Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 25, Number 3 June 1979

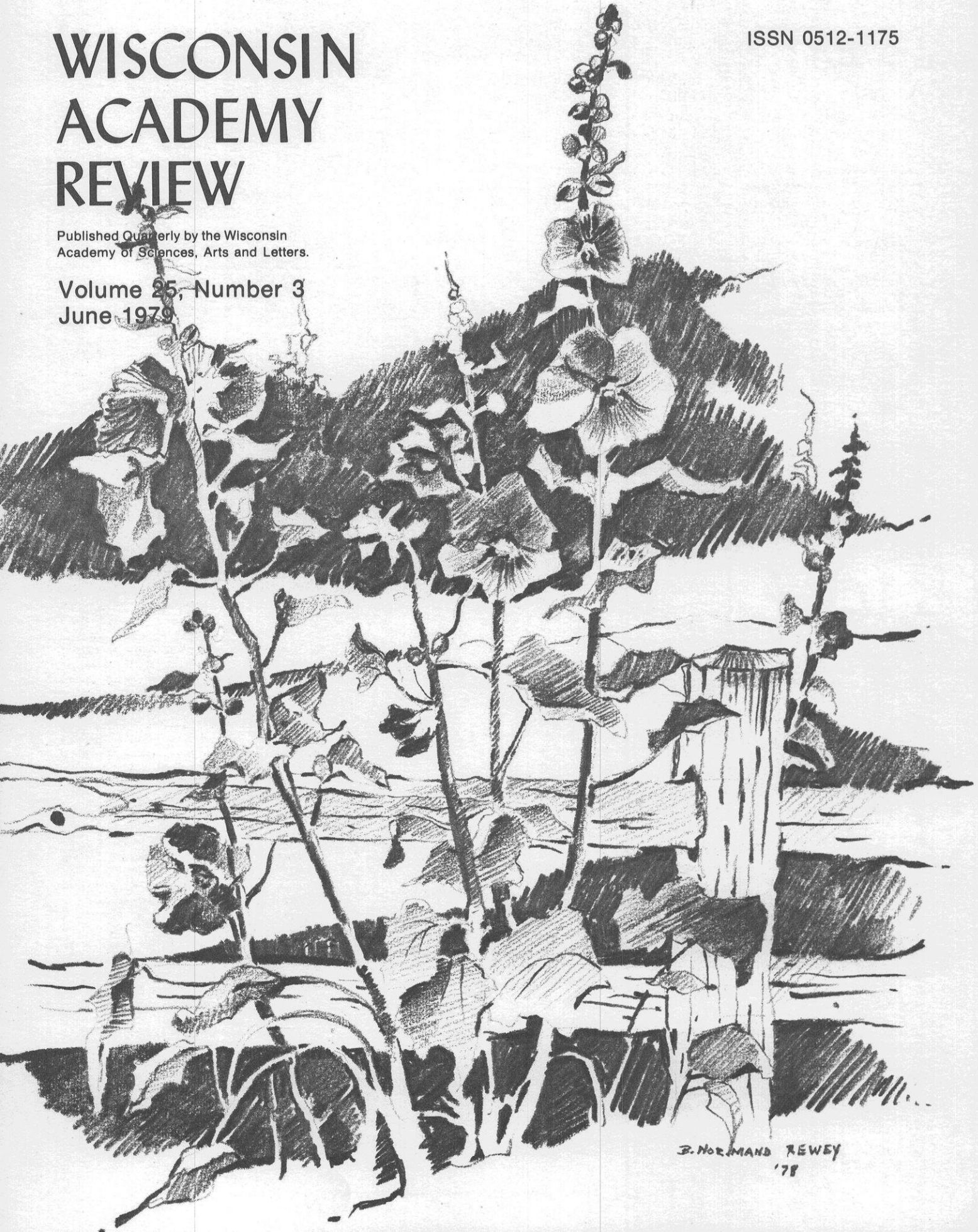
Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, June 1979

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

ISSN 0512-1175

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

Volume 25, Number 3
June 1979



ALLEY DAYS

Reading about elms and small towns and hollyhocks always does it to me. Instantly, I'm back in my childhood on a sunny morning with a hint of cool around the edges, checking out the alley for another kid to play with or something to do.

Most of the memorable moments of my childhood centered on the alley. In the litany we all like to recite about what was great about the good old days and is no more, mentioning the loss of alleys always brings on my nostalgia.

The alley was where you hustled the ice man for chips and followed the rag man to see what treasures he'd find. The alley was where you stepped on nails and found dead mice to put in hollyhock blossoms for a proper burial. Hollyhocks always grew by the ashpits.

The alley was the scene of all those day-long pretend games: Tonto and the Lone Ranger, World War II, and a game I played with my best friend, Little Goose Girl, a sort of Heidiesque production. The after-dinner games: Kick-the-Can, Moonlight-Starlight, and, during the last summer of my alley days, Post Office, all took their overtones of danger and daring and excitement from the alley's dusky shadows and dark, mysterious hiding places.

Most of all, I remember overlooking my alley from high up in the branches of a huge old elm. I constantly remodeled its perches and platforms, using old lumber, found in the alley, and old nails pried out of the boards and hammered straight on the pavement. I never used a new nail until I left home for good.

New nails and old—the two sides of innocence. And nostalgia.

—Elizabeth Durbin

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The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is affiliated with the following organizations:

- **Association of Academies of Science**
- **American Association for the Advancement of the Humanities**
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EDPRESS

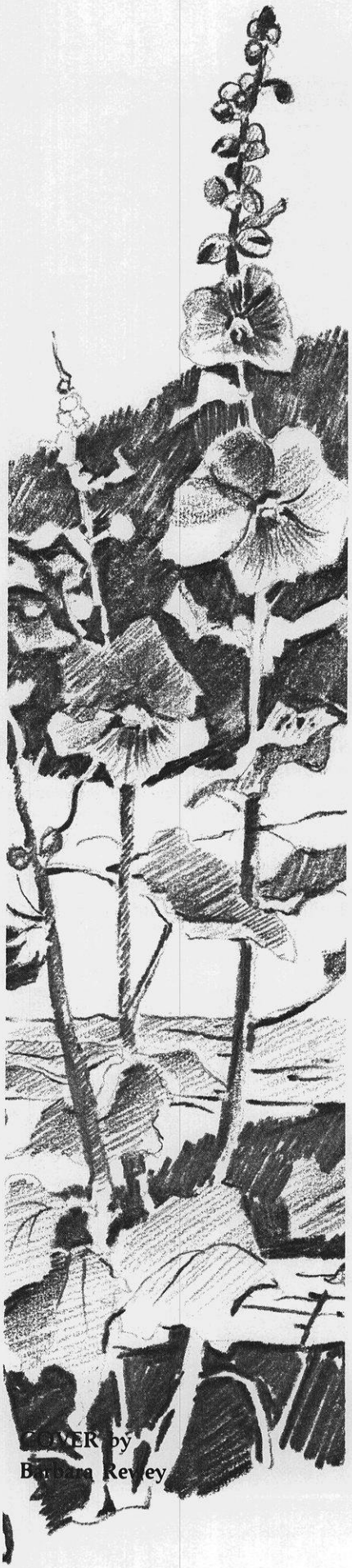
Published quarterly by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53705.

Correspondence related to the REVIEW or other Academy publications (change of address, single copy orders, undelivered copies, Academy membership) should be sent to the W.A.S.A.L. office listed above.

Second class postage paid at Madison, WI.

Printed by Community Publications, Inc. McFarland, WI

The date of this issue is June 1979.



COVER by Barbara Revley

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE. . .

Frank Custer

Marion Clapp, author of **"Wedding at Kate's,"** came to Wisconsin in 1941 after a career of selling fiction to the pulps. Writing came naturally to her, she says. As a kid, "I just loved words. And I could read and write before I went to school." She picked up reading as she helped her mother in the kitchen by asking, "What does that say?" about every label, and she proceeded to read right through the family's extensive home library.

In the '60s, Mrs. Clapp was one of the charter members of the Madison Area Writers Association. Recent publications have included an article in *Wisconsin trails* and she is an established winner in the Yarns of Yesteryear contest.

Barbara Rewey, the artist featured on the June cover, says "The hollyhocks, their Kool-aid colors against the shaded green of the lawn, were sketched in my own garden on a brilliant, hot July afternoon. I love hollyhocks because they're so tenacious," she goes on, "and remind me of my childhood." She remembers hollyhocks blooming alongside barns in the small towns of southwestern Wisconsin, such as Rewey, named for her husband's family, near Dodgeville.

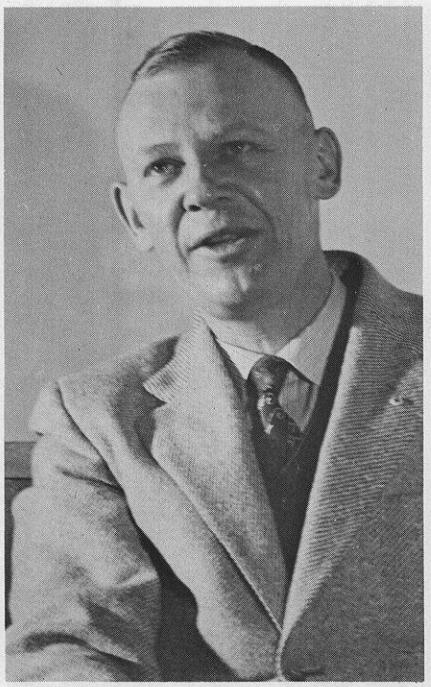
Rewey, the artist, began painting in oils at the age of 12 in Green Bay, and received her first art award that same year. She has been active on the Madison art scene since 1963.

Frank Custer, known locally as Mr. Madison History, grew up near what is now Olin Park. He had only to consult his files for the article on the **Monona Assembly.** Over the years he has developed a file system of thousands of cards on Madison and its institutions and personalities, and has amassed an extensive collection of city directories and photos.

He also teaches a course in Madison history and appears on a Cable TV late night show with Lucien S. Hanks, discussing Madison history and answering telephoned queries about the capital city's past.

A graduate of UW-Madison, he was a reporter and feature writer at *The Capital Times* for 31 years and now contributes regularly to *Wisconsin Regional* and *The Madison Press Connection.*

J. W. (Bill) Clark, who lived his subject, the **Circuit Chautauqua**, says his article does not pretend to tell the entire Chautauqua story. "My major intent is to give my readers some genuine feeling for



Bill Clark

what Circuit Chautauqua was really like—the tents, the lecturers, the plays, musicals and audience reactions." In the course of his speaking to groups as a county agent, Clark would often ask audiences if anyone remembered the Chautauqua. "There was almost always an enthusiastic response," he says, and it is because of that interest that he wrote down his memories.

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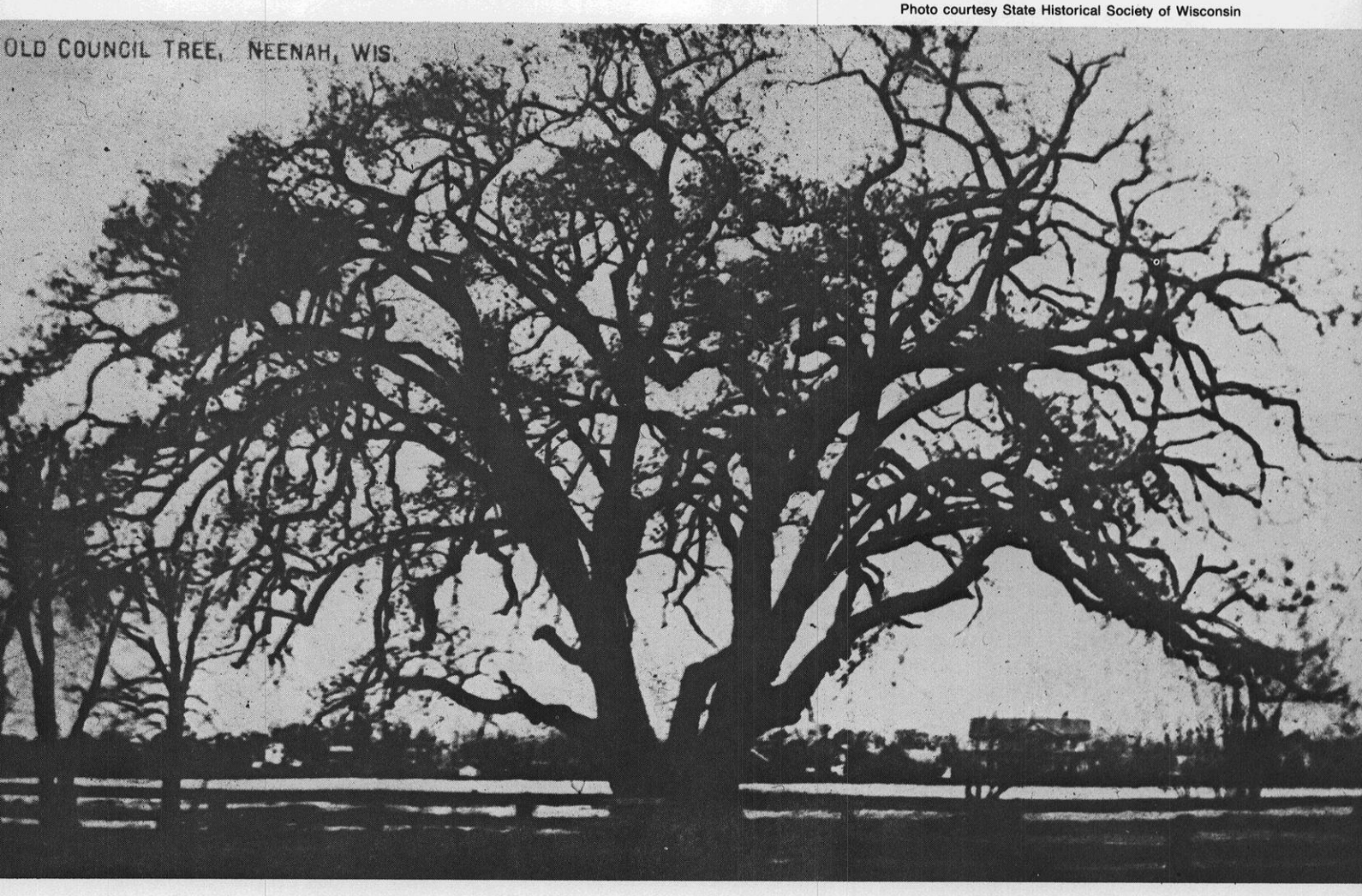
Barbara Rewey

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin



Witnesses in green

by Al Strack

Before succumbing to the land-clearing propensities of European immigrants, one of the most extensive forests on this planet spread from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River and from the Gulf of Mexico to the tundra-like barrens of Canada. Since present day Wisconsin forms part of the western boundary of this forest, many of our earliest historical events occurred within its domain, as, from the east, came the most extensive transcontinental migration of human beings the world has known.

Witness to these events, trees, nature's living time machines, stood firmly against the Wisconsin sky. Some of these trees exist today, and, having witnessed the political, socioeconomic and ecological whirlwinds known as the American Experience, provide for us a sense of historical continuity. Besides adding great beauty to the landscape and providing shade for picnickers, they link early Wisconsin happenings with the present.

The old stalwarts that still live need attention to ensure their continued survival

Because of disease, old age or man's greed, many of Wisconsin's famous trees have, unfortunately, already vanished. The old stalwarts that still live need attention to ensure their continued survival. As English poet William Blake observed almost 200 years ago, "The

tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way." To avoid further loss, Wisconsinites must develop an awareness of historic trees before it is too late. Of primary interest are the very special white pines, white elms, burr oaks, a cottonwood and some trees used by the Indians: birch, basswood, maple and marker trees.

THE MAGNIFICENT WHITE PINE

Pioneers used to say that, before Columbus, a squirrel could travel a lifetime without touching the ground by traversing the crowns of the most abundant tree species in its range: the white pine. Possessing the rare qualities of strength, lightness and durability, the white pine literally built this nation and lumbering had a great impact on the development of Wisconsin. Log drives down Wisconsin rivers determined the location of milling towns until the coming of the railroads. For 75 years the white pine helped lumbermen to earn fortunes; the ecological problems were left for future generations.

Originally white pine was generally common in the northern two-thirds of Wisconsin, extending along lake Michigan and the Mississippi River into northern Illinois. Today it is common only in the northern third of the state, although some stands extend southward along lake Michigan, and remain in the central sand counties, and along the banks of some rivers in southwestern Wisconsin.

A drive along state highway 55 through the Menominee Indian Reservation gives a present day view of what much of northern Wisconsin looked like before the lumberjack era. In several places the roller coaster road is marked by traffic divider islands protecting large white pines that otherwise would have been felled for the highway.

Further north, in the Nicolet National Forest, there are three

The Half Way Tree near Brodhead.

trees that illustrate the overwhelming grandeur of the white pine. The General MacArthur White Pine, four miles northwest of Newald, is one of the largest white pines in the United States and the tallest in Wisconsin. It towers more than 150 feet and is over 17 feet in circumference. It was named for the Wisconsin native. Near the MacArthur White Pine are two other superb examples of this eastern forest beauty: the Twin Pines and the Giant Pine Grove, all of which are relatively near each other.

THE ARISTOCRATIC WHITE ELM

Another tree of the Wisconsin forest that has a rich heritage is the white elm. They are distributed throughout Wisconsin and are commonly found in low bottom lands and on moist hills. If you are lucky, you have some white elms still standing on the streets of your city. Unfortunately millions of elms have been killed by the infamous Dutch Elm Disease. Even nature's brutal ways, however, have some positive effects since city foresters, to forestall another disaster, now plant a variety of trees.

One of the reasons for the deep sense of loss people feel on the death of elms is that elms have long been the aristocrats of our forest. The very first Americans—Indians—traditionally used the ground under the majestic, umbrella-like canopies of mature elms for council sites. Some of these became trade centers and eventually towns, and the Indians passed on their esteem for the noble elms to the pioneers.

Wisconsin's most famous council tree was the Treaty Elm, located at Neenah, that served as a meeting place for the chiefs of neighboring Indian tribes. Under this elm, Winnebago Chief Four Legs and Colonel Henry Leavenworth signed one of several treaties that eventually led to the Indians' loss of most of their holdings in Wisconsin. For years the Treaty Elm guided steamers on Lake Winnebago. It fell to the axe in 1890 when the river channel was widened. With great foresight, the State Historical

Society of Wisconsin preserved a photograph of this historic elm. Though of poor quality, it is treasured.

The Fort Howard Tree, although it died around 1935, was another elm that presided over 200 years of history. It witnessed events occurring under the rule of France, Great Britain and the United States. The tree marked the site of the first permanent fortification in Wisconsin, Fort St. Francis, built by the French about 1718. We can surmise that during the French era, this elm saw fur trappers pass beneath it as well as the battles of the Fox Indian wars that raged around the fort.

For a short period of time, beginning with the French evacuation in 1761, the tree grew over the British Fort Edward Augustus and the United States Fort Howard. One of the commanding officers during the United States occupation was Major Zachary Taylor who later became President of the United States. Although there are few signs of the fort left, the trees stood as late as 1935. Again the State Historical Society has preserved a 1918 photograph of this magnificent tree.

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TREES

The American Forestry Association's Social Register of Big Trees maintains a listing of the largest reported specimens of native and naturalized trees in the United States. Determination of record-size trees is based on three measurements: the circumference of the tree measured at a point four and a half feet from the ground, the height of the tree in feet and one-fourth of the total width of the crown spread in feet. These are added to give a single figure denoting aggregate size, with circumference as the primary factor, followed by height and spread.

Ironically Wisconsin's only tree listed in the Social Register is considered by some to be an inferior "weed" tree. Nevertheless Wisconsin can be proud of its Champion Pin Oak that has a circumference of 10 feet 9 inches, a remarkable feat for a tree that generally grows in sandy, infertile soil. It is located at the Angus Lookaround Museum, Keshena, Menominee County, on state highway 55.

Two other trees famous enough to have been given names are the President's Oak and the Walking Staff Tree.

The former, a burr oak whose age is estimated at 200 years, is situated on Observatory Hill on the Madison campus of the University of Wisconsin. A large bark wound, sealed by cement years ago, is believed to have been caused during the Civil War by Northern soldiers using the tree for rifle practice while training at Camp Randall.

The Walking Staff Tree, located in a small roadside park on state highway 23 in Sauk County between Lake Delton and Reedsberg, is a living reminder of the westward trek of early Wisconsin settlers. It was in April 1848 that Jacob Tinkham and his family set out on a two-year trip from Vermont to Wisconsin by covered wagon. Along the way Tinkham cut a walking staff of cottonwood. When he got to his destination, he drove the staff into the ground. The staff grew into a superb tree.

INDIANS' USE OF TREES

While traveling through the strange and sometimes foreboding wilderness of Wisconsin, pioneers many times were guided by Indian marker trees, and in fact some early explorers, fur trappers and pioneers owed their survival to them. Marker trees were bent or twisted as young saplings to show direction and grew that way as they matured. Many of the Indian marker trees have been found in the southern third of the state where oak openings were more prevalent. One of these marker oak trees stands near Government Hill just south of Delafield on the corner of county trunk CC and Government Hill Road. Increase Lapham may have established the first weather bureau in Wisconsin on this hill, although some say Holy Hill was the spot.

Photo courtesy the DNR

The General MacArthur White Pine, four miles northwest of Newald.

HALF WAY OAK

Indian marker trees also aided travel by showing distance as well as direction. One of these is the Half Way Oak. According to legend Indians paced the distance between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River and marked a burr oak as the half way point.

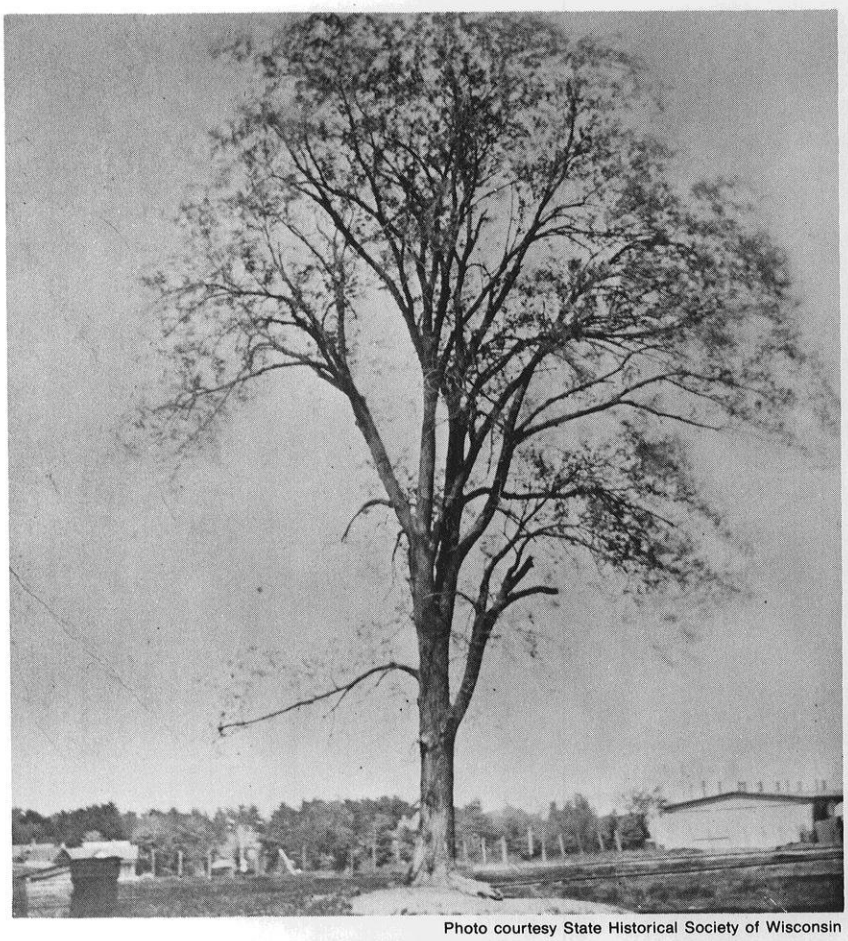


Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

The Fort Howard Tree died around 1935.

