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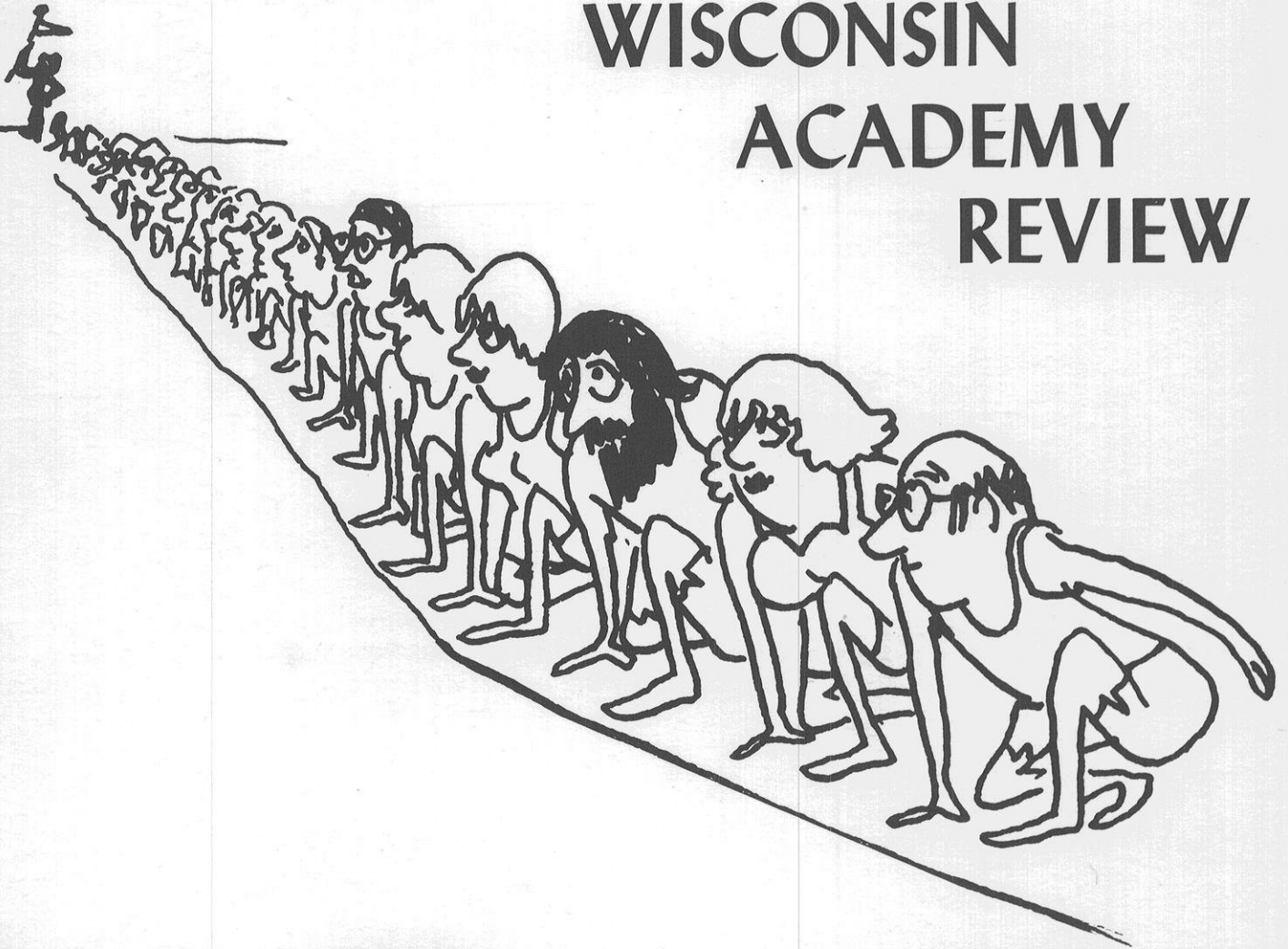
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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW



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Volume 20

Number 1

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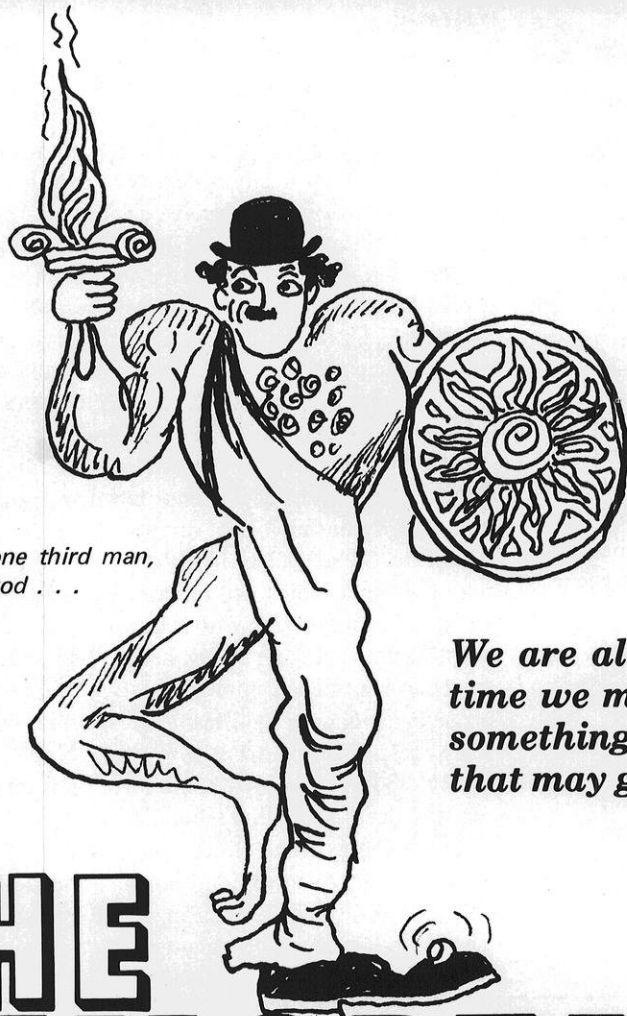
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*Gilgamesh—one third man,
two thirds god . . .*

***We are all runners . . . at any
time we may say something, do
something, resist something
that may give us the prize in . . .***

THE IMMORTALITY STAKES

by Alan D. Corrè

Illustrations by Cissie Peltz

A short time ago a harrowing book by Robert J. Lifton was published entitled *Death in Life: The Survivors of Hiroshima*. It is a study based on interviews of seventy-five survivors of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. One may be grateful for a scholarly reminder of this incident in modern history which most of us are only too anxious to forget. The interest of Lifton's study however goes beyond the strict subject matter of his book. It is his belief that the sense of immortality is a general psychic need, and that human behavior, particularly the human predisposition to feelings of guilt and anxiety, can only be understood in the context of human mortality. As is the case with many of the "insights" of the social sciences, this has long been recognized by gifted writers of all ages, but has been neglected by the psychologists, a fault due, in Lifton's view, to Freud's dictum that we cannot imagine our own dissolution in any other way than as spectators.

The theme is a commonplace in ancient folk literature. Take for example the ancient near-eastern legend of Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh, one third a man and two thirds a god, goes in search of immortality, and almost succeeds in capturing a rejuvenating plant (a second best really), only to have it snatched from his grasp by a serpent at the last minute.

Or consider the reply of another near-eastern hero, Aqhat, when offered immortality by the goddess Anat in return for his bow which she covets. "I'll give you everlasting life!" she declares. "You'll be like the gods, you'll never die!" "Don't fool me," he replies, "glaze will be poured upon my head, and I must surely die." Mortality is the central concern of all the great religions, whether their aim is eternal life, is our tradition, or escaping from the eternal bonds of mortality, as in the east.

Despite scientific advance and revised mortality tables, death is still very much with us. The Roman

poet Lucretius, in demonstrating that the imminence of death does not much vary from one generation to another, remarks sarcastically that while prehistoric man in his ignorance could meet death by accidentally eating poisonous herbs, we in our sophistication administer them to one another. A generation which has seen the Salk vaccine and Auschwitz, the auto seat belt and the atom bomb, can hardly refute his verdict.

Death challenges man to conquer it. In an earlier study, Lifton delineated four modes by which the sense of immortality might be expressed. The first he called the biological or biosocial, living on *through*, and so to say *with* one's sons and daughters and their offspring. The desolation of childlessness expressed so often and so poignantly in the Old Testament well illustrates this. "Give me children," says Rachel. "If not, *I die*." "What can you do for me," asks Abraham, "seeing that I go childless." The second mode is theological, belief in an afterlife. The third operates through creative works or human influences -- writing, arts, inventions; and, for the benefit of his colleagues, Lifton adds the therapeutic influences of physicians and psychotherapists. The fourth mode operates through the immortality of nature, where nature represents an ultimate aspect of existence. It is perhaps this last point that led Bertrand Russell in his auto-

that he cannot wait for the accidental immortality which he narcissistically believes to be his due.

This theme of the contrived accident is explored in a recent first novel by Jack Gratus entitled *A Man in his Position*. In this sad tale, the central character is called Bullock, a name which would seem to point to his essential mortality. What is a bullock for, if not for the slaughter? The author systematically voids him of the modes of immortality. He is a bachelor, so the biosocial mode is not for him. He works at a soul-destroying office job which precludes the human influence. He is neither religious nor sensitive enough to find any joy in theological survival or the immortality of nature. So he decides in his semi-lunatic way on an act of violence which will immortalize him at least in the mind of his victim, who is the acme of fortuitousness -- a girl sitting on a park bench. Bullock is trying to achieve accidental immortality by cheating, by arranging a random significant act. But there are many truly accidental immortals.

My model for accidental immortality is taken from Sir Max Beerbohm, "the incomparable Max," in his essay "A Clergyman." Beerbohm was haunted by a nameless clergyman who appears just once in Boswell's Johnson. Boswell and Johnson were dining together at Thrale Hall. Johnson comments that "we have no sermons addressed to the passions that are good for any-

"But so long as men find fascination in Boswell, they will notice the meteoric flight of the demolished divine across his pages. . ."

biography to comment: "The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places mean more to me than even the human beings I love best . . ."

I would like to suggest a fifth mode, namely that of *accidental* immortality. The Talmudic sages had a good and almost untranslatable term for this concept. They speak of one who is *kone 'olamo bevat ahat*, "who acquires his eternity in one instant," one who leads an uneventful and unnoticed life, but through circumstances does or says something of such exceptional significance that it assures him of a share in eternity. Of course their emphasis was on the theological mode that Lifton describes. But it seems to me distinct from both this and the human influence mode. It is the desire, which I suspect enters into many day-dreams, of fame achieved by some act which causes one's name to live on.

Many acts of violence can probably be explained as an impatience with waiting for the lucky accident. The man who guns down a rabbi during his sermon, or a presidential candidate in a hotel kitchen is telling the world not that he wants mere fame or infamy, but

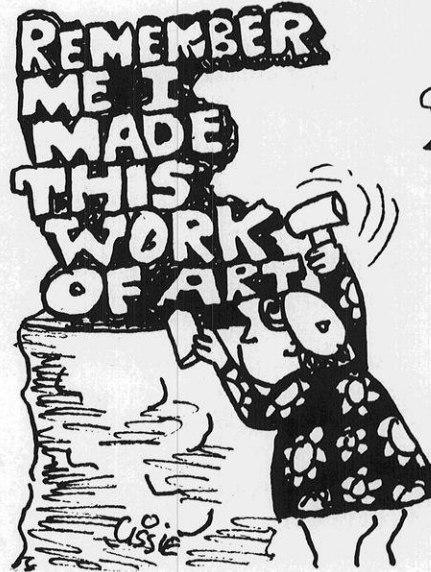
thing." The clergyman ventures to comment: "Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?" At this, Johnson slaps him down: "They were nothing, sir, be they addressed to what they may." Beerbohm feels a fascination for what he calls this "faint human hand thrust up, never to reappear, from beneath the rolling waters of time." He imaginatively reconstructs the reasons for the rebuff, and imagines the clergyman fading away and dying rapidly thereafter. But one thing we have to admit. The nameless clergyman acquired his eternity in one instant through that solitary question. We do not even know his name. But so long as men find fascination in Boswell, they will notice the meteoric flight of the demolished divine across his pages. We may suspect too that the reason that the clergyman "solicits my weak imagination," as Beerbohm puts it, is that he was unconsciously envious at the clergyman's immortality. He must have wondered whether his fine essays merited the "human influence" mode of immortality, whether indeed his hard work was worth the trouble, seeing that our dog-collared friend achieved his eternity in one instant. Maybe this is why Beerbohm gratuitously kills him off in his essay.

Humans constantly seek ways of meeting death's challenge . . .

The pages of the Old Testament are full of true immortals of the human influence mode: Abraham, Moses, David, Jeremiah, men more lively indeed than many of the nineteenth century Bible critics who tried to achieve *their* eternity by claiming that they never existed. But there are many other accidental immortals too — men and women who, looking down from their modest quarters in the theological mode beyond the stars, are doubtless astonished and delighted to find that they still rate a mention in the land of the living. For example we read in the Book of Judges 8:14 how Gideon returned from a battle from the ascent of Heres. He happened to capture a young man of the men of Succoth, and submitted him to questioning. The young man obligingly wrote down for him seventy-seven names of the princes and elders of Succoth. The notion of this simple country lad writing down seventy-seven names is something which should give us pause. When we consider that in present-day Portugal fifty percent of the population is said to be illiterate, and that even some sections of the U.S. are probably not too much better, we may be a little humbled at the thought that Gideon expressed no surprise at the fact that this simple country lad could write. Literacy was apparently far from rare in the ancient near east at this time, at least in those parts which had adopted the blessedly simple alphabetic method of writing. The noted Siloam inscription was probably written by ordinary working men. We have reason to respect that immortal lad, that accidentally immortal lad, who thousands of years ago was able to write down seventy-seven names for Gideon.

Women achieved accidental immortality too. The Book of Exodus (1:15-21) records Pharoah's attempt at genocide based on the fear of the alien Hebrew element in the midst of the country. He orders that all male Hebrew children be killed at birth. Two midwives, who are called "Hebrew midwives," although they may well have been Egyptian midwives of the Hebrews (with or without a small change in the vocalization of the Hebrew text) found that this offended their consciences, and they became an early model of civil disobedience. They ignored Pharoah's order. When he upbraided them, they gave a highly subtle answer which had Pharoah's racist mind absolutely taped. They replied: "The Hebrew women are not like the Egyptian women. They are too lively. Before you get to them they have given birth." Pharoah had no an-

Through one's offspring . . .

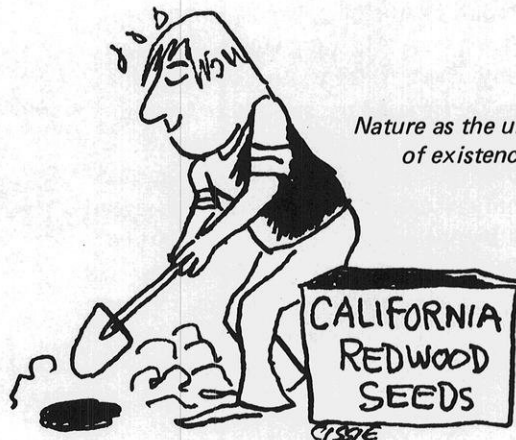


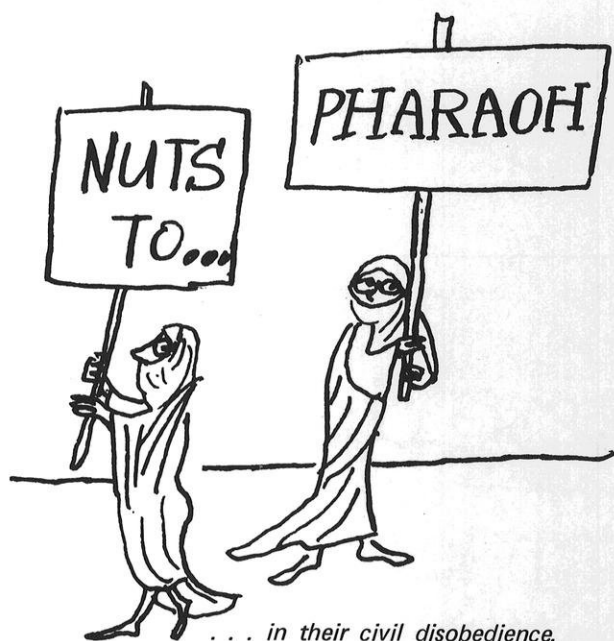
Creative works and human influence . . .

