuls." Such high regard for the Wisconsin primary was not limited to the ones on the Republican side of the ballot, however. In 1960, practically the same language was used by *Life* to describe the contest between Humphrey and Kennedy: Wisconsin was a state "in which events of great political portent were taking place." It was, in fact, "a critical test."

In conclusion, Wisconsin voters are depicted as being discerning and as being very important to both parties. Thus politics is just another facet of the interesting and creative environment that *Life* manufactured—or reflected—in its image of Wisconsin. Perhaps it is only fitting that our politics be as creative and lively as our arts, for politics has often been called the art of the possible, a creative endeavor. And according to *Life*, Wisconsin is a natural setting for such activity.

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Something There Is About a Crane . . . And the International Crane Foundation

by Gretchen Holstein-Schoff

"Someday my marsh, dyked and pumped, will be forgotten under the wheat, just as today and yesterday will be forgotten under the years. Before the last mud minnow makes his last wiggle . . . the swans will circle skyward in snowy dignity, and the cranes will blow their trumpets in farewell."

Aldo Leopold

The day was blistering—one of those Wisconsin specials when the humidity settles and winds itself around you. As I drove toward the International Crane Foundation (ICF), a sixty-five-acre stretch of blue-hazed hills outside Baraboo, I felt curious about the place, yet well aware that the haze meant a day of perspiration and coping with my two sons whom I sensed were predestined to crotchety boredom in the heat. We drove past neat fences and through the gates past the Crane Foundation sign. As we parked, a smiling and casually dressed young man stepped from the door of the barn to greet us; from a white-fenced green lawn nearby, two graceful, slim-necked gray birds peered watchfully at us. From that moment on,

the heat of the day turned inconsequential. Our host and tutor was Dr. George Archibald, a man whose love for the powerful-yet-delicate great cranes has led him and his co-director Ron Sauey into many an adventure.

Two stories are inextricably mixed in the tale of the International Crane Foundation. The visitor who saunters through in half an hour will catch only a glimpse, but even a brief stay is compelling and, as in my own case, can lead to dozens of questions, vivid memories, and a return journey.

The first of these stories is the natural history of the cranes themselves (fifteen species—over half of these endangered), squeezed from their aquatic habitats and fragile infancies by human encroachment upon the natural marshlands of the world, and dwindling in numbers as rapacious hunters, farming operations, and highway construction seem systematically to doom them. The second is the story of the psychological predispositions, the scientific training, and the enviable imagination of people like Archibald and Sauey, determined to do whatever can be done to



Visitors on a romp with adolescent cranes. The presence of humans excites the cranes who run alongside and suddenly are airborne. (Photo courtesy of the International Crane Foundation.)

save these magnificent creatures.

A kind of beguilement creeps over one in a very short time here. Part of the "witchery" comes from Archibald and Sauey. They are young, bright, articulate and funny—free breezes in a hung up, buttoned-down world. Visitors do not get a canned speech on crane ethology; they may get a chance instead to watch Sauey minuet about the yard flapping his arms, making a soft whirring noise with his tongue to encourage a crane to dance for the onlookers. My sons followed Archibald as if he were the Pied Piper, watching him gently place a half-grown bird in an old metal washtub, scoop water with his hands over the bird's back, and wait for its ritual flutter of wings. At the end of the day, the boys sat solemn and wide-eyed as Archibald read them the story of the Crane Maiden.

Along with the obvious sheer pleasure in the work is the equally obvious scientific rigor with which it is undertaken. The whole place runs on "bird-time." Chicks have to be fed around the clock, and the "nursery" is always open. Watches that measure noon and midnight count for less than "nesting time," "hatching

time," "moulting time." A Monday-to-Friday, eight-to-five work week is impossible. The conversation is dotted with "up at four to be in the blind by the nest at dawn," or "last Sunday when I was planting trees to shield the field from the road." In the middle of a sentence, Archibald will catch, from the corner of his eye, a slight change in the gait of a bird 100 yards away and stop to comment, "She's walking pretty bottom heavy—in half an hour or so she'll lay an egg."

Bit by bit, I begin to realize how incredibly complex and temperamental these birds are. The Japanese have revered them for centuries as symbols of fidelity and longevity. They may live to be over eighty years old, and once a pair bond has been formed, they are monogamous. But they are choosy about their mates and potentially lethal to each other as adolescents. Having chosen a partner, they utter in mating season an unearthly and beautiful unison call, so perfectly synchronous that male and female voices undulate together as if a single bird were calling. In the wild, two eggs are laid, but the chicks hatch two days apart and the elder kills the younger. In the first weeks of

life the chicks require particular kinds of aquatic food and grow at an astonishing rate, from five inches to five feet in three months.

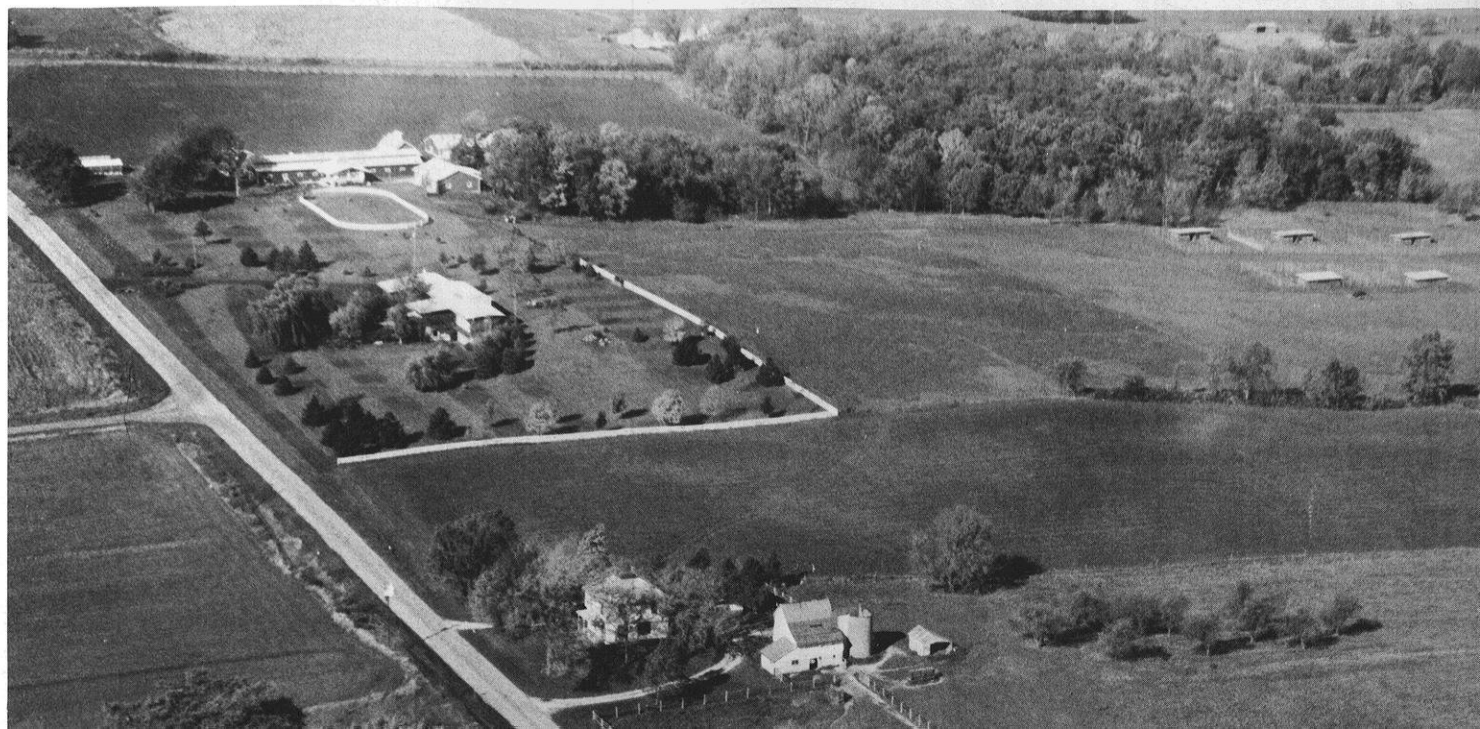
While the controlled conditions of breeding and hatching by incubator can greatly increase the number of surviving chicks, the intricacies of the birds' behavior make the process complicated. Cranes copulate standing "on stilts" as it were, the male fluttering to the female's back and bracing his legs on her outstretched wings. The process is awkward and several pens bear records of incomplete copulation. The Hooded crane has not been bred successfully in captivity since 1904. ICF is experimenting with the Hooded cranes by simulating the environment and photo-period of Siberian latitudes. The pen is painted stark white, and flood lights are turned on to make an artificial Land of the Midnight Sun. Archibald smiled ruefully as he told me about this year's venture. "We gave them too much light too soon. They got sexy on us in February and March and then went into moult when nesting time came." (Moult indicates that the fertile period is over.) "Maybe next year we'll do better."

Whenever I visit a new place I find that while my brain is recording "facts" my eye is taking impressionistic pictures. Somewhere at the edge of consciousness I took many such pictures at ICF that first trip. While Archibald explained the technique for encouraging a pair of cranes to adopt a chick of another species, I saw, near a peephole in the corner of the pen, a stool made from the stump of a log—the place where for weeks someone had to "baby-sit" the chick with its adoptive parents to prevent their potential pecking or rejection of the little alien. As I stood in the main building listening to an explanation of the distribution map posted there, I saw Wisconsin dotted with over 270 pins which locate the nests of Sandhill

cranes, especially those in the densely populated area of marshlands bounded by Necedah, Black River Falls, and Wisconsin Rapids. But that map was more than a collection of pins. It conjured up the vision of young men, in their metal helicopter bird, hovering watchfully over the natural homes of the wild birds.

In the laboratory I listened to scientific explanations of the slick commercial products, the sophisticated incubators, the temperature controls—but saw, at the same time, evidence everywhere of the specially constructed, the hand-designed, the makeshift. Laboratories where new things are being tried tend to be full of surprises. There was an "egg suitcase" designed for the first transatlantic transport of crane eggs (from Sweden to America) in which the eggs were nestled safely in plastic foam, warmed by a hot water bottle. Thor and Olaf, two of the chicks from that flight, are now splendid adults strutting about the yard. A row of feeding pens ranked along one wall housed newborn chicks, downy and stumbly in their first hours of life. Separated from their natural parents they need to be encouraged to eat. The equipment? An ordinary red lead pencil stirred about in the food by a human baby-sitter. The red of the pencil simulates the red patch on the adult crane's head, the metal clamp on the eraser gives the chick something to look at. And if the feeding pattern is somehow miscalculated and the chick should die, the failure is studied as well. A refrigerator door was swung open to reveal stored blood samples; a chick, its feet curled in chilly death; and infertile eggs which were to be ground up and studied for levels of pesticide pollution. As evening came, the spell of ICF had had its way with us. We left with many more questions than we had brought. In the months that intervened until my next visit, I put together the mosaic of answers to those questions.

