

for the love of mike

by Aline Watson Hazard

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE

by

ALINE WATSON HAZARD

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College of Agricultural and Life Sciences
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To my sons, Bill and Bob,
who helped make my years at WHA possible.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



In 1933, Aline Watson Hazard auditioned for the Homemakers' Program on Wisconsin's state educational station, WHA. For 32 years she was both director and announcer of the popular program heard throughout the state. During those years she also taught and wrote circulars for the department of Agricultural Journalism at the University of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Hazard was born in Malvern, Iowa. She received her B.A. degree from Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa, and her B.S. degree from the University of Wisconsin. From 1923 to 1926, she lived in Peking, China, while her husband taught at Tsing Hua University. In 1958 she was first named as "Who's Who in American Women."

Mrs. Hazard is now an Emeritus Professor at the University of Wisconsin.

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE

...was written to preserve, for all, the fond memories I hold of my years as director-announcer of the Homemakers' Program.

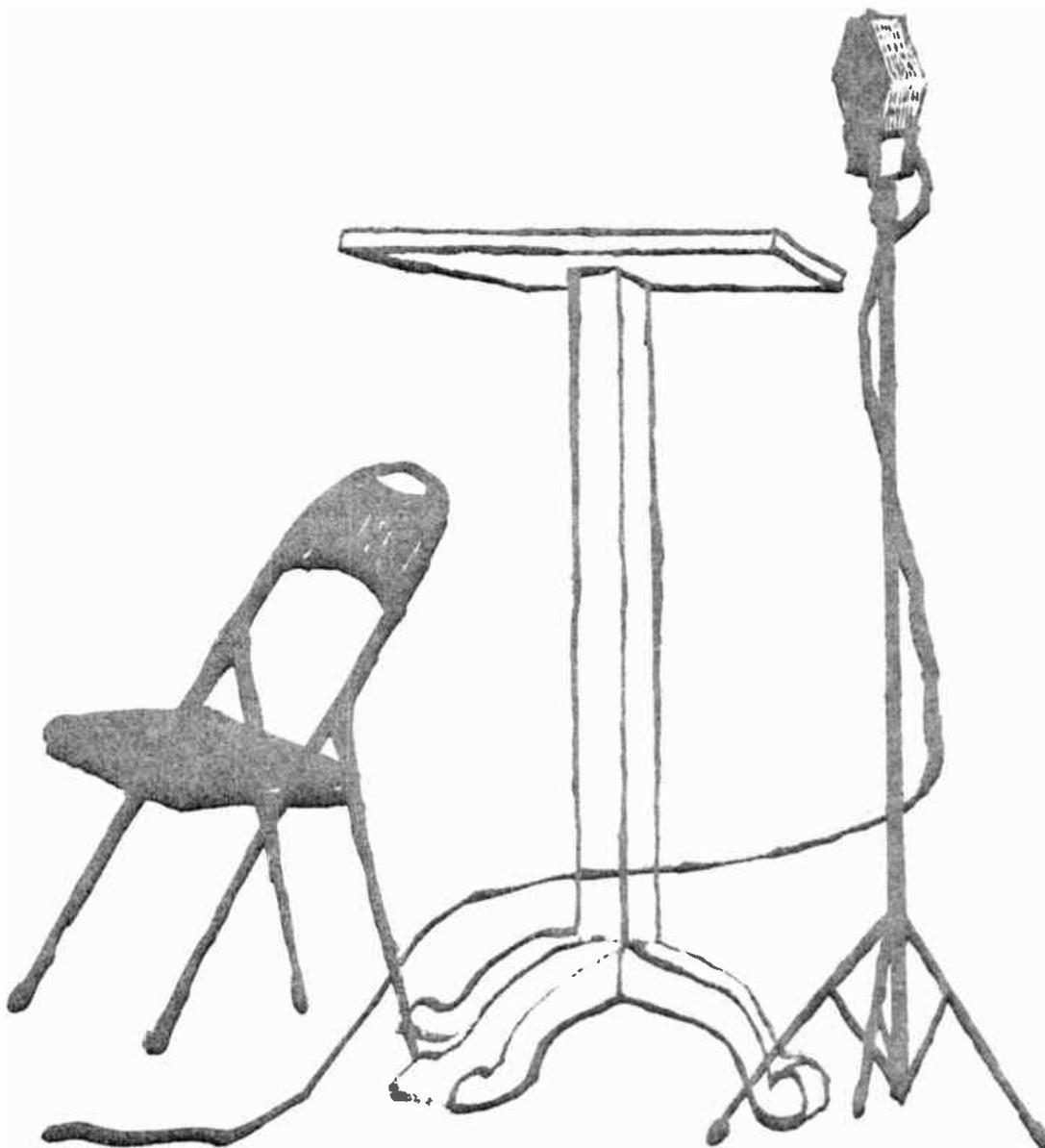
For some 30 years, I worked with the Program, developing new features, touring the state in search of stories, interviewing people in the business world and talking with homemakers. This book is based on happenings along the way.

Encouragement came in many ways from the department of Agricultural Journalism, Extension personnel and station WHA. Mrs. C. A. Mohr suggested the title.

Aline Watson Hazard

Part I. ON THE AIR

WHA, the oldest station in the nation has a history worth telling. The Homemakers' Program is a part of that history. Records, travel notes and tape recordings, preserved through the years, were used in writing these chapters.



Good Morning Homemakers!

That clarion call has gone out to Wisconsin women over station WHA at 10:00 each morning since April 1929. But educational radio in Wisconsin had its beginning long before 1929.

EARLY BEGINNINGS IN EDUCATIONAL RADIO

Years before the first Homemakers' Program, University of Wisconsin professors were busy planning educational programs. They had in mind the slogan "The boundaries of the University are the boundaries of the state."

Many notable persons are part of the early history of WHA--the "oldest station in the nation." One of the earliest broadcasters, Charles E. Brown, scholarly curator of the State Historical Museum, remembers the day he was called to the studio to tell of his experiences with the Indians around Madison's lake area. This was the era of the radio crystal set. Dr. Brown stepped into the recording booth--a little box with heavy curtains draped on all sides. No air. No sound. No hope for him who entered. Once inside, lights began to dance merrily, dictating the procedure--"begin," "faster," "slower," "one minute," "end," etc., etc.--until the poor mortal who thought he had a well-prepared manuscript was not sure if he was reading it intelligently or only mumbling it to his unseen audience. Weak from nervous exhaustion, Dr. Brown stepped from the "telephone booth," vowing to never again participate in this strange new field of broadcasting.

Gladys Meloche, dedicated clothing supervisor in Home Economics Extension Service, made her first broadcast in 1921. It was one of the first ever dedicated to news of home and family. Miss Meloche later became a frequent guest on the Homemakers' Program in its earliest days.

Professor W.H. Lighty, appointed program director of WHA in 1921, first invited University of Wisconsin faculty women to speak. Stella Patton, professor of Foods and Nutrition, relates, "It was a dark stormy night when I was to make my first and supposedly last appearance on radio." Because it was an occasion of note, her sister, Mary, braved the storm and, despite the weather, reached a friend's home where a crystal set with headphones was available. Mary heard her sister's voice with awe, little realizing that for more than 30 years Professor Patton would continue her helpful radio talks on food.

Eloquent Glenn Frank, who became president of the University in 1925, recalls coming out of the "den" feeling strained and exhausted, exclaiming "Gosh! That was spooky." Nellie Kedzie Jones, beloved first Home Economist Extension leader, admits she kept wanting to look back of her for fear something sinister would happen.

For all involved, the educational radio broadcasting project was a great challenge in a new field.

BROADCASTING TIME EXPANDS

In 1923 WHA was on the air only during the noon hour (11:58 to 12:20) carrying time signals, weather reports, and agricultural broadcasts. Gradually more programs were added and by 1928, the station was on the air 8 hours per week. By 1930 the hours had increased to 35 a week, and the power was stepped up from 750 to 1000 watts. The era of the crystal set was gone forever.

Each year until 1938 power increased, and as power increased, air time increased. By 1938 WHA was broadcasting 54 hours a week. More programs were added and today the station is on the air 103 hours a week.

The radio studio moved several times during those years. Beginning in the basement of Sterling Hall, lack of space soon forced a move upstairs (1925). A decade later (1934) it moved to Radio Hall. This, too, has been outgrown and the studio hopes to move, by 1971, to the new Communication Arts Building on University Avenue.

HOMEMAKERS' PROGRAM BEGINS

After the first "home" program, other programs devoted to farm and home interests were added. April 1929 marked the division of Farm and Home programs. The Homemakers' Program rapidly gained popularity with both farm and city listeners. A question often asked is, "Who were the first to help build the program?" Many people did.

Andrew W. Hopkins, Agricultural Extension editor and chairman of the Agricultural Journalism department, supervised the Home program until his retirement in 1951. It was he who foresaw the possibilities of serving Wisconsin with information, both practical and cultural. It was he who set up the Extension service to farm and home. In 1951, the Wisconsin State Journal praised Professor Hopkins:

Among his many early efforts in getting news to the people, Mr. Hopkins pioneered in educational radio when others thought radio was a toy. He is considered to be one of the three people most responsible for the success of the state radio station WHA, one of the finest facilities of its type in the nation.

Others also contributed. May Reynolds took much of the early responsibility. Agatha Raisbeck added radio to her duties as an assistant in Agricultural Journalism. Waida Gerhardt, instructor in Agricultural Journalism, planned the programs. When she resigned, Elsie Onsrud Larson, Home Economics Journalism major, took over. Mildred and Marion Anderson, students in music, took turns announcing. They presented guest speakers, read radio copy and helped select appropriate music. Marion remained on the announcing staff until she graduated in June 1933. Then the search for a new announcer began.

MY FIRST DAYS

The previous year, 1932, my family and I came to Madison. I had taught speech and languages, and platform work was not new to me. When the director of the Farm program, Kenneth Gapen, professor of Agricultural Journalism, suggested that I audition for the announcer's position, the idea appealed to me.

On June 19, 1933, I auditioned. On June 20, I began work.

In those days, one big 16 by 19 foot room sufficed for all programs. People came and went continuously, which was often distracting. Music records were piled high on the window sills and the telephone was smothered with a pillow. Anyone calling in was warned in a whispered voice, "We are on the air. Call back later." Director Harold B. McCarty sat outside the room, ready to come in the instant things seemed to be at a standstill.

My job was to handle material and present speakers sent to us from the Agricultural Journalism department. Relaying programs prepared by others was real work and beginner's misfortune seemed to happen during my early weeks. My first day, the scheduled speaker did not arrive. As the announcer, I was not an authority and I had no material from the Home Economics department on hand. Director McCarty came to my rescue with a short musical interlude, and for that I shall always be grateful.

The second day, mike fright hit me as I was preparing to announce a number. To this day, I cannot recall the name of that selection! Again Director McCarty came to my rescue.

The third day, while breezing through a cleverly written information item, I suddenly heard myself say, "You can get all of these things at my store around the corner." The remark had somehow escaped me when I previewed the article, and on an educational station that does no advertising, it was unforgivable. Trying to brush aside the remark, I found myself doing some fast adlibbing--a new adventure for me.

But the first three days of uncertainty passed, as did the first year. My excitement and dedication to my new role of Radio Homemaker mounted as the months went by.

BACK TO THE CLASSROOM

Listener interest in the program increased and the Agricultural Journalism department asked me to be a part-time director of the program. But two rules for a Home program director had to be met: (1) to have lived on a

farm (which I had as a child) and (2) to be a Home Economics graduate (which I was not). So once again I became a student, while at the same time taking over as part-time director.

Ruth Milne, a graduate journalism student, was chosen as my part-time assistant. Together Ruth and I faced five heavy duties. Daily programs had to be prepared. Home Economics press releases had to be published. A mailing list had to be established. A College of the Air program had to be planned and secured for special broadcast, within the first month. And the increasing mail had to be answered effectively.

Through the years, the work load became heavier as classes continued and new features were constantly added to the program. But at long last I received a B.S. degree, with a major in Home Economics. Had it all been worthwhile? Yes! As a graduate Home Economist, I could and did produce a higher quality Home program.

FORMAT REVAMPED

Returning to the daily broadcast, now really the Homemakers' Program, I provided a constant flow of new ideas to women. Information included experimental findings that alerted listeners to finer values and better home-making methods.

For variety I supplemented interviews and round table discussions with on-spot reports and individual talks. University staff members and specialists from the State Department of Agriculture gave freely of their information. Practical homemakers, dietitians, Home Economics department specialists and staff with vocational, technical and adult leadership participated. Leaders came from such organizations as Garden Clubs, Music Federation, Book Clubs, Red Cross, International Farm Youth Exchange, Truax Officer's Wives and social agencies.

Special conference reports found their way into the Home program from meetings on the campus. Some of these were Council on Consumer Information, College Week for Women, and the first Governor's Conference on the Changing Status of Women.

Celebrities of note often participated. Esther Peterson described her duties as special assistant to the President of the United States for consumer affairs in 1965.

Cultural aspects of the program included art, music, crafts and books. In 1948 a regular book period was created, called Invitation to Reading. Orrilla Blackshear, then the director of the state's free Traveling Library, laid the foundation for the mimeographed circulars published and offered through the Homemakers' Program. Several years later, this letter came from Milwaukee:

Our Invitation to Reading Clubs, seven in number and a little short of a hundred members, are to celebrate their tenth year of activity in 1959. We of course think of our simple beginning and of how our inspiration came from your still active Friday morning reviews, the original Invitation to Reading. We owe no small part of its good foundation to you, Mrs. Hazard, and to Orrilla Blackshear.

MAIL COUNT MOUNTS

The program, always based on facts, won listeners' confidence and took on more and more significance in their daily lives. Mail count increased steadily over the years. In 1962 alone, over 10,000 letters arrived.

Mapping the mail was fun, for keeping track of the individual requests told me who was listening and gave me a sense of achievement. In 1949 only four Wisconsin counties were missing in the mail count, and we had daily listeners in Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois. Even Chicago listeners sent in requests! Letters often came from states as far away as Georgia and New Jersey, from tourists who had heard the program while vacationing in Wisconsin. A request from Newfoundland and one even from Africa really made me feel the Homemakers' Program was extending its boundaries.

The letters often requested special material we offered to listeners on a variety of topics. One of the favorites was our celebrated animal gift patterns--toy stuffed animals created by Helen Meidell, an artist with scissors. Each year she made a pattern for a wonderfully

lifelike animal. One of the first was a kangaroo called Kanga, with Rhu in her pocket. Then came Humpy the camel, Dumbo the elephant (made from inner tubes), Poncho the Mexican donkey, Terry the sleepy kitten, Wooly the lamb, Spotty the leopard, and Scotty the little dog. A letter came to me in 1964 with this message:

This is a peculiar request, but you might remember that years ago when my little girl was a mere baby, you offered a pattern for Kanga and Rhu. It was a kangaroo with a baby in the pocket. It was my baby's constant companion and one she loved dearly. Now my daughter has a baby girl, and I would like so much to make my granddaughter one. It would be such a surprise to my daughter, too. Do you have the pattern?

It was a happy day for her and for me when I found the pattern still in our files.

MANY FIRSTS FOR HOMEMAKERS

The Homemakers' Program boasts of having a part in two WHA broadcasting firsts--the first remote control program and the first WHA-FM program.

Remote control broadcasting was made possible by short wave equipment, created and operated by WHA operators under the call letters of WDAC. These short wave broadcasts were picked up by the Madison station, WHA, and by WLBL in Auburndale, which was linked to the state station. My first ON-THE-SPOT broadcast, in the summer of 1935, was a visit to the garden of Mrs. Emily Roloff, on the west bank of Lake Mendota. The short wave equipment allowed me to follow the garden paths, describing to my listeners the flowers before me and the secrets of their maintenance. This was the first of many such broadcasts, which over the years have covered the state.

The year 1947 marked the first welcoming program to the state-wide FM broadcasts. My message from the Homemakers' Program was part of it.

This is a day long anticipated, a day which marks the completion of the state FM network in Wisconsin. It is a privilege to extend greetings to new FM station listeners....

We sincerely invite all women to become a part of this program either by participating or by listening and commenting; perhaps by questioning or offering helpful ideas for this 10:00 program, which we share each week-day morning. You who are new to our listening group, please feel welcome and needed, so that we together may attain something finer and more helpful in women's programs.

HONORS ALONG THE WAY

The Wisconsin Federation of Music Clubs--a monthly visitor to the program for many years--honored both the program and me personally by awarding a gold plaque which hung in the studio for many years. It was presented by the radio chairman of the Federation, Mrs. Cecil E. White, who said, "It symbolizes our warm appreciation for your help and understanding in what we are striving to do--to bring music into every home in the state."

When the American Association of Agricultural Editors held their 1939 national meeting, the Homemakers' Program was awarded the blue ribbon for the best scripts among the nation's homemakers' programs--a national honor.

DAY-TO-DAY CRISIS

Women all over the area soon had confidence that at 10:00 each morning, they would hear a subject of interest to them presented in a new and exciting way. But this confidence did not prevail behind the microphone for heaven only knew what might happen before the half-hour was over.

Remember, the Homemakers' Program is a week-day daily broadcast that goes through summer, winter, spring and fall, year in, year out, with no advertisements and no music, but with varied speakers, round-tables and interviews, as well as on-spot broadcasts. Naturally, when so many people are included, strange things happen. Days can go along at an even pace, when suddenly after all is planned to the last second, something unforeseen reduces organization to chaos behind the scenes. But the listeners must never know. Let me turn the pages of my diary to show how the unexpected happens.

March 15. I will never forget the day an Indian artist was to be our guest. Great plans were made to interview this fine craftsman, whose grandfather had been an Indian chief. At 5:00 PM the preceding day, we had outlined the interview and the unusual stories which he was to relate about his life and his art.

As the magic 10:00 AM hour approached, I looked and waited, waited and looked. All the studio personnel were out shading their eyes, looking for an Indian. It was late summer so maybe the call of the open road lured him. Or perhaps he feared his creditors would catch up with him. Whatever the reason, the guest did not come and there were twitterings of "Minnehaha" in the studio background.

What to do was the question. Lucky day! It was pickle-making season, so a pickle bulletin sufficed for a too-long period. The green brochure matched closely the sickly green pallor of this unnerved announcer.

March 30. Then there was that foggy, damp March day, warm, with the snow almost gone. The day was no more dreary than my spirits. This morning, I chose a dress of several years vintage--a blue number with "almost fresh" collar and cuffs. The belt was not with the dress, but I thought I would find it before leaving for the studio. To add a little color, I put at my neck a red trinket which had been given as a booby prize at the last party I attended. In my last minute rush, I forgot to look for the belt. You do know how one feels, without a belt, if a dress is made for one? Sort of half dressed.

Just my luck. At 11:00, in came Miss Dorothea G., public relations representative of the Entire Oil Industry. She was to record for my program and was scheduled to go on TV immediately after leaving me. Of course, she was all made up and dressed for a fine showing in a gold lamé gown, clear plastic pumps, expensive furs and gloves. Can you imagine how I felt in an old dress (no belt), booby prize at my throat, and my newly cut hair quite without curl? The dark March day grew noticeably gloomier.

April 7. Let me run away and hide for oh what a devastating experience! The program read "Music Therapists-Vocational Opportunities." Mr. M. had been very ill and I couldn't rely on his coming from Milwaukee; so, just in case, I pulled a Music Festival tape to put on if he didn't come. At 9:45, a telephone call revealed he was on his way.

I put the last portion of the program on first and put in extra material until 10:20. He still hadn't come; so I started to announce the second recording. Then in rushed Mr. M. and I began twisting my introduction around

from what I had started to say to fit what I thought he was going to talk about. But this had to be twisted again because he brought to light an entirely different subject.

Without my knowing it, he had taken records to the operator and was planning to give a musical psychological test. Twelve cuttings of music were to be played, but the operator only had one turntable which caused long pauses in between. Mr. M. had to talk so fast that I am sure no one knew what it was all about. And there wasn't time for a final analysis! Honestly, I am weak.

October 25. Today the program boasted two speakers-- one, a garden club member and the other, a University staff member. The garden club member was there at 9:30 and the faculty member was hopefully expected.

Two announcements were to be made, but (horrors!) the material was not where it was supposed to be. Double trouble. The faculty member couldn't come. A telephone call revealed she was in Rusk County; so there was a mad rush to find a tape that had been made earlier. We found it and a telephone call to my secretary at the Agricultural Journalism office brought the announcements just in the nick of time. So a program was completed. No wonder an announcer-director is always in fear of ulcers.

February 1. A check on a tape for the Saturday program revealed that none was in evidence. This was a tape made especially for the December program. A series of home safety tapes had been made at a safety seminar that brought speakers from New York, Chicago and elsewhere. The fourth of the series was scheduled for February, but much to my dismay, P.M. had taken it upon herself to release the tape. It was erased and it was up to me to get a whole new program. If I only had a gun!!!

February 6. Some time ago, Mrs. Doris L. was to be on the program. By mistake, I listed her as Lois L. Today I met her in Agricultural Hall and she asked if I knew what I had named her baby. Since I had last seen her she had given birth to a baby girl. Her husband, on learning of my slip had said, "That's a pretty name; let's call her Lois." Mrs. L. teased, "I wonder how many others you have named lately."