Astoundingly, surveys later proved the Indians accurate. Because the winter of 1856 was so severe that burial was impossible, Indians in the area of the Half Way Oak placed their dead in hide pouches and hung them from the tree. Charlie Warner, a blacksmith, owned the land the tree stood on. The Indians made Warner promise he would never cut the tree down.

Warner kept his promise and specified in his will that the burr oak never be destroyed. A highway marker erected 300 feet away by the Brodhead Civics Club points to the Half Way Tree. It is a half mile east of the bridge that crosses the Sugar River on state highways 11 and 81, less than a mile west of the Rock-Green county line southwest of Brodhead.

The Indian's use of sugar maple trees paved the way for Wisconsin's present day maple sugar industry. The pioneers adopted the Indian's method of boiling the sap to produce the sweet maple syrup. They also learned to make ink from the extracted tanin from red maples.

SUPERMARKET TREE

The Indian's utilization of the basswood or linden tree is illustrative of their making the most of a natural resource. They wasted little. Imagine the courtship of a young Indian maiden and her admirer, with a background of flute music ringing through the forest. A hollow branch of a basswood tree provided the instrument to play the traditional courtship music. Once the romance of courtship subsided and the domestic scene began to stabilize, it is highly probable that the newly married warrior included basswood flowers in his diet to cure his indigestion. His wife made twine by peeling the inner bark off basswood branches with her teeth. In the evening the Indians could enjoy salad and tea made from basswood flowers, with chocolate-flavored basswood fruits for dessert. The basswood was literally the Indian's supermarket.

Both the basswood and sugar maple are distributed throughout the state. However the most extensive stands of sugar maples are found in northeastern Wisconsin and of basswood in eastern Wisconsin.

COMPETING DEMANDS

Very few lands are blessed with the diversity and quality of trees that our Wisconsin forests harbor. With the prices of oil and natural gas inevitably rising, numbers of people are turning to wood as a fuel source. Demands for wood needed by the construction industry sometimes clash with the ecological awareness celebrated on Earth Day in 1970, yet this does not have to be the case. Americans are increasingly seeking open space and wilderness preserves to counter the often bleak and nerve-racking environment of our metropolitan areas. Preservation of habitat vital to the protection of our wildlife is also a high priority with many. The quality of our air, soils and watersheds is directly related to the quality of our forests.

It is likely that, with proper planning, Wisconsin can fulfill all of the above needs and at the same time avoid the destruction of a select and small group of trees that have a special historic, ecological or logistical value. The famous trees of Wisconsin, representing our fragil link with the past, must be protected; they are literally our roots and enable us to pass our historic heritage on to future generations in a tangible way.

Al Strack, a teacher in Manawa, is continuing his research on Wisconsin's historic trees.

Poems by Jeffrey Winke

SMELL THE THISTLES, TASTE THE MIST

A brown bird
A broken elm
An orange sun sets, a yellow one rises
We carry nothing on our backs
And lounge in the shallow of city creeks
Ripples carry what is left to reflect
Smell the thistles,
Taste the mist
Over fields clouds find safety
And black birds seek trees
A silver antenna
A burned house
We are still young seeking
What is left

ONE DUCK LIMPS

Some one time twenty
year old girl
with bouncing brown hair
follows three ducks, Mallards,
with a crumpled Wonder Bread
bag in one hand.
The sun is setting.
The girl is less than magazine beauty.
One duck limps.
I watch with concern
the enactment of her private plight.
It is the fall of 1976
and I have little else to do.

'SHE IS SOFTER THAN A DEER'

She is softer than a deer.
And so much like colors of a new rainbow.

I have made a ring
from this clover and put
it on her youngest finger.

We lay in the fields.
And snuggling is like music
with the shadows of leaves
running in the wind.

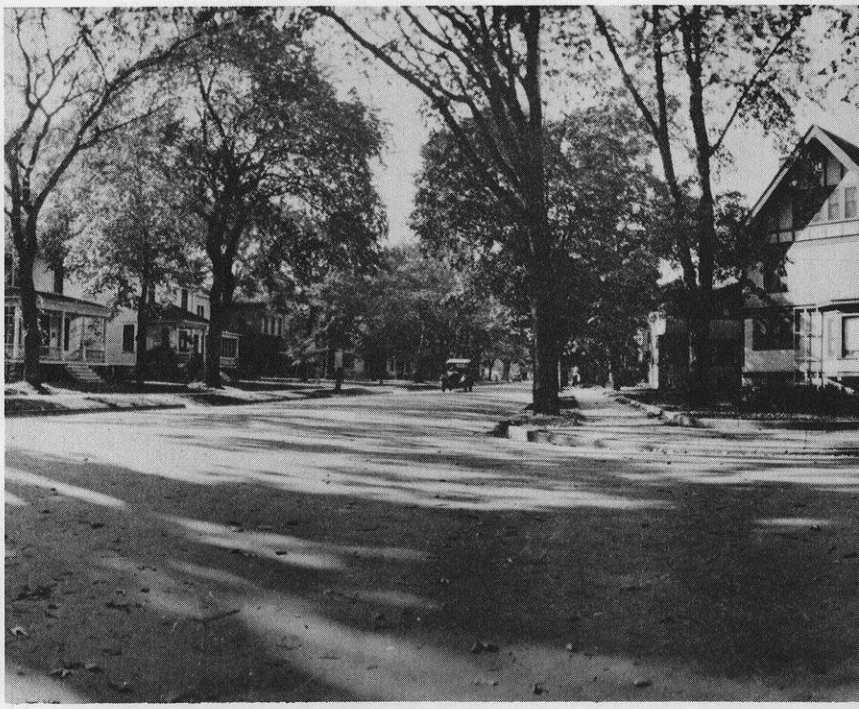
And we are so happy, so
different in this life.
And her kissing lips taste
like watermelon.

For she is softer than a deer
drinking dew from this forest pool.

AND THE SOLAR SYSTEM CONTINUES. . .

Even though she is naked to love
the great Earth is cool to the lingering red
of a downhill sun.
And in these shadows
the restless seek to glisten
their way through.
It is in the darkness
her lips will play
and only cracks of lightning trip the tongue
which lay the flame to flicker.

by Robert E. Gard



The state of the arts in

A while back, I visited the small town of Bronson, Kansas, where my grandpa and grandma went to live when they gave up the farm in 1903, and where my dear aunt took care of them in their old age. Originally, my folks moved from western Ohio to Illinois in the 1850s and settled near a small crossroads place called Hazel Dell. My first cousin, Wayne Gard, went to Knox College and, curiously, married a girl he met there named Hazel Dell. My dad walked from Illinois to Kansas in the early '80s, arrived penniless at a small town named Bronson, and there met the great woman who became my mother.

I remembered the place, from many boyhood experiences there, as a friendly small community of good neighbors: two churches, Baptist and Methodist; a town where the Chautauqua played one week each August; where almost all the food came from gardening back of the house; where my Uncle Will ran a general store crowded with many items of clothing, hardware, groceries, coal oil, simple remedies and the whole necessities of country and small-town living. Now there is an antique store on that very location, and among the miscellany of antiques, I found several things that I thought I recognized as having been in daily use in my grandfather's house 50 or 60 years ago.

I knew it was necessity that caused the establishment of the market center in this small town, and caused a number of persons to build houses around a little square and down a few streets, and to plant elm trees as soon as they could. In my boyhood the trees had already become very large, spreading, with shade for all, and the small houses under the trees were dwarfed by their magnificence.

And now all the elms are gone. Cut to the bitter roots. And I saw in the disappearance of the old trees a symbolization of what has happened to our concept of what American life used to be, and I wondered what it all meant. And it seemed to me that maybe we had fallen from grace somewhat. At least the small places as I once knew them had suffered a fall.

For several years before this visit to Bronson I had been thinking about the small places in America, and had decided that we ought to take real heed of them in regard to the arts, which is my field. I believed then, and I still do now, partly a result of my nostalgia, that the small community had an important role to play. I thought that the small community still might be the chief hope for national stability; because I believe that where myth and legend are generated, that is where the permanence of a people can best be insured.

I thought that it might be chiefly lack of opportunity for small-town people that was creating an atmosphere unfriendly to the arts. And I thought that one thing the University of Wisconsin might do was to help provide more exciting and stimulating experiences in the arts, and in other phases of living for small-town people.

A grant application was made to the National Endowment for the Arts, based on the census documentation of more than 60,000,000 still living in smaller

Photo courtesy the Oshkosh Public Museum

I knew it was necessity that caused the establishment of the market center in this small town, and caused a number of persons to build houses around a little square and down a few streets, and to plant elm trees as soon as they could. In my boyhood the trees had already become very large, spreading, with shade for all, and the small houses under the trees were dwarfed by their magnificence. The elms were the symbols of serenity, security, of neighbors visiting neighbors.

Small Town, Wisconsin

places. We received a large grant—a quarter million, when matched, a half-million to work with. For three years we brought force after force to bear: new kinds of music, old kinds of music; new classes; more programs for children; block by block promotion of the arts as an idea; neighbors giving coffees to discuss music, dance, art, theater; new kinds of community theaters; exposure to professionals in music, acting, arts; lectures; housewives' programs; new exposures through radio—the kind of radio they listened to daily in their kitchens; film programs; trips; tours to museums, theaters, to Chicago, New York, Stratford, Ontario, Minneapolis. I imported great teachers: Lee Strasberg, Boris Goldovsky, and the cream of our University faculty. I brought in opera, ballet, seminars on building renovation, a mayor's program for the arts. Even Leonard Bernstein was invited to come to Adams County to lead a symphony orchestra of musicians we found living away from the big cities. He never came, but he expressed interest and amazement. We hung fine paintings in restaurants and in churches. We tried religious drama, we took the arts to the farms, and finally I even wrote a poem:

If you try, what may you
  expect?
First a community
Welded to a new consciousness
  of self:
A new being, perhaps a new
  appearance—
A people proud
Of achievements which lift them
  through the creative
Above the ordinary—
A new opportunity for children
To find exciting experiences
And to carry this excitement on
Throughout their lives—
A mixing of peoples and back-
  grounds
Through art; a new view
Of hope for mankind and an
  elevation
Of man—not his degradation.
New values for individual and
  community
Life, and a sense
That there, in our place,
We are contributing to the
  maturity
Of a great nation.
If you try, you can indeed
Alter, preserve and perhaps
  better
The face and the heart
Of America.

We thought we had done something, but we weren't quite sure what.

If I had to make a judgment I'd say that change is more often than not resisted in the small community. In Spring Green, pop. 1300, I tried very hard to effect change, to give the community a better look, to get the people to take pride in their local institutions and traditions, to get them to appreciate that Spring Green was where Frank Lloyd Wright, in a great house outside the town, spent most of his life. Appreciation was hard to gain. Spring Green was where Wright did his marketing—and then failed to pay a lot of his bills.

Typical folktale: A laborer who has built a wall for Wright waits

almost a year for his pay. Finally he goes to the master.

"Are you worried about the money, Gus?" asks Wright.

"Well, yes, Mr. Wright, I am."

"Good. Then there's no use both of us worrying. Have a good day, Gus."

When I tried to get them to accept the theater as an art institution, and music as an art available to all, they showed great resistance to change. They thought I was trying to corrupt the morals of the young by encouraging strangers to come to town, bringing who knows what temptations. A group of actors I brought to town to do great plays in the old opera house, the local folks were sure were operators of a call girl establishment on a back street; actually it was only the coming and going of actors to rehearsals that set up the rumors.

Possibly I did not take enough heed of the rationale of community change: that there must be an element of recognized need. For if Spring Green didn't know they needed the change, why attempt to bring it about? I thought Spring Green needed the change, and a few other persons also thought so; but apparently it was not a concensus of opinion. I think I had ideals for the community, which they did not share. They were happiest as they were. They didn't care about the vast potential available to them. They didn't want strangers, didn't want fame. The whole truth is that many small towns just don't know what they have! And they are far too timid.

Last year I spoke in Richland Center, the birthplace of Frank Lloyd Wright. He designed there, for a local businessman, a remarkable structure—a warehouse in the Wright style. Here is what I told their committee who were trying to understand their role: "The small community," I said, "is coming more and more into the foreground of thought as an important consideration in American life. Movement from the urban areas has brought many new problems, and new assets of talent and wealth to small communities. The advent of industry is changing the employment patterns of small community life; the "better life," the safer life, the more satisfying, less tension-filled life, is apparently what many persons are seeking, as well as the cultural opportunities with which they were familiar in former locations. These expectations are being imposed upon the small communities and the older patterns of life are changing there. So now, it is a good time to focus a major amount of attention on the small community, and to portray its proper place in American cultural life. The arts have become more important and are considered necessary now by many residents living in such places as Richland Center and Spring Green. Attempts to establish the arts, to gain facilities and public acceptance, are new programs on many small community fronts."

Frank Lloyd Wright designed the warehouse building for a small community and perhaps unconsciously had in mind setting the tenor of small-town cultural life and taste. The Warehouse is the only example in America of such a structure designed by him, and the impact on the small community is only now being realized. Attempts to remodel the Warehouse and to make it into a cultural center illustrate the concern of modern persons to establish the community symbol originally envisioned by Wright so long ago. It illustrates how such a planner and thinker is always ahead of his time. Richland Center is ideal for the leadership role because of its position as a kind of isolated agricultural community, as the birthplace of Wright, as the scene of his early life and as the location of the symbol that he created on behalf of small communities.

Now the task of the Richland Center project and group is to make the purposes of the Warehouse apparent on a wide scale. The project quite possibly has a chance to attract international attention. Richland Center, if it is going to be as effective in leadership as the warehouse symbol indicates that it should be, must boldly "challenge the world" to participate with them, sharing the Wright ideal, to accomplish for small communities all over the world, a development of public concern for the arts, for the improvement of the community, for the encouragement of talent, for the enrichment of human life on

The small town of Gays Mills.

← Photo by Edgar G. Mueller

The Warehouse, in Richland Center, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and built in 1915.

Photo courtesy The Warehouse

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

The passing of the front porch, for example, ready for courting, for visiting, for slowly swinging in the evening, or on a hot afternoon. Soft voiced conversations, a girl's pleasant nearness, the sound of the porch swing chains in the ceiling hooks—that kind of front porch life appears ended, yet how gracious it was, what a lovely adjunct to the life of hard work, of family being together, of end-of-day.

And the elderly stayed on in the homes; unless they were destitute and their sons or daughters just wanted them out of the way and made arrangements with the county poor farm, the elderly stayed at home, and lived out their days in the midst of the family, and were for the most part respected, cherished and helped along the last years with kindness and a place in family life.

many fronts. To show how the Wright ideal of esthetic value in all things can be used to effect better human relations, to make opportunities, to develop more arts-conscious citizens, to foster the ideals of peace, tolerance and beauty throughout the world.

In our Wisconsin work with small communities and the arts we started a research project finally to try to learn more. The team researched several communities and compared findings with nearby control places. We thought we detected a ripple of change, a bit of conscience, a nubbin of intent to make a better life. But our money ran out. And only now can we see clearly that something did indeed happen, the communities, by their own admission, were better for what had gone on and today they are seriously working at it. The attitude has changed in those places where we expended effort, changed toward the arts at least, and I am sure that the totality of life has been altered toward a more complete experience. Pride is greater. I can't prove that there is less crime, chiefly vandalism, in those places where there is now much music and art, but I believe it is so.

I know for certain that there are pockets of the folk arts in some small communities more than other places and lately this has been accented by the many young people who have drifted into these places and opened small craft shops: ceramics, sand candles and wood working. The instinct of the early ones who came as pioneers and had to use the folk arts to survive: that is, making candles, doing all the old crafts of weaving, spinning, quilting, rug-making and decorative arts, is there in these young people who come for different motives. They do not have quite the same necessities of survival, but their hunger to re-experience the same techniques of survival is the same.

Sometimes the motives of these newcomers to the small places are misunderstood by those who reflect the more traditional point-of-view: that a union of conventionalities is important; that a reliving of the past in terms of the home crafts seems out-of-place when all that new modern stuff is available; that plastic furniture, the synthetic chromo-pictures and carpeting are looked upon as desirable by the ones who see themselves as the children of success—you have arrived, and can get rid of all the old stuff, and refurnish the house with the latest products of a garish technology.

The changes in the small communities are as easy to see as the changes I saw when I revisited my hometown in Kansas. But changes in small places, changes of an affirmative nature, are harder to predict, and rely on individual leadership. I have been personally involved with many individuals who have the will and talent to effect change. A lady in Monroe, who set out to save the old Methodist Church from destruction and to turn it into a cultural center for the whole area, was successful because of her indomitable will, her courage, her audacity and her credibility. Because she rose to heroine status, they called her unbelievable, indomitable and irresistible. Or a mayor in a small city whose ideals called for a betterment of the entire

Photo by Edgar G. Mueller

I adore the small places, and love to relive the memories connected with them. Myth and legend are of vast importance to the small community. In many ways it is the very crucible of our folklore. The small town is comprised of interrelated people, most of whom tend to know each other very well, and out of this knowledge tales are made, judgments are certainly made, the hero myth is generated. Much of our greatest literature is filled with these myths and folkisms. I would think that this is one of the chief assets and values of small-town life.

Well, all such values, now highly debated, were very, very real when I was growing up in our small town in Kansas. We accepted them as true and as one result I am sure that our country was indeed stronger, because we thought we knew what to believe and we knew what was expected. The temper of the small town was created to build character.

scene: a more attractive place to live, decoration on the main street, a general clean-up, a renovation of store fronts and improved sidewalks. Change in an affirmative way can be brought about best by individual effort: one or two great people working in effective ways to carry forward the wishes of the community, a cooperative effort using the force of local government. Changes sparked by perhaps one individual can be brought about by groups—a woman's club, a service club, a community club—or by the entire population of the community who pitch in to effect a change in a day or a week. Need is one way to measure. Perhaps the only sure way to know what to do. But then who determines the need?

Someone once outlined a list of the most crucial small-community problems. The list included: inadequate health services; churches not working together; dissension in the community; inadequate fire protection; inadequate housing; juvenile delinquency; lack of emergency planning; lack of understanding among different groups in the community; lack of zoning regulations; laws not properly enforced; the need for better merchandising methods; the need for better relations between farm and non-farm people; the need for better schools; the need for better employment opportunities; the needs for youth clubs; lack of buildings for community use; not enough organizations of the proper kind; poor conservation methods; poor streets or highways; schools not conscious of their responsibility to the community; too many organizations; unattractive physical surroundings and unsanitary conditions.

On the other hand, I think a list of positive community changes happening currently would include:

1) Communities are showing signs of taking a greater responsibility, of recognizing their role and of taking pride in themselves.

2) They are concerned about their contribution to the larger society; they are not isolated anymore, and are truly interested in the quality of life, and want to improve it.

3) Many are instituting new programs for the culturally disadvantaged and for the gifted.

4) Leadership and talent are more available in small communities.

5) Many of the older buildings and houses are being restored, sometimes by newcomers, occasionally through community effort.

6) "Clean-up days" are widely known and participated in.

7) Peer pressure is building to keep dumps, used car lots and signboards in their proper places, fenced or abolished.

8) An increasing number of art fairs, sidewalk art and park art exhibits is apparent and the artistic quality improves yearly.

9) Family life appears to be reinstating itself and an increasing number of young persons are returning to small towns and rural areas. Family pride is again manifest.

10) The oral history of an area and of older citizens is being collected.

11) Small town museums of local history are being opened.

12) Sharp lines between rural and town are being diffused and almost obliterated.

13) Rural youth takes part in village activities much more, and people are choosing to live in small communities rather than cities.

14) Women have a better role and are much more vocal.

15) The words "culture," "the arts," "poetry" are not subject to ridicule any longer.

A sense of grace has actually returned. I saw two porch swings in one little place not long ago. A boy and girl were in one, holding hands and swinging slowly. I believe he was about ready to pop the question. And it may be asked, "What question?" But the preachers are talking more than they did about the old values.

I truly do believe that the values of America are built on its small towns, and its small-town and rural people. In a world that now often has a very permissive attitude toward morals and ethics, it is perhaps the small town that still maintains the cornerstones of faith and adherence to sterner ideals. Many of us find this glue of an older morality troubling at times, and we occasionally still characterize the small town or the smaller city as narrow, living in the past, puritan, hard shelled, nosey, petty and over conservative. Sometimes we even accuse them of being maliciously bent on keeping new ideas or opportunities away from their citizens; yet the human spirit just could get its greatest release in the small community.

These pockets of resistance to change are indeed irritating, imponderable, amazing. Yet I have come to believe that the challenge offered by small-town America may yet lead us to our greatest victories. I say this because those of us working so industriously in every part of America to bring about the creation of a better cultural fabric certainly have learned that we are not striving to change and improve society for any one elite group or clique or even one kind of community. We know that the American people are our challenge; and we know that education in the arts, for example, must start in the most remote places, wherever people live, and wherever there are young dreams and old needs, wherever values seem firm and often outdated, as well as in spots where values are much more difficult to identify or to understand.

Our recognition of what was best in the past, exemplified by the strong old elms, will help us realize our dreams of a better future for the arts in Wisconsin's small towns.

Robert E. Gard is a professor in continuing education at UW-Extension.

Names of places—

a notably pugnatory narration on nomenclature

by Harry Friedman

Do you know Goggle-Eye Creek, Stinkers Bay or Big Dummy Lake? How about By Golly Creek, Vinnie Ha Ha (sic) or Go-To-It Lake? You don't believe it? Then pay attention and learn that Wisconsin place names are frequently hilarious, abundantly repetitious, but withal, delightfully picturesque.

The pioneer explorers, trappers, lumbermen, homesteaders and railroad builders who christened each land and water feature as they traversed the state perpetuated their imaginative whims, possibly with tongue-in-cheek. The results in so many instances nevertheless reflect the charm of their sheer, waggish humor.

Most of the names in this expose will not be found on familiar state highway maps, so don't hasten to search—just believe. All really DO exist and can be authenticated in the *Atlas of Wisconsin*, published by the University of Wisconsin Press in 1974 with the help of a grant from the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters; in maps of the individual counties and in US and Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Surveys.