Grounds and main buildings of the International Crane Foundation at Baraboo, Wisconsin. (Photo courtesy of the International Crane Foundation.)





The Paradise crane with nine day old chicks in the Jacobsdal District, South Africa. Crane chicks grow at astonishing rates—from five inches to five feet in the first three months of life. (Photo courtesy of the International Crane Foundation.)

History of the International Crane Foundation

How did this place come into being? The Foundation's history begins with the dreams of two young men. In 1971, George Archibald and Ronald Sauey were graduate students working on doctorates in avian ecology and behavior at Cornell's Laboratory of Ornithology in Ithaca, New York. Archibald received his degree that year for his work on the comparative ethology of the crane family, *Gruidae*. During his research years, he came to realize that the future of these magnificent birds was severely threatened by worldwide destruction of marshes and by burgeoning human population; he also became convinced, by working with the crane breeding program at Cornell, that in captivity it was possible to increase greatly the reproductive potential of these slow-reproducing birds. Archibald and Sauey decided that the best method for preserving cranes would be an organization combining field research on the endangered cranes with a captive propagation program. They hoped that their research efforts would encourage effective conservation measures to protect the wild populations, while captive propagation would ensure the existence of certain species even if they were completely extirpated from the wild state. The progeny obtained from captive populations could be used to bolster the wild populations and to restock areas from which cranes had disappeared.

In January, 1972, Ron Sauey's father, Norman Sauey, suggested that his farm near Baraboo be used for the headquarters of the International Crane Foundation. His generous offer was accepted and plans were drawn for the adaptation of the existing facilities for crane

propagation. In February of that same year, Archibald left for Japan to do field work on the Japanese crane, *Grus japonensis*, a study sponsored jointly by the New York Zoological Society and ICF. While Archibald worked in Japan, Sauey supervised the construction of the first crane breeding unit at Baraboo.

ICF began gathering cranes from various zoos in the United States in the winter of 1973 and received permission from the U.S., Japanese, and Australian governments to import several pairs of Australian and Japanese cranes. The Japanese permit was especially significant since it was the first time the Japanese had allowed the export of the endangered Japanese crane, a bird which had been proclaimed a national treasure earlier in this century.

In March, 1973, ICF was incorporated in Wisconsin as a scientific research organization and game farm. ICF operates on a non-profit basis, has a board of directors, and a membership composed of donors to the organization. Present directors of ICF are Archibald and Sauey, both trained in aviculture and ethology, and Forrest Harmann, an attorney and conservationist. ICF also has a board of advisors—scientists and conservationists interested in the goals of ICF. (Currently these men are William Conway, general director of the New York Zoological Society; Dr. S. Dillon Ripley, president of the International Council for Bird Preservation and Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Dr. Yoshimaro Yamashina, president of the Yamashina Institute for Ornithology; Tatmicha Koga, director of the Zoological Society of Japan; Nakanishi Godo, director of the Japan Wild Bird Society; Peter Scott, president emeritus of the Wildfowl Trust; and Owen Gromme, curator emeritus of the Milwaukee Public Museum.)

Facilities

For the first-time visitor to ICF, the various pens, fields and special rooms may be something of a puzzle. Once one begins to understand the stages of care and nurture involved in captive crane propagation, the pieces begin to fit together. The office, incubator room and heated quarters for the West African Crowned cranes are located in the main building, which also has an attractive and spacious guest lounge. This main building has seventeen pens that will be attached to outdoor runs for the cold-sensitive West African Crowned cranes. Attached to the main building are two large barns for storage; nearby is a new five-car garage with a fully equipped shop for woodworking. To the west of these buildings is a fifteen-acre fenced field for immature birds. (Archibald so completely anthropomorphizes the birds that I began to think of that field as a kind of gigantic dance hall or "teen center" where the young could check over the crop of potential mates.) Within the field is a new building to house non-breeders during the winter. Near that is the chick house, a forty-by-twenty-foot structure with indoor and outdoor runs. Two hundred yards from the complex is the breeding

unit which has fifteen pens constructed of eight-foot-high cyclone fences buried in one foot of gravel.

In the normal pattern of care at ICF when an egg hatches the chick is transferred to a small brooder in the incubator room where it is kept isolated from physical contact with other chicks, although in visual and vocal contact with them. The chick remains there until it is about three weeks old, when it is moved to the chick house where it stays until fully feathered and capable of surviving without artificial heat. The bird is then transferred to an acclimitization pen adjacent to the fifteen-acre field. After the bird is acquainted in this pen with the types of feeders and waterers used in the large field, it is released into the field where it remains until it is three years old and has formed a pair bond with another bird. Then the pair is removed to a breeding pen and isolated from physical contact with other cranes.

Goals of the Crane Foundation

A look at the scrapbooks, the photographs, and the newsletter published by ICF quickly reveals that captive propagation of the cranes is only "the tip of the iceberg." ICF has set for itself five major objectives: (1) maintenance of a captive breeding population of each endangered species; (2) crane research; (3) advisory assistance to governments on the best methods for crane conservation; (4) restocking of natural areas with cranes; and (5) education of the public. These are ambitious undertakings and yet the Foundation, for so young an organization, has made significant progress, largely because of the dedication of its staff and the willingness of both Archibald and Sauey to be scientist, carpenter, writer, public relations man, teacher, lecturer and world traveller.

To maintain a captive breeding population of endangered cranes, ICF hopes eventually to have one breeding unit (with a capacity for fifteen crane pairs) for each of the endangered species. In 1973, they procured the only four Manchurian cranes, *Grus japonensis*, in the United States, as well as a number of Hooded cranes, *Grus monacha*, and White-naped cranes, *Grus vipio*. ICF will keep several of the more common species of cranes for study of practical, sound methods for breeding and rearing the endangered species. The captive population will serve as a "species bank" so that if an endangered species is extirpated from the wild, it will continue to exist in captivity. If conditions in the wild become suitable at a later date, the cranes can be returned to their former habitats.

ICF continues to conduct research into the ethology and ecology of cranes. In 1972, ICF, in affiliation with the New York Zoological Society, supported Archibald's study of the Manchurian crane in Hokkaido, the Hooded and White-naped cranes in southern Japan, the Brolga in western Australia, and the eastern Sarus crane in Queensland. In the spring of 1973, in cooperation with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, ICF surveyed the breeding distribution of the Greater Sandhill crane in south-central Wisconsin. Research is now being conducted at ICF by Karen Voss, a graduate student in zoology at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, on the development of Sandhill crane behavior.

Both Sauey and Archibald are involved in a "world working group" on cranes, established by the International Council for Bird Preservation (ICBP) in 1973. Each crane species, whether common or rare, has been assigned at least one field biologist whose duty is to define the demographic state of the species,



The White-naped crane. In 1890 this crane wintered by the thousands all over Japan. By 1973, the population had dwindled to 287 birds. In the last two breeding seasons, ICF has reared seven cranes from a single pair of adults. (Photo courtesy of the International Crane Foundation.)



Manchurian cranes in their elegant courtship display. World's second rarest crane, the species has dwindled to about 200 non-migratory birds in Hokkaido and a small migratory population on the Asian mainland. Of the 63 captive birds, only five pairs are now breeding. ICF holds the only three Manchurian cranes in the United States. (Photo courtesy of the International Crane Foundation.)

the problems in its survival, and the means of alleviating such problems to avoid decline or extinction of the species. The world working group consists of twenty-one biologists active in fifteen countries. (Dr. Lawrence Walkinshaw, world-renowned crane biologist and author of a recent monograph on cranes of the world, is president of the working group and George Archibald is secretary.) Archibald represents the Black-necked crane, *Grus nigricollis*, and Sauey, together with a Russian ornithologist, represents the Siberian crane, *Grus leucogeranus*. Reports by the group were presented at the 1974 meeting of the International Ornithological Union in Canberra, Australia.

To provide governments with informed recommendations on the best preservation procedures for wild populations of cranes within their borders, ICF carries on its own research and hopes to sustain a worldwide network of researchers and observers of cranes throughout the world. Information is used to alert governments and world conservation organizations to possible crisis areas. For example, in 1972, Archibald determined that the Manchurian cranes were breeding residents of Hokkaido and that the last remaining marshes for these birds were about to be destroyed by human development. He worked with various agencies of the Japanese government for two months devising ways to conserve the marshes. His efforts resulted in the environment agency initiating a "crane working group" within the government. Dur-

ing that same year, he also studied the effects of the recent immigration into Australia of the eastern Sarus crane and discovered that this species was interbreeding with, and possibly displacing, the native species, the Brolga. He alerted the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization of Australia with hopes that they will devise methods to ensure the survival of the Brolga.

ICF is currently assisting an ethologist with the U.S. Department of the Interior, Cam Kepler, in understanding the behavior of the Whooping crane and is providing advice to aid the propagation program now underway at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center in Laurel, Maryland. In an effort to protect the Whooping cranes hunted indiscriminately along with the Sandhill cranes in the Midwest and in the central provinces of Canada, ICF directors prepared a report for the American secretary of the interior and the director of the Canadian Wildlife Service. The urgency of such programs is best understood when we realize that there were seventy-one Whooping cranes alive in the spring of 1973—fifty wild birds and twenty-one captive. In 1942 there were only fifteen wild Whooping cranes alive. Their numbers have subsequently increased in response to protection of the cranes and their habitats.

The restocking of cranes into natural areas is a complicated procedure beset with many uncertainties. Techniques for restocking cranes are part of the study at ICF and require continuing experiments to deter-

mine the most advantageous methods of reintroducing birds into the wild.

The directors at ICF know full well that governmental practices and legislation alone are not enough. It is public education and appreciation which makes the hunter hold his fire, the land developer take the long view, the child realize the beauty of wildlife. I was amazed at Archibald's efforts to save the Manchurian crane and the savvy he displayed at using the media to help. Not only was he willing to pitch his tent in the Japanese snows for weeks as he observed the birds in their wintering grounds, but once he saw they were in trouble he took action. Dozens of newspapers in Japan, Russia and South Korea reported the results of Archibald's Hokkaido survey. A national television special on the cranes was viewed by an estimated 35 million people. Archibald spoke on several national radio broadcasts explaining the threat to the once-sacred cranes. He gave over sixty lectures on the crisis to audiences ranging from the school children of small villages to the Imperial family in Tokyo.

An effort like ICF takes money. The Foundation depends upon donations from large corporations, on individual memberships (there are several categories of membership depending on the size of the donation) and upon admission which will be charged for its educational exhibit as soon as the new quarters are completed. Life members of the Foundation receive a limited-edition print of a painting by Owen Gromme, Wisconsin's famed wildlife artist. The original of the painting, depicting Whooping cranes giving a unison call over their nest at Wood Buffalo National Park, hangs in eerie beauty over the mantel in the ICF guest lounge.