February 15. My microphone and I scheduled a trip to the Cheese House in Poynette, owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. C.L.B., to record a program about the Lenten use of cheese. The hosts and I spent a pleasant afternoon eating cheese and drinking Constant Comment tea. The broadcast went well, but when we listened to the tape

there was much noise. Deciding the difficulty must involve the playback device, I returned home. There I found out the fluorescent lights had caused the trouble. The tape seemed useless, but my resourceful friend, Bob, consoled me--"I think you can salvage at least 10 minutes." We did and it saved my life. I just couldn't scrap all of that delightful story.

February 22. Purposely, I scheduled only one speaker for today as I wanted to feature Washington's birthday. A phone call to speaker A.N. just before going on the air revealed she was still in the Home Economics building. After seven minutes of program, a note came in--"I can't make it." A note is of no help after one is caught in the studio. I had to carry the whole half-hour alone. I tried to understand, but inwardly I was furious. Then came a note of apology.

Dear Mrs. Hazard,

An apology sounds like a weak attempt to mend my blunder of this morning--but I don't know what else I can do. I am truly sorry to have left you "holding the mike." I remembered my assignment Monday and Tuesday and had developed the talk--then Wednesday, when I should have been on the air, I was running around like the proverbial beheaded chicken trying to check some programming for our Design Conference scheduled here on Campus, March 9, 10, 11.

I can only say I hope you don't have too many like me, and that I think this has jogged me sufficiently that I shan't be remiss again.

Sincerely,
A.N.

January 27. Ten minutes before the program (during the annual Farm and Home Week), the operator called from the control room to say that there was not a cotton pickin' thing on my tape--my one and only speaker! I was just ready to "fall" downstairs to pick up an old tape to fill in. Bitter experience had taught me how to cope with such emergencies. Suddenly the engineer discovered the tape was two-track instead of just one. The sound came through on the appropriate machine (heavenly music to my ears) two minutes before the program.

February 18-February 23. Such a tragic week. On Tuesday at 3:30 PM, I was to record with a guest speaker. The time was verified in the morning, but at 3:30 PM no

one appeared. Phone calls to the office said she would be a little late, but would be there. Another call revealed that she had put her hat and coat on and left; so she would surely arrive soon. By 4:15 she still was not there. At 8:30 PM, a call came explaining that the intended trip to WHA ended in a trip to the hospital.

On Thursday, L.A. was so ill she could not appear, but D.S. came in her place.

On Friday, a call came from the Historical Society saying Mr. S. (my whole Saturday program) was very ill and would not be available. So I hurried out to the Jewish synagogue to tape a half-hour for Saturday. It turned out to be a good recording.

Then to complete the week, I went to a baby shower for M.P. and she was ill and couldn't come to the party. (Sorry, but it was funny.)

And so it goes through the weeks. But there are bright spots along the way and proud moments, too.

February 12. A charming speaker from an advertising agency in New York came to speak on "Meals Around the Clock--Soups and Sandwiches." She spoke easily and well. Later, she pleased me by asking, "Do you know why I came to Madison on this trip?" I thought she had come in the course of her travels and public relations, but she explained, "No, I came just to be on your program because both my director and associate worker have spoken so highly of your program and its wide coverage."

March 6. A young man, particularly interested in the study of Wisconsin's Hamlin Garland and his works, told the University of Southern California about the recording I made at West Salem. The University asked that a dubbing of this broadcast on Garland be made and placed in the American Literary Collection in the University Library, University Park, Los Angeles.

Two other good things happened to me because of my broadcasts. The tape recording made at the Ridges Sanctuary was bought for \$4.50 (cost of dubbing) to be made into records which will be sold for the benefit of the Ridges. Nice compliment.

Yesterday when I called for my Villa Louis tape, the librarian of the Historical Society said, "I cannot give you our file copy." I felt so frustrated not to be able to get my own tape. But they had sent copies all over the state on request to schools, clubs or what-have-you. My tape!

September 26-September 29. A trip to Bayfield paid off in comments. Mr. L., Bayfield county agent, greeted me with the enthusiastic report that my broadcasts in the area had done more to build interest and morale than anything else. He felt it lifted the whole county's spirits to have such publicity.

Mr. W., captain of the Chicago Queen, which took me around the Apostle Islands in the summer, reported that over 200 people had told him of the broadcast. Some, who were traveling in the state, heard it on their radios and turned around to come and take the trip around the Islands. Some were people from the area who said they didn't know of the things they had. A very pleasant reaction.

January 17. Today--10 degrees below zero--the car stopped in the middle of Monroe Street while traffic whizzed by in both directions. Fortunately I was near Larry's Oil Station. I grabbed my purse, lunch and folder and ran for the bus. As usual, it left before I could reach it. Just then a lady beckoned to me and said, "I'll take you wherever you are going. I enjoy your program every morning so much that I want to get you to the station to put that program on." So she took me right to WHA's door. Wasn't that grand?

Days come and go at an uneven pace, but always there is the mail. The questions and comments are sometimes surprising, sometimes encouraging, and always entertaining.

Now how would you answer these questions?

February

"How long does a germ live?"

"May one brush teeth with salt instead of tooth paste, or does it scratch the enamel?"

"A can of gold paint was set aside and when I was ready to use it, the gilt was hardened and separated from the oil. Is it possible to mix it? How may I soften a brush which hardened even though it was put in a commercial softener?"

"Is it safe to eat rabbits that have spotted livers?"

"What color should I paint my house?"

"I have taken all the tubes out of the TV and cleaned them. There is no picture to follow, so now I don't know how to put them back. If I make the wrong combinations, will it be apt to hurt the sound?"

"What can I do with my wisteria? I have had it 25 years and it has never bloomed."

Requests are sometimes a bit unusual.

March. A rush of requests from the Milwaukee area for cranberries (out of season), and offered on my program, set me to wondering. This letter cleared up the puzzle.

Please send me "Ways to Serve Cranberries." We have a program on the air at 10:00 AM on another station called "Ask Your Neighbor." People call in with hints or problems, and other people call in if they can solve our problems. Your address was given as a good place to write to get all about cranberries. So thank you very much.

Mrs. S.B., West Allis, Wisconsin

Sending material was a good way to publicize the Home program; so we did.

January 11. Today a lady sent a special delivery letter to ask for help in planning a talk to a PEO group on wisdom. Her angle was "wisdom through the University of Wisconsin radio services." I sent scripts, news, brochures, etc. Nice idea!

February 5. A lady from Clark County had to arrange a club day in which she was to present Switzerland. She wanted ideas about dress, crafts, etc. She asked if I had any old pictures or an old magazine she could cut up. Not me I fear--a travel agency must be the answer.

Comments were often so encouraging.

February 28. "You may be interested to know you are helping a chemist become a homemaker. How I wish I had taken a few Home Economics courses."--Mrs. E.H., Madison, Wis.

February 28. "I am listening in on your program as I do every day and have for 25 years."--Mrs. M.C., Black River Falls, Wis.

March 8. "I broke my leg; so every day I listen to your Homemakers' Program and enjoy it. Otherwise I work during that time."--Mrs. C.K., Colby, Wis. (My friendly operators always have said when I wondered if anyone was listening, "Cheer up. There are always invalids who can't get out of bed to turn the radio off.")

No, there is never a dull day on radio. Gratitude and cooperation are the qualities that make an announcer-director love the job--a job that is continuous every waking hour because new ideas for programs lie all around, wherever one goes.

MY LAST BROADCAST (JUNE 11, 1965)

"It was on June 20, 1933, when I first announced this program. If you do some rapid calculating you will realize that the Homemakers' Program has been under my guidance, with the help of those who have had its growth at heart, for many years. Over 10,000 broadcasts have been given during that time.

"The core of the broadcasts has been supplied by those who are specialists and teachers in their respective fields of Home Economics. We have gone far to capture the interests in wonderful Wisconsin. It has been through the cooperation of so many of you that we had as varied and pertinent a program as we have had.

"Today is June 11, and so in the same month I began, I say good-bye. But while my farewell is definite as far as conducting the program is concerned, I will not lose contact, for next year I expect to write of my experience through the years. Perhaps someday you will read about your own part in this woman's broadcast. Our 10,000 broadcasts together have included many of you throughout the state.

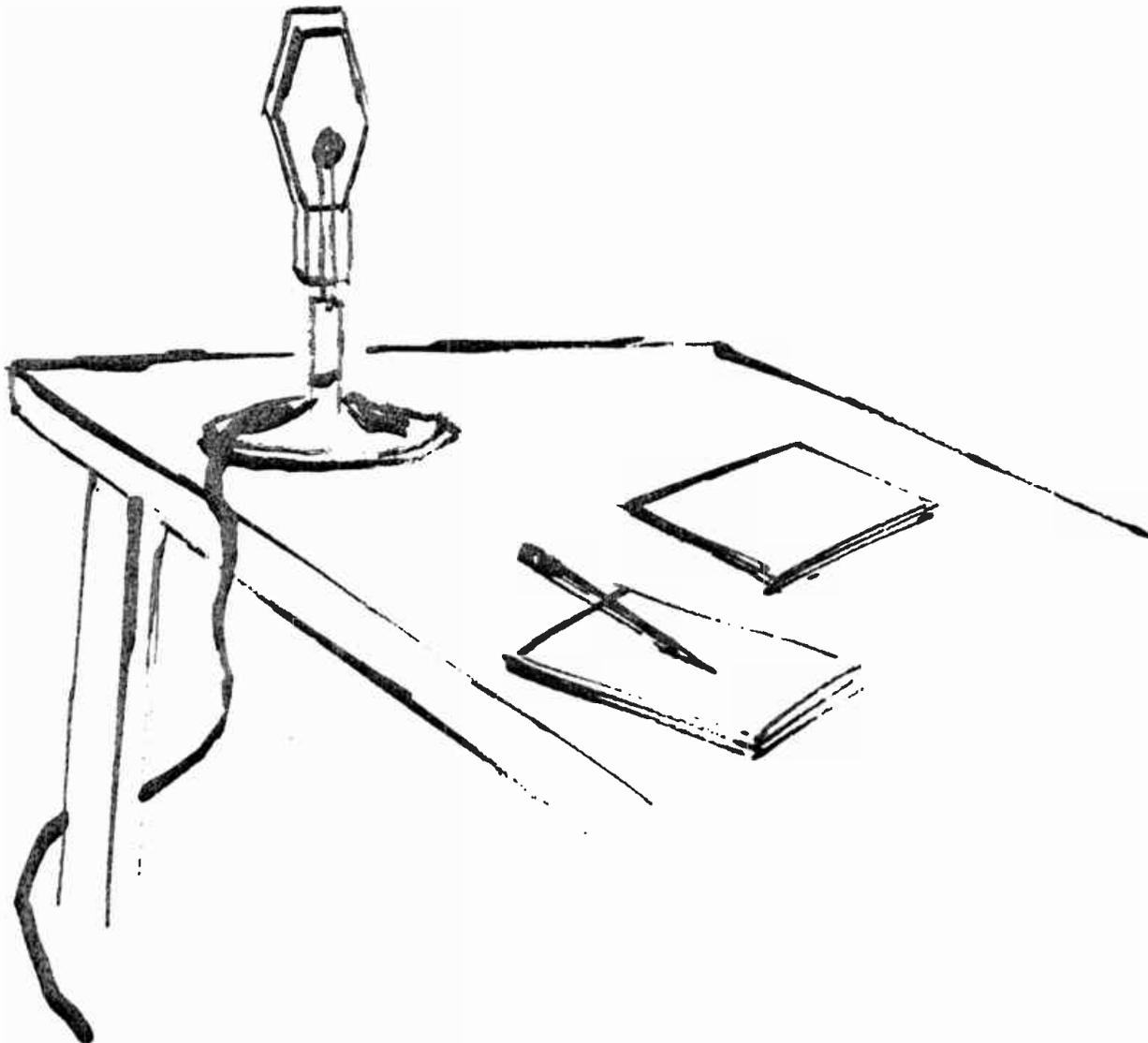
"This summer I will be Director of the News Bureau in the American Baptist Assembly formerly known as Lawsonia. It will be my pleasure to meet people from all over the world.

"Since WHA and WHA-TV presented me with a very splendid tape recorder, I hope to send a number of interviews with people who have had great and unusual experiences. You may hear a number of my recorded interviews in the coming months, but I personally will be away. So give your cooperation to Jean Fewster, graduate student in Agricultural Journalism and Home Economics. She will be here June 14 to greet you.

"Good Morning!"

Part II. AROUND THE STATE

Through the years at WHA, many stories of unusual interest have been put on tape. Because many of the tapes have been saved, the facts as recorded at various homes and places of interest around Wisconsin are still available. The following tales were told on the Homemakers' Program as I interviewed people on location.



PEOPLE AND PLACES

PEARLS IN THE MISSISSIPPI

Finding pearls in the Mississippi River at Prairie du Chien is one of the most unusual stories ever told on the Homemakers' Program.

The unwritten history of many people has been captured in recording by William J. Sherick, field superintendent of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. It was he who I interviewed on the program, and whose story was told with the addition of John Peacock's recorded voice.

The discovery of pearls in Wisconsin dates back to the clamming industry from early 1900 to 1930. John H. Peacock was one of the pioneers in the pearl era. He made his money finding, buying and selling pearls.

John Peacock was born in 1874 in Grant County. His parents were farmers, but in his early teens John went to Darlington, Wisconsin, to help build the railroad coming through at that time. There he first heard tales of pearls found in Wisconsin rivers. In 1897, he moved to Waseka on the Mississippi where he risked buying a river pearl for \$15 and sold it to a New York firm for \$25. Another \$15 pearl brought him the neat sum of \$50. Now along with his occupation as a barber, his livelihood seemed secure. Soon the lucrative buying and selling of pearls became his chief interest; so he bid farewell to barbering. After his wealth increased, he moved to Prairie du Chien, a clamming center. As a man of means he became director (of this and that), councilman and later mayor of the city.

Peacock's experiences with pearls is a story of pride, joy and inventiveness. The pace of his words quickened as he relived the exciting clamming-pearling era. His rich voice boomed out of the tape recorder as he drew for

me and my listeners sketches of men chopping shells loose and bringing them to the surface. "Later," he said, "boats with hooks dug the bottom of the rivers. Many a day we took a ton of shells out of the old Mississippi, but only rarely did we locate a pearl among them. The shells went to a button factory at Prairie du Chien which sometimes paid as much as \$12 a ton.

By 1900 registered buyers were numerous and joined local Wisconsin hunters. These men bought slugs and baroques as well as pearls. Many of the pearls were round, white and lustrous, sometimes perfect in shape. A slug was of coarser finish, less lustrous than pearls and usually sold by the ounce. At times slugs brought only \$2 an ounce, but more often from \$5 to \$9. Most slugs were used in fancy rings, pins, bracelets and earrings and were shipped to China and India for use on coats, around collars, in frames and in making figures, such as dragons, on clothing.

Baroques were real pearls, but off shape, not perfectly round. They possessed the characteristic smooth luster of pearls. Because they were off shape no two were alike. Baroques had colorful sheens, ranging from solid pink, lavender and peacock green to bronze, blue and even black. Europeans prized baroques for pins and rings.

The black baroques had a dark green sheen and their whiter counterparts shaded to blue or pink. The color of the shell (or mother-of-pearl) reliably forecast the color of the pearl within.

Hull pearls were often washed ashore along Wisconsin rivers. Sometimes they were pitted and assumed worthless. These colorless pearls puzzled John Peacock. How could he brighten them and transform them to valuable merchandise?

After studying the situation, the resourceful pearl hunter drew a vinegar bottle from the pantry and popped a few worthless hulls into it. Sure enough, two days later the acid had dissolved the pearls' husks. Rubbing one vigorously, Peacock worked away the last of the coat, leaving a bright, good pearl in his hand. Later he hit upon a speedier method. He found that a knife could scrape off the thin skin that was visible only under a magnifying glass. Pearls turned lustrous and "skinning" became a new word in the pearl industry.

Peacock became a dealer. He often journeyed miles by boat or train to evaluate a pearl, and his perceptive eye and good business judgment gave him the edge on competitors.

Late one night a phone call roused him from his slumber to tell him that a man had found at Harper's Ferry a unique pearl which was colorless, funny shaped, but of good size. The caller had traveled from Harper's Ferry to Prairie du Chien to bargain with Peacock. Inspecting the stone by lamplight, Peacock offered the man \$1000 for it, adding, "If I can wait until daylight and find it worth more, I'll pay you more." The man grabbed Peacock around the waist in a joyous bear hug, squeezing him so hard that Peacock feared he was being attacked. But the delight of the owner was evident as he surrendered the pearl for \$1000 on the spot. He did not care to wait for daylight.

"Finest I ever saw," was Peacock's verdict on examining his acquisition the next morning. The pearl weighed 32 grains and brought him \$5000 from Chicago dealers. Later New York dealers gladly paid \$10,000 for the Harper's Ferry pearl. Two years later it went to England for \$20,000.

That story was a sufficiently fantastic tale, but Peacock promptly topped it with another. According to Peacock, tracing pearls is a story equal to fairy tales. "I once owned a pearl weighing 210 grains. It was so large, no one wanted to wear it as jewelry. In fact, it took me two years to resell it." Peacock paid \$1500 for it. At the sale, newspapers described the enormous pearl's size and weight. It was exhibited and sold for \$1250 with a trade-in of \$3000 worth of baroques. It was sold again in England, where it joined the greatest collection of jewels ever assembled. Listeners were scarcely surprised to learn that this super-pearl became one of the crown jewels of England.

John Peacock reminisced about the pearl which he hadn't wanted to buy. A big burly bush-dweller asked him to evaluate a pearl. The man was a bachelor who shared his tiny cabin with dogs, several cats and numerous chickens that could enter the house by one door and exit through a second. Guns lined the rough walls and Peacock felt very uneasy as he wondered which weapon the burly fellow might select to do physical harm should the sale not go to his liking. His heart sinking, Peacock looked

intently at the pearl and saw that it looked more like a chunky potato than a gem. How could he escape? At last he asked the owner how much he wanted for it.

"\$1000," said his host.

Peacock looked again and found the ugly specimen lacked all color, although it was certainly large enough. "Will you take \$150? It's worth no more." He thought the man would never accept but after many minutes, he gave a brusque nod, and Peacock escaped unharmed, feeling much relieved.

Such an immense pearl was certainly not usual, so the art of peeling began. As the potato skin was peeled away, a friend stood by to see just how much had been squandered on a worthless pearl.

"I'll sell it to you for \$10," Peacock offered.

"No, thank you," his wary friend replied. The peeling continued and slowly a beautiful pink gem was revealed.

"How much will you give for my potato now? \$100?"

"No, but I'll give \$90," The peeling continued.

"\$250?"

"No, \$200," More peeling--until finally there was a beautiful solid pigeon blood color pearl, one of the prettiest gems imaginable. There was more offering and bargaining until at last the onlooker paid \$1100 for what he had thought to be a worthless pearl.

Today there is some clamming done in Wisconsin but the industry was destroyed when the foreign art of growing pearls artificially became common. Flood control killed the industry when it changed the channel to control the river currents and destroyed the clam beds. The button factory went out of business about the time artificially-cultured pearls flooded the market.

THE CYCLONE

Have you ever encountered a cyclone? Have you felt the aftereffects? If so, you will understand the shock and fears which gripped Mrs. Jess Guerink of Ringle, Wisconsin in Marathon County, when a cyclone struck her farm.

June Kysilko, homemaking editor of the REA News told me how valuable Mrs. Guerink's story would be to our Homemakers' Program. She had met this delightful lady from Holland, who was a writer and a musician, at a writers' conference in Wisconsin.

Wilhelmina Guerink was born in Holland near the German border, in the village of Harlow and came to America at the age of 14. Her father, a minister, immigrated to a fruit farm in Pennsylvania, then on to Wisconsin, where he found the fresh air favorable to his health. Soon he became pastor of a nearby church, and decided to remain in Marathon County. Wilhelmina went to high school in Wausau, then to a county normal school for a year of teacher's training.

She then taught in a rural school but discontinued her chosen profession to marry the deacon's son and settle down on a farm. During the depression, when farming was less profitable, Jess Guerink and his wife, son and daughter moved to Washington state, but the damp climate was not suitable for his health. Colorado was the next stop. Still Wisconsin seemed best; so they returned and bought a farm from a bachelor in Ringle.

The depression handed out many worries and anxieties to the household. War took their son to Iwo Jima with the Marines and those four years caused the Guerinks tension and anxiety. It was during that period that the big

twister struck the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Guerink had just returned from Wausau with groceries and garden seeds when it started to rain heavily. Jess Guerink decided to hurry the cows into the barn and Mrs. Guerink went in to get a quick supper. As Jess returned to the house, the storm broke in all its fury. They felt the house tremble and disaster was in the very air--more than a sensation--a premonition. As they watched out the window, the barn opened up like a paper box and disappeared into the boiling, angry-looking storm cloud. Both Jess and his wife covered their faces with their hands, stunned and shocked.

When it was over, they found the cows safe but the barn was gone. Some of the cows were outside the once-anchored barn, but poles from the chicken house had slid down, protecting them.

