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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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

Volume 25, Number 2
March 1979

Give her snooze . . .

Usually, I'm not one to roll the guff about Monday leg or traveling dandruff. Philosophically inclined, I'm apt to figure I'll be up today and down tomorrow, or vice versa. If it gets bad enough, I can always take an alibi day, or maybe persuade the epsom salts to use the spoon.

But as March inches toward spring, it gets worse. The timber beasts and the sliver cats start to give me the wobbly horrors and make me think I'll end up wearing a wood kimona, or else go yaps.

With the 39th or 43rd snowfall, it becomes as easy as falling off a log to give into the blue devil. But then, just in the nick of time, comes that first shirt sleeve day when the red-winged blackbirds hit the fields, filling the air with their irresistible "kong ka-reeee."

I begin to thaw; I put some skid grease on my loose tongued sloop, and think about heading out to shave the whiskers on Big Dick.

Anyway, till the season ends April Fool's Day, it's salutary to malingering in lumberjack lingo. For a full translation, peruse *Lumberjack Lingo* by the Academy's own L.G. Sorden, friend of M.N. Taylor who wrote the article on New Wood Country, founder of the Lumberjack Museum at Rhinelander, and a prime mover in the land use movement in Oneida County.

It's more fun than taking a drink standing up.

—Elizabeth Durbin

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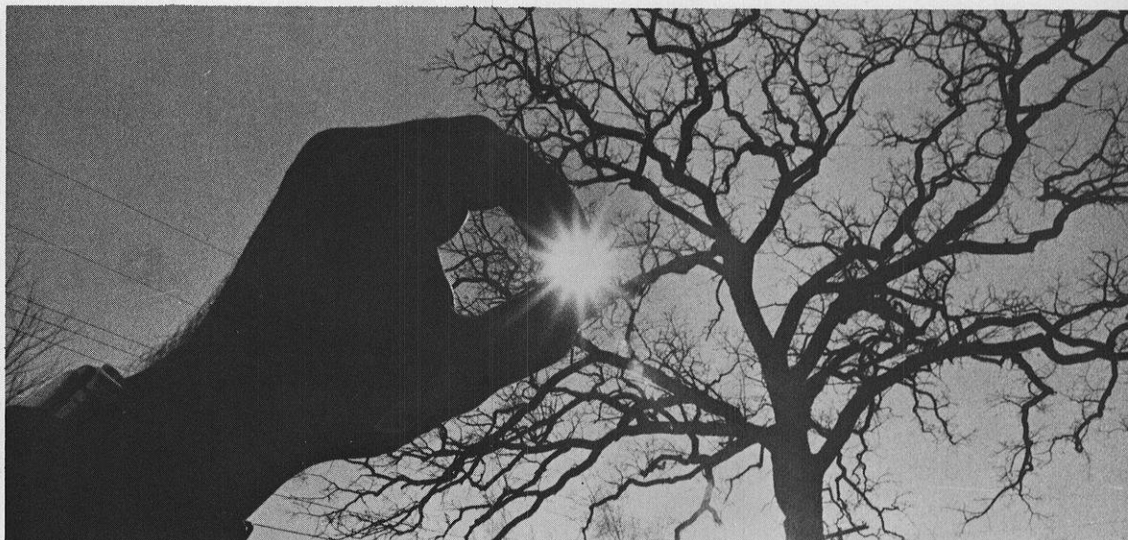
March 1979

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Spring fantasy: to hasten
May's warmth by bringing
close March's sun.

Photo by Peter Patau



ABOUT THIS ISSUE. . .

Symbolically, March is a more comfortable month than some in which to think about death because of nature's new beginnings all around us. Poets have always transformed the concept of death into something we can live with, and this issue has several examples. **Joyce Webb**, who wrote the poem, "Lazarus," died a few months later. Another *Review*-published poet, **R. E. Sebenthall**, died in January. **Marian Paust** and **Iefka Goldberger** reflect on the deaths of ones close to them. And **Dale Kushner** writes about a living death, more terrible by far.

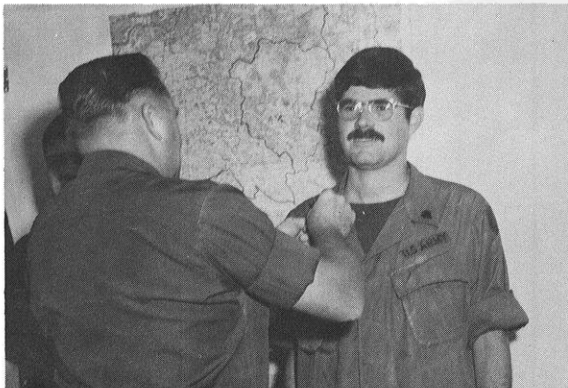
August Derleth's poetry, recently published in "Last Light," was written shortly before he died, and shows quite clearly that he foresaw his own demise as close at hand. A prolific writer, Derleth was deeply involved in regional literature, interpreting life within the framework of his native Sauk City. While he considered his regional

writing some of his best work, he was equally successful in the genres of mystery, fantasy, science fiction and supernatural literature. In all his diversity, Derleth was and is recognized as a major figure in American letters.

Mark E. Lefebvre, editor of "Last Light," was the editor of Wisconsin Home Book Publishers from 1973 to 1977 when the company became an imprint of Stanton & Lee Publishers, Inc., which was founded by August Derleth in 1945. Lefebvre is now the editor-in-chief of Stanton & Lee. He has edited nearly 20 books including non-fiction and poetry. In 1977, he was one of the 16 trade book editors from across the country to be nominated for the Roger Klein Award for Editing. Active in the Academy, he directed *WORDWORKS* for two years and served a term as councilor-at-large. He is presently a poetry consultant to the *Review*.

Doug Bradley, author of "The dioxin dilemma," served as an information specialist with the US Army Republic of Vietnam headquarters at Long Binh, during 1970-71. When he came to Madison in 1974, he helped set up Vets House, a community-based service organization that provides support and counseling for Vietnam veterans. The men he talked

with there had a multitude of problems, including health problems such as skin rashes, that may have been traceable to their Vietnam experiences. Bradley has also contributed articles to *The Progressive* and a travel series, based on eight months of travel in 13 countries, to the *Madison Press Connection*. He has a master's degree in English from Washington State University.



Doug Bradley



M.N. Taylor

M. N. Taylor, who recounts "The saga of New Wood Country" was born in Merrill, and graduated from Merrill High School. He studied forestry at the University of Idaho and journalism at the University of Wisconsin. He worked as a seaman in Alaska for the Admiral Line and a pantry man in Europe for the Cunard Line. In a tour of the West he was employed in the sawmill of Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co. at Bend, Oregon. He switched to woods work, as a grunt for a high rigger for Weyerhaeuser in Snoqualmie Falls, Washington. He spent one year as a reporter on the Chicago City News Bureau and ten years as advertising manager of the *Merrill Daily Herald*. He was founder and executive director of Trees for Tomorrow Inc., 1944-1975. After retirement, he served as a consultant for the School of Forestry, University of the Philippines. He has been council member of the Wisconsin Chapter, Soils Conservation Society of America; honorary vice president of the American Forestry Association; and president of the National Council of Forestry Association Executives.

continued on page 38

Last Light

by August Derleth

Illustrated by Frank Utpatel

Foreword by Mark E. Lefebvre

August Derleth once asked in a poem: "What is it answers the unquiet questions/laired in the stirred, unquiet, ambushed heart?" He answered himself with the words of Henry David Thoreau: "I wish to speak a word/for Nature, for freedom absolute. . ." August was a man who spent his life exploring nature. He found freedom and he shared it with others. He died on Independence Day 1971.

At the time of his death, August had published more than 150 books in addition to countless short stories, essays and poems. He also left unpublished work, including *Last Light*, finished just before his death. Although others knew the manuscript existed, it was not discovered until the spring of 1976, buried among literary odds and ends in the manuscript cabinet handmade for August by his lifelong friend Hugo Schwenker.

As with many of August's books, *Last Light* has another dimension because of the wood engravings of Frank Utpatel. August and Frank were friends for more than 30 years. They met as two young artists working down the road from each other, August in Sauk City and Frank in Mazomanie. Frank, in fact,

began wood engraving on a challenge from August who bet him that he could never approach the artistry of the well-known wood engraver Thomas Nathan. Frank in his manner took the dare, beginning with linoleum cuts made with simple tools crafted by his father. Before a year had passed, he was engraving wood and moving on to set a style that has become his own.

August and Frank worked together often in the years that followed. August would usually set the subject and Frank would interpret it in wood. Today Frank admits it was August who brought him close to nature and inspired most of his landscapes.

Reprinted here are some of the poems from *Last Light*, the final coming together of two regionalists, giving us the observations of a man who walked away his years and whose discoveries have become fact: all that matters is the wind, the water, the earth, the hawk, the whippoorwill, the deer. There are the memories, the words and the wood engravings detailing nature, which alone remains in the last light. Freedom absolute.

Mark E. Lefebvre

Country of Moonlight

The landscape closes us in—
dark hills, white valleys,
fields bright
in the full moon's light—

back country,
where the car goes
without headlights,
dark as in a dream
under a sky of dimmed stars
on little-traveled roads
where once the snow plow went by—
and now deer make show.

Far off
now and then deep among the hills
a house reminds us
in window's yellow glow
there is another world
unmoved by this private show
of love.

Closed in by the snowbound hills,
by the dark dream of love—
though nothing of its old passion
is left to be said
where love has come full circle
to its season of winter,
almost tangible in these dark hills
these snowy fields and crisp air
with the glitter of moonlight
on the frost-furred trees.

The dark woods beckon, beckon
where unbroken roads lead in,
but none, like love, leads out.

Hands touch, lips meet,
pulse quickens—love goes
as solitary here
as outside in that cold land
a fox goes silent past
and like this love of ours,
once away from this frost bright
country of white moonlight
is thinned and lost.
Here an old love keeps,
with the substance of a ghost,
the tenuous hold of the past.



Last Light was published by The Perishable Press Limited in a press-numbered edition of 150 copies. The book measures 9.75 x 7 inches with 28 page surfaces, 20 printed in shades of blue, brown, maroon, cocoa, red and black on various colors of shadwell hand made from elapsed clothing of author, illustrator, editor and publishers.

Last Light contains eight poems selected from the author's last poems written before his death and illustrated with line-cuts made from three wood engravings by Frank Utpatel. The book is edited and with a foreword by Mark E. Lefebvre. The binding is sewn on hempen cords, goat vellum spine and tips with titling in gold down the spine, all dominated by a rhythmic paste board by the binder, Bill Anthony. \$137.50 the copy.

Special thanks are extended to The Perishable Press Limited, Stanton & Lee Publishers, Inc. and Frank Utpatel for permission to reprint these poems and engravings.

Reluctant Spring

In the sere pasture
a patient horse
takes the wind.

A redtail rides air
high up the buttes
of sky.

On north slopes
patches of snow.

In the late cold
buds stay folded
in their sheaths.

Dry ground,
hard ground.
No cloud.

A Walk in the March Hills

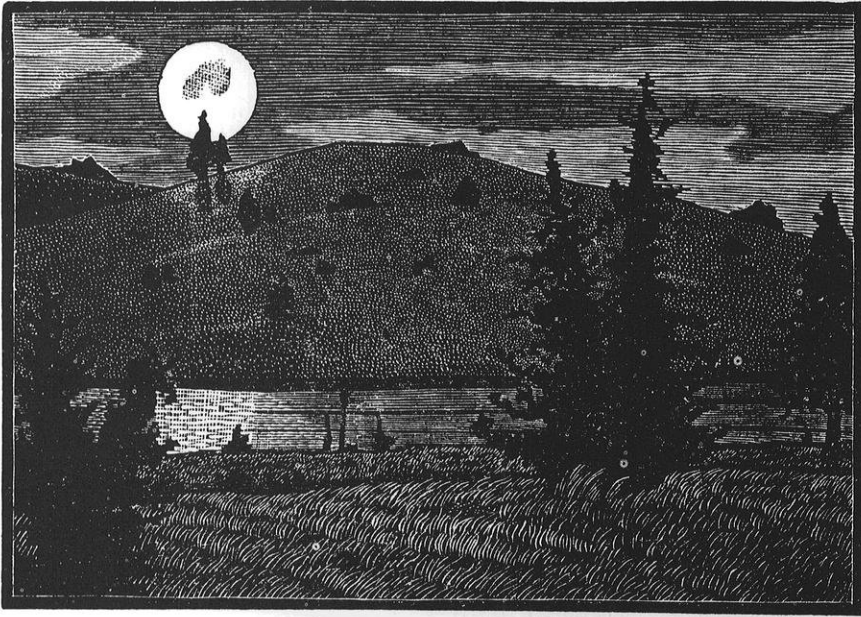
I came to see once more
the first new blossoms here
on the sun-facing slope
in the sere grass, among dry stalks
of clover and asters—
a blue and yellow eye:
the first pasque-flower
on the hill's matted floor. . .

and saw that the three-boled birch,
an old tree, had lost another bole:
that with the initials carved—
in time gone by—four decades, more:
A.D. loves L.D.
One bole alone stood fast,
buds fingering the blue sky. . .

looked to north and east,
saw nothing but change—
the hills broken for gravel,
the range pitted:
all those past years so long stored
being ground up, crushed,
sold by the yard. . .

counted pasque-flowers: only four,
one for each decade:
A.D. loves L.D.
doughty blossoms constant in this place—
heard the reedy songs of grackles,
the *conqueree* of redwings:
to the west the face
of the village hardly known—
heard an unnamed bird spill delight,
heard a titmouse,
heard the flapping of a tree-bound kite
some unknown boy had lost. . .

the wind rustled in the grasses,
trembled the petals unfolding
to the sky—in the west low clouds,
the sun bright, warm,
and the clear blue and yellow eye
filled with promises,
as once was life, long ago.



Walking by Last Light

Black-boled trees
make the signatures of night
against the smouldering orange
along the western rim.

One last bird—sparrow,
thrush, redwing—spills song
into the evening hush.

Webbed in the bud-thick branches
the new moon's cusp makes promise
in the afterglow.

Soft maple buds unfold
their perfume to the evening air,
the brackish musk of sloughs
and willow-pungences flow
through the dusk.

And the ghosts, the ghosts
met all the length
of this old railroad track,
forward and back—
the boy and the young man
who walked away my years,
the uncertain and the bright
with all their promises and hope,
toward the soft dark
through last light.

LAZARUS

by Joyce W. Webb

Robed in surgical blue and trundled to Avernus
I was plunged into Lethe by sudden anesthetics.
Upon awakening, pain was the only reality,
the hypodermic needle often requested
during the purgatory of endless night,
a sought oblivion, the sole alternative
to unbearable hurt . . . return to consciousness
unthinkable. Days and nights of limbo followed,
days of weakness and nights of silent weeping.
But I was returned to life by human caring
and the feel of sunshine under the open sky,
albeit to a different life, no pressure, no tension.
In this new existence there is time for everything,
each day is lived for itself, an entity.
The years of beating iron doors with fists
of flesh are over. There is birdsong at dawn.

REPORT TO NEXT OF KIN

by Marian Paust

I write you a letter
telling you how it was
now she is gone.
I recall how her face stilled
and its wrinkles washed away;
how her hands folded against her body
like white bird wings.
Her eyes grew shadows
blind to the light,
and her toes stared at the ceiling.
When her heart stopped,
her aging shell
lost its soft song.
She took on the lightness of air,
the patience of opaque glass . . .
While I write to you,
I think of her locked
in the small dark jail
behind its closed green door
where she no longer waits for anyone.
My mind looks down on her
a long time . . .
I would like to know how it feels
to be the ashes of someone else,
to lie in the silence of a forever.
But my body wants to stay here . . .
where I can listen to my own breath,
where the sun can rest on my forehead
like a friendly hand,
and I can watch bird migrations . . .
here in this place where
I need not walk alone
through all the days
that still belong to me.

BUT NEVER THE SPIRIT

(for Joyce W. Webb)

by Iefke Goldberger

All of a sudden it was enough:
as the old painful year died down
to a hesitant snow-softened stop
there was a moment for reflection,
for looking back with a fading smile
from the wreck of a marked body
at the good things life has to offer:
companionship, talents, wit, love,
the magic of nature, hard work,
the joys of being creative.

With the door of the new year ajar,
hope slipping away with each heartbeat
what else could be done but give in,
accept the defeat with regret,
follow the piper's elusive tones
while boldly surrendering the body?

STREET SCENES

by Dale Kushner

I see
the despair of laundromat days;
house-dressed women, skulking alleys
carts bulging with dirty shirts.

Faces
bone white as bleached laundry
reflect the glare of
fluorescent light.

Egg-stained babies
bald as death
drool at
dustballs in the corner.

Men, with jaundiced eyes
sit watching near grime-coated windows
the tumbling of their lives
behind the dryer door.

Hair in pincurls, black lines
for eyebrows,
a woman smiles at me
as though she were a queen.

Folding and sorting,
the rituals of life seem empty here.

