

Interview with Jacqueline Jackson

AIS-V-L-2008-019

Interview #1: February 25, 2008

Interviewer: Mike Maniscalco

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Maniscalco: Today is February 25. It's a little bit after 10:00AM. We are in Springfield, Illinois at Jacqueline Jackson's home. How are you doing today Jacqueline?

Jackson: Doing fine.

Maniscalco: Great. Can we start out with your date of birth and where you were born?

Jackson: Okay, I was born on May 3, 1928 in Beloit, Wisconsin at the Beloit Hospital, which was then downtown. Beloit, Wisconsin is in Rock County, which is sitting right on the state line between Illinois and Wisconsin.

Maniscalco: Which we've annexed now.

Jackson: What?

Maniscalco: Which we've now annexed into Illinois.

Jackson: Yes.

Maniscalco: So tell us about your immediate family. Who is your father, your mother, brothers and sisters?

Jackson: My brothers and sisters: I have a sister Joan, who's a violinist and is married to a professor at the University Wisconsin who's a WHA on Wisconsin Public Radio [which is no longer WHA]. I have a sister, Pat, who's also a violinist, although she plays viola mostly, and she's married to a conductor and they have a symphony in Tennessee and another summer festival all summer in New Brunswick, St. Andrews. And I have a younger brother. Those are both older than I am, and then I have a younger brother who's a retired doctor, a surgeon, and he's in Oregon. My father was Ronald Arthur Dougan, although he was christened the other way around. I haven't been able to find when he switched it or if he ever switched it officially, but he's R.A. Dougan, although his birth certificate is Arthur Ronald. He was born in Oregon, Wisconsin, which is a

little south of Madison, Wisconsin. My mother is Vera Wardner and she was born in Chicago, Illinois. I have grandparents. My grandparents, W.J. Dougan, who founded the farm, was born in Lowell, Wisconsin, which is up—oh what's a big city—near South of Oshkosh, sort of more in the southern part of the state, known as the grain belt in those days. My grandmother was born in England and came over in 1869 when she was six months old. On the ship register they list the names of the children until they get to the two youngest and then they just gave one a girl's name and one a boy's name, but they were both girls (laughs). So it got straightened out. They went to Chilton, Wisconsin where there were relatives and bought a farm.

My great-grandfather, [Joseph] Trever, was not a farmer. He was in construction—built houses and things. He didn't know how to buy a farm and it looked good in the summer time all covered with green; they didn't discover how many rocks there were until later, so that his eldest son developed a fervent dislike of farming because it involved so many rocks and so many cows and all sorts of things that he didn't like. Shortly after they got there we had the Chicago fire and so my great-grandpa Trever left his family and went down and helped rebuild Chicago, which further intensified his eldest son's dislike of the farm because that son was left in charge (laughs). So those are my grandmother's parents and my grandfather's parents.

The family came from Ulster originally, but Arthur Dougan and Delcyetta, his wife, were both born in the United States, and I think in Wisconsin, but the generation before them had come over from Northern Ireland and they were protestant. "We're all Celts," says my cousin Jerry, who's investigated this thoroughly. But I guess we're Scotch-Irish you know and Grandpa has referred to himself, W.J. that we'll be talking about, in various letters and things like that as being of the old sod, but he also says, "Aren't I a thrifty Scotsman?" So he seems to accept both the Irish and the Scotch side of his parentage. So I guess I'm pretty strongly English, Irish and Scottish on the one side.

Then on my mother's side, her grandmother—wait, let's get back to her parents. Her father was Morton Smith Wardner; he was a doctor and his wife, Eva, was a pharmacist. What I discovered unusual when I began researching for my own book—for a different book actually—I was trying to decide when to set it, in the first decade of the century, and realized that the terminal degree for people at that time is eighth grade. Here I had four grandparents, all of whom had college degrees and one of them was Morton Smith, who went on to have an M.D. and was interested in all sorts of things. Learned to read hieroglyphics and all sorts of things so that I came from a very educated family, which surprised me when I discovered it; well, doesn't everybody, but in our case it was a strong amount of education. So how much more on ancestors do you want? My mother's grandmother, well there was a Scottish sea captain in there somewhere, but we haven't been able to trace that very far.

Maniscalco: No, that's great.

Jackson: But we know what Scottish clans came from on that side and then the Wardners came over from Germany, the Black Forest District, before the revolution, so that three of my ancestors fought in the revolution.

Maniscalco: Oh wow.

Jackson: On that side. They were the earliest ones here.

Maniscalco: And you said you know the clans from...?

Jackson: Yeah, the main clan that I know is Forbes. They have a very nice plaid. I've been to Forbes Castle in Scotland and taken my class when I've taken them over and so forth. Then there's Buchanan. They've got a very bright plaid with lots of yellow and red in it. Great-Grandpa Nathan Wardner, who is Morton Smith's father—that's the group I didn't get into—they were seventh day Baptists and they were strongly evangelical I guess. Anyway, he and his bride went off to China, not knowing a thing—I mean, what ignorant kids they were in their early twenties—to found a mission, and they did found a mission. My cousin on the other side, a Wardner, went and founded it later, not a whole lot of years ago; the building is still standing. You could recognize it from photographs. They took two years learning Chinese and then they were mostly doing good works: educating children, and picking up the daughters that had been left out on the hillsides to die of exposure because they didn't want daughters, and bringing them up in the mission and so forth. But Morton Smith broke with the seventh day Baptists and so we were not brought up seventh day Baptist, but I've always had an interest in the seventh day Baptist.

Maniscalco: That's very interesting. Now you talked about your sisters, brothers, mother, father, grandparents. What about your children?

Jackson: I have four daughters. The eldest, Damaris, works at a Waldorf School in Minneapolis. She is multi-talented in the arts: a quilt maker, an artist, a writer, a violinist, everything that doesn't make any money (laughs). So that's her story. My second daughter is Megan and she's also an artist. She has three sons and she was working for quite a while illustrating for McGraw Hill [Publishing Company] and gave that up because the boys needed attention. Now there's no going back because they have outsourced their illustration. Now that she's ready to go back to doing her artwork, I'm trying to find websites and interesting things and saying, "Hey Megan, would you like to do that?" She's wanting to do some things with these farm photographs and so forth, so she's trying to get her oar back in doing some kind of work. She's written some very nice books with illustrations, but has not really marketed them well. So I can put in the line—which I have with my conductor brother-in-law and with others and with Megan and so forth—but if you are doing your art, you haven't got time and energy and even expertise to market it, and if you're marketing it, then you're not doing your art. So it's a catch 22 for that sort of thing. That brings you to Megan. Gillian is the third daughter and she lives up on top of Tahoe.

Her husband is a marine engineer, so he's off for various periods of time. They're all skiers and so forth. She's got a degree in chemistry and an M.A. in nutrition. But my children didn't go through school in the way that we did. We just automatically thought, well of course, you go to college the minute you're out of high school, but my kids grew up in the seventies where kids were doing everything else but go to school. So it took Gillian a long time to get through school, but she finally did. Then she got her M.A. and has taught chemistry some and does a lot of outdoors things with Eddie in between his trips. Right now he's been working on the Alaskan ferries that go up the inner waterways there. Then Ellie is my youngest and she lives up in Wisconsin in Delavan. She lived on the farm for a long time with my father. She has two little children and she is teaching reading in a school that is just over the Illinois border in Wisconsin, so she's Southern Wisconsin. She's the child that's actually spent the most time on the farm of my kids, although they all spent time on there growing up. So that's my family.

Maniscalco: Well great. Now that we've talked about your children, let's talk about your childhood.

Jackson: Oh, okay.

Maniscalco: (laughs) How's that?

Jackson: All right.

Maniscalco: I've looked through your books and I've read different things that you've written. It sounds like you had a very interesting childhood. What are some of the things that you remember about it?

Jackson: Well, I wrote in my first book, my first memory was my brother being circumcised and it was, as I said, a valid memory because I never told anybody about it until I told my mother when I was growing up. I said, "Can you explain this funny memory, which is something happening to Craig's bottom down in the barn?" It turns out that she hadn't realized that it would be as painful as it was for little Craig. I was probably, what, 20 months old; I wasn't very old. Mother bundled us—could I have been that young? Maybe—mother bundled us all up and got us outside and took us out and we were in the barn. In the barn there must have been a calf bawling for its mother. My memory is, the doctor's there with my brother on the slack line bin between the side barn and the main barn, doing something to Craig's bottom. Stretching the skin was the memory I had of that. So that's my very earliest memory, but I've had of course many, many memories that I've written stories about, some of them.

One, for instance, is that we loved to play in the corn shocks. They would cut the corn and put it up in shocks, like teepees, and if you could push aside the bottom a little bit, you could crawl in and they would have made a tripod to begin those so in the middle there'd be a little space just big enough to sit

down. So we'd each take one of those, all four of us, and we'd have our little houses and then we'd go visiting each other in our corn shock houses, which were sitting out there in the field in the autumn or something. Well my sister Patty had the bright idea—I think it was Pat—of paving hers, because these all had the corn on them still, so she started making a parquet floor out of corn cobs, and entrance into her little palace you see. Well we all thought that was a great idea. So we began stripping the corn off other places and laying it out for a parquet floor for ourselves and then we saw Grandpa and we hailed him with joy and called him over to see. We haven't yet said that my grandfather is deaf and I need to get into how he came into farming. So Grandpa came over, filled with joy as he usually was to see us. When he saw what we were doing with the corn, this was very upsetting, because he said the cows are going to have to eat that corn and by putting it into the earth you're going to rot the kernels and you're going to get dirt beneath the kernels and so forth. So we had to get stiff brushes and we had to pick up all that corn and we had to clean all that corn off and we had to carry it back in the wagon and put it in the corn crib, and so that was a notable memory.

There was also the winter of '36 or '37 where there was so much snow that the great, great mountains of snow against the snow fences were great for digging into. Then you would make tunnels between the various areas so that you'd have a whole palace there in the snow under those tunnels. So that's a good childhood memory. Out in front of the milk house, Dad would flood an area. There was sort of a small, grassy area between the milk house and the road, and so it would be an inch or so deep and frozen solid and we'd all skate there at night and he'd put up a light. So that was a fun thing to do.

Then there was always the farm activities going on that we could watch and participate in. There was always something to do and if you wanted to do something and you found something that you wanted to do it with, you'd go to the tool shed to see if you could find anything that went with it or so forth. If there wasn't, why then you'd find something else just as interesting and go on and do that. We used the crates that they sent the milk bottles in. The glass milk bottles came in big crates, wooden slats, somewhat flimsier than the old orange crate, but somewhat bigger; we'd bring those out to that area in front of the milk house that would be flooded in the winter time and we'd build houses with those. Sometimes the second stories, we'd thatch them with the grass that had been cut in that field. So we were busy doing all sorts of things. We played in the barn a lot. When the cows weren't in it, we could bring in our tricycles and our scooters and, something I haven't seen, a rowcycle, which went, and something called the Irish Mail. It had a different name too, but it was a push-pull sort of thing.

Maniscalco: What was a rowcycle?

Jackson: It had four wheels and it had a handle up on it and some sort of a gear down below so that when you pushed the handles back and forth the wheels would go

around. Then we'd go around. See, the round barn had a track all the way around and so we'd go around and around and around on our vehicles, as indeed my father and his brother did when they were little. There was always something to do and we didn't have the town kids to run around with, although the town kids came out on Saturdays to play, but it was just a marvelous place to play and I could go on for two hours telling you what we did as kids.

Maniscalco: No, that's great. You mentioned about your grandfather and how he got into farming.

Jackson: Yeah, that's important, because it set the whole tone of the farm. Grandpa was raised on a farm up at Lowell. His father was a farmer and got kicked in the face with a horse and developed a cancer, either because of it or in spite of it or something; anyway, he took a long time dying and Grandpa was pretty much in charge of the farm, 14 years old on. When he finally died when Grandpa was about 19, his mother felt that he needed education, which he had not been able to get. He only had two or three months at the little country district school every year. So she sold the farm and they went to Beaver Dam. He was enrolled in Wayland Academy, which was I think a boys' school. So he began his high school work there, even though he was much older than the other boys. Well after a couple of years at Wayland, they said, "We think you're ready for the university, even though you haven't graduated yet." So he was a conditional student at the university. He said the happiest day of his life at that point was when the dean had called him in and said, "Dougan, you're no longer on probation. You're a full-fledged member of the university." So he did his four years at the university and he planned to be a minister. He took an extra year, I think, at the university to get his theological work and then he was ordained into the West Wisconsin, I think it was, Methodist, whatever you call the root, Methodist section. All the time in college he was gradually going deaf. I have the records of his visits to doctors and a long list of records from a doctor in Boston and so forth; there was nothing they could do for him. Now they probably could. So he was a pastor for almost ten years, but he finally got so deaf that he felt that he could not minister to a flock being deaf.

So he left the ministry and looked around for a farm to buy because he wanted to minister in some way. The way he figured he would minister—at that time, this was at the turn of the last century—milk was a very chancy sort of thing. Lots of children died from milk. There were tuberculin cows, there was unsafe milk, there was incredible bacterial counts in milk and so forth. He wanted to pioneer in clean milk for babies, and so this was his ministry. So he looked around and bought a farm east of Beloit. His mother was living in Beloit. He had a sister and her husband living in Beloit. So he looked around in that area and he found this farm east of Beloit, about a mile from town, which seemed a good distance for pedaling milk and had the university come down and look over the land and the soil. They pronounced it the best soil in the world, which was either Carrington loam over gravel or Waukesha loam over gravel. I think maybe the farm we moved to up the road a little bit was the Carrington loam

and the dairy was Waukesha. Anyway, so he moved there in 1906, when my dad was four, because Dad was born in nineteen-two. So that would have made him four in nineteen-six. They spent a year... The only barn then was the side barn and the big house; no milk house. But they fixed up a milk room and they got some cows and on May 1, 1907, Grandpa made his first milk delivery. His first ads were in the newspaper, too, for the Dougan Farm Dairy, or whatever he called it then. Anyway, the motto was “The Babies’ Milkman” and spelled correctly with the right apostrophe. That first day he delivered six quarts of milk; two to a doctor, two to a man who became the city manager after a bit, and two to his sister, who lived in downtown. So that was the first day of milk delivery. On the very same day, in the newspaper there was a big ad from Wright and Sturtevant, it was called then, which became the biggest dairy in town. I think it’s no coincidence that both those dairies started on the same day.

Grandpa felt—well, the side barn was inadequate. He got more cows; it was an inadequate barn and he wanted to have a proper barn. He was always busy at the university talking to people. Well he had gone back and he had taken an ag class before, while he was still a minister and planning to move and change, so he did take either the short course or the long course or whatever at the University of Wisconsin, and he knew all the professors. So Franklin King, I think his name was, was advocating round barns. So Grandpa went up with Mark Kellor, who was a carpenter who really worked without plans, mostly, and looked at a round barn up above Madison that King had encouraged and looked at various things and plans and then they came back. There were plans, which I have, for the round barn and they built a round barn in nineteen-eleven. We have—I wish it were better documented with photographs. We have many photographs of many things, but only two, I think, of the round barn being built: Grandpa, my father and Trever. It was lots of concrete.

Concrete was just becoming popular at that point. It had been around for a while, but it hadn’t been much used. When I looked up statistics on silos, for instance, I found out how few concrete silos there were in that first decade of the century compared to the wood slatted silos and the various other sorts of silos that there were. So he had the round barn built. It’s got the silo in the middle, which makes a very strong center structure to hang the whole barn on, which meant that you could use lighter wood. You wouldn’t have to have these huge beams that were in the side barn, which was built about eighteen-fifty. So the side barn was attached to the round barn; that had been where the cows were and then this was relegated to calves or cows that were drying off or things like that.

The round barn, the silo, was—I think it ended up 56 feet high. Dad says he remembers Mark Kellor and Grandpa going out into a field with some two-by-fours and laying them on the grass and putting them to make a pleasing angle for the room. When they had figured out what was a pleasing angle, they used that as the pattern for the round barn roof, and we should bring out a picture of

the round barn, which we always called a hip roof, but I think it's really a gambrel roof. Anyway, it comes up like this and goes in. Then there's two ventilators on either side that come down alongside it. Grandpa painted fairly soon, I think, on his silo the aims of this farm. I grew up seeing the aims of this farm, as I say in my book, everyday. "Good crops, proper storage, profitable livestock, a stable market and life as well as a living." That was the philosophy of the whole farm, which was "Life as well as a living." Grandpa would not allow anybody to smoke or drink.

One of my father's earliest memories is that the first time they filled the silo there was great excitement. They were filling the silo and the stuff was clattering up and coming in down the top and so forth. They had a worker in there, an itinerant worker, who was supposed to be shoveling the silage as it came in, because if you don't get it right up to the edge then air can get in and you need to ferment the silage, so you don't want air in there. So that means you have to keep spreading it out and seeing that it's filled. Well, Dad skinned up the spot that was left open for climbing up to look in and see what this mountain looked like that was coming down and what it looked like being filled, and nothing was happening. There was no action up there except all the silage coming in from the top and making a big mountain. Then he saw boots sticking out under the silage. So he skinned down again and screeched over the clattering noise that somebody was up there. There were boots and so they stopped everything. They went out and pulled this guy out from underneath, practically suffocated, and hauled him down and brought him to and then Grandpa fired him because he was drunk. They found the whiskey bottle the following spring when they were shoveling silage out and as my brother said, "Well, he would have been twice pickled if they hadn't pulled him out." (laughs) So that was one of my father's excitements there in the round barn.

One of my stories... I interviewed an awful lot of farm workers, anybody I could that worked on the farm. Red Holmes said they came up from little Egypt [the southern tip of Illinois]. I think I told you that story. Red interviewed because he had heard from relatives. Relatives would tell relatives and then they would all flock out to the farm and those that didn't get jobs would then find jobs in Beloit. My dad would joke and say, "The biggest export of Kickapoo Valley up in Wisconsin was workers to the Dougan Farm." Anyway, Red and his wife came up and Red interviewed and W.J. asked him did he smoke? He said, "No. That's the only time I ever lied to him." He said, "I did smoke, but I never smoked on the job. I figured what I did at home was my own business." He says, "I would have told him I didn't eat if that was a requirement of the job." (laughs) So he got the job and he was a good worker; I have some good stories from Red and Loretta Holmes.

Let's see. Where was I? I was telling about Grandpa's aims and that he was very strict about the way people behaved. I did not, for instance, learn dirty words and things like that until I got going to school; they simply weren't on the farm. They had usually, oh maybe six hired men that lived in the big house

and this was the boarding house. We didn't call it the boarding house; I didn't realize that's what it was. I just thought. Well doesn't everybody that has a dairy have a lot of men living in the big house? So we were in and out of the big house all day and grandma always had help at the big house.

Grandpa became progressively deafer. I have pictures of him with an ear trumpet hanging around his neck. I've got one picture, so I can see that he did wear an ear trumpet for a while, but by the time I was small, he couldn't hear at all. I just found a very interesting thing in a book of memoirish anecdotes that a friend of my brother has written and whom I know and who lived in Beloit all his life. He worked on the farm and he said that there was a truck... He said they made everything out there in the garage; they very seldom used commercial stuff. They made a muffler and this particular muffler went off right behind Grandpa with an incredible bang. Grandpa said, "I heard that!" Well that's the only time I've ever heard that Grandpa heard something after the ear trumpet days and before my birth. So here, when Eddie Grutzner would have been, say, fourteen, which would have made me sixteen, Grandpa heard this incredibly loud bang behind his head where he had been standing.

So where do we go from here? I've told you something about his ministry and that cleanliness! Cleanliness! I need to emphasize and stress that this was the big thing. I was appalled when I'd go to other farms and see how dirty the cows were because our cows were clipped. They were clipped down their flanks and so that back area was always short haired, and then they were washed before every washing and the udders were washed. So they never had a lot of caked manure on them or anything like that. So it makes some of my stories even more effective. I've told the story of when, during The Depression, my dad churned and discovered after he had finished bottling, putting all of the butter into the butter tubs and was pouring out the buttermilk that there was a mouse in the churn. Then he had this battle of conscience as to whether, at this time when everything was so tight and the farm was teetering on the brink of bankruptcy, whether he was going to send the butter out or not. An interesting sidelight of that: my dad read everything I wrote except for two stories and that's one that he didn't read because he didn't tell anybody that until he was in his nineties and then he told me. Well I didn't want to tell him I had written it up. So I got a hold of a retired butter maker from the Ag School over at the University of Illinois, sent him the story. I said I want to be sure I'm accurate on how they made butter back in 1933. So Joe Tobias wrote me back, Professor Tobias, and gave me the details and corrected me on some and so forth and then had a scathing paragraph on how this story should not be published, about sending butter out that's been churned with a mouse and so forth. He did not want his name in the acknowledgements and he suggested a different ending. Well I'm always one to entertain suggestions and so I thought about his ending, and I thought about it. He said, "He could have at least re-pasteurized the buttermilk." So I thought about an ending. What I did is I ended it up like *The Lady and the Tiger*. I have Daddy lying in bed, listening to the trucks loading out at the loading dock, which he could hear from the little

house, knowing that there was still time to get out of bed, go and say, Don't take any of that butter and then I just leave it with him staring at the ceiling and let the reader decide whether or not Daddy sent that butter out. It really made a better story because there was a long coda before. He did send the butter out. Then he was watching, keeping track of who had the butter and was anybody sick and this sort of thing. It was a long time before he was sure that sending out that butter had done no harm, but he never told anybody up until he told me in his nineties. That story is appropriately entitled *Daddy Churns* because not only did he churn the butter, but he also churned in his stomach and for many years. So that against the background of how clean everything had to be makes that story more powerful when you realize that.

Maniscalco: How did you communicate with your grandfather? Through sign language?

Jackson: Yes and writing.

Maniscalco: And writing.

Jackson: We always carried writing materials to write to Grandpa. Did I hurt anything there? He always had a little notebook in his pocket and a pencil so that people could write to him or he could write to them. He and my father communicated a lot through writing. I have many, many pages of Grandpa thinking out loud on paper and sometimes you then get Dad's reply. If Grandpa gave it to him one night, then Dad would read it and type out the reply and you'd see that. Sometimes you have pages where somebody is answering Grandpa. You can't tell what he's saying, but you can get the answer and then it's a fun puzzle to figure out, Well what was Grandpa saying in this part? He told my mother that he didn't want her to learn the hand language. Grandma went very fast. He had gone up to the Wisconsin School for the Deaf at Delavan and had taken some classes on sign language and things like that, and Dad. Both my father and my grandmother used the hand language, and we kids used it some, but he told my mother that he wanted to be able to see her face. He said, "Don't learn, Vera. Don't learn the sign language. Let me try to read your lips." So he worked on lip reading too. Some lip reading he could get, but there was a lot of writing. Everybody on the farm kept paper and pencil in their pockets of their overalls or whatever and Grandpa always had them so that they could communicate back and forth.

Maniscalco: You know your grandfather is a very different man. He sounds like he's very regimented, he has ways of doing things and everything else, but when was it that you realized that he was deaf and he was different than other owners of farms?

Jackson: I don't know if it ever really—it was just a fact. Grandpa was deaf and some people had this ailment or infirmity, whatever the word is, difficulty, and some people had something else, but it just happened that Grandpa was deaf. So it was matter-of-fact. I have, in my adult years, especially since I began writing

things, I've wished that I had talked to Grandpa about his deafness. I've written a great deal. It began when I told Grandpa, when I was fifteen, that I was going to write him a book and I was going to call it *The Round Barn*. I wrote him this and he was very pleased. What I should have done then is what I have done later, which is to try to get everybody's stories, but I didn't do it. I didn't get Grandpa's stories, although I did write down some of the stories that I had been told all growing up, like the boy that milked on his feet over the milking to keep them warm while he was milking, and when my father carved his name on the backhouse door and Grandpa made him come and clean the whole thing off and fool's names and fool's faces, you know, all of those stories. I must have had five or six of those stories in the little notebook, but I didn't go and ask Grandpa. As far as I know, nobody ever talked to Grandpa in any depth about his deafness.

I would like to know, now that I've read Oliver Sack's book on musical—well anyway it's the brain and the music and what's going on. I would have liked to have asked him did he have any tinnitus for instance. Did he hear music in his head? I heard him sing once when he was deaf, and that was a revelation. But I never asked him for his stories and I never asked him about his deafness, and as far as I know, nobody else did either. My students, I tell them go out and get those stories right away. Find out this and this and this and this and then don't just say to them, well what were things like? Pick out something specific, like, well, the story that I've got of the no-legged farmer: what it was like to be a farmer with no legs and how he would learn to climb a ladder and things like that. This amazed my father when they visited the no-legged farmer and saw how he could manage.

Maniscalco: To get back a little bit to something that you had mentioned earlier, you mentioned about having the town kids out to the farm and you didn't have many friends on the farm during the week. What was the difference between town kids and country kids and everything?

Jackson: Let me tell the difference that I felt by being neither a town kid nor a country kid. I felt it particularly when I was in 4-H. The thing was that we had a schoolhouse, District 12 Schoolhouse, which was out on the edge of the farm. My father and my uncle and their foster sister went to that. Eloise, down the road, who gave me lots of material, went to District 12 School. In 1923 they decided there weren't enough students going to the school and so they decided to port them all into town. There was a school right on the edge of town, Colley Road, and so the school children, year ten, began going to school in an old black cab that they hired from a cab company. So by the time I was going to school, we were all going to school in what we called "the taxi." It was funny, because the town kids thought we were all rich to be going to school in a taxi and yet it was during The Depression and we were all crammed into this old thing with jump seats and sitting on each other's laps and nothing that would be allowed now. So I went to town school and had town friends and yet I lived in the country. So when I was in 4-H and here were all these country

kids that were going to Zilly and to the other schools, the country schools that were still going, I didn't really know those kids much. So they thought of me as a town kid, and the town kids thought of me as a country kid. So I was in between and so was my brother Craig. We both felt it more because we were the ones more involved with the farm.

Now the town kids adored coming out to the farm and playing in the round barn and jumping in the hay and drinking all the chocolate milk they could drink and skating on the crick [localism for creek] and giving their fingers to the calves to be sucked. The calves would just about take the skin off your fingers, you know, if you held them out to a newborn calf. There was always so much to do. So the town kids would ride their bicycles out, or when we were smaller, a friend would be imported out to play or someplace. I can remember the first time I was in town—I think it was the first time—on my own, which was probably junior high, with a bicycle. Here I was riding around town on a bicycle, being in town, even though the farm was not that far away. Then I rode home again and I've talked to some of the country kids since then that I've come to know—that I did come to know actually—and they confirmed it. They said, "Well we felt you Dougan kids were 'townies'". I said, "Well, we weren't. We were and we weren't. It was a problem." So I think the feeling went both ways, but I have developed many, many friends in Turtle Township and in some ways I know more about the people in Turtle Township than some of them know about themselves because I would hear the stories. They would say, "Well so and so never knew this, but..." I've learned an awful lot about Turtle Township and I've recorded it faithfully, except the things I promised not to tell (laughs) and this sort of thing. I don't have as many town stories, except the stories that go with delivering milk and milk-run stories. During the war, you see, when I would have been doing all the teenage activities in town, we couldn't drive. So you'd all go into one car, if you had to go to something, and then come back. There wasn't this running around town. That's why I guess feeling so free on that bicycle was amazing to me. So we played mostly with each other. We did have our music lessons that we took up in Madison. That was the big trip of the week. This was very important, the whole world of music in my life, but I haven't gone into that in too much detail. I play the cello; not often, but I did a whole lot once upon a time.

Maniscalco: Well that's great. Now you mentioned going into town with the milk deliveries. Can you tell us about that?

Jackson: There were always trucks out delivering milk and one of my childhood memories is that somebody would get missed on a milk route or Dad would have to get in touch with a milkman and so we'd go to town to play find the milkman. You'd go up and down the streets of that milkman's route, trying to find him. Well it's amazing how hard it is to find a milk truck because it could be on this part of the block while you're on this part of the block and by the time you get over there, it's someplace else. We had a particularly memorable day when Chuck Heiser... Dad and Grandpa hired handicapped workers and

this fellow had lost an arm and so he was the “one-armed milkman”; his milk route stopped at a certain point and people began calling in saying they hadn’t gotten their milk. So we, Craig and I, went along trying to play “find the milkman” because you have to have somebody on each side of the car while Dad is driving. Find the milkman. Where is he? Nobody could find him. He just stopped at about eight o’clock. Nobody after that had any milk and no truck and so forth and so forth. Well, finally we went back to the farm and loaded up a bunch of milk and started delivering his route. Dad had Chuck Heiser’s route book. So we began delivering milk; it was delivered very rapidly, because there was Craig and me and Dad, and I think he had somebody else with him. So the four of us were combining on delivering this milk route. Oh, then we came around and here he was. Well, what had happened is, he had gotten bored with his route. So he had decided to go and deliver from the end of the route back, rather than from keeping on right where he was. As I recall, Daddy had some expletives in French and said, “The next time you’re bored, let me know and I will provide some excitement for you.” But that wasn’t fun.

When I was on the milk route—other than catching rides with the milkman—they’d pick us up sometimes at noon at town school. We got to sit in the milkman’s lap and drive up the mile to the dairy when we were in the little house and have lunch and then come back. Mostly we carried our lunches, but some days we’d ride with the milkman back and forth. When I was in high school, Roscoe Ocker, the relief driver who took a different route every day, developed what they called housemaid’s knee, which was a cause of much hilarity; he could drive, but he couldn’t run the milk route. It was Christmas vacation and I said, “I’ll go. I’ll go.” So Dad said, “Grace à dieu,” or however you pronounce it in French, and I went on the milk route for two weeks while Roscoe recovered. That was a fantastic experience because we had all sorts of weather, including some very rough weather where I had to struggle up long hills to get the milk to the doorway of people on the River Road, for instance. It was also revelatory into Burrwood Park where white people lived there, but it was a shanty town. So here were these huts, practically, that were on the river that I don’t know why Burrwood Park had ever been built that way. So I delivered there. So Roscoe and I had this two weeks together of delivering milk. We’d go and have our breakfast at a little café downtown that one of our former workers was the proprietress of, and her husband was one of the milkmen, so we’d sometimes meet him and other milkmen there. Then we’d go on with the route and he always had hot chocolate. He had a little stove sitting right up front.

Later—I must have been 14 then—two years later my brother and I wanted to have a milk run of our own during the summer. Dad said that would not be practical to chop off a piece here and chop off a piece there and then put it back together. He said, “But Stam is getting old. He could use some help. Craig, why don’t you go with him? Roscoe enjoyed having you Jackie, why don’t you go with Roscoe again? It would be helpful for both of the milkmen and I’d pay you de-tasseling wages. Then as soon as de-tasseling starts, we’ll take you

off the route and you both can help de-tassel,” which is what we did every summer. So the summertime it was very different. People were out and around and they were hanging up wash and they were hosing down their porches and there were dogs and cats all over and it was all very friendly. In the wintertime I was able—something you couldn’t possibly do today—open the [customer’s] back door and go and put the milk in the refrigerator. That was standing order: just put the milk in the refrigerator. Some people had milk boxes, but if they didn’t want it to freeze or if it was terrible weather and so forth, I would sometimes take a long breath of what this house felt like and listened hard to what the sleeping house was like and so forth before I’d go back to the truck. I did the same thing in the summertime too, because then they didn’t want the milk to get too hot. So I could put it in the refrigerator in the summertime too, so I got to look into lots of people’s kitchens. I knew every dog in town because I was with the relief driver, which meant that we went all over the whole town.

Beloit was segregated. The blacks lived down in an area on Race and Athletic Avenue. Race was not called that way on account of the fact that it was a race street with blacks living on it. It was a Race Street because it was beside the old mill race, which was no longer in operation, but it was a sort of depressed area of land beyond the road. So I saw how people lived all over town and that was very revelatory to me. I saw it in both the winter and in the summer and saw how Burrwood Park operated in the summer and there were some just wonderful experiences there in delivering milk in those two times where I did it for a chunk of time each time. Of course de-tasseling was something every summer, once I was tall enough, from 13 on. Then I de-tasseled every summer.

Maniscalco: You mentioned something, de-tasseling wages. What kind of wages were they?

Jackson: I think it was twenty-five cents an hour.

Maniscalco: Really?

Jackson: Maybe it was a little less at the beginning and a little more later on. It wasn’t a whole lot, but it seemed like a lot, certainly that first day when Dad put the ad in the paper. I want to find that ad and I might be able to. He said there were bicycles streaming out from town as far as the eye could see. He ended up with some 75-80 kids wanting to de-tassel that first year that he had enough corn that he wasn’t using local farm boys to de-tassel. They had started the hybrid corn back in ’35. ’34 was the first year they used farmers to start growing the different crosses from the university. So Dad and Grandpa got in on it the second year and then went on to have their own hybrid seed corn business. It was probably about the third year that they had boys and girls come out to de-tassel. So Dad was chasing around like a border collie—is that what they are? A border terrier, aren’t they? Those wonderful little dogs they had?

Maniscalco: Border collie sounds right, yeah.

Jackson: Getting them into the right place to de-tassel and sending them into their rows and meeting them as they came out and putting them into the next section and so forth like that. One section nobody came out. He kept waiting and waiting for the crew that he had sent in there to come out. You see, there'd be a couple of rows of corn that had to be de-tasseled on each side and then the male corn is allowed to tassel and provide the pollen for the female silk on the ears. So he finally went in to see what was the trouble. Here you found that this group of several boys had knocked down a whole bunch of corn and were sitting playing cards. They said, "Well, it had gotten pretty hot." He fired them right then and there and one boy had the cheek to demand the wages for what they had done so far, but he didn't give them anything. By the next day, of those 75, about 30 returned. The rest decided that de-tasseling was too hard a job. So that, with a crew of 30, why he had a good workable crew and Craig and I were always part of that.

Maniscalco: That must have been a lot of fun.

Jackson: It was fun. It was hard work, but you felt that it was worthwhile work because you were doing it for a purpose. You knew why the tassels had to go and why you should get all the tassels. If the corn boss comes up behind you and has an armload of tassels that you've missed, then you feel both guilty and knowing that you've put a field in danger if you're missing the tassels. What you really tried to do is, if you did a section that had tasseled out and you were three tassels to a hill and you pulled all three tassels, and all three tassels on the other side, and then moved onto the next very slow, take forever to do it, but you want to just get the same one the next day so that you knew it had been practically clean. So you kept in mind, Boy, I had that section; that's the one I want again to do. I don't know whether the town kids understood, really. Grandpa and Ron, my dad, would explain to them why they were de-tasseling corn and why we shouldn't miss any tassels and so forth, but to them it was just a job, but to us kids, Craig and I, it was the farm's livelihood, that and the milk business.

Maniscalco: I'm sure you've heard their speech of why you need to de-tassel multiple times. Can you tell us a little bit about how the speech would go?

