



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 23, Number 4 September 1977**

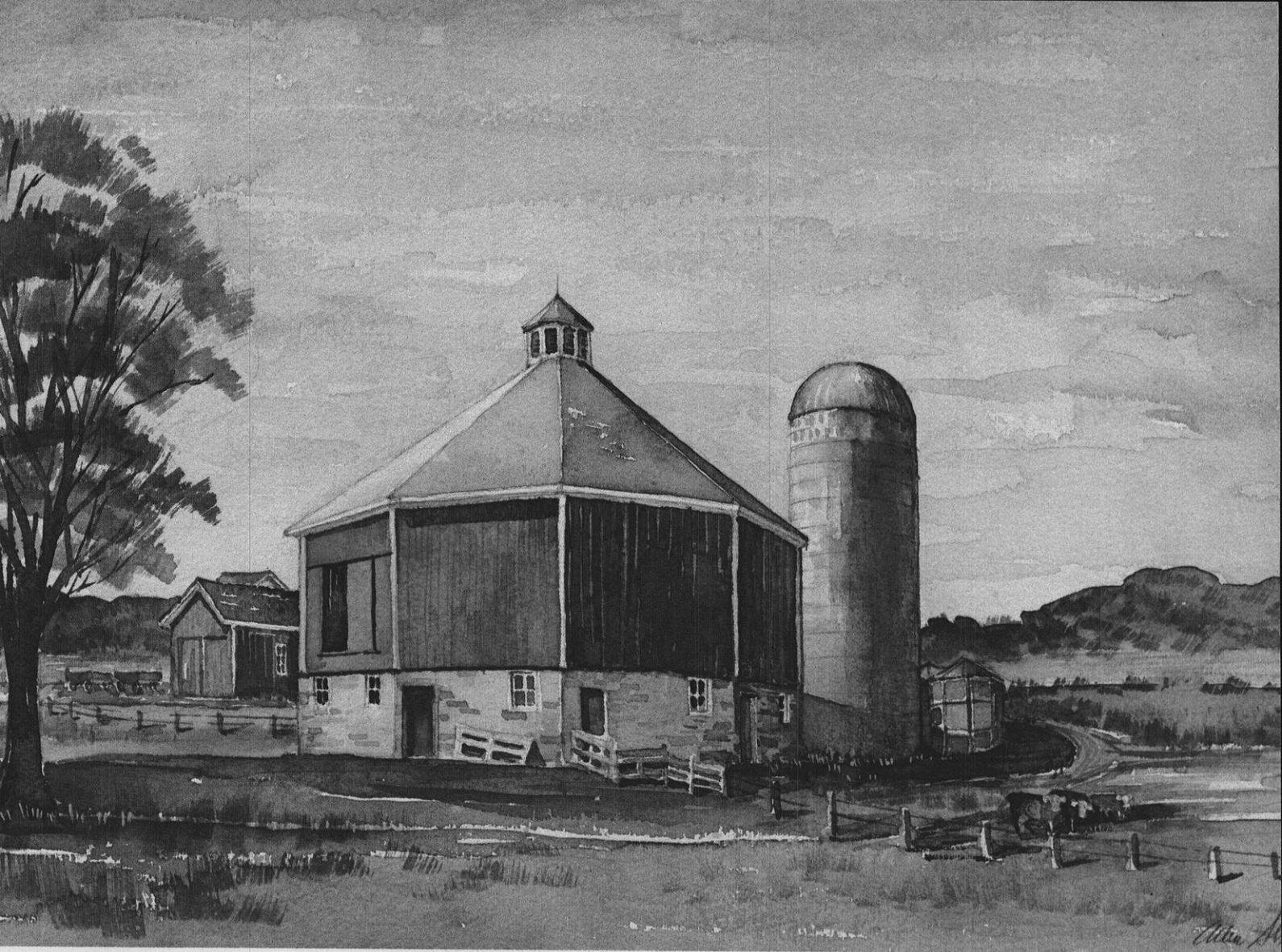
Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, September 1977

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/M7VWMQPYN447R8P>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/InC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



**B**arns are many things to people. To travelers driving along highways, barns help make the rural landscape interesting and attractive. A red barn contrasted with fresh snow is a sight to behold. A white barn standing among a collection of farm buildings against the greens of summer presents a pleasing view to even the most unesthetically inclined. No matter what its color—red, white, black, green or the gray of aging, unpainted wood—a barn evokes a feeling of beauty in the hearts of many.

continued on page 3

# WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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

Volume 23, Number 4  
September 1977

## On Knowing One's Place

As this issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* goes to press I will have been working at the Academy for six months and living in Wisconsin for 181 months. Before Wisconsin, I lived in California and Minnesota. I grew up and went through high school in Denver, Colorado.

I never really felt I belonged in either California or Minnesota. Where I felt I belonged was in Colorado where you get high not only on the altitude but on frequent soul-nourishing "fixes" of the Rockies (when they are not obscured by the smog which has settled in since I left town.)

The dry air there always felt right to me; the vegetation seemed my kind of vegetation. The only sort of day I can cheerfully get up to is the sort of day they have over 300 a year of: clear, with the sun radiating a strong, special, brilliant light.

I've been back to Denver since I started this job. When I returned to Madison, smelled the Wisconsin smells, felt the soft, humid air, saw how tall and beautiful the corn was, and took in a deep draft of the lush, green, rolling hills near my Cross Plains home, I felt, suddenly and beyond doubt, that I belonged here. I can't explain why it took 15 years. But I think it has something to do with the fact that I now work for the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters. Not a bad place to know.

—ED

### STAFF

Editor ..... James R. Batt  
Managing Editor ..... Elizabeth Durbin  
Editorial Assistant ..... Elizabeth F. McCoy  
Circulation Manager ..... Nancy Ortiz  
Poetry Consultants: James Stephens, Arthur Hove,  
Mark Lefebvre, and Edna Meudt.

ACTIVE ..... \$15 annual dues  
SUSTAINING ..... \$20 or more contributed annually  
FAMILY ..... \$20 annual dues (Husband & Wife)  
ASSOCIATE ..... \$5 annual dues (Students only)  
LIFE ..... \$200-\$500 in one lifetime payment  
PATRON ..... \$500 or more in one lifetime payment  
CONTRIBUTING ..... \$500 or more contributed annually  
LIBRARY ..... \$15 annual dues

YOUR MEMBERSHIP will encourage research, discussion and publication in the various areas of the sciences, arts and letters of Wisconsin. Please send dues payment, along with name and address to: W.A.S.A.L., 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53705.

Academy members receive the annual TRANSACTIONS; the quarterly REVIEW; the monthly newsletter, TRIFORIUM; and occasional monographs or special reports. Members are invited to submit manuscripts for publication consideration or for presentation at Academy meetings.

Member, Educational Press Association of America  
Member, American Association for Advancement of Science



### THE WISCONSIN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ARTS AND LETTERS

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters was chartered by the State Legislature on March 16, 1870 as an incorporated society serving the people of the State of Wisconsin by encouraging investigation and dissemination of knowledge in the sciences, arts and letters.

#### ACADEMY COUNCIL PRESIDENT

Robert E. Gard, Madison

#### PRESIDENT-ELECT

Dale O'Brien, Spring Green

#### IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT

Elizabeth F. McCoy, Madison

#### Vice Presidents

Robert A. McCabe (Sciences), Madison

Edward L. Kamarck (Arts), Madison

Janet E. Dunleavy (Letters), Milwaukee

#### SECRETARY-TREASURER

C. W. Threinen, Middleton

#### COUNCILORS-AT-LARGE

##### TERM EXPIRES 1981

Malcolm McLean, Ashland

Hannah Swart, Fort Atkinson

##### TERM EXPIRES 1980

David A. Baerreis, Madison

F. Chandler Young, Madison

##### TERM EXPIRES 1979

Cyril Kabat, Madison

Forest W. Stearns, Milwaukee

##### TERM EXPIRES 1978

John L. Blum, Milwaukee

William E. Sieker, Madison

#### PAST PRESIDENTS

(Presently serving on Council)

Katherine G. Nelson, Milwaukee

John W. Thomson, Madison

Adolph A. Suppan, Milwaukee

Norman C. Olson, Milwaukee

Louis W. Busse, Madison

#### COUNCIL-APPOINTED POSITIONS

##### LIBRARIAN

Jack A. Clarke, Madison

##### EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

James R. Batt, Madison

##### DIRECTOR-JUNIOR ACADEMY

LeRoy Lee, Madison

##### EDITORS

Elizabeth F. McCoy (Transactions)

James R. Batt (Review)

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

Copyright © 1977 by The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

Statements made by contributors to the WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW do not necessarily reflect the views or official policy of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

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

Additional copies available at \$2.00 each.

The date of this issue is September 1977.

# WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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

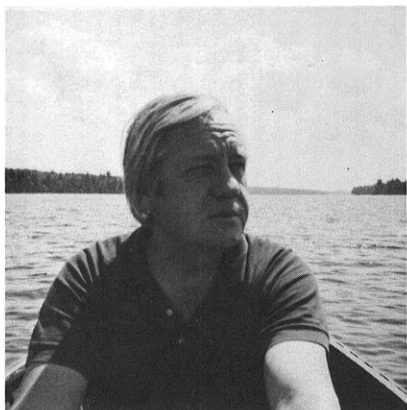
**Volume 23, Number 4**  
**September 1977**

## CONTENTS

- 3 BARNES OF WISCONSIN - Excerpts  
*Jerry Apps/Allen Strang*
- 8 HONEYMOON DOWN THE YAHARA  
*Lynne Hamel, editor*
- 16 POETRY OF RAY SMITH
- 17 WISCONSIN'S VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS MEET MANY  
NEEDS  
*Linda Taylor*
- 21 HAMLIN GARLAND'S FRUSTRATED CAREER AS A  
DRAMATIST  
*Kathryn Whitford*
- 26 THE MENOMINEE INDIANS OF THE MENOMINEE RIVER  
*Carl Krog*
- 31 THELMA WHITSON  
*Charlotte Knechtges*
- 34 WINDFALLS  
*Arthur Hove*
- 36 BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN  
*Audrey Roberts*
- 38 BOOK REVIEWS
- 41 INSIDE THE ACADEMY  
*James Batt*

## ABOUT THIS ISSUE . . .

Readers who enjoy the excerpts from the Tamarack Press book, *Barns of Wisconsin*, which start on page 3, will be able to find the 144-page volume in bookstores after October 1. Allen Strang, a native of Richland Center, and founder of the architectural firm of Strang Partners, Inc., is the artist who produced the fine watercolors and pencil sketches. Jerry Apps, a professor of adult education at UW-Madison, and author of several books including, *Cabin in the Country* and *The Land Still Lives*, supplied the narrative to go with the artwork. The manuscript in galley, the cover watercolor, and the sketches were kindly provided the *Review* by Tamarack Press, 222 N. Midvale Blvd., Madison, and it is with thanks to them that we bring to our pages this exclusive preview of the book. The watercolor



Ray Smith

Ray Smith, whose poems appear on page 16, has published four books of poetry—most recently *The Deer on the Freeway* (Dakota Press, 1973)—and one review/essay, *Permanent Fires* (Scarecrow Press, 1975). He received the Wisconsin Arts Board Fellowship for Poetry in 1976.

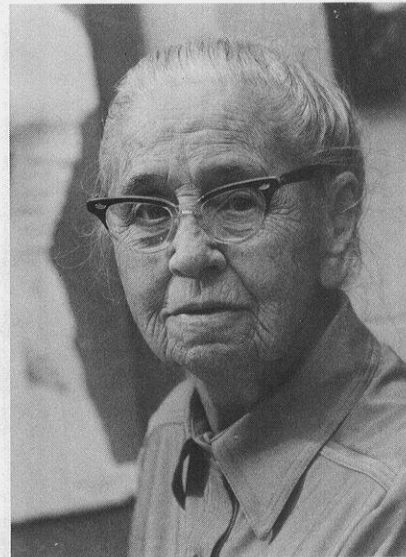
reproduced on our cover carries the following caption: "A barn builder named Clausing erected a cluster of octagonal barns in Ozaukee County in the 1890s, but octagonal barns can be found in other parts of the state as well. This one was constructed for a farmer named Hamburger by a carpenter named Carpenter in 1903. Some claim Orson Fowler, who advocated octagonal structures in the 1850s, influenced the building of octagonal barns in Wisconsin. Sauk County—on County Trunk N just west of Highway 23."

Reuben Gold Thwaites, "the best-known, non-political man in Wisconsin," turns up twice in this issue of the *Review*.

On page 10, his informative travelogue, *Historic Waterways*, provides felicitous along-the-way companionship to entries from Theo Pickford Owen's charming Yahara honeymoon diary.

He turns up again, indirectly, on page 26, in connection with the article on the Menominee Indians by Carl Krog, who, as an associate professor of history at the UW-Marinette Center, is in a good place to study these early Wisconsin residents. The map showing the uppereastern part of Wisconsin, as recorded by the 17th century French, was collected in Thwaites' multi-volume editing project entitled, *Jesuit Relations*.

Though not a native Wisconsinite, Thwaites spent his teen years in Oshkosh. He put himself through a "college course" while



Theo Owen

Milt Leidner took this recent photograph of Theo Pickford Owen in front of her wedding portrait. Reading her Yahara honeymoon diary has sparked plans of some of the Pickford-Owen descendants for a sentimental journey. Grandson David Owen Hamel, his wife Lynne, who edited Theo's diary (page 8), and their children, Dorothy, Meg, and Amy, hope to duplicate the trip taken by Theo and Ray in 1906. Perhaps Theo will soon be editing, quid pro quo, a 70-years-later sequel to her own day by day account.



Carl Krog

continued on page 40

Excerpts from

# BARN IN WISCONSIN

narrative by Jerry Apps  
art by Allen Strang

continued from front cover

Aged barn boards are used by many people to decorate their recreation rooms and the walls of their businesses. It is not uncommon to find skeletons of barns, their weathered boards having been stripped away to grace the walls of some city room. So popular have barn boards become for paneling that at least one company manufactures panels with a simulated barnboard design.

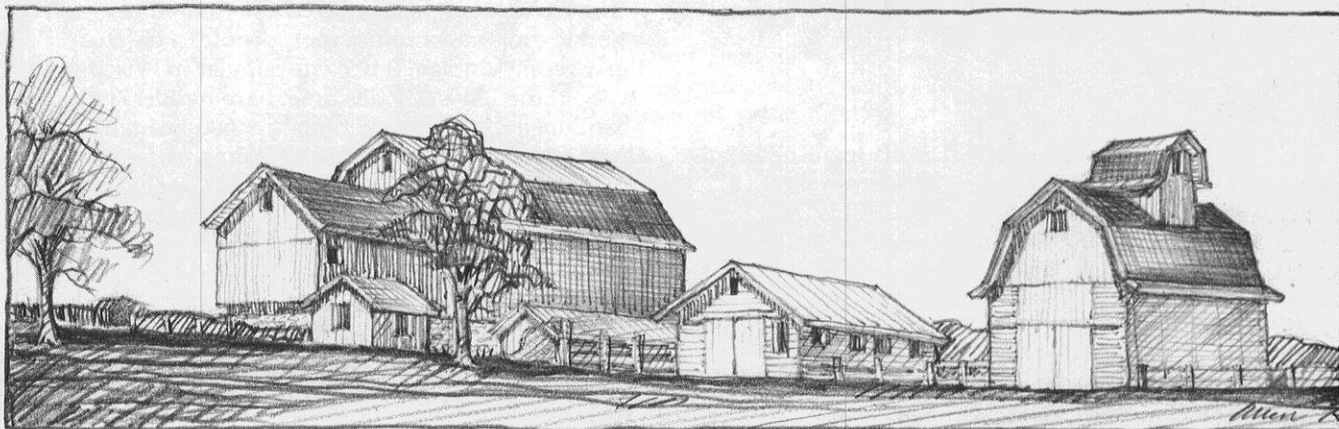
To the romantic, barns are rich sources of lore. Barns trigger nostalgia for thousands of people, taking them back to a time when they believed living was simpler and life richer. To the architect, barns underline the theory that form follows function, that the shape and size of a barn relate to its intended use.

But for the farmer, a barn is central to his farming operation, pleasing to look at, to be sure, but more important, of economic value. A farmer regards his barn the way an industrialist regards his factory. Barns house the farmer's means of production. To the farmer, a barn must be functional first, no matter what else it may mean to him and his family.

Even the word *barn* reflects the building's function. It comes from the Old English *bere*, meaning "barley," and *ern*, meaning "place or closet"—literally a barley place or barley closet. Barley was an important crop in early times in Europe, and *barn* came to mean a place where barley was stored. The early definition of *barn* said nothing about shelter for livestock. The Old English word *byre* meant "cow house." The byre was often a separate building from the barn. Later the byre became a part of the barn, so a barn was thought of as both housing livestock and storing grain and hay.

Even in this country, during the colonial period, barns were used primarily for the storage and

This white barn group shows several roof styles. The barn on the left has a Dutch gambrel roof and a gable-roof addition. Many Wisconsin barns have been added to, some two or three times. The drive-through corn-crib on the right has an attractive Dutch gambrel roof. Jefferson County—on Highway 59 between White-water and Palmyra.



threshing of grain. The farmer piled the grain on the threshing floor and beat it with a flail to separate the kernels from the straw. The early barn was built around the threshing floor, which has remained to this day, although now more often referred to as the driveway, or barn floor.

## *Barns and Rural Values*

No one can deny that the United States was built on a rural foundation. The 1790 census reported only 202,000 people living in urban areas, compared with almost 4,000,000 living in rural areas. (By 1950, only 15 percent of the country's population lived on farms; by 1974, the percentage had dwindled to only 4.4.) In 1850, 90 percent of the people in Wisconsin lived in rural areas; as late as 1930, half the state's population still lived in the country. The barns sprinkled liberally throughout the countryside remind us of the values rural people held when these barns were built, values that continue to pervade much of society today.

The great barns of rural Wisconsin are testimonials to the farmer's values. These buildings stand against the elements year after year and are seen by travelers from all walks of life. Barns are much more than buildings that shelter cattle, horses, and feed. They are symbols of farm life and farmers. They tell much about those farmers, from the late 1800s until the present time. They record the changes in agricultural technology. They are reminders of ethnic groups that settled various parts of the state. They tell of the agricultural history of our state, from the time farmers depended almost solely on wheat growing until now, when dairy farming and other types of livestock farming are prominent.

The barns of Wisconsin are history books in red paint, sociology with gable roofs, theology with lightning rods. In many ways, barns are Wisconsin agriculture nailed together in a building with a cupola on the top. Here is where both life and death on the farm often occurred simultaneously; here is where farm boys and girls learned about responsibility, where many a farmer began and ended his day 365 days a year for his entire life.