The dioxin dilemma: three decades of controversy

Although the just-released EPA study has prohibited the spraying of 2,4,5-T nationwide, Wisconsin doctors and pathologists are still struggling with the problem of how little is too much, and the victims remain uncounted.

by Doug Bradley

What do a Wisconsin farmer who is confronted with an increasing number of mysterious deaths among his chicken population, an Italian woman who underwent an illegal abortion, a Vietnam veteran whose wife has borne a child with birth defects and contaminated fish in Michigan's Tittabawassee River have in common? Tragically enough, they are all victims of the legacy of one of the most toxic contaminants ever manufactured, namely, 2,3,7,8-tetrachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin, commonly referred to as dioxin or "Agent Orange" in the Vietnam lexicon. From Wisconsin to Italy to Vietnam and back to Michigan, the damaging effects of dioxin have been chronicled, debated and bogged down in litigation. But while the jury is still out—in this case the jury being the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA)—on the issue of dioxin, there are a number of tangible facts about the chemical and its use that can provide insight into the problems the EPA is wrestling with.

The compound, 2,3,7,8-tetrachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin (TCDD), is a contaminant in the extensively used industrial chemical 2,4,5-trichlorophenol. The production of trichlorophenol is the initial step in the development of 2,4,5-T, a widely used herbicide, and hexachlorophene and trichlorophene, antibacterial agents that have been incorporated in a number of soaps and cosmetics. In the synthesis of trichlorophenol, minute amounts of TCDD are normally produced, and the resultant contamination arises from chemical reactions associated with this production. Furthermore, while minute amounts of TCDD are normally produced, both excessively high temperatures and improper manufacturing processes markedly increase the amount of TCDD that is formed.

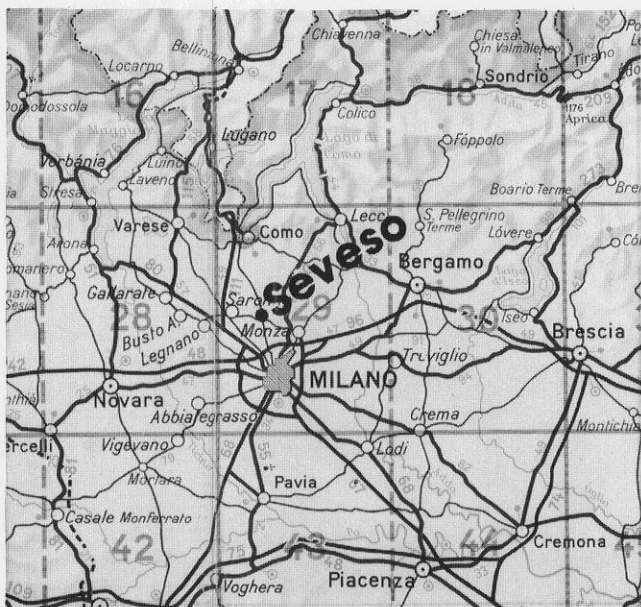
Dow Chemical, the world's largest producer of the herbicide 2,4,5-T (which is contaminated with TCDD), has consistently maintained that when it is

used according to directions neither 2,4,5-T nor its dioxin contaminant constitute any significant present or long-range danger to either man or the environment. In fact, Dow has gone so far as to state publicly that "dioxin has been with us since the advent of fire." But although the environmental persistence of TCDD and many of its toxic manifestations are similar to other chlorinated hydrocarbons, this highly toxic compound has produced effects at concentration levels thousands of times less than many other toxic compounds.

Our knowledge of the effects of TCDD exposure has come from three primary sources: 1) industrial accidents that have resulted in severe exposure to humans; 2) data on several years of usage of synthetic compounds containing TCDD, particularly the herbicide 2,4,5-T; and 3) numerous laboratory experiments designed to determine the toxic effects of TCDD. While being spared the hazards of industrial accidents, Wisconsin has been integrally involved, through its Vietnam veteran population, its defoliant treatment program and the experiments of men like Dr. James Allen of the University of Wisconsin-Madison, in the consequences of TCDD exposure.

Several incidents of accidental exposure have provided researchers an insight into the potentially harmful effects of human exposure to TCDD. These events involved a small number of people exposed to a large amount of compound, with resulting acute symptoms. Other results, observed over the next few years, may reflect the chronic symptoms the general population might experience if exposed to smaller quantities of TCDD over a longer period of time.

As mentioned previously, very high production temperatures increase the amount of TCDD produced in the synthesis of trichlorophenol. However, these high temperatures can also have another, potentially disastrous, outcome: causing a reaction product that generates its own heat. Subsequently, the intense heat



may result in an explosion disseminating large quantities of phenol and TCDD over the nearby area. Explosions of this kind have occurred in England, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, Austria and the United States. In most cases, the exposure to TCDD and other toxic chemicals was limited to the people working in the immediate area of the explosion.

But on July 10, 1976, an industrial explosion occurred in northern Italy that released a mixture of materials containing nearly three kilograms of TCDD over a 700-acre area comprising the small towns of Seveso, Cesano, Maderno, Mada and Desio. By the time the area was evacuated, 36 people had been hospitalized with skin lesions and other symptoms, at least 500 people eventually developed skin eruptions and 90 women underwent legal and illegal abortions because they were afraid that their offspring might be seriously deformed. A survey taken immediately after the explosion showed that the rate of spontaneous abortion (miscarriage) was twice the rate previously recorded in the same area.

Two years later, partly because of political and economic entanglements, there continues to be sharp disagreement in the aftermath of the dioxin disaster, a situation made even worse by the unavailability of reliable data. Nevertheless, at least two features of all industrial accidents stand out: the persistence of TCDD in the contaminated area and the persistence of the toxic effects experienced by the exposed persons. The long-term or chronic effects of TCDD exposure, however, remain at this time uncertain.

The levels of dioxin in our environment are increasingly due to the extensive use of chemicals containing minute quantities of the compound. The defoliant Herbicide Orange, a mixture of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D, containing levels of TCDD as high as 47 parts per million, was used extensively by the US Armed

Forces in Vietnam. There are reports of chloracne (skin rash) and other less specific signs such as nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, fatigue, dizziness and spontaneous abortion among humans occupying the sprayed areas.

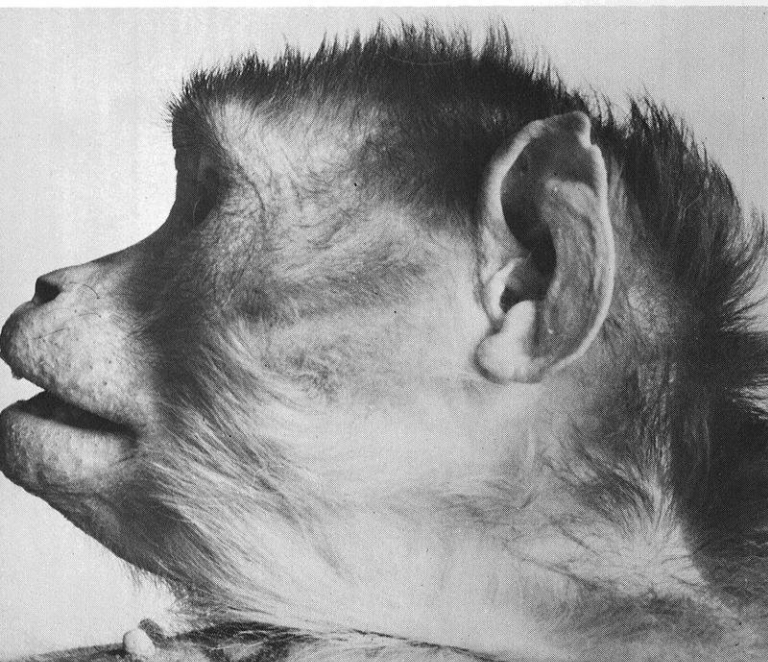
In Vietnam, over 5,000,000 acres of land were sprayed between 1962 and 1970 for the purpose of clearing jungle cover and destroying the rice crop. With regard to the rice crop, the military's efforts were successful—Vietnam, once the world's second largest exporter of rice, was, by 1970, importing vast amounts of the grain. Due to the efforts of Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson, the Armed Forces stopped spraying Vietnam with its "Agent Orange" in 1970. In the same year, the US Department of Agriculture restricted 2,4,5-T use to application on rice crops and range, pasture and highway areas, among others. Still, countless Vietnamese have suffered from the indiscriminate application of 2,4,5-T in their country. And most recently, several hundred Vietnam veterans who were exposed to possible dioxin poisoning began reporting to the Veterans Administration (VA) symptoms ranging from skin rashes, stomach and liver problems to birth defects among their children.

Unfortunately, the VA has been slow to react. Although an internal VA memo dated May 17, 1978 states that the VA "is attempting to develop accurate information on the health-related effects of these defoliants," the VA remains adamant that only chloracne (skin rash) is definitely associated with 2,4,5-T exposure. Dr. James Whiffen, Chief of Staff of the VA Hospital in Madison, feels that the VA has been going about the problem wrongly. "Most of the vets we've seen," explained Dr. Whiffen, "had only minimal contact with the defoliant—they slept in a field that had been sprayed with "Agent Orange" or something like that. We've had very little contact with those veterans who handled, applied and sprayed the herbicide. The VA should be tracking down those people, not just anybody who served in Vietnam."

Of the 26 queries Dr. Whiffen and his staff have handled at the VA Hospital in Madison since June, thus far there has been "no detection of dioxin toxicity" following extensive neurological and urological testing. For Dr. Whiffen the question still remains, "Is there any long-term effect of dioxin in the human system?" His feeling is that "rather than trying to prove a negative," which he adds is "damn hard," the VA must concentrate on testing only those veterans who were actively engaged in the herbicide program.

Although to date Dane County Vietnam veterans have seemingly avoided dioxin poisoning, individuals

"We've had very little contact with those veterans who handled, applied and sprayed the herbicide. The VA should be tracking down those people . . ." —Dr. James Whiffen



A healthy female rhesus monkey before the experimentation.

like Milton Ross, a former Green Beret from Matteson, Illinois, have not been similarly spared. Ross served two tours of duty in Vietnam and recalls that "our base camps were continually sprayed with herbicides by helicopters that flew as close as possible to our perimeter." Since returning home, Ross has suffered from a body rash, nausea and severe depression and anxiety. His wife gave birth to a son Richard, whose fingers and toes were either missing or deformed.

Citizen Soldier, a GI rights organization in New York, logged, within a four-month period last spring, over 1,000 phone calls from 700 veterans and 300 relatives of Vietnam veterans reporting symptoms associated with dioxin poisoning. Barry Commoner, a noted environmental scientist, has pointed out that the burden of proof should rest with the manufacturers of the herbicides and with the government agencies that sanction the use of the chemicals to demonstrate that when Vietnam veterans are interviewed for the 1980 Census, questions about possible dioxin exposure be included: "It is simply another cost of the war in Vietnam, which we are going to have to pay, even this late," he says.

"... consumptions of as low as five parts per trillion are capable of causing an increased incidence of tumors in experimental animals." —Dr. James Allen



The same monkey after nine months on a diet containing 500 ppt of TCDD shows hair loss from all parts of the body, dry and flaky skin, loss of eyelashes and swelling of the upper eyelids.

But what are the effects of dioxin poisoning? Thus far, some of the most highly regarded research on the effects of TCDD on non-human primates has been done by Dr. James Allen of the department of pathology and the Regional Primate Research Center at UW-Madison. Dr. Allen initially became involved with dioxin as long ago as 1958. Completing his PhD work, Allen was preoccupied with an investigation of the mysterious deaths of thousands of Wisconsin chickens, deaths that he was later to discover were a result of accidental dioxin contamination in the industrial food being fed to the fowl. Since that time, Dr. Allen has conducted several experiments with laboratory animals placed on a diet of, in the case of monkeys, pelleted monkey food to which various parts per trillion (ppt) of TCDD were added. Dr. Allen began his experiments at high levels (approximately 500 ppt) of TCDD but has since reduced the levels to diets containing 50 ppt or less. Nevertheless, among adult female rhesus monkeys used in Allen's research, the results have been remarkably the same. Prior to TCDD exposure the animals had normal hemograms, serum chemistry and serum estradiol and progesterone; afterwards the animals experienced hair loss, weight loss and abortions and stillbirths among their offspring. Whereas Dr. Allen can philosophically pass TCDD poisoning off as "part of the penalty we pay for living in an industrial society," he is frightened by the results he has observed, which he feels represent "only the tip of the iceberg" with regard to toxicity. As he moves down the ladder in his experiments from 500 ppt to 100 to 50 and now lower, Dr. Allen is



"Necrosis of the terminal falanges," or marked thickening and irregular growth and swelling, is apparent on the same monkey's paw.

seemingly trying to find a "no-effect" level of dioxin. But he observed "consumptions of as low as five ppt being capable of causing an increased incidence of tumors in experimental animals." Dr. Allen is beginning to wonder if there is indeed a "no-effect" level.

Another battleground for the dioxin issue is one very close to the hearts of most Wisconsin residents: namely the spraying, by the US Forest Service, of herbicides containing 2,4,5-T in national parks and forests throughout the state. The 1970 restrictions on 2,4,5-T mentioned earlier affected only 20 percent of the use of the herbicide. Dow continues to produce, and state governments, the Forest Service and others continue to use, large amounts of 2,4,5-T to kill vegetation interfering with power lines, and on highway, pipeline and railroad rights-of-way, in addition to killing shrubs and broad-leaved plant life. According to a spokesperson for the US Forest Service, "2,4,5-T is the only effective economical weapon for controlling plant life and does not pose a serious health hazard." As a result the Forest Service is going ahead with its plan to spray 2,4,5-T on national forests.

As with the 1970 decision to curtail 2,4,5-T use, Wisconsin has once again been at the heart of the dioxin controversy. Since 1972, the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR) has refrained from using 2,4,5-T on Wisconsin private and public forest lands as well as on DNR-owned lands and waters, a policy they formalized in July of 1974. Senator Nelson and others attempted, not without limited success, to halt also the use of 2,4,5-T in the Nicolet and Chequamegon forests, owned by the federal government, as well as an area along the Wisconsin River in northern Grant County. But the US Forest Service has resisted, and, in fact, has increased its use of defoliants in national parks and forests around the United States. By 1977, in the United States, 5,000,000 acres, an area equal to the total number of acres sprayed during the

eight years of herbicide treatment in Vietnam, was being sprayed each year.

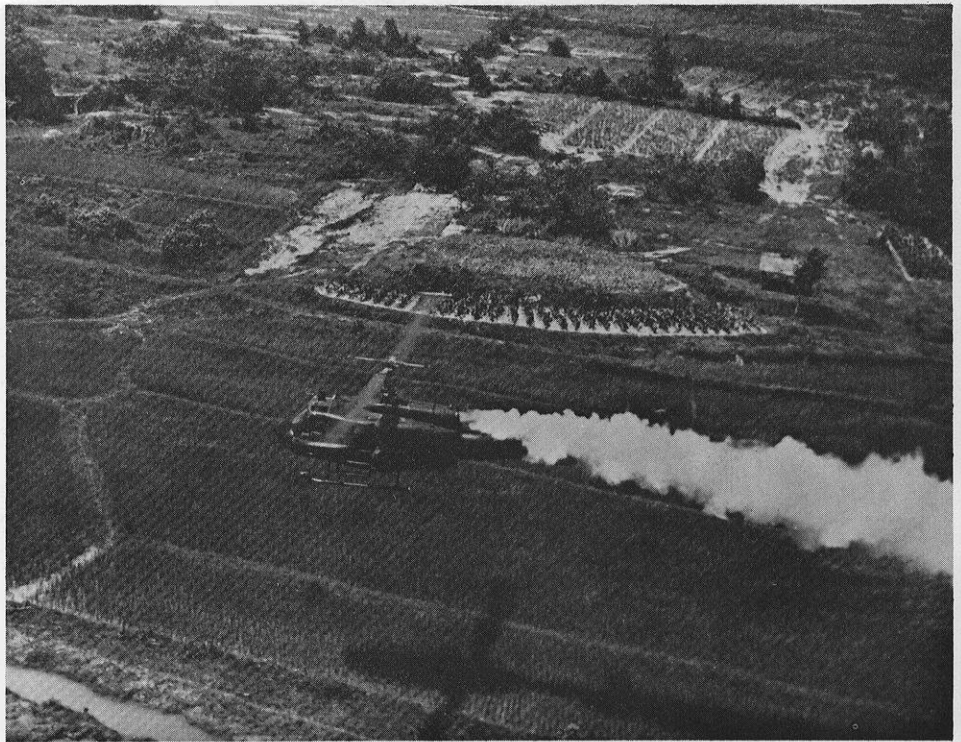
To protest the Forest Service policies, a group of citizens in northern Wisconsin banded together as the Chequamegon Concerned Citizens to fight the spraying of the two national forest areas near their homes. As John Stauber, one of the group's founders, recalled: "We collected over 2,000 signatures against the spraying in a short period. We really caught the Forest Service by surprise; they weren't used to dealing with opposition." Attorney General Bronson LaFollette entered the dispute and won a federal court injunction against the Forest Service on grounds that no proper environmental impact statements had been filed. In early 1977, the injunction was withdrawn after Wisconsin and the US Forest Service agreed on some ecological safeguards.

