



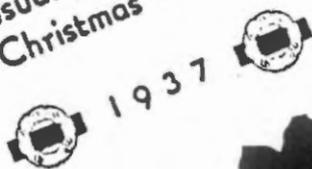
"The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow:
But what is the meaning of then and now?
The little bird pipeth--'why? why?'"

"The voice of the bird/ Shall no more be heard . . ."
"Tho' much is taken, much abides . . ." --all Tennyson

GOODBYE, CHEZ NOUS

Dec. 13, BELOIT AUCTION HOUSE TOTED OFF ALL THEY THOUGHT WOULD SELL.

We're building a house which is not yet completed,
So our bankroll this season is sadly depleted,
We can't send the usual photo to you,
But we say "Merry Christmas" — and you can guess who.



This is our home, aglow with all good wishes for Christmas.
THE RONALD DOUGANS -- 1940

Merry Christmas



THE RONALD DOUGANS
1957



Conductor Featured In Lands' End

By Beverly Green

Move over, Fabio. You've got some competition! When you pick up a copy of the February Lands' End catalog, don't be surprised if you see a familiar face. Lewis Dalvit, conductor of the Johnson City Symphony Orchestra, is featured as a model! Lands' End did a special on prominent Wisconsin people a while back and contacted Lewis. Lewis founded what is now The Beloit/Janesville Symphony and will be a guest conductor for the orchestra this fall. When Lands' End learned that Lew always wears Lands' End mock

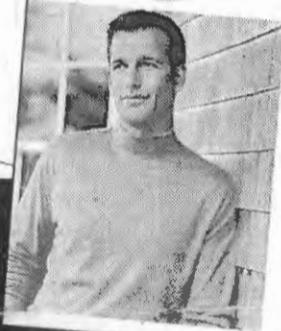
turtlenecks when he conducts, they decided to do a special feature with him wearing his turtleneck. They also considered using Lew's dog, *Sonatina*, since Lew commented that his Lands' End shirt was "as soft as his Golden Retriever's ears" but space constraints

kept that from happening in this catalog, although the company indicated they may want this opportunity again later on.

If you missed the catalog, you

↓ see below

Note: Sonatina is on p. 39 of L.L.Bean Xmas catalogue -- the dog standing up.



When Maestro Lewis Dalvit takes to the stage, our Mock goes too.

"No stiff fronts and white ties for me. I always conduct in Lands' End mock turtlenecks," revealed Lewis Dalvit in a recent letter to us. Turns out he's the conductor of the Johnson City, Tenn. Symphony Orchestra as well as artistic director of the St. Andrews Summer School for the Performing Arts in New Brunswick, Canada -- to name just a fraction of his career accomplishments. He also said his Lands' End mocks are elegant. They travel well -- and following performances "I can change from talks to a sportcoat to enjoy a post-concert party." That's music to our ears! Thanks for the compliments, Maestro Dalvit.



1-800-356-4444 • We're open 24 hours a day • landsend.com

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Above: Conductor Lewis Dalvit in his turtleneck featured in the latest Lands' End Catalog

Left: Lewis and Sonatina

Catalog

can see Lew, turtleneck and all, at the upcoming "Sentimental Journey" performance of the Johnson City Symphony Orchestra Saturday, Feb. 1 at 8 p.m. in Seeger Chapel at Milligan College. Guest artists are Soprano Susan Williams and Tenor Judson Perry. Call 92-MUSIC for tickets, adults are \$15 and students \$7.



PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

Royce K. DeBow owned and operated various businesses that have served individuals, non-profits, small privately held businesses, and Fortune 500 companies. For almost 10 years, Royce had a successful consulting practice that served clients including Allstate, NBC, GE Medical Systems, Johnson Controls, Kohler Company, and Qaud Graphics. Royce's career in communications has allowed him to work directly with noted individuals including Colin Powell, CBS' Dan Rather, retired General Norman Schwartzkopf and former Secretary of State George Schultz.

A BETTER WAY - Independent candidate Royce K. DeBow knows the enemy in politics is not a person or a political party. The enemies are a weak economy, poverty, overspending, high taxes, and skyrocketing healthcare costs. The enemy is any barrier preventing Wisconsin citizens from reaching their potential and living safe, healthy, happy, and productive lives. Royce K. DeBow will focus on the true challenges facing Wisconsin. Good ideas can come from anywhere and Royce looks forward to working with anyone who wants to solve problems and help our state government to work better.

SERVICE RECORD

In the Navy from 1984-1990, Royce was recognized more than 20 times for superior performance. Royce received numerous awards as well as 'Letters of Appreciation' and 'Letters of Commendation' from two different Admirals. At NATO Base, Naval Air Station Keflavik, Iceland, Royce served two years and was honored as one of the top four Petty Officers. One of the most significant highlights of Royce's naval career was the opportunity to support the Superpower Summit held between President Ronald Reagan and Soviet Premier Mikhail Gorbachev in Reykjavik, Iceland.

What he was doing was making professional videos -- what he's done in the first column -- produced videos for these companies.

On November 5th, Vote for Royce K. DeBow, your Independent candidate for the 32nd Assembly District.

ABOUT THE CANDIDATE

Royce K. DeBow Age: 37



Royce and Elle married in 1996. They live in Delavan and have two children. Rachel is 2 and Wyatt was born June 2002.

Royce is currently employed at Walworth County Publishing, LLC, a subsidiary of Bliss Communications, where he develops and sells newspaper advertising to businesses.

Royce K. DeBow is a member of the Delavan-Darien Rotary Club and serves on the Board of Directors.

INVEST WISELY - In the past, you may have invested your vote in a big party candidate who won the election and went to Madison. Across the state, many voters did the same. But what has the investment produced?

- Recent \$1.1 billion budget deficit
\$2.8-\$3 billion future deficit
\$825 million tobacco fund raid
Caucus and campaign scandals
3rd highest taxed state in the U.S.

He's still going to Madison

2/17 '020

Declare Your Independence

On November 5th, Vote for Royce K. DeBow, your Independent candidate for the 32nd Assembly District.

Ex-candidate hired as aide to man who beat him at polls

Royce got more publicity than Lothian! By Chris Schultz Gazette Staff

DELANAN--If the voters won't send you to Madison, maybe the top vote-getter will.

Royce K. DeBow, who ran as an independent in the new 32nd Assembly District, has been hired as legislative aide by freshman State Rep. Thomas Lothian, R-Williams Bay.

"I think Royce is very smart and very affable," Lothian said of his new aide.

"You've got to have somebody you trust" as an aide, Lothian added. "I'm very comfortable with him."

Freshmen representatives get just one aide, Lothian said.

DeBow said he officially accepted the position Nov. 30. He said that as a legislative aide, he will be a liaison for constituents in the 32nd District, will handle Lothian's schedule and will do legislative research.

DeBow said he wasn't exactly sure what his salary as legislative aide will be. He said he believes that the pay is in the \$30,000 range.

Lothian will be sworn in as representative and DeBow will start his duties in Madison on Jan. 6.

Lothian, DeBow of Delavan, Democrat Ryan Schroeder of Delavan and another independent candidate, Linda Rolnick of Williams Bay, were on the November ballot in the 32nd District, which includes most of southern Walworth County and a single Kenosha County town.

DeBow and Rolnick campaigned against party politics and business as usual in Madison, citing scandals and fiscal irresponsibility in state government as reasons for not trusting either Democrats or Republicans.

The election showed that voters in this area aren't tired of partisan politics.



Lothian



DeBow

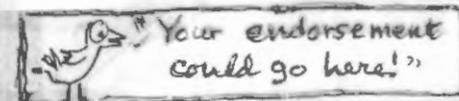


A vote for Royce K. DeBow says...

- NO to party politics as usual
NO to big special interests
NO to partisan bickering

A vote for Royce K. DeBow says...

- YES to 'People Politics'
YES to the people's interests
YES to Independent thinking



A BETTER INVESTMENT

If ever there was a right time to break the habit of voting for a big party candidate, that time is now.

On November 5th, Vote for Royce K. DeBow, your Independent candidate for the 32nd Assembly District.

ther Lothian or Rolnick.