Belief in an afterlife . . .



Nature as the ultimate aspect of existence . . .





swer to this because they cleverly used his own assumption. The Hebrew women were not like the Egyptian, they were *different*. Every racist knows that inferior and eliminable races are “different.” Too, they were “lively.” The Hebrew word *lively* is virtually identical with the word for *animals*. The Hebrews are not human beings; they are animals. They give birth like animals, so quickly that they are all through almost as soon as labor begins. No reply of Pharaoh is recorded, but apparently they got off lightly, and God was so pleased with them that He “made them houses,” what-

“...while they were talking, the drinks were miraculously switched, with the result that Bethuel disappeared rapidly and horizontally.”

ever that means. Let’s hope they were nicely furnished. Shifra and Puah were successful in their civil disobedience and in achieving immortality.

The next example is somewhat comic. In the Book of Genesis (chapter twenty-five) we are told that Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, went to seek a wife for his master’s son Isaac. He was guided to Rebecca, a fine young lady with a tricky brother by the name of Laban. When the proceedings start there is another character present, Laban’s father Bethuel. Bethuel says little, and by verse fifty-five has clearly vanished and is not mentioned again. A fanciful rabbinic legend fills in the gap. Bethuel coveted Eliezer’s money and wanted to kill him, so he fixed him a drink spiked with poison. Eliezer, like the good servant he was, refused to drink until the business at hand was settled. As a reward for his faithfulness, while they were talking the

drinks were miraculously switched, with the result that Bethuel disappeared from the story rapidly and horizontally. But he did achieve his immortality. (Incidentally, it seems that poisoning is a hazardous way of doing away with one’s enemies. A researcher in medical history, Dr. G.W. Geebhoed, recently showed ingeniously and convincingly that Benvenuto Cellini was cured of his syphilis by a large overdose of sublimated mercury administered with totally different intentions.)

My final example I quote because there is little to tell you about him, yet in a way he tells all. In chapter 14 of Genesis, a mysterious chapter quite different in atmosphere from the rest of the book, there appears, in verse thirteen, a character who is called simply “a survivor,” in Hebrew *hapalit*. “There came a survivor and told Abram the Hebrew . . . and when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he led forth his trained man . . .” That sweaty, breathless, name-

“Nothing need be purchased, no entry blanks need be filled in, and the contest is legal in states and municipalities where competitions are taxed or forbidden.”

less survivor who flashes across the pages of the Bible and achieves thereby his immortality is the prototype of us all. We are all ‘survivors’; we all, in Eliot’s phrase “go into the dark,” yet till then wonder why we survive in this battered caravanserai when so many, often younger than ourselves, are taken. Perhaps it can be a comfort to us that we are all runners in the immortality stakes. We may at any time say something, do something, resist something, that may give us the prize which eluded Gilgamesh, and which Aqhat claimed did not exist. Nothing need be purchased, no entry blanks need be filled in, and the contest is legal even in states and municipalities where competitions are taxed or forbidden. We are all runners, and the prize for the lucky winners is immortality.

Alan D. Corrè is Professor of Hebrew Studies at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Five years ago he received an award from the Wisconsin Academy for research in the humanities, and this year was voted a Standard Oil award for teaching excellence. He has had books and articles published in England, Holland, Italy, Spain and Israel as well as the U.S.

Cissie Peltz is a free lance cartoonist whose cartoons and illustrations have appeared in Cosmopolitan, Look, Saturday Review, Pageant, Chicago Tribune Magazine, New York Times and other publications. In 1963 she was named “Communicator of the Year” by the Communications Committee of the University of Chicago Alumni Association—the first woman to receive that award.



Pelf, Power & Pomp

New Tales from the Mound

by Dale O'Brien

So long ago that their origin and fate are unknown, Indians came to the river at Prairie du Chien and built a huge burial mound. Eons later, on this mound, Wisconsin's first millionaire built a mansion which has been described as "the truest and most complete example of mid-19th Century style to be found not only in Wisconsin but in the entire United States."

The mansion was Villa Louis and the millionaire was Hercules Louis Dousman, one of the most remarkable men in the annals of the Northwest. A prince of the fur trade, a financier, and owner of a fleet of steamboats plying the Mississippi, Dousman exerted a tremendous personal influence on the developing frontier. His holdings included about twenty-five percent of early Milwaukee, ten percent of Madison, and total or partial interest in nearly every farm in a radius of fifty miles of Prairie du Chien. He was a railroad magnate, connecting Milwaukee and the Mississippi by rail.

When Hercules built his mansion in 1843, he had influential neighbors on the mound, including Michael Brisbois and Joseph Rolette. These were the barons on the hill. The others—the French, Indians, and Americans who lived in the area—were for the most part unobtrusive yeomen in the fields. But the three families—the Dousmans, the Rolettes and the Brisbois—made a

vast area their fiefdom and the village their seat of power. Their adventures, acted out in sharp relief against everyday frontier existence, have been chronicled in many scholarly papers, articles, and fiction. But what follow are new stories based on the painstaking research of historian Donald L. Munson, curator of the Villa Louis historic complex.

A CRAVING FOR ASPARAGUS

M. and Mme. Michael Brisbois were well-educated people who arrived in Prairie du Chien from a little town near Montreal in 1781; Michael soon became a captain of the fur trade. Mme. Brisbois, one of the first white women to actually live in Prairie du Chien, was an imperious woman. She claimed President Monroe as an uncle, and considered no one in the village her social equal. Apparently, she gave Michael a hard time, too.

One problem was her inordinate craving for asparagus—especially when she was pregnant. Every spring for many years, therefore, Michael would go to Prairieville to bring back a load of the vegetable. But the quality wasn't to Mme. B.'s liking.

Finally, Michael solved the problem. He learned that at Lake Pepin, about 130 miles up the Mississippi by canoe, soldiers at an old French fort had

planted a large bed of fancy asparagus. He paddled up and back more than once to bring Madame the finest asparagus obtainable. It is not recorded whether Michael had an ulterior motive for the long journey or whether or for how long Mme. B. remained content.

A BILL OF SEPARATION

Two year old Jane Fisher was brought to Prairie du Chien by her fur-trader father and left in the care of her uncle and aunt, M. and Mme. Michael Brisbois. As a child in Mme. B.'s home, Jane learned well the arts of self-esteem and assertion. At age fourteen, she was married to forty-two-year-old Joseph Rolette, whose house was a few paces down the block from the Brisbois'. Theirs was an unhappy marriage from the outset. On September 22, 1836 she and Joseph entered into a legal separation which was dissolved by Joseph's death a few years later. Nowhere are the lessons learned from Mme. Brisbois better illuminated than in the papers of separation.

Let Mme. Jane dispel the illusions of any who think the life of the pioneer housewife was inevitably repressed and dominated by puritan custom and rough-hewn husband. It may be fair to infer from other evidence that if either party to the marriage was abused, it was Joseph. The separation

document, running about 2,000 words, would seem fairly to spray poor Joseph with buckshot. Witness:

"... Joseph hereby covenants, ... that he will pay ... in trust for the sole and separate use and benefit of ... Jane ... the annual sum of \$300 to be paid in equal quarterly payments ... to be used and enjoyed by ... Jane free from the control of any person whatever; and that ... Joseph will erect, plaster and finish a good stone dwelling house 98 by 30 feet, two stories high and a comfortable kitchen convenient thereto and also a stable to be built of woods (of) which said dwelling house kitchen and stable shall be built, and shall be complete and finished on or before November 15, 1837. (Also) a convenient lot where the same shall be erected (shall be) enclosed with a picket fence ... Said lot and the building thus to be erected shall be quietly and peaceably used and occupied by ... Jane for her sole and separate use and benefit ... Until said building shall be finished Jane shall (use the building where she now resides). Joseph shall also furnish Jane for and during the term aforesaid with a man or boy servant capable of performing all the necessary services required of such a servant (whom) Joseph shall and will pay and clothe ... in a proper manner.

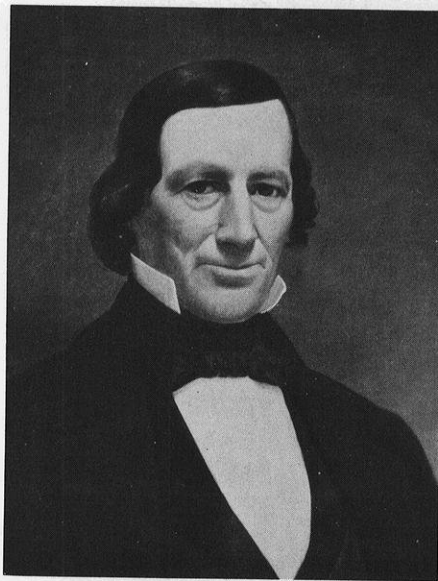
But all this was barely the beginning. There follow hand-written pages listing precise quantities and kinds of produce Joseph is to furnish Jane annually forever and aye. Some samples:

Five hundred pounds of fresh beef, 300 pounds of salt pork, 200 pounds of lard, 150 pounds of butter, 300 pounds of brown sugar, 25 pounds of tea, 40 pounds of coffee, half a pound of nutmeg, two bushels of salt, 125 pounds of soap, eight barrels of superfine flour, 10 gallons of vinegar, and quantities of fresh venison. The list, three times this long, being completed, directions are provided on when and how the items are to be delivered.

These bullets having been shot into the hapless Joseph, the massacre proceeds.

Joseph shall provide their two children a good education "suitable to

their condition." If Jane should decide to travel instead of residing in the buildings Joseph is to supply, he shall then calculate the equivalents in rent, forage, food stuffs, etc., and pay such sums to her in cash. It then proceeds to assure Mme. Jane that nothing in the document in any way alters her legal rights as his wife or her rights of dower. After the document is wit-



Hercules Louis Dousman, I ... fur, finances, steamboats, and scales.

nessed and signed, there is an afterthought, also witnessed and signed, which enumerates still more tribute to be exacted:

"One sleigh and one train and two robes, and also the following articles in each and every year ... viz: three gallons of brandy, eight gallons of wine, 10 gallons of whiskey, 20 pounds of almonds, two boxes of raisins, 30 pounds of cheese ..."

And near the end, Jane seems to have remembered another important detail: Joseph shall drill a well on her lot.

But the most intriguing clause in the document is the solitary requirement made of Jane:

"... it is further agreed and understood ... that if the said Jane shall hereafter conduct herself with imprudence or indiscretion unbecoming a lady she shall from such time and for such a cause forfeit all right and claim under

each and all of the provisions of this deed ..."

It is tempting to suspect that the reasons for those words are the most absorbing story of them all.

A PASTORAL WEDDING

Two years after the death of her husband Joseph Rolette, Mme. Jane married Hercules Louis Dousman, who by then was a wealthy and powerful man.

To add a dash of surprise to the wedding, Hercules secretly ordered a thousand candles and a thousand candle holders to provide a richly festive glow to Villa Louis, the mansion he had built in anticipation of their wedding.

The candle ceremony became a tradition with the Dousmans. When their son, Hercules II, was married to Nina Sturgis at the villa, 500 candles were provided. And years later in 1902 when the junior Dousmans' daughter Virginia was married at the Villa to Arthur Cosby of Minneapolis, 500 candles graced the occasion. But impressive as this custom had become, it wouldn't hold a candle to other aspects of Virginia's wedding.

The Mississippi River lies five hundred yards from the villa's porch door. Five hundred yards of white satin were unrolled from the door to the river for the bride to walk upon to that point on the river's bank where, as more than six hundred guests looked on, the bishop would marry her to Cosby.

Even the huge villa was not capacious enough to provide more than a fraction of the guests with the lodging and comforts to which their station and the occasion entitled them. So to accommodate them, thirty-seven Pullman cars (which, of course, belonged to the Dousmans' railroad holdings) were sent from Milwaukee and parked on the villa grounds. Each car was fully staffed with servants.

Virginia and Arthur went on a ten-day honeymoon. Upon their return, there were still fourteen Pullman cars full of guests on the villa grounds, still reveling in the wedding festivities.

In 1902 the Dousman ménage included about twenty full-time servants,

a number considerably augmented for the wedding. In the days of Hercules I, there were some thirty full-time servants at the villa. One wonders how much more lavish the wedding might have been had the first Hercules given it when he still reigned over his vast domain.

MYSTERY OF THE BLOODY NOSE

Oscar Wilde should have known about the portrait of Jack Sturgis. Jack was the brother of Nina, wife of Hercules Dousman II. A portrait showing Jack as a young man in military uniform hangs above the landing of the villa's main staircase.

Soon after the portrait was finished, Jack went with Col. George A. Custer to the Battle of Little Big Horn where, along with Custer and his entire command, he lost his life. According to Dousman tradition, neither Nina nor any other member of the family knew that Jack had been killed when, one day as she was looking at the portrait, she saw blood coursing down Jack's face from his nose and mouth. She ran screaming in terror. Two weeks later she received notification from the War Department that Jack had been killed in battle on the very day she saw the flowing blood.

Nina couldn't bear having the picture hanging in the house anymore. It was banished to the ballroom where it remained for many years.

Eerie as the story is, there's an explanation for it. If you examine the painting from a 45-degree angle you will see the blood just as Nina did so many years ago. But what you really see is the artist's undercoat of red pigment which shows through the surface layers of paint when the light strikes it at that angle.

HERCULES AND HIS SCALES

Back when Villa Louis was built in 1843, the principal means of transportation to Prairie du Chien was by river. Understandably, when people journeyed to the village they usually remained for at least several days.

Hercules was one of the great hosts in all America; accounts of his hospi-

talities are legendary. When a guest arrived at the villa, he was ushered into the great hall and there confronted a scale. Dousman would insist that the guest weigh himself immediately upon arrival and would pencil the weight in his notebook.

When the guest left, usually in four or five days, Hercules would weigh him again. If the guest hadn't gained at



Mme. Jane Fisher Rolette Dousman . . . dispelling the image of the repressed pioneer housewife.

least one pound for each day of his stay, Hercules would consider that he had failed as a host and would urge his already overstuffed guest to remain until Dousman could fatten him up at the prescribed rate.

THE FAITHFUL BUTLER

As a boy, Louis LeBrun came down with voyageurs from Montreal. His father, one of that group of voyageurs, died in an accident soon thereafter, leaving young Louis an orphan in Prairie du Chien.

Hercules I took LeBrun into the Dousman household where he became almost a member of the family. When he grew up, he became their chief butler, a position he served for more than fifty years. When Donald Munson became curator of Villa Louis, he made an interesting discovery: the bottom drawer of Louis LeBrun's dresser.

Upstairs of LeBrun's room had been the bedroom of 14-year-old Nina, a

granddaughter of the senior Dousmans. Nina had tipped over a kerosene lamp and died as the result of her burns.

In the butler's dresser were those things he apparently treasured most: the medical record of Nina's twenty-two days of suffering before she died, and the dress and underwear she wore when the lamp tipped over. Also stowed away were his Bible and a photograph of the mother and brother of Father Gautier, the man credited by some as being the founder of Minneapolis and St. Paul. The picture evidently was very dear to LeBrun.

LeBrun was remembered by the Dousman's great-grandchildren especially because, as they would say, he was their singing alarm clock. When the children were little and it got to be dusk, Louis would start humming a French song. This was their signal to prepare for bed—a signal conveying some fancied overtones of menace should they not scamper immediately to their rooms.

LeBrun died at eighty-six in the early part of this century. His room is intact and open to public view.

These vignettes are more instructive for what they suggest than what they tell. Directly beneath their surface lies a certain obsessiveness: Hercules' proclivity for the engorgement of his guests, Jane's passion for Joseph's blood, the Dorian Gray-ish quality of the account of Jack's portrait, a long and doubtless arduous journey with only a load of asparagus as its prize, the regal opulence of a country wedding, and the old retainer's interesting mementos.

One is tempted to feel that in the dark substrata of these tales there may be even more revelatory insights into that characteristic 19th Century American obsession with pelf, power, and pomp. For after all, being possessed by possessions was a condition by no means confined to our friends in Prairie du Chien.

Dale O'Brien is executive vice-president of Wisconsin Week-End. A modified version of this article appeared in the August 8, 1973 issue of Wisconsin Week-End. Photos courtesy of Donald L. Munson.

Sanguine in Retrospect

by Tom Murray

Last winter when then-Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird instructed the Navy to build Project Sanguine someplace other than Wisconsin, if at all, the Madison *Capital Times* saw cause for rejoicing. It published an editorial on the "Pentagon surrender" headed "Sanguine: Hip Hip Hurray!"