Soon the skies brightened and neighbors came to help. Six weeks from the day the barn blew away, a new barn stood in its place. Ninety men, working swiftly, erected the building in record time. Then a letter arrived from Iwo Jima telling of their son's safety and the winter brought to the Guerinks a sense of having conquered.

But sometimes delayed reactions take their toll. When spring returned, winds blew again and an hysterical fear descended on Wilhelmina Guerink. She said to her husband, "We must sell because I cannot bear to stay and face another season of winds that blow so hard. We must go away where the winds do not blow." Jess Guerink looked at his wife in bewilderment and asked, "Somewhere where the winds do not blow?" She knew then that she could not run away from fears but needed the inner strength to overcome them.

Mrs. Guerink loved music and with a prayer for guidance, she found a new kind of happiness to replace fear. A piano was indeed her release as one day she began to sing of things she knew and loved. The nostalgic beauty of the mountains and the peace of mind which had come from looking at them and riding in them during the depressor days seemed now to overwhelm her with beauty, and her songs centered around that theme. Her faith in God and her fellow men was restored and though the winds of spring rattled the windows, her fears disappeared. She realized there is no real security except in inner security. She explained her state of mind to our listeners in this way, "In the time I am afraid, I will trust."

GOOD NEIGHBOR DAY

It was a beautiful day in September, a day such as only Wisconsin can offer when its weather is at its best. On September 11, 1951, the first Wisconsin Good Neighbor Day was in progress at Galloway, Wisconsin, 127 miles north of Madison. Three miles west of the town is the Frank Fleece farm where hundreds of friends had assembled to give a helping hand to one of their neighbors.

Good Neighbor Day was the dream of Dr. B. J. Przedpelski, associate county agent of Marathon and Portage Counties. Przedpelski had come from Poland to these counties in 1941, received his doctorate from Columbia University, then wrote a book about the Extension Service in Poland. He was invited to Wisconsin to help the many Polish immigrants adjust to their American environment.

Dr. Przedpelski hoped to use an agricultural social approach to the problem. The farmers themselves chose the Frank Fleece farm to receive the helping hand. Fleece, a veteran of World War II, had lost an eye the previous year while working the farm, which he and his young wife lived on with their two small children. The farm lacked facilities to produce income. There was no silo and no milkhouse--only an inadequate barn. The one-room house scarcely met the family's needs. Here was an opportunity to show how good neighbors from near and far could help.

C. J. MacAleavy, senior farm agent in the area, together with Przedpelski and Marathon County Extension Staff and the Farmer's Home Administration, formed a plan to erect the necessary buildings and a house in one day, with the help of hundreds of neighbors to do the manual labor. With this assistance, and the guidance of the University of Wisconsin Extension Service and the neighboring garden club, an unbelievable story unfolded.

When I approached the farm for my recording, I saw hundreds of workers erecting buildings and bulldozing some 35 to 40 acres of woods. The wind carried the sound of hammers striking sure and true, as the men built a huge barn, a house, garage, milkhouse, granary and machine shed. A pond was made for livestock which eventually became a swimming pool for neighborhood children. Busloads of boys and girls came from schools to clear stones from the fields. They loaded so fast the trucks could scarcely keep up. A veritable face-lifting was accomplished and the once stony acres became fertile and productive.

Many organizations joined in the spirit of Good Neighbor Day to make the day perfect. The County Health Department maintained a first aid station to cope with minor accidents from hammers and saws or burns. The Marathon County Highway Department blacktopped miles of roads leading to the Frank Fleece farm, enabling the cars, trucks and buses to travel easily and safely.

With microphone and recorder in hand, I remarked on this unbelievable sight as I stood in awe and wonder; as the gusty wind whistled into the microphone and the voices and laughter of throngs of people floated through the bright September air.

I documented the day's happenings first through short conversations with the leaders. Later I talked with the lucky recipients, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleece. Fleece, in bewilderment, declared that he was watching the fulfillment of a lifetime dream.

The previous week, members of a nearby garden club had made a stone wall, which circled an area, filled it with dirt and seeded it. Today they brought various trees and flowers, which they thoughtfully placed for best effect.

Margaret McCordic, extension specialist in housing at the University of Wisconsin, developed blueprints for the house which grew from one room to seven rooms. The kitchen was U-shaped with modern, continuous counters. A utility room at the rear entry offered access from farm buildings. On the first floor, a hall connected a living room, the kitchen, utility room and two bedrooms with a bath between. Stairs led to the basement near the rear entry. Stairs to the second floor opened off the hall. Visitors coming to the front door found a coat closet for their wraps. All arrangements combined to spell convenience.

A house cannot be called a home unless some beauty accompanies it. Professor George Ziegler, of the Horticulture Department, planned a U-shaped drive circling past the buildings, leading to the road. Within this turn-around stood a monument commemorating this remarkable day. Back of the house lay a vegetable garden, and beyond it, the orchard.

When scores of adults and young people assemble for an occasion of this kind, they must be fed. If you too wonder how this can be accomplished we can only quote Eileen Niedermeier, home agent in Marathon County, who took charge of "feeding the multitudes." With a committee of women from the Polish community, food was prepared for an indefinite number. Some 75 dozen frankfurter buns were previously buttered and frozen. Over 1,200 cheese sandwiches were prepared and pies and cakes were baked by homemakers in the county. Quantities of food were ready--100 pounds of franks, 50 pounds of coffee, 250 pounds of cabbage made into slaw, and 100 pounds of dry beans baked and served in big crocks over outdoor fires. A large tent was erected on the grounds, where meals were served. Over 1,000 people were fed that day.

Edith Bangham, supervisor in Home Economics extension service, who made this broadcast possible through her contacts, encouraged boys and girls to participate. William Kreed, 81 years old, who had been active in agricultural work and who was on the agricultural board for over 37 years, was on the grounds, sharing in the work. He remarked, "Never in my life have I seen anything like this, but I hope I may see many more of this kind." Professor C. J. Chapman declared that September 11, 1951, would go down in history as an all-time record of the good neighbor spirit.

Since that day, the farmers have gained confidence in soliciting help and direction from existing agencies, while the women have joined in Homemaker Clubs and activities in community and family living development. The people of Marathon County are good Wisconsin citizens.

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Among the splendid opportunities that a program director and broadcaster encounters is visiting a man of note, who is not only an artist but one who is easy to meet and ready to answer questions.

Aaron Bohrod, artist in residence at the University of Wisconsin since 1948, came to Wisconsin with a wealth of experience. He was formerly an artist war correspondent, and had created a series of paintings for Life Magazine. His works hang in many important museums, and he has received an extraordinary number of awards.

The term, "artist in residence" dates back to 1936 when John Stuart Curry first filled the post created by Dean Christiansen of the College of Agriculture. The Dean intended to encourage state residents to learn to paint and enjoy art. The artist in residence consults with rural art associations, lectures and paints at his own leisure. Only one other college has such a position--Dartmouth in Hanover, New Hampshire.

Aaron Bohrod has won world fame through his extraordinary realism. His "fool the eye" procedure pushes reality with the brush to the extent that viewers feel that they are looking at the actual material in place of a painted interpretation. His art is so real that often people reach out to touch the object, thinking it must be pasted on rather than painted--something both flattering and devastating to the painter.

Bohrod's art changed considerably through the years. In an early work, "Oakstreet Beach in Chicago," numerous sketchings of groups and individual figures were pieced together in the studio, while the natural scene formed the basis of what some would call a modern painting. At

that time the artist found it a valid way to express himself, but the phase passed and he began setting work up in a three-dimensional form, all objects corresponding more or less to the intended composition.

I asked the artist to comment on modern art. He responded, "I am modern in that I am alive, vigorous and working long hours. The abstract expressionist has a wild good time throwing paint or putting paint on a canvas to create visual excitement. Often he offers good color, good line, form and other attributes in realistic work, but his theme should be meaningful to the observer, not merely a decorative object."

When I asked my guest what he prescribed for a lay taste confronted by the perplexities of contemporary art, Bohrod advised, "Never be timid about deciding between what appeals to you and what doesn't. Accept painting in a relaxed manner. Make it one of the natural pleasures of life." Aaron Bohrod saw art appreciation as being similar to athletics. "A sport fan need not know how to throw or catch a ball himself in order to enjoy baseball. Neither does he need special background knowledge of art to respond to painting."

Aaron Bohrod did more than oil paint to keep his name among the great. He took time to write about art and he authored a book on pottery, another of his interests. "I can design and create pottery at the rate of 10 pieces a day," he told listeners. "This speed offsets the exacting work of a single painting which perhaps takes 10 weeks to accomplish." The book of pottery is in reality a picture book, as only five of six pages of writing are essential to it, but a book by this artist is one to cherish.

Only once did the University make a special request of Aaron Bohrod. "Summertime, Wisconsin," was executed for the cover of a University summer bulletin. Bohrod concocted the painting from a summer campus. One sees the notebook with its big W, sunglasses, tennis ball, a paper boat, the scientific laboratory, test tubes, a musician and a sculptor's tool. Above, white clouds float in a typically blue summer sky. At the time of the broadcast, this was his latest painting.

LAURA INGALLS WILDER

Driving in coulee country on a 200-mile trip from Madison to Pepin, Wisconsin, you find most extraordinary beauty, especially when the colors have tinted the distance with scarlet, orange and gold. Across the Mississippi the water widens until Lake Pepin is formed. On its shores lies the village of Pepin, birthplace of a beloved Wisconsin writer--Laura Ingalls Wilder. Her Little House series has won a place in the hearts of many a child and adult.

Mrs. Wilder made pioneer stories fascinating to the children of today, who do not hear of the pioneers as children once did from their grandparents. The Little House books are known internationally, having been translated into German, Spanish, Japanese and Chinese to mention a few.

Many of the folks in the Pepin area knew Laura Wilder personally. Others knew her through her books. All were proud to call her a native of Pepin. A marker was erected to honor Mrs. Wilder and a dedication service was held on Sunday, September 16, 1962, to mark the occasion. Our microphone was there, and the tape was played on the Friday morning Invitation to Reading program.

During the dedication, Mrs. William Loucks, of the LaCrosse Children's Library, told how much children thought of the Wilder books and how many sets had been worn out and replaced. One little girl said, "I feel I am one of the family while reading these books. When their father got lost in the blizzard, I felt as if it were my father, and when her sister got lost in the swamp, it was my little sister. I have read each of her books five times."

Mrs. Wilder's books are The Little House in the Big Woods (the story of Pepin), The Little House in the Prairie, The Farmer Boy, On the Banks of Plum Creek, By the Shores of Silver Lake, A Long Winter, A Little Town on the Prairie and These Happy Golden Years.

The marker which may be seen in the park in Pepin reads:

This park is named in honor of Laura Ingalls Wilder, author of the Little House books which were awarded merit in 1954 as lasting contributions to children's literature. Laura Ingalls was born in a log cabin, seven miles northwest of Pepin, February 7, 1867. In the 1870's her parents moved the family to Kansas territory, then to Minnesota. At 15, Laura was teaching school, and three years later married Almonzo Wilder. They lived in South Dakota before settling on a farm near Mansfield, Missouri. Mrs. Wilder began her writing career when she was 65. First in the series of eight books was The Little House in the Big Woods, describing her experiences here in the Pepin area. The book was an immediate success. The author was surprised at her success and told her interviewer after the first book, "I thought that would end it, but what do you think, children wrote to me asking for more. I went to little red school houses all over the west and never was graduated from anything." She died in 1957.

Laura Ingalls Wilder's books are acknowledged to be simple, uncluttered and vivid. Her stories show the loyalty and love of a family which had few material things. They had to work to live and children like that even today.

This was just one of the many book reviews given on Invitation to Reading. Other authors interviewed included Orrilla Blackshear, who originated this program, Hazel Straight Stafford, Julia Mailer, Phyllis Brinkley, Robert Gard, Russell Frost and many others.

BLACKHAWK'S TRAIL

On an early winter's day, four of us boarded a small plane to follow the path of Blackhawk's retreat up the Wisconsin River, as he fled from his white pursuers many years ago. Blackhawk's story was told to Homemaker listeners by Ray Sivisend, supervisor of sites and markers, Wisconsin State Historical Society. Norman Mitchie, program coordinator of the State Radio Council, acted as radio engineer of the recording mechanism, and I described the beauty of the country, pointing out the historic trails taken by Blackhawk and his followers.

Our plane cruised toward Sauk City and from there along the Wisconsin River to the Mississippi. The checker board farm land below stretched luxuriously ahead to the Baraboo Hills. Such territory had seldom been marched over, with bold mountains and scarcely a bush to sustain a man, Ray Sivisend told us.

The Battle of Wisconsin Heights, near Sauk City, involved Indian Chieftan Blackhawk, some 1600 old men, women, and children, and about 200 militant braves. Only about 50 braves were of service to Blackhawk; the others were needed to help Indians who needed aid. The United States army, feeling there was no hurry, waited until the following day for battle. Meanwhile, Blackhawk effected a crossing of the river and sent some of his people down the river to just below Prairie du Chien in boats rapidly constructed during the night. Jefferson Davis, junior officer, later wrote, "Had Blackhawk been a white man, this particular engagement might have been recorded as one of the truly magnificent feats of all history."

Some of the Indians went by land parallel to the river. Many were on the verge of starvation. The chase took them into a swamp area where berries and bark were their only food as they struggled to escape to the Mississippi.

Flying higher by some 3000 feet to escape rough wind currents, we could see the sparkling Wisconsin River, where sandbars have shifted through the years. Here we were in a modern plane, flying over a modern terrain with many straight highways and hilltop farms. How different from the time of Blackhawk.

We could see on our right, Readstown and the Kickapoo River. On our left were the villages of Soldiers Grove and Gays Mills. To the west was the Mississippi River and to the right and north lay Iowa and Minnesota. Many towns in this area were named by Blackhawk--Plain, Rising Sun and Victory.

The Battle of Bad Axe, in August 1832, practically annihilated Blackhawk's tribe. Only about 50 persons escaped, including Blackhawk. Later, when Blackhawk was living in Fort Madison, Iowa, he said of the battles, "My country was a beautiful country--I loved my town, my cornfields and the home of my people. I fought for them."

As we headed back toward Madison, someone asked the pilot, "Does the wind ever stop the plane or have too much of an effect on flight?" Carl Gill answered, "Sure, do you want me to show you?" He then stopped the plane with the nose pointing skyward and we stood motionless for a moment. The three men looked at me, expecting me to grow pale, but I fear I disappointed them. Flying doesn't seem to terrify me, perhaps because I know little about the mechanics. It's a wonderful adventure but I don't understand how it is possible. Radio and TV affect me similarly. Wonderful and unbelievable!

THE APOSTLE ISLAND CRUISE

When the blue of the lake reflects the blue of the sky, it is time to board the excursion boat, Chicago Queen, at Bayfield for a trip around the Apostle Islands of Lake Superior. This is a trip famous for beauty and history.

Eugene Anderson, farm and home development work agent in Bayfield County; Charles Forsberg, engineer of the Brule radio station, and Jack Stiehl, chief engineer of the state radio station, WHA and state FM stations, joined me on this Apostle Island cruise. We broadcast enroute.

Captain Bob Weber previewed the trip as we sailed along on a beautiful summer day, and co-pilot Bob Moon told stories of many of the islands. When early missionaries first came, they saw but twelve islands, hence the name "Apostle" Islands. They found others--22 in all--but the name stuck.

The islands support a dense population of white-tailed deer and in the fall hunters may shoot buck or doe; so consequently, many come to hunt. Deer share the islands with wolves and it is not uncommon in winter, according to co-pilot Moon, to see wolves chase a deer herd across the ice from island to island until one is caught. Black bear, weighing around 500 pounds, are prevalent on the islands, as are otter, beaver, coyotes, wolves, red fox, snow shoe rabbits and some birds. Among the largest of the birds seen on the islands is the American bald eagle, our national emblem. The eagles nest on high bluffs in the tall pine trees. They haul large sections of dead limbs to make enormous nests, large enough to comfortably seat two men.

Leaving Bayfield, we traveled first to Madeline Island, the largest of the Apostles (3 miles wide and 14 miles long). In La Pointe, its main city, one can find eating facilities, an historical museum, a craft shop, a library, a church and a pulpwood industry. Poplar trees are cut for pulp paper.

Next we passed Hermit Island, comprised of 900 acres. It gets its name from an old hermit named Wilson who lived on the island as its only resident. Rumor has it, Wilson came with a large amount of Mexican money and jewelry. After his death, many parties employed electronic devices to locate the buried treasure. There are large holes under trees to show the search was undertaken, but whether the money was ever found is unknown.

Leaving Hermit, we cruised to Stockton, the second largest of the group. This one is owned by the Conservation Department and is slated to be made into a state park. There is great variation in the shadings of the rock. Sand beaches are evident, as are the clearings where logging was once carried on. Blueberries grow abundantly.

Oak Island, on the port side of the boat, is the highest of the group. It rises 480 feet above the lake and consists of 4486 acres. There are good landing places and swimming beaches, but no one lives on the island. Trees are vivid in the fall, when the island's beauty is beyond description.

On Outer Island, logging is still carried on in some of the deep ravines which people were unable to reach years ago. Virgin timber stands are being cut and hauled to the veneer mills on the mainland.

As the Chicago Queen sailed around the Islands, we could see stone quarries that were in full operation in the 1900's. Sandstone, cut with primitive devices and hauled on barges to Bayfield and Washburn, was used to construct many buildings which remain today. Some of the old cribbings used in the dock areas can still be seen, though most have been washed away by rough seas.

Ducks flew past as we sailed and sea gulls clung to the rocky ledges where the young were nesting. Captain Weber told us that the mother gull remains on her nest until the eggs have hatched and the young ones have been

taught to fly, swim and fare for themselves. Few people ever see a baby sea gull because gulls nest in remote areas, but those who take the excursion trip can see them at this stage of their lives.

To the right loomed Bear Island, with its sand point and small dock. Among the trees, we could see cabins well protected from the winds. Those who own land on remote Bear Island would not sell "for love or money." From the southern side of this island, one can see into Canada, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

When noontime came, the Chicago Queen called individual orders to Rocky Island where the boat stops for lunch. From this island we could see the LCT's (Land Craft Tanks) carrying veneer logs on their way to Ashland. A lighthouse on the southern tip of Michigan Island was just visible over the tops of the trees. On a clear day it can be seen for 25 miles. The captain explained that its light aids ships that ply the Great Lakes, many hauling iron ore and grain from Minnesota, Duluth, Superior and Two Harbors, down to the large blast furnaces in Cleveland, Buffalo and South Chicago.

From Rocky Island, the boat headed North past Devils Island and then began the return trip. Devils Island has no wild game but boasts beautiful caves, sandstone rock and a lighthouse. Boats can approach the island only at the southeast corner. Other sides are too rugged. Heavy waves break off boulders, often sending spray 100 feet up into the trees. Caves extend under the island 40 to 50 feet and varied layers of rock are visible. A log, pounded by the winds, is stuck tight into the rock. The Coast Guard is stationed on the island and has established a breakwater and erected a boathouse. There is also a pumping station, an incinerator and a TV station. In 1929 President Coolidge visited the island and picnicked with prominent millionaires from Madeline Island. Coolidge proclaimed Devils Island "one of the most beautiful spots" he had ever seen.

Heading for the mainland, the boat passed the west side of Oak Island. To the right was Raspberry Island, where bears relish the berries found there. The boat sailed past Red Cliff, a large Indian reservation on the mainland which is maintained by the federal government. Then on to Bayfield.

A beautiful day and a beautiful cruise!

MADELINE ISLAND'S CRAFT SHOP

Madeline Island's Craft Center dates back some ten years from our Homemaker's Program broadcast on the Island. When summer breezes blow, thousands of visitors throng to the Island but when the busy summer passes, the Islanders settle down to a long fall and winter.

One wintry April 7th morning in the early 1900's Reverend and Mrs. Otto Schroedel came not as tourists, but to make their home in La Pointe. The Schroedels were sent by the Mission Board of the United Church of Christ, to minister to the island. Mrs. Schroedel was rummaging through the parsonage when she found a black metal loom in the attic. This little loom opened a new field of endeavor not only for its finder, but for the whole Island. Never having woven, Mrs. Schroedel soon saw commercial possibilities in weaving for all the people. Her idea sent her to books and to weavers who could show her this craft.

Crafts began in the living room of the Schroedel parsonage, but soon expanded into the basement of the United Church of Christ. Four years later, the Woods family of Nebraska supplied funds to build the first portion of the Craft Center. Soon workmen on the island began extending the building to supply a woodworking room, a darkroom, a so-called mudroom for pottery and space for a kiln, as well as for stones. The years have seen further expansion as crafts in pottery, lapidary, weaving, knitting and toy making grow in volume and number.

When the wintry days curtail activities out-of-doors, craft work within steps up. The days revolve around tea time, where friendliness and happiness are important. A small kitchenette accommodates this pleasure as friends bring in cookies and tea-makings. Soon a dining room will be constructed on the second floor where community dinners may be served. A second upstairs room will be used as a Community Center.

Reverend and Mrs. Otto Schroedel instigated this bustling craft adventure, although they readily point out that many others cooperated along the way. Looms were given or made by islanders. Some have promoted pottery making. Melvin Sandstrom, who lives on the island influenced weekly classes, bringing Clayton Bailey, a well-known teacher in the pottery field, to teach summer folk and islanders in this line.