Return Journey

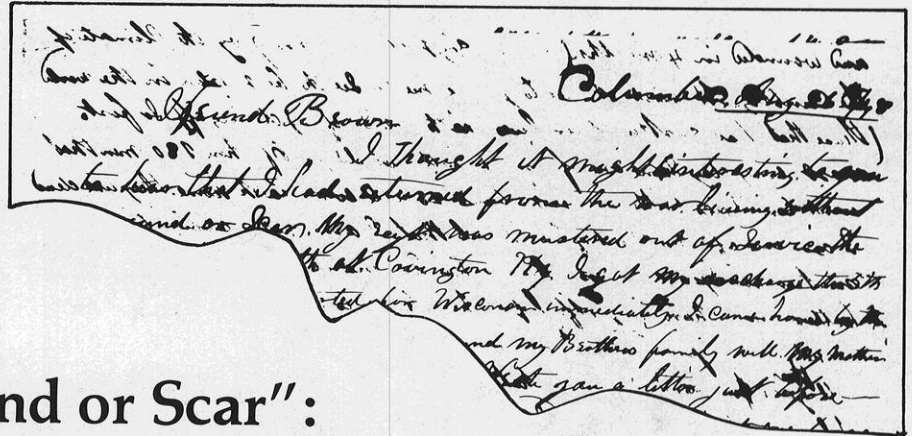
After several months of reading, ministering to my ignorance about cranes in general and about ICF in particular, I decided to make another visit. I was confident that things had not stood still over the winter and I was not disappointed. Ron Sauey had been to India to study the third-rarest crane species, the Siberian crane, which had never been studied on its wintering grounds. He found himself thirty miles from Agra at a sanctuary now run by the Indian government, but established in the nineteenth century by a maharajah. For four months, he lived in a bamboo dwelling at the edge of the palace grounds as a guest of the Maharajah of Bharatpur. His study, which he intends to continue when he returns to India in October, 1975, will provide important new information of the status of this rare and vanishing species and its phylogenetic relationship to other crane species. All of this will appear in print one day. I doubt if a scientific journal will ever capture the look on Sauey's face as he described his daily diet of goat, potatoes, carrots, cauliflower, and custard during those months; neither will there be a photo of his last evening with the tipsy

maharajah, Sauey sitting there nervously among the stuffed tigers and big game trophies while the maharajah toasted him warm farewells, issued a proclamation labelling himself Friend of the Cranes, and toyed carelessly with a loaded pistol, to the consternation of scurrying servants.

Archibald had had his own adventures. Through the combined efforts of the United Nations, the U.S. Army, and the Korean Army, he became the only scientist ever allowed to work in the demilitarized zone (DMZ). Through the political fluke of the establishment of the DMZ, the Han River estuary, once part of a heavily travelled waterway, has become a wildlife estuary. Archibald intended to pitch a tent (with the South Korean Army in close attendance) on the border of the DMZ. He ended up living with a medical unit of the army in one of their underground bunkers and even had their help in building his blind. There, untouched by political decrees, he was able to observe over 1,500 cranes as well as eagles and ducks in their wild state. Perhaps someday when the cranes are not threatened, he will find time to describe how he became the tutor to Korean soldiers eager to learn English. They followed him night and day, holding a small microphone to his mouth, recording every syllable, urging him to read "Twenty One English Conversations." From his account, it must have been a deadly book, containing such nuggets as, "Come, Alice, let us have some tea." But read them he did; he dictated the last of the twenty-one conversations into the omnipresent microphone while lying flat on his back with a case of the Asian flu. Whatever there is of the incongruous or of hardship is always tempered by humor and a sense of the poetic—the sight of cranes flying, free, back and forth over armed and hostile camps of men; the sighting of a Japanese crested ibis thought to be extinct since 1936. As a final gesture of thanks for the warm, if somewhat bizarre, hospitality of the Koreans, Archibald managed to wangle a helicopter, stuff a sack full of PX junk and play Santa Claus to his army friends by distributing soap, toothbrushes, chocolate and cigarettes.

In my kitchen window at home is a small ball of green floral clay. My sons and I use it for a "feather ball," sticking into it the colored feathers we find on our walks. The longest and most beautiful is a blue gray giant, over fourteen inches long—a gift from ICF. Each time I look at it, I think of the creature who tapped us gently with its slender beak just before we drove away. The cranes that strut the lawns of ICF seem to sense the presence of people who care about their survival. And I remember George Archibald running barefoot through a summer meadow beside a young crane, shouting encouragement as it learned for the first time to take the air.

Gretchen Holstein-Schoff is a lecturer in the Integrated Liberal Studies program and on the College of Engineering at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.



“Without a Wound or Scar”: The Military Career of James Henry Huntington

A Wisconsin Man's Mexican
War Letter and Some Comments
on It and on Him.

by Russell S. Gilmore

Columbus, August 26th, [18]48

Friend Brown

I thought it might be interesting to you to hear that I had returned from the war living, without a wound or scar. My regt was mustered out of service the first of this month at Covington, Ky. I got my discharge the 5th in Cincinnati, and started for Wisconsin immediately. I came home by the way of Detroit and the lakes. I found my Brothers family well. My Mother is with us, her health is very good.

I wrote you a letter just before I left Milwaukee last year and requested you to direct one for me to Detroit. Mother tells me you did so, but I did not get it for the reason that I had no time. We were in D. but a short time & were very busy while there. We left on a small boat for Toledo and Cincinnati by the canal. At Newport we stopped 2 weeks waiting for orders. When we left this place we were joined by 78 others making our Company 130 strong. At Orleans 13 were left sick in the Hospital, in Vera Cruz we left

3, at Jalapa 17. We joined our Regt in Dec. with 97 men, at Chapaltipic. In February our Regt was ordered to Cuernavaca, a town situated 60 miles southwest from the City of Mexico in a very low valley, as low as Vera Cruz and quite as hot and as unhealthy as you can imagine. I believe it to be the most sickly town in Mexico, especially for northern people. Our troops suffered more at this place with sickness than at any other Post in the Country. There was but one disease that prevailed amongst us, this was the Chronic Diarrhoea. Our regt sometimes buried 4 in one day. At the time we came here we had no sick, they were all left in the City Hospital. At the end of 4 months we had buried one hundred and had 300 too sick to march away that rode in sick wagons when we started home, making 400 killed and wounded in 4 months (in one regt of 800 men) by the Climate of the Country.

At first it use to grieve me to see the best men in the world (those that had risked their lives with me so often) dieing off so fast. Most every

day some one of my friends would go. Of those 130 men that went to Mexico with me, but about 25 will ever reach home. They are dead. I am one of the lucky few. I feel that I am under obligations to my maker for spareing my life when so many were paying the debt. Better men than myself left their bones to [b]leach in that unfriendly land. I am permitted to see my friends and home. I know the author of all this good for me. I know too that I dont express my gratitude in a manner pleasing to him. But I shall try and lead a better life than I have formerly.

I was too late in Mexico to participate in the big battles of the valley, but saw a little skirmishing just enough to know how well I can stand fire. Ive heard the bullets whistle at several different times without being hit, which was quite sufficient for me. Cuernavaca lies immediately under Popocatepetl, the smoking mountain, its top is covered with snow at all times. It was so near us that the Mexicans use to get ice from there every day so that we had ice cream as often as

we chose. Fruits of all kinds in abundance. Oranges nicer and larger than ever comes to this country, besides lemons, Peaches, pears, banannoes and apples. Apples were small and very sour. I never eat them. I never was sorry that I went there. It was a good school to me. I saw a large extent of country. I saw a great many very peculiar people and learned a great long lesson that I am determined shall be of advantage to me. In case another war of the kind I should not be quite so patriotic as I was at the breaking out of this last one. I Would not enlist again. If I should go to fight the battles of my country again I would fight my own way, unless they would give me a commission. I had some more privileges than privates had, but in the regular army a non commissioned officer fared but little better than the slaves of the South. The privates still worse. We paid off some of our officers in Cincin. with a shower of rotten eggs (after we were mustered out of service) for abuse we had received at their hands. I mean officers of our Regt. the 15th.

I knew a fifer in Compy. E 13th Regt by the name of Wickware, his father lives near Gidleys Station, you know him. he was left at Vera Cruz verry sick as we came home. He must have died. I never knew a man to recover that had got as low as he was. Perhaps his folks dont know of his being left. It might be well for you to speak to them of him. I had almost forgot to tell you that my health is verry poor. After I left the States it was good, until I came back to New Orleans. I was not off duty one day. I was as healthy in Mexico as I ever was in my life.

Mother tells me that William is enjoying the sweets of married life. I am glad to hear of it, I think that in all of my travels I never saw a man who possessed so mild and even a temper so good a disposition as he did. If he had a high temper (and I dont know but he had) he had a mighty fine way of keeping under subjection, which is a great thing. Helen must be almost a woman now



and has forgotten me entirely. I should like to come to your place again. As soon as I obtain my land warrent (which will be in 4 or six weeks) I intend to locate a quarter section of land in the north part of this state—there remains some fine land in this state yet to be entered and I will have as good a quarter as

there is.

My paper is out and I must close. I should like to talk with you a long time. You will oblige by answering this soon. My respects to Friends
While I remain your Friend

James H. Huntington

Historians have often viewed the Mexican War as a rehearsal for the Civil War, chiefly because the same names shine from both—Grant, Sherman, Lee, and Longstreet all served as young officers in Mexico. But not just West Pointers served. Eighty thousand others marched to or toward Mexico, and many reappeared in the Civil War, making the more modest transition from private or corporal to lieutenant or captain. James Henry Huntington was one of them. His military career was relatively brief and not at all glorious, but perhaps it is instructive.

Though the fight with Mexico had many opponents—public men as disparate as William Lloyd Garrison and John C. Calhoun attacked it—more volunteers came forward than the Army could use. Ohio, supposedly full of Garrison sympathizers, offered 20,000 soldiers. President Polk called upon Illinois for four regiments and got fourteen. Wisconsin men hurried to Milwaukee to enlist in the company which the President had asked of their sparsely settled Territory—enough came finally that Wisconsin could have formed a regiment of its own. Many of those who fought shared Polk's calculated expansionism. Others felt Mexico had infringed U.S. rights in Texas and deserved a rough lesson. Some hoped for excitement; some spoiled for a fight. James Huntington gave his motive as patriotism, as most volunteers probably would have, and in other respects as well was a representative soldier, young, venturesome, and western. His chafing and frustration were also typical.