Nevertheless, the Wisconsin controversy has continued. In December of 1978, State Assemblyman Tom Loftus of Sun Prairie introduced Assembly Bill 1093, which was designed to prohibit the "sale, distribution, or use of the chemical compound 2,4,5-T and to provide penalties for those who engage in its use, distribution or sale." At a public hearing on AB 1093 last January 12, Rep. Loftus asked those gathered if they were willing to take a chance on the dangerous potential dioxin has displayed for persistence and accumulation in living tissue: "If, as Dow Chemical has claimed, sunlight destroys dioxin, then why have cattle who have grazed on 2,4,5-T-sprayed land been found to

"There are potential hazards, but if we were to stop spraying 2,4,5-T, we would set forestry back 40 to 60 years." —Dr. R. Gordon Harvey

An Army helicopter leaves a trail of "Agent Orange" as it sprays a section of Vietnam in 1969.

Photo from First Infantry in Vietnam



"It is simply another cost of the war in Vietnam, which we are going to have to pay . . ." —Barry Commoner

have significant levels of dioxin: up to 60 parts per trillion?" Loftus cited the research of Dr. Allen and others that emphasized the persistence factor of dioxin, in addition to its carcinogenic possibilities.

The testimony of individuals such as Rep. Loftus and Dr. Allen was countered by R. Gordon Harvey, UW-Madison agronomy professor, who believes that the government and the public need to look at the benefits of the herbicide in question. "The concern over 2,4,5-T is necessary," explained Harvey in an interview, "but the resultant controversy is overreaction." Harvey pointed out that 2,4,5-T has been used extensively since 1946 (once containing amounts as high as 30 parts per million of TCDD but now in one-tenth a part per trillion) without any side effects. Moreover, he feels that the dioxin question is a "scientific" one and should be examined as such. "There are potential hazards," he cautioned, "but if we were to stop spraying 2,4,5-T, we would set forestry back 40 to 60 years." Contrary to a popularly held opinion, Harvey contended that a given space of pasture land in the United States is sprayed only once every 60 to 80 years and not every year or so as highway and railway rights-of-way and similar areas sometimes are.

"Dow and its researchers, who happen to be the best in the country, are finding ways to limit dioxin in these

herbicides," as they improve their manufacturing procedures, Harvey remarked. "We must relate our toxicity data and research to actual, real-life exposure." He added that the appropriate technology for foreseeing all the consequences of the use of any specific chemical does not yet exist, and until it does it is not in "our best interests to ban something that is hardly present in the environment."

As Harvey and others striving to balance the good effects against the bad have observed, Wisconsin utilizes a small but helpful amount of 2,4,5-T and as they see it, the noteworthy benefits are:

- driver safety (spraying roadsides)
- blackout prevention (spraying power and telephone poles)
- increased farm production (killing brush)
- increased timber production (same as above)
- pasture renovation and increased livestock population (eradicating poisonous weeds that cause spontaneous abortion in cattle)

"A rational judgment," Harvey concluded, "must be made on the scientific evidence, not on emotionalism and sensationalism."

While he agrees with Harvey's view of herbicides as valuable agricultural products, Dr. Allen disagrees that there are not present dangers. "Dioxin is toxic at levels we can't even detect," rebutted Allen. Although he admitted that there are no documented cases of human exposure to dioxin in the natural environment (as opposed to industrial accidents), he added that "humans haven't been exposed to it in the food chain long enough to really see the effects." The fact that recent

studies have shown traces of dioxin in the milk of lactating mothers in Texas and Oregon who lived near regions where 2,4,5-T has been sprayed seems to indicate that dioxin can indeed pass through the food chain.

The Wisconsin Assembly committee never took action on AB 1093, and on March 31, 1978 it died a quiet death in the Legislature. However, Loftus asserts he will reintroduce the bill in the 1979 session with hopes of stopping the "raining down" of dioxin on Wisconsin.

Possibly as a result of the controversy surrounding AB 1093, the Wisconsin Department of Transportation called a halt to the use of 2,4,5-T until the EPA reports their findings this spring. According to Assistant Secretary William Buglass, approximately 500-600 gallons of 2,4,5-T are sprayed throughout the state annually and are usually applied to the stubble that results from cut brush. Buglass emphasized that the herbicide is used "sparingly" and noted that it will not be replaced this season by another equally toxic defoliant. "Until the EPA announces its decision," he remarked, "we will simply cut the brush and not spray it. We're just going to wait and see what happens with the EPA report."

However, if recent history is any indication, the possibility of any definitive action as a result of the EPA study remains doubtful. Habitually, because of the complexity of the problems, the EPA does not move very quickly. In fact, when the EPA does "move" it is as a result of pressure exerted by outside industrial or citizen groups. Then, according to Thomas Jorling, EPA's assistant administrator for water, the average time for rule-making by EPA "is now approaching four years." Since such delay is common, there is usually a gap between the awareness of potential hazards (in the case of dioxin, 1970) and efforts to control them. Thus, while EPA estimates that one-third of the 1500 active ingredients of registered pesticides are toxic and one-fourth are carcinogens, to date only *five* (heptachlor/chlorodane, aldrin/dieldrin, DDT, Mirex and DBCP) have been severely restricted.

"If, as Dow Chemical has claimed, sunlight destroys dioxin, then why have cattle who have grazed on 2,4,5-T-sprayed land been found to have significant levels of dioxin. . .?"
—State Rep. Tom Loftus

The case with dioxin is no different. The deadline for the EPA report has been extended on several occasions, and the up-coming review must now focus not only on long-term carcinogenic and teratogenic effects but also on analyses of breast milk, rice and fish for dioxin residues. Rick Reising of the EPA's Dioxin Program in Washington, D.C. explained that in order

for the EPA to impose a ban on dioxin, they would have to:

- prove that dioxin is acutely toxic (e.g. mustard gas in World War I)
- or prove that dioxin is harmful over a period of time at a prescribed level (defined as "chronic toxicity")
- or show that dioxin can be carcinogenic

"2,4,5-T is the only effective, economical weapon for controlling plant life and does not pose a serious health hazard." —US Forest Service

Although Reising readily admits that his study team is "up to its armpits in work," he is determined to have the report completed by April.

But even with a completed EPA report, the controversy will undoubtedly continue. As Gordon Harvey stressed: "Regardless of what the EPA does, there will still be problems: the environmental groups will take the EPA to court if 2,4,5-T stays put; the agricultural groups will take the EPA to court if the compound is banned."

Nevertheless, since EPA undertook their massive study, there have been a number of well-documented and highly publicized incidents, in particular the detection of high levels (100 to 600 parts per trillion) of TCDD in fish in Michigan's Tittabawassee River, which happens to be where Dow's Midland Michigan plant pours its manufacturing effluent, and the discovery of dioxin in the Love Canal site (Niagara Falls, N.Y.), a depository for the Hooker Chemical Company's trichlorophenol wastes. Whereas the Michigan discovery prompted Dow scientist Ronald Kagel to speculate that "our research proves that dioxin is present not just in Michigan . . . because dioxin is thus ubiquitous, we need not be concerned about it" the EPA is not very likely to accept such a view. As Lyman Condie, an EPA toxicologist in Chicago, responded: "The Dow report has not changed our basic position on dioxin-contaminated pesticides, which is that they pose a threat to human health."

It remains to be seen what effect, if any, the EPA report will have on the use of 2,4,5-T. One would hope that somehow, the EPA findings could bring together the disputing parties in an attempt to alleviate the dangers and utilize the benefits of the herbicide 2,4,5-T. However, if the past nine years of charge and countercharge, litigation and appeal are any indication of things to come, the dioxin controversy will be a mainstay of the 1980s just as it was in the 1970s. Just where the possible hazardous effects TCDD might have upon humans comes into all of this remains a question that has yet to receive proper attention.

Doug Bradley, a freelance writer from Madison, was stationed in Vietnam from November of 1970 to November of 1971.

235 kids and plenty of trombones

Young musicians from all over the state thrive on youth symphony philosophy

**by Elizabeth Deakman
with photos by the author**

David Becker, conductor of the Wisconsin Youth Symphony Orchestra, knows how to go out on a limb. At a recent children's concert, he introduced the instruments of the orchestra to the young audience gathered around on the high school gym floor, and then he said, "Would anyone like to conduct a symphony orchestra?" Hands shot up. He gave them a test to see who could swing an arm to a steady beat and selected a young girl, who hopped up to the podium. He showed her how to hold the baton, and she proceeded to direct the well-rehearsed WYSO through Bizet's "L'Arlesienne Suite No. 2 - Farandole." The audience showed their appreciation, and the conductor took her bow with aplomb. David Becker's limb held up. This is the essence of the philosophy of WYSO: youth involvement in music.

Thirteen years ago Marvin Rabin came to Wisconsin after distinguished work with youth symphonies in Kentucky and Boston. The Wisconsin Youth Symphony Orchestra is one result of his presence here. WYSO has in the last 13 years come to mean more than a fine youth orchestra. From the original orchestra have grown two more stairstep orchestras, and their growth has influenced the formation of other youth orchestras within the state.

Wisconsin has several youth symphonies now, most of them started after and influenced by WYSO. Only the Milwaukee Youth Symphony Orchestra has been in existence longer. A former associate WYSO conductor, Jon Borowicz, leads the Central State Youth Symphony at Stevens Point. The La Crosse youth orchestra is directed by Francis Italiano, the Fox Valley youth symphony by James Grine, Green Bay youth symphony by Miroslav Pansky.

Nationally WYSO was the first orchestra to sponsor a statewide youth orchestra festival, which was held in Oshkosh in 1975. It involved workshops for parents, boards of directors and musicians; each orchestra gave a short concert, and there were reading groups.

WYSO members are young musicians whose high school programs are limited but whose abilities search

for expanded opportunities. Based in Madison, it draws members from the greater part of southern Wisconsin. Over the years 23 counties have been represented. Currently 235 young people take part. Youngsters, and of necessity parents, travel hundreds of miles every Saturday morning for rehearsal.

From its inception the orchestra grew in stature as it advanced in technique, and it was soon traveling on weekend circle tours where symphony orchestras are not heard live, to cities where other young musicians could hear the sounds of talented youth.

Considering the exposure WYSO needs and gets, its business management becomes a major item: travel arrangements; transportation of instruments; scheduling appearances, food and housing on the road; and not least, funding.

Each spring auditions are held to fill the chairs for the following year's orchestra. No tenure attaches to any position in the orchestra so each year all members must re-audition. If vacancies occur they may be filled by second semester auditions.

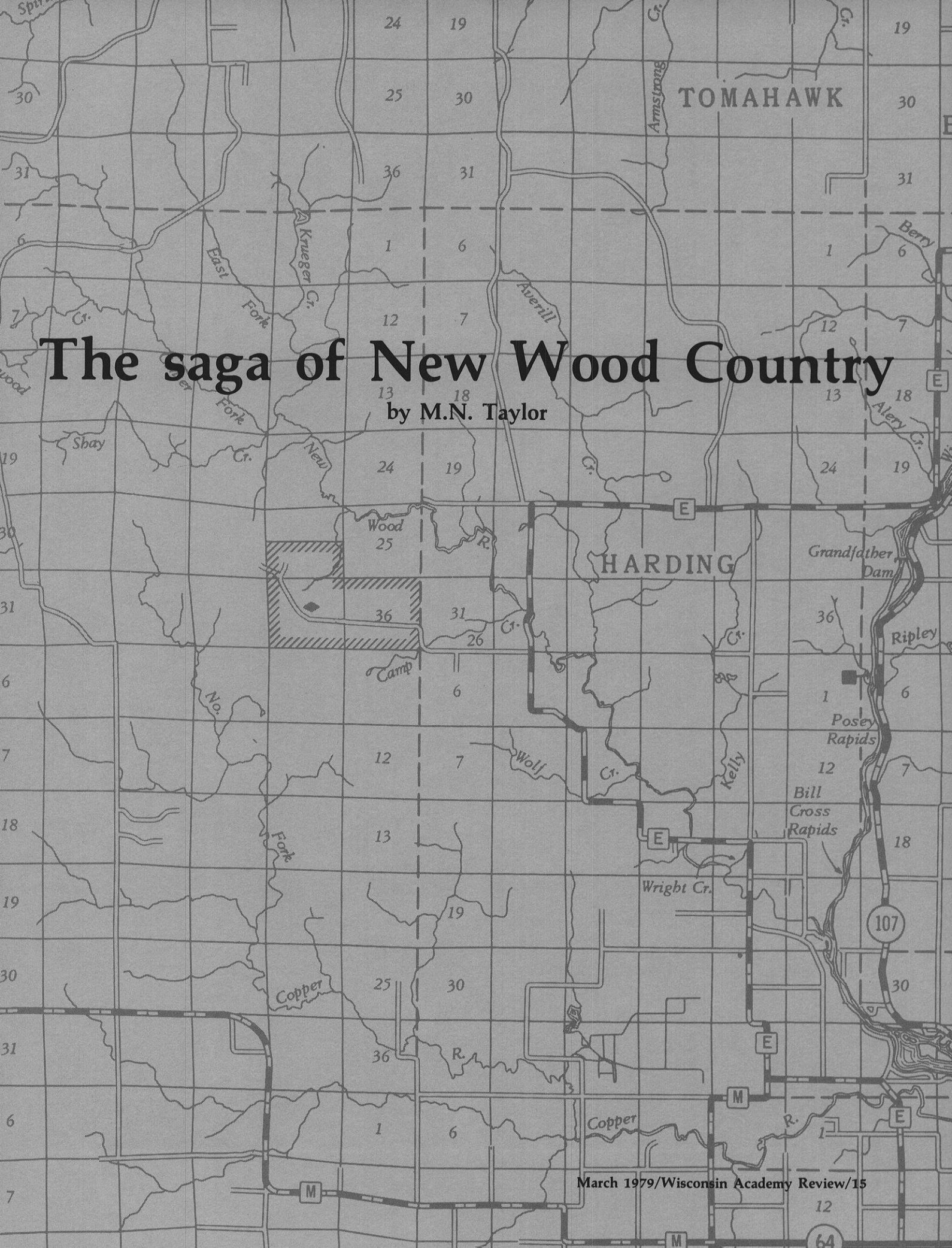
Rabin considers that the presence of a role model is a critical factor in the success of the young musician. Upon this premise a second, younger youth symphony was organized in 1971 and named the Wisconsin Junior Youth Symphony Orchestra. Then in 1976 a third, the Concert Orchestra, came into being. Now Rabin says that the Junior Symphony, renamed the Philharmonia when the third group formed, has reached the same level of proficiency as WYSO did in its early years. He credits that to the older groups' serving as the role model. The Concert Orchestra is attracting youngsters as early as fourth grade, youngsters who have a desire to experience more music than their schools are able to provide. Members of all three orchestras must come on the recommendation of their school music directors.

In 1972 James Latimer was appointed to take over as WYSO music director and conductor. Latimer's vibrant personality and his background as a nationally

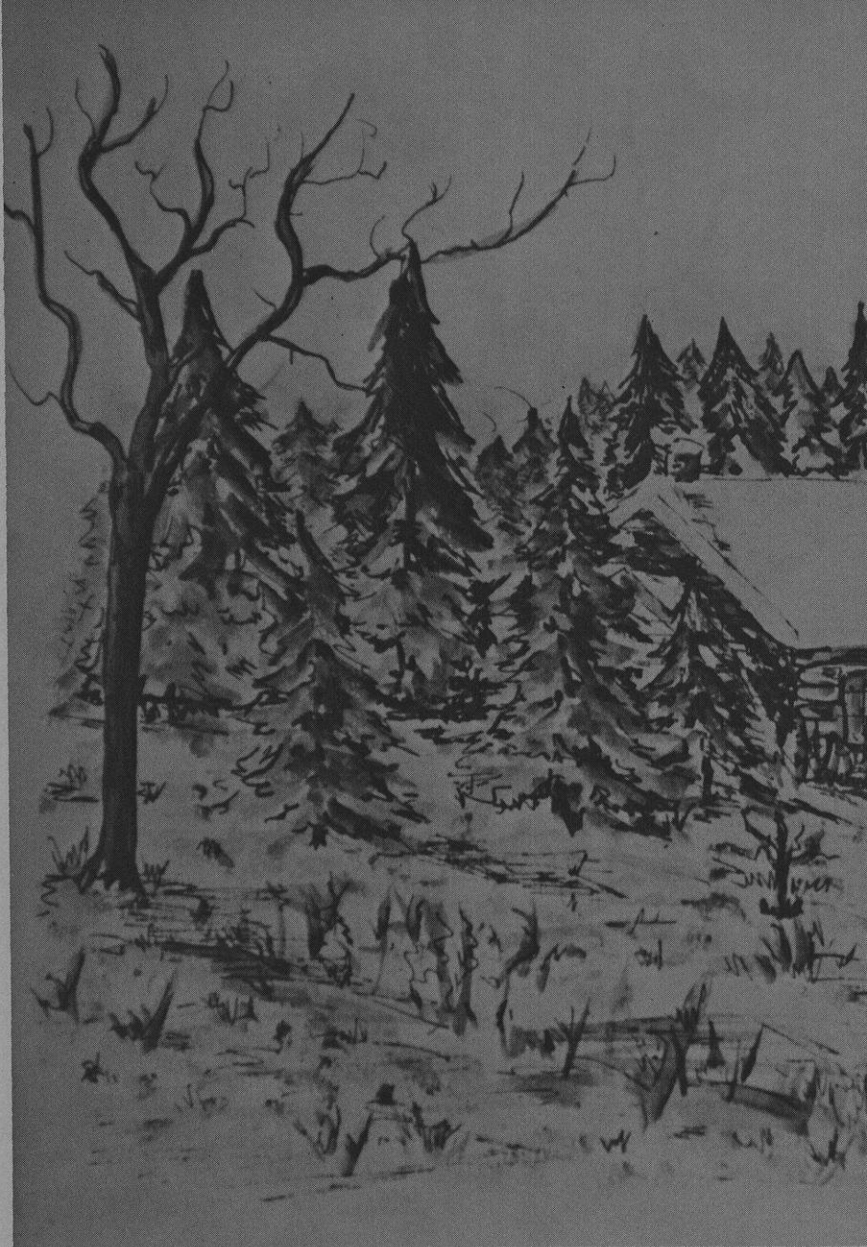
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The saga of New Wood Country

by M.N. Taylor



A painting by Margaret Schleif of a scene near Whiskey Bill Road.