Jackson: Well, corn is wind pollinated and in an ordinary field, up until hybrid corn came along, any amount of pollen would be in the air and any ear of corn on any stalk might have a couple hundred kernels might have a couple hundred male parents. When they took the Mendelian Laws and began figuring them out and the corn history, which I could give us now if we wanted it, you ended up with corn that was predictable. Then you would have corn that was designated a female corn and corn that was designated a male corn and all the female corn would be pollinated by the male corn. Now this made a problem. Suppose you had neighbors that were raising corn that it didn't matter? So there had to be

distances which had to be carefully mapped out, and so many rows of the male corn before you got to the female. Also, if you were raising different varieties of the hybrid corn, but had different pedigrees, you had to keep those fields separate and so forth. So it was a very exacting sort of business. Well, when the corn would start to tassel out, the female corn would start to tassel out too and you didn't want the female corn to be self pollinated. You only wanted it to come from the male rows. So you didn't want the male rows to be de-tasseled, but you wanted the female rows to be de-tasseled in order to keep them from self pollinating and spoiling; it would spoil the crop, really, if that happened. If you were to plant the seed that came from them, then it would not have the hybrid vigor, which is what the cross pollination did that was developed by East and all those other people out in Connecticut and back over here. That's a whole long story of the development of hybrid seed corn.

Maniscalco: Well, while we're talking about corn, there was something you mentioned last time we talked. It has to do with corn, and that's Korn Kurls.

Jackson: Oh that I could have—

Maniscalco: Could you explain some corn curls to us?

Jackson: —I could have brought that up in early memories. We had a herdsman named Clair Mathews and he thought, perhaps rightly, that the corn, once it was ground up in the feed mill to give the cows their grain ration—they had hay and silage and a grain ration—he thought it was hard on their teeth and it would be better for them if there was some other way they could have their grains. So he began experimenting with a little machine that he built up on the floor of the round barn where he would pour the corn in. There was what Dad called a skein—I have drawings of this—that would force the corn past this skein; when it came out it came out like a corn curl, which was very easy on the cows jaws to chomp up this sort of corn that would be sort of toasted and like a corn curl. I can remember at the age of three being up there on the floor of the upper barn, the loft, and here was Clair Mathews' machine and we'd pick up these things and chew on them. We chewed on silage. We chewed on this. We chewed on other things because my dad usually had a piece of corn in his cheek and Grandpa would chew silage. Town kids thought this was terrible. Silage, oh, it tastes so, well fermented, you know.

Somebody—I've got the name somewhere—took some of these curls home and sprinkled some cheese on them and ate them and said, "Hey, this is something really good. This is something that is beyond what cows are having." So Clair decided to go into business and to patent it. He got a partner and so they began making what became known as Korn Kurls. That story I've got written down. It's quite a long story of what happened and it became South Beloit's major industry. The corn curl that originated up there to feed the Dougan cows was the great-granddaddy of all the snack foods that we've had ever since then, except potato chips and popcorn, which they also had. But back there in about

1931 or '32 was the start of Korn Kurls and snack food. That may or may not be a good thing, considering the nutrition that we know today. But the Korn Kurls, at that time, were very healthy. That's one of the remarkable things and tangents about the Round Barn, that the Korn Kurls was in one of them. The Adams Company; Dad would go to the meetings and would vote. The Adamases kept control of 51% of the stock and so forth and we'd always get a great big box at Christmas with all sorts of the snacks in it and so forth. So Adams Korn Kurls.

Maniscalco: Well we've talked a lot about all the fun stuff we could do on the farm, but what about chores that you had to do?

Jackson: Well, there was working all the time. Our work: as kids, there were so many hired men that we weren't doing much in that way, but we had our household chores and we had the pets to feed and things like that. Then the working, when we did get old enough, was de-tasseling and things like that. I hung around the barn a lot and helped there where I could, but the work was constant. It was fourteen hour days. They'd milk the cows; at the start, they were milking the cows at four o'clock. By the time the dairy ended, Dad was milking much later and said it made some difference, but not a whole lot of difference, to not have them exactly twelve hours apart. You couldn't get help, and this was one reason that he quit the dairy business finally. You simply could not compete with the factories and jobs that had eight hours and unions and things like that, to get farm workers that would be responsible and conscientious and know enough to be good farm hands. So they began at four in the morning with the milking and had the milk up to the milk house by six. It was being cooled and bottled and some pasteurized. Later on, when the laws went through it all had to be pasteurized; that was either late '40s or early '50s—maybe late '40s. But my Dad kept raw milk and Grandpa did. For a long time, the Beloit doctors wanted raw milk. So we had raw milk. Our highest grade of milk was grade A raw, Guernsey, and that was up until the federal law or the state law, or maybe it was both, went through that everything had to be pasteurized.

So there was that going on and the milking and then of course the cleaning of the cows and the currying of them and so forth. Once the cows were out of the barn, there was the cleaning of the barn and the manure trolley that would come down and would scoop the manure into it. The trolley would go all the way around the round barn, which was an advantage of a round barn: you ended up where you began. Then out into the manure pile. So there was regular work going on all the time. Grandpa tried to have his men have a life as well as a living. He thought a lot about how to give his farm workers time, so everybody had half a day off and they also had half a day on Sunday. So they had one day a week—which was liberal in those days for farm help—and he had it worked out so the different people had different hours and the people that worked the fourteen hour days—before they had the milking machines. They got milking machines and power to the farm at about 1919, 1920. Before that, everybody quit at 3:30 and went and helped with the milking, so they had five and six and

seven people helping with the milking that were not regular barn workers. Dad, from the time he was five years old, he milked two cows a day: Daisy and I forget the other cow's name. He often said that he had memorized every freckle on Daisy's udders, was one of his comments.

Then everything was always breaking down. During the war it was hard to get parts. There were farm mechanics. We had a garage and they built things. They built things from the ground up; that muffler I mentioned was not a commercial muffler, which is probably why it backfired so badly, and things were held together with twine and baling wire more often than you would want because you couldn't get the parts. So there was a great deal of ingenuity that went on, especially during—when I say the war, I say the Second World War because I wasn't around during the first World War—but I was certainly around during the Second World War and with the help shortage and things like that.

The milk house was a constant source of entertainment. We'd stand there and I could watch the milk being bottled endlessly. It was so fascinating. It would go around on a little trolley and the milk rippled down the cooler, into a big pan and then it would go down into there and then the bottles would come and they would go up and be filled and come out the other. After they had gone on the merry-go-round, they'd come out and a little spray of water on them and then they'd go to the capper and get the cap on them. Later on they had something else, which was not just the cap, but they had a cellophane cover with a bit of tape around it. This was on account of the wife of one of the Beloit college professors who went on a rampage saying that it was unsanitary to have the lip of the bottle not covered. Earlier we had had a standard cap and seal that had a little piece of copper wire around it that crumbled up around the edges and fit around it. But all the time I was growing up, it was just the milk bottle cap with the tab that you pull out until, into the '50s or so. When Mrs. Palmer got her back up, Dad went around and investigated other dairies and ended up having this thing that would slice off a little piece of cellophane and put it on so that these amber bottles that I've showed you, they've all had the little cellophane addition to the capping.

But that was always fun to watch and it was fun to watch the cream separator. We were pressed into work once in a while. If there was a special going on, we'd stand and drop little collars over the bottle that say there was a special on cottage cheese or a special on this or that, and then we'd get paid a dime for a couple of hours work for dropping those things on there. So I wasn't heavily worked as a farm kid. I did have my calf for 4-H and I had to tend her and take care of her. Then I also had—

Maniscalco: What was her name?

Jackson: I think her name was Perry, wasn't it? I think it was Perry. Yeah, and then I had goats. They were of no commercial value. They were just big nuisances to

everybody on the farm. We only had them one at a time, but each goat was a big nuisance. One of my stories is that the first goat, Butter, was when we lived down at the dairy. We moved. When I was in fifth grade we moved a mile and a half up the road to a farm where we remodeled and fixed it up for seed corn business. So Butter was the goat down there and then the three successive goats I had were all up at the farm we called *Chez Nous*, but mostly people called it Ron's Place. One of those goats had horns. They were very sharp and she did not like skirts and little children. So she was a danger because she wouldn't come and bunt like the pictures you saw in a comic strips of a goat rushing along and bunting somebody, knocking them over. She'd come up with those little sharp horns and she'd jerk them underneath and sort of catch you, you know, and this was dangerous. So I figured, What could I do about my goat to make her safe?

I realized that I had seen pictures in my Dad's magazines down at the office of the farm—the little house turned into an office at one point—and there would be these prize bulls and they would have gold balls stuck on the edge of their horns. I thought, Well if I could get a pair of those gold balls and stick them on the end of goat's horns she'd be safe. I didn't know where to get them, but downtown there was the Brown-Swiss [dairy cattle breed] Association, which was the central place for the Brown-Swiss Industry. By then I was able to ride my bicycle down. So I rode my bicycle down and went in and told them that I was interested in gold balls for bulls. They looked puzzled and sent me from one secretary to another until finally I got to the high honcho that was sitting there. I told him that I was looking for gold balls for bulls and he says, "All our bulls have gold balls." I, at that time (laughs) knew I was being made fun of, but I didn't know how I was being made fun of. But they didn't seem to know anything about these ones I was describing. So I rode back home and was contemplating the situation and here was the hose going out to the garden. I realized that we had scraps of hose around and so I cut a scrap of hose about a foot long or so forth and I jammed the one end on a horn and looped it around and jammed the other end of the horn. So she had a little bumper up there and she hated it. She hated that little bumper, but she had to wear it, but it took care of the problem. It wasn't elegant. It wasn't elegant like the gold balls would have been, but it did the job. So those were my goats.

Then we had dogs and cats and pet pigs. That might be considered a farm chore, although it was a pleasure. We'd get the runt pigs because they weren't worth raising unless they were raised carefully. When I was little there was always a box behind my grandmother's stove with a runt pig in it that was being nurtured. Well, after awhile when Grandpa and Grandma retired and moved to town, but yet Grandpa came out every day, nobody was there to take care of the runt pigs. So we kids began taking the runt pigs and feeding them with bottles and so forth. This made a problem because they were such pets that when they were returned to the herd when they became big fat shoats and gilts and all ready to go in with the other pigs, they were a real nuisance because they would want to bunt up against the pig men and herdsman's legs and want

special attention and all this sort of thing. So it was just a great place to grow up.

We had a pony, but we seldom rode it. It got trailed out for birthday parties and an occasional photo op, but that's about it because nobody went and caught that pony for us. Mother was a town woman and was busy taking care of four little kids and doing her things and she wasn't about to go out to the pasture and get the pony. Then when we did get a horse, back when I was nine years old. I took a great interest in that horse and I began riding that horse regularly and going down with an ear of corn to get it. The first time I did that it was scary until I discovered how easy it was just to give the horse the corn and then you could slip the halter and get the bit in the mouth and so forth and bring the horse back up and saddle it up. I never learned to be a great rider. I didn't know all the fancy ways of doing it, but I certainly rode that horse a lot. Later I had another horse that was very stubborn and did not like to be ridden. So that was always a battle of wills. I insisted on riding him and he insisted on not being ridden and so it was a hard job, when I was in high school, to ride that paint horse. He finally put his leg through a fence and managed to injure himself badly enough that he had to be brought down to the dairy and kept there and doctored and so forth. By the time that leg healed he was so wild that nobody could ride him. So that was the end of the paint and the end of my only horse.

(pause in recording)

Maniscalco: Now in reading your book, Jackie, I found a couple spots where you talk about the Y Camp.

Jackson: About the what?

Maniscalco: The Y Camp. Was it something that your grandfather—

Jackson: You mean the Y Cabin?

Maniscalco: Cabin, was it a cabin?

Jackson: It was a cabin.

Maniscalco: Can you explain that to us?

Jackson: Well Grandpa started out with the farm that was the dairy, where the milking was and the round barn and all of that, and added onto that some with a big field behind over the railroad tracks. Then, in probably 1928 or so, he bought a piece of land farther up Colley Road that we called the Hill Farm; that had a barn and a house on it and was very hilly and a woods in behind, a wood lot. My father, when he got back from France—he had been doing the equivalent of Peace Corps work over there after the war. He was there in '23, '24 where he met and married my mother, who was from Chicago, who was also working at

the same place. Dad had a Boy Scout troop over there in France and when he came back he found that there was a local Turtle boy. If I haven't mentioned Turtle, the farm is in Turtle Township so that we're all Turtles and I identify with Turtle more than I identify with Beloit. This boy had wanted to find out how to be a boy scout and had been told how to be a lone scout. So Dad saw the need of a Boy Scout troop and so called the boys together and the area boys and they started a Boy Scout troop of about eight or ten or twelve boys.

Well, this progressed and I don't remember at what point, whether they were Boy Scouts at that point or whether they had been incorporated into the county YMCA, but it was still a group of boys. They decided that they wanted a cabin. So they asked W.J. whether they could build a cabin in the Dougan woods out there on the Hill Farm. He thought about it and he finally said yes, they could do that, but he made it very clear how much space they could have and that they should not cut down certain trees and the only trees they could cut down were here and so forth. So they built it, which became known as the Y cabin because eventually the whole area was the Tri-County Y. It was the Y group that built the second cabin. The first cabin the boys all brought logs and things from home and they set them up vertically around and they built a fireplace and Grandpa gave them a great board, a tremendous board, for a mantle place. It had a dirt floor and somebody found windows that they could put in and so forth. Anyway, this was the Y cabin and everybody loved the Y cabin. They had some problems with it; for instance they discovered they had built it on a thistle patch and the next spring when the thistles began coming up, there was enough light coming inside that they came up through the dirt floor and so they had all these thistles. Also, Grandpa came out and found that they would cut down some trees that he had not told them they could cut down. So he withdrew his letting them have a cabin there and there was a considerable brouhaha for a bit until they got that all straightened out and Grandpa agreed, "All right, you can be there, but you have to follow my rules to be there in the cabin."

So at some point they rebuilt the cabin, but they rebuilt it where they got some sponsors—I think the power and light company in town and some others—and they got lights out there. They built it with horizontal logs so that the upright logs were not longer there. It was horizontal and in the various photographs we had you can see the early cabin and then the later cabin on the same site. It might have been the later cabin where they had to cut down an extra tree or something because they made it a little bigger. I forget which one Grandpa got all upset about, but the Y cabin became a kind of a community center, not only for these kids growing up, but also for the adults. They would have meetings out there and they would have Grange meetings, sometimes, would meet at the cabin, although the Grange was down the road. They had a church service out there twice a year, ecumenical, and they bring out a little foot pedal organ and somebody would come and give a sermon or a speech or something like that, and a potluck meal, and we'd have birthday parties out there. So the Y cabin was a very powerful community influence, and that was there on the Hill Farm.

Maniscalco: That's very interesting. You know you've mentioned the 4-H and now we've talked about the Y cabin and some of the different organizations that took place. What other organizations were around the farm and around your life?

Jackson: Well Dad and Mother, well Grandpa and Grandma too, they were all into community service. They believed strongly in that and if there had been a sixth thing on the list of the barn, the five things, I think community service would have been one of those. Grandpa helped start the Grange. He helped start the 4-H that was going on. He went around to the schools every year, the country schools and enlisted kids into the 4-H and so forth. Dad and six other men started the Rock County Breeders CO-OP in 1937 or '38. It was the second in the country. The first was three months earlier out in New Jersey. So that was something that he was the secretary, treasurer of that for the entire life of the CO-OP. I recall that he had visiting nurse. He was on the board of a Visiting Nurse Association and I can recall he'd go out at night every so often to go to a visiting nurse meeting. He was a Rotarian as a Beloit businessman. Grandpa did lots of talking around at farm institutes and things like that. I've written up quite a few of those; he's been reported on in great detail in some of these publications. When radio was coming along, WLS, the Prairie Farmer Station, asked Grandpa to talk over the radio about farming. So he did that a couple of different years and then he became a master farmer. They had a designation as master farmer; they had twenty-five or so and he was the only one from Wisconsin. I think there was one from Indiana and one from Iowa and all the rest were Illinois and they were each written up in the *Prairie Farmer Magazine*, which was then published out of Chicago.

Maniscalco: What were the requirements to be a master farmer? Do you know?

Jackson: I guess just doing everything well. They were different sorts. They weren't all dairy farmers. I haven't studied too much what some of the others did, but I did get a hold of the article, well they had most of the article in a scrapbook. Fortunately people didn't throw things away. That's why I have so much (laughs) and so many put things in scrapbooks. This article out of the *Prairie Farmer* was put in this scrapbook, except that they didn't go to "continued on page such and such." So it was only recently that I went over to where they have the files of the *Prairie Farmer*. They pulled out these great, big volumes of the *Prairie Farmer* and had them all open for me at the right place. I was able to go through and find the write-up of Grandpa and get the ending of that article so that is now complete.

So let's see. Where were we? I was talking about the radio shows and then Grandpa and Grandma were nominated by the University of Wisconsin as master farmers. So they had it coming from *Prairie Farmer* in Illinois and then from the university and we've got some beautiful sheepskin vellum, gold and so forth, which I should really frame up, where Grandpa and Grandma have both of their citations from the university of Wisconsin. This was through the Ag School. Then they had their portraits put up, and whatever happened to

them, nobody knows. I've been up in past years trying to find them and some other people have tried to find them; what they ever did with those portraits that used to hang in the ag hall of all these various people that were so honored, I don't know. But they were very heavy on community service and Dad was on various boards and he got conservation awards. We were one of the first to contour plow and Dad got conservation awards and built a farm pond and things of that sort. We were always on the cutting edge of what was going on in agriculture, as is exemplified by getting into the hybrid seed corn practically at its start as far as being able to use local farmers and not having it just confined to the university. Also the getting into the artificial insemination, which Dad was very heavily into and was on the board.

As I said, we had the first CO-OP, but the first bull stud was down in Illinois. There was one in Barrington and another one a little farther west. This was John Rockefeller Prentice who had started these bull studs. Then he moved the Barrington one to Elgin. Then he moved the Elgin one up into Wisconsin. When he moved it into Wisconsin it needed to be incorporated on the account of the Wisconsin laws and it needed a board of directors. Rock was a millionaire, but he was pouring his mother's money, all the money he could borrow, into bettering cattle. Of course he found an ardent support in Dad because Dad had discovered Rock's father before Rock and Dad knew each other in this Mt. Hope Index that Dad had read in the *Jersey Journal*, back in 1927, when he figured out the index of all of our bulls and found out which were the good ones and which were the bad ones and so forth, which would be improving the daughters of the dams, rather than dragging down their milk production. So when the stud moved up into Wisconsin it became Wisconsin Scientific Breeding Institute, with Rock as the president and Phil Higley as the vice president and Dad as secretary-treasurer or secretary, and Howard Greene, a local farmer over at Brookhill Farms at Kenosha, who supplied the Chicago market with high quality milk. He was the treasurer I think. So the four of them were this board. There were gradually more and more bull studs.

See I'm getting into the artificial insemination now. More and more bulls studs because you had to have the semen near to where the cows were. They had not yet frozen it. They had not yet developed, which Rock developed, the freezing of it. He'd also developed the container to hold the liquid nitrogen before the university—which is what made the universities mad at him—one of the things that made it mad at him because he was a jump ahead of them in what he was doing, but he was also pouring his money. He was trying to get bull records; one of the things that happened is that the bull records weren't coming through fast enough because the federal government was so antiquated in its record keeping. So he gave them \$350,000 anonymously to upgrade their computers, which then allowed him to get the information that he wanted, but it gave everybody else all the information, too, for finding the high index bulls. Anyway, Dad was on that board, which eventually, because of the improvement in frozen semen and things like that, many bull studs weren't needed. It was all concentrated north of Madison in DeForest and it became

American Breeder Service, which was the name of one of the studs. Dad continued on a board for genetic research, but he was no longer on the board for ABS. As you know, American Breeder Service became the largest breeding service in the world and I think still is, although it's no longer locally owned. It became owned by the British and then it became Genus or something like that. [Today ABS has wholly owned business units or joint venture marketing operations in many countries].

I think they may be happy at the latest. What's happened with the FDA, aren't they allowing now cloned meat? Because they have cloned herds up there where they would milk the cows and then just pour the milk out on the ground because it couldn't be sold or so forth. So that's changing now. I guess they were deciding that cloning is not unsafe, but my research is pretty much in '71, when Dad retired. They've got some—I won't say throw-ups—cast-forwards into the present and cast-backs from before Grandpa came to the farm in 1906. So where were we? I was off on a tangent.

Maniscalco: No, that's fine. We were talking about organizations.

Jackson: Oh yeah, and I mentioned quite a few. My mother was very busy in music and in local women's organizations and I want to put something in my book about the importance of these organizations when women were still able to belong to them. She was in Altrusa Club, she was in Treble Clef, which is a music club and she eventually became president of the National Federation of Music Clubs and various other service clubs. Now Grandma belonged to a Friendly Club, but there was the Grange and the other thing, but the Friendly Club was a lot of the farm women that got together. I don't remember if Mother belonged to the Friendly Club or not. Mother gave dancing lessons and we had recitals out on the farm and things like that. I've got a movie of one of those dress rehearsals of one of the recitals that she had out on the farm. So the organization of my book is maybe exemplified—I can say it here by this question that you asked—the whole meaning of the book is the influence of the farm on the world and the world on the farm. Service is right in there and responsible service. So I think that would be the link.

Maniscalco: It's very interesting and even to go further on that note of service and responsible service and things, especially with your grandfather being minister, how did the church affect life on the farm and everything else?

Jackson: Well, we kids went to Sunday school and church and there was a period at the big house, before I was running around the big house, where they used to have prayers after supper. I think this was the outcome of a... Well, there was always grace at the table. You didn't eat until grace was said and you didn't leave the table until everybody was excused and that sort of thing. The hired men ate with the family in the big house and we kids often ate over there, but we had our own little house that we ate in too. There was a period when they had a revival in the Methodist church. I've got the letters that were written to [a

friend] in college during that period and Grandma goes into great detail about this revival. I was able to go to the newspaper and get even more details about it. Well apparently some of the farm lads, as they were called, had gone to the altar and they felt that they should be leading a more religious life. So Grandpa began reading the Bible after supper with some exegeses on what he was reading. So they would have this. I have had hired men that are now dead—maybe some of them long dead—when I was talking to them in the ‘70s who remembered praying and this sort of thing at the farm. One of the funny stories is that Grandpa was doing some exegesis. One of the hired men had just gotten a new little Ford and they were all very impatient to get out and look over this new Ford and so forth but they were sitting here during this Bible reading. One of the hired men in his later years told me this story. Grandpa came to this line where it said “Shall we gather at the ford?” out of the Bible or else out of the exegesis. I’m not sure where he was reading from, but this just brought down and everybody just burst out laughing. Grandpa couldn’t hear and so he looked around and, “I don’t know what you lads are finding so entertaining, but maybe we’ve had enough reading.” So they all rushed out to the Ford to look at it while one of his children explained to him what the joke was, which he then was able to enjoy too. So there was that.

Grandpa, himself, did not go to church much. He did go in the earlier years, but when I was going to church Grandma took us, but Grandpa didn’t go. He found it too hard to hear the minister with his hearing and so forth. It was interesting that here was my minister grandfather who was called on to give the prayer or the invocation or something at a dairy meeting up in Madison or down in Winnebago County, whatever it was, Farm Institute and so forth, but he was not a regular church goer. One the other hand, he contributed to the Centenary Fund; it took me a while to find out what it was the centenary of back in the 1918 or so. It was the Centenary of the Missionary outreach of the Methodist church. He contributed a cow. He didn’t actually give the cow. He gave what that cow’s profits would be per year. So the cow stayed in the barn, but he gave the \$200.00 that that cow would earn to the Centenary Fund and he felt this very deeply.

There were more depressions than the Great Depression. There was a minor depression in the early 20’s and Grandpa’s letters are talking about how he is not able to pay his debts and he has not yet paid his \$200.00 in for Marie of Sarnia who was the centenary cow and he must do that and so forth. But the interesting thing to me as I realized these things I was learning was that the money that went into the missionary fund for the Centenary Fund was used to finance a building over in Chateau Thierry, France, after the first World War and that was close to the trenches. So many French had lost their fathers and there were orphan children and widows and things like that and so this was the Methodist Memorial. This was where Dad went and worked for a year and Mother had gone over to work at the Methodist Memorial too. Well it was the equivalent of Peace Corps work. Mother taught dancing and English and so forth and Dad had a Boy Scout troop and did various things like that, but it was

Marie of Sarnia's \$200.00 that was helping to send my father across and it was just pure sort of coincidence. Nobody said, Well because Ron Dougan's dad is giving some money from a cow, let's give him the job. It was utterly—it's just that Grandpa knew about this over there, but there were other missions here and there. So maybe that's carrying on to something that wasn't asked, but that explains something.

Maniscalco: No, that was very, very interesting. You know we've been talking about it a lot, but let's just hit on it. What about the farm? Can you explain some of the buildings that were on the farm?

Jackson: Well, let's see, we've stuck a picture here behind me. This looks like a New England farm because it looks like the big house here is attached to the round barn and it isn't at all. It's something to do with the foreshortening of the photograph, because in between the big house there's a drive and then the side barn, which was the original barn and then the round barn. It's a very handsome picture and it's taken about 1916 or '18, and there originally was a windmill right alongside the house here. That got taken down and stoves were put in and there were chimneys that came up on top here after a bit.

As I said, the round barn was built in 1911 and the side barn was annexed to it through a passageway which had the stairs, going up to the loft of the round barn. The side barn was a place that we loved to play in because it had these big old timbers all the way across and sideways and they filled them with hay on each side. Then in the middle they had great heaps of sawdust that they used for our cow bedding. There were all sorts of ropes and things there and there were ropes everywhere. So we used that for playing circus and we would swing back and forth and we would walk on those beams and so we loved the side barn. There was a little trap door in the bottom of the middle section where you could shovel straw, which would go down into the bottom of the side barn. The bottom of the side barn had about twelve stalls with stanchions for cows and on the other side were box stalls where the new calves were kept before. This was a problem too, because they've learned that calves have to be kept separate on account of scours and other calf diseases. That's why you go past these farms now and see all those little houses, each one with a poor little isolated calf in it all by itself. Well, our calves were together and they did have scours and had difficulties and so forth, but that was the side barn.

The round barn is largely cement all the way around and it has a cement walk all the way around it. Inside it's got cement all the way around the back and then the manure trough and then it comes up a little bit and here's where the cows are and all the stalls are slightly wedge shaped because it's round; it holds forty and there's some walkways up into the middle. Then the middle is smaller, and that's up higher yet. Then come the silo so that the silage comes right down in front of the cows, which is very efficient because they'd fill the silage cart and then they could move it around and shovel it into the cows' mangers, which have been scooped. As the cement was laid, the mangers were

made of cement too, scooped out. Then alongside of every stall—well the stanchions were hanging there—which were the clip things so the cows could turn and so forth, but couldn't get out. Every other stall had a water cup alongside it with a slatted metal thing that fit a cow's nose, so when she pushed down in it, it would make the faucet turn on. So we loved to go and fill the cow cups. We'd have to clean the straw out of them and then we'd fill the cow cups. That was something that we liked to do.

Then came the silo and the silo had the two ventilators on either side so that the barn stayed cool in summer and warm in winter because you could shut the ventilators off. When the ventilators were going, one of Dad's favorite tricks was to take a handkerchief and hold it and you'd just see it practically vertical because the air was going up it so. Let's see, we're still in the downstairs barn. There was also a spot alongside the silo where there was a chute which would bring down grain. You could put that in from on top and also there were two places where you could throw hay down. Or was there just one? I think there might have been two, but the major one I know is the one that we always threw the hay down and the one that Dad threw the hay down and then jumped in it to push the hay and make it go and lost hold and fell 30 feet and broke his ankles or his heels. He was going to be assistant herdsman that summer and instead he was on crutches all summer and broke his heels. He said the cows were in the barn. He had rushed out. He was so eager to get to his job. He was twelve years old. He fell through the whole length of the chute. We always paid great respect to those chutes because you don't see them very well when you were up there in the hay and when the hay was up so high and the entrance to the chute might be down a little bit, you know? Well because of Dad's accident we'd go and look over and say, "Wow, look how far he fell!" He said when he fell down and hit and there wasn't very much hay to land on, "Every cow in the barn reared back and just uh," in one big roar of the cows when he came down. Then here he was crawling around and blubbering and so forth from having fallen through the chute.

So we've now gotten to the upstairs barn, haven't we? Big barn floor where they could pull up a ramp coming up, which stopped at the side barn. You can't see it here, but this is the big ramp that it came up and these huge barn doors would pull back alongside the building on both sides, so you could get a team of horses and a load of hay inside, sometimes two. Then a whole section of the barn from when you're standing in it, from your right going about half way around, at least, was the loft with the hay and that would be filled. There was a track that went around and a track had big tines and the tines would drop down onto the hay - klomph - and grab it up and then this great waffle of hay would be lifted up and off it would go to where it would be let go and then - plump - down it would come.

All the dust motes would go crazy in the sunlight that was coming through the barn, because Grandpa believed in windows and there were several even in the loft, but all in the downstairs barn it was windows all the way around, all the

way around because he believed in lots of light. Cows needed light. He was tuberculin testing his cows from the first, when it was not asked for in the mandate or legislated. We have pictures where the hay would be very, very high and then, of course, it would gradually go down. We kids were allowed to play in the hay. We weren't allowed to play in straw stacks because the straw stacks were outside and when you play on a straw stack, every time you put your foot into it you're spoiling the crown that has been placed on it and that lets water in and lets it rot. So we really played hard during threshing. After the day's threshing was over, we would play hard on the straw stack because we knew we wouldn't be allowed to once it was finished, but we could always play in the hay. So there's the hay and then after the hay were two huge grain bins that came around and those had oats in them or barley or whatever the grain was. None of the corn went there. The corn went into a corncrib outside. Underneath these was where the milking motor was that ran the milking machines.

Then the entrance to the little room over the cow vestibule—I haven't mentioned the cow vestibule on the far side of this barn; I think it was Grandpa's invention. He had a passageway for the cows to come in and it stuck out and midway was a blanket that hung down. The cows had to lower their heads as they came in, this blanket brushed them the whole length and every fly that was on them came off on the outside of the blanket—not the barn side of the blanket, but the outside, the door side. Up in the roof of this little entry way of this vestibule—it was dark, there were no windows in the vestibule—was a crack made and the room up above it was all windows so that crack was very bright. All these flies that had just been knocked off a cow would go right up and crawl to the bright and then once they were up there they couldn't get out. Every so often a hired man would open up the door from the loft and go in and sweep up a bushel or two of dead carcasses of flies. So that was Grandpa's flytrap. I feel it was very ingenious and I have never heard it described anywhere or seen it else anywhere, but there was one way of keeping the fly population down out of the barn.

Another way was these windows had electric windows on them. What do you call them? Electric screens so that you would take a piece of grass and hold it, have a buzz or if a fly hit it or a beetle or something like that, it would incinerate them. It would electrocute them. I know this happens more often than I, as a girl, would have known about, but one of the hired men's boys, the screen had fallen out on the ground and he peed on it. Well he about electrocuted himself (laughs). It's not a good idea to pee on something electrical, but mostly those electric screens were sort of magical because you didn't feel sorry for the flies, but it was still sort of horrid to see them burning up. They smelled, but it did keep the fly population down in the barn.

The grain, then you see, that were in these bins up there, well then there were storage rooms under the grain bins where they had the grain in sacks and so forth, where they had the gunny sacks piled up, where they had the meal sacks

that had come in that had the protein that they added, say to the pig feed, and things like that. I tasted that once and it didn't taste like much, so I didn't bother to eat the protein that was supposed to be for the pigs. On the same barn floor, they had the machine I described to you in the corn curls, the ground up. It might not have been his little machine; it might not have been Clair Mathews's, but it was always fun to throw in some grain and make it go.

There's a story connected with that. We kept cows up at our place, up at Ron's place at *Chez Nous*, and they would take up two sacks of grain for the cows up there. It was the job of the herdsmen or the helpers to grind the grain and put it in the sacks to go up. Well—I shouldn't tell this story until I have it straight. What was the problem? They put something in that was very strong. See I'll have to recap this story. Anyway, somebody went off and left it half done. Somebody finished it up and they took these sacks up and they filled the mangers in the barnyard up at our place. All of a sudden they had cows falling over and dying with bloat, bloating up. When they finally figured out what it was, it was because whoever had started the grain ration had not finished it so that it was so imbalanced that whatever was in it... I should get that so we can tell about that later. So it killed some cows by that, but all we would do would be to throw in some oats and throw in some corn and press the button and watch it go.

When my Dad was a kid and they had this machine that would go, they had power at the farm much sooner than they had electricity from town, the various engines. I've got that all written down what they were, but they would put strings and spools all over it and then they'd start it and everything would go and this would go and go and marvelous. But they had to take all of that down and never leave it up because cows will eat anything. If you get string and so forth into their feed, they'll eat it, and even a lot worse things too. So we never heard about that when we were kids or we would have been doing it too with the spools. So that was mainly what was in the upper part of the barn.

Also we loved to climb the silo, up on the inside of the silo. The silo was built with reinforced rods in the concrete and then they left one area open with just the reinforced rods. So you could climb those reinforced rods to climb up to the top of the silo. They also had what they called shutters. As they would fill the silo, say it's empty, you would put in a shutter at the bottom to cover that space and then you'd fill the silo and then you'd keep adding shutter, shutter, shutter, shutter, shutter all the way up. There would be toe space so you could climb up; you climb up and peek over the top shutter to see what was going on in the silo or how far and that sort of thing. So that was the round barn.

The milk room was in the big house at the start and I won't go into that too much. It was inadequate and in 1916 Grandpa built a milk house. You can't see it here, but it's maybe built by now, but it would be right over off the edge of the picture and he also built a bunk house in the top of the milk house and this is where all the milking, processing activities went on and alongside that

was a shop, which later got covered and then there was a place where a driveway went through and beyond that was the ice house. He had to move a building to put the round barn where it was.

The building that was on the round barn was what turned out to be the ice house and the ice house had two sort of slanted wings on it and then up like this and the slanted wings, they would keep some farm machinery under something like that and then in the ice house they would bring the ice from Rock River and they would go and cut the ice on Rock River and a couple of times they would cut it from Turtle Creek when the ice turned out to be thick enough and so forth, but mostly they got it from Rock River, up until Fairbanks Morris began pouring oil into the river and ruining the ice for everybody, including the two ice business that were right on the river, which was a very thoughtless thing for them to do, but they did it.