On a dairy farm all life relates to the barn. Is it any wonder that dairy farmers particularly, and other farmers as well, put so much emphasis on the barn?

## *Barn Roofs*

The most obvious characteristic that distinguishes one barn from another is its roof. In Wisconsin three roof types are most prominent: gambrel, gable, and arched. Lessor known but not too difficult to find are saltbox, hip, snug Dutch, shed, and monitor roofs.

### *Gambrel*

On the big dairy barns around the state, the gambrel roof is the type most often seen. Though accurately

called gambrel, it is also referred to—incorrectly—as a hip roof.

The word *gambrel* comes from the name given the hock, the bent part of a farm animal's back leg, and probably also from the gambrel stick, shaped like a gambrel roof, which was common on most farms to suspend butchered animals.

The gambrel roof has four planes. The two planes at the top have a slight pitch; the side planes are longer and steeper than those at the top. The primary purpose of the gambrel roof was to allow more space for hay storage under the eaves. A person can walk upright under any part of the roof. And the main supports for this type of roof are located near the sides of the eaves, leaving the center area open.

The pitch of both the upper and lower planes of gambrel roofs varies somewhat depending on the width of the barn, its height, and, most likely, the desires of the farmer and the barn builder. Another variance in gambrel roofs is the treatment at the eaves. One type of gambrel roof flares out at the eaves; the other continues straight. Sloane calls the gambrel roof that flares out a Dutch gambrel; the one that continues straight, he refers to as a New England gambrel.

### *Gable*

The gable roof is common on many Wisconsin barns as well as many other farm buildings, including farm homes. This type of roof has two planes that meet at the top. The gable roof is found on early log barns, English barns, Norwegian barns, and many of the Finnish barns. The early bank barns—usually those with forebays or pentroofs—had gable roofs. The reason is probably a practical one: They were easier to build than the gambrel roofs that top so many dairy barns today.

### *Arched*

An arched roof, also referred to as a rainbow roof, a gothic roof, and a round roof, denotes a barn of fairly recent vintage. It became popular in Wisconsin in about the 1940s. By this time, barn builders had abandoned the more traditional pegged-beam barn in favor of construction approaches using trusses and laminated beams. These newer building techniques allowed barn roofs to be constructed in an arched shape. The arched roof, compared with the gable and gambrel roof, has maximum storage space for hay. According to H.J. Barre and L.L. Sammet, agricultural engineers, a barn thirty-four feet wide with a gable roof will store 0.7 ton of baled hay per foot of length. A similar barn with a gambrel roof will store 1.6 tons. An arched-roof barn will store 2.0 tons.

## Other Roof Types

Occasionally a hip-roof barn may be seen in Wisconsin. A hip roof is one that is pitched in all four directions. As mentioned earlier, some Wisconsin farmers refer to the gambrel-roof barn as having a hip roof, but this is incorrect. The hip roof is more difficult to construct than the gable roof and has no particular advantage over other roof types. It seems to be the personal preference of the builder that dictated whether a barn should have a hip roof.

The snug Dutch roof is related to the hip roof. To picture the snug Dutch, think of a gable roof that a Paul Bunyan hit on the ends with a large shovel. The tops of the gable ends are flattened, but not to the extent of a hip roof. There is no particular advantage to the snug Dutch roof; what it does is set off a barn from other barns in the community.

Particularly in southern Wisconsin, the monitor roof may be seen on some farm buildings. This roof type results when a building with a gable roof has buildings with shed roofs attached on either side, below the level of the gable-roof eaves. Some barns with monitor roofs probably started as gable-roof barns. Then additions with shed roofs were attached to the long sides of the barn, forming the monitor roof line.

This brings up the interesting question of combinations of roof types formed when additions were made to barns. The early dairy barns were built large and spacious for their time. But as dairy farms grew in acres and as more cows were added to the herds, the barns also grew. Rather than tear down an old barn and start over, which seems the approach used in much urban construction, the dairy farmer figured out ways of adding to his barn to give more space for his livestock and more room to store feed.

The saltbox roof resulted when a section was added to a gable-roof barn, extending the roof line on one side until it came within a few feet of the ground. Though additions were often responsible for the saltbox shape, some farm buildings were originally built with this roof type. If possible, the long side of the roof—the side that came closest to the ground at eaves edge—was placed toward the north.

Both the gambrel-roof and gable-roof barns in Wisconsin have a variety of additions. A common one is a shed-roof lean-to attached to one or both ends of the barn, which was often an open area used as a shelter for young stock. If the farmer raised a variety of livestock, it was a shelter for beef cattle or hogs.

More often than adding a lean-to, the dairy barn was lengthened to accommodate more cattle and more feed. Sometimes the roof line was simply extended, and after a few years the change was hardly noticeable. But more often the addition, either to the length of the barn or in the form of an L, carried a roof type different from the original barn. The combinations

varied. It's not difficult to find gable-roof barns with arched-roof additions, gambrel-roof barns with arched-roof additions, and even gable-roof barns with gambrel-roof additions. The roof type tells something about the time the addition was made. If the roof type was arched, for example, it probably was made after World War II. It is not uncommon to find dairy barns with two or three additions, each with a different roof type, lending a rather cluttered appearance.

Unless the farmers of Wisconsin adopt the attitude of the urban renewal experts who believe one must tear down before one can rebuild, a variety of barn roof types will survive around the state. The early barns were built to last, and most farmers, being the practical economists they are, will continue to use them for years to come. Though they may add to them as the size of their operation increases, or even add new steel barns nearby, the original barns are likely to stand as long as the farmer can make decisions about their future. Sometimes, however, these decisions are wrested away from the farmer, as when urban development marches into the countryside or massive new super-highways snake across the land, devouring the old barns that stand in their path.

## Roofing Materials

Some of the earliest barns in Wisconsin had thatched roofs. Thatching was common in parts of Europe, and many immigrants brought thatching skills to this country. The Finnish are reported to have roofed some of their barns with wide boards, similar to what might be put on the sides of a barn, and some early barns were shingled with bark, though the irregularity of bark shingles made them extremely difficult to work with.

Wood shingles soon became the most popular roof covering for barns and continued to be used well into the 1900s. Early wood shingles were cut by hand with a tool called a froe. The froe was struck with a wooden mallet to slice shingles off a block of wood. Cedar was the most popular wood for shingles. However, by the time most Wisconsin dairy barns were built, wood shingles were made commercially.

A characteristic of wood shingles, a sort of fringe benefit when they were applied to a roof, was their ventilation quality. Standing inside a wood-shingled barn on a sunny day in summer after several weeks of rainless weather, the farmer could see sunlight streaming through his barn roof in a thousand places. But as soon as it started to rain, the wood shingles swelled, and the roof leaked not at all.

This expanding and contracting of the wooden shingles tended to loosen the nails holding the shingles. An old wood-shingled roof resembled a pincushion, with hundreds of nailheads protruding. Also, on the north side of a wood-shingled roof, it was not un-



common to find moss growing. This seemed to cause no particular difficulty for the roof, and even gave the roof a bit of character. Some believed the moss rotted the shingles, but I know of a mossy wood-shingled roof that is sixty-five years old and leaks not a drop.

For a time, metal-roof barns became popular in Wisconsin. Some farmers even roofed their barns with rolled roofing paper. The problem with both metal and rolled roofing was that a strong wind could tear it loose. In addition, the metal roofs, particularly the earlier ones, rusted rather easily.

Today, many barn roofs are shingled with composition shingles of the same type put on houses. But underneath many composition roofs, the barn detective will find cedar shingles. Now the farmer standing inside his barn on a bright sunny day sees no sunlight seeping through the roof. If he does spot a hole, he knows Junior has been practicing with his .22.

## Paint

Most farmers, at least those who could afford it, painted their barns. The traditional pattern was red with white trim. As one travels around the state, however, many other barn colors may be observed—dark gray, white, yellow, blue, green—nearly any color may be found. Probably the most popular color for

barns, after red, was white. For some farmers white signified cleanliness, for others, prosperity—white paint was more expensive than red.

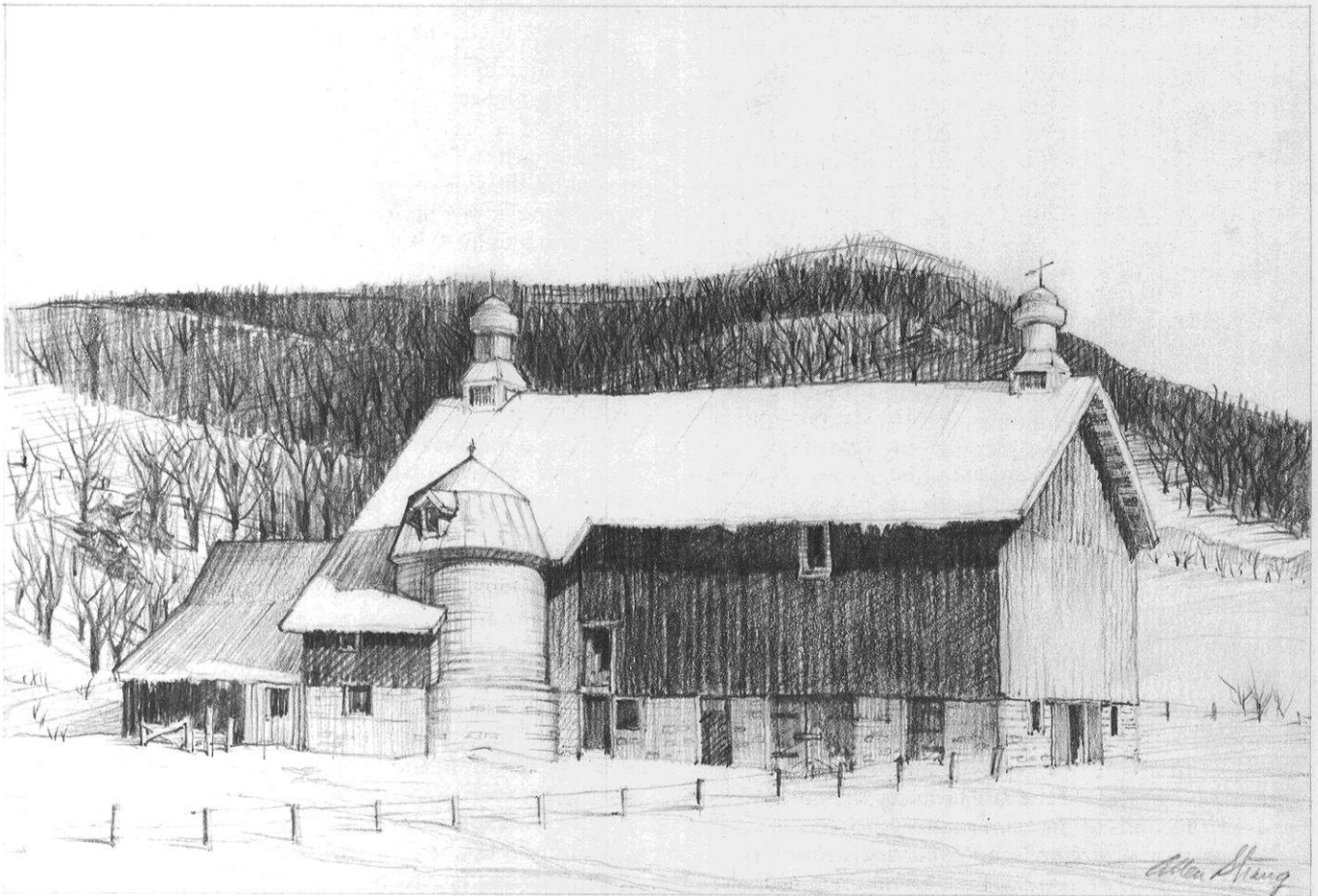
Some farmers painted designs on the threshing-floor doors, such as a huge white X. Some went further and painted a white circle in the center of the X. A few barns were painted in red and white vertical stripes.

The Pennsylvania farmers who display hex signs on their barns today say they are “chust for pretty” and are present for no other reason. As for its historical significance, the hex sign is said to have been brought to Pennsylvania from the Rhineland by Mennonites and Amish in the seventeenth century. The signs were believed to ward off various problems associated with dairying, particularly cow fever.

## Lightning Rods and Weather Vanes

The lightning rod serves as a protection first and a decoration second. Because the big barns are so tall, they are natural targets for bolts of lightning, just

A gable-roof bank barn with a quarried-stone stable wall. The brick silo is half surrounded by an addition to the barn. La Crosse County—on County Trunk O west of Barre Mills.



as is a tall tree standing alone in a field. Benjamin Franklin discovered and experimented with the first lightning rods in 1752. The idea is the same today as it was then: Place a metal spire on top of a building, attach to it a metal ground cable that leads from the rod to the ground, and bury the cable several feet in the ground. That's it.

Although on many buildings lightning rods are made as simply as possible—the casual observer may not even see them—some lightning rods on barns have glass bulbs that add a splash of color to the rooftop. Beyond being decorative, the bulbs have a purpose: a broken bulb tells the farmer his barn has indeed been struck by lightning. Many such lightning rods are still found on Wisconsin barns today.

Often a weather vane became associated with lightning rods, one of the rods supporting the weather vane. The weather vane, sometimes known as a wind vane or a weathercock, was an important instrument to the pioneer farmer and is a useful device even today for the farmer who does some of his own weather forecasting.

## *The Fate of Barns*

Thousands of old barns have disappeared from the landscape during the last fifty years, for a variety of reasons. Some barns have succumbed to acts of God, some to economic forces, some to population shifts, and some to changing attitudes.

Some old barns have been lost to lightning and to windstorms. Because they are so large and usually stand up higher than any other building in the farmstead, barns are natural targets of both lightning and wind. Lightning rods help prevent some lightning fires, but not all. And almost nothing can be done to protect a barn from a windstorm, especially in the spring of the year, when the haymows are empty.

Fire is one of a barn's worst enemies, for once a fire starts it is almost impossible to save the structure from total destruction. Spontaneous combustion of hay put into the barn too green is a cause of barn fires that goes back to the earliest times and continues today. The green hay becomes hotter and hotter until it bursts into flame. Often the fire will smolder for many days in the heart of a haymow before it breaks through to the surface, and then rapidly consumes the entire barn. Many mysterious barn fires have been caused by spontaneous combustion of hay. Other barn fires result from other circumstances—small boys smoking in the haymow, short circuiting of electrical wires, lightning.

Farm prices affected the fate of many Wisconsin barns. Thousands of the immigrants who moved into the cutover areas of northern Wisconsin in the late 1800s and early 1900s found themselves on marginal

agricultural land. As long as farm prices were high they could make a go of it, but as soon as prices for their produce dropped, they had insufficient margin to continue. So they left their farms, sometimes selling what they could at auction, but too often simply abandoning their land because they couldn't pay the taxes. Many of these farms became county property, and the buildings were allowed to fall down and decay after their occupants left. The Depression triggered much movement from the north. Sometimes the farmer started up again on a farm with more fertile soil; sometimes he moved to the city to try to make a living there.

World War II provided a boom for most Wisconsin farmers, and those who had made it through the Depression could now exist quite comfortably on marginal land. This was the case for many farmers who settled on the sandy soils of central Wisconsin. But after the war, when farm prices declined, another shift began to take place. When the price squeeze prevented farmers from making a satisfactory living, again farms were abandoned. These shifts were not as dramatic as those that occurred during the Depression, however. Boys who had grown up on the land left the farm when they finished high school, and often before, to find jobs in Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha, Janesville, Oshkosh, and other cities in the southern and eastern parts of the state. When farmers reached retirement age, they sold their farms to neighbors who were expanding or to land developers, who began converting the land into Christmas tree plantations or recreational retreats for urbanites.

Agricultural technology affected the fate of many barns. After World War II, farmers increasingly bought tractors and other mechanized farm equipment. The push was for larger operations—larger dairy and beef herds, greater numbers of hogs. These increases in livestock numbers required more acres for hay and feed grains. Neighbors bought out neighbors as farms grew larger. Hundreds of farmers moved off the land, and many barns were abandoned. Some were purposely burned to take them off the tax roles. Some were torn down and the lumber used for other purposes. But mostly the barns were abandoned. Traveling through the central and northern parts of the state one can easily find these old barns, most of them now decaying.

Rather than grow upward, which was what New York and many other cities did, Wisconsin cities expanded outward into the countryside. Suburban development engulfed barn after barn in Wisconsin. It continues to do so today. One summer a farm grows alfalfa, and the barn houses Holsteins; the next summer the same fields grow a crop of new homes, and the barn succumbs to a wrecking crew. The cities sprawl farther and farther into the country. Such is what Americans call progress.

# *Honeymoon Down the Yahara* *The Log Book of A Bride*

Edited by Lynne Watrous Hamel

Theo Beatrice Pickford



Ray Sprague Owen



## Wednesday, August 1

Everybody was in the front hall when I tossed my bride's bouquet over the railing—and without stopping to see the lucky one, I flew down the back stairs and out the back door to Mrs. Gulseth's.

Ray got there a few minutes before and I found him tearing around because he couldn't find his camping trousers. He wouldn't go without them and for a minute it looked as though our trip would have to be given up. But just then they were located on the back porch of the house next door—and peace reigned.

You should have seen me hurry, too! Mrs. Gulseth and Merle were pulling things off and piling them on again. In less time than it takes to write it, we were making a wild dash for the auto parked behind the house.

Levi and Roswell were keeping watch and when they spied about a dozen guests there on the corner they began yelling, "Hurry! Here come some more." If Cousin Frank Pepper had not been such a jollier, he never could have kept the young folks out of the auto and then my diary would have ended right here.

But we tumbled in: Ray, Merle and I in the back seat and Levi in the front (with his arms full of some clothing which we had not time to pack.) Mrs. Vaas made one leap which landed her in Levi's lap. Roswell jumped on behind and we were off! And the rest of the people in their astonishment merely stood there and almost forgot to throw their rice.

Before we had gone three blocks, Cousin Frank had persuaded Mrs. Vaas that the auto could carry only five. So she and Roswell graciously departed and we were off once more.

As we were spinning around Monona Bay, we saw Charley Barker and Florence Earl come out of a little grocery store with a good-size bag of rice. But we were too far away to even laugh at them.

On we went at a lively rate until we reached the Ogden boathouse. Our boat, "Old Hydro," was pushed out and our things loaded in. After hasty good-byes to Merle, Cousin Frank, and Levi, we pushed off while they threw rice at us from the pier.

It was just three-seventeen. The lake was so calm and the sky was cloudy enough to make it pleasant. Perhaps we didn't look like a bride and groom—Ray in his khaki trousers, tan shirt and shoes, and white duck hat, and I wearing last year's frock and a similar white hat. We couldn't believe that "us" was really us at last.