That was an outburst in keeping with more than four years of controversy in which various protagonists invoked the flag, the peace of the world, the sacredness of nature, and even the possibility of interference with television reception in support of their cause—and it seemed as if nobody spoke below a shout.

With the Navy now spending most of its time on a controversy surrounding the new Sanguine site in Texas, we in Wisconsin can take another look at what was proposed, alleged, and really known about the project in our state. And since the Navy has not ruled out future consideration of the Wisconsin Sanguine site, the shouting about Sanguine in our state may not all be over.

What follows is an outline of the Navy's proposals, the debate that took place, and the information that has been available to date. The position of the ordinary citizen in such a controversy is also briefly considered.

THE PROPOSAL

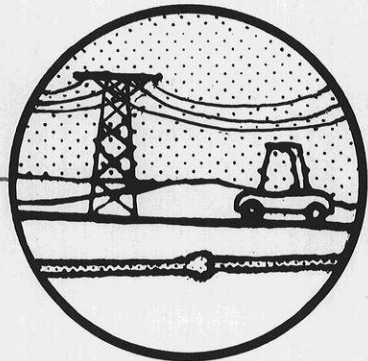
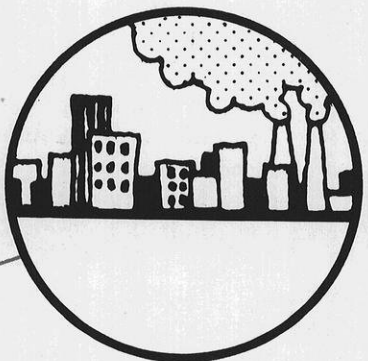
The Sanguine plan has grown from seeds of doubt: could the U.S. really get a command message to nuclear submarines and other forces in a war

situation? At present, messages go through a network of radio transmitters around the world, including some that send very low frequency (VLF) signals which can be received by submarines a few feet below the ocean surface.

The Navy, however, would like signals that reach hundreds of feet down, where submarines are less subject to enemy detection. Moreover, a single station which could transmit signals to any point on earth would be preferable to a series of stations, some in countries where continuing U.S. military presence could not be assured.

Project Sanguine, the Navy asserts, will fill the bill on both counts. It could send *extremely low frequency* (ELF) signals. These travel great distances through the atmosphere and penetrate sea water without losing much strength. Sanguine would broadcast at either 45 or 75 cycles per second, while AM radio stations are in the band of about 500 to 1600 *thousand* cycles per second; most broadcasting is at much higher frequencies. Sanguine, in fact, would be similar in frequency to our 60-cycle-per-second electric power systems.

So ELF sounds like a good way to get messages to submarines. Unfortunately, it's not easy to transmit ELF. The transmitter needs a great deal of power: the Navy proposes to continuously draw 20 to 30 megawatts for Sanguine, or roughly the average electric power load of a city of 40,000 people.



In addition, a very long antenna (actually several long wires) is needed. While the Navy's estimates for Sanguine's size have varied, in late 1972 the planned area was about 40 miles square, bounded by the Chippewa and Flambeau Flowages with Clam Lake at the northern boundary. Within this area would have been perhaps ten underground cables running north and south, and ten east and west. These twenty cables would each have been 40 miles long, with 5 miles between parallel cables. Thus, a "grid" pattern would be established.

The cables would be covered with insulation, but grounded (connected to the earth) at each end. Transmitting stations at several points in the grid would send electricity out through the cables, down into the ground at the end of a cable, and deeply (perhaps several miles) back through the earth to the other end of the cable, completing the circuit. The current flowing around this underground "loop" would cause a radio signal to be sent out. The Navy says that even if some cables and transmitters were out of order, or blown up, the others would still be able to get the message through.

Why was Wisconsin chosen? The subsurface geology of an area is very important to the sending of a strong signal. If there is dry rock underneath, the current, rather than being conducted along the surface, will flow deeply through the earth from one end of the cable to the other, producing a strong signal. An ancient granite formation, the Laurentian Shield, which underlies northern Wisconsin, meets this requirement. Just how dry and homogeneous the formation is has been debated, but there are only a few sites in the country that are geologically suitable. The others, including the one in Texas, are somewhat smaller.

One more question before getting to the debate: If Wisconsin is so good, why was Texas finally selected? It was not the Navy's idea to do so. Melvin Laird, as he left the Secretary of Defense post in early 1973, directed the Navy to undertake no major Sanguine construction in Wisconsin (there was already a small test site here), and to

investigate the Texas site. One school of thought is that Laird saw the public mood was distinctly anti-Sanguine and wanted to protect his political future in Wisconsin.

THE DEBATE IN WISCONSIN

There is difficulty enough in keeping track of the debaters, let alone knowing who is right. To give a general view of what has been said, we can consider a number of categories and let an imaginary Navy spokesman and an imaginary Sanguine opponent bring out the charges and countercharges.

THE "PACIFIST-MILITARIST" DEBATE

Navy: It is absolutely necessary for the peace of the world that our military strength be so strong no one will dare attack us. Such strength is the best deterrent to a nuclear war.

Opponent: Increasing our military strength only leads other countries to increase theirs. Other routes to peace have to be found.

(Comment: This oversimplifies the issue, of course, but it is important to note that the way people feel about this complex moral-political-strategic issue deeply affects their attitudes about Sanguine. In a similar way, some people believe any military project will be wasteful and unnecessary, while others think military projects should not be questioned.)

THE DEBATE ON WHETHER SANGUINE IS THE BEST WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH SUBMARINES

Navy: There is an urgent need for better command and control of our subs while they are hidden deep in the water. This is the only system that can meet the needs. Satellites, for instance, are not suited to sending ELF.

Opponent: You've gotten along up till now. And even if you need better communication, do more research on new ideas before building this huge project.

(Comment: This is one of several issues within Sanguine which are nearly impossible for most of us to debate intelligently. How can we decide how deep subs need to be, how fast a

message must get through, and how it should be coded and protected from jamming? How can we know what new submarine-detection equipment Russia is developing that will force our submarines lower? But as citizens we can at least demand of our public officials that alternatives be considered by people who are knowledgeable and who don't have a vested interest in a particular system.)

THE "TECHNICAL FEASIBILITY" DEBATE (WOULD SANGUINE WORK?)

Opponent: Electrical engineers with Ph.D.'s, some of them from the University of Wisconsin, say Sanguine would take too long to send a message or that it could be jammed. Governor Lucey has said it would be a "Pony Express."

Navy: But we have many studies by our own people, and by engineers not connected with the Navy, that show it would work. These studies are public. More important, we have data on the reception of signals from our test facility at Clam Lake—reception of those signals in other countries. These tests bear out our theories.

(Comment: Once again, how does the average citizen choose between two opposing groups of experts? We can start at some points where the two sides agree. For instance, Sanguine would clearly be a one-way, slow means of communication. But perhaps that is sufficient. Subs generally have to keep radio silence anyway.

But how long would it actually take to get a message across? How effectively can an enemy jam? The need here seems to be for more engineers, especially those without a position to defend, to examine Sanguine. The test facility at Clam Lake may be useful in new tests.)

THE ECONOMIC DEBATE

Opponent: At one time Congressman Alvin E. O'Konski and others said Sanguine would help Wisconsin's economy. But that's not true, is it?

Navy: We have said it won't have a major impact on the area's economy, but it may do some good. Perhaps \$200 million total will be spent, but

a lot of that would go to out-of-state contractors, manufacturers, and researchers. We would make an effort to use local construction people. When finished, Sanguine might employ a few hundred people for operation.

Opponent: But if it damaged the environment or frightened away tourists, there would be serious damage to the economy.

(Comment: See the discussion of environmental effects which follows.)

THE NUCLEAR TARGET DEBATE

Opponent: If Sanguine is so important, wouldn't an enemy want to blow it off the face of the earth in a war?

Navy: We don't think it would be a very inviting target, because it would be spread out, the cables would be underground so each would require a close hit, and the transmitters would be "hardened" against blasts. Also, if a nuclear war comes there are many targets in this country and we've all had it regardless of whether a bomb falls right on us.

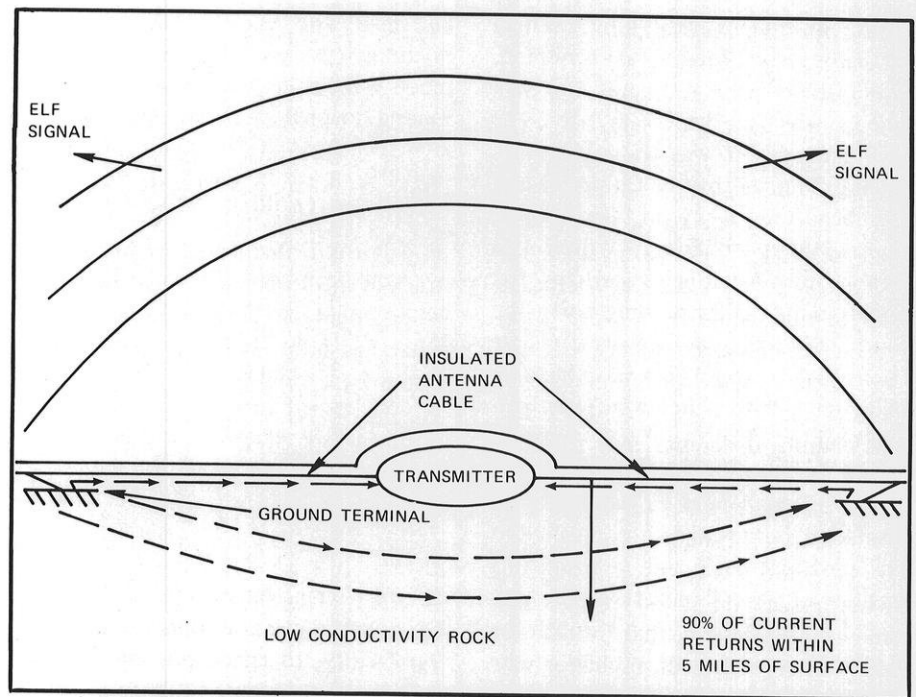
(Comment: So the real question may be whether Sanguine would in fact help deter a war or whether it might contribute tension toward a war.)

THE ENERGY USE DEBATE

Opponent: I heard you would have to build a nuclear power plant on Lake Superior for Sanguine. This would use up energy and cause pollution.

Navy: We will buy electricity from power companies, and the load of Sanguine will not require them to build a plant for us. The nuclear plants such as the two new ones at Point Beach each have a capacity of about twenty times the power Sanguine would need. We would also have some generators near the transmitter sites for emergency operation.

(Comment: Another important question comes up—one that really has no answer. Suppose Sanguine is built and the Navy says it works but needs just a bit more power and we can't afford at that point not to make it work well. Then suppose a year later they up the power a bit more. This might not happen, but the growth of past military projects suggests it



In this schematic diagram of a Sanguine antenna, the earth becomes part of a gigantic loop which produces extremely long frequency waves (ELF).

could. Arguments might also be made to increase the site area or number of cables.)

THE ENVIRONMENTAL DAMAGE DEBATE

Opponent: Some people have said Sanguine would burn down forests and electrify doorknobs. I don't know if that's so, but wouldn't all that electricity harm earthworms, frighten off deer, maybe kill trees? What would it do to people? What about migrating birds and airplane navigation? And won't it interfere with phones, television, home appliances?

Navy: We are very confident Sanguine would have no effect on people, plants, or animals. It's true that it could interfere with telephones and electric equipment if we ignored that problem, but in fact we have ways to cancel out the interference that Sanguine would otherwise cause. Power companies have been doing this for years, and we have proven the techniques at our Clam Lake test site, where the electric fields are just as strong as in a full size Sanguine. Clam Lake has two overhead antennas, each fourteen miles long, which cross at their centers. A buried line, also fourteen miles long, was installed last year.

As for airplanes, Boeing has studied this, and it would not be a problem. The area would not have to be off limits for planes.

Now, on the questions about the effects on living things, you must realize that Sanguine would be at about the same frequency as power lines, and the strength of Sanguine's electromagnetic fields, right above an antenna line, would be much less than some of the fields you find around appliances in your home.

In spite of this fact, we have sponsored a lot of research just to be positive that the electricity will not be harmful. We have data from studies of soil insects and other small organisms at the Clam Lake site, laboratory studies of brain cells, plants, and animals, and extensive medical tests on people who work at our Clam Lake facility, just to mention part of the work. Some of this research is done in laboratories we have contracted with, and some by scientists at universities around the country. The results are public.

In no case has anyone proved any harm to living things from electric fields of the strength we propose to use. But we are committed to answering all questions about possible environmental

effects that anyone can pose and that we can possibly answer.

Opponent: What you've found is that there aren't any obvious, immediate effects. But what will be the effects after it's built and operating five years? Will it harm animals that are already sick or weak? I don't think you're trying very hard to answer these questions, because you did not make extensive before-and-after surveys of the Clam Lake lines. And you're only operating it about 40 hours a week. That's quite different from full-time operation of the real system.

Navy: We're following the instructions of scientists, and not just Navy scientists, in this research. But why put all the burden on us for finding long-term, subtle effects that might not exist? Power companies, appliance makers, and lots of other people produce fields just as high or higher. Why do we have to prove what nobody else does?

Opponent: I still don't share your attitude that the electric fields are nothing to worry about, but another important question involves the physical damage caused by the building of Sanguine.

Navy: There will be five miles or so between one cable and the next. The cables do not have to go in straight

and power lines, pipelines, and so forth than Sanguine would involve.

(Comment: The rather extended "debate" here covers only a small part of the allegations and evidence available on environmental questions. The Navy is correct in saying their proposal is for fields less strong than some we often encounter (assuming, once again, that the power is not raised at a later date). But that is not proof the electricity used by Sanguine would not cause damage. And it does seem that if the Navy had a deep concern for the environment it would have done more careful work at Clam Lake. The Wisconsin Governor's Committee on Sanguine has said there should have been careful, extensive site surveys there. Long-term continuous operation of the test facility, to check possible effects on living things, would be more valuable than mere Navy statements that no danger exists.)

An important difference between this "debate" and the real debate of the last several years is the relatively quiet and restrained nature of this one. In the real world, Sanguine proponents have said the critics were selfish, ignorant, and even unpatriotic. For their part, the critics have on occasion misrepresented research reports and have suggested that Sanguine would

politicians, some on each side, leave the average citizen only with a collection of misstatements. Dealing with the Navy may call for tough tactics, but tactics like overstating the dangers of Sanguine do more harm to the citizen's right to know than to the Navy's "full speed ahead" attitude.

The future of Sanguine is unclear. The Navy would like to start construction in 1976. While going ahead with planning in Texas, the Navy also expresses some interest in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. And Wisconsin may not be out of the picture. Although an assistant to Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger has confirmed Laird's decision to stay out of Wisconsin, the geology and size of the potential site keeps the Navy interested. During a news conference in Texas recently, two admirals refused to commit themselves on whether they would ever try to come back to Wisconsin. A controversy much like the one in Wisconsin has grown up in Texas, and that could cancel out what might have been the advantage of a more favorable political climate there.

If the Navy does try to return to Wisconsin, the odds are that once again more heat than light will be generated long before Sanguine is ever plugged in. However, as we continue to be faced with public issues involving technology, perhaps we can learn how to better deal with them. Perhaps there can be more success in telling people what is known and not known about projects like Sanguine, so citizens can use the facts and their own values to make judgments.

We are faced with many other public issues that involve technology: the energy crisis, pollution, transportation methods, and food production—to name a few. As long as those in the debates are more concerned with "beating" the other side and shouting "hurrah" than they are with a public airing of the facts, we all stand to lose.

Tom Murray is a science writer for the University of Wisconsin-Madison Graduate School. He has written articles on Project Sanguine over the past four years, while doing staff work for the Wisconsin Governor's Committee to Evaluate Sanguine Problems.

As this issue of the Review goes to press, the House Appropriations Committee has voted to refuse a \$16.7 million request from the Navy to continue work on Project Sanguine.

"The House committee's action was based on three grounds," said Senator Gaylord Nelson. "First, that the project had engendered significant opposition wherever it was proposed; second, that the feasibility of the project was still in question; and third, that there are six other communications systems which will adequately serve the purpose of the U.S. military."

lines. They can jog around towns, homes, lakes and so forth. We can even leave a break in a cable and ground the ends. These cables will be four to six feet underground, and after installation the areas over them will be returned to original use—trees permitted to grow back or whatever. They will not be fenced off or guarded, and you can walk across them. By the way, a map of the development of either the Wisconsin or Texas areas will show many times more miles of roads, phone

create a "vast wasteland" in our state without evidence for that.