Something else I didn't mention about the round barn, oh behind the round barn. You can't see it here, but then the horse barn was behind the round barn and then the bull pen, the bull yard was fastened to the horse barn so it was close to the round barn, so when bringing a cow to service the bull would be right there. The horse barn had stalls in it for oh, maybe eight horses and their mangers, and then on the other side were some boxes and so forth and a place for more hay and storage and things like that. I always said my ideal office would be that horse barn because you'd have the long space behind where you could put out all your drawing materials and long tables and everything on them and then you'd have a stall for each project and you could keep each project in there. So I loved the horse barn and I would go out and this was when we had the horse that I rode a lot before we moved up to Ron's place, to *Chez Nous*. I would go out and saddle my horse and so forth,

In the barnyard, in the other side here of the barn, they paved that too in 1916 and built a cow tank and we kids learned to swim in the cow tank. So the barnyard was all paved and that would get scraped regularly, the manure that was there and the barn inside would get whitewashed about every three months so that that stayed fresh and white. Grandpa never painted his barn red. I think it had something to do with the whole feeling of cleanliness and whiteness and whatever that was.

Then beyond the horse barn there were some other sort of out buildings and one was sort of for the middle sized calves that were there. So there was a sort of a horse yard there where the horses would be saddled up—not saddled up; harnessed up and so forth. Beyond that was a field where the straw stacks were and the lane that led down to the crick and the pastures and so forth. So then there was a milk house over here and beyond the milk house they built the little house and they built it for a herdsman back when? I think it was after 1916 because there was an awful lot of building that went on in 1916 and so I think that the herdsman's house probably got built a little later than that. That was the house that got added onto a little bit and that Mom and Dad moved into

after they were married. They stayed in the big house, I think, for six months. Well, no, the first year they were married, they lived downtown because Dad was finishing Beloit College. Then when they moved out to the farm they moved into the little house. So you see and then they also made sidewalks that went up from the barn to the milk house, up from across to the big house and then straight across from the big house to the little house. There were all these sidewalks. So you could roller skate and you could ride your tricycles and things like that. You didn't have to go down to the round barn and go around and around, unless you wanted to. So we were always back and forth on that sidewalk and in and out of the big house all the time and in and out of the milk house all the time. Unlimited chocolate milk. No one minded that we would take the chocolate milk or the orange drink or whatever. No one counted the bottles us kids drank and we drank a lot.

Then there was a shed out behind the little house, which when we were there, seemed to have cars or old cars or who knows what in it, but I think it had originally been a chicken coup where they kept a lot of chickens, but when I was growing up on the farm, out behind the big house was a huge woodpile of cut wood and behind the woodpile was the chicken house and the chicken house is a place of great interest because I loved to watch the chickens and I loved to listen to them and watch them purling around and the way they'd pick up their feet and the noise they would make and the little noises, and then you'd be—oh and we were often sent to the side barn and go find the eggs because the hens ran free. So that's another job we did as little kids; go out and find the eggs. So you'd go climbing around and find the eggs and sometimes you'd find a batch of new kittens that were up there in the side barn. If you went into the hen house, one of the tricks was to try and go in on the hen walk, which was not easy because you know what a hen walk is. It's a narrow board with little slats across it for the hens to go up into the house. Much easier to go through the door, but then you'd have to get eggs out from under the hens, and that was always a job that was not well liked because the hens didn't like having you come and pull the egg out from under them. It was better after the hens were gone. Then you could just take them and put them in the basket that Grandma told you to put them in. So those were the things behind the big house.

Maniscalco: Can we move back to the round barn, since it's the center of everything for a second?

Jackson: Okay, what other questions you have?

Maniscalco: (laughs) You mention these big tines that came in and picked up the hay. How are they powered?

Jackson: Well that was horsepower. The horses would be fastened to the ropes, to the pulleys and then you would walk the rope, walk the horse all the way out the driveway and that would pull the thing up and then it would catch, or trip I guess would be the term it is. They wouldn't trip at that point. It would round

the corner and go in. I don't remember that that kind of hay was ever powered by anything. Now, once they started cutting alfalfa and filling the silo and chopping alfalfa and things like that, that was powered by tractors, when we finally did get tractors, which we got in due time. Before that they had gas motors that provided the power. I can give you the details on the gas motors because I had a friend who knew all about them and we crawled into every orifice on the farm to figure out what was the power on the farm. So I've got that all down as to what it was that they had.

Grandpa wrote some articles on the importance of electricity on the farm because as late as into the '30s and even into the '40s there were farm homes that were still using kerosene lanterns and things like that farther out. The REA [federal Rural Electrification Administration] came along, the Rural Electric. The dairy was on Wisconsin Power and Light, from downtown, but our place was on REA, the Rural Electric and so we had to make a different phone call when the lights went out. We'd run out first when the lights went out. Why we'd first run outside and see if anybody else's lights were out in a storm or something like that and you could look down the road and see if so-and-so's lights were on or if all the lights were off, then you figure OK, something's happened. They're all off and then you'd call in the number that you'd call in to the Rural Electric and say, "Hey, we've got no lights." Usually they'd say, "We know it," and then they'd get busy. But if it was just your lights, then something was a problem. It was a fuse or lightning had hit your own fuse box or something like that. So we did have the two different kinds of electricity powering the two places and I'm pretty sure that the Hill Farm would have been REA too.

Maniscalco: Now also, I mean you have this great round barn and this big silo in the center and there's—

Jackson: Plus a silo outside. They built another one outside. You can't see it here because it's not built yet or if it is, it's right back in there. So they had the two silos; huge.

Maniscalco: Okay. Well you had this great silo in the center with these aims on it and I don't think I've ever heard of any other barn anywhere or farm anywhere with these ideas and thoughts just laid out for everybody to see.

Jackson: I never have either.

Maniscalco: How did your grandfather come up with that? Did you ever hear any reason why he put them up there?

Jackson: I know that he had certain things that he talked about, that included the aims. He didn't say, and in the articles he wrote he would put them in, but I don't remember ever hearing him or anybody talk about the Eureka moment when he decided he was going to do this or whether he decided it before he ever built

the barn and silo or whether he saw all that nice big space sitting up there. Something ought to go on it. Let's say what we intend to do on this place or what we are trying to do because it wasn't there, I'm sure, at the very start, but those aims really permeated the whole atmosphere of the whole place and had a strong effect. When I've talked to hired men since then, they would say what an effect it had on them. They said, "Does this mean for"—I mean the life as well as the living. Is this for the people that work here as well as for the people that live here? Grandpa had various other things that he strongly believed in that could have gone up there, but he said often, and one was that you should be doing the right work at the right time with the right implements; to do things in due time. He had seen, I think as a boy growing up and at other farms, he had seen places where they were always behind, where they didn't get the planting done on time and sometimes you can't because of the weather. To do things at the right time and so forth. So that was one of his. So they tried to have the proper—I talked about baling wire and things like that. That was later on when things were getting rough and you couldn't get the parts, but as the years would go on early on, he would get the kind of material that we needed for doing the work properly.

Maniscalco: The other thing is not every farm has a round barn.

Jackson: No.

Maniscalco: (laughs) It's kind of a different thing to have and how did other people see the round barn from other farms? Did you ever hear any?

Jackson: I think everybody liked it and accepted it. I think not everybody felt that it was the perfect design. I wrote an essay once on why it was the perfect design. I mean you start your work and when you get back, you're where you started from and the way the cow is shaped, it fits so neatly into those things and so forth, but there was a lot of good reasons for it. But the whole township, and probably the university and so forth and others, they respected Grandpa and they figured he's an innovator. Here he's built himself a round barn, but there were some barn raisings when I was a kid and after that did not make round barns and of course I have seen round barns now. I helped out for two weeks on one in England that was a round barn, but it was one that had the one person could do it with a computer and all the cows were on a merry-go-round and they would start here and by the time they had gotten to the end of the merry-go-round to go out they would have been milked. So there was a very good reason for a round barn there, but I've been in other ones where they would have milking stalls in herring bone fashion and the cows would come in and be there. So there were various different ones that were developed over the years, but at the time that Grandpa built the round barn and Franklin King was advocating it, there were some around. Actually, there were a whole lot in Indiana and there were quite a few over in Winona County or over near Minnesota. There still are some there and as you know, there's one over at Champaign. Just as you come into Champaign there's this round barn that was

made into a restaurant I guess or the big round barn there. There's round barns here and there, and then there's also some smaller structures that are sort of, well, hexagonal corn cribs, for instance, that weren't nearly as big as this. I've seen those around and things like that. So Grandpa was greatly respected and loved and everybody called him Daddy Dougan. My Dad said, "I've been a Dad for a long time, but nobody's ever called me Daddy Dougan." They all called him Ron. Daddy and Ron, and then we were the kids.

Maniscalco: To kind of move a little bit from the farm to your father's house and your father's little farm, *Chez Nous*.

Jackson: Yeah.

Maniscalco: Can you describe that to us? What was that place like?

Jackson: Well the little house was getting too little and we needed to move and my folks explored some houses downtown and then they took us to look at some of them and this was the first we had heard of it and when they stopped us in front of a house that they were thinking about and then told us this, we all burst into tears. We did not want to be town kids. We wanted to be country kids. We did not want to move into town. So they gave up that idea and began looking around. Well there had been a farmer that had been dying, name Peter Snide, whose farm was a mile and a half up Colley Road from the dairy. Grandpa and Dad had been renting his land and farming it. Then Peter Snide died and the farm was for sale. So they looked over the farmhouse, which was not in good shape and was really not adequate for our needs, four kids and growing and this sort of thing, but they thought they could remodel it, but it would take some money, which we didn't have because it was getting towards the end of the Depression, but it wasn't there yet, but we bought the land and this was the new farm.

Mother went to a seminar, a workshop or something, up in Madison for landscaping and so she took this landscaping course for three or four days because she and Dad figured well at least we can plant the place. We can put in trees. We can put in bushes; cherry trees and pine trees and apple trees and things like that. While she was there, there was a box that said that the U.S. Department of Agriculture was looking for farmhouses to remodel, that they wanted to show—I don't know how much they said, but Mother filled in a card and dropped it in. Well, a couple of months later, Dad was up there [at the Snide farm] and saw and it was all—by then they had plowed up all the yard area and were planting things and it was all muddy and so forth and he saw some men kicking at the foundation and so forth. He said, "Well what are you guys up to?" Well they were from the United States Department of Agriculture and they were wondering if they could remodel this house. Dad was astonished. Mother had forgotten all about it. So what they did—did I say that what they wanted to show was that a farm home could be made as attractive and as efficient and comfortable for living as a city home? Did I say that?

Maniscalco: No.

Jackson: Well that was the purpose of it. So they wanted to have two farms and so they took our farm, *Chez Nous*, which, by the way, was named *Chez Nous* because we had to translate all our cows' names into French in order to have them registered with the American Dairy Cattle Club, which I haven't begun to talk about. So they were something couture to *Chez Nous*, and this was before we even moved up to *Chez Nous* or before we had a farm, so when we moved up there it was natural to call it *Chez Nous* because the cows were all named *Chez Nous* already, no matter which barn they were in.

So what they did is they supplied an architect, Max LaRock, who made plans for the house. So we had all the architectural work done free and I don't remember how much more was done free, but a lot of it had to be paid for by us. I recall my father saying about it—oh and of course it was great fun watching that house change and they had to tear down a whole part of it and rebuild. The front section of it stayed pretty much the same, but they put on a porch on the front and then they added on a longer part in the back and a garage and they dug out a basement and poured concrete walls and so forth. So we kids were up there and meanwhile, while this was going on, we were busy watering plants and bushes and carrying gallon jugs of water, which would be poured into a pail and then your job was to go and water these pine trees and so forth, oh and hoeing crabgrass. I had to hoe an awful lot of crabgrass when I was in fourth grade to get rid of the crabgrass on the lawn. So then the house got built and we didn't have the money to finish it completely inside. It didn't have any front stairs for a long time, just a big panel so that you wouldn't fall down into the basement or in the upstairs too. So we all went up the backstairs and so forth and doors, we couldn't afford doors. Mark Kellor, this guy that built the round barn and I said was sort of rule of thumb fellow who didn't use plans, he changed Max LaRock's plans from the dining room to the kitchen to just have it go straight in. Dad saw it and he said, "No, no, you can't do that." The way that Max LaRock designed it was there was a sort of a little section that gave a little entrance into the kitchen and it made quite a bit of difference in the way that room felt and looked to have that little entrance in there. So he insisted on Kellor, who was building the house, to follow the plans that the U.S.D.A had given us.

Then after it was all done, the U.S.D.A got out a booklet, which had our farm on it, our house, telling everything that had been done and telling the power and this and that and the other thing and saying what a comfortable farmhouse it was. So we had a lot given us, but it also cost us a lot and Dad said in later years, he said, "I used to slink around because I didn't want to tell people that I had spent thirty thousand dollars on a house," he said and then later he said, "I slunk around because I didn't want to tell people how much house I had gotten for thirty thousand dollars." So it's a beautiful house, just a beautiful house and beautiful grounds around it with the landscaping that the university had provided. They didn't provide the plants, but they provided—I've got all the

blueprints of where this goes here and here, this goes so forth of where all these things were planted. It was very educational. One of the things in the little house, before we did the big house, I mean before we did Ron's place, is we had to keep track of what we did in order that they could make plans that would fit a family. So we had these charts and I remember we had great fun with telling every time we went to the bathroom and every time we went up the stairs and every time and all these crazy little things that we did that we would write out on these charts, which would be of no interest really other than for them to laugh out of the people that were making the plans for the house, but that was one of the fun things before we moved up to Ron's place.

Maniscalco: Well how was it living there, I mean moving from the farm to this other farmhouse?

Jackson: They were such a unit that it didn't seem that different. There was going back and forth all the time. You could ride your bicycle; you'd walk if you had to. Cut across the fields and there was a whole new world to explore and I was just starting fifth grade and so I had this whole area to explore and what I did that first fall, in fifth grade, we had a dog named Lassie that the vet, the people had to move and give this dog away and so my Dad took it and we had to figure out her name and I can remember her lying on that basement floor and us sitting on the stairs trying out name after name after name, no response, no response. Then somebody said Lassie and she looked up. We said, "Ah, your name is Lassie." Well I took Lassie and every night after school I would spin around and point and then whatever way, when I opened my eyes, I was pointing, if I didn't fall down and I was still pointing, Lassie and I would start off in that direction. In that way we went to all points of the compass. We discovered the Catalpa Forest. We discovered the woods down behind. We discovered what we later called the Wood Tick Wood. I went all directions with that dog by myself. I don't recall my sisters and my brother doing this with me and I wrote a story called Lassie and at the end of the story I said, "The dog was all of ours, but by the end of that fall, Lassie was my dog. I was the one that took her out every day and so forth."

So here was this whole new world to explore and then after a while, I would stop at the farm. I would get off the school cab at the farm, at the dairy, and ride the horse because that horse was down there until something happened to it and I don't remember whatever did happen to Jeff, but he was a wonderful horse, or I would stop down and see Grandpa and Gram or something like that and then catch a ride with whoever was going on up to our house. So it was back and forth, but I had practicing to do and things to do up at our house too. So they were run as a unit. I didn't get over to the Hill Farm as often, but we got over there some. All the corn business was up at our place. They built the corn dryer out behind and then they built the corn storage place and then they built the corn processing building, which had the mural painted on it. That was a gorgeous mural. Beloit College students came out and studied the farm and painted the mural on it and that was sort of a fluke. I was home. I was married

then and I was home visiting. It would have been in the mid-fifties and Mother was complaining about the new big building because she loved the nice long, low lines of the seed storage building and that this building was cutting those off. He said, "Don't you criticize my seed building," he said, "it's going to be beautiful. It's going to have a mural on it." Well I'm sure that that entered his mind just at that instant right like that you know and she said, "Oh Ron, you are not." "Yes I am," he said, "I'm going to have a mural on it," and he went to the telephone and he called Frank Boggs down at the college and he said, "Frank, I've got a space here," and he gave the dimensions of the size of this big two-story building and he said, "I'll supply all the paint and all the chocolate and [orange] drink and so forth if you and your students want to come out and put a mural on my barn." So they did. It's a gorgeous mural.

Maniscalco: Is it still there?

Jackson: No. It's been moved. The mural still exists, but the barn's been moved. This is in my chapters about the death of the farm and what's happened and all the business about the pressure of—I could give you a dozen reasons—but a lot of it is the pressure of subdivisions of Beloit, annexing of taxes going up two thousand percent in a year, of my brother not becoming a farmer and it was too late for me to be one, but nobody had ever thought of saying, "Jackie, do you want to be a farmer?" Here was Craig behind me a couple of years. Craig was going to be the farmer if he wanted to be and Dad didn't encourage him because things were getting very difficult to be a farmer and even more so now. I mean, look at what's happened to the family farm. We could spend hours more talking about that. See, I'm off track again. Where was I? Oh, you asked if the mural was still there.

Well let me just hit what happened in 1958 or so, or '09, is that I-90 came through right between the two farms and lopped off an edge of the dairy so that Dad had a triangle of land that he couldn't get to and the farm next to us had a triangle of land that Blodgett couldn't get to. So they made an arrangement and traded land and settled up the price and so forth. I-90 went right straight through my sister's house which she and her husband had built, even to making the cement blocks, but the road went right through. I've got Pat's diary about the road getting closer and not knowing. They should have sent I-90 on the other side of Beloit where the land is all sandy and has to be irrigated and so forth, but instead they sent it through the best farmland in the world, which was on the east side of Beloit. So that was the beginning, really, of the end of the farm, of Beloit pushing out. When you've got a cloverleaf at one end a mile above you and a cloverleaf a mile below you, it's pretty hard to maintain a farm and the pressures that are coming.

Then of course there were all the other pressures, the big milk companies coming in. Were we going to expand the milk business? See, now I'm coming to what happened. Were we going to expand the milk business and if we were going to expand the milk business, Daddy was going to have to go into paper

bottles, cartons. Refrigeration: people now had it. Women were working. People were not home in the daytime. They could get their milk at the store. The store would often use milk as loss leaders. The milk would last a lot longer. They didn't need every-day delivery, or every other day as we went to during the war and then never returned from. Dad decided not to expand the dairy, but to get out of the dairying business. So in '67 he, with great regret, stopped the dairy because of the difficulty of expanding it. It wasn't prescient, but it was serendipitous, I guess, because it was just on the brink of the end of retail home delivery. So he got out of retail home delivery just before the end came, but he kept all his cows, he kept all his milkmen. The whole plant still kept on going; it's just that Muller-Pinehurst of Rockford now had it in their bottles and so forth for another couple of years until the retail delivery caught up with them too. They had to just sell to the condenseries and the wholesale places and the stores and things like that. Then of course the pressure of the town coming out and agribusiness was pressuring.

This would take a lot of more talk to go into all of that stuff, but we finally had to sell. We don't have the farm anymore. We finally had to sell it. My dad lived on it until he died. My mother lived on it. She died before Dad, but she lived on it to until she died. Once Dad died, then the question was what to do. We had a tenant farmer and we had a farmer who farmed the land and so for many years the farm was just there. I kept a very close eye on it, even though I was two hundred miles away. I was there a lot and was gradually clearing the place out. There was pressure from developers and we were withstanding that pressure. The farmer that was farming the land wanted to buy it, but we withstood his pressure too. Finally, what happened is that the farmer that owned the huge piece of land right between us and the highway, sold. He was the kingpin, the lynchpin, is that the word maybe? So when his great big piece of land went to development, there wasn't much you could do. You felt like a traitor, but if you sold your land to a farmer... None of us could farm it, my sisters and I; my brother was a doctor in the West. You'd sell it to a farmer and he might farm it for a year or two or three and the pressures would be too great and he'd sell it. So we sold it to these developers and we insisted on getting as much for our land as Wallace did for his land right down on the highway. Eventually, Shepherd, the man that had been farming our land, he wanted the barn, the corn processing building. So he had that moved so that is down on the state line road now and you can see the mural. I told him I'd come with people and we'd repaint the mural, but he's never taken me up on it. He's got it sort of sideways and he's got some other things jutting out, so it's not the showpiece that it used to be, but you can still go and look at it.

Then here's this beautiful farm house and what we did was sold that too and there was somebody that was going to move the round barn. We were going to move the round barn up to the side of the highway. I won't go into all of that because that was a betrayal that we didn't get to do that. But the person that was going to do that said, Oh he could easily move *Chez Nous*. So that was sold and we have pictures of it going across the snowy fields and so forth. It's

now two roads over into a part of Turtle Township that is not being threatened by development, and it's beautiful. It's still sitting there. It's still beautiful. So the gorgeous *Chez Nous* farmhouse is still in existence and the mural is still in existence, but not as gorgeous. So that's what happened there and it was hard.

Maniscalco: What about the big house?

Jackson: The big house is still there, in not good shape; the round barn is still there, in very bad shape. Its roof is like lace, but you can still see it. When you drive down I-90 you can see it. These people that betrayed us... See, we were told we could have the barn for a dollar but we would have to move it because Dad, without telling us kids, sold the dairy after he had quit farming it. He sold it on a kind of land contract something or other, some sort of deal where you kept on farming it until a certain percentage of the land had been taken and then you quite farming it. So for many, many, many, many years the farm down there was still being farmed. We had a couple that was living in the farm, the big house and so forth, so for a while, well from '71, well for quite a while it was pretty much like it was. I'm losing track again. We were? You're question was?

Maniscalco: If the big house was still there?

Jackson: The big house, yeah, the barn. Boutelle, who is the head of the corporation or whatever it was that had bought this land for development, they had promised there would never be a trailer park. The first thing they did was they put up a trailer court right next to the round barn, over on the far side there. Well that pretty much ruined it for certain kinds of development, but he had always said we could have the barn for a dollar but we'd have to move it because it didn't fit in with the plans that they had. I never thought anybody would take the round barn or wanted the round barn, but I was meanwhile doing all this work and research and writing and interviewing people and so forth and I discovered that here was a ground swell to save the round barn. Well we formed a committee and got going on it. I've got a ton of stationery and Hap Hornbostle spent several thousand dollars getting the lawyer stuff and getting us turned into a KO—what is, 501C3C? What is it? And so both Hap and I probably both spent about two thousand dollars each as being interested parties in this whole thing and he was one of the committee. Then two people on this committee went around behind our back to the corporation and to Earl Boutelle—I'll say his name; he's dead—and bought the round barn and the big house and the milk house and that small acreage that the buildings were sitting on. Then they came to us and said, "Look, we've got this. It belongs to us now. We don't have to move it." Well, they were not the sort of people you wanted to work with. They were terrible and there were good reasons to move it and we had the land right up on the highway. It would have been a marvelous welcome to Wisconsin, the round barn. It wouldn't have had to have any policing because it would have been right next to the welcome place and the lights would have been on and so forth and the state would have

eventually found it so fascinating they would have put up big signs inside for Baraboo and for the Milwaukee Symphony in the walls of the round barn and so forth. They could have had a petting zoo. They could have done all sorts of things with it. If we got it moved, it would have developed into something, but sitting back there amongst the trailer courts and the junk and things like that... I'm sure that Boutelle said to this couple, "Oh Jackie will never let go of that barn. Oh she won't let go of that barn." Well I let go of that barn. Our committee had nothing to do with them at that point.

We took the money we had collected and we gave it to the Fort Atkinson Hoard Museum, the dairy museum up in Fort Atkinson, and let go of the barn. They tried to keep it going. They tried to get a committee going. They tried to, but they've never been able to raise enough money. Beloit keeps threatening to make them tear it down, but it's going to cost them money to tear it down. So every now and then they do something; put up, well looks sort of like a cathedral when you go into the top of the round barn now because they've got it propped up all the way around, but they never got it capped. It would have taken a monstrous machine, a triple-decker cherry picker or something like that, to come up to the round barn and drop a cap over the roof to keep it from leaking and rotting and they never got that done. So you could go into it now and look up and it's like lace. It's pretty well boarded up. People can get it in it. It's a wonder it hasn't been burned down by accident or on purpose, but it's still there.

One of these days, maybe this spring—I've got to talk to the museum people, you people, and find out how to do it. My father and uncle, when the barn was being laid, the concrete, each one put a hand into the fresh concrete in one spot and so we've always noted that spot. When we were kids we would go and put our hands in there in their handprints and so forth. Well, it would take a jackhammer to get that out, but what we could do is, I figured, make a plaster cast of it. But I understand now that there's an easier way to do that; you spread down some sort of plastic or something and then you pour in something and then you get a reverse thing of the hand casts, but I would like those hand casts out of the round barn before it goes over.

Maniscalco: Well, it's a sad story and a happy story all together.

Jackson: Well, here's what happened to the money. The money got split up between myself and my three siblings and my share of the money is sufficient to fund all this work that I've been doing on the book. Then two of the books got published by Northwestern [University] with a marvelous editor who has said about this book that I've been doing, "There's never been anything like it before and there's never going to be anything like it again, with the tremendous number of records that were kept," and that I've had access to and been able to figure out a lot of them. But then when it came finally to do the big book—they did two little books first because the big book wasn't done and he says they're the most beautiful books that Northwestern's ever done—the University

Press—and he had to fight them. They said this isn't our sort of book. He said, "Trust me. Trust me," and it turned out to be the bestseller, the first round barn book, and the second book did pretty well too, but then it came time to do the big book. I got the big book in to him in many volumes and he said, "Jackie, Northwestern can't do it. When we first talked about it, they could have and they would have, but things have changed. They can't do it now." So we tried a bunch of university presses and they turned me down either nicely or nastily, or by ignoring, which I guess is nastily too, and Wisconsin turned it down.

So I thought, okay, let's self publish, but let's see if we can self publish legitimately. So I went to the Wisconsin Historical Society and gave them this gift. I would pay for it with the barn money, the farm money—and this is the farm money from *Chez Nous*. They found all sorts of fault with the book. Why is it in the third person? Why is it in present tense? Here's this gift horse that all they had to do was to put Wisconsin Historical Society on it and they'd have a beautiful thing, but they turned it down. So then I went to Beloit College and talked to them because I discovered that Beloit College had several books that said Beloit College Press on them. They're not a press, but you get your books done here and there these days, but you can have your logo on it. So I said, "Look, I've got this money I've inherited. What better way than to publish the big book. You've seen the little books. You've been selling them in your bookstore; your students have been using them in your classes and all that." Beloit College says, "We'll be happy to." So my inheritance, which was well invested by my father and grandfather and I've been taking care of the money too, is funding the whole history of it, for the printing of it.

Of course personally I've spent a lot of money too; I mean I went over to Norway to see the farm manager and these farms in England I've told you about. I went to see farm workers from England. I haven't told you about all the foreign workers that worked on the farm. The American Scandinavian Association sent two Scandinavians every year for twenty-something years that worked on the farm. I've got all their names. I talked to one of them just the other day and he had all warm memories, warm memories, but he didn't have any stories. I kept saying, well can you remember any anecdotes? Anything you said? Anything Ron said? "Well I was in on the building of the seed house, the one that got the mural put on it," and so forth, but what you want is people that can tell stories. One of our milkmen, Lester Stan, the oldest one we had, the longest one, he had only a couple stories he could tell when I talked to him and he wasn't that old, but his wife, Mildred, MooMoo as we called her, she could talk for hours with many, many stories. I've got tapes filled with MooMoo's stories. We had a milkman named Howard Milner; he has stories galore. My book is filled with Howard Milner's stories of things that happened on the milk route and people he talked to, and he had a job as a South Beloit policeman and moonlighted.

So you want people that can tell stories to go along with all the factual material; I've got lots of factual material and lots of accounts in the book. Beloit College

will bring it out. We're going to bring it out in three volumes. I've got a lot to do yet before I go to the great hayloft in the sky, as we described in one story (laughs). My Dad described the great hayloft in the sky and that the angels of course are those pigeons that are up there busy cooing and Jordan is the manure trough you have to cross to get to the great hayloft in the sky and so forth. This is the first book, *Stories from the Round Barn*, and it shows a different view of the barn. It's around that side and I think you see the ice house right there in the beginnings of the side barn in that picture. The back has me as a teenager writing. Then this second book is *More Stories from the Round Barn*, because the first one did so well and we didn't have the big one finished yet that they asked for a second one. I'm particularly pleased with this cover because every spring and every fall my dad, he reserved two weeks where he had every first grade in the town come out for a half a day. He gave them personal tours and these were wonderful tours, including hayrides and going down to the crick and seeing the cows and milking cows and getting milk squirted into your mouth and putting a chicken to sleep. You can ask me about that if you want. I nearly killed it when I tried it, but it worked. Then he would have a photographer and take a picture and then he would run these in the newspaper for his ads. He usually wrote the copy. The copy had to do with talking with the kids and sometimes it was a thank you letter from the kids and sometimes it would say, "These Waterman first graders are all standing on a cultimulcher. What's a cultimulcher?" Then he would explain that sort of thing and then he'd usually end up with the "Well, how is this selling any milk? Well, they all drank milk at the end," and so forth. He would have fun and make jokes and things like that and he also had all those baby ads.

This picture is of one of those school classes that came out and it just so happened that I was visiting the farm at that time and this child at the end is my daughter Gillian, who is just the proper first grade age to go with that class. They've all got on milk house caps, the white caps that they wore in the milk house, and they're leaning over the fence, looking into the horse yard—and this is one of those buildings behind the horse yard that you can't really see. It's what I finally figured out was a barley heap back in there. Not only is the composition beautiful, as any photographer will recognize, but you've got black kids, white kids and some up and some down and all leaning over, all intensely interested and all focused on something. You don't know what they're focused on, but you know it's something farm that they're focused on. So that is a wonderful picture for the front cover of *More Stories from the Round Barn*. So those are the two and these are stories, mostly.

There are some that border on accounts, like the chapter of why a round barn, and building a round barn, and then one of Grandpa's blue memos, where I found Grandpa was writing a letter to himself about why had he failed so miserably with his children. So I've gone into some detail about what made Grandpa feel that way and what, then, was going to be happening just beyond the time that he wrote that blue memo. So there's some of that sort of thing in the book too, besides stories.

Maniscalco: You know you mentioned the barley heap in the back of the barn there and I know you've talked about corn a lot. I was wondering if you could talk to us a little bit about the different crops that were growing on the farm.

Jackson: Ah yes. No soybeans. Here I am down in soybean country, but I grew up without soybeans. When people talk about walking beans—is that the term?—I had to ask my students, “What do you do when you walk beans?” The farm originally had pasture, which was grass, Timothy, clover, sweet clover, broom grass. Then my grandfather, on the cutting edge again, got into alfalfa, which was just beginning there in the second decade of last century. He worked with the university on that. Alfalfa takes special care; it took more special care to get it going. You have to nitrogen-fix the soil, but the alfalfa roots, once you get them going, they go way down deep; much deeper than ordinary grass. I have pictures of little hills of alfalfa which had caps on them of canvas and each corner of the squares of canvas had a half a horse shoe on it. My dad, when I asked about that picture, he said, “Well, we would put those on a flatbed wagon with the lid off the flatbed, so it was just the”—what do you call that long thing that holds everything together? Anyway—they were slung across that. He said, “Then I and Charlie Kellor would go out into the fields and we would have to take one of those, and the two of us would have to sling it over a hillock of alfalfa,” Those hillocks were about as big as what? Not very big and they were scattered all over and each one has this little white cap on it and each cap has four half horseshoes on a corner. He said, “Those would swing and hit our legs. We'd come back with bloody legs after doing that.” This was because they cured—they called it hayquiring—but I think they must mean hay curing because I can't find that use of wire in the dictionary. Later two university young men came down and lived on the farm and wrote their master's theses and did all their work, all their research; the second master's thesis talks about hay curing, alfalfa curing, whereas the first one talks about cotquiring or something like that, Q-U-I-R. Anyway, that was over the alfalfa.

Grandpa was always a teacher, as was Ron. He invited farmers from far and wide to come, and men from the university to come down and look at the different alfalfa fields, and here is how we've managed to do on this field, and here's what we've done on this one, and here's what we've done on that one. So he had these alfalfa parties from 1914 to 1920 or so forth like that. Then of course, in the thirties they got into the hybrid seed corn because there always were corn fields, but this was for silage and for feeding and we weren't really selling seed corn at that point. Then there was oats. Mostly these things were for our own cattle consumption, until we got into the hybrid seed corn. Then I recently came on something between Grandpa and Ron where Grandpa was saying, “I don't think we should be planting so much corn. You're making this more of a job and a business than I think we intended when we just wanted to be good corn growers.” So there's this going back and forth on paper between them. Well, once we did start going into hybrid corn, a lot of the fields went to hybrid corn. So it was hybrid corn and alfalfa pasture for the cows. But later they did what the big agribusiness does exclusively now, which was to keep the

cows—and this was a long time later—in the barnyard and cut the alfalfa green and bring it up to them. As Dad explained it, he says, “Well, “you turn them out to pasture and their cow pies cover the good grass. Whereas if you cut the grass and bring it up to them and put it in a manger, why then you’ve got all that feed; but you don’t have the cows free roaming on the pasture anymore, which was always a lovely sight.” I can remember the little house: my dad insisted on having no curtains in the dining room because he wanted to be able to see his cows out on the East-20. So Mother took down the dining room curtains so we could all see the cows on the east 20 [acres], which at that point was a pasture.

Let’s see. Oh, Sudan grass. I still don’t know why they should feed Sudan grass when it has prussic acid in it that kills. I’ve got a section in there where Jackie is questioning it, where Dad is saying how it causes bloat and how cows are not supposed to go.... Also, when you change cows to the spring to pasture, you have to do it very carefully. It also affects the flavor of the milk. Some of our customers were sensitive enough that they could say, oh the cows have changed pasture or gone to grass or something like that because your milk gets a grassy taste when you go from hay to grass. So the Sudan grass. I’ve got a couple of stories about bloat, which are caused by Sudan grass, which has prussic acid in it. You can see I’ve got booklets that have descriptions of Sudan grass, as this is less prussic acid and this has more, and sweetness, and so I guess it’s a very good feeding crop, but pasture crop it would be. I don’t think they made hay out of it, but I still don’t know why they should feed it. Maybe some farmer can tell me that.

Maniscalco: There’s one crop that you mentioned to me last time that we talked about that was grown during World War II particularly.

Jackson: Oh hemp. Hemp. The Philippines got cut off and there wasn’t any hemp for rope. So the farmers were asked to grow hemp. So we grew several fields of hemp and it was a great, tall, lank weed, you know, six feet tall or whatever it was. It grew very thick and it was hell on farm machinery because it was so hard to cut. I suppose that’s what made the fibers such good rope and so forth. I think it was probably low-grade marijuana. I don’t think it was the high—what do we call it?—hash or whatever it is? We certainly didn’t have a lot of people out in the ditches busy picking the marijuana. So we raised the hemp during the war, and then after the war we stopped when you could get a supply of rope again. We stopped. Grandpa had a marijuana license and so my brother has that framed at his house, the marijuana license, and I’ll try and put it in the book. I’ve asked for copies of it. I’ve got copies of it, but they’re not very good copies, but we’ll do that. Hemp, there are certain things that grow wild. Corn can’t grow in the wild and most grains have to be replanted every year, too, to be successful. Not asparagus; asparagus will get into the ditches and you could go and find asparagus all over if you know your places. Hemp was another thing that will grow anywhere, so that the hemp from the fields that we planted went here and there and so forth. There were people and government people coming and trying to find the hemp and uproot it after it became a danger, but I

don't recall that there was any discussion at all about pot, about it being something that you'd smoke or chew or anything like that, back during the war—which was '41-'45, wasn't it? '46?—when we would have been growing hemp? We didn't like to grow hemp. It was not a comfortable crop to grow.

