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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 22, Number 1
December, 1975

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About Our Winter Issue

There's nothing funny about winter, you say?

Agreed. But perhaps we can lighten the effect a bit. For starters, warm up your hands and page on over to "Wisconsin Winter Potpourri," where we present narrative and pictorial vignettes of winter life fifty to one hundred years ago. There's a chuckle or two in store for you, as well as some old-time winter recipes to try out.

Elsewhere in this issue, Walter Scott writes about the man he calls "Wisconsin's first ecologist." In a centennial salute to Increase A. Lapham (who died one hundred years ago), Scott cites several other firsts which can be attributed to the man who helped in the founding of the Wisconsin Academy.

Milwaukee author Marjorie Bitker's contribution is "Writ of Remembrance," a sensitive and nostalgic sampling from her forthcoming book, Teachers for Lunch. *Rounding out the issue, along with our regular features: Pamela Smith-Steffen's intriguing article on how early Wisconsin quilt makers stitched something of their own personal histories into their work, and Lorna Knowlton's account of Dr. G.E. Swan, his remarkable Vita Mineral Spring, and a park and a pavilion in Beaver Dam which "remain to remind."*

So here's to winter—and, with this, our winter issue of the Review. *In the spirit of the season, why not share the pleasure with friends and relatives by presenting Wisconsin Academy gift memberships, which include subscriptions to all Academy publications. See the last page for details and order forms.*

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Ice Boating on Lake Mendota, Madison, Wisconsin. Donated to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Collections, by the University of Wisconsin-Madison library, 1923.

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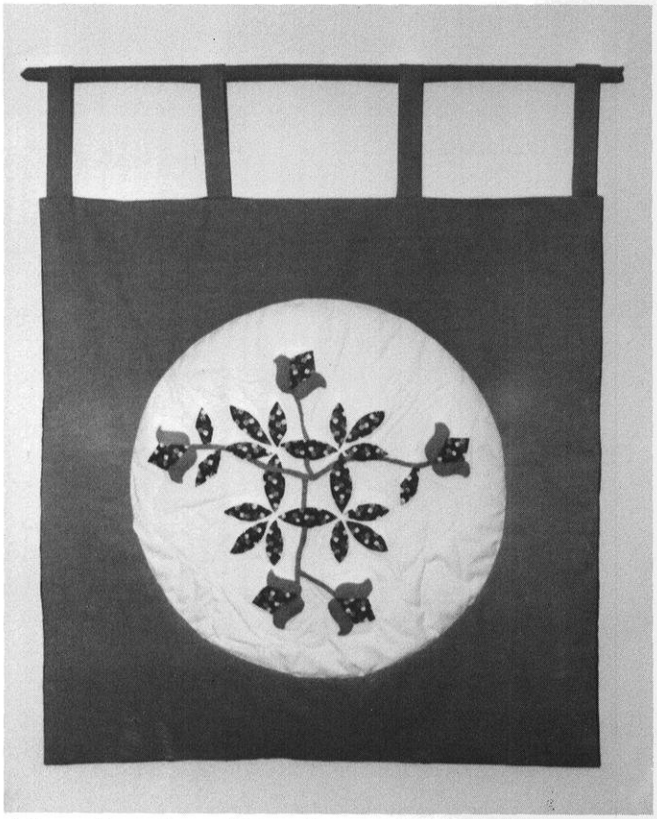
It took me more than twenty-five years, I reckon, in the evenings after supper when the children were all put to bed. My whole life is in that quilt. It scares me sometimes when I look at it. All my joys and all my sorrows are stitched into those little pieces. When I was proud of the boys and when I was downright provoked and angry with them. When the girls annoyed me or when they gave me a warm feeling around my heart. And John too. He was stitched into that quilt and all the thirty years we were married. Sometimes I loved him and sometimes I sat there hating him as I pieced the patches together. So they are all in that quilt, my hopes and fears, my joys and sorrows, my loves and hates. I tremble sometimes when I remember what that quilt knows about me.

—The Standard Book of Quilt Making and Collecting

An Art, A Diary— The Quilt in Wisconsin History

Text and Photos by Pamela Smith-Steffen



Adaptation of a traditional pattern by Pamela Smith-Steffen.

The craft of quilt making, long part of our ancestral heritage, is experiencing a revival among Americans. But do we know when and where quilting originated? Can it tell us something about the era in which it was done? How did it reach American soil? Could we learn something about the quiltmaker herself by viewing her bedcover?

The technique of quilting—the act of stitching together two layers of fabric with or without a filler—was thought to have originated 6,000 years ago in Egypt or Persia. Indications and remnants of quilted garments,

rugs, and draperies of silk, linen, and satin fiber were discovered primarily in tombs or artistic depictions. It was not until the eleventh or twelfth centuries that the western Europeans came into significant contact with the quilting technique as the Crusaders traveled through the Middle East. In order to ease the pressure and chafing of the metal of their armour and mailing, they adapted the local clothing into garments for this purpose. They returned to the British Isles and Europe with the new garments and the idea was used almost exclusively by knights and soldiers.

Growth in its popularity did not evolve until the fourteenth century when Europe was seized by a long series of harsh winters. The people then realized the merit of quilted items since they would render much greater warmth than single layers of fabric. As time elapsed, the quilters developed greater and more elaborate skills in their petticoats, coats, bedcovers, and other quilted items. The British worked primarily with designs of white silk thread stitched on solid white ground with the result that the pattern was of ultimate importance.

As the English and European settlers arrived in America they quilted bedcovers as they had in their respective homelands and did so until the Revolutionary War. Prior to the war, wealth and large quantities of yardgoods allowed the duplication of previously executed quilts, but afterwards, they were unable to obtain as much cloth.

This scarcity of material was felt even more keenly by the women who traveled to the western frontier with its sparsely stocked trading posts. For this reason the pieced-and-patched quilts gained great popularity. These bedcovers required only scraps of material which could be arranged on blocks subsequently sewn together to form the quilt top. The fabric consisted of sewing scraps, pieces of worn-out clothing, traded fabric, or a small piece of yardgoods which was probably colored from natural dyes until the 1850s. The motifs were drawn from daily events, personal experiences, political views, or some other source, then were sewn up with an exuberance and boldness consistent with the adventuresome pioneer woman's spirit.

Foster House (kitchen)

Such a pioneer woman was Almyra Foster. She, her husband and daughter, originally from Madison County, New York, arrived in Fort Koshkonong (to be named Fort Atkinson in 1841) on November 10, 1836. The settlement, made up of only a few buildings, was the site of a fort established in 1832 during the war against Chief Blackhawk. The Fosters were the first permanent settlers in Jefferson County. They lived in a small cabin which Mr. Foster had had erected when he traveled to Milwaukee to fetch his wife and child. (They were staying in Milwaukee awaiting the completion of their new home.) The cabin was small but always clean, and as early settlers, the Fosters laid a path for those who followed. They opened their door to travelers whenever help was needed and sometimes housed as many as six visitors for the night.

Betsy Sears (woman on far *(right)*

The Fosters lived in the cabin until 1841 when Charles Rockwell built a new two-story frame house for the family. Today, one can still see Mrs. Foster's spinning wheel which she used in making yarn for her homespun fabrics. Some of the fabric was later made into a quilt which was used on the bed in the master bedroom.

This bedcover quilted in the latter half of the 1830s, is important because it was made with available resources and is representative of the era and location. It was constructed with a wool face and linen back which were woven in three strips. The strips were sewn together to create the almost ten-foot by ten-foot quilt. The filling at this time often consisted of bark, leaves or grass since wool and cotton were at a premium. In this instance, Mrs. Foster used horsehair as it was readily available and free of cost. The design of diamond shapes and princess feather vines was quilted with heavy blue yarn. The quilt was roughly made: the design was executed quickly, unevenly, inaccurately, and in an undetailed manner. The stitches were very uneven: the quilt composed of thick and coarse fabric and a stiff filling perhaps made fine stitching impossible.

In 1843, another traveler to Wisconsin from New York was Betsy Sears, her husband and four children. Five years later, in spite of financial hardship, she and her husband established the first hotel in Rome, Wisconsin and named it "Live and Let Live." Unfortunately, by the time Betsy Sears reached 64 years of age, her hus-

Sears' quilt *(above)*
Detail of Sears' quilt *(left)*

band and three of her then five children had died. After her husband's death, Betsy taught herself printing, and with this knowledge opened a printing and seamstress shop in Rome. At 83, still active and mentally alert, she produced a floral applique quilt indicative of her ability and skill. The quilt design consisted of four floral basket groupings encompassed by a border of flowers. Her original, sensitive, and carefully executed motif showed careful consideration to composition and color. It is obvious that she had a great understanding of the aesthetic qualities of flowers and had a love of their beauty as shown by the intricate detailed rendering of each petal. Her great inner strength allowed her to continue to see and reproduce the sensitivity and beauty of the world around her despite the personal tragedies of her life. One must also admire the accuracy with which her hands moved for a woman of her age in making a technically well-executed quilt.

Quilt making was an important aspect of daily life since the Wisconsin climate necessitated warm bed coverings and ladies sewed frequently in order to insure enough quilts for the family. They would teach their daughters to quilt from as early as two, to develop skills necessary to produce twelve quilts prior to their betrothal.

Although the women had a great deal of work to do in a day's time, the isolation at times was almost unbearable and they often longed for the companionship of another woman. This isolation may have been the basis of the quilting bee. At a quilting bee women could socialize as well as use their time constructively.

In preparation for the bee ladies usually worked on their individual blocks of predetermined size at home. The purpose of the quilt, however, was always taken into account when the women decided upon the motif. They might prepare a bedcover for a young man's twenty-first birthday, a bridal quilt for a betrothed girl, a friendship quilt for the minister, or a raffle quilt to raise money for some organizations. The ladies then met on an agreed-upon day at a private home or a public building. The frame was set up, the top blocks sewn together, and all layers were stretched taut. The ladies gossiped all the while which was the reason Marietta Halley said of the mid-nineteenth century bees:

> I know wimmen jest like a book, for I hev been one a good while. I always stand up for my own sect, still I know sertin effects follow sertin causes, to wit, and namely, if two bricks are sot up side by side, if one tumbles over on to the other one, the other one can't stand, it ain't natur'. If a toper hold a glass of likker to his mouth, he can't help swallerin', it ain't natur'. If a young man goes slay-riding with a pretty girl, and the Buffelo robe slips off, he can't help holin' it round her, it ain't natur'. I might go on illustratin', but enuff; quiltin' juest sets wimmen to slanderin' as easy and beautiful as enything you ever see.

There were usually seven ladies who worked together on a frame. They would decide the pattern by which the bedcover would be quilted. Mrs. Charles Ouwneel, resident of Fort Atkinson said of this as follows:

> The quilt was duly admired and then the consideration of the sort of stitches to be used in the quilting was taken up. It was manners to consult about this, even if the girl had made up her mind as to what she intended to use. In the end all gave way to her wishes, but there had to be much talk about it all first . . . . Tongues clattered and fingers flew and soon the quilt was ready to be rolled. During the interval snuffboxes were passed and then the guests who had not

quilted drew up to the frames. When the last row of quilting was reached, the married women left the frame and with jokes and laughter the young girls began a contest to see who would set the last stitch. The damsel lucky enough to do this would be the first to take a husband.

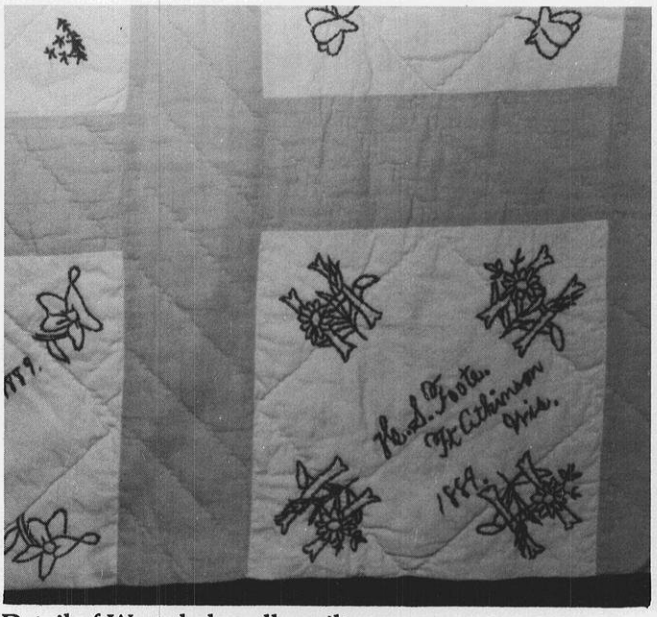
The men were not invited if the hostess' convictions did not allow, however; they were usually included in an evening party or frolic. The quilt was then presented to the recipient for whom it was made or used as a money-making device.

A presentation quilt was made for Mrs. John Westphal, prior to the occasion of the birth of her daughter, Harriet, in 1889, by Miss Dobin's Sunday school class. It was a small cradle quilt of red and beige, signed in embroidery by each maker. Each woman ornamented her square with a personal design making the piece a very special and personal gift. It must be noted that Sunday school classes could consist of children or adults and this quilt was made by an adult class.

The women were also anxious to earn money for the church and a good method used was the making of quilts. Such a quilt was made by the Congregationalist Church Ladies' Society in 1885. This was a group originally organized as a relief service for the needy and was renamed the Gleeners in 1892. They preselected the popular flower basket motif and block size. Then each pieced her own block for the top. It was each woman's responsibility to obtain a number of townspeoples' names for 10, 15, or 25 cents each. Then the person would either sign his or her name on the block in India ink or the maker would sign for the person receiving the money. The quilt was then raffled for $25 and the winner was allowed to take the bedcover home. The quilt became a record of the townspeoples', visitors', and current-day sayings which could be enjoyed by anyone reading it.

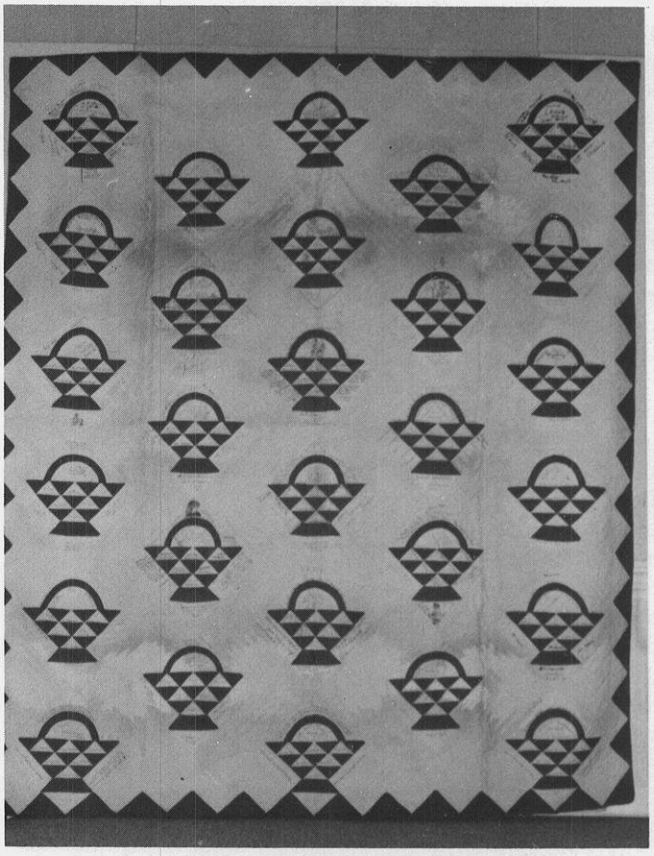
In earlier times, quilt making was a necessity. However, it is still practiced by people such as Mrs. Charles Ouwneel, who at the age of seventy-six, has made twenty-three quilts. She is one of the women who keeps the art alive and will leave a part of her life with members of the family when they use her quilts. The quilts are more than a functional bedcover: they are an art, a diary, a functional display of the maker's talent and taste, a tradition, and an intimate part of a person's life.

Pamela Smith-Steffen is presently a cost accountant in Milwaukee. She received her B.S. and M.S. degrees in related art from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. The article on quilt making is an excerpt from her master's thesis.



Detail of Westphal cradle quilt

Congregationalist Gleener quilt



Swan Park Was Not Lost

by Lorna Knowlton

Controversy over preservation of private lands for public use is not new. In 1906, Beaver Dam became embroiled in the pros and cons of a referendum vote on purchase of a mineral spring resort spa for use as a city park.