Both DeBow and Lothian said that the idea of DeBow being a legislative aide first came up during the campaign.

"I think it started as an offhand comment at one of the forums," Lothian said. "He said something like, 'If I don't win, I want to be your legislative aide.' And I said, 'If I don't win, I want to be yours.'"

At the start of the Assembly race, DeBow worked as an advertising representative for Walworth

County Publishing, a subsidiary of Bliss Communications, the company that publishes The Janesville Gazette.

DeBow quit his job to concentrate on the campaign. After the election, DeBow said, he was considering what he was going to do next, when he decided to apply for the legislative aide position.

Lothian said he received 42 applications for the legislative aide position, many of them from former legislative aides and assistants in Madison.

The Democratic Candidate was awful. I heard him debate.

"If I hadn't been in the race ... I probably would have voted for him," Lothian said of DeBow.

During the candidate forums, DeBow attacked Schroeder on issues far more often than he did ei-

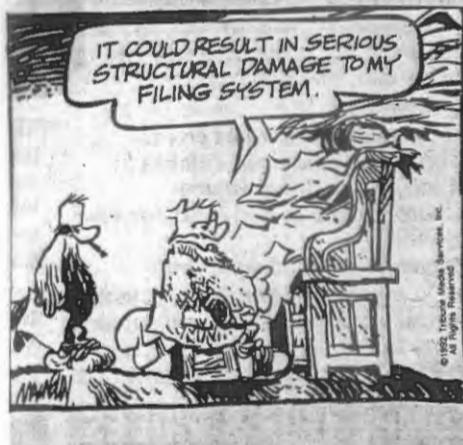
Chez Nous, con't from p. 1

Beloit. Well, the farm is pretty much gone. Jo and Katie came Dec.12 and gathered a few more family things. At the same time a columnist/reporter arrived from the Janesville Gazette, to interview me on the book, but was so intrigued at the farm's "final day" that she did her article mainly on that. I'm not sure I wiped away a tear, but it's a nice article; see p.5. As we go to press, it seems that Gene Shepherd will move the large seed processing building, with the mural, to his plant a few miles away, also the warehouse **AND** the house itself, on another country lot of his! He may leave behind the attached garage and the room over it. Nick, the dog, still hangs around some but has mainly gone back home to next door, and Angus the cat is down here with me. (See p.) As for the auction--I went to it, and found it pretty much a travesty. Granted, a lot of our best stuff had been taken by the family, but what there was of ours was all mixed with everyone else's, no way of telling. The auction (Weds. Jan. 29) began at 4:30, didn't end till 11:15--and the furniture didn't come under the gavel till ten o'clock, so people were mostly gone by the time the bulk of our things were auctioned. Didn't they know they were offering way too much stuff for one session? Most of ours went for very little, well under the appraised price. I ended up buying back Mother's little cherry desk, which I hadn't taken earlier because of its high appraisal, and a beautiful dresser appraised at \$400 went for \$40; I'm still kicking myself. I did buy back Vern Schafer's sculpture of the flying fish. I was glad for Muriel and Will Pollock's company all evening. They got some neat rugs for very little.

--Humorous (sort of) note: The workers removing our things from Chez Nous struggled for hours trying to get the huge and valuable oak ice box out of the basement--six feet high, 4 glass doors, brass fittings, had originally been at the Dairy before refrigeration. The four men finally got it to the top of the stairs and partly stuck into the back hall, and there was simply no room to maneuver it out the back door. (Why hadn't they measured before they started?) So they asked me if they could cut a hole in the house! I said no: the heat was on, the pipes would freeze up, just leave it! So they did, like a giant constipated turd. Next day Shepherd's men, moved it back to the basement. It can't be gotten out till the house is moved. How'd it get there in the first place? Down the cellar steps from outside (remember cellar doors?) and into place before the furnace went in to block the way, probably summer of 1938.

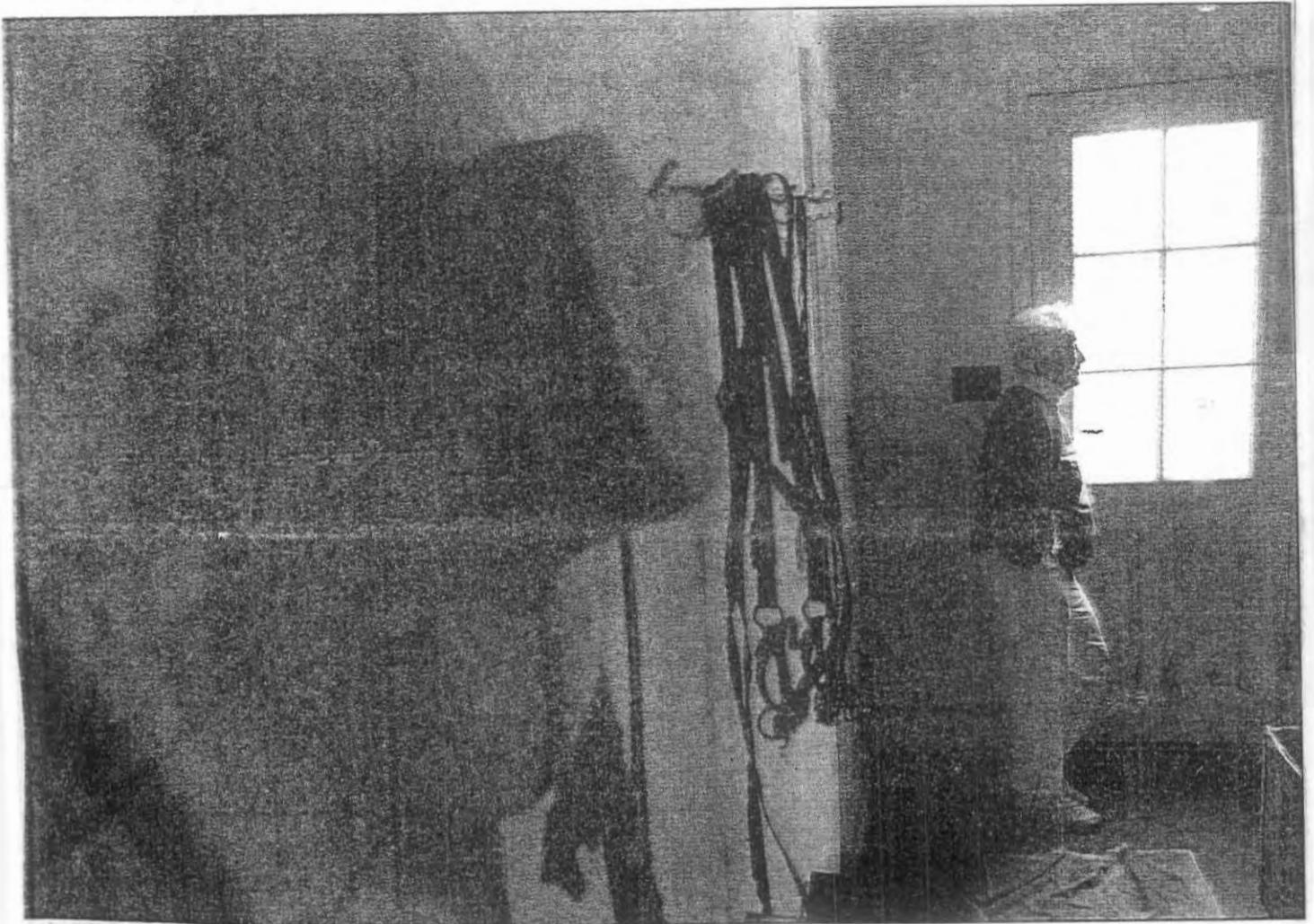
PAUL CRUSHES MOTORCYCLE ON ESCALATOR: YOU ASKED!