The saga of New

**How a once-booming,
once-has-been area
of northern Wisconsin
changes to cope
with the times**

by M.N. Taylor

Slanting snow drifted across the railroad tracks as Oxy Lane, Pike Boehm and I climbed aboard the red caboosé of the New Wood Line. Lane and I were freshmen in high school, Boehm a sophomore. It was the winter of 1918. All schools in Merrill were closed on account of a raging flu epidemic. We were heading for Camp 26 in New Wood with the dubious approval of Jack Regan, woods superintendent for the Kinzel Lumber Co.

This was my early introduction to New Wood: shoveling snow-capped skidways, a try at hooking, then guiding 16-foot logs as they swept toward the hoister. And there was Jule Posey, camp boss who called everyone Joe; John Akey, the camp cook and owner of Alice, the roller skating bear; hump-back John, who told us in no uncertain terms: no talk at the table; Nick-Mike, who never took a drink and saved his money; John



Wood Country

Alery, road monkey, and some 70 other lumberjacks.

It was my introduction to a way of life that exists today only in the memories of a limited number of men and in the robust history of New Wood, a history of transition from a somber virgin forest to a sprawling, burned, cutover and desolate region no one wanted—but which today has a future based on a new concept of recreational forest land use.

New Wood Country, located in

Lincoln County, includes 135,000 acres of second growth forest land, whose eastern fringe lies 12 miles west of Merrill. It is today a wilderness, as it was 60-70 years ago—but with roads. There are two rivers, New Wood and Copper, each with several forks, several creeks, but no lakes to speak of. Heavy clay soil and widespread forest fires in the 1930s, which burned the humus of the top soil, and poor drainage in many sections determined the land use pattern of New Wood.

Gail,
 Ann Peckham -
 dropping in.
 March 1979 - 4266
 "Review" parking scene Whiskey Bill Rd.
 Margaret Schleif
 New Wood Country

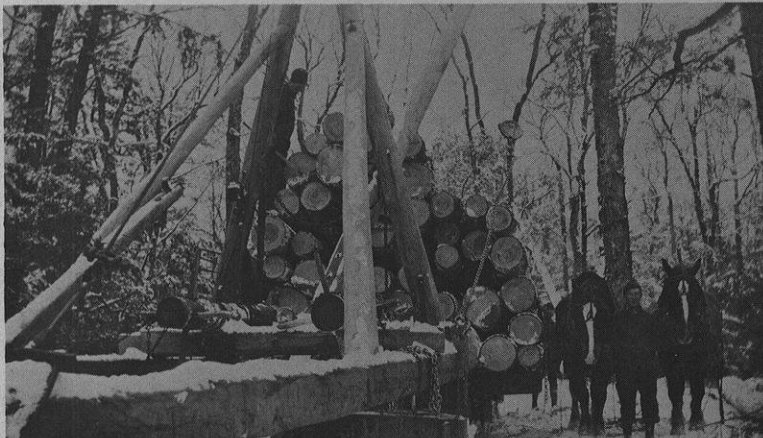
As you turn off County Highway E onto Whiskey Bill Road in New Wood Country, if you are observant, you will notice a small wooden cross on the right side of the road. A few artificial flowers are draped on the cross arm. Faint foot prints in the marsh grass indicate a recent visitor. A small child is buried here at the site of a former missionary church. This unidentified marker is mute evidence of a time when it was thought that flourishing farms would dot the countryside. It never happened. Eight-four settlers were moved from here to more productive agricultural land in Lincoln County during the 1930s. New Wood has rejected all attempts to change its destiny as a forest region.

Its virgin timber, its colorful lumberjacks, its network of logging camps, the railroads that penetrated one of the last remaining stands of hemlock and hardwoods in Wisconsin—all are gone. Today, north of Conservation Avenue, New Wood is silent, without mailboxes, taverns, school buses, telephones or electricity. The land use pattern of the country around New Wood is unique, especially from the standpoint of a number of small absentee landowners whose interest centers on recreational forestry. In addition there are large blocks of industrial forests owned by Wausau Paper Mills Co., Owens-Illinois Forest Products Division and American Can Co. under the Forest Crop Law. Legislation sets up standards of forest practice and also provides access



Photos from Bill Natzke's scrapbook

Decking crew, 1929, consisted of two unloaders, a top man, and two men employed at hooking.



Hauling logs with a team, 1938.

A camp scene, 1939. Note the small hand car for riding on rails.



for the public for hunting and fishing. Lincoln County owns two and a half sections in New Wood, which produce about two-thirds of the county's \$125,000 annual income from stumpage sales. There are wildlife management areas under the supervision of the Department of Natural Resources. Recently, a former logger, Bill Natzke, who spent a lifetime cutting trees, donated 160 acres to the School of Natural Resources, University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, as an ecology study plot. There was one stipulation: No trees are to be cut or roads built for a period of 50 years. Objective: To determine regenerative growth and amount of deer browse in an area managed by nature compared to tracts managed by man. This blue print, plus rural zoning, which prohibits year around residency, insures continued isolation for New Wood.

With the exception of the occasional rumble of a logging truck, the silence of New Wood is broken for a brief span during the annual nine-day deer hunting season. At night, the yellow glow of lanterns or the white light from propane lamps gleams from cabin windows in the undeveloped, unelectrified wilderness. Inside, old timers, over the loud talk at a poker table, describe to a newcomer details of how they brought down an eight-pointer near Dynamite Hill.

100 years ago

The first recorded ownership of timber in this region dates back to 1883, nearly a century ago, when T. B. Scott Lumber Co. bought a large number of descriptions from the government under original patent. Scott may have had a number of misgivings about his new venture into the hardwood and hemlock vastness of New Wood. Primarily a pine man, he held off penetrating into his new supply of raw material. Perhaps his final decision was motivated when his sawmill was destroyed by fire in 1898.

On January 31, 1906, A. H. Stange bought out the Scott timber

holdings. The day of the pine era was over but Stange realized the untapped potential of hardwood and hemlock. He established the New Wood railroad with a network of branch spurs to landings, a complex of logging camps and a warehouse with supplies to accommodate camps with as many as 150 men. All this projected a new era in the economy of Merrill and surrounding towns.

With the organization of the Kinzel Lumber Co. in 1915 (three years before the winter I had my first taste of logging) and later the Union Land Co., remnants of pine, mixed hardwood and hemlock logs as well as hemlock bark flowed in a steady stream to Merrill. This period, well documented in the history of Merrill by George Gilkey, shows the early history of New Wood is also closely identified with the Rib Lake Lumber Co. Prompted by the economic urge to plunge into the remaining stands of virgin hardwood and hemlock, Rib Lake established its first logging camp in the Town of Corning in 1919.

Bill Natzke, logger

Two years earlier, on March 3, 1917, with the temperature below zero, Bill Natzke, then 14 years old, cautiously looked out the boxcar door as the freight train rounded the bend at the Big Eddy saloon, slowed down, then came to a grinding halt at the Merrill stockyards. Bill, a tall kid with bushy red hair, had reached his destination. Accompanying him were his father, Herman, a brother, Art, a buggy horse named Prince and a mule called Jenny. A wagon was filled with household goods.

Originally from Wayside, Wisconsin, the Natzkes had moved to a farm near Mobile, Alabama for Mrs. Natzke's health. When Herman read an advertisement by the Lutheran Colonization Co. in a German language newspaper published in Appleton, dramatizing how a farm could be carved out of the low-priced land in New Wood, he decided to return to Wisconsin.

Bill, Art and Herman had been on the road for a week, traveling in what was called an immigrant box car, which provided free transportation for one person to feed the horse and mule. In Louisville, Kentucky, a railroad dick flushed out Bill and Art who had just enough money to buy tickets to Evansville, Indiana, where they promptly joined Herman in the boxcar. Bill's mother and another son traveled in more conventional fashion in a day coach.

While Bill's arrival in Merrill was inauspicious, it marked the beginning of a career that covered more than half a century. A career that ranged from cookee to buyer of large tracts of timber, and operator of his own logging camps with crews of up to 150 men in New Wood and later in Upper Michigan. But that first winter of 1917 he hired out to Fred Smith, logger, first white child born in the area. Bill cut logging roads, then iced them with water tank sleighs. His father, mother and other members

of the family settled on the makings of a farm in the Town of Corning.

Bill's insight into camp operations and dealing with lumberjacks began its development in 1918 when he signed on as cookee at Camp 26. The camp boss was Jule Posey, camp cook was Bat King, a French Canadian, and a somewhat legendary figure not only as a cook but for his ability to taper off a huge binge with potions of lemon extract.

The next winter Bill moved with Bat King to Camp 32 and then to Camp 24 as bull cook. This first step on the ladder set his wake-up time at 4 a.m. His duties: to get the fire going in the cook shanty and bunk house, light lanterns, pump water, feed the horses, haul in wood, sweep out the office, haul out lunch to the crew in the woods by sleigh if nearby or by switch engine if some distance. The pay was \$40 a month.

Felling and sawing logs with a crosscut with his brother Art as a partner introduced him to wood

Hauling lumber to Rib Lake from New Wood, 1934.





An engine hauls logs.

Photo by K.E. Nordland, Merrill courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

operations. The going rate was ten cents a log. He operated a jammer, skidded for Fred Bauman, a logging contractor, and hired out to James Farrell of the Wausau Paper Mills on a log drive down the Copper and Wisconsin rivers to Brokaw. Then he went on to peeling hemlock for the tanneries in Merrill and Rib Lake (at one time, before Wausau Paper Mills Co. used hemlock fibre, the bark was worth more than hemlock wood.)

For nearly half a century, 1885-1922, before the introduction of the vacuum pan for concentrating tanning extract, eastern hemlock bark played an important role in the forest industry of northern Wisconsin. Chestnut trees, before a blight wiped out this species in the late 1890s, were another source of

bark for the tanning industry. Tanneries, located in Merrill, Rib Lake, Tomahawk and Medford used up to 12,000 cords of bark annually.

A logging contract with Rib Lake

These activities caught the eye of Walter Patrick, walking boss for the Rib Lake Lumber Co. In the spring of 1923 Patrick asked Bill if he wanted to start out on his own as a full-fledged logging contractor. Bill was a bit hesitant because of his age, being only 20 years old, but signed a logging contract with Rib Lake. The same year he married Elsie Scheu (who figures that one of Bill's pressing needs was to acquire a good camp cook for the first

of five camps he operated in New Wood.)

Gradually Bill concerned himself more and more with production, costs and profits. He set in operation a procedure he followed throughout his career as a logger. Each night, despite all other demands on his time, he determined his profit or loss for that day. His goal in the beginning was 25 cents profit on each cord of pulpwood and 50 cents per thousand feet of logs delivered at the railroad siding. Perhaps this concept of cost control in the hazardous business of logging proved valuable during his large scale operations for Marathon Corp. and Roddis Veneer Co. near Watersmeet, Michigan, or while building roads for the State of

Wisconsin, setting up the Merrill Gravel and Construction Co. and serving as a vice president of the Citizens American Bank in Merrill.

The life of a jack

The lumberjacks Bill Natzke worked with were of mixed origin and nationality, especially during and after World War I when labor was scarce. A good number were farmers with teams, who spent their winters in the woods. Others had families and lived in nearby towns and worked in sawmills during the summer months. In winter they battled snow, and 40 degrees-below-zero weather, so cold that pine cutting was postponed because the trunks would shatter when felled. In summer, mosquitoes, wood ticks and the hot sun beat down on them. There was no refrigeration. Wire-enclosed shacks were built where fresh meat could be stored for several days. After a limited time the meat was salted down in barrels.

In the early 1920s, woods labor was recruited from labor agencies in Minneapolis and Duluth. Some men were experienced, others were not. Many were recent immigrants from Germany, Sweden, Russia, Poland and Slavic countries. Some could not speak English.

At about the same time, in the 1920s, through a swap of timber land between the Kinzel Lumber Co. and the Rib Lake Lumber Co., Rib Lake expanded its operations in Lincoln County. The proximity of the Rib Lake Camps to Merrill had an impact on the social and economic life of this northern Wisconsin community. Hundreds of lumberjacks considered Merrill their home base. Off season headquarters centered around Saegers' Farmers Home, Fleischfressers, the Commercial House, Hassetts in the Sixth Ward and Make Shape's saloon. At the time of log drives down the Wisconsin River and at break-up time, the streets of Merrill were crowded with jacks looking for excitement.

Many of the men who ran camps



Snow-covered piles of logs stretch to the trees.



Going to camp on a speeder—Rib Lake Lumber Co. railroad spur, 1930.

About ready to start sawing lumber, New Wood, 1934.



for the Rib Lake Lumber Co. also lived in or near Merrill. Some started to clear land in the cutover. A prime example was Bill Natzke, who spent 17 years as a logging contractor for the Rib Lake Lumber Co. Other well-known camp operators for Rib Lake were Lambert Lamberty, who switched his residence from Rib Lake to Merrill, Scheu brothers, Herman Prast, Ben Koehler, Herman Kleinschmidt, Krause brothers and others with long established links with Rib Lake.

In the same way a good number of key office personnel from Merrill were also identified with Rib Lake Lumber management. They were Lylas Klug, Walter Schuster, Marvin Trantow, Carl Schieb, Walt Freiberg, and Herman Johannes. Two well-known journalists in Merrill came out of the Rib Lake High School: Carl Zielke, who became president of the Wisconsin Press Association, and W. F. McCormick, who became president of the Wausau Record-Herald. Although operated under four different ownerships, the Taylor County firm always retained the name of the Rib Lake Lumber Co.

Woodson and Mylrea buy Rib Lake

A major transaction in Wisconsin's fading lumber and logging business received a shot in the arm on February 5, 1936 when A.P. Woodson, Wausau, and D.J. Mylrea, Rhinelander, announced acquisition of the Rib Lake Lumber Co., owned by the U.S. Leather Co., New York City. Minority stockholders were Frank Handyside, Rib Lake and R.J. Brownell, Williamsport, Pa.

At its peak, more than 650 men were employed by Rib Lake, including jobber operations. Included in the purchase: the complete sawmill, two band saws and re-saw, planing mill, dry kiln, 30 million feet of lumber in the yards, a good office building, 50-some houses, machine shops, logging railroad, two locomotives and logging camps. Most of the remaining



Two men use a crosscut saw.

Photo by K.E. Nordland, Merrill

timber lands, amounting to 61,000 acres, not all of it timbered, were located in Lincoln County, one of the largest blocks still remaining in the state. The mill's capacity was rated 16,500 feet per hour. According to a memorandum in Mylrea's files in the Marathon County Historical Society, purchase price was \$950,000. Later Woodson and Mylrea bought out the shares of Handyside and Brownell.

Mylrea, who was widely known throughout the Wisconsin lumber industry, was also president of the Thunderlake Lumber Co. He was a graduate of the Biltmore Forestry School, the first in the nation, and played a leading role in establishing the Nicolet National Forest.

The new owners announced that additional spur lines would be built to assure continued operation of the mill. But the stepped-up demand for forest products during World War II tapered off toward the date of February 25, 1948, and

the windup of logging and milling operations that had been the mainstay of the area for 70 years.

The end of an era

February 25, 1948, brought an end to the Rib Lake Lumber Co. and tolled a death knell for large-scale logging in Lincoln County. It was a warm day on February 25. A large crowd of 300 people, some coming by car, others by special train, gathered at the site of Camp 28 in the Town of Corning. Old timers were present: Emil Hinz, chairman of the Lincoln County Board; Walt Chilsen, publisher of the Merrill Daily Herald; Carl Seidell, 82, a veteran woodsman who came to Rib Lake by handcar in 1884; and several foresters. The event, on the surface a gala occasion, sponsored by the Rib Lake Commercial Club, symbolized something more serious. It marked the end of an era. Following a

lumberjack lunch, the crowd surged forward to watch Leo Schumann, logging crew foreman, supervise cutting operations as a mammoth white pine, 200 years old, 100 feet tall, saved from the axe until this occasion, toppled to the ground amid the desolation of slashings which reached as far as the eye could see.

Within a period of six months, cleanup operations had been completed. The sawmill, which had employed 172 men, no longer blasted a shrill warning at the beginning of each working day. Never again would a gleeful mill crew scramble out of the sawmill in mid-afternoon when a special toot of the whistle signaled that a horse race was about to start. The route: the back streets of Rib Lake and then down the main street. There was jubilation when the pride of Rib Lake streaked across the finish line, a winner.