"Remember citizens, remember! You will lose! You will lose!" read a fiery election circular distributed door to door. The loss referred to was the down payment and mortgage obligation already assumed by the city council in its previous purchase of the twelve-acre resort spa from Dr. G.E. Swan.

"The rich of Beaver Dam can have their swell outing clubs and go summer resorting (referring to steamer trips to resorts on Beaver Dam Lake) and ride in chaises, but the poor can walk by. The rich can have brick-paved streets, but the laboring men and the poor must pay their taxes, do all the work and have no place to rest and enjoy God's fresh, invigorating air," continued the printed sheet authored by M.E. Burke, an energetic city attorney who led the drive to save the resort grounds for a city park.

Dr. G.E. Swan, a newcomer to Beaver Dam in 1876, purchased the land known as Ackerman's Spring in 1879. The unusual spring in the southeast corner of the pasture was alkaline in taste, cool and delightful to drink. Swan, enthusiastic about the medicinal qualities of the water, purchased additional land and established a beautiful park and resort hotel.

A chemical analysis by Gustavus Bode, Milwaukee, revealed the water to be almost free of chlorides and sulphates, and similar to the water of the famous Bethesda Spring in Waukesha.

A twelve-foot wide bank of stone extended from the spring on both sides, sloping toward the center. It was never determined if this stone was natural or fashioned by an earlier man. Swan excavated the soil to the rock for one hundred feet around, capped the bubbling water with a perforated flat stone secured with a watertight tube of green hard maple, and filled the excavation with gravel. The pure cold spring, with an outflow of 6,000 barrels per day, came through magnesia rock from a depth of two hundred feet. At that time this was the only spring in Wisconsin thus developed and protected from surface drainage.

The spring water had long been used by Indians and wildlife in the area. Winnebago Medicine Chief Much-kaw, who said he was 120 years old before he died around 1860, called the spring "much good water." He said his people had used the healing waters for as long as he could remember. He recalled his tribe's fight with the Potawatomi for possession of the "medicine water" and the surrounding hunting ground, always good and plentiful even in times of great drought.

Much-kaw's statements were confirmed by the number of human and animal bones found in the excavations for the resort in 1880. One very large elk horn was found in the center of the spring, several

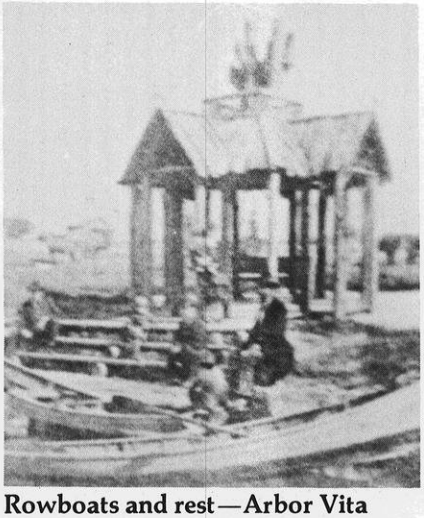
Chemical Analysis of Vita Mineral Spring Water
Gustavus Bode, chemist

Chloride of Sodium	0.1755 gr.
Sulphate of Soda	0.4563 gr.
Sulphate of Lime	0.6435 gr.
Bicarbonate of Lime	12.1212 gr.
Bicarbonate of Magnesia	11.8638 gr.
Bicarbonate of Iron	0.2047 gr.
Alumina	0.1464 gr.
Silica	0.9045 gr.
Organic matter	1.4098 gr.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin 1879

feet below the surface of the ground perfectly preserved.

Swan concluded, "I have carefully watched the effects of this water on the hundreds here using it and the result is conclusive. It does have a specific and peculiar affinity for the kidneys, ureters, bladder, urethra and neck of the bladder, removing all congestions, irritations and inflammations of those structures and toning them up in a few weeks or months to a



Rowboats and rest—Arbor Vita Mineral Spring Spa, 1885. (Photo courtesy of Miss Mary Swan, granddaughter of Dr. G.E. Swan.)

complete state of health. Other organs are also benefited, but these so decidedly that I name this water Vita (life)—life to the whole urinary economy and better health to the entire system."

A marble basin surrounded by Waukesha flagstones centered the charming pavilion Swan erected over his spring. The water boiled up in the basin and was served across a counter encircling the interior.

A Chicago landscape engineer, who had recently designed Chicago's Lincoln Park, supervised the transformation of the cow pasture into a lovely park. Over 2,000 oaks, maple, basswood, butternut and walnut trees were planted. Flower beds banked tennis courts and croquet grounds. Ivy-leafed arbors covered winding paths, and delicate wooden-arched bridges spanned the three excavated pools.

A nearly constant procession of people on foot and in carriages came to drink of the Vita Mineral Spring and to bathe in its healing waters. They came by rail to stay at the large hotel on the grounds. This long, four-story building with a mansard roof, long porches and three observatories, accommodated more than one hundred guests.

People from St. Louis, New Orleans and Louisville returned to visit year after year. Lively parties called "germans" or "cotillions" were held each season with as many Beaver Dam people in attendance as hotel guests.

A small ornate bandstand, halfway between the hotel and the spring pavilion, accommodated Harder's Band for two concerts each week. On Saturday nights following the concert, the band moved to the hotel and played for dancing. Carpets in the two large parlors were covered with canvas, and the party was on. From eight to nine the children danced, and from nine to twelve adults had the floor. Another parlor was reserved for those who preferred cards.

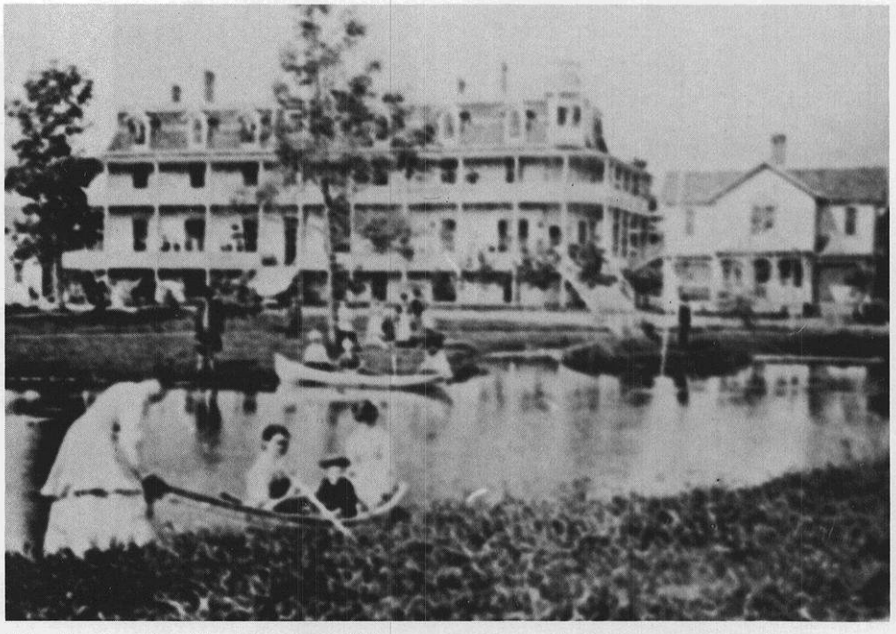
Hotel guests frequently hired carriages at the local livery stables for drives around the city or to fish in Beaver Dam Lake. A large steamer, "The Swan," carried guests up Beaver Dam Lake for picnic outings at Vita Forest.

A greenhouse on the south side of the park supplied gardeners with plants and the hotel with fresh flowers daily. Guests young and old enjoyed the view from air castles built in some of the larger trees. Reached by twenty-five foot winding stairways, these castles were platforms secured by side rails and seats.

Swings, sliding boards and playground equipment were installed. Fountains sprayed over the pools, bathhouses were built and a white picket fence completely surrounded the beautiful grounds.

For twenty-three years the citizens of Beaver Dam used the elegant spa facilities freely through the generosity of its founder. Perhaps that is why the venture did not prove profitable. The hotel was not opened after the 1893 season. In 1902, the buildings were sold at auction, and the lumber used in building several homes on High Street (now Mill Street).

Swan then placed the property on the market for residence lots. A far-sighted Beaver Dam City Council



Vita Spring Spa Hotel—1885. (Photo courtesy of Miss Mary Swan.)

paid him $15,000 for the resort in 1905 to establish it as a city park. Some people felt this action to be unwise and worked to elect a council that would revoke the sale. The new council decided to place the decision in the hands of the people and a referendum vote was held on November 6, 1906.

Spring Pavilion-1955 (Photo courtesy of the Beaver Dam Recreation Department.)

Spirited betting before the close of the polls gave ten to one odds that the proposition would be defeated two to one. City Attorney Burke was noisily active in the pre-election drive to save the beautiful resort grounds for the common people of Beaver Dam.

He wrote letters to influential people explaining in detail the financial arrangements of the sale. He said if the park purchase was rescinded, the city would lose its $1,175 down payment plus taxes and mortgage obligations of $3,700. He effectively pinpointed the contract feature of tax-exemption for the property as long as Dr. Swan remained in control.

"Those of you who are chronic kickers and opposed to the best interests and welfare of the city and yourselves, vote against the park," he exhorted his readers.

The opposition, consisting of bankers, moneylenders and retired farmers (according to Burke), went out of town to Fox Lake and Juneau to have their election literature printed. They contended the property (assessed at $10,000) was not worth $15,000 and that it would call for exhorbitant extra expenses such as park policemen, a park superintendent, electric lights and a sidewalk around the twelve acres. At that time Beaver Dam had one policeman (no uniform) and unpaved streets.

The opposition was accused by Burke and others of having vested interests in other proposed park lands.

At the close of the hotly contested campaign, voters approved the sale by a narrow margin.

"Our progressive citizens and the laboring men rallied to the support of the park, and voters in all wards of the city favored the purchase," said the *Beaver Dam Argus* on November 9, 1906. "After the ballots were counted, there was great rejoicing by all who had favored the park," continued the *Argus* reporter.

The greatest rejoicing took place at the four corners where the second and sixth wards partied around a giant bonfire until the morning hours.

The *Dodge County Citizen* wrote, "Twenty-five years from now citizens of this city will be thankful to the people who provided them with Swan's City Park."

Seventy-one years later the lovely park continues to remind residents of the debt owed far-seeing individuals who preserve unique natural areas for the enjoyment of future generations. A German band plays favorite tunes in the 1880 spring pavilion modeled after the famous spa resorts of that earlier time in Waukesha, Wisconsin, and Saratoga Springs, New York. A colored water curtain, synchronized to music, accents performances in the newer band shell constructed in 1935. A large new children's swimming pool and expanded play equipment delight visitors.

Citizens of Beaver Dam later elected City Attorney Burke mayor and sent him to Madison as their representative. He served as Wisconsin state senator and three terms as a United States

Swan Park band shell and water fountains as they appear today. (Built in 1935.) (Photo courtesy of the Beaver Dam Recreation Department.)

congressman.

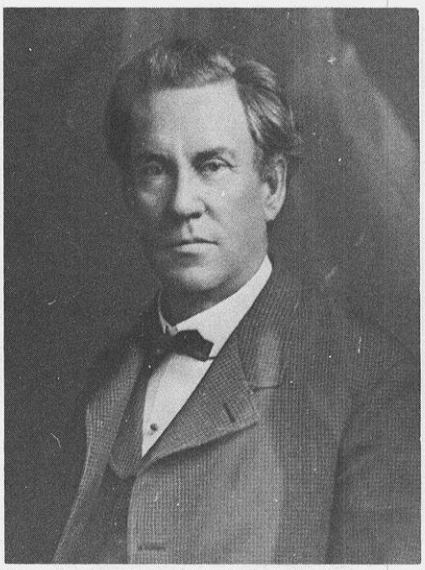
The famous Vita Mineral Spring was capped and closed over sometime in the early 1930s. More and more deep wells dug for expanding industry had finally caused its demise.

Today, citizens can't satisfy their curiosity about the taste of the water, nor find out if it would help one live as long as Much-kaw, but the charming old spring pavilion, the stately trees and arched bridges remain to remind—thanks to Dr. Swan, M.E. Burke and all those unknown voters who made the park for Beaver Dam.

George E. Swan, M.D. came to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, from South Bend, Indiana, in 1876. After practicing medicine in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana for over fifteen years, he hoped the Wisconsin climate would aid his chronically ill wife.

During his first year in Beaver Dam, he discovered a specific called "Pastilles" for "female weakness." Three to four thousand boxes of this medicine were distributed each month to 1,600 lady sales agents throughout the United States and Europe.

Generally remembered for the elegant watering spa he developed at Vita Mineral Spring (now Swan City Park), the late nineteenth century philanthropist bottled and sold the spring water throughout the continent and Europe, developed



George E. Swan, M.D. (Photo courtesy of Miss Swan.)

two other parks, invented many useful devices, and dabbled in mining and politics.

Born in Erie County, New York, April 6, 1838, Swan left home at the age of seventeen to begin country school. He financed his later college studies with years of hard outdoor laboring jobs and part-time teaching.

Never having money for liquor or tobacco when young, Swan developed strict temperance habits which he maintained throughout his seventy-five years. Convinced of the physical and spiritual benefits of outdoor exercise, he practiced the health habits he taught. This kindly physician generously shared all of his park facilities with local people.

In 1892, he opened Crystal Lake Resort east of the city on the shores of spring-fed Drake's pond (present site of Crystal Lake Beach Recreational Complex).

His one hundred passenger steamer, "The Swan," carried passengers to and from Vita Forest on Beaver Dam Lake for dancing picnics.

The lovely three-story Victorian home that he built in 1898 on Yankee Hill in Beaver Dam is charmingly preserved by his granddaughter, Mary Swan, a retired educator.

The *Dodge County Citizen* said of him in 1906, "He is a man who loves to see his neighbors and friends enjoy themselves, and is ever generous to the city and its people."

Lorna Knowlton is a free-lance writer who resides in Beaver Dam and is especially interested in Wisconsin history and environment.

Swan Park 1920: ". . . the charming old spring pavilion, the stately trees and arched bridges remain to remind."

(Photo courtesy of Miss Swan.)

Writ In Remembrance

by Marjorie M. Bitker

During my schooldays in New York City, every teacher in the girls' academy I attended from kindergarten to college was, with few exceptions, a hero to my worshipful eyes. Of these by far the most illustrious was Miss Margaret Neptunia Sheldon, senior homeroom teacher and head of the English department. "Shelley," as she was called by her devoted followers after one of her, and therefore our, favorite poets, had already occupied these posts for more than a quarter of a century when I joined the train of her admirers, but "age could not wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety," as she herself, an artesian source of quotations, might have said.

She was no beauty, either by the then-current Gibson Girl or classic Greek standards. Of medium height, stoutish, her light complexion given to mottling under stress, her nondescript brown hair with a fringe in front (was it real or false? we used to wonder, without malice); her nose, sharp at the point and tilted upward, arched eyebrows of unusual mobility which accentuated her not infrequent sarcasm—she looked what she was: a New England Puritan Old Maid Schoolteacher. She dressed the part, too. For winter, a suit or dress of blue serge or brown; for spring and fall, dark foulard of chaste pattern; all costumes topped by net guimpes that ended in high-boned collars and firmly girdled at the waist by broad belts of folded satin or uncompromising grosgrain. From her belt, by a silver chain, there hung a pouch of soft black leather whence, upon occasion, she would whisk out a dazzlingly clean handkerchief or a sen-sen, which she would pop into her mouth without missing a syllable of her discourse. Her mouth, prim in repose, often relaxed into tenderness or broadened in mirth. The erectness of her posture ("a good carriage implies, *not* infers, self-respect!") betokening a sturdy corset, was belied by the darting, birdlike motion of her head as she focused her bright blue gaze, behind always shiny clean pince-nez, upon one or another of her pupils.

Her nipping "Scarcely your best work!" accompanied by a reproving lift of the eyebrows, would send its unfortunate cause into a decline for hours. Her quiet "Good!" accompanied by a private smile, would transform an ordinary class period into a fiesta of self-congratulation for the lucky one.

It was Shelley who introduced us to Shakespeare. In her pure New England voice from which, if the drama so required, all "refinement" would be absent, she would read her favorite passages from *Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar*—all required reading for college entrance exams—and from other plays as well. We learned more about English history from Shelley than from the official history teacher, an unpopular little fellow with a scraggly mustache and a lisp. How murderously dark was Shelley's tone when, hands clutched against the old-fashioned gold watch (her grandmother's) dangling from a fob on her impressive bosom, she whispered: "Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

"O Wind," she would breathe lyrically, often emitting a gust of sen-sen, "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" For us, at such a moment, it was already spring.