But there was not time to sit dreaming with a bunch of young folks liable to follow us. So Ray changed his nose glasses for spectacles and busied himself with the oars while I sat there nibbling rice and watching for enemy boats.

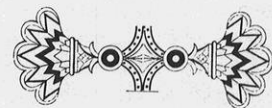
South of Winnequah we found a nice camping place and I had my first lesson in pitching a tent. By five o'clock our camp was made and the lake and beach looked good to us as we went in swimming.

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

*This is the wedding diary of Theo Pickford Owen, written in 1906, following her midsummer marriage to Ray Owen, a young University of Wisconsin civil engineering professor.*

*The Owen honeymoon—20 days down the Yahara and Rock Rivers—was inspired by and patterned after a similar excursion chronicled two decades earlier by Wisconsin historian Reuben Gold Thwaites. Thwaites' guidebook, Historic Waterways, accompanied the couple as they fled their wedding party in Madison and crossed their marital threshold through the portals of a Monona boathouse. Here they launched their skiff, "Old Hydro," and began life together, exploring the rustic romance of the Mendota watershed: down the Yahara, through Second Lake (Waubesa), First Lake (Kegonsa) and down the Rock River to Janesville.*

*The following excerpts are from Theo's honeymoon account and from Thwaites' earlier travelogue which the Owens read along the way.*



About that time we began to be hungry and remembered, to our sorrow, that we had forgotten to bring any of the "wedding breakfast" with us for supper. I rummaged around in our tin boxes but there was no bread to be found. So we dined on poached eggs, egg soup, and shredded wheat and it tasted mighty good, too.

I made a discovery tonight while I was unpacking the satchel. Ray brought with him—what do you suppose?—six neckties. On a trip like this. Six! Oh, such a man.

This has been a fine day. Not too warm and quite cloudy—except just at eleven o'clock when we were married and the sun broke through the clouds and shone so brightly. And tonight there is a beautiful moon. The end of a perfect day for us.

### Thursday, August 2

This morning we took a six o'clock swim and the water was fine. I wore a black skirt and blue suit.

We happened to see a man milking cows nearby so we got a quart to help out our breakfast. When we went to the farmhouse, the woman opened the door and a couple of chickens popped out—which sort of took our appetites away. But we had to eat so we got bread, sweet corn, potatoes, and apples. And you should have seen that bread! I made it into French toast for it was the only way we could eat the lumpy stuff.

We napped a little and then rowed to Esther Beach and surprised my family by phoning them. We bought a couple of large tomatoes and a loaf of edible bread and sailed all the way back to our camp with Ray's combination canopy and sail.

In the afternoon we went for another swim and near shore discovered a fine fish trap. It is a dandy—but what'll we do with it?

We had our first experience with rain tonight and the wind blew so hard that Ray had to get up twice to fix the tent fly. We were just dreaming again for the third time when the tinware outside made a great racket and something came kerthump up against the tent! Ray was up like a flash and discovered our neighbor's cow.

The storm had passed by then and the moon was so pretty over the water that we stayed outside and watched it for a time.

### Friday, August 3

About eleven we had everything packed, ready to leave. Ray pulled up the fish trap and found that we had made our first catch; a tiny fish which had found its way into the can overnight. He tied the trap on behind the boat, we loaded up, said good-bye to "Camp-U's" and headed for Second Lake.

The Yahara River was pretty for there were lots of water lilies and turtles sunning themselves on stumps. But it was so hot that we became more and more sunburned and I developed a toothache.

*Some suggestions to those who may wish to undertake a similar river trip may be advisable. Traveling alone will be found too dreary. None but a hermit could enjoy those long stretches of waterway, where one may float for a day without seeing man or animal on the . . . shores . . . Two persons unused to this experience would find it exceedingly lonesome after nightfall, when visions of river tramps, dissolute fishermen, and inquisitive hogs and bulls pass in review and the weakness of the little camp against such formidable odds comes to be fully recognized.*

*It would be well to carry sufficient provisions of a simple sort for the entire trip for supplies are difficult to obtain at small villages, and the quality is apt to be poor. Farmhouses can generally be depended on for eggs, butter and milk—nothing more. As to personal baggage, fly very light.*

*Be prepared to find canoeing a rough sport. There is plenty of hard work about it, a good deal of sunburn and blister . . . But if you have the true spirit of the canoeist, you will win for your pains an abundance of good air, good scenery, wholesome exercise, sound sleep, and something to think about all your life.*



Theo and Ray rest oars in their skiff, "Old Hydro."

Just before we got to Second Lake, we stopped under a railroad bridge. Ray got out the little stove and heated water for the hot water bottle and I kept it on my face for the rest of the day.

We had trouble finding a place to camp without a "No Trespassing" sign but finally landed near a border of trees on the western shore. Ray put up the hammock the first thing and put me into it and there I stayed with my toothache while he set up camp all alone. About dusk we wandered over to Mr. Williamson's farmhouse and got milk, eggs, and apples and also tried to get a little toothache medicine but they had none.

During the night Ray had a chance to prove the devoted husband all right for the water in the hot water bottle had to be heated every ten minutes, or so it seemed.

### Saturday, August 4

"Good morning, Old Tooth-in-the-Face," was the way Ray greeted me this morning and I surely looked the part. Uncomfortable? Well, I guess. But the ache was all gone and I was so happy I didn't care if I was balloon-faced.

We fed the rest of our Winnequah bread and sweet corn to the cows and pigs and after that they were so friendly we couldn't keep them away.

About ten o'clock we broke camp and rowed directly across to the outlet. The carp were jumping up all over the lake and it seemed sometimes as though they would flop into the boat.

The current was very swift at the outlet and we proceeded to run up on a big boulder. Our boat swung around and we had a time getting it off.

From now on the row was exciting for without any warning, we would run upon boulders, the boat would turn with the current, and we would back off and try again.

The river banks were swampy and bitterns rose up on our right and left. Finally the stream widened out onto Mud Lake—a most uninviting mud puddle about a mile in diameter.

We studied our map and rowed to where we thought the outlet should be. But no outlet. A big storm was coming up fast, the wind was blowing, the lightening sharp, and we were stranded in Mud Lake with no outlet.

Then we hit upon a plan of watching the way the weeds were bent under the water. This took us off to the right and, after pushing our boat through lots of reeds, we found the outlet. And weren't we happy!

When the storm broke we had just enough time to row under some overhanging branches and draw the floorcloth over the whole boat with ourselves serving as tent poles. But the rain moved on as quickly as it came and we started up again.

We were delighted to see Thwaites' "quaint, rustic foot-bridge made of rough poles, which on its high trestles stalks over a wide expanse of reedy bog like

*A long, hard pull through close-grown patches of reeds and lily-pads, encumbered by thick masses of green scum, brought us to the outlet of the lake and the head of that section of the Yahara River which is the medium through which Third Lake (Monona) pours its overflow into Second (Waubesa). The four lakes of Madison are connected by the Yahara, the chief Wisconsin tributary of the Rock. Upon the map this relationship reminds one of beads strung upon a thread.*



*By one o'clock we had reached the railway bridge at the head of Second Lake. The lake is about three miles long by a mile in breadth. The shores are here and there marshy: but as a rule they are of good firm land with occasional rocky bluffs from a dozen to twenty feet high, rising sheer from a narrow beach of gravel.*

*The Yahara connecting Second Lake with First has two entrances, a small flat willow island dividing them.*



*The eastern shore, which we skirted, is a wide, sandy beach backed by meadows. The opposite banks, two or three miles away, present more picturesque outlines. A stately swan kept us company for over a mile, just out of musket-shot. A small sandstone quarry on the southeast shore, with a lone worker, attracted our attention. There was not a human habitation in sight and it seemed odd to see a solitary man engaged in such a labor apparently so far removed from the highways of commerce.*

a giant 'stick-bug,' " as we emerged into First Lake.

Kegonsa is surely a beautiful lake but we objected to the nasty pea soup they had in it.

It didn't take us long to find a dandy camping place and get settled. Ray opened a can of baked beans and I had to sit there and watch him eat for I couldn't open my swollen mouth the width of a Boston baked bean.

### Sunday, August 5

Last night I dreamed that I married somebody else instead of Ray, and I was feeling so bad about it, for I knew I liked Ray heaps better—and then I woke up and found 23 bites on me—all in a row! Ray said he thought the animal couldn't bite fast enough so he stuck his toe nails in between times.

This being Sunday, we put on our "jovial tatters" and entertained our first callers from Madison. Later we had a grand swim and I went 20 strokes without wings. Pretty good for me.

### Monday, August 6

Ray got up this morning at five-thirty to write letters and take them to a nearby resort to be mailed in Stoughton. He then went to a farmer for provisions and returned with 13 eggs, a quart of fine blackberries, and all the onions he wanted for the sum of a quarter.

This has been a good old-fashioned rainy day and I have made the most of it by being lazy. We have had all our meals in the tent and it has been so cozy and comfortable. It is so soothing to hear the raindrops pattering down on the tent. I love it.

### Tuesday, August 7

I did my first washing today and it was such a good drying day that we got ambitious and hung all our bedding out.

There was a bunch of letters waiting for us at the resort when we went over for dinner. We certainly enjoyed them, especially the ones from Merle containing our wedding notices. I am just beginning to realize what an immense lot of "bride's letters" I have to write. My intentions were wonderfully good today but I didn't accomplish much.

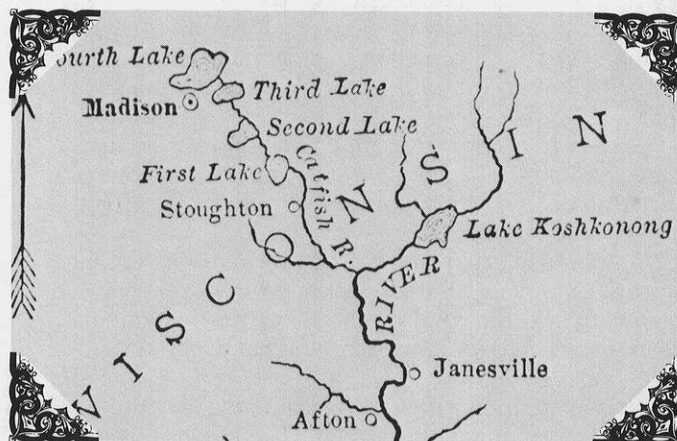
### Wednesday, August 8

About nine o'clock we broke camp, and likewise our hearts, for this good old "Surprise Camp" has been a dandy and we would have liked to stay on and on.

Kegonsa was pretty rough but we didn't take in any water even though we were rowing far out, directly across to the opposite point. From there on to the outlet there are so many pretty cottages.

The river all the way to Stoughton is very crooked and marshy. One minute we were going directly east. Then after going around a bend, we would go in exactly

*There are great and small bitterns at every view: plovers daintily picking their way over the open bogs, greedily feeding on countless snails; wild ducks in plenty, patiently waiting in the secluded bayous for the development of their young; yellow-headed troopials flitting freely about, uttering a choking, gulping cry; while the pert little wren, with his smart cock-tail, views the varied scene from his perch on a lofty rush, jealously keeping watch and ward over his ball-like castle with its secret gate, hung among the reeds below.*



This map from Thwaites' *Historic Waterways* account of the winding Yahara and Rock River trip shows the four lakes (Mendota, Monona, Waubesa and Kegonsa) "like beads strung upon a thread." Thwaites advocated changing the name of the Catfish River to the Yahara, commenting, "The map-maker who first dropped the liquid 'Yahara' (the original Winnebago name) for the rasping 'Catfish' had no soul for music." State Historical Society of Wisconsin

the opposite direction. In one place we were entirely at sea as to which way to row. But we spied an old Norwegian fisherman and he started us off right again.

I rowed all the way across Kegonsa to Stoughton and oh, my hands! Just beyond the Lutheran Home, some boys on the bridge told us Stoughton was two miles and a half away. About two minutes later a man on shore declared it was one and a half. Ray said he didn't know I was such a swift rower.

### Thursday, August 9

By eight o'clock at night we had worked our way through many rapids and two wire fences and it was getting dark. We stopped under a bridge to ask some farmers how far it was to Stebbensville. Their reply came back, "Two and a half miles—and the river gets worse." Well we couldn't reach the bank fast enough.

Ray put up our tent in an oat field while I got supper by lantern light. An old farmer came along and entertained us while we ate baked beans and hot chocolate. It was so dark we couldn't see him but he talked all the time that he wasn't spitting tobacco juice. He told us all about the Edgerton fair and couldn't understand why we hadn't gone. Said he knew we were from Madison and his tone implied that all fools were from there.

In the middle of the night, Ray got up to put a rope fence around the tent to keep some horses away. He ran down to look at the boat and was quite amazed to find that the water had risen a foot and the boat, no longer anchored between two boulders, was now almost floating free. We didn't know until later that Madison and surrounding country had had the hardest storm in years which caused the high water level.

### Friday, August 10

We were going to rest this morning but when we saw how high the water was, we decided to take advantage of it. We put on our bathing suits and headed down river, prepared for most anything.

There were wire fences galore and by night we had gone over or under 25 all told. The dam at Stebbensville was washed out and we literally slid down the hill, the water was so swift.

The scenery around the ox-bow is magnificent and the old mill makes the picture complete.

We hailed a man in an oat field and he told us Fulton was two and a half miles farther on. After we had gone a half mile, we asked some farmers and they said three and a half miles from there. We concluded it would be quicker to go backwards.

The river banks were beautiful along here—very high and wooded. Stopped in a woods long enough to eat our dinner of chipped beef in cream. Ray went into Fulton while I took a nap in the hammock, with the revolver handy, you may be sure. Ray was told in Fulton that there were fine camping places a little farther down the river so, when he returned at five o'clock, we decided to push on.

*Pushing on through a great widespread, through which the channel doubles and twists like a scotched snake, we came in sight of the little city of Stoughton. First, the water-works tower rises above the mass of trees which embower the settlement. Then, on nearer approach, through rifts in the woodland we catch glimpses of some of the best outlying residences, most of them pretty, with well-kept grounds. Then come the church spires, the ice-houses, the barge-dock, and with a spurt we sweep alongside the foundry of Mandt's wagon-works.*



*Below Stoughton the river winds along in most graceful curves, for the most part between banks from six to twenty feet high, with occasional pocket-marshes, in which the skunk-cabbage luxuriates. . . . Every half-mile or so there are genuine little rapids, some of them requiring care to successfully shoot.*



*Below Stoughton, where canoeing is seldom practiced, the cattle-owners run their fences directly across the river as a measure of economy . . . . I am afraid that had we known that twenty-one of these formidable barriers were before us, we would not have agreed on so conciliatory a campaign.*



I never in my life saw such a crooked river as the Yahara there in Fulton. It ties itself up into a regular bowknot. Why, everytime we went around a bend, we were right back in the heart of Fulton again. It took us two hours to go a distance we could have walked in 15 minutes. But it was great fun chasing around those bends at the lively rate we did.

Finally, the river widened out and ran more quietly and it was just eight o'clock when we got our first glimpse of the Rock River.

We set up camp on a point of land between the two rivers. Had piping hot bouillon for supper and it warmed us up clear through. But we were two pretty tired people when we crawled in between our damp sheets about nine-fifteen.

### **Saturday, August 11**

Ray was ambitious this morning and rowed up the Rock River to find a higher and drier camping place while I was lazy and slept until seven-thirty. He found a dandy spot just below Indian Ford.

Ray set off to get provisions at a farmhouse. There were a couple of men hanging around while he was gone that I didn't like very much so I kept the revolver right with me and, when I heard Ray's whistle, I was relieved. I ran out to meet him and you would have laughed the same as I when I saw him. He had a sack of potatoes, a dozen ears of corn, a pail of cream, a loaf of bread, and led on a cord—a little black dog. We immediately named her Topsy. Tops for short. She is a fine little dog but I don't know what we'll feed her for we never have any scraps left.

We finished the day with a fine swim down at the sand bar.

### **Sunday, August 12**

Father and Mother Owen came to visit from Footville with Cousins Frank and Etta—all loaded down with food baskets. Such a dinner that was! We had a fine, lazy afternoon, visiting and reading. At five-thirty they were off and we rode with them a half mile and walked back.

It was a glorious evening and just at sunset we rowed up to Indian Ford to see the dam.

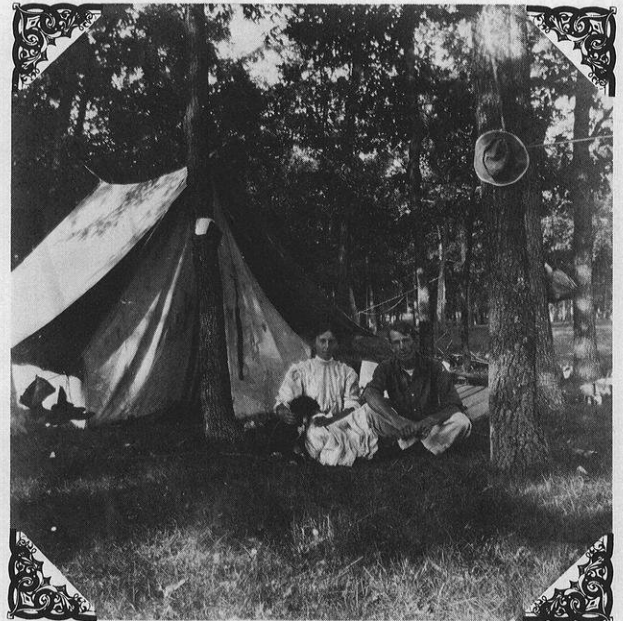
### **Monday, August 13**

Ray discovered a nice spring a quarter of a mile down river. He and Topsy rowed down there to clean it out but on the way Topsy happened to catch sight of her former playmates and, before Ray knew it, he heard a splash and Tops was swimming ashore without so much as a by-your-leave. Now we are dog-less.

### **Tuesday, August 14**

Got up early and cleared camp for company. At noon Ethel Sayre and Sara Sutherland came for lunch and

*The Rock River is nearly a quarter of a mile wide at this point, and comes down with a majestic sweep from the north. The banks of the river at and below the Yahara are quite imposing, rising into a succession of graceful, round-topped mounds, from fifty to one hundred feet high, and finely wooded except where cleared for pasture or as the site of farm-buildings.*



Photos from the author's scrapbook

**The cozy and comfortable little rag house shelters the pair admirably.**

at four we left for their house, Ethel and Ray in one rig and Sara and I in the other.