Lapidary work is a natural on Madeline Island where agates, jasper and rhodonite are found. Retired to the island because of the crafts found there, Cal Humphrey now supervises the display and sale of lovely pieces of art and jewelry. The diamond saws and unusual pieces of equipment belong to this fine community house, built by and for the people of the Island. La Pointe's Art Amondson's electric machine does much in helping creativity.

Those on the island are clever indeed in using materials at hand. Fish nets, the rope around the edge of nets, marsh grasses, and even nylon hosiery are used to make door mats, placemats, rugs, waste baskets and many other useful articles.

A happy sequence of this broadcast came in the form of a letter from Two Rivers, Wisconsin. This listener wrote that her son lived in Ashland where she visited in summer. Upon hearing the story of the Craft Center on my Homemakers' Program, she had been intrigued, but later forgot the incident. One day during her last visit to Ashland, her son announced unexpectedly, "We must take you over to Madeline Island while you are here." Immediately she recalled the craft broadcast.

To her delight, as they drove along the main street of the island, there was the church and the Craft Center just as she imagined them. Upon entering, she met Mrs. Schroedel who gave our friend from Two Rivers, a complete tour. Her enthusiasm renewed, the visitor returned home to give many helpful materials to the Center. She also became my personal friend via letters. She wrote telling of a visit to the Two Rivers Community Center, where my son Robert was director. Friendships grow through many avenues.

LITTLE NORWAY

Are you forever looking for a new place to visit in Wisconsin? If so, try Little Norway which lies in a valley 25 miles west of Madison, near Mt. Horeb. Large elfen signs point to Little Norway or "Niesedahle"-- the Valley of the Elves. Touring even via radio, this charming place is something one cannot forget.

Professor and Mrs. Asher Hobson live in this picturesque spot, once the home of Mrs. Hobson's family, the Dahles, who viewed the landscape and declared it looked like their home in Norway. The story really goes back even further, to an early settler immigrant named Osten Olson Haugen. Some 110 years ago, Haugen came to southern Wisconsin where he found water fed by springs. He began developing the farmstead which today includes some 14 buildings and a gate house.

Mrs. Hobson's brother, Ike, collected antiques and much equipment, so he bought Niesedahle as a place to keep and display his many treasures. Today, visitors are shown through Little Norway by guides in Norwegian dress. Every Norwegian valley had its own costume, for each was like a little country with its own dialect and own king and queen. Always the costumes were gay--perhaps a red vest with a beaded front or a white dress trimmed with hardanger and a white apron. My guide had copied her mother's costume, resplendent with beautiful color and handwork.

In early days the pioneers and Indians lived in caves. One such cave at Little Norway is now used for food storage. A bell on one of the larger buildings took the place of a clock. Typical of the buildings in Norway's mountains is the summer home in Little Norway. Its sod roof helps keep the house warm in winter and cool in summer.

Beyond the large new house which the Hobsons have built as their home, stands a group of buildings, including sheds filled with early pioneer furnishings and equipment. There is a hut in the hill just large enough for the herd girl who once cared for goats. One wonders at her bravery as she lived alone in the hills where wild beasts were often seen and heard.

The little storehouse for food was built on stilts for a very good reason. It was so built in the hill that the steps leading to the house were not united with the main structure except by grooves. Should a mouse climb the steps, it could not jump the distance to the building filled with food; so the storehouse was mouse or rodent proof. A child could jump back and forth, but not a mouse.

The largest and most renowned building on the grounds looks for all the world like a medieval Kirke, but it is in fact an exhibition building built in Norway. Later it was stationed in Paris, then moved to the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Wrigley of Wrigley Gum fame moved it to Lake Geneva. Wrigley was a friend of Ike Dahle's and together they moved it to Little Norway.

One wonders how the Kirke could be moved such distances without being destroyed. My guide explained that it was put together by bolts, pegs and nuts. These do not loosen as easily as nails, hence its movability. It now rests on a good foundation and will remain stationary the rest of its days. Dragons keep evil spirits away from the Kirke. In place of shingles, dragon scales cover the roof and the whole structure resembles a 10th century Viking ship. Medieval churches were patterned after ships, which explains the similarity.

Within the Kirke are miniature ships which entice all who visit Little Norway. One is a replica of a 10th century Viking ship. Another reminded me of a ship in the Oslo Museum. There are also sailing ships and training ships, very similar to those seen sailing into Milwaukee and Chicago from Norway.

Little Norway displays its natural beauty in spring, summer, fall and winter. The beauty of its landscape with lakes, bridges and special paths all culminate in a place worthy of any visitor.

THE SWISS COLONY

Wisconsin is proud of its heritage and of the many people who have come from various countries of the world to find a home in America. One day I invited listeners to come with me as guests to New Glarus, named for the old country city of Glarus, Switzerland. This little Swiss Colony lies 25 miles southwest of Madison in the rolling hills of Green County which are so similar to those in Switzerland that the first Swiss settlers felt very much at home.

My guests on this broadcast included Henry Schmidt, curator of the Chalet of the Golden Fleece; J. Freitag of the New Glarus Historical Society; Doris Platt of the Wisconsin Historical Society; and Mrs. Melvin Voegli, hostess of the New Glarus cottage.

According to Henry Schmidt, the early colony arrived in 1845 directly from the canton of Glarus in Switzerland. They left their homeland due to the very bad crop and business conditions. Only families were selected in order to encourage a permanent agricultural settlement in America. They must have been brave and hardy, as records show the journey took 46 days. When they landed in Baltimore, they made their way by river to Pittsburgh down the Ohio, and finally managed to arrive at St. Louis, weary and destitute.

The Swiss government had sent two scouts to locate a site as similar as possible to Glarus, Switzerland, but the two sent no word and were feared lost. Two more men, called experts, were sent out on foot to search for the scouts. They traveled through Iowa and Illinois, finally reaching Galena, Illinois. There they learned that the two Swiss scouts had arrived, but had gone on to the government

land office in Mineral Point, Wisconsin. At Mineral Point, the men learned the scouts had been directed 33 miles farther. The search party traveled by foot, until they sat down to rest in Green County. Suddenly they heard wood choppers. They followed the sound and found the two scouts. They were building a cabin.

One expert started back intending to go to St. Louis, but in Galena he discovered the colony encamped on the river bank. True to form, the men returned by foot, with the women and children following by oxcart. It was August 16, 1845, when they arrived at the chosen spot. "From then on," Henry Schmidt said, "it was a matter of survival. The season was too far advanced to plant crops; so they lived on berries, nuts and fish that first winter.

"The Swiss government sent \$1200 to help them before they could plant crops. The men worked for 50¢ a day in the little settlement of Monroe, saving enough to sow their first wheat crop." Imagine their dismay when the chinch bugs destroyed their precious crop. In desperation they turned to dairying, which they had practiced in Switzerland. As soon as they could acquire a herd, they sold the milk as Swiss cheese which they made in their kitchens, and peddled to Monroe and Mineral Point.

J. Freitag described the reconstructed village of New Glarus which is fashioned after Glarus, Switzerland. Buildings surround the village square in the old manner of city planning. "All of the buildings remained unoccupied until the church was built," explained Freitag. "In 1959 we started the cheese factory; in 1960 the blacksmith shop, and finally we purchased two abandoned schoolhouses, and moved them to the village square."

First I visited the cottage where Mrs. Melvin Voegli is hostess. She remarked that antique enthusiasts constantly haunt this rustic home exclaiming over the authentic fireplace and the looms, which not so long ago were used for weaving rugs and clothes. Candle molds abound, including one that produced a curious, time keeping candle designed to burn exactly one hour at a time. The candle could be raised a notch, so that it would give light for another hour, and so on until the entire candle had burned. The cruet for oil and vinegar stood on the table where ironstone china held sway. As I passed by, I saw an old bed, with ropes instead of springs, and a mattress of straw. Mrs. Voegli explained that the early settlers also stuffed their mattresses with cornstalks, marsh hay or feathers. There was a rocker which folded up when not in use and a hot water bottle was once used to keep a baby's bottle warm.

Atop the hill stands the church, a replica of the original old New Glarus church built in 1848. Ten years later there was a stone church, and later in 1900 one of brick. This replica contains a shingle cut from the first church, as well as two of the original benches. The tin communion set was fashioned by an original settler-- J. Freitag's grandfather. The baptismal table was used by the first two churches. The handmade altar resembles the original. There is an organ donated by one of the older families, along with a well-preserved Bible, printed in 1779. Bibles, prayer books and Sunday school cards complete the furnishings, so that annual services may be held once each year in memory of the first Swiss settlers. Grave stones are within the church yard, but no graves.

Naturally, New Glarus boasts the first cheese factory built in Green County. Guide Peggie Durst pointed out the 1868 vintage kettles, churns and molds. "The men used logs to swing the big kettles into position in the fireplace," Peggie told us.

In our trek through the village, we were met at the Blacksmith shop by another guide, Steve Kamere, who explained that it resembled smithies dating back to 1600. The forge and anvil, (or ones much like them) shaped countless wheel rims and treadmills that helped the settlers thresh their grain and churn their butter. The village smith shod generations of horses and donkeys. Some of the shoes were fortified with sharp nails to be used on ice. Oxen yokes were displayed also in this old-time blacksmith shop.

A 46-star flag of 1907-1912, and a Green County map dated 1861, adorn the wall of the old Monticello schoolhouse, which now stands in the restored New Glarus village. Buckets and dippers, slates and pencils, crude maps and globes take the visitor back to earlier days. An unusual schoolhouse fixture came as a gift from Glarus, Switzerland. Other Swiss relics include cow bells, along with Indian arrowheads and stone axes from the surrounding countryside. This pioneer schoolhouse also has on display some teeth and a piece of back bone of a mastodon, a huge beast, now extinct, that was larger than an elephant.

Today this pioneer village is one of the outstanding attractions of the state, bringing thousands of visitors each year.

LAKE PEPIN

Five thousand people came to Lake Pepin at Stockholm, Wisconsin in one day to view one of the most beautiful spots in the United States. So many people cannot be wrong in their estimates. William Cullen Bryant wrote of Lake Pepin. Mark Twain made reference to it, and an opera was written about Maiden Rock, one the high points overlooking the lake.

Every mile from La Crosse to Pepin and Stockholm on the banks of the lake is packed with history and beauty.

Lake Pepin is 3 miles wide in the widest part and 25 miles long. A geological marker tells that the land was formed by the backing up and widening of the Mississippi River. The hills surrounding are sometimes covered with dark mist that resembles smoke rising out of the horizon. Could Indian spirits still be sending smoke signals?

Markers placed by the Wisconsin Historical Society dot the highways from La Crosse to the lake, telling of French activity many years ago. The French came into this area via Lake Superior, up the Brule and down the St. Croix to the Mississippi. They built a chain of forts to protect the fur trade in 1685. In May 1689, a French explorer, Nicholas Pierrot, laid claim to the area around Lake Pepin in the name of the king of France. At times there were conflicts with Indians in the area, but Pierrot was a military man, a diplomat and a negotiator. The story based on legend and possibly fact, tells of the Indians stealing supplies which hampered life in this territory. Pierrot called the Indians together and poured brandy into a cup. Then, before their frightened eyes, he put a match to the liquid, setting it on fire. He threatened to do the same with Lake Pepin if they did not return the stolen goods. Another story claims he poured oil on the lake, setting fire to it, and threatened to burn the whole lake. The goods were returned.

Between 1689 and 1756, the land of the Sioux was added to the French domain. In 1756 the French and Indian War was waged. European history called it the Seven Year War. By 1763, the French were compelled to give up all the land formerly held in North America and Canada to the English. Later this Northwest territory became the property of the United States.

With Mr. and Mrs. Irving Matson, who live on the banks of Lake Pepin in Stockholm, and Ray Sivisend, supervisor of sites and markers of the State Historical Society, who had authentic tales to tell, I recorded stories of this region for Homemaker listeners.

Irving Matson was born one mile from Stockholm; so his earliest memories are of the days when the hills were full of timber. Those were the days when houses were built of 40-foot timbers, free of knots, and paint was such that Matson's home, still standing, has been painted only twice in 73 years. Farmers then dug their farms out of the wooded land and planted what they could. Taxes in 1870 were only \$.79 on the property, but a \$1 poll tax had to be worked out or paid. Available wood was burned to heat the homes.

Deer were abundant but were killed off rapidly and the few survivors finally went north. Lumber trade also moved north.

Today a great river road is under way on the Wisconsin side of Lake Pepin and 160 acres of land are being made into a state park. An overlook will be made on this road at famed Maiden's Rock.

This rock holds an Indian legend of frustrated romance. An Indian princess, Winona, was in love with Waubesa who camped in Minnesota. Winona's father wanted her to marry an older Indian chief for the purpose of military alliance. Poor Winona could not bear the thought; so she ended her life by jumping off Maiden's Rock, which towers 600 feet above the lake. Winona's leap has been remembered by both poets and song writers.

Directly opposite Maiden's Rock on the Minnesota side of the lake is "Point-No-Point," so called because it disappears so frequently. It can be seen from both sides of the lake, but when one approaches Maiden's Rock, it disappears entirely.

Sand mines and tunnels form driveways under the sand in this enchanted land, punctuated by legend, and history lives on even though roads are straightened in the name of progress and isolation has become a thing of the past.

HISTORYLAND

On the banks of the Namekagon River in Sawyer County lies Historyland, developed by Tony Wise. With him was Jerry Berrard, host for our recorded visit, and Earl Richards, an old lumberjack who experienced many rugged logging days deep in the Wisconsin woods. According to Jerry Berrard, the Namekagon River formed a lake with the help of dams. This lake, called Lake Hayward, marked the location for our lumber camp story at Hayward, Wisconsin.

We first visited Historyland in early evening just as an Indian Pow Wow began. The water skiers, the sail boats, the rosy sunset and a big full moon rising quietly in the eastern sky, is something I shall always remember. The Indians dancing in all their colorful garb added not only beauty but a sense of history.

Early the next morning, the state station microphone again found its way to Historyland, for on the banks of Lake Hayward, there is an historic lumber camp. I met guide Earl Richards, who recalled the early logging days. Old time logging equipment lined the camp, for Terry Wise had traveled from one camp to another to pick up authentic articles. Even the largest and oldest equipment (some over 80-90 years old) could be seen. An old grill, an old bell bellows forge used in the woods some 70 years ago and still in good working condition, a couple of anvils, a horseshoe shaper and a later model (forge) blower, all hand made, were safely kept in this camp.

The big wheel with crank was made in the woods by the wood butcher to gum out saws. Each notch was pointed with a file, for saws had to be kept sharp for lumberjacks. Trees were felled by cutting wedges or notches in the trunks to determine the direction the tree would fall.

After it was felled, one end of the huge log was raised by this 12-foot high wheel, and a chain was wrapped about the log and tied. Four oxen dragged the rest of the log down through the woods to the landing where it was skidded out into the water. Floating the logs was done only in summer, of course. White pine logs at Historyland, each over a century old, represented the felled trees of the logging camp.

Beside the logs stood a huge tub used by the lumbermen for their laundry. A hot fire was built under the tub, a handful of soap was tossed in and a big wooden tamper tamped it for 8 to 10 minutes. Then the clothes were wrung out, taken to the bunk house and laid on the logs to dry. No bleaches or clothes lines were available in those days.

In winter, when the northern Wisconsin winds blew icily through the forests, the lumberjacks made roads through the woods by sawing the timber down low enough that the logging sleighs could go over the tops. Drays were loaded with 5000 to 8000 feet of lumber to a load and three men and a team of horses or oxen would take the logs down to the landing, put them on skidways and pile them up 16- to 20-feet high. Then in spring the logs would be rolled into the river to float with the current down to the mill where they were sawed into lumber. Often two or three men would follow the logs to guard against jamming.

At times trails were iced so that loads could be skidded. A big water tank, holding about 750 barrels of water, was pulled up to the logging road. Out came the water plug and with it the water. It ran in a little river through the woods and finally froze making an icy road. It took 4½ to 5 hours to load the tank, said Guide Richards. Six big horses pulled it to the place where runners were in line with the ruts. This was one of the coldest jobs in the woods. No wonder spring brought happier days!

The passing years brought newer equipment and techniques. At Historyland there was a Lima locomotive (50 years old), a steam jammer (45 years old), and a gas jammer (25 years old). The locomotive built in Lima, Ohio, in 1909, had one drive shaft on the left side of the locomotive, making it twice as powerful as if the

driving gears had been divided. Train tracks were run into the forest. Some 8 or 10 flat cars were loaded, hitched to the locomotive, taken to the sawmill, unloaded into the river, pulled up into the mill and sawed into lumber. By the time one load was delivered, the lumberjack had more flat cars loaded and ready to go.

Camp supplies came by boats 35- to 40-feet long. In 1900 these were known as the lumberman's "bateau." Three big lumberjacks transported supplies down the river using poles. They pushed the barges for five or six days to deliver new supplies. It took much food to feed hungry men. One big camp was established at the landing, with smaller camps near by. In early morning at Lake Hayward, 150 to 225 men assembled waiting for their cook to serve them pancakes. The cook would rise at 2:00 AM to make the cakes which took the men only an hour to eat.

Lumberjacks worked hard and long, but they had fun too. One of their sports was log rolling without falling into the water. George Coon, a Wisconsin Indian who began this sport when he was 16 became the champion log roller. He worked as a lumberman for about 30 years. When I met him and watched him tread the logs, he had been retired for over 25 years. Asked if it took more energy than the Indian dances, he replied that log rolling was vastly different. Guide Richards remembered the days when he fell in the icy water in the morning and tended the logs all day in his wet clothes.

Lumbermen were rugged and their work was unequalled in any industry. Historyland tells and shows the lumberman's story through the years. A visit is an educational adventure.

MINERAMA

Travelers find a wealth of interest in noted Wisconsin Dells. Should you vacation there, do not be satisfied with the commercial facilities only, but discover for yourself the rich history of the Dells. One of the very pleasant ways to explore is to visit "Minerama." Its owners took "Min" from miniature and "rama" from the famed panoramic view. Here in one quarter inch scale lies a miniature Dells in historic likeness.

Miriam Bennet and Ruth Bennet Dyer, daughters of the noted photographer Henry Hamilton Bennet, and Ollie Reese, Mrs. Dyer's son-in-law, are partners in the Minerama Museum. To call it a museum is not technically correct-- in truth it is a model of the Dells with moving parts. Pictorially it is similar to a three-dimensional painting.

A panoramic view repays the visitor who enters Minerama as he looks 10 miles up the street of the Dells and on into the distance. Standing by the dam, he watches the river flow into the Lower Dells and sees the buildings on the Cliff. The Old Daw House, once an inn where travelers would tie up for refreshments, burned in 1900, but it still stands in miniature.

For 14 hours every day, the world's longest miniature steam locomotive issues its "stack music" as it curves into the distance. This locomotive is 51 feet long and weighs 52 pounds. Two miniature freight trains rush past as they do in fact each and every day. Also included in the display is a model of the world's only underwater electric railroad which is towed by a little locomotive through the Upper and Lower Dells.

As the trains puff and whistle their way through the Dells, the visitor views the scenery depicted through Minerama. There are the bluffs, 15 miles south of the Dells. He sees the swallows' nests and Chimney Rock, which resembles a chimney of pioneer days. And he sees Blackhawk's Head, a rock that looks like the profile of Chief Blackhawk. To his right is High Rock and to his left, Romance Cliff. The rock formation which forms the narrows is called Navy Yard. Behind the channel of Lover's Lane at Steamboat Rock, the visitor finds Witches Gulch, and passing Signal Point he discovers Sunset Cliff. At Stand Rock, the Indian Ceremonial, which is the trademark of the Dells, takes place.

The overall view of this territory and the beauty of the scenery with blue skies and white clouds, the distant river and the miniature trains and boats with the smoke coming out of the stacks, make this scene a most vivid one to remember.

How did Minerama achieve such accuracy of this region? Henry Hamilton Bennet left his heirs many pictures from which actual duplicates could be made to scale. Styrafoam plastic, cut into layers and put together with thousands of tooth picks, form the layers of rock which fashioned the cliffs formed by the glacier. Plaster and paint over the formations and thousands of miniature trees, all scaled by an artist, make the 1500 photographs a living replica.

Minerama is a beautiful source of education, scenic splendor and interest. One must see it to appreciate the lore and activity of Wisconsin Dells.

COLORAMA

Early pioneers in Wisconsin looked in wonder and amazement when they viewed the breathless beauty of autumn. They stood in silent appreciation of what Indian summer could achieve in the northern counties. Little wonder that beauty has become an industry!

Today Vilas County in northern Wisconsin shares with visitors the joys and scenic splendor of what is known as a "Colorama", which is interpreted as Nature's beauty at its best.

With microphone in hand and a recorder under arm, I visited this county when the sun shone brightly through the spires of balsam to the scarlet leaves of maples, and I walked along the sparkling waters of some of Wisconsin's 1300 lakes.

We stopped first at Arbor Vitae Lake in the Woodruff area. There are Big and Little Arbor Vitae Lakes. Big Arbor Vitae feeds the smaller lake which itself covers 500 acres with a 28 foot depth. The weeds of the lake entice fish, but repel swimmers. Fishermen come to fish for walleyed pike and to enter the famed musky tournament, included in the Colorama festivities. The muskies come here in the fall when they are the largest--some 54 inches long and around 45 pounds. Anyone who has watched a fisherman fighting to bring in a warrior musky knows the thrill of a catch.