It was Shelley who instilled in us a lifelong delight in the poetry not only of Shelley, but also of Wordsworth, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Swinburne, and even the then "moderns," Alfred Noyes and John Masefield; Shelley who introduced us to the "familiar" essays of Charles Lamb and Robert Louis Stevenson, paying out of her own pocket for the annual essay prize, a limp leather copy of *Travels with a Donkey in the Civennes*, or *Essays of Elia*, for the best student effort. Regardless of our ill-muffled moans and groans, she drilled us unremittingly in grammar, syntax, vocabulary, and spelling. "No matter what you do with your lives," she would say, eyes sparkling blue fire, "you will need the tool of language. Remember, there is no more beautiful language than our own. Use it with knowledge and respect."

She was advisor to the Literary Club, which met Thursdays after school. In the cramped but enchanted precincts of her office, under a framed sepia print of Sir Galahad and his grazing white horse, we would discuss the Dickens or Thackeray or Jane Austen or even—towards the end of the senior year—Galsworthy or Conrad novel which each of us, in her spare time, was supposed to and generally did read. "Now, girls," Shelley would inquire with that mildness which precluded a real brain twister, "do you think Becky Sharp was all bad?" There followed a spirited discussion not only of Becky's part in the plot, but more importantly of moral concepts in general. Never did an hour speed by so fast as then and there.

Once a year the Club was invited to Shelley's home for tea. No grand duchess dressed more carefully for a palace ball than we for that magic Saturday afternoon in the dingy little flat where Shelley had kept house for her aged mother, and now lived alone. It was a walk-up: one of a row on a shabby street. Even on a sunny afternoon in May—the traditional month for the affair—the apartment was cloaked in darkness. The small square living room was made to seem smaller still by reason of several huge pieces of heirloom furniture: desk, lowboy, secretary with some original glass panes—all relics from the family homestead in Marblehead, Massachusetts, long ago sold to "strangers" as a summer place.

Shelley's father had been captain of the clipper ship "Neptunia," hence her odd middle name. It was only by the grace of God and a following wind, she would tell us as briskly as though the wind itself were whipping the words from her mouth, that she had not been born aboard the ship, which had been delayed for three weeks in the Doldrums. ("Now, can any of you tell me where, and what, are the Doldrums?") Above the olive green tiles of the hearth with its shabby gas logs hung the forbidding oil portraits of Abijah and Margaret Mayhew, Shelley's great-grandparents, who frowned over their high starched collars at us, frivolously arrayed in our best spring piques and dotted swiss, as we devoured watercress sandwiches on paper thin homemade bread ("an old family recipe") and crisp molasses cookies (ditto). We lapped up glass after glass of very sweet ice tea, not made ahead of time as at home, but poured hot over cracked ice in tall glasses, and flavored with sprigs of fresh mint, specially shipped for the occasion by Shelley's married sister in Richmond, Virginia.

"Isn't it exciting, girls," Shelley would remark, sweeping us all up into her intimate smile, "to think that maybe Great-Grandmother Margaret or Great-Grandfather Abijah might have been sitting on that very chair the night of Paul Revere's ride?"

More thrilling than the heirlooms was the photograph of Shelley's nephew, Tom, on the large Empire dresser which, together with the fourposter and two rickety old rushbottom chairs, were all the tiny bedroom could hold. There in a silver frame, always in a high state of polish, and flanked by an ivory-backed "toilet set" (wedding gift of Shelley's father to her mother) was the face of all our dreams, open and smiling, under an unruly crop of thick dark hair. "To Aunt Maggie with love from Tom," was written in a dashing hand across the white shirt front open at the throat.

He was, we learned, the only child of her youngest sister who had married a "ne'er do well" Italian painter. Both parents had died young leaving Tom, at sixteen, to make his own way as in one of the Horatio Alger stories that Shelley, with a quirk of her eyebrows, would make us feel ashamed of having read. Tom was studying art in Boston. "He's a dear boy, and according to the experts, rather talented," Shelley would tell us, not quite keeping the pride from her voice.

Tom was killed in the battle of the Marne, during my senior year. Not until then did we realize that Shelley had been paying for his education. Red-eyed and stony-faced, with a black net guimpe topping her darkest navy blue serge, she continued to teach without missing a day. "He is only one of many fine young men to make the supreme sacrifice," she said steadily to those of us who, after class, moved to the front of the room to mumble awkward words of sympathy. "We must all carry on, you know. 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.' " "Now," she said, trying to dart a birdlike glance in her accustomed style," who can translate that?"

My mother, with whom during my adolescent years I was perpetually at war, was jealous of Miss Sheldon. "If *she* asked you to stand on your head," she once said to me, "I'm sure you would. But if I, your own mother, ask you to do the simplest thing around the house . . . ." It was true, of course. I who detested (and still detest) sewing, sat up past midnight night after night working on the costumes for our senior play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, of which I was both prompter and wardrobe mistress. This was by way of compensation for having achieved only the walk-on role of Footman.

But when Adele Bronson, the class's "rich girl," fat

and lethargic but somehow possessed of a flair for acting and a hoarse contralto voice well fitting her to play the male lead, came down with chickenpox ten days before the opening, a substitute had to be found. Who else but me, the prompter, who knew every word of the play by heart? Ecstatically, I stepped into Adele's part, and patiently took in her costume to suit my skinny dimensions. What bliss, to be coached—even though often sarcastically, for I was no Bernhardt—by Shelley. My bliss, however, was short-lived. The day before dress rehearsal, Adele came back, cured. Trying to act relieved, I put on a casual front, saving my tears until I got home.

"To think of playing a mean trick like that!" cried my mother loyally. "I'm surprised at Miss Sheldon."

"It wasn't mean," I argued between sobs. "Adele is much better than me—I mean I." Such awareness of correct grammar, even under duress, was the perfect tribute to Shelley's years of drill.

At the banquet following our triumphant production, a corsage of roses, maroon and white (school colors) was presented to Shelley. Mutual compliments were tossed back and forth like basketballs. It was the best play, the most talented cast, etc. etc., in the history of the Academy. At last, the evening's climax: "Remarks," by Miss Margaret Neptunia Sheldon, director.

She was wearing a navy and white foulard decorated with a lace-edged fichu instead of the usual high-collared guimpe. With a smile of encompassing good will she looked briskly about as she congratulated cast and staff as enthusastically as if she had not coached senior plays for at least two decades. We all exchanged delighted glances. Who could ask for anything more?

"Let us never forget," she said, in serious vein at last, "that no small part of our success is due to the play's author. Ars longa, vita brevis. I'm sure everyone can translate that! To Oliver Goldsmith!" she said, and we all stood, raising high our lily cups of root beer, before resuming our consumption of the spectacular fudge layer cake donated by the Class Mother.

But Shelley was still on her feet. She signaled for silence. "I would like to propose one more toast," she announced in that quiet voice reserved for something special. "To a member of the senior class who by her complete cooperation, her selfless attitude . . . . " I heard no more. The impossible thought had struck me that it just might be me—no, I!—that she was referring to. My face burned, my heart thundered. I looked down at my paper plate, unable to swallow another crumb of fudge cake. "So, here's to our Footman!" cried Shelley, in the ringing tones of "Friends, Romans, Countrymen."

From underneath the table she produced a florist's box, and pinned to my shoulder a corsage of sweetheart roses.

If I should ever stand before the heavenly throne, it would be an anticlimax.

As unemotionally as possible, I reported the incident to my mother. "Well, it was the least she could do!" said she; then added, to my astonishment, "I know how you feel. I felt the same way when Miss Steele gave me the silver loving cup for good citizenship in seventh grade."

The loving cup, inscribed to my mother in her maiden name, had always seemed to me an object of ridicule, hardly worth the weekly polishing it was given before being replaced on the bureau. "I worshipped the ground she walked on," said my mother in a faraway voice. In that moment, my mother and I met for the first time as people. I handed her my corsage. "Here," said I, surprised at myself, "It will just fit your loving cup."

During my busy, happy college years, the memory of high school—even of Shelley—faded. Still, the year after graduation, when I sold my first story—actually, to a "pulp" magazine—I sent a marked copy to Shelley, now retired.

I still have her letter in acknowledgement, written in the familiar and distinguished, though by now a bit shaky, Spencerian script. "It is splendid," she stated, "that you have achieved publication and that you attribute your success to me. Do not think me inappreciative if I express the hope that in future your writings may appear in media more likely to appeal to the faculty and alumnae of the Academy." There was a postscript after the accustomed "Faithfully yours": "Not a single error in grammar, punctuation, or sentence structure!"

My first reaction of fury was quickly transmuted into amusement; then, in time, into the resolve to make Shelley proud of me. But, by the time I had landed a story in a "quality" magazine, Shelley was dead.

When I read the obituary in the paper, I was swamped with remorse for having lost touch with her. "After a long illness, at Riverside Nursing Home," the notice said. No sisters remained, only a niece and nephew in Richmond, Virginia.

The little neighborhood church was crowded for her funeral services. I recognized many schoolmates and teachers in the congregation. Over the coffin was a blanket of roses, maroon and white, from the Alumnae Association. A minister in vestments read, in a cool, impersonal voice, the short service from the Book of Common Prayer. It may have been by her request, but still . . . .

The last amen was still echoing against the modest ceiling vaults when a middle-aged woman in full length mink hurried on high heels to stand before the coffin. At the first word I recognized the breathy contralto of Adele Bronson—still, obviously, a "rich girl." "I just can't let her go like this," she cried, tears making paths down her heavy makeup. "She was the best, she changed all our lives, everybody loved her."

An usher gently led her away, and the organ began the Recessional.

I fled into the March wind, my own tears cold against my cheeks. How could I have neglected her for so long? How hurt she must have been by the silence of all of us whose lives she had indeed changed.

In the taxi headed downtown, I vowed somehow to

make it up to her, never to be satisfied with second best; always, if I could, to deserve a corsage from Shelley. And I seemed to hear above the noises of the traffic, Shelley's voice at its pure, calm New England best, in one of her favorite passages from *Richard II:*

> The setting sun, and music at the close
> As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest
> last,
> Writ in remembrance, more than
> things long past.

Marjorie M. Bitker of Milwaukee is the author of short stories which have been published in The New Yorker, Reader's Digest *and other national magazines. Her novel,* Gold of Evening, *was published within the past year, and she is currently writing book reviews for* The Milwaukee Journal *and preparing a book-length manuscript on her remembrance of teachers* (Teachers For Lunch).

THE FACULTY WIFE
by Rosella Howe

Once upon a time a dedicated woman
married a professor whose profession was booming,
and all the way through her marital life
she referred to herself as a faculty wife.

This appellation implied no relation
to the wife's faculties. At her dedication
she placed her faculties in an old handbag
with the professor's schedule, a Valentine gag,
the name of a poet she knew in Salt Lake,
and a note of a phone call she never would make.

With her faculties safe in the old handbag
this wife embarked on a faculty jag.
It seemed she referred by her strange appellation
to her wife-of-a-professor situation,
to the privileges rare that the title conferred
and her status as whey to the professor's curd.

One privilege she had was identification
regardless of scholarly qualification.
When she was presented, at meeting or soiree,
high personage and low would invariably query
"And what department is your husband in?"
"Gurgleology Department" she would chime in,
enabling the others (as well as herself)
to know her right place on the scholarly shelf.

Another prerog. of this dedicated wife
was presiding supreme in Department high-life.
In Gurgleology parties she was prime mover.
We all know that cocktail parties must offer
delectable tidbits to cushion the liquor.
This wife could produce them with hardly a flicker.
The academicians admired this virtue
more than they did their colleagues' research. You'd
have thought, had you heard them, that crabmeat confections
meant more, in the crunch, than genetic predictions.

Still further priv's as a faculty wife
gave her these options in daily life:

> expert selection of groceries
> careful avoidance of gaucheries
> seeing the children through all their crises
> handling the great aunts' and uncles' demises
> typing her husband's publications
> being the object of his dedications
> (without whom which, without which whom
> and all that sort of boom boom boom)

All of these options she carried in hand
while her faculties deep in the bag were dammed.
When the professor went off on sabbatical year
this wife trailed along as collateral gear,
first leasing two houses in calmness and dither,
then taking all of her privileges with her.

With privileges holding them down like sandbags,
the faculties never spilled out of her handbags.
And when the wife came to the end of her wave,
they emptied her handbags into her grave.

Poetry

by Kent D. Shifferd

EVE AND ADAM

Traveling in labyrinthian times, my love,
With children, yours and mine
And no guiding lines above to reveal
What greed and folly have concealed,
Error congealed into deadend pathways
That eat up our alloted days.
Still, with stocks of courage running low
We press on to unknown futures,
Carrying mankind as we go.
Behold this little band, and have mercy,
Gods of foreign lands.

POEMS

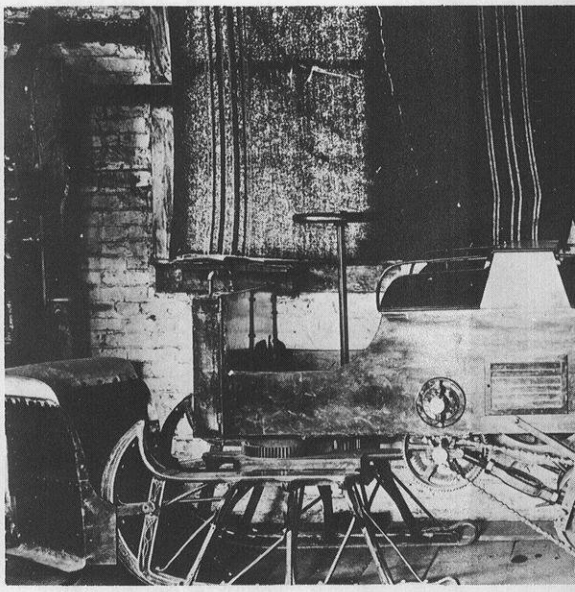
My poems are not confined to space and time.
I mix up ages and word tenses in blends confounding
common senses.

It's not so much that I can be
Jesus, Joseph, Mary, God or even me.
But, transcending personality itself
I weave a skein, a warp and whelf,
And I'm a cloud,
Or a cricket chirping outside logic's thicket,
I break the very laws of physics,
Play at places, words and rhymes
And even tell the truths,
sometimes.

Wisconsin Winter Potpourri

One of the Milwaukee "Polar Bears" (winter bathers). McKinley Beach, Milwaukee, 1923. (Photo courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Collections.)

In 1924, the *Wisconsin State Journal*, Madison, sponsored a "Cold Weather Yarn" contest. Three of the entries are reprinted in this special "Wisconsin Winter Potpourri" section. The first prize entry appears below, a second letter on the opposite page, and the last, a poem, appears on page 19. (Letters courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Archives and Manuscripts section.)



Black Earth, Wis.,
January 8th, 1924.

Wisconsin State Journal,
Madison, Wisconsin.

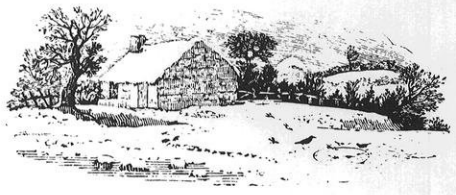
Gentlemen:

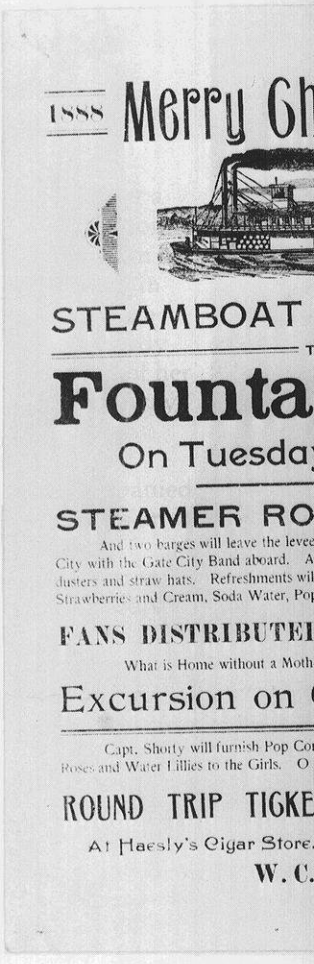
Have noticed in tonight's Journal, your plea for tales of havoc wrought by the recent cold snap. Thank you for allowing the truth to enter in, because, as you well know, "truth is stranger than fiction".