In Mexico the United States went from one victory to another, but those victories did not at first gain anything. It became clear that Zachary Taylor's successes in the north would not end the war. Winfield Scott's brilliant campaign, begun with a landing at Vera Cruz and completed in Mexico City, did finally bring a treaty, though it seemed until the last that the Mexicans might slip into the hills for never-ending guerrilla resistance. The final battles were over three

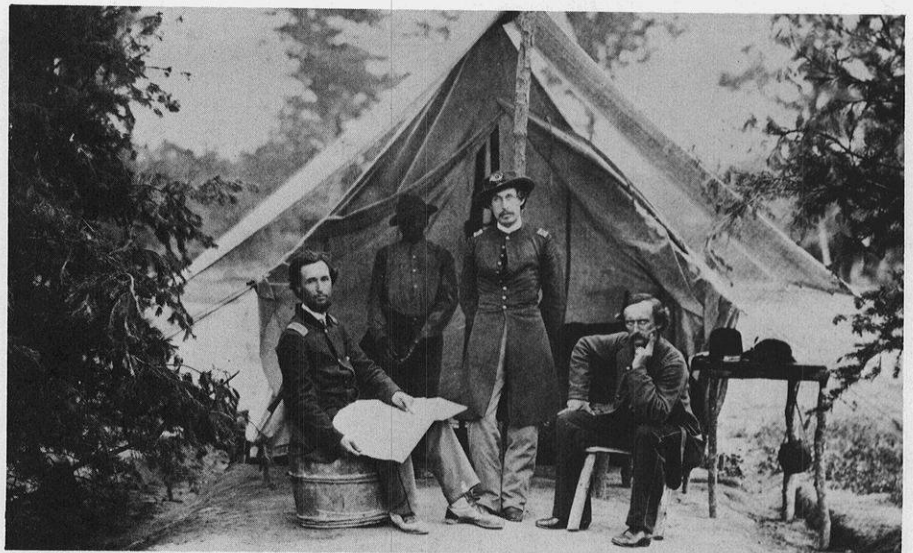
months before Huntington arrived, and Mexico soon surrendered the territory which expansionists craved. But if large frustrations were at an end, smaller ones persisted.

From Huntington's perspective the problem lay with the officers, most of them state governors' appointees. Some were inept; a few were criminal (three robbed a Mexico City bank); many were political partisans caught up in unseemly squabbles between Whig and Democrat. And most seemed tyrants. Nearly every enlisted man's account of Mexican War service indicates that he happily would have joined Huntington in flinging those eggs. A soldier song suggested that the American eagle be depicted with talons clutching "buck and gag"—the pole and cloth with which offending soldiers sat trussed in the Mexican sun. George Ballentine, a conscientious young Scot, compared U.S. officers unfavorably with those he had known in the British Army, and was able to explain the defection of the Irishmen who went over to form Mexico's San Patricio Battalion without mention-

ing religious sympathies. He believed that if the Mexican Army had not been at least as harsh, many more U.S. soldiers would have deserted, and thought it noteworthy that at Churubusco the Irish aimed their fire almost exclusively at the officers among the charging Americans.

Officers replied that the fierce rabble which they had to discipline and lead would respond only to harsh measures. Most incorrigible were the "Texas devils," whose atrocities led Scott to wonder what he could do with troops who might any moment tie up the men of a village and rape the women before their eyes. But even soldiers less charged with hatred and less driven by revenge proved hard to control. Military hierarchy showed itself scarcely able to master a generation which had grown up in Jacksonian America with high opinions of common men and of military spontaneity.

Officers complained not just of lack of deference, but of squalor and resulting sickness among volunteers. Huntington technically was not a volunteer, since the Fifteenth



Officers of Company 1 at Camp Arlington, Virginia, standing in front of one of the tents later snatched away from the Seventh Regiment during the rainy spring of 1862. Captain Joseph N.P. Bird of Wautoma wears the Hardee hat which distinguished the Iron Brigade. The youth in the background is probably Captain Bird's batman. Huntington's muster rolls show he, to, had "one servant, not a soldier". (Photo courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Section.)

Robinson, a veteran of Mexico. If the Seventh disliked its colonel, however, it loved its brigadier, of whom a soldier wrote to the *Columbus Weekly Journal* in July, 1862,

General King never puts on style. He is a plain common man and will listen to the complaint of a private as soon as he will to a colonel.

Though generals were often less approachable than that, company officers almost had to be hail-fellows, for their neighbors chose them, directly or indirectly. Many captains joined their troops in games, and Huntington later claimed to have hurt himself while working alongside his men, carrying a log on his shoulders. His comrades appreciated him.

And then suddenly their captain quit. On April 29, 1862, before his regiment had seen any real combat, James Henry Huntington resigned his commission for "health and other reasons," or so his service record indicates. Since he had not reported sick for three and a half months, probably the "other reasons" counted heaviest. What were they? Local newspapers give no hint. Though both Columbus papers had followed Huntington with admiration, and one indignantly tried to scotch the "rumor" that he had quit, they did not report his actual resignation, nor do soldier letters discuss it. But it is possible to say why other officers resigned or weighed resigning about that time.

One lieutenant in the Seventh claimed he left because the planting had to be done and he couldn't find a hired hand that suited him. Another wrote to his lonely wife that she must stop tempting him to resign, for that would betray the men who had followed him into the Army. Or perhaps Huntington had forgotten until the first skirmishes in April his uneasiness at the bullet's whistle. More likely, however, the problem was not too much but too little military activity. The Seventh had been in camp for months, sustaining two deaths a week from disease; that did not match the Mexican nightmare, but must have re-

called it forcefully. Virginia's damp was even less tolerable than Mexico's heat. It rained for practically the whole spring of 1862, and after one of the Seventh's unproductive forays the regiment returned to Arlington to discover its tents gone—requisitioned for another unit. Both officers and men slept in the mud with one blanket apiece, under buttoned-together shelter halves which a participant said gave about as much protection from the rain as so many bedsheets. Now complete inactivity drove everyone nearly wild. Not even drill could distract the troops, for those who tried it went over their boottops in mud. When the regiment finally began to move south, things were scarcely better.

I thought I had seen some pretty tough times in my life but the last two weeks has been the toughest I ever seen, in fact I would not have believed men could stand what we have stood in that time without getting sick & perfectly used up, it rains nearly every day and the roads are almost impassible and all the streames are bank full. Some days we were all day getting five miles, for we had to wait for the artillery and trains, and they would stick fast and upset in the streams, it would sometimes take hours to get them across, and then we had to lay down at night in our wet chlothes, get up wet the next day & try it again.

Under such conditions some officers, including the writer of that letter, Lieutenant Henry Young of F Company, stuck it out; others went home. Perhaps the right to choose was the most important remaining perquisite of a commission. In all, two-fifths of the regiments' officers resigned during the war, including four out of ten original company commanders, not an unusual number. If James Huntington wanted to live into the twentieth century he chose the correct course. His successor died in battle four months later. By October of 1862, the Seventh, which did its part in covering the Iron Brigade with

glory, had a captain as its commander and three companies—including B—headed by sergeants. Company B could muster twenty of its original hundred men.

For reasons one may guess at, Huntington did not stay long in Fall River after his return. Within a year he had moved to Minnesota, where he worked as a blacksmith. Just as he had wasted no time applying for his land warrant in 1848, he made early application for a Mexican War veteran's pension, and a disability pension for his later service, though the War Department disallowed that one. Nearly a charter member of the reorganized Oliver P. Morton G.A.R. Post in Minneapolis, he may be assumed to have been a partisan of veterans' benefits during his one term as a Minnesota assemblyman. He survived to 1904, and died in a Soldiers Home—in that, too, a more representative veteran of the United States' mid-century wars than Grant, Sherman, Lee, or Longstreet.

My central manuscript source was the letter itself, recognized as historically important by its present owner, James B. Hale, editor of Badger Postal History. The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, with cartons of Civil War correspondence, had only a few newspaper letters from Wisconsin men in the Mexican War before it accepted a reproduction of Huntington's. I also used census records, local newspapers, personal narratives from both wars, and manuscript collections of Seventh Regiment soldiers, all at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin (W.K. Wright's unpublished histories of the village of Fall River and of Company B contain little on Huntington) as well as Huntington's military and pension files from the National Archives.

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SENDING & RECEIVING

A COLUMN ABOUT COMMUNICATION

by Arthur Hove

Of Thimbles and Joe Palooka Lunch Boxes

"Thimbles are goin real good right now," the man in the "antique" store at Onalaska told me as I glanced at the display of thimbles mounted on a walnut plaque. "Not the plastic ones," he noted, "but the different kinds of metal ones—specially the ones with advertising on them. They're what people are lookin for."

Thimbles are apparently "goin real good" in the antique market because the older, more interesting varieties are becoming something of a rarity. People who sew don't seem to need thimbles much anymore. Sewing machines, with all their special attachments and variable speeds, do most of the stitching. And modern fabrics are softer, more pliant. For the little remaining handwork, people don't particularly need that small metal cap on the end of one of their fingers to push the needle through the cloth. So the many kinds of the once commonplace thimble are becoming collectors' items which fetch more money than they ever did in the dry goods store when you could buy one for a nickle, or get one free as an advertising promotion.

Collectors have thus found a new item to covet, and there is a momentary rush on thimbles as they pass through dealers' hands on their way to be added to collectors' cases.

This thimble phenomenon is symptomatic of the times. For several years now, antiques—in the broadest sense of the word—have experienced an interesting and significant growth in popularity. The term antique, of course, is relative. Antique is a word

which has been used rather haphazardly in recent practice if you listen to the purists who insist that nothing manufactured after 1830 is a genuine antique. More tolerant connoisseurs, however, will allow that an antique is simply something you can no longer buy across the counter of a retail establishment. A permissive dilettante would say that an antique is anything which has been bought in an antique store. And a more consumer-oriented person would conclude that an antique is an item which once sold for next to nothing and was carted off to the dump when it had outlived its usefulness, but which has somehow survived the vagaries of time and now commands a price its original owners never would have conceived possible. One man's trash, as the cliché goes, is another man's treasure.

The impulses which have contributed to the current popularity of antiques range from the practical (many pieces of older furniture are better built and will last generations longer than the most stylish pieces that decorate contemporary store windows) to the pecuniary (antiques are things which continually increase in value and therefore represent an investment that provides an appealing hedge against inflation).

There are other reasons. Some people are driven to possess what others don't. Some, through collecting antiques, wish to know a great deal about a particular subject. And still others feel that antiques in the home provide a sense of continuity—a daily link with the past which serves as an important reminder that taste,

brilliance, and simple utility are not the sole province of the present generation.

Contemplating the prices that some so-called antiques command today, one is tempted to speculate about the practical value of such conventional investments as life insurance or government bonds. Perhaps the greatest legacy one can leave his children is a garage full of antiques whose eventual market value will far exceed the interest rates or dividends that form a major part of the customary estate.

This lesson is constantly reinforced when one tours an antique show or wanders into an antique shop and discovers, as I did at Onalaska, that a vintage eight-ounce Peerless Beer glass in mint condition will fetch four dollars. A Joe Palooka lunch box, spied in another shop in Madison, was being offered as a steal at fifteen dollars. These revelations would, I'm sure, be enough to set Duncan Phyfe's wooden teeth on edge. (One winces at the memory of all that boullion that went out with the trash as you were growing up, or contemplates what treasures were willfully hauled off to the Goodwill Store in a gesture of magnanimity and concern for the less fortunate.)