Maniscalco: Because?

Jackson: Because it was so rough and because it wrecked—when you tried to cut it, it would break the little triangles of metal, the cutter blades and so forth and I think it stank. I'm not sure if that was a pleasant smell or not. I've certainly smelled marijuana being smoked, but I don't recall what it smelled like when it was green and was being cut. I think that both Dad and Grandpa would have preferred to plant the fields to something other than hemp, but they were doing their patriotic duty and planting what the government wanted them to plant.

Maniscalco: How was the planting? Were they rotated crops throughout the different fields?

Jackson: Yeah.

Maniscalco: Can you explain how that was?

Jackson: They had crop rotation. This was part of the sheet that I just told you about where Grandpa was saying to Ron, "I think you've gotten into too much corn. It's going to affect the crop rotation and it's going to affect the fertility of the fields if we're not rotating more." I'm pretty sure they came to some agreement on that and it might have had to do with renting more land so that they were able to spread the corn around, but they did rotate always. I mean that east 20 was not always a pasture. It was sometimes a cornfield and it was sometimes alfalfa. I think once you got alfalfa going, you didn't want to plow it up right away. You kept that going for several years.

Maniscalco: One of the things you mentioned before was the contour plow.

Jackson: Yes.

Maniscalco: Can you explain what that is?

Jackson: The dairy was fairly flat. The Hill Farm was very hilly and *Chez Nous* was somewhat hilly. I remember taking a trip over to the Mississippi. We went fishing below one of the dams once for a holiday for a day or two. I rode back with Grandpa and I remember riding through areas of beautiful crops in different colors in waves, curling around the hills in waves; green and yellow and pale green and things like that. Grandpa explained that that was contour plowing. They decided, he and Dad decided, that they would contour plow the Hill Farm and *Chez Nous*. Now what contour plowing does is it goes with the grain of the hill. If you plow straight up and down and the rain comes, it will run down those trenches that you've made in plowing and it will carry the soil with it, whereas if you plow it sideways, every furrow is a little dam. So the

way you plow with a contour plow is you make rather big dams every so often and then at the end of the big dams, I mean big mounds—nothing a plow can't get over—but mid-way up your leg or so forth, anyway, bumpy like that. So when the rain would come it would get as far as the little dam that's been built and then it would run along and it would lose strength and then at the end it would run around the edge and down into the next contour so that it would be gradually going down, down and it would stop soil erosion. We were all set to have our fields contoured. When we bought *Chez Nous*, there was a huge gully out in the back pasture that ran all the way down to the Catalpa Forest; they had tried various ways to block that off, fill it with corn cobs and things like that. It didn't do any good. So the contour plowing was really the only answer to getting rid of that gully, which would have benefited our neighbors down below too.

In the end of April, and we were going to contour in May, I was with my Grandfather. They had moved to town by then, but Grandpa was still coming out to the farm and working every day and sometimes having arguments with the farm manager when he didn't agree and things like that. He did not retire gracefully. He did his best to retire gracefully, but it was impossible. As Dad pointed out about this particular farm manager, who was having trouble, Dad said, "Well look at it from his point of view. He's trying to run a place with three bosses: me and you and himself. No wonder he's upset." Anyway, I was there. I was in college and I was over there and probably staying overnight, because I remember standing on the front porch with Grandpa and it was snowing and it was April. He said, "This is a thousand dollar snow. It is warm enough that it's not going to hurt anything. It's just going to gently cover the land with the moisture that we need. But we have a field that needs seeding and we're not going to be able to get the tractor or anything out onto it. I'll seed it myself." So what he did is, he went out in the old fashion way, with harness over his shoulders and the box and the grinding thing with the seed in it, and he walked across that field, back and forth and back and forth, seeding that field. Then he had a heart attack. ... You're going to make me cry.... So he went into the hospital and he died of heart failure after a few days after he had seeded this field, but it would have happened anyway at some point because he was working harder than he should have. Dad kept insisting that he go and lie down and take a rest and go talk to Mother and things like that, or go home early, but Grandpa had to be doing these things and he had to do that field. His funeral was on my birthday, the third of May, and I think it was on the fourth of May that the contour plows came and began contouring all that land. So he didn't live to see the contours on the Hill Farm and on our farm, but I can remember once the Hill Farm was contoured, which had the really steep hills, we were all hoping for a dinner. I don't know why.

Well, I was living at home then. I only lived at college for one semester. It was much more interesting at home. I moved home again. I had the best of both worlds and I'm glad I did. A rainstorm hit just as we were all having dinner. We had dinner real unusually [at noon] because of being farmers. It

was breakfast, dinner, supper and then it sort of gets mixed up into breakfast, lunch and dinner. We were having dinner at noon and the rain came and came and came and Dad said, "Let's go, come on." We all went out and leapt into the car and we drove over into the Hill Farm and we stood there in the rain and we watched those contours filling. We watched it at work. So all the way it was going along the little ridges, the way it should, and down and so forth. So we all just stood there laughing in the rain and watching those contours fill on the Hill Farm. We could have done it right on where we were without hopping in the car and going over to the Hill Farm, but our farm's slope was less. So we went over to where the slope was really steep to see it there. So that was the contouring. We kept contouring up until the farm was sold, until both farms were sold, but we didn't plant the crops in those beautiful swirls that I'd seen on those hills. We did some, but usually they would just make a corn field go straight across and trust the contours to hold the soil. But we ended up with soil better than we had started with. Dad said he didn't think that was possible, but it happened, that you can improve soil. You can increase the amount of soil if it's done properly.

Maniscalco: What about fertilizer?

Jackson: Uh. Something else hit my head just then, not fertilizer. Fertilizer: they used a lot of lime. You needed a lot of lime for alfalfa and you needed a lot of lime for other things. There was a lot of lime around; there were limestone quarries and so forth. So they put fertilizer on, that limestone. They also put on some other kind of fertilizer and I could give you the numbers of the sort of fertilizer it was, but I don't have that in my head right now. They manured the fields. The manure from the barns went out in the manure spreader; the fields were manured regularly—that included straw that was used for the bedding and the manure itself and so forth—so that they had lime, they had manure, and then they did have some commercial fertilizer, but probably not near as much as is used now, especially because people don't have cows now, even in Rock County. It went from twenty dairy herds down to two while I was doing this writing. Also you've got your agribusiness. You've got your animals all together and all their fertilizer going into these big pits and the problems those are making and that's our thing. But up until Dad finally sold the herd, the land was being fertilized with manure as well as with other fertilizer.

What I made the face about just then is pesticides, which you haven't mentioned, but DDT came along and DDT was a marvel. It was marvelous. It did just such great things and nobody was saying don't use DDT. Dad did not keep a diary, but he did keep a diary, sort of, in 1947. I think I know why he started it. It was sort of an old diary that was kicking around. It wasn't one that somebody had just given him and then he started keeping track of things in it. So I was able to trace 1947 very carefully, especially the spring, which was terrible for planting. I mean they were out there planting at eleven o'clock and twelve o'clock at night to beat the weather, or they'd get out at four in the morning to try and beat the weather and then have to quit by six when the rain

would begin and things like that. It was a terrible spring of '47. Well then later on in the diary, he's telling about how much DDT he's putting on. I thought, Do I write a chapter about pesticides? Do I write about DDT? I thought, Maybe I'll just leave it and let people see that it was accepted at that point. Now later—I mean who knew, until Rachel Carson came along with *Silent Spring* and what DDT was doing and how we were losing birds and the dreadful things were happening. Of course we're still exporting DDT to third worlds; our beautiful country is happy to send things over. I read something recently about a comeback of DDT for certain purposes. So I can't be that dogmatic about it. But they also used it without any sort of protection. They didn't wear gloves. They didn't wear masks when they put this stuff on. When they would spray it from an airplane—you see this was for corn borer too. I mean you'd lose a tremendous lot of your crop to corn borer. This took care of corn borer and it took care of various other things.

Maniscalco: What other types of insects were there?

Jackson: Oh what? There was root worm. I'd have to go back and look at that more. I just know that the corn borer was really a big problem. When I was de-tasseling corn, I'd come on insects, and there were corn smuts. I don't know what the smuts were caused by, but every once in a while you'd go up to pull a tassel and instead you'd get a handful of smut and yuck. Wipe it on your blue jeans. Am I knocking anything off here? These are edible, by the way, corn smut in other countries. I mean it's a fungus. So that wouldn't count as an insect pest, but I'm sure there were others, but the pesticides like DDT would kill them wholesale and then you'd lose your good insects as well as your bad ones. So that came to a halt. I don't know what has happened since then. Some of your other farmers can tell you what's going on since then.

Maniscalco: What about weeds?

Jackson: Oh, cultivating. They cultivated regularly, the corn, and there was a schedule of cultivating. After the corn comes up and gets so high, then you cultivate it, and when it gets a little higher, then you cultivate it. I'm not sure how they managed to cultivate the oats or the little wheat that we grew, or the barley, because there were certainly weeds in there. I know that we were sometimes sent out by hand to pull mustard, which was not popular in the field, not in a corn field, because that had the regular cultivating, the harrows and the discs. I don't know if discs were used for cultivating. That was used for getting the plowing, but the harrows that would go through with their teeth and do things and go both ways. We did the deep plowing for quite a while, up until before my Dad quite plowing. It had become known that you just drill and plow and leave the refuse on the land. It was much better for the land and it was much better for the crops not to do the deep plowing. There I got off the track again. You were talking about? Oh cultivating. We pulled mustard. We were sent out into the fields once, or more than once, to pull suckers. Do you know what suckers are?

Maniscalco: No.

Jackson: A corn plant grows up—and this was when we had the hybrid corn because a sucker wouldn't really matter if you were growing field corn. The corn plant—we would plant three to a hill. Sometimes at the base of one of them, another corn plant would come up or would split or something like that and a sucker would get up and it could tassel out and it would be totally missed because there it is down there. So Grandpa would round up us and a bunch of kids that would come out from town and send us out to a field and say, "I'll pay you to pull suckers." So we'd go through; it was a hands and knees job to pull suckers and get all those suckers out of the field. We knew why they were being pulled. The town kids weren't so happy about it. They thought they were getting paid, but they hadn't come out to work. They had come out to play. So we pulled suckers.

What else did we do for cultivating? It seems to me there was something else. We sometimes grew—what did they call it?—a nurse crop for something else. I had an experience with a nurse crop that taught me something about myself and I don't know if I've ever outgrown it. When Dad plowed up our whole yard up at *Chez Nous* to plant the grass, after we'd pulled out all the crabgrass—maybe he did seed it to grass—but what he decided to do first was to grow a nurse crop of rye. That land was so good that the rye got up to about your shoulders. Nothing could have grown in that rye. No grass. It wasn't any nurse crop. It took over and I just found an essay the other day that my sister wrote, a sort of little autobiography, and she told about having to fight your way to the front door through all the rye. My experience with it was that I didn't like all the rye there; I wanted to get rid of it. How old was I? I would have been fourth grade, fifth grade. I took a pair of scissors—not even a scythe, not even a sickle—I went out and I sat at the edge of the rye, there by the edge of what was supposed to be the lawn and I started in with my scissors (laughs), trying to cut that rye. Well, I maybe cut a patch about as big as a throw rug or maybe a little bigger before my thumb and fingers were sore and I knew that it was an impossible job. Like cleaning this house, you know, it's an impossible job. You can do one little piece, but you can't do the whole thing. That's what I couldn't do with that field of rye. I'll write something about and expand that metaphor to trying to cut a field of rye with a pair of scissors, which didn't work.

I also remember when they were building the house, and maybe the rye was around at that point, that here were all these bricks for the chimney and I took the bricks for the chimney and I built a little house—like the third pig—a neat little house out of the bricks and so forth and a little entrance in it. I remember I was sitting in my little brick house, which maybe came up to my shoulders when I was sitting down, when my dad or the workmen or somebody came by and said, "We're going to need those bricks now." Off went my house and I regretted it, but I did enjoy building that little house out of the bricks that were

just there waiting to be used for the chimney. So let's see, we got there from cultivating, didn't we, to the rye field.

Maniscalco: Well you talked about contour plowing. What other forms of drainage and stuff were on the farm in those times?

Jackson: The dairy needed a couple of standpipes in a field. Also one field, Grandpa, before I was ever born, put in some horizontal tiling underneath, which would carry moisture out of that field, which was a bit of a low field; it went down to the crick. That was pretty much pasture. So that drained of its own accord. It's had the grass there and so forth. Those were the only fields that I recall that needed special drainage on the dairy farm.

There was drainage from the barn and from the milk house and what they did originally is, Grandpa had it run in a trough along the far side of the big house there—which I didn't notice for a long time until I was grown up and it was pointed out to me—and the waste would come out of the milk room, would run down that trough and then through a kind of a wooden trough and then out into a field and just be dispersed. There wasn't that much water that it was any bother. Well, then it got to be more, and the boys, Trever and Ron, would sail little boats in there when the water was coming out. In the brief times that water was coming out, that's when they made their boats go in that little trench. So then when it got to be the milk house and the barn drainage, because they made the contour of the barnyard come down to a sort of a slope down gradually, then that came out and it went into a deep—it wouldn't be called a cesspool—it was sort of a stand pit or something like that. Something very junior compared to what I was just talking about with the big agribusiness things. Anyway, it was a sort of a sinkhole thing. Then if there was any overflow, that would go out into the field.

One of the stories is, we had a cow tester who worked for us who was rather foul mouth, Art Raschke. This was after Grandpa had died, but Grandpa couldn't hear him anyway; people really pretty much respected Grandpa not using bad language. Art Raschke. Dad gave him a part time job because he was crippled and didn't have enough cows to test. Somebody came around from the government about drainage and wanted to know about drainage. Well he had come around earlier about drainage and had talked with Dad and something that Dad said, Well he would do something about it. Then later, this guy came, and as I recall the story, Dad wasn't there, but Art Raschke was up in the office and this fellow says to the fellow, "Well what has Ron Dougan done about the drainage?" And Raschke, says, "He's not done a goddamn thing. He hasn't touched it." He went on and so forth. Then the fellow went and talked to Dad and they went out and looked and they walked down to the crick. Well this was a particularly dry summer and the crick had dried up. He says, "Oh well, this is just an intermittent stream. We don't have to bother about drainage." And off he went. So that was the end of drainage problems at the dairy. On our farm, let's see, we had a well, we had the fields—I think pretty much

because of the gentle sloping of them, they drained of themselves—but they went down to the woods where the gulley was and then once that was taken care of, there wasn't any more problem. Of course the Hill Farm had terrible problems with it and that's why they didn't plow those fields. They just used those for pasture because if they plowed them they would have lost all the soil in them.

Maniscalco: Do you remember any times of severe drought?

Jackson: Yeah, there were summers when it didn't rain. I had a letter from my father saying—how did he put it? I copied it down—“Why couldn't the good Lord have given us this rain back in June when we needed it.” Because apparently they had lost a tremendous lot, like a third to a half of the crops that summer because it had not rained from the first of June until the middle of July or something like that. There was an occasional drought. Farming is such a gamble. You wonder why anybody goes into it and you wonder how anybody manages to stay in it. Then when you add all the regulations and everything else too and when I've been reading all this stuff and figuring and seeing all the amount of profit on a quart of milk, it was miniscule. Then you look at a bottle of coke, where it's practically all profit and it all goes into advertising and it's bad for you anyway. Some people say milk is bad for you, but (laughs) it's been the mother of the human race for a long time. Give me your question again. I get off on a tangent and then I'm into other stories.

Maniscalco: Drought.

Jackson: Drought, yes, we had drought. There were times of drought and then it was difficult. Those times, if we didn't get enough—for instance, the oats might be very light and Dad couldn't sell the seed oats if they were too light. So he'd have to buy oats from somebody else. Then there was a time when the hail came and hit just our place. Very nice to pick out just your place to hail on (laughs) and strip everything that was there. So there was times of drought and then there were times, like the spring of 1947, when you couldn't get the crops in because there was so much rain and even when it would stop raining, then the ground was so soggy and so heavy like clay, it had so much moisture in it that you couldn't get the crops planted. So you go back and forth. There are years where it is just beautiful. When I ended up this chapter that I wrote about the year of 1947, I said, “Thus ends a very atypical typical year,” because that's the way it was. You never could tell.

When I mentioned airplanes, the last time Dad farmed seed corn, why did he have to use an airplane? It had something to do with the pollination and what he did was he got a helicopter because he needed the break in the weather or whatever it was. He needed to have pollination done in a hurry. So he rented a helicopter. My mother went up in the helicopter with the pilot, which was fun for her—she would have been in her seventies—and they ran the helicopter over all the corn fields, quite low. The tremendous amount of wind that the

helicopter blades made sent all the pollen just swirling so that the fields got pollinated in twelve hours or four hours or however long it took them to do it, rather than waiting for the wind to do it naturally. There was some weather problem that was coming up, which is why he had that done. Either there had been one or there was about to be one. I rather suspect that maybe there was about to be one and it was just at the right time that they had to be pollinated, the seed corn.

Maniscalco: You've mentioned airplanes, helicopters, tractors, horses, I mean all kinds of equipment and different things that were on the farm. Can you tell us about some of your favorite ones that were there?

Jackson: Well my sisters drove tractors some. When they got pressed into farm work, what they liked to do was drive the tractors and pull the hay loads and sometimes stop too short that somebody tumbled off a hay load and with sometimes bad results like a broken arm or sometimes just a bruised head. I'll tell you there were two pieces of farm machinery that are no longer in use, and probably haven't been in a long time, that I adored. One of them was the hay loader; this was a great tall thing. I have to tell you the first one that I loved was the side delivery. The side delivery, you sat on a little tractor seat—I didn't, but my brother did it some and others—and the side delivery cut the hay to the side and piled it into a windrow. So then you had the hay drying in the windrows or else it had to come back and be turned into windrow. I forget whether it just lay flat for a bit and then was put into a windrow. But the side delivery was a lovely, light, little piece of wheeled equipment that was pulled by a horse or it could be pulled by a tractor, but usually it was pulled by a horse. It was light and the side delivery did that. Well once you had your hay in the windrow.

Then what you did before we baled hay—the baling hay came along too, I mean we moved along with the times—there was this big hay rick or hay loader. I need to get the proper name for it, but it was tall and it was fastened on behind the wagon and the horses, or the tractor pulled the wagon. They would start a windrow and the bottom of this hay loader had cleats or something on it, fingers, tines, which would roll up that hay, it would send it up that long incline and it would go over the top and down onto the flatbed wagon. Then there would be men on the flatbed wagon who would be taking that hay and moving it around and loading it evenly as it came off the top. But it was a beautiful thing and it was fun to watch. I know that it was hard work to do the hay that way. Then that was the kind of the hay that would go to the barn and would get picked up with the tines and would be a big, flat, huge pancake when you walk into the barns and down. Once they started doing the hay baling, that was quite different. That was picked up differently. They had a piece of machinery which was fun to watch. It would pick up a bale of hay and it would kick it, throw it up into the air, back into the wagon that was behind. The farm mechanic who could build anything, Irv I guess it was, he built these wagons with big backboards so the hay bale would get thrown back in and it would hit

the backboard like on a basketball and fall back into the wagon. If it didn't fall into the wagon first, that's what it did. So you'd see the tractor going through the field with the wagon behind it. As I recall they were red and they had rather high sides and then this big backboard and went (thump noise) as these hay bales were being thrown into the wagon there. So I like that piece of equipment.

The cultimulcher that those kids stood on in the picture? I never did see a cultimulcher work, but it sounds to me like it was cultivating and mulching at the same time and it might have had something to do with not really deep plowing. That this would be turning under the stove—that's a nice word—which is the stuff, the residue that's left on the fields. So there was that machine. Among machines... Oh yes, the threshing machine. That was an exciting thing and they used to be run by steam when my Dad was little. He said the first time it came up the road, he came running out. He heard it coming up Colley Road and he rushed out and he tripped on a croquet wicket or the post or something and broke a toe. But here was this monstrous thing coming up the road. There had been a supply of soft coal put in and this was fired up, the boilers. Even when I was a kid—did I do this or did I just hear about my dad doing it?—anyway, at the end of the day these machines, these great threshing machines, you'd come in from the field with your grain bundles and the grain bundles have had to have been stacked exactly right on the flatbed wagons. There were people that knew how to do that correctly and then there were the pitchers that knew how to pitch it right into the threshing machine and then the threshing machine would thresh it and the grain would pour out into a wagon and then the straw would go through like a great elephant trunk or mammoth trunk out and spew it out onto the haystack. Oh, that was so much fun to watch. I'm sure it was when Dad was little and when we were, too, and you didn't own one of those. A group of farmers would own one and I never knew where it was in the winter time, so I never was able to crawl inside it and see how it worked. It just seemed magical because here it would show up and then it would do its thing and then it would rumble away and leave. It was being run by a tractor, when I was a kid, with a belt that would keep it going rather than steam. So it must have been my Dad telling the story because he said that at the end of the day, they would go out and they would pull the whistle with the residue steam that was left, they'd pull the whistle and have the steam and have it go. You can still see these up at the thresheries in Janesville, Wisconsin, and I imagine that Illinois must have thresheries where you see this old stuff. But those were wonderful, those threshing machines. We weren't allowed in the field when they were threshing because it was dangerous, but we'd sit on the fence posts there and watch it. Every so often everything would come to a sudden stop when somebody had lost a pitchfork or something down into the bowels of the machine; all the men would fling themselves down on the ground and drink something and wait for the machine to be fixed and kid each other about who threw their pitchfork in on purpose and so forth. But one of my memories is that at the sudden stopping of all this noise of the threshing machine, then sudden stillness! And I heard a bird

singing. I have never forgotten that memory of silence and the bird singing and the threshing machine.

What other machines? Before they put the pipe from the barn that they ran the milk through up to the milk house, they put it in the big cans, milk cans. Then they had carts, square carts with big wheels on them and a handle behind and you could put four carts on those. Those were great fun for you to ride on. Somebody would ride on them holding on and then you would push and run around on these. I remember in high school that I was president of the Latin club and we put on a play. I brought down one of those and used them as a gladiator thing (laughs). I don't know if we dragged any dead body behind us being in our gladiator cart. We'd run those up and down the sidewalk between the barn and the milk house. They didn't like them to get too far away. So we didn't take those and leave them here and there around the place. Grandpa liked—and so did Dad too—liked to keep the place tidy, so whenever there was any easing up of time and people needing to do something, why they'd be sent out to police the quarters, as the term was. We always hated up at *Chez Nous* when Dad would say, "Okay, everybody out and police the quarters." That meant pick up all the scraps and things that had blown around and, you know, just make the place look tidy. So they did keep the place looking tidy. It was a show place.

Maniscalco: Do you remember when—now were tractors used when you were a child?

Jackson: I forget just when they came in. They came in fairly soon. I'm sure they were.

Maniscalco: They were?

Jackson: I'm sure they were there by the time I was—early thirties—sure there were tractors by then. We could get dates on when tractors came in. We did have horses that we used, too, but the horses gradually got old or died or were sold. During the war there wasn't gas, and Wright and Wagner, the biggest dairy in town, went back to horses pulling their milk trucks or wagons or whatever they did. So that was interesting to have them going back to horses during that period. By that point I think we only might have had one team left or something like that. I talked to some of these much older men who had been on the farm in the earlier years, why they would speak affectionately of the different horses and some of them they weren't so affectionate about. There was one named Molly that would always run away.

Talking about the farm being tidy and talking about equipment, a manure spreader works like this—you probably know—here's your wagon and on the bottom of the wagon are two tracks with the crosspieces; these are somehow fastened to the axle so that, when the manure spreader is going, those are moving. That makes the manure come and hit against a big drum at the back that has, again, the fingers, the tines sticking out, which catches the manure and breaks it up and scatters it and flings it. So they've got this thing along the

bottom, which makes the manure spreader not any fun to play in, even if you felt so inclined. When it was empty you would put a board in the back, or when you were carrying manure to the field you would put a board in the back and you would disengage the thing that goes down to the axle until you got to the field. Then you would take the board out and you would engage the axle again, then you started going. Well, Molly was standing there by the manure pile and they had filled the manure spreader with manure. The gate was not in it yet, and apparently, well it must have been the chain or whatever was still engaged with the axle, and Molly decided to run away. So she took off across the barnyard, up, around, behind the back of the big house and along the front walk, this walk here, which is rather muddy looking there and all, out to the road, spewing manure the whole way, from the manure pile all the way up, out to the road where she was heading. Nobody knows where she was trying to go, but she was trying to go somewhere. I think it was Cleo Rinefeldt who had been careless and hadn't disengaged the wheel and hadn't put in the stop in the back. So he was out there for the rest of the day with broom and dustpan, cleaning up that whole section here in front of the house all the way, of course everybody going by jeering and laughing at him and so forth because Molly had run away with the manure spreader.

I'm sure I could think of other pieces of equipment. There's one I never saw, and I finally found some pictures of it. This is when they had the whole T-something cytoplasm problem with the hybrid corn. De-tasseling was an expensive job and a dangerous job in that if you missed the tassels—I already told you if you had a field condemned, you'd lose a whole field, which was a lot of income—so that they tried different ways to de-tassel. One way they tried was to cut the tassels off and that did not work well. That did not catch on because you would miss some and there might be a tassel that wasn't quite as high and the bottom would still be there or there would be one that had not quite grown up yet and then that whole tassel would be there after, supposedly, the field was tasseled and so forth. That didn't work, so that disappeared. Well what they did do then is, the geneticists figured out, the corn breeders, a way of breeding into a plant's sterility; that meant that the tassels could come out, but they'd be sterile, so you didn't have to de-tassel them. There was this something, something cytoplasm.

(pause in recording)

I've got two stories going here at once. One is that—and I'll finish up the one about the having tassels—is that a blight came along and it killed the corn. This corn that had this special gene bred into it so that you wouldn't have to de-tassel it was susceptible. If the season had been different, if had been say the usual amount of rain—it was dry—we could have lost the entire corn crop. We could have lost it all across the country. As it was, Illinois suffered heavily. It was my first year down here and driving from Springfield up to Beloit I would pass blighted field after blighted field and blighted field; it would gradually get less and less until, by the time I got up to Rock County, there was hardly any

blight. There was some, but not a whole lot and it had to do with weather patterns.

The blight that had come up was the Mississippi whatever, something blight. It's all been written out in detail about this blight; it would have had to have been the summer of '71 that this came. Well as soon as that happened, they had to quick-breed that gene out of the corn again to get rid of it. So they had crops growing in South America, crops growing in Florida and so forth. They could have doubled up the amount of crops that they would have to get rid of this particular susceptibility in the corn, but that meant that they had to go back to tasseling again because they now had to pull off the tassels. Now we're coming to the machine that I've only seen pictures of, but I've never seen. They invented something, or somebody figured something out, where you could pull it—I do not know how they did it. It had to be like a big spider with tall wheels, whatever was pulling it. It was a frame and it had little swings that would hold down and the de-tassellers would each stand on a swing; four of them or six of them or eight of them. It would carry them right through the field, the lucky dogs, right at the level of the tassels, being pulled along on their little swings at a pace that—if it was a field that was heavily in tassel, the conveyance pulling them would go slower, and if it was a field that was lighter, had been tasseled before or something—and so they could just ride on these little platforms. I would like to see one of those machines. I've now seen a picture, but I'd actually like to see one of those and I'd like to see them in action. That's what they had to do. It's like breeding the smell out of roses. They've made roses wonderful this and that and the other thing, but they don't smell anymore because they went along with whatever they took out to make them hardier. Who knows what all roses are being bred for, but I'd like them to go back to breeding roses for smell.

Maniscalco: Yeah, that would be interesting. That would be nice. To kind of move forward, and you just touched on roses, what about gardens around your home?

Jackson: Oh yeah, there's where we kids worked. I guess I didn't tell you about that. When you said "working", I didn't remember the gardens. Oh yeah, we were out in the gardens picking strawberries, picking peas. I can remember planting those too. I loved the way grandpa would have us plant peas. They had the biggest farm [garden]. Well, of course when we were little, it was the only farm [garden] down at the dairy. It was across the road from here, about where I'm sitting—big garden—and here would be a string. It would be the whole long length. I think we were allowed to go and drop peas in because they were big, so you could see that if you were dropping peas in properly for sowing peas. I think we were also allowed to drop— isn't it radishes that have the big sort of many bunchy seeds—a fairly big seed that's bunchy? I think it's a radish, but I haven't planted anything in a while. Anyway, we could do those. So we were allowed to help some with the planting, but then when it came for harvesting, we were used to picked peas. We picked currants. There were currant bushes and we picked lots of currants, and we picked strawberries.

That was always fun because you could eat them. You didn't really want to eat the currants; they were too sour. So you just picked them. They were beautiful. Currents are beautiful little globes, so translucent with little lines down the side like a beach ball and a little tip at the end. A current is a beautiful little fruit, but the strawberries you could eat while you picked them. So we picked strawberries and what else did we have to do? Thin onions, thin carrots. So we'd be sent out and told to, you know, here are all the bushy carrots all there in a row and thin out the carrots and so forth, then bring in the thinning so Grandma or mother or something could use the little teeny baby carrots that you had thinned out in soup or stew or something like that. So we thinned carrots. What else needing thinning besides onions? I'm trying to remember what else. Radishes, they would need thinning too. And being sent out for things to get for the meals. That was fun, to go out and pull radishes and pull green onions and things like that to bring them in to eat. That was fun, but they did put us to work in the gardening. Oh, I forgot the worst one. It's been repressed, this memory (laughs). Have you ever picked potato bugs?

Maniscalco: No.

Jackson: You'll never want to. Potatoes get planted. You have to have an "eye" in the potato.[a small protruberance] I can remember Mr. Griffith sitting right up here. He had a chair sitting up there. The doors were open. He had a bushel of potatoes and he was cutting up those potatoes into pieces. I remember asking him what he doing. He explained to me that he was cutting these up to plant seed potatoes, and that every potato had to have an eye or it wouldn't grow. So that fascinated me. Well, when the potatoes came up you got potato bugs and potato bugs were nasty. We kids would be sent out with jars to pick potato bugs and put them in the jars and the thing is that they'd be underneath. You'd be picking a potato bug off a leaf, but you'd get your finger underneath the leaf and then you might squash a potato bug. The potato bugs were terrible; a squashed potato bug is awful. No I don't remember. We had tomatoes. I don't remember having to pick tomato worms off because tomato worms are long and they have that little barb on the end and they're quite pretty. I'm sure I would have remembered if I had to pull tomato worms off. We must have had tomato worms because we had wonderful tomatoes, but I don't remember ever being sent to do that as we were sent to do potato bugs.

Maniscalco: Seeing that you had this great garden and a variety of fruits and vegetables, were you just using it in the kitchen or were your parents selling some of the fruits and vegetables?

Jackson: It was all for the farm use. Once in a while we kids would take some of those—not orange crates—those crates that the bottles came in that I told you about that we built houses and things on them. We put them out on Colley Road in the yard there at the big house and we'd put up a sign and say SALE and we'd put out a few potatoes and something. Nobody ever stopped. So that

kept us busy for a couple of hours sometimes, once in a while, but these were for the farm use.

If you were to ask me what is the most wonderful smell in the whole wide world, I would say it was this: to go down in Grandma's basement in the fall or the winter where they had all the roots stored, all the root things. The carrots, the apples, the parsnips, the potatoes, all of those, and the fragrance of that root cellar was just—it made you swoon. It was so wonderful. It was just so wonderful. After that place was empty and there hadn't been any things in it for ages and I was grown up and much older, I would sometimes walk down there and look at that spot and couldn't get a whiff. But it was the most marvelous smell. Bushel baskets of these things, because they were feeding a lot of people. They were feeding five, six, eight hired men along with the family at the big house and then over at the little house we depended on the garden too and contributed to it in the work and the planting all of that. No we didn't sell vegetables. I don't remember ever selling them. We might have taken some to neighbors or taken some downtown to friends or something like that.

Asparagus, that's one of the greatest delicacies. I plan this spring to stop up to *Chez Nous* where there is nothing now, but I know where the asparagus was. I bet you I will still be able to find asparagus. I missed it last spring. I wasn't there at the right time. You have to be there at the right time to get asparagus. You can tell when you've been there at the wrong time, and that there was asparagus, because it grows up in these great trees. You'll say, Ah, asparagus, and then you note the spot for next year to be sure to stop there and get it in the ditches or wherever. I don't remember picking asparagus, but we must have done that too. There must have been an asparagus bed.

Maniscalco: Well why don't you fill that last ten minutes telling us about cows.

Jackson: (laughs)

Maniscalco: I've just asked you to do the impossible thing.

Jackson: Well, let's see. Go from the garden to the cows. One of the things that I really loved, but nobody else loved, was when the cows got out and all of a sudden somebody would say, "The cows are out." This would be up at *Chez Nous*. I don't remember doing it at the dairy. Then even if you were in your Sunday clothes or if it were something like that, everybody had to run out. You see, it took skill to herd the cows back in, to try to get them surrounded with enough of you and to get them back into wherever it was, the barnyard or something like that, and you'd almost get them there and then all of a sudden one would go streaking out all by herself, you know, and you'd have to go after that one. So I really loved it when the cows got out because it was an adventure, but nobody else, I'm sure, cared to go out when the cows were out.

Well, a cow. If you're a cow, you start out as an egg that gets fertilized either by a bull or by artificial insemination. I learned the facts of life from the artificial inseminator—you'd think I'd have known them by then, but I didn't—and he explained it all very patiently in cows. Then I went in the house and explained it to my mother and she said... Well never mind, that's another whole story; that would take more than ten minutes. So then it goes down and it lodges in the fallopian tubes and the egg has to be fertilized in the fallopian tubes. If it gets down into the uterus it's too old. So you need to get the sperm up there somehow so that it's in the fallopian tubes. Then it comes into the uterus. I think a cow gestates for maybe almost nine months and then has the calf, drops the calf as they say, and it usually is a drop unless it's being assisted. So here's the calf that comes, and it's best if a calf comes head first. Feet first is difficult; breech deliveries are very difficult.

I once helped my father with a breech delivery of a down cow in the middle of the night and the cow never got up again. She had birthing paralysis and by the time we managed to get that calf out it was dead, but it had its little feet sticking out. I saw those little feet sticking out when I was down in the barn putting my goat to bed.