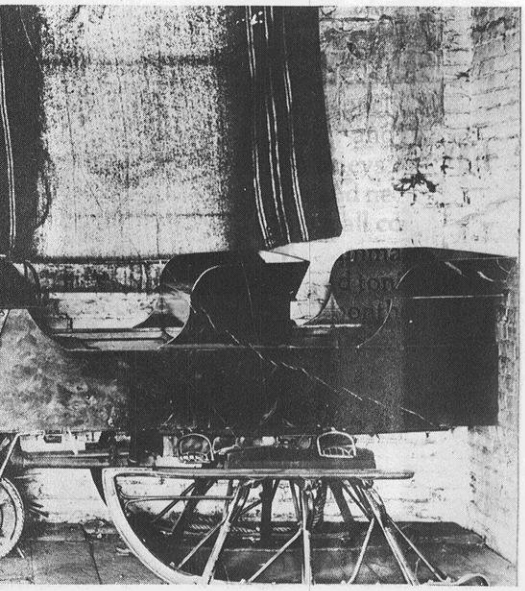
Last Saturday night, Nels Nelson, one of our most prominent Swede Hollow farmers, was wont to exploit his favorite cow for what Green County terms Her Gold, Her Diamonds, and Her Children. In other words, he tripped lightly barnyardward to do the evening milking. Early the next morning, his wife discovered that he had failed to reappear at the fireside, and on investigation, found him in the yard, sitting on his favorite milk stool—like Lot's wife of Bibical fame, who turned to Chlorin & Sodium on looking backward—frozen solid, with an icy sceptre gripped in either hand. Mercury had fallen to such a low station that night, that in place of the usual foaming stream of milk brought into being with each powerful squeeze, the milk froze enroute to the pail and an icicle of deadly speed and force took its place. Only a few of these missles had been misguided, but these few had been enough—they had pierced the toes of his boots, and had pinned him fast to the ground. Alas, his favorite milk pail was also rendered unfit for further service—the bottom was punched full of holes.

Send the five dollars to Germany, for the relief of starving babies.

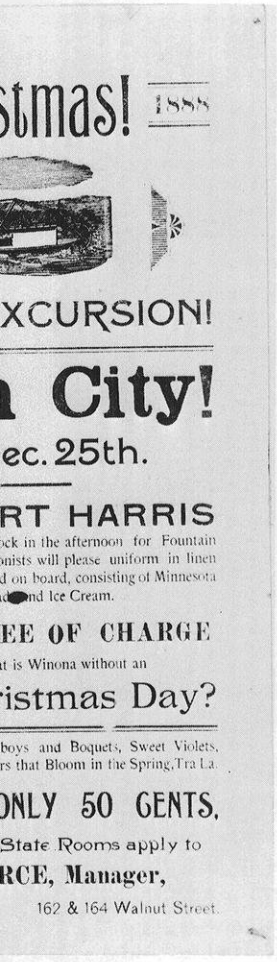
Smiley,—Black Earth..







One of the first attempts to build a type of snowmobile was made by J. J. ("Jake") Healy of Antigo in 1909. About 1914-15, the Rath brothers, also of Antigo, constructed a snowmobile propelled by an air-driven, pusher-type propeller mounted on a sled with ski-type runners. According to Robert J. Poss, President of Langlade County Historical Society, "This I recall as the Rath boys lived in our neighborhood—and I watched them skim across open fields during the winter." (Photo courtesy of the Langlade County Historical Society, Inc.)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Broadside. (Courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Collections.)

H.A. Kovenock,
433 W. Gilman St.,
Madison.
"COLD WEATHER YARN"

A new obstacle to the enforcement of the federal prohibition laws was discovered during the cold spell which recently gripped the Middle West. The weather in the northern part of the states bordering Canada is so cold that bootleggers have discovered a means to utilize it in the evasion of the letter, though not the spirit, of the law. Reports have it that trucks have been fitted with concrete box-bodies divided into small compartments. Into these are poured the contents of barrels marked with the triple X. The enterprising bootleggers then take spirited drives along the border. The air up there is so intensely cold that it transforms the sparkling liquor into square little cakes—of ice.

By the time the liquor reaches the U.S., it is no longer liquor, and the federal officers have been scratching their heads, wondering whether they have the power to stop the importation of—ice. Reports say, also, that quite a flourishing trade is going on with the farmers of the northern communities, and that numerous shipments have been rushed in refrigerator cars to New York, Chicago, and other large cities, of this new superior brand of Canadian ice.

Bootleggers claim that machine-chilled spirits do not retain their solidity very long, and that the only practical method is Nature's. Accordingly, they are awaiting eagerly the next visit of Jack Frost, and if he is here as emphatically as he was last Saturday, they expect to be able to make another large shipment of the cold comfort. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody luck."

Granny Picky's Sugar Cookies

Mix two cups sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, two tablespoons cold water, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon lemon extract and three and one-half cups flour. When rolled out, cut in circles, flute the edges, sprinkle with sugar, and place a large raisin in the center. Bake until very lightly brown.

Photograph of the Frederick C. Conover residence, Madison, 1893. (Courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Collections.)

Oatmeal Cookies

Combine three-fourths cup butter, two eggs, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one cup light brown sugar, two cups rolled oats, one-half cup raisins, one-half cup nuts (chopped and floured), one teaspoon salt, and three-fourths teaspoon soda. Add enough flour to keep dough from running. Drop by spoonfuls onto buttered tins. Bake.

Vignettes of Wisconsin Winters

The near extinction of the Wild Turkey is stated succinctly by Dr. Hoy: "I am told, by Dr. E.B. Wolcott, that turkeys were abundant in Wisconsin previous to the hard winter of 1842–43, when snow was yet two feet deep in March, with a firm crust, so that the turkeys could not get to the ground; they hence became so poor and weak that they could not fly and so were an easy prey for the wolves, wildcats, foxes and minks. The Doctor further stated that he saw but one single turkey the next winter, and none since." The above winter was known in Wisconsin for decades as the "hard winter."

Excerpt from an article written by A.W. Schorger found in "Wild Turkey in Wisconsin," *Wilson Bulletin*, Volume 54, Number 3, September, 1942, page 179.

1840, Nov. 20. Calvin Stevens, Pleasant Prairie, to his brother Samuel H. Stevens, Enosburgh, Vermont. Wisconsin far surpasses New England in natural beauty and fertility of soil. Yet farmers are worse off here than they were in the East. Principal means of obtaining cash is through selling land. There is no market for cash crops. Poverty and hardships rampant, but feels that Wisconsin will eventually become the richest part of the union.

From "Wisconsin Territorial Letters," 1837-1852. These were letters written to friends, relatives, business and religious associates during this period. The letters have been summarized by the staff of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Archives and Manuscript section.

The saw-mill was run night and day the first winter, so great was the pressure for lumber, from the pioneers upon the prairies south and east. One cold stormy night as the sawyer was rushing his work ahead, he saw a big gray wolf, gaunt and hungry, looking in at the east door and turning around noticed another looking anxiously in at the open side of the mill. Feeling that

he had to fight, or run, he rushed upon the nearest one with a hand spike. Mr. Wolf deeming discretion the better part of valor, left hastily, and the other one followed him without even saying goodbye. The next morning their big tracks were seen upon the snow. What they thought of the sawyer or saw-mill we never knew.

The snow was very deep that winter enabling the hunters to slaughter the deer to their hearts content. Over three hundred were said to have been killed within five miles of the village. They were on sale at one dollar apiece and dressed pork sold at a dollar and a half per hundred pounds, so no one needed to starve, but it was the coldest and longest winter (1842-'43) ever before experienced by the oldest inhabitant. Our mill dam broke twice and cost hundreds of dollars each time to repair it. But spring came at last. An incident occurred at one of these breaks of the dam that came near making a change in the population of no small importance as things have turned out.

Reprinted from the Wisconsin Old Settlers Association record and scrapbook kept from 1885-1929. This is an excerpt from an 1885 newspaper clipping found in the scrapbook. (Courtesy of the State Historical Society, Archives and Manuscripts section.)

First ski meet parade in Stoughton, Wisconsin, 1910. (Photo courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Collections.)

Old Madison Punch

Combine:
Six quarts bourbon
One quart orange juice
One pint lemon juice
One quart Jamaica rum
One pint heavy sugar syrup
(one cup water to two cups sugar)
Two number 2 cans pineapple juice
Two quarts charged water

Chill with an ice ring and garnish with fruits of the season. Eighty servings.

("Cold Weather Yarn")

I am sure it was the coldest night,
In nineteen-twenty-four;
I've ben tickled ever since because,
it froze my neighbour's snore.

But always somthing else turn up,
to freeze the joy in life;
the worst of all the jobs I had,
was thawing out my wife.

The next thing was to tease my Ford,
for standing on the street;
she said I'm going to stand here too,
this weather sure is great.

The air was froze in all the tires,
the spark on all the plugs;
the barbs was froze of all the wires;
Oh! what a change the rings fit snug.

It froze the cap of the radiator,
it froze the nuts of the carburator,
it froze the fenders, and all its rattles
the horn, wish-bone, and all the padles.

It froze the lights and the transmission,
it froze the label and transportation;
it froze the time and it froze the model,
it froze the hendle and the hot watter bottle.

It froze out all of the imitation,
I beleive it froze up his nomination.
In fact it froze up all its scent,
and there it stands by the heating-plant.

By John Heggestad
1315 University Ave.

An Appreciation of Increase Allen Lapham

By Walter E. Scott

The working nucleus of the Academy at the start was the group of enthusiastic naturalists who had grown up under the stimulus of the pioneer conditions . . . Foremost among these, by common consent, was Dr. I.A. Lapham of Milwaukee, then already a veteran scientist. By profession a civil engineer, he had become at an early day a faithful collector, observer and recorder of natural phenomena in nearly all leading lines from bed-rock to sky.

—From past-president T.C. Chamberlin's address at the fiftieth anniversary meeting of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in 1920.

A good way to celebrate the Bicentennial of our country—and also to recognize the one hundredth anniversary of Dr. Increase Allen Lapham's death—would be to try walking in his footsteps for awhile. Some typical projects, based on his historical records and field notes, could be:

- a winter field observation trip from Milwaukee to Green Bay in a sleigh drawn by his favorite horse, "Adelaide" (1843);
- botanical collecting trip on the Lake Michigan shore from Racine to Milwaukee (after traveling down on the streamer "Sultana") (1846);
- geological reconnaissance of the Wisconsin River Dells (1849);
- mapping to scale the ancient works at Aztalan (1850);
- an archeological survey and excavation of Indian mounds on the top of what now is called Holy Hill (1851);
- reconnaissance of the Penokie Iron Range (1859);
- attendance as a founder (and first general secretary) of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters at its organizational meeting on February 16, 1870, and of its general council the following day.

On September 14, 1875, the ink hardly was dry on his survey report of the limnology and hydrography of the Oconomowoc area lakes, and he knew where the fish were living. It was a lovely fall day and he had a large string of fish tied to the boat which floated near shore.

But the oars were silent and all was still when his son found him dead in the boat at eventide.

Increase Lapham was born in Wayne County, New York, on March 7, 1811, and came to Wisconsin to live in July of 1836. He is buried in the unpretentious family plot at Milwaukee's Forest Home Cemetery. In the almost forty years of his life spent in Wisconsin, he became one of its foremost citizens. State archeologists call him "the father of Wisconsin archeology." Late in 1836, he published the first scientific booklet in Wisconsin (and possibly the entire country west of Lake Michigan and north of St. Louis) entitled, "A Catalogue of Plants and Shells found in the Vicinity of Milwaukee."

In the same year he published an account of the large turtle effigy mound at Prairieville, now Waukesha, in the Milwaukee

Advertiser. And he was the first state geologist appointed to conduct a comprehensive geological survey of Wisconsin in the 1870s. Lapham also played a key role in establishment of the United States Weather Bureau; authored the first book published in the state for public sale in 1844, entitled *A Geographical and Topographical Description of Wisconsin;* and drew a definitive state map containing considerable new data, which was published at Milwaukee in 1846 and many years thereafter.

When asked of his business, Lapham is said to have replied that he was, "studying the State of Wisconsin." There is no question that he was the state's first scientist and also its first conservationist with deep ecological insights. In fact, he might be called our first ecologist, for he was an accomplished botanist and authority on the grasses. He compiled and published the first *Systematic Catalogue of the Animals of Wisconsin* in 1851 and also of its trees—with articles in the *Wisconsin Farmer* periodical in 1856. His study of the state's fisheries and lake characteristics pre-dated Birge and Juday; his weather records cover the first several decades of our state's history. All of this was firmly based on a foundation of geological and earth science highly advanced for its time and characterized by the expert cartographic skill of this accomplished civil engineer. His early, detailed field notes of weather, bird migration and plant growth, recorded with phenological relationships, are worthy of review even today.

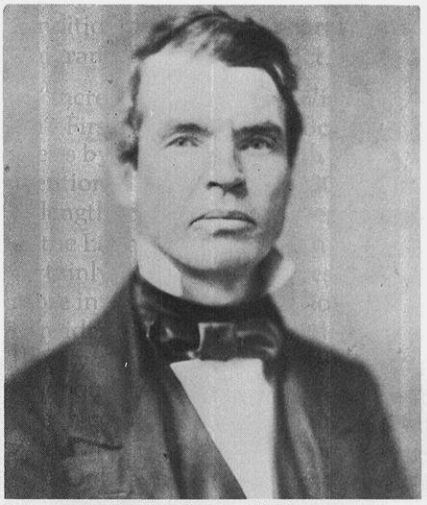
Lapham was a "generalist" largely because the days in which he lived required him to take such a broad approach. But he also was a "specialist" when it came to his extensive and detailed studies of the grasses of the entire United States and to his meticulous survey of Indian mounds, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1855 under the title, *The Antiquities of Wisconsin, as surveyed and described by I.A. Lapham, Civil Engineer, Etc., on behalf of the American Antiquarian Society.*

Throughout all his works there is a deep and abiding sense of history and historical values: the need for preserving the location and shape of mounds before they were destroyed; the urgency of recording species of birds, mammals and other fauna present in the state before they became extinct; and the heedless destruction of forest trees which would affect future generations. Close to 120 years ago Lapham started to urge tree planting by farmers—and a decade later as a public enterprise for the general benefit of all. The legislature finally heeded his requests to form a study commission on this problem, and he wrote (as chairman) their 1867 "Report of the Disastrous Effects of the Destruction of Forest Trees now going on so rapidly in the State of Wisconsin." The report is considered the beginning of Wisconsin's conservation movement. It was republished in 1967 as the basis for a Conservation Centennial Symposium at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

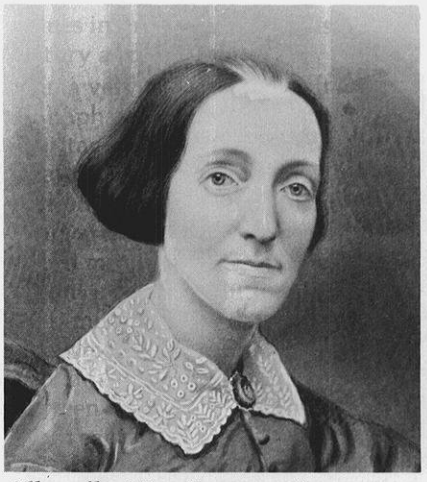
Many Humanitarian Concerns

Lapham's humanitarian interests were as numerous and all-inclusive as his scientific pursuits. In 1837 he became a founder and officer of the Milwaukee Agricultural Society and, in 1840, secretary of the Milwaukee Lyceum. He was instrumental in establishing the Milwaukee public high school program and was one of the founders of the Public Library (1846) and the Female Seminary (1848)—later known as Milwaukee-Downer College. As a member of a committee of three persons who drafted the first constitution of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin in 1849, he served after its organization as vice-president for twelve years and as president for ten years. Lapham also was one of the signers of the "Call for Meeting to Organize" and the first secretary of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters (1870-72), continuing on the council as vice-president of the arts until his death in 1875.

From the time of his arrival at Milwaukee several days before the unorganized and primitive area became part of the Territory of Wisconsin, he served his local community in many ways, such as register of claims (upon the government lands before the land sale), school commissioner, trustee of the town, alderman (Milwaukee City Council), president of the Female College, and director of the Young Men's Association. Following the religious faith of the Society of



Increase A. Lapham. (Photo courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Collections.)