Families also make up the crowds of festival visitors. Some like just to sit by the lake, looking at the reflected red, yellow, orange, bronze and green of the foliage, highlighted by autumn's sunshine. Others enjoy cruising on the Chain of Lakes, watching waterfowl dip down to drink, and looking for next winter's decorations in plants and weeds, pine cones, Christmas trees and driftwood. These are delightful occupations for a vacationer.

Herman Smith, Vilas County farm agent and Mary McArthur, home agent, took me to Eagle River, where a speed boat was ready to take us on the Eagle Chain-of-Lakes, the largest chain of fresh water lakes in the world. This chain is composed of 27 lakes, 7 of which are in the Eagle and 20 in the Three-Lakes Chain. Vilas County boasts of the Continental Divide which may be seen on Highway B, between Presque Isle and Land O' Lakes. This is the start of the Wisconsin River which empties into the Mississippi at Bridgeport.

Nicolet Forest lies within Vilas County. A hike through the forest trail, made by the Forest Service took us on a Colorama tour between Butternut and Franklin lakes. We stopped to see virgin pines, some over 48 inches in diameter and each 150 feet tall. You can walk between two rows of them, continuing on the trail for from one to three hours. On the warmest day, a cool breeze refreshes the wanderer.

At Lac du Flambeau, another of the Colorama radio visits in Vilas County, we suddenly came upon startling scarlet flames of color. Ben Guthrie, an Indian businessman who contributed much to retaining and restoring Indian culture, lived near the "Indian Bowl." There twice each week in the summer months, a two-hour Indian dance entertains summer visitors. Unlike some modernized performances, these dances maintain the true Chippewa customs, dress and dance. In these performances, we saw authentic Indian life displayed in the dance that grew in momentum as it progressed. Feathered feet of children flew in rhythm and accelerated timing as they joined in the Chippewa Indian dances. Venison with wild rice stuffing served out-of-doors climaxed a very special occasion.

Vilas County boasts fine highways, six airports and much Indian lore. The tourist may be rewarded with a retelling of the old legend of Crawling Stone, a stone that traveled back and forth from one Vilas County lake to another. At Fence Lake, the Indians cleverly erected a wooden fencing with an opening through which deer had to pass, but alas, they were shot as they went through the opening. A Fur Trading Post, erected in 1792 is an interest spot of Vilas County.

A colorama in Wisconsin's Northland offers both education and beauty at its best.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

PEYOTE

An Indian religion that originated in Mexico has spread to many areas of the United States. This religion is known as the "Peyote Religion" or "The Native American Church." Jay Brandon, associate curator of anthropology at the Wisconsin State Historical Society, told of the present day Peyote religion on the Homemakers' Program. Mr. Brandon studied contemporary Indian life as he worked among them and so could give listeners first hand information.

Peyote meetings may be held weekly or bi-weekly, with people assembling at sundown. After it is dark the service starts, conducted by a "road man," who is similar to one usually called a preacher or pastor. The "fire man" builds a fire which is an important part of the ceremony. Ritual paraphernalia includes sage or cedar incense, fans, a water-drum and sometimes tobacco, gourd rattles, eagle bone whistles and a prayer staff. The fire place is situated in front of the road man. First there is the sacramental eating of the peyote cactus. The road man dispenses the peyote, which may be dried, green, ground to a mush or boiled and served as tea. Drumming and singing accompany the service. Individuals may stand up, approach the fire and say prayers aloud. Meetings last all night with a break at midnight when water is given to those who want it.

Peyote is a spineless cactus which grows in Texas along the Rio Grande and in northern Mexico. When eaten in sufficient quantity, it produces hallucinations. Opinions differ as to whether or not it is a narcotic. It is not listed on the Federal narcotic list, but California has legally determined that it is a narcotic. Peyote does not induce intoxication and so is not like alcohol. Wisconsin does not consider it a narcotic and it is legal in this state.

Hallucinations from eating peyote may take several forms. They may be visual, as when a person sees a scene that is realistic although he knows it is a vision. They may be auditory, as when a great mellow distant male voice sings in harmony with the chanting at the meeting. Or they may be a detachment of self from self, as if half of a person were walking away from the other half.

The hallucinations are almost sacred. They are thought to be an aspect of God, which takes over the mind to instruct the individual in the proper way of life and to reveal divine mysteries. If one cannot solve a problem, he "goes to Peyote," which means he attends the service, eats peyote and the good Peyote Spirit shows him the way.

One naturally wonders if there are any benefits from this type of Indian religion. Mr. Brandon answers, based on his experience with groups, that it is an attempt, in a way, for some to restore "good-old-days." It is, however, relief from the drab and boring day-to-day existence which the Indian unfortunately so often faces. Peyote faith absolutely forbids using alcohol, so drinking diminishes for a time at least. Perhaps the most important benefit is that it gives the Indian a chance to be a part of a cohesive group which is important to the effective functioning of an individual.

JEWISH FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

In commemoration of Brotherhood Week, Beth Israel Synagogue featured table settings depicting the eight Jewish holidays of the year. The purpose of the table setting was to explain the Jewish holidays to public school teachers so they might better understand absences on certain occasions and the special traditions of the Jewish children. Rabbi Oscar Fleishaker agreed to let me tape record interviews with him and several of his congregations (Mrs. Michael Sherman, Mrs. LeRoy Goss and Mrs. Herman Mack). They interpreted the meanings of the tables which portrayed the holidays.

Beginning with the lunar calendar, fall begins the year with a solemn occasion, lasting for two days. This may come in September or October. During this time the fate of the coming year is determined by God, according to Jewish belief. The first table was of white and solemn in tone. White gladiolas and dahlias decked the center with abundant sweet foods, such as apples dipped in honey and honey cake. The foods represented a sweet year.

Table two was dedicated to the "Day of Atonement," the most holy day in the Jewish calendar. The Rabbi explained the most solemn day of the year. It is accompanied by a complete fast, with no eating or drinking for 25 hours and services run for 15 hours. Candles lighted this table where no food was present. Candles were the symbol of light and God's word in the home. Prayer with a spirit of forgiveness from God and from fellowmen marked the essence of the day.

The third table was the feast table, called the "Feast of Thanksgiving." Here was bounty in fruits and foods, typical of an abundant harvest. Cornucopias on

the table were overflowing. This day celebrates the watchful care of the Almighty over the wanderings of the Jews in the desert. The Jewish people chose this week for modest living. Many built frail huts, garnished with fruits and greens, where all meals were taken during the observance, weather permitting. They lived as their ancestors lived in the desert. Table number three was a buffet table, the members of the family standing as they ate. Large, lovely candles formed the centerpiece.

In November or December, according to the moon year, Chanukah is celebrated for eight days. A candle is lighted each day, and each evening the children receive a gift. It is rededication time for the Hebrews. Table four was graced with yellow chrysanthemums in a gay mold. Special cookies, potato pancakes and apple sauce, as an accompaniment to the pancakes, were a part of this feast.

In the center of table five, termed "Holiday in March" was a queen, set in a bouquet of flowers. Green and gold colors portrayed oriental splendor, giving the feeling of royalty. According to the Biblical book of Esther, the Jewish queen saved her people at that time from the black-hearted Haman. Noisemakers are given to the children on this holiday, and as the story is read, they draw out the name of Haman by the stamping of feet plus the noisemakers.

The sixth table marked one of the most important festivals of the Jewish Calendar, "Passover," which represents the freedom of Jewish people from slavery in Egypt. For eight days the diet represents a half slave, half freedom effect to impress upon all, the vital importance of freedom over any other quality. The master of the household represents the king of the evening as he reads the story of deliverance. He is made comfortable with pillows around him as he partakes of hard cooked eggs dipped in salt water, unleavened bread together with the symbolical chicken soup, chicken, fish, sponge cake and tea. The table was set with the finest and most exquisite dishes and silver.

Table seven gave a glimpse of a "Spring Harvest Festival," which comes seven weeks following the Passover and is the birthday of the Bible and of spring. "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is the one day mentioned in the Bible, hence the Sabbath table

was the one which told best of special foods. Rest, so important to man and to human life, is a highlight of the Jewish Sabbath which starts at sunset on Friday and continues until sunset on Saturday. It is a mother's duty to kindle the Sabbath lights. The master of the house breaks bread and blesses the little children in a very serious and beautiful ceremony. The children sing the Sabbath songs. Little girls see that the candle sticks are cleaned and the table is set with care. Some of the foods prepared for this meal may be chicken soup with noodles or rice, turkey, green vegetable and bread pudding. Fruit, sponge cake and tea are served.

THE MORAVIAN PUTZ

When the Christmas season arrived with all its music and lovely decorations, I asked guests on the program to tell of the unusual sounds and sights they associated with this time of year. I found one of the most beautiful scenes at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Neupert in Cambridge, Wisconsin. It was a Moravian Christmas tradition called the "Putz"--a most impressive family project.

For many years the Neupert family has carried on this tradition that Grandma Neupert worked on when her family of boys was growing up. Grandma Neupert, known lovingly as "Gram," collected fruits, animals and figures to assemble in the Putz. Many of them are now over 50 years old and are still a part of Christmas for the Neupert family.

According to custom, each Moravian family makes a Putz and hangs a Moravian star to give the Christmas season a meaningful significance. The Putz depicts the spirit of Christmas as the first Christmas night in Bethlehem.

Fourteen days before Christmas, the Neupert family begins to assemble the scene in their large living room. The work begins by removing all furniture from the end of the room, laying a newspaper foundation over the rug at that section, and covering the surface with fir needles, moss or grass. In former years, Christmas trees were dried and the needles saved for the next year. Later, moss was gathered in wash tubs and saved until Christmas, but today Mrs. Neupert saves the cut grass mowed in July. When dried properly, turned, put in a shed overnight and laid outside for three days, the grass remains green and fresh even when brought out at Christmas. Driftwood

plays an important part in making tunnels, bridges and the nativity nook. Mr. Neupert's father found the log which is used for the Nativity Scene over fifty years ago. Twin white pines flank the hills and valleys at either end of the scene. Lights and ornaments are identical on both trees while handmade fruits saved for many years add to the pleasure of the season's decor. A cloth apple and shiny covered pears, plums and peaches are among the treasures. Mrs. Neupert's three daughters each have a bunch of highly colored cherries on the tree reminding her of the ones she had when she was a little girl.

The Nativity Scene is set up with Larry Neupert acting as engineer. The whole setting is one of the great out-of-doors. The trails, the cliffs and deep recesses are filled with miniature animals, so real that the hills seem to be alive with mountain lions, wolves, llamas, zebras and giraffes. The sheep on the hills are guarded by dogs, as are the goats and the cows that graze on the forest's edge. The mountain streams bridged by drift wood arches and the lake surrounded by the deep forest help shield the alligator and the forest folk. Squirrels perch on a log. The elephant and baby, small as they are, have real hides so they become actual animals to one who draws near enough to touch. The mother deer and fawn find protection here and the shepherd of the sheep stands near.

The setting is one which highlights the Nativity Scene. The trail that leads to it offers rich wise men dressed in red and white clothing and double-humped camels covered with red throws. It is a long procession with a camel boy plodding along behind the Three Wise Men. At the driftwood cave or grotto, lighted indirectly by a hidden Christmas bulb, are Mary, Joseph and the Baby Jesus. An angel, a lamb and a dove stand guard and the donkey, cows and a goat are in evidence. It is a real scene reminiscent of that first Christmas night.

In the Putz, there is no sham or modern mechanical electric houses or trains. It is something real in which visiting school children and friends may find solace. It is in itself the spirit of Christmas to all who look upon it and to those of us who listened to its story on the Homemakers' Program.

CONSERVATION

BIRDS, RIDGES AND GARDENS

Conservation is a treasured word in Wisconsin. Stories told on the Homemakers' Program featured three beautiful conservation areas in our state--Spring Brook Water Shed, Ridges Sanctuary and Wisconsin Gardens.

SPRING BROOK WATER SHED

Spring Brook Water Shed lies in a sheltered valley near Beloit in southeastern Wisconsin. Its smoothly flowing brook and the planted trees have made it a wild life sanctuary.

Carl Welty, professor at Beloit College and author of The Life of Birds, lives in this beautiful valley near the Water Shed. Visiting with him and his wife in their home, with tape recorder at hand, was like visiting life-long friends, so genuine was their hospitality.

Looking out over the valley, I saw some 40 to 50 species of birds, including mourning doves, blue birds, cardinals, martins, wrens, song sparrows and an occasional red-headed woodpecker and downy flicker. According to Mr. Welty, the size of the body and the size of the wing determine the bird's way of life. He describes one unusual bird personality in this way.

On an island in Ecuador there is a bird called the "blue-footed booby." This bird lacks the color of most South American birds. The booby must make the most of what has been bestowed upon him, so he sticks out his chest and shows off his blue feet by holding them high as he courts the ladies.

Another unusual bird is the tern, a vicious fowl with strange mixtures of emotion. Should a strange young tern run to a mother tern, the bird becomes an enemy to it. But should the young bird by chance touch the breast feathers of the mother, her behavior changes instantly and she becomes solicitous and most tender.

Mr. Welty told us that many wild animals enjoy the sanctuary of the sheltered valley, making the Water Shed a delight to nature lovers. Possums often visit the garbage pail, daring to come close to the house. Raccoons wander to the stream. Skunks, squirrels, deer and mice follow their own desires. Even Mrs. Fox has found a stump which makes a good home for her litter of young kits.

Fortunate indeed are Professor and Mrs. Welty to live so near the Spring Brook Water Shed.

THE RIDGES SANCTUARY

Deep in the woods in Door County near Bailey's Harbor on the shores of Lake Michigan lives a gifted woman of some 70 years. She stands tall and slender, was a teacher in her time, and will be a woodsman always. Her home is open to invited guests, but a ruthless hunter or reckless fisherman is rejected at the point of a gun, and anyone who knows Emma Tuft's gift of marksmanship does not argue. Miss Tuft is gentle of word and deed, with a beauty that is born of the out-of-doors.

Emma Tuft, with her unlimited knowledge of flower and field, and William H. Beckstrom, former park supervisor, are two of the finest guides known in wildlife sanctuaries, according to Door County countrymen. I chose these two to guide me on a radio tour of the Ridges Sanctuary to give listeners a quick glimpse of this renowned spot. Should you go to the Ridges without a guide, you would say, "Where am I? What sort of desolate spot is this?" But with a guide versed in history and a love for nature's gifts, the Ridges Sanctuary becomes an easily read text book on nature. It is not a park, not a museum and not an arboretum. It is a God-given shrine where wildlife, both plant and animal, is permitted to live unmolested by man.

The Sanctuary is a series of thirteen ridges with sloughs or low areas between. These ridges border the old Lake Michigan shore line and hold many arctic flora left by the glacier which passed this area some 7000 years ago. Because of the sand, the limestone cuesta and the rare type of soil, these plants live and gradual growth continues. At present another ridge is developing in Lake Michigan, which may rise centuries from now.

Each of the ridges differs in flora, but plant life is evident on all. Throughout the ridges and sloughs are plants common in the arctic. Pitcher plants, with their tubular leaves, and Umbrella flowers, the insectivorous plant of the sloughs, are pointed out with pride. Balm of Gilead grows on Deerlick ridge, with a scent that fills the air after each rain. The Dogwood, a tall shrub, lives here as do the dwarf bunch berry plants, whose berries become red in August. Carpets of dwarf Iris hug the ground. The Ram's Head Lady Slipper and Labrador Tree, with its clusters of white flowers, bloom in early June. The Trailing Arbutus and Coreopsis on Deerlick ridge make an atmosphere of sunshine along the paths.

Sloughs, too, hold interest. As we crossed the rustic bridge over the boggy first slough, we sighted the bulrushes and remembered the Bible story of Moses being hidden in such on the water's edge. Emma Tuft corrected us, saying the plants are not bulrushes, but Fragmite.

Following trails over thirteen ridges and 150 feet of dune area is a pleasant adventure, but eyes that do not see the wealth of scientific beauty in the Ridges are more common than those that appreciate nature's bounty. So it was that in 1936, the need for a tourist campsite became evident, and the sound of bulldozers and falling trees were heard over the county and the state. The federal government had given these acres to the county for a park. Aroused residents rose up in protest. A small group of people in Door County formed a corporation known as the "Ridges Sanctuary" to protect the plants and animals in their native state. Beside money and land gifts from individuals, the Garden Club of America sanctioned the project and the Green Tree Garden Club gave \$1200 for the purchase of the original 40 acres, which has since grown to 726 acres. So it is that this priceless relic of Wisconsin's primeval scene, molded by ice, wind and time, nurtured by sun and rain, has been preserved for the enrichment of all appreciative people.

WISCONSIN GARDENS

Seven miles west of Minocqua, in Oneida County on Highway 70, is a winding woodland garden island. It is a peninsula unnoticed by the hasty traveler, but a place so filled with unusual plants, trees and moss, that it was chosen as Wisconsin Gardens by Dorothy and Alonzo Pond.

Alonzo Pond has visited and worked as a geologist in most every desert in the world, and Mrs. Pond is a devoted partner in finding facts about vegetation. Together with their two children they decided to settle in this natural plant habitat. The Ponds shared with radio listeners the stories told by the Indians who found a use for every part of every plant.

One can scarcely believe that anything as common as a cattail could provide food, clothing, shelter, medicine, light and decoration. The Ponds declared that the Indians ate the tips of the blossoms, the early shoots and the roots. Fuzz from the cattail made quilts for baby beds. The fruit dipped in bear grease made torches.

Indian medicines came from many plants. The Jewel weed was rubbed on rash as an antidote to poison ivy. Blue Flag was used to prevent rattlesnake bites. Joe-Pie weed was a cure for typhus (Joe-Pie was in fact an Indian medicine man). The Head-All plant could cure almost anything. Its roots made a good tonic and the leaves were put on bruises. The Mad-Dog or Skull Cap was a treatment for rabies.

Besides cures, romantic stories surround many of the wild flowers. This was brought to mind as we passed the water lily pool. According to Indian lore, a handsome young Indian chief fell in love with a beautiful Indian maiden, but she could not return his love because she had been promised to an Indian brave. When she saw the chief approaching from the opposite side of the lake, she jumped into the lake in order to avoid him and drowned. The next morning a flower blossomed in the lake, and ever after it has been called the "Sleeping Maiden" flower, or water lily.

Even the fish in the pools at Wisconsin Gardens are tame. Hold a bit of oatmeal in your hands and a dozen blue gills will come to eat.

The half mile walk along Garden paths, past the lakes and over the bridges that encompass some 15 acres is a short one. Slowly we made our way through the Gardens, reluctant to leave this peninsula with its hundreds of plants so full of story and natural beauty.

BIRD BROADCASTS, A BIT OF THE UNUSUAL

The birds may not be aware that a radio program worked in their behalf, but could they know, I'm sure they would give a few more chirps now and then for the many ladies who struggled with feeders and suet balls to warm them during Wisconsin blizzards.

It is surprising how many bird watchers have developed in the state during the past years. Ornithology has gained ground in the classroom, under the leadership of Wisconsin's professors Aldo Leopold, Joseph Hickey and Robert McCabe. Both Professor and Mrs. Hickey have frequently shared their information about birds and bird habits in broadcasts. Garden clubs as well as Audubon lectures added to bird interests. Wisconsin authors have also increased reader interest with such books as Professor Joel Carl Welty's The Life of Birds and Owen J. Gomme's Birds of Wisconsin.

Mrs. R. A. Walker, well-known Madison bird watcher, and past president of the Madison Audubon Society, helped each year in counting birds coming to Wisconsin. She visited our program often and began the regular bird broadcasts as early as 1950. She gave a bird calendar to listeners, which listed Wisconsin birds and the time of their appearance in the state. Robert McCabe added to the calendar by giving patterns of bird houses. These calendars were sent out each year to hundreds of listeners who requested them.

Mrs. Charles C. Charmley, Conservation and Bird Chairman of the Madison District of the Wisconsin Garden Club Federation, gave recipes for suet balls and seed balls which homemakers could make to feed the birds, thus enticing them to come to the premises, and to find food in Wisconsin winters.

It is strange how some folk can entice birds to their premises while others can not. When there is special effort, there are often rewards worth the telling. Such was the case in Prairie du Sac, when Mr. and Mrs. Koenig decided to turn the extensive grounds around their home into an invitation to the many birds which visited them each year. A broadcast at Mrs. Koenig's home enabled Helen Northup, bird watcher, and me to see for ourselves the hundreds of birds which found their way to the grounds.

Bushels of seed were fed the visitors every day. Bird baths were evident. Running water was available and special bird shelters were made for them. Hewey Koenig constructed bird houses which could both feed and shelter the gold finches (over 500 at a time) and other species which came in great numbers each year.

"A hobby such as this one must cost a great deal," I ventured. "But it is my joy and delight," answered our hostess. "Many people go to Florida each year to enjoy themselves in the sunny climate, where they spend a great deal of money, but here I can spend my cash on seeds and bird baths and have the joyous songs of finches all winter long as my reward."