They live a mile on the other side of Fulton in a beautiful, old house. It is a typical, old country house, white with green blinds and a large yard full of all colors of Sweet William. But the crowning touch was Ethel's grandmother. Imagine this old, old-fashioned lady, sitting in an old-fashioned chair, on the porch of an old-fashioned house, surrounded by Sweet William, and listen while she tells you about the Indians—and you will be charmed as we were. After supper, Sara took us over to her grandfather's home and he told us to go into his blackberry "orchard" and help ourselves. There were rows and rows of bushes and all of them loaded with fruit.

### Wednesday, August 15

The river banks here are high and beautifully wooded. We love our "Seven Oaks" camp and have decided to stay here longer and row only as far as Janesville rather than Rockford.

### Thursday, August 16

This afternoon we rowed down the river about a half mile to see the Indian mounds that Mr. Sayre told us about. On the way back Ray caught a *FISH*. We don't know how it "happened to happen."

### Friday, August 17

In the night I thought I heard some strange noises and got Ray up to check. He stepped outside the tent and was so quiet for a few moments that I was beginning to get scared. Then he called to me to come out. I was startled, for right up out of the darkness were two round balls of fire! It looked spooky enough though it turned out to be only phosphorescence in an old stump.

### Monday, August 20

We certainly broke all records this morning by getting up at four-thirty. The weather was fair as we pushed off for Janesville.

"Seven Oaks" has been the nicest camp of all. We cannot stay longer for it is nearing September but we are already planning to come back sometime.

Right on the edge of Janesville we ran across a solitary, lightning-struck tree on the river bank and landed to eat our lunch. We rested a bit, then pushed on until we came to the dam.

Ray went ashore to find a dray wagon and, just at that instant, one rumbled around the corner. It only took a few minutes to unload and load up again. Before we could realize how lucky we were, we had reached the freight depot. An hour later and everything was tied up and labelled with the freight bill made out.

And now, with Old Hydro and our little rag house headed toward Madison, "The Log Book of a Bride" is ended. But not the memories of the trip.

*. . . we were glad to be on our way once more, paddling past palisades and fields and meadows, reaching prosperous Janesville, on her rolling prairie . . .*



The idyll is over; the honeymoon craft is heaved from its element onto a dray wagon.

### EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

*In 1911, Ray and Theo Owen built Bungalowen, a sprawling cottage on Squaw Bay in Monona, directly across from their first camp site. They lived here until Ray's death in 1967. Theo, 96, is now living at the Attic Angels Nursing Home in Madison.*

*Lynne Hamel is currently Cultural Affairs Coordinator of Dane County. She is the author of "A Taste of Old Madison," published in 1975. Her husband, David, is one of 11 grandchildren of Theo and Ray Owen.*

# Poems by Ray Smith

*Ray Smith, who lives in Superior, is a visiting lecturer in English at the University of Minnesota-Duluth, after five years as librarian of the Superior Public Library.*

## CULTIVATING

I watch from a one-row cultivator seat  
behind two dragfoot horses  
tiny cornstalks flow through furrowing blades,  
their loam wake covering sheared weeds;  
at row-end lever up the curved steel shoes,  
rein the team tight to the new row,  
and pause. My small cousin  
bobs through the field ditch with morning coffee  
and freshbaked rolls. Among long ditchside clover  
while she inspects the resting horses  
I kneel, drink, and look up at blue air  
height into height where a steady light swims.

## HUCK FINN

Timber catches at the sandbars,  
works in the current and floats free.  
And summer storm burst,  
its thunder on darkening water  
like bounding tumbling barrels—  
The river waif is absent  
and anyhow school didn't keep,  
but make-believe has won:  
the drifting river spelled by him.

## ANNIVERSARY SONG FOR M

Those childhood-rooted trees  
move toward me and the horn of light  
funnels to the west.  
Clouds remote as Eden once  
tear their gauze of nothing at my face.  
And I must bear  
and burn  
reborn through you to bless.

## A COAT

I cut from cloth of breath,  
sew in and out of time  
a coat to last me out,  
to wear no worse than flesh,  
and patch my only coat  
when age and agues come.

Wisconsin has three statewide systems of public education—the Department of Public Instruction, the University of Wisconsin system, and the Wisconsin Vocational, Technical, and Adult Education system. The first two are well understood; the third system is not.

## Wisconsin's Vocational Schools Meet Many Needs

by Linda Taylor

"Those who can, do . . . those who can't, . . . go to vocational school."

"Can't hack college? Try the vocational school."

"Wisconsin has really good schools. There are vocational training schools, too . . . Don't know quite how they fit in . . ."

Well, this is about these myths and those vocational training schools and how they fit in.

The Department of Public Instruction has primary responsibility for the education of all youth under age 18, or to the completion of high school. This responsibility includes, but is not limited to, the development of comprehensive high schools with opportunities in pre-vocational and capstone (extensive senior year) programs in order that the needs of all students may be met.

According to their Mission Statement, the University of Wisconsin system "has a broad mission of instruction, research, and public service in the disciplines and professions traditionally associated with higher education. This mission

necessarily includes programing in vocational and occupational areas. However, in these areas the UW system's orientation is that of offering programs leading to a baccalaureate or higher degree."

The mission of the Wisconsin vocation, technical, and adult education system (VTAE) as set out in the Wisconsin statutes, is equally clear. "The board shall be responsible for the initiation, development, maintenance, and supervision of programs with specific occupational orientations below the baccalaureate level, including terminal associate degrees, training of apprentices, and adult education below the professional level."

There you have the missions of three distinct public educational systems in Wisconsin. Why is the VTAE system the least understood? Any single system which trains high school students on a contractual basis, offers related instruction to apprentices around the state, has vocational diploma and associate degree programs, supplies retraining and upgrading to persons

in the job market, and makes available continuing education for all Wisconsinites is bound to be misunderstood. But many people know more than they think they know about VTAE—they've just never put it all together.

### Who benefits from VTAE?

Maybe you have a neighbor who lost a job, and, through a Comprehensive Employment Training Act (CETA) program, went back to school to learn new job skills. Those skills were offered through the VTAE system. Maybe you know someone who didn't complete high school and, years later, decided to finish. Chances are they enrolled in a local vocational, technical, and adult education school to brush up on their knowledge of the basics and to prepare for the high school equivalence exam. Their diploma would have been awarded by the local high school, but VTAE was there, helping to prepare them.

Maybe your child is interested in a career in biomedical electronics and just found out from a high

school counselor that education for that career is available in Wisconsin. It's available through a vocational, technical, and adult education school. These schools are located around the state and each is a semiautonomous body. The philosophy of the system, as stated in the Plan for VTAE Services to Wisconsin through 1980, guarantees that.

"The vocational, technical, and adult education system is dedicated to meeting the occupational training needs of the people of Wisconsin through educational offerings and services developed and implemented by local districts. These offerings are designed to assist people in preparing to enter the labor market, upgrading skills to retain or advance in their present occupations, and/or retraining for new occupations in accord with personal goals or changing technology.

"In their efforts to provide comprehensive, high-quality educational offerings which are appropriate to the needs, interests, and abilities of students and pertinent to labor market needs, the districts are provided consultation, coordination, and support services by the state board staff."

While this philosophy of local autonomy assures that the training offered is appropriate to the needs of the area's economy, it also engenders a feeling of diversity that's hard to tie together. The realization that schools with names like Madison Area Technical College, Nicolet College and Technical Institute, and VTAE District One (Eau Claire) are part of the same system comes as a surprise to many.

Perhaps the best way to understand the system is to take a historical look at it and its evolution in the state.

### The system viewed historically

Wisconsin's future prosperity depends on "the patience and hard-working qualities and intelligence of her people. Her future greatest resource must be the superior intel-

ligence of individuals in their various vocations. Changing as we are from an almost exclusively agricultural into a manufacturing and agricultural state, we must provide education adapted to both agriculture and manufacture."

This was the finding of the 1909 Wisconsin Legislative Joint Interim Committee appointed to investigate the need for, and provision of, vocational education in Wisconsin. Today, the employment situation is still in a constant state of change; emerging technologies require new and updated skills. The Wisconsin vocational, technical, and adult education system has drawn on the "hard-working qualities and intelligence" of the state's population to meet the needs of business and

industry for a well-trained workforce.

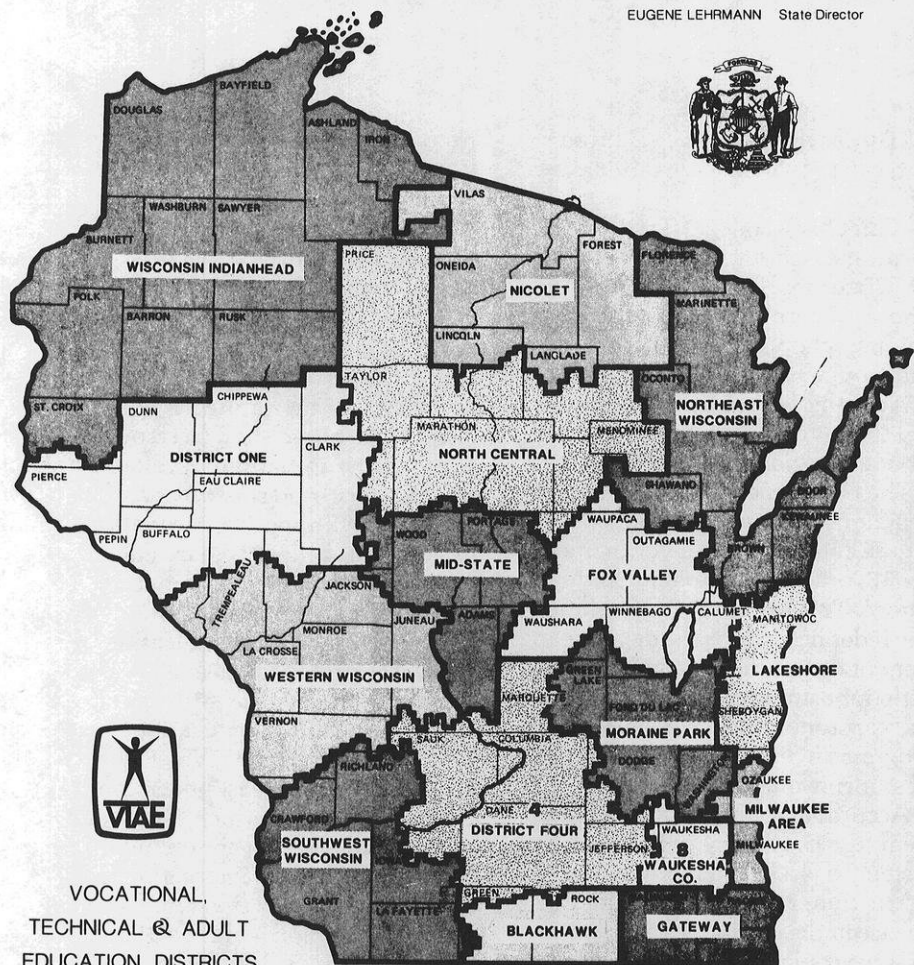
Sixteen vocational, technical, and adult education districts exist to meet ever-changing statewide and local employment demands (see map). Each district is supported by state and federal funds, as well as local property taxes and user fees. The local property tax support, set within limits defined by statute, guarantees a primary responsiveness to local needs by each district.

Last year, 254 programs were offered in the 16 districts. Of these, 103 were associate degree programs, 151 were one- or two-year vocational diploma and short-term certificate programs. In addition, non-state-aidable courses were offered throughout the state at

## State of Wisconsin

### BOARD OF VOCATIONAL, TECHNICAL & ADULT EDUCATION

EUGENE LEHRMANN State Director



VOCATIONAL,  
TECHNICAL & ADULT  
EDUCATION DISTRICTS

Approved for Operation July 1, 1973

district option to fulfill the avocational interest of each district's population.

What happened in between? What came between the legislative recommendation and today's burgeoning system? The 68 intervening years saw several modifications of the original plan, all remaining within the intent set forth by that first concern to "provide education adapted to both agriculture and manufacture."

In 1911, the State Board of Industrial Education was created to pull together previously-existing but scattered efforts at training schools. "The industrial education need of this state is not going to be supplied by the establishment of trade schools here and there in cities which can afford them; but a complete system adapted to the whole state, meeting the needs of people in the smallest village as well as the largest cities, must be installed or else the problem will not be solved," the Joint Legislative Committee reported. To this end the Board was established, requiring local boards of industrial education to be set up, at least in those municipalities with a population of 5000, to maintain industrial, commercial, continuation, and evening schools and provide state aids for such schools. Out-of-school employed youth, aged 14 to 16, were required to attend the continuation schools five hours per week, six months per year.

In 1917, the administering agency became known as the State Board of Vocational Education, and it was named as the Wisconsin agency responsible for cooperating with the federal government in providing educational services mandated under the Smith-Hughes Act. School attendance quotas increased to cover employed youth 14 to 17 years of age, requiring them to attend eight hours per week for eight months of the year.

In 1937, this agency became the Board of Vocational and Adult Education. By that time, attendance requirements had increased to include full-time attendance of all



Photo from the Wisconsin VTAE Board

**Students studying to become operating room assistants—a one-year diploma program—practice with a dummy patient.**

youth up to age 18, unless they were indentured or employed on a permit. Post-secondary vocational training blossomed during the 1930s; the depression made unemployed workers available for training in large numbers and training stations were opened around the state.

**State districts formed**

Finally, action of the 1961 session of the legislature authorized local vocational and adult education boards to grant associate degrees, with state board approval, to students completing appropriate two-year, technical-level, post-high school instruction in courses meeting state board standards. Not until 1965 was the board officially named the Board of Vocational, Technical, and Adult Education, and the full districting

of the state required. Districts were formed, under law, by July 1, 1970; the 1971 legislative session finally adopted the current mission of the system and set many of the administrative boundaries within which the system now operates.

Today, Wisconsin's VTAE system has programs for nearly every interest. The aspiring butcher in Fennimore and the student with hopes of entering the field of biomedical electronics in Milwaukee will both find training available. Welding programs are offered statewide—often with a local "flavor"; Sturgeon Bay, for example, ties it in with ship-building. Home economics programs range from food equipment specialist training to child care to consumer education. And so it goes—each discipline opening new vistas of career training possibilities.

## Employment means success

Education by itself isn't the end of of the road for the vocational, technical, and adult education system. This is an educational system that prides itself on training people for jobs, and employment of graduates is the test of its success.

Each year, a follow-up study is conducted on students leaving the system to determine the reason for their leaving, and their next step after they leave school. The most recent follow-up study, completed in the spring of 1977, was on students who were enrolled in 1975-76.

Of the associate degree program graduates who responded to the survey, 93 percent of those indicating availability for work are employed, with 78 percent of that group in a field directly related to their training; 5.5 percent of those responding said they were unavailable for work for a variety of reasons.

Two-year vocational diploma graduates also showed a 95 percent employment of those available with 81 percent employed in their field; five percent were unavailable for work. One-year vocational diploma graduates had 92 percent employment of those available with 75 percent employed in the field; eight percent were unavailable for work.

Associate degree graduates working full time in positions related to their training had an average monthly salary of \$731; two-year vocational diploma graduates, \$717; one-year vocational diploma graduates, \$628.

Graduates in the technical areas had the highest average monthly salary, averaging \$811.

The myths have been debunked. Vocational schools aren't a poor second choice for "those who can't." They aren't for the student who "can't hack college." And they are an arm of the Wisconsin public education system, co-existing and cooperating with the Department of Public Instruction and the

University of Wisconsin system, carrying its own weight, and living up to its own mission.

Education geared to the changing profile of Wisconsin's population has always been the aim of the vocational, technical, and adult education system. It was so in 1909, and it still is in 1977. And as long as Wisconsin holds the philosophy that the state's "greatest resource must be the superior

intelligence of individuals in their various vocations," it seems likely to remain so.

---

*Linda Taylor is currently director of public information at the Easter Seal Society. Previously she served as publications coordinator with the Wisconsin VTAE Board.*

---

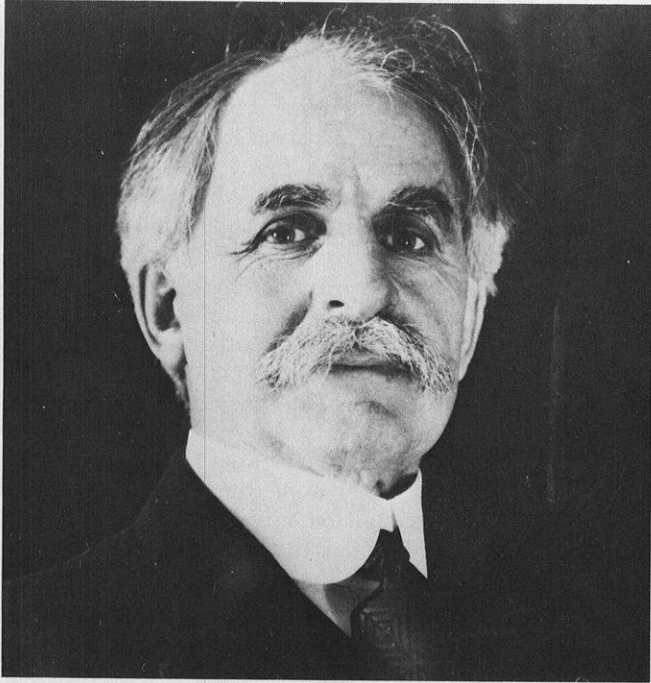
## VANDALISM AT VILAS

(Someone has knocked the head off of the little boy  
of the fountain on the Indian Mounds)

I remember you—you had a gentle look  
With a little secret, contented half-smile,  
As you poured water from your shell.  
Your play went on—in the moonlight  
Under the prick of stars—in the dawns  
When the sky was banded in pinks—  
Through all the lovely summer days.  
Winter playfully filled your shell  
Sometimes snow—sometimes ice.  
I remember the morning I found you like this,  
Who was so bereft of companionship  
They stole your gentleness for themselves?

—Margaret Lee

by Kathryn Whitford



Hamlin Garland.

## HAMLIN GARLAND'S FRUSTRATED CAREER AS A DRAMATIST

If Wisconsin-born Hamlin Garland had been able to shape his career as he chose, he would probably be remembered today as a dramatist rather than as the author of stories and novels about life on the Middle Border—a name he coined for the region now known as the Upper Midwest. Such an ambition must have been uncommon in the coulee country north of La Crosse when Garland was a boy; for in the 1860s the circus rather than the theater was the high point of small town entertainment. Years later when he wrote *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley*, Garland credited the grace and assurance of a bareback rider with first rousing Rose's aesthetic sense. Garland, too, attended the circus, which may have contributed to his enduring love of spectacle, but his respect for the power of spoken words was apparently awakened at home. He recorded proudly that his father, Richard Garland, while a young man in Boston, had listened to the oratory of Wendell Phillips and had seen Edwin Forrest perform in Boston theaters.