Anyway, here's the calf. It sucks off its mother for about two days and the mother has probably hidden it. If she's had it out in the pasture, she's hidden it somewhere, but they've brought it up. If she's had it out in the pasture, all the other cows stand in a circle and watch. Some cow might try to get that calf, but the mother guards it. Also, once the calf comes out, I forgot how she licks it and licks it and licks it with her tongue. Interesting how a wet tongue can dry a calf, but it does. They come out in a sac and usually she gets that all off and then she nudges it over to her udder and the calf begins to suck. Well, she gets up to the barn and the calf is allowed to suck for two or three days off its mother. Then it gets put off with the other calves and the mother and the calf cry and make great noise, which is probably what I heard when my brother was being circumcised over at the little house and I was in the side barn. It was probably a cow here and a calf here crying for each other. Let's see, so now we've got the calf. The cow goes into the milking herd. If it's her first time, she's now in the round barn and is milking if she's just fresh and this has been her first calf. The calf, meanwhile, it then grows and it's brought a pail with tits on the pail and it gets its own mother's milk for about ten days because of the antibodies that are in the milk. So it gets its own mother's milk for about ten days, and before long, the herdsman or somebody teaches it how to drink out of a pail, which is by holding it by its nostrils and poking it down in. Of course, the calf doesn't know how to drown and so it takes a big breath and discovers it's drinking milk and so it learns how to drink out of a pail.

Sometimes they have cows that are nurse cows. This is a cow that may have had mastitis and only has three sections and isn't really good for milking in the barn, but it can be kept as a nurse cow for feeding calves if you've got regular calves coming along and things like that. So the calf gets fed whole milk for

how long? Six months? That long? Or maybe it just gets fed milk for six months. Anyway it gets whole milk for quite a while and then it gets skim milk. Now, of course, skim milk is practically the same price, or is the same price, as regular milk, but back when I was growing up, skim milk was discarded pretty much. Few people bought it, but not very many. So the skim milk was fed to the pigs. It was fed to the calves. So the skim milk wasn't wasted, but the calves got it.

When the calf is big enough, then it becomes a young heifer and it goes out with the other young heifers and gambols in the pasture. When it's anywhere from fifteen to eighteen months or so it comes in heat for the first time and then it's bred. It's sometimes bred by a young bull running in the pasture. Sometimes it's artificially bred at that time. So then it has its first calf.

That's the cycle, except I haven't mentioned before: here's the mother cow in the barn. She's had her calf and she's milking. She milks for anywhere from three hundred and something days, three hundred and ten days or so, fifteen maybe even, and then she is allowed to dry up. They do that, or they did it; don't ask me what they're doing now. I haven't been in a dairy barn recently to see how they dry up a cow, but by milking her less so that she is not... Well, I nursed four daughters and when the child gets eating more and more food, you get less demand on your breasts and your milk gradually diminishes. So in the same way they would give not quite as much grain, milk the cow less. Dry the cow up and then the cow is dry up until she is ready to deliver her next calf.

They try to have a rhythm of a calf a year, but that's not possible, really. You have an average—well, what?—calf not every other year, but say two calves in three years or something like that. Anyway, a calf a year would be very desirable. You want twin heifer calves. That's a bonus. That's lovely. Bull calves: as there have been less and less cows giving more and more milk, there's been less and less veal. I don't know if you've noticed how little veal there is in the stores. There's not much veal. Anyway, the bull has to go to veal. What you don't want is a paired, twinned calf. Where am I? A paired bull and female cow; male and female. Your female cow is then what's called freemartin and nine out of ten freemartins are sterile. It's got something to do with the mixture of the hormones from the bull calf that she's twinned with so if you get twin mixed calves, mixed gender, your [heifer] calf is usually no good and so that has to go to market too. So that's the story there. What else about cows? What haven't I said?

Maniscalco: I've got lots more to go.

Jackson: Four minutes on cows.

Maniscalco: I got lots more to go, so I don't know if we want to.

Jackson: Any graceful way of finishing up?

Maniscalco: We could schedule something again.

Camera: What I need you to do while we're sitting here is go point down there a little bit. I'm going to do like a little but—go point to the area that was behind the barn where you said something about something located behind the barn.
Yeah.

Jackson: Well if you go around, behind this barn, on the far side of it is the fly trap, the entrance to the cow barn and we'll try to get some pictures of that that maybe can go on your website or something.

M: Can you also point to the part—

Jackson: Then there was also a silo that came up here that was the equivalent of the silo inside, but I don't think that's been built yet. Then what would you like?

M: Then straight down from the double doors, the ramp. You talked about the ramp a while ago.

Jackson: Yeah, that's a slope there. It doesn't maybe look so much like a slope, but it really is. In the bad weather, especially during the war, and they didn't have enough places to park the milk trucks and the milk trucks wouldn't always go. They'd park them on that ramp so that they could run them down in the morning and get them going. They did everything they did to keep their vehicles going during that period. We would play on the ramp and with our bicycles and things like that too. Sitting on this little fence there to keep you from falling off down to that area below, that was a favorite place for having pictures taken. We have lots of pictures of farmhands sitting up there with milk pails and other people posing there and so forth. These are the tops of the ventilators. There's like an elf's cap there. This is the hip roof, or the gambrel roof is more accurate, but I call it a hip roof. The driveway came out here. These were elms that died during the Dutch elm [phloem necrosis disease] and there were other elms and things planted. You see some big trees here. There were some wonderful trees and there's still some good trees there now, but the tree diseases got them.

M: That's it. Thank you very much. You did a great job.

Jackson: Well thank you. I thoroughly enjoyed it. I hope I said enough.

Maniscalco: You beat out the technology. That gets you some points.

(end of audio file Interview #1)

Interview with Jacqueline Jackson

AIS-V-L-2008-019

Interview #2: March 5, 2008

Interviewer: Michael Maniscalco

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Maniscalco: Okay. Today is March 5th, 2008. We are sitting in the house of Jacqueline Jackson doing a second interview today. How are you doing, Jacqueline?

Jackson: Doing fine.

Maniscalco: Great. You know, first thing we wanted to do was to start off by having you read the first chapter of your book—

Jackson: OK.

Maniscalco: —if that would be all right with you.

Jackson: This is stories out of a much larger work that's still in progress, but it's getting close to being published, called *The Round Barn*, and these are stores from *The Round Barn*. And the second book, more stories, starts out the same way, so *The* this is the same first chapter which uh, goes like this. It's called *The Prologue*.

[Begin recitation]

There is the land. In the center of the land are the farm buildings. In the center of the buildings is the round barn. In the center of the barn rises a tall, concrete silo. On the side of the silo are painted these words: "The aims of this farm: good crops, proper storage, profitable livestock, a stable market, life as well as a living. (And signed) W. J. Dougan."

Jackie could read these words before she could read. She said, "What do they say?" and her sisters read them to her, or a hired man, or whoever was there. She learned them by heart without trying. She did not ask what the words meant.

W. J. Dougan is Grandpa. He had the words lettered there inside the barn on the silo when he had just built the round barn. That was 1911, when Daddy

was nine years old. Jackie sees these words every day, sometimes twenty times on a day when she and Craig and the others are playing hide and seek in the barn. Sometimes not for several days in a row, but add up the times she has seen them and the days of her life, and they will come out even.

Jackie is fourteen. She sits on the arm of Grandpa's easy chair. She rumples his thinning hair and shapes it into a kewpie doll twist. This is a ritual with all the grandchildren ever since they were little. Grandpa laughs with his stomach, silently.

An idea strikes Jackie. She takes a pencil and paper. These are always near Grandpa, for Grandpa is deaf. They are always near Jackie too, for Jackie writes things down. Maybe she has this habit from writing for Grandpa all her life. Being his ears, she writes, "Grandpa, I am going to write you a book. I am going to call it *The Round Barn*." Grandpa studies the paper. He takes a long time to ponder it. Then he nods slowly.

"The Round Barn," he says. "Yes, the Round Barn will have a lot to say." He crinkles all over his face and laughs silently. He is pleased, she can tell.

"I can write," Jackie says to herself, "what the round barn sees. Not just what I know it sees, but what Grandpa knows it sees, and Daddy. The milk room, the milkmen, the cows, all of us. For the round barn is in the middle of us all and it sees everything. It is the center." Jackie thinks, Here are the circles of the book. She draws a picture, starting with the silo and going out to the barn and beyond—and we might be able to show that picture somewhere—and starts with the silo in the middle, and then increasing circles until I get out beyond the town and the milk routes, and that rural electric meeting in Janesville where Daddy told the joke.

"That's it," says Jackie. "If it were just flat. But the book isn't flat, just as the barn isn't flat." She takes another sheet of paper. She draws another picture. It looks a bit like the round barn, but without any hip roof. It looks a bit like three-dimensional tic tac toe—and there's a picture of that and the arrows going to it.

"It's like this," says Jackie. "We'll go back and forth in time, and wherever we are, it's the present. Here's where Grandpa is young."—and that would be 1890s. "And this is 1911, when Daddy was nine and the barn was built. And here's when Daddy and Mother were married. Here's when I was born. Here's when we moved up the road to the new farm to *Chez Nous* when I started fifth grade. Here's where I am now, in ninth grade. And all this is what goes on while I'm writing and all the years after." For circles go out concentric in space, but they also go up and down in time like an onion. But not like an onion completely, for onion parts are too cleanly separated. They pop apart. It's more like elm wood. Elm logs can hardly be split, for the fibers interpenetrate from ring to ring and bind all the circles together. The story of

the farm, Jackie decides, is like a log of elm wood. Everything in all directions, in all dimensions, is bound together.

[End recitation]

And that's my prologue, my first chapter to both books, and it will be to the big book, too.

Maniscalco: Great. Thank you very much. You know, while we're on the topic of your book and having you read this, why don't we talk about your professorial career and how you got into writing and things like that? So to start off, obviously this was one of the first pieces that you wrote, or one of your first ideas for writing. Where do you get a lot of your inspiration and where did it come from at such a young age?

Jackson: Well, I think that the fact that everybody was readers, and we had lots of books around, and I was an early reader. And it seemed to me that to write a book was about the grandest thing you could do. My folks went away for a couple of weeks when I was in third grade, and we kids were left behind and we all decided to do a surprise. My brother decided he'd get over his lisp, which he did. And I forget what my sisters did, but I decided I'd write a book. I had a blank notebook, and there's always been something about blank paper that invigorates me. (laughter) Inspires me. So I wrote a book, and it was mostly little pieces, little short stories. I put in it, first of all, a poem I'd written in second grade and that started it, and then there were all these little bits and pieces, mostly fairy stories and elves and things like that. I wish I'd written about the farm, but I didn't. I had a six-page mystery story. That was my major work in that third grade book. My folks were pleased and impressed when they got back, and I entered it in the Todd Show Hobby Show—not the Todd School, no, the whole—the YMCA had a citywide Hobby Show, and people could enter their hobbies. I entered my book and won a blue ribbon on it, and I was the only person who had entered a book. So the next year I entered a second book, and this progressed a little. It was a continued story about a pair of dogs, Bumpy and Billy Bones, and they were doing adventures of the sort that either I had done or wished I had done or would like to. And some of those were farm adventures. I mean, we did sail on the crick, but we weren't allowed to when it was in flood, which was the only good time. But the ditches were pretty full so that we could drag a huge piece of wood over and, you know, get ourselves thoroughly wet and tipped and so forth by sailing in the ditches when they were really floods.

(telephone ringing)

Jackson: We should probably stop the phone, but let's just let it go. It'll ring four times and then it'll quit.

Technician: We can just pause for a second.

Maniscalco: Yeah, we'll wait.

Technician: Let's leave this part in.

Maniscalco: (laughter)

Jackson: It's, it's usually a—whatcha call it—call.

Jackson: Now what we could do is take the phone off the hook and it'll make some blips for a few minutes, but then it won't ring again.

Technician: Should we do that?

Maniscalco: We could—as long as it's okay with you, we can do that.

Jackson: Fine with me. I don't care if I get any calls this morning. Mostly they're—

Maniscalco: Is it right here?

Jackson: —soliciting. Just lift it off. Lift the—no. Just take the top off and then just leave it.

Maniscalco: Leave it off.

Jackson: It'll remind me with some bleep, bleep, bleep, bleep, bleeps that it's off, and then it'll quit and then it won't ring again. The ones that are the loose ones won't ring either. I think nothing will ring. They're out in the kitchen anyway.

Maniscalco: Great.

Jackson: So if they do, we won't hear them. But I don't think they will with this one off the hook. So—

Maniscalco: Do we need to wait for it to—

Technician: It should beep in a second here.

Jackson: Pretty soon it's going to discover it's off the hook and it's going to go, "Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep."

Maniscalco: (laughter)

Technician: Got another mike?

Maniscalco: (laughter)

(phone beeping)

Jackson: There it is. It's telling me it's off the hook.

(murmuring conversation; unintelligible)

Jackson: I don't remember what we did last time. Did it ring at all?

Technician: No.

Maniscalco: No, it never rang.

Jackson: I don't think it was off the hook. But I've been getting many phone calls from the Natural Resources Defense Council and I don't pick 'em up. What I should do is pick it up once and say, "Look, you guys! I will send you a check and take me off your"—because it must be on some sort of a circular thing where I keep coming up.

Maniscalco: Well, if you send them a check they're going to call you again. (laughter)

Jackson: Well, no. I'll tell them to take—I said, "I only will answer my mail. Take me off your phone thing. And if you don't, I'll never send you anything again."

Maniscalco: There you go.

Jackson: "Even though I believe that you're an important thing." That's the Bobby Kennedy one that is fighting by law for the Alaska wilderness and all the other good things that we're not preserving. Rather beeping longer than I thought it did. It ought to be done in a moment.

Technician: It does eventually stop?

Jackson: Oh yeah.

(phone continues beeping)

Maniscalco: I wonder if I do—

Jackson: There's a quit?

Technician: No. I'm going to put my camera on pause.

Maniscalco: We can bury it in there and then we won't hear it.

Technician: We could change rooms.

Maniscalco: A little bit.

Technician: Still going.

Jackson: It's still going?

Technician: Mm-hmm. What do ya think?

Maniscalco: I just wondered if there's a volume somewhere that we could—

Jackson: We could pull it out.

Technician: Or just unplugging from the bottom. You want to try that?

Jackson: I think you have to get behind the couch someplace.

Maniscalco: Well, you know what we'll do? Unplug this.

Technician: That's what I was going to do. Just pull the jack out from that.

Maniscalco: Yeah. Pull that out, then there's no speaker to it. I think it stopped, actually. No, still pull it out.

Technician: It did stop.

Maniscalco: Did it? Okay.

Jackson: Okay. All right. It gave up.

Maniscalco: All right.

Technician: Okay, you want to say the date again just to get things started, 'cause I pushed my start button and you were saying the date?

Maniscalco: I was already saying stuff? Oh, sorry.

Technician: Can you start over?

Maniscalco: Okay. This is Mike Maniscalco, it's March 5 again, 2008, and it's a little bit after ten o'clock, I believe. And we are sitting in Jacqueline Jackson's house. This is our second interview, third try. (laughs) And how are you doing again, Jacqueline?

Jackson: Doing fine.

Maniscalco: Great. You just read us your book and we were talking a little bit about your writing career and how you got started in that.

Jackson: OK. Well, I'd mentioned that I had this third grade book that was inspired to do it as a surprise for my folks, and then I went on and wrote some other little stories in a continued book, *Bumpy and Billy Bones*, entered that again in the citywide hobby show, and was again the only contestant and again got a blue ribbon.

In the fifth grade I did a third book, and this one was a continued story; it wasn't short stories. It was sort of Oz-like in character. Kids went up into the clouds and went through different countries and so forth. A friend of my mother's who publishes a paper in Galesburg, Illinois, a weekly, saw it in process and she said, "Oh, I'll publish that." So she started out publishing my story, *The Cloudlanders*. It ran for quite a while, and I'd send in my installments. And one day, there appeared in the paper a notice on the front page saying, "Attention Jackie Dougan. Authors should not let their publishers get ahead of them. We have run out of text. Send in your next installment pronto." I was on a trip to Mason City, Iowa with my grandparents. They went to bed at this hotel right on the bluffs of the Mississippi River, and I sat up at the little rickety desk and chair and wrote out my next installment and mailed it from Iowa. But I couldn't stand the pressure of having a publisher breathing down my neck, and so I brought my couple down to earth fairly quickly after that and ended it.

When I got down here to Springfield, I realized that I didn't have any copy of that, and so I wrote to the press and they said that their archives were all at Knox College. I wrote to Knox College. They very graciously sent me Xeroxes of the entire thing. It ran for four months, weekly. So that was quite a book, *The Cloudlanders*. I've since put it together into a little book and it's not bad writing. The plot is picaresque, meaning you go from thing to thing and there's no real climax to it except maybe in the individual stories; I had a few good characters. Well, what I discovered at that point was that I was a writer and I seemed to be sailing in an uncontested sea. (laughs)

But then I got into junior high school and found out that you had to outline and there were all these rules that you had to do. We didn't have Creative Writing or Free Writing or things like that. When I did it in grade school the teacher always welcomed it and sometimes shared it with the class, but it wasn't anything that was being talked about and encouraged. So I really didn't write much of anything all during junior high and high school, although I must have still had the urge because it was when I was in high school that I told my Grandpa that I was going to write him a book and call it *The Round Barn*. But when I got into college and began looking at—I went to Beloit College—and looked over the offerings for my freshmen year. I had opted out of freshmen English so I didn't need to take a beginning English class, and I had the choice of taking a Creative Writing class. I can still recall that surge of joy to discover that Creative Writing was something that you could do and take for credit, that it was a reputable thing that you could do. So, I started taking Creative Writing then and had a very good teacher, and went all the way through college taking Creative Writing even though I was not an English major.

Then went on to the University of Michigan, where I worked under a wonderful man named Roy Cowden, who was a very splendid writing teacher and head of the Hopwood Program there. Chad Walsh was good, my teacher

at Beloit. But Roy Cowden was superb, and so that was my training. He said things to me—not a lot of praise but we worked very carefully together—and he said to me once, "Write another Alice," and that showed me what faith he had in me, that he thought I was capable of, you know, writing something really good. And I think that he also pointed out one spot in one of my manuscripts where I had said that the sun was resting like a squashed tomato on the edge of the hill. He pointed out that and he said, "You are a writer." So with that sort of encouragement.

I had a story that I had written in college that I sent around. I got a prize in an Atlantic Monthly contest, the second prize. I sent around the story and Harper's kept it for five months. They sent it back and they wanted changes. So I made the changes and sent it back, and they kept it another six months and then they didn't want it. So at that point I was in graduate school and I was working with Roy Cowden, and he says, "Why don't you get yourself a good agent?" I said, "I have no idea how to get a good agent." He said, "Well, I have one that's a good friend." So I signed up with this good agent, and the book that I wrote with Mr. Cowden called *Julie's Secret Sloth*, which was my first published book as an adult, she took the story from college and said, "I think we'll have better luck with *Julie's Secret Sloth*." So the one from college has never been published, but *Julie's Secret Sloth* was.

And then after that, I kept on writing stories and stories for children. People said, "Well, why children?" Well, that's because I began writing as a child and my children's books were so important to me that I figured there wasn't anything better than writing children's books. And people would say to me, you know, "When are you going to write an adult book? When are you going to grow up enough to write an adult book?" And that always annoyed me because the best children's books, C.S. Lewis says, and I've quoted to my classes often, "There's no book that's worth reading when you're ten that isn't equally worth reading, and often far more so, when you're fifty, if the book's worth reading at all." And then he goes on to say that the adult palate will tire of crème de menthe, but it never should tire of bread and honey and milk. I thought that was a beautiful quote. On the other hand, these Round Barn books are for adults as well as children. And my children's books were also for adults. Adults enjoyed them and said that they got a lot out of them. But the Round Barn books have some rough material in 'em, so I sometimes say to a parent, "You know, there's that chapter, there's something there that you may not want your child to read." These days, though, kids have to be so savvy so it really—the sexual stuff that's in there and the horrible stuff, like I've got a chapter saying the worst thing I ever saw with my own eyes was this dog that had been tortured. And I've had a friend who told me she read my stories about three times, but the second and third time she skipped that chapter. But the parents usually say, if I mention it to them, "Our kids can handle that." So I think it's a book for adults, and the great big book is going to have a lot of accounts in it of all sorts of things that an adult will probably find better reading. The kids will skim through and get the stories.

The way we published this book was that the big, big book wasn't finished yet when, what became my editor, discovered it at a writing conference. I knew he was Editor of Tri-Quarterly Magazine, but I did not know that he had anything to do with Northwestern University Press. He wrote me after the conference and said, "Would you send me the stories you read?" Each person who was staff there during that week had an hour to read their own stuff, present their own stuff, and I presented a number of stories out of the Round Barn collection. I didn't get around to answering him, and a while later he sent me another postcard, said, "I'd really like to see those stories." Well, life was busy and I didn't get around to it, and finally when he asked me a third time, I stuck 'em into an envelope and sent them to him; he called up within twenty-four hours and he says, "We want to publish your book." I said, "You haven't even read my book!" And he said, "We want to publish your book, and here's the way we'll do it. We'll do a collection of short stories first because I know the big book isn't finished. So we'll pull out the stories, some of the stories, and we'll publish that, and then we'll do the big book." So I thought, Wow, that is great. So that's the way the Round Barn got going. Well, it did very well. They did a beautiful job of publishing it. Reg says that the two Round Barn books—he's my editor—he says they're the most beautiful books that the press ever brought out, and he says that he had to fight them. They said, "A book about a farm? They're not doing that sort of thing, a scholarly press." He said, "Trust me, trust me." So they trusted him, and it was their bestseller, as a university press book goes, for the year it came out.

But the big book is going to be coming out with Beloit College Press, with some help from me, from the inheritance from selling the farm—which went under. There was a "death of the farm [book]" because it's too big and the big university presses now, are very wary about taking anything that's that big. And even though agriculture is still the basis of our whole existence, you wouldn't know it the way we are destroying our natural resources. Eating, chewing up our farmlands with mega—what are we calling them—McHouses? And all sorts of—you know, we're just wrecking up our planet. We've got to save our soil and our air and our water, because we can't exist without it. And do something about the widening—that's another thing I read a while ago, a long while ago—that no organism can continue to survive in an increasing circle, or something, of its own waste product. And this is what our civilization is doing; we are living in an increasing circle of our own waste products. At this point I think that a lot of people and even governments—certainly Holland, Spa—Sweden, and places like that are coming to their senses and saying, or have been for quite a while, "We've got to do something. We've got to preserve what we have and increase what we have."

Of course it comes down to that we have been such a successful product of evolution that we breed incessantly, and we have huge numbers of people, and we are increasing, increasing, increasing, increasing. It cannot go on. I've talked to people, and some of the people, you know, at the museum, and they're saying that it's going to come. Population has to stop and come down,

and it's either going to be happening by planning or it's going to be catastrophic. It may be some of both. But I do not look very happily on what's happening for my children, my grandchildren, my great-grandchildren unless we can bring the way we live back into the confines of our very finite planet. So there's my lecture on that.

(laughter)

Jackson: Meanwhile, we were in on increasing the food supply and in raising the population ourselves and all this sort of thing.

Maniscalco: And with your lecture, you know, we know that you're a professor.

Jackson: Oh yeah.

Maniscalco: And I'm sure that's, you know, that you've lectured many times as a professor. Can you tell us how you became a professor?

Jackson: Well, I came in the back door. I didn't get a Ph.D. You can call me doctor if you want to. I have two honorary degrees: one from Beloit College, one from MacMurray. But I got a Masters and I had written all these books. When we were at Kent State, where my husband was teaching, they needed somebody to teach Children's Literature in the English Department. They hired me as a temporary, part-time blah, blah, blah. I had a long title that meant nothing. And so I began teaching Children's Lit there. I didn't teach writing there except at the very last, I taught one writing course which was a bomb. Then we left Kent where I had enjoyed teaching Children's Literature—except that they taught it in a way that I didn't like, which was the students were mostly education students and they had to keep card files on 200 books. You know, you can't read 200 books in a ten-week term and so forth. What I wanted them to do was to really enjoy the books, so I tried to work with that. We were in Rockford for two years, and there I joined the staff at the University of Wisconsin School of the Air doing a radio show for kids on writing. That was called, "The Author is You," and I did a weekly radio show on generating [writing]. I'd take a topic and I'd talk about the topic. Sometimes I'd have kids with me, sometimes I'd be by myself. I'd quote out of books and things like that. It'd be a half hour long. The kids all over the state that were listening to the School of the Air would write in. And I would read what they wrote in, and pick out something from every school. Then the fourth program, after three, would be reading their writing. So the kids were getting instant feedback on their writing. I would include every class that sent in so that nobody would be left out. And that was a very, very nice job and I enjoyed it.

Then we came down here to Sangamon State University [now University of Illinois at Springfield] to help start this new university. When the radio station began down here in '75, I was still commuting up there to do "The Author is You"—W-H-A, it's now WEIN or something. Anyway, the university up

there suggested that I do it down here in Springfield. So we started it over W—it was then called WSSR. We offered it to the University of Illinois in Champaign with which we had no connection other than that we were a state university, too. And they turned it down because they said they had to have everything in the can. Well, you can't have everything in the can if you're going to read everybody's writing and the fourth week you're going to record what goes on the fourth program. It doesn't work.

Here at Sangamon State they were happy to take it and so we started here. This is one way I got to know the whole area around here so much, because all of these schools are scattered around. A lot of them are rural schools, small town schools, big town schools—Decatur and Jacksonville and things like that. We must have had ninety or a hundred classrooms that listened in, and that program lasted for nineteen years. I only quit it in 1995 because—well, several reasons. One is that the state and national testings had become prominent and teachers were having to teach for the test; that meant that they were having to write five-paragraph essays. As soon as their Creative Writing began coming in in five-paragraph essays, and from the best kids in the best advanced classrooms, I thought, Boy, this is the end. Because there's nothing more deadly than a five-paragraph essay for writing. Another neat thing about the radio show was that if a kid couldn't spell, if a kid couldn't paragraph, you could still read it on the radio. You could read the thought, the germ, the so forth. You could maybe leave out a line if you needed to, to make it coherent. And so they were freed from the constrictions of, say, a teacher or a tester who's filling a thing full of red pencils. I've never used a red pencil on students in my life, either kids or adults, when I was teaching.

Then I began teaching writing down here. The second class was a bomb but just the opposite from the first class, since you're asking. The first class was totally bland, all these nice little young women who were going to be teachers there in Ohio. The second class was just the reverse. Everybody was tearing each other's throats out. You didn't have to go to class if you didn't want to when we first began; that was one of our stipulations. You know, come if you want to and we'll work out—it was even without grades. I'd have a student disappear for a month because somebody had criticized her poem. So I was never going to teach another writing class. I was enjoying teaching my Children's Lit classes, and I was able to do them the way I wanted to then, and to divide them up into Classics of Children's Lit, History of Children's Lit, and Fantasy and Science Fiction, and things like that, which I enjoyed. I wasn't teaching the canon of English Lit, but I was certainly getting loads and loads of students and we all had a wonderful time. But the second writing, what I realized... Oh, here's the story.

All these programs I'd written up in Wisconsin, and when I was down here... My publisher, Little Brown, wanted a book and I had contracted to write a book about writing for kids. I was going to use the radio programs from Wisconsin. I didn't have time to do that. Here we were, starting a new

university, which was twenty-four-hours a day. I had four kids, here was twenty-four-hours a day for that, too. There wasn't time. But I thought, I've got this contract. If I teach writing one more time, and use my book for kids as a text, then it will justify taking the time this summer to get this all down on paper.

Well, I hadn't gotten more than three or four chapters into the book, if that many, when I realized what had been wrong with the Kent State blandness, with the SSU tearing each other apart one, which was so simple that I hadn't realized it. And that was, first of all, everybody is afraid and protective of their own writing because they're afraid they're going to bare their souls. And in graded situations, of course, they're afraid of being graded badly or so forth and having to do it right. So everybody's afraid. The second thing I realized is that in order to get rid of the fear, you have to create community. The third thing I realized is that the teacher has to be part of that community. Well, I wouldn't even say anything about grades, and pretty soon somebody would say, "Well, how are we going to be graded?" after a couple of classes. I would say, "Don't worry about it. You're either going to get an A or a B, and if you're not, we'll talk about it and I'll let you know." So that took away that sort of fear. And then, I'm a floor sitter by habit, and I found that it worked sitting in class to sit on the floor. Psychologically, you're not up on the dais, you're not looking down at your class, you're not the authority figure. And I would tell the class once grades became much more prevalent, "I've got to give you a grade and I'm sorry about that. But let's negotiate it." But I could get rid of being the authority figure by sitting on the floor, even lying on the floor sometimes, and doing all sorts of community things with them. Then we'd get into the works themselves. The classes were very popular and we've had some wonderful writers come out of those classes that have published books, and so forth, and are still part of my—what does—over at *Illinois Times*, Roland Klose, calls "my posse." (laughter)

I call them my gang or my group or something like that, but I'm part of that group too, and they are critiquing my writing as well as I'm critiquing theirs. There's another writers' group that I go to sometimes, and they say, this one is here in my living room, and they say, "You're not serious enough." Well, we get good writing done. So I'm just as glad that we aren't serious enough. So that's—oh! And as far as being hired as a professor, I got hired as—they needed a range of professors down here to begin this new university, and I had certain skills, and what I was hired as was Ph.D. equivalency, because I had some eight or nine books published by then. This wouldn't happen today because they're insisting on Ph.D.'s and they are insisting not only on Ph.D.'s but from reputable universities. And some of these schools that have turned out some very good Ph.D.'s in the experimental programs or things like that, Albion and—what are some of those places? I won't list them. Anyway, I wouldn't get a job now. But neither would some other people. We have a very famous person on our staff who is Charlie Schweighauser. An astronomer, English, and Environmental Studies. He has just now retired but he's still very

active. He works with NASA. Charlie is tremendous. He doesn't have a Ph.D. He's got an MA from Williams. But he's called on all over the country and he is really our Renaissance Man. So I think that it's too bad now that people like me and like Charlie would not be hired now. Maybe that's the end of that lecture. (laughter)

Maniscalco: Well, that's great. Um—

Jackson: But in some ways, I think if I'd gone ahead and gotten a Ph.D., it probably would have killed my writing. So. (laughter)

Maniscalco: No, that's great. It's a very interesting point you're making. You know, it struck me that you went to school, or started going to school, in a country school, correct? And then you went to a town school, you were bussed to a town school, am I...?

Jackson: No, no. My dad went to the country school that was right on the edge of the farm, and it consolidated in 1923. So by the time I started school, we were being the equivalent of bussed into—it was really only a mile and a half—into Beloit, to Todd School right on the edge of town. So I was in a town school. But as I said, we only rode in that big old taxi that I described earlier, so that the town kids thought we were all rich coming in, in the middle of the Depression, in a taxi. Instead, we were all sitting on each other's laps and, you know, nobody even thought about seatbelts in those days.

Maniscalco: Well, what I was going to say is you've experienced the consolidation of schools, I guess.

Jackson: Yeah.

Maniscalco: And you've experienced the consolidation of rural schools into town schools. And you've even experienced, you know, colleges and even other rural schools through your radio program. I was wondering if you could speak on, rural schools, and explain to us your opinions and thoughts on the job that they're doing and your feeling on consolidation.

Jackson: Well, a rural school or a village school lacks certain things that your town and city schools lack, and in poorer states and things like that where there isn't the money for equipment, and lab equipment, and things like that. But I think I mentioned that I have some forty books from District 12 school in my basement here. When the school consolidated, Grandpa bought the school for twenty-five dollars and moved it across the field, and we grew up playing school in that schoolhouse, and scribbling on the blackboards and so forth. But we didn't discover the books. I think the books had all been put into the big house and then got moved up to our house, and I didn't discover the books until I began working on this large volume of *The Round Barn*. I've got those books all catalogued and I've read quite a few of them. My dad, and brother and his sister, and Eloise down the road who's given me so much help, they

had good books to read and sound science. And then when I was in ninth grade—that was when the rural kids joined us in junior high school—we had seventh, eight and ninth grade. One of the persons was Esther Meech, and she was going to Zilly School which was a little ways down the road from us and was country school. Most of the country kids went on into Clinton High, but some of them came into Beloit to Beloit High, and Esther was one of those. Well, Esther was very bright and you could tell that she had had good learning in Zilly school, and some of these other, Morgan School, and so forth. So I think that, depending on the quality of the teacher that they had, that you could get a pretty good education in a rural school.

It's a bit of a funny thing about Dad. He was bright and he read and read and read all the time. And yet when he took his exams at the end of eighth grade, as everybody in country school had to, he flunked several levels and had to do remedial work before he could go on into high school. Well, I think he took some time off. He broke both his heels falling down the chute in the round barn when he was being hired as assistant herdsman at twelve, and so he had plenty of time to study. But what I think is, that Dad had certain subjects that he really liked and he emphasized those in the country school, and others that he probably didn't care that much about and didn't emphasize, and that's why he didn't pass those tests. At Northwestern he got modest grades, not very good. And his father was always writing him on studying and things like that.

He got a job in France at the end of his junior year, went off without taking his exams, worked a year in France at a place where he became very fluent in French. He was teaching, he would have a Boy Scout Troop and was doing other things, sort of like Peace Corps work. This was after the First World War; it was 1923. He met my mother over there and married her over there, to the consternation of family back on the farm who couldn't keep up with it because the mail going back and forth would take two weeks, and by the time they'd get a letter from him and they'd write back, the whole romance would have progressed to such an extent that, you know, there wasn't stopping it. It was snowballing. It was a very successful marriage. [His] mother was very glad that he wasn't marrying a little French, Roman Catholic girl. She was a very strong Protestant. It turned out that my mother was from Chicago and was over doing the same sort of work as my Dad was.

Now how does that tie in with what I was saying? Oh, his grades. It didn't work out that he would go back and finish his senior year at Northwestern. So he lived downtown at Aunt Ida's house which was right there by Beloit College, and he took his senior year at Beloit College. Well, after doing indifferent work at Northwestern, he graduated from Beloit College as the highest in his class in chemistry, and had a wonderful time at Beloit College. But he was motivated. So I think that motivation has a lot to do with what sort of education you get, too, both from the student and also from the teacher. So I don't know if that—

Maniscalco: No, that does.

Jackson: —gives you enough of... As far as consolidation of the universities, I have been somewhat dismayed at our becoming part of the University of Illinois because I think that either we are, or they are, and it's probably some combination—some appear fighting it—trying to be a clone of the University of Illinois so that many of the wonderful features of Sangamon have been eroding over the years. There's still a lot...

Maniscalco: What were some of the wonderful features?