Another bird broadcast was recorded in Beaver Dam where Mrs. M.'s small daughter found an injured bird on her way home from school. Mrs. M. mended the injured wing and kept the little bird in a cage until its strength returned. The bird was friendly but always silent and Mrs. M. wondered what kind it could be. The State Department of Ornithology told her it was a Pine Grosbeak, a bird which is said never to sing except in the woodlands of Canada.

At Christmas time, in preparation for a grand holiday, the sewing machine swung into action with its whir. In answer to the machine came a song of gratefulness from the throat of the little bird. When the cage was opened, the bird flew to the branches of the Christmas tree, where it evidently felt at home. Its song came clear and beautiful in the early morning, thrilling the household with its music. That song, captured by my tape recorder, remains in the WHA files.

POWELL MARSH GOOSE REFUGE

Powell Marsh Refuge lies close to Manitowish Waters in beautiful Vilas County. The marsh includes some 14,000 acres of land, of which 8000 acres are reserved as a resting area for water fowl. Geese come in clouds of 10,000 and 20,000 a day when the migrating season is on. Sometimes the sky over the Goose Refuge is black with Blue and Canadian geese. Other times a cloud of white descends as the Snow geese seek a resting place.

As one looks out over these many acres, it seems as if it could have once been a cranberry marsh with its many ditches. This is far from true. Originally these thousands of acres were nothing but wild wasteland, worthless even to wild fowl and animals because there was no food. Seven years ago the Wisconsin Conservation Department chose Pete Tyler, game manager in this area, to develop the region as a wildlife refuge.

Working closely with County Agricultural Agent Herman Smith, Tyler established 7½ miles of drainage ditches, 8 feet wide by 6 feet deep, and today 228 acres of cultivated land produce 100 acres of buckwheat and 128 acres of rye. Some of the rye is scrawny and not very tall, but it provides the seed needed for food. Geese and wild ducks come in clouds to feed on these grounds. The ducks often stay all summer preferring not to go on to Canada as they did in the past. Sharptails, ruffed grouse, sandhill cranes and all shore birds native to Wisconsin appear at this great refuge. Look sharply and you will also see deer, bear, coon and beaver in various parts of this territory.

The Refuge is an area well protected from hunters and the public cannot gain entrance without special permit. So it is that the Wisconsin Conservation Department has turned a wasteland into a wonderland for wildlife.

HOBBIES WITH A PURPOSE

ART IN WOOD

For many years, the lure of the woodlands has intrigued Harry Nohr of Mineral Point. His friends welcome his company on the yearly hunting trips, but always describe his love of hunting as an unusual adventure. He doesn't hunt deer--only trees.

This Mineral Point postmaster creates myriads of wooden articles. He carves exquisite bowls so paper thin that it is hard to imagine they come from a tree stump. Begun as a hobby, this interest has developed into a business within the past few years. Tourists who come to his door in this quaint Cornish settlement snap up his hand crafted curios, sometimes paying as much as \$40 for one of his "egg shell" bowls.

Nohr hunts for special trees--cherry, walnut, butternut, apple, hickory, catalpa--whose wood color beautifully deepens with time. Some mellow with age, as may be seen in the articles on his display table.

In his workshop, there are special tools and machinery, all handmade by Nohr himself to help make the fragile bowls. First, he puts thick pieces of wood on a lathe. This continues until the time comes to flatten the bottom of the bowl so it will have a standard. The sander smooths the wood, while a dust collector blows the fine dust into a bin. A band saw cuts the wood into a circle. After the bowl is shaped, the work really begins. Sanding, cutting, drying and baking all take time, for all the moisture must be dispelled so the finish can penetrate deeply to prevent cracking and peeling. The bowl must be sealed completely against salad oil, alcohol and soap. Polishing is done with steel wool, pumice stone, rottenstone and oil. The grain of the wood then stands out beautifully.

From selecting and cutting down the tree and choosing a big chunk of wood, to the last fine finishing, every step is part of the hobby and art. Being a true craftsman, Harry Nohr has a philosophy that a bowl must be durable enough to last for all time. The joy of such a hobby includes the satisfaction of seeing a fine finished piece and also meeting people who come to enjoy and perchance purchase the beautiful handmade Art in Wood.

PARTHENIA FITCH, DOLL MAKER

One hundred miles north of Madison lies the city of Wisconsin Rapids. Here lives Parthenia Fitch, the artistic lady who lives and works in her own "doll house," making historical dolls that are sent to all parts of America. She believes that each country should have its own dolls, so she makes those of famous Americans for American trade.

When I visited Miss Fitch in her home, she lined her living room with dolls, all of them fashioned from "scratch." Her first dolls were small--only 6 inches tall--and expressionless with soft bodies. Everyone who saw them wanted one and her business began then and there. Today exclusive gift shops buy her designs as collector items.

Parthenia Fitch begins a doll with regular stovepipe wire, which is somewhat flexible, covered and molded with cotton and thread. She combines her own glue mixture with paper or cloth and covers it with jersey cloth. With her own mixture and special instruments, she works swiftly to fashion a head with its nose, mouth, eyes and brows. The body is attached and the expressive hands reflect some characteristic act. Most of the doll bodies are first covered with jersey. Hair is made of mohair, yarn or darning cloth.

As we circled the room, we discussed the dolls one by one. A colonial lady was seated in front of a fireplace on a colonial chair fashioned by Miss Fitch. The doll's grey gown set off a sheer white apron. She was intent on dipping candles into the iron cauldron. An organ grinder led a monkey with a cup in its hand. He danced to a Swiss music box concealed in the organ.

I asked Miss Fitch how she collected ideas. She laughed, "Oh, I search through all sorts of things-- paintings, books, advertisements, even cartoons." And certainly Betsy Ross, in her ankle length, purple dress and modest white collar and cap might have stepped directly from a painting. Naturally Betsy's flag carried thirteen carefully worked stars.

As our microphone traveled from one doll to the next, we met a poor man with his feet in the stocks. The story goes that he started out to find himself a wife. He met the preacher's daughter, kissed her and found himself in the stocks for his misdemeanor. John and Priscilla, the Puritan man and maid, came next in line. The Town Crier with his lantern was nearby, giving the news after he had tapped on the steps to alert the household. The lantern was as realistic as the man himself. Daniel Boone was dressed in the finest attire, suitable to his historic past.

From history to storybook is but a step and Alice in Wonderland was shown in detail. The frog, fish, cat, rabbit (complete with his pink ears, watch and umbrella), lobster, birds, mad hatter with his high hat, mock turtle, the blue-green worm on the toadstool--all were there. The king and queen were prominent in all regality. The queen, with gold crown and green velvet dress, was seated on a scarlet velvet throne. The crowned king held a heart staff, and the royal chairs were shaped as hearts.

Detailed work, detailed clothing and detailed accessories were the rules of business, for as Miss Fitch revealed, "Anything half made or half portrayed is not satisfactory." The success of her adventure that moved from hobby to business is self-explanatory. Interest, careful workmanship and good business techniques make her work an inspiration to others who want to do something at home to make life more interesting.

ROCK HOUNDS

Often a professional man or woman has a hobby quite remote from his daily bread-and-butter work. This is true of Emory M. Pittenger, librarian of the Agricultural Library at the University of Wisconsin. We recorded with Mr. Pittenger, as we viewed the gems and stones before us, knowing that many listeners would be interested in this hobby.

Emory Pittenger proudly refers to himself as a "rock hound"--a professional nickname for hobbyists who search for rocks and gems. He began by looking for fossils and gem stones. Gradually his enthusiasm broadened to include the cutting, polishing and mounting of his findings. Lapidary work became his and his wife's great joy.

A rock hound often travels far in search of a single gem, but his sharp eye may also find rare rocks in his own backyard. The Pittengers found jasper in their yard, probably dropped there by the glacier many years ago. A whole array of stones was brought to Wisconsin at that time. A rock hound hunts along the shores of Lake Superior for agates and looks in many gravel pits along the Mississippi. If fortunate, he may even find a diamond. One of the largest was found a few miles south of Madison. Eyes become accustomed to finding worthy stones, although it may take five weeks of "tumbling" (polishing in a special machine) before one is certain that the stone is of any value.

Agates, according to Emory Pittenger, may vary according to location. Lake Superior agates are hard, but easy to work. They often have brown or green shadings and bands, which are typical of this area. Some of the best pickings are in Cassville, Wisconsin, where a double glacier may have combined.

All areas of the country and the world yield interesting, sometimes valuable, rocks. Rose-pink quartz may come from far away southern Brazil or the Island of Zanzibar. Red rubilite could come from south of San Diego. This can be an exquisite gem, actually a precious stone. Oregon produces an ocean blue stone called Thunder Egg. This rock is a pleasure to cut, and one which can fool you for some Thunder Eggs are hollow. A man in New Mexico bought a rock which looked exactly like an owl, so perfectly in fact that you could almost pick the feathers. He paid a little Mexican urchin \$.50 but found its value so high that he subsequently insured it for \$10,000.

Another blue stone, called lapis lazuli, could come from Russia, Zanzibar in eastern Africa, or perhaps Brazil. Jade can be found in Texas along the Rio Grande River. Amber and gold are found also in Texas. Usually Europe is considered amber country. In northern Germany or Italy, amber is resin from a tree which an amateur can not cut. But it can be polished by hand, and although it is soft, it stays intact. Mexico and Old Mexico yield rose agates as beautiful as anywhere in the world.

Aztec Indians used jade for their ceremonial figurines. Lapidarists don't know where or how they found this precious stone. California has jade, as does Wyoming, found in "slicks" close to hot springs. River jade is a true gem and might be found or bought outside the United States.

Emory Pittinger had a word of helpful advice for rock hounds. He urged them to visit local rock shops before searching an area for stones. Shop owners usually want to help anyone who shares their enthusiasm. Rock Clubs of America are numerous. Books and magazines are available; so the student or hobbyist can read of gems and minerals to learn where to find a chosen stone and how to cut, polish and tumble each and every rock or gem.

Mr. Pittinger, a true librarian, urges reading as the first adventure in becoming a rock hound.

BELLS

Functional bells have existed through the ages, but more recently bells have come into vogue as a hobby. Today there is an American Association of Bell Collectors. It is, in fact, an international association, as countries such as Australia, India, France and some of the islands are included in the membership. There is also an Association of Bell Ringers.

Harriett Kellner, Milwaukee, is past president of the American Association of Bell Collectors. When I visited Miss Kellner's home, she explained her reasons for beginning her collection: "My apartment was too small for a book collection, so when I visited the Mission Inn in Riverside, California, I bought a bell which had a history and my collection began."

Miss Kellner shared stories of some of her 590 bells with Homemaker listeners. Bells are made of almost any metal or material you can imagine. At times two or more materials are blended, but today, beautiful sounding bells are made of brass, copper, bronze, glass, bone, metal, cloissoné, crystal, wood and pottery as well as combinations. Sizes vary and often stories are depicted or etched on the bell.

One of Miss Kellner's bells depicts the story of the princess who meets a dragon as told by Hans Christian Andersen. The prince kills the dragon, meets the princess, wins her love, marries her and together they live happily ever after. The bell is oblong.

In France, china bells made in the form of a lady reveal whether one is married or unwed. A green apron and a dotted scarf are worn by a married lady. My hostess also displays her French wooden bells--some shiny and

pretty, and some handsome, such as the one made of olive wood. Sometimes makers of wooden bells wait a long time to form a bell, for it takes years for the tree to grow to the proper stage.

Some in Miss Kellner's collection are called animal bells, as they both protect and identify. Elephant bells are used especially in the evenings when the elephants wander. The camel bell, one of the most interesting, is composed of several bells, each one acting as a clapper for the preceding one. At times there are five different bells making one. These are naturally heavy and often very large. They can cost as much as \$40 or \$50. Africa sometimes produces crude bells with a good sound. The one which Miss Kellner owns came from Kilimanjaro, a volcanic mountain in northern Tanganyika Territory, Africa.

Bracelets, earrings, necklaces, pins and charms are all included in this bell collector's items. Fan etched types, blown glass bells and even one called a "mother-in-law," have stories belonging to bell history.

When one owns bells from every state but two, and from 30 different countries, one must be skillful in displaying them! A glance at Miss Kellner's display of these hundreds of bells in an apartment shows how cleverly they may be shown. There are ways of using them in shadow boxes, book cases, and on side tables. They may be revealed as they hang from the windows, ceiling or elsewhere. Cornices are good exhibit corners.

My own collection was started by one who collects and sells bells, Mrs. Ellen Hoy of Minocqua. Her generous gift of a bracelet, with a filigree bell as a charm, along with a small liberty bell, crack and all, started me on this "bell with a story" hobby. Many of my world traveling friends added their stories in the form of bells as gifts as they returned. Having lived for several years within sound of the great bell of China, in Peking, and in sight of pagoda wind bells, gave me a great incentive to become a collector.

THE POT SHOP

If you follow the shoreline of Lake Superior where the waters sparkle on a bright sunshiny day, you will find a "Pot Shop" midway between Ashland and Washburn in Bayfield County. This is a small studio--a contemporary, T-shaped building. The front is glass enclosed and outside is a many-colored mural with a miniature garden, a running fountain and pool at its base. Those who pass by on the highway cannot miss the 7-foot high jug with a sign which reads "Handcrafted Gifts."

This is a Pot Shop owned and operated by creative artists, Robert Eccles and Glen Nelson. Eccles teaches painting, sculpture, arts and crafts at Northland College in Ashland. Nelson teaches ceramics, sculpture and arts at the University of Minnesota in Duluth. The Pot Shop is their summer hobby--a semi-business--where together they pursue their arts, producing and selling their "handcrafted gifts."

What they do and how they do it is the story told on the Homemakers' Program. At the time of our recorded visit, a man who collaborated with Glen Nelson in Duluth was spending a few hours in the shop. His purpose was to check the "pug mill" and to inspect and make modifications of the potter's wheel. He and Glen had created the wheel together, relying on the technical knowledge of what a machine should do and what this man's contracting business could do. A pug mill is a clay-mixing machine, which has an electric motor and gear reducer. From this mill, mixed clay of the right consistency is discharged. The wheels and mill, designed by these two men are quality pieces of equipment within the means of individual schools and individual potters. The mill is stable, yet not too heavy to be carried.

According to Glen Nelson, fingers and clay can make a pot, but artistic feeling is paramount over materials and equipment. Robert Eccles agreed that one of the most exciting parts of ceramic-making was the final outcome, which was sometimes a surprise.

But how do you "throw a pot?" I asked. Eccles explained, "You begin with a ball of clay which is quite moist. After working some of the water out of it by slapping it against a board, you throw the ball on the wheel. As the wheel revolves, you moisten the spinning clay held in your cupped hands. Gradually a beehive forms from the soft clay. Your hands mold the pot. Your thumbs press out the center, making the bowl. Then as your fingers press lightly, a wall of clay rises.

The potter determines how flat or round the final object becomes. Plates, molds, jugs, vases and planters may all be thrown on a potter's wheel. A soft pot is freed from its stand on the wheel by means of a twisted wire, and left to dry for a day. A clay base, or foot ring is added if the potter likes. It can also be decorated, painted or stained at this stage. It dries slowly for about a week, for even contraction.

At the end of the week, the potter places the greenware into a kiln. The first firing may be made at about 1700 degrees. A second firing may be done for a glassy surface. The finish varies greatly, depending on the clay mixture, the number of firings and the temperature of the kiln.

The value of their shop according to Robert Eccles and Glen Nelson comes more from the pleasure of hard work and the opportunities to encourage new pottery enthusiasts, than from the profits. These potters also take back renewed vitality to their winter teaching duties as a result of the friends they make through their little "Pot Shop."

MRS. WEST'S GARDEN

On Memorial Drive between Manitowoc and Two Rivers, in Manitowoc County, lies a six-acre lot which has become one of the most noted gardens in the state. It is designed and owned by Mrs. John D. West. Mrs. West explained her "hobby"--the art of caring for flowers--as we toured the grounds with microphone and recorder.

Some 30 years ago the long narrow lot along Lake Michigan was the right of way for a street car. Mrs. West bought it and dedicated her life to making it a picture garden, which thousands of people have enjoyed throughout the years. It all started with the first Tulip Tea, given for the church, when 25 people were entertained. The last Tulip Tea brought 1200 people.

When our hostess refers to a Tulip Tea, first thoughts are of a tulip bed in full bloom, but in this garden, the "bed" is over 1200 tulips all in bloom at one time. Gardens unfortunately don't grow without plans and manual labor. Each year the tulip bulbs are lifted into baskets that are carried on their sides so the bulbs may be pushed into them. The baskets are righted, and the bulbs continue to grow in them. When the tops are dead, they are put on frames, dried and cleaned. The larger ones are kept for replanting and the smaller ones are sold.

Mrs. West is a true gardener who has limited help but a fine sense of development. Red and white predominate in some of the flower paths--colors that are carried out with white roses and red geraniums. Delphinium and dahlias bloom as the season continues. Perimeter plantings outlining elevated paths from house to lake are accented with vast lawn expanses. Some of the paths consist of nearly 7000 pansie plants, all grown from seed. Light and deep yellows of alyssum mingle with the blues and deeper shades of ageratum.

Lemon lilies, iris and delphinium carry out the colors in the perennial gardens and when the rose season takes its turn, the varied shades continue to follow a color plan. Shades of delicate pink and red to more brilliant reds fade off into a blue-red, then into lavender and purple. Masses of roses in the borders mingle with other perennials.

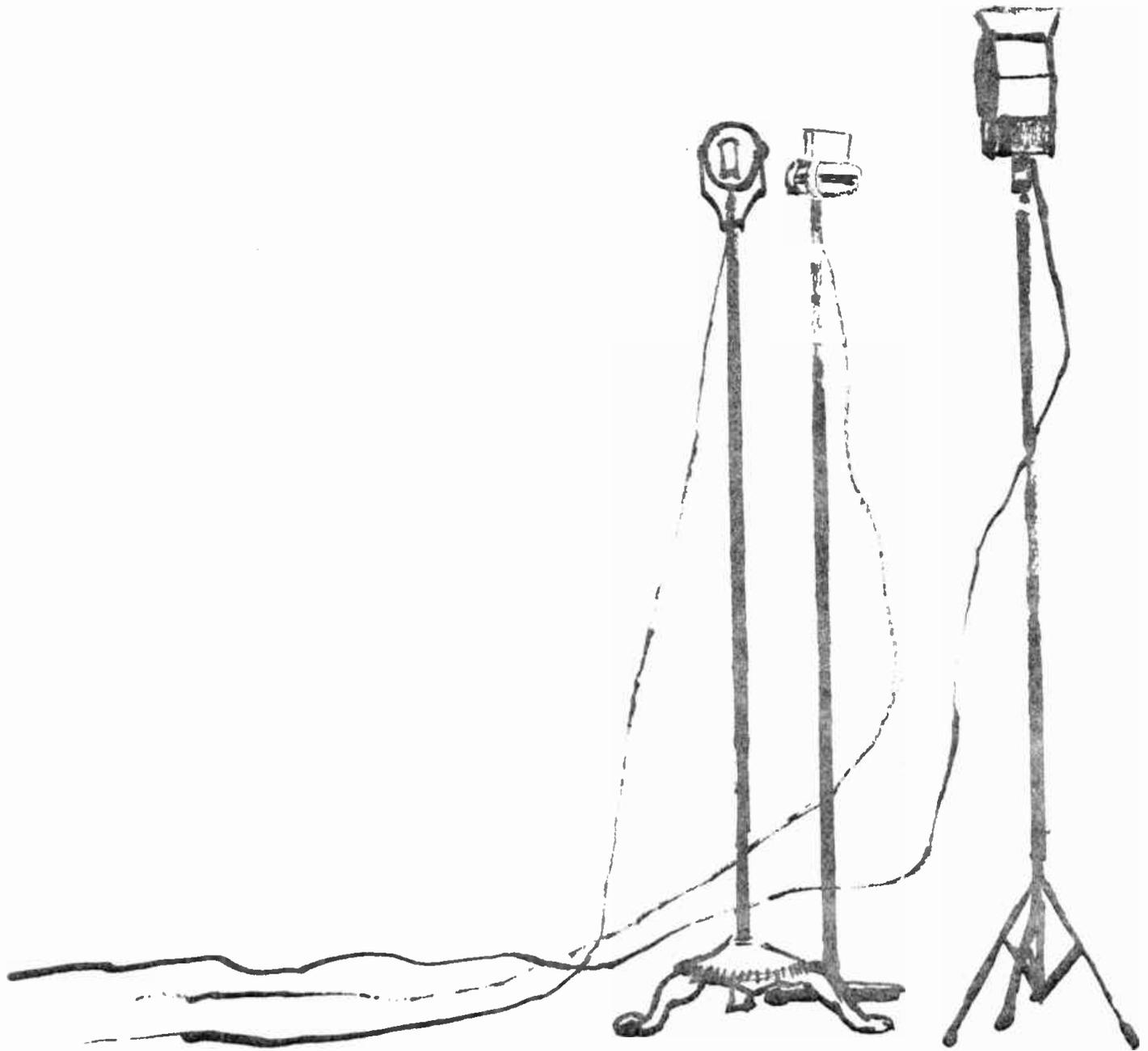
Wandering through the flowers, we came to a specially designed succulent garden with various varieties of the non-hardy plants, including the well-known "hens and chickens." This is a sunken garden with a bubble fountain in the center, surrounded by daisy windmills. The garden is sunken because of the wind, and the windmills protect the plants from the birds which particularly like to feed on succulents. The fountain was a gift from Mrs. West's gardener who brought it to her as a gift from Germany in 1961. The daisy windmills were made by patients at the county hospital where she works so regularly. The birds in the big trees are a continuous source of pleasure as they sing constantly for all who visit the gardens.