Both sides have felt their position entitled them to concentrate on making their tactics effective, rather than on promoting an understanding of the issues. For example, the anti-Sanguine people, including some public officials, have said they need to make strong statements (such as the "vast wasteland" one) to force the Navy to pay attention to them. Unfortunately, such public battles between scientists and

Hunting: Savage Instinct or Communion with Nature?

by Lowell L. Klessig

Do men hunt to satisfy a savage desire to kill? Do men stop hunting when they can no longer tolerate their own primeval barbarism? Should hunting be repressed in a civilized, humane society? These three questions are heavily value laden, and it may not be possible to give objective yes or no answers. My research on Wisconsin hunters indicates that they are not monotypic; as a group they are neither game butchers nor nature lovers.

The research was conducted with a sample of 1,500 hunters whose names were drawn from the stubs of the 665,000 resident gun licenses sold in 1968. Sixty-nine percent of the hunters responded to the mail questionnaire. Most of the data is presented in popularized form in Technical Bulletin No. 60 of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources. The focus of this essay is on the motivations which hunters reported as the basis for their behavior.

Motivations for hunting are generated early in life since almost all hunters (82%) began hunting before their twenty-first birthday. Ninety-four percent were males and 56 percent were introduced to the activity by their fathers. Initiation into the hunting fraternity may be a significant symbol of manhood, especially in rural communities. It has many of the characteristics of the rites of passage so common in other societies at the age of puberty. Searcy has described a custom of Alabama hunters in which the blood of the first deer killed is smeared on the young hunter's body and clothing. Within the status system of the hunting fraternity, bloody hands and clothes are prestige symbols for old and young

members alike. However, the boyhood moments of anticipation, the honor of being allowed to accompany adult men on the hunt, the adrenalin shot which immediately precedes the first gun shot, the impulse of success/glee or failure/fear which instantly follows that shot, the blind charge toward the wounded animal, the methodical death blow, and the extrinsic benefits of displaying the kill—all these emotions climax during the initiation period.

Are these emotions genetically determined—an instinct which developed when *Homo sapiens* hunted in order to live and there was a biological need to make sure all males became hunters? Or are these emotions learned from fathers, grandfathers, uncles, older brothers, and peers who glorify the hunt and associate it with manhood, drinking, smoking, and other “masculine” pursuits thereby internalizing its significance to a young man with a natural identity crisis at age twelve? Is hunting simply one of many ways in which young men seek to establish their manhood and independence? Might it be an alternative to hot-rodding cars or gang fights? I can provide the questions. From participant observation I can vouch for the reality of the emotions. However, I cannot provide answers on the origin of those emotions. No data were gathered on how hunters felt when they first began hunting or why they felt the way they did.

Information was ascertained on hunters' present reasons for hunting. Those reasons are categorized in Table 1. The first category is labelled “Consumptive” because the resource (game) is used up, i.e. the end result of the

motivation is the death of individual animals. A consumptive behavior such as bagging a limit or bagging a trophy is the most important goal for 30 percent of Wisconsin hunters. For these hunters the relationship between individual man and individual animal is the central relationship. The man considers the relationship a success if he wins the contest—if he dominates and destroys the animal.

The second classification, labelled “Appreciative,” was first used to describe wilderness campers. Certain attractions of hunting such as getting outdoors and enjoying nature can also be considered appreciative since game need not be killed and hunting companions are not necessary. Most hunters consider this to be one of their reasons for hunting and 41 percent consider it to be the major attraction of the sport. The key relationship for these hunters is the relationship between the individual and nature in a general, unified, sometimes mystical sense. The individual senses a need for communion not domination.

The third category is labelled “Social.” Etzkorn documented the overriding importance of the social environment to users of a car campground in California. They were more concerned with having a good time with people than with enjoying the outdoor environment. That hunting is also a social activity is clearly shown by the 88 percent of hunters who usually hunt with one or more companions. However, only one out of five Wisconsin hunters feels that social amenities, such as having a good time with the fellows, is the *most* important reason for going hunting. For

TABLE 1
REASONS FOR HUNTING

REASON	PERCENTAGE WHO CONSIDER IT A REASON	PERCENTAGE WHO CONSIDER IT THE MOST IMPORTANT REASON
<i>Consumptive</i>		
Provide low-cost meat	14%	3%
Bag a limit	32	6
Bag a trophy	44	10
Stalk game	60	11
Subtotal		30
<i>Appreciative</i>		
Find solitude	22	3
Enjoy nature	81	29
Get outdoors	75	0
Subtotal		41
<i>Social</i>		
Good time with friends	51	9
Participate with male companions	32	4
Change of pace	51	7
Subtotal		20
<i>Miscellaneous</i>		
Physical exercise	50	2
Economical form of recreation	24	1
Feel like pioneers	10	0
Work with dogs	25	3
Other	8	3
Subtotal		9
Total		100%

these hunters the quality of the natural resource base may be unimportant and may even be irrelevant. Hunting may be used solely as an excuse to escape to the northwoods with the deer hunting gang. I once drove a thousand miles to spend two days with my gang in our traditional cabin and bars. Other hunters return from such weekends to discover from their wives that they had left their guns at home. The important relationship for the "social" hunters is the relationship between the hunter and one or more hunting companions. The strength of such a male-male bond may be a vestige from primeval times when it was necessary to bind men together in dangerous group activities such as hunting and war. The male-male bond provided the social cohesion necessary for food and protection while the male-female bond assured reproduction.

While it may no longer be essential, the male-male bond survives in the hunting party whether the party goes to the Canadian wilderness, a hunting cabin in northern Wisconsin, or a rural bar five miles from home.

The "Miscellaneous" category includes those reasons which did not fit into the former categories. It is interesting to note that while 50 percent of hunters feel physical exercise is one of the reasons why they hunt, only two percent consider it the most important reason. It appears that hunters are not "physical fitness fiends" in disguise.

While hunting begins early in life and is motivated by a variety of reasons, the behavior tends to fade with age. As they grow older, hunters tend to desert the fraternity. Another study was conducted to determine the characteristics and reasons of those men who

had stopped hunting. Interviews of a sample of Wisconsin adults provided 103 former hunters. In addition to being older than active hunters, these former hunters tended to live in a more urban area and have fewer friends who hunt.

The reasons for quitting, given by former hunters, are categorized in Table 2. The first category is "Health"; men tend to become less fit for physically demanding activity as they get older. However, reasons of health account for only 18 percent of desertions.

Even fewer hunters, 15 percent, quit because of "Natural Resource Inadequacy"—the second category of reasons. This finding is contrary to much popular literature; many popular writers argue that lack of game or lack of places to hunt is disappointing large numbers of hunters, who finally become so disgruntled that they quit hunting.

The final and major category of reasons is labelled "Social-Psychological" and accounts for 67 percent of the responses. It includes simple time and money limitations as well as lack of social support from friends and wives. The category also includes the follow-

TABLE 2
REASONS FOR DESERTION

REASON	PERCENT
<i>Health</i>	
Too old or physically unable	18%
<i>Natural resource inadequacy</i>	
Game scarce	2
No place to go	9
Overcrowded and/or dangerous	4
Subtotal	15
<i>Social - psychological</i>	
Friends don't hunt . . .	6
Wife and family obligations	3
Too busy	21
Hunting not a whole-some activity	11
Lost interest	21
Too expensive	5
Subtotal	67
Total	100%

The Right to Hunt-Drawing the Battle Lines

Society has the ability to prohibit hunting behavior with appropriate legislation and enforcement. Should a civilized, humane society take such drastic action? The arguments of defenders and of opponents of hunting are presented in the sub-essay which follows.

Defenders of hunting point out that life, death, and rebirth are a unifying thread of the natural world. The hunting experience, it is argued, makes the hunter aware of this web of life and confirms his continuity with it.

Opponents counter by stating that man with his sophisticated weapons is no longer a natural predator helping to balance the food chain. Modern man hunts for kicks, not food, and is therefore insensitive to the delicate ecosystem he is upsetting. The arrogant use of gun powder and gasoline causes environmental destruction and is incompatible with a harmonious natural system.

Defenders argue that hunting is an essential game management tool. To control game populations a certain number of each species must be harvested. For instance, in order to prevent self-destruction of deer yards, excess doe deer must be harvested when available forage decreases. Without a harvest of surplus wildlife, nature will re-establish a balance through the processes of disease, predation, and starvation which are hardly more humane.

Opponents counter by pointing out that hunting is not an effective man-

agement tool for most game species. The political pressures generated by hunting interests result in the concentration of wildlife management efforts on game species to the neglect and sometimes detriment of other species. Moreover, if predators were no longer hunted, trapped, or poisoned, they might again establish or dynamic balance.

Acres of open space are preserved by federal taxes on guns and ammunition and by license fees, the defense claims. Public hunting grounds and the wildlife refuge system are the hunter's contribution to environmental quality.

Opponents dispute the existence of altruistic motives behind the establishment of hunting grounds and refuge systems. The management focus of both systems has been on game animals for present or future utilization by hunters. Nongame wildlife and non-hunters may sometimes have benefitted from the systems, but rarely by design.

Defenders, however, feel hunting contributes to the social good in another way. Hunting, they feel, is an acceptable outlet for normal frustration and aggression. Hunting has a cathartic effect which relieves tensions and without which husbands would beat their wives and harass their children. In addition, owning guns is an important constitutional right and patriotic duty.

Opponents do not accept the catharsis theory. Guns and their use increase hostility and lead to more violence,

not less. Berkowitz's research indicates the violent behavior and the presence of clues to violent behavior, such as guns, increase the probability of additional violent behavior. Wars and crime in the streets might be reduced if little boys weren't given toy guns and weren't taught to adore the hunt and the kill.

Defenders stress that individuals, especially landowners, have a right to hunt. Prohibiting hunting would invade a personal realm which government should not enter and where it can not successfully dictate behavior.

Opponents view game as a public natural resource subject to public policy; wildlife can and should be managed for the general welfare. There is nothing sacred about hunting or hunters. Hunters are simply one of many groups of citizens which use the wildlife resource. Hunters are now in the minority and should no longer expect to dominate wildlife management decisions.

Less of a devil's advocate position would be to discontinue encouragement of the sport. Society may decide to treat hunting like smoking—to discourage it, but stop short of prohibiting it. Whether the government attempts to further encourage the sport, maintain the present policy, discourage hunting or prohibit it, the issue is likely to generate highly emotional political battles. Defenders and opponents would do well to prepare their forces, but they should also prepare their forces to accept the outcome if they lose.

ing additional reasons which offer some insight into the ethics of hunting: "hunting not a wholesome activity" and "lost interest." These desertion reasons suggest that these individuals have had a change in attitude toward hunting. The hunt and the kill may no longer be morally acceptable to them.

The data on hunters and former hunters, therefore, do not clearly char-

acterize hunting as instinctual killing or harmonious nature loving. Simple dichotomies have important heuristic values but they do not present an accurate picture of a complex world. As can be seen from a review of the first column of Table 1, most hunters gave multiple reasons for hunting. The instinctual killer and nature lover may both be present in the genes and brain cells of every hunter. It appears that

instinct may be stronger in youth while learned love may be stronger in maturity. Many behaviors seem to evolve from an inherited propensity to a learned proficiency and that is natural and logical. Instinct and love may have common origins and common purposes.

Lowell L. Klessig is deputy director of the Sigurd Olson Institute of Environmental Studies at Northland College.



Robert Severson

Columbus, Wisconsin-- Summer 1973



Phyllis Galembo

Columbus, Wisconsin. A sign reads "Madison 26 miles."

The town boasts of one of the few remaining active passenger train depots and Miss Columbus, USA for 1967. Tucked away, off the main highway, is a Louis Sullivan bank, a town landmark. And there are the people—3,789 residents recorded in 1970.

Like most towns, Columbus is changing. But the Columbus of 1973 is now preserved in some 2,300 black-and-white photographs—a documentary project undertaken by the art students of Professor Cavalliere Ketchum of the University of Wisconsin-Madison. "Visual history," Ketchum feels, "is an area of history that's not well covered, and never has been. Rural communities were studied this way at the turn of the century, some in the thirties and a little in the fifties. But in the last twenty years, there has been nobody of work done by a group of people like this."

The photographs will be placed in the permanent files of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin where they will be available for future use by researchers trying to find out what a small town in Wisconsin was like in the 1970s.

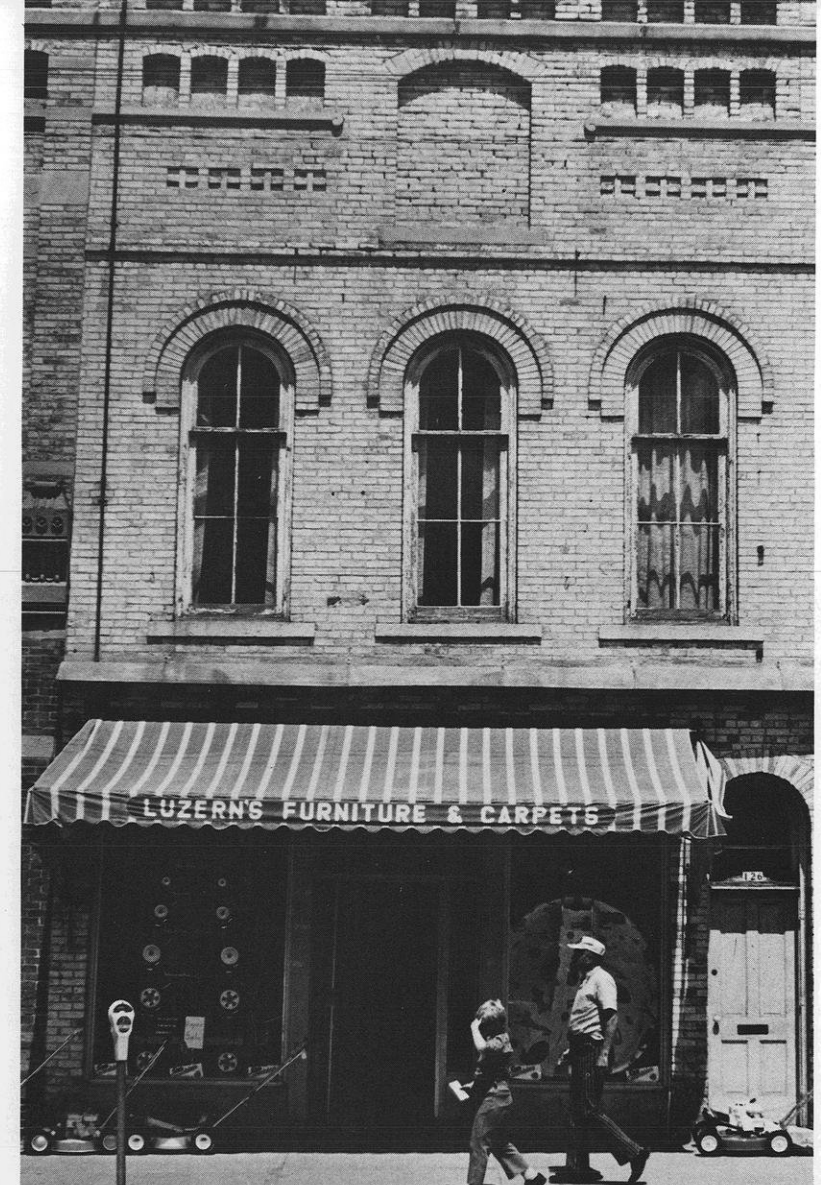
On these pages are but a few of the people, scenes, and activities captured by the photographers. Perhaps the reactions to the project of the people of Columbus were best summed up by one elderly gentleman who, after posing for a student, proudly said, "I'll never die because I'm a part of history now."