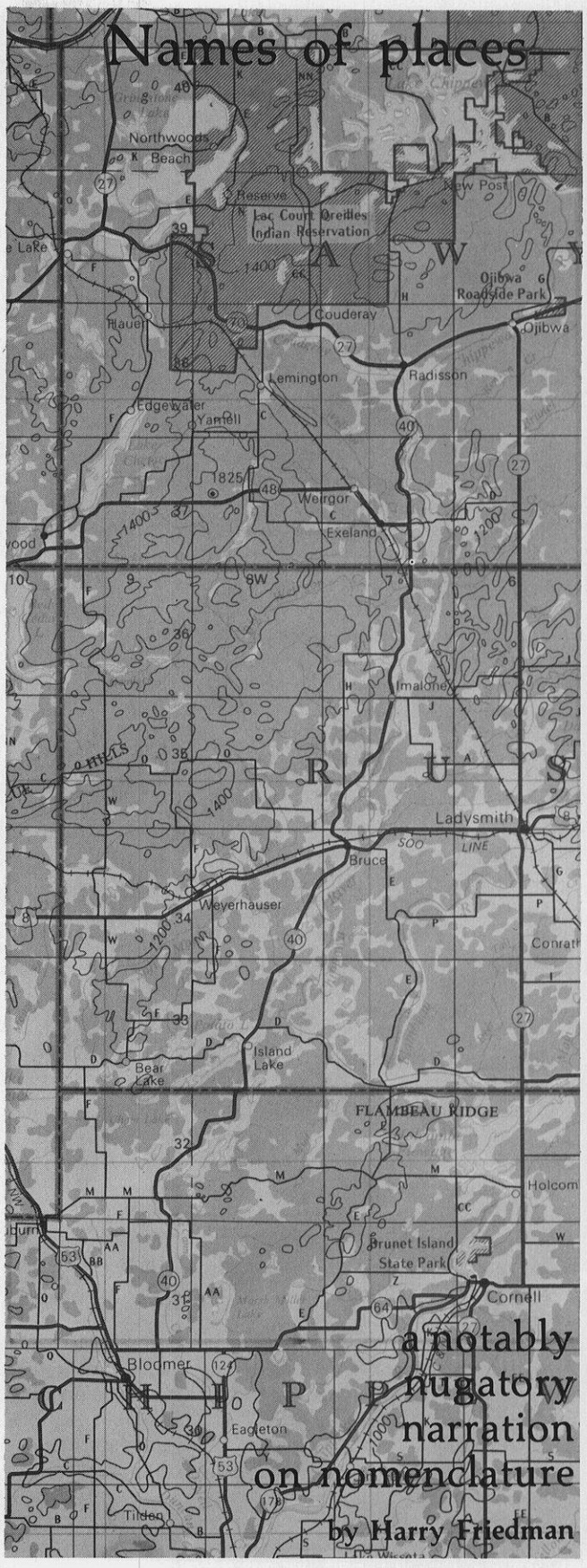
Skunk's Misery or Buncombe

As we progress, it will be observed that the names of lakes and creeks predominate, and for good reason. There are several thousand lakes and streams in the state. With few exceptions, all retain the names given to them long years ago no matter how outlandish they may sound now. Civic pride, however, revolted against retaining the original impishly conceived names of cities, towns and villages as the respective communities grew to maturity. Thus, none of the larger municipalities will be found with names like Shake Rag, Skunk's Misery or Buncombe. The names reported here are those of justly proud but inconspicuous rural localities, which are mentioned with no intention to demean or ridicule. Our purpose is to inform a knowledge-hungry public. There is no charge for this service.

In history's shadowy recesses the impulsive nomenclators responsible for the shall we say, *unusual* appellations, may be heard chortling at our puzzlement. We can understand the significance of Castle Rock (Grant County), Round Hill (Pepin) or Sandstone Bluff (Green Lake). They and scores of others accurately describe features that are still visible. What inspired By Golly Creek (Buffalo), Vinnie Ha Ha and Stinkers Bay (Jefferson) and Bughouse Lake (Lincoln) is beyond our comprehension. "How come?" is met with a shrug of the shoulders and a mischievious grin when natives in the areas are queried.

Ubet Imalone

Let us go back to our lead paragraph. Big Dummy Lake has a sibling, Little Dummy Lake, both in Barron County. Goggle-Eye Creek (Clark) is distantly related to Pinkeye Lake (Vilas) and Sleepyeye Lake



(Washburn). We cannot omit such choice morsels as Ubet (Polk), Imalone (Rusk), Ono (Pierce), Pureair (Bayfield), OK Creek (Green), Lousy Creek (St. Croix), Vinegar Ridge (Crawford) and Whiplash Lake (Sawyer), the latter probably so labled after two canoes collided in heavy traffic and one of the occupants sued because of a kink in his neck.

Then we find Bell Creek and Ding Dong Creek in Ashland County; Dynamite Lake (Oneida), Explosion Lake (Oconto), Boom Bay (Winnebago) and Boom Lake (Oneida).

We now continue our jocular journey through the state, eagerly anticipating many more of the same ilk that are guaranteed to raise a quizzical eyebrow. Some that appear to have kindred interests have been linked in a series of facetious vignettes. The reader is urged to fill in the blank spaces.

One of the most popular subjects in the christening process was food. Hungry Lake in Rusk County is a good place to start. Bayfield has a Breakfast Lake and a Dinner Camp Lake. We go to Waushara for a Lunch Creek or, perhaps, to Dane County for a Picnic Point. The morning menu might include Oatmeal Lake (Oneida), Bacon Branch (Grant), Ham Lake (Forest), Egg Lake (Waukesha), Johnnycake Hollow (Vernon), Buttermilk Lake (Fond du Lac), Coffee Creek (Taylor), Cream Lake (Douglas), Sugar Lake (Rusk) and Tea Lake (Ashland).

Chicken Foot Lake

Dinner would find us opting for Venison Creek (Sawyer), Lamb Creek (Dunn), Goose Pond (St. Croix), Duck Creek (Brown), Chili (Crawford), Chicken Foot Lake and Chicken Crop Lake (Oconto), Chicken Breast Bluff (Trempealeau) or Fish Creek (Door). Of course, nothing could be prepared without a Fryingpan Lake (Marinette), a Skillet Creek (Sauk) or a Pot Lake (Price). Toothpick Lake (Bayfield) would come in handy later. Your investigator looked in vain for a "Pop-Pop-Fizz-Fizz" of any description. Oh, well, cast-iron stomachs undoubtedly were more common in those days of yore.

After-or during-dinner drinks present no problem. There is a choice of Scotch Creek (Marathon), Whiskey Lake (Douglas), Brandy Creek (Monroe), Sherry (Wood), Catawba (Price), Burgundy Point (Bayfield), Champagne Lake (Sawyer), Punch Lake (Vilas) and for abstainers, Coldwater Creek (Chippewa). With so many mouth-watering victuals available for a bountiful feast, the tragic implications of Starvation Lake (Oneida) repel us.

Indian lore has contributed a distinctive group of repetitive place names for land and water features. Thirty-seven are preceded by Indian and 27 begin with Squaw. Others in this set are Chief Lake (Sawyer), Big Injun Lake (Oconto), Papoose Creek (Jackson), Little Papoose, Tepee, Warrior and Broken Bow Lakes (Vilas), Moccasin Lake (Langlade) and Tomahawk Lake (Oneida). The addition of How (Oconto) certainly is not out of place here.

Many an eye must have been cast Heavenward, for things celestial were not ignored by the name-givers of old. There are 14 Moon and Half-Moon Lakes, seven Star Lakes, a Planet Lake (Price), Mars Lake and Venus Lake (Oneida), Comet Creek (Waupaca), Constellation Lake (Price), Telstar Lake (Washburn), Cloud Lake (Forest), the towns of Orion and Neptune (Richland), Moon (Marathon) and Meteor (Sawyer).

Brimstone Hollow

On the other hand, or should we say eye, many a glance was directed downward. There are 20 Devils Lakes, Creeks, Islands, Gates, Corners, Cauldrons, Chimneys, Rivers and Marshes. The heat could have inspired Hell Hole Creek (Ashland), Hells Kitchen Lake (Vilas), Hells Acre Springs (Oconto), Fire Lake (Bayfield) and Brimstone Hollow (Richland). Is your soul quaking? All of the Devils and their abodes are cancelled out by the presence of a lone Angel Park (Dane), such is the power of the Heavenly dwellers.

Frequent expressions of loftier sentiments also helped to offset the ominous import of Hades. Representative are 21 Pleasant Lakes, Ridges and Valleys; Content Lake (Vilas), Joy Hollow (Crawford), Joy Lake (Marinette); Friendship Lakes in Adams and Kenosha counties, the towns of Friendship in Adams and Fond du Lac; Harmony Lakes in Vilas and Forest; the towns of Harmony in Marinette, Rock, Price and Vernon Counties; and an assortment of Happy Corners, Creeks, Hills, Hollows and Islands.

Those who named Liberty Corners (Kenosha), Liberty Grove (Door), Liberty Creek (Green), Liberty Mound (Dane), the towns of Liberty in Grant, Vernon, Manitowoc and Outagamie Counties; Freedom Lakes (Polk), the towns of Freedom in Forest, Outagamie and Sauk Counties and Justice Bay (Bayfield) proclaimed their messages loud and clear. How Nudist Lake (Vilas) crept into this category we have no idea.

Religion comes to the fore with Church Valley (Juneau), Chapel Ridge (Brown), Pray (Jackson), Gospel Lake (Lincoln), Bishop Lake (Forest), Priest Lake (Price), Minister Lake (Portage), and we might add Bingo Lake (Portage), meaning no offense.

If you will overlook the cliche, the riches of India abound in our state. We tabulate five Diamond Lakes, a Diamond Valley (Eau Claire), Diamond Bluff (Pierce), Diamond Grove (Grant), Diamond Island (Dodge), Pearl Lake (Waushara), Pearl Creek (Portage), Gem and Jewel Lakes (Vilas), Opal (Marathon), Ruby (Chippewa), Emerald (St. Croix), Emerald Grove (Rock), Emerald Lake (Washburn), Garnet (Fond du Lac) and Garnet Lake (Crawford). Some of these gems actually were found in the areas named. That is material for another story.

Golden Corners

Precious metals were not found in 22 Silver Creeks, 32 Silver Lakes, or in isolated Golden Corners, Creeks, Lakes and Valleys. Hard cash takes the form of eight

Dollar Lakes, two Penny Lakes (Portage and Price), Money Lake (Burnett), Silver Dollar Lake (Florence), Bogus Lake (Langlade), but no "Counterfeit" of any kind. There are One Buck and Three Bucks Lakes in Douglas County, but those could mean deer, not dough.

Material for a horror movie? Try Ghost Lake (Lincoln), Phantom Lake (Waukesha), Deadmans Lake (Langlade), Witches Lake (Vilas), Cemetery Slough (Marathon), Graveyard Creek (Iron) and any of five Spirit Lakes.

Or, compose a tale of Adventure Island (Door) with Miner Lake (Waupaca), Klondike (Kenosha), Alaska (Kewaunee), Gold Creek (Shawano), Rush River (St. Croix), New Diggings (LaFayette), Hardscrabble Creek (Ashland), Lucky Lake (Waushara), Treasure Island (Waukesha) and Hurrah Lake (Vilas). All miners yelled "Hurrah!" after striking it rich.

A Gothic novel lies hidden in this synopsis: Love Lake (Burnett), Romance (Vernon), Darling Coulee (La Crosse), Sweetheart City and Kiss Lake (Marinette), Honeymoon Island (Barron), Paradise Valley (Monroe). We'll throw in Castle Rock (Grant) for atmosphere and Church Valley (Buffalo) and Priest Lake (Bayfield) to make it legal.

Horsethief Coulee

How about a Western with Black Dan Lake (Sawyer), Horsethief Coulee (Pepin), Texas (Marathon), Law Park (Dane), Chase (Oconto), Lost Canyon (Sauk), Deadhorse Bay (Brown), Lynch Creek (Bayfield), Scaffold Lake (Vilas), and ending of course with Boot Lake (Calumet) and Hill (Price).

Taking leave of the quasi-historical, we venture into the field of pure statistics from which you will derive no benefit unless you are a trivia freak. Every president except two has a place on the roster of Wisconsin place names. It is unlikely that each name honors a specific president. Persons with similar names also were memorialized in the same way, especially those who appeared on the scene before the turn of the century.

No Van Buren

Johnsons head the list with 43 mentions. Some may refer to Andrew. None could mean LBJ. The more numerous include 27 Wilsons, 23 Lincolns, 19 Washingtons, 17 Taylors, 16 Jacksons, 13 Harrisons and 11 Adams. Coincidence must be construed in the list of 20th century presidents. We find McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Collidge, Hoover, Truman, Kennedy, Nixon, Ford and Carter. No Eisenhower is named, but there is an Ike Lake in Sawyer County, which will have to suffice. Van Buren is the other absentee. He didn't deserve that kind of ignominy.

The thousands of lakes in Wisconsin lend themselves suitably to the emphasis on the repetitious characteristic of place names in the state. Figuratively speaking, there are 64 Long Lakes, 40 Round, 26 Horseshoe, add Blacksmith Lake (Menominee) and Anvil Lake (Vilas), 12 Crooked, but only one Straight, one Wishbone, two Oxbow, two Slim, two Square, two Curve, four Crescent, and you better believe it, one Fat and one Flat Lake. What imagery provoked seven Heart Lakes, and you had better believe this, too, three Elbow, one Kidney, two Bone, one Shoulder, one Bladder and one Nose Lake, a body would be hard pressed to determine.

Position-wise we locate 37 Lower Lakes, 33 Upper, four Middle, five High; a single Low Lake must feel mighty low. Little lakes number 164. These are partly counterbalanced by 44 Big Lakes, three Midgets and one Miniature Lake.

Thirty-seven Lost Lakes had it all to themselves until two Hidden lakes and one Found Lake were found. Oddly, 37 Twin Lakes shimmered alone. Then a Triple Lake appeared and usurped the glory. A single Lazy Lake indicates that somewhere there was no interest at all in the business.

116 Mud, two Muck

Totalling more than 200 names is the category that describes the purity and clarity of Wisconsin's lakes—that is—most of them are. In the days before pollution, the pioneers bequeathed to us 22 Crystal Lakes, 29 Clear, 12 Mirror, four Clearwater and a number of assorted Bright, Pretty, Picture, Beautiful and Sparkling Lakes. Now from the wings, a villain enters and his name is "Mud." Sotto voce, there are 116 Mud Lakes, supported by a cast of two Dark and two Muck Lakes, hardly places to take the wife and kids.

Hundreds of lakes bear the names of almost every aspect of the state's flora, fauna and land formations. Repetition is abundant with 27 Deer lakes, 23 Beaver, 25 Bear, 15 Wolf, 14 Turtle, 11 Otter, 11 Fox, 100 Bass, 32 Perch, 37 Pike and Pickeral, 15 Bullhead, 31 Duck and Goose, 19 Loon, 11 Eagle, 38 Pine, 13 Cedar, 12 Birch, 25 Rice, 19 Cranberry, 18 Grass, 14 Lilly, 42 Spring, 20 Island, 28 Sand, 22 Rock and Stone and 12 Chain. You see, it doesn't hurt when you get it all at one time.

However, if we were to add the East, West, North and South Lakes; the Black, Blue, White, Red, Green and Yellow Lakes; the lakes bearing numerals; those named for individuals, foreign and domestic cities and all the others mentioned previously, the tabulation becomes too formidable to contemplate.

With an excess of 14,000 items recognized as authentic by the Wisconsin Board of Geographic Names, we beg your forgiveness for not going into greater detail. If you have come this far and have paid attention, the concepts of oddity and repetition have been implanted. Trivia devotees, you have been armed.

Harry Friedman is a retired Milwaukee teacher and former newspaper man.

BEHIND PLOW AND WEATHER:

A poet in the field

by Mary Shumway

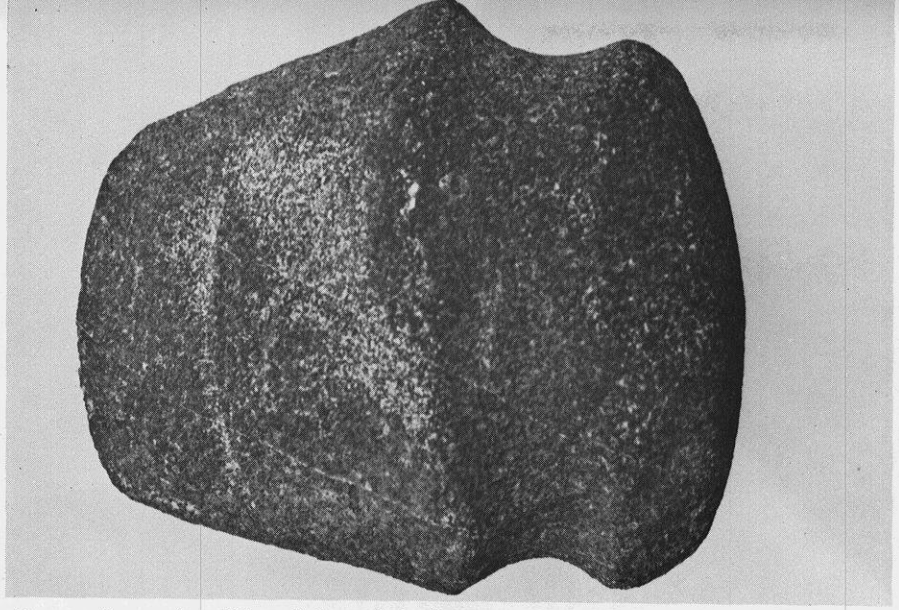
One afternoon when the sun was so hot it crimped the air, I headed for a newly cleared field above a run-off where the Wisconsin loops through Portage County. The scrub pine that once grudged an 1856 copper penny, shards and a few birdpoints had been plowed out and piled along the edge of the ravine where I had walked many times before on sand and moss. It was dust now. All of it. And it poofed with each step.

Nearing the center of the long field where, considering the concentration of chert and quartz flakes, successive campsites must have been located, I picked up the broken bowl of a white clay pipe. Most of these, apparently, were made in Scotland and traded to local Indians by 18th and 19th century settlers. It is impossible to remember a field without them, but repeated clearing and plowing often link the past and tomorrow's artifacts with a marvelous indifference.

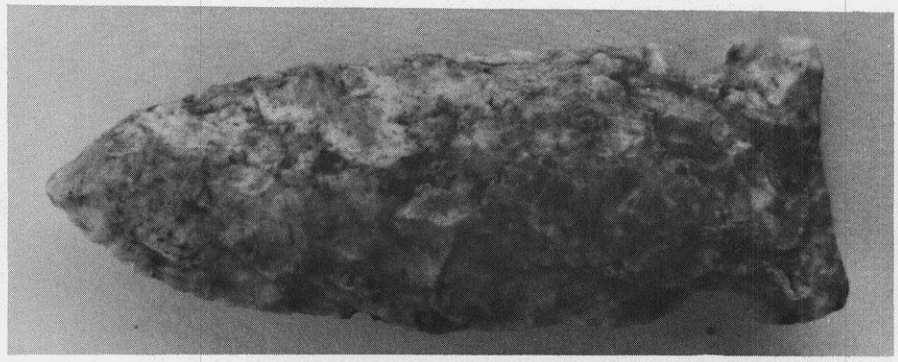
The heat pressed as relentlessly as the stillness and my workshirt was already damp from the effort of picking up and fingering every chip and flake along the way. Sweat slid out of my hair into my eyes and onto the lenses of my glasses where the rain-starved dust gathered. I stopped to clean my glasses, leaving, of course, several fine new scratches on the lenses, and to wipe my forehead. At that moment I remembered the Cahokia point I had found in a field a couple of miles east and this thought was enough to keep me going in spite of the tenacious sweat flies that had found me, as they always do. It was just as I resumed the slow pace that I caught sight of a concave, squared-off base half buried in the dirt, and for a moment the excitement blinded me. Although I have picked up hundreds of artifacts in just this way, the experience is always new. It was an Osceola, I decided, even before touching it, but as I pulled it out I saw that the tip was gone, and although the secondary flaking was finely done, there was a ding in the side—so often the case with artifacts from plowed fields. It would have been perhaps a three-inch spearpoint had the tip not been buried in the bone of an animal three or four thousand years ago. The Osceola points are associated with the Old Copper Culture (3000 to 1000 B.C.), and the richness of my excitement, extending even beyond the craft of the thing, was based on the accrual of evidence (a copper spearpoint and gorget, for instance, found just across the river) that these Indians might once have roamed central Wisconsin as well as the shores of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. I pocketed the find convinced that it would please John Marz, the archaeologist to whom I turn over all artifacts in the interest of his continuing effort to reconstruct the rich cultural heritage of Wisconsin's Native Americans.

I took note of the specific location (important even in plowed fields where artifacts are redistributed so often by machinery), and settled again into that slow pace and patience required by heat and the outside chance of another find. Staying close to the edge of the ravine where the brush was piled, I gathered a pocketful of cord-marked ceramics, one a wide-lipped rimshard with an unusual design incised along the outer edge.

It was then that I first heard the sound, and the skin tightened on the back of my neck. I had heard that sound once before, many years ago when, as a kid swinging in a trellis just off River Road in Wisconsin Dells, I had dropped into a swarm of bees. Had it not been for Billy Van Ells, I probably would not have survived: he leaped into that angry swarm, gathered me up and hauled me down the hill to my mother and grandmother who were waiting at the kitchen door. They filled the tub and tossed me in, clothes and all, then spent hours combing dead bees out of my hair. I never forgot the sound, and even now the old terror stirs at bone center. So it took all the control I could "plunger up," as Gran might have put it, to look toward the source of it among the logs and branches bulldozed to the rim of the ravine. But there were no bees. I

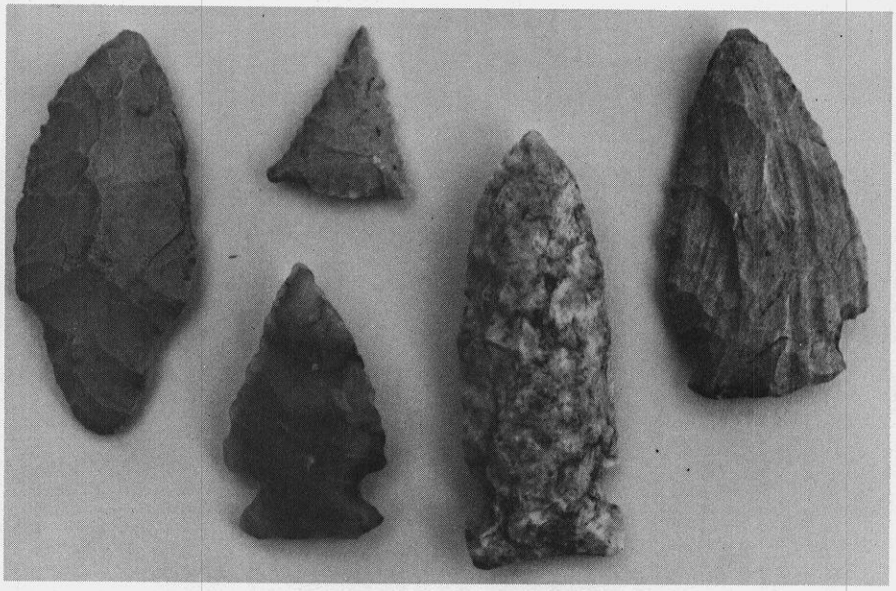


Grooved axe (5¼" long) found in Portage County, 1977. Probably Boreal Archaic Culture (from 5000 to 500 B.C.). Quimby 1960.