Jackson: Well, I could do anything I wanted. That was a wonderful feature. (laughter) Now what I wanted to do was good things; sometimes you hit on somebody that was doing things that weren't so good, but they usually got weeded out. But it was a very welcoming school to students who had not been able to finish their educations. And we were a two-year school; we had juniors, seniors, and masters. Well, the last ten years now, or close to it, we've been including more—well, we've started in having the Capital Scholars. Now we've got freshmen and sophomores, and we're having all the freshmen and sophomore problems and so forth. The older student that was the backbone of the university is being, I think—and a lot of them think too—put on the back burner. So it's too bad that that student is not continuing to get the kind of attention. We have some wonderful, modern things. But my colleague, Judy Everson, said, "Don't give me smart classrooms. Just give me smart students." And the smart classrooms: I couldn't teach in a smart classroom the way I do. You can't get on the floor, for one thing. You can't move the chairs around in a circle for another thing. Everybody's plugged in for another thing. I mean, we're the plug-in generation, and my own grandkids are plugged in to—my little ones—to their videos. That's what they want to do, watch their videos. It's hard work to get them to read a book. Their mother reads to them at night and I read to them when I go up, and now that Rachel is reading for herself I think she may begin to read some of these books on her own that are so wonderful, and not watch, you know, good videos—but, you know, how many times can you watch *The Sound of Music* and *Mary Poppins* and so forth? You know them all by heart. At least they're watching the video and they're not watching commercial television, which panders so to children.

Maniscalco: Yeah. And speaking of your grandkids, you mentioned last time that we forgot one of your grandchildren.

Jackson: Oh! We forgot Cressida, the perfect grandchild. (laughter)

Jackson: Cressy grew up. Her parents were divorced; in fact, they weren't married when they had her. Then when they did get married at three months, I said, "What did you do that for?" Well, it was sort of like the path of least resistance, that then Cressy got onto Skip's benefits and so forth. But it didn't work out, so they were divorced. But she saw a lot of her father and even

lived with him for a while when she was in high school and Gillian was working in another town. But Cress grew up much loved by everybody, and I would see—she would come and spend summers with me in Vermont for a month or so, and so she and I had a close relationship and she was a bright kid and a charming, delightful kid who got along well with other kids and with adults, too.

They lived in Nevada and she wanted to take French and other things and didn't want to go to school in Nevada, but Nevada did something really bright. They gave their tobacco [tax] money to their high school seniors provided they would go to school in Nevada and maintain a 'B' average. Well, to have, these days, a college education handed to you for nothing is something that's hard to turn down, so we all assured her that she could take all the French classes she wanted. She didn't have to take mining and things like that, even though that's what the University of Nevada at Reno is famous for, all those sorts of things. So she got a good liberal arts education, and a lot of French and Spanish and things like that. Went to France in her junior year, took me along at one point because I had promised her a trip over—no, this was before her junior year. "Grandma, you promised." So we went. Oh, she went on several trips with me to France—I mean, to England—when I took classes to England and one to Scotland, and so forth. Always a delight with the adults and the kids. No, there weren't kids on those trips, but with people that she would meet.

So then she wanted me to take her to France, and I said, "I thought we had already taken care of taking you somewhere with the Scotland trip." She said, "But you promised, and everything is cheap right now," because it was right after 9/11. So we went over, had a very cheap apartment with a couple of other people, very cheap flight. She said, "I want to do all the tourist things so that I don't need to do them when I get here." So we did all the tourist things. You know, climbed Notre Dame and Champs-Élysée Tower—that one is there—and went to the famous cemeteries, and went to the Wax Works. Did all the touristy things, you know? And then she came over for her junior year and met somebody at the very end of her junior year. Talked French back and forth to him all her senior year. Went over and got a job in France after that and married Laurent, and now I have a grandson-in-law who is a Frenchman. Cressy's over in France and we had a wonderful wedding over there, and a wonderful reception over here, with the French people all coming out to Nevada, and on the shore, Lake Tahoe, and so forth. So that's my wonderful grandchild.

And my grandsons are all right, but I don't know them as well as I know Cressida. I've always had them in a clump. It's hard to get to know them in a clump when they're all jockeying with each other for position. These two little grandchildren now, I see them quite a bit up in Wisconsin, and I can see them separately and together and so forth. So I feel I'm developing more of a relationship with them. Eventually I'll probably have more with the grandsons,

too, but they're out in California so I don't see them. I have friends who have family all around them here in Springfield, and I say, well, you're very lucky to have lots of family around you. But I have to go to the family; they don't come here.

Maniscalco: Well, let's talk about, you know, your family. Growing up, you were very involved in the farm. Let's talk about your farm a little more. Last time, we kind of left off talking about corn.

Jackson: Yeah.

Maniscalco: And you had a lot of things to talk about corn for us. Would you like to talk about some of the hybrid corns?

Jackson: Yeah, and I'm not sure where I left off. I'll maybe recap briefly, that the history of hybrid corn—the history of corn, you know, there are whole libraries on that. There's whole shelves and shelves on the corn wars, with Mangelsdorf and others trying to determine the ancestry of corn. It's been pretty well settled, at this point, that teosinte is the ancestor; if not the ancestor, it's very close. The last I read, which was a couple of years ago, was that we may never know the actual parent of corn, but that teosinte is very close, a very close cousin. By the time Europeans got here, corn had been well-developed, and the many-kernelled corn and that the Indians would be replanting and replanting and so forth. They had developed different strains, and in the same way, the Europeans developed strains by planting what you call shill_corn: you go through the field and you pick out the best looking ears, and those are the ones you plant. And then that way, they developed various strains: Yellow Dent and Leaming and all those different ones and so forth. But meanwhile out in Connecticut, a fellow named East and others were working on experimenting with corn. Two students of theirs—I think the name is Brinkley, I've got it written down somewhere—came out to the University of Wisconsin, and one stayed in Connecticut and this fellow—I'll, where have I got his name? Somewhere here. Where's corn here? Um, Wisconsin was a Land Grant University just like Illinois was. One of the things this fellow said—where's his name? Well, I don't get it right here. But the University began working—I think about in 1923 was when this fellow came—and they began working on what became hybrid corn. The way they did that was by inbreeding. You would take the corn, and since corn is pollinated by many, many pollens in an open, pollinated field, so that one ear of corn has maybe only 1 percent or 2 percent of its kernels pollinated by its own tassel because the tassel and the silk deliberately by nature don't quite coordinate, so that there is this cross-pollination. Well, they began breeding corn back on itself. Tying off the tassel in a paper bag and so forth, and then rebreeding, rebreeding, rebreeding back on itself. And of course they got all sorts of monsters. Corn that would run along the ground like a vine, or would have the corn on the top of the tassel and so forth. Then they would pick the desirable ones and keep breeding and breeding, and after seven or eight

generations, they had a uniform product. Granted, it was stunted; the corn was only yea high and so forth. At that point they bred two of these together, and what resulted was this incredible hybrid vigor that showed up in hybrid corn.

This was a fantastic discovery and development, and so the University of Wisconsin—and I presume Illinois was doing the same thing—had all sorts of test plots and they were developing their own strains and their in-breeds, and they farmed these out to a few farmers who grew them. Then the second year where they gave it to farmers was 1934, when they decided they needed growers for these things. That was when my father and grandfather got in on it. Grandpa, I think, heard about it first. They went up to the University, and they became one of the University's sellers—I mean, growers. They would take the University stock and they would grow it. There was a—let's see if we got here. They would purchase the inbred strains, and they would raise them and make their own crosses. There was no way that you could save the seed and replant because you would lose hybrid vigor.

This is some of the fights you're hearing now about Monsanto, that they are making things so that farmers in third world can't replant. They have to keep re-buying seed. Well, I think that is a complicated argument. In hybrid corn, it resulted in so much more corn. It also resulted in what could be lack of diversity, but at this point they very soon recognized that this was a problem and have kept the diversity in corn, and of many different strains and so forth, so I don't think there's a danger at this point of losing diversity in corn. Although I know that last time I was telling about the fungus, the yellow, the Southern Leaf Blight. A gene had been so happily bred into the cytoplasm of the corn which would make the male sterile, and then you could reintroduce sterility—I mean, fertility—and you'd have both fertile and an unfertile corn, and so you didn't have to de-tassel anymore to make hybrid corn.

It could have been a catastrophe. If the weather had been different, the United States could have lost its whole corn crop. As it was, the weather was not so terrible and in places, the figures I have is that the United States lost about 15 percent of its corn crop to the Southern Leaf Blight. We certainly had it here. It was my first year here at Sangamon. Started in the Fall of '70 so that I was seeing those August and September corn fields that were just totally black, the leaves and everything. Gradually, as I would get up to Wisconsin to go up to see my family, things would look better and better. By the time I got to Wisconsin, it wasn't looking too bad; although in Rock County, they did have leaf blight and certainly a percentage. But it was a low enough percentage that it didn't affect things too seriously. I wonder why I can't find Brinkley's name here somewhere, or whatever it is. It's such a well-known name. Well, I've got it somewhere else.

So I guess that's what I was talking about here. Somebody, a geneticist, told me that that Southern Leaf Blight was a strange situation. He said the DNA of mitochondria of a corn cell had a lesion in a gene that made it susceptible to a

"new race," in quotes, of Southern Leaf Blight that could attack plants with this form of cytoplasm, and it was called TMS: Texas Male Sterile cytoplasm. And so they had to quickly breed that out because it was something that was a very danger. So I've talked about the development of the corn. I don't know as I said that our land grant colleges were started by Abraham Lincoln in 1865—you must know that—that in his last year before he was killed, he started the land grant colleges.

I've talked about the in-breds. We were able to develop—you see, you could develop corn that would fit your growing season. You could develop 110-day corn or 120-day corn through these sorts of things, and I've looked over our own—where's our own hybrid? Dougan hybrids. Where are we here? (shuffling papers) That isn't it. Here I am, bowing out of your picture here. There's the Depression, there's Power. Well, the Dougan hybrids: I can say some things without looking it up. The first year, we raised just a little bit, and de-tasseled it by hand, harvested it by hand, and shelled the corn into a blanket so that the corn was protected. And then, when that was planted, it was really remarkable, the difference between that and open pollinated.

I don't remember if it was that year or the following year—it was either 1934 or '35—when Grandpa and Dad, who were always the educators, held a big field day where people could come and see what the hybrid corn was and compare it to their own corn and so forth. And so these corn-yield-trial days continued right up until Dad was out of the seed corn business. They became more and more gala, and would be advertised in the paper and sometimes a thousand farmers would come. The University always had its test plots.

One year, Dad gave a very funny speech about—oh, he had gotten his hand caught in a husker, which was a stupid thing to do, he knew, when the corn was going up the elevator into the corn dryer area. He was pulling husks off as it went, but it didn't occur to him that the husks were also on the underside of these rollers that were going on. So he reached up to pull a husk from underneath and got his fingers caught, got his other hand in there—they stopped it immediately. Anyway, he was lucky he didn't lose fingers. He was lacerated; he was all bound up with his hand.

So when the corn-trials day came, the grange would come and would have a lunch on the grounds. They would raise corn from, say, fifty-five competitors, and the University would have about 120 of their own strains that were raised. These would all be husked out with a pile behind that wasn't husked and a pile in front that was, and the pedigrees in front and so forth so that people could go along and could compare or could try to see how the husking was and so forth. For instance, in '52 I think it was, they had three different professors that came down and gave talks during the day. They had the FFA, Future Farmers of America, had a swine judging contest in the morning, and then the swine professor talked. And then the soils professor talked. And then the corn professor talked that day. That might have been the day they had the

Congressman that came and talked too, and it turned out that there were five others that were running for office that showed up thinking that this was a good place to be if you were running for office, was to come out to the Dougan Farm on the corn-trials day.

Dad had to introduce people and give a speech while he had his hand all bandaged up. He said that was from defending the fields from raccoons. But he went on with some detail about it because he said, now, in an ordinary cornfield it doesn't matter if the raccoons and the pheasants get a little of the corn. You know, so you lose a little of the corn, so what? But if you've got your competitor's field of corn growing over here, and that's what the raccoons eat, why that's terrible, and if you lose a University plot. And so he went on to tell what they had done, that they had—I forget the first thing they did—but the second thing they did was they put wiring out and had radios all around, and then Dad said, "And so the raccoons enjoyed music with their lunch." (laughter) So that was one of the things he said, and everybody laughed at that. And then what they finally had to do was to hire people to patrol the fields at night, as it was getting closer, to keep the raccoons out so that they wouldn't lose any of these specialty plots. If it wasn't specialty plots, as I've said, it wouldn't matter that much. So that was a very funny speech. I have that speech written up, of the raccoon problem. At Farm Progress Days, in '61, there was the same problem with raccoons. Unfortunately the person in charge there, who was a kid—well, he wasn't that much of a kid, he was in his early twenties—he finally got permission to shoot the raccoons because they were making such inroads on the corn that was going to be shown for Farm Progress Days, with people coming from all over the state. But I think the raccoons back in '52 got away easier, were just scared away. I think they tried pots and pans at first and that didn't work. And the radios didn't work. It finally took people. So that was one of the things that we did with the corn. I talked to you about de-tasseling, I'm sure.

Let's see—oh, at first when they dried it, they dried it downtown at Aunt Ida's house in the basement and would make kind of a sling where you'd put an ear of corn, and then cross over the corn, and then put an another ear of corn and cross over the corn, and another, until you had it ten high. And then you'd hang it. You'd have a whole bunch of these, and every ear was numbered. You knew what ear was what. When the corn was dry, then you would make what they called a corn dolly, which was big squares of thick cotton material marked off with a wax pencil into a hundred squares, and put a corn kernel from one ear of corn on a square, and that would be marked so that you knew which corn it was. And then, when you had a sufficient number of these squares of material, you'd roll it up and wet it and let it go for several days. Then you'd open it up and see the germination and see how much germination you were getting from your corn. Well, the first time they did this, they, with great anticipation, opened up their corn dolly. The first row was fantastic: 100 percent for germination. The second row had one that didn't germinate: 99 percent germination. Then they continued to unroll and

became more and more dismayed, because the further they got in, there was less and less germination. It was getting very bad. And so they rushed up to Andy Wright at the University and he burst out laughing. He says, "You've made your corn dollies too big." He said, "They have to have air to germinate." So Daddy and Grandpa came back very sheepishly because it's something that they should have known. So then they did make their corn dollies smaller and got a very good rate of fertility.

Well, the next year they moved it up into the basement of the big house at the farm. I think I did mention that they increased the amount of fields and they had local boys that were de-tasseling. But then it got too big for that, and Dad put an ad in the paper and here all these kids came streaming out from town to de-tassel for twenty-five cents an hour, and a lot of them found the job too rigorous for them. But let's see, were there any other funny parts about the de-tasseling or about the corn business?

The thing about these, there were a lot of these farmers that the University enlisted to help. Many of them, both in Illinois and Wisconsin and roundabout, developed their own companies. Those dwindled due to various things. For one thing, the big companies began to patent their strains, and there wasn't this free interchange going back and forth between all these smaller companies. So Dad quit in 1971 when things were still doing very well, but since then the smaller companies have dwindled and dwindled. The figures I had is that there are now just eight major companies—DeKalb, Pioneer, Pfister, Funk—that account for 70 to 80 percent of the hybrid corn that's being raised, and most of the corn has been squeezed out. Did I give some of the reasons for that? I gave one of them there. The University was not making public its in-breeds, and so that was difficult. And then agribusiness, as I said, was patenting their commercial—so that it became lonelier and lonelier to be a hybrid corn dealer. And now, of course, it's very lonely indeed. I don't imagine there's too many of the small companies left.

So there's—Brink! That's the guy's name. I said Brinkley, but that was the guy on TV, isn't it? It was Brink! R. A. Brink. And both of them had been students of East. Jones had stayed in the east, but he [Brink] brought it to Wisconsin. By 1929, over 150 experimental hybrids, hand-pollinated, had been tested by the University, and it was in 1933 that they decided to open it up to the local farmers to grow and help them test. So that's some of the stuff on the corn.

Maniscalco: Now do you remember as a child, how the neighbors of your Father and your Grandfather, how they reacted to these new, innovative types of corn being brought into the farm and tested?

Jackson: I think they pretty much all went with hybrid corn.

Maniscalco: Really?

Jackson: As soon as it became very obvious how much greater yield you would have. That even though the open pollinated corn cost a lot less and you could even take it out of your own fields, if you paid—well, I think one of the figures I had was, back then, around '34 or '35. The open pollinated was two dollars a bushel and the hybrid corn was seven dollars a bushel. Well, for five dollars more you could vastly increase the amount of corn that you had, and with no more labor really, because to tend an open pollinated field was no greater, was no less of—how am I putting it? You could raise the hybrid corn as easily as the other. It was just the initial cost of the seeds. You still needed to cultivate and do all those sort of things. And I'm sure that people like Grandpa and Dad that both advertised and educated, raised the level of awareness, certainly around southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois, so that hybrid corn was pretty much standard. You'd drive along the highways and you'd see the signs out in front of the fields. I think you still see them now. You can tell what's Pfister and what's Funk and what's DeKalb and so forth, and say, "Oh, what a fine field of corn," and what it is.

One of my funny stories is that Dad had some 640A, I think it was, corn growing at a corn husking contest up in Walworth County, [Wisconsin] and there was a big storm. In the night, he was thinking, "What's going to happen with my corn? Is it going to lodge?"—which means fall over. So he got up at dawn and drove up to Walworth County to where the fair was and looked into the field, and sure enough. See, they had made channels in the corn so that the horses and the wagons and everything could get through for the de-tasseling contest—not de-tasseling, the corn husking contest—which made it even easier for the wind or whatever it was to get in there and knock down the corn. Here was his field, with all the 640A signs up around it, 641, whatever it was, flat. He pulled up all his signs and put them in the car so that nobody would know that that was Dougan's 641A that was lying flat on the ground. And then when he went to the corn husking contest later in the day, well, he walked along behind, I suppose, whistling with his hands behind his back and listening to the huskers saying, "This blankety blank corn. We can't get at it. It's down here on the ground."

These are the things you breed for in corn: you breed for increased yield, you breed for stronger stalks and roots and leaves, and you breed against pests and funguses. And there's another something or two. In sweet corn, you breed for increased sweetness and for length of time for the sugar to turn into starch. They've really got that down so that the corn that you buy in stores now is almost as sweet as when you pick it right out of the field and you eat it right about there. They've been working hard on that at the University of Wisconsin. I know that Lambert, who's—I think it's Lambert that's at Wisconsin—who was a sweet corn expert and was telling me about it. So those were the sorts of things that they were trying to develop in hybrid corn and managed it very well.

I'm not sure whether open pollinated corn is beginning to come back with this sort of back-to-the-basics that's going on now in the food world. I keep getting things from my nutritionist daughter. There was one just last week. She was comparing open pollinated with the hybrid corn. I said, "Well, this is all very interesting, I'd like to know more about it. You grew up on hybrid corn." So that was one.

Let's see if I've got anything more here on corn. I was going to mention the marketing of it. Dad ended up with about eighty seed salesmen, and he had a seed boss. These men, you see, would sell hybrid corn. And so they were all advocates of selling corn all over, and they were in northern Illinois and in Wisconsin. He even had one as far as South Dakota. But it was around that area, northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin mainly. He had eighty of these people who sold corn. Well, he also would advertise, market his corn, at the fairs. And there were plenty of fairs. Every county had its county fair, and so he had a corn boss, and a marketing boss and his wife. And they'd set up at the Dane County Fair and at the Walworth County Fair and the Rock County Fair and so forth, the Dougan tent. I have here a Dougan Hybrid bag. When Dad first started out, he went with a group of Wisconsin growers called WisBred. They banded together. But after a while, he decided he wanted to go it alone, and so he developed his own strains which he named. He made his own bag, which I think is very handsome. I wouldn't mind a room papered in Dougan bags like that for the hybrid corn. I do have some of the cloth bags, but not very many of those. More of these big, heavy, paper ones.

My brother, in the summertime, helped in the corn marketing, and he would go to these fairs. At the Dane County Fair, the first time he was there, they would go out to the local farmer and dig up some of his corn which would look good. They'd bring it in and put it on either side of the tent. Plant it. Sometimes it grew and stayed fresh all during the fair, sometimes it didn't. But they'd have the name of the grower out in front of it; it was somebody local. And it was very good advertising. When the corn was harvested, they'd have bushel baskets around of this person's corn and this person's corn and this person's corn, and they always had plenty of chocolate milk and orange drink and things like that for people. Fanny and Roy Viehman were hospitable, and all the other corn salesman, DeKalb and everybody else, would end up in the Dougan tent because they were having such a good time over at the Dougan tent, which was Fanny and Roy. Well, Craig had a good time too.

But at this Dane County Fair, it was the first time they'd been there and Craig—see if I've got this story straight. Craig had to dig the holes for the tent, and the ground was like cement. Like clay. He had a terrible time. When they came back the next year, Roy told him where to go and Craig was dreading digging at the Dane County Fair again. Roy said, "Here's where we're going to put our tent." Well, it turned out that Roy had the exact same spot as the year before. The ground was all nice where it was, so Craig was

able to dig it up easily and erect the tent at that point. Roy said, "Well, it's not just on account of this, but people know where the Dougan tent is, and so the farmers and other people would come there."

There were various fairs. He didn't much care for the Rock County Fair, not because it wasn't a good fair, but it was just like home. He'd grown up on the Rock County Fair. One of his favorite was the Trask Bridge Picnic, which was an Illinois fair down near Pecatonica. This started out as sort of a one-day community affair by the Burkett, or something, grange started it. I don't think I have that name quite right. The whole community could come and they would, you know, have fried chicken and things like that. Well, it grew and grew and eventually got to have three grandstands or platforms. On one platform they would have a band playing. On another platform, they would have a politician talking, and various acts on these various platforms. They had all the other farm stuff and the farm machinery and things like this at the Trask Bridge Picnic. It was only one day, but it was great fun. When the politician talked, they would turn off the band so that people would hear the politician that had come to talk at the Trask Bridge Picnic. I always liked the name of that. I never went to the Trask Bridge – Trask Bridge Picnic (enunciating) but I've always loved the name of it and what Craig had to say about it. But his very favorite was the Sandwich Fair, which is here in Illinois. That one had a small gauge railroad that ran all the way around the edge of the fairgrounds so that when Craig wasn't working he could ride the railroad round and round and round the fair. He enjoyed that very much. And what year was it? Fanny and Roy would stay overnight. They had a little trailer behind, and they always had coffee on for people in the tent and so forth. They would stay overnight. Well, this particular night, was it at—no, it was at Freeport, [Illinois]. They'd gone home. This was certainly before '52 because Craig was still working there. A tornado struck that night. When Fanny talked to me, she says, "I don't remember why we went home that night." But they'd gone home and a tornado came through. It destroyed the whole Dougan tent and their trailer and everything, and most of the fair. It just almost obliterated the fair there at Freeport. I'm sure we could find it in the papers to the exact day and how much damage it did and so forth. After that we still had a tent and things that we put up, but didn't do it quite as fully as we had up until there was this Freeport tornado. So that was the marketing.

In 1971, when Dad quit the business and really retired, his letter to his seed people said, "How does a kid get to be seventy?" And that's what we're all wondering. How'd I—here, I'm hitting my thing here—how did I get to be this age? I don't know. You know, you stay so much the same inside. You grow in certain ways, but you know, I still sit on the floor. I still like to slosh through the snow and tramp and make it splash, and things like that and so forth. And here I am this age, you know. How'd I get to be this old? It's happening. So.

Maniscalco: Well, you told us about the fairs as being a way of marketing seeds. What other forms of marketing for hybrid seeds did your Father and Grandfather?

Jackson: Well, he had these personal farmers that were the dealers that would go around and talk to other farmers. I mentioned those. He used radio ads.

Maniscalco: Oh.

Jackson: He advertised on the radio. He also advertised in the newspaper. We had a regular, weekly ad in the paper, which was either a Dougan baby or a Dougan, a class of school kids that came out. But during the season where he was selling seed corn, he would run a series of his ads of his dealers, for instance. Say, "Here is"—what was Bates's first name? Roy or something like that. It wasn't Roy, I think—"He is our man in Clinton, and here's what he's selling, and here's what you'll find." So there were the newspaper ads, too. And I don't know as they blanketed the state with leaflets or anything like that, but the word got around. He had, I think, as much business as you could handle, and what would happen if you had a bad field or a bad growing season or something, somebody else might have a better field or a better growing season, and then you could negotiate with that grower—Nichols or somebody like that—to have so much of their corn and so forth.

What you would do is, once the corn was harvested it would be graded; they first graded it in a little hand cylinder thing. Once we had moved up to *Chez Nous*... They had fixed up the corn processing before they fixed up the house. We couldn't move in at that point but the corn was all being processed up there. They had a grader that would have grids and it would shake it through; this was separating the corn into different sizes. Now it didn't make a bit of difference if you had a flat, or a round, or various other gradations when you planted it, but it made a big difference for the corn planter. Because the corn planter, at that point, had not been developed enough to be able to separate out and plant only three to a hill, so it might get lodged with a fat one. And the farmer also didn't want to... Well, it wouldn't work. What the farmer would do was, he would buy, say, a sack of flats, then he would have only one grid for his corn planted. If he had another kind of corn, then he could change that grid and plant rounds or something like that. But the corn had to be divided all up into the different things that they were.

Well, after they were all divided up—I forget at which point in the corn dryer—you would test the corn for its moisture content. And I liked that for the couple of years that that happened when we lived at *Chez Nous* because there was a little machine down in the basement where you'd put the corn in—I don't know if I told about this last time—and you'd put in oil. You'd boil the oil and it smelled like popcorn. Then the vapor would be funneled off into a measuring device and you could tell how much vapor there was, how much water content in the corn. When it got below 12 percent then it was dry enough, and then it was dry and could be bagged. They would, rake a

fungicide into it and then put it into these fifty-six pound bags. What's that, one bushel? I forget. Anyway, they were this size bag. What does it say? I don't know. Yeah, fifty-six pounds. Then the University would come and certify it. They would take samples out of this bag and that bag, check to be sure that your corn was properly dry enough, and then they would put a little metal tab on the corn that, if it was broken, it meant the corn had been tampered with. After a while, after only a couple of years, they developed a way of running electricity through a certain amount of corn; the resistance of the corn would indicate how much moisture there was in it, and that could be calibrated. So you could just do in a moment, what before, used to make the house redolent with all these things. You'd you'd think that that corn would be good eating, and we'd try it, you know? But it wouldn't be. It wouldn't taste very good even though it had been boiled in oil and so forth. But it did make the house smell good. But that was a bit of a tangent from where I was going.

Oh! The University. When we first moved into *Chez Nous*, the big house, the house up from the farm, we didn't have any place to store the corn. There was a room right next to the living room which became the corn room. Dad reinforced the basement underneath it, and that was filled with corn bags right up to the ceiling. There was about this much space up there, and us kids—I was fifth grade, Craig would have been third, Pat would have been seventh grade, Jo was too big for it, too old for this sort of sport—we would crawl up on top, in that little space up top, and play, and read, and talk, and drink chocolate milk, and do different things up there in the corn room. Well, at one point we discovered these little tabs and discovered that they snapped. So we snapped a whole bunch of the corn, and my dad just had a fit. So he had to have the University come and recertify it again from us kids doing that, so we were no longer allowed to play in the corn room. The year after that we had a corn storage building built; at that point the corn all went in there, and my mother used it as an office. But it was never known as anything but the corn room for all the years after that that we lived at *Chez Nous*. That was the corn room. But we tore off those certification tabs, so that maybe says enough about the marketing of it.

Maniscalco: Yeah. Last time before we ended, we gave no credit to the cows. That was a large business that went on at the farm, and is the purpose for the round barn. Can you kind of talk about cows some more. Maybe start off with, you know, the birth of calves? I know that you have some great stories.

Jackson: Didn't I talk about that last time?

Maniscalco: You gave us a couple quick versions, but...

Jackson: Well, OK. We were all much involved in breeding and artificial insemination when that came along, which was coming along about the time I was born. Not really. That was when the high index bulls were beginning to be known about. I talked, I think, about E. Parmalee Prentiss and the Mount Hope Index,

and how my dad got all excited about that. We took all our cow records and discovered what bulls had been doing a good job and what bulls had not been, and then got rid of the bulls that were not sending on good milk-producing genes to their daughters. Did I mention Lochinvar, that came out of the west?

Maniscalco: I don't think so.

Jackson: Remember Lochinvar? Well, that was one of my dad's jokes, really. He discovered that we had a bull that he had gotten from Nebraska, I think. It was supposed to be a good bull, and he named it—it had a pedigreed name—but he called it Lochinvar because it came out of the west. There's a line in a poem of Sir Walter Scott's that is, "O young Lochinvar has come out of the west," so he named this bull Lochinvar. Lochinvar proved to be a poor bull when Dad did all this figuring. He had to send Lochinvar back to the west because he proved not to be a good bull. Anyway, a cow is inseminated either by artificial insemination or by a bull. Often the young heifers might have a bull running with them at the start. When we became an associate farm where the breeder service was trying out bulls but they'd have to get a record on them, they'd have these associate farms where they'd provide bulls and they'd run with the young heifers that hadn't freshened yet. Then they'd be able to begin to get a record on the bulls themselves. The farmer who had these would luck out. I mean, if a bull turned out to be a very good one, they'd have been banking the semen; that would be good, and his herd would be improved. If the bull was so/so, why he wouldn't have hurt his herd anyway. It would only be if the bull was a poor one that he might have brought down his herd some. But the chances were good because these young bulls they would send usually had, you know, several generations of breeding ahead of them, which meant that they were improved.

So anyway, you get your first heifer or your cow, and it takes about nine months, I think it is, for a calf to grow. And then the calf is born. "Dropped," I think, is the term they use. It usually is a drop from the cow's vagina down onto the barn floor or the field or wherever it is, the barnyard, where she is. The cow then licks the calf and licks off the membrane, if there's still some of that. Anyway, licks the calf dry which—I think I did say—that's a funny thing, that licking will get something dry, but it's true. It does. And the cow: if it's in the field, the other cows come and stand around and watch this. Also, the cow tries to hide her calf. That's also where eating the afterbirth comes in. You know, there would be wolves and things like this in the wild, so that the wild ungulates—even though they were not [meat] eaters—they would eat their afterbirth to keep the young animal from being eaten by wolves or cougars or whatever happened to be the predator at the time. Back at the barn, what would happen in our barn is that the calf would stay with its mother for a couple of days and be happy, and both of them would be happy. Then they'd be separated and they'd both be unhappy. But the calf would be being fed the mother's milk for a quite a while—or at least ten days or longer, maybe longer because of the antibodies in the milk for the cow—then would probably go on

to a feeder cow, or be fed whole milk anyway, for about six months, and then go on to skim milk so that the calf would have it for about a year. Now, these are the heifer calves. I think I mentioned that heifer calves were much to be desired. Bull calves got sold for veal on the whole. And a freemartin calf, which is one that's twinned with a bull calf, a female with a bull calf, is usually infertile. It's—what? Nine out of ten are sterile, so that you don't want a freemartin. But of course, twin heifer calves, that's a nice bonanza.

At our farm the calves went down into a side barn. They should have been separated because of calf diseases. Now, when you see farms where they do have calves—I think I said—they have those little rounded calf houses all sitting in rows, and they can't even look at each other. It seems very lonesome to be a calf in one of those little calf houses. On the other hand, you're not in as much danger of [disease]. You can also move them around so that you're on different ground, just like you move pigs from one place to another so that the parasites and the diseases and the things like that don't stay with the pigs. So the calves grow there, and you try to, you know, get them vaccinated and try to avoid diseases and so forth. When they get to be heifers, you try to snub their horns coming up so that you don't have a horn problem. Then when they're about fifteen to eighteen months old, I think, is when they're ready for a first breeding. After that, the desirable thing is to have a calf a year, but that's not what happens. It's probably two out of three years, or three out of four years, or something like that.

You dry a cow off by cutting down on the amount of feed and on amount of the richness of the feed so that the milk begins to diminish. There was another way of doing it too besides cutting the feed down. Anyway, you encourage the cow to go dry, and then it stays dry for—I don't have that straight. When do you breed it, when does it—I'd have to check on that. At what point do you breed it when it's going dry? Because then you have the nine months. So I think you probably start to have it go dry before it's bred, but I'm not sure. Somebody, some farmer will have to tell you that, or I'll have to look over my notes. And I don't know as I have the notes down there, the cow notes, or some place else.

Maniscalco: What—

Technician: I don't think that's true. I think it's bred, then it goes dry for about two months, but it remains dry. It's from Wikipedia; I think that's where I got that.

Jackson: OK. That sounds good.

Maniscalco: What breeds of cow were on your farm?

Jackson: Well, the Jersey—we never had Jerseys. They're the richest milk. Grandpa decided on Guernsey. It was the Dougan Guernsey Farm. That has about a 4 percent butterfat. I think Jersey is a little more than that. Guernsey may be a

little less, 3.5 percent or something. So our best brand was always Dougan Guernsey Raw. After awhile, we got some Holsteins, and then more and more Holsteins. The cows were mostly grades. Grandpa experimented some with purebreds, and he found you paid a lot for your purebred and the purebred didn't do any better than your grade cow as far as at the pail, which was the determination of how good your cow is, as well as—see, my thought is now on bloat, on the pail, I'll come back to that in a minute—as well as the butterfat content, and that's what made me think about bloat. Let me take time out here to say one thing about bloat, OK? I talked about bloat sometime. Remember where we just were.

I told you that a cow would bloat—and I checked this out—a cow will bloat because it has too high a protein content in the rumen, that's the first stomach. I didn't say this last time. This is why in the Spring you have to be very careful of where you put your cows out to pasture, because young grasses—clover included, Sudan grass especially, and others—when they're growing rapidly, they have a lot of protein. If the cows get in there, they love the fresh new grass and they eat it, they get too much protein. Ordinarily, the methane that builds up in the cow's first stomach, in the rumen, is taken care of by the cow burping up its cud. The methane comes with it and the cow doesn't have any trouble. But if you have too much protein in there and the methane is building up too fast, then it can't get rid of it by burping and then the cow bloats and dies unless it gets help. The bloat story I didn't tell, I think, was when my Dad was seventeen, was left in charge of the farm—is this ringing a bell with you?

Maniscalco: No.

Jackson: Grandpa went away for a couple of days, left my father at seventeen in charge. He let the cows out into a pasture and he came back to bring them in for milking. He said he could hear them from a long way away, groaning and groaning and groaning. He got there and they were all down. They were bloated. He was just shocked, and he had nothing he could do. He didn't have anything with him for standard bloat, but he had his jackknife. The ones that were dead were dead, but he raced around plunging his jackknife into the bellies of the cows that were still alive, and I think that they lost six cows or so and saved the rest. Well, he was distraught, of course. When Grandpa got home, he too was distraught, but he didn't blame Dad. He said, "I shouldn't have left you in charge. Even an experienced cow man wouldn't know about this." There'd been a frost the night before, and there's something about frost and Sudan grass that makes the protein grow even faster. These cows had gotten into a pasture that had just frosted, that was filled with Sudan grass, and had been poisoned and had bloated. And I recall asking my dad, "Well, how did you know where to plunge your jackknife?" "Oh, that's easy," he said. "The cow is so distended that you just put it right there in the middle." It's under the last rib and so forth, he sort of gave the exact spot. But like that, and he saved it. Well, then I also think I mentioned the other bloat story.