Present day loggers

In the old days, large scale operations of logging camps were measured by millions of board feet of timber each year. Today's operations are carried out by small operators: one man, two men, or a trucker with several cutters. Jule Krause, slim and trim, in his 80s, who cuts pulpwood everyday except Sunday, says that present market conditions prohibit operating with a crew. The employment of a single man adds the cost of insurance and social security plus unemployment compensation for full-time employees. Their prime investment is in a logging truck with a trailer. Premium railroad ties are in demand, and eight-foot ties of elm, oak, birch and hard maple are sold to the Peterson Lumber Co. in Athens; gross income is up to \$400 a truckload of 50 to 60 large ties.

Otto Oestrich has a different approach. Sturdily built, with a round friendly face, he lives in Merrill, owns four forties in New Wood, on which he plants trees and which he holds as an investment. Otto is primarily a trucker but also logs. When working as a contractor, he employs two cutters who tractorskid the pulpwood to the landing alongside the road. Otto's production, operating costs and profits add up as follows. He receives \$27 a cord, including bolts of rough aspen delivered on a 30-mile haul to the Wausau Paper Mill Co. at Brokaw. He employs two cutters at \$12 a cord, which includes tractorskidding the pulp to the roadside landing. Hauling costs amount to \$7 a cord, seven to ten cord to a load. The stumpage on this job amounted to \$3 a cord. Figuring eight cords to a load, all this averages out to a profit of \$5 per cord not counting depreciation, insurance, social security and unemployment compensation when his cutters work full-time. This \$5 per cord profit is what he likes to shoot at. Some times it is more, sometimes less. The paper work is a bother but Otto likes to be his own boss.

Recreational forestry

While loggers have left and still are leaving their imprint on New Wood, a new generation of men with entirely different backgrounds is now asserting its concept of land use. These are absentee forest landowners, people who do not depend on the forest for their livelihood, do not live on the land, but fuse into a new social and economic pattern in New Wood and throughout northern Wisconsin. The majority of these city dwellers live in Merrill, Wausau, Marshfield and surrounding communities; others live in Appleton, Madison, Janesville, Milwaukee. In some cases ownership is divided among several people. Recently the Council on Environmental Quality estimated that nationally one out of 12 American families owns a vacation home or vacant lot of recreational land. This statement gives some idea of the growing pressure on our forest land base, shrinking at the rate of one million acres a year. A few years ago, the University of Wisconsin-Madison conducted a survey in Oneida County on why people from urban areas were investing in second growth forest land. More than 65 percent reported their prime interest was outdoor recreation.

In the New Wood Country, without the lure of lakes, boating, water skiing and fishing, absentee owners say their investment is made with patience money. Today, their dividends are derived from the satisfaction of owning a place in the outdoors, solitude and a mix of other interests. These include cross country skiing, snowmobiling, timber stand improvement to build a stockpile of fuelwood, some tree planting in the spring, sale of pulpwood bolts and sawlogs to pay the taxes. Taxes average about \$53 per wild land forty.

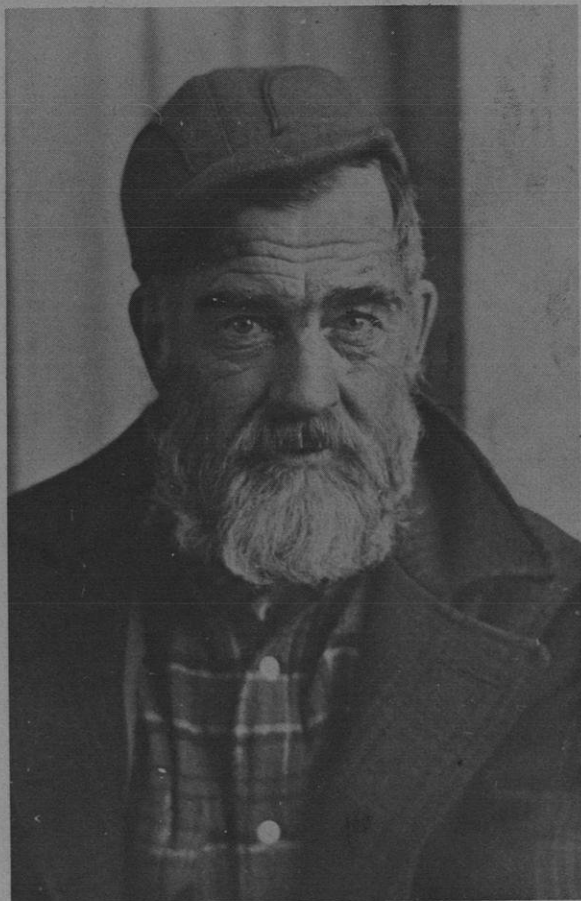
This trend to absentee forest ownership is not exactly new. In New Wood it dates back to the period immediately after World War II when a surge of interest in reforestation and forest management—prompted to a great

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin



Bill Natzke, second cook; Bat King, cook; and George Turner, cookee at New Wood, 1920.

Ed Neuman, lumberjack and teamster.



extent by Trees for Tomorrow, Inc., the industry-sponsored reforestation organization—appealed to the imagination of city dwellers.

It is estimated that private forest lands in northern Wisconsin, including industrial forests, make up three million acres, a sizable deposit of taxpaying resources. The following is a case study of a single absentee forest landowner in New Wood. This observation stems from my experience as executive director of Trees for Tomorrow, Inc. and contact with 12,000 of these owners over a period of 31 years. During the span of these three decades, Trees for Tomorrow distributed and machine-planted 23 million trees and prepared forest management plans for 370,000 acres, 80 percent of which belong to absentee owners.

The new pioneers

Paul Gebert of Merrill was a pioneer in this movement. He says his stepped-up interest in New Wood was stimulated in the late 1930s when the Rib Lake Lumber Co. offered to sell 54,000 acres of New Wood cutover land to Lincoln County for \$25,000, about 50 cents an acre or \$20 a forty. Gebert supported the plan along with Gus Sell, county agent; loggers Ed Scheu and Bill Natzke; and Walt Chilsen, publisher of the Merrill Daily Herald.

Chilsen was especially active and appeared before the State Conservation Commission, in Madison, in regard to putting the acreage under the newly enacted Forest Crop Law. Sell emphasized that the county could recover its bonded indebtedness in about seven years in this way.

This legislation, destined to play a crucial role in Wisconsin's emerging forestry program, and the answer to the high rate of tax delinquency, provided that the state reimburse the county at the rate of ten cents per acre per year. The county, in turn, would pay a severance tax to the state at the rate of ten percent for timber harvested

over a 50-year period.

The minutes of the annual meeting of the county board in November 1939 reveal that the motion to acquire the property from the Rib Lake Lumber Company, 54,000 acres for \$25,000, was tabled. Among the reasons given: the uncertain future of the Forest Crop Law, plus the fact that a lot of this land would come back to the county through tax delinquency.

Today the going price for a wildland forty in New Wood is \$5,000 to \$7,000, if you can find one. Ole Hanson, Lincoln County forester, reports that the recent sale of a forty, with an old trailer on it, brought \$13,500.

Acquiring land by happenstance

On a Saturday morning in 1937, Ed Scheu, a logger who is still hale and hearty at 84 and until a few years ago ran a trap line in Canada, came to Paul Gebert with a proposition. He offered to sell him 80 acres in New Wood with a good cover of hemlock for \$50 plus cancellation of a feed bill he owed Gebert's Flour and Feed Mill. The deal was completed with a hand shake.

It was an answer to an idea that had been germinating in Paul's mind for some time. For a number of seasons, deer hunting at a resort in Vilas County had become too crowded. Why not a deer hunting camp of his own?

Another offer, the second of three unusual transactions, came about in 1941. The Rib Lake Lumber Co., with its logging operations slated to wind up in 1948, suggested that Paul sell the stumpage on his 80 acres for 50 forties of cutover land plus the office building at Camp 26 for a hunting shack. Including the addition of several forties he bought, his holdings totaled 2,260 cutover acres. What to do with it? What was the future of forestry?

Trees for Tomorrow helped

The first step was to take an inventory through a forest management plan. Trees for Tomorrow

foresters Bill Sylvester and Bob Engelhard laid it out. It was the first of a large number drawn up for absentee owners in New Wood, many of whom attended management clinics at the Trees for Tomorrow Camp at Eagle River. Recommendations were to plant conifers in openings and on upland ridges, maintain the network of roads for access and fire protection and improve wildlife habitat, but for the most part just to let the trees grow.

Paul's long time interest in hunting had developed into a major concern for wildlife management. He seeded shoulders of logging roads to clover, hand-planted 40,000 trees, provided openings by timber stand improvement. In the summer he power-mowed the 20 acres surrounding the shack to create new shoots of grass for deer grazing. Each winter he scheduled an annual deer hunt to maintain a balanced deer herd.

Paul never harvested timber on

1936 was the first year of hauling logs with a tractor (cat). That winter there were six weeks of below-zero weather.





Decking for sawmill, New Wood, 1934.



Loading for the mill, New Wood, 1934.

his holdings. About the time his son John acquired an adjoining forty of his own, an unusual offer for a cash transaction came from Owens-Illinois Forest Products Division, Tomahawk. It would relieve Paul of the responsibility of paying taxes, the hazard of fire and road maintenance; at the same time, he could enjoy hunting privileges and carry on his wildlife management. In addition these privileges could be transferred to his son, John, and his family for 25 years. Owens-Illinois would place the property under the Forest Crop Law.

Since 1966 this arrangement has worked out satisfactorily. To Owens-Illinois it meant a future supply of raw material, a balanced deer herd and frequent visits by Paul and John to check on fire hazards and vandalism. To Paul it assured a well-managed future for these acres that have played and still do play a satisfying role in his life style.

Hand-planting 120,000 trees

Leslie Kienitz, while stationed with the Army in Germany during World War II, was inspired by the intensive forestry practices in the Black Forest. Upon his return to this country in 1946, he bid \$50 for 40 acres of tax delinquent county land in New Wood. At that time, only 22 years old, he embarked on a program of land acquisition, tree planting and timber stand improvement, setting up growth study plots with the help of Conservation Department foresters and dredging out four ponds for wild fowl and a source of water in case of fire. He cuts and peels 10-12 cords of aspen each spring to help pay taxes and for improvements. Les joined the Merrill police force and became a parttime school bus driver to build up his kitty for investment in New Wood. He eventually acquired 450 acres on which he, his wife and five children have hand-planted 120,000 trees.

In his reforestation efforts he carried on a continuous battle with deer and rabbits. His most effective

counter offensive against deer was with 2,500 empty metal cans, two feet high and 12 inches in diameter, that he bought from the Weinbrenner shoe factory. He cut off the tops but kept strips along the circumference of the base to serve as supports. He then pushed the pails down the young trees until they rested on lateral branches. This protected the leader from browsing. He forgot to remove one pail and visitors are puzzled when they see a pruned Norway pine 30 feet tall with a pail around its trunk that can be slid up and down.

Besides building five miles of roads in New Wood and a neat cabin with the help of his sports club friends, Les established a seven-acre tree plantation at his home on the western outskirts of Merrill. In the spring of 1977 trees were marked for thinning by Dept. of Natural Resources foresters, and Les sold 45 cords of Norway and jackpine pulpwood to Mosinee Paper Mills Co. for \$1,223.

Les was nominated by the Lincoln County Soil and Water Conservation District as tree farmer of the year—a tribute to him, his wife and their five children. "The whole quality of life changes when you are in the forest," he says. Now retired at 57, he spends five days a week in the summer working for the DNR as a forest technician at the Council Ground State Forest.

While the new pioneers like Paul Gebert and Leslie Kienitz have for years owned thousands of acres, they have had little or no effect on the environment. This is quite a change from the old days. Lumber companies with risk capital, the logging contractors, cooks, hoisters, teamsters, swampers and loaders connected with them, depended then upon the forests of New Wood for a livelihood, as did many of the citizens of Merrill and Rib Lake.

Ad man tackles New Wood

On March 5, 1948, James A. Wright, an advertising man from Milwaukee, generated an idea that



Unloading and stacking lumber.

had been tugging at him for years. He had a hankering for woods work, planting a brand new forest, logging, the smell of fresh cut timber. That day he bought 640 acres from Willis Kelme where Averill Creek crosses Highway E in New Wood.

Wright had no idea how to use a compass or run a line, how to mark trees for cutting or where and what trees should be planted. He just felt he needed a patch of land where he could put his ambition to work. He drove as far north as Wausau where he met an old camp foreman, Bill Markwith. Wright was fortunate in his first step. He obtained the services of a Conservation Dept. forester to mark his trees for cutting, according to a Trees for Tomorrow forest management plan. Although he had never watched a woodsman fell a tree, in the winter of 1948 he set up a camp, and hired 15 lumberjacks with Bill Markwith as foreman and a man called Elmer as straw boss. Next he built a portable sawmill. From March 12 to April 11 a crew of 11 men turned his marked trees into 150,000 board feet of lumber and 150 cords of pulpwood.

In March 1977, Wright, who now lives in West Bend, wrote me, "I sold considerable pulpwood to mills up that way and the balance of hardwood I had shipped to West Bend and built several houses in the area using some of the timber cut in New Wood. . . I had no difficulty working with the jacks, but were I to do it over, I would make it a point to be on hand all the time. My reason for selling." Wright's fling at becoming an entrepreneur in the logging and lumber business folded in little more than a year. Today, the only sign of his sawmill is a weathered pile of edgings, the bottom of the pile disintegrating into the soil of New Wood. The monument to his enthusiastic approach to forestry faded in the same way the ambitions of a large number of New Wood pioneers evaporated. But Wright continued to plant trees and owned the property for 14 years.

A rundown on the history of these 640 acres along the banks of meandering Averill Creek documents the varied and checkered pattern of ownership in this particular area. Finally, it is apparent that, today, the prime function of

this wilderness area is based on recreational land use.

Fire and vandalism

Fire and vandalism are two hazards faced by absentee owners in New Wood. For three straight summers in 1931, 1932 and 1933, forest fires raged over the countryside west of Merrill. On summer evenings groups of citizens would walk down Genesee Street and across the bridge in Tannery Town for a better view of the conflagration and of fleeing deer, bear and other wildlife. Today, fire towers have been abandoned for the more efficient and daily surveillance by planes from the DNR forest fire protection headquarters in Tomahawk.

Efforts to form a landowners' protective association to combat vandalism have met with little success because of the scattered ownership. But the strategy of owners' jotting down the license numbers of unknown cars in the vicinity of a cabin has paid off.

Conflict over water

While the history of New Wood focused on a forest wilderness, water rights became a highly controversial issue. The Wisconsin Valley Improvement Co. (WVIC), made up of paper mills and power companies, earned national recognition for creating, through its system of dams and reservoirs on the Wisconsin, the "hardest working river in the nation." The dams and reservoirs stored water during the spring run-off, preventing floods, and released it when it was required to develop water power.

Negotiations over water rights in New Wood originated when the WVIC requested permission to construct the Upper New Wood Reservoir system northwest of Merrill. The drainage area under consideration covered parts of Lincoln, Taylor and Price counties. The land to be flooded included the watersheds of the Somo, Spirit,

Copper, New Wood and Rib Rivers. The WVIC was prepared to invest nearly a quarter of a million dollars. Following surveys over a period of six years, alternate dam sites upstream and downstream in the Town of Harding were considered. Storage curve and maximum levels were revised. A series of informational meetings got underway involving individuals, the Wisconsin Conservation Commission, the Lincoln County Land Committee and personnel from the Wisconsin Conservation Department. These initial contacts were forerunners of what was to come.

Reservoir authorized

On November 13, 1956, the WVIC directors authorized construction of the New Wood Reservoir. During 1957 considerable progress was made toward implementing a plan to convert 2,358 acres, for the most part cutover land, to water storage. The Lincoln County Land Committee, meeting at Chilsen's shack, approved future plans. The Land Committee and the forestry division of the Wisconsin Conservation Dept. gave permission to make test borings to the International Coring and Boring Corporation of Milwaukee.

However, with four members absent, the Lincoln County Board at its regular meeting on June 24, 1957 failed to approve the New Wood Reservoir project by a vote of 13 to 11. Proponents stressed the fact that here was an opportunity for the county to increase its tax base, to build access roads, to improve hunting and to dilute stream pollution on the Wisconsin at no expense to taxpayers. Tempers flared for the first time when Supervisor Bernard Schultz shouted, "This land owned by the county would become a woodpecker's nest."

Bob Wylie countered with arrangements for Wallace Grange, noted wildlife expert, to make a survey of the reservoir area. The Improvement Co. exercised its option and bought land in New Wood. On December 18, 1957, the

company filed an application with the Wisconsin Public Service Commission for a permit to build the New Wood Reservoir.

The effort of the Improvement Co. to harness the flow of water from New Wood on the Wisconsin River proved a traumatic undertaking. The battle was reminiscent of the Old West or the violence that erupted at Cameron Dam in northern Wisconsin. Only this time debate and the printed word were used instead of bullets.

In the late 1960s success seemed to switch to the Improvement Co. The Lincoln County Board of Supervisors changed its mind and voted by a big margin in favor of the reservoir. Likewise the Resource Development Board voted unanimously to encourage building the reservoir. The Conservation Commission approved purchase or easement for acquiring state owned acreage to facilitate construction.