Germany: Summer '02 Paul Campagna, now 85 and our most traveled relative, riding an up-escalator with a luggage-piled trolley, had behind him a man and motorcycle. (Germans allow such!) At the top, preparatory to shoving off, Paul released the trolley brake a moment too soon, it rolled back and knocked him backward onto the cycle, which went down with its owner. Took several moments for authorities to stop the escalator and untangle luggage, limbs and wheels. They were concerned, but Paul, assuring everyone he was fine, walked away. On a bus to Weidner cousins, a solicitous man asked Paul if his destination was the clinic. Paul replied yes (where our cousin works). The stranger offered help, but Paul thanked him and refused. When Dr. Weidner saw Paul, he asked how he'd got tire tracks imprinted the length of his back, his coat torn, and his shoe full of blood. Paul hadn't even noticed! Turned out he was tire-tracked to the skin and took some patching up. He only then understood the stranger's concern!



Janesville Gazette

At age 74, farm girl says goodbye 12/29/02



Dan Lassiter/Gazette Staff

Jackie Dougan Jackson stands in the entryway to the farmhouse where she grew up. The farm was in Turtle Township.

Plows giving way to bulldozers

Farmer's daughter is closing doors to lifeblood of a family

Between the lines



Jackie Dougan Jackson stands at the doorway of a house that once held the heartbeat of a farm.

She looks at the garden hat hanging on the wall. She gazes at a horse harness slung next to it. She catches her breath for a minute as a tear fills her eye.

Then, she continues to slog through the possessions: decorative birds perched on a mantel, a wicker chair, vinyl records, old paintings, back issues of Hoard's Dairyman, a party hat with "Dad" inscribed on the band.

The things of past lives scatter on the floors and shelves of all nine rooms of the sprawling Dougan home. For

decades, the Rock County family and relatives left belongings here for safe-keeping. Now, 74-year-old Jackie sorts through them, taking the last of what she wants before the people from the auction house arrive to carry the rest away.

Her childhood home on Colley Road and the 200 acres around it are about to die.

The landlocked city of Beloit bought the land for more than \$2 million, annexed it from the town of Turtle and is working with a Brookfield developer to change the landscape of the Dougan farm and another 260 acres.

In years to come, single-family

homes and office buildings will sprout in these fields.

Beloit hasn't seen the growth that the rest of Wisconsin has experienced, so it depends heavily on state aid for basic needs.

"We want to become more self-sufficient," says Steve Gregg, assistant city manager, explaining the need for a place to grow.

Jackie shakes her head. The passing of a family arm is always reason to pause. Farmer Gene Shepherd has tilled the Dougan land for more than 30 years, since Jackie's

Turn to FARM/8A

Continued from 1A

father retired.

He praises the land as some of the best among the 1,000 acres that he farms.

He can't save the fields from pavement and cement, but he's thinking of moving the house, known to the Dougan family as "Chez Nous," French for "our home." Jackie, two sisters and a brother inherited the farm from their parents, Ronald and Vera Dougan, when they died.

"I would have been happy to hang onto it, but I can't farm it," Jackie says.

Years ago, she realized she was a writer, not a farmer. She has taught writing and literature at the University of Illinois since 1970.

She also has published two books about growing up on the farm in the 1930s and 1940s, with yet a bigger one in the works.

But today isn't about writing. It's about remembering and moving on.

Jackie and her sister have been sorting through the house for weeks, carrying off a little more with each visit.

Just when Jackie thinks she

has sorted through everything, she finds one more treasure. Upstairs in the attic, she opens a trunk and shines in with a flashlight.

"Oh, look at this," she says.

Inside, a faded pillow and bandages hide what's underneath.

She spies boxes of farm receipts, dating back many years.

"I can't go through every one of them," she mutters to herself. "I don't have a long enough life."

She uses a flashlight to find her way back to the stairway and slips down to the bedroom that she shared with her sister.

She's already removed the furniture to her home in Springfield, Ill. But she discovers an old trophy, etched with "Beloit Centennial 1936."

"We must have won something that year," she says, holding the faded memento, then taking it

with her.

She wanders to the spare room, called the "maid's room," although the family never had any maids. The space brims with books, another old harness and hats. She picks up a faded instrument of some sort.

"I'm not sure what this is or if I should take it," she says, and puts it down.

She slides down the back stairway into the kitchen, through the dining room, then comes to a halt at a chair in the broad expanse of a living room, next to a window with a view of the land.

Before her elderly father died in 1996, he sat here every day and surveyed his world.

Once, you could see the long descent into the Turtle Creek Valley, uninterrupted and green, all the way into town. If you looked closely, you could see the Congregational church steeple, a couple of water towers and lights on the old Milwaukee Road Bridge that "looked like a row of jewels on the black throat of night," Jackie recalls.

That was before Interstate 90.

She remembers reading about the new super highway when she was a graduate student at the



Dougan Jackson

University of Michigan in 1950.

She spread the newspaper, detailing its route, onto the floor. In horror, she recognized all the roads and familiar turns. I-90 was destined to run over part of her dairy farm, and clover leaves were planned within a couple of miles.

As she realized what was happening, she wasn't sure she was breathing.

"The Interstate was pretty much the death knell for the farm," she says, all these years later.

By 1961, when the Dougan farm co-hosted Farm Progress Days, thousands of visitors came by the recently completed I-90.

Jackie sits in a chair by the window and peers out.

In a far field, heaps of dirt show where the first road of the new development will slide across the ground. Beyond the field, I-90 snakes along the horizon, with its billboards coloring the otherwise drab sky. Steam from factories rises in billowy clouds. Jackie recalls telling her father that she should have been the farmer in the family.

If she had done that, she wouldn't have written her books, he replied.

Continued on p. 7.

EDUCATION NOTES

Paris: Cressida Broten is enjoying her Jr. Yr Abroad, studying French and foreign affairs. To her visitors (her mom, Aunt Demi, Grandma, Jon) she speaks like a native, but Cress says everyone can tell she's a Yank. She's also the intern in a gourmet cooking class; we await her bechamel sauce. She now eats snails and frog legs (rubbery, she says) and looks very Parisian.

Tahoe: Gillian is pursuing online a Nutrition Masters, while teaching a chem lab at the local community college. Also doing tutoring.

Delavan WI: Royce has gone back to school, will finish his degree online. He rides the Van Galder bus to Madison for his job at the Capitol, which affords him study time and avoids icy roads.

Madison WI: Ben Yde has so far auditioned at Boulder, Utah, Roosevelt (Chicago) and U of Minn: all seem favorably impressed with his abilities in operatic lit!

Madison: Josh Yde, a junior at the U., is planning on law school.

Copenhagen: Sonia Yde, studying business for her double major in music and business, will return to Madison to the graduate business school, for a masters in Arts Administration.

Bozeman, Montana: Tom Schmidt's Patrick and Colleen are both taking Suzuki violin and loving it. Tom, as the participating parent, has become so interested that he's gotten himself a fiddle and is learning, too.

Kalamazoo: KA Schmidt is in the business school at Western Mich, doing well.

Philadelphia: Lee Guthrie, at 50, is a casualty of the current big company policy of ditching their most competent, best paid people to save their own behinds. Never one to let grass grow, Lee has romped through a paralegal course with top grades, will work a while and then who knows--law school?

Philadelphia: Jackie Guthrie is substituting in the public schools, an education in itself. She says nobody wants to learn (or those few who do, can't), police guard the halls, it's impossible to teach, all you can do (usually in vain) is discipline. Aaargh!

Minneapolis: Demi is taking more courses in Shiatsu massage, while continuing to teach handwork at the Waldorf school, plus creating art. She's participating in a leaderless art class, ditto an Authentic Movement dance class. She's enamored with her first computer--plans to make a website of her art work--her fabric, books, and "drift-wood dancers," as Megan calls them. She'll be managing Vermont Music and Art Camp again this summer.

Aptos, CA: And Megan will probably design Demi's website; she's been taking an HTML class (Hyper Text Markup Language), also singing in a local community college chorus, besides projects with kids at her kids' charter school; see article p.12.

Champaign-Urbana: Sarah Schmidt, freshman at the U of I, is into creative writing! Way to go!

Evanston: And Megan Schmidt is in her first year high at New Trier.

Philadelphia: David Guthrie is doing well at the Performing Arts School he's attending and has been picked to be in a drama in downtown Philly where Bill Cosby is one of the players. There was some doubt that David would get into this special school, for he refused to do math throughout the grades, thereby flunking, yet when he took the qualifying exam he was in the 99th percentile. Apparently math was so clear to him that being David, he'd have nothing to do with wasting time on it. He said, about the exam, "I got a few wrong on purpose, because if I got them all right they might give me more work and then I wouldn't have time to ride my bike."