Maybe I should also mention when we come back to the calves that were poisoned, lead poisoned—was up at our place where the dry calves and the heifers and so forth were kept up there. There weren't any milking cows.

We talked about this grain mill in the floor of the big round barn? What the herdsman would do is he would shovel corn and oats and whatever into the grain mill, but he would also shovel in, from a commercial bag, a protein to enrich the protein, and then would grind it all up and then put it into the chute; the bin that had the chute that would go down to the cows in the round barn. But he would also draw off three bags that would go up to Ron's place, up to *Chez Nous*, for the cows that were up there. And what was in this bag of protein was urea, which was very strong protein, extremely strong. Well, the herdsman's son had been helping, and the three bags were there by the barn door, and he was doing this, mixing the grain, and he got called away. He had already poured in the bag of urea, but he hadn't poured in—and maybe a bag of corn or something, or a bag of oats or something—it wasn't pure urea. Maybe it must have had some mix. No, I don't even know if it was mixed. But the farm manager had told the fellow who collects the bags to take them up to Ron's place, that there were a bunch of new heifers up there, and so they thought they ought to take four bags up. The fellow went up to the barn, he took the three bags, and then he went to the machine and drew off another bag so he had a fourth bag to take up. Well, that fourth bag was very, very heavy in urea. It hadn't been properly mixed yet. When they found the cows dying all over the barnyard up there, they also pierced them all. You see, I suppose—I don't know if they had the proper tool at that point, which is a trocar. I don't know how you pronounce these things. It's a circular thing like that which is called a cannula, or cannula, or cannula (different pronunciations). Anybody know the pronunciation? [**can**-u-la] And then inside of it it's got a stylet, which is three-prong—it's like a little triangle, sharp, that goes down into it—and the whole thing is called a trocar, t-r-o-c-a-r. What you do with that is, you put it on the cow and you push the stylet in, and that makes a puncture. The air comes out, says my Dad, like a great whoosh, like out of a balloon, when you puncture the rumen. Well, they managed to save the cows that weren't dead yet on the ground, but the ones that were dead were dead. Then it took them hours to try to figure out what the hell had happened to cause some of the cows to die and the rest to seem perfectly all right. And that's how they traced it back to the round barn. Probably the kid who had started the job and then left it and then came back to it, didn't even realize that a sack had been taken off, and just went on mixing it up and so forth. So they figured out that that was how they killed those cows that way.

To finish up on the bloat, there's another kind of bloat the vet told me, which is kind of a foamy bloat in the rumen. So it's like, well, full. And usually, the way you take care of bloat is by intubation. You put a hose down into the throat and into the rumen, and then the air can all come out of the hose. But if you don't have a hose handy, that's when you use the trocar and actually

puncture the cow. And it doesn't seem to bother the cow. Certainly it's much more comfortable once it gets rid of that huge distention which presses against the lungs and the heart and kills it.

This foamy bloat doesn't seem to work with the ordinary methods of getting rid of it. What the farmers discovered early on, or the vets, is that if you fed the cow soap, that that did something to the foam, reducing it so that then it wasn't a problem. Well, after the Second World War, they developed detergent—or during it or shortly after—and they discovered that detergent worked fine on the foamy bloat, and so they would feed the cows some detergent and that would get rid of the foamy bloat. But what the farmers started to do was to feed the cows detergent regularly as a preventive measure. "If we feed our cows detergent, they won't get foamy bloat." Well, that went on just as long as it took for them to start testing their milk, and they discovered that the butterfat was going down to below 1 percent. They were getting no butterfat, that there was something about that detergent which would encapsulate the fat globules or whatever they are in the milk so that the fat was not getting into the milk, so the farmers were losing the butterfat. So they immediately quit using detergent as a regular thing, and only used it when the cow actually had foamy bloat. And this of course is one of the problems that we're having now, which is that we've been feeding our livestock—not only cows but I suppose pigs and chickens and everything else—antibiotics as a regular part of their feed, not just when they're sick but as a preventive measure. As a result, we've been developing staph and all sorts of other things that are more and more and more and more resistant to antibiotics. And so we can thank the animal industry for helping move that along towards what's becoming a really catastrophic sort of thing, when you get all this information about how often you have to wash your hands, and how, you know, don't go to the hospital unless you have to, and things like that. Where we're just too smart for our own good, you know? And this is happening with antibiotics.

So where were we when I stopped—

Maniscalco: You left off at—

Jackson: —so I could have a bloat discussion.

Maniscalco: You left off at Holsteins and their butterfat.

Jackson: Holsteins, yup. Holstein butterfat is less. Well, I think it was a little before the Depression, and there were various small depressions before the big one. Anyway, at some point in the twenties or the late twenties, when we began buying milk from other farms, they had Holsteins and so we produced what we called a blended milk, which was both Holstein and our main milk was the Guernsey. I mean the premium milk. And then there was this blended milk which could be sold for less because the butterfat content was less. The way it

went—the way prices were set at the condensery and milk prices and so forth—was by butterfat content: the higher your butterfat, the more your milk was worth. So you could sell blended milk and Holstein milk cheaper. The Holsteins, I think, gave as much milk, maybe more. But also, with all the breeding stuff that my Dad was in on, they realized that pedigree really didn't mean anything. I think I stopped off just about there, that your purebreds didn't do any better, if as well, as your grade cows. Especially the ones that had been being moved up through the various stages of the Dairy Herd Improvement Association, which came before artificial insemination, which gave it a big boost in improving cows. Let's see. We were on the improvement of the cows. Oh, the Holsteins. Yeah. Any cow could be a good milker and wouldn't have to necessarily be a breed cow. At one point, I think we had a couple of cows that were sort of mixed Ayrshire and were the funniest looking things, with red splotches and black splotches and so forth.

By the end of the milking—it was mostly Holstein—we had to give up the Grade A Raw when the final laws came on pasteurization. There's a date for that, '48 or '51 or something like that. The doctors in town had told my dad to keep on with raw milk, that they wanted the Grade A Raw milk for patients and the hospital wanted it and so forth. But when it came that there finally had to be total pasteurization, that's when we quit the raw milk, around in the '40s. Are we still on cows, or are we on milk?

Maniscalco: Both. (laughter)

Jackson: They go together don't they? I've got a date somewhere for when the homogenizer came. What the homogenizer does, is takes those fat globules and smashes them to bits so that the cream no longer rises to the top, but it's evenly distributed throughout the milk. That's what homogenized milk is. So people could no longer buy milk—once we quit, once we were totally into homogenization—you didn't get your milk with your cream tops where you could pour off the cream. We even had a little device [siphon] that you could lower down in that would stop off the edge of the bottle and then you could pour off the cream and use that for your coffee or cereal, and then below it would be pretty much skim milk. But we'd always have to shake up the milk like this to shake up the cream with the milk. So... See, I've got too many topics going at once. I'm on milk, Holsteins, cows. Tell me your last question.

Maniscalco: We were talking about Holsteins and butterfat.

Jackson: That's right, butterfat. I was talking about what the homogenizer did, right?

Maniscalco: Mm-hmm.

Jackson: But there came another problem with homogenized milk, and that was that because so often milk was left out on the doorstep of people in home delivery,

the sunlight hit it. To hit an ordinary bottle of milk, there was no problem in change of flavor because the fat globules were big enough that they did not absorb that much sunlight to change the taste. But when you've got homogenized milk and there were vastly increased amounts of surface that could absorb sunlight, then you got a funny taste to your milk and people didn't like that. And we didn't like it. So they finally figured out that this was what was causing it, that homogenization was causing it. This was one reason that the bigger dairies went to paper bottles and so forth. We had to decide what we were going to do about it, and that was why we went to the amber bottle, because the amber bottle would cut out the sunlight. After awhile, of course, it didn't become a problem much anymore because there was no longer home delivery. People would buy their milk from the stores and the sunlight simply wasn't hitting the milk, so that it wasn't affecting the flavor that way. But we ended up pretty much with Holsteins.

Maniscalco: Now you mentioned a story about poisoned calves that we have to talk about.

Jackson: Oh yeah. I don't think I told that one before.

Maniscalco: No.

Jackson: This was down in the side barn where the newborn calves would go after the mother was there. The sawdust! I didn't mention sawdust? The Beloit Ironworks had sawdust that they used for making their castings or so forth. The sawdust was free and it made good bedding for the cows, and so we would bring out truckloads of sawdust and toss 'em into the side barn. Us kids would play circus above them, because if you fell from a rafter into the sawdust, it didn't hurt anything. But they also used it for bedding with the calves. The calves began to die, and they couldn't figure it out. They had the calves analyzed, and the calves were dying from lead poisoning. Well, Dad went everywhere. He would take the flakes off the windowsills and so forth. They tried everything they could find to see what was poisoning these calves, and they'd lose another calf or two. It was a dreadful mystery.

Well, he was in there just at the right time when the sun was shining through a window down onto the bedding, and something glinted. He looked down, pulled into the sawdust, pulled out a piece of sawdust which had red on it, looked at that, and it was red paint. He poked around among the sawdust some more, and he found others of those pieces. Then he high-tailed it down to the ironworks foundry or whatever it was, and found out that the wood that they made their castings from, they would paint the end of the wood with red paint that had lead in it. When they were done, there'd be all these shavings, and some of those shavings would have red paint on them which was not very visible in a whole bunch of sawdust. But the calves—there may have been a sweet taste to the paint or a different taste to the paint or something. The calves seemed to like that bit of paint or of taste they would get, so they were eating that. That solved the problem. But it showed me that between that

bloat story and the accidents that can happen and the things that you don't know, so many things can happen. The vet that told me the bloat story, about figuring it out about the urea. He said, "You know, there's some things we never can figure out. We don't know what caused it"—this was my friend, Dick Knilans, that was telling me that story—"and never can find out some of the things that happen."

Maniscalco: Yeah. Now I believe it was when I was reading through your book, there was a mention of theft, cattle theft especially.

Jackson: I'd like to find the date of that. I think it had something to do with when the price of meat suddenly went up so high, and everybody was very conscious of the price of meat. I think the only real cattle theft we had was when somebody or—it had to be probably more than somebody—came out and actually butchered a cow right in the field and carried off a lot of the meat and left the carcass there. I've got a little news clipping on it, and I remember hearing about it, but I haven't been able to pin down the date. It might have been in the fifties; it might have been in the '60s.

Maniscalco: So that only happened one time?

Jackson: That's the only time that I can recall that we had cattle theft. We had embezzlement. We had two different milkmen, I think, that embezzled; they were short term people. One was a person that was working on the place and shouldn't have. And then there was a milkman, a kid really, and he figured out a way of embezzling, of getting the milk when they paid for it at the door and changing his books and so forth, and then going back and changing them so that it wouldn't show in the office, so that it wouldn't look like they were coming up short and so forth. And Grandpa wrote him a three-page letter when they found out about it and figured out how much he owed and so forth, because he was just about to go into the service. He began paying back so much out of his check every so often through his parents. I have the letter from the father, who said that he thought that the blame was partly on my father in not catching it sooner. If anything happened to his son in the South Pacific, which is where the son was, that he would consider that the debt was canceled, that he wouldn't pay anymore on the debt that was owed for the embezzling.

Maniscalco: Do you know how much was embezzled?

Jackson: Oh, probably came up to close to a thousand dollars.

Maniscalco: Wow.

Jackson: It may not be that much. But it was enough that it was a sizable amount. But at that time it was during the war, and Dad first of all didn't want to believe anything was happening. It was called to his—you know—somebody was saying, "Hey, something funny's going on." But also he was losing a lot of

workers during the war, and he was on a milk route himself because he didn't have enough help. He'd start out at three in the morning and deliver milk, and then he would come back and do his office work. So he was working two jobs and he was worn out. So it took him a while before he finally got going on the books and began examining them and seeing just where they were different and changed and so forth and coming up short every month. So that was why he didn't catch this fellow. I've got the story in my book, but I've changed his name. Mostly I use people's names.

Oh! And people. There was an earlier fellow, and he wrote and told Dad that he'd gotten religion and he wanted to tell him that he had stolen from him and he wanted to pay him back. He sent him fifty dollars, and I've got some of that correspondence, and I think as far as we know, that's all he ever sent. He had a little ranch out west, and when my grandfather and mother went out west to see my uncle and to do a little traveling out west, they stayed at this fellow's ranch. I think what they figured is they probably took out in trade—in living there for a couple of days—what this fellow owed them. But Dad telling me about it later said that he didn't think that Metcalf had ever really paid off the debt. I have Grandpa's files of his private papers, and those letters are in there. I think I changed the name in the book on that, too, because I've realized that people have children and grandchildren and so forth, and if any of them read it, you know, they don't want to read about this. So you can change the name. It doesn't make that much difference.

Mostly I've used the people's real names. There was one fellow who tortured a horse because he was mad at it, and he said to me, "Go ahead, use my name." He was an ugly guy, anyway. He says, "I don't care. Use my name." So I put his name in. [Oscar] Skogan.

Maniscalco: Wow, interesting. Now you just talked about it a second ago, which was World War II. You touched a little bit on some of the effects on the farm. Can you elaborate on that a little bit more, and that time?

Jackson: Well, we all had to go under rationing. Dad or W. J. told the hired men that if they needed any tires, they'd better go get them now because they weren't going to be able to get them. Some took his advice and got tires for whatever cars they had, and some didn't and then were sorry. I told you that we raised hemp, marijuana, and that didn't seem to be any great thing except that it wrecked the machinery that had to work it. Gas was rationed. Wright and Wagner went back to horses for their delivery. They were the biggest dairy in town. We didn't go back to horses but we went to every-other-day delivery, so that instead of covering your entire route every day, you would cover half of it one day and then the other half the other day, which made perfect sense, except for Burrwood Park, where people didn't have refrigeration. That got covered every day. Eventually it went from every other day to three days a week: Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and no delivery at all on Sunday. So that was affected. And sugar was rationed.

And what else? So there was all that. As a country kid going to town school, I had to stick with the rides that were going back and forth, and we weren't running freely into town affairs and so forth. You went when it was necessary, but you also doubled up if you could. Or stayed overnight. Grandpa and Grandma moved into town in about the mid '40s when I was in high school, about 1944 or so, and so sometimes I'd do something downtown and then stay overnight down there because of lacks of rides. Also by then, as I think I mentioned, I was old enough to ride a bicycle downtown in junior high and high, so I could ride my bike to town if there was something going on. And nobody seemed to worry about my safety. Did I mention, when I would ride my bike home at night in the dark that I was the one that decided I didn't want to meet a car because it might be dangerous? When I saw headlights coming along down the road and here I was, I'd just get off the bike and go down into the ditch with my bike and wait until that car went by, and then I'd get out on my bike and go back on. But nobody said, "Jackie, hide out when a car comes along." It would probably have been a friendly car. But I just figured, Well, who knows? Who knows who's in that car? So that was one thing about my bike riding.

Maniscalco: What about labor during those times? I mean, you did say—

Jackson: That was very difficult. The labor. There were two funnels off for the labor. One was the factories. Fairbanks Morse, for instance, went into war work. They were our big, hugest factory in town, and they had a big demand for help. It's much easier to work in a shop. Not as interesting I should think. But it's easier as far as the hours, you know? You have regular hours and regular pay. I was reading, looking over some of the stuff that I had written that in one of these—I'll come back to labor in a minute—coming in one of these corn-yeild days at the farm, the 1947 one. I have a good write-up of that, of what happened there and all that went on and how marvelous the corn was and so forth. I say that Daddy does not say what a terrible spring it had been, that they didn't even think they'd get the corn in, the weather was so bad. I'm sure I mentioned that, bad weather, when we talked about drought and flood and so forth. What my note said was that for some days, they would start planting at three in the morning and work until midnight to get the crop in, the windows that they had to get the crop in. Well, that kind of labor is not particularly appealing, especially to a town person, somebody that hasn't been raised on a farm and knows that this is the sort of thing that happens. So the shops were taking people.

Then the army was taking them so the draft was going on. And Dad had special dispensation for farm workers, but in the case, say, of Red Holmes, who I might have mentioned before, he chose to go into the army. And that was where the sergeant kept saying to him, "You're not a milkman anymore." And he said he didn't know how the sergeant knew he was a milkman once. But he chose not to return to the farm because of the hard work there. So

between the army and the factories, and then the fact—from then on, really, from the war on—it was hard to get help.

This was another reason for the death of the farm, was the difficulty of getting good help. My grandfather was able to hire college students and had people coming down and writing their theses on the farm, and he was able to get a really high quality of hired man. But by the time my dad was quitting farming, you almost had the dregs that couldn't get a job anywhere else and were not responsible and would come and go and so forth. The barn was not as sparkling clean as it once was, and I would come back and I would say, "Hey, Dad, the barn's dirty." And he would look grim and he would say, "I know it." And things like that. Grandpa tried very hard to fix a working day for farm help and for the family, where they would not be overworked. Where everybody would be able to quit at six o'clock at night and would have some rest during the day if they'd gotten up very early for the milking and things like that. And he wrote articles about that and talked over the radio about that, in one of his radio talks, and has an article in Hoard's Dairyman, I guess, about that, about the farm, trying to get life as well as a living, not only for the farm owner but for the farm workers, too. So labor was a big problem, and as the blending of farm and town went on too, you had less and less young people coming for jobs that knew anything about farm work, so that you were having to train them more. It was harder and harder to maintain a farm as the years went on, with the help.

Maniscalco: How many farm laborers were working on the farm at a time?

Jackson: Well, there were usually six to eight that were living at the big house, and then there were those that had their own houses. When we get to talking about the Depression, there's an article. It's got it in it—and also I've got it in my notes—that Grandpa, with some pride, said that the farm managed through the Depression to support fifty people on the proceeds of the farm. This would be wives and children, too. That's a fairly good number for a farm of our size. I think the dairy at that point was about 440 acres, and our farm was about 200 acres—oh, in the Depression? No! We didn't even have our farm yet. That would have been the 440 acres of the dairy, so that was a tangent. Where was my main question again?

Maniscalco: How many people were working on...

Jackson: How many people, yeah. I never thought of the big house as a boarding house. I just thought that was where everybody lived and where so much of the action was. We had our own action at the little house. We'd play with our toys on the floor and things like that, but usually there was so much going on at the big house. There was much more cooking going on in the kitchen and activities. The meals when you'd eat over at Grandma's house where the help ate with the family for dinner and supper. I think in the morning, people would come into the kitchen at different times: the farm workers, the barn

workers would come at different times and so forth, and the milkmen that lived on the place would come down and have their breakfast and then go out and load up and so forth. Or come back. So the breakfast was separate. The meals in the big house were at the dining room table with everybody, and there was always just much interest going on, always lots of conversation. Once we lived at *Chez Nous*, there was always things going on up there, too, at mealtime. I'm a slow eater, and one reason is because there was always so much going on at meals. There would be plenty of regular professors down from the University; and if the cow tester was there; or if Chet Hoesley was there, who was the Cherry Burrell salesman who sold us all our milk house equipment and stuff. There was usually somebody there for dinner at noon. And so there was quite a lot of help on the farm, and when we get to talking about the Depression, I'll tell you about Professor Duffy and how he thinks there shouldn't have been so much help.

(end of interview 2)

Interview with Jacqueline Jackson
Interview # AIS-V-L-2008-019
Interview # 3: March 5, 2008
Interviewer: Mike Maniscalco

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Maniscalco: We're going to start again. This is March 5, 2008. And it's, let' see, probably about twelve o'clock, maybe 12:45. We're starting to interview again with Jacqueline Jackson. Are you still doing good?

Jackson: Oh, yeah.

Maniscalco: All right.

Jackson: I'm ready for some more.

Maniscalco: One of the things you wanted to talk about, or that we want to talk about under the idea of farm labor and laborers on the farm is the 1918 flu. I wonder if you could tell us about that.

Jackson: Yeah, I wanted to bring that up when we were talking about health, because there was the two things: there was the terrible sickness and then there was also keeping the business going. As people probably know, the flu was a terrible, terrible thing. It killed some twenty million people, wasn't it? which was twice the number that were killed in the First World War, including all of the civilians. Maybe twenty million. That seems like an awful lot, but I think maybe that was it. It was worldwide.

Maniscalco: Wow.

Jackson: I've got it on a thing here about the flu. What did I do with that? That's bloated. We talked about that. Here's the flu. Twenty million. An estimate of twenty million people, more than twice that many that were killed in the war and civilian killings.

My dad, all of us, were often downtown at Aunt Ida's and Aunt Lillian's. Aunt Lillian lived with Aunt Ida in her later years. Or not such later years. Dad, when he went down there—he went since he was going to high school—he would ride his bike back there for lunch. We often slept overnight downtown. Anyway, Dad would play in the evening with the local kids down there. One of them was Lowell Putnam. They would play under the streetlight and joust with their bicycles and sticks and played kick the can and things like that. When the flu came along, the entire Putnam family died: father, mother, Lowell Putnam, and his brothers and sisters. The whole family got wiped out by the flu.

Maniscalco: Wow.

Jackson: I heard from Eloise who lived down the road from us—we were talking about things—and I mentioned how the Lowell Putnam family had died. She said, “Well, we had sort of a memorial service out at our house after the flu was over.” I could remember my mother saying, Oh, what a bitter, bitter pill that was; they got everybody together to remember the Putnam family, because there wasn't any family to remember them because they were all dead. So that was one thing. On our farm and on our road there was a lot of sickness, but nobody died of the neighbors.

Now my brother, my uncle and my grandma were sick. Esther was sent down to Aunt Ida's because she wasn't sick. She was the sister. Practically all the farm help was sick and couldn't work. What was left was Grandpa and one milkman, Charlie Keller, and my Aunt Lillian. At that point she was fifty-five, and grandpa was fifty. Aunt Lillian was rather a trial to everybody, at least when I was a kid she was, and she was a trial to my grandma in many ways. But Aunt Lillian came out to the farm. She donned boots. She donned aprons. She and grandpa did all of the barn work and all of the milk housework alone. The way they handled the milk route was that... Charlie Keller told me this. He said that they would fill up the wagon. There were two routes at that time:

east side and the west side of town. He would go in and deliver the east side and then he would come back to the edge of town and Grandpa would be waiting for him with another wagon with the second load in it. Grandpa would take the first load—I presume horses at this point—would take the first load back to the farm. Then he and Aunt Lillian would do up all the washing and the bottles and so forth and the bottom of the milk. Charlie was delivering the second route, and then he would get done and come back to the farm and he would help. So I imagine these were 3:00AM to midnight nights, too, as that planting night that I just mentioned. They had to do the whole thing. I imagine some corners were cut. They might not have kept the barn quite as clean as it had been, but the cows got milked, the milk got pasteurized—yeah, they would have been pasteurizing some of it—the milk got bottled and it got delivered all during the flu.

When it was over, Grandpa and Aunt Lillian were pretty much haggard shells. They had worked so hard. For all of Aunt Lillian's being a trying old lady, she certainly, when she was fifty-five, came through magnificently during the flu. I imagine that was a time when everybody had help problems because of the illness and so forth. We were lucky that nobody died. It reminds me of the Black Death back in Europe, which is really what opened up Europe to the middle class; so much labor was killed and died in the Black Death that there was all this land and then it was opened up. So the vassals could move out and so forth but I won't go into medieval history. But there was that affect too.

Maniscalco: Yeah. Let's also talk a little bit about the milk wagons on your farm. Can you explain what they looked like, what was...

Jackson: Well, we have some very nice pictures of some early ones. The first one was Grandpa just delivering in a buggy. Pretty soon he got a milk wagon and had *W.J. Hogan* and *The Baby's Milkman* on the outside. The part that could be painted, were sort of rich cream color and then the printing was in a brown, so it was a nice effect, a nice, creamy effect. The early milk wagons were sort of big wheeled and pulled by a horse. What you need in a milk wagon and in a milk truck is to have a dip so that you can hop in-and-out and in-and-out and in-and-out when you're delivering milk. You can't be opening and shutting and opening and shutting the driver's side of the door anyway. So a milk truck is always built with that kind of a dip as you'll see in the pictures. There was a period—it might have been during the war—when they had a lot of trouble with the milk trucks, trying to keep them going. They were using a Ford, where they would have taken out the backseat and had the space in the backseat and the trunk where they could pile up milk cases. They improvised all sorts of things when they didn't have the proper sorts of wagons. By the fifties, certainly, the milk trucks were all very uniform and quite nice. But, then the Depression, too, as they kept adding milk routes, they couldn't man enough trucks because of the cost. That's when they were pressing farm trucks into service and some of these other makeshift sorts of things.

Maniscalco: Yeah.

Jackson: A milk truck is a specialized sort of truck. During the Depression we rode in the milk trucks because of not having cars. The milk trucks had a sort of central area in them that was down to the bottom and then it had two sides up and we'd pile the milk cases on those sides, too. I suppose those sides were up to reveal the wheels. So that was the building of that. But they were always very uncomfortable to ride in because there was a little metal ridge along that part, so if you were sitting on them, that metal ridge hits you right there in the lower thigh, above your knee where it bent. It was uncomfortable riding. But many is the time that we would have gobs of kids riding in those. I had a Sunday School class who came out to a party and we had an accident there with a milk truck. I was taking them all in the milk truck. This was great fun. Of course there were no such things as seatbelts; we didn't care. We were headed on the west side and my brother was driving, I think; I was there with the kids. All of a sudden my brother speeded up tremendously, which was a shock, and then a car hit the truck and knocked the truck over onto its side. Well, those kids were flying around inside like popcorn. Nobody was hurt.

What had happened was, this man was rushing his wife to the hospital and had run a stop sign. We had been in the intersection and my brother had seen that car coming at him; that's why he had gone faster and nearly escaped. But in the end, it knocked us over. We could have been sued. All sorts of things could have happened if it had happened, especially since one little girl was missing. Well, what happened was that we were right close to where she lived. When she found herself outside the milk truck and here is what happened, she ran home. We found her at home and then we all breathed a sigh of relief. The milk truck, once it was righted, it still ran, but it didn't run very well. It was sort of compressed a little bit. We drove it back to the farm and I think it was acting very strange. We pulled into the spot where it was supposed to be and we put a little sign on it that said *sorry*.

We had two farm mechanics and they kept everything running. I think I mentioned that during the cold weather we did get a big garage built, finally, where there was some heating and it would keep us warmer. Until it got warmer they'd put two on that farm ramp—the picture that we looked at last time—they could be on the farm ramp; in the cold weather they could get them to start by running down the ramp. But it really took two mechanics to keep all of the machinery in repair, including the milk trucks, the farm trucks and the tractors and all that.

Maniscalco: Now, not only did the milk trucks deliver milk, but there was also an orange drink that I've heard you talk about many, many times.

Jackson: Oh yeah. We loved that.

Maniscalco: Can you explain what that is?

Jackson: It was sold in little—maybe it was in pint bottles, too, but I think it was really just in little half pint bottles—and it was called Newman's Orange. What we would do is buy it concentrate and then mix it with sugar and water and bottle it. It was very good. The closest thing I say that comes to it is if you have a good orange squash over in England or a non-carbonated orange drink here. It wasn't carbonated, but it was really refreshing. We drank a lot of orange drink. We also had grape and there were a couple of things that bombed. There was a root beer drink for a very short while, which I don't remember, but one of my sibs said, Well, don't you remember the root beer drink? and I said no. I guess it didn't last long enough to be popular. And there was also, I think, a strawberry drink for a very short time. It didn't last, but the orange drink and the grape drink did, and those were little half pint bottles.

Maniscalco: Interesting. All right.

Jackson: Well, we talked about the flu.

Maniscalco: Yeah.

Jackson: We talked about the milk trucks.

Maniscalco: Yeah. The other thing you wanted to talk about was power on the farm.

Jackson: Oh yeah.

Maniscalco: Then you wanted to—

Jackson: OK. Now, that's a little complicated for me, so I studied up on it. It's still a little complicated, but I will explain it as best as I can. I have a friend who recently died—shouldn't have—Hap Hornbostle, a genius at anything mechanical and an inventor. Hap and I crawled—mostly Hap did the crawling but I did a little—into every orifice of the farm to try to figure out where the power was. We have a gold mine there on that farmstead down in the well beside the Big House, but the people who own it don't know it. They don't know what a goldmine they have down there and I'm not about to tell them. Anyway, when grandpa came to the farm in 1906, they had wind power with a windmill. They had, of course, hand-power going and things like that, and horse power and wood; you could burn wood, coal and kerosene. That was what there was in 1906. The windmill was used to pump the water up out of the well. The cows were milked by hand and the milk was bottled by hand. What have I got here?—the kerosene provided heat and so forth.

Well, when the round barn was built, grandpa had it wired to make it ready for electricity because, boy! was he way ahead of electricity. Back in the 1880s, A.P. Warner was a kid and he told his grandfather, who was an educated and distinguished gentleman at that time, that he wanted to be an inventor. His grandfather said there is nothing left to invent, which was a gross understatement. A.P. Warner grew up to electrify Beloit really, early on, first in

just little areas and then later more and more. So, by 1890 there were some dynamos and by 1995—what I have got here—and with power from the dam, I think they were providing electric power to about seventy households in Beloit. From there, Beloit Electricity became very much more and more a part of the Beloit scene. I think the fact that there was good electricity nearby had something to do with Dad and Grandpa deciding to settle near Beloit. He knew that there would be electric power there eventually, but he couldn't afford it, right, when he first moved out there. What he did was, he started with a Model Z, Fairbanks, Make-and-Break Engine—that would be around 1910—and dismantled the windmill. There are no more pictures of the windmill, though we have a good picture of the windmill in one of the pictures of the Big House. He built a pressure tank and he'd have water at all times with this Z Motor. In 1914, he replaced the old jack pump with a motor-driven jack, and a generator that was electrically powered by the old Z engine. Now he had power for pumping water, and washing and capping, and lighting the house, and the barn and belts that drove the sewing machine and the washing machine, all sorts of things like that, and a gas engine in the barn for the shredder, the husker, the silo and filling, and all that. But it was two-horsepower down there, which wasn't enough for milking.

Well, I mentioned maybe, in May of 1914 he had an alfalfa party. He had been growing alfalfa in different spots on the farm; alfalfa was just beginning being a forage crop and it took care in growing. The university had worked with him and was interested in it. He had this alfalfa party and had people come down from the university. It was a peripatetic sort of party because people sort of moved around from field to field. But it was also an electricity party. Wisconsin Power and Light—that's what it was called at that point—had loaned Grandpa various electrical items to show for the people coming to this big alfalfa party. When they went into the Big House they would see an electric washing machine, a vacuum sweeper—which turned out to be a dud and laid around for reasons I won't go into right now—and a sewing machine. The electric lights in the house and in the barn, everything, was all lit up electrically.

The Daily News wrote up this alfalfa party, but they spent a lot more time writing about the electricity than they did about the alfalfa party, partly, well, I would say a lot, because Beloit was not yet totally electrified, and especially farmers weren't. So to come out and here was a farm that was all lit up and all this power going on with the electricity was something that was amazing to them. That was 1914.

In 1916, he expanded again by getting what was called a Freeport Gas Machine. As Hap explained that to me, it's a vaporizing thing that makes a vapor for the gas; you can draw off the vapor and use the vapor for power in the house on the stoves and boilers and things like that at the big house. At the milk house, in the barn, you could use it. Then you could use the heavy gas, which wasn't the vapor, for your tractors and things like that. It was quite an

interesting and economical thing. It was right out there between the big house and the milk house. I used to think it was a well. Well, it was a well. When I wrote a story where I had Jackie sitting on the well cap, when I first wrote that story, I figured I was sitting on a well. What I was really sitting on was the—what's the name of the thing?—the Freeport Gas Machine, which was down in there. That was a revelation for me, that that wasn't a well. That was the Freeport Gas Machine. They still used the Z Machine at that point. Got the first tractor at about 1916 or '17.

In the very end of 1916, so much expansion was going on with building the milk house and grandpa needing more power and so forth. I mentioned these clay pits earlier that were halfway out Colley Road where they were making the clay for the castings for the ironworks. Well, they had electricity come up that far. Grandpa paid another 600 dollars to have the highline extended another three-quarters of a mile out to the dairy. He then had the water, the light, coming from Wisconsin Power and Light and by the time he had electrified everything with a high wire, it was about another 300 dollars. That was about 900 dollars in 1916 or '17, which is a big sum of money at that time, to electrify the place. In fact, the Paragon Clay Pits there helped with it by having it go that far.

That brings us back to the labor, because with the electricity he was able to do more in spite of losing labor. When we last talked I mentioned how we used horses for the hay and we ran into the forest and things like that. I found—grandpa wrote this article in 1929, see, what do I got here?—oh yeah, he had several systems running at that point and he had the high-line and he had the three-phase current that was direct from the city power. He went from 32DC to 220AC at that point in the farm. So the farm was fully electrified by 1917. At that point he sold the various separate home plants. One problem with the REA is that a lot of people had those home plants and they didn't want to give them up because they were back-ups. The REA wanted people to give up all of their home electricity and use the REA or they would make them pay. They had a hard time with a lot of the farmers who didn't want to give up their Z Motors or whatever it was, the generators, that they had out in the place. We covered that a little bit.

Maniscalco: Now, the REA is the Rural Electric [actually, Electrification] Association?

Jackson: The Rural Electric Association, yeah.

Maniscalco: Thank you.

Jackson: FDR [President Franklin Delano Roosevelt] began that. During the war [World War II] it petered out before the whole country got electrified. The whole country gradually did get electrified because the REA went into co-ops and owning by the farmers and so forth and so on. So the government didn't finish funding it. I mentioned it must have been in 1917 that they had the big

electricity party. Not the alfalfa party, but they had—I think they used some of the electricity there, too. I'd have to get that straight. They put the electric motor up in the loft at that point and got electric milking machines because they didn't have as much help. Everybody turned out to do the milking at 3:30 in the afternoon and early in the morning. Our first milking machines were two Empire Milking Machines. They were the kind that stand back behind the cow and had the closes in the tip cups and so forth go to the top. That developed a funny taste and I think that they traced the funny taste in the milk to the milking machines, because they had German silver in them or something. So they got rid of the Empire milking machines and went to Surge at some point.

I don't know too much about that, but the Surge milking machines—do I have it here?—are what I grew up with. If you put this strap over the back of the cow and then this would (here, she demonstrates for the interviewer with an actual milking machine) this would hang under the cow with the strap over the back of the cow. It was called a surge signal. The milking machine would hang on the surge-signal; it would hang right under the cow. I don't know if the whole contraption was called a surge-signal or just that metal rod with the strap, You could adjust it to the size of the cow and the heaviness of the udder with the stuff there. So that was the surge-signal.