Although Richard Garland can have had little

opportunity to indulge in theater on the frontiers of Wisconsin, Iowa, and South Dakota to which he successively moved his family, he apparently transmitted his interest to both his sons. Frank, the younger of the two Garland boys, became an actor, although never a successful one, and Hamlin maintained a passionate interest in theater all his life. He attended plays, reviewed plays, read plays, and wrote plays, but despite his efforts he never achieved the dramatic success for which he longed.

Although his literary reputation rests primarily upon the collection of stories entitled *Main Travelled Roads* (1891) and his autobiographical *A Son of the Middle Border* (1917) his first extensive literary effort was "Under the Wheel" (1890), a play. In the last years of his life, when he had given up serious play writing, he coupled writing reminiscences with a series of lecture-performances combining readings with songs and stories of the middle western frontier. He was supported in such lecture tours by his daughters



Constance and Mary Isabel, together with other performers as they were required. Such appearances seem to have gratified not only Hamlin Garland's thirst for public recognition, but his pleasure in theater.

Garland came to the theater by the route of oratory, which may at least in part explain his preoccupation with drama as a vehicle for ideas and social reform. Oratory was a respectable and respected art in the 19th century. Young Hamlin heard speeches from local politicians and visiting dignitaries in the community school which served as a center for social and political activity. He practiced the same art in the same school-house. Textbooks of the day included numerous famous, usually patriotic, speeches, many of which students were expected to memorize. School exhibitions required that students recite such speeches, with appropriate gestures, before audiences of admiring relatives and neighbors. Oratory therefore not only familiarized students with the high issues of a previous day but also became a child's earliest opportunity to achieve public recognition.

---

**He attended plays, reviewed plays, read plays, and wrote plays, but despite his efforts he never achieved the dramatic success for which he longed.**

---

The pattern of oratorical readings and public exhibitions continued in the years Garland spent at Cedar Valley Seminary in Osage, Iowa. Here he also came to know an amateur acting group, largely young people drawn from the academy and community.

When the Garland family moved from Iowa to South Dakota in 1881 to homestead wheat land, Hamlin Garland seized the opportunity to stake a claim of his own. The sale of this claim provided the funds with which he went to Boston and at 21 made good his escape from frontier farming. In Boston he enrolled in Moses True Brown's Boston School of Oratory where, when his money ran out, Moses Brown helped the young man by employing him as a teacher and by finding him speaking engagements.

On his own initiative, Garland became active in the single tax movement in Boston, both attending and addressing single tax meetings. He had first read Henry George, a leading proponent of the single tax, in South Dakota. Garland had published poetry and stories of the Middle Border and now merged his interests by writing "Under the Wheel." This drama, laid in South Dakota, attempted to illustrate the need of settlers on the great plains for protection from the rapaciousness of land speculators. It has been generally regarded as a plea for the single tax but that element enters the plot only because Jason Edwards, a Boston laborer who has gone west to take up land and begin a new life, buys land from the railroad rather than homesteading farther from town. Garland apparently read the play to a single tax gathering, and then submitted it to B.O.

Flower, editor of the *Arena*, who published it in July 1890. It was republished the same year from the *Arena* plates by the Barta Press and sold for 25 cents.

Little is known of the development of the manuscript. A speech between Alice Edwards and Reeves appears in Garland's notebook of 1889 and there are some undated fragments from about the same time. Alice Edwards, intelligent and independent, provides a link between the play and the stories Garland was writing and publishing during the same years. On the one hand she and her mother represent cultivated women burdened by the hardships of farm life. On the other hand Alice is the first of a line of capable women created by Garland in books like *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley* (1895) and *A Spoil of Office* (1892).

Garland obviously hoped that "Under the Wheel" would find a producer. When none came forward, he rewrote the drama as his first novel, *Jason Edwards, an Average Man*, published by the Arena Company in 1892. The story is essentially the same in both versions. Jason Edwards moves his family from a Boston tenement to a Dakota wheat farm in an attempt to achieve financial security. After much toil he is on the verge of clearing up his debts and being a free man when his wheat crop is destroyed by hail. Jason falls to the ground with a stroke and, together with the farm, becomes the care of the women. In a number of ways the play is a more satisfactory literary production than the novel. Despite its sometimes awkward dialogue, it is spare and stark where the novel is often diffuse. The ending of the play is superb drama; the curtain falls on the prostrate Edwards and his despairing family.

Garland's second major drama was "A Member of the Third House" (1892), based upon a scandal in the Massachusetts legislature. The persons, places, and events were presented under the thinnest of disguises so that when it was offered to Flower of the *Arena* he insisted that it be submitted to the scrutiny of the state attorney general to guard against libel suits. There is no record of the attorney general's opinion but Flower did not publish it. Instead Garland rented Chickering Hall in Boston and gave a reading of the play on October 30, 1890.

No manuscript of "A Member of the Third House" exists. Garland apparently modified the play for his public reading but he immediately thereafter adapted it, too, as a novel, one which seems to incorporate many pages lifted intact from the play itself. These scenes are almost invariably the best parts of the novel, particularly a dramatic courtroom scene.

"Miller of Boscobel" was Garland's third major attempt at drama. This play raised anew Garland's hopes of becoming a recognized play-wright, for it had a producer and was, in fact, presented three times: in Madison, in Appleton, and in Chicago. Ironically, this play remains unpublished and almost unknown. The only surviving manuscript, together with four fragments of earlier drafts and one actor's script, is

owned by the University of Southern California Library.

"Miller of Boscobel" is Garland's attempt to present realistically the problems of labor and capital at the turn of the century. Jay Miller, once a theology student from Boscobel, Wisconsin, is now Jay Miller, the labor organizer. In a plot which draws many of its details from the homestead strike near Pittsburg in 1892 Miller appears in fictitious Marvinsburg at a time when labor and capital are arrayed against each other. The Employers Trust, headed by General Marvin, has resorted to a lockout to break the nascent labor unions. Miller visits Mrs. Warner, widowed owner of the mills not aligned with Marvin and the trust. She declares her determination to defy the trust and run her mills on Christian principles. In the course of the interview she and Jay also recognize each other as having been childhood sweethearts long ago in the idyllic atmosphere of Boscobel.

In the second act, Miller's control of the workers is challenged by a more militant organizer who demands that Mrs. Warner operate a closed shop. Miller reluctantly opposes Mrs. Warner and speaks for the labor view, after which Mrs. Warner addresses her workers. Despite her plea the workmen file out of her mills to strike for the closed shop and Mrs. Warner is left alone to close down the mills.

The third act, which takes place about five days later, is laid in General Marvin's office where the National Guard has made their headquarters. Miller has been missing and is brought in as the action opens. He has been drugged, then found and cared for by Mrs. Warner's foreman and the foreman's niece. During the interview a young woman walks into the room concealing a bomb in a roll of music from which smoke slowly curls. She is the anarchist Sarah Schmidt. Acting promptly, Miller pushes her through the door to an adjoining room just as the bomb explodes. Both Sarah and Miller are killed by the explosion and the play comes to its conclusion having raised, but not resolved, a multitude of questions about the relationship of labor and capital, employee and employer.

There is reason, however, to believe that although the surviving manuscript culminates in Miller's death, the ending was changed for the performance of the play. The actor's script which survives, although for a minor part, follows the manuscript version exactly up to the last few lines, at which point it indicates a triumphant reconciliation of General Marvin with someone on the stage. The only logical person is Miller. The Burns Mantle review of the Chicago performance says that it ends with a "vision of great souls united." No review alludes to the play as a tragedy. Therefore it seems probable that, in a last minute alteration, Miller was permitted to live and perhaps to achieve labor's objective by the device of saving the mill owner's life.

Such a change in the ending could only have been made with Garland's concurrence. The play was scheduled to open in Madison on Friday, January 29,

1909. Garland's diaries reveal that he was present for the rehearsals in Chicago on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of that week. On Thursday he preceded the company to Madison where he was scheduled to speak at the University on a topic unrelated to the play. Then on Friday the company arrived just ahead of a blizzard. As a consequence the performance was given to a house only about one third full. Interviewed the next day before he started for Appleton, Garland hoped that his play would become another "Man of the Hour," a drama based on Octave Thanet's novel of the same name, which was playing to enthusiastic audiences at the McVickers Theater in Chicago even as Garland struggled through the snow to attend the first performance of his play.

---

**One has only to scan a file of old newspapers to realize that there were many worse dramas than Garland's playing successfully in towns across the land.**

---

Appleton was prepared to give a major reception to "Miller of Boscobel." The play was well publicized and advertisements had appeared a week before the performance for 100 extras to march in the ranks of labor. Because of the same snowstorm that had almost immobilized Madison, trains were delayed. The company was late in arriving but the audience waited and the play was performed for the second time.

The third performance took place in Fullerton Hall, Chicago, on February 3. The theater was small and the stage not much more than a bare platform where there could be no opportunity for 100 extras. Nevertheless, this time the theater was crowded and people had to be turned away. Two tepid reviews appeared the following day and, although the producer apparently talked of further performances, there is no evidence that the play was ever again produced. In fact it was nearly the end of Garland's play writing. At this point he had one play in print, two novels derived from plays and one play that had been produced but never printed. He summed up the experience some years after the event: "This whole play-writing episode has been a foolish waste of time. I wonder that I allowed myself to be drawn into it."

But these plays were only his more successful efforts. The play-writing impulse had been strong. Among the holdings of the University of Southern California are fragments of other plays, many based on his own novels and stories: "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," "Cavanagh, Forest Ranger," "Fall River," "The Girl in the Gingham Sunbonnet," "Hesper," "Love or the Law," "The McTurgs," "Mr. Howells' A Modern Instance, dramatized by Hamlin Garland," "The Outlaw of Blizzard Basin," "The Rise of Boom Town," "Up the Cooley," "Tregurtha, a modern play," and a few others. The sheer number of titles testifies to the

strength of his desire to be a playwright. Why then did he not succeed?

One has only to scan a file of old newspapers to realize that there were many worse dramas than Garland's playing successfully in towns across the land. In February, when "Miller of Boscobel" was produced, the *Chicago Tribune* advertised "The Renegade," "The Newlyweds and Their Baby," "A Broken Idol," "The Cowboy and the Squaw," and "No Mother to Guide Her." The very titles of such works suggest the melodrama, farce, and sentiment of which these ephemeral stage offerings were compounded. Two others, "The Man of the Hour" and Zangwill's, "The Melting Pot," were more nearly comparable to Garland's play in seriousness of purpose. In fact, "The Man of the Hour" was also a play about labor problems, but there much of the resemblance ends. Labor receives short shrift as the young hero arrives at the 11th hour to foil the dastardly strike leaders, put out the fire in the mills, and thus become the man of the hour and wed his childhood sweetheart. Garland's play, by comparison,

attempted serious portrayals of rascally labor leaders and honest ones, of a ruthless mill owner and a compassionate one. The strike was treated as an economic, not a moral issue.

Israel Zangwill's immensely successful "The Melting Pot" popularized the view of America as a gigantic pot in which immigrants would lose their ethnic identity. At the conclusion a Russian noblewoman marries a Jewish violinist and the Irish Catholic maid has begun to repeat Yiddish catch phrases, all to demonstrate the capacity of America to homogenize all races and cultures. Interlarded as it was with patriotic speeches, that plot fixed the melting pot image firmly in the American imagination.

Garland's seriousness of purpose was a disadvantage to him because it made him unwilling or unable to

**A program from one of the performances by Hamlin Garland and his daughter which helped assuage his theatrical frustrations.**

Photos from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin

## MEMORIES OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

### *A Lecture Reading*

by

Hamlin Garland and His Daughter

Mary Isabel

### *A Program of Selections from*

Main Travelled Roads

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

Boylife on the Prairie

A Son of the Middle Border

A Daughter of the Middle Border

The Book of The American Indian

And other of Mr. Garland's books

*For Dates and Terms Address*

THE LEE KEEDICK LECTURE BUREAU

437 Fifth Avenue : : : New York City



Photo by Foley

MARY ISABEL GARLAND

As she appears in her reading "The Fairy-land of Childhood," a chapter from her father's book A DAUGHTER OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. The gown is one worn by her mother in the 90s.

simplify issues by presenting them in black and white terms. He seized and attempted to dramatize major social problems of his day: corruption in office, labor unrest, the changing role of women, the plight of the American Indian, and populism. Such concerns posed problems which defied easy solutions and, in fact, have not even now been laid to rest. His plays, despite their somewhat bookish dialogue, successfully presented the problems. They embroiled believable characters in increasingly dramatic confrontations with situations beyond their control. For that reason Garland could find no way to end the dramas satisfactorily for popular audiences. In consequence the three completed dramas each ends tragically. Edwards is struck down by rage and disappointment when the clouds which promised rain bring hail instead. The chief character in "A Member of the Third House" commits suicide and Miller is destroyed by Sarah Schmidt's bomb. Of the three characters, only Davis of "A Member of the Third House" bears any moral responsibility for the deeds which destroy him. We know by the surviving fragments and his diary entries that Garland wrote and rewrote the final act of "Miller of Boscobel" and that he was never entirely satisfied either by Miller's death or by the "vision of great souls united."

---

**It may have been failure of nerve or it may have been a failure of imagination which made it impossible for Garland to provide endings which were neither sentimental nor melodramatic.**

---

Garland had read Ibsen and Strindberg but he was making his living by writing in the United States. When the popular playwrights, the Hernes, could not find a Boston theater willing to produce their mildly shocking play, "Margaret Fleming," Garland had encouraged them to hire a theater and undertake the production themselves. The resulting financial disaster must have convinced him that, except for a few productions in major cities, there was no audience for naturalistic theater in America. Indeed his own commitment was not to naturalism but to realism, which does not lend itself readily to dramatic effects. Garland, despite his acquaintance with European dramatists, was unable to imitate their successes. It may have been failure of nerve or it may have been a failure of imagination which made it impossible for Garland to provide endings which were neither sentimental nor melodramatic. Dr. Jane Earley, of Mankato State University, offers still a third explanation in her unpublished dissertation on "Miller of Boscobel":

He was a man out of step with time. He tried to turn his back on the melodrama that was commonly staged in the late nineteenth century, but he did not know how to achieve the results he wanted. If he had followed the dictates of the popular theater of his day he would have rounded out act II of "Miller of

Boscobel" and offered a tidy solution. If he had lived twenty or thirty years later, he would have realized that the play need not have an "ending," that the action could simply be stopped, in what is commonly called "a slice of life" presentation. What haunted Garland for so long about the third act of his play was undoubtedly how to end it and not misrepresent reality.

Garland learned and applied the "slice of life" technique to the most successful of his short stories, such as "Mrs. Ripley's Trip," "Up the Cooley," and "The Return of a Private." The short story in America in the 1890s still hovered somewhere between the tale, the sketch, and the firmly plotted story. The novel, and particularly the turn of the century popular novel, imposed greater exactions in the way of love story, plot resolution, and happy ending. Garland's most successful novel, *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley*, could meet the demand because the problem was the plight of a liberated woman and the solution was a successful marriage with a man who respected her abilities. The requirements of American popular drama were at least as rigid as those of the popular novel. The average American playgoer wanted neat solutions within a readily acceptable moral framework, as evidenced by the plots of "The Man of the Hour" and "The Melting Pot." The criticism leveled by the *Wisconsin State Journal* at "Miller of Boscobel" on the morning of January 30 was that Garland had not made his "meaning, his lesson, definite so that every theatergoer would carry away with him the text of a lesson learned." Under such circumstances Garland's realistic approach to social drama was doomed from the beginning. He could develop the problems but he could not provide realistic solutions. He could and did sometimes provide happy endings to the love stories but since the love stories were not central to the themes of most of his dramas or novels, they could not compensate for the lack of "a lesson learned."

Garland's major success came with his Pulitzer Prize winning autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border*, and thereafter his books were chiefly biographical and autobiographical. Autobiography, by its very nature, was not subject to the demand for happy endings and tidy moral solutions. At the same time his mounting literary reputation brought him invitations to lecture. He became the spokesman for the Middle Border and its history. By combining folk music and dramatic scenes of his own composition with explanatory lectures he recreated the life—which seemed increasingly dramatic as it receded in time—that his parents and their contemporaries had lived. These performances, drawn from his recollections of his youth, took him back to the roots of his enthusiasm for drama. They apparently assuaged his theatrical ambitions.

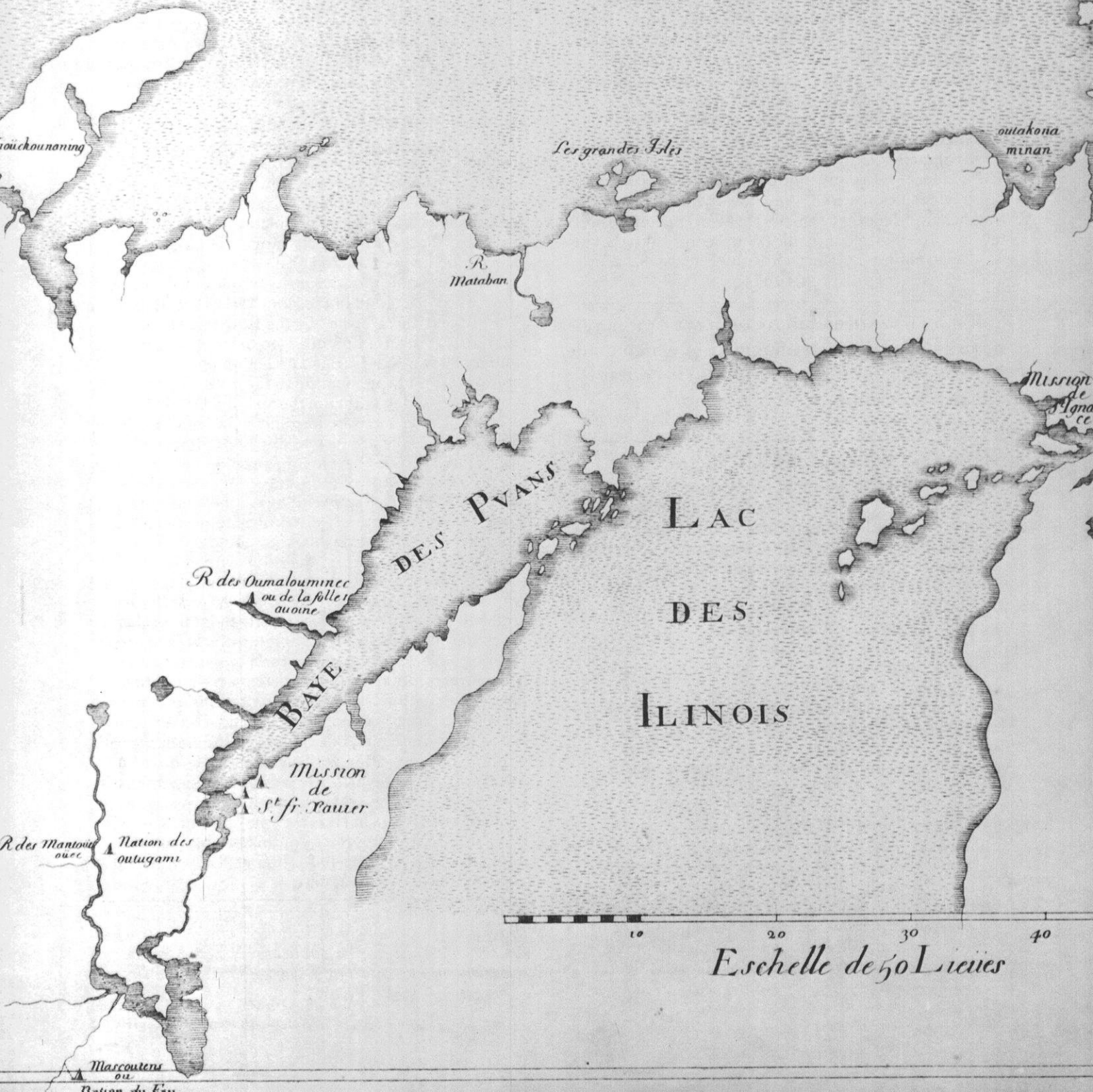
---

*Kathryn Whitford is a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, where she teaches American literature. Her publications include three scholarly articles on Hamlin Garland and his work.*

OV

TRACY

SUPERIEUR



A Jesuit map, dated 1671, shows the early form of several Wisconsin place names. *Oumaloumines*, meaning "the wild-oats nation," was the word the French gave to the Menominee.