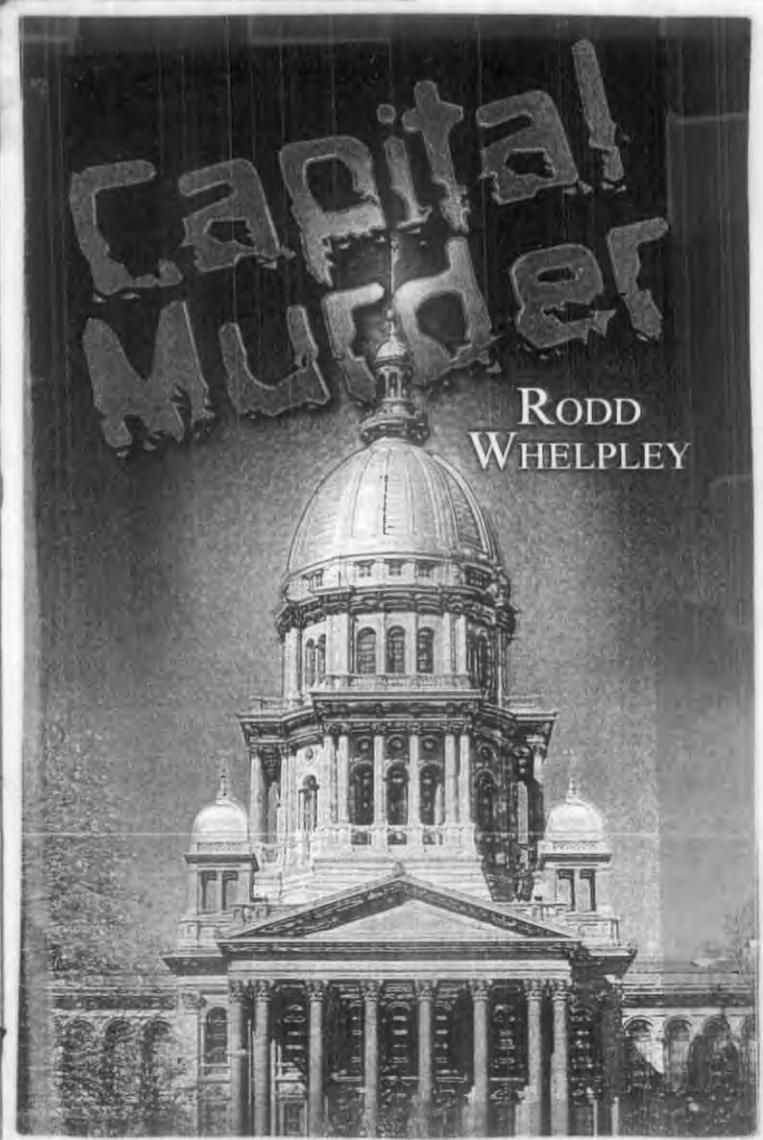
Delavan: Rachel DeBow, nearing three, adores her gymnastics class. Her favorite part is the trampoline. As I tell friends, Rachel has figured out how the universe works and is now busy enforcing it.

Wooster Ohio: That's where **Annie Guthrie** is at school, made Dean's

List, and has just won a second scholarship in piano. She's been asked to stay on six weeks after school's out to work in the Philosophy Dept.

Jackson Hole: Kestrel Schmidt, Grade 5, (see her web posting p.11) will be living in Spain with parents Jeremy and Wendy, next year.

A TERRIFIC READ! I don't always just tout my own books (I publicize Stephanie, Tom, Jeremy, don't I?) Well, here's a first rate mystery. Rodd began it in my novel class, but he was a full-fledged writer before I ever met him. (I see myself as a midwife for writers like Rodd--maybe a Heimlich maneuverer, squeezing 'em hard till the book whops out. And then [back to first image] if the babe is missing fingers, toes, or has them growing out its forehead, I'm pretty good at noticing that.) Anyway, read Rodd's book! It's a love story, really, and so sensitively written. Urge your library to get it, get it yourself. Amazon will send.



In Springfield, Illinois, everything is political . . .
 Police Captain Doug Ebersole knew the victim. Marni Lewis was an intern at the secretary of state's office and the stepdaughter of former police chief and current state Senator Tom Crosley. But to solve Marni's case, Ebersole will need to re-solve the twenty-year-old mysteries surrounding the death of Crosley's other daughter, Jessica. The investigation will take him to a ramshackle boys club, to the Senate floor, to a convalescent home in Ohio, and to an after-hours Goth party at a skateboard center. Along the way, he'll uncover a pattern of corruption that reaches to the highest levels of Illinois government.
 . . . even a dead body.

From page 5:

"The books are my legacy," she says.

She happily remembers all her visits back to the farm over the years to research "Stories from The Round Barn." Her first book about Rock County farm life centered on the ordinary, extraordinary people who surrounded her as she grew up.

Often in the company of her parents, Jackie as an adult interviewed hundreds of people to re-create their stories.

This year, Jackie's second book, "More Stories from The Round Barn," chronicles more rich, memorable tales of farm life, from when her grandfather bought the land in 1906 to her father's retirement in 1971.

The 1911 round barn, for which her books are named, stood less than half a mile down the road from the farmhouse. The unique dairy barn has since been moved.

But the words that her grandfather lettered inside the barn on the silo, "Life as well as a living," left an indelible mark on Jackie. She knew that the farm was more than a means of supporting her parents and family. She knew it was their lifeblood. Since she was 10, Jackie's been recording the

farm's stories. They echo the histories of many families and farms. They document fading memories of another time and place.

If you ask Jackie why she writes, she will tell you that writing is an extension of her hand, head and heart.

And she will tell you that she wants to share things that are important to her.

"I've written these books out of love," Jackie says.

"Love of the land, love of the people, love of the life."

Because of her, the stories of a farm will never be forgotten—even when houses start growing in the fields. In spring, when the old place is gone, Jackie plans to return, one more time.

"I know where the asparagus is," she says, looking off into the backyard and scanning the details of a landscape so intimate to her.

"I'll always know where to find it."

Anna Marie Lux is a columnist for the Gazette. She has been writing columns for The Sunday Gazette for years. They also now run Tuesdays and Thursdays. Call her with ideas or comments at (608) 754-3311, Ext. 264.

SUNDAY
DECEMBER 22, 2002

Springfield
State Journal-
Register

BOOKS/PU

THE STATE JOURNAL-I

'Round Barn' offers more stories on life at Wisconsin dairy farm

By JOHN KNOEPFLE

In "More Stories from the Round Barn" (\$29.95, Triquarterly Books), University of Illinois at Springfield professor emeritus Jacqueline Jackson delivers to her readers another collection of vivid, funny and moving accounts of life on her family's dairy farm near Beloit, Wis.

The members of this fascinating, articulate, Methodist family had a lot to say about themselves and each other. As a result, Jackson has plenty of material to work with on a wide variety of topics.

Readers acquainted with the first volume of Round Barn stories have been waiting impatiently for this one. They will not be disappointed. New readers will be delighted with the stories and surprised and moved by the richness Jackson reveals and revels in.

The narrator of the book is Jackson herself. The stories are told in the first person and the present tense, giving the reader an on-the-scene perspective. The book begins with "Grampa's Courtship" as told by "Grama" in her living room in 1938 to her grandchildren.

It ends with "The Cemetery Tomato," an account of a visit by Jackson's parents sometime in the 1960s to the cemetery where her grandparents are buried. But readers should not think these stories follow a straight narrative line. Time moves in a three-dimensional spiral in this book, and it is always present.

Hard work, serious play, deep related togetherness with one another and with hired hands and neighbors characterize this enterprising and honest family, wrought by Grampa himself, a Methodist minister lost to the pulpit when he lost his hearing.

In "Big House Christmas" Jackson re-creates the traditional holiday eve celebration for this extended family.