Those who trade in the antique market represent an easily recognizable subculture of our present society. The antique show, in its various modern mutations, can be witnessed anywhere from salons, to convention halls, to shopping centers. The antique show is a kind of fair where dealers set up their booths and offer their wares. It is here that the four most identifiable species of antiquophiles can be identified.

The most obvious, of course, is the dealer. In recent years the dealer has proliferated as a species because there is money to be made in antiques and some people will pay almost anything for almost anything. Dealers often seem to be ubiquitous. They can be easily spotted hovering around at auctions, snapping up items they know they can sell at a profit somewhere else. They can be encountered knocking on doors and asking startled householders if they aren't willing to sell that secretary with the curved glass door they've got just sitting around in the parlor. And dealers can be expected to arrive at least a half hour before the announced starting time of any garage sale to see if there isn't something of value that an unsuspecting citizen is willing to part with for a few pennies.

These dealers, equipped with their books and magazines that have price lists on almost any kind of certifiable antique imaginable, have taken a portion of the fun out of antiquing. The professionals have narrowed the chances that the uninitiated might happen on a fantastic bargain in some out-of-the-way antique shop, or at an auction or estate sale. Many dealers, conscious of the potential value of every item they scrutinize, have become like Oscar Wilde's cynic—someone "who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing."

The dealers have been encouraged by the collectors.

Like collectors in any field, they pursue their interests with an undistracted intensity. Enough of them in simultaneous pursuit of a particular Holy Grail can create a very bullish market. Passions, however, seem to run in cycles. This year it's thimbles or beer cans. Next year it may be candle snuffers or stickpins. Two years ago, it may have been Valentines published before 1910, brass coach lamps, or antimacassars. The search is constantly expanding, and the true collector tries to find the refreshing eddies and secretive pools rather than the mainstream in his search for items which deserve his devotion.

It is the truly dedicated collector, of course, who is one of the important preservers of culture. Museums around the world are filled with unique treasures, with comprehensive collections, that would have been forever lost if it were not for the often eccentric passion of a particular individual who managed to gather up an inventory of related items which are historically, intrinsically, and esthetically significant.

First cousins to the collectors are the dilettantes. These dabblers in the antique scene are primarily attracted by the intrinsic or esthetic quality of any item. The dilettantes are eclectic in their tastes and usually reserved in their passions. Still, their interest is strong enough so that they spend a great deal of their time going to antique shows, buying and reading books about antiques, and visiting shops and sales with regularity.

The lumpen proletariat in this great chain of being are the antique utilitarians. They are the unwashed caste. Their ranks are numerous and their desires diverse. They are attracted to antiques—like older pieces of furniture—because they are looking for something that will survive beyond its removal from the box it came in. They go to an auction now and then as much because they like to observe the "characters" who are attracted to such events as they think it the place to find a certifiable antique. They will accept something old because it has a certain life of its own which is interesting in itself. But primarily they consider antiques as something to be used as a part of everyday life. Antiques are to be sat on, to be cooked with, to be filled with fresh cut flowers, or to be hung up and looked at.

The utilitarians take great pleasure in trying to figure out what a particular item—once an indispensable part of daily life—was used for. Understanding how a wick-trimmer, ice cream maker, or bootjack works can provide the excitement of a voyage of discovery. It can also produce the revelation that modern industrial designers are not a singular breed, but have built on a particularly rich heritage.

Finally, the utilitarians are pragmatic and philosophic enough to recognize that all too soon we become antiques ourselves—human thimbles who gradually become more interesting for our past than our present.

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

"More poetry is said to come from Wisconsin than from any other state in the Union." So stated the *Badger State Banner* on April 10, 1855, according to Michael Lesy in his *Wisconsin Death Trip*, along with liberal notice of amputations, commitments, suicides, arson, ghosts, and clairvoyance.

It is hard to guess who said more poetry came from Wisconsin in 1855 than any other state, and it would be difficult to measure the accuracy of such a grandiose, albeit proud statement. And, of course, there is no mention as to "quality" of poetic output by Wisconsinites.

Actually, the *Banner* quotation is merely a lead into a few comments about Wisconsin writers and "Bookmarks/Wisconsin." Longtime readers of the *Academy Review* may have noted a lack of concentration on the works that writers are creating either from, about, or possibly as a result of, Wisconsin experiences.

When Orrilla Blackshear brought to my attention her work on developing a comprehensive bibliography of Wisconsin writers, I was immediately attracted to it. I was also impressed by the number of works which are being published each year which can, in one way or another, be considered Wisconsin books. It seemed natural that the *Academy* accentuate in its *Review* the works which are worthy of remarks, of noting, and of remembering.

"Bookmarks/Wisconsin" will highlight recent titles of a more popular nature: novels, biographies, histories, poetry, essays, etc. Other published works of various categories will be noted and tersely described as they are received. It will also be the place where some "retired" titles may be looked at anew and reconsidered. "Bookmarks/Wisconsin" will depend heavily upon its readership to request the consideration of new or old titles in order for this *Review* department to be fully representative.

If there are any qualifications, they will be these: 1) the writer must have been born in Wisconsin and have spent at least a recognizably appreciable amount of his life here, or 2) the writer must have spent a respectable number of years in residence before moving on, long enough to establish some reputation, or 3) the author is writing about Wisconsin, or 4) the individual was once recognized as an important Wisconsin writer. If there are other factors which should be considered, please inform the *Review*. What "Bookmarks/Wisconsin" is trying to avoid is what *Academy* Director James Batt refers to as "the writer claimed by Wisconsin because he/she flew over the state."

The major thrust of this issue's "Bookmarks/Wisconsin" is contemporary novels which have been written by state writers. Many of them were contenders and runners-up in the Wisconsin Writers' Council's annual competition. Among the books

reviewed are Tony Hozeny's first-place winning *Driving Wheel/My House Is Dark*, and runners-up Malcolm Rosholt's *Nahkom* Mark Dintenfass' *Figure 8*, and Robert Gard's and Allen Crafton's *A Woman of No Importance*.

It is interesting to note that of these four titles, three were published in Wisconsin. Rosholt published his own novel, and Wisconsin House produced Hozeny's novel and the Gard-Crafton book. Only Dintenfass had his work done outside our borders, by Simon and Schuster.

While this probably means that such writers as Thomas Bontly (Putnam), Marjorie M. Bitker (Popular Library), and James Purdy (Doubleday) don't belong to the Wisconsin Writers' Council or enter their works in the competition, it does serve as an indication that the quality of works being published in Wisconsin is definitely on the rise.

August Derleth was one of America's most successful and unique publishers with his "by subscription only" Arkham Press. The house is still in business after his death and science fiction fans eagerly await each new title. Wisconsin House is not new to the literary marketplace, but Hozeny's novel, as well as the Gard-Crafton work, were the publisher's first leap into the fiction field. Rosholt House and Rice Publications (*Papa Always Met Us at the Boat*) are indicative of a dimension of publishing which is re-emerging.

There is "vanity" press and there is "private" publishing. "Vanity" publishers accept a prescribed amount of money to print a particular work, promise a minimal amount of promotion, and hope that the author will have enough relatives to make ends meet for the person who has paid the price for the whole ball of wax—namely, the writer. "Private" publishing occurs when an individual believes enough in a work to take it upon himself/herself to find a printer, locate a distributor, make personal appearances, and hope against hope that some local or regional notice will be taken of the publication. It is not a new venture, but one which writers have chosen for years. (Why pay something, or earn a small percentage, when there is a chance that a large percentage of profit can be realized?)

At any rate, Wisconsin can be proud of its respectable publishing houses and its proud private concerns. Regional publishing is definitely winning many new friends among readers and writers. It is a justifiable improvement, for at a time when big national houses are cutting overhead and titles like drunken surgeons, we readers still want something made of paper and ink which leads us into new worlds or expanded horizons or just plain enjoyment.

Hayward F. Allen

DRIVING WHEEL/MY HOUSE IS DARK by Tony Hozeny; Wisconsin House Ltd., Madison, Wisconsin, \$4.95.

Tony Hozeny grins from his back cover like a tassle-haired step-brother of John Denver and Tom Sawyer, mostly teeth and a minimum of intense dark eyes. He's dressed in denim and wears round, wire-rimmed glasses. One has the impression, because of the winning smile, that he's a writer who can be trusted, no matter the fact that he looks so young and innocent of the pressures of daily living.

Yet, when the first pages are read of *Driving Wheel/My House Is Dark* there is a realization that the happy, young man has met the substrata of our society and has walked away, not only intact, but with a pair of short novels which reveal the increasing maturity of an up-and-coming novelist.

Ideally, one should read *My House Is Dark* first because it is the better novel. However, in order to appreciate this work, it is best to read *Driving Wheel*. Neither the author nor Wisconsin House were short in courage or some audacity by putting the first, and the weaker, novel at the front of the book. They are not afraid to expose the growth of the writer as he moves from experimentation and attempts at avant-gardism to a smoother control and development.

Writers have always had the excitement of feeling a work take over for itself. It's an awkward and mysterious situation, as the characters begin to act out their own lives, speaking words they themselves could never conjure into conversation, and moving into settings outside their own imaginations. The object, however, is to be able to allow this moment to occur and then return to objectivity later.

In *Driving Wheel*, Hozeny did not have the ability to go back and be rational about his work, so we are left with a good story that is ruptured by nonsyntax, oblique paragraphing, and "cuteness." So, the story of Jack the drifter, who comes to Milwaukee on the way to nowhere, is obscured unnecessarily.

Jack meets the very-pregnant-very-single Connie. The two rootless beings clutch at each other. They are happy, and after the child is born, the "parents" even talk about buying a house in the country and settling down to a regular life. Then, one day, Jack just leaves. Connie is sure he'll be back. The reader is almost positive he won't because of the way that Hozeny has built his character out of scraps of the past and present.

It is not hard to place *My House Is Dark* in Connie and Jack's neighborhood or even to imagine the people passing each other on the street and not knowing it. Here, instead of a woman and a child alone, there is a man and a child, alone and surviving. The narrator, who tells his own story, works at a menial job to support himself and his son, Ben, but his real love is playing in a band.

He finds life with a mistress good, finds friendship

with another displaced musician, visits his home and sees his husband-deserting wife. It's a well-told story, and we come to understand the lives of the people all around the man telling the story. Hozeny's maturity comes, however, not just in the straightening out of the story line, but in his ability to try a different approach to the narrator's identity.

It works. The reader knows everybody in the novel, everyone except the narrator. Whereas everybody else has a name and some kind of description, the central persona does not. Not even a glimpse in a mirror, not even a vague echo of a name, first, last, or nickname. This, of course, adds to the significance of the story being told, for it reveals the total lack of self-understanding of the storyteller and his being in limbo. He is a literal nonentity, *sotto voce*.