Sentiments shift

But a trend was brewing throughout the country, fanned by an anti-establishment attitude, by opposition to the Vietnam war, a tremendous up-surge of interest in water and the emerging Earth Day movement. Demonstrations on any topical resource subject were an occasion for releasing pent-up emotions. About this time I had the experience of setting up a display booth in a dormitory on the University of Wisconsin campus in Madison. There was little interest, from the standpoint of attendance, in our prosaic approach to reforestation, forest management and soil conservation; at least it in no way resembled the reception the Trees for Tomorrow program was receiving at Eagle River.

Events reached a climax when the Department of Natural Resources held a public hearing on the New Wood Reservoir February 18, 19, and 20 in 1970. A capacity audience of 300 citizens filled the court room of the Lincoln County Courthouse. As a prelude, the column, "Letters to the Editor," in

the *Merrill Daily Herald* was flooded with communications for and against the development of the New Wood Reservoir. One letter summed up the sentiments of the opposition as follows, "I am a river but soon will be no more. Man has plotted against me for years and will soon end my existence with bulldozers and draglines. Doomed will be the wilderness." Another, an editorial: "We see the proposed New Wood Flowage as a handy boating, fishing and water sports facility for thousands in the Merrill and Wausau areas, particularly for those who do not have the funds or time for long trips to northern Wisconsin. Taxpayers, what a bargain."

Thousands of words of testimony by Bob Wylie, then vice president of the Improvement Co., statements by attorneys, by Gordon King and Roland Hetfeld, representing members of the New Wood Society and by many others testified to the intense interest. The Lincoln County Sports Club refused a request of the New Wood Society to take a stand on the issue. Generally, game management experts favored the reservoir, pointing out that the deer yard existing within the proposed reservoir represented only 13 percent of deer yards in the 490-square-mile deer yard area.

Because time ran out, the meeting was adjourned until March

17, 1970. On March 12, 1970 the WVIC requested an indefinite postponement of the hearing. On June 12, 1970 the company withdrew its application to construct the reservoir. The unofficial reasons cited by the Improvement Co. for its action were inflated costs, which had jumped to \$500,000, and overall opposition to the project. Another chapter in the strident history of New Wood had come to an end.

The last chapter

Recently interest in recreational land use has surged ahead. An example: in 1962, Ralph Nienow, Jake Ament and H. C. Johanson bought the 640 acres of wild land

A horse-drawn sledge loaded with logs.

Photo by K.E. Nordland, Merrill courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin





Kitchen crew, 1937.

along Averill Creek from Milwaukee ad man James Wright expressly for recreation. In a few years Johanson sold his interest to Nienow and Ament.

Nienow and Ament added an additional 40 acres bringing their present total holding to 680 acres. During the past 16 years, no trees were cut, as New Wood gradually recovered from the large scale slashing of the past. Thinning operations are scheduled in another ten years. Again the question: why pay taxes in a remote area with patience money and without a certainty of economic returns? Again, the answer is in the inherent belief that land is valuable, that its ownership to some is not reflected in monetary returns, but in the satisfaction of knowing that this property is yours, that without the fancy trappings of a highly populated lake you can enjoy the solitude of a wilderness forty.

A specific example of recreational land use is the frequency with which the Nienow-Ament cabin is used. Late every Thursday afternoon, from November to mid-March, ten to 12 businessmen drive 25 miles to this small cabin in New Wood. What do they do when the temperature dips below zero? They may point a jeep down a twisting trail, accompanied by the flick of a bounding white tail or the flutter of partridge wings; check activities of beaver on Averill Creek or prime a muzzle loader and practice marksmanship near the cabin; take turns at cooking the evening meal and washing dishes; or, under the watchful eye of the old pro, Abe Kebler, take a fling at blackjack, which winds up the evening at 9:30 p.m.

The sustained interest of this particular group dramatizes the inherent lure of this northern Wisconsin wilderness: New Wood Country.

M.N. Taylor is the founder of Trees for Tomorrow, active in forestry organizations and is president of the Merrill Historical Society.



Piles of lumber in the mill yard.

continued from page 14

known percussionist brought the orchestras a verve and panache that sparked musicians and audiences alike. It was in 1976 under his direction that WYSO was invited to represent the state of Wisconsin in a performance at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. On the same trip the orchestra played its way from city to city, going and coming, a triumph of public relations and organization for WYSO manager Mary Jo Biechler.

A primary goal for WYSO is to reach out to other young musicians around Wisconsin, and Rabin feels that this is happening. Orchestra members join because they are capable of extending themselves, of expending some of their energy in musical accomplishment. It does not concern WYSO staff whether or not they go on to develop musical careers. Whatever happens, their experience gives them an immediate joy of performance, and some do become professional. They get the opportunity to produce the massive reverberations of a symphony orchestra, but they also may play in chamber groups, string ensembles, as soloists with the orchestra in concerto concerts, or as accompanists to young string students such as the Suzuki youngsters.

In 1978 James Latimer asked to be relieved of his WYSO duties to do research in percussion. Others of the staff were leaving, too, so the 1978-79 season saw a big change. Rabin was persuaded to return as music director, and he agreed if the board could get David Becker from Lawrence University's music department to take over the duties of WYSO conductor.

Marvin Rabin's whole interest is music and youth and, characteristically, he looks to greater achievements for youth symphony in Wisconsin. He has strong feelings about youth orchestras being independent—existing in their own right and not as adjunct to an adult orchestra. In cases where the youth orchestras have been organized in that peripheral way, the conductor may not be interested in young people nor have a feeling for working with them. It is merely a requirement of the job. Rabin says, "They call it a dual assignment. I call it a duel."

What is ahead for WYSO? More travel in Wisconsin and into other states, perhaps even an international tour. Certainly the orchestra will change with new methods of music education, different directors, and young musicians whose advanced role models will be moving into the older group.

Anyone who witnessed the triumph that was achieved when WYSO performed before an audience of more than 800 at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. during the Bicentennial celebration might well have wondered what they could do for an encore. Whatever course the orchestra takes it will continue to serve the music arts in Wisconsin.



Above: Marvin Rabin, founder of WYSO and conductor and music director from 1966 until 1972, is currently the interim music director. Below: Three French horns come in on cue.



Elizabeth Deakman is a free lance writer living in Verona.

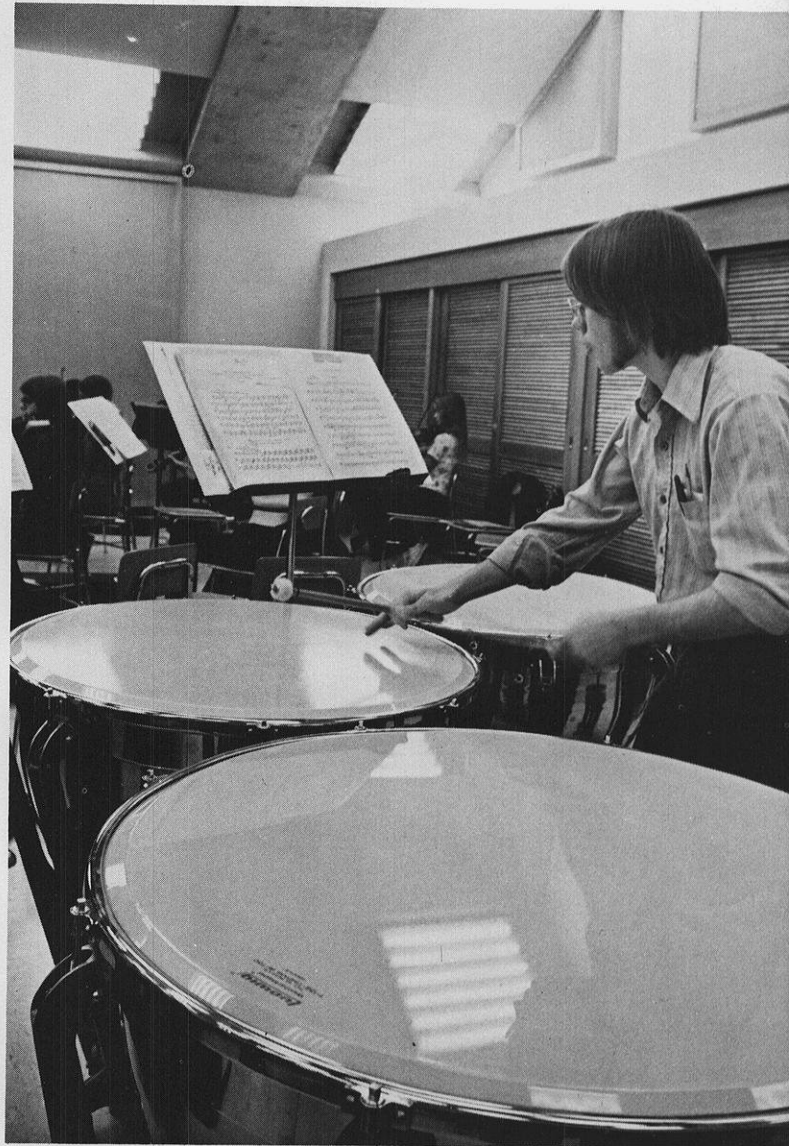


Right: Becker temporarily surrenders his conductor's baton to a young musician.

Below left: Young cellist shows an even younger admirer how it works.

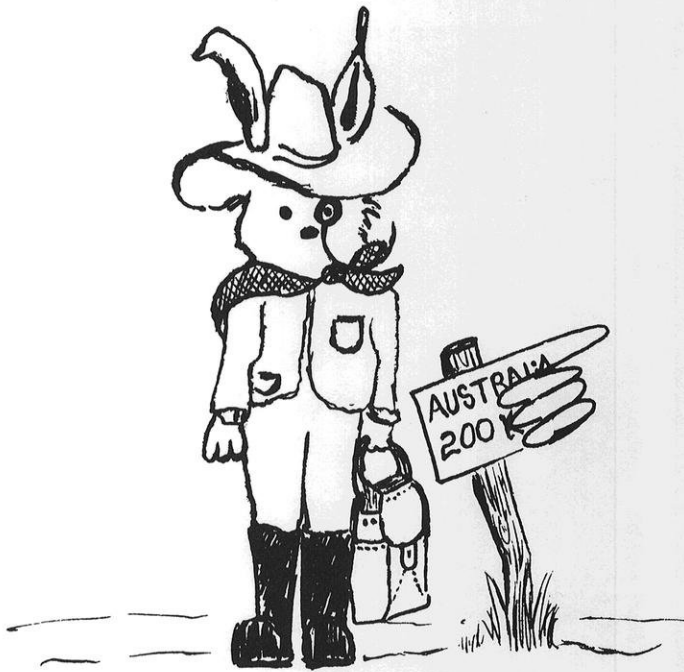
Below: David Becker, present conductor of WYSO.





Youthful performers,
make music with
a flute, drums,
trombones.





"In Australia, which has had about the worst rabbit problem in the world since they imported rabbits in the late 1800s, they tried all kinds of expensive control measures without much success."

by J. B. Brooks

illustrated by C.P. Reichert

RABBIT HUNTING

Until about three years ago, a rabbit was an animal I thought about (briefly) around Easter when the colored paper bunnies stared out from schoolroom windows and the chocolate varieties appeared in grocery and department stores. But when a row of newly sprouted beans disappeared overnight from our garden one spring, both my wife and I developed an interest in the real live cottontails.

It seems we were having a rabbit population boom in our suburban Oshkosh neighborhood. All summer we watched rabbits crisscrossing the lawns, in broad daylight, right past the neighbors' backyard dog cages. What really surprised us was the way the dogs just stared at the rabbits hopping by. We finally concluded that they were so exhausted from barking all night that they didn't have any energy left to yelp in the daytime. Either that or, less likely, they were bird dogs that had been carefully trained to ignore distractions like rabbits.

Talking with neighbors and friends who have gardens (and these days, who doesn't?), we found that many of them, too, were suffering from rabbit depredations, as well as the usual infinite variety of insect pests. It seems that when hedges became popular in our neighborhood, the rabbits found ideal cover for their nests. Not only garden vegetables, but flowers and shrubs began disappearing. The winter following the loss of our beans, our flowering almond bush, right next to the front door, had several branches missing one morning. Tell-tale tracks in the snow left no doubt that br'er rabbit, not the paperboy, was the culprit this time.

That was when we began thinking seriously about rabbit control. My wife found a hint in a newspaper gardening column about using dried blood as a deterrent. She bought a bag of the powdered stuff at a

local milling company and, when the vegetables began coming up next spring, sprinkled it around the peas, beans and raspberry canes. This seemed to help. At least we didn't have any serious rabbit problems that summer. But we were still pretty nervous, as our next-door neighbor lost a row of peas and we could still see the rabbits hopping all around.

I read up on rabbits and found some interesting information. In Australia, which has had about the worst rabbit problem in the world since they imported rabbits in the late 1800s, they tried all kinds of expensive control measures without much success. Then in the 1950s they introduced germ warfare with a virus disease called myxomatosis, which attacks rabbits but is not harmful to man or other animals. This seemed to be the perfect solution for a while, until the rabbits developed a resistance to the disease. Of course, myxomatosis wasn't a practical possibility for dealing with our rabbits. In fact, setting out poison of any kind is illegal, I discovered, unless you get a permit from the Department of Natural Resources in Madison.

Checking through fall and winter issues of my outdoor magazines, which I subscribe to mainly for the fishing information, I found a number of articles and columns dealing with rabbits. I learned that in Wisconsin, as in many other states, the rabbit is one of the top small game animals. Snowshoe hares are hunted in the north and cottontail rabbits in the south and central counties. There are, by the way, a number of differences between rabbits and hares, which I won't go into for several reasons. For one thing, I don't really understand the differences, other than that the North American cottontail, which is our garden and shrubbery eater, is unclassifiable even by the experts—it's neither a true rabbit nor a true hare. The outdoor writers did agree on one point: that in the past few



IN THE CITY

years rabbits were becoming increasingly abundant all over Wisconsin. This was good news for hunters, but bad news for gardeners.

Otherwise, the rabbit articles didn't help much. They were concerned with such matters as improving cottontail habitat by planting brush and cutting unwanted trees and leaving them where they fall as rabbit havens. In other words, the writers were working in the opposite direction to the one I wanted to take. The articles about how to hunt rabbits were no more help, as discharging firearms in the city is illegal.

Again, my wife came to the rescue with her garden supply catalog. She found an inexpensive wire trap which was advertised as being humane, effective and simple to operate. She sent for it and I soon had it set in the backyard underneath our two big overlapping cedars, near the neighbor's arborvitae hedge. The trap is a two-foot-long wire cage with thin steel flaps at both ends connected by a trigger mechanism to the bait tray in the center of the trap. When the rabbit tilts the delicately balanced bait tray, the steel flaps drop down and lock, trapping it inside. Rabbits don't seem to be afraid of entering the trap, probably because they're used to narrow, dark, enclosed places.

We didn't catch any rabbits until the weather turned cold and there was some snow on the ground. The rabbits don't have to enter traps for food as long as there is plenty of more accessible vegetation available. We did catch a number of birds—sparrows, juncos and grackles. Especially grackles. They really enjoyed the corn we used for bait.

The morning I first found a rabbit in the trap was an exciting one for my wife and me, but not, strangely enough, for our two daughters. Lisa, who is in college, was mildly interested when I held the trap with the rabbit in it up to the kitchen window, but her 12-year-

"All summer we watched rabbits crisscrossing the lawns, in broad daylight, right past the neighbors' backyard dog cages. What really surprised us was the way the dogs just stared at the rabbits hopping by."

old sister Tina looked positively disgusted. Even humane trapping of rabbits was to her a crime against nature. And there's no doubt the rabbit was a pitiful sight, crouching in motionless terror in the darkest corner of the trap. It was so scared that at first it didn't move when I opened the doors of the trap to let it out in a ditch a few miles outside of town. Not until I tilted the trap at a 45 degree angle did it come out, but then it took off like, well, a scared rabbit.

As the winter wore on, we continued to catch an occasional rabbit. I think our total by spring was five. We found that apple slices and dried corn kernels were the best bait, apple until it got very cold and then the corn. This past winter we trapped and released seven rabbits, without making any noticeable dent in their numbers, and I recently checked with the university extension county agriculture agent, Vernon Peroutky, about additional steps we could take to protect our garden and shrubs.

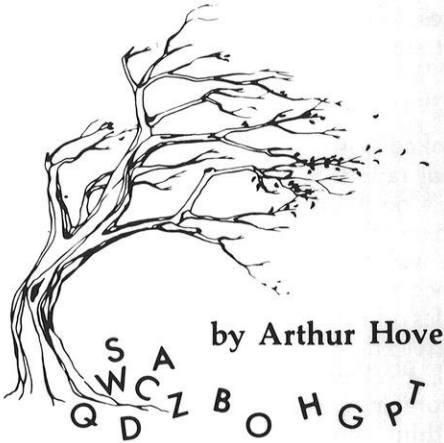
He suggested that wooden traps have a number of advantages over metal ones (plans for homemade wooden traps are available from University of Wisconsin county extension offices). The wooden trap is easier to bait, being larger; it has a hole in the top for the trigger through which squirrels and birds, but not rabbits, can escape; and it is less dangerous for the trapped animal on very cold nights since the wood protects it from freezing. The rabbits he catches he takes to a friend who dresses them out and keeps the meat in his freezer until he has enough to make *sulze*, which is a kind of jellied meat prepared according to an old German recipe. Rabbit stew, or *hasenpfeffer*, is another possibility for those who might want to supplement their supermarket diet with game meat.