"The parlor has the tall tree at the east end. Grama and Grampa's tree, this year as always, has its own familiar ornaments ... and in the darkened room its many colored lights shed a diffuse glow through the circling mists of angels' hair. Jackie loves to tiptoe into

More Stories from the Round Barn, Jacqueline Jackson, Triquarterly Books, \$29.95

the room and stand, smelling the balsam scent, drinking in the softened colors, feeling the magic of the huge pile of presents under the tree. The quiet heap exhales that magic like perfume emanating from a hay field or warmth rising from a pasture lane. ... Only a few of the packages will be for her — tonight is more of an evening of giving than getting — but that doesn't lessen the anticipation."

In the magic of the smell of balsam, the glow of light and the reminder of the hay fields, it comes as an afterthought to a reader that this is a time for giving rather than for getting presents. Here the grandfather's tree is given as a present to Jackie to experience on her own. In Jackson's description, the present of the grandparents is given to her readers as well. This seemingly simple but complex texture is typical of the book as a whole.

Work, the community of people who do it and the words they use to describe their tools and their labors are honored in this book. Most of the stories take place in the Great Depression and World War II. Running a dairy farm involved many people doing a great many different kinds of work, some of it with machines that were simpler and more accessible than the ones we have today, much of it hard, repetitive manual labor.

One of the most striking stories tells about Lillian, who is first described hilariously as a prissy and overbearing great-aunt. Yet when almost everybody on the farm gets sick during the flu epidemic of 1918, Lillian and Grampa keep the farm going.

"She moves out to the farm and dons overalls, apron and rubber boots. Day after day, side by side, she and her brother do all the barn work. Lillian washes udders. She milks. She pitches hay and grinds feed. She shovels manure into the manure trolley and horse gutters. She carries buckets of warm milk to the calves. She tends the hors-

es. And when there's a pause in the barn work, before it all starts over again, she and W.J. rush to the milk house, washing bottles and cans, separating cream, bottling the milk. 'We'll fetch it!' Grampa keeps repeating. It is his battle cry."

If work is constant and shared by many, play is also a regular occurrence and created by just about everyone in the Round Barn community. In this time — before access to the automobile made it easy to escape what we do not like about our homes and before television brought into them so much we do not need — inventiveness was a necessity. Examples abound — among them the entertainments included in "Big House Christmas" — carol singing, bathrobed portrayals of the Three Wise Men and the rowdy shadow play of a surgical operation put on by the hired hands.

This is just a sampling of the richness of the book, which packs a power that is more than the sum of its many lives and stories. Nor does Jackson shy away from the darker and sadder aspects of life on the Dougan farm. There are stories with deep pathos here as well as humor and family pride.

There are conflicts in the community too, including racial ones. The reader comes away with a deepening sense of the people whose stories are told here and of the place they so intensely inhabited for three generations — this working farm and the land it is built on and owes its existence to.

Although "More Stories from the Round Barn" describes a time and way of life that have passed, it has a lot to say to the times we are in right now. The book is handsomely printed and copiously illustrated with photographs and drawings.

With this second volume, the Round Barn stories are completed, but not Jackson's project of bringing to light — through scholarly investigations and in-depth interviews as well as family stories — the working reality of the farm and its relationship with neighbors, outlying towns and the wide world itself. This will be her final encompassing Round Barn of a book — and it will be something to wait for.

How's the Book doing? Well, I don't know. I haven't seen any national reviews like last time, except the Publisher's Weekly blurb on the dust jacket (and that was awful: "quaint" "nostalgic"!), so my conclusion is, it's not being reviewed. Have had quite a bit of good local publicity in Springfield and Janesville, but mostly after Christmas. A great reading by Jim Fleming over Chapter-a-Day, Wisconsin Public Radio, in October, and that really sold books. My own sales have been OK to good, not great like last time, though I've been clobbering all of you (which maybe you resent). (If you haven't bought yet, hey, what's the matter?—though many of you have.) A lot have told me they think book 2 is better than the first, so it can't be that. Here's the ordering data again:

Options: your own bookstore; from **Northwestern University Press** directly; or from the **Internet**. Or, as I said before, if you choose to buy **from me**, my offer remains: "I'll send you books at what they cost me—\$18, plus postage, and sweetly autographed." For as author, I can purchase at 60% of list. My interest isn't in making money (nor figuring income tax!), but in having the book circulate widely and sell well. It's no secret there's the BIG book to come, that this work is my magnum opus, the love of my life (next to people) and that the Press will be more likely to print the BIGGIE (named, of course, The Round Barn) if More Stories does as well as Stories did (thanks to all of you, plus superb reviews!) So order from me especially if you want multiple copies.

Order Blank for More Stories (\$18) (or for Stories --\$18 hardback, \$10 paper) from JJ:

Name _____

Address _____

Number of copies _____ Autographed? _____ To whom? _____

Book mail? (Quite cheap) _____ first class? (More expensive) _____ I'll send the book(s) to you, no handling cost or tax, at my cost: 60% of list—plus postage, and bill you when I send the order. Mail to: Jackie Jackson, 816 N. Fifth St., Springfield, IL 62702, or order by email: jjackson@uis.edu.

HELLO, CASINO? This Dec. clipping shows the casino right across from the round barn. Later word, March '03: The County has approved it--hard to believe Janesville went along. And it seems the new Dem. governor will ok it. So goodbye to Turtle Township, sliding further down the tubes. Gramp will thrash in his grave: the gambling, natch, but also the casino will be on the spot he refers to so lovingly, p. 238 of *Stories*: "That wonderful field of No. 1 grass is such a satisfaction--we have been preparing for that for the past ten years." I can see splendid Beloit College affected, too--would you send your kid to a cheesy stateline gambling town?

10A LOCAL&STATE Rockford Register Star, Wednesday, Dec. 25, 2002

Beloit casino prospect promising

The Rock County Board seems likely to hold a vote to endorse the project.

By KATHLEEN OSTRANDER
Rockford Register Star

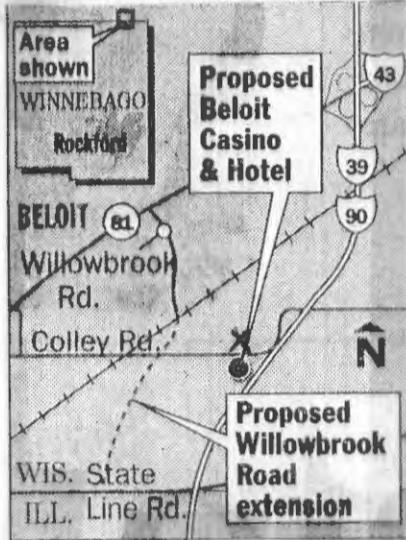
BELOIT, Wis. — There is no agreement yet, but action is warming up on a proposal to build a casino here.

There is a new optimism that the \$130 million project, which has been on the boards since May 2000, will finally bear fruit.

Tribal representatives from the St. Croix and Bad River Chippewa bands are ready to move into the public comments stage after an informational meeting drew about 100 people Monday at the Steelworkers Local 53 Union Hall.

The application for the casino is just about through the Bureau of Indian Affairs office in Washington.

The tribes and developer Kurt Carlson of Rockford have extended their options on 125 acres of



land west of Interstate 90 on the Wisconsin side of the Illinois 75 interchange where the proposed casino would be built.

It seems likely that the Rock County Board will hold a new vote to endorse the project.

"x" above shows round barn!

The casino and surrounding development, including a convention center, high-end hotel and water park are expected to contribute \$14.5 million yearly to the city budget and add 3,000 jobs.

Pete Powless of the Bad River tribe said once the casino is approved by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the proposal will be in Beloit for a period of public comments.

"It is supposed to be back in Beloit for a 30-day public comment period by around Jan. 15," Powless said. During that 30-day period, the tribes will open a Beloit office to give information about the project and encourage people to write to the Bureau of Indian Affairs with positive comments on the casino. The BIA will then give the tribes time to respond if there are any questions generated by the comments, said Powless, and then the whole package goes to the governor.

By that time, new governor Jim Doyle will be in office. Doyle has said he would not support an expansion in gambling, but has not said whether he considers a Beloit casino an expansion if the tribes agree to close another casino.