Photos by the author

Osceola projectile point, Portage County, 1978. Associated with Old Copper Culture (about 3000 to 1000 B.C.). Ritzenthaler 1946.



Projectile points (left to right): Wabesa Contracting Stem with distribution, Late Archaic through Middle Woodland Cultures (100 B.C. to 800 A.D.); arrowhead, bottom, Late Woodland (800 to 1600 A.D.); triangular, top, associated with both Upper Mississippi and Late Woodland Cultures (in Wisconsin, usually 800 to 1500 A.D.); Osceola projectile point, associated with Old Copper Culture (3000 to 1000 B.C.); arrowhead, probably Middle Woodland. Ritzenthaler; Quimby.

don't know if it was fear or sense which made me stand still, but I waited. And watched. Slow through the piled brush moved the biggest snake I had ever seen in my life, not four feet from me. It was with no small relief and a bit of shock that I remained in my tracks. Time takes its shape and duration from the mind, and though it seemed an hour, it was perhaps three or four seconds before I realized that I had not yet seen head nor tail, so I moved quietly away.

A pine snake? Its girth was 12 to 15 inches, and the sides were yellowish with dirty green markings. The only snake I had ever seen near that size was a boa constrictor hauled through the small towns of Wisconsin in the 1930s for populations who dug for dimes to be appalled. It was not the expense of the special privilege of watching during feeding time when a live rabbit was released into the cage that I did not go again.

Archaeologists move just ahead of destruction of these ancient sites, and even for the poet, surface hunting for Indian artifacts is primarily a salvage operation. We walk ahead and behind plow and weather, and those of us reluctant to violate for instance, the many burial and ceremonial mounds in the state, too often return to these areas only to find the land sold, bulldozed and subdivided.

I still walk that field of the Osceola and pine snake though by now the brush and debris have been bulldozed into the ravine, still find, thanks to the patience and consideration of the new commercial owner, the occasional rimshard which otherwise would have been pulverized, the projectile point otherwise broken or lost to time. Records of prehistoric peoples diminish, disappear, and both poet and archaeologist walk only a breath ahead of this permanent loss to all Americans.

Mary Shumway, a poet and teacher, completed a year of graduate work in anthropology at the University of Chicago.

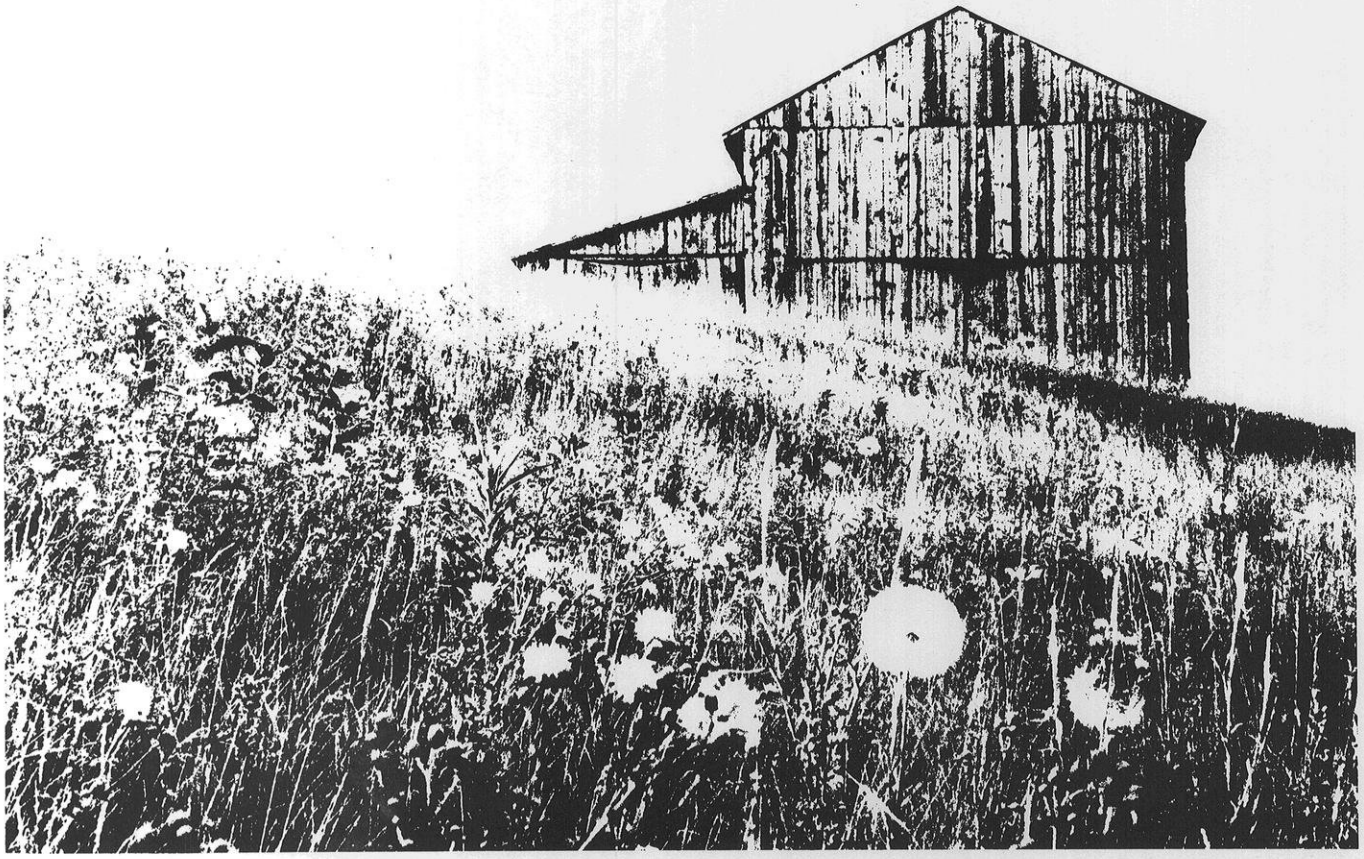


Photo by Peter Patau

TRANSITION

by Mary Shumway

A chill rode the windshift upriver
to Buck Hill idling the flies
and mosquitoes. Early rains

had left the land alive with green
and aggravations, the sly weeds
crowding the rows, sweat flies

risking the Cutters; but with the slip
they fell with the petals of wild
rose easing the way. Once I wished

such a day, the sky blue as the vetch
that creeps along the gullies between
the fields and blacktop, a farmer's wave

from aloft a disker, run to the windbreak
and heading home, that leaves a welcome.
This was it. Picked up flakes and shards

and, because he never asked, pulled milk-
weed routing the shoots until a dusk
so deep and soon, I almost missed

the durst-stemmed point washed high
on a furrow without a ding save the tip.
A jet breached the sky as I climbed

from Early Woodlands to the Volks
and swung home in the strawberry moon.

COME IN JULY

by Paul Thompson

Come and spend the weekend here; we'll walk
Along the path beneath the arching sumac,
Scolded by the blackbird: stroll and talk
Of how the glaciers left these rounded black
And gray boulders, and shaped the hillside now
So soft with grass and wild grape. We'll stop
And watch the insect traffic go
Among the thistles and the bergamot.
We'll force our way through raspberry shoots
To see the woodchuck's hole, and then stand
Sweating in the sun, to pick the fruits,
The way men did when this was Indian land.

And afterward, atop the hill, we'll find
A shady spot to sit and catch the wind.

WEDDING

at

KATE'S

by Marion Clapp

When the old lady who lived in the large rambling house on our block died, she willed, "My loom and all the balls of cloth I have prepared to Kate Killoren, for I know no one who would appreciate them more."

My mother, with a sighing smile, said, "Now it will be a weaving jag, the poor kids."

The Killoren kids suffered little. They were well-fed and kept clean. Otherwise the neglect they endured added to their own capabilities. The same could not be said of Kate's housekeeping. Dirty dishes piled up. Beds were unmade, if the kids didn't sloppily "spread them up." Floors went unswept and total disorder was everywhere. About eight each evening, as Kate came alive to reality, she'd wash out enough clothing to send the children to school clean in the morning.

Kate was our neighbor, a widow with three small stair-step children. Morna was my age. Partly from necessity, but more from inclination, Kate was the original do-it-yourselfer. Her hobbies ranged from growing flowers to fine sewing, painting any and everything, toy making and cleaning the house. The latter she treated like her other hobbies. About four times a year, when she "couldn't stand it any longer" she went on a housecleaning jag. When she had finished, "tired to the bone," every closet and cupboard was in order. The floors were washed, rugs beaten, curtains crisp, windows and mirrors shining and clothing aired. Forthwith, the house was forgotten and Kate was giving to some new "jag," as my mother called her projects, all her time and enthusiasm. Kate was the despair of my orderly mother.

Now Kate had a loom, and as the original owner had surmised, no one could have enjoyed it more, albeit Christmas was approaching and Kate said every day, "I must stop this and clean house." As every homemaker knows, when house disorder hits rock bottom, the blow falls. One early morning our telephone rang and after some pleasantries, Vera Williams, a dear friend of Kate's, asked my mother if she would call Kate to the phone, since Kate had no phone of her own.

When the conversation was finished, Kate turned and with an expression of utter bewilderment said, "What am I going to do? Vera is being married at three o'clock at my house!" The last two words were a wail.

Vera Williams had lived around the corner from us until the previous year, when she took her fatherless brood and went to teach in a private school in Milwaukee. Now she was marrying a widower, also a teacher at the school. They were attending to business in the morning. If Kate would have them, she'd like to be married in her old friend's home, and she wanted my mother there.

Mama went over to Kate's to help but returned immediately. I was home from school recuperating from a bad cold. "Honey," she said, "You'll have to get Lucy. Wrap a scarf around your head, I don't think it will hurt you. I only hope she will come, if she isn't sick. Tell her it's a wedding and we need help. She'll like that, a wedding." Then in a tone of quiet desperation, "She has to come. That house, what a mess! You know what she was doing—taking a rug off that darn loom. I said, 'Kate, are you completely crazy, what are you spending time on that for?' Here she was finishing that rug for a wedding present. Wedding present, indeed, when what they need is an orderly house to be married in."

Good, dependable Lucy arrived, dressed neatly in black and white calico, her curly hair combed into a tight little roll. Lucy couldn't read; Mama had made out a list of things for her to do; and I was to read it to her and see that she did not forget any. First, she was to put a roasting chicken into the oven. Then she was to come to Killorens and wash dishes. I was to see the oven did not get too hot and to look after my little sister Amy. At noon Lucy was to feed all of the kids lunch at our house. The Killoren boys were told emphatically not to come home after school but to go to their grandmother's. Morna Killoren could come home if she kept herself clean.

Kate had the living room curtains soaking and was washing windows when Mama returned. Mama said it would be some rush to get them back up in time, but they were mighty dirty due to heating with soft coal. They wisely decided to just wash the windows in the

dining room. Mama made the beds, hung up clothes and pushed toys, kid's junk and scraps left from Kate's previous quilt jag into bedroom closets. Mama said the closets were at least neat, and rather than clean them, it would be better to use the den for wraps. They pushed the loom into one corner and hurriedly cleaned around it.

Kate then hung the curtains on the line. When Lucy started in the kitchen Mama placed a bushel basket on the floor. "There isn't time to soak or scour anything. Put what you can't wash in a hurry in this basket and we will take it to the cellar. Wash the windows, clean the stove, just make everything look nice. Let's be thankful Kate hasn't started using her good dishes."

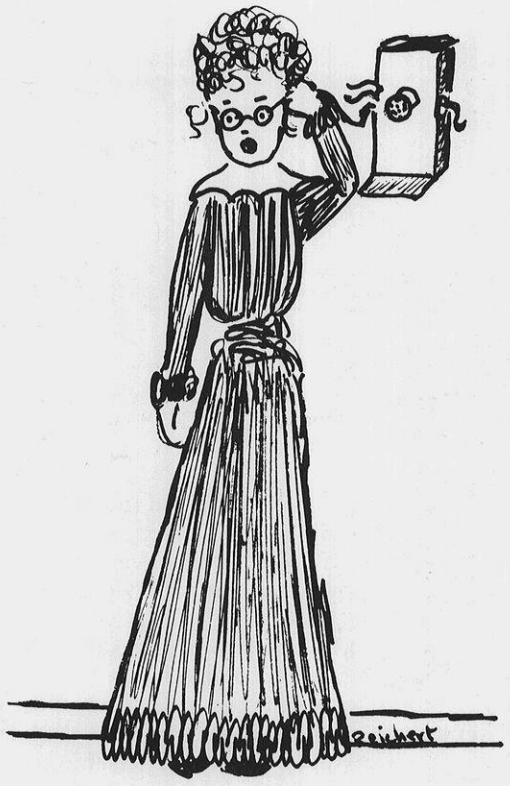
Before Kate swept the Brussels carpet, I was sent home for our hoarded tea leaves to dampen and sprinkle around to keep down the dust. Lucy dusted and ironed some of the curtains. Kate finished ironing and hung them. Mama was getting disorder out of sight. Toy trains, crayons, tablets, kid's books, shoes, rollerskates, balls and bats, mending—Mama pushed everything into a small hall closet between the dining and sitting room. When they finally pushed the ironing board in, it took both of them to latch the door. Mama scrubbed the kitchen floor with Gold Dust, and Kate put two of her "beginner" woven rugs on the floor.

Things were beginning to look real nice. Mama told Kate she'd better get dressed, for the wedding party might be early. There were still things Mama felt had to be done. She polished the glass shades on the chandeliers and replaced a couple of the delicate gas mantles that were shattered. When she asked Kate where she kept her best tablecloth Kate answered, "in a suit box on the top shelf of the hall closet." In dismay, they stared at each other. Both knew that to open that door would be a catastrophe. So Mama went home to get her big tablecloth and brought back her silver, gleaming from its Thanksgiving polishing.

They shook out the snowy damask, placed the white candles that Mama had bought for Christmas in Kate's prized, ruby Venetian candlesticks and Kate's white, blooming begonia in the center of the table. Mama ran her fingers over the blue flower-sprigged china. With a clean tea towel she dusted each piece, saying almost to herself, "I never did this before in my life, but they aren't very dusty."

Mama hurried home to dress. She took what she called a "teacup bath" meaning she didn't get into the tub. She put on her new wine-colored silk trimmed in passementerie and her best button shoes. She returned with her silver coffee pot, a jar of pickled peaches, a glass of her wild plum and her grape jelly and a loaf of her fruitcake. No one told me to, but I washed my face, combed and braided my hair, with Lucy's help, and put on my blue cashmere Sunday school dress.

When the wedding participants arrived they brought with them the minister and his wife from Mrs. Williams' old church. Vera Williams, who was soon to be Mrs. Hartford, had on a soft blue dress and a blue



the phone call.

illustrated by C. P. Reichert

hat; her eyes were cornflower blue. I had never really thought of her at all, but she was real pretty. Not as pretty as Mama, but she was older than Mama and Mama was 30. In fact, as pretty as she was, it seemed most romantic to be getting married. Mr. Hartford was really old, he must have been 40. He had a Vandyke beard and wore pince-nez spectacles and he wasn't tall like Papa.

Kate and the minister's wife stood with them. Mama sat on the divan with Morna and me. The ceremony wasn't long but most impressive. Kate cried, I didn't know why, except she was probably tired from working so hard. Everyone talked at once and things became very gay. Mama and I went home to get Amy and help Lucy bring the food. Kate had lighted the oven for Lucy's biscuits and boiled a big pot of coffee, some of which she poured into the silver pot, leaving the rest to keep hot. She brewed a pot of tea in case anyone wanted tea.

The wedding supper was delicious. Lucy, wearing one of my mother's little dimity aprons, looked after everyone. The minister said he was being a glutton over Mama's fruitcake; it was the most delectable he

had ever tasted. Mama always told anyone who complimented her on her fruitcake how she made it and I kept waiting for her to tell him. She made fruitcakes every January, kept them all year in huge crocks in the cool cellar, and baptized them every two weeks or so with liberal doses of peach brandy. But she didn't say one thing about the secret of her famous cake.

The wedding couple was exceedingly grateful. They had not expected a supper. A cup of tea would have been ample. They complimented Lucy on her chicken salad, her scalloped tomatoes done with buttered croutons, hardcooked eggs and cheese and her baking powder biscuits. No one could make biscuits like Lucy. They said it made them happy to have the first meal of their married life in Kate's lovely home. The house was lovely as far as anyone could see. The candlelight reflected in the clean windows, so black against the early December night. The mellow glow from the sitting room gas chandelier shone upon a room of unusual hominess. The image of those hours, beautiful and perfect, must have remained with the bride and the groom forever.

I had myself a time that day. I wandered from house to house. I toted things to the cellar and woodshed. Mama forgot I'd been sick. When Lucy needed celery for the salad, I was dispatched to the store four blocks away, and no one said anything about wrapping my head up. I had often been told to cultivate tact and to never, never be nosey. I was so tactful that day, with my willingness to help, that no one knew how nosey I was and how I reveled in it. I knew every dish Mrs. Killoren owned. I sized up every pan and package on the pantry shelves. Unmolested I wandered through the crowded cellar. I glimpsed two undressed dolls when Mama opened a drawer to stuff in some linens. For Christmas I received one and Morna the other; each doll elaborately dressed in velvet. I had seen the red velvet stored under the dining room window seat.

When Mama got home she soaked some cotton pads in witch hazel and placed them on her eyes as she lay on the leather couch resting, her feet on a couple of pillows. She said, "This will be a day to remember. It was like being in a play, all unreal but it had to go on."

Papa called to see if we needed anything as he always did. Mama said, "Tell him no, to eat his supper at a restaurant before he comes home, that we have eaten."

Ignoring the last remark I repeated to him he asked, "Is Mama sick?"

Mama said, "Tell him no, I'm not sick. Just get his supper downtown."

Then Papa asked, "Did she roast the chicken?"

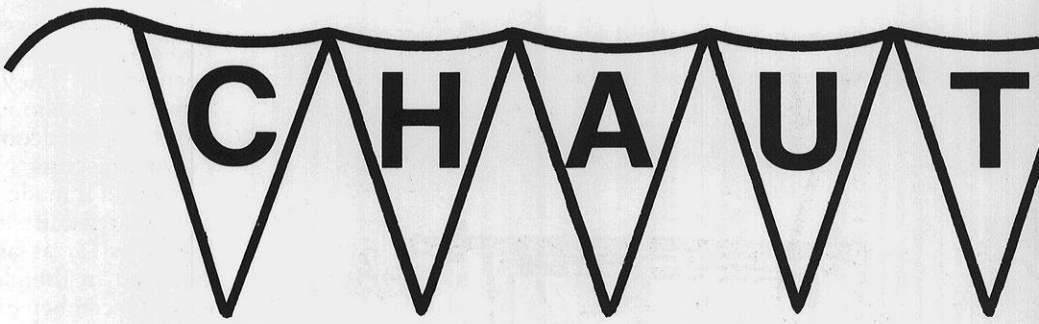
"What a man," Mama said, "Tell him yes, I cooked the chicken and gave it away. Just to eat his supper and when he gets home I'll tell him all about it."

Later, after Mama had related the day's events to Papa, she made a pot of tea and cinnamon toast for everyone. "I've only had two meals today," she said, "and I'm hungry." Over the tea she started laughing. "I'll never forget that little man, with great dignity, helping his bride down the steps and into a cab, with that red and blue rag rug draped over his arm."

Marion Clapp is a free lance writer who lives in Verona.

This is the story of what the Circuit Chautauqua meant to a small boy and young man who served as superintendent of a Circuit Chautauqua for six years and who now writes nostalgically of that exciting phenomenon. Many of the tens of millions of Americans who attended tent Chautauquas from 1903 to 1931 still thrive and share his thrilling memories of waiting for the big week, watching the unfolding and raising of the tent and enjoying the plays, musicals and famous lecturers.

by J.W. Clark



The name Chautauqua has been known since 1880 and is still applied to the summer sessions at Lake Chautauqua in New York State. However, it took James Redpath, head of a Lyceum Bureau, and especially his partner, Keith Vawter, to see the possibilities of carrying the same kind of education and entertainment to the small towns and villages of America.

From the first circuits, which were started in 1903, the organization grew until, by 1921, approximately 100 different circuits were annually reaching 9,597 communities in the United States and Canada. Glenn Frank, a former president of the University of Wisconsin, who early in life served as a Chautauqua lecturer, once said that during the peak years 10 million people bought 35 million tickets, most of them season tickets.

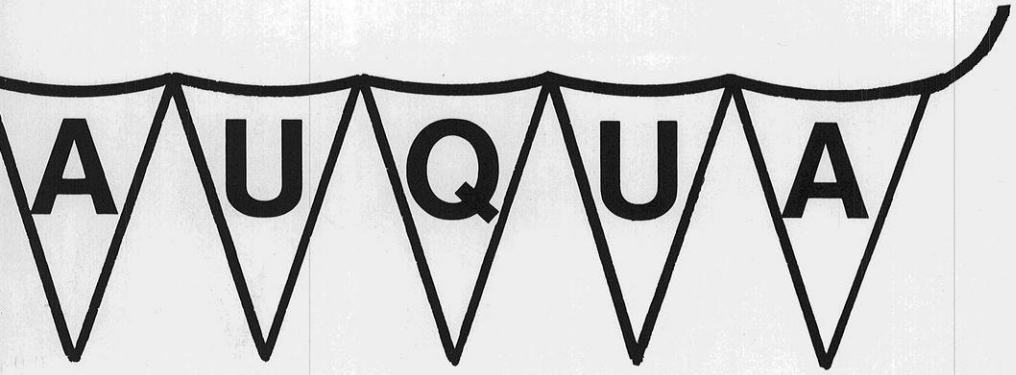
I was six years old when I was given my first ticket back in Scranton, Iowa, in 1911. My mother had been ironing on the back porch when my dad came home and drew her into a corner for a whispered conference. Then he handed me a small ticket booklet, each ticket providing admission to a Chautauqua program. That booklet was to open a new world for a small town boy. It enabled me to attend not only the afternoon and evening shows tailored to adults but the morning sessions for the children as well.

It was still a week or so before the big event was to take place, but in the meantime the local sponsors were busy. Circulars and posters appeared in store windows. Colorful triangular pennants were strung up at each of the Main Street intersections; the letters on successive pennants spelled Chautauqua. For five years these pennants advised me of Chautauqua's coming; then for a reason to be discussed later, they stopped.

I can still recall some of the programs. Memorable, of course, were the plays and concerts. I saw my first good play at Chautauqua—"It Pays to Advertise," I think. I also remember a musical company which put on a light opera one evening. For days afterwards I argued with my mother about the voice quality of two female singers. My mother was herself a singer of no mean ability and liked the soprano. I preferred the contralto, probably not so much because of her voice but because of her role as the villainess.

Although I cared little for most of the speakers, two still stick in my memory. The first was a Catholic priest. I remember nothing he said, but because our family was one of no more than five or six Catholic families living in our almost totally Protestant community, I was flattered.