Gone is the innocent pretentiousness of style found in *Driving Wheel*, and in its place is a strong, subliminal narrative style. The same solid characterization is in both novels, and this is Hozeny's primary strength: the ability to create whole people whom we have not met before but have seen on the streets.

Tony Hozeny is a writer to be reckoned with. All he needs to do is keep writing, keep publishing, and find an audience, and that, of course, is the dark gauntlet every writer must run in order to survive. Hozeny has started that race well.

FIGURE 8 by Mark Dintenfass; Simon and Schuster, New York, New York, \$6.95.

Mark Dintenfass teaches at Lawrence College in Appleton. *Figure 8* is his third novel. It is also his most mature work, and it has taken some time to arrive at this point. There is still more room for him to grow most certainly.

Earthquake was his first published plunge into the pool of American letters. The novel has a quaint hero, an old man who dared to escape from the Sunnyside Home for the Aging. He ran away, not unlike the chief in Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. An offbeat niece, who is happily living with a Haitian, takes him in. After a while they take off for Africa and a revolution. At the end, the retired-English-teacher-turned-revolutionary opts for the quite quiet vicissitudes of Sunnyside.

The Case Against Org was his second novel. It is the opaque story of an incurable fat man who publishes the *Orgonon Newsletter* and has fantasies about obesity and self-justification. He also encounters a variety of incredible, weird folks during the time the reader witnesses his life.

The two books, especially the first, showed "promise," as the young writer's first works are generally described. That, unfortunately, is the literary equivalent to "interesting," as one talks about a painting one doesn't particularly like or care for.

They were indicative of Dintenfass' ability to create oblique characters and to establish obfuscated plots.

Figure 8 is the story of a silversmith named Silversmith who one day is struck by a car while riding his bicycle. The driver of the car is a poet named Hooper (nee Holzman), and the two are not strangers. Once, years before, Silversmith taught the poet's daughter Florrie how to swim and other sports. Hooper cuckolded the silversmith's wife, Angela DiTommaso. Now the craftsman wants to murder the wordsmith. It is not an easy book.

There is much of *Org* in the first half of the bleak book about the fates of lost souls. If one can stay with Dintenfass for this part of *Figure 8*, the journey is worth it. The remainder of the novel is without the pseudo-Joycean pretense and, at heart, is a fair murder mystery, a convoluted tale of memory and revenge.

Figure 8 will probably win no great literary prizes. It didn't even get the Wisconsin Council of Writers' novel award, was only a runner-up to Hozeny's *Driving Wheel/My Hoose Is Dark*. Having read both works and Dintenfass' earlier novels, I would be hard-pressed to judge the two novelists' entries. Both display considerable maturation, both deal with strange plots and characters, and both drive the reader on with a particular intensity and identity.

Neither author will join the ranks of America's great novelists, who breathe the rare air of literary pinnacles and peaks. Dintenfass has already proved his tenacity, as well as his ability to find publishers who will give him the needed chance to give the people his own special gift. It will be intriguing to read his next work and to see where he is growing. He has more than promise now.

Hayward F. Allen

Immigrant Women

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE by Allen Crafton and Robert E. Gard; Wisconsin House, Ltd., Madison, Wisconsin,

1974. \$8.95.

There are many stories about the successes and failures of men from immigrant families trying to find their place in American life, but little is known about the lives of the women of those families. These three books—one a biographical novel steeped in historical research about small town Wisconsin around the turn of the century, the other two, autobiographies of two women growing up in early twentieth century America—hint at the wide range of experiences in the hidden history of the immigrant women who became a part of this country.

As the title implies, *A Woman of No Importance* is not a success story in the usual sense of the word. May Baumgartner leads a simple life, becoming a serving girl, a wife, and even a school janitor. But it is not May's financial or professional progress that interests the author so much as May's attempt to hold on to her sense of spiritual unity with nature while living in a world dominated by the hard working, practical minded German settlers who seem to admire only what is useful.

May's first encounter with the utilitarian values that rule her world comes with her father's cry of disappointment on the day she is born: "Ach, Gott! Why ain't it a boy, Doc?" She grows up feeling inadequate and guilty for not being the son her father needs to help him on the farm, but after a few unsuccessful attempts to gain her father's respect, May stops questioning herself, and begins to question the values of those who judge her.

For guidance, May turns to the memory of her mother, a sensitive woman who was deeply moved by the wild beauty of the Horicon Marsh region where May is growing up. In an environment where men spend all their energies conquering and controlling nature, May begins to build a sense of self-worth on what she cannot help but see as a feminine value rejected by her utilitarian world: the inner sense of spiritual oneness with nature.

While the authors clearly admire the strength and determination of

the early German farmers, they point to a dangerous narrowing of perspective that comes as a result of the farmers' long hours of dulling labor. Oscar, May's father, is the perfect example of a man whose hard work has taught him to value only physical strength, endurance, and the material acquisitions they bring. He looks forward to conquering more and more of his wild land, never even dimly aware of its beauty. By using May as a contrast, the authors illustrate in Oscar the same "practical" and controlling personality that will eventually lead the businessmen of the towns surrounding the marshland to a plan that comes close to destroying the wild area.

If the authors' attempts to identify May's poetic sensitivity to nature with feminine sensibility are sometimes a bit heavy-handed and sentimental, they are at their best when showing May in active opposition to those who have no real understanding of the inner life. May comes alive in scenes of conflict with her stubborn father who burns her books, in her always unsuccessful attempts to explain her feelings to her kind, but dull-minded husband Jim, or in her argument with the preacher whose measure of spirituality is attendance at church. Although the book goes on too long after it has made its point, the historical backgrounds and May's bright character make it worthwhile reading.

FROM THIS GOOD GROUND by Edna Hong; Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1974. \$3.50.

In contrast to May's struggle against her environment, Edna Hong's *From This Good Ground*, an autobiographical account of her happy childhood in Taylor County, Wisconsin, shows a positive relationship between her Norwegian family's struggle to make a living on their farm, and her own spiritual growth. The author warns us early in the book that her story will be an inner-journey into her past to discover the source of her ideas and

values. Although Hong does give some warm pictures of her early life—she and her sisters playing at canning weeds and flowers, or the long cold trip to church on a sled in the Wisconsin winters—these scenes are too few. Most often we are given the author's views on everything from children's games to theological questions without a really vivid sense of the ground from which these ideas have come.

PAPA ALWAYS MET US AT THE BOAT by Hazel F. Briggs; Rice Publications, Madison, Wisconsin, 1974. \$3.50.

On the other hand, Hazel Briggs' account of growing up in America in the strange family group formed by her imaginative and romantic Austro-Hungarian father, and her dignified German mother, is filled with the details of life from which the narrator's sense of the world grows. In *Papa Always Met Us at the Boat*, we learn of the food the family ate; of the often stormy and confusing relationships with servants from other immigrant groups; of the smell of the failing soap factory where the children of the family help their father by wrapping soap; and of the suspicious attitudes of the native New Englanders who cannot classify this strange immigrant family. Slowly, from all these details emerges a story of a major clash in values within the family, and the sense of being outsiders in America that results from this clash.

The point of view of the story reflects the author's personal growth. The story begins in the narrow, child's view of the world that extends only to the boundaries of the family, and ends with a picture of the family seen against a vivid background of Europe at the outbreak of World War I.

At the center of the story are the opposing personalities of the mother and father, Hedwig and Mor Farkasch. Hedwig comes from a distinguished German Jewish family, the Medelsohns, famous both for philosophy and music. Hedwig is the reliable parent, not as filled with stories and excitement as the father, but always there when the children

needed her. She is intelligent and beautiful, but also dignified, stern, and sometimes harsh to those who fail her.

Mor, on the other hand, is a romantic dreamer, temperamental and changeable. Like his wife, he is intelligent and attractive; like her, he is also hard working. But his romantic nature and intelligence soon make him bored with any occupation for very long. The result is that the family keeps moving, not only from place to place, but from poverty to riches and back again, the quarrels of two strong personalities marking each change.

Briggs does not make herself the center of the story, but as the book goes along, she emerges slowly, an admirable combination of romanticism and reserve, independence and strong family ties. By the end of the book we find her in a ship loaded with Americans, like herself, escaping from Germany at the beginning of World War I. She and her sister sleep in lifeboats because there is so little room on the ship, and they are both a little afraid, but mainly they are filled with the joy of adventure. The ups and downs of her family life seem to have left Briggs with a brave attitude toward change, and it is this sense of the adventure of life that the book reflects most strongly.

—Star Olderman

For Bronte Buffs

UNQUIET SIDE: A BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE by Margot Peters; Doubleday, New York, 1975, (illust.), \$12.50.

Margot Peters' biography of Charlotte Bronte, *Unquiet Soul* is a welcome addition to Bronte studies. It is lively to read, and its feminist orientation brings a new perspective to Bronte's life and the times she lived in. Peters locates Bronte in her Victorian background and shows how this milieu exerted frustrating and destructive limitations on women, particularly creative intellectuals. Constraints faced Bronte in every sphere: from questions

challenging her "unwomanly" style, to the assumption that women fulfilled their destiny only through marriage and motherhood.

Charlotte Bronte's resistance against society's stereotyped images of women to gain artistic fulfillment was her triumph.

The book follows the familiar biographical details of the Bronte family, as Peters recounts Charlotte's problems as a single woman who must earn a living, her search for encouragement from male writers, her need to use a male pseudonym, her entrance into London society which both overwhelmed and intoxicated her, and finally, the struggle over her marriage with Nicholls, her brief (but, to Peters, questionable) happiness, and her rapid demise. Everything is reported against a background of details that emphasize how prevailing attitudes oppressed venture-some women.

Exploitation of women's dependent position is demonstrated both subtly and explicitly. For instance, Peters' rendering of the relationship between Bronte and her publisher George Smith: he encouraged her infatuation with him, because he "very badly wanted another novel from Currer Bell," but then grossly underpaid her in comparison to male authors who received as much as ten times more for their work than she did.

Peters asserts that this cultural context created additional conflicts for Bronte beyond those generated by her own personality. Her desire to be a writer and the role society prescribed for her as a dutiful daughter, dutiful wife, and mother was only the most obvious. Although Peters carefully reminds the reader that Bronte herself was unaware of the conflicting drives to which she was responding, she points out several ways in which the resulting ambivalence was expressed. Almost as a framing metaphor, she emphasizes the contrast between Bronte's unromantic, plain appearance and her romantic, intense spirit. Then she sees Bronte's choice of friends, Ellen Nussy, the

Tory gentlewoman, and Mary Taylor, the radical feminist, as the two alternate elements in Bronte's own character. Ambivalence toward her father is expressed in her fiction where she consistently destroyed father figures, though in life she was submissive, patient, and devoted. Peters identifies a compulsion to be contrary: "Charlotte was consistently cool to warmth, warm to coolness, irreverent with pomposity, earnest with triflers." She always loved men who were inaccessible and rejected those who courted her; she craved society but fled from it. Bronte was caught between alternate drives of passivity and aggression. She desired to be mastered by a superior person and conversely resisted domination. In her life she repressed her rage; but in her writing she created women who rebelled.