Allegedly Mrs. Increase A. Lapham. (Photo courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Iconography Collections.)

Friends and living a life of Quaker simplicity, it is not surprising that he was chairman of a committee of the Old Settlers' Club of Milwaukee County, which published in 1870 "A Paper on the Number, Locality and Times of Removal of the Indians of Wisconsin." In the concluding statement, which Lapham no doubt wrote, they said: "We wish to record our earnest and solemn protest against the long-acted-upon policy of our national government, of removing the Indians to the west. It is at best temporary, a short-sighted policy, for their new homes are speedily wanted by us for settlement and improvement, when another move becomes necessary; and this process is repeated until the tribe becomes extinct." His humanitarian concerns also included the promotion of a federal land grant for an institution to care for the dumb, blind and insane in 1843 and a home for disabled soldiers in 1865.

In this brief article no attempt is made to produce a complete account of Lapham's life and accomplishments, but rather only an introduction to his character and encouragement for additional recognition of his works. It should be noted that he was an active member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of many other national and international scholarly institutions. He regularly corresponded and traded specimens with many fellow scientists. His library collections were extensive, and he used them effectively. Hence, his quotation from George P. Marsh's *Man and Nature* (1864) appears on the front cover of the 1867 report on destruction of forest trees: "Man has too long forgotten that the earth was given to him for usufruct alone, not for consumption, still less for profligate waste." In my collections I have Lapham's copy of Henry D. Thoreau's *Excursions*, published at Boston in 1864, and also Lapham's set of the *Laws of the Territory of Wisconsin* and the *Constitution of the State of Wisconsin adopted in Convention February 1, A.D. 1848* —to which Lapham added in pencil, "and by a vote of the People." It is no wonder that Amherst College conferred the Doctor of Laws degree upon him in 1860.

Lapham was one of the founders of the Milwaukee Lyceum; he presented a talk on "The Natural Sciences" to that group January 23, 1840. Even 135 years later his introductory comments make sense:

"There are persons, and possibly there may be some here, who are disposed to ask—what is the use of this study? What possible benefit can it be to any person to become acquainted with the animals, plants, and minerals, by which he is surrounded?

"To such I would say that if we regard it in the narrow light of *money making*—if we regard nothing as beneficial unless it redounds to our *immediate pecuniary* advantage—then these pursuits might about as well be let alone. But when we reflect that many of the states, and the General Government, are now making *Geological surveys*, embracing an examination of the animals and plants; and that as their importance become known and appreciated, other states will do the same—when we reflect that naturalists are attached to all our *exploring Expeditions*—that *professorships* of natural science are established in many of our colleges and universities, who will say that these pursuits may not lead to pecuniary profit. In exploring a new country like ours a knowledge of mineralogy and geology may enable us to detect the presence of valuable ores or mineral beds, whose existence might otherwise never have been suspected.

"There are other and higher reasons for pursuing these studies. There is a pleasure, a pure and unalloyed pleasure connected with them that is seldom found anywhere else."

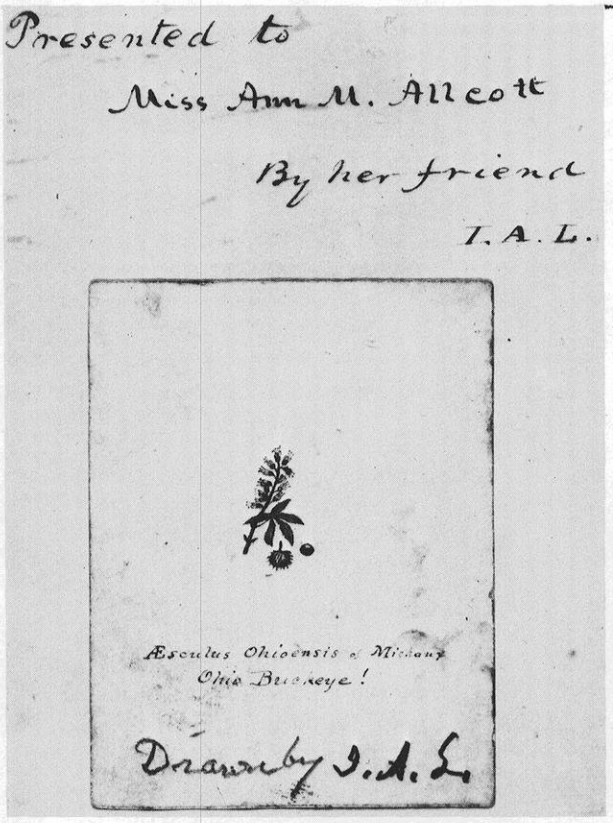
Lapham's Wife: "worthy helpmeet"

Little is written about the family life of the Laphams, but it is obvious that his wife, the former Ann Marie Alcott of Marshall, Michigan, shared his convictions and interests. His 1836 pamphlet on the "Plants and Shells found in the vicinity of Milwaukee" (preserved in the rare book collection of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin) contains a beautiful presentation note "To Miss Ann M. Allcott, By her friend, I.A.L." with a miniature drawing of the flower, leaf and fruit of the Ohio Buckeye, which evidently held special meaning for both of them. Two years later he brought her to Milwaukee as his wife. She proved to be an inspiring wife and faithful mother for a quarter century until her untimely death on February 25, 1863. She spent many lonely hours at home while Lapham traveled the state on scientific projects. At such times she read and recorded the weather data from Lapham's instruments four times daily, starting at six o'clock in the morning and ending at nine o'clock in the evening. In addition, she made over one hundred barometric readings to ascertain elevations in Milwaukee and was the sympathetic recipient of many field reports from Lapham, who appreciated her encouragement. Records indicate also that she was actively interested in the founding of the Milwaukee Female College and similar community projects. After her death, the eldest daughter, Julia (then twenty-one years old), took charge of the household duties until Lapham died twelve years later.

On June 18, 1915, William Ward Wight, past-president of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and chairman of the Milwaukee-Downer College trustees, presented the address upon the unveiling of a memorial at Milwaukee's new Lapham Park. He recalled that Lapham's name was at the head of the list of incorporators of the school when it was chartered by the legislature on March 1, 1851, and that "His books, his collections, the wealth of his varied learning were always at the service of teachers and pupils." Of Lapham's wife he said: "She was a worthy helpmeet

for her husband; his papers received her criticism, all his labors her encouragement, all his scientific tasks her assistance, and his varied successes her applause."

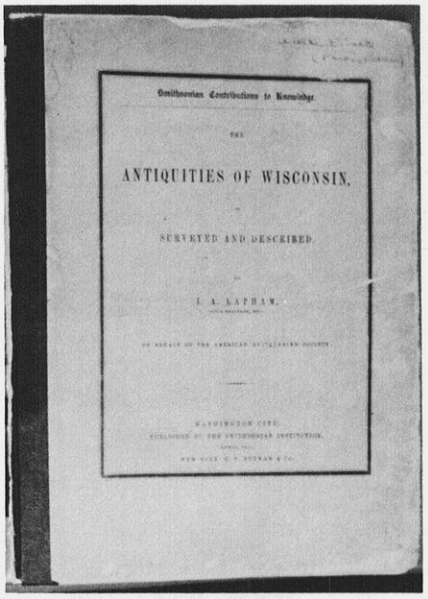
Special mention should be made of Lapham's experience with the barometer in determining elevations of land in southeastern Wisconsin. One of the primary reasons for his coming to the state was to assist Byron Kilbourn on the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal Company, of which he became chief engineer and secretary. In this connection he did reconnaissance surveys to determine elevations vitally important to the project, which eventually failed because, in part, of the successful rail transportation systems. But Lapham, with a sense of historical destiny having been first to measure the highest point of land in southeastern Wisconsin, took his barometer there on October 8, 1851, and recorded an elevation of 824 feet above Lake Michigan, or 1,402 feet above sea level. Reported to Chancellor John H. Lathrop of the University of Wisconsin, the note appears in their board of regents report (1852). Considerably more detail on the elevation of land (including a profile sketch) was given in his *Antiquities of Wisconsin*. In a footnote to this report, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution stated: "In consideration of the interest manifested by Mr. Lapham in this prominent feature of this part of the State, by measuring its altitude, and opening its artificial mounds, it has been proposed to name it Lapham's Peak."



Lapham's presentation note to Miss Ann M. Allcott with the miniature drawing of the Ohio Buckeye. (From the Rare Book section, The State Historical Society of Wisconsin.)

Numerous Awards, Honors

Dr. Lapham was honored in many other ways both before and after his death. The famous botanist Asa Gray named the Genus *Laphamia* in his honor. For his discovery of distinctive lines on metal meteorites, these now are called "Laphamite Markings." He was elected an honorary member of the Wisconsin Natural History Society and the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen as well as honorary vice-president of the New England Historic-Geneological Society. At his original Wisconsin home of Milwaukee, a street, a school, a park and a University of Wisconsin building are named for him. His sculptured bust is displayed in the entrance lobby. In Madison there is a Lapham School, and his portrait hangs in the governor's reception room of the State Capitol. In connection with the annual State Fair of 1891, a contest was held to determine the most distinguished deceased citizen of the state—Dr. Lapham was selected. Mrs. Amelia W. Bate of Milwaukee, who submitted the winning entry, maintained that Lapham deserved this honor when measured by a standard "of usefulness to their fellow men." In 1926 the Wisconsin Archeological Society established the Lapham Research Medal in his honor. His portrait was cast, with several other founders of the Wisconsin Academy, on the semi-



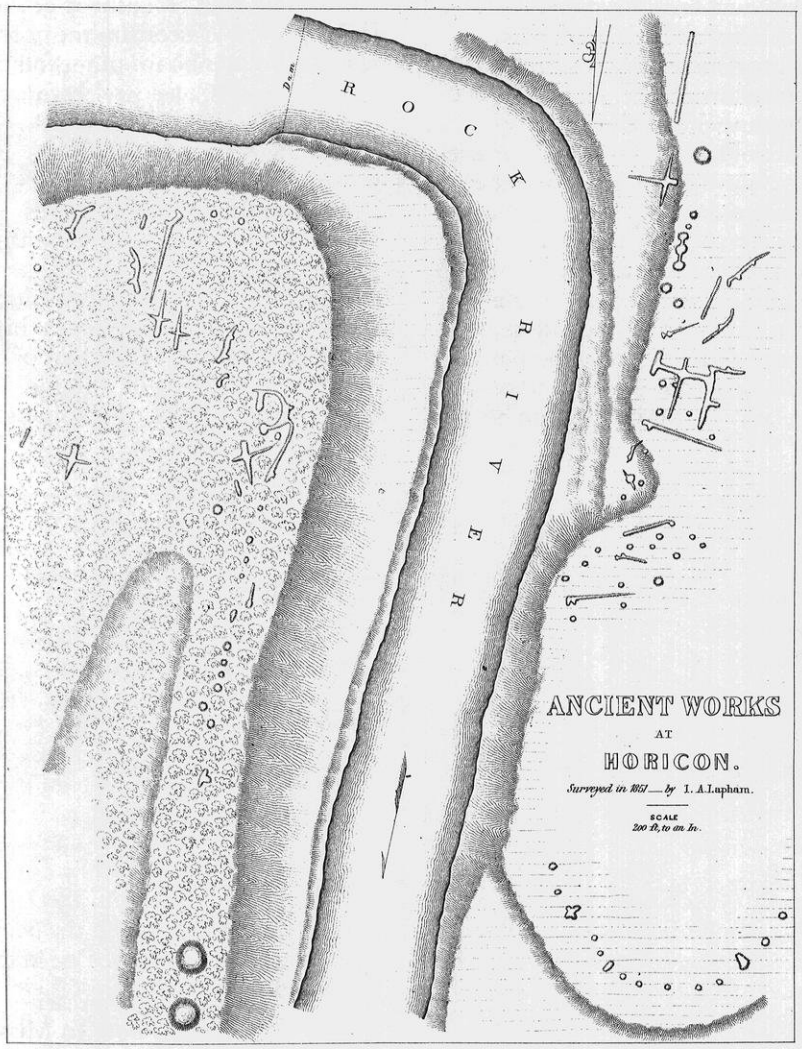
Cover of one of Lapham's books, *Antiquities of Wisconsin*, published by the Smithsonian Institution, 1855. (Book courtesy of the author.)

centennial Academy medallion. In 1916, the U.S. Geographic Board named Lapham Peak in Waukesha County to honor him. Another significant honor for Lapham was the resolution unanimously adopted in 1871 by the executive committee of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin for his work "from its organization meeting January 30, 1849 to the present—serving so acceptably as its President for the past ten years."

Impressive Collection of Scientific Materials

One of the most impressive aspects of Lapham's career was his extensive collection of scientific materials. In 1876, by legislative act, these were purchased by the state for the University of Wisconsin. Included was a 24,000 specimen herbarium of approximately 8,000 different species and some 10,000 fossils, minerals, shells, meteorites and Indian relics. Along with these, the purchase included 1,500 books, pamphlets and maps. Newspaper articles about the UW Science Hall fire of December, 1884, implied that the collection had been destroyed, but other references indicate the books and plants had been housed elsewhere.

The Milwaukee County Historical Society has a beautiful set of bookcases which are reported to have belonged to Increase Lapham —but virtually none of his books. It was Lapham's habit to place his name on the front fly-leaf or the title page of his books. Any verified copies of these are now searched for by collectors. Rarest of all are copies of the little sixteen-page pamphlet (including the cover) published at the Milwaukee *Advertiser* office in 1836—"A Catalogue of the Plants and Shells." Over a decade ago it was reported that an original copy of this sold for $125, and higher offers are made today. The Botanical Club of Wisconsin, in cooperation with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, is reprinting a facsimile of that little publication in memory of the one hundredth anniversary of Lapham's death.



"But the most extended and varied groups of ancient works, and the most complicated and intricate, are at Horicon .... most of the forms heretofore described are represented at this place.... The larger and more conspicuous mounds are generally selected by the Indians for the burial of their dead."—I.A. Lapham. The above map, found in Lapham's book, *Antiquities of Wisconsin*, is an example of his expert cartographic skills. (Book courtesy of the author.)

Although Lapham made a living for his family through work for the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal Company as secretary and civil engineer, real estate sales and rentals, geological consulting for mining enterprises and sale of his maps and books, his primary effort continually was in the field of scientific inquiry—which was usually given freely for the public good. One of his acquaintances recorded this remark which rings true in light of Lapham's character: "There has been no leading incident in my business career; avoiding poverty on the one hand and the burden of superabundant wealth on the other."

Without question, Lapham's most important "tools" for his investigations were his scientific reference materials, such as specimens, books, maps, and the usual field accessories used by all good naturalists. Lapham felt strongly

about these things, as was evidenced in his letter of November 29, 1851, to University of Wisconsin Chancellor John H. Lathrop: "It is the duty of the University and its professors to be constantly 'posted up' in the rapid increase in human knowledge, so as to impart to students not the knowledge of the last century, or the last year even, but also in all improvements and contributions to science up to the present time; and how can this be *done*, unless adequate means are provided in books, apparatus, and specimens?" Even at this early date he was offering to help supply the university with specimens for their reference collections. In keeping with this spirit of cooperation for the cause of scientific advancement, Lapham's weather records were used in preparing Blodgett's *Climatology of the United States*, and he was cited for helpful assistance in Agassiz's *Natural History of the United States*.

Because of the vast amount of work done by Lapham in many different fields of investigation, an adequate biography and a complete bibliography of his published work is yet to be completed. In his UW-Madison doctoral thesis (1960), Graham Parker Hawks of Wauwatosa made a fair start on this difficult task. However, he lists only fifty-six published items and forty-eight unpublished manuscripts while there definitely are more. Also, Lapham's published maps, which well may have been his major contribution to the state's development as well as scientific inquiry, are not listed. Hawks does refer to problems encountered in studying this subject, noting that, in 1897, Julia A. Lapham gave the State Historical Society of Wisconsin collected materials which filled thirty-one manuscript boxes (plus other items such as maps, pictures, etc.), but that these did not include any correspondence about business or political affairs, which he believes were destroyed later by a granddaughter, Laura Lapham Lindow. Several of these boxes contain some of Julia's own correspondence and papers as well. Hawks also lists in his selected bibliography over one hundred references to books, periodicals, manuscripts and documents that refer to Lapham and his work. In spite of this coverage, much of importance was not included, especially in the archeological field and in Lapham's relationships with cultural and scientific organizations.