Probably the most exciting speaker to visit Scranton was William Jennings Bryan. I can still see him as he sat there—he always sat when he lectured—constantly dipping his hand into an ice-filled bowl and wiping his balding forehead. He also kept a palm leaf fan going most of the afternoon. His speaking voice was so magnificent that he could be heard a block away.



Politically 90 percent of Scrantonites were Republican. Most, however, turned out to hear Bryan. My mother, who was something of a Democrat, had fun kidding some of our neighbors for having attended Bryan's lecture.

But Bryan was not the only political celebrity who lectured on Chautauqua circuits. Robert La Follette Sr. and Teddy Roosevelt performed occasionally as did other political leaders of note. Chautauqua also attracted a few truly great singers. Madam Ernestine Schumann Heink, world-famous contralto, reputedly hoisted her bulk onto a number of Chautauqua platforms. Unfortunately I never heard the madam sing.

During World War I, President Wilson considered Chautauqua an asset because lecturers explained our role in the war and cursed our enemies. Many old-timers, however, will tell you that the programs changed after the war. After 1920, fewer and fewer of our national leaders appeared on its platform, and more of the lecturers were professionals.

Meanwhile Chautauqua was so popular in my home town for several years that quite a number of out-of-towners lived and slept on the grounds in small tents for its duration. They brought food, clothing and cots to make their stay pleasant. Camping out was a common occurrence in many communities during Chautauqua's early days. But for Scranton, Iowa, those happy days came to an abrupt end.

After a Sunday program of skits and a play, the Methodist minister, surrounded by his cohorts, held a protest meeting to discuss what was suitable for a Sabbath audience. Even as a youngster, I was amused at his argument that, if Chautauqua were to continue in Scranton, Sunday programs must in some way honor the Lord. The poor superintendent of the circuit tried his best to explain why their organization made it impossible to guarantee exactly what the minister was demanding. Since the clergyman prevailed, Chautauqua ended in Scranton. I never forgave that Methodist pastor.

The overall plan for Chautauqua circuits, as devised by Keith Vawter, was amazingly ingenious. It was logistically and financially practical and required a minimum cash outlay. The contract he drew up made each booking a co-operative venture between the sponsoring communities and the management. Committees were formed in each city or town, the members of which signed a contract, each signer being personally responsible for the entire financial guarantee. Furthermore, the members had to agree to furnish space for the tent, housing for all entertainers, a piano, furniture for plays and lumber for stage and audience seating. The signers of the contract had ample incentive to make the project a success.

In addition to the highly profitable contract, Vawter can be credited with the efficient and economical operation of the circuit. He kept the tents and the performers on the hop in a system called "leap-frogging." The number of companies on each circuit depended on the number of days scheduled, whether four, five or six.

For example it took six and sometimes seven tents to operate a five day circuit. Once each of five different shows had finished its performance in Town A, the tent was taken down and loaded, in later years into a truck. The team of workers responsible for management at Town A then leap-frogged beyond towns B, C, D and E. It usually took all night in addition to part of the following day to make the leap to another town. When the tent was set up, management was again in business and ready for another five days of performances.

It is remarkable how few people were required to operate the circuit system conceived by Vawter. One person could manage the entire circuit. He or she (and some of the best managers were women) visited each town on the last day's performance. They had two responsibilities: to see that all the money called for in the contract had been collected by the superintendent, and to assist in getting the town "rebooked" and a new contract signed for the next year.

Second, under the manager, was the superintendent, usually a man. He had three responsibilities: to collect money as per contract; to act as platform manager and introduce all performers; and to rebook Chautauqua for the coming year. A clever circuit manager often supplied indispensable help to the superintendent in reselling the next year's contract.

Third in the chain of command was the crew boy whose major job was to get the tent set up, cared for, taken down and moved to the next town. Local people were usually willing to help the crew boy with both set up and tear down.

Last in line was the junior girl, often referred to as the advance girl. She moved into town two or three days in advance of opening. Her first job was to stimulate local committees and get them busy peddling tickets. Her second was to teach games to small children whose parents had bought season

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Chautauqua circuits covered a wide, geographical area. This tent was set up in Racine, Wisconsin in 1906.

tickets. In the process she trained the kids to put on a simple play. The plays were short but spectacularly costumed and usually highlighted one of the afternoon programs. Needless to say, the sons and daughters of contract signers were selected for the leading roles.

The total number of management people required to operate a five day circuit was small: one circuit manager, six superintendents, six crew boys and the junior girls.

My own career as a Chautauqua salesman began in 1926, following my second year at the University of Iowa. I started as a crew boy, but after I had set up tents for three Chautauquas, the circuit manager promoted me to the job of superintendent. At that time I was the circuit's youngest. My promotion came about because the school superintendent who was my superior could not master the art of rebooking towns. Since I had caught on quickly and helped rebook his first three towns, I got the job.

Of the six years I worked at it, five were glorious. The sixth—1931—was a complete disaster. That year marked Chautauqua's breakdown throughout the nation. The Depression had become so severe that local committees had great difficulty selling tickets. Some didn't even try. Occasionally, we collected all of a contract—usually not. Most of a superintendent's time and energy were exhausted in trying to collect money. Each did his best and then moved on to cope with a similar struggle in the next town. When the season ended, so had the Circuit Chautauquas.

In its heyday both kids and adults watched as the crew boy, who traveled with his tent, erected it with the help of local volunteers. First to be set up was the center pole borrowed from the telephone company. Next the canvas was spread on the ground and laced. Stakes were driven and tied. Then the tent itself was pulled up on the center pole, after which a ring of lesser poles was fastened to the canvas top for support. As a last step the edge poles were set up all around the tent. Ropes were tightened and it was time to build the platform and erect seats for the customers.

Chautauqua tents were truly remarkable. Each tent started out as a circle, but once two-thirds of the circle was formed, the tent changed its shape. A long canopy was stretched out from the center pole and extended beyond the circle to form a cover for the stage and the dressing rooms. The tents provided excellent acoustics, particularly in the evening when dampness tightened the canvas. Speakers and entertainers could be heard easily regardless of seat location. The tents were surrounded by a canvas fence located far enough from the big top to provide extra seating if required. The fence also made possible the lifting of the tent's side curtains during hot weather.

Inside the tents a typical Chautauqua series would include a short—an hour to an hour and a

half—program in the afternoon. Evening shows lasted two hours or longer. A new set of performers came into town each day.

The format for a five-day Chautauqua was patterned about as follows:

On the first day: a musical company performed both afternoon and evening, saving their formal dress and spangles for the evening show.

On the second day: a talented trio played in the afternoon and again, in formal dress, for a short time in the evening, preceding a lecturer. Most Chautauqua lecturers held their audiences with a set speech, which they knew by heart. One lecturer boasted that he knew his speech so well that he devoted his thoughts to nothing but girls while he talked. On one occasion he stopped for a drink of water, forgot where he was, stuttered for a few moments, then back-tracked and repeated several paragraphs word for word.

On the third day: a theatrical cast entertained the audience in the afternoon with several amusing skits and returned in the evening to act out a complete play, such as "It pays to Advertise," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Little Miss Blue Beard," "Apple Sauce," or "The Goose Hangs High."

On the fourth day: a strong musical company like "Bell Ringers" or "Tyrolean Yodelers," good enough to go it alone both afternoon and evening, took over the stage. As usual the better performance was saved for the evening.

On the fifth day: another lecturer, preceded by a small musical company, would end the series.

Several colorful personalities come to life again as I revel in memories of that era.

Marion Pritchard was not a performer. She was a circuit manager, one of the indispensables who made Chautauqua possible. She was my first and only circuit manager. I was a superintendent under her supervision for six years. My guess is, she began Chautauqua promotional work prior to 1920, certainly no later.

And there she stood, in front of that big audience, my poor little honey with a dead bulb in her hand!

Marion was a top-notch leader, a hard worker and physically strong. Her charming personality belied the fact that she was a very clever saleswoman. She had beautiful golden hair, a fascinating smile and a lovely complexion. However, she was slightly on the heavy side and somewhat pigeon-toed. She made of these deficiencies an asset. Her walk as she traveled down a small town main street caught the attention of onlookers.

Probably no other circuit manager ever sold so many Chautauquas as Marion did. She was at her best when conversing with a small group or just one person. Her intuitive judgement of potential contract signers was almost infallible.

Marion was astute in her choice of the superintendents selected to work on her circuit. Much of the time they were able to recontract their own towns but if they needed her help, they got it. Many superintendents owe her a debt of gratitude for breaking down the resistance of potential contract signers in hundreds of communities.

Among the memorable performers was Fighting Red Church. All superintendents introduced him as Fighting Red or Doctor Fighting Red Church. I have never learned where or whether he earned the title of Doctor. Doc always enjoyed being introduced as pastor of one of Chicago's leading churches, though I suspect that he was more of a roving evangelist. Better yet he loved being called, "the Billy Sunday of the Chautauqua circuits."

Church was a small man with the energy of a bantam rooster. The title of his lecture was "America at the Cross Roads." His cross roads, which took two hours to travel, pitted morality against immorality. He began his performance by racing back and forth across the platform, quipping and joking as he went. Early in his lecture he worked in a bitter criticism of liquor. Those were prohibition days and he wisecracked, "It's dry now, but some of the boozers boast that it's going to get wetter. I've got news for those guys. It's going to get drier. Soon it's going to get so dry, so dry that a man can't even spit unless you prime him!"

As a part of his speech Doc delivered a 15-minute sermon lauding patriotism and love of country. He would climax his patriotics by rushing over to the American flag we always had on the platform. Wrapping it around his shoulders, he would say:

"The Tommy loves his Union Jack,
The French their Colors Three,
But in all this wide, wide world
There's but one flag
And that's the flag for me"

Then, unfolding the flag, he would say, "I love that old flag. God knows I've got a right to love it! Again I stand guard in a boat on the high seas. Suddenly there comes a crash—a horrible crash—and then, my God! My God! May God forgive us all!"

Fighting Red's speech was a glorification of Home, School, Church and Chautauqua as America's four-lane road to salvation. He closed his speech by warning youth against pre-marital sex relations. "Girls," he'd cry, "fight! fight! fight until you're covered with blood, but never give up that priceless pearl, your own virtue, because once it's gone it's hell for you!"

Following this advice he would thank his audience and close dramatically. "Boys, give us clean fatherhood. Girls, give us pure motherhood, the likes of which I've described to you. Then and only then shall God look down from His home in the clouds and He shall smile and say, 'At last! At last my dream of a great nation has come true. America has safely passed the Cross Roads!' "

In conclusion Red would stand poised with arms extended, eyes looking towards the heavens for a few seconds—then drop his arms as if in a state of exhaustion and say quietly, "I'm very tired tonight, very tired! But I thank you all for being so patient with me. I still have enough strength left for getting better acquainted with anyone who cares to step forward and shake hands! And now!" he'd brighten up, "Good night! Good luck! And God bless you all!"

On rare occasions only did less than a quarter of the people present come forward. Once in South Dakota the entire audience, half of which was cowboys, formed an orderly line so that all could speak to him and grasp his hand. Modern readers will snort and say, "Corny!" However the world has changed mightily since the 1920s and Fighting Red's performance was a masterpiece of showmanship. I laughed 40 years ago at much of what Doc said, but I never failed to listen and watch as he mesmerized every audience he addressed.

In direct contrast with Red's style was that of red-haired Sam Grathwell—no dramatics, no racing about on the platform, just calm common sense. His lecture was entitled "Getting your Hoodoo." It was well-organized and based on the kinds of answers given by psychiatrists to people with frustration problems. He pleased most audiences.

A professional lecturer all year long, on such subjects as "Sex," "The Art of Love," and "Birth Control," Sam's principal interests were women and money. He had rather poor success with the former and some bad luck with the latter. Because of his overeagerness most women had a tendency to laugh at him. He watched the stock market carefully and at one time had apparently accumulated quite a bundle. I suspect, however, that he lost considerable money when he bought into the Chautauqua business the year before the great collapse.

Robert Parker Miles was the oddest-appearing old gentleman ever to grace a Chautauqua stage. He had long, wavy, white hair, a small, neatly trimmed mustache and a handsome beard. He must have weighed 225 pounds, but what made him truly picturesque was his height: five feet two inches. He always appeared in a full dress suit, white vest and splashy artist's tie, an outfit that often brought heavy audience applause when he first stepped on stage.

Miles was invariably introduced as a world traveler. He claimed to have met such personages as Theodore Roosevelt, Kaiser Wilhelm II, the Pope and a host of other famous men. His speech was a series of word pictures characterizing some of the world's most noteworthy leaders. I have no doubt Miles had seen face to face all the characters he described, but I doubt he knew them well. I

Monona Assembly served Madisonians

by Frank Custer

A remarkable blending of religious inspiration, bits of secular education, wholesome entertainment and family vacation fun was in the Chautauquas which operated summertimes for three decades in Madison.

Known locally as the Assembly, it was the second-oldest Chautauqua in the United States and was conducted over a two-week period on a 30-acre wooded site on the south shore of Lake Monona, opposite the capital city.

The Madison Chautauqua was established in 1881 at a meeting of the Wisconsin Sunday School Assembly in Green Lake. Thereafter the Monona Lake Assembly, its more formal designation, was attended each year by thousands of men, women and children who came from throughout southern Wisconsin to live in a small city of tents pitched beneath the trees. It was conducted from 1882 until 1909 when the change of pace in American ways spelled its doom.

Fog-horn voiced evangelists sounded their moralistic lessons and thumped the podium with their fists as they spoke in a huge tabernacle—originally a tent designed to hold 3,000 people. It was later replaced by a large wooden structure.

Steamboats carried guests from the city's shore across the lake to the encampment. Railroads set up temporary shelters near the grounds to carry participants to the Chautauqua.

On a weekend as many as 15,000 people might jam the grounds, anxious to savor the best in entertainment, or to be inspired by religious discussions—emphasis on Protestantism—and to enjoy the wholesome out-of-doors relaxation in the beautiful park setting.

There were silver-tongued orators and politicians, such as Robert M. La Follette Sr. and William Jennings Bryan; famous preachers, humorists or editors like Amos Wilder of Madison.

Religion a-plenty and education, the latter with speakers discussing Michelangelo, Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci, mixed with scientific discussion, prevailed. Discussions on management of Sunday schools and sermons on Biblical figures, as well as classes in harmony, were sought by more serious elders. "Chautauqua degrees" were awarded to a dozen or so people completing courses of study during the two weeks.

Swiss bell ringers, or noted Italian baritones who provided a taste of classical music, visiting choral groups, or a 200-voice choir of campers, would vie with the Ladies Ideal Band of Mauston for attention. Indeed, a woman bluegrass singer once entertained the Chautauqua guests.

The assemblage generally was conducted in the last week of July and the first week in August. Swings and hammocks were suspended from trees near tents, and ultimately croquet and tennis provided

remember that his audiences liked him and listened intently when he spoke.

Another colorful performer was Harry H. Bland, a musician and entertainer of great ability. He taught music somewhere—if I recall correctly, at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. His appearance was unique and formidable. One eye was false, unmoving and larger than the good eye. He had also lost or damaged part of one leg.

Bland was a perfectionist and could be depended upon to produce an excellent, well-trained company. Each year he showed up with four or five boys, most of them majoring in music at the university. All could sing and handle at least one musical instrument. When Bland and company drove into the tent yard for their day's performance, he would shout, "Joy day is here, boys! Get things ready and moving."

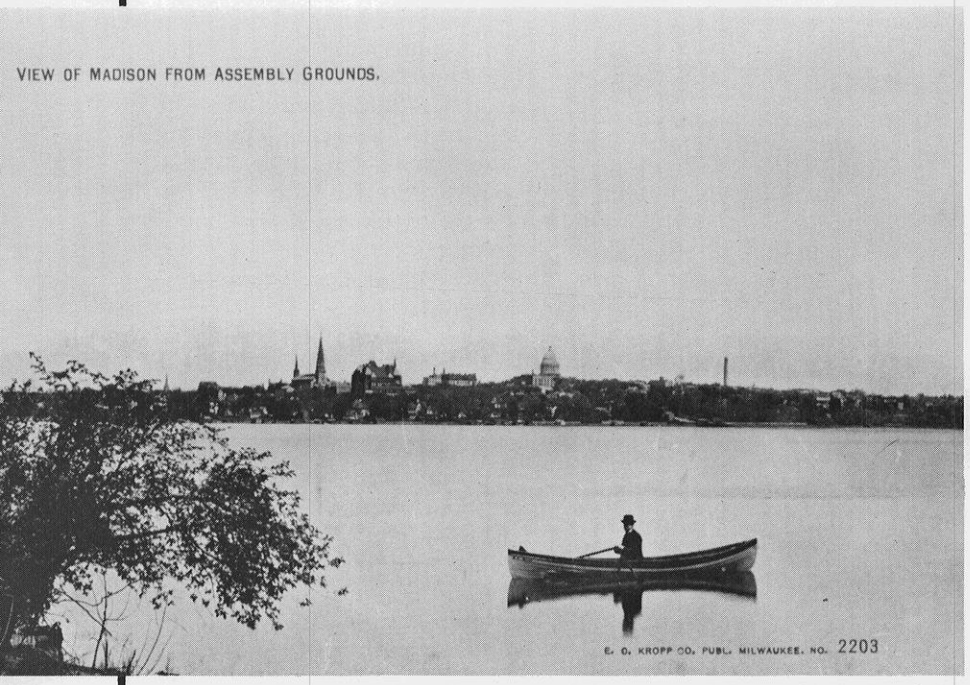
Bland never hogged solo performances for himself, but he couldn't help being the star of the show. He was just too good. Although his own singing voice was not top-notch, he knew how to interpret music. I shall never forget his rendition of the "Bandelero." The words, if you haven't heard or don't remember them, start:

"I am the bandelero, the gallant bandelero,
King with a sword for a pillow.
I make my castle of my tent,
My court I hold in lonely spots,
My army is my gallant band
My law enforced bv carbine shots. . ."

Harry Bland's interpretation was dramatic, almost operatic, as was his special costume. Imagine this one-legged man thrusting his artificial leg forward as he delivered the dramatic lines. Even more impressive were his eye rolling and his arm gestures when he sang "My law enforced by carbine shots."

Something happened during Bland's third year that was a joke to me but a tragedy to him. He had brought along his new wife, a sedate young girl, blessed with a beautiful face and figure. Bland sputtered during the first weeks because his young wife had no role to play in his show. The third week he came up with a brilliant plan for working in his "honey." Since the company always closed the evening show with "The Battle of San Juan Hill" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," the performance was spectacular. The crew boy fired a gun and exploded firecrackers. Stage lights were flashed off and on, the musicians played with excitement—all very dramatic.

Bland's brilliant plan was to robe his wife as Miss Columbia in a costume he personally designed. She was to stand on a pedestal built by the crew boy and hold a lighted electric bulb above her head during the closing lines of the national anthem. For her first appearance Miss Columbia took her place while the lights were off. When



An old postcard shows the view of the Capitol from the Assembly Grounds.

summer-day fun. Dining halls were there to feed the throngs; deep wells served by hand pumps provided fresh water. A barber shop and popcorn stand were available. Here and there were tents in which one found local leaders carrying the message of the women's suffrage movement and fighters in the cause of temperance.

Tents were rented to the visitors at prices from $5 to $9 for the two-week period. Each had a wooden floor. Cots were available at a mere 75 cents each rental.

By 1908 the Assembly, up till then financially successful, was losing money. A large deficit became the name of the game in later years. The city of Madison purchased the Assembly grounds in 1911 for $20,000 and converted it to a public park. All of the buildings save one have gone with time.

Leaders of the local Chautauqua sought out the cause of the loss of interest and blamed the University of Wisconsin's summer school free lectures, the desire of young people to attend vaudeville shows in town, and the advent of the automobile.

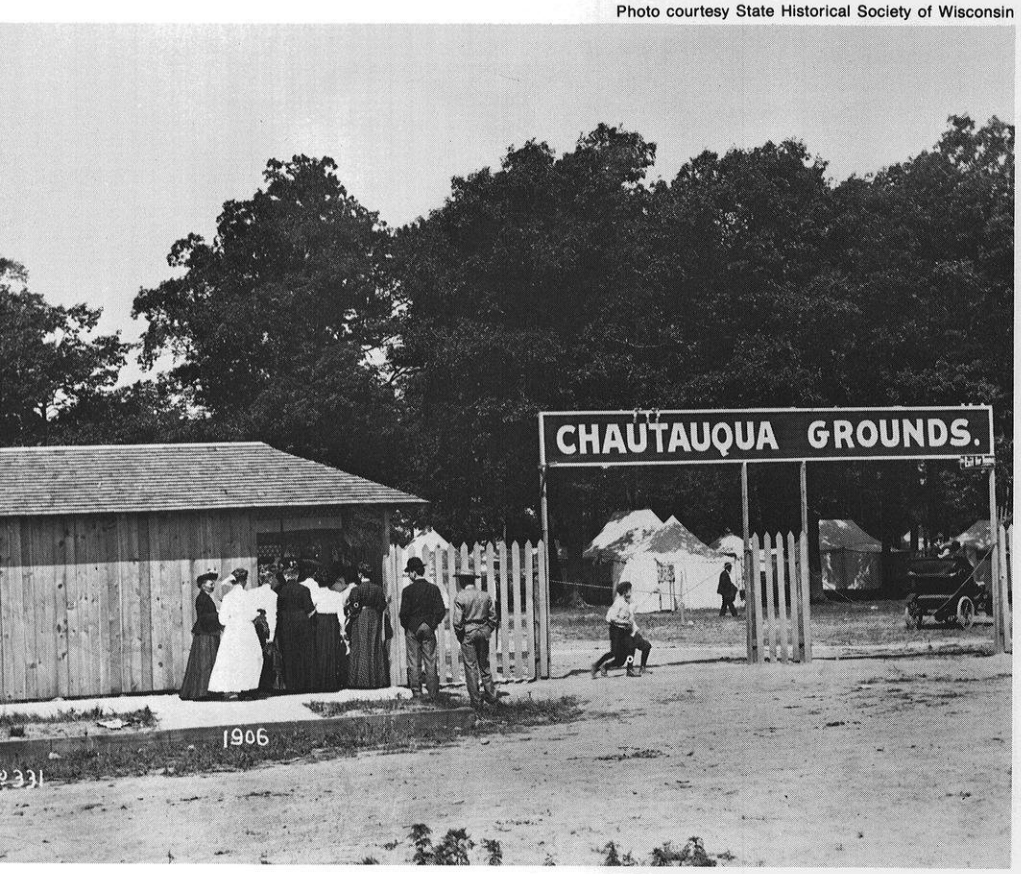
Frank Custer, a Madison native, is an authority on local history.

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Camping out was elegant during the Racine Chautauqua. Note flowers on the table.

Entrance to the Racine Chautauqua grounds.

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin



Bland shouted "lights!" the lights came on—all except the crucial one in Miss Columbia's hand. The crew boy had neglected to plug in the bulb.

Never have I heard an angrier, more disappointed man than Bland. He cursed. He cried, "And there she stood, in front of that big audience, my poor little honey with a dead bulb in her hand!"