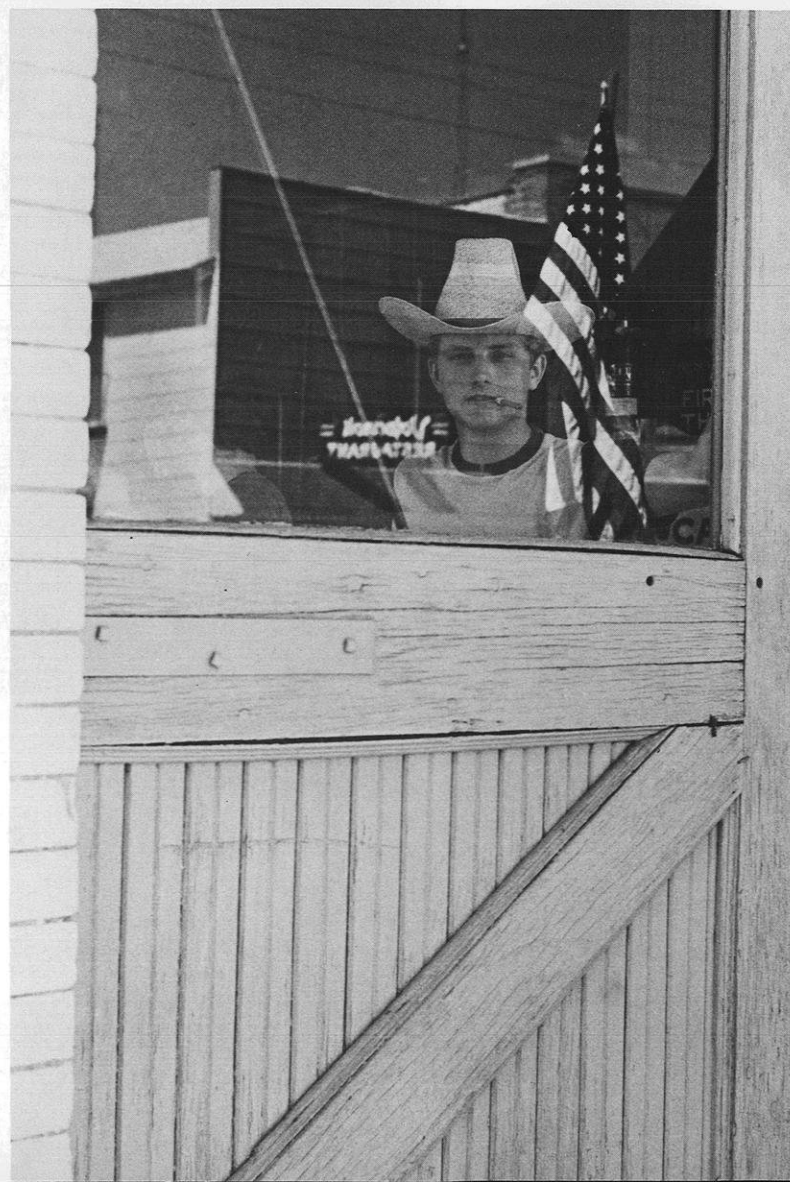
Phyllis Galembo



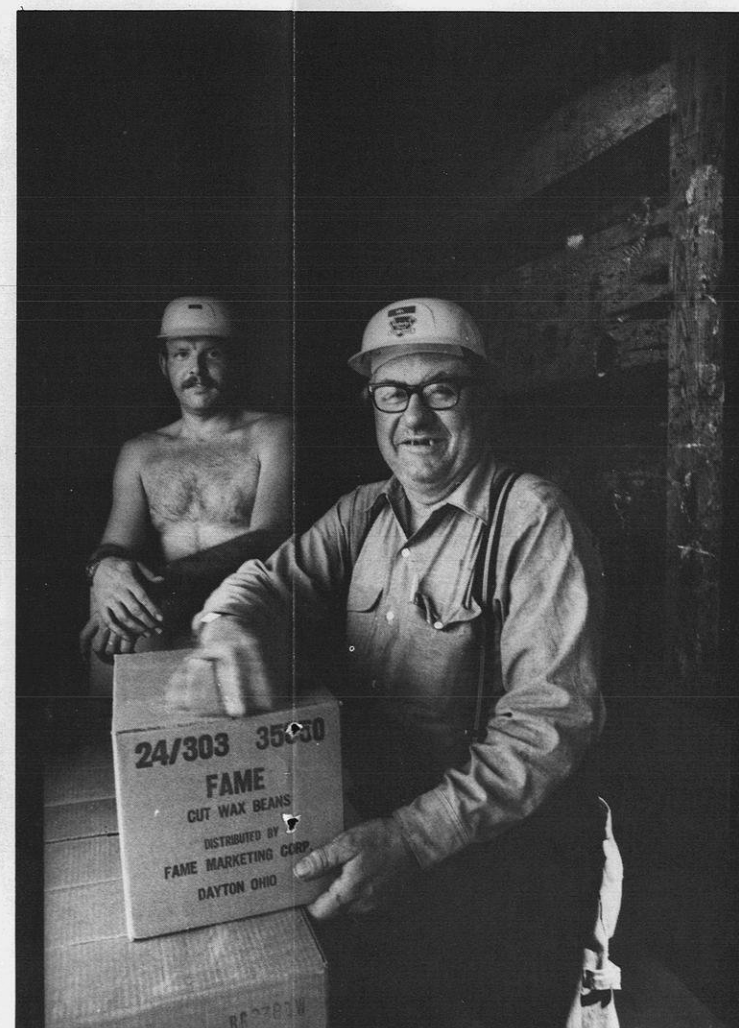
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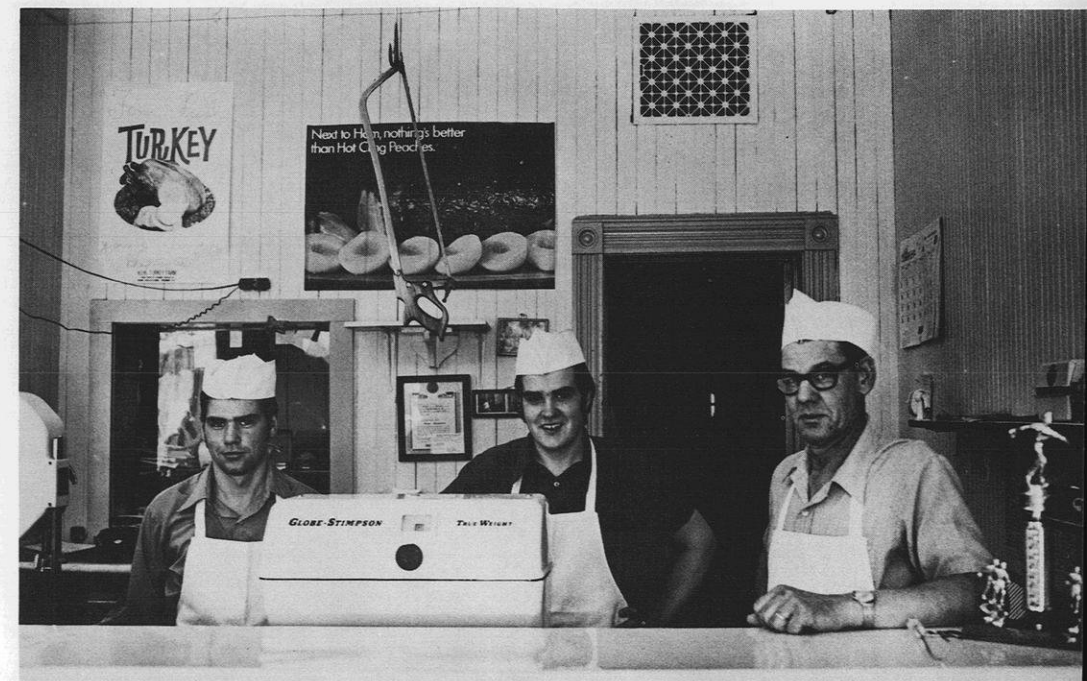
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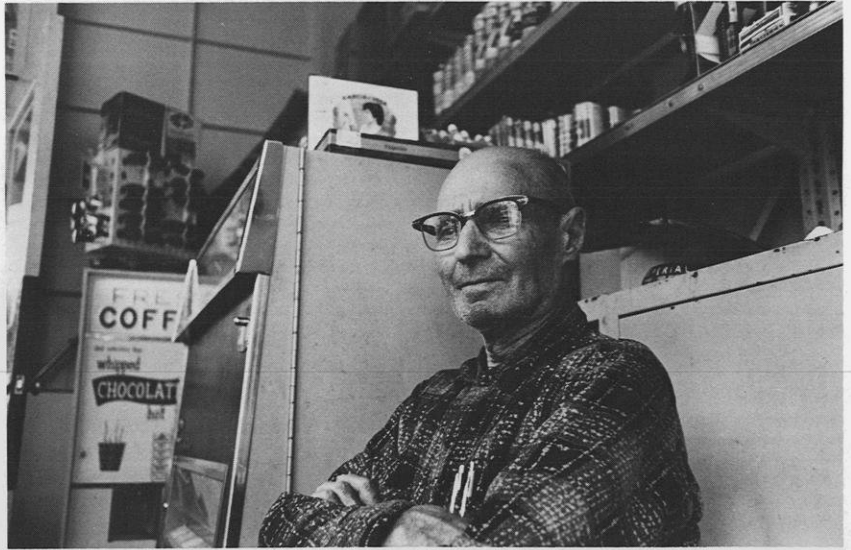
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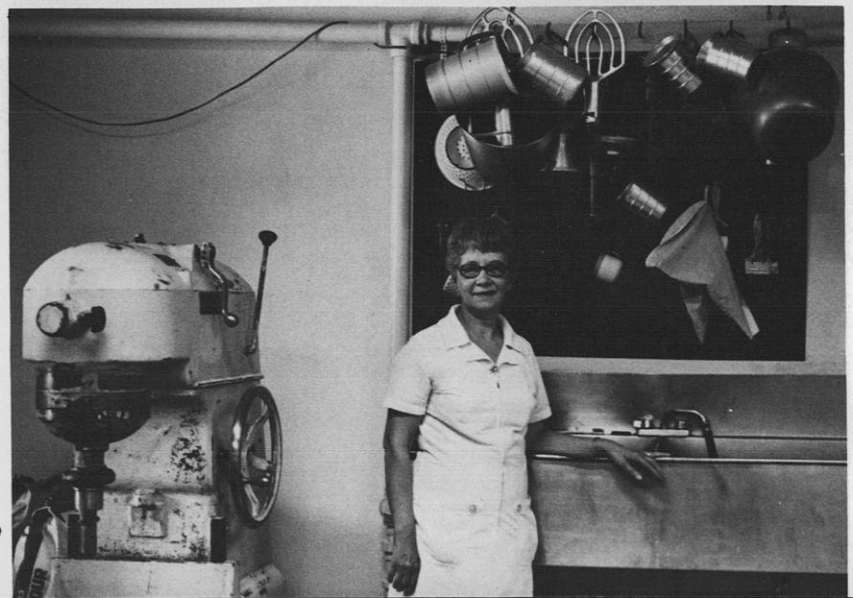
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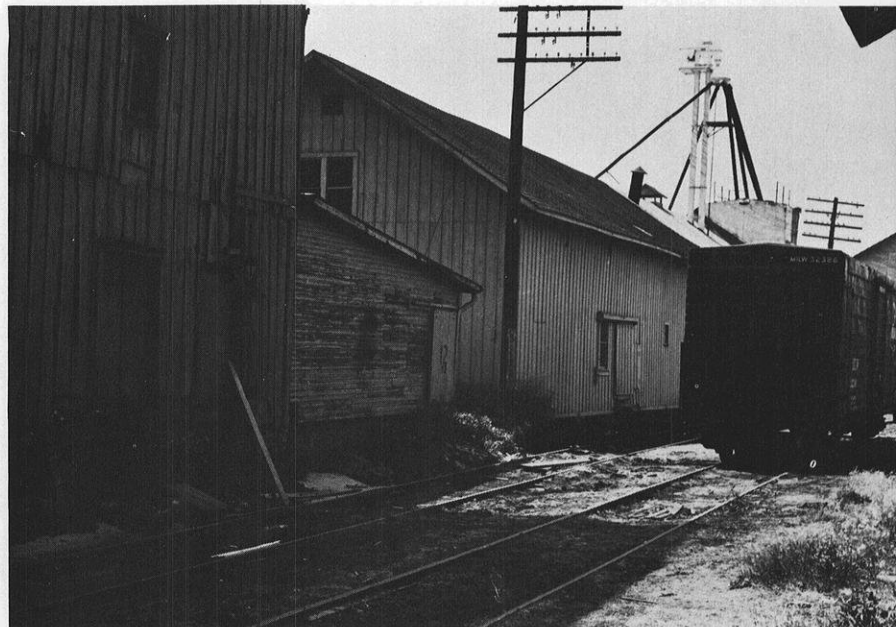
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Sandi Fellman



Maralyn Dettman



Evelyn Teikari



Loyalty Parade

by Paul Vanderbilt

During World War I, the findings of mass psychology were used to unite the American people behind the war effort. One may wonder if the current energy crisis will engender a similar campaign.

Most of us are not especially given to parading, just not the paradin' kind. Most of us are in this respect sideliners who watch while others form ranks down the center of the main street. For there are few parades of general involvement. Demonstrations, perhaps, in connection with specific special issues, mainly involving young people, and fun things or the celebrations of organized groups. But that the whole population should parade, to show that they all, as a total citizen entity, are moving solidly toward a single objective, engaged in an embracing crusade of a whole people—we have not seen that for some time.

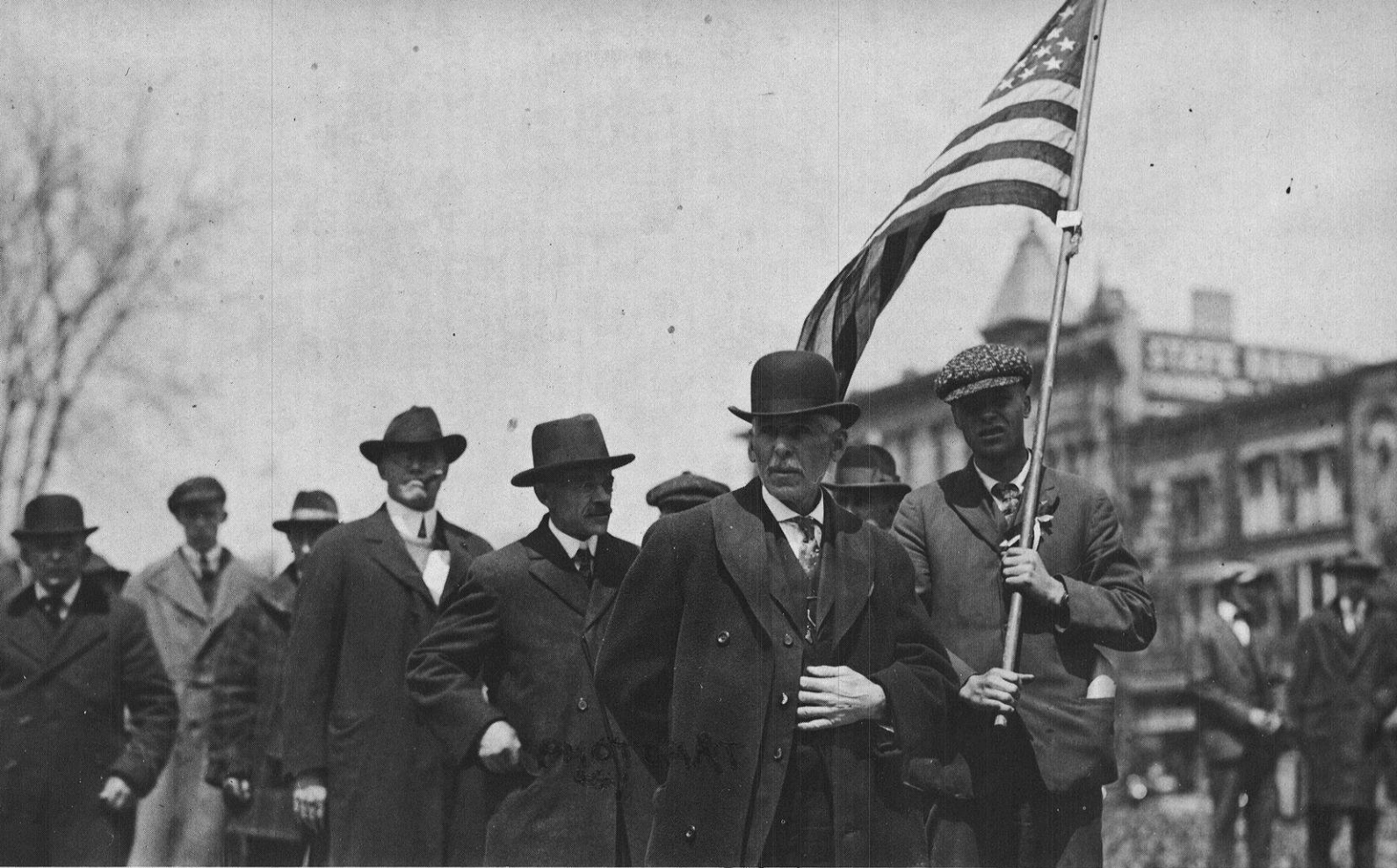
The First World War, sometimes called the European War or the Great War, was an exceptionally emotional complex. The Civil War was of a different order. There was, for the emotional "home front" a rehearsal of sorts during the Spanish-American War, with the press just getting into modern gear and relatively new findings from the tentative explorations in mass psychology. By 1914-15, the concept of deliberately planned methods for uniting a nation's loyalties was more refined, solidified and ready for implementation.