Continuing the walk, we passed the green houses, a necessity for such a wealth of plants, and a peony garden in bloom long after peonies have gone in most gardens. It is quite evident that the garden plans include no straight or oblong plots, but only paths and one formal garden series known as the "old age garden." One comes upon this spectacle of beauty rather suddenly, so that the formal plot, enclosed by a trimmed hedge of Alpine Currant, is breathtaking.

In the center stands a marble figure which could well be called "Spring Fever." It is a beautiful Italian statue of a young girl with a delicate hand, reaching toward the sun or stars. It was given to Mrs. West by her mother-in-law. Around the figure are circular plots of colored stone centered by matching flowers. In one circle, blue stones from Georgia surround a blue pot of trimmed privet. Another circular area is paved with pink stones from Arizona and centered with matching geraniums.

Mrs. West's gardens are considered the most outstanding privately owned gardens in the state, but when asked if there is a magic wand, she replies, "No, it's just a hobby."

LIFE IN RETIREMENT



LIFE IN RETIREMENT

When the radio series called "Life in Retirement" was planned for the Home program, James McMichael, director of the Wisconsin Commission for the Aging helped me explore this newer type of living. We looked into the ways of enriching the retirement years.

A survey of literature concerned with older people and their ways of living, finance and retirement goals prefaced four trips to retirement villages in Wisconsin. Included here are some of the facts we discovered in our talks and visits.

The most common fears of those who are forced to discontinue their salaried work or active businesses are uncertainty and apprehension, especially in the field of finance. For these reasons our radio series included three key men who could speak authoritatively on financing retirement. They were Sydney Miller, district manager of the social security office in Madison, Herbert Walsh with the Robert W. Baird Company, and Thomas Lucas, director of the Division of Public Assistance of the Wisconsin Department of Public Welfare.

At the time of the broadcast, there were 220,000 persons, age 65, in the state. Three-fourths of this number were retired--60% men and 90% women. Some 300,000 retired persons resided in Wisconsin. Miller maintained that 728 persons out of every 1000, aged 65 or more, are now receiving Social Security. Amounts differ, but usually these are supplemental rather than anything adequate for living. A person capable of working could earn an additional \$1200 a year to supplement the amount paid by Social Security. That amount has since been extended to \$1500 a year. Benefits may be paid at 62 or over. After age 72, monthly benefits are made regardless of the amount earned.

Herbert Walsh's information was based on investments such as stocks, bonds and savings in banks. Bonds produce interest, as do common stocks, and are hedges against inflation. According to Walsh, one out of every 13 retirees is financially independent.

Thomas Lucas pointed out that there has been a marked decrease in old age assistance since Social Security. An increase in medical care has been the cause of much of the help along this line. It is cheering to note that out of the 300,000 persons, 65 years and over, some 189,000 are able to manage without assistance. For the industrious worker, the right to enjoy the fruit of his labors is his, after retirement.

A full life after 65 is what retirement means to many people. When three of this age group were asked what it meant to them, there were many happy as well as fearful reactions. One of these persons was a retired social worker; another, the wife of a railroad worker; and a third, a gentleman who once worked with the railroad. They all agreed that warm friendships, good physical care and planned activities were the essence of a rich life in retirement. "Keep looking forward" is a keyword for anyone at any age.

It was once said that age is an indefinite time, since there is no break in youth to middle age, nor from middle age to old age. A psychological decline and dread is worse than a physical break due to age. Being underestimated is never enjoyed.

Retirement is a new phrase to most people and may be accepted, when physical and mental health are good, if adjustments are not tapered off too abruptly. Being denied the daily contacts with people at work causes one occasionally to look longingly at the office, but time need not hang heavy when there are churches, clubs, politics, senior groups, travel books, friends, radio, TV and grandchildren. All help one walk into retirement. Making the most of everything keeps a retiree from being bored. He captures each day's events with the same precise orderliness that he may have used to stack wood at an earlier date.

There are joys in retirement which one may appreciate, for one may perhaps sleep later if he so desires. There is a difference in living in an apartment where neither

fuel bills nor snow-shoveling need worry the retiree. The need to watch the clock and meet deadlines gradually vanishes. But the happiest person is one who started thinking of retirement years earlier when he or she was young. In that way a positive approach to progress remains through life.

Of the 50,000 persons retiring each week in the United States, it is estimated that those who have reached the age of 65, will have at least 14 more years of life remaining. This means 26,000 hours of leisure. The question then is, "Does one want to retire to or from life?" The fine art of rocking is scarcely appealing. The lack of mental activity is not attractive, so it is that we search for a meaningful activity, a reason for living. We need contact with people. A fishing trip is pleasant, but a life devoted to such endeavors is worthless.

The "Life in Retirement" series on the Home Radio Program pursued the theme of "Opportunity for Service." What can you do? Take the initiative and offer two willing hands. Watch the papers, call the local Red Feather agency, arrange flowers for the church, help round up thousands of gifts for the thousands who need them. If you are a woodcrafter, make name tags for those who need them for certain occasions. Visit the nursing homes where you can read aloud or just visit. Write letters for those who may be ill. Help with the political parties of your choice or be a homemaker when needed in a home where an aged father needs assistance, or teen age sons need aid.

Mary Ann Lockhart, Advisor to Senior Citizens of the Public Recreation Department, had advice for those who need a purpose. Use your handicrafts, sewing, crocheting, mending for an Institution - do special tutoring, or make plum puddings. What a world of opportunity there is! Where there is need, there is service to be given--it may be your special service that saves the life of others as well as your own.

Richard Hermann, medical social worker and Marilyn Hennesy, occupational therapy consultant, are two workers who aid in the activity programs for older persons as devised by the State Board of Health. Sharing in the Retirement series they brought some important facts to our attention. There are around 1,500 older folk, age 78.3 years in homes in Wisconsin, in hospitals, in the 495 nursing homes and in individual homes in our state. Some are chronically ill, but many are living active useful lives.

The objective of Wisconsin State Board of Health is to provide information along activity lines, with the hope that life will seem worth living to those who feel that life is passing them by and that they are losing individual independence and dignity. Activity programs, including hobbies and crafts figure highly in planned recreation for individuals and groups. Group singing, games, discussions, jobs in the homes, trips and handwork are all important to the man or woman who has left an active job or profession to live a different kind of life.

Women can often create handwork through knitting and sewing, which is not mere busy work, while men can often make things out of wood and wood carving. The holiday seasons, especially Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, St. Patrick's and St. Valentine's Day, offer opportunities also in decorating, painting, making clothes for dolls and for adults.

Volunteers in a community may be of great service to the older residents. Personal attention means a great deal. A car ride to special functions, to church or just for pleasure is a much appreciated service. The value of activity cannot be overestimated. Every person wants to be useful, needed and a contributing member of society. Each has a desire to maintain dignity and self-respect. The past cannot supplant the present.

WISCONSIN MUSEUMS

VILLA LOUIS SHINES FOR VISITORS

Although numerous visits had been made to the Villa Louis (Dousman House) in Prairie du Chien, this was a new approach for the visit with Mrs. Florence Bittner, curator of the Villa, and Miss Kathy Schneider, assistant supervisor of public information in the State Historical Society, because this broadcast dealt with methods of cleaning a 17-room mansion. This angle is one which homemakers everywhere should appreciate.

Thousands of visitors come each year to the house on the mound to visit the home of Hercules Dousman, a confidential agent for the John Jacob Astor American Fur Company. This is the mound which was once used by the Indians as a burial ground. In 1812 it was the site of Fort Shelby, later Fort McKay, and in 1831 Fort Crawford. Hercules Dousman purchased the mound and the surrounding 4,500 acres of land. In 1843 he built the mansion now called Villa Louis.

The 17 rooms and the guest houses were used by the Dousmans in the golden age of fur trading when generous hospitality was offered to those who came to Prairie du Chien. Keeping such an estate in order in those days required countless hands and labor without ceasing, but twentieth century automation has lightened the task immeasurably. This behind-the-scene story of the Villa Louis deserves revelation.

Entering the Villa, one finds himself on a huge porch which completely spans the front of the house. On one side are 540 panes of glass. And Mrs. Bittner whispered, "It takes 4 to 5 gallons of glass cleaner to shine them." The doors leading from the porch to the first large hall of the Dousman house are from 10- to 11-feet high and 3 inches thick. The glass of the doors reflect as many of the older hand-smoked panes are still intact.

All visitors enter the great hall flanked on either side by the grand living room library and the dining room. Twenty-five gallons of floor wax are used in an average year. Floors are waxed every three or four weeks. Huge mirrors, carved furniture, book cases, gold picture frames, and brass in relief all call for polishing cloths and gallons of furniture polish. In 1800 the best cleaner for mirrors was said to be brandy, but modern ways are used today.

The great crystal chandelier of the reception room must gleam for daily visitors; so each petal is cleansed separately. This takes 1½ days. Furniture with its original upholstery of 100 years vintage is very precious. The fireplaces, the marble figures, and marble hands which were made on the day Mr. and Mrs. Dousman were married must be handled carefully in the cleaning process. The Steinway concert grand piano with the mirror flanking it remind one of the gracious entertaining done at the "House on the Mound."

Lace curtains, 50-years old, and red satin draperies in the Red Room and Library, demand respect, as does the red tortoise shell table overlaid with carved brass. In the gracious dining room, the long table must always seem as if it might be ready at a moment's notice for company. The floor, sanded, sealed and waxed grandly, survives the years of traffic, although thousands of people have walked on them.

At the left end of the great hallway is one of the most favorite rooms, Madame Dousman's morning room, which still holds many of the lady's personal belongings. Each must be cleaned carefully. The carpet, the platform rocker, the spinning wheel, the melodian, and canary all belonged to the lady of the house. Horsehair chairs and settees were made for style not comfort, but nevertheless the morning room featured horsehair, which needs careful cleaning. On the wall hangs a French pastel of Madame Dousman. This is one which cannot be cleaned unless one knows how.

Can you imagine a stairway built some 150 years ago and still standing without a squeak or a creak? Try the stairs which lead to the second story of this "house built on the rock." Visit the morning glory room with its sleigh bed. Enter the nursery with its wooden soldiers, its cradle and canopy bed. View the wardrobes with the

gowns the women of that period wore, and save your exclamations for the wedding gown of Virginia Dousman Bigelow, with lace purchased over 100 years ago. This gown is carefully kept under glass.

Help was undoubtedly available in the days when the Dousmans enjoyed life in Wisconsin, but today only two people with seasonal help are responsible for the upkeep of the house with its thousands of daily visitors.

MUSEUM OF MEDICAL PROGRESS

Prairie du Chien in Crawford County figured prominently in Wisconsin history; so it was natural that WHA's microphone found its way there a number of times for the Homemakers' Program. The visit to Villa Louis was followed by a trip to the Museum of Medical Progress, located about one mile south of the Villa. Here Kathy Schneider of the State Historical Society and I found Gordon Peckham, curator of the Museum, who knew many stories connected with medical progress.

The history of medicine is the story of the progress of man in conquering disease, pain and suffering, and in extending the span of human life. I told radio listeners a few of the things seen in the museum and invited them to hear what Gordon Peckham and Kathy Schneider explained as they guided me on this great adventure story.

The story, as we walk through the museum, begins with the Indian medicine man. The Indian had to produce his own medicine from the native plants, roots and bulbs to heal his sicknesses. We have found that Jack-in-the-Pulpit actually is effective in medicating sore eyes. Water lily roots help heal cuts and bruises. Each plant or root had its special medicinal purpose, but the Indian knew of nothing which would be good for all ills. He was the first natural scientist. He devoted some 10,000 years to basic medicine; so his remedies might well be valuable.

In 1850 the doctor on horseback was a highly respected man. His office, shown in the Museum of Medical Progress, revealed that he was his own druggist with mortar and pestle. He rolled his own pills and carried them in the saddle bags thrown over the horse's back. The fine big

walnut desk, the foot warmer, the kits which carried his sample implements and his kerosene lantern summarized his way of life. At the same time, his Chesterfield coat and high hat indicated his status in the community.

Dr. Phillip Fox was one of the doctors of the "horse and buggy" era. Dr. Fox had his diploma and was not only a medical doctor but an eye, ear and throat specialist. This was the beginning of specialization. His doctor's bag was of alligator skin and his instruments were better in quality than were those of his predecessors. His ledger showed that he kept accounts in an orderly fashion as his books balanced at the end of each month.

Then the third period of medical history dawned--the doctor came into possession of a model T. A car was welcome but the roads were rough, although everything was improving. Electricity was available to the doctor.

The renowned Dr. William Beaumont (1785-1853) experimented with a man who had been shot in the left side. Dr. Beaumont was in the U.S. Army, and while there, he had to care for a man who had been shot. The wound in the man's side healed without closing. Because of this, Dr. Beaumont could watch the process of digestion in the stomach. This process was unknown up to this time. Dr. Beaumont found out and described the action of gastric juice in digestion and consequently taught the whole medical world how food was digested. He also discovered that emotions had something to do with digestion. Evidently, the man with the wound evidenced his feelings rather forcibly at times. He was wounded when he was around 18 years old, and although the hole in his body never closed, he lived until well into his 80's.

Many new exhibits continue to enchant the visitor to Prairie du Chien's Museum of Medical Progress, established by the State Medical Society and operated by the State Historical Society.

EARLY DAY LOGGER'S CAMP

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, within a triangular wooded area known as Pioneer Park in Rhinelander, Wisconsin, stand three log buildings which house the Logging Museum. This museum is a replica of a lumber camp of 1870. The life of the lumberjacks made one of Wisconsin's greatest industries memorable. In the museum the early days live again as the guides explain the relics and implements gathered from almost every logging company in the state to preserve a heritage which should never be forgotten.

Those who aided in the Homemakers' broadcast were Clifford Ferris, editor of the Rhinelander Daily News; Floyd Hurlburt, in charge of the rebuilding of the museum; George Smith, engineer of the narrow-gauge engine known as Seven Spot; and L.G. Sorden who was Oneida County agricultural agent when he started the project on its way.

In the early 30's, the logging era had passed its heyday; so this museum was opened to preserve the heritages and traditions of those days. Early logger's buildings were not separate but were all under one cover divided by a dingle or alley way, where the loggers kept their venison, other meat and wood. The main building was the place where the men slept, and beyond was the mess hall. On the grounds was a locomotive used in the old narrow gauge railroad operation. Road icers and big wheels used to transport logs from the dense areas to the point where they could be sledded into collection points, were all evident in this replica of the logging day operations.

The entire bunk house was devoted to beds, which were divided into two units each, two upper and two lower. These were called "muzzle-loader" bunks as the men crawled in from the foot. In other camps, there were often conventional type bunks. Sometimes men made their choices of places to work depending on which type bunk was available. Loggers gathered balsam or marsh grass as mattresses. While there was not much time for conversation or story telling, they sometimes sat on the deacon's bench, a seat built on the outer edge of the bunk, and told yarns. Occasionally, there was a little violin music, but usually the men were weary and went to sleep early.

As for washing, loggers ignored this detail, since they seldom changed underwear all winter and baths were not available. But when spring came they "boiled up" as they put a fire under a huge iron kettle and washed their clothes. On winter nights socks wet from snow and ice were hung to dry on the sock rack. As soon as the moon went down, the socks were dry enough to wear again, as the loggers began their work early in the morning.

The kitchen was ruled over by the cook. The men were not allowed to talk, except to call for food, "Pass the bread; pass the meat," etc. Talking took time and there was no time to spend except in eating. The cook too wanted to finish work before starting the next meal. A second cook helped, taking lunches to the loggers for the noon meal. He was called "cookee."

The blacksmith's shop was a most important place in those days as all implements were made there, and horses or oxen were shod there. Looking around the building we could see the lind and pins, pongs, canthooks, pewees, runners and pickaroons. Runners made grooves in the ice; the pewee handled logs in the water; the canthook was similar, but used on land. A jammer was a piece of equipment used to load logs. A ball hammer was hung on the horses and was used to knock the balls of ice off the hooves. Horses wore one shoe on each hoof, but the cleft-footed oxen had two on each.

A unit of three pieces of equipment was the basis of early logging. The sprinkler was a large wooden tank which held water with sled runners that ran either way. At night when no other sleighs were on the road, plugs were pulled out, letting the water run on the ground.

These ice roads were used for heavy sleighs--not sleds--which were about 9-feet wide. They could haul thousands of feet of logs at one time. Logs in the dense forest were skidded by oxen or horses out to the roads where the sleighs were loaded by means of jammers. Never again will there be sleigh hauls in Wisconsin or elsewhere, as other methods of logging have taken their place.

We could see the housing for an old time river bateau. The bateau was used to carry men and supplies in the last log drive made in 1926. It was a boat some 30 feet long, tapered at both ends.

Railroad logging in the 20's was carried on by means of a narrow gauge engine on display in Rhinelander. No flanges were on the center wheel as they had to go around sharp curves. If logs were to be hauled long distances, ten to twenty loads of sleighs were hooked up to a steam hauler. There were sleigh runners on the front and tracks on the back. These were used extensively in the lake areas. This was a forerunner of the tractor.

Today there is very little timber left. There are some stands of new or virgin timber which is used in paper manufacturing. Fire fighting days have been lessened, much to the joy of old timers. The museum showing the great lumbering era in Wisconsin is open from Memorial Day to Armistice Day, in Pioneer Park, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

LA POINTE MUSEUM

When spring finds its way to Madeline Island, the tourist season begins. Those who own their cottages or summer homes hurry over the blue waters to again breathe deeply of the refreshing Lake Superior breezes. As the weather warms, throngs of visitors come to visit for shorter periods.

La Pointe, the only town of the island, can well boast of its millionaire homes, its humble cottages, its church and craft shop, Indian graves, and fascinating history as found in the museum. As the boat docks at the pier, the wooden fence surrounding the museum is one of the first sights to be seen. One wonders if this is now, or ever has been a fort.

Having a microphone and a tape recorder available, it was my aim to hear and record the history of the island from those who knew it best and had had a share in furnishing the museum--Leo Capser, the founder and president of the useum; Margaret Heershima, curator of the Museum; and Mrs. Hamilton Ross whose late husband had been the island's historian.

Upon entering the museum, you see before you the pictorial history of the coming of the Indian, the fur traders and the early explorers. Mr. Capser discovered nearly all of the authentic articles on the Island.

Mrs. Ross, who had spent summers on Madeline ever since she was five years old, told us the Ojibwa Indians first came in 1490 (before Columbus discovered America) from their home on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up the river, past Lake Superior to the end of the island.

At one time nearly 20,000 Ojibwas lived on Madeline, until they exceeded their means of support. After about 120 years, there was starvation so that the medicine men resorted to cannibalism, choosing little girls as the victims. Because the tribe retaliated when it came to this, the medicine men were killed. Soon the Indians left the island as the fog and mists from the lagoons seemed to them to be the ghosts of the little victims.

Indian customs are easy to understand as one tours through the various rooms. There is a cradle board, or a "tickinagan" used to carry children. The support on the upper portion of the board supported the baby's head so if by chance, the tickinagen was tipped over, the child would not be hurt. A twin tickinagen seen in the museum is probably the only one in existence since the birth of twins was an unwelcome event and it was an old custom to dispose of one twin.

Moving on through the museum, some of the finest exhibits are the equipment, clothing, guns, and the hunting and trapping paraphernalia of the first voyagers. Mink, otter, wolves, fox, fisher beaver and snow shoe rabbit furs, many no longer available, displayed the color and romance of early fur trading days.

Little boys visiting the museum love getting into the jail with its barred windows, but their ardor is quelled slightly when the curator, Mrs. Heershima explains that no bad men have ever been on Madeline Island, so the jail was given to the museum.

The pioneer home is also a part of the La Pointe Museum. Some 50 years ago, this little house was built by the brother of a man who was drowned. It is sometimes called an Old Sailor's home for it was built on the northeast point of the island, where the sailor lost his life battling the storm. It was later moved to the museum. Here it is intact with the original stove and furnishings. It was always stocked with food and clothing - a refuge for fishermen and hunters. A light burned within for over 40 years as an invitation to those who could not get back to the head of the island, to come inside to safety.

Lumbermen are featured in a portion of the museum, and what is more reminiscent of early days on the island than the huge sleigh load of logs. Two walls are completely covered with articles connected with the lumber industry.

Another rare object safely housed in the museum is a French-cut glass lens. The lens is activated mechanically and is set up exactly as it was in the original light house. It was found intact and given to La Pointe by the light-house keeper. Its revolving red beam was the first light of the Apostle Islands on Lake Superior.

A quick tour of this fabulous museum which fills one with pride, can only be enjoyed by a visit. One cannot see nor tell in a few moments the depth of history, legend and fact in this locale.