Lapham published his first map of Milwaukee in 1845 and for the state of Wisconsin in 1846. A more specific map on Wisconsin geology was issued in 1855, and all of these were revised to keep them up-to-date in subsequent years. Another specialized map, very important for its time, is referred to in the Wisconsin Academy second meeting proceedings of July, 1870. It showed the isothermal lines of the state which were vital to agriculturists. In his letter of May 16, 1859, to Lyman C. Draper (who had asked for biographical data) Lapham wrote: "My published maps of the state, reviewed almost annually, have kept the people informed of the geography of Wisconsin, and it has often been remarked that the people of our state are better posted in the details of the geography of their own state, than are those of any other . . . No citizen of Milwaukee who has anything to do with real estate can get along without my map of the city." A list of Lapham's published maps would exceed one hundred. There are many more in his manuscript collection which are still unpublished.

One reason why the study of Lapham is so fascinating is the extent of his "fugitive" articles and notes published in most unusual places throughout the country. Sometimes essentially the same article appears more than once, and some references are very difficult to obtain. So it is that the first of his series of articles on the trees of Wisconsin was published in the *Wisconsin Farmer* (1856) even before the belated *Transactions of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society* (Vol. 4, 1854-7) was printed. Likewise, some biographical sketches about Lapham are scarce. Examples are the "In Memoriam" by S.S. Sherman, read before the Milwaukee County Old Settlers' Club on December 11, 1875; the *Biographical Sketches of Increase Allen Lapham and Other Distinguished Citizens of Wisconsin*, published in Milwaukee in 1891; and the little leaflet containing A.W. Schorger's, "A Tribute to Wisconsin Conservation Leaders," presented at a UW natural resources conference on June 30, 1949. There is little doubt that, with conscientious searching, more Lapham materials and references will be found.

Discouraging Experiences

In spite of all his obvious successes and accomplishments, Increase Lapham had many failures and discouraging experiences in his life. Many of these seemed to stem from the fact that he so often was ahead of his time with concepts that needed general public support to succeed. A comprehensive geological survey of the fledgling state (including the natural resources) was a primary goal from the date he stepped off the steamer at Milwaukee. Dr. Schorger's review of all the organizations Lapham attempted to organize for accomplishment of this worthy purpose clearly portrays a valuable characteristic—perseverance in spite of reverses. He even tried to persuade the State Historical Society of Wisconsin to broaden its scope into natural resources investigation and hoped for greater things from the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Not until some years after his death were these large undertakings seriously attempted—with the single exception of the state's geological survey, which Lapham started in 1873 as state geologist. One close friend reported that it "broke his heart" and that he never recovered when a new governor chose a political appointee to replace him two years later.

There were many more such

incidents in Lapham's life. For example, his primary job after arrival in Wisconsin territory was to serve as chief engineer and secretary of the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal Company, which had hardly begun to dig before it was dissolved after more than a decade of related hard work. The project he loved most—a promised federal position to produce a "Catalogue of the Described GRAMINAE of the United States"—fell through in 1856 after he had worked in Washington, D.C. for some time (for which he never was paid). He continued the project at home, and the unpublished manuscript is gathering dust in his collections at Madison. His interest in land speculation led him in 1857 to promote development of a city in the Red River Valley of Minnesota, but this investment was wiped out five years later by an Indian uprising.

What Others Have Said of Dr. Lapham

Something of the quality and accomplishments of the man is revealed through the following selected quotations from people who knew Lapham during his lifetime, or who later studied his publications, activities and character:

1836—In a letter from his mother, Rachel Lapham:

"Thee hast well requited the pains and anxiety endured in raising Thee."

1859—Lyman C. Draper, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin:

"From the time of his settlement in Milwaukee to the present, no man has done more than Mr. Lapham towards building up the now great State, and particularly the city of his adoption . . . . Few men in our country have lived lives of so much unobtrusive usefulness; and few enjoy so much of the solid respect of the learned and the good of our land."

1861—J.W. Hoyt, Secretary, Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, for their Executive Committee:

"There has not yet been made a thorough botanical survey of the State; but the public spirit and laudable scientific enthusiasm of several naturalists—among whom Messrs. Lapham of Milwaukee, Hoy of Racine, and Hale of the State University, are worthy of most prominent mention—have so far made up for this neglect of the State, that the State Agricultural Society has been enabled to publish in its 2nd, 3rd and 5th Volumes of Transactions, catalogues of some 1,300 species of plants; and this present volume will include additions to the number of 160. Great credit is due to the scientific gentlemen who have, on their own account and without remuneration, carried on these important investigations in the botany of our State."

1875—Professor James H. Eaton of Beloit College:

"His library was a great pigeon hole where all the results of his previous study, and that of others on the same subjects, were methodically filed so that they could be found at a moment's notice . . . . The fact that his work in the state was largely pioneer may cause our present estimation of it to fall below rather than to exceed its true deserts; but it was done so conscientiously, and so broadly, that it will be better appreciated in the future than it is now."

1876—P.R. Hoy, M.D., of Racine:

"He was a quiet unassuming gentleman, benevolent and most hospitable, as both strangers and friends can abundantly testify. He had not the advantages of commanding presence, and was not gifted in public speaking, and being modest to a fault, always inclined to underrate his own abilities and labors, he often did not receive that recognition which his knowledge demanded and which would have been quickly yielded had he possessed more self-assertion or a more combative temperament. Yet, his height could not be hidden, though he succeeded sometimes in shadowing it, and he soon became *the* authority on all scientific subjects, and was often appealed to from city, state and country for information which he alone could furnish . . . . In order to judge correctly of men, we must know them under those circumstances and in that place where nature and education have best fitted them to act. To know Dr. Lapham, we must go with him to his workshop—the great out-doors."

1876—Joseph Henry, Secretary, Smithsonian Institution:

"The action of Congress in regard to the signal service was due to the immediate exertions of Mr. Lapham through the member of Congress from his district, General Payne, in setting forth the advantages of the system to the commercial interests of the great lakes."

1876—James S. Buck in Pioneer History of Milwaukee*:*

"In person, Doctor Lapham was of medium height; slight build; large head; dark blue eyes; dark hair; voice soft and musical, but low in tone; walked with a quick nervous step; was of a quiet disposition, never seeking notoriety, but always seeming to avoid it; was a true friend, and possessed one of the kindest hearts that ever beat within the breast of a human being. Such was the *personale* of this distinguished man . . . . With what patience he watched the winds, the tidal waves, and the rain fall, for years; at the same time studying the flora and fauna of Wisconsin, as well as its geology, hoping, at some future time to make this knowledge useful to his adopted state."

1891—Julia A. Lapham (a daughter of I.A.L.):

"From the time of his arrival . . . in 1836, he studied Wisconsin, and by various publications endeavored to make known the great resources of the State . . . . Prof. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, said: 'He was the pioneer botanist of your State, and his name will be inseparably

connected with its *flora*.' Prof. Chas. Whittlesey, a prominent geologist, who knew Dr. Lapham well, said of him: 'The field work he performed as a private citizen, without compensation, exceeded that of any other geologist who has served the State or government under pay.'"

1891—J.M. LeCount in his book, History of Holy Hill*:*

"Whoever has carefully studied the topography of Wisconsin must have familiarized himself with the very prominent range of hills and lakes located well to the eastern part of the state. This miniature, though well defined mountainous range, has been called by some of the early historians of the state, Lapham's Range, in honor of the late Increase A. Lapham, formerly geologist of the state, and who made a careful survey and study of this extended chain of hills and lakes while Wisconsin was yet a territory . . . . Coming down to the earliest authentic name given to the hill, we find it recorded in history as LAPHAM'S PEAK."

1914—Ellis Baker Usher, then President, Wisconsin Archeological Society:

"He was a man who realized in the most significant sense that true success is not that gained through commercial pre-eminence or personal aggrandizement, but rather that which lies in the eternal verities of human helpfulness and exhalted ambition. He left the gracious heritage of noble thoughts and noble deeds . . . . Dr. Lapham needs no other monument than that afforded by his life and services, but it is greatly to be regretted that the title of 'Lapham's Peak,' given by Joseph Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was not retained to the elevation, now known as 'Holy Hill,' in Washington County, Wisconsin."

1917—Milo M. Quaife, Editor, Wisconsin Magazine of History*:*

"The valiant labors of Increase Lapham in the service of the state of his adoption have largely gone unheeded and unrewarded to the present moment. Yet it is safe to predict that when the future historian shall come to scan the record of the first half century of Wisconsin history as a territory and state, he will affirm that no man brought greater honor to her or performed more valuable services in her behalf than did the modest scholar, Increase Allen Lapham.

" . . . to Increase A. Lapham, the state's first great scientist, belongs the credit of seeing the need of forest conservation a generation in advance of his fellows, and of doing his utmost to direct their attention to the problem."

1933—Louise Phelps Kellogg, Historian, State Historical Society of Wisconsin:

"From this time (1836) for almost forty years he made his home at Milwaukee, one of its most modest, quiet citizens, but one of the most useful. Lapham was an expert map maker and his are among the first and best maps of Wisconsin and the vicinity of Milwaukee."

1946—Alice E. Smith, Curator of Maps and Manuscripts, State Historical Society of Wisconsin:

"In the year 1846 a sectional map of Wisconsin, drawn by Increase Allen Lapham, was issued from Hale's bookshop in Milwaukee. Lapham's map differed from all earlier maps of the territory in one important respect: it was distinctly a home product, the first map of Wisconsin drawn by a Wisconsin resident and issued by a Wisconsin publisher. Its appearance marked the beginning of two series of maps that were for nearly half a century to advertise Wisconsin to the nation and to introduce countless immigrants to the geography of their new homeland."

1949—Dr. A.W. Schorger, former Conservation Commissioner:

"The year 1836 will remain notable in the annals of our commonwealth for the arrival in Milwaukee of Increase A. Lapham. Possessed of boundless energy, insatiable scientific curiosity, and an uncanny insight into the future, he laid the foundation of the conservation on which we continue to build."

1973—Alice E. Smith in The History of Wisconsin *(Vol. I):*

"The name that appeared time and again among the early writers was that of Increase Allen Lapham. Born of Quaker parents in 1811 at Palmyra, N.Y., Lapham exemplified throughout his lifetime the spirit of inquiry, the quest for knowledge, the zeal for improvement of the condition of man, that characterized emigrants from that district."

"Increase A. Lapham, Wisconsin's First Scientist," the doctoral thesis by Mr. Hawks which was mentioned earlier, is over 300 pages in length. Still, it is just a beginning of the Lapham story, which certainly needs and deserves much more investigation and scholarly consideration. This is mentioned largely as an apology for the many inadequacies of the present article, which completely ignores important facets and incidents in Lapham's life. Only a summary sketch to help commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his death was here attempted. It is hoped this will stimulate more investigation of his scientific records, which have many values in understanding Wisconsin's history and potential.

In a very real sense, Dr. Increase A. Lapham's experiences form a "heritage bridge" to the early days of our country's formation. Although he was born thirty-five years after 1776, he did see in his youth men like Lafayette, who fought in the Revolutionary War; his family heritage dates far back into New England Puritan stock. Lapham was one of a family of thirteen children, and he had to begin earning his own living at the age of thirteen years. He was precocious in many ways, but particularly for his powers of observation and his exceptional cartographic skills. At that early age, he made and sold maps of the canal on which he was hired to cut stone and carry a surveyor's rod. His most valuable educational motivation came from early relationships with scientists and engineers on such projects, and his historical sense and stimulation

came from about a year of tutoring by the state historian of Kentucky, Mann Butler. It was a perfect case of "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log . . . ."

With such a background during his first twenty-five years, the enthusiastic young Lapham arrived at Milwaukee on July 1, 1836. From his notes, there is a record of what he did during some of the first days after his arrival:

July 3: (or maybe that week?) "Examined for quarries; Leveled up Chestnut and Winnebago to 9th st. Hill 107 ft. above lake; leveled up Milwaukee River to Bigelow's Mills; made a profile of Milwaukee River; worked at accounts of Milwaukee sales of lots, etc."

July 10 to 19: "Have been busy leveling streets, making profiles . . . have made a map of Milwaukee County and have been to the stone quarries on the Menomonee River. Have done a little botanizing."

August 9: "Checked water levels in Milwaukee River after a hard Northeast wind and made recording lists of plants, animals and shells (in Latin) found during my rambles around Milwaukee this year."

August 12 to August 15: "Walked to Racine (25 miles), from Racine to Pike River and back to Milwaukee."

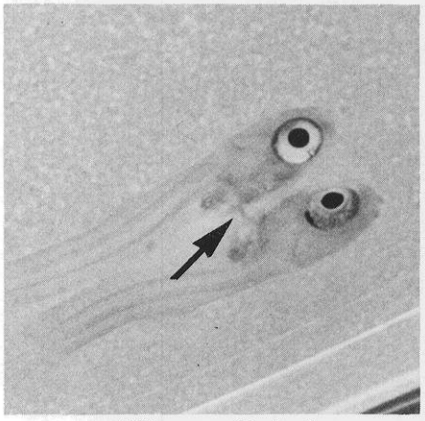
Here was a man who knew exactly what he wanted to do—and the marvel of it is that he continued doing such worthwhile things for almost four more decades—to the ongoing benefit of the people of Wisconsin.

Walter E. Scott, subject of the lead article in the fall, 1975, issue of the Wisconsin Academy Review, *is a past president of the Academy who retired from the Department of Natural Resources last spring following nearly forty years of service. Among other things, he is an acknowledged expert on Increase A. Lapham.*

Lapham Would Nod With Approval

Early publications of the Wisconsin Academy were rich with accounts of the strange and the curious of the natural world. The time of the founding of the Academy (1870) was a time when layman and scientist alike were especially given to the reporting of phenomena.

Harkening back to that tradition, the *Review* reports a communication from Ed Poole of Milwaukee. The story comes by way of Dr. Richard Spieler, curator of fishes at the Milwaukee Public Museum, who describes Ed Poole as "an enthusiastic and intelligent high school sophomore (Milwaukee) who I would like to see encouraged."



"Siamese Twins"

Actual size of the fish is 5 mm. Arrow points to the common circulatory vessel. (Photo courtesy of Milwaukee Public Museum staff photographer, Jan Mahlberg.)

Ed's encounter with the bizarre began on the night of October 3, 1975, when he purchased a pair of tropical fish known as red-velvet swordtails, one of which was pregnant. Ed explains: "As soon as I got home I put the female in a V-trap breeder, hoping to save the babies."

Save them he did. And to his astonishment, one pair of the offspring turned out to be Siamese twins! Carefully examining them under a high power hand lens, Ed observed that "their bellies were connected by what looked like a red tube, and it seemed to me that they were sharing a common circulatory system through this tube."

A call on Dr. Spieler at the Milwaukee Public Museum confirmed Ed's findings—and then some, Dr. Spieler noting that the only report he could find on tropical live-bearing fish having Siamese twins was a case which involved the familiar molly species. His own examination showed the fish to be sharing the same blood system although, oddly enough, their heart beats were not synchronized. With "minds of their own," the joined pair often tried to swim in different directions.

On the fourth day after their birth, Ed noticed that they were picking at food on the bottom of the tank, and that they readily devoured baby brine shrimp provided them.