Since cottontail rabbits generally don't travel more than a city block from their nests in the winter, Peroutky says that releasing them out in the country means almost certain death from predators or exposure. He recommends as the most effective rabbit control measure, in summer as well as winter, a chickenwire fence at least 18 inches high around the garden and any shrubs or saplings you wish to protect. The wire must be right next to or sunk into the soil so that the rabbits can't slip under it.

This spring it looks like I'll be investing in chickenwire. But I'll probably set out a trap again next winter, too. Maybe it's not the best way to keep the rabbits out of the cabbage patch, but it's certainly an exciting and inexpensive sport even for those of us who have trouble telling one end of a shotgun from the other. *Sulze*, anyone?

J. B. Brooks has been teaching English at UW-Oshkosh since 1965.

WINDFALLS



by Arthur Hove

Dust thou art

The substance was invented in second century China by a man named Ts' ai Lun. It spread gradually westward during the ensuing centuries—into Samarkand, Egypt, Spain, Italy, France, Germany and England. Its development reached this country in 1690, the year William Rittenhouse of Germantown, Pennsylvania began manufacturing it in the Colonies. Two centuries after the American Revolution, Wisconsin is noted as the leading manufacturer of the substance, producing 11 percent of the nation's total output. It is reasonable to believe that neither Ts' ai Lun nor Mr. Rittenhouse had any idea of what they started—that paper would become such a pervasive part of our everyday lives.

It is not great revelation to point out that we are awash in a sea of paperwork, seemingly going down for the third time. Paperwork is everywhere and makes many of us feel like David Copperfield's Britannia: "skewered through and through with office pens, and bound hand and foot with red tape."

The most obvious familiarity most of us have with paper in the official sense of the word is with the forms we have to fill out if we

want to do something or want to get something done. Almost every transaction in our lives creates a record. As a result, we are generally assured of leaving behind a personal archive that far exceeds the paltry evidence we have of Shakespeare's ever having lived.

This reflects our 20th century preoccupation with papers. People must have them if they are to satisfactorily prove they exist. We in a democratic society tend to view this obsession with papers as largely a manifestation of the totalitarian state. But a look at what we do in this country confirms that the distinction between East and West on this level is not as great as we presume.

Our dependence on having the proper papers literally begins at birth. That event is now duly recorded with a birth certificate—a piece of paper that subsequently becomes a passport through life, to be ultimately supplemented by a death certificate. Other documents become essential pieces of paper providing the bearer with access to one right or another: social security card, driver's license, marriage license, hunting license, fishing license, work permit, etc.

Other pieces of paper, other purposes. Tickets give us an entree to various forms of entertainment ranging from sporting events to grand opera. Other tickets, often more complex than a simple pasteboard rectangle, gain us passage on airplanes, trains, buses and boats. The general usage of the ticket has produced appropriate idioms. Illegally parked cars are ticketed. When something goes or looks right, a person exclaims, "That's the ticket!" Persons in need of encouragement or solace ask to have their ticket punched.

Coupons are another commonplace. They include the kind you can clip if you have made the appropriate investments and the more modest kind you trade in at the supermarket to get a few cents off on a certain product.

Our economy depends on paper in a number of different ways. Money, stocks and bonds are printed on it. Millions of checks are written each day and work their way back from the recipient to the home bank of the check writer. If you want to exchange or receive credit for an item of merchandise, things will go much easier for you if you can produce a printed receipt

documenting your original purchase.

We don't need any further jeremiads about paperwork's pernicious influence. But we should be aware of the continuing and extensive use we make of paper in an age when seers have rushed into print to tell us we have entered an era where electronic impulses and images on a cathode ray tube govern the way we do things. The counter to this claim, of course, can be evidenced in the seemingly infinite uses that paper presently enjoys.

Paper products abound. The application of paper to our daily needs or whims is limited only by our ingenuity. Each day, millions of paper beverage cups are used and thrown away. Meals are eaten off paper plates, which can be conveniently dumped in the trash rather than washed. There are also paper placemats, doilies, napkins, shelf paper and disposable wipers. And who can imagine making it through any given day without at least once having to use those paper staples, a kleenex or toilet tissue? More esthetically, paper shows its versatility as a decorative device in wallpaper and in gift wrap.

The commerce and politics of our time depend extensively on the use of paper—to sell and (sometimes as an afterthought) to inform. Newspapers, magazines, catalogs and direct mail pieces flow through the stream of our activity like the jam of logs floating downriver to the papermill. It is difficult to imagine an advertising industry without paper. Paper packages, boxes, cartons and crates move merchandise from the point of manufacture to the point of use. Part of the daily routine of America is hauling away groceries from the supermarket in paper bags. A related daily ritual of many is the lunch eaten from a brown paper sack. Technology has evolved to the point where you can even buy durable and attractive furniture made from paper.

The way we utilize paper to package things has become as important as what happens to be contained in the packages. This reality

often spills over into political campaigns. It becomes difficult to imagine how a modern day political campaign could be conducted without billboards, matchbooks, flyers, brochures, bumper stickers, yard signs and cartop displays—all made of paper—that are used to identify issues and broadcast the virtues of a particular candidate.

Paper is also an educational staple. The recent annual report of a paper manufacturing firm asks the rhetorical question, "What would an art class be without oak tag and construction paper?" And without those textbooks, grade books, notebooks, workbooks, blue books, hall passes, excuses for being absent, etc.?

Even though it can be incredibly strong in some sense (ever try to tear the Chicago telephone book in half with your bare hands?), paper has the image of being a very impermanent substance. A business deal of an uncertain nature is seen to be only so good as the paper it is written on. Paper profits are those that cannot be readily translated into liquid assets. Various sports teams may look good on paper but perform poorly in the field.

The 18th century lexicographer Captain Francis Grose described a paper scull ("a thin-sculled foolish fellow"). Similar scorn is heaped on a more contemporary figure, the bureaucratic drudge we call a paper pusher. A paperhanger is seen as a troublesome or humorous kind of fellow, depending on whether you associate him with Adolph Hitler or the person who is busier than a one-armed paper hanger with the itch.

Artificiality is a related quality of paper. Popular songs deal with paper roses, or a paper moon floating over a cardboard sky. Promoters whose ambitions sometimes exceed their ability to sell tickets "paper" a house (fill up the seats) by giving away fistfuls of free tickets. Forgers on a spree hang out a few sheets of paper (write checks that will bounce). Something made of papier mache is looked on as having no permanence.

The complexity of modern government and the paper flow that is its natural byproduct have produced an incredible weight of documents, both official and personal. It is fully expected now that the papers connected with the administration of each United States president will be collected and housed in a special library constructed as a kind of instant monument to the president in question.

The papers of other individuals, both significant and unknown, often find their way into collections. Finding the heretofore unknown personal papers of some historical figure can be exhilarating and significant—as was the case when the extensive collection of James Boswell's papers was uncovered at Malahide Castle outside Dublin from the 1920s through 1940.

But such mother lodes are rare. Most discoveries yield very little that has any enduring value. The personal papers most of us create generally deserve to slip slowly and silently into oblivion.

Nature seems to be taking care of our contemporary compulsion to save every scrap of paper we generate. Everyone knows that paper burns easily. Water and sunlight cause it to deteriorate. The Chinese made their paper from bark and hemp. The Egyptians fashioned it out of sedge and called it papyrus. It was made from rags and flax in the Middle Ages. For approximately the last 150 years, the bulk of our paper has been made from wood pulp infused with soda, sulfite and sulfate. This keeps the cost of paper down. But we pay a different kind of price for it. The acid content of most modern papers is so high that if the acid is not neutralized, the paper gradually reaches a state where it begins to crumble and literally turn to dust.

This causes librarians and archivists to despair, but it is a kind of poetic justice for those who feel there is already too much paper at large in the world.

... for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. □



J.B. Brooks

J. B. Brooks, who shares his earned expertise through "**Rabbit hunting in the city**," writes that he is unable to profit by his own edible solution to the rabbit problem. The main reason his family does not eat rabbit is that his wife Janet, who grew up in Europe during World War II, had to live for several years on a steady diet of rabbits raised by her father. She inevitably grew attached to them, and vowed never to eat rabbit again. Originally from New Hampshire, Brooks has lived in Oshkosh since 1965. **C. R. Reichert**, illustrator of the rabbit hunting article, lives in Port Edwards, where she teaches art.

Robert W. Wells, who wrote the Bookmarks/Wisconsin column, "**Resident authors resist New York's lure**," is himself the author of 15 published books, including *This is Milwaukee*, *Yesterday's Milwaukee*, *Vince Lombardi: His Life and Times*, *Mean on Sunday*, and *Fire at Peshtigo*. His latest book, *Daylight in the Swamp!*, an account of the lumberjack era, was published last year by Doubleday. He joined the *Milwaukee Journal* in 1946 and, except for seven years as that newspaper's New York correspondent, has lived in Wisconsin since.

This month's cover is the work of **Charles F. Davis**, a member of the Wisconsin Academy who lives in Oak Park, Illinois. He has worked as a teacher, trade journalist, writer, editor and, most recently, photographer, teaching landscape photography at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. He took the photographs and chose the text selections for the Tamarack Press book, *Harvest of a Quiet Eye*, published in 1976. His *Review* cover photograph is included in Tamarack Press's latest publication celebrating the Badger State, *Wisconsin*, which is reviewed in this issue.

Thanks to the generosity of Tamarack Press, who made their color separations of the cover photo available to us free of charge, the *Review* is able to go to color for this issue. We are grateful to them and to all our authors, photographers, artists and friends who make each issue of our quarterly journal possible.



Elizabeth Deakman

Elizabeth Deakman, author of the article on the Wisconsin Youth Symphony, is currently concentrating on a book on Dickey Chapelle, a Wisconsin-born journalist and photographer whose work documents the later phases of World War II and Vietnam, where she was killed. Two children's books, illustrated by Mrs. Deakman's own photographs, are in the planning stages. She is also a frequent contributor of articles and photography to *Wisconsin trails*.

MARCH 12 by Frances Goesling

I don't know who had more fun today,
I,
Or half a dozen starlings
In frowsy, dusty, winter black
Skidding into a pool of melting snow and ice,
Frenziedly shaking water through their feathers,
Then coming up smooth as seals
Or Cher in slinky black chemise
And sculptured hair.

I don't know who had more fun,
Two determined sparrows
Who turned their feathers inside out
Then hung themselves to dry
On empty branches in the wind;
Or I.

MARCH 13

Pool closed—by edict of the weather man.

PASQUE FLOWERS by Robert R. Stroud



BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

Resident authors resist New York's lure

by Robert W. Wells

When I moved to the state 33 years ago, I got the impression that there were two kinds of Wisconsin writers: August Derleth and those who'd moved away.

Even then, that wasn't quite accurate. Derleth wasn't the only author who'd attained a measure of success without departing for distant places. Looking back at the immediate postwar period—post-World War II, that is—I can think of a few others. But the pickings were lean.

Things have changed considerably since then. There's still a natural tendency for book authors to congregate within commuting distance of the Manhattan editors on whom their livelihoods depend. But the number of respected writers living in Wisconsin has burgeoned over the last several decades. For a writer, geographical location seems to mean less than it once did.

Our resident authors are a versatile group. Their books run the gamut from scholarly tomes to pornography, from the frankly commercial to the artistic. Only a small percentage of our authors are full-time writers, but the same could be said for their counterparts elsewhere. Despite all those well-publicized million dollar jackpots for reprint rights and movie deals, turning out books remains a hazardous and generally low-paid occupation. Only a skillful or lucky minority make a full-time living by selling the words they put on paper, whether they live in Wisconsin or elsewhere.

Mel Ellis of Big Bend, T. V. Olsen and Beverly Butler of Rhinelander, Norbert Blei of Ellison Bay, Al P. Nelson of Delafield and a scant handful of others write full-time. Most of us depend on regular pay checks to keep the bills paid between royalty checks.

Would the writing life be more prosperous elsewhere? Perhaps. It all depends.

There's a major benefit in being close enough to New York to kick around ideas with an editor over lunch or a drink. The fact that plane travel is easier and long distance calls are simpler than they used to be is not a complete substitute for the Easterners' geographic advantage.

And there's another, less-obvious plus for the writer who lives in Manhattan or its suburbs. Publishing is a prominent local industry there, the way brewing is in Milwaukee. Per capita buying of books is higher. Writers are more prominent members of the community. Books are more important. Talk about them is heard more often. Much of the talk is superficial gossip, but some of it is rewarding.

Publishing is less parochial than it once was, but let's not kid ourselves. Books still tend to reflect the viewpoints of folks who live near the Hudson. Like it or not, that's a natural outgrowth of the concentration of publishing houses in midtown Manhattan, even though some of the most successful editors come from the hinterlands

and despite the fact that the more thoughtful of these taste-setters recognize the dangers of serving a national constituency while living on the Eastern seaboard.

There is an unspoken assumption that regional writers are people who live in the South or Midwest or West. Actually, the greatest concentration of regional writing is around Manhattan. John Cheever, for instance, is as much a regional writer as Derleth was. But he's ordinarily not identified as such.

So there are advantages to leaving places like Wisconsin and settling in Westchester County if you want to write for a living. But there are disadvantages, too. The literary furrows have been plowed so often in the East that the landscape is overly familiar. Talking about writing with editors or other writers can be an excuse not to sit down and write. Relative isolation has its merits.

Regardless of where a writer lives, he must eventually shut himself in a quiet room and put words on paper. Where the typewriter is located geographically is less important than hitting the right keys, in order to produce something someone will find worth reading.

Regions are no longer as distinct as they used to be, thanks to faster communications and a general homogenization of American life. But the perspective of Wisconsin remains different from that of New York or Mississippi or California—not better, different. So it's important that writing flourishes here, as elsewhere.

And flourish it does, here and there, now and then, thanks to the women and men who have chosen to ply the writing trade in our vicinity. They're an important resource.

They want their books to be read, to be discussed, to be bought at the stores. And like writers everywhere, they need all the encouragement they can get.

Robert W. Wells is book editor of the Milwaukee Journal.

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN



WISCONSIN compiled and edited by Jill Weber Dean; Wisconsin Trails/Tamarack Press, Madison, 1978. 160 pp. \$24.50.

One could quote Howard Mead, chief of Tamarack Press and publisher of *Wisconsin trails*, himself: "*Wisconsin* is an absolutely extraordinary book, possibly the most beautiful portrait of a state ever published." The creation of editor and compiler Jill Dean and designer Phill Thill, both of Madison, the book fills the void left when Tamarack Press's first Badger State book, *Wisconsin: A State for All Seasons*, published in 1972, sold out after a total printing run of some 20,000 copies. *Wisconsin* is designed to meet the continuing demand of apparently (according to Mead) desperate Wisconsinites, foreign students and visitors and other state aficionados, to get their hands on an equally keepable or giveable volume limning the state. Representing Tamarack Press's most ambitious book publishing project to date, the book is printed in full color on the finest paper stock available and nicely bound.

The photographs are magnificent and the selected essays, articles and descriptive passages from a variety of Wisconsin writers add greatly to the visual feast. There are an introduction by Clay Schoenfeld and selections by August Derleth, Roger Drayna, Steve Hopkins, Justin Isherwood, Aldo Leopold, Michael O'Malley, Larry Van Goethem, Digby B. Whitman, John

Burroughs, Mel Ellis, Robert and Maryo Gard, John Muir, Jay Scriba, Phil Carspecken, Vernon Carstensen, Raymond Helminiak, Dion Henderson, Charles C. Bradley, Fred L. Holmes, Richard McCabe, Camille Pisani, George Vukelich, Robert W. Wells and David Wood. An admirable company of commentators on Wisconsin. Some of these pieces appeared earlier in *Wisconsin trails*, some in other publications and some are published here for the first time.

Tom Algire (jacket photo among others) and Ken Dequaine took many of the 110 photographs, and the book includes the work of 43 other photographers. There is really not space to list them all, which is a shame, because neither are they listed on the contents page of *Wisconsin*, but only with credit lines accompanying their photos.

The pictures without exception accomplish their purpose. Happily, the almost overwhelming *scenicness* of the natural beauty shots gets welcomingly relieved by the few photographs that actually contain people, carefully positioned to add a human dimension as well as a focal point. Jeff Dean took four of these and Stan Feiker, George R. Cassidy, Bud Michaelis, Fred Morgan, Charles Steinhacker, Tom Kelly and Ted Laatsch one each. My favorite is Dean's "The Amnicon falls State Park, in Douglas County." The two children whispering secrets to each other, I think, add much to its charm.

The Wisconsin pictured by *Wisconsin* is largely outdoor and rural, with very few city shots. This is certainly OK, and the way many people like to think of Wisconsin, and it's obviously impossible to cover any state in 110 photographs or 110 thousand. Still, a greater balance might have been attempted.

The prose selections are fine for savoring. The piece by Mel Ellis about looking for pearls in big, black Rock River clams is alone worth the price of admission.

I do wish, fervently, that the authors' names had been run at the beginning rather than at the end of their selections. Without exception, I turned pages, several in some cases, to find who wrote each piece before I started reading it. I have no way of knowing how many people share my uneasiness at reading unclaimed prose, but it bothers me a lot.