Doyle told Beloit officials they shouldn't bank on a casino as the sole method of economic development. Bad River tribal council member Myron Burns said the tribes have met with Doyle to discuss extending gaming compacts in the state, but they did not specifically ask him about the Beloit casino.

Beloit City Council President Bill Watson said he and other city officials would meet with Doyle after he is sworn in to get a better feel for where he stands on the Beloit casino. Doyle takes office Jan. 6.

Richard Ott, the new Rock County Board chairman, said there will likely be a new vote on the county level to endorse the project. Two previous votes have failed. Former County Board Chairman Terry Maybee was a vocal opponent of gambling and the casino.

St. Croix Tribal Representative Marvin Tahmekara said the casino development puts Beloit "on the verge of something great."

"I have a good feeling about this," he said. "There will be lots of jobs and lots of union jobs. It will be good for economic development in the area," he added.

12-10-02 Daily News

Wieland goes to jail in lieu of paying housing code fine

By Jeff Bollier

Daily News staff writer

Bill Wieland may find it a bit

difficult to get home for Christmas this year.

Wieland, 3307 Riverside Drive, has spent more than 50

days at the Rock County Jail because he refuses to pay \$13,496 in municipal fines levied against him because of housing code violations at his

This lovely guy is one of the pair that sneaked past us and snatched the round barn; they've been failing to restore it ever since, and it's in worse and worse shape. Now, they may clean up on their land: this might have been their intention all along. We wonder if saving the barn itself will be part of the deal! I'll spare you the whole article, with Bill calling Beloit the armpit of the state and a cesspool of a city (though he's not capable of originating those colorful remarks). In an earlier article, his fines had mounted to \$67,641 in addition to an earlier \$53,000 plus, on 21 properties. Now they've been reduced, but he's choosing jail over paying. Any wonder our group didn't go along with joining in with Bill and Mary (as our bosses) on barn restoration?





FIGURE 32.—House No. 7 from the southwest.

Remodeling was started on house No. 7 during the summer of 1937. The revised plans are shown in figures 33 and 34, and an exterior view in figure 35. It can be seen from these plans that the remodeling was quite extensive and that the house was enlarged considerably. In addition to the structural changes, which included insulating, a new heating plant was installed. However, at the time readings were taken the work had not been entirely completed and while the frames for the windows were installed none of the regular sash were in place except for three wood casement sash in the second story. Instead the well-fitted storm sash were being used.

On the whole the structure was better from the point of view of heating than it was before remodeling, even though infiltration around the windows may have been greater at times because of the lack of conventional double-hung sash.

FULL STORY OF CHEZ NOUS REMODELING IN BIG BOOK

Briefly: Mom filled out a form she saw at the U; next thing we knew, the USDA was offering to do all the plans for free. We accepted (!) and architect Max LaRock worked with Dad and Mom.

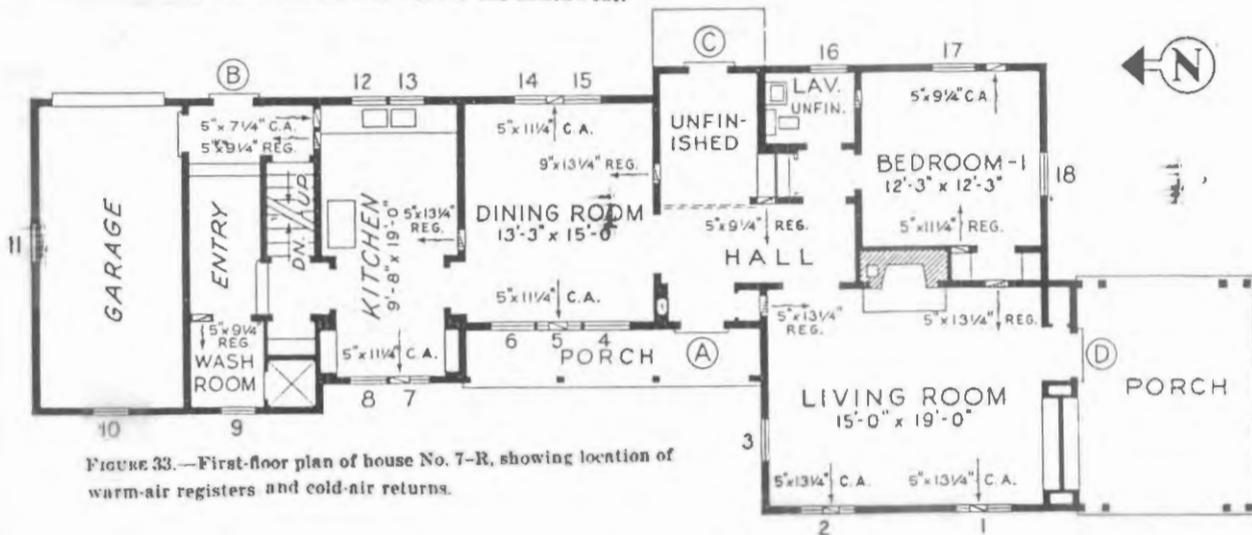


FIGURE 33.—First-floor plan of house No. 7-R, showing location of warm-air registers and cold-air returns.

A before/after study eventually appeared in a govt booklet along with 5 other houses. The idea, to show farm homes could be remodeled to be as modern and comfortable as town ones.

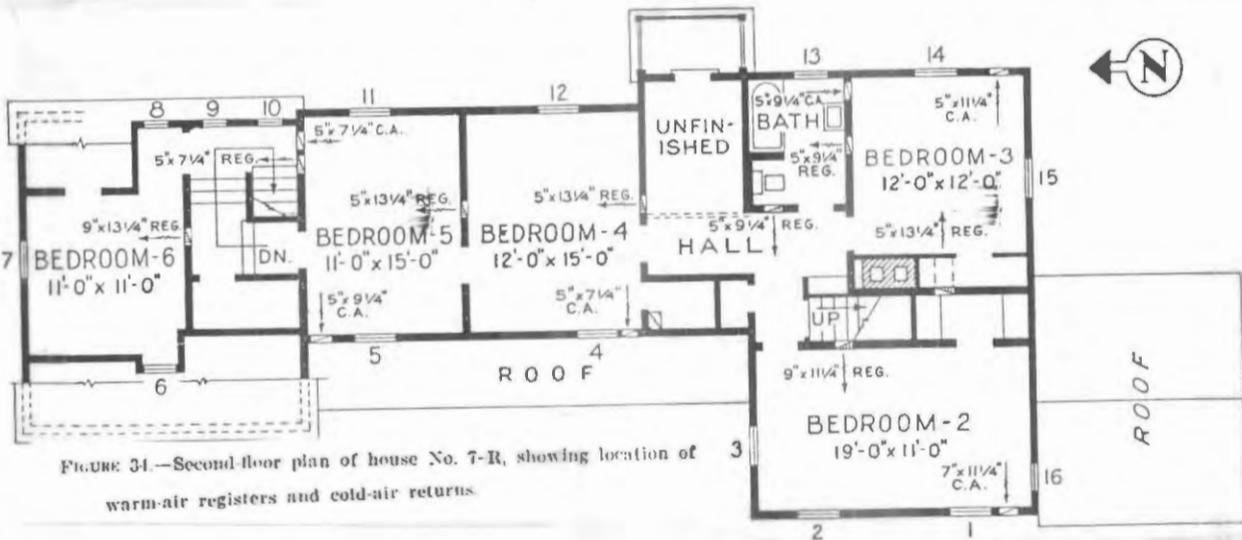


FIGURE 34.—Second-floor plan of house No. 7-R, showing location of warm-air registers and cold-air returns.

All on this page from the booklet.



FIGURE 35.—House No. 7-R from the southwest.

By
J. ROBERT DODGE
Senior Architect

Division of Farm Buildings and Rural Housing
Bureau of Plant Industry, Soils, and Agricultural Engineering
Agricultural Research Administration

and
M. J. LAROCK
Professor

Department of Agricultural Engineering
College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin



Temperatures and Related Conditions in Wisconsin Farmhouses

USE AND HEATING OF ROOMS

Since the owner was carrying on the work of remodeling over a period of time it was not possible to wait until the house had been entirely completed to conduct studies.