Another notable act was that put on by Cy and Iva Kendrie, a man and wife team. Both were fine musicians. Cy played the piano and accordian. He also sang, though Iva, the trained singer with a magnificent voice, did most of the solo work. Cy was slender and a rather small man, Iva tall and heavy, a big woman. They carried the afternoon show with some singing, primarily a fun and nonsense type of performance. Their evening show, which preceded a lecture, was tops. He wore formal clothes and Iva dressed in a long, flowing gown, just the ticket for a big woman. Their evening songs were either classical or semi-classical. I can still hear that beautiful soprano voice singing "O Solo Mio." They earned many an encore.

After thriving gloriously for almost 30 years, Chautauqua died suddenly in the early '30s. How important the forerunners of its death: the radio, movies and the greater use of the automobile, were as causes of death is hard to determine. The deciding blow, however, was the great economic Depression. Until 1931 this once-marvelous institution had brought fun, entertainment and education to millions of small town Americans. It unfolded its tents and performed its job until the bitter end. By the time the Depression was over and people again had money to spend on entertainment, radio, the movies and TV had made the Circuit Chautauqua obsolete.

J.W. Clark, after his short career selling Circuit Chautauquas throughout the Middle West, served as county agricultural agent in Dane County for 35 years.

WASAL PLUS

Academy affiliates add clout

by Elizabeth Deakman

The 22 organizations affiliated with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters offer members a diversity of scope and a variety of goals and activities. Their programs often complement each other as well as the programs of the Academy itself. A common purpose of many of the affiliates, like that of the Academy, is to disseminate knowledge and information about the sciences, arts and letters of the state. Many groups also advance the cause of professionalism in their fields and engage in projects aimed at educating the public.

Several of the groups attract those who are interested in the arts and letters, including theater arts, dance, writing and poetry. Sciences are represented by seven groups, whose interests range from caves to insects. Two groups, the Society of Science Teachers, and the Wisconsin Children's Theatre Association, devote themselves to youth activities.

While few directly sponsor research and survey activities, The Nature Conservancy, Phenological Society and the Folklore and Folklife Society actively collect and store materials. The Map Society also preserves maps and makes them available to researchers.

The Academy is authorized, both by its charter, granted by the Wisconsin Legislature in 1870, and by its Constitution, to establish a network of affiliated organizations. The relationship "shall be one of mutual cooperation for the fulfillment of the purposes of each group." Each organization retains its autonomy and authority in the conduct of its business, programs and operations.

Among the benefits of affiliation to the individual organizations are use of some Academy facilities, access to the advisory services of Academy staff; occasional workshops; publicity, sharing of membership lists; and the opportunity to join with the Academy and other appropriate affiliates in the planning of annual meetings, special conferences, publications, grant requests, etc.

The affiliated organizations, in turn, help the Academy to achieve its overall mission of advancing Wisconsin's sciences, arts and letters. The Council (governing board) of the Academy is currently exploring other means for cooperation and mutual assistance.

In this, the first installment of two articles on the affiliates, the following organizations will be described: Wisconsin Art Education Association; Botanical Club of Wisconsin; The Wisconsin Council for Writers; Wisconsin Dance Council; The Forest History Association of Wisconsin; Wisconsin Chapter, Nature Conservancy; Wisconsin Phenological Society; Wisconsin Regional Writers Association; Wisconsin Speleogical Society and the Wisconsin Theatre Association.

WISCONSIN ART EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

The Wisconsin Art Education Association is a professional organization of art educators. It offers associate membership to retired teachers, students and others. Present membership is about 300.

The goals of WAEA are:

- to demonstrate the importance of art as basic education;
- to promote quality art education for students in both public and private schools;
- to help educators recognize the student needs in relation to the importance of art in their lives;
- to support and affect legislation pertaining to art education;
- to disseminate current and emerging art education philosophies and practices;
- to provide leadership in promoting art and art education;
- to provide inservice training for art educators;
- to work with the Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction;
- to maintain a strong involvement on the national level;
- to continue to cultivate and maintain community support for art education.

Two conferences each year confront key issues in art education and feature prominent leaders in the art education field. By maintaining a working relationship with the Department of Public Instruction, members of WAEA have a voice at the state level, and they are represented through the Wisconsin Alliance for Art Education's State Governmental Relations Committee. The affiliation with the national organization extends members' involvement with art education activities throughout the country.

WAEA has been a national influence with their national awards for Youth Art Month. Their educator-members are leaders on the national level, and a Wisconsin art educator participates in the White House Conference on Arts Education. WAEA has continued to sponsor art education activities, such as the summer high school art workshop at UW-Green Bay, Cinegraphics Festival at St. Norbert's College and Youth Art Month. It annually honors leaders in art education through the Art Educator of the Year Award, Concerned Citizens for the Arts Award, Concerned Educator for the Arts Award, Youth Art Month Awards and the WAEA Merit Awards.

An active membership is open to individuals engaged in the teaching or direction of programs of art education or in pursuits closely related to the field. Various categories of annual membership dues range from $35, which includes basic publications from the National Art Education Association, and they go up to a maximum of $50 to include more publications.

Associate membership is $12 annually and includes a subscription to *Art Education* and the NAEA newsletter.

The contact person is **Lorraine Mengert**, 2514 East Racine St., Apt. 3, Janesville, WI 53545.

BOTANICAL CLUB OF WISCONSIN

The Botanical Club of Wisconsin began in April 1968, with 14 people from various areas of the state. Their goals were to stimulate interest in Wisconsin plants, encourage ecological literacy and provide activities for both amateur and professional botanists. Field trips, organization of local chapters, a statewide newsletter and an annual meeting would implement the goals. Affiliation with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters was immediately applied for and was granted the same year.

The first local chapters to be formed were the Norman Fassett Chapter, Madison, and a Marinette County chapter. Three more have since been added: Stevens Point, La Crosse and Milwaukee. Total membership is 175.

The *Newsletter* is published quarterly. It started in April 1969 and has continued as a small journal containing both scientific and popular features relating to Wisconsin plants. There are botanical items of historical interest, news of Wisconsin botanists, field trip information and notices of meetings. The articles vary widely: an amateur botanist's observations on relationships between plants and moths, a biographical sketch of John Muir, a compendium of Door County bryophytes.

The Botanical Club's annual meeting includes all chapters and is held in conjunction with the Annual Meeting of WASAL. The meeting features presentation of papers of interest to Wisconsin botanists. Local chapters conduct their own programs, tours, and workshops on area flora.

A bicentennial project of the Botanical Club was the sale of facsimile reprints of Dr. Increase Lapham's *A Catalogue of Plants and Shells Found on the West Side of Lake Michigan -1836.* This 12-page booklet was Wisconsin's first published scientific work on natural history.

Annual dues are $3 per year. Interested persons can contact the various chapters as follows: Madison-Norman Fassett Chapter, **Dr. John Thomson**, Dept. of Botany, University of Wisconsin, Madison, WI 53706; Milwaukee-Southeast Wisconsin Chapter, **Martyn Dibben**, Milwaukee Public Museum, 800 West Wells, Milwaukee, WI 53233; Stevens Point-Central Wisconsin Chapter, **Dr. Robert Freckmann**, Dept. of Biology, UW-Stevens Point, Stevens Point, WI 54481; La Crosse-Alvin and Mae Peterson Botanical Club, **Jerry Davis**, Dept. of Biology, UW-La Crosse, La Crosse, WI 54601.

THE WISCONSIN COUNCIL FOR WRITERS

The Wisconsin Council for Writers began as the brain child of a Milwaukee area writers group, the Raconteurs. It was conceived as an awards program for deserving Wisconsin writers. In 1963 they appointed a committee to approach the Johnson Foundation in Racine about sponsoring such an awards program.

By 1964 the organization was thriving, and the first panel of officers consisted of some of the best known names among Wisconsin writers: Professor Donald Emerson, UW-Milwaukee English Department; August Derleth; Professor Chad Walsh; Florence Lindemann.

The purposes of the Wisconsin Council for Writers are:

- to encourage Wisconsin writers and the production of creative works in the field of literature;
- to communicate to members through the *Councilor*, the newsletter, information about members, markets and other literary, educational and inspirational material of interest to writers;
- to provide opportunities for members to meet and get acquainted with fellow writers and persons in the literary fields;
- to sponsor the annual "Awards for Literary Works of Merit" by Wisconsin authors.

Cash awards and certificates of merit are presented at the annual awards banquet held each year in April. The awards are for works that have been published within the previous calendar year in the categories of: book length fiction, book length non-fiction, short fiction, short non-fiction, scholarly book, poetry, play, juvenile book and children's picture book. Announcements of the annual contest are published in newspapers throughout the state for the December deadline.

The Council hopes to attract publishers as well as authors and to achieve recognition as the organization representing the entire state.

In 1972 the Council initiated the Writers Hall of Honor to recognize Wisconsin's most noteworthy writers, living and dead. Thirty-five authors have been placed on the honor roll as "Wisconsin's Notable Authors," and the project is now being carried on by the Wisconsin Library Association.

Membership is about 200. Anyone, whether writer or not, who is interested in promoting literary expression is welcome to join. Annual dues are $10, $25 for associate membership, and $150 for life membership. Contact **Jerold W. Apps**, President, Wisconsin Council for Writers, c/o The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, 1922 University Ave., Madison, WI 53705.

WISCONSIN DANCE COUNCIL

The Wisconsin Dance Council began in 1967 as a nonprofit organization devoted to dance as a fine art. The by-laws list their purposes:

- to promote the appreciation of dance as an art form;
- to improve the quality of dance as an art form;
- to act as a cultural force in the state by stimulating interest in and support of artistic and creative dance programs;
- to cooperate with other nonprofit organizations concerned with dance;
- to provide its members with a proper vehicle for the display and development of artistic talent.

Anyone or any nonprofit organization subscribing to these purposes may become a member.

Each member receives the quarterly publication *Dance Dimensions*. Nonmembers may subscribe to it for $5 per year. *Dance Dimensions* contains reviews, news and features that cover a wide variety of dance interests; conferences, educational opportunities, announcements, meeting accounts, notices. Reviews may cover any dance program from a professional performance to student work. The features vary to include scholarly assessments of dancers, philosophy of dance, mime, legal problems, music, arts funding, dance education and other subjects of interest to the wide spectrum within the membership.

Members also receive the Wisconsin Dance Council Directory that is much more than a listing of members. It lists dance councils, publications, other dance organizations, educational offerings, college and university dance departments in Wisconsin, elementary and secondary schools offering dance courses, student dance groups, dance soloists and companies in Wisconsin, auditoriums and performing arts centers, national dance organizations, films and film publications, dance periodicals, dance studios—a Wisconsin dance guidebook.

Major concerns of the Wisconsin Dance Council include dance literacy, the place of dance in colleges and universities, dance as a form of education. Expressing these concerns, a small committee of WDC Board members worked in an advisory capacity on the *Arts in Society* issue, *Growth of Dance in America*, published by UW-Extension Arts Development. The WDC is one of the most active and innovative dance councils in the country.

A total of 325 members are included in the several categories, and the dues vary. Annual dues for a professional member are $10; retired, $5; student, $3; professional organizations, $15; and student organizations, $7. The contact person for WDC is **Karen Cowan**, Executive Secretary, WDC, UWEX/UWGB, CCC - Studio Arts 115, Green Bay, WI 54302.

THE FOREST HISTORY ASSOCIATION OF WISCONSIN

Originated in 1975 as a bicentennial project to remind Wisconsin of the social and economic significance of its lumber industry, the Forest History Association of Wisconsin, Inc. has grown into a permanent organization. By May 1976 it was formally incorporated with the purpose of promoting the educational and historical aspects of forestry and related fields in Wisconsin. The members felt that the records of Wisconsin's colorful past, when it provided a growing nation with a major portion of its lumber needs, should be collected and preserved.

President John H. Saemann, retired UW-Extension forester, Florence, heads a seven-person board of directors made up of people closely associated with forestry. The membership as of January 1, 1979, numbered 236, including 30 corporations and representing many professions, vocations and wood-using industries.

The members recognize Wisconsin's rich heritage of lumbering history and their primary purpose is to preserve journals, memoirs, photos and other records. The first project, in cooperation with the US Forest Service, was the publication and distribution of a "History of the Nicolet National Forest," written by Ken Elliott, a charter member and former Forest Service ranger whose active years in the forests of northeastern Wisconsin predated the establishment of the Nicolet National Forest in 1933.

The Association has published the proceedings of its last two annual meetings and will continue the practice in order to stimulate further interest in forest history. The proceedings are distributed, free of charge, to members as well as to most libraries and local historical societies of Wisconsin.

They also plan to compile and edit a bibliography of all Wisconsin forest history literature now known to exist within the state and to publish it later this year. Their projects include the promotion of educational and historical aspects of forestry and related fields through exhibits, displays, manuscripts, films and photographs.

The official headquarters is located at the Marathon County Historical Museum in Wausau. They do not have adequate storage space there for the historical paraphernalia they hope to preserve so they encourage prospective donors to contact public and private museums.

Information on any aspect of the Association's affairs and activities may be obtained by inquiry to **Adrian J. De Vriend**, Secretary-Treasurer, Forest History Association of Wisconsin, 403 McIndoe St., Wausau, WI 54401.

Chiwaukee Prairie, one of the few remaining Wisconsin prairies, which once covered over 2 million acres.

WISCONSIN CHAPTER, THE NATURE CONSERVANCY

The Wisconsin Chapter of The Nature Conservancy was founded in 1960, five years after the national organization. Unlike other "nature" organizations that devote themselves to the study of ecosystems, The Nature Conservancy is a business oriented nonprofit corporation devoted to the identification, acquisition and management of undisturbed natural areas. They strive with a quiet tenacity to acquire these areas before developers move in to change or destroy the ecosystem.

Basically the Nature Conservancy is a real estate agent for conservation, but the attainment of that goal provides many projects and opportunities for the volunteer work of members. The membership of 2600 is comprised of people in various fields, and because the organization is built on volunteer efforts, 98 percent of all funds raised are used directly to buy land.

In Wisconsin The Nature Conservancy has acquired more than 40 areas that range in size from two to hundreds of acres in size. Their slogan states that "the first prerequisite of intelligent tinkering is to save all of the

Photo courtesy The Nature Conservancy

Here one can walk a mile of native prairie and marvel at the sea of grass and colorful flowers.

parts." Some of the Wisconsin "parts" include coniferous and hard-wood forests, oak-hickory woods, prairies, fens, wetlands, bogs, a lake, an ancient buried forest, a cave, gorges and bluffs. Some preserves are too fragile for access by the general public, while it is permissable to visit others.

After The Nature Conservancy has acquired land it sometimes transfers the property to educational or public institutions. In many instances the Chapter retains ownership. Much of the acquired land is purchased, but public recognition of Conservancy goals is so widespread that many acquisitions result from gifts, donations and living memorials. Sometimes, with more pragmatism than sentimentality, land is given for tax purposes, as The Nature Conservancy is a tax exempt corporation.

An individual membership is $10, and various classifications are available: student, family, contributing and others depending on the amount one wishes to contribute to the organization's work.

The Nature Conservancy conducts field trips to various project sites, and it is possible to visit them on an individual basis by contacting the assigned "watchdog" for any particular site.

Information can be obtained from **Russ Van Herik**, State Director, The Nature Conservancy, 1922 University Ave., Madison, WI 53705.

WISCONSIN PHENOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Wisconsin Phenological Society began in 1959 when a group of people with a common interest in phenology met to discuss how phenological data, systematically collected, could be useful in research in the biological and environmental sciences. It became an official organization in January 1961, the first non-profit organization of phenologists in the United States. By 1979 the Society had acquired 475 members in Wisconsin and 30 in other states.

Phenology is a relative of the natural sciences, a field in which many people engage marginally if not scientifically. The Phenological Society would like to interest more of the casual nature watchers in concentrating their observations on specific manifestations and in recording them for future use. That is essentially what phenology is about, the relationship between changes in plants and animals and insects as they develop and are affected by climate and weather.

Member observers can work on two levels. The beginner or the busy person can help with a few observations, such as first reports of lilac flowers, frogs, dandelions, mosquitoes, robin's nests. Assembled from many parts of the state, these reports lead to significant indications of trends. On an advanced level, the observer may coordinate observations with some special interest, such as fishing or beekeeping, and observe events related to that interest. Or they may choose to record particular happenings in a specified area: a woodlot, wetland, field.

The functions of the Society include:

- supervising the network of observers who are responsible for collecting phenological data;
- maintaining a center where the data from phenological reports can be studied and analyzed;
- publishing and distributing scientific reports and papers prepared by members of the Society;
- serving as an agency through which phenologists can contact the general public and, in turn, be reached by interested people.

The Society puts out newsletters two or three times a year, reporting forms to be turned in, a diary for the observer to keep, and a manual with instructions for reporting the chosen events.

The collected data are used in three ways: drawing a map of a region for one event in one year such as the migration of spring via the common lilac; showing a sequence of events at one location through the years; and correlating two events with each other—April showers bring May flowers.

There is no monetary dues requirement for the active member contributing observations. A contributing member may pay $2 or more, a patron $100 or more. Anyone interested can contact the Wisconsin Phenological Society, c/o **Katharina Lettau**, UW Meteorology Building, 1225 West Dayton St., Madison, WI 53706.

WISCONSIN REGIONAL WRITERS ASSOCIATION

The Wisconsin Regional Writers Association was founded in 1948 by Robert E. Gard. The creed, developed in 1950, expresses the esthetic ideals of human expression as WRWA aspires to apply them to its members; but practically, WRWA is a working organization open to all writers in all fields of literary work and levels of ability. There are nearly 1300 members.

WRWA offers access to criticism, suggestions and inspiration from the company of other writers in branch clubs or round robin groups. Spring and fall conferences feature speakers well known in their fields.

A quarterly newsletter *The Wisconsin Regional Writer* informs members of organizational matters, meetings of related organizations and branch news, which includes notices of sales by members. It also includes reviews of books by Wisconsin authors, contest notices and sumaries of WRWA conferences.

WRWA meets as an organization twice a year, at the spring and fall conferences. The Spring Conference, held in April or May, is a one-day meeting with workshops on such subjects as poetry, children's literature, journalism for the nonfiction field, and related subjects that are of current and popular interest. Workshops are repeated after the noon luncheon.

The Fall Conference runs from Friday night through Sunday and includes the annual board and business meeting. There are also workshops, a book fair, and the banquet at which the Jade Ring Awards for the annual writing contest are announced.

WRWA is also one of the sponsors of the Rhinelander School of Arts and of the Yarns of Yesteryear Contest. The Rhinelander School is held each summer for one week and offers flexible attendance periods for participants. A well-known writer-in-residence is available for classes and conferences, and the program in general has been expanded to include many categories: article, fiction, children's writing, newspaper and magazine columns, operating small magazines, writing the Wisconsin book, local history, science fiction, Laubach reading instruction method, humor, poetry, Yarns of Yesteryear, juvenile fiction, basic and advanced photography.

The Yarns of Yesteryear Contest is a creative writing contest for senior citizens that has enjoyed rapidly increasing numbers of participants since its inception in 1974. It has attracted national attention.

Anyone interested in more information about WRWA can contact **Darlene Kronschnabel**, President, Route 2, Box 105, St. Croix Falls, WI 54024.

WISCONSIN SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Wisconsin Speleological Society was founded in 1960 and is a chapter of the National Speleological Society. It is sponsored by the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, University Extension, University of Wisconsin-Madison.

The purposes of the Society are listed as follows:

- exploration of Wisconsin and other caves;
- systematic collection and recording of information on Wisconsin caves;
- periodic publication of information on caves;
- expansion of the knowledge of the members of the Society in subjects related to speleology;
- training its members in the techniques of caving.

Neither snow nor rain nor sunshine keeps members of this society above ground. Most caving trips are planned for the first Saturday or Sunday after the monthly meeting. Visits to a variety of caves in Wissin, and geological and biological field trips are also planned. The Wisconsin Chapter holds its annual convention, the Hodag Hunt, in the fall. The convention always features a speaker who is a nationally known caver or speleologist. Trips to caves in other states usually coincide with university vacation periods.

A Wisconsin county by county cave survey is a major project of the Society. The members conduct the surveys, which result in a collection of cave descriptions, maps and general information related to Wisconsin caves.

The Wisconsin Speleological Society monthly newsletter provides notice of trips, meetings, elections, and accounts of commercial and exploratory caving trips written by member cavers, plus technical information. It may be of some importance to prospective members to emphasize that there are monthly beginner trips. While experienced and dedicated cavers may don wet suits, hoods, booties, ropes, backpacks, carbide lights and other paraphernalia, and move confidently through underground water with only six inches of breathing space, the beginner can start on something simpler.

The Society has about 50 members. It meets the first Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p.m. in the Sellery Room of the State Historical Society, 816 State Street, Madison. The programs are planned to be of interest to spelunkers and speleologists, but anyone interested in caving is welcome to attend.

Dues are $4 for a regular member, $7 for a family, and $8 institutional. Members receive newsletters and the *Speleologist*, a quarterly journal featuring articles on speleology by both members and nonmembers. The publication won the annual Speleo Digest Award for editorial excellence and for being the best publication of a chapter.

The contact person is **Mike Barden**, Secretary-Treasurer, 826 Ottawa Tr., Madison, WI 53711.

WISCONSIN THEATRE ASSOCIATION

The Wisconsin Theatre Association is the sum of six parts representing theater groups in church (WATCH), children's theater (WChTA), community (WCoTA), professional/commercial theater (WP/CTA), secondary schools (WSSTA), and university and college (WUCTA).

It began with 80 people from all parts of Wisconsin, representing all types of theater groups, meeting in Madison in 1972 to discuss the formation of a statewide theater organization. Its function would be the coordination of theater activities in the state; it would be a branch of the American Theatre Association. WTA is supported in part by the UW-Extension, Arts Development, theatre arts department.

There are presently about 500 members who come from all of the branches. They sponsor an array of festivals, workshops, auditions and the statewide convention.

The statewide theater convention is held in a different part of the state each year. In one weekend, more than 50 workshops and 20 performances are offered to participants. The 1979 convention, "Theatre '79: Ticket to the Good Life," will be held in Milwaukee.

As a part of "Summer of '79 Theatre-Sharing Activity," each of the six regions into which WTA divides the state sponsors a dinner and play combination at a theater accessible to the region.

The *Offstage Voice*, the monthly newsletter of WTA, for and about each division, is distributed to members and is also available to nonmembers.

Some representative activities of the WTA branches are as follows:

WATCH is one of the few state church theater organizations in the country. Leaders are available for consultation, a bibliography and information booklet of church-related drama is provided and workshops and performances are held.

WSSTA provides interchange and promotion of common interests among teachers, directors and advocates of secondary school theater, and it supports secondary school theater festivals on regional and national levels.

WP/CTA undertakes projects aimed at serving theater professionals, educators, audiences and sponsors in Wisconsin. It organizes a Tour Information Service to inform them about possible locations and interests, and this division provides professional theater talent for WTA conventions.

WChTA sponsors an annual Wisconsin Children's Theater Festival, provides educational touring companies in Wisconsin schools, and generally creates an awareness of the need for quality children's theater.

WUCTA sponsors regional events, assists campuses in solving theater problems and promotes student "study tours."

WCoTA, originally the Wisconsin Idea Theatre conference, dates back to the 1940s. It provides visitation and consulting services for its members and their local theater groups and sponsors an annual conference.