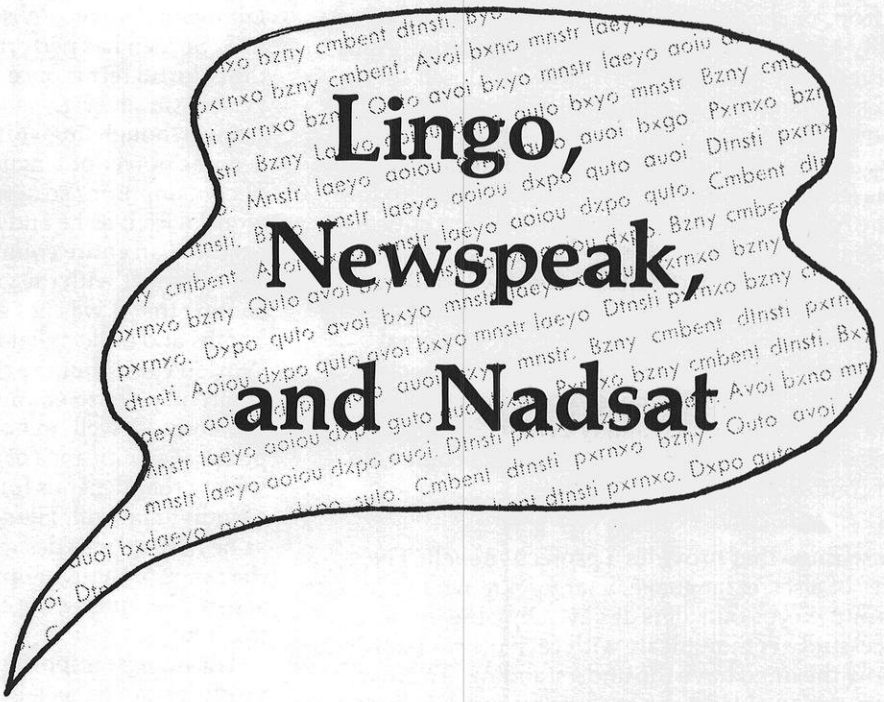
On the fifth day, Ed reports, "I noticed that one of the twins had lost a lot of its yellow color. Strangely enough, the other twin seemed to have more color, and possibly more blood in its tiny veins. That night, the twin without color died." Ed found that, by that time, the dead member was entirely without color and blood while the veins of the twin had enlarged considerably.

Concluding that the best contribution to science would be to preserve the pair while still joined, Ed dropped the fish into a container of 10% Formalin provided by Dr. Spieler earlier. Ed concludes, "The museum now has them in their permanent collection, along with all their other 'pickled' fish. If I'm lucky enough to get another pair of Siamese twins, I hope they live longer before they give their bodies to science!"

Somewhere, Increase Lapham, P.R. Hoy, and all the many other early Academy scientists are undoubtedly nodding and smiling their approval.—JB

SENDING & RECEIVING
A COLUMN ABOUT COMMUNICATION

by Arthur Hove



Lingo, Newspeak, and Nadsat

There is considerable wailing and gnashing of teeth at large in the land these days about the deplorable state of our language.

Edwin Newman, urbane NBC News commentator who once banged out stories for the University of Wisconsin *Daily Cardinal*, fears that America may be the death of English—the language, not the people. In his recent book, *Strictly Speaking*, Newman claimed, after being exposed to official and unofficial language for the past three decades of his career as a journalist, that "Language is in decline. Not only has eloquence departed the scene but simple, direct speech as well . . . . " Newman and others have concluded that words have lost much of their meaning. Our vocabulary lies flaccid over the landscape like those limp watches that litter many of Salvador Dali's surrealistic landscapes.

Why has our contemporary language become so debased, so corrupt? John Crosby, former television critic for the now defunct New York *Herald-Tribune*, offered a suggestion some years ago when he observed, "Communication has gone on to higher spheres—feelings, images, hallucinations—stuff like that. You might say the hottest new development in the American language is that words are finished. One simply doesn't need them any more."

Perhaps, but it was T.S. Eliot's Apeneck Sweeney who succinctly observed, "I gotta use words when I talk to you."

It is reasonable then to ask if Edwin Newman and his fellow linguistic Jeremiahs are correct in their assessment of the present condition of the language. The task is not easy. It is difficult to argue with Newman's for instances. Our contemporary language is hardly Elizabethan in its resonances.

The most obvious symptom of the currently insipid state of our language can be attributed to the wholesale rise of lingo that has proliferated in speech and the written word since the end of World War II.

Television, which gets blamed for most of the ills in our society, has certainly contributed to the daily corruption of the language. It is on television that we watch our politicians and their alter egos, the bureaucrats, pouring forth a lingo that was characterized a few years ago as "baffle-gab." As you may recall, baffle-gab gave rise to a popular parlor game which invited participants to construct sentences using such words as "infrastructure," "thrust," "parameter," "finalize," "conceptualize," "redemptive," and so on. The resulting paragraphs would look impressive but mean nothing because the key words had no ideological currency. Just like in real life.

It is also on television that we hear regularly the vulgate that has become so pervasive in our lives—sports lingo. Al DeRogatis rhapsodizes about the tactical advantages of "red dogs" or "safety blitzes" on

third down situations as we watch professional football players thump the stuffing out of each other. The garrulous Joe Garagiola offers editorial comment on "breaking stuff"—referring as he does to pitches which curve, drop, or slide after you throw them, not what invariably happens when you let loose a tantrum. And the effervescent (to use his word) Howard Cosell so brutalizes the language that he regularly transforms gold into brass.

The spurious machismo that comes with using sports lingo has led presidents and other public officials to talk about the "game plan" that will be used to face critical issues. Or they will point out that if a certain set of contingencies fails to materialize that we will find ourselves in "a different ball game."

Those who know sports lingo are a part of a great Freemasonry that extends to every level of our society. This, of course, is the primary feature of lingo. It is lingo, no matter how much it may debase the language, that makes the initial connections between people who have no confidence in their language.

It is also lingo that provides a protective shell. The mysteries of a secret language, a jargon known to a select group, keeps outsiders at bay. Only the initiates can successfully communicate with each other. Those who know the lingo have the understanding. Those who do not are the outsiders who become assigned de facto to a lesser social status.

The most epidemic growth of lingo has been experienced in recent years in the professions. Groups of specialists—from astronauts to zymurgists—have developed their own highly specialized language which is initially known only to the practitioners of the particular art.

An ironic suggestion for minimizing such a situation was offered more than two hundred years ago by Jonathan Swift, who envisioned a society in which things assumed a singular importance because words failed to promote understanding.

Swift's Academy of Lagado in *Gulliver's Travels* was a place where "many of the most Learned and Wise adhere to the new Scheme of expressing themselves by *Things*; which hath only this Inconvenience attending it; that if a Man's Business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in Proportion to carry a greater Bundle of *Things* upon his *Back*, unless he can afford one or two strong Servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those Sages almost sinking under the Weight of their Packs, like Pedlars among us; who when they met in the Streets would lay down their loads, open their Sacks, and hold conversation for an Hour together; then put up their Implements, help each other to resume their Burthens, and take their Leave."

This technique "would serve as an universal Language to be understood in all civilized Nations, whose Goods and Utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended."

Because lingo is often incomprehensible to the outsider and fades fast, its cataloguing is an important activity if we are to have an understanding of the ways in which language grows and changes. In his book, *Lumberjack Lingo*, Wisconsin Academy stalwart L.G. Sorden has performed such a service by collecting the colorful terms once used by the men who cut over Wisconsin's forest.

Even though lingo often occludes our perception, the genuine power of language has not been lost on students of contemporary society. Hitler virtually changed the world with it as he and his propaganda ministry hectored an entire country into believing they had an appointment with the gods. One might argue in such a context that it was not so much the impact of Allied bombs and bullets that eventually tipped the balance in World War II, but the rhetorical devices Roosevelt and Churchill used to counter Hitler's harangues.

George Orwell, in his novel *1984*, anticipated the political significance of language in shaping a world society that depends for its coherence on the surrender of individual will. His special language, "Newspeak," as he noted, "was designed not to extend but to *diminish* the range of thought, and this purpose was indirectly assisted by cutting the choice of words down to a minimum."

The natural response to the kind of world that this produces can be seen in another British novelist's work—*A Clockwork Orange*, by Anthony Burgess. Burgess invented a liberating lingo which he calls "nadsat." Nadsat is an individualized reaction to an Orwellian world in which the state has come to control everyone's lives—and thoughts.

Language provides an illusory and momentary way out of this dilemma so that we hear Alex, the hero, using his own lingo to project his individuality against the anonymity of the society he inhabits. The lingo Alex uses is, to say the least, florid. Here's a sample—"a malenky little dwarf of a veck ittied in, selling the morning gazetta, a twisted and grahzny prestoopnick type with thick glasses on with steel rims, his platties like the color of very stary decaying current pudding."

Perhaps it is language's infinite capacity to resist anonymity that is its most enduring quality. As Anthony Burgess noted in another book *(Language Made Plain)*: "Speech is magical; it is powerful though invisible; it is light in darkness."

Language is also constantly in flux. It has an infinite capacity to change and grow, to rise above the banalities that lingo imposes upon it. Language suffers only when the people who use it corrupt it because they have no appreciation of its magical qualities—and no faith in themselves.

But their fate is certain. William Carlos Williams, in his long narrative poem "Patterson," has written their epitaph:

"The language is missing them
they die also
incommunicado."

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

"If ya don't know what ta give da ol' man for Christmas, give him a belt!" The last time I heard that old saw was when I was a kid twenty-five years ago or so, which either goes to show you how old I am or the fact that "belt" has dropped from popular argot. Only oldtimers remember getting belted in the chops or bellying up to the bar and getting a belt of hootch. My, how time flies . . . .

At any rate, Christmas is also the most popular time to give books. It's a sad phenomenon, of sorts, because it would be nice just to give friends and loved ones books throughout the year. Books are not like clothes; they don't wear out. Although they may go out of style, they still have "shelf-life," meaning that there are books which are always or occasionally useful. Picture books, bound essays, books of poetry, reference books, history books—gifts which endure.

So, if you do not know what to give someone for Christmas, give them a book. One of the finest aspects of books is their variety; they are just like people. Take a few moments to consider the person to whom the book is to be given. Write down a few character traits, hobbies, interests, politics or religion. Do this for every person on your gift list, and then go to the local bookstore. Bookstore workers are usually quite remarkable people. Not only do they know their business, but they often have stupendous memories. "A book on scrimshaw? Let me think . . . ," the person says, and then leads you to a shelf where there is precisely what you asked for, or a near equivalent. And if they don't have what you want, they will either order it or tell you when it went out of print, etc.

So, take the trusty list of personality traits in hand and give the salesperson some ideas about what you want, and there's a 99 per cent chance that each person will receive a gift that will be greatly appreciated. "How did you know I wanted to read about Interpol? Why, just the other day . . . . "

Or if you are reluctant to make lists, browse. Walk up and down the bookstore aisles and make mental notes. Aunt Molly would love that book on classic needlepoint. George would read that one about the first auto race around the world. Dear Ronda would be delighted with this one about the worlds of Disney . . . .

Remember, half the fun of gifts is giving them. Besides, they'll be getting enough clothes that don't fit and are the wrong colors, and perfumes and colognes remind one of a certain brothel in Bordeaux. When you think about it, books are sure to be a hit. But just in case, don't write a greeting on the first white page. They can keep the card as a bookmark and take the book to the bookstore and exchange it for "exactly" what they wanted.

Speaking of bookmarks . . .

Hayward Allen

Note of Concern:

Through the oversight of prejudgement, reference was made in the last column of "Bookmarks/Wisconsin" about the Council of Wisconsin Writers membership status of novelist Marjorie Bitker, who quite correctly reminded us of her devoted and longtime association with the Council. I should have called first . . . .

Also, a typographical error gave Margot Peters' study of Charlotte Bronte an incorrect title—so, for those going to the bookstore to order this definitive biography, they should ask for *Unquiet Soul: A Biography of Charlotte Bronte*. We should always proofread twice . . . .

H.F.A.

WILD GOOSE COUNTRY by Robert E. Gard; photography by Edgar G. Mueller; Wisconsin House, Ltd., Madison, Wisconsin, $15.

Few people in Wisconsin fail to look to the sky when that special sound is heard. People stop their cars to listen for that familiar honk, and they point toward the distant dark lines above. Twice a year, we are treated to that marvelous sight and sound. If we were a primitive people, there would be rituals and pageants to mark the beginning of winter and its end, and the symbol would be the Canada Goose.

Robert Gard believes that if we have not incorporated the miraculous cycle into our beings, the geese have. The ways of the geese led Gard and his photographic partner, Edgar Mueller, to Horicon Marsh for *Wild Goose Marsh*, an excellent book about a very special place in Wisconsin. Now they have returned, not to the marsh, but to the geese that have made it famous, to present *Wild Goose Country*.

Wild Goose Country is a book about geese, about conservation, about life, about death. If one expects to read an academic discourse, properly illustrated, about the migration of the Canadian Geese, one should not consider *Wild Goose Country*. Gard has personified his love of the geese and his knowledge of them and of their wetlands in one Joe Malone, who works and lives near Horicon Marsh.

Through his eyes and memories and contacts, the reader learns all about the life cycle of the great goose and the Mississippi Flyway. The Flyway is the path of migration taken twice yearly by tens of thousands of tens of thousands of the huge, graceful, incredibly intricate birds. Using Joe Malone as the principal narrator takes the reader into the human world of the geese. The good people and the bad people

are clearly delineated. The good people care, and the bad ones don't care about the geese they see or shoot. The good people know who the geese are and know why they are hunting or looking.

Wild Goose Country is a very readable book, and one comes away with a special gift and love for these beautiful creatures whose lives are so much like our own. Once one goes beyond the opening and closing sections of the book—a short-lived attempt to get inside the head of a gander, which could have a fascinating parallel narrative if Gard had persevered; and a collection of photographs by Mueller, who seems to have put them in because they were visually appealing and only having vague connections to the geese—it is an important book about one of the qualities of life that makes Wisconsin a meaningful place in which to live.

"215" THE BIRD HOUSE by Henry and Edna Koenig; Wisconsin Audubon Society, Sauk City, Wisconsin, $6.95.

In many ways, the Koenigs feel the same way Gard's Malone felt about birds. Malone was a composite character of many living and dead conservationists who devoted their lives to sustaining the environments which gave great flocks life. The Koenigs are just themselves, two septegenarians who have devoted more than two decades to the healing of small wild birds in Sauk City.

It all began with the construction of a bird-feeder which was put up on November 26, 1949, by Henry Koenig. He made it a complicated one, complete with a heating element that kept the water from freezing. At the same time Edna Koenig began keeping a diary about the comings and goings of the birds. *"215" The Bird House* is the result. This gentle book is bound with the love the Koenigs have given to their feathered friends for years and years. The book is no more nor no less than the summation of two people's dedication of their lives to others. No literary masterpiece, but St. Francis would surely find it worthy of mention.

THE LAND REMEMBERS by Ben Logan; Viking Press, New York, $8.95.

Ben Logan has subtitled his book, "the story of a farm and its people," and it is just that, and more. "There is not a neat and easy way to tell the story of a farm," Logan writes. "A farm is a process, where everything is related, everything happening at once. It is a circle of life; and there is no logical place to begin a perfect circle." He makes a determined attempt to begin that circle of life and by the end, the reader knows what it was like to live in Halls Branch Valley in southwestern Wisconsin.

He begins with "Genesis," the story of how he came to be there. The next four parts are seasonal, beginning, quite naturally, with "Spring," the time the farm is most astonishing as life is reborn. One learns what it was [is] like to be young and free on a farm. There are experiences galore and abounding. There was hard work; there were rainy days, drought and bees, ghosts and one-room schoolhouses. There was life, and it is most certainly worth reading about because it is still out there.

Logan is a writer one gains affection for. He has a sense of humor, tempered by philosophic depths that will be probed. It starts at the very beginning, even before the table of contents (a unique aspect to an autobiography of this kind). In a kind of *apologia*, he writes, "Laurance, Lee, and Lyle, the only ones left who shared that hilltop world with me, will tell me next time we meet that I didn't get all my facts straight. We'll argue some about that, but mostly I'll just remind them of what a neighbor used to say—'When you're trying to tell somebody who ain't been there just how hot it is out in a hayfield with the temperature at a hundred degrees in the shade, it's not lying if you make it a hundred and ten!' "

It's a wonderful way to begin a good book . . . .

VOICES OF THE RAINBOW: CONTEMPORARY POETRY BY AMERICAN INDIANS edited by Kenneth Rosen; Viking Press, New York, $10.

The first poet presented in this significant book of poetry is a Wisconsin Oneida, Roberta Hill. Her imagery is the soft and gentle lyricism of the Japanese *haiku* or *waka*. Hear her voice: from "Winter Burn"

> When birds break open the
> sky, a smell of snow blossoms
> on the wind. You sleep,
> wrapped up in blue dim light,
> like a distant leaf of sage.

from "E Uni Que A The Hi A Tho, Father"

> White horses, tails high, rise
> from the cedar. Smoke brings
> the fat crickets, trembling
> breeze.

Other poems by her are not so kind to our inner eyes and ears as Indian life and misfortune are documented. The mixture is bittersweet.

The Native American poets represented in *Voices of the Rainbow* are similar in their love for the natural world around them, their metaphoric brilliance in story-telling, and the obvious oppression long-felt.

BLUE-COLLAR ARISTOCRATS by E.E. LeMasters; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wisconsin, $8.95.