Society's ideals for women—marriage and motherhood—were disastrous goals for Bronte. At the prospect of her marriage to Arthur Nicholls, Peters asks: "And what will become of Currer Bell?" If she must minister to her husband, when will she write? Then Peters observes, "She did not love children, and she did not know how to prevent them." Bronte had no predisposition for motherhood, nor the necessary knowledge to control her biological life. Thus, the prudery of Victorian England and her own ignorance were responsible for her death only a few months after the marriage. Peters suggests that Bronte's pregnancy was both feared and unwanted, and her illness, a rejection of the role.

Under the spell of Bronte's own literary style, Peters' language is dramatic. Her psychological insights are sharp and succinct, and the character portraits she sketches are memorable—Harriet Martineau has rarely been rendered with such sensitivity and appreciation, and the caustic sketch of Thackeray portrays him as the archetype of the Victorian male.

Peters is a scholar clearly familiar with the entire Victorian scene. Thus, when she moves away from

Bronte's life to create the background scenes, she fills them with a wealth of interesting details. Furthermore, only someone as well versed as she is in women's history could identify and make credible the tensions created by the bigoted Victorian milieu, where a woman writer could persist only at the price of great emotional and mental strain. This kind of information is needed by all readers interested in the period. It is also welcome for the parallel insights it provides for our time.

—Audrey Roberts

"Legalized Lying"

THE GREAT AMERICAN BLOW-UP by Ivan L. Preston; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wisconsin, \$11.95.

Our black reclining chair is a wonderful piece of furniture. It has three positions: upright, ideal for stern lectures, father-son talks, and visiting clergy; eleven-four or slightly reclined position, torso at eleven o'clock, feet at four o'clock, perfect for discussing world affairs, viewing Saturday afternoon ball-games on TV, and reading; and the ten-three position, or totally reclined, torso at ten o'clock, feet at three, the shoes off, after a hard day's work, go-to-hell-world snooze position.

Having just returned from an advertising conference and seminar in Washington, D.C., I was charged up and ready for a good hard-hitting expose on the subject. Propped up nicely in the eleven-four position of my recliner, I began reading *The Great American Blow-Up*, by Ivan L. Preston, a journalism professor, avowed consumerist, and friend (I hope), from the University of Wisconsin.

The cover notes indicated that the book was "The story of legalized lying in the marketplace—soft-core deception, going under the name of *puffery!*"

I'm an advertising agency owner/copywriter—the villain in this book—able to seduce the great American masses into purchasing

virtually anything, via my diabolically clever copylines. The stage was set, I thought, for some lively mental karate against the loyal opposition. "Right On!" I said to myself and read on.

Webster describes "puffery" as "flattering publicity; exaggerated commendation especially for promotional purposes." Preston's description is not quite so concise. He attempts to dissect puffery down to its basic organs and entrails, tracing its shabby history back through musty 16th century law books, reams of Federal Trade Commission files, case histories, surveys, and documented examples.

Suddenly, I found myself easing the black recliner back into the ten-three position for a short respite. What I was reading was not an advertising expose, with titillating revelations about how the great unwashed were being manipulated, but a textbook with a funky cover!

Returning to the book, I discovered that by skimming the drier case histories, and homing in on the anecdotes and explanations, I was able to press on to completion.

As something of a consumer myself (with several overdraft notices to prove it), I find it difficult to disagree with Prof. Preston's premise that puffery should be eliminated from advertising. I also agree that there should be some uniformity in regulations concerning the practice. Why, as this book points out, are brewers allowed to use the term "Premium Beer," (without substantiating what's so "Premium" about it), when tire manufacturers are forbidden from using the term "Premium Tires"? Many other regulatory inconsistencies were also pointed out.

Where I partially part company with the writer is in the area of "intent to deceive," and "affect in the marketplace." I believe much puffery is written out of compromise or desperation, by pressured, overworked and sometimes undertalented copywriters, rather than as a covert attempt to mislead the unwary consumer. In fact, if I may indulge in a little expose of my

own, I have heard of cases where puffed-up copy was written not for the eyes of the consumer, but as a public relations vehicle for the copy-writer or agency, meant to puff the client's ego. Call it a form of job insurance. After all, every profession has its politics—even professors must “publish or perish.”

In terms of results in the marketplace, I think Preston fails to substantiate his claims as to puffery's insidious effect on today's consumer. Yesterday's consumer, yes, but today's? I doubt it. Increased consumer awareness is making it ever more difficult to sway people with blazing generalities. The fact is that puffery seems to be steadily dying right along with caveat emptor. Albeit, not fast enough to please the author, who it seems would like the honor of pounding the final nail into its coffin.

But alas, after long and occasionally tedious premise-building, the book contains no strong close. It just sort of ends.

There is a call to action, as one might expect from an avowed “consumer advocate,” citing the need for more (and more consistent) regulation. But with “de-regulation” the current buzz-word in Washington, it may be difficult to find someone to carry the baton.

All things considered, I'm glad I read the book. It has certainly made me wary of writing puffs in my advertising copy. Yet I can't promise to swear off the practice completely.

Education is, in my estimation, the best way to solve the puffery problem. Better this book wind up in the hands of students than bureaucrats, lest we become a nation where, as someone so aptly put it, “Everything that is not specifically permitted, is forbidden!” Having said that, I think I'll lie back in the ten-three position of my recliner and wait for a call from Ivan.

—John M. Rustad

Wisconsin History

NAHKOM, WOMAN OF WAUPACA by Malcolm Rosholt;

Rosholt House, Rosholt, Wisconsin, 1974. \$2.50.

Malcolm Rosholt has written two books about Wisconsin history, one about the early nineteenth century, the other about the early twentieth. While both provide some interesting information about Wisconsin, one succeeds far more than the other as entertainment.

Thought provoking as well as suspenseful, *Nahkom, Woman of Waupaca*, is a simply told engrossing story of Wisconsin in the 1840s. Purported to be based on historical fact, it dramatizes an episode in our history that shows pioneers assuming racial superiority as they claim an Indian as their child and, out of pride and stubbornness, disregard law, order and justice to have their way. It is a damning story, harsh in its realism and its judgment against a part of frontier life about which we are generally unaware.

The story revolves around the true identity of a small child—is he the son of an Indian or is he the lost son of a white family? A trial is held; many witnesses testify in behalf of Nahkom, the Indian woman who believes the child belongs to her; the judge decides in her favor, but the whites disregard the court and steal the boy. Years later he is found again, but is kidnapped before another trial can be held. Nahkom, driven mad with sorrow, drowns in Lake Michigan.

The hunt for the lost boy, the attempts to deal justly with Nahkom, and finally the hopeless plight of the Indians, captures the reader's interest and holds it to the unhappy ending. The characters are sketched against a simple background that is made vivid by a few well-chosen details. Rosholt effectively portrays both the unique differences and common humanity between the Indians and whites. By creating a series of tableaux, rather than a complex scene, he emphasizes the basic contrast of values. Stubborn pride, race prejudice, thwarted justice and the weakness of individuals when mobs rule, make a discouraging story, but one that is compelling to read.

THE BATTLE OF CAMERON DAM by Malcolm Rosholt; Rosholt House, Rosholt, Wisconsin, 1975. \$2.95.

In his second book, *The Battle of Cameron Dam*, Rosholt has gathered together material relating to a series of events in the first decade of this century when a small independent farmer stood off big lumber interests at gunpoint. John Dietz owned land in northern Wisconsin on which one end of Cameron Dam was located. After a series of misunderstandings or bad deals (we never know which, for sure) Dietz refused the lumber company access to the dam to float its lumber down river. Taking the law into his own hands, he posted “no trespass” signs and armed himself and his sons with guns, which he did not hesitate to use. After several disorderly confrontations in which several people were wounded, including Dietz's daughter, finally a man was shot and killed. Dietz was brought to trial, found guilty, and imprisoned.

Rosholt has researched the details of the case and pieced together the sequence of events. Though he obviously was fascinated with the search for facts, his accumulation of quotes, taken from trial testimony, deeds, and newspaper accounts, fail to clarify the guilt or innocence of Dietz, or the culpability of either the lumber company or police authorities. It would have been fascinating, for instance, to understand Dietz better. As it is, he is the central figure in the controversy, but whether he was acting on principle, out of perversity, or from paranoia remains in doubt. Nor does Rosholt assign responsibility for all the missteps. He seems to alternate between criticizing and defending all the parties involved and faults everyone for ignorance, bad judgment, opportunism, greed, and publicity seeking.

Law and order, power versus poverty, the impact of public opinion's fleeting loyalties, are concerns that invite evaluation by Rosholt. Questions about humane values are raised in this book, as they were in *Nahkom, Woman of Waupaca*, but

where Rosholt succeeded so well in dramatizing the issues in the fictionalized account of the Indian-white conflict, he fails here in this semi-documentary treatment. His attempt to be an "objective" reporter only results in frustrating ambiguity for the reader. If his purpose was to show how "things get out of hand" when people operate in a confusion of short-sighted, self-serving motives, he succeeded, but this success is at the expense of losing the reader in a mass of undistinguished details. However, even if one remains uncertain whether or where justice was served in *The Battle of Cameron Dam*, one nevertheless suspects that all the ingredients have been assembled here, waiting only to be shaped into an exciting Hollywood saga.

—Audrey Roberts

A Modern Fable

THE CHICKADEES: A CONTEMPORARY FABLE by Conrad Hyers; Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1974. (Illust.), \$3.95.

Wisconsin writer Conrad Hyers' fable of the chickadees speaks to the restlessness and the spirit of adventure of the young. A Beloit College professor of comparative mythology and the history of religions, he has created around these small creatures a myth that sometimes weighs a little heavily on their fluttering wings.

The chickadees of this tale are fascinated by the powers of flight given to a condor from beyond the mountains bordering their valley. The astonishing maneuvers of the great bird as he rides the updrafts inspires them to seek "to fly without flight" and to escape the narrow confines of their valley home.

With the enthusiasm of youth, they clumsily attempt to imitate the condor. Discarding the advice of the aged Mountain Chickadee, they journey forth, and it is only when they meet a flock of chickadees coming from the valley beyond the mountain that they realize the futility of their efforts. Returning to

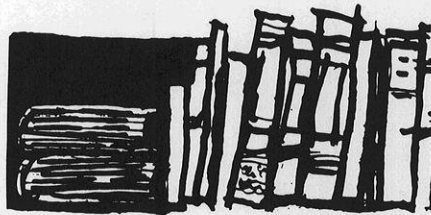
their valley, they remain aloof from their kin—still searching and still wondering.