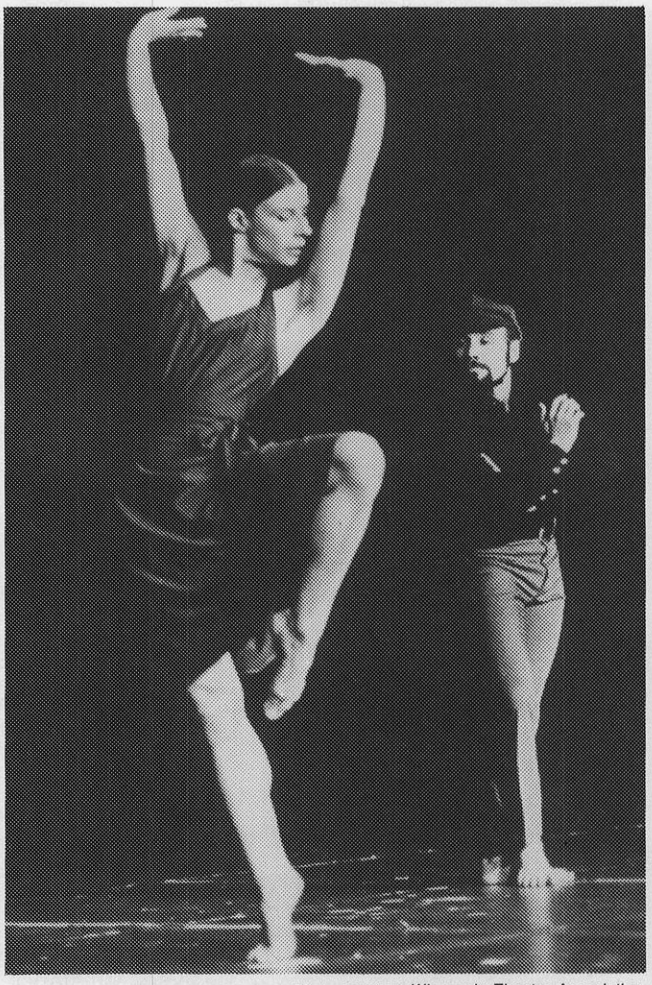


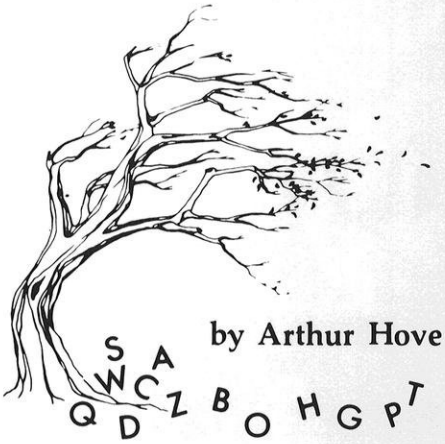
Photo courtesy Wisconsin Theatre Association

Betty Salamun and David HB Drake of the Pandemonium Dancecircus, Milwaukee. This year, Dancecircus demonstrated dance techniques, emphasizing correct body form, control and endurance.

Annual dues for membership in the Wisconsin Theatre Association are $15. Further information can be obtained from **Harv Thompson**, Executive Director, Wisconsin Theatre Association, Room 723 Lowell Hall, 610 Langdon St., Madison, WI 53706.

Elizabeth Deakman is a free lance writer.

WINDFALLS



by Arthur Hove

Small talk

Not too long ago, the wife of a former mayor of New York City was overheard making the following observation at a party: "Small talk is difficult because it's so boring. I wish someone would write a book on it."

She did not say if she thought a book on a boring subject might itself turn out to be boring. However, her comment deserves further consideration because small talk is such a dominant part of our lives, forming what the *Oxford English Dictionary* describes as the "familiar oral intercourse of two or more persons."

Perhaps the most common example we have of contemporary small talk is the *lingua franca* spoken at a cocktail party. Here the room is crowded, the air often blue with smoke, the decibel level dangerously high, and the chances of being heard—much less understood or appreciated—minimal. Still we go to these tribal rites, knowing full well we probably will meet people we will never see again. In the process, we will be expected, in a fleeting moment, to exchange pleasantries and say something memorable, to offer our listeners a *bon mot* they can take away from the gathering and carry around in their intellectual pockets like a shiny steel ball.

The assignment is impossible, of course. We make a valiant attempt to say something significant to strangers while we are balancing our drink in one hand and reaching for a handful of peanuts or trying to gracefully pass a cracker or a stalk of celery through the cheese dip. A few words are uttered and then someone new comes along. If we are fortunate, it is a familiar face. Then the scene suddenly changes again. New partners, a new dialog. More small talk.

The cocktail party is not the only place where such unconsummated exchanges occur. Small talk, the conversation that begins nowhere and ultimately leads nowhere, is the very substance of society, the glue that holds us together. It can be heard in elevators, on public transportation, on street corners, in supermarkets and shopping malls, while we are waiting in lines, in restaurants and bars. Wherever two or more people happen to come together for one reason or another, small talk will certainly rise up like bubbles in carbonated water.

Effective small talk is not just idle conversation; it is an acquired art. Ineffective small talk leads to a dead end. It is like a ball thrown against a wall that slithers to the ground rather than bouncing back.

The skillful small talk artist can extend a conversation indefinitely. The creative small talker can rise to any occasion and make nothing out of something. For those who love to talk and who have no concerns about either the level or substance of their conversation, small talk will fit whatever time is available to it. As long as there is someone on hand to listen—whether it be another person, a house pet or some seemingly sympathetic inanimate object—the talk goes on.

The subjects for discussion fall into predictable categories: the weather and its seasonal variations, sports, luxuries (cars, fashionable clothing, jewelry, big houses, trips to exotic locales), children and pets, money (including all kinds of liquid assets from Kruggerands to stocks and bonds), sex, and the latest popular offering of the mass media (television, books, movies, records, concerts, etc.).

Small talk in this context is reassuring. It breaks down barriers between people, provides us with a confirmation of the fact that we all share a certain commonality, that other people have problems—sometimes the same, or sometimes larger or smaller than our own. Small talk is therefore an oftentimes instructive pastime. It fills in those empty moments between the various events of our lives. And it provides us with a ready means of comparison. Through small talk we come to recognize our differences and our similarities.

Comparison also allows us to evaluate other forms of talk. The opposite of small talk is big talk—a form of intercourse which, because of its boastfulness, carries some obvious limitations in any claim to be taken seriously.

Even so, some people are driven into a funk by the general mundaneness of small talk. They do not

entertain fools, they exclaim, and small talk is the prattling of fools. Others find small talk essential to their existence. It is as important to them as the air they breathe or the food they eat.

For those who abhor it, dealing with small talk in others can present a problem. One of life's notoriously awkward moments involves how to handle the person who wants to engage you in small talk when you are an unwilling vessel for the pouring out of their thoughts. As Edmund Spenser has noted: ". . . of all burdens, that a man can beare,/Most is, a fooles talk to beare and to heare."

How then to extract oneself from such an encounter? Do you shout, "Leave me alone!", or do you simply smile and nod and, while being as polite as possible, disengage? Or do you capitulate and willingly enter into the conversation, hoping that a tornado or some other natural disaster will arrive and provide a legitimate reason for breaking off the conversation?

Perhaps the most constructive solution is to recognize that talk—small, medium and large—has many forms and purposes and should be indulged in as appropriate.

Talk, when combined with a preposition, can produce interesting variations on any general theme. It is possible to talk at, on, over, around, under, through, up, down, behind and back to something or someone. In each instance the preposition indicates the intent of the speaker in relation to his listener or subject.

There is also background talk, something which functions almost like wallpaper when we are in public places—until we hear individual voices in the crowd. Or until the talk stops and we anxiously turn our head to search out the cause of the unexplained silence. We are uncomfortable without this general hum of background noise, without the security and sense of community we feel at hearing the sound of voices talking.

The opposite experience is when we are at a gathering (usually that noisy cocktail party) and people are talking so loud we can hardly hear ourselves think.

Other forms of talk include shop talk, baby talk, happy talk, street talk, prison talk and talking in one's sleep. If you are an authority on a particular subject you will certainly want to give a talk on it when the occasion permits. On such occasions, it helps to know what you are talking about. But then you might be concerned about revealing the subject to those who will talk the first chance they get.

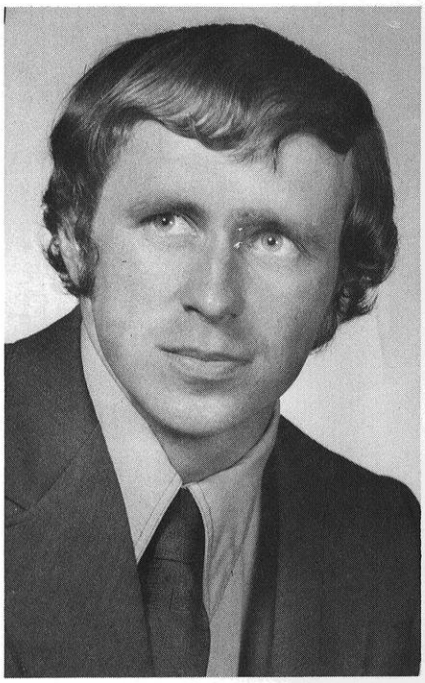
The essence of talk is an elusive quality. Generations of novelists, short story writers, poets and playwrights have faded into obscurity because of their inability to write what might be accepted as recognizable—and believable—human speech. Similarly, writers of otherwise modest accomplishment have endured because they have had the knack for capturing the nuances of character as reflected in individual speech.

A revealing exercise to demonstrate the elusiveness of talk is to tape record a conversation, an extemporaneous speech or the proceedings of a meeting. The resulting transcript, viewed in the impersonal coldness of type, can be a revelation. What was said often lacks the organization or emphasis we thought it had when it was spoken. Thoughts go off into space. Sentences end in mid-air, or go on and on. Few logical paragraphs emerge and the text resulting from the transcription obviously needs considerable editing before it can be suitable for the printed form.

Yet, when we first heard what was said, things seemed perfectly sensible, to have an organization. We understood what people were saying at the time. It wasn't gibberish. But the coldness of the print provides a detachment that makes us consider more precisely the way words are used and to think of them in a context that is not influenced by such externals as the look of the speaker, the tone of his voice or the peculiarities in his speech pattern.

Perhaps a book on this phenomenon would be one the former New York City mayor's wife might find enlightening. For the moment, she will have to resort to books about signs, body language and other means of nonverbal communication. In the meantime, talk continues to be our primary and most flexible means of communicating. Small talk, big talk, gabble, babel or singular eloquence, we talk to each other when we want to say something, when we want to be heard.

Talk is an overwhelmingly human impulse, one that will endure as long as there are breath and vocal chords to give sound to our thoughts. As William Faulkner observed in his 1950 Nobel Prize acceptance speech: ". . . when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening . . . even then there will still be one more sound: that of [man's] puny inexhaustible voice still talking."□



Al Strack

continued from page 2

Al Strack, whose **"Witnesses in Green,"** makes a good traveling companion for Wisconsin wanderers this summer, is currently a teacher and basketball coach at Little Wolf High School in Manawa.

"My fascination with historic trees," he says, "results from a personal interest in history, geography and trees." He has just planted 7000 pines and spruce on 20 acres surrounding his home outside of Iola.

He has a BS in education from UW-Milwaukee. Born and raised in that city, he has never lived outside of Wisconsin and feels that he has an acute awareness of the people, places and resources of the Badger state.

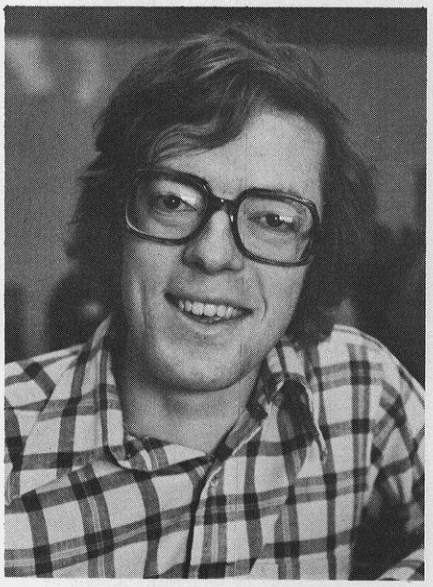
Nowadays, everybody's a trivia expert on something. Why not BONE (Polk County) up on the idiosyncracies of **Wisconsin place names** during your summer outings? **Harry Friedman**, who researched and wrote the atlas epic, is a retired teacher and newspaper reporter who lives in Milwaukee.

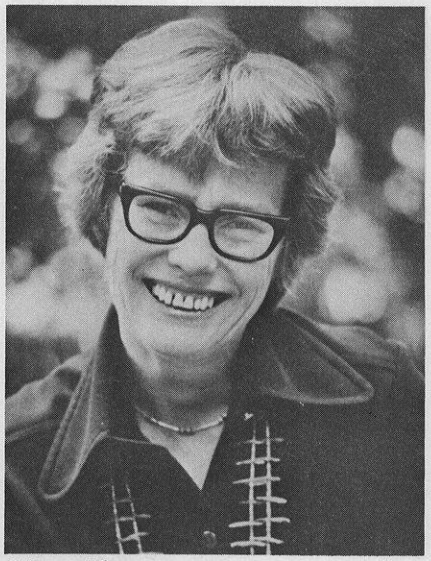
He is also the author of the article on Levi Burnell which ran in the December issue.

Robert E. Gard, who wrote on **"The Arts in Small Town, Wisconsin,"** always has dozens of projects going at once. This summer two of them will be entertaining townsfolk and tourists alike. He is working with Dave Peterson, of UW-Green Bay, on a pageant to be produced at Old World Wisconsin by local college students and, practically simultaneously, adapting his book, *Down in the Valley,* to play form for a production by the Boscobel Arts Group.

Jeffrey Winke, whose several poems appear in this issue, published his first book of poetry seven years ago at the age of 18. He is co-founder and former co-editor of *Third Coast Archives,* a Milwaukee-based independent poetry quarterly published under the auspices of the House of Words, and is co-editor of the *Third Coast Haiku Anthology* (reviewed in the September 1978 issue). He has recently completed work for an MA degree in communications from UW-Milwaukee and is now tackling two major projects: a collection of love poems and a collection of haiku, the latter having been written during a "road adventure" he took to Colorado and Utah during the summer of '77.

Jeffrey Winke





Mary Shumway

Mary Shumway, the artifact searcher behind **"Behind Plow and Weather,"** writes poetically and knowledgeably about pursuing the remnants of Wisconsin's Indian past. Her most recent collection of poems is the 1976 volume titled, *Time and Other Birds.*

Elizabeth Deakman, whose first installment of a two-part article on the **Academy affiliates** appears in this issue, is a free lance writer who has appeared in the pages of the *Review* before. A resident of the country near Verona, she is one of the hardy survivors of this past winter who can take pride in simply having made it. Such persistance is a handy attribute for researching 22 diverse and fascinating organizations.

National awards don't come easy or often and it's therefore all the more thrilling to be the recipient of one. **Janet Schlatter**, a free lance writer who summers in Madison and winters in the South, has won the national contest of the Educational Press Association of America, in the category of learned article, with her piece, **"Milwaukee's James Connection,"** which appeared in the June 1978 issue.

While we don't need any contest to tell us that our *Review* contributors are tops, it's still nice when one is officially so recognized in competition with others from all over the US.

Bibliodependency: a costly addiction

by John H. Dunn

Just ask anyone with well-established vices, and most will admit they welcome words of understanding. The alcohol-dependent, agonizing over a doctor's prediction of dire things to come, finds solace in the immortal observation of Rabelais:

"There are more old drunkards than old physicians."

Because the book store may contain even greater temptation than the wine shop, the bibliodependent—better known as bookaholic—derives comfort from this statement of priorities attributed to Erasmus:

"When I get a little money, I buy books; and if there is any left, I buy food and clothes."

Those sentiments come from a man whose birthdate fell shortly after that of movable type. They describe succinctly the devastating nature of an addiction that has changed the lives of innocent millions, leaving them poorer or richer, depending on your point of view.

Wide ranging collections of hardcover or paperback excellence and crud take up the slack in the bookaholic's checkbook and the bulk of the space in his abode. As one long-suffering wife told her lawyer:

"Our house has 1500 square feet, and I'll bet 1200 are filled with his damned books. Don't figure any of them in on the property settlement."

The seriousness of bibliodependency should not be underestimated. But what to do? Prohibition is not the answer, and besides it would conflict with the first amendment. Analysis of the problem must initially distinguish between the bibliophile and the bibliodependent. Some authorities see the distinction as that between the wine connoisseur and the wino.

The bibliophile tends to plan the purchase of fine volumes for orderly display in his showplace library and as an important asset in his estate. On the other hand, bibliodependents are more spontaneous, buying on impulse, sometimes with the grocery money, seldom with thought of financial gain. Their collections, piled high room to room, most often constitute a hodge podge of history, philosophy, sociology, psychology, poetry, fiction, art and the like.

Some bibliodependents are fallen bibliophiles whose decline may be traced to their discovery of used book stores. Traditionally, they had carefully made their costly purchases in the more rarified atmosphere of exclusive dealers, private auctions or estate sales, and then one day they stumbled on Bob's Book Barn. Just like that there were weeds among the orchids.

Causes of bibliodependency may not be readily apparent. Both hereditary and environmental factors contribute to the personality distortion. Psychological trauma is often blamed, but so far there is no evidence of biochemical, bacterial or viral causation. Some observers label bibliodependency a manifestation of what Malcolm Cowley calls the "Langley Collyer syndrome" in which nothing is ever thrown away. A social worker friend puts the syndrome into jargon to describe the victims as anal retentives. He suggests prolonged psychoanalysis.

Much bibliodependency gets started in college. This is especially true in the liberal arts whose curriculum adds tons of fuel to the consuming desire to learn more and more about more and more. On the other hand, many bookaholics develop long after college, where in their vocational studies they had learned more and more about less and less. Because the dollar orientation of their training kept them isolated in a cultural vacuum, they did not discover books until years later when trying to find a missing dimension. Then, just like the poor wino who was never the same after

his first few gallons of muscatel, they became bibliodependent, hooked on printer's ink as mixed by master dispensers of poetry, prose and ideas.

The most obvious type of bookaholic is the academic, and he can show some justification for his folly. Within a chosen specialty he may find it expedient to collect just about everything available, if he is to stay ahead of his graduate students.

A number of bookaholics are unidirectional. In addition to the academic and other professional collectors, there are the buffs who gear their collections to a specific interest such as religion or pornography. The multidirectional or eclectic bookaholic tries to develop a broadly comprehensive library, ranging perhaps from Fanny Hill to Emily Dickenson, from Plato to Damon Runyon or from Christ to Freud.

Some bibliodependents appear to be little more than passive victims of the book establishment, yielding without struggle to the power of advertising. They cannot resist the invasions of remaindered book bargains and book club come-ons that regularly overwhelm the mailbox. It is hard to excuse such an obsession, but some good excuses have been made. Take Thomas Hood:

"My books keep me from the ring, the dog pit, the tavern, and the saloon."

Emerson considered a man's library a sort of harem, and he found many persons hesitant to show their books to strangers. Such reluctance still turns up, especially when a scholar indicates interest in a non-professional's collection. This is to be expected. After all, the professional scholar devotes full time to books and the eternal verities, whereas the average bookaholic can build his library and pursue the great truths only when he's not selling used cars, writing PR releases or otherwise caught up in the struggle for provender.

But this is important! No matter how we regard the bookaholic, we have to recognize that his library represents one man's efforts to solve a complex puzzle. For assistance he calls upon the poet, novelist, essayist, historian, psychologist, theologian, philosopher and even the humorist. His choice of helpers is largely subjective, dictated by inner needs, not intellectual whims. Santayana put it thus:

"It is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart."

And there's the argument for subjectivity put forth by William Ellery Channing:

"The best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend but often those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought."

Non-scholarly reaction to the bookaholic's collection will vary from sympathy to amazement, from occasional commendations to snide remarks about the improving market in waste paper. Some may question his judgment, such as his choice of W.E. Leonard's *Lucretius* instead of Munro's. They're the same ones who can't understand his preference for Bruno Walter over Toscanini.

The burden of bibliodependency can be greatly eased if shared by both husband and wife. In this way the morality of the addiction never becomes an issue; however, there may be an occasional dispute such as who gets the remaining floor space in the northeast corner of the upstairs hall. While married lushes share great happiness in bar hopping together, wedded bookaholics also find new sources of fulfillment wherever they go. Volumes on their shelves often recall quaint little bookshops whose dust and dim lights hid treasures. But as romantic as it all sounds, the fact remains that family bookaholism represents the ultimate in bibliodependency. Neither spouse can help the other. The addiction may become so pronounced that in order to support the habit they open a mom and pop book shop, just as many alcohol-dependents open saloons.

Such a situation is fraught with dire implications. Every book shop seeks to spread the addiction, particularly among the young whose eyes they would divert from TV. As might be expected, there is increasing concern, especially among nonreaders, over the proliferation of book stores. Just as the nondrinker may see a demon in every bottle of rum, nonreaders may see the devil in every ounce of printer's ink, except that used for the scriptures. They warn that books poison the healthy mind, and their purchase contributes to the malnutrition of children. Some bibliodependents doubtless identify with that foreboding as they take more volumes down to the used book buyer to trade toward the rent. And perhaps they ponder Schopenhauer's admonition:

"Nine-tenths of our whole modern literature has no other purpose than to swindle the public of a few thalers."

As with most social problems today, the outlook for bibliodependency is grim. Bookaholics Anonymous can be helpful. One has to acknowledge the addiction and recognize that he is powerless to do anything about it save with Divine intervention. Another must is the understanding cooperation of family and friends. Among other things, they will have to enforce mail surveillance and intercept all book club offers, publishers' remaindered lists and similar sources of temptation. Local book stores may be asked to refuse him admittance.

Milieu therapy holds out little encouragement. Exchanging a book-lined house for a tiny apartment may seem to be the answer, but the cure is more often apparent than real. Not infrequently, the "cured" addict sneaks down to a book store and thence to a rented mini warehouse to stash and enjoy his forbidden fruit.

Real hope for the bookaholic appears to rest with science but still a century away. Some prophets believe that by then the printed

Photo by Clarice Dunn

page will have been replaced completely by electronic equivalents. Further contributing to the end of bibliodependency will be the deteriorating quality of book paper. For example, my 125-year-old copy of Samuel Newman's *Rhetoric* is in excellent condition, whereas Edwin's *Civil Tongue* will probably disintegrate together with the language well in advance of 2104.

Meanwhile, frustrated addicts continue to try anything that might help break the habit, even going so far as to cover their walls with dictums such as this one by Augustine:

"Habit if not resisted soon becomes necessity!"

Unfortunately, most bookaholics tend to settle back in the comfort of this confession by Montaigne, the notorious bibliodependent who was never brought to book for his contribution to biblioaddiction:

"For diverting my troublesome fancies there is no resource like that of books. . .It is the best provision I have found for this human journey; and I greatly pity any intelligent man who is deprived of it."

John Dunn is a retired editor now devoting his time to writing and photography.

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

BIRD HUNTING TECHNIQUES by David Michael Duffey; Willow Creek Press, Oshkosh, Wis., 1978. 167 pp. $5.95.