## The Menominee Indians On the Menominee River

The Menominee Indians have left their mark on Wisconsin. Whether you cross the mile-wide Menominee River valley, which separates the north and south sides of Marinette, or travel across the state, city names such as Oshkosh, Tomah, and Menominee remind the traveler of the large area these Indians once dominated. The influence of the Menominee tribe stretches across a large portion of Wisconsin; however, this article focuses on one of their major settlements, located on the Menominee River in Marinette

County, where they lived for centuries.

Unlike some of Wisconsin's other Indian tribes, such as the Chippewa, who came in the late 17th century, or the Oneida, who came in the early 19th century, the Menominee lived on the river that bears their name long before the coming of Europeans. Robert Hruska, assistant curator of the Paine Museum in Oshkosh, and a native of the area, has reported finding, on the Michigan side of the Menominee River, artifacts that yielded carbon datings of 3000 years.

There are few early written records of the Menominee. Father Claude Allouez, a Jesuit missionary, visited Menominee villages on the west shore of Green Bay in 1671. These villages were located on the Pensaukee, Suamico, and Oconto Rivers. Allouez spent the winter of 1669-70 at a settlement about two miles up the Suamico River from its confluence with Green Bay. On May 6, 1670, he arrived at the mouth of the Menominee where he spent some time among the Indians before continuing his journey to Sault Ste. Marie. He noted that there were four villages on the river. The largest, near the mouth where the city of Marinette is now located, had an estimated population of 600; he numbered the other Menominee villages up river at 130, 100, and 300 residents.

Originally the Menominee were friendly with their neighbors. According to legend, a Chippewa chief had once married a sister of the Menominee chief. But the Chippewa, directly affected by the Iroquois wars, had been forced

by Carl Krog



*Lith. par Prat.*

*Lith. Ligny et C<sup>o</sup> rue Sallé au Centre 19.*

*Village des Folle-Avoines*  
*Quiscouin.*

westward and settled upriver, coming into conflict with the Menominee. According to a report by Allouez, the conflict, called by pioneer residents the "Sturgeon War," seriously reduced Menominee numbers.

The Sturgeon War started over a dam the Menominee had built to impede the progress of fish going upstream. The dam helped the Menominee catch sturgeon, but it virtually cut off the fish from the Chippewa. When the Chippewa sent one of their chief's sons to request that the dam be broken and the fish allowed to swim upstream, the Menominee treated him with

**This lithograph by Prat, published in "Vues et Souvenirs de l'Amerique du Nord," in 1842, pictures the French-named settlement of Folle Avoines, a typical Indian village located on the Menominee River.**

open contempt, pushing a stone into his forehead and bloodying his face. The boy returned home and the Chippewa retaliated by attacking the main Menominee village near the mouth of the river and destroying the dam. In the ensuing battle, sizeable losses were suffered by both sides, but the Chippewa won and the dam was not rebuilt. When European settlement of the area began in the middle of the 19th century, the villages were gone. Only the Indian burial mounds

remained, mute reminders to the first white settlers of the violence that had occurred at an earlier time. (In 1913, when workmen began excavating in order to repave Riverside Avenue in Marinette, they found scattered Indian bones without ornaments, suggesting that the Indians had been buried hurriedly after battle.)

The years following this battle were ones of relative peace and prosperity. Besides harvesting the abundant wild rice, which grew in

the river and the bay, the Menominee also cultivated small garden plots, tapped maples for syrup and gathered wild berries. Their settlement along the river gave them easy access to the forest north and west of the bay, where they hunted, fished, and trapped.

Into this generally peaceful and self-sufficient society came first the French, later the British, and finally the Americans. The magnet drawing these outsiders into the region was the fur trade. The first European fur trader to visit the Menominee River on the west shore of Green Bay was Nicholas Perrot, who came in the spring of 1668, two years before Father Allouez. Perrot was impressed. It was a beautiful country, he noted, where, "the peoples of the bay live in comfort." Although the settlement of Green Bay on the Fox River was to become the regional center of the fur trade, traders would still visit the Menominee River during the years that followed.

The fur traders were of French-Canadian and Indian backgrounds, with the exception of two black men from Fort Mackinac. In 1791 or

1792, these two established a post at the mouth of the Menominee River. In addition to their fur trading activities, they tried to pass themselves off as medicine men by sleight-of-hand tricks. The Menominee turned against them after several children died in an epidemic; they killed one man in his house and shot the other as he crawled out a back window.

By the beginning of the 19th century, the Menominee numbered between three and four thousand. Seventeen years later, the only remaining village, located eight miles upriver from the mouth, had 150 warriors, according to Major Matthew Irwin, an American government fur trade factor, and John Lawe, a Green Bay fur trader. Irwin kept a wary eye on the Menominee, who, fearful of American encroachments, had aided the British attack and capture of Fort Mackinac in the War of 1812. While the villagers raised

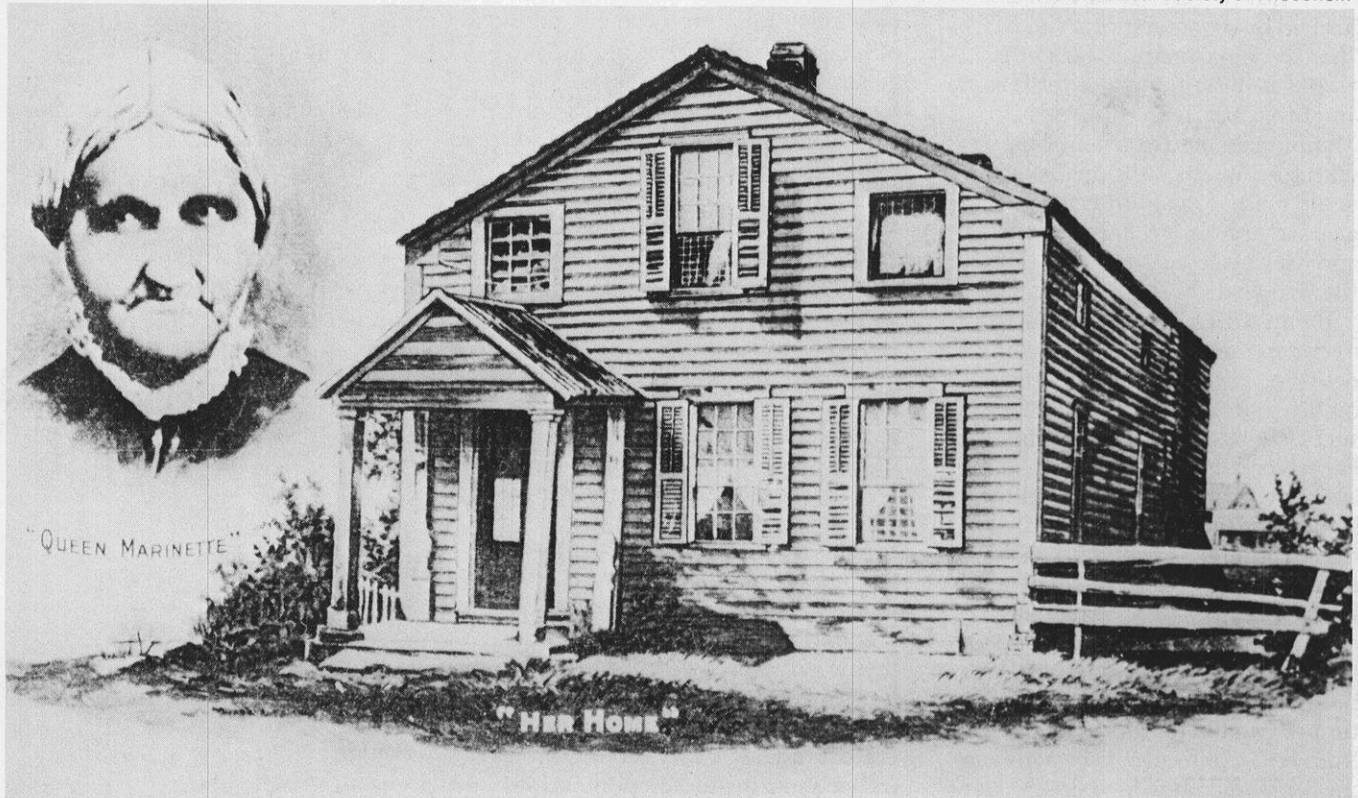
potatoes, pumpkins, squash, and corn, the major source of food at this time was still the wild rice which was so abundant that Irwin believed there was enough of it to feed thousands of Menominee for several years.

A small band of Chippewa, numbering 160 residents, including 30 to 40 warriors, lived in peace with the Menominee at the headwaters of the Menominee River, although Jedidiah Morse, who visited Green Bay in 1820, wrote in his *American Geography*: "The Menominee claim the whole of the waters of Green Bay, with its islands. On its northwest shore, and on the Fox River, they claim from the entrance of the Menominee River in length, one hundred and twenty miles southwest and north-east and in breadth sixty miles."

The first trader to live year-round on the Menominee River was Stanislaus Chappeau who came from Canada at the beginning of

Marinette's timber-framed house indicated the high position her shrewd trading and part-Indian inheritance had helped her to obtain. In 1860, "the richest woman in Marinette," owned \$1500 worth of land.

Photos from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin





the 19th century. Chappeau built and operated his trading post about a mile and a half upstream from the mouth of the Menominee River. After the American government firmly established its control over the region at the end of the War of 1812, Chappeau, like many other French-Canadians who worked for British-owned organizations, switched his employment to the American Fur Company and his allegiance to the American government.

In spite of its best efforts, the American Fur Company was unable to keep other "independent" traders out. In the early 1820s, at a time when the region had already lost many of its best fur-bearing animals, William Farnsworth, a disgruntled former clerk of the American Fur Company at Fort Mackinac, opened a trading post on the Menominee River near Chappeau's. Chappeau, consistently outmaneuvered by Farnsworth, was forced to move his post five miles upstream. Aiding Farnsworth's successful defiance of his former employer was Farnsworth's wife, Marinette Chevallier. Described by a contemporary as a "handsome woman," Marinette, who was herself one quarter French and three quarters Chippewa and Menominee, had excellent rapport with the Indians. Although she could neither read nor write, she was a sharp trader. Farnsworth and Marinette did very well during the first years of their partnership.

By the 1830s, however, due to overtrapping and too much competition, the trade was no longer highly profitable. After an unsuccessful attempt at lumbering, Farnsworth moved to Sheboygan. Marinette continued to live in the settlement on the Wisconsin side of the Menominee River, and, as its most illustrious early resident, she gave her name to the struggling community. Fur trader John Jacobs, her son by an earlier marriage, built for her the settlement's first timber-framed house in 1838. Marinette continued to be active in the fur trading business. In 1843, for

example, she made a trip to Escanaba, Michigan, 60 miles to the northeast on Green Bay, to secure pelts in an effort to outmaneuver an associate of Chappeau's. She had broadcloth, calicoes, corn, peas, and whiskey to trade. To keep the watered-down whiskey from freezing, she sat on it all the way to Escanaba. She obtained \$1800 worth of furs. Before she died in 1863, Marinette was easily the wealthiest woman in the settlement. According to the 1860 United States Manuscript Census, when she was 72, she owned \$1500 worth of land—which was later to become downtown Marinette—and \$400 worth of personal property.

Marinette was a transitional figure. When she first came to the Menominee River in the early 19th century, life had changed relatively little from the days, two centuries before, when Nicholas Perrot had visited the area. But by the end of her life, a lumbering industry was developing that would irrevocably change the appearance and economy of the region. Lacking any awe of or respect for nature, the new inhabitants envisioned millions of board feet of lumber. In one generation the white pine, which had stood for centuries, was gone. The Menominee who had lived so many generations along their ancestral river had also left the area. Following a series of treaties in the 1830s and 1840s, the Menominee gave up their land and in the early 1850s moved to the upper Wolf River, 50 miles to the west. They continued, nonetheless, to return to their former home to hunt and fish as they had for centuries.

Not all of the Menominee went west to the Wolf. At the end of the 19th century, almost half of the Indians living in Wisconsin cities lived in Marinette. Employed as seasonal laborers, they harvested cranberries in a nearby bog, made maple syrup, and worked in the lumber camps. Although it was a notorious fact that census enumerators did not always count, or fully count, the Indian population,

Indian numbers were small. Out of Marinette's Indian population of 230 in 1900, only 28 were of school age (five to 20 years). The future of the Menominee community was limited, and as the 20th century wore on, it lost its identity and numbers.

---

*Carl Krog is an associate professor of history at the University of Wisconsin Center-Marinette County.*

storm

last night I slept  
away from you  
face to the streetlight  
snow dizzying down

cold enough  
to keep my anger  
fresh until morning

symbiosis

I imagine our skins  
dusted by grains—  
fine, personal  
sand.

With each friction  
we become more  
of each other.

—Karen Stacey

# Thelma Whitson

by Charlotte Knechtges

**"I hate the farm  
and I hate the hard work  
and I want to find my own folks  
and know who I am."**

## ACADEMY REVIEW FICTION

It must have been near midnight when I woke up suddenly, in the dark room of our old house on Church Street and Slippery Avenue and started to jump out of bed. Kate grabbed me and pushed me back onto the pillow. Kate was ten to my eight that year in 1914, so I lay still. She held her hand tight over my mouth as she bent over me and hissed in my ear, "Be quiet!" I could hear voices downstairs and I knew that Kate had already taken the register off the hole in the floor that was right over the dining room coal stove. I squirmed until Kate had to let me go.

"What's the matter?" I whispered.

She took my hand and we tiptoed over to the hole and lay flat on our stomachs, with just our eyes peeping over the rim. I couldn't see anything but a couple of hands reaching out to the glow of the fire—long, narrow hands with a wide, gold wedding band, my mother's hands—but I recognized the other voice. It was Thelma's and her words came fast and loud. Her voice sounded as hard and old as the stony hills on the farm where she lived, though she was only 20. It hurt my ears so I pulled back a bit. The heat from the coal stove warmed my face but my bare feet were icy on the floor behind me. I shivered, but the harsh voice glued me to the floor.

"Who am I, Aunt Fran? Can't you tell me either?"

"Yes, you are Thelma Whitson." Our mother's voice was real low, the way you talk when you want to make the other person talk low too.

"Sure, Thelma Whitson, Thelma Whitson. Who is Thelma Whitson? Who is my mother? Who is my father? *She* threw away who I am."

"I only know that you are Thelma Whitson and that you are the foster daughter of William and Elizabeth Moore. Elizabeth Moore is a good woman and I am sure she would never purposely throw anything of yours away."

"A 'Fresh Air Kid'. That's what I am to you, too. Just another 'Fresh Air Kid.'"

Even my hot face prickled with goose pimples at the sound of her voice.

I had always thought of Thelma as Bill Moore's sister. Born or invited, it didn't matter. That's the way he always introduced her to his friends. He'd say, "This is my sister, Thelma Whitson." Thelma was a senior in high school with Bill, even if she was 20 years old and he

was only 17. Bill told me once that she was older than her classmates because she didn't start to go to school until after she came to live with them.

Bill Moore was my only country cousin. I used to love to go out to his farm in the summer. Uncle William would yank one of my long braids and say that my love for the country was a heritage from my grandfather.

Thelma Whitson was a real city girl. Bill used to say to me, "Thelma got acquainted with the farm in the wrong way. She got off to the wrong start. She came in a storm and was scared to death." I knew how bad the storms on the farm could be. The winds came sweeping down the valley between the hills and the rains turned the ground into deep mud. Bill said, "That first day she wanted to run back, away from all of us. But there wasn't any place she could run to, so she had to stay. She misses the city. She's different from you, Mollie." He thought for a while and then went on. "She doesn't understand my mother, and my mother can't understand her. They seem to hurt each other without meaning to."

Aunt Liz would get up early in the morning and start the big stove out in the summer kitchen so that she could get most of the hot baking done before the real heat of the day began. Bill would get up early too and get the wood for his mother and go out to the barn and help his dad milk, and I'd follow him. Then we'd all go into the house and eat breakfast. Thick slices of ham and fried eggs and mush and milk and apple pie or maybe fresh strawberries. Thelma never ate the eggs or drank the milk because she said that the eggs tasted like the chickenhouse smelled and the milk smelled like the dirty cows looked. Sometimes Bill and I would talk so much that he couldn't even start his pie before Uncle William would jump up and say, "Time's up, son. Clouds are beginning to pile up in the west and we've got to get that hay in." Young Bill knew better than to try to finish his pie then.

Aunt Lizzie and Thelma Whitson would wash the dishes and make the beds, and if it wasn't wash day or ironing day it would be preserving day, or some other kind of a day. Aunt Lizzie would say to me, "Everyone works on a farm. You can help Thelma today. You'll find a hoe hanging on the garden fence. After you have fed and watered the chickens, hoe the potatoes, and if you see any bugs pull them off into this old can of kerosene."