Enter the eagle, urging them to abandon their small ways and to follow him to the sea. Those who do soon learn that it can only be by reincarnation that they can reach the highest levels of flight. Those who turn homeward come to a forbidden field, the toadstools of which, they believe, will make them capable of great and magical flights. But when they return home it is grey and coldly unfamiliar. With the rising of the sun comes recognition of the valley and realization of the joy that is theirs as chickadees.

Presumably the chickadees have learned a lesson; they are wiser and happier. They know who they are and are content with being what they are: "Wherever they are, they are always where they are, and where they want to be. This is their Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, their Home and their Eternity."

This little book speaks to contemporary issues. It is as Professor Hyers wished, a rewrite of the "odyssey of man in terms of both 'Zen Dust' and 'Biblical dust.'" Yet, for many readers, the most memorable experience may be the lyrical manner by which the author captures the essence of his main characters. The illustrations of Ed Piechocki add visual beauty and humor.

—Wilma L. Tague



BOOK BRIEFS

GOLD OF EVENING by Marjorie M. Bitker; Popular Library, New York, \$1.25.

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG OUTLAW by Thomas Bontly; Putnam, New York, \$6.95.

THE HOUSE OF THE SOLITARY MAGGOT by James Purdy; Doubleday, Garden City, New York, \$7.95.

ECONOMIC CHANGE IN PRE-COLONIAL AFRICA by Philip D. Curtin, University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wisconsin, (illust.), \$15.00.

Milwaukeean Marjorie M. Bitker's *Gold of Evening* is a romantic novel about a woman who learns about life and love in Europe, to which she has fled following a "tragic" marriage. Heiress Sally McVay goes abroad to let her wounds heal, and she meets a French physician who soothes her spirit and her soul and ministers her body's aches. It certainly is not *Fear of Flying*. *Gold of Evening* is no more nor less than a love story with a pang and a smile at the end.

UW-Milwaukee professor Thomas Bontly has had his novel, *The Adventures of a Young Outlaw* recently published. Although his setting, Waunouqua Heights, is fictional, another reader has said, "Because of the description of the lakes, the swampy country, the Braves and the White Sox, the novel has to take place in a town like Rochester or Waterford, but most likely Burlington." Bontly's book is another of the Ike Era works like *Happy Days*, *The Last Picture Show*, and *The Cheerleader*. Although the author pushes verisimilitude to fantasy at times, *Adventures* reads well, is often quite humorous and poignant, especially for Fifties buffs. My fellow reader's praise should be repeated for others, "Those wild areas near our houses gave us a special kind of freedom. Bontly's novel really brought it home. I'd have everybody read it."

James Purdy taught at Lawrence for a few years back in the late Forties and early Fifties, so Wisconsin can still lay some claim to his name and fame. He has written another in his continuous novel, *Sleepers in Moon-Crowned Valleys*.

This novel, his tenth, is titled *The House of the Solitary Maggot*. The ongoing saga, which was begun in *Jeremy's Vision* (1970), about small-town America, Prince's Crossing, is not a very appetizing work. One critic offered what must be one of the bluntest opinions ever written: "*The House of the Solitary Maggot* is a crappy novel about crappy people" That's something like

the criticism that was leveled at Katherine Hepburn, when she was said to have run the gamut of her expressions "from A to B." Oh well, Purdy doesn't live in Wisconsin anymore, and since he was born in Ohio and lives in New York, they have to be more aware of his literary fate.

Philip D. Curtin has written

another book about the slave trade, *Economic Change in Pre-Colonial Africa*. For those readers interested in African history and early economics, they will find this book useful and a worthy companion for Curtin's other works, *The Atlantic Slave Trade: A Census; Image of Africa: British Ideas and Action, 1780-1850*; and *Two Jamaicas*.

Poetry

Out of Wisconsin

On mobility by Jeri McCormick

Small immigrant
from the mountains,
she was unprepared
for anything like a city
 anything like a city school
 where little girls wore
 pullover sweaters
 and poll parrot shoes.

They knew
she could read
just as well as they could,
but what about the dirt
under her fingernails
and that outlandish coat
from mountainside rummage?

She learned
to suck out the dirt
while the Bluebirds
met for recitation.
As for the coat,
she took it off each day
two blocks from the iron gate
and it rode her right arm
the rest of the way in.

All through the second grade
she was
 a princess on tour
 in brown oxfords
 carrying her own fine woolen train
 into that red brick fortress
of inferiors.

Ten Years Old
Memorial Day:
by Robert Fitzgerald

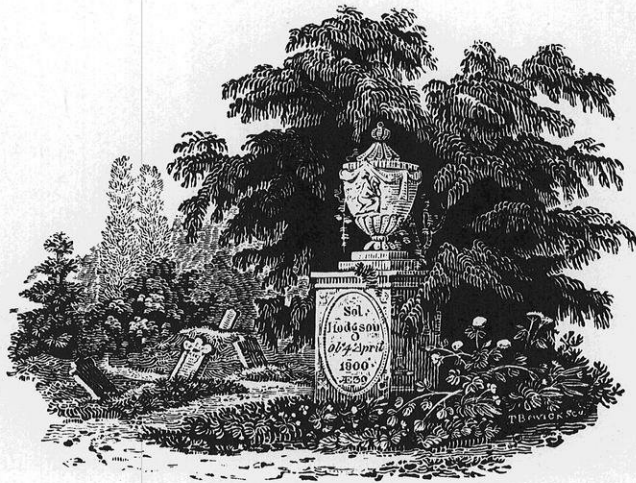
To the north,
FOREST LAWN CEMETERY:
Trim grass around granite
stones even in death one
higher than the next
across from a mausoleum
the gravestones: HAHNS,
ROBISON, WAGNERS,
my mother's family.

We children put pink peonies
in green malt cans with spikes
my father pushes into the ground
and secrets of a family whose
daughter broke down at Vassar,
drinking and smoking against
their rules, a family
who never spoke of my mother
after she went away to her
world of counts and kings
because she began to talk
with men in the radio who
had knives and wanted to kill
her and open her hands clenched
shut from germs all over everything
and the food she would not eat.

We were her children
fixing flowers among her people,
whose women tinted their hair blue,
whose men drank before parties
where the grandmother from under
white shelves of Royal Doulton
ruled with her last will and
testament next to a pile of
LIFE magazines hiding her latest
issue of MODERN SCREEN ROMANCES.

To the south,
ST MARY'S CEMETERY:
ivy vines crawling black
iron fences, huge crosses, and
angel statues, dandelions and thin
grass between low, crowded gravestones,
my father's people,
his father who ran away from
a one room school house (where
he had "learned everything")
and from a two room thatched
cottage with the loft for ten
kids in Tipperary to a railroad
job in Minnesota until someone
called him a son of a bitch
and he took off down the tracks
to a packing house in Lincoln
where he met Katie O'Rourke
who years later at seventy could
stop a fight with a look,
"We don't do that here,"
or start a party by rolling
up a carpet and popping a cork.

At both graveyards we were told
not to walk on graves and we knelt
when my father knelt, knowing he
knew where everyone was.



NEAR THE LIZZARD MOUND

by Jim Stephens

When it was born in the early world,
a first language
or an entry to breasts,
a moan and a rise of snow.

The animals are wearing these shapes
losing themselves, dispersed in a smoking mirror.
Each heartbeat pushed through a cavern
is a thin bundle in a throat,

the original creatures of space
hides pulled tight around their bodies.

Spirits give up their lives
because they are silent.
They start out like the passive flower
after a watery downfall,

*from above, the sleeping forms
are drifting in.*

IN THE KITCHEN

by Rosella Howe

Did you know
that if you take a can
of Campbell's soup
(condensed tomato
or pea if at hand
but this is no plug
for flavor or brand)
and slice off the top
with a circular lop
so the whole quivering mass
can slip out with a plop,
and if you first put a pot
on a gassed or amp'd grid
and get it so hot
that a dewdrop would skid,
then holding the can
some six inches above
slap its upped bottom
and let the plop drop
to the hotspot potbottom—

you will hear the sound
of the end of the world?

No fire
no ice
no whimper
no bang
just utter
spluttering
incidence
of subsidence.



Vis-a-Vis

By James R. Batt

Encyclopedia Wisconsin

Conscience is the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking.

H.L. Mencken

For over forty years, one of those someones—looking at the world of Wisconsin especially—has been Walter E. Scott (see Ruth Hine's article elsewhere in this issue).

Of the many tributes paid to Mr. Scott upon his retirement from the Department of Natural Resources this past spring, perhaps the most fitting came from an outdoor writer, who termed Walter "the conscience of the department."

That assessment can be faulted only because it is too confining; in truth, Walter Scott has been the conscience of literally scores of institutions and organizations.

Well, let's face it—that kind of thing can, at times, drive people up the wall. I know. I've been there, and back again.

The really amazing thing, though, is that following such an involuntary ascension, you come back down only to find the hand of Walter Scott stretched out in warm greeting. Never doubt the motive. It is, always, a helping hand.

And what a truly remarkable head and heart to accompany it. I venture to say that there are few, if any, men or women of Wisconsin who know this state more thoroughly or who love it more dearly.

Walter Scott knows and loves Wisconsin in all its seasons, history,

legends, lands, and inhabitants (human, plant and animal). He is Encyclopedia Wisconsin, forever willing to be read. Generous to a fault, some would say—collecting, learning, lending, giving of Wisconsin in all its rich variety.

But most of all, Walter E. Scott gives of himself, unstintingly. If he is the conscience that prods others to right action, he is also a combatant in the good cause. Make that plural. There have been so very many, including that of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, which he has served in so many roles—including those of president, founding editor (with his wife, Trudi) of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, and member of the governing Council.

To many of our members, Walter Scott is "Mr. Academy." In earlier years, when the financial going was really tough, it was Walter and Trudi Scott who served as the glue which held the Academy together. Throughout the state there are members whose first introduction to the organization was through the Scotts.

For one so closely involved, who cared so deeply, the coming to the Academy of a full-time executive director four years ago must surely have proved a mixed blessing. To top it off, the executive director was a newcomer to Academy affairs, unknowing of the proud history and traditions, and the plain hard work

that had gone into keeping an idea afloat and operative for more than a century.

We learned together, Walter and I: he, that while an administrator cannot be allowed to ride off with the organization on his own, neither can that person be restricted to the function of a processor if change and growth are to occur; I, that finding the middle ground is no easy task and that suggestions are not necessarily criticisms.

Ah, but Walter Scott hasn't retired at all. He simply isn't going down to the office every day. His work was never limited to the hours spent there anyway, whether the work was official business or otherwise.

The mail slot by the Academy door continues to yield Scott-produced reference material; the postman continues to bring his generous contributions; and the birders, the historians, the environmentalists—all continue to enjoy and profit by their association with a unique individual.

My desk-side Fowler's tells me that the word, unique, "is applicable only to what is in some respect the sole existing specimen, the precise like of which may be sought in vain."

I was not aware that old H.W. Fowler, master grammarian, was acquainted with Walter E. Scott, major Wisconsin resource, humanitarian, and friend.

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