Bird Hunting Techniques is an easy-to-read, interesting book which, as the title implies, provides the reader with proven game-getting techniques and sound, down-to-earth advice on all aspects of upland bird hunting. The author is an authority on hunting and hunting techniques and this is reflected in his book.

This book is particularly appropriate for Wisconsin hunters since it deals with upland game species, most of which are important fauna of the state. For example, Duffey has individual chapters on the ruffed grouse, pheasant, bobwhite quail, woodcock, Hungarian partridge and prairie grouse.

Each chapter begins with a section about the bird itself. This includes important information on the bird's life history, palatability, characteristics, etc. A section on specific hunting techniques follows and the author draws upon his varied experiences in the field. These are well-illustrated with examples of actual hunts, which proved to be usually successful, and always interesting. Next, information on the proper guns and loads for each species is provided. Each chapter ends with a section on shooting hints and tips to ensure success in the field.

After discussing the major upland game species, *Bird Hunting Techniques* has chapters on learning to hit upland game, guns for the uplanders, wardrobe for the uplanders and hunting tactics. The chapter on gun dogs is outstanding. As a whole the book contains accurate, useful information, of great value to new as well as veteran Wisconsin hunters. Scientific facts are integrated with practical approaches. I would recommend it as a required reference for the hunter education programs currently conducted by the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources.

The only unfortunate feature of the book concerns the author's apparent negative feelings about wildlife biology. Although it is obvious that he is an ecologist, he tends to apologize or down-play anything that could be considered ecological or scientific. Instead, he stresses that his whole objective is to kill birds. Although he avoids mentioning the aesthetic, social and non-consumptive joys of hunting, they appear throughout, nicely illustrated as hunting stories. It is unfortunate that he is only interested in birds during the hunting season and would prefer not to even think about them during the closed season. Hunting can be year-round fun and not limited to the shooting season. The hunter's enjoyment of wildlife does not have to be limited to a dead bird.

—Daniel O. Trainer

Daniel O. Trainer is professor of wildlife and dean of the College of Natural Resources at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point.

THE FAMILY CRUCIBLE by Augustus Y. Napier with Carl A. Whitaker; Harper & Row Publishers, New York, 1978. 291 pp. $11.95.

Traditionally, in the field of mental health, the distance between doctor and patient, therapist and client, counselor and counseled has not only been vast, but also stoically maintained. In *The Family Crucible*, Dr. Augustus Napier with Dr. Carl Whitaker, nationally-known family therapists practicing in Madison, have significantly bridged a gap between these two populations. This is a book clearly useful to client and professional alike; moreover, *The Family Crucible* is an important contribution to the field of mental health.

As Dr. Napier points out, family therapy is a relatively new field. Its infancy was in the 1950s when certain research findings and an escalating divorce rate stimulated new interest in the psychology of family functioning. In the 1960s, family therapy had established itself as a viable therapeutic medium, marking a move away from one-to-one, long term, insight-oriented psychotherapy. Accompanying this change came recognition of the possibility that individual psychotherapy patients might simply be scapegoats of family stress. In the 1970s, family therapy has become a well-recognized treatment modality among mental health professionals. Now the task becomes how to let the general public in on this exciting field, one suggestion is for them to read *The Family Crucible.*

The book is structured around a case example, the "Brice" family (which includes mother, father, two daughters and a son) and their progression through therapy. The Brices were motivated to see Drs. Napier and Whitaker as a family because of teenage daughter Claudia's depression. But early in therapy, Claudia's role of family scapegoat is usurped by the therapists who work to free her from being the one to act out the family's problems. As the reader is

drawn through the sessions, pertinent commentary and theoretical explanations are offered, including a discussion of family system theory, patternization in families and marital and intergenerational conflict. However, none of these didactic discussions is too complex for the general reader, nor too elementary for the professional. More importantly, these informational digressions are closely synchronized to the pace and dialogue of the Brices' sessions.

Strikingly powerful moments in the therapy are mother Carolyn's struggle with feelings related to her own mother; and son Don's physical tussle with Dr. Whitaker. "Carolyn had been elected as the first person to abandon the search for marital harmony and pursue instead the search for self."

> ". . .Carolyn emitted a single sound. . .she began to sob. . .it seized her entire body. . .Everyone in the room was paralyzed by the power of her agony, the children gazing in fright, David open-mouthed, mute. Carl and I could do nothing but witness."

> ". . .he (Don) began moving and as he extended his leg. . .he tripped. . .working to keep his balance, he struck out—in rage, in panic—at Carl. . ."

Dr. Napier characterizes the role of family therapist as a "catalytic agent" who helps families unlock their own resources. "I'm convinced that psychotherapists are basically people engaged in the art of making suggestions," he writes. Therapy, and more precisely, cotherapy, is a symbolic parenting experience in which therapists use their intuitive selves and place emphasis on personal encounter. Thus, Drs. Napier and Whitaker work together toward moments of "peak experience" i.e. moments in which the family risks being more separate, perhaps angrier, and conversely, moments where they are more intimate than they were before. It is through this experiential process that individual and familial change occur.

As a therapist myself, I was most appreciative of the book's depiction of therapists as something else than demi-gods, rigid and forever intellectual or diagnostic. Statements by the authors such as, "I myself began to feel. . .confused," or, "We had simply made an error," are refreshing to see in print. Therapists have their own feelings and opinions, not all of them supportive: "I found myself becoming irritated at Don. . .he sounded spoiled, demanding. . ." Then again it was warming to read, ". . . there are moments like this when you want to. . .take someone in your arms. . .but we. . .didn't and the moment hung there. . ." Another time, Dr. Napier shares his distress at giving up a bike ride with his wife and children to attend to a Brice family crisis.

What is evident throughout the book is that Drs. Napier and Whitaker are experts; as readers follow their involvement with the Brice family, they may absorb more instruction than from several volumes of textbook psychology. I would, however, offer one qualification for the general reader: the family used in the case example was middle class, verbal and well-educated; therapy with other types of families is often not as straightforward nor as successful.

This is indisputably an important, readable and instructive book. It is as exciting as the authors suggest: "Once it starts moving, family therapy is . . .like a stew that is bubbling rapidly. The process is so intricate that you are never sure what is going to rise to the surface and you never know how high it is going to boil." Still, one has confidence throughout that Drs. Napier and Whitaker are in control. The reader comes to trust in reading *The Family Crucible* that therapy such as the Brices' can be a supportive journey toward individual and family growth.

—Barbara Lockwood

Barbara Lockwood is a therapist in private practice with Madison Counseling Services.

THE PRAIRIE PEOPLE: CONTINUITY AND CHANGE IN POTAWATOMI INDIAN CULTURE, 1665-1965 by James A. Clifton; The Regents Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1977. 529 pp. $22.50.

The Potawatomi, an important tribe in Wisconsin's history, some of whom still live in the state, especially in Forest County, are described by Professor James A. Clifton of the University of Wisconsin—Green Bay in what is clearly the most comprehensive study of this people to date. Originally from the lower peninsula of Michigan, they occupied a portion of eastern Wisconsin in the 17th century, initiating a remarkable saga of territorial conquest in the Old Northwest, only to be ultimately widely dispersed in the 19th century as a consequence of the massive Euro-American peopling of the region.

The author provides an account of both cultural changes and continuities in the framework of a series of major historic episodes for the three centuries covered in the study. He follows the organizational pattern we first know for this region in Felix Keesing's pioneer study, *Menominee Indians of Wisconsin (1939).* Professor Clifton's involvement in the Indian Claims Commission studies, however, may be revealed by the extensive use made of the identification of treaty signatories to explicate the involvement of specific social units in Potawatomi matters. While clearly a valuable research tool, the flow of the narrative might better have been served by presenting some of this material in an appendix or in tabular form.

We learn how the pressures of the developing fur trade not only brought about the Potawatomi migration to the west of Lake Michigan, but also initiated some of the major adjustments in Potawatomi culture. One of their early goals was to serve as middlemen in the trade, but in this there were many competitors, the

French included. Frustrated, the Potawatomi became involved in a pattern of expanded intertribal wars and territorial expansion. Indeed, one of the new roles they acquired, as Clifton perceptively indicates, was as mercenary soldiers initially in support of the French and subsequently the British. When fur trader and warrior no longer were economically profitable pursuits, a change coinciding with American territorial control, the Potawatomi began to live on their capital, gradually selling the vast tracts of land they had acquired in Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan.

While these land sales resulted in tribal movements, Clifton objects to a "trail of tears" characterization, for in most instances the migrations were not conducted with immediate and brutal force but in fact reflect an established Potawatomi strategy of adjusting to problems by withdrawal (like the initial migration to Wisconsin). Indeed, as he points out in considerable detail, they did not always migrate to the region chosen for them. Return movements (as again to Wisconsin in later times) were also frequent. The final movements to, and land sales reducing the size of the reserves in Kansas and Oklahoma were the ultimate expenditures of land as capital.

Clifton's complex narrative can not be satisfactorily reduced to such a brief paragraph as given above either from the perspective of accuracy or preservation of the author's emphasis, yet such are the themes with which he deals. The description of more recent events is largely devoted to the "Prairie" group in Kansas, among whom he began his fieldwork, though his investigations subsequently took him to the Wisconsin and Canadian Potawatomi as well. His picture is one of survival of basic Potawatomi characteristics. A tradition, for example, of extremely limited authority on the part of leaders explains some of their current inability to cope with modern organizational problems. While the overwhelming detail of the historical narrative obscures the cultural analysis we are led to expect as the primary focus of the book, this sector is in itself a major scholarly contribution.

—David A. Baerreis

David A. Baerreis is a professor in the department of anthropology at UW-Madison.

WESTWARD TO THE ST. CROIX: The Story of St. Croix County, Wisconsin by Harold Weatherhead; Historical Society of St. Croix County, Hudson, Wis., 1978. 91 pp. $4.50.

La riviere de Ste. Croix was announced to all the world by Nicolas Perrot in 1689. Perrot, as French Commandant of the West, took possession of all lands of the interior of North America in the name of Louis XIV. Beyond the range of Perrot's bold proclamation, few in the western world knew very much about St. Croix County. The same is most likely true today. Yet this region, like vintage wine maturing quietly in the cask, has prospered under the French, British and American flags and today is divided between the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Westward to the St. Croix is an excellent introduction to the region for a reader beginning to explore the richness of northwestern Wisconsin's cultural heritage. Harold Weatherhead selects his content carefully and develops a narrative about people, places and events against a broader backdrop of world and national history, creating a drama that allows the reader to enlarge his perceptions and understanding of the region. Bits and pieces from the historic past are interwoven with current landforms and place names. Pivotal to this setting are the critical formative years that immediately followed the organization of the Territory of Wisconsin in 1836 and its statehood in 1848. Pierce, St. Croix, Polk and later Douglas Counties are carved from the Wisconsin section of original St. Croix County, and the St. Croix River serves as a part of Wisconsin's present western boundary. Today canoe enthusiasts can retrace part of the old *coureurs de bois* route from the "new" Lake Gordon, created as a flowage on the upper St. Croix by a steel and concrete dam, down the 160-mile waterway as it races south to join the Mississippi. In spring, summer and fall the scenery along the St. Croix is magnificent, taking one back to primal times when the river sliced its way through tall timber and unspoiled land.

But there is more. St. Croix County has been a region where everyday people, from the Sioux and Chippewa Indians and the fur traders to the German, Dutch, Scandinavian, Italian, Irish and Polish pioneers, struggled to cope with everyday problems, their dreams, successes and failures. Joe Brown, "the founder of St. Croix County"; Philander Prescott, after whom the town of Prescott is named; Abigail Page, the first white child born in Hudson; and Louis Massey and Peter Bouchea, "founders of Hudson," speak through Weatherhead's narrative of the tenacity and drive characteristic of the early settlers. Famous St. Croix residents, such as journalist and humorist Edgar Wilson Nye, statesman-Senator John C. Spooner and Governor Warren P. Knowles, and enterprising businessmen such as Christain Burkhardt, walk with pride across the pages of this delightful little book. Economic transitions from fur trading to lumbering, wheat and flour production and dairy farming are integrated into the panorama of events that make *Westward to the St. Croix* fascinating reading.

Harold Weatherhead has peppered his book with pertinent illustrations and informative maps. These, combined with an excellent bibliography and a helpful index, complete this valuable regional history.

In publishing this book, the Historical Society of St. Croix County speaks with great pride of

its author. And well they should. Harold Weatherhead graduated from Carleton College with a major in history. He did graduate work at the Universities of Chicago, Minnesota and Wisconsin. For 16 years he taught history in Hudson, and has written several articles for area newspapers. With his wife, Virginia, he developed the Historical Map of St. Croix County, which has recently been published by the Historical Society of St. Croix County.

—*Omar N. Kussow*

Omar N. Kussow, a curriculum coordinator for the Madison Metropolitan School District, is a co-author of **Productivity and Automation** *as well as several articles on education.*

SON OF THE WILDERNESS; THE LIFE OF JOHN MUIR by Linnie Marsh Wolfe; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1978. 364 pp. $6.95.

I accepted with pleasure the task of reviewing Linnie Marsh Wolfe's Pulitzer Prize winning biography of John Muir. When I was working on the creation of the John Muir County Park, it was to the first edition of Mrs. Wolfe's book that I turned for information about this great naturalist.

This sensitively written biography contains a wealth of personal observations, anecdotes, photos and illustrations. Mrs. Wolfe researched her subject extensively. She had access to Muir's papers, spent years re-tracing his travels and interviewed his friends and family. She was in Wisconsin for several months and stayed at Hickory Hill Farm in Marquette County, where Muir lived as a boy.

I recently spent part of an afternoon with the Kearns family who still live at Hickory Hill Farm. We sat in the kitchen where Muir once sat and talked about the woman who wrote his biography.

She had driven alone from California to Wisconsin in a car she called "the Swallow" because it got her over the mountains. She was described as a friendly, energetic woman who approached her subject with enthusiasm, and she shared Muir's love of the Wisconsin wilderness.

The Muir family farm was next to a beautiful lake. Had the future naturalist had the whole world to choose from for his training, he couldn't have found a better "Garden Spot."

In a speech he made long after leaving Wisconsin, he said, "Even if I should never see it again, the beauty. . .is so pressed into my mind, I shall always enjoy looking back in imagination. . .perhaps even after I am dead." It was here that the idea of the National Park System was born.

Mrs. Wolfe succeeded in bringing together a wealth of fact into a very readable biography. We see Muir as a complete human being. She writes, "Far from being an effeminate plaster saint. . .he was in truth. . .intensely masculine. . .a mystic and yet a realist. . ." Because of his harsh early life it is almost miraculous that he became the humanitarian that he did. As a young man, enormously creative and sensitive, he spent what little spare time he had carving out inventions and roaming the fields and hills near his home. His short stay at the University of Wisconsin taught him much about the botany and geology that were to play an important part in his later life.

Muir was a man of many talents—inventor, botanist, geologist and one of the first factory efficiency experts. But it is for his efforts in conservation that he is most remembered. He strongly believed that man should live in harmony with nature, not oppose it. He was appalled at the wholesale destruction of nature's gifts.

Muir's life was filled with intense struggles. It is hard to believe that conservation was once considered a radical cause. Yet in his time, Muir was called a radical by some. He was a conservationist when natural resources were being tragically wasted. He was a man who possessed a vision that allowed him to see far ahead of his contemporaries. That vision led to the creation of the National Park System—natural areas now there for all to enjoy.

Mrs. Wolfe tells his inspiring story simply and clearly. A debt of gratitude is owed the University of Wisconsin Press for once again making this valuable biography available to the public.

—*Sylvester Adrian*

Mr. Adrian is an expert on John Muir and worked for 28 years toward the creation of the John Muir County Park in Marquette County.

THE YELLOW LAMP by Ray Smith; the Uzzano Press, Mount Carroll, Ill., 1978. 49 pp. $3.00.

Ray Smith has a long and deserved reputation as a poet. For one thing, Franklin Brainard, the revered Minnesota poet, has described Smith's work as being a central influence on his own. And Mr. Smith's poetry has been featured in these pages—a few of those poems are collected in *Yellow Lamp.*

So I had a special anticipation for the publication of this book. Unfortunately, it is one of those great disappointments. What I suspect has happened is that Smith has so extensively revised the work that all life has been taken from it. The poems here are like opals that have been polished too long. All the fire has left.

These pieces are of Smith's early life on a Minnesota farm, among his people one generation away from being immigrants. The problem, for the poet and for the reader, is that this original life has become separated from the poet's present life as a librarian in Superior. Smith may recollect this world, but he is no longer a real part of it.

The result is that the occurrences are merely described, rather one-dimensionally. The poems take on a sentimental quality in which the images lack a hard edge. The real ups and downs of a very hard life

are viewed as through a misty window. I suspect that Smith recognizes, deep down, this abstraction and has overwritten the poems in order to compensate. Thus the individual lines of a poem are constructed too densely. Or the endings, which should truly nail the poems to their pages, become merely static. They do not lead to something, surprise perhaps, or awe—that intrinsic emotion beyond the verse.

I dislike having to write this, but having done so, this is in the nature of an apology, for Smith has created one of the fine bodies of work in Wisconsin, and will continue to do so. But I do think that for a poetry to be successful, a duality must be represented—the darkness along with the sweetness and light—and this has not been accomplished here.

—Jim Stephens

Jim Stephens is a Madison poet and president of the Round River Society.

READING IN THE ATTIC ON A RAINY DAY

by John Bennett

On summer afternoons when thunderclouds
piled blackly up to drench the rivered town
and make the garden plots unworkable,
I found a respite from hand-pull or hoe
and left the weeds to burgeon as they might
beneath their final benefice of rain.

Up in the kitchen attic on a swing
that time had made too shabby for the porch,
I hid in secret freedom for a while:
surrounded by a dustiness of books
(ill-bound with yellowed pages, most of them)
I gloried in the thunderstorm that let
my brain invite its better private storms.

With dormer sashes opened low upon
the silver/slanting rain, I lay and read
and let the visions rise as pages turned:
sweet Mary Shelley's golem, gravely maimed,
who chased his maker through the Arctic snow;
Shakespeare's Lucrece, hurt by twisted lust,
who made her death prove honor in the end;
good Thackeray's good Colonel, newly come
into a drear awareness of the world;
Bram Stoker's Dracula, always a-thirst,
who flew on bat wings through the misted night;
A. Conan Doyle's persuasive polymath
who smoked tobacco kept absurdly dry;
and Pickwick whom Charles Dickens made the point—
the loving point—of jest and escapade.

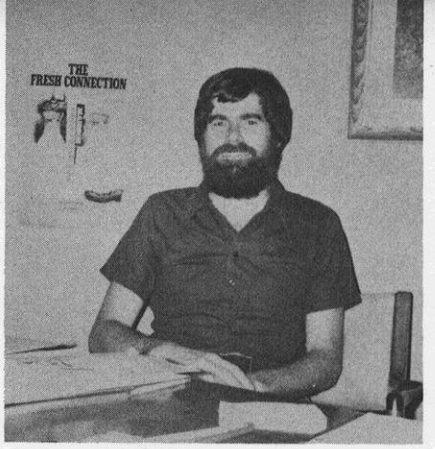
All these and these and many more rose up
beneath the rafters in that secret place
while rain drummed steadily just overhead
and smeared the windowpanes with liquid light.

And each next day, of course, the weeds went down
before my hoe as if no storm had been.

INSIDE THE ACADEMY

Is the Academy relevant?

by Doug Bradley
Administrative Assistant



While stationed overseas in the summer of 1971, I was told a story by the chief of a Montagnard village nestled among the Central Highlands of what was then called South Vietnam. The story, similar to others I have heard related in different cultures, seems relevant to the Academy and its current situation.

In an ancient Montagnard hamlet, as the story goes, there was a sibyl who was the primary source of information and problem-solving for the entire village. Of course, like the Oedipus legend, anyone in the community who could pose a question that would stump the sibyl might then assume the prestigious position of village soothsayer.

One precocious young man decided that he did indeed know how to stump the sibyl and proceeded to challenge the venerated sage. As he approached the sibyl, he held a lizard behind his back and posed the following question:

"Oh noble sibyl, can you tell me whether this lizard I have behind my back is alive or dead?"

The sibyl said nothing but simply remained silent. The young man, already envisioning his tenure as Montagnard prophet, tightened his grip on the small lizard. He believed that he had the sibyl cornered. If the wise one were to say that the lizard was alive, the young interrogator would then squeeze it in his hand and show it to be dead. On the other hand, if the sibyl said that the lizard was dead, he would reveal it to be alive. The young man couldn't lose.

A few moments passed and he repeated his question.

"Is the lizard alive or dead?"

Without hesitating the sibyl replied: "The answer to that, my young friend, is in your hands."

The import of this old legend is quite obvious, even today. Those of you who constitute the membership of the Academy do indeed control its fate. Quite literally, what is to become of the Academy is in your hands. And it's to all of those hands that I am speaking.

My brief tenure at the Wisconsin Academy began last September. During the time since, I've attended a number of Academy functions, programs and committee meetings. As I look back on those events, a couple of things stand out: the presence of the same few individuals at each of these functions and the absence of the younger members. Combined, I believe these two observations could portend a bleak future for the Academy.

I say bleak because too many of the Academy stalwarts, those who have put in many years of faithful service, are now beginning to cut back on their respective time commitments. Whether the reasons are health, professional demands, family, relocation or several others, there is simply not going to be the continuous reservoir of energy and time available from this group of concerned and committed WASAL members.

And I reiterate the word "bleak" because there is no equal contribution of time and energy forthcoming from other WASAL members, particularly the younger ones.

Where are the younger Academy members? Why is the Academy not reaching the generation of younger adults who came to maturity during the 1960s and early 1970s? The reasons are open to discussion. What I feel is a more constructive debate involves deciding how we might be able to attract younger members into the Academy.

When we talk about the adults of the '60s and '70s, we're talking about the people for whom the term "relevance" became a shibboleth. Education had to be relevant, relationships had to be relevant, music had to be relevant and on and on. So it remains today. The Wisconsin Academy has to be relevant to many of these young people, and as it stands today it is not.

If we are to remain a membership organization, and if we are to try and adapt our programs to some of society's younger constituents, then we must design our publications and activities to meet the needs of today. There are numerous issues involving the sciences, arts and letters—from the energy and environmental debates to the artisian/craft community movement to "pop" fiction—that require discussion, insight and a relevant application. Who knows many of these issues better than society's younger adults? Who but they will be confronting these problems, and others like them, head-on? If the Academy, through its publications, meetings and other programs, can enter the arena of today's scientific, artistic and communications debates and strike a blow for greater "relevance," then we might see more younger members, and members of all ages, swelling our ranks.

I for one do not necessarily envision a "bleak" tomorrow for the Academy. But the questions still remain—is the Academy relevant to the younger generations and what can it do to involve more of these individuals? I pose those questions to you and welcome your response either by letter (1922 University Ave. Madison, 53705) or by phone (608-263-1692).

But just as the young questioner gave the sibyl but a few moments to respond, so too does the Academy have to make a quick decision. That decision, one of action or inertia, is, like the lizard of old, resting in your hands.

Doug Bradley is currently devoting his spare time to writing a novel based on his Vietnam experiences.

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