Busy, busy, busy and I loved it. As I danced ahead of Thelma on the path to the garden I loved the dust puffing up between my toes and then the cool wet grasses washing my feet clean again. I loved the hot sun hitting me between my shoulder blades and the pungent smell of the wild mustard weeds as I swished through them. Thelma always called me the "fair weather hayseed." She said she never saw me on bad days. "You can walk on sidewalks when it rains and meet your friends." I just laughed and ran on ahead of her for the fun of running.

I liked to work in the garden because there were so

many things to see. One day when I was helping Thelma thin the radishes I saw a blue bird fly past us and I called to Thelma, "Quick, Thelma, there's a piece of the sky in the cherry tree."

Thelma picked up a hard clump of dirt and threw it and laughed to see how close she came to hitting the bird in the cherry tree. So I didn't tell her when I saw the oriole, and she was looking the other way. When she stood up to stretch like that after we had been weeding, or thinning, or picking strawberries, she always seemed to face the south and stare as though she were seeing all the way to Chicago. When we bent back to our work I never talked because I knew she was far away from me.

Sometimes I would get to stay on the farm for Sunday too, and we kids would walk the two miles to church. Uncle William would say, if we asked him if we could have a ride just once, "The horses are tired and need this day of rest. You're young." Then he would hitch up the light buggy to old Nell who had been put out to pasture years ago, and he and Aunt Lizzie would wave to Thelma and Bill and me as they rode past us.

The only time I ever got a ride home from church was the day that young Bill wore his new shoes and got a blister and Uncle William saw him limping up the aisle, so he walked home and let Thelma and Bill and me ride with Aunt Lizzie.

Uncle William was kind, but he could get mad too. One winter day I was out at the farm to celebrate young Bill's birthday, and while we were eating supper, young Bill said, "Thelma and I are going to quit school next week. Too hard work with the chores and all."

Uncle William yelled "NO!", and he thumped the table with his fist so hard that the dog ran to the back door and wanted to get out. That was the only time I ever heard Uncle William talk at the table. I didn't know he even listened. Young Bill acted sort of relieved and started to eat his potatoes real fast. I looked at Thelma but she wore such thick glasses I couldn't tell what she was thinking. I remembered the year she got her glasses. It was the same year that the hail came in August and ripped Uncle William's tobacco to shreds just when he was ready to harvest it, but he saw to it that Thelma got her glasses in time for school.

"Fresh Air Kid." Thelma's voice rang in my ears as I watched through the register. I raised my head and in the black of the room on the corner of Church Street and Slippery Avenue I saw again the headline in last week's magazine section. "EXPOSE! CHILDREN EXPLOITED!" I remembered the article because I had used it as a news item in our current events class in school the next day. The *Chicago Tribune* had sent one of their young reporters out to the rural sections of Wisconsin to check up on the lives of the Fresh Air Kids who had been taken into the homes of farmers some years before—Fresh Air Kids, orphans from the slums of the big cities who had been gathered up and sent to the country by the trainloads. The reporter had asked questions of these now grown-up children, and the

answers were pretty much the same all over: hard work, long hours, no pay. Because of a shortage of labor, the farmers had used these children as hired men and servants. Now that they were of age, the reporter asked, what would happen to them? What was their future?

Fresh Air Kid . . . I could see the top of Thelma's head now as she came up to the stove to stand beside my mother. It was a wide head with braids all around it, and the straight parts made a white cross right on top. She was talking again.

"She won't tell me what was on the yellow tag that was pinned to my coat when she met me at the train. I was too young then to know what it meant and I couldn't read, but I know now that it must have had my history on it—something that would make me a real person instead of just a Fresh Air Kid."

"Maybe she doesn't know any more than you do."

"I know there was a yellow tag because I remember playing with it on the train. She won't tell me. She says if there was one it must have been thrown away."

"You'd better get to bed now, Thelma. I'll call you in time to catch the early Chicago train. Do you have money?"

"Yes, she gave me 45 dollars, and told me to come back when it was spent. But I'll never come back, Aunt Fran. I hate going to school with kids younger than I am. I hate the farm and I hate the hard work and I want to find my own folks and know who I am."

"Does young Bill know you're leaving?"

"No, he and his father went to Milwaukee today. They're making plans for him to go to school in the seminary next year. I can't stand the farm without him. He was my life, and I think his mother knew it."

I must have been listening so hard that my mouth was open because all of a sudden a big drop of saliva fell down through the register hole. It hit the hot stove with a loud hiss that jerked my mother's head up and she looked right into our eyes. She turned her head and didn't say anything to us.

"Come on, Thelma, we'll talk again in the morning. There's fresh bread in the pantry and hot water on the range. You'll feel better if you drink some tea and eat a little something. I'll get your bed ready."

Kate and I quietly slipped the register back into place and jumped into the cold bed, pulling the covers up high and shutting our eyes tight. Mother walked in and came over to the bed. "Girls, are you awake? Thelma Whitson will sleep in your bed tonight and you can sleep in the spare room."

The spare room was really a store room, and it had all the cold of the long winter months in it, but we were glad to give up our room to poor Thelma—poor Thelma who didn't know who she was and who had to work so hard. We pulled the sheets off the bed and put some clean flannel ones on for Thelma. We heated two

flat irons on the kitchen stove, and wrapped them up in pieces of an old blanket in order to put them in the bed. Thelma was eating some bread and butter at the kitchen table while we were there. She didn't raise her head to look at us, so we didn't say anything to her.

Then we pulled the bed out of the chilly corner in our room and shoved it right over the register. Mother only let us do this if we were sick, but we didn't think she'd care if we did it for poor Thelma. We had been so healthy all that winter that the bed hadn't been out of the corner since fall housecleaning. It was heavy, and we were out of breath by the time we had pushed and pulled it into place. When it was all ready, we both felt good about it.

Thelma was tired and went right to sleep. We could hear her snoring gently. The spare room was so cold that we couldn't sleep until we called the dog in and made him lie on our feet. Mother didn't know that we had given our big grey blanket to poor Thelma.

We were still cold when we woke up in the morning because the dog had left us sometime in the night. When we went downstairs, Mother and Thelma were nowhere around. There was a note on the kitchen table: "I went to the station with Thelma, Mother."

We ate our breakfast and then we went up to our room to make up the bed and push it back into its chilly corner. In the bright sunlight of the morning we saw something that we hadn't noticed in the dim glow of the lamp the night before. In the corner where the bed had stood was a four months' collection of dust. Blanket dust, ashy dust from the coal stove and plain dust. And there, written by Thelma's wide blunt forefinger for us all to see were just two words, big letter after big letter: C O U N T R Y D I R T. Nothing more. Not "thanks," not "goodbye," not "I love you," just C O U N T R Y D I R T. I didn't understand why she called it country dirt because I loved those summer dusty clouds. But it made me mad because there was room enough and there was dust enough for Thelma to have written more.

---

*Charlotte Knechtges is a free lance writer living in Madison.*

## On Being Talked About

by Arthur Hove

---

Anyone searching for chestnuts to serve up as fitting epigrams for a consideration of biography will find the woods littered with them.

For example:

"The history of the world is but the biography of great men."  
(Thomas Carlyle)

"There is properly no History; only Biography."  
(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

"All biography diminishes in interest when the subject has won celebrity . . ." (George Eliot)

"Biography, like any big game hunting, is one of the recognized forms of sport, and it is as unfair as only sport can be."  
(Phillip Guedalla)

Why is biography so compelling? Why do many of us develop a compulsive fascination with it? Better yet, what motivates biographers to actually write the life of another person—someone they probably never knew? One can search for answers, but the most obvious seems to be that we judge ourselves by what we know of others. We test the emptiness or fullness of our lives by comparing them with the degree of wholeness that exists in other people's lives.

Another factor is that we are an inherently nosy species. We are forever curious about what other people have, what they might or might not do, about what they eat, what they wear, where they live, how much money they make, what they think, what language they speak, what their cares are, what they do to themselves, what they like and dislike, what they expect from life and what they give it in return, what they think of themselves and their fellow men . . . The

list is as limitless as the human potential.

This curiosity about other people creates a market for biography, something which encourages writers and publishers to "do" the life of a particular person.

On the surface, the task of writing the life of someone seems relatively simple. It's comparable to baking a cake. Make sure you have the right ingredients, mix thoroughly, then bake at the proper temperature. This presumes there is a reasonable logic to the biographer's art. After all, people's lives are essentially linear. We are born. We go through various biological and psychological stages. Things happen to us along the way. Then we die. The biographer's function is to chronicle the unique experiences that take place between the beginning and the end.

This is a reasonable assumption, but there are bumps, twists, and potholes in the road. Capturing the essence of a person's life is not always a simple procedure. The complete biographer has to be a kind of acrobat—swinging from one trapeze of uncertainty to another, walking a tightrope between fact and fiction, prejudice and objectivity. All of this has to be done without the security of a net to guard against an unexpected fall.

One of the biographer's first and most obvious problems is picking an appropriate subject. The life chosen must be exemplary, or at least interesting in a way that raises the subject above the commonfold. Unimpeachable behavior or high moral character are not essential requirements. The saintly life can be boring at the

same time it is inspirational. For the most part, we like our heroes to be slightly tainted, if not seriously flawed. We like to believe they have some fundamental defect which makes them as human as the rest of us.

The ultimate challenge for the biographer is to create on paper a person resembling as close as possible the original. The biographer must decide how to arrange his material so the important qualities come through. The style of the writing should complement the subject's personality without intruding on the flow of information.

The biographer must find a way to blow life into a figure that has been put together with bits and pieces of information gathered from varied sources. The subject that emerges must have a three-dimensional quality. As James Boswell, who gained immortality through writing about Samuel Johnson, noted, "in every picture there should be shade as well as light."

The task is formidable and often eludes even the most conscientious and skillful biographers. They stumble, unconsciously in many instances, into the pitfalls that face all biographers.

One of the first and most obvious dangers is the hazard of the biographer's falling in love with his subject. The inclination is not new. Writers have felt for centuries obliged to memorialize the lives of people they admire. The problem, of course, is that the affinity is so strong that the subject is transformed into a person whose virtues seem endless and whose faults

are non-existent. The resultant portrait hardly resembles anyone we would recognize in real life.

The opposite occurs when a biographer indulges in a not too subtle form of character assassination. No effort is exerted to achieve any balance. Only the darkness in a particular person's soul is depicted. No redeeming qualities are mentioned.

Perhaps there are completely good or evil people in the world, but few of us can make such an unqualified distinction about those who walk among us. The biographer consequently is haunted by the fear that he never has enough information about his subject to do him or her justice. The situation is acute for those adventurous souls who write about historical figures who flourished in a time before such items as inter-office memos, carbon paper, xerography, memos for the file, telephone taps, tape recorders, etc., made it possible to get a fix on the most pedestrian aspects of our lives.

The biographer without a reasonably thick dossier develops anxieties which sometimes cause him to fudge the data. The result is padding and conjecture. The text becomes marbled with qualifiers such as: "It is likely that . . .," or "We have reason to believe . . .," or just a simple, "Probably."

To further compensate for this data shortage, biographers often place their figure in a landscape, describing the social, cultural, political, and historical context of the times. The assumption here is that by examining this information we can draw reasonable conclusions about the subject's character, about his or her motives for performing certain deeds.

This temptation to tinker with the data has another potential consequence—it can produce such a distortion of fact that the subject suddenly resembles the contorted image one sees in an alternately concave and convex amusement park mirror.

The antithesis is the uncommon situation of having too much infor-

mation. In this instance, zealous biographers record the minutiae. The biographer hesitates to leave things out, to make judgments about what is important and what is not. He makes no decisions for his readers. Instead, he puts everything in, presuming that even in the minutest aspects of our lives we reveal ourselves. Novelist/philosopher William H. Gass has recently commented on the trend: "Our present biographers live to accumulate details until their books are longer than the lives their subjects lead . . ."

Such generosity places a tremendous burden on the reader who has to wade through the humdrum in search of the "good parts." Few readers can sustain the interest or patience to stay the course—unless the life in question is so chock full of interesting moments that it can't be set aside. But even the famous or infamous have their moments of dullness, inaction, or total ennui.

Focus is another problem for the biographer. The question becomes where to put the emphasis. Is it at the peaks and valleys of a life, or is it somewhere between the two ranges? Just what are the genuinely significant events in a person's life, the key aspects of his or her character? How do you highlight them once they have been identified? How much control does one have over his destiny? How does he react to adversity? To good fortune? How much does his life actually reflect the times in which he lived? What can we really know about a person from the record he or she leaves behind?

Answering such questions absorbs the biographer. The quality of the answers measures his skill.

Our 20th century explorations into the dark night of the human soul have opened up a new form of the genre, something which goes beyond the empirical. The result is the "psychobiography."

*Time* magazine recently noted that "Psychobiographers (such as Eric Erikson) seek to explain the lives of famous people by theorizing about their inner psyches." The

process is not without its risks—"By now psychobiography has become such a fad that last year an American Psychiatric Association task force recommended that psychiatrists avoid such projects unless the subjects are dead or give their permission."

The dilemmas of biography become further compounded when it is a do-it-yourself effort—an autobiography. Writing the story of someone else's life and trying to be objective is formidable enough. Writing the story of your own life (particularly with its final chapter yet to be recorded) is a risky undertaking at best. Even so, the impulse is growing. A recent advertisement for the book *How to Write Your Autobiography* described the activity as the "fastest growing hobby in America."

But how much do you actually know about yourself? And how much, even under the most egomaniacal circumstances, are you willing to let others know about you?

Then there is the fundamental question—how important is your life in the first place? Would someone else really want to read about your triumphs and tribulations? If you're famous enough, eager publishers will answer the question for you. If there is not someone waving a book contract under your nose, you'll probably have to pay some "vanity" press to publish your confessions.

But if you feel there's even an outside chance someone may eventually memorialize you in a biography, be sure to keep complete records. And have enough contacts so others will have something incisive to say about you when you're gone. Whether it's good or bad doesn't make that much difference. As Oscar Wilde observed, "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about."

---

*Arthur Hove is a long time contributor to the Wisconsin Academy Review.*

## Androcentricity in Education; Interdisciplinarity in Women's Studies

by Audrey Roberts

In 1969 when *Female Studies I*, a collection of Women's Studies syllabi, appeared, editor Sheila Tobias identified an emerging phenomenon of women-specific courses as "a field that may eventually be called Female Studies." Female Studies quickly became Women's Studies; "eventually" took very little time.

Women's Studies developed from pressure by students and faculty for courses to explore the issues generated by the women's movement. The first courses often dealt with images of women in literature, generally how women had been perceived by male authors, and how this had shaped social and sexual stereotypes. Consciousness was raised, and women searching the curriculum for substantive information about themselves found the topic of women missing from most textbooks. The generic "he" became burdensome as one realized that as scholars talked and wrote of "he" and "mankind," society (men and women) thought of "he" as mankind. Thus, the androcentric nature of education and its insidious effect on both society and scholarly inquiry came into focus.

Women professors, trained in the androcentric system, had rarely questioned language, assumptions, or values which they internalized as they progressed toward professional status. But the momentum to "liberate" the curriculum and to rethink intellectual "truths" increased; women began sharing information from their own disciplines and special interests, and the study of women took form.

Thus, in a short time, Women's Studies in schools and colleges has

become the fastest growing field of academic interest. In January 1977, more than 600 women attended a founding convention, held in California for a national Women's Studies Association. In 1970 in the United States there were two Women's Studies programs and no degree-granting minors. In 1975 there were 152 programs and more than two thirds of the programs offered degrees or minors. Today the number of programs is close to the 200 mark.

An interdisciplinary approach has quickly become a prevailing characteristic of Women's Studies. Women in the sciences, social studies, and humanities have found it fitting and effective to teach women in a context of multiple influences, since in fact, the interaction of science, society, and women exists at all levels and in all events. In addition, faculty women, often isolated in their own field, find new collegiality through an interdisciplinary approach. Whether feminists or traditional scholars, interdisciplinarity provides them with an opportunity for a stimulating exchange of new insights, questions, and answers in a setting of mutual encouragement and support.

A brief seven years since the beginning of "Female Studies," all questions have not been resolved. Should Women's Studies be a program or a department? Is it possible or desirable to separate academic issues from political action? Should Women's Studies be research-or teaching-oriented? A crucial question is, to what extent can Women's Studies affect institutions and revision of the curriculum?

Although sexism may be conscious, it is just as often unconscious. Sexuality, sex differences (whether they are caused by heredity or environment), and the fascination of one sex for the other can never be put completely aside—so the issue of Women's Studies inevitably generates emotional responses, even among academics. Academics, who may dispassionately consider the possibilities of solar energy, rarely are dispassionate in the nature/nurture debate. Critics abound. Women's Studies specialists, well aware that they are under scrutiny, are careful to evaluate systematically and self-critically, and the discipline flourishes. Women's Studies, which only a few years ago was the subject of jokes, many of them hostile, has become a reality of shared insight and growth for both men and women.

At the same time it has become one of the hottest items in the publishing industry. New, interesting, and valuable work is being published almost more quickly than it can be assimilated. A collection of essays by Wisconsin academic women, edited by Joan I. Roberts, is an excellent contribution to this growing field.

**BEYOND INTELLECTUAL  
SEXISM: A NEW WOMAN, A  
NEW REALITY** edited by Joan I.  
Roberts; David McKay Company,  
Inc., 1976. 386 pp. \$14.95 (\$7.95  
in paperback).

When *Female Studies I* appeared in 1969, women professors on the UW-Madison campus were teaching isolated courses, when they could gain their department's

approval, with an emphasis on women. In 1970-71 an important event occurred: Joan Roberts offered an experimental interdisciplinary course in the Department of Educational Policies. Roberts gathered together 30 women from a dozen disciplines to discourse from a feminist perspective. A feminist perspective, simply put, asks: what does this mean for women? The question, when applied in almost any field of study, generates new ideas. For several of the participants, this was the first time they had taken this vantage point, and it was a learning as well as a teaching experience. These essays developed from this class.

The writers included in *Beyond Intellectual Sexism* demonstrate that women are justified in taking themselves as a subject of study. Research methods, they assert, have been predicated on a male model, the norm assumed has been male, and the point of view and biases have been male. Thus the issue of "scientific objectivity" is central to many of the essays. For example, Ruth Bleier in "Brain, Body and Behavior," points out that "incorrect assumptions and faulty interpretations" have different impact in the behavioral sciences than they do in the biological and physical sciences. While "Einstein's theory whether right or wrong would have no effect upon the movement of celestial bodies," in the behavioral sciences, the "experts" may have a real effect on the phenomena (usually people) being studied and may affect their behavior in "destructive and self-fulfilling ways."