There should be no bystanders except perhaps the very infirm or totally incompetent. There should be such a variety of projects for participation that there would be hardly a moment for distracting thought. Signs of affirmation should be highly visible and omnipresent: service stars in the window, badges and buttons, names on rolls of honor, schedules filled with the obligations of war-work. Songs, in an outpouring of remarkably durable tunes and lyrics, many of them still stirring today, sounded on every hand from morning till night.

Much of the emotional structure was not especially military, nor even Army oriented. It was whole-people oriented. The group around the family piano or marching picnickers sang for the troops, as though they could actually hear; and the doughboy-sings in the recreation facilities rang with a message to home, more of sentiment than of traditional military glory. The words of *Over There*, while specific enough, are a long way from the flood and vengeance of *La Marseillaise*, and the tune is every bit as stirring. *Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning* is a bit from a letter home, but one which would bear infinite repetition, and *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* is one of the great fun inventions of all time.

This fun and beat of energy could readily be transformed into work, changes of habit, money lending, and a proliferation of consistent references. It was essentially a youthful emotional energy, fanned by tragedy and sacrifice, which caught up and extended to the very elderly and the very youngest.

Some of the principles of unity were practical and concrete. A good simple text is *The War and America: War Citizenship Lessons*, by R. L. Ashley, one of the Ashley series on the "New Social Science" for elementary schools, a real textbook. "It is not an Army that we must train; it is a Nation," President Wilson is quoted on the flyleaf. The loyal citizen, even in elementary school, faced the War Finance Problem, the Clothing Problem, the Food Problem. Thrift.



Ten thousand Madisonians marched in the Loyalty Parade on April 6, 1918. These dapper participants appear on a postcard produced by the Photoart House of Madison, William J. Meuer, president. The postcard is included in the Iconographic Collections of The State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

For every five dollars that is earned, at least two must be saved. Uncle Sam must have it. Otherwise our boys may go cold or hungry. Buy fewer new clothes and new silk stockings and new ribbons. Otherwise there won't be enough bullets and shells to defeat the Huns. Don't buy candy or chewing gum, go only a quarter as often to the movies.

During the morning of Saturday, April 6, 1918, V. W. Curtis at 11 West Gilman St. in Madison was hanging a large flag on the front of his house, for at two o'clock there would be the Loyalty Parade, to open the Third Liberty Loan. He was having a bit of difficulty, and called to a stranger passing by to help him. The stranger refused to help and muttered something indistinguishable. On the next Monday, he was located, identified by Mr. Curtis, and taken to the Federal Building for questioning. He had no knowledge of the Liberty Loan, of the Red Cross or other patriotic activities; he displayed indifference and attempted to leave, but was restrained by a deputy. He was sternly warned that further suspicious activity would bring "serious results."

Business was suspended that Saturday, and street traffic partially halted. "All Madison to March" was the newspaper headline. Twelve thousand to "rally to the colors in Love for our Country and Loyalty to Our Cause." There were detailed directions for parade formation and where to assemble and fall in at points from the Armory to Capitol Square. Military units, then University faculty and students (women

students in front of the Historical Library, to fall in behind the men students), industrial, utilities, commercial and professional sections (printers, tailors, machinists, stage employees, etc.), unclassified sections, children's groups, then women's sections, then everyone not otherwise provided for. The firing of a bomb at 1:55 started the parade, and it simultaneously began to rain. They marched to a meeting with speakers in the Stock Pavilion.

Next day, the newspapers reported "the biggest program of patriotism that Madison has yet evidenced. For one solid hour, there was tramp, tramp, tramp . . . Thousands of watchers cheered the 10,000 marchers. Most were women. There were few male slackers who viewed the parade and they allowed themselves no prominence."

"Did you have potatoes for breakfast and then buy a Liberty Bond?" the adjoining column asked. "If so, you took two accurate shots at the Kaiser. The best form of patriotism is to eat our big crop of spuds and make it save wheat. The potato is a good soldier. Help it drive the Germans back from the Hindenburg Line."

John Robinson's Military Elephants, the greatest pachyderm act ever presented, comes to the Orpheum Theater the last half of the week, starting Thursday.

Paul Vanderbilt is Curator Emeritus of the Iconographic Collections of The State Historical Society of Wisconsin.



PROLOG OR EPILOG?

by Edna Meudt

For the better part of twenty-five years, I have been searching for the entrance to a cave—a cave surrounded by mystery.

We had been living on our farm two miles south of Dodgeville for twelve years when I came across an item in the 1947 centennial edition of the Mineral Point *Democrat-Tribune*. Originally dated 2 December 1926, the news account was headlined, “Forgotten Cave on Nearby Farm.” It told of a cave of large proportions which had been discovered under a small hill on what was then the Sam Murrish property, now our farm.

The cave, we read, was at the fork of two ravines, its entrance carefully concealed by large stones. It was reported to be three hundred feet long, fourteen feet wide throughout its length, and varying in height. “Within the cave,” ran the story, “are bones thought to be from reindeer, and a skull which competent judges say is human.”

An additional element of intrigue was added by reference to the possibility that precious things had been stored within the walls by former occupants and that the blocked ends of the cave might contain relics of historical value. Murrish, who opened the cave after two weeks of digging, found “. . . rocks standing on end instead of lying in a natural position.” Indian signs were said to have been carved out plainly on the stones.

At least one mystery was solved: the hole that my husband and his helpers had filled so diligently with old fence wire, trash, and hundreds of loads of fieldstone, for which this part of Wisconsin is famous, now had some meaning and identity.

But the cave is closed, except for a ledge which protrudes like a lip over holes between stones. Time and topsoil and rainfall have done their work.

Gerald Fieldhouse (right) an expert on the opening of old mines and caves, advises the author on the location of caves on her farm. Grandson Chris Meudt (left) and Walden Derleth, son of writer August Derleth, are seen beneath the characteristic limbs of an Indian marking tree.

Only a crevice remains from which steam issues in winter and where, in springtime, the fox whelps play outside their den and few dogs dare enter.

Most of the other identifying land signs remain the same. The stones referred to in the article are not, according to Professor Harris Palmer of the UW-Platteville geology department, “carved Indian signs”; rather they are fossils, cephalopods from the Paleozoic era. Still, a neighbor, George Ley, has two boxes of arrows and other artifacts plowed out of an adjoining field.

And why has our cave not been reopened? It is not for lack of endeavor. My son, Richard, experienced as a U.S. Navy salvage diver, spent an entire leave setting dynamite charges at strategic points, taking care not to disturb the cave’s contents. He never made a dent. Two attempts with heavy digging equipment succeeded only in altering the surface contours. And although fired by tales of the treasure Henry Dodge is said to have concealed there, grandsons soon tired of pick-and-shovel searchings.

A clairvoyant friend once warned that the cave was not to be disturbed, that the surrounding fields had been the scene of a great battle, and that one in particular had “run red with blood.” A mighty chief had fallen there, she said, and had been carried into the cave to die. Before death he was said to have summoned a spirit by the name of “Feather” who was charged to guard the cave from intrusion. The clairvoyant warned that Feather still stands guard, a restless spirit of the ancient Indian tribe.

Perhaps it is as much intuition as it is reasoning, but I am convinced that our cave is an extension of one shrouded in an even darker cloak of mystery. This is the one to which William Cronon made reference in his article, “Wisconsin Underground,” (*Wisconsin Academy Review*, Volume 19 Number 2). Mr. Cronon refers to a reprint in the 18 November 1859 *Milwaukee Sentinel* of a description of a cave originally reported in the Salem, Illinois *Advocate*:

“There is a cave two miles south-east of Dodgeville, Iowa County,

which the editor of the *Advocate* and others have visited. They had to descend about 80 feet by a rope before reaching the cave and then crawl in on all fours. They visited seven apartments, the largest being a room 66 feet long and 45 feet wide, and between six and seven feet high. This room, although formed not by the hand of man, excels any architectural design the editor ever looked upon, its walls resembling solid blocks of stone, polished exquisitely, the ceiling, 66 by 45 feet is one entire solid rock, level as the ceiling of the finest parlors in the land. The cave, although at a depth of 80 feet below the surface of the earth, has little purling streams, gliding snake-like and harmoniously through all its cavernous depths.”

But what became of this underground cavern of “purling streams” and “cavernous depths”? According to Mr. Cronon, if the depth is indeed eighty feet, it will be the only cave of its kind in this and surrounding states.

Is the cave a part of the subterranean structure hidden beneath my own farm? We had long suspected the presence of a large cave system because of the sinkholes along the rib-like hill which runs through our farm. While we first thought that the missing cave might have been our own cave, experts assure us that it is not, but possibly an extension.

How does one take up the search? Greg Mulcahy, a construction contractor or friend of mine, suggests we might hire a seismograph. If hollow places are sounded, perhaps we can bore an entry hole. What secrets might then be revealed?

And so I am a custodian of the past, of a hill where Paleo Indians tended campfires long before my ancestors envisioned the Magna Carta.

In the next few years, a superhighway will cross the summit of the hill. An oasis is planned. The location of lost caves less certain. In that region we may have to leave to those who follow the dream we did not attain.

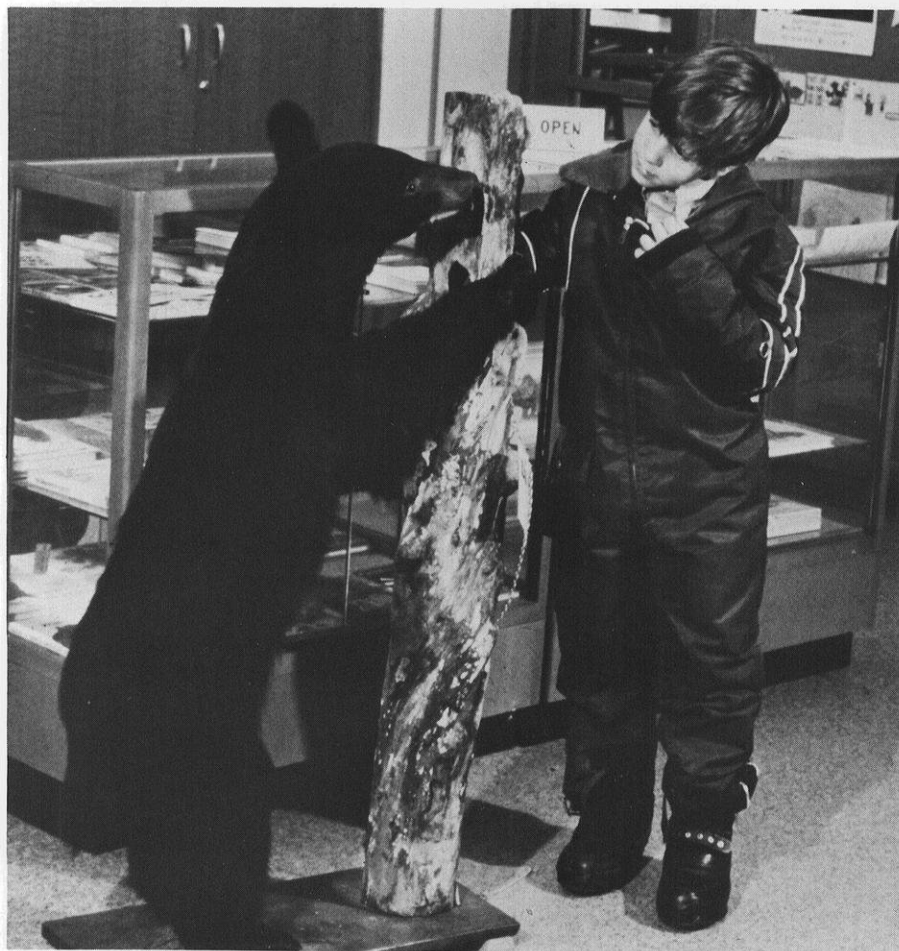
Edna Meudt, a well-known Wisconsin poet, has been a frequent contributor to the Wisconsin Academy Review.

A Place for Musing

by Charles A. Long

Today in America the policies on management of natural resources and preservation for posterity of representative areas of the vanishing panorama of wilderness rest in the hands of millions of people. The average citizen is generally unaware of the importance, complexity, and fragility of ecological interrelationships. At the same time, our naturalists have become specialized scientists whose contributions in the calculus and in biological theory are beyond the comprehension of the average man. It has become critically important that scientists now devote some of their efforts to the effective communication of elementary and old-fashioned principles concerning the importance of the total environment.

At the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, fortunately with essential administrative and community support, thirteen interested scientists in the fields of biology, geology, geography, and anthropology have developed in the past five years an excellent natural history museum. In keeping with its goals of education and communication the Museum is open throughout the week except holidays, Sunday morning, and Saturday evening. There is no admission charge no need for appointments or reservations.



One visitor to the UW-Stevens Point Museum of Natural History confronts a small black bear. Experiences like these can foster a life-long appreciation for the natural world.

The exhibit area, though small, is colorful and bright. The numerous illuminated display cases contain diverse and interesting exhibits which are carefully described and labelled.

Some of the most valuable items displayed include the August J. Schoenebeck collection of eggs and birds, more or less unknown to the public for more than 40 years until recently donated to the Museum by the local convent of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. Among the 2,500 eggs are some representing such extinct or nearly extinct birds as the passenger pigeon, whooping crane, and ivory-billed woodpecker.

Exhibits of pottery of value in art and science and up to 2,500 years of age were obtained from Mayan ruins. Dinosaurs and other fossil remains include a skull of *Tyrannosaurus* and a skeleton of little *Coelophysis*. Hundreds of exhibits of mounted birds, mammals, fishes, plants are displayed, some in natural settings and others illustrating biological phenomena such as mimicry, territoriality, and evolution.

A brilliantly colorful display of exotic butterflies of the world is one of several educational exhibits about insects and other invertebrates. Indian displays contain projectile points, bead work, blankets, baskets, medicine bags, and other handiwork. Collections of minerals, seashells, and other items are attractively displayed. The Curator of Education is usually on hand to explain the exhibits, and often presents lectures to local schools and other organizations.

Especially in the spring, many elementary school classes visit the Museum. An estimated 25,000 guests each year come to study and enjoy the displays. The favorite exhibits for the young students are the gigantic brown bear from Alaska, the snake display, and an exhibit on human embryos. The little children have lovingly wrecked a little black bear at the entrance by repeatedly petting off its ears. (We patch up the bear again and again and send it back for more affection.)

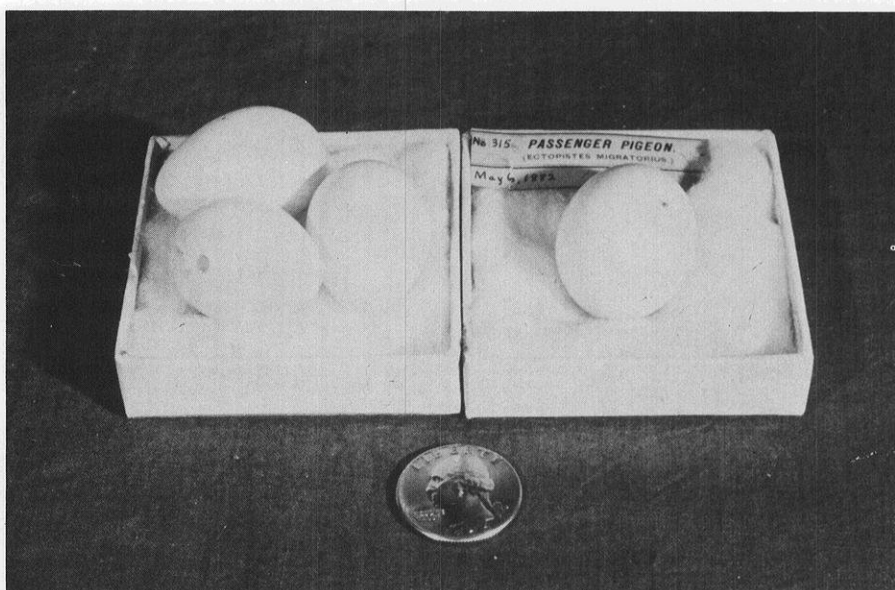
"Behind the scenes" or, to be exact, in other buildings the six specialists

and six curators of collections utilize the extensive collections of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals, and developing collections of invertebrates, fossils, herbarium plants, and native American artifacts for active research and communication. From these studies come the data which aid public policy decisions on natural resource usage.