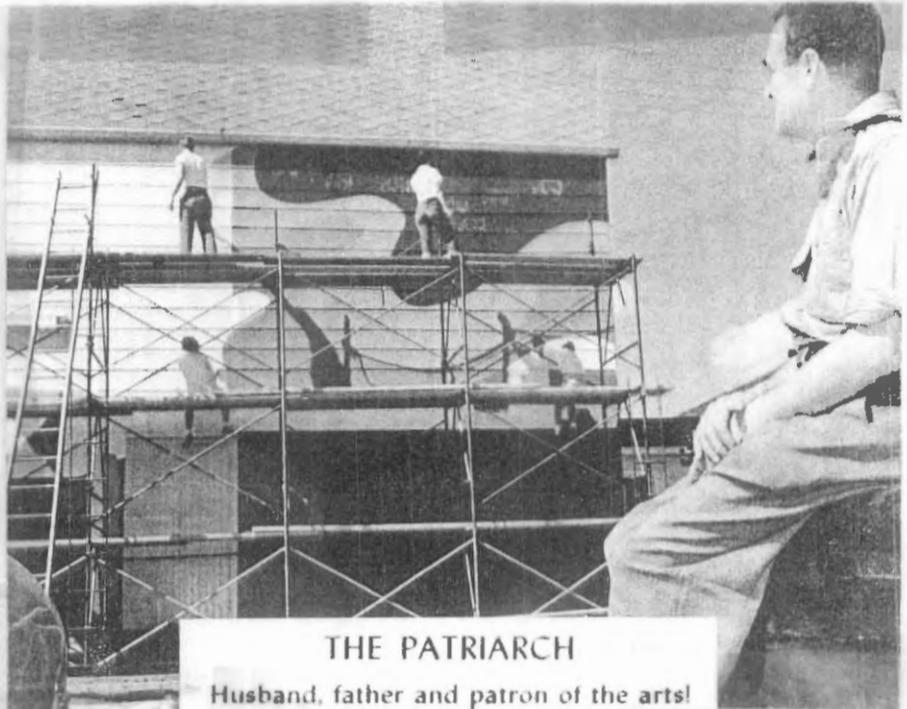
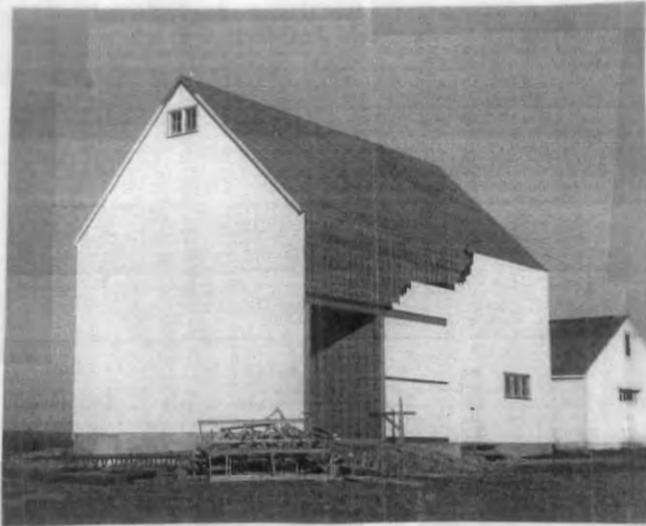
The occupants were the owner, his wife, and four children. This was not a typical farm family, and as a result their habits were somewhat different than those of the other cooperators. The owner was in the milk business, and his working hours were those of a businessman rather than a farmer. His wife was very active in club work and other community activities, and the house was used for entertaining to a greater extent than the others.

The living room was used for most leisure activities and for entertaining. The children frequently read and studied in the dining room. The dining room was used for dinner in the evening, while breakfast and lunch were usually eaten in the dining end of the kitchen. Bedroom No. 1 was not completed and was not used nor heated at the time these studies were made. The front stairs to the second floor were also unfinished and the back stairs leading from the entry were regularly used by the family. Bedrooms Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 were occupied by members of the family and were regularly heated. Bedroom No. 6 was not finished and not heated and was used only for storage.

That's us!

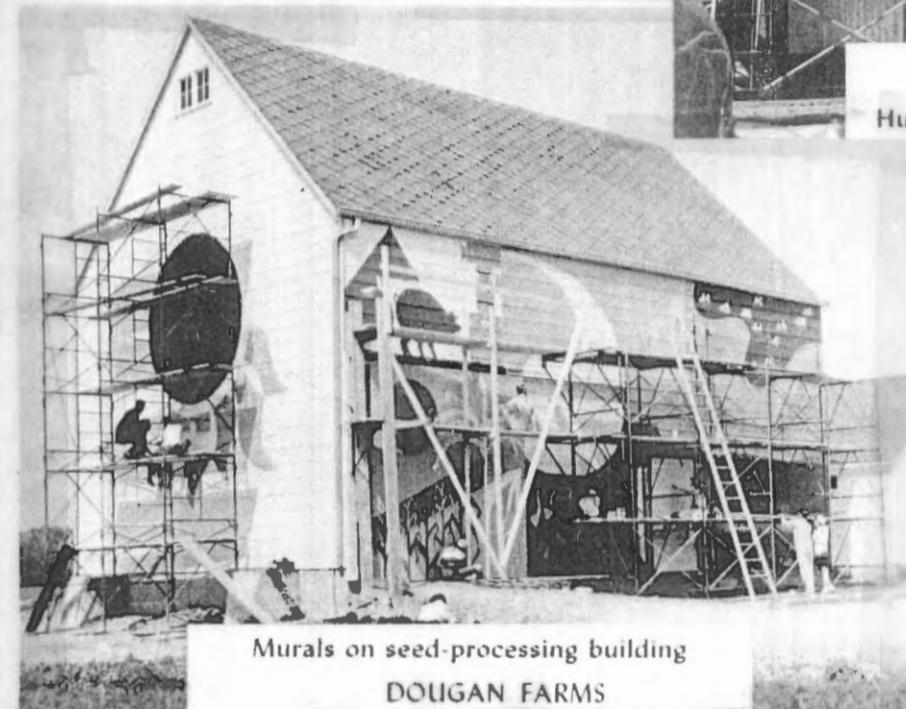
THE SEED PROCESSING BUILDING IS MOVING, TOO!

These are pictures of the mural Frank Boggs and his class painted on the building, in the mid-fifties. (Full story in the BIG book.) Jackie told Gene Shepherd that if he'd move the building, and supply scaffolding, she'd buy the paint and get the people to repaint the faded mural. So let me know if you're interested in helping--it won't be before a year from now, if that soon. I think with enough of us we can do it in a weekend, it'll be color-by-number since the design is all there. You'll need to bring paint brushes, old clothes, and sleeping bags, and it will be a ball. I bet we'll get lots of publicity, too, and Gene lots of positive advertisement for Shepherd Seeds.



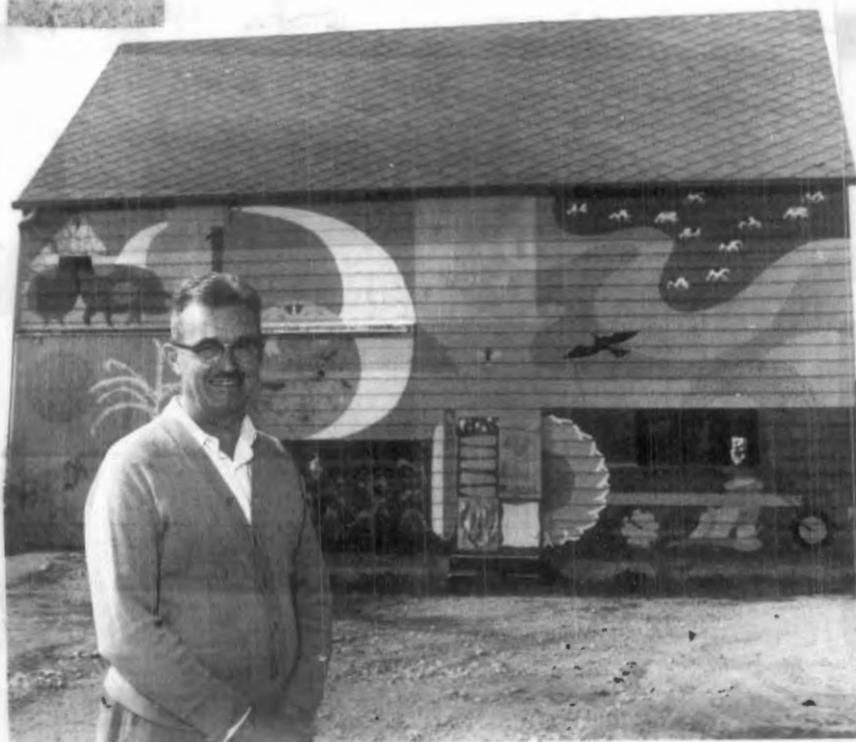
THE PATRIARCH

Husband, father and patron of the arts!