This book has made waves and drawn praise from national critics. It's a shame, too, for it is far from what we want it to be: accurate portraits of those men who build the great structures in which we live and/or work. We never see these men but at a distance; we never know them except for what they have done. We catch only flashes of the sun glinting off hard hats in the sky, of men walking beams of floors that one day we will walk upon.

We drive by their bars and wonder what it's like inside. It's not our world, and we are curious. We also want dispelled all the rumors and stereotypes we've garnered for years. *Blue-Collar Aristocrats*

promised to give us all this, but instead, all our worst fears are reenforced; and if we are to believe LeMasters, those stereotypes are real.

Finding fault with the UW-Madison sociologist's book is easy. It is not a scholarly work, although it pretends to be one. The writer's conclusions are often inane and serve no point, unless he is honestly trying to reproduce an academic equivalent to the repetitious drone of barroom conversation, the environment in which *Blue-Collar Aristocrats* is set. And the book is fraught with more typographical errors than the Sunday *New York Times*. Logic is fractured through the sectioning of the book which appears contrived to make points that should have been interwoven.

We get in the door of "The Oasis" bar, all right, but we come out not knowing much more than before, and that sought-after, important thread of the American fabric is still invisible. Better to read Studs Terkel's *Working* and let the men tell it how it really is.

UNKNOWN AMERICA by Andrew H. Malcolm; Quadrangle/New York Times Book Company, New York, $10.

Malcolm was raised in Milwaukee and was a *New York Times* reporter in Chicago when he wrote these poignant articles. His editors thought well enough of them to put the eighty stories together in *Unknown America*. If you want to travel to Gackle, North Dakota, or Cumback, Indiana, or Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, or Thief River Falls, Minnesota, or Tuweep, Arizona, here's a chance to ride down the backroads of America and drink a sip or two of clean, fresh water from a stranger's well.

A MAN OF THAT TIME by Mildred H. Osgood, 1122 Kavanaugh Place, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, 53213, $3.25, including postage.

De Witt Clinton Salisbury was born in Oregon, Wisconsin, and in 1859 he began to keep a daily journal. For nearly ten consecutive years, and off and on through his life, he wrote his impressions, including what it was like being a soldier during the Civil War. People who enjoy returning to another place, another time, will find that Mildred Osgood's editing of the journals and her commentary make *A Man of That Time* a pleasant side-journey.

LOVING FREE by Jackie and Jeff Herrigan (pseudonyms for Paula and Richard McDonald); Ballentine Books, New York, $1.75.

Loving Free was written by a Milwaukee couple. From the title, it could be concluded that the book is about "free love" and "swinging," but that would be an inaccurate and unfortunate conclusion, but expected from our Puritan ethic. *Loving Free* is an honest, intimate book about a marriage that is made free by each person's frank admission of his/her sexuality and its effect upon the total relationship. The style of the book is blunt and often may seem unnecessarily crude, but the primary narrator, "Jackie," is working out her own life and sharing that process with others. The book is no prostitute's or anonymous sexual confession, nor is it anything profound like Fromme or Havelock Ellis, but it is both human and humane.

Reviews by Hayward Allen

A RESOURCEFUL UNIVERSITY, THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON IN ITS 125th YEAR; University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wisconsin, (illust.), $7.50.

This volume of 579 pages was prepared for two purposes: first and primarily, to record what has happened in each of the major units of the UW-Madison campus in the years since celebration of its centennial in 1949; second and incidentally, to have offprints of the several chapters for use by the several schools and colleges in publicizing their programs.

All the major administrative units and some other programs are represented: the Colleges of Letters and Science, Engineering, Agriculture and Life Sciences; Schools of Business, Education, Family Resources and Consumer Sciences, Journalism, Law, Library Science, Medicine, Nursing, Pharmacy, Social Work and the Graduate School; the Institute for Environmental Studies, Summer Sessions and University Extension; programs in Fine Arts, Intercollegiate Athletics, International Studies, Library services and the Wisconsin Union. Multiple authorship (without an editor) has resulted in a compilation of essays written in different styles and with apparently different conceptions of purpose.

The book is already out of print, the first edition of 500 copies having quickly disappeared from bookseller's shelves. For those who can find a copy in their local library, there is a wealth of information presented, much of it new and most of it interesting even to one whose relationship to the campus goes back forty-five years. The impact of the University of Wisconsin on agriculture, commerce, education, engineering, law and jurisprudence, and medical practice in Wisconsin and beyond is little short of amazing. The reader misses any reference to the tremendous change in student values in the 1950s and 1960s but does see reflected changes in thinking about the mission and character of higher education.

Some of the chapters are unusually well done in terms of organization and presentation of content, particularly those on the Graduate School, Letters and Science, International Programs and the Law School. There are others that might be considered equally meritorious. Even more interesting than sheer writing quality are the descriptions of new departures in higher education: opportunities for learning in many parts of the world under the aegis of the International Studies Program; the approach to cross disciplinary scholarship through the Institute for Environmental Studies; the use of new devices and techniques for reaching

practitioners in many different fields in their home environments through University Extension. It is easy to see in this volume why the University of Wisconsin-Madison stands among the foremost universities of its time.

H.C. Hutchins

1937: Wind Blows Across the Rockies and Into Iowa

Short Fiction by Arthur Hove

The wind came swirling out of Kansas, out of Nebraska and the Dakotas. The wind blew across Iowa. It was the kind of wind that echoed in the convolutions of the ear, producing a rushing sound like that heard in a conch shell.

The wind blew constantly, whipping itself into sudden gusts that rudely shook the tops of trees and catapulted tumbleweeds across the landscape. The spiny plants rolled and bounced along like dervishes until they struck some object and stopped for a moment, or ricocheted and continued hurriedly on their way.

The wind also lifted up particles of topsoil, creating clouds of fine specks which cast a strangely irridescent yellow ochre light over the landscape. Often the specks would find their way into eyes, causing irritation, tears, and cursing.

The wind spilled down across the Colorado hills before it swept into Kansas. It carried a whispered hint of Montana and sometimes even of San Francisco. The wind carried distant voices—attenuated conversations of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, of Custer and Billy the Kid, of Hickok, Holiday, Earp, Cody, thousands of conversations of unidentified chiefs and braves, and even the faint garglings of Gutzon Borglum as he chopped and blasted away at the Black Hills. The voices of men now little more than memories on a windy day, or men whose horrible caricatures appeared in the most recent nation-founding saga from Hollywood.

The wind provided a linkage, tying time and country together.

Corrections

Apologies are extended to Professor Peter A. Martin, associate professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Parkside, who, with Professor Walter Graffin, also of the Parkside faculty, is co-author of the article "Image of a State: Wisconsin as Portrayed in *Life* Magazine" (Fall, 1975, Vol. 21, No. 4, pp. 16–21). Upon publication, Professor Martin's name was not cited as co-author. Our thanks to both Professor Martin and Professor Graffin for the opportunity to publish the manuscript—and our apologies for the inadvertent error in the citation of authors. Also: on page eleven of the same *Review* issue, author Jennifer Burrell, in her article, "Phoenix on the Rise: UW-Madison's Geological Museum," makes reference to a "Professor Radger of the French Department." The reference, correctly cited from *The Outcrop*, 1944, but incorrectly spelled in the student publication, should have been to Professor Samuel Rogers, UW-Madison emeritus professor of French.

FLUTE-SONG

by Reid Bryson

Brown as the canyon walls around her,
Lovely as spring was the Indian maid.
Shyly she smiled at the youth beside her,
shaping the cane under cottonwood shade.

Slowly, with love, the steps were taken.
Slowly, with love, the flute was made.
Deep the tone and rich the timbre,
Gaily, with love, the flute was played.

Loving and laughing the seed was planted,
Nurtured with care the corn grew high.
Swiftly the enemy arrow came tearing.
Slowly the vultures darkened the sky.

Slowly, with love, the bones were planted—
Slowly, with love, the flute laid by.
Slowly, with time, the house walls crumbled—
Silent—no laughter or children's bright cry.

A thousand years the flute was silent.
A thousand years the dust lay dry.
A thousand years the flute was hidden
Under the azure western sky.

Slowly, slowly the scientist sifted,
Carefully searching by old pueblo walls.
Carefully the flute is now again lifted,
Once more, sweetly, the flute-song calls.

Canon del Muerto, canyon of death,
Was it a young man stopped in his prime?
Was it a shaman who crafted the flute,
Or was it an ancient biding his time?

What is this strange melodious magic?
What is the message, absurd or sublime?
Why does the flute keep calling me sadly,
Echoing, echoing, down canyons of time?

Academy Membership: A Gift That Keeps On Giving

O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gi'e us
To see oursels as ithers see us!

Sorry Robert Burns, but that's beyond our abilities.

But we (and you) can make it possible for "ithers" to see Wisconsin as it is—its history, natural environment, art, literature, and scientific and cultural life.

How? Through an annual GIFT MEMBERSHIP in the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters—the gift that keeps on giving throughout the year through:

- Receipt of Academy publications, including TRANSACTIONS, a compilation of scholarly papers on the sciences, arts and letters of Wisconsin; WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW, a lively quarterly devoted to the exploration and interpretation of that corner of the world known as Wisconsin; and TRIFORIUM, a monthly newsletter which reports on Academy activities;

- Participation in Academy programs, including the FALL GATHERING, the annual autumn "picnic" of fun and learning held at, and focusing on, different locales around the state; the SPRING MEETING, with presentation of papers on a wide variety of subject, workshops, speakers and discussions of topics of current or historical interest; and a monthly POETRY SEMINAR SERIES, SPECIAL CONFERENCES, and ART EXHIBITS, and EVENING WITH THE ACADEMY programs;

- Opportunity to become acquainted and involved with the affiliated institutions of the Academy, including the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, Botanical Club of Wisconsin, Phenological Society of Wisconsin, the Badger Folklore Society, Nature Conservancy (Wisconsin Chapter), Wisconsin Regional Writers Association, and the Wisconsin Society of Science Teachers.

TO ORDER A GIFT MEMBERSHIP— complete the appropriate form on the following page. Upon receipt of the form and payment of annual dues, the Academy will send an announcement of the gift membership to the persons specified, along with a membership card. Subscription to Academy publications will be inititated at the same time.

NOMINATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP: In lieu of gift memberships, you may wish to simply nominate friends, relatives and associates for membership. Complete and return the form provided and the Academy will extend an invitation in your name.

PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP: If you are not now a member of the Academy and wish to join the organization, please complete and return the form provided—enclosing the annual dues payment for the membership classification you desire.

GIFT MEMBERSHIP ONLY

Annual Dues Schedule*

Active	$15.00	Associate (student)	$5.00
Family (husband and wife)	$20.00	Institutional	$100.00 or more
Sustaining	$20.00	Library	$15.00

*Except for Family Membership, membership categories reflect only the level of support intended—rights and privileges are the same for all categories. Associate Membership is for students only.

I am enclosing **$**_____ for an annual Academy gift membership(s) to be given to the person or persons listed below.
Please indicate that this gift is made at the request of _____
(name)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE _____ ZIP _____
Type of Gift Membership _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE _____ ZIP _____
Type of Gift Membership _____

NOMINATION ONLY

I would like to nominate the person(s) listed below for membership in the Wisconsin Academy. This is **not** a gift membership; I understand that only information about the Academy and an invitation to membership will be sent in my name.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE _____ ZIP _____

Name of Nominator _____

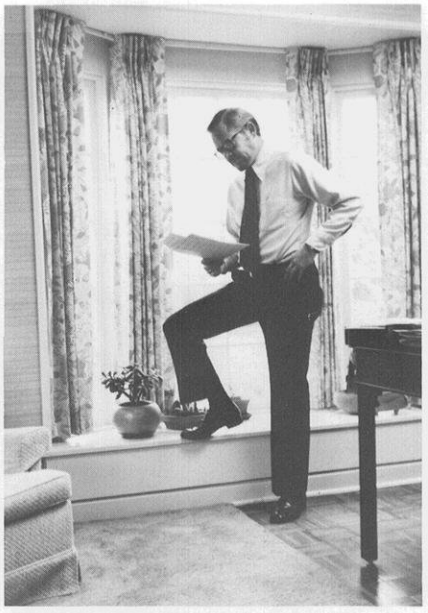
PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP ONLY

I would like to join the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters as:

____Active, one-year, $15.00
____Family, one-year, husband and wife, $20.00
____Sustaining, one-year, $20.00
____Associate, one-year, student, $5.00
____Life, single payment, $200.00-$500.00
____Patron, single payment, $500.00 or more
____Institutional, one-year, $100.00 or more
____Library, one-year, $15.00

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE _____ ZIP _____
Name of Spouse _____
Is Spouse To Be Included as Member? YES____ NO____
Profession/Area of Interest: Self _____
Spouse _____

Please send completed blank(s) and make check payable to: **WISCONSIN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ARTS AND LETTERS, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin 53705.**



Inside the Academy

By James R. Batt
Executive Director

In the ringing and singing and sprung-rhythm voice that was Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889) we find perhaps the essence of our Wisconsin Academy.

"Glory be to God for dappled things," wrote Hopkins in his poem, "Pied Beauty." "Rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim," he praised, and "All things counter, original, spare, strange; /Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)/With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim . . . ."

Of the more than forty state and regional academies in the United States, Wisconsin's is one of only three (including Michigan and Utah) which include the arts and letters as well as the sciences in their membership representation and programming.

We take pride in our pied beauty and in our freckled composition. Our membership is adazzle with state and federal agency personnel, college and university faculty and staff, homemakers, retired persons, students, business and industrial people, elected officials (including the governor), farmers, doctors, lawyers and, yes, an Indian chief.

Throughout the more than one hundred years of Wisconsin Academy existence, the pages of our journals have testified to the diversity of Academy interests. Witness the publication, in recent issues of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* and in *TRANSACTIONS*, of papers on subjects such as community theatre; women's rights; edible wild plants; the state of the arts in the black community; mammals of Wisconsin; food habits of Coho salmon in Lake Michigan; something called "Germs, Lumberjacks, and Doctors In Nineteenth Century Marinette"; and a host of others.

One is reminded of a letter (dated June 4, 1912) to the noted University of Wisconsin historian, Frederick Jackson Turner, from his friend and benefactor, Alice Forbes Perkins Hooper, who wrote: "I think my many-sided mind makes me seem like an idiot—if I could only put all my little thinks into one think it might make for more—but the pleasures of browsing are gigantic."

If this, the work of the Academy in its publications and programs, be a kind of browsing, why then it is browsing-in-depth. And it is browsing, for the most part, in that pasture of the world which we call Wisconsin.

To the chemist or poet who asks, "As a chemist (or poet), why should I join the Academy?" the response must be, "Is your personal and professional life something more than the execution of your vocation? Do you see yourself, in part at least, as tied-in to other branches of knowledge, tied-in to Wisconsin—whether in practice or by interest?"

I know a poet who is a scientist, and I know a scientist who is a poet—many such, in fact—and I know them as Academy colleagues. I know an insurance executive who is an artist, a farmer who is a naturalist . . . and scientists, poets, physicians, and who-have-you who do primarily only what they have been trained to do best, but whose intellectual curiosity extends well beyond their expertise—and I know them, too, as Academy colleagues. Within this Academy they browse in depth upon the talents of each other.

When you stop to think about it, there are relatively few such agencies in our modern day society that promote this activity, apart from colleges and universities, which tend toward departmentalization. We live in an era of specialization of specializations, an era of cultural fragmentation. The Wisconsin Academy is interested in the individual pieces; more important, we are interested in how some of the pieces may fit together and how they may relate to Wisconsin.

But poet Hopkins spoke of the fickle and the sour and the dim. As we look toward our new fiscal year, such adjectives do not seem so terribly inappropriate. In the months ahead, it will be necessary to obtain a substantial amount of gift and grant income. It is essential, too, that we increase the size of our membership—for the purpose of organizational viability (a horrible coupling of words, I realize) as well as for relieving the pressure upon our limited endowment through increased revenues from dues.

And so we call upon you to give serious consideration and to act upon the Academy need for gift support and for nominations for membership. A dappled thing, this Academy—a pied beauty which we hope will merit your interest and assistance for many years.

* * *

"Vis-a-Vis," precursor to what we have here, is no more.

With other graphic changes in the *Academy Review* being introduced, it seemed a good time to take a second look at this department. If nothing else, "Inside the Academy" is to the point—in title if not in content. (If only it didn't have that faint echo of John Gunther to it.)

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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