The Curator of Fishes, for example, maintains a collection of fishes exceeding 100,000 specimens. When he says a species known from four localities in Wisconsin is probably exterminated

The Museum Faunal and Floral Reports are distributed periodically to numerous universities, specialists, libraries, and museums throughout the world as documentation of careful studies on Wisconsin natural history. Scholarly statements on environmental impact will of necessity cite these studies in the future. Eight reports have been published so far on fishes, birds, mammals, grasses, and butterflies. Others are in preparation.

Most visitors to our Museum seem surprised and favorably impressed by the excellence of the displays, and



at one of them, he speaks with authority. If he says there are 55 species in a carp-ridden stream, he can verify the statement with preserved scientific specimens in the Museum. In the last two years the Museum staff has been notably vigilant and obstreperous (we say the word proudly) in response to actions endangering some of our lesser-known native species.

In summers most of the staff members carry on field work, collecting grasses in Mexico, or fossils in the Badlands of South Dakota, or seining fishes in Wisconsin rivers. Numerous works are published in scientific journals each year by the staff. During the school year these men also carry out the full-time duties of university professors teaching their academic subjects as well as curating the growing collections.

thousands of enthusiastic and energetic school children are obviously having a good time and hopefully are learning while visiting the facility. If there is promise in the future for environmental conservation, it depends upon the education of our people, particularly the interested children. We need to foster an appreciation for the natural world in our children and at the same time work together to preserve some wilderness for them to enjoy. Then perhaps in their later years they will happily remember rich, meaningful and pleasant experiences with nature.

Come if you can and "muse" in our facility. And bring along a friend — of any age.

Charles A. Long is director of the Museum of Natural History at UW-Stevens Point.

POINT OF INFLECTION

A GUEST COLUMN OF VIEWS ON THE ENVIRONMENT

by William Cronon

ON TINSEL

We all knew it was a fad, of course. Or most of us did. "Environmentalism" was a binge—just as righteous, just as provincial and just as dangerous as the ones that came before it. It was not the first of its kind. Its predecessors are easy to ferret out: Ludditism, Chartism, Prohibition, Red Scares, Youth Culture, Women's Lib, Jogging, Twiggy.

We need such things. We need to form sides, point fingers, and say, "Look what those jerks are doing now!" We need something to be bitter about, and the seeming social significance of the fad means we are bitter in good company. We write letters to the editors. Or our senators. Or talk about writing such letters. We read the current books. Or watch the current TV shows. Or talk about reading the books and watching the shows. We do it all, and never confront the full moral depth of our problem.

"The Ecology Movement." From the beginning it was a misnomer. Do we have Geology Movements? Zoology Movements? Solid State Physics Movements? Worse, the subtle false-innocence of environmentalism was intoxicating—no, addictive. The media drank it up. Over and over they told us what a mess we were making of the planet and what we ought to do about it. People started reading Emerson and Muir and Thoreau again, and before we knew it they were all out there stepping to the beat of a different drummer, trampling over everybody and everything.

We all naturally wanted a pat on the back for our new enlightenment. Little signs appeared: "Printed on Recycled Paper," "No Phosphates," "No Lead," and the best one of all, "Organic Tomatoes." (Have you ever eaten an *inorganic* tomato?) Better-than-thouism soared into the ionosphere. It became a very profitable thing. Politicians gained power, capitalists gained capital, protesters gained protest, megalomaniacs gained megalos. Or something.

I can understand the politicians, the capitalists, the protesters, the megalomaniacs. They have clear reasons for their foolishness. The environmentalists are more frightening. I try to laugh when I hear one in a lecture hall, watch one in a forest, see one in a mirror. We all know their contradictions: animal lovers who hate hunting and love steak, retch at blood and salivate at gravy. Eco-protesters who drive around the city in their cars to tell you not to drive around the city in yours. Eco-editors who blot out millions of reams to spread the good word about trees. Wilderness-lovers who gaze with contempt at the suddenly too-abundant humans they meet in the woods.

You see, environmentalism went the same route as the other mass binges. It became an article of faith. We believed in it as a new religion. Earth-deification was the natural response to the Darwinian destruction of God-Creator, and we pursued it with a pagan

glee. Darwin took away our absolute scale of moral evaluation. Ecology returned it. Suddenly we knew right and wrong again. Ecology seemed to tell us that pollution, extinction, and littering were evil things. By fighting a society that produced them, we redeemed ourselves as "good."

It couldn't last. Like most Western religious movements, its enthusiasm collapsed as it bureaucratized. It fell to slogan thinking. Slogans always invert: the classic case is Walt Kelly's "We have met the enemy and he is us." We said it a thousand times, we environmentalists, certain each time that we were less the enemy than *they*. *They*: the cause, the satanic root, of all man's dilemmas. Occasionally, one heard a half-hearted *we*. Almost never an *I*. We no longer believe in original sin.

So let me speak of sin. "Sterilization must be imposed to solve the population problem." *Imposed on whom by whom?* On them by us? I remember my feeling of enlightened superiority when the blacks screamed genocide. "Industrialism is a cancer which must be destroyed." *Why?* I forgot that some folks might like driving in a car and working in a factory, might prefer dying of cancer at age 60 to dying of the plague at age 20. "Nature is beautiful, the wilderness is good." *To whom?* For a time I forgot that nature and wilderness are indifferent, and only man sees beautiful or good. When I sought all meaning in nature, I ceased to find meaning in man. In so doing, I (and you) forgot that this might easily negate the ultimate quality of human life: belief in one's own potential goodness. We committed the sin of truth-feigning pride: we forgot how subjective our universe really is.

Emerson: "If you go expressly to look at the moon, it becomes tinsel." We went to look at the world, and discovered that it was tinsel. We had left out a figure of central importance: Ourselves, Man and Woman, Observers, Namers, Creators, Givers of Value. If the universe has direction or purpose, it has them only through us. If we wish

to save the world, it is not because the world wants saving, but because we do.

And so there is no sense in naming pollution as *the* major problem. It is *a* problem. There are others: poverty, fear, hatred, war, economics, equity, ethics, meaninglessness, death. Words

and names, each as potent as "environment" or "Population Bomb": ignoring them suggests an astigmatism I find frightening. There is no solution to them in Earth-worship. The Earth does not speak on such matters. We live in a *human* universe. The other one,

the physical universe, holds no answers: it is a tinsel palace, shining and desolate and lifeless.

Wisconsin Academy member William Cronon contributed an article on Wisconsin caves in the Spring, 1972, Wisconsin Academy Review.

The summer of '73 in Madison, as in most of Wisconsin, was a hot and muggy affair. For all the trials and tribulations it bestows upon us, there is something to say for winter, other than "br-r-r."

At any rate, late summer is, for me, the time of the semiannual ceremony of the Cleaning-Out-of-the-Garage. Garden spreader, mower, bikes, hoes, rakes, shovels, canoe, camping equipment, and other sundry items have, by that time, become a tangle of material acquisitions defying penetration by the faithful old Plymouth, since consigned to the elements.

It is not the kind of event which brings the family together. I become an ogre, dropping sweat and curses in profuse amounts. The scene is inevitably made the worse by the fact that the hindmost portion of the garage is below ground level. The resulting dampness taxes dehumidifier and patience alike and leads to an unsavory collection of wall mold, the kind Poe undoubtedly describes in one of his Gothic tales.

As might be assumed, it is in these same depths that the least used items tend to accumulate. And it was there that I spied my old Montgomery Ward balloon-tired Hawthorne, circa 1945. Friends, that's nearly 30 years ago, and in this day of planned obsolescence when three-, five-, and ten-speed bikes go *phloey* in the wink of an eye, why, that makes it an antique of sorts. (I defer from the expression of a following, more painful, conclusion.)

The faded blue beauty was wheeled out and a tire pump applied. The ancient tubes protested with a creaking, cracking voice, but held air long enough for a brief spin around the block,



Vis-a-Vis

By James R. Batt, executive director of the Wisconsin Academy.

Ah, such memories. The Hawthorne was my entree to a stint as a twelve-year-old journalistic entrepreneur. That is, I had a paper route. In later years, when romance entered in, the girl of my young life perched on the crossbar and we sailed the evening breezes and quiet avenues on wheels of love.

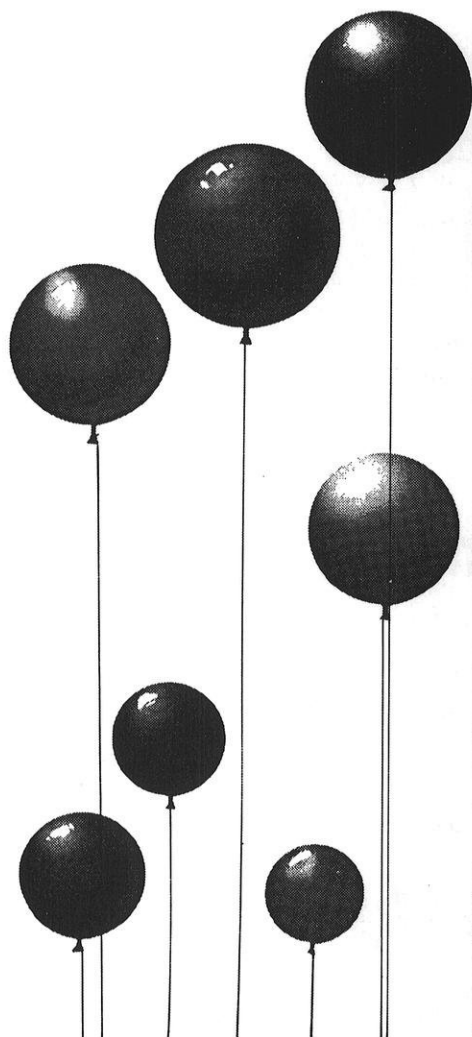
Then came college, and bikes at that time were not the "in" thing. Then the Army. Somewhere along the way the bike was taken apart and stored in pieces high in the loft of my parents' garage. But once, in the husband-and-father phase of my life, the pieces were called to my attention. I brought them back to Madison and reassembled them, whereupon they worked their way to the back of my own garage.

We are a biking kind of family; there are four other two-wheelers taking up space at my place. A decision had to be made. "What do you want to do with this thing," said my eldest. Hesitation. "Take it over to the Goodwill collection point," was the reluctant response. And I went back to the Lysol can and the work of renewing a moldy wall.

We learn from the past, live in the present, work toward our future. In that sense, and in others I imagine, organizations are like people. The Wisconsin Academy has, in its long history, acquired an abundance of policies and procedures. Some are to be treasured as functional heirlooms; others must be examined and possibly discarded, modified, or replaced to meet the needs of today and tomorrow.

Past Academy President Walter E. Scott is currently heading up a committee charged with just this kind of responsibility. The Constitution and By-laws Committee, made up of Mr. Scott, Robert Hanson, Joseph G. Baier, H. Clifton Hutchins, Norman C. Olson, Richard A. Erney, and F. Chandler Young, are taking a close look at the documents which determine the structure and functioning of the Academy. Later this year, as deletions, modifications, and additions are put into draft form, this will be brought to the Council and to the membership for action.

Maybe, just maybe, we'll end up with a ten-speed model as the conveyance to the future of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. But don't be too surprised if you find a selected number of trusty old spokes from our past.



SENDING & RECEIVING

by Arthur Hove

SINGING RAINBOWS

transformed. Black is now emphatically beautiful, a color symbolizing pride and dignity for a race of people who have been subjugated at various times throughout history because of the color of their skin.

If one can look beyond the troublesome associations that accompany our perceptions about the symbolic meanings of black and white, it is obvious that the present is an age of effusive color. Everywhere one looks, color dominates the contemporary scene. It often engulfs us with a sunburst intensity.

Color can be isolated and considered as a purely scientific phenomenon. In this context, color becomes a matter of defining and quantifying light into an identifiable and constant pattern. For example, the National Bureau of Standards, using a method recommended by the Inter-Society Color Council, has designed a system which the *American Heritage Dictionary* says is "sufficiently standardized to be acceptable and usable in science, sufficiently broad for art and industry, and sufficiently familiar to be understood, at least in a general way, by the public."

Psychologists are interested in color and its impact on perception. Industrial psychologists study the way color affects the work environment and the impact it has on productivity. Many of us will recall the fruits of their early applications of the nondescript tans, grays, and pale greens that composed the hallmark of stultifying sameness so

characteristic of schools, shops, factories, and military bases. That drabness seems to be a thing of the past, however. Contemporary industrial psychologists have recognized the need to marry science and art. Color blooms in those once desolate institutional environments—even in the barracks where the modern Army finds it more important to have its soldiers turned on rather than tuned out.

Growing legions of interior decorators (interior designers for the pretentious) have made it virtually obligatory for those who feel the need to proclaim their distinctiveness to have their homes reflect the decorator's touch. And, no self-respecting modern dandy would think of wearing an outfit that wasn't completely color coordinated.

Men's fashions, in fact, are particularly indicative of the contemporary color revolution. Men's clothing—in keeping with the ornithological reality that the male of the species has the brightest plumage—comes in a virtual riot of colors these days. Men are decked out in everything from gaudily patterned shirts, ties, sport coats, and double-knit trousers to underwear briefs that feature wild stripes and patterns, or solids of such luscious hues as lemon, lavender, and magenta.

This factor, combined with the magic-of-youth theme that dominates most advertising campaigns, has given more men the courage to dye their hair in youthful colors. The Clairol question now has to be expanded to ask, "Does

This is a column about color. Unfortunately, it comes to you in living black and white. But then black and white are colors—or non-color colors to be absolutely scientific about it.

The associations people presently form on the mention of black and white point up unfortunate polarities in our society. But this extremity of difference between the two colors is a reality that stretches far back beyond our present concerns. Black has historically connoted something sinister. It is the color of mystery, of the darkness of man's soul. It is the color of unredeemable behavior. Of blackguards.

White, on the other hand, has symbolized innocence and purity. Heroes wear white hats and ride white horses. Those who demonstrate extreme decency to others are really white. Things which burn with intensity radiate a white heat.

The abrasiveness of modern times has narrowed the historical contrasts between the two colors. Black has been

he, or doesn't he?" For those men whose scalps have been ravaged by nature, new life and youth can be achieved with a color-coordinated hairpiece. Women can achieve similar exhilarations and find a way to express changes in mood by donning wigs.

Color can also transform a landscape and heighten our feeling for it. Living in Wisconsin, we can appreciate the color changes that come with the seasons. There is the greening of spring and summer, the rich tawny of fall, and the stark white and blue patterns that come with winter. Those who have seen it, grow rhapsodic about how the desert looks when it suddenly blooms after a rain.

Our cityscapes have recently been transformed by similar outbursts of color. Dingy stretches of depressed urban landscapes have been renewed by colorful paintings that decorate walls and other available surfaces. The impulse to splash colors on any available surface has proved to be something of a moveable feast as many cars and vans sport polychromatic designs that would never pass muster in the front offices in Detroit. Even so, color has become an important part of selling automobiles. Gone are the basic gray, black, white, blue, and maroon shades. They have been supplanted by the likes of Candy-apple Red, Dresden Blue, Sahara Biege, Sunfire Yellow, Palomino Gold, Highland Green, and Flambeau Burgundy.

A few years ago, commercial aviation was introduced to the new craving for color as one of our domestic airlines painted the fuselages of its planes in various pastel hues. The planes were quickly referred to as "Easter eggs." What else?

For those who do not find clothes or cars to be a satisfactory outlet to express their colorful feelings, there has been a growing profusion of colored pens to provide the graphically minded with an opportunity to articulate their changing moods through strokes from a soft-tip pen.

The modern fixation with color crept into the public consciousness slightly over a century ago. It was the French poet Arthur Rimbaud who assigned colors to each of the vowels:

"A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue . . ."

Rimbaud's contemporary, Baudelaire, noted:

"Like distant echoes in some tenebrous unity,
Perfumes and colors are mixed in strange profusions . . ."

These poetic explorations helped to enervate later artistic developments. The Impressionist painters' fascination with light and color dazzled those who had been accustomed to the somber, academic tones of classical art. The shimmering work of the Impressionists was often complemented by the exotic and flashy tonal coloring in the music of Debussy and Ravel.

Color suffered a momentary decline during the bleak times associated with World War I, the Great Depression, and then World War II. However, the affluence which has followed World War II—an affluence only mildly inhibited by Korea and Vietnam—has seen a new and more vivid emergence of color. The result is that there is an uncommon brilliance to our everyday lives. Sadly, it too often reflects, in Richard Hoggart's term, a kind of "shiny barbarism" rather than a radiance of enlightenment.