GALLOWAY HOUSE

The Galloway House Museum lies on Pioneer Road in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. This road, renamed by the Fond du Lac County Historical Society, connects city highway 41 on south Main Street and highway 45. This honored home is one of the 95 county and city historical societies in Wisconsin, affiliated with the State Historical Society. Each operates independently, but may request help from the state's staff in planning displays and special exhibits. At the time of our visit to Galloway House in 1963, they were getting the help needed to show old farm implements in the barn located on the grounds.

When a beautiful home becomes a museum, there is usually a story back of it, as was the case with this house. Edwin H. Galloway, builder of the house, was a lumberman who each year added to the home until it became a large white imposing structure. He was a very prominent citizen of Fond du Lac, having been its mayor, a state assemblyman, a real estate dealer, a mill owner and financier. He, together with Edward Pier, started the first savings bank in the city. In 1955 Mrs. Ebernau, a Galloway granddaughter, decided that this house should be restored as a museum for Fond du Lac. Edwin P. Galloway, of Lake De Neveu, brother of Mrs. Ebernau, gave it to the Historical Society.

Those who could best tell the story of the past and present were active members of the Historical Society: Mrs. Margaret Baker, Mrs. Grace Balson, Mrs. Carol Sanders and Mrs. Franklin Brown. Mrs. Charles Leonard first told of the museum in lieu of the broadcast on the Homemakers' Program.

The elaborate setting includes a Victorian frame home, a carriage house with two floors of exhibits, a barn, a log house, a rose garden, a grapey and a gazebo. A gazebo is a summer house where the youngsters could play and the older folks could visit, have tea, and enjoy a summer breeze.

Both the inside and the outside of the house reveal elaborate woodwork. It is a gay, 22-room house with much gingerbread decoration, and large windows which give a bay effect. There are two main floors, an attic and basement--a firm, strong wind-proof dwelling made of fine woods. Those who worked on the house were men who worked on the Pullman cars of that period.

Within the house, many of the original furnishings such as carpets and draperies are still intact. The family room carpeting had been worn out, but the special occasion parlor rug is in perfect condition. Such a parlor was used almost exclusively for weddings, funerals and family gatherings, and was closed most of the time. In the large reception room is a cupola seen from the outside only. It is a special feature of the house, furnishing a bit of air conditioning, for when the door is open a little breeze trickles down from the upper to lower floors. The boy of the household and his friends used to go to the cupola to scout for Indians.

From the hallway with its lovely, colorful stenciled ceiling, a beautiful stairway emerges. This is one of the loveliest features of the house since the case is carved black walnut, with much handwork and arches of pine wood. All was done by hand. When Grandma Galloway went upstairs to take a nap, she would take the top of the newel post with her. The family knew this was a sign to be quiet.

Crystal pendant chandeliers hang in all the rooms. There are also the loveliest of glass curtains, 120 inches long, made in Switzerland. Red velvet draperies with gold fringe and tassels have been reproduced to match the original draperies. A mirror which has never been resilvered is still intact. The chickering piano retains its lovely tone. Original chairs and a table are in the dining room with German silver settings. Painted china on loan for a season represent the type of china used by the family for many years.

Fond du Lac's first Charity Ball was held in this house, with people dancing inside and outside on the lawn. Ice cream socials are still held here. Because the Galloway House is not open in midwinter, the Heritage Club, which includes a group of women interested in the study of antiques, hold a "Christmas-in-July," with tree ornaments, strings of popcorn and cranberries decorating the tree. Wreaths hang on the doors, and the wandering minstrels sing in the hall. There are always hay rides for the children and lots of good things to eat.

The Galloway House is complete even to the kitchen with its old fashioned stove. Beyond the kitchen lies an old store with meat slicers, scales, cheese bins and many things reminiscent of years gone by.

Clubs and individuals have given gifts and financial help through the years, and the museum itself sells gifts for money to use for restoration purposes. The Galloway House is a splendid museum - one of which Fond du Lac County may well be proud.

WORLD CIRCUS SIDESHOW

There is scarcely an adult anywhere who has been denied the joys of a circus, but not all have seen the sideshows. In the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, the Sideshow of 100 years ago was being shown. The story was told to Homemaker listeners by Colonel Joe Mercedes, from Rhinelander, who had traveled all over the world in his role as telepathist in the Barnum sideshows.

Doris Platt of the State Historical Society, took me to the south side of the Circus World Museum where I crossed the river on the yellow bridge and came in sight of nine beautiful circus wagons which had just arrived from Disneyland. Upon entering the big tent, Colonel Mercedes began to describe the circus notables represented and to relate the life stories of these remarkable people. The characters portrayed were clay models from which a cast was made, filled with fiber glass and polished. All rough parts were ground away, so that the limbs, neck and shoulders, face and arms were more lifelike than words can tell. The eyes were similar to human eyes so the figures were exceptionally real. The artists' brush had furnished the makeup.

My first stop was before P. T. Barnum, a dynamic man, 6 feet, 2 inches tall, who spent some 63 years in this honorable profession. There he stood as of 63 years, dressed in the type of clothes worn then. The watch chain, stretched across his vest, held his watch securely. Barnum discovered some of the most unusual folk in all the world, and enticed them into his circus.

Among the featured sideshow personnel was Madam Artista, the tattooed lady who boasted 127 designs on her body. She had once been a ballet dancer in an opera in Paris. Tattooing is not painless and she may not have been forewarned of the pain from two to three thousand pricks from needles which made her into the most tattooed lady in all the land. Her ballet costume was not as common 100 years ago as it is today.

Joe-Joe, the dog-face boy, was indeed a freak of nature. He looked like a poodle dog, and it was no wonder his mother was distraught at the sight of him. Joe-Joe was born in Siberia and was one of the gentlest men in the circus. He had a high I.Q., had attended a university and spoke five different languages. His mother was told that the hair on his body and face would disappear as he grew older, but instead it grew longer. When Joe-Joe was 21 years of age, Barnum went to Russia to sign him up for the American Circus.

Zip was a savage--a real wild man. When he was fifteen years old this pin-headed pigmy from Africa was discovered by Barnum. His sole purpose in the sideshow was to frighten people and to collect pennies, nickels and dimes for post cards. He had little mental capacity, but was a happy little creature.

Siamese twins belonged to Barnum's sideshow. They were men born in Siam. For 65 years they lived joined together, and could walk, bend, handle horses, handle a plough and otherwise live like normal men. One was an extrovert and a bit on the wild side, but he was held in check by his brother who was an introvert and who often took his brother to church. They were married to two girls in North Carolina, and had 22 children, none of whom were Siamese twins.

The snake charmer, according to Colonel Mercedes, was a delightful girl who charmed not only snakes, but everyone who looked at her. She was born in London and raised in Calcutta. This charmer danced with a boa constrictor wrapped around her shoulders, and since she weighed only 100 pounds, the boa could have easily crushed her. But she died a natural death at the age of 45 and our guide insisted that all her boa constrictors died of broken hearts after her death.

The bearded lady, the thin man, the tall lady, Tom Thumb and the sword swallower, all astounded thousands of spectators at Barnum's sideshow. The wonder who attracted my immediate attention was the fire-eating man. Colonel Mercedes explained that the performer didn't actually eat fire. A lighted chemical was put in his mouth, which was extinguished when he closed his mouth.

A legend is told about the 12-foot tall, 2500-pound giant of the circus. He was supposedly found asleep on a farm in New York and was said to be a prehistoric man who had lived 100 years before Christ. Thousands of people came to the farm each year to see the sleeping giant even after the legend was proven false. Barnum offered the farmer on whose land the giant rested, \$1000 a week to carry him on the road in the circus sideshow. The farmer rejected his offer. Barnum decided to make such a creature out of stone, which was said to be a legitimate fraud since the original sleeping giant was also a fraud.

The fattest girl in the world, a teenager who weighed 626 pounds was one of the sideshow's most interesting people. At the end of the tent was a picture of a number of gentlemen with a young boy. One of these men was the late President Kennedy's grandfather and the boy was none other than Colonel Joe Mercedes himself, when he was 11 years old. Joe left home, with his parents' approval, to join his grandfather who operated a small circus. There "Wamy Sammy," a mystic, taught little Joe telepathy. When he was 14, he brought telepathy to America, and the 1904 World's Fair in St. Louis featured his act. Telepathy is the art of projecting your thought to someone attuned to you, and according to Mercedes, it is very different from mind reading. He would have someone from the audience call "mentally" for a bit of music. In turn this request was relayed through telepathy to a man at a piano some distance away, who then played the music. Today Joe Mercedes is still master of this art.

One only wonders what will eventually become of all these life-sized figures of the great circus era. Colonel Mercedes tells us that they have all been willed to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, when their days of being shown are ended.

WISCONSIN INDUSTRIES

MAPLE SYRUP

Nearly 200 miles north of Madison lies the center of the important maple syrup industry. I carried my microphone to Polar, Wisconsin to talk with George Klement, his wife and his sales manager. Federal inspectors listed George Klement as the world's largest maple syrup producer with 320 acres of sugar maples.

I looked into "sweet water," as the Indians called it, and into the history of syrup-making. Maple syrup supplied the only sweetening for Indians and the first white men in America. Legend tells of how the great chieftain, Wokus, went out one day in search of game. His Indian wife, Moqua, busied herself making moccasins as she boiled moose meat in sweet water. Forgetting the meat, while she worked, the sweet water boiled away into a thick brown syrup. When mighty Wokus returned he found such a dainty morsel that the chieftain swallowed the meal, licked the platter clean and told his tribe that a heaven-sent instructor had told his wife how to prepare a tasty meal by boiling the juice of the maple. This heavenly recipe soon became known to other Indians.

Today's maple syrup operation is far different than the early Indian way. They cut slashes in the tree and using a hollow elm twig as a spigot, strained the sap through moss and heated the birch bark baskets containing sap by throwing hot stones into them. The Klement farm taps 20,000 trees, buys from others who tap 15,000 trees, and makes 28,000 gallons of sap into 700 gallons of finished syrup in 24 hours. One gallon of syrup is made from 40 gallons of sap.

When March winds blow and the winter snows have piled some 30 inches deep, men on snowshoes go into the woods with drills. They drill one or more holes into a tree. Another work crew inserts sap spouts and still other men hang plastic bags on the tree to catch the sap. So maple season begins. The sap, depending on the weather, sometimes runs so swiftly that the men changing the bags cannot keep up and some sap is lost.

"Can more than one hole be inserted each season in a tree?" I asked.

"Yes," Klement replied, "If the tree is at least 16 inches in diameter, it can be tapped two or three times. Some logs have been known to have 60 tap holes and they are still healthy trees."

Plastic bags, which replaced the buckets of past years, hold up to 12 to 13 quarts of sap. Each bag has a flap to keep out rain, moths, bark and leaves. New plastic bags offer a sanitary advantage over buckets. The sunlight shines through the bag, killing the bacteria collected in the sap.

Weather is all important to the making of maple syrup. Warm days and freezing nights are needed to make the sap flow.

Season to season may cause variation of flavor. At the time I visited the Klements, top quality syrup was being produced. The sales room was filled with attractive containers of syrup. Candies were available in quart glass containers usable for serving or refrigeration. Visitors could order plain or apple pancakes with maple syrup 24 hours a day. Coffee was served to the 700 to 1000 people who came during the short season to see the great production of maple syrup. Not only Wisconsin people came but those from other states and even a visitor from Egypt.

Homemakers often asked Mrs. Klement, "How does one keep maple syrup?" She explained that syrup should be stored under refrigeration, not at room temperature. Bring the syrup just to the boiling point, then remove it from the heat and put it into glass jars and it will keep. A second commonly asked question was, "How else may one use maple syrup besides on waffles and pancakes?" Mrs. Klement recommended it as a topping for ice cream, puddings, baked apples and sweet potatoes.

At the time of our broadcast, Wisconsin's maple syrup industry ranked fourth in the nation. Since then, Klement's mode of operation has shifted somewhat. Although he still owns his trees and taps them, he sends the syrup out for processing.

SORGHUM MAKING

Every year when autumn sets the trees aflame, sorghum mills begin to operate. Since sorghum making may soon be a vanishing industry, I decided to watch the process.

It was fall when Elwood Brickbauer, agronomy specialist at the University of Wisconsin, Doris Ardel, publicity member of the state radio station, and I drove some 100 miles to August Plunke's sorghum mill near Prairie du Chien. Sorghum milling is usually a family operation and few large mills exist. It is a short time industry, sometimes only a 4 to 10 week operation. Some years, the mill runs only 5½ weeks. At other times, it runs from 6 to 10 weeks.

There is a difference in producing maple syrup and sorghum--sorghum must be planted and mother nature supplies maple sap. Weather is the main element in raising quality sorghum. Heat with adequate moisture is ideal. It is planted in May much the same way as corn.

In the fall, the plant is topped and cut with a corn binder, then taken to a crusher and run through, leaves and all. Sap is run through a filtering tank and into vats (13 barrels each) in the processing house.

There are two systems of processing, according to Brickbauer--the vat and continuous flow system. August Plunke uses the vat system incorporating steam and valve-controlled heat. He works with three barrels of sap, processes it, then does the next batch. The vat processing takes about two hours. As it is piped into the finishing vat, it is taken out, weighed and directed into a strainer where it is cooled. It is strained as many as five times after coming through the cooling system.

Since heat reaches 400°F in the finishing tank, sap boils away very fast. As it boils, bubbles rise. These bubbles indicate the processing stage. First there is a "sheep's eye" stage, where the bubbles are small. In the final stage bubbles are the size of a dime. The sorghum is then taken off the fire and strained before being put into 5-or 10-pound pails. That not for shipping is put into 2-pound glass jars. State and federal inspectors come to the Plunke mill two or three times a year as his sorghum is shipped all over the United States.

Neighbors for 50 miles around bring their sorghum to be processed by August Plunke just as his grandfather's neighbors brought theirs to the first mill at Bagley, Wisconsin, in 1850. This first mill was a crude affair, but in 1890 when Plunke's father took over, the operation became horse-powered. His father processed sorghum over a hot fire in an open pan. August Plunke, the grandson and present owner, secured an evaporator and a bigger press for his mill. Steam is much better than a wood fire, as it may be controlled and does not scorch the sap as easily. One working in this business must be an engineer, a steam fitter and a farmer.

As a farmer, Plunke alternates space for growing sorghum. It is said to take sugar out of the ground and so must not be planted in the same place each year. Soil, age at harvest and even fertilizers affect flavor. A green scum which comes from the pulp of cane stalk, is skimmed after being boiled, and it is taken out for hog feed. Sweet skimmings are for cattle feed.

Sorghum has always been used for eating and for cooking but with newer products available it has experienced a decline in popularity. Enthusiasts hope that sorghum making will never vanish completely.

LETTUCE

Wisconsin has had many long time industries of which it has boasted, but growing lettuce is comparatively new in the state. It was only six years old in 1960, the time of my broadcast. To tell the story of this crop, Marvin Schweers, of the State Department of Agriculture, and I drove to the muck farms, north of Berlin where Harold Gadske and his son Kenneth raise over 600 acres of lettuce.

The elder Gadske told us that cranberries were once grown in these marshes. In fact, in the 1890's, the farm was the largest cranberry-producing area in the state. As the dairy industry grew in Wisconsin, farmers used more lime in the soil, making the ground alkaline. Cranberries were not suited to this soil as they need more acid, so a new crop--lettuce--was planted. Seeding of lettuce begins in spring when the ground becomes soft. A large crew of workers (Texan and Mexican migrant workers) is needed from late in May to the end of August.

Men who seed and thin the fields leave a 14-inch space between heads, as weeding is important and the space necessary. There are 18 inches between the rows. A special harvesting crew comes to cut and pack the crop. These are experts who have been specially trained and are usually of Filipino descent from California and Arizona. A federal inspector works in the field, testing samples. Normally a federal agent inspects each load as it leaves, and issues an official certificate as a part of the report, but at Harold Gadske's field, the inspector follows the fieldman, so that he may individually check the large volume.

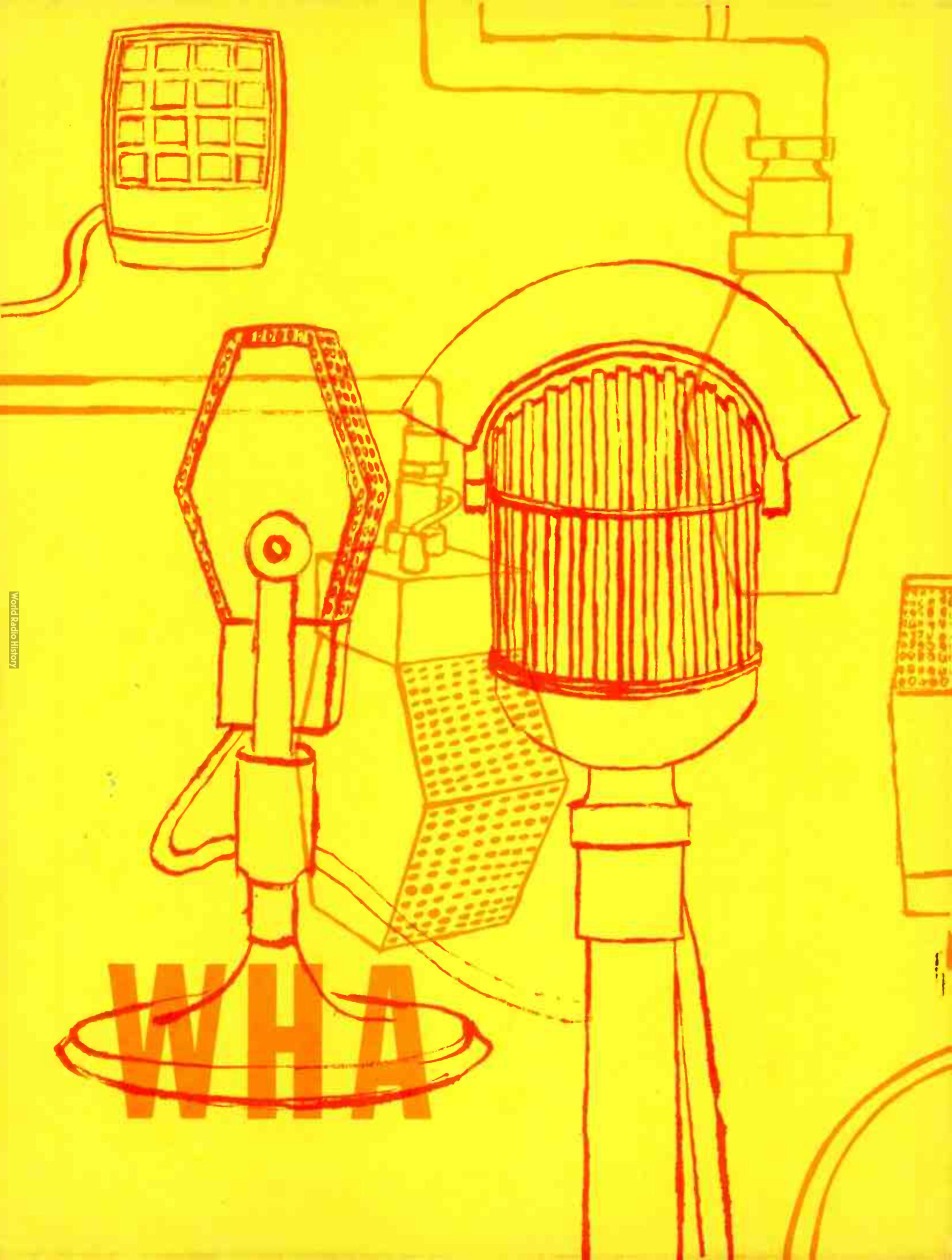
It takes about 55 days for lettuce to mature in summer, as warm temperatures and sunshine are essential to develop a crop. Lettuce is more susceptible to variations in weather and moisture than many other crops. The Gadskes regulate the water supply mechanically. In dry weather water is fed through a tile, and in wet weather, excess moisture is pumped out, so that the growth rate can be held at its maximum.

Lettuce is packed in boxes in the field. There are 30 cases each in a pallet and a truck holds four pallets. These are rolled into a cooler which holds six pallets or 180 cases. The door is shut and a vacuum is created by steam. Here the lettuce is boiled, which causes evaporation, which in turn causes cooling. In this system, the head of lettuce is uniformly cooled. The process takes only 25 to 30 minutes. From the cooler, trucks immediately carry their loads to their various destinations. The operation from field, through processing, as well as packing the trucks for market takes only one hour.

Two qualities are essentially responsible for Wisconsin's lettuce heads--the abundance of water and the type of humus. At the Gadske farm, necessary minerals are added to the soil to insure a complete balance. Magnesium, calcium, iron, copper, zinc and barium are added in minute amounts. If the plant lacks in any, it shows its deficiency as streaks in ribs and in the general health of the plant. Agronomists at the University of Wisconsin have been helpful in keeping the food balance.

Wisconsin lettuce is acknowledged by the Department of Agriculture to be superior in quality to that of other states.

Wisconsin lettuce is preferably sold within the state, so that it may be delivered quickly, but it has been trucked to Toledo, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Chicago within a short time. This product sells! Every housewife knows how important a good head of lettuce is when the recipe reads "unmold on lettuce leaves," or "cut up lettuce, and mix all chilled ingredients to serve in a salad bowl." It is an unusual and exciting sight to see acre upon acre of fresh green lettuce heads growing in Wisconsin.



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