Murals on seed-processing building
DOUGAN FARMS

Mom didn't like the new building's looks. It spoiled the view of the low building beside it. "Don't criticize my building, I'm going to put a mural on it!" Dad declared, called Frank Boggs at the College, and here you see the result. Frank's students studied the farm's activities, then portrayed them--the cows, the corn, the pigs, the milk, the contoured fields, the machinery. It's too grand a mural to let die, right?



ANOTHER GREAT CONCERT, ANOTHER GREAT DINNER AND FAMILY GET TOGETHER--And I didn't even know Ben was playing viola!

Madison, Dec. 28. Sonja organized it; all three had fun doing it; their enjoyment was infectious. It was professional, and a real hoot when Ben and Paul sang "Agony." Later at Yde's, amid much good food and dogs and lots of little children rolling on the floor (what a wonderful cousin Kestrel is to all of them), Ben and Paul sang for us again. Just can't shut 'em up, can you! Rachel DeBow, 2 1/2, was much intrigued with Grandpa Yde's voice--he's had a laryngectomy--and every time she went past him, she'd climb on his lap and tell him she loved him!

Welcome to a Winter Recital Featuring

Sonja Yde

Ben Yde

And Paul Micksch

Trauermusik

*Ben Yde, Viola
Caroline Moore, Piano*

Paul Hindemith

*Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano
Allegro Amabile
Andante Tranquillo: Vivace
Allegretto Grazioso*

*Sonja Yde, Violin
Caroline Moore, Piano*

Johannes Brahms

*From Duet no. 1 for Violin and Viola
Allegro Comodo*

*Sonja Yde, Violin
Ben Yde, Viola*

Ludwig van Beethoven

**** *Intermission* ****

From Sonata for Tuba and Piano

*Paul Micksch, Tuba
Nancy Lamberty, Piano*

Bruce Broughton

*I Remember
Anyone Can Whistle
I Have Dreamed*

*Ben Yde, Tenor
Caroline Moore, Piano*

*Stephen Sondheim
Stephen Sondheim
Richard Rogers*

Mary Did You Know

*Ben Yde, Tenor
Paul Micksch, Guitar*

*Mark Lowry and
Buddy Greene*

Agony

*Ben Yde and Paul Micksch, Tenors
Sonja Yde, Piano*

Stephen Sondheim



"At least they're not swilling at the public trough."

Kestrel Schmidt

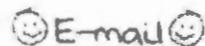
- ⑥ I have a one year-old poodle named Blubelle.
- ⑥ My hobbies are babysitting, skiing, snowboarding, white-water rafting, rock climbing, traveling, cross-stitch, swim team, and playing with Bluebelle.
- ⑥ I have no brothers or sisters, I'm in fifth grade and I live in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, USA.



[Neopets](#)



[American Girl](#)



kfalcons@earthlink.net

Barn Cat

I wanted my old cat.
My old cat curled around my neck
Like a black velvet collar.
She purred in my ear.
She talked all the time,
And when she was irritated
She talked very loud.
She rode my shoulders
Upstairs and downstairs
And even into the basement.

This mouse-fattened barn cat
Is far too heavy
To circle anyone's neck,
Even had he a mind to.
He never talks.
His mew is pusillanimous.
He is a litter-flinger.
He is a food-off-the-table snatcher.
He is a reacher-outer when you go by
And a catch-you-with-a-clawer.
He is a grab-your-hander with his sharp teeth
When you play with him,
Never warning you of sudden pique.
He does purr a lot.
And you have to take the barn cat
When the barn is gone,
Don't you?

JDJ

Poem by Susan Scott on the farm's ending

the farm sold - the book released
heartbreak, remembrance . . .
friendship old and new
over steaming cocoa
at nightfall

ADAMS, JEFFERSON SPAR AGAIN!

Madison, and all over Wisconsin: Karl Schmidt crafted a play from the Adams-Jefferson letters, focusing on the rift of their friendship. Using his colleagues at Wisconsin Public Radio, Karl played the crotchety Adams, Jim Fleming, the more reasonable Jefferson, and Norman Gilliland, Benjamin Rush, who tried to reconcile the two men. They took the show on the road last fall, circling the state, playing at eight or nine full-house venues. I managed to be squeezed into the last performance, in the Senate room of the Capitol at Madison, and loved it. The play was such a hit that they may revive it next fall; there's a chance it will be picked up by NPR, even NTV.

A DOUBLE HAPPY OUTCOME

Spfld. We have a much loved colleague, Debbie McGregor in the History Program, who'd been suffering from Hepatitis C for many years, though this was only recently realized by her doctors. It was crucial that she receive a liver transplant, and sooner than was possible by waiting on the national list. Her sister, a good match, was rejected by age, but her son Bran, 18, also a match, insisted on donating, though his parents were reluctant, as any parents would be. The operations took place over Christmas. While Bran was going through all the tests preparatory to the surgery it was discovered that he had a congenital kidney problem sure to cause him trouble eventually. So while he was donating half his liver, the doctors also tended to his kidney! Talk about serendipity! The TV and newspapers really went to town with interviews and write ups. Everyone is rejoicing at how well Deb is doing, and that Bran is back in his second semester at college, literally better than before. Quoting Deb's husband Bob, "Things looked pretty bleak for a while."

DEMI, SHIATSU TO THE RESCUE

Mnpls. It was after midnight when Damaris Jackson got a call from a friend in the hospital, who'd been in a wreck a few days previous, pelvis broken in two places, broken leg, etc. The friend was in pain, tense, couldn't sleep, unable to pee, and would Damaris come in the morning and give her a massage? Demi, up late playing with her computer, said, "Why not now?" She drove to the hospital, was admitted to her friend's room, laid on her gentle hands in gentle shiatsu pressure, and soon the friend was relaxed and sleeping, and Damaris tiptoed out.

California: At Megan's kids' school, she's working with 5th graders on a colonial life unit, doing "limning." Colonial artists would work all winter painting generic dark-clad bodies and backdrops, leaving the faces blank. Then in good weather they'd go from town to town, painting portraits by filling in the faces. Megan is making backgrounds less severe, allowing white space for clothing to be decorated, and leaving spaces for a hand to hold a toy or book. Then the kids paint in their own portraits!

Deaths: Four long-term farm employees: Harlan Whitmore, last year; Erv Fonda, at Christmas; Florence Johnson last February, and more recently, her husband Justin. All relate their farm experiences in The Round Barn

Erv helped build the seed building, as did Gilbert Gjestvang, whose death we reported last issue.

Dear Megan,

Last issue we wrote you about the tree that fell on all of us at Summer Camp in the backyard at 816. I am happy to report that the tree's leafy canopy protected us all from drought, and we have all survived. One of us had her back broken, but Jackie has splinted it and the bulk of her weight is now supported by a sky hook. She is bent, but fine and leafy. Sincerely,
Your Plants.

NOTE: This issue is being put together while Bush is hellbent to "shock and awe" Baghdad with our bombs, no matter what world opinion and the UN says. No descendent of mine coming on these pages must think that I was so unmindful as to ignore this crucial moment in our history. I go on record here as being totally against a pre-emptive war, and am doing what I can with letters, demonstrations, and support of those who are negotiating peaceful resolution to these terrible problems.

Gilbert, before his plant in Norway.