The popular song has always proved to be a fertile ground for the lyrical colorist. Each generation has its own particular associations: "Black is the Color of My True Love's Eyes"; "Am I Blue?"; "Blue Moon"; "In a Mountain Greenery"; "Follow the Yellow Brick Road." And so on.

Singer and songwriter Peggy Lee, echoing Rimbaud, has claimed:

"I can sing a rainbow,
Sing a rainbow song."

Movies and television have expanded their popularity and impact through the use of color. The NBC peacock, with its unfolding fan of brightly colored feathers, has generated a new interest in a television industry that was beginning to falter after passing through its Golden Age. Movies have relied more and more on color to extend their appeal. Even some black and white skin flicks have taken advantage of the appeal of color—"I am Curious(Yellow)"; "I am Curious(Blue)"; "Blue Movie."

Color is deeply ingrained in our language. One can virtually become intoxicated sampling the idioms that depend on color for their expressiveness.

If we really want to know about someone, we expect them to show their true colors. Colors reflect emotion or character—green with envy, red with rage, yellow with cowardice, blue with depression, white with fear, brown study, and gray eminence.

Colors are further used to characterize the ferocity or special character of athletic teams—the Crimson Tide, the Red Raiders, the Black Knights of the Hudson, the Green Wave, Red Sox, White Sox, Reds, Blues, and even the Purple People Eaters. The primary colors obviously predominate here. Such alternatives as tangerine, chartreuse, cerise, magenta, fuchsia, and heliotrope have not yet gained wide currency or acceptance. But it is obvious that sports fans like to fly the colors to let people know where their allegiances are.

One curious by-product of our current fascination with color has been the publication and subsequent popularity of a number of adult coloring books—as though there weren't already enough outlets for expression, including those painting kits which aid fledgling artists by providing pre-drawn sketches that have numbers to indicate what color should go in between the lines. These coloring books do not feature the likes of Porky Pig or the Gingerbread Man which are designed to train the quivering hands of children to stay within the lines and thereby develop motor coordination. Instead, they are tasteful selections of line drawings of subjects ranging from medieval illuminated manuscripts to such items as Edward Lear's Nonsense, American Indians, and Antique Automobiles. These books challenge the adult colorist to augment the crisp line drawings with beautiful shadings of color. No numbers here. You're on your own.

One of the firms publishing these books is called Bellerophon. It was Bellerophon, you recall, who enlisted the aid of Pegasus to overcome the Chimera.

And Pegasus was certainly a horse of a different color.

BOOK REVIEWS

MARXIST METHODOLOGY

THE NEW LEFT AND THE ORIGINS OF THE COLD WAR, by James Maddox; Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey, 1973. 169 pp. \$7.95.

American scholarship in both the physical and social sciences has traditionally been based upon scientific empiricism. Theories, interpretations, or hypotheses are set forth, tested by experiment, and appropriate conclusions reached in strict accordance with the results. The whole integrity of academic scholarship thus rests upon the foundation of rigorous and honest use of evidence. This principle has always applied whether the evidence related to the documentary sources of the social sciences or the experimental data of the physical and biological sciences.

Whereas the title of this book mentions the origins of the cold war, its content is not really about the cold war but the methodology employed by the New Left historians as they pursued that subject. The New Left are self-styled radicals (they freely admit to this description) who are essentially ideologues using a Marxist critique to interpret American history in the contemporary period from 1945 to the present. Basically, rather than using facts in an empirical manner to explain the origins of the cold war in all its complexity, they apply a series of ready-made doctrines (e.g. class conflict, the historical necessity of capitalism becoming exploitive imperialism) to explain the facts. The writing of history to them is not a dispassionate exercise to arrive at some objective truth, but a subjective instrument to further a cause to which they are militantly committed.

Robert Maddox, an associate professor of history at Pennsylvania State University, has courageously stepped forward to challenge this type of thinking as it applies to historiography. Emerging from the milieu of the anti-Vietnam war movement there has emerged a well defined school of history known as the New Left. They not only provided much of the criticism employed by the anti-war movement but subsequently attacked the validity of the entire containment policy. Rejecting the orthodox explanation of this policy as succinctly stated by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. ("the brave and essential response of free men to communist aggression"), they set forth a new revisionist interpretation based on the radical premise that American capitalism was the underlying cause for the cold war since American leaders, under "corporate influence," ostensibly sought to dominate post-war world markets via economic imperialism and the suppression of world revolutionary movements. Because of this ideological orientation, Maddox points out: "Revisionists almost always employ a double-standard: Russia's actions are justified or explained by reference to national security (actually they or no one else has ever had access to Soviet documents) or *Realpolitik*, Western actions are measured against some high ideal and found wanting." American policy vis-a-vis Eastern Europe was thereby condemned as a desire to "penetrate" that area for economic reasons rather than keep it from falling behind the Iron Curtain and Soviet conduct is explained as seeking benign "economic partnership" rather than complete domination.

This procrustean technique of making the facts fit the doctrine, maintains Maddox, is flagrantly displayed by William Appleman William's very influential theme of American free

trade imperialism. This former University of Wisconsin-Madison professor (sometimes called the "father" of the New Left) holds that the "tragedy" of American foreign policy lies in the evolution of the Open Door Policy of the 1890's to the present in which allegedly the ideals of a free world were subverted by an "ever-increasing overseas economic expansion" to satisfy the needs of a capitalistic system. Looking for documentary evidence to see how this theme was supposed to apply to the cold war era, Maddox came to the conclusion that this concept was unsupported by "even the scantiest evidence." Although entirely unfounded in fact, this new interpretation has profoundly influenced an entire generation of young historians. Maddox queries: "How could a policy of such transcendent importance have left so few traces in the records?" With such "lack of evidence," Maddox wonders how such an *a priori* doctrine could have "been taken so seriously by those who ought to have known better." With no real evidence to support it, he holds that it is "largely divorced from reality."

The second major indictment suggests that if indeed evidence was found that did not fit their ideological mold, they actually distorted it so that it would. "A New Left version of the origins of the cold war may be perfectly valid," he asserts, but adds, "Granting a generous allowance for mere carelessness . . . these books *without exception* are based on pervasive misuses of the source material." The ways in which this was done are illustrated and make up the core of the book. Such faulty scholarship employed "the use of hiatuses" or leaving gaps in quotes to change their intended meaning, plagiarism, using secondary materials to support contentions rather than primary documents which refuted them, deliberate omission of damaging facts, selectivity, and drawing from numerous sources to make a composite unrelated to the subject being discussed.

Robert Maddox has performed a great service in raising such fundamental methodological questions. It behooves the New Left to respond in

other than clichés ("he does not understand" is a favorite) or in slogans ("he is a fascist.") This issue is serious. The outcome will determine the direction of historical scholarship for decades to come. Will it remain committed to empiricism or will it become partisan propaganda? Should an intellectual discipline be sacrificed on the altar of a cause? Should subjectivism replace objective truth? This reviewer agrees with the author that it would be "lamentable" if "pólemics" should go under the "guise of scholarly analyses." Only time will tell and the vigilant defense of sound scholarly standards. —*Fredrick H. Schapsmeier, Department of History, University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh.*

A FINE ROMANCE

WISCONSIN SKETCHES, drawings by Aaron Bohrod, Words by Robert E. Gard, Edited by Mark E. Lefebvre; Wisconsin House, Ltd., Madison, 1973. \$12.95

Here they are, like a pair of passenger train conductors, calling out the stations: Evansville, Baraboo, Green Bay, Eau Claire, Oshkosh, Rhinelander, Stevens Point, Wausau, Menomonie. All aboard for diverse and sundry stops!

They sing, in words and drawings, of cheese factories, small towns, big businesses, of oak openings and roadside meadows, windmills, old men and children, of women, lovers, Indians, churches, birds, of a land in all its seasons and of circuses that were and never will be again.

Wisconsin Sketches in the creative accounting of two men—Aaron Bohrod, artist, and Robert E. Gard, writer—and their love affair with Wisconsin, the heartbeat of its people and its places. Editor Mark E. Lefebvre scored the piece, working with Bohrod in the selection and placement of the art and with Gard in hewing language to verbal strength and beauty.

The drawings of Aaron Bohrod are from 1948 to about 1954, or as he puts it, "... from the time I arrived in Wisconsin to become artist-in-residence at the University to a moment

when the demands of a long-term intensive still life vein of painting precluded statewide wanderings and exhaustive sketchbook jottings." All, he explains, are from Wisconsin-oriented material, some of which served as the sketch basis for more comprehensive works in oil and in gouache, others done simply for what Bohrod terms "... the sheer love of drawing and the general celebration of life."

Don't look here for the Bohrod of *trompe l'oeil* still life. Look instead for the Bohrod of earlier years—traces of the young artist whose life-long love for drawing was fostered by John Sloan while studying at the Art Students League in New York. Sloan, Bohrod tells us in his book, *A Decade of Still Life*, was "a nut on drawing." "Draw," Sloan had exhorted, "draw everything you see or imagine or dream of, and draw in every conceivable way and with every conceivable tool."

And here the focus of those tools of talented hands and sensitive heart is a beloved Wisconsin.

For Bob Gard, *Wisconsin Sketches* is a testimony to a literary maturity, a coming of age marked by directness of language and style which rings right for its orientation to themes on the basic elements of life. It is Gard at his best; it is the essence of Gard, the man and the writer.

There is much here of Frost's "Death of the Hired Man" and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." As Gard puts it: "The words of this book are written out of a depth of love for Wisconsin earth and sky and people. They are not meant, nor do they pretend to be, poems to stand in their own right. They are expressions of simple sensibilities, of days among the seasons, of settings in awareness, of often only half-formed and hardly-spoken impressions. They are of myself and represent a bond, a trust, and a belief in a state and of man. The words are written for people and reflect my appreciation of people and of my feeling for them and for the places in which they exist." Elsewhere in the book, he perhaps sums it up when he writes:

Oh how to tell of Wisconsin,
She hued golden in fall and
delicate in spring.

And I riding through her heart,
Watching waiting to hear from
her,

Myself a sounding instrument
Giving back words for air, cloud,
wood, and white water;

Words marking my passage.

It is a passage sure to be enjoyed by all who dip into the pages of *Wisconsin Sketches*. —*JB*

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

HOW TO RETURN TO WORK IN AN OFFICE by Mary Ralston; Harper & Row, New York, 1972. 239 pp. \$6.95.

The myth that a woman's place is in the home is rapidly being destroyed—not necessarily by the Women's Liberation Movement—but by the hard facts of the real world and economics. Today, there are thirteen million women in the U.S. who are employed outside the home. For nearly half of this number, pressing economic need leaves no alternatives. With women today comprising about forty percent of the labor force, a young woman can realistically expect to work about twenty-five years of her life.

Milwaukeean Mary Ralston, in her years as a bank personnel director, has encountered thousands of women seeking employment and understands their problems well. Drawing on this background, *How to Return to Work in an Office* is a hard-headed guide for anyone seeking work. It includes advice on job leads, training, resumes, interviews, and job selection.

But there the similarity to most other job-hunting guides ends. The special value of *How to Return to Work in an Office* is its concern for the woman seeking a job after an absence from the work situation. The problems created (either in fact or in fancy) by age, modern office equipment, and old myths are dealt with in an attempt to replace self-doubts with self-confidence. Among the myths which still temper some women's attitudes

about working is the fear of "taking jobs from men," or guilt reactions about being a poor mother because of holding a job. These are the gritty questions which few books mention, but which Mary Ralston handles with sensitivity.

Equally important are the discussions of womens' rights under the Federal guidelines of Revised Order 4 which took effect in 1972. Not only are the rights discussed, but also the procedures to be followed if a complaint must be filed. The issues of on-the-job training programs, fringe benefits, and opportunities for advancement are also presented—not as privileges but as rights for which any worker may qualify.

Ralston is concerned that a woman carefully assesses her abilities and potential and stands up for her rights. While the book focuses on many typically female office jobs, it is in no way intended to funnel women into dead-end typing pools. With its discussions of rights and its emphasis on self-confidence *How to Return to Work in an Office* may for many women be the key to finding the productive lives that Women's Liberation is all about.—MJ

MEN OF LETTERS

IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY by J. H. Plumb; Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass., 1973. 273 pp. \$6.95; **SPIRIT OF TIME AND PLACE: THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF HORACE GREGORY**; W.W. Norton & Company Inc., New York, 1973. 315 pp. \$8.95.

"Man of letters" does not appear in the roster of currently popular job titles. It has never been considered a particularly praiseworthy calling in America. Nevertheless, these two recent books indicate that the profession is not entirely without its practitioners—both in the United Kingdom and here in America. These two books also give some hope that the essay—even though it may be occasionally cloaked in a mantle of literary or historical journalism—is not yet on the endangered species list.

J. H. Plumb is a distinguished historian whose most notable contributions to scholarship are works dealing with Eighteenth Century England. He also happens to be one of those increasingly rare finds—a scholar who can write prose that is not clotted with jargon or made opaque by self-conscious pleonasm.

This recent collection of essays complements his earlier *Men and Centuries* (1966). The premise behind Prof. Plumb's writing is that "We live with history, it informs all our reactions to the world about us . . ." What history does, as Prof. Plumb points out, is to demonstrate that the present we live in is not so abysmal as we actually think it to be. For example, "Within this last century enormous burdens of anxiety have been lifted off the shoulders of men and women, particularly in the highly industrialized West, to a degree that they can scarcely appreciate . . . Deadly disease is no longer a lodger in the home but a remote contingency. And better still, the spiritual fears have vanished. No devils, no witches, nothing but a necessary wantonness in those fingertips."

Plumb's is an inquisitive mind, one which can find significance in the commonplace. It is the quality of his perceptions, combined with the range of his curiosity, which makes his essays a delight to read. Many of the pieces collected in this book were written for such publications as *American Heritage*, *Horizon*, and *Saturday Review*. These publications are generally attractively illustrated and it is unfortunate that Prof. Plumb's essays could not be handsomely illustrated as they are in the publications from which they are drawn. It would further enhance his already vivid text.

Prof. Plumb's pages are not only filled with important concepts and facts, but with interesting and provocative people. His portraits of Henry Fielding, Edmund Burke, and Samuel Pepys are finely sculptured cameos. His reflections on the historical evolution of attitudes toward women, children, riot, and death help to evaluate the uniqueness of our current attitudes toward these subjects. His voice re-

flects that of his favorite historical period—the Age of Reason. It is a welcome sound in an often discordant present.

Horace Gregory is a native Milwaukeean and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. He is best known to American literary audiences as a poet and critic. His present book is a compilation of his essays over three decades. While the essays range over a variety of subjects and personalities, they are primarily focused on British and European literature of the past three centuries. Gregory deals with familiar figures such as Samuel Johnson, Robert Browning, William Butler Yeats, Virginia Woolf, and Samuel Becket. He also resurrects such forgotten literary figures as Walter Savage Landor, William Ernest Henley, Edwin Muir, and Paul Elmer More and tells us convincingly why we should take another look at them and their works.

Gregory's essays are packed with information rather than freighted down by rhetoric. They are like the polished stones that are popular now. One is first impressed by their hardness and sheen. On second glance, one becomes further attracted to the solid geologic pattern that is part of their composition. These are tough and comprehensive essays. In many cases they can stand alone outside the pages of this book. If, for example, one reads nothing more on the poet Browning than Gregory's essay, it would be sufficient to gain a feeling for the man and his poetry.

The most striking feature of Gregory's essays is their freshness. They are not burdened with the arid terminology of the academy or the gee-whizness of contemporaneity. They are clear, concise statements by a man who obviously cares very much about the substance of literature and culture. In keeping with the title of his book, Gregory tries to fix his subject in a physical and temporal landscape which adds a dimension to the works considered. In Gregory's opinion, those artists who succeed the most are those who can purvey a palpable sense of time and place in their works.

Gregory's own essays succeed very well. — A H

footnotes



1

Our thanks to Frank Utpatel for the fine wood engraving above with which we send our greetings and hopes for the best in 1974 for all of our members and readers.

We hope in the coming year to have more chances to personally meet our members, both through our office and at the Academy meetings. We look forward to serving you with improved publications and programming throughout the year.

Best Wishes to All of You— Let us hear from you in '74.

2

Our thanks also to Professor Cavalliere Ketchum and his photography students for the excellent photographs which appear in this issue on pages 15-19. The full set of thirty-five photos, from which this selection is drawn, is available as a traveling display for use throughout the state. Contact the Wisconsin Academy office at (608) 263-1692 if you are interested.

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