On the same subject, Julia Sherman, writing on "Some Psychological 'Facts' about Women," reports that so-called sex differences may be related to the "temperamental factors within scientists." Much research on sex differences is "replete with methodological and sexist errors" and "notions that fit popular bias are accepted without question and often without statistical test." Women's

Studies makes no claim for objectivity, but as Gayle Yates, University of Minnesota, points out, "one of the objectives [Women's Studies] may bring to the university is the rediscovery that nothing is."

Several essays in *Beyond Intellectual Sexism* discuss behavioral and scientific studies that have been predicated on sex-stereotyped assumptions. Sherman writes, "We have been willing to go to great lengths to teach boys to speak correctly, read, and spell. One cannot but wonder what the effect would be if the same amount of effort were spent on intensive training in spatial skills and problem solving for girls," and she suggests that the structure of the educational system "may be much more directed toward maximal male achievement than has been realized." Elizabeth Fennema in "Women and Girls in the Public Schools," reports on a study about teacher-pupil interactions in elementary schools, then charges: "Boys are rewarded for male appropriate behavior and girls for female appropriate behavior as perceived by the teacher. In general, the more intellectual traits are perceived as male, so boys are rewarded. Nonintellectual traits are seen as female. As a result, schools are inhibiting the intellectual development of girls."

Julia Brown, writing on "Women in Physical Education," also suggests that society's attitudes toward adolescent girls have inhibited women's participation in sports. In an ironic understatement she writes, "It is evident that, unlike her male counterpart, the social status of the high school or college girl hardly depends on success in athletics." Implicit is the nature/nurture debate. Brown, like Fennema, asks whether girls don't excel in sports because they think they ought not to. How much have the admonitions of doctors, teachers and parents: that girls should "take it easy," "not overdo," and be "excused" from gym during their menstrual period, done to enforce an attitude in females that they are

the weaker sex. In addition, if it has been a problem for a girl to be smart, it is undoubtedly a worse problem if she wins (against boys) at sports. Thus women are criticized and penalized for not knowing how to "play the game" after a childhood and youth of being discouraged and disapproved of, if they did.

Though the lectures were first delivered in 1970-71, the book did not see publication until 1976. In the interim some of the questions raised have already been addressed by new feminist research. Thus, to read in Sherman's essay that society rather than biology has established passivity and receptivity as the norm for female sexual and other behavior is now a familiar truism. It is difficult to remember that such statements, and the questions they raised about alternate possibilities, were startling just a few years ago. On the other hand, until I read Bonnie Freeman's essay on "Power, Patriarchy and 'Political Primitives,'" I had never questioned the popular assumption that married women vote like their husbands. But Freeman writes, "It is obvious, first, that at least some part of this correlation may be the result of the influence of wives on their husband's voting decisions." This is startling in its simplicity, and refreshing in its perspective.

In addition to several critiques of research, there are reviews of literature, including one on French women writers by Germaine Bree, and reports on the status of women in other cultures. Kay Ann Johnson's essay, "Women in China," is outstanding. Full of new information, organized and presented in an easy style, it recounts concisely the long history of female oppression in China, traces recent advances, and specifies the major obstacles for future change. That economic and sexual equality will not occur without political education, participation, and power for women, seems to hit the nail on the head.

The essays demonstrate critical analysis and a refreshing vitality.



The writers are deeply and humanely concerned with the issues they are exploring. If there are doubts that the "system," be it academic, corporate, or political, is losing sight of humane values, then Women's Studies students and scholars are leaders in reaffirming their place in our concerns. Typical of this kind of synthesis is Bleier's observation (while explaining the working of the cerebral cortex): "Humanity in general manifests a variety of responses to a given stimulus. But as individuals, with the cortical capacity for creative, novel, variegated responses, we become bound by stereotypic responses to certain sets of stimuli (our culture) even while our creativity is responsible for the very existence of our culture."

It isn't often that one finds so many stimulating ideas in a single book (one of the bonuses of interdisciplinarity). The courage and vigor with which these women argue their positions are impressive. Certainly the women's movement and the academic community are indebted to them for providing models of intellectual curiosity, creativity, and conscience. And Joan Roberts must be commended for initiating the class and seeing these essays through to publication.

*Audrey Roberts teaches English at UW-Whitewater and has, for the past year, been editing a book on the history of women in the University of Wisconsin system for the Office of Women.*

**FAULKNER**, Essays by Warren Beck; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1976. 664 pp. \$17.50.

Even though William Faulkner had written his most important books before World War II, his reputation as a novelist and storyteller was undistinguished at that time. Critic Warren Beck, long-time professor of English at Lawrence University, helped set the record

straight about Faulkner's innate and distinctly American genius with a series of three incisive essays published in 1941. Those essays are included in this book along with heretofore unpublished "further considerations" of various aspects of Faulkner's work.

Faulkner's novels and stories often need amplification. Beck helps unravel the skeins of rhetoric and myth that bind Faulkner's work into a sometimes confusing knot. Characterizing Faulkner's contribution to the canon of American literature, Beck notes: "His is, indeed, an apocalyptic vision of sin and its complex consequences. He is unsurpassed in recording those spasms of greed and lustfulness and animosity that eclipse human qualities and saddle men with fixations which are not so much ideas as appetites."

Professor Beck's essays are clear, well-ordered summaries of a number of important Faulkner novels and stories. Beck's writing is generally free of the critical claptrap that has made reading about literature such a deadly chore these days. However, he does succumb now and then, writing sentences which begin like this: "Since a literary work becomes communication only through responses in kind to its creator's exercise of postulating mentation . . ."

I suppose something like this develops subliminally, after years of dealing with Faulkner's rhetoric and other critics' commentaries. Nevertheless it gets in the way of understanding. So does the fact that there is no index in the book, something else which is annoying in a study with such scholarly pretensions.

In spite of these defects, the book is one of the more sensible companions to Faulkner's novels and stories. It provides evidence for a greater appreciation of Faulkner, particularly at a time when the South he described in his major works has faded rapidly into a dreamlike past that has little to do with contemporary realities. The essays are additionally helpful in

a time when the language Faulkner used seems closer to that of Shakespeare than it does to the empty sonorities hurled at us every day through the mass media.

—Arthur Hove

**BLUE CHICORY** by Lorine Niedecker; The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N.Y., 1976. \$8.

Lorine Niedecker passed away in Fort Atkinson in 1971. Seven years later, her work stands up very well. Her reputation, then as now, is almost non-existent in Wisconsin. Then she lived quietly with her husband on Black Hawk Island, corresponding with close friends such as Louis Zukofsky, Cid Corman, or Jonathan Williams, or visiting with them in her home. Poets did not see her constantly at poetry gatherings. Therefore she was not in their minds. Today, even though two collections of her work have appeared since her death, her poetry is still relatively unknown here. And, just as unfortunate, no study of her work has been done, even by those grouped around the UW English Department, those ostensibly interested in Objectivist poets.

But as with all fine poets, her work transcends narrowness of school. Her voice is entirely her own; one reviewer has gone so far as to suggest her voice is that of the good, stoic midwesterner, and that her language represents the language of this stock—she writes in their *dialect*:

I suppose there is nothing  
so good as human  
immediacy

I do not speak loosely  
of handshake  
which is

of the mind  
or lilies—stand closer—  
smell

The voice of the poem is then (her words) a "marshy speech," a "weedy retainer." The line breaks are not merely Objectivist breaks. They reflect the mind of a woman who has worked hard, who takes her perceptions where she finds them, and who is given to talk only when she has to.

The seemingly stark quality of her poems is evident. This appears most utterly in the untitled poem

Frog noise  
suddenly stops

Listen!  
They turned off  
their lights

in which the poem rushes by very quickly, and may be out of range of the reader before it is realized what is going on. The likening of sound to sight is a beautiful touch—like all beautiful perceptions quite simple, really—but with the expostulation *Listen!* the play of the perception makes the poem a much more complex one. And there is a true finality, of the spirit perhaps, as the poem ends.

The true elegance of her work lies in such progressions as this. In the poem

Your erudition  
the elegant flower  
of which

my blue chicory  
at scrub end  
of campus ditch

illuminates

nothing is revealed to the reader until Miss Niedecker *wants* to reveal it. Each succeeding image and object is placed in the apt position in the poem. The piece is not finished without the illumination of the last word.

In these and in her other poems she indicates her strength by making it impossible for a translator to imitate other than in the exact syntax of the poem. She pre-empted their linguistic license. One counts on the fingers of one hand

the contemporary poets who possess this *will*.

Today, four collections of Miss Niedecker's work are in print. One, published by Truck Press of Carrboro, North Carolina, includes a selection of her poems, criticism of her work, and poetry in homage to her and her voice. It is a very good introduction.

The present collection, long awaited, is of work uncollected before her death. The poems are printed in a fine edition by James Weil. Miss Niedecker's literary executor, Cid Corman, had a painstaking job, I suspect, with often handwritten manuscripts. The work here is an indication that toward the end of her life, there was no lessening of her poetic strength. Lorine Niedecker's poems are still read as tight constructions, at once delicate and muscular.

—Jim Stephens

*Jim Stephens is a Madison freelance writer and president of the newly-founded Round River Society, publishers of Wisconsin writing.*

**CONCERN/S** by Tom Montag; Pentagram Press, Milwaukee, 1977. 258 pp. \$4.50.

With a majority of New York presses rapidly closing their doors to new writers, and with the continuing shrinkage of the literate reading public, the vitality of the small press scene in America has become increasingly important. In *Concern/s*, Tom Montag (editor of *Margins*, and author of *Making Hay & other poems*) describes the situation: "Without our little magazines & small presses, the making-of-literature in this country might virtually come to a standstill." Thus Montag's purpose in collecting his essays and reviews from the past four years is that of "understanding and making some sense of the alternative literary publishing happening across the country."

In his examination of small

presses and magazines, Montag capably explores a wide range of topics: the inadequacy of the New York presses; the responsibility of bookstores, reviewers, the news media, the government, libraries, professors, the poets themselves, the energy and vitality of the small press movement. And one theme that unifies all of these "concerns" is the necessity of a "new consciousness and perspective." Montag insists that, "Fresh consciousness, and fresh perceptions about ways of being and behaving in the world, new treatment of old 'classical' materials and attempts to form literature out of new and hitherto untouched areas of human experience and concern can innervate and invigorate our literature and our society; if such consciousness and such perceptions are given voice and space and audience." According to Montag, the small presses and magazines can fulfill this function.

One example of "new consciousness" which the small press movement has fostered is the renewed emphasis on regionalism, on a writer's "sense of place." Montag singles out William Kloefkorn and Ted Kooser as exemplary midwest poets, and his reviews of their work represent an intelligent and persuasive argument for midwest poetry in general. In these reviews Montag's aesthetic, an outgrowth of his concern with regionalism, is clear and consistent; "substance" and "content" should take precedence over "contrivance," "poetic language," and "academic style." One obvious strength of *Concern/s* is Montag's willingness to confess his biases and to risk such prescription.

Montag's biases and the structural organization of the book do, however, present some difficulties. The commitment to regionalism, and the emphasis on "substance" over "technique," for example, lead Montag to an unfortunate dismissal of Felix Pollack's work as "insubstantial." The loose chronological structure of the book encourages him to treat some subjects super-

ficially, while allowing him to include reviews of minor books which add little to his argument. And there is a good deal of repetition which might have been avoided through careful revising and restructuring of previously published articles.

Despite the structural limitations, and despite the occasional questionable judgment, *Concern/s* is an important and informative book, written in an affable style. Montag is an articulate critic, an engaging and companionable essayist, a convincing apologist for regional poetry, and an able and qualified commentator on the small press scene in America today.

—Ronald Wallace

Ronald Wallace is an associate professor of English at UW-Madison.

**ALL ABOUT BEES, BEEKEEPING, AND HONEY** by Walter L. Gojmerac; Drake Publishers, Inc., New York, 1977. 136 pp. Paper \$4.95.

Walter L. Gojmerac is a University of Wisconsin professor of entomology and for a number of years has kept about five colonies of bees as an avocation. His book presents basic knowledge on bee handling in a readable form for the average person who wants to know more about bees and for the person who is contemplating beekeeping as a hobby or a full-time business.

The book is copiously illustrated and written in a simple style readily understood by anyone. Information presented is in large part taken directly from the Agricultural Research Service publications and research at the North Central State Bee Research Laboratory (USDA, ARS) at Madison. He shows the origins and distributions of the various kinds of honey bees with maps and dates of importation in the New World.

The biology of bees, history and development of modern beekeeping,

and basic handling and manipulation of bees are discussed. Nectar, honey, and other hive products and methods of handling honey; special beekeeping services and pollination activities; enemies and diseases of bees; and other special areas of interest are included.

Unfortunately many printing errors and errors of technical information were incorporated in this hastily prepared first printing of a much-needed book. Prof. Gojmerac agrees that the book needed final polishing and revision before it was printed.

The book fills a void sorely needed in this day of natural food lovers, do-it-yourselfers, and backyard gardeners. A mushrooming of interest in beekeeping, especially as a hobby, will be with us for some years to come.

—Floyd E. Moeller

Floyd E. Moeller is a professor of entomology at UW-Madison and leader of USDA bee management investigations.

#### CONTEMPORARY AMERICANA, OUR GREAT AMERICAN WRITERS

By Chester Joseph Szymczak; Great Lakes Publishing Co., Inc., Milwaukee, 1976. 115 pp. Paper \$5.

What can be said of this book? "Strange," would seem apt. Five dollars for a paperback of 115 pages? An account of our great, contemporary American writers that doesn't even really get to the subject until a third of the way (p. 39) through the book? Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* described in part as "praised and condemned as a morbid, queer, and sexual story of a diverse group of eccentric people," in which there appears "not one real rounded character"? Told in one line that "Herman Melville is remembered as the author of *Moby Dick* but not as one of the great American writers," then, one line later,

informed that Melville is "the author of the greatest romance in the English language" and that he is "admired today as one of the most powerful writers in American literature"? Strange. —JB

continued from page 2

teaching school and working on area farms. After a stint on a local newspaper, he went off to Yale as a graduate student in history and economics. In 1887, he became an executive officer of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and made that facility one of the leading organizations of its kind in the country. We still benefit from that legacy.

"Thelma Whitson", the story which starts on page 31, is basically true. Charlotte Knechtges heard about the "fresh air kids" from her mother who remembered the trainload of Chicago youngsters who came to Wisconsin about the turn of the century to be adopted by Wisconsin farmers. Not all cases turned out as sadly as Thelma's. Many children prospered in their new hard-working but healthy life.

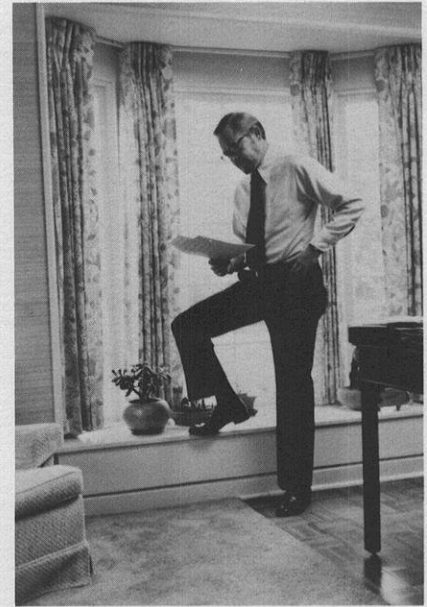
The sometimes not-well-understood statewide system of vocational, technical, and adult education—past, present, and future—is elucidated, beginning on page 17. While Linda Taylor most capably authored the article, James Linn, her successor at the state VTAE headquarters, has been extremely helpful in providing the photos and graphs to accompany the piece.

Both Thwaites and Wisconsin's Hamlin Garland knew about barns, as well as other aspects of farming. That Garland's boyhood experiences on the farm were not all happy is made clear in much of his writing. His life-long interest in the theater is penetratingly explored by Kathryn Whitford of UW-Milwaukee, beginning on page 21.

# INSIDE THE ACADEMY

## A Man Called 'Cliff'

by James R. Batt  
Executive Director



It was one of those life sequences when I was at home—sick abed, as they used to say. The TV set had been wheeled in to break the monotony.

Have you seen daytime TV lately? It is not advised for persons already suffering from nausea, I can assure you. Formats seem limited to talkshows, soap opera serials, gameshows and an occasional movie from a bygone era. (Whatever happened to Deanna Durbin?)

The "soaps," I discovered, are given to titles of deep philosophical intent, regardless of what follows. I mean, "As The World Turns" can never be seriously compared to something so mundane in designation as "Sixty Minutes," can it?

Well, one of these diurnal dramas is named, as I recall, "The Days of Our Lives." It opens with a few terribly meaningful lines that remind me of Shakespeare's, "Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end."

Don't ask me why, but thinking about that the other day I got to pondering how the days, the seasons, and the years seem, like the contemporary candy bar, much shorter than they were not so very long ago. Specifically, I got to pondering how it didn't seem possible that Dr. H. Clifton Hutchins had only recently completed two years of half-time, volunteer service to the Wisconsin

Academy as associate director for programing. Why, my military experience back in the early 1950s had been for the same duration, but had seemed interminable.

In 1975, Clif Hutchins retired from his duties as UW-Madison professor of education. He came to Wisconsin in 1952 as an assistant professor, having been employed previously as a field representative with the National Recreation Association. Earlier, he had been head of the department of education at Willamette University; a visiting lecturer at the University of Michigan Graduate School, a research associate for the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy, assistant secretary of the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association, and a research assistant for the Committee on Youth Problems, U.S. Office of Education and the American Council on Education. Clif, a native of Grafton, Massachusetts, did his undergraduate work at Springfield College and received his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in educational administration from UW-Madison. He has an extensive list of publications to his credit, in the field of recreation in particular. He is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Society of Park and Recreation Educators, and is a member of the American Association of School

Administrators and the American Educational Research Association. In 1974 he was Academy secretary.

No sooner had Dr. Hutchins "retired" than he began his half-time efforts on behalf of the Academy. Regular as clockwork, he was. You would have thought he was on the payroll. In his office no later than 8:30 every morning, to depart a little before noon so that he could partake of his usual lunch hour University exercise program.

Clif completed his tour of duty with the Academy this past summer, and the place isn't quite the same. Oh sure, he had his ideas sometimes and we had ours. But the gift he gave was the greatest of gifts; he gave of himself. It would, perhaps, have been more dramatic had he simply announced that he was about to make a \$25,000 contribution to the Academy. But what he contributed, like the gifts of so many other members and friends, simply cannot be totaled up on a balance sheet.

The fact that the two years sped by with such seeming rapidity speaks to the nature of the man and his gift more than anything I have said or written and more than any given experience in the course of his working relationship with the officers, staff, and membership.

**WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW**

1922 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
MADISON, WISCONSIN 53705  
**RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED**

Second-class Postage  
Paid at Madison, Wi.