My other slightly negative comment springs from my membership in the "I-don't-know-anything-about-art-but-I-know-what-I-like" school of design appreciation. And I did not like a number of the juxtapositions of photographs, which were butted, seemingly without regard to color, size, scale or subject.

Minor matters to be sure and Wisconsin-o-philes should be happy that Wisconsin Trails/Tamarack Press has again come into the breach with such a handsome tribute to our state.

—Elizabeth Durbin

BLACK AMERICAN FICTION: A BIBLIOGRAPHY by Carol Fairbanks and Eugene Engeldinger; The Scarecrow Press Inc., Metuchen and London, 1978.

Afro-American literature is now acknowledged as a legitimate aspect of American literature, and scholars interested in this area of the discipline are happy to note that it continues to gain those rights accorded a serious subject for investigation within the halls of the academy. Until recent times one of the frustrations that these scholars faced was the unavailability of

some of the basic tools needed to carry on their work. Among these, the nonexistence of comprehensive bibliographies has been most distressing. Robert Bone's *The Negro Novel in America*, a combination history and bibliography, first published in 1958 and revised in 1965, contained the most extensive bibliography of black American fiction for more than two decades, thus the need for a more recent comprehensive work in this area has been acute.

In 1975 *Black American Writers: Past and Present*, compiled by Carol Fairbanks and others, the most up-to-date that bears that title, became an important addition to the researcher's tools. Now Carol Fairbanks is back with a new work, and along with Eugene Engeldinger has published *Black American Fiction: A Bibliography*.

This is a very thorough work, encompassing all the fiction that the authors were able to identify as the writings of black Americans from 1853 to 1976. While the 1975 bibliography remains invaluable, this new work provides the critic of fiction with valuable information not included in the earlier work.

In the first 325 pages of this volume, there is listed, in alphabetical order by authors, the names and works of the creators of fiction for more than 125 years—novels as well as short works published in anthologies, magazines and journals—nothing is deemed too slight to be included. In the "Note to Readers" the authors have apologized to any black writers who were inadvertently not included in this sweeping work, but the scope of their effort suggests that very little has been left out.

In addition to the works of the writers, Fairbanks and Engeldinger have included for each listings of biography and criticism (including unpublished Ph.D. dissertations) as well as reviews of the works, and multiple sources for many works. The final 25 pages of the book comprise a bibliography of general criticism, a useful tool for checking overviews of the body of black American fiction.

Black American Fiction: A Bibliography adds impressively to the research in Afro-American literature. It is a book that has been needed for a long time and that will serve the needs of students and more mature scholars. No college or university can afford to be without it.

—Nellie McKay

Nellie McKay, assistant professor of Afro-American literature at UW-Madison, is working on a book on Jean Toomer.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE: A Feminist Handbook on Marriage and Other Options by Jennifer Baker Fleming and Carolyn Kott Washburne; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1977. 362 pp. Paper \$7.95.

Woman in Transition: A Feminist Handbook on Separation and Divorce was widely reviewed; this second volume, *A Feminist Handbook on Marriage and Other Options*, less so—which may say something about current pessimistic attitudes toward marriage.

The book is pro-marriage, but marriage on a new, more equal footing, in which the marriage partnership is based on mutual caring and respect, not crippling dependency. The authors (Carolyn Kott Washburne is a program associate in the Center for Advanced Studies in Human Services; School of Social welfare, UW-Milwaukee) assert that when women vowed to marry "for better, for worse" there was sometimes more "worse" than "better." Stressed throughout the book is the importance for women to become financially independent and emotionally self-reliant.

The book is a good mix of information about existing laws and customs, much of which was news to me; specific advice on legal, financial, work and parent-child situations in marriage; where to get

help and from what agencies; and a bibliography. In addition, personal testimony by women who shared their experiences with Women in Transition (a counseling center in Philadelphia) are interspersed with the facts and commentary. These transcribed passages of expectations and realities, from a range of attitudes and backgrounds, sometimes shocking, sometimes inspiring, add an engrossing dimension.

After discussing the romantic myths that lead men and women to the altar, the book explores problems concerning children, property, divorce, unequal opportunity in work, re-education and job training, child care, government aid and emotional conflicts that center on abortion, sexuality and motherhood. For woman who have grown up assuming that financial language, legal terms and bureaucratic red tape are impenetrable mysteries, the book explains what most of us would like to know more about, but have been ashamed to ask.

For me, the most disturbing chapter was "Violence in Marriage." Violence cuts across class lines, though women of low economic class tend to fight back while middle class women tend to hide the facts.

Although the primary focus is on making marriage work, the book explores other alternatives. The chapter "Women Loving Women" discusses and distinguishes between feminism and lesbianism, shedding some needed light on this growing alternative lifestyle.

But the book is not for women only; the last chapter, addressed to men, encourages them to risk change. Emphasizing that men need help, love and support to change, and that it is not humiliating to do so, the authors point out that most men have been raised with the expectation that there will be women in their lives—mothers, wives, secretaries—who will take care of them. Yet men who have been willing to break away from established patterns and respond to increasing

demands from their wives—legal, sexual, and emotional—have helped their marriages survive.

The book speaks to men and women who grew up with romantic notions of marriage, tried to make them work, but found it impossible. By proposing a marriage model as a partnership of legal and emotional equals, the authors suggest alternatives, which if adopted by some courageous couples, can offset current pessimism about the future of marriage and the family.

—Audrey Roberts

Audrey Roberts teaches English at UW-Whitewater.

TILL DEATH US DO PART by Vincent Bugliosi with Ken Hurwitz; W. W. Norton and Co., New York, 1978. 384 pp. \$10.95.

This gripping true murder mystery is must reading for whodunnit buffs. The co-authors, former Los Angeles district attorney Vincent Bugliosi and Wisconsin native novelist and screenwriter Ken Hurwitz, weave a tale of crime that easily compares with classics like *Anatomy of a Murder*, *In Cold Blood* and *Helter Skelter*, which Bugliosi also co-authored.

A harmless, pudgy little man settles into his easy chair for an evening of beer and television while his wife and son are out of town visiting a friend for the weekend. Shortly after midnight, he dozes off while the unwatched television flickers its blue-white light around the dark living room. An armed intruder slips into the house, and at point-blank range shoots the sleeping man five times, then sets the house on fire.

When the smoke clears, the police begin their investigation in the middle of the night with little hint of a motive or a suspect, no fingerprints and no murder weapon. Eventually they monitor the suddenly extravagant activities of the victim's widow, sole beneficiary of several sizable in-

surance policies on her late husband's life.

Even as the motive behind a bizarre succession of events gradually emerges, there are still no identifiable suspects, no fingerprints and no weapon.

Piecing together the minute fragments of evidence in this case became a monumental task as prosecutor Bugliosi inched closer to the truth. And the legal intricacies argued in the ensuing trial unfolded what he calls the greatest challenge of his career.

The book offers more than a brisk writing style as each succeeding line stings the reader's curiosity slightly more than the line before. It is an exercise in suspense and legal procedure, but more importantly it is also a keen insight into the criminal mind. The tragic humanness of the story haunts us all as the authors ask, "What could cause a human being to reach a state where he places absolutely no value on human life other than money? It is a terrifying thought."

—Pat Irvin

Pat Irvin is a Madison editor and photographer who is currently the public information specialist for the Dane County Regional Planning Commission.

ARREST SITTING BULL, A Novel by Douglas C. Jones; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1977. 249 pp. \$8.95.

This book's superb title promises urgency, excitement, conflict, action. Douglas Jones delivers them all.

The book is not about Wisconsin Indians, needless to say. It's about the warlike Sioux and their revered leader, Sitting Bull, who urges his people to resist assimilation. The novel (hovering between fiction and fact) focuses on the order from Washington, in 1890, to the commander of the Indian agency at Standing Rock, North Dakota. Its message: "Arrest Sitting Bull."

In 1890, Sitting Bull, not quite 60, has been pardoned and reservations, and has adapted himself

to the white West, at least to the extent of appearing in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in 1885. Why arrest him?

In the eyes of Washington officials, Sitting Bull's encouragement of tribal beliefs and his central role in perpetuating the tribe's ghost dance religion are a threat to the uneasy accord between Indians and whites on the reservation.

Washington's simple solution is to take Sitting Bull into custody before the soon-to-be-enacted ghost dance can take place. But the situation is not that simple. There are personalities and emotions, grievances, loyalties, unpredictable provocations and reactions, to be met.

The agency commander, full of foreboding, has no choice but to obey. He tries to engineer an outcome short of disaster. The story moves intensely, powerfully, to its tragic ending.

Doug Jones has "lived" Indians and the West ever since he was a boy in Arkansas. He not only writes about Indians; he paints them too. He is a recognized portraitist of American Indians, past and present. It's not surprising that his written descriptions come alive for the reader. An example:

"... Spotted Horn Bull is wearing a ghost shirt of gray cotton canvas that he has decorated himself with paintings of birds, turtles and black crosses. On each sleeve is a buffalo, drawn laboriously with pokeberry juice. The hair from cows' tails hangs from a seam across the back. Beneath the shirt he wears an old pair of cavalry trousers, the seat cut out. On his feet are squirrel-skin moccasins. His hair hangs loose to the shoulders, but down the back trails a rattlesnack skin woven into a single small braid of hair, a kind of war lock. His face is painted red and black—red on the side where an eye is missing, black on the other." (p.130)

Any book that treats honestly this country's troubled relationship with its citizens of Indian heritage may contribute something to our understanding of that relationship.

If the book is accurate, sympathetic, and readable—all of which this book is—it can hardly fail. I think Jones's book makes a clear contribution.

The author, a retired Army public relations officer, holds a master's degree in journalism from UW-Madison and taught journalism there from 1968 to 1974. Jones left the journalism school to write his first novel, the bestselling *Court-Martial of George Armstrong Custer*, published in 1976.

Though *Arrest Sitting Bull* is for the most part well and sparely written, occasional pedestrian passages tend to let the reader down. Jones's use of the historical present is generally successful, but in some passages tenses become confused. This is particularly so in the early pages where past perfect verb forms almost unseat the author. In any case, the book is well worth reading.

—Rosella Howe

Rosella Howe is a Madison writer and editor.

IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW by Peter Straub; Coward, McCann and Geohagan, New York, 1977. 287 pp. \$8.95.

Born in Milwaukee in 1943, Peter Straub has lived in London for the last several years. In this, his third novel, he allows the narrator, Miles Teagarden, to share some of his own background. The fictional Teagarden is a professor (Straub taught for three years at the University School in Milwaukee) who has returned to the ancestral farm in western Wisconsin (Straub spent summers on his grandparents' farm near Arcadia) to work on his long-delayed book about D. H. Lawrence (Straub worked on a thesis on Lawrence at the University of Dublin) whose publication would ensure the retention of his teaching position.

But there the similarities end. Teagarden's return to the summer place of his youth is compulsive. Twenty years before he and his

cousin, Alison Greening, teenagers and more than kissing cousins, had snuck off to skinny-dip in the abandoned quarry just outside the small town of Arden. On the way the two had made a pact to meet again exactly 20 years later, and that night while swimming in the quarry, Alison died a violent, mysterious death. The story begins as the driven and now impulsive Miles—his marriage in shambles, his teaching career in jeopardy—returns to honor their pact.

Another cousin, Duane Updahl, now runs the farm, but he reluctantly allows Miles to move into the old house. There Miles restores the furnishings to what they had been that summer 20 years before. On trips to town he runs into two of his former friends, one now the chief of police, the other considered "funny." His return coincides with the brutal murder of a young girl in the community. And the terror mounts and swirls about Miles as two more such killings follow, which, because of the circumstances surrounding the death of his cousin 20 years before, place Miles prime on the list of suspects.

Miles becomes the object of various anonymous acts of persecution: he receives letters in Alison's handwriting, phone calls with only eerie sounds at the other end; he is chased through the streets of the town at night; rocks are thrown at him; his car is smashed in; and he is under the constant surveillance of the police, forbidden to leave the valley. And his erratic behavior, suggesting that he is certainly capable of violent acts, seems to support the town's suspicions. Even the reader begins to doubt the veracity of the narrator.

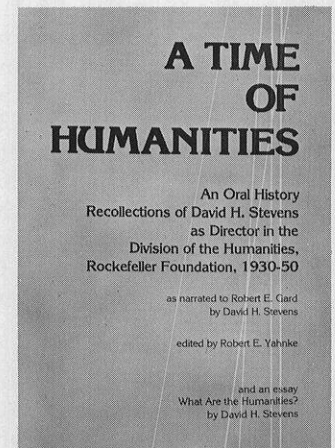
Straub's weaving of the web of intrigue is masterfully done and refreshingly devious—with suggestions of the forces of evil, of the occult, seldom can the reader predict what will happen. But the book is absorbing reading for additional reasons. Part of its spell-binding power comes from his use of images of the senses, particularly the sense of smell. Miles can smell

everything, even over the telephone, an uncanny power, and the olfactory sense of the reader is titillated as it never has been before. Part of its power comes from his style of writing—compact, rich and fluent—compelling Jamesian prose.

This is Straub's second novel on the occult. The previous one, *Julia*, which takes place in London, appeared in 1975. It was made into the yet-to-be-released motion picture, *Full Circle*, starring Mia Farrow. Straub began his publishing career with two volumes of poetry, followed by his first novel, *Marriages*, now out in Pocket Books, in 1971. He has a fourth novel in the press and is at work on a fifth.

—Richard Boudreau

Richard Boudreau is a professor of English at UW-LaCrosse.



These are the recollections of David H. Stevens, Director of the Division of the Humanities, Rockefeller Foundation, 1930-1950—as narrated to Robert E. Gard, Wisconsin's foremost man of letters, and edited by Robert E. Yahnke, with an essay, "What Are the Humanities?" by David H. Stevens. Published by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in association with Stanton & Lee, the book is available for \$6.19. Checks should be made out and sent to Stanton & Lee Publishers, Sauk City, WI 53583.

INSIDE THE ACADEMY

Joining together in a common effort

by Hannah W. Swart
Councilor-at-Large

My earliest recollection of contact with the Academy was in 1932 during the Annual Meeting in Milwaukee, which was sponsored by the Milwaukee Public Museum and Milwaukee Downer College.

Dr. Samuel Barrett invited my father, Oscar Werwath, founder and president of the Milwaukee School of Engineering, to present a few demonstrations taken from his lecture "Wonders of Modern Electricity." This lecture became one of the major attractions of the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and 1934.

Through the years I have had a real concern in the affairs of the Academy; consequently when organizing my time in anticipation of retirement, I selected the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, The Hoard Historical Museum of Fort Atkinson and the Wisconsin Academy—Sciences, Arts and Letters—as the three likely activities in which to be involved.

As Dr. J.W. Hoyt, first president and primary organizer of the Academy, stated in 1870: "There is an urgent need for scientists, scholars and artists of the state to join together in a common effort for the stimulation of each other's work and the betterment of Wisconsin." This is just as true today.

Again in 1970 Walter E. Scott in his guest editorial for the special centennial issue of the Academy said:

In behalf of the Academy—These five words used by the founder John Wesley Hoyt one hundred years ago could well be our key to the future of this organization It was intelligent action and unselfish dedication which kept the Wisconsin Academy alive

and operating for 10 decades through many tribulations, mostly financial.

. . . . Our only answer is to move with resolution and dispatch—Forward—In behalf of the Academy.

And forward we have moved. During the last decade the Wisconsin Academy, thanks to the generous bequest on the part of the late Dr. Harry Steenbock, has been able to establish an endowment fund of consequence, to employ a small but full-time staff and to acquire its own facilities—a building remodeled through the generosity of another benefactor, the late Dr. Elizabeth McCoy.

Prior to and since the time of these gifts, other members and friends of the Academy have given regularly of their time and talents and financial resources. And the need continues. The need is real and it is ongoing. In 1979 we need an additional \$80,000 (\$40,000 for operational expenses and \$40,000 for the endowment fund). We are making a concerted effort to increase our membership. We also need more active participation of each member in program activities. The Annual Meeting will be held in Kenosha on Friday and Saturday, April 20 and 21 and the Fall Gathering is scheduled for Saturday, September 29 at Old World Wisconsin.

I have made a personal commitment to raise \$1000 for the Academy in 1979 and to encourage at least five new members to join the Academy. It is my sincere hope that our fellow members of the Council and members at large will join me in this kind of effort. This will greatly assist Jim Batt in the development of the Academy's needs.



Let us go forward in 1979 with renewed dedication for the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters to achieve the grand goals and high hopes of the original charter and which through these 109 years have been nurtured by so many dedicated fellows.

Hannah Swart is the curator of The Hoard Historical Museum in Fort Atkinson.

Addendum

As is readily apparent by her comments above, Hannah Swart is a "giver." She gives of her self (I separate those two words for purposes of emphasis), of her time and her talents, of her human and her material resources.

Mrs. Swart is also a "getter." And she is out to get you—to get you to care and to share through your involvement in Academy programming and through your help in the recruitment of new members and the provision of the contributions needed to help your Wisconsin Academy meet the challenge of rising costs.

In the course of the long history of the Academy, it has been the "givers" and the "getters" who were responsible for transforming ideas and ideals into reality. It is they who are the real endowment of this institution. And, dear reader, "they" are you! For this you have our abiding thanks—and our encouragement to continue.

—J.B.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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