So, let's see. We have the high line. Then the *Prairie Farmer* asked the individual master farmers what they had to write about electricity on the farm. Grandpa wrote them an article—about half of the article was finally published—Grandpa's talking about electricity on the farm. To sum up, he said, We've had electric power since 1904. We had a home plant. By 1917, the high-line current came from Wisconsin Power and Light. In 1929, he lists: we now elevate the grain, we now elevate the hay. I told you we didn't use electric power for the hay but we did. He wrote in some detail about that: how there was a rope that was fastened to something; you would hit the switch and the rope would then pull up the hay and then you could hit the switch and it would drop the hay and send the fork back. We still needed somebody to plunge the tines of the fork into the loose hay, but the electricity did the lifting. Before I have seen horses do it, and what I think I saw were the horses up in our place. For some reason, they must not have had the electrical set-up in the *Chez Nous* barn. When they put hay in the *Chez Nous* Barn, I saw the horses walking, they'd yell "pull" and the load dropping into the barn. So that's where I saw that. But we did use electric power to elevate the grain and to elevate the hay and so forth. Let's see if he says anything. In the article he says, "The only real disadvantage is that you have to be very cautious. You can't let people use the electrical equipment that don't understand it, so you have to be very careful that people are trained to use the electricity." So, here's where I wrote it. I said, Have a hay roll attached to a hoist, which runs the electric motor and when the load of hay comes up, it's an instant job to throw a switch and get a start and then a return drum draws the fork back to the load. You can unload a large load in ten, fifteen minutes with only one man. So that was saving labor.

Do we want to come to the Depression now?

Maniscalco: Yeah, let's talk about the Depression.

Jackson: Well, let me come to the Depression, because that has to do with labor, too. I want to start talking about the Depression by talking about Professor Duffy, because I've developed a strong dislike for Professor Duffy without ever having met. Where are my notes on Duffy, here? Duffy. Duffy. Where are you Duffy? Maybe in those Depression things I just laid down here. Let me—

Maniscalco: There is one card behind you, too.

Jackson: What?

Maniscalco: There is one behind you.

Jackson: No, but that's the flu.

Maniscalco: Oh.

Jackson: Well, here he is. No, that's not it. That's Dougan. Sorry about this. More corn. Where is good old Duffy here? Corn trials day. Well, I don't see it. Anyway, I think I can wing it on Duffy. Here's what happened.

In the spring of 1929 before the big crash, there was a—I lost my seat—there was a bonanza from the university. Professor Duffy was the professor in charge of farm machinery and implements and so forth. He had made a deal with two implement companies to borrow their machinery and use them on two farms and send an assistant to each farm. They would be loaned to the farmer and he would run this experiment for three years, to see how much efficient use of machinery could save on farm labor and on everything else. This was his big project. A farm north of Madison was willing to be all Case machinery; he selected the Dougan farm and they were going to have Harvester machinery. Well, here was a gift horse you could hardly not accept, so they accepted this. Somewhere, and I may find it in a bit, I have the list of everything they sent down; the one that I remember the most is the Ronnie silage thing. They had something out in the field that would cut silage and bind it, a machine. But I'm not sure that was the Ronnie filler, because what the Ronnie did was it cut the corn in the field right with the silage so it was already cut up, the Ronnie filler. Well, I think they got a tractor out of it and they got, oh, about six pieces of machinery, including this four-row binder, out in the field, the Ronnie filler, the tractor, and three other things. They weren't going to begin until the '30s, but they actually did begin in the fall of '29; before the crash they were doing something. Well, nobody realized quite so soon how bad things were going to be. Grandpa and Dad were using the machinery and the assistant. I don't remember what the assistant, what writing about the assistant or who it was that came, but they were keeping the records and they were keeping how much time they spent and so forth.

After the first year, Grandpa's report to Duffy was that the farm had not made any money. He had all these things. Well, it was the beginning of the Depression, so it's not really surprising. But Duffy wrote him a letter which was like scolding a schoolboy. Here's what you've done wrong. You have too much help. You did this. You did this. The whole thing sums up as Grandpa as a poor manager, using too many men for doing these jobs and so forth and so on. Well, the Depression went on and Harvester wanted their stuff back. Duffy wrote after a bit that they had not anticipated things being so bad and they were going to have pull the machinery back. The farmers were given the option—the two farms were given the option—to buy if they wanted to, but they had to get the machinery back and so forth. I think that Grandpa somehow managed to keep the Ronnie silo filler and the tractor. I'll come to how they got through the Depression—how they might have had some money to do that—in a minute.

Duffy really, really wanted this experiment to work. What he didn't take into account was the sort of thing I told you about, for instance, calves dying and you don't know why. Well, things happen to the machinery. Somebody puts something back in wrong and the next time it goes, it breaks something. I mean, we all know the trouble you have with a lawnmower for instance. Well, farm machinery is complex. If you have a worker who doesn't quite know what he is doing, or if they didn't notice that when they took it off that it went in this way and they put it back in this way, you lose a half a day of work or you can't get the part or things like that, and that slows down the work, so that the efficiency that Duffy was expecting, and had bet on, wasn't coming through. This was irritating him mightily. He was blaming Grandpa because Duffy's experiment was not working and he didn't take into account the Depression either. Grandpa conferred with one of his older workers who had been with him almost from the start, DeWitt Griffiths. Griffiths wrote Don and said, "Duffy was saying how you have to get rid of so many men. You don't need a man here. You don't need this man. You don't need this man. And you can do the work with this. It seems to me that what we are regressing to is to what life was like without life as well as a living, where the farm worker would just toil the entire time."

Even though the project was stopped after two years rather than going a full three years, Grandpa still filled out all of the stuff and sent it to him so he had all of the statistics on it. He kept the silage, the Ronnie machine, and he had one funny line in it in one of those where he was talking about how he had used the machinery on the home farm—by then did he have the Hill Farm?—he had some other silo on somebody else's place. He said his neighbor had said that he couldn't understand why they had to keep filling the silo and filling the silo. As you know, silage settles, but he said that he finally had it figured out and that was because there was a Chinaman down on the other end that was emptying it just as fast as he was filling it. It took me to read that a couple of times before I realized what the joke was, that on the other side of the world somebody was emptying his silo from the bottom. Grandpa's final letter to Duffy, after all of

these tart letters from this fellow was saying we did not, oh, he pointed out the problem with the Ronnie. He said the problem with it is it cuts the silage too—it doesn't cut it as fine—and so the corn is bigger. In other words, a corn cob might be cut in half or thirds or something like that. He said, So it does not mix as well with—what word did he use, the other part of it—the stems and the leaves and all. He said, It builds a much steeper cone in the silo when you empty it into the silo; it comes up and builds a much steeper cone and that lets the bigger pieces of corn roll down and let it roll to the edges. Well, around the edges, as I think I've said before, you can't have air because that interferes with the fermentation, and lets the air in and it spoils it. And he said he had to have two men in the silo with the Ronnie in order to keep forking it up against the edges so that it was filled because of the Ronnie not cutting the silage fine enough. That was one of his criticisms of the Ronnie. But then in his final letter, I don't know if that was contained in the final letter or not, but he finishes it up saying that he guesses that this has not worked out well for Duffy and him, for three reasons. One of them was he used too many men, especially customers who were out of work who would come and work off their milk bills. I myself are probably lazy and do not work hard enough, and he had one other thing. Anyway, this was the last letter and he sort of made a dig at Duffy as to why he had so many... Oh, and he said, I have not layed off any men. Because he didn't lay off any men all during the Depression. He said. Because I haven't layed off any men, I have taken on extra men so they could work off their milk bills, and I think he said, I guess, because I am probably lazy and do not work hard enough. So that was Grandpa's response to Professor Duffy who had treated him like a child in these earlier letters and ordering him about what he should do.

Which brings me to the Depression. It hit pretty much unawares. There had been other dips before, 1921 was one and so forth, and recoveries and so forth, which was sort of almost usual. We knew there were going to be troughs and heights in farming and in anything, but when the Depression hit, the Great Depression, it was really bad. There were two things that saved the farm. The first thing saved everybody. I've got some Depression papers here somewhere. Where did I put the Depression? Here we go. This might not be all of it. Probably the first major thing that saved our farm and saved all of the other farms on Colley Road and saved many farms all over, was the Federal Land Bank. The Federal Land Bank made loans to farms so that they could keep going. There were adjustments that had to be made. You had to have a certain relationship between liabilities and assets. You couldn't just go in and say I need this much and they'd give it to you. Well, the farm was too much in debt to get a Federal Land Bank loan.

I'm pretty sure this was my father's idea, but certainly he and Grandpa chewed it over together. They decided that they would incorporate the milk business and make the milk business an entity in itself and separate it from the farm. So they incorporated with Grandpa as the president and Dad as the secretary and his first cousin, Hazel, Aunt Ida's daughter, as the treasurer, I think it was. The

three of them were the board for incorporation. Then they transferred all of the debts from the farm, some 20,000 dollars, onto the milk business. Dad went around to all of his creditors and asked if they would take a note on the milk business and all of the creditors did. He said, if the creditors had all called in at one time, their bills, he said he would have gone under. But he said they didn't. They trusted us. They did not call them in and so that saved us. They took private notes on the milk business. Dad said that everybody on the road would have gone under if it weren't for the Rock County Federal Farm Loan Association. He probably told me this about—well, it would have been in the late '60s or sometime during the '70s—he said we got ours in 1933 and I'm still paying it off as slow as I can because it must have had a very low interest rate, so he was hanging onto that.

Well, here's what was happening with the milk business, of course, which was that business was falling off. People were being layed off and they quit taking milk or they'd go to the store and get it. Or they'd take a bucket out in the country and get it from any farmer who was willing to sell them a bucket of milk out of his cow and that cow could be tubercular or it could be who knows what. It could be unclean and so forth. Dad wrote a series of rather humorous ads called Dear Blame, where he talks about carrying your bucket—for the milkman—carrying your bucket out into the country and coming back with your milk. So anyway, the milk business was falling off. Dad would write courteous letters—I have some of those letters—to customers suggesting could they pay just a little bit and so forth; some could and some couldn't. As I mentioned, they could come out to the farm and try to work off their milk bills, some of them, but still, things were really going downhill.

When Dad had his second great idea—this was not immediate—this was not one he hadn't had earlier. There was a motto in Wisconsin which said, Farm and Factory Must Prosper Together. He had used that motto when he had sold milk; he'd gone up to Gischultz in Madison, which was pedaling milk into Gischultz Factory or maybe they were a dairy there. Anyway, he went up to this Gischultz place and saw how they were doing it. But then he came back. Would that have been before or after? Anyway, at the start of the Depression, he was selling milk to a couple of very small shops. He would stop by and leave milk for them and so forth. Then he decided he was going to really, really push it. So he went and got contracts with the ironworks and the Fairbanks and with Warner Brake and—was Warner Brake there at that time?—what else? The ironworks. The shoe factory. I went through the shoe factory behind the milk van when I was nine, which was what I wanted for my birthday; it was an incredible day. Anyway, he began selling milk in the factories. It was during the war that he sold to Warner Brake. That's a separate story.

In South Beloit what this did, by selling in the factories, was that the men would have their milk there at their machines and would take a milk break. The milkman would collect the empties the next day and it was putting milk where

the people were who were working. And the milkman would encourage the person who was working to take milk at home and the person would. And so by selling milk in the factories and by being able to tap the people who were earning money and were willing to buy milk at home, the milk business went from two routes at the start of the Depression to six at the end.

Dad's comment was, as soon as I had said that we as kids didn't recognize that there was a Depression going on, "Didn't everybody ride in a milk truck in preference to the car if they had a choice and didn't everybody wear hand-me-down clothes? We always had plenty of food on the farm. We had enough to eat on the farm and we didn't have to move in with relatives and we didn't have to have relatives move in with us and we didn't lose the farm." So it was a while before we kids realized, sure, money was in short supply, but before we realized the seriousness of it. Whereas, Dad's comment, when we were talking about the Depression and all of this, he said, "Once we got selling milk in the factories and began building up the milk routes, I hardly knew there was a Depression going on, too. But the farm was so close to bankruptcy that I have all of the bankruptcy papers that my grandfather drew up. We had the rich relatives down in Elgin I mention every now and then. Uncle Neil was a banker and he and WJ had outlined the whole bankruptcy procedure so the farm was just teetering on going bankrupt."

That also brings up the story that I told you about the mouse and the churn and whether or not they were going to send the milk out. The farm was so into cleanliness that at any other time, but at a time of deep Depression, of course that butter would have been fed to the pigs but not at that point. It was just too much on the razor's edge. It was: Was the farm going to go under or wasn't it going to go under and Dad had that hard decision, which he decided. Certainly it would have been wrong for Grandpa to decide to send the butter out on the route, but Dad sent it out on the route and suffered for it for a long time. As I said, never told anybody until he told me in his nineties that he once let butter go out that had been churned with a mouse. And it reminds me of *Green Eggs and Ham*: Would you like a little fox? Would you like a little box? I think one of them was, *Would you like it with a mouse? Would you like it in a house? How do you like your butter? With a mouse?* You know? So that was the Depression.

Toward the end of the Depression was when the war work began. That's what sort of pulled out the Depression. Fairbanks went to making war locomotives and things like that and so the farm was pulled out and things were splendid after that. When we had the six milk routes, that's why I was able to go on the milk route every day with Roscoe and we'd do a different milk route every day. Does that mean we had seven routes then? Anyway, we had quite a few. We held that right up until the time that Dad retired from the milk business. Then, as I said, it was only a few years after that that the retail milk delivery crumbled all over the country.

Maniscalco: And I want to come back to the retail milk business and things like that, but one of the things that are kind of synonymous with the Depression is hobos. And—

Jackson: Right.

Maniscalco: —I know you've written about them a few times in some of your books, and I know there was a train—

Jackson: Yes.

Maniscalco: —that went across your farm and I'm—

Jackson: Well, we had a train track at the very end of our property, but then grandpa bought a field beyond, so then you had to go over the tracks to get your cows into that field or to get your equipment in there if you were raising grain or alfalfa or anything in there. There was also an underpass where the creek ran through; that was always a fascinating place to play. During the Depression, I can recall my father at one time said that he had to wait for a train to cross down Colley road and he had counted 100 hobos or 200 hobos sitting on the boxcars. Anyway, huge numbers of them, poor, out-of-work guys trying to get from one side of the country to another to see if there was any work out there. I imagine some hobos came to the door and that Grandma would feed them and so forth.

The story of the hobo that fell off the train was down in that back pasture, right there near the back pasture, where the train tracks went across and where we sometimes lost cows. If the gate was left open or if it sprang open or something happened and a cow wandered out onto the track, a cow-catcher doesn't save a cow. It does this sort of shuttle aside, but it kills the cow. I don't know whether diesel engines at some point even had cow catchers and it wasn't necessary to catch cows anymore. Ernie Kapps went down to get the cows and came back green and told Dad that there was a hobo down there that had fallen off the train and had been cut in half. Dad tells him to take a farm truck and a couple of gunny sacks and go down and get him and he'd call the funeral home, which he did, and which Ernie did. In my story I have an exchange which I'm pretty sure happened. Sometimes these things, you remember the exact wording, where the funeral home said to my father, "Are you sure he's dead? Are you sure he's dead?" Pap says, "Look, Ron, his legs are on one side and the rest of him is on the other side. Now you tell me if he's dead or not." Then he went down and he came back with two gunny sacks with these remains of this man in it. By then the funeral home was out there and picked him up. I think it was in the paper, too, later that a hobo had been killed. Now, whether they traced who he was and so forth, I don't know. But, the way I finished my story was also the way that Dad told it to me, which is that Ernie went off to hose down the truck because there had been body innards that had come out onto... Oh, he also had said that the train tracks were just as slick as, totally clean, from the amount of wheels that had gone over after this guy had been hit. So he went

off to hose off the truck, but before he left he said, he didn't know. Why me. Dad said to me, "I don't know whether he was meaning, Why me, and the universe, Ernie Kapps had to be discover that body and clean up after it. Or why I, Ron Dougan had to be the one who had to go down and take care of that situation. And he said, "I guess I mumbled something about that's the advantage of being the boss." He said it was not one of my finer moments.

But the hobos were all over and my uncle actually rode the rails himself. Trevor was out of a job. He graduated in 1928 and then he had a job in Waukegan, or he had a job up with Power and Light up in Madison and was laid off. When he was traveling trying to find a job, he was up there with those hobos. He said what they would do is they'd be up by the coal car and there would be kids alongside the railroad with gunny sacks; they would throw coal down from the train to the kids down on the ground and the kids would peg apples back at them. So it was a nice exchange. The kids got the coal that they needed and the men riding the trains got the apples that they could eat by catching them when the kids threw them up. So that's the story there.

There were tenant workers who came and would work a day for a day's pay and so forth during the Depression. But I think Grandpa had all the help he could use, and Dad—when it was the war, there was such a lack of help—because in the Depression there were so many unemployed people like the men who owed for their milk bills, who were willing to come out and work.

Maniscalco: Were there a lot of men who owed for their milk bills that would come out and work, or—

Jackson: I think there were probably quite a few. I don't think that Grandpa would use them all at once, maybe two or three at a time. During times when there was a build-up of work, like silo filling, when you could use a couple of men in the silo rather than one and things like that. There are slack times on a farm, as you know, and then you have to keep in mind what you can do in the slack time, like getting ice out of the river is a slack time job. You know, get the ice the right thickness and coldness, but during busy and hard-working time, you don't cut ice.

Maniscalco: Yeah. I'm not sure if this actually fits into the time period of the Depression or it might actually be after. This has to do also with gender roles; there is a story about Miss Egan—.

Jackson: Oh, yeah. Miss Egan was before the Depression.

Maniscalco: OK.

Jackson: And she's a woman that I would have loved to know. I've just been going over the Miss Egan files and I was actually going to give you people Miss Egan files because I thought she was kind of fascinating. I'm sure there were plenty of women who were working on farms, farm wives who would go out and help

pitch bundles and things like that. We didn't have anybody working on the farm, any women, any farmhands. Grandpa got a letter in 1928 from Humphries who was in charge of something or other—husbandry, animal husbandry or something—up at the university, that Miss Josephine Egan had inherited a farm and that she had been up there for their short course but needed more experience. He recommended some time on an actual farm and would Grandpa be willing to take Miss Egan to work on the farm. At the same time, Grandpa got a very nice letter from Miss Egan explaining how she had been teaching school, but that she and her brother and sister had inherited this farm. She was the one who wanted to work it and would like very much to come down and knew that taking on an extra person might be difficult, so she would understand that, too.

Grandpa took her and they put her here there in the big house. She was very personable; they enjoyed her. From reading her letters I know how personable she must have been. I grew up hearing about Miss Egan but I never met her. I was born at the same time she came and so I was a baby. Grandpa put her onto doing everything. He had her working in the barn. He had her working in the milk house. He had her plowing. Instead of staying two months, I think she stayed more like six months working on the farm. She had talked about two months. Then he gave her a great deal of help on her farm in Amboy, Illinois. I have always wanted to stop by and see if that farm is still there or look her up in the City Register or something like that. I have never gone out of my way quite, driving north to pull over to the west where Amboy, Illinois is. But there are these letters back and forth, where she would be telling him what was going on and asking him advice. He came down and brought plans for building her silo; they built, I think it was a tile silo, now a cement silo. He gave advice on it and they ended up with milking shorthorns for her farm.

She has lots of discussion in her letters about breeding; she shows great affection for cows. She describes one as saying that such and such has just had a white calf with black eyelashes, very chic. And then Bonnie—who they had been waiting to calf—Bonnie had a calf; their heifer died, because the calf was very, very big. So that was a sad note. There were other things: the heifer has gotten out and has been bred twice and hasn't freshened yet, or whatever the term is at this point. Should you breed her again and, if so, to a special bull or—and these sorts of things. So she and Grandpa had these letters back and forth. You can follow the progression of Miss Egan and her farm from our place, which is really awfully interesting. At least once, and maybe more than once, Grandma went down with Grandpa and the letter preceding this is one where I laughed out loud. She said, “I am so delighted that Mrs. Dougan is going to come down the next time, too. Tell her that I, too, am house cleaning but I have so far only managed the attic and the cistern, but if she would like a clean place to stay, she is welcome to stay in either of those places.” So that made me laugh and made me think, of all these things Miss Egan has written, she must have been a splendid person to have on the farm and to know.

The incident at the very end is a true incident except that I made up the last sentence. I might have said it took me a while. The stories are creative non-fiction in that you do make up some dialogue. I've probably mentioned some dialogue, where Grandpa broke his leg and Grandma said, Whatever is going to happen to me next after this big terrible accident on the next farm and so forth. I've had other people tell me exact words that have been spoken at times of crisis so that I've been able to put those in the book, those exact words. But then you work around it, the way that people would have said something and then you get more interested in conversation and so forth. I discovered from the records and talking to Dad that when Grandpa got down there once, he found the tractor on her records that she had been depreciating for years. He said, "Where is this tractor. I don't know where this tractor is." So she let him down behind the barn and showed him whatever this tractor was. Here it was, in terrible shape, vines growing through it, and weeds and so forth. He said, "Miss Egan, you can't do that. You've been depreciating this tractor for years." That's what I put in, what he would have said. Then what would she have said? That's where I had to make it up. I must have tried one dozen or more different responses from her until the one I got, which my dad also liked very much, which is where I have her putting her finger up and rubbing it over a corroded lug on the wheel of the tractor and saying, "How can you put a price on an old tractor". That was the line that I finally came up. Sometimes lines come to you whenever they want to and perfect, but sometimes you have to work at them and find the perfect line. I'll give you Miss Egan's records. You can look through them and see if you'd like to use anything there, because this is an Illinois farm in Amboy that she took over, at which time maybe ten farmers had been using it, or maybe it had been her parents or her father's or something and he died and that's how they inherited the farm.

Maniscalco: Very interesting. And to follow Miss Egan, she obviously kind of broke the role of what a woman would do on a farm.

Jackson: Oh yeah. She was big news for a week or two all around the neighborhood.

Maniscalco: Oh, really?

Jackson: That she was working on the farm and was in the barn and so forth. Then everybody got used to it, so Miss Egan wasn't big news very soon. She fit right in and people accepted her. The other farmers accepted her.

Maniscalco: What was the normal role of a woman on a farm?

Jackson: The farmhouse and the house work and filling in when things were tight. I know the farm girls, the one that I knew in 4H, and this Esther Meeks that I just mentioned, and others, they were all out there raising pigs. I was raising this calf in this disastrous time that I fell out of 4H because I wasn't trained well enough to be a 4Her, so. Many of those young women went on to own farms or to become partners. I don't know. I think they stuck more to the women's

sphere. I'm sure that during the Second World War there were a lot of women out on tractors and doing everything because of the lack of help, but that after the war, there was this tremendous pressure to get the women back into the house and into the home. I'm sure that was the same for farms, too. If you were taking a man's job, you were made to feel guilty, because here were all these men who needed jobs and they'd come back from the war and served their country. So women were pushed back into the household sphere.

Maniscalco: Now, being a girl growing up on the farm, you had one brother and I've heard you say in the past that he was kind of the one who was supposed to be the heir of the farm and take it over.

Jackson: Yeah. It was always just assumed that Craig would take the farm. But then Craig developed bad sinuses and he had to go out west. Now, whether this was the proper cure for him or not or how much it helped, but he spent two winters in Arizona where it was dry, on account of his bad sinuses. He would work on the farm in the summer, with all that dust and whatever, and he was always taking his nose drops and so forth. So that it never occurred to my sister certainly, and certainly not to any of the three of us girls, that in any way would we be taking over the farm. Craig had still not made up his mind when I graduated college—he was at the end of his sophomore year—and he hadn't decided, actually, until the end of his senior year what he was going to do. At that point, Dad talked over the whole farm business with him and his help. See, Grandpa earlier had been urging people onto the farm, but I have some documents from Grandpa saying, I'm not so sure it's a good thing to urge young men to go out onto the farm because of what's happening on the farm. I need to date those documents; I was reading them just recently. So Dad and Craig discussed long and hard whether Craig should be a farmer or not. It wasn't that Craig wasn't interested. He knew the ins and outs of things and he knew what a hard job it was and he saw how hard his father and his grandfather worked. He had spent his summers working on the farm and he de-tasseled with me. He went on milk route one whole summer, so he knew the milk route end of the business. And he did other sorts of work. When the fairs came along, he was doing all of those; I suspected that even when he was in school he helped with the fairs on the weekends and so forth. You might be interested to know that Wisconsin won't start school until after Labor Day. That's on account of the fairs. Too many farm kids and too many people are out at the fairs up until after Labor Day. There is no point in starting school until after Labor Day. That's not true here in Illinois.

Maniscalco: Wow.

Jackson: So Craig decided in his senior year that he was not going to take over the farm, that he was going to be a doctor, which meant that he took one more year at Beloit College. He took a fifth year at Beloit College getting all of the chemistry and biology and stuff that he hadn't had, and then he got accepted into the University of Wisconsin at the medical school of Wisconsin. He went

to medical school and became a very good doctor. This left the farm with nobody to inherit it.

Well, Dad had been grooming Gilbert Gielbron from Norway. He was the first worker who came over from Norway and he jumped the gun on the American Scandinavian Foundation. This was started after the war, which was sending over Scandinavians because there was such a gap during the war when farming had not been able to progress because of Nazi occupation and everything that was going on. The American Scandinavian Foundation had a situation where they would send over two boys, two men, young men, every year, who would work six months on a Midwestern farm and six months on a western ranch. Now whether they sent more or whether we just got the two that were Midwestern, I'm not sure how big an operation they had, but we had two every year. And Gilbert knew this was coming up. They Americanized his name and so he came over ahead of time and he went up to the university—he got a job on a farm in Stoughton and he didn't much like it—and went up to the university and talked to the university people. They said, “Oh, go talk to W.J. Dougan. Go talk to Ron and W.J. and see if they've got room for you on their farm.”

He went down and talked to my grandfather and father, and they hired him. This would have been in about '48. The Scandinavian program, I think, didn't get underway until '49 or so. Well, Gilbert worked a couple of years and was splendid. Everybody loved him. Then he went back home and married Soleidad and came back and brought Soleidad with him. They lived at *Chez Nous* in the rooms upstairs for six months or so while they were fixing up the apartment over the milk house. Then they moved down over the milk house into that apartment. Dad really had in mind that Gilbert would be farm manager and then would buy him out and then would have the farm and the business and all that. But the problem there was that Soleidad was homesick, very homesick.

The object of the American Scandinavian Foundation, Dad paid the Foundation and the Foundation paid the men. So he wasn't directly paying the men; he was paying the Foundation. But in the case of Gilbert, he came back. I think that was pretty much between him and Dad. Soleidad was homesick and wanted to go back to Norway. Meanwhile, Gilbert was such a prize that they knew that in Norway, too. So they kept offering him jobs in Norway. Finally a job came along that was so good—Soleidad was so homesick, you know, they had two American-born little boys by then—that they left. And I think at that point Dad pretty much felt,—I don't know if he saw the handwriting on the wall or if he used a series of farm managers after that—but he didn't try hard to figure out the succession of the farm at that point, or to get somebody who would have been similar to Gilbert to do it. So that was too bad.

The way things worked out, it was spreading out of Beloit and what was happening in farming was, it wouldn't have been a good situation even for Craig. I mean the hybrid corn business—for small hybrid corn growers went

this way—and the milk business is out because of the home delivery and so forth, and you would have ended up as the people who then farmed our land all of the time up until the time Dad died. They were raising corn and soybeans at that point and hybrid seed corn. I don't know if they were raising hybrid corn, but Shepard was raising hybrid seed corn so he had that. But being a farmer, a small farmer, was not... The heyday was gone from that. It had been going up, up, up, up, up, up and then it began to diminish.

Gilbert would telephone once in a while from Norway and chat with Dad, or Dad would call Norway and talk to Gilbert. Gilbert was always saying that he really, really loved it there at the farm and should have stayed, and Dad would say, no, you shouldn't have. You should have taken this good job which you had at—it was a co-op running a potato factory of some sort or something—on a beautiful lake up in Stange (or something like that) in Norway. I've been there. He would assure Gilbert that he had done the right thing. I think he did the right thing in not pushing Craig to become a farmer.

By the time Craig had decided not to be a farmer, I was already married. My life was going on. There was no, Hey, let's pull Jackie back and see if we can make a farmer out of her. In later years, when I was working on all of this stuff, I was always interested. Dad sent me telegrams with that first embryo transplant calf was born. I don't know who else he sent telegrams, but I don't think he sent them to my sibs. I think some other people knew, but I got the telegram saying, Hey, it's happened. We've now done it. And so forth. So I was always knowing what was going on. I was always spending a month at least on the farm in the summertime and then at Christmas and so forth and taking the kids back there and being sure that they knew how to find asparagus in the ditches and watching all of the proceedings that were going on, as long as there were proceedings to watch what was going on.

When we got the chance to move to Rockford in '68, I jumped at that. The farm was fully going still, and even though Muller had taken over the milk business, we were still milking, we were still bottling, we were doing the whole thing, but it was just being sold as Muller at that point. The cows weren't gone until '69 or so, so that the kids had one year of living just eighteen miles from the grandparents while the farm was fully going, and as far as the seed corn and all, was fully growing up through 1970, '71. So they had that. I was around a lot, more than anybody else; I was around. Craig got out west with his doctoring, so I was the one that was there the most and was the most interested. But I always had in the back of my mind that I had told Grandpa that I was going to write that book, you know. I hadn't gathered materials until Dad, I think I said, was sick in 1967, and was in the hospital. That was when I really seriously began getting transcripts and writing things from people and sending out notices and when did you work on the farm and can I come and see you and will you come and see us and this sort of thing. Dad, considerably later, said to me once, "Well, if you were taking over the farm, you probably should have been the one to take over the farm. But if you had, would you have written all

of those books?" I said, probably not. So, as Mike Wiant said the other night, "Jackie, you are the farm." I said, "I guess I am now." (laughter)

Maniscalco: Yeah. There was one other thing that happened that you said has kind of ended the farm, and that was Interstate 90.

Jackson: Oh, yeah.

Maniscalco: And I was wondering if you could just talk about Interstate 90 a little bit.

Jackson: Well, it's been important, of course, to have highways that get people where they want to go in this modern world and they needed a super-highway. Wasn't it Eisenhower who started the super-highways? What I think I heard from Ida about that was that every super-highway had to have, every so often, a certain stretch of highway that was perfectly flat and uncurved, so you could land a airplane on it. I know where that one is on a certain highway in Vermont where you could land an airplane; that would be the only place on that highway where you could do it. But anyway, the Interstate system began. By my dates here, they needed one from Chicago to Minneapolis. So it came up along the old Route 20 and then curved up at Rockford and went up past Beloit, past James Mill, past Madison, curved up again to Baraboo and Mauston and on up to St. Paul and Minneapolis. They began getting whiffs that this was going to happen. I don't think as early as the mid-fifties. I think it was later than that, that this highway was going to be coming through. Anyway, I think by 1958 it was being built. We had pictures of it being built.

My sister married Louie in '49, and in '48 or '49 they were making cement blocks for their house. Grandpa had given them just a little corner of the field up on the edge of the farm, on the dairy farm, where they built their house. This road, was coming right at them; they could see over there in Illinois where it just stopped, and it was pointing at them. I have Patty's diary, just a couple of sentences here and there, but going along about they worried about I-90 and the fears about I-90. What they had realized by then was that I-90 was going to go up on the east side of town where all of this marvelous farmland was, rather than on the west side of town, which was all sandy and not such good land. But it was going to go right through the good farmland, and that the dairy was in the way. What it ended up doing was clipping off a part of the dairy and a part of the adjacent farm. The two farmers, with some arrangement and some money back and forth for what little difference there was, swapped these triangles. But Patty and Louie's house went total. Did I mention when the house was going down and the salesman came?

Maniscalco: No.

Jackson: Well, they bought a little piece of land on County Road down below the dairy, below Mauston, and rebuilt. This time they did not make their own cement blocks, but they used their same plans. As Pat said, you don't often get to

correct the mistakes that you make, but that they did correct the mistakes on the second house. It was still just off the dairy, just a little ways off, so that her children grew up seeing a lot of their grandfather and playing a lot on the farm and so forth. The state did not pay much; I presume it was the state. I've got all of the statistics for what did get paid for their house and for the land. My dad sued. I think they finally settled out of court and managed to get a certain amount and figure they would have lost all of it after they had taken it on through. But Pat and Louie didn't get very much for their house. Vanderkooi, who was then the herdsman, decided he wanted the roof. There was some way that you could have lifted off the roof, and there was also quite a bit of salvageable material in the house. Well, they were in the process of salvaging this house.

They were pulling out insulation and bricks and blocks, and everything was lying all around and the place was just in terrible shape. I don't know if the roof had been moved yet or maybe... He must have got the roof, because there was then a tornado later on and I saw the roof lying in a field years later. Anyway, some salesman came; he had somebody who he was training with him. The salesman came to the door and here were all of the Vanderkooi children, of which there were many, in raggedy work clothes. Here were Pat's children in practically nothing also, and they were either playing or pitching stuff out of the house. The place was just one awful mess. The salesman said, Nice little place you've got here. Pat said the fellow who he was training looked distinctly embarrassed and had the good sense not to echo what his boss said and that they left soon after. This nice little place you have here, that was being dismantled in order for I-90 to go through.

They made some mistakes building I-90. I was reading about those in the paper. It must have been a lot earlier, because it was the winter I was at graduate school in 1951 when I took the Beloit Daily News so that I could keep up with what was going on at home. I remember in the spring opening that up and spreading it out on the floor—because it came all rolled up—so I spread it out on the floor so I could see it. Here on the front page was a map; the map was very familiar, except it wasn't to me. What it had was the proposed highway going up. So it took from '51 to about '58 to get it really built. So it was in the air, but that route wasn't decided. That was a preliminary picture, but it's one that actually proved true. That wrapped up the whole end of Turtle Township. The city kept annexing it and annexing it. So that was in the sections where I begin saying here's why the farm died. I include Craig not being a farmer and taking over, but also I-90 was also probably a big factor, and all of the other things that were fitting in the family farm, the ag business. You either needed to be really big and have farm factory, practically, or get out.

Maniscalco: You know, you have tons of experience with the family farm, growing up on a family farm, and even with doing a lot of your family research you know a lot about it. I want you to speculate and look, what do you see the future of family farms now.

Jackson: Is this the end, or should I throw in a few things that I did wrong before?

Maniscalco: We're getting close to the end.

Jackson: OK. Let me mention...

Maniscalco: OK.

Jackson: ...some things. I did mention to you that we had soybeans, right? but not much. I found something from my grandpa where he was arguing with my father back and forth, that he says, "You're getting too much into growing seed corn and that means we're cutting out the small grains. We're not getting as much small grains and barley and oats and so forth. He didn't mention soybeans there, but then I found soybeans on another sheet. That was when I began thinking, and that was when I called up a sister who shall remain nameless. She said, "Don't use my name." I said, "I seem to remember that you said once that as a little kid, you liked to go and sit naked in the soybeans." She said, "Yeah, they were really nice and cool. They had a good feel to them, too." Then she heard what I might be saying, and she said, "Well, don't use my name." So I'm not going to say which sister it was. I'll say we all said it. I might have gone and sat in the soybeans, too, but I don't remember. It seems to me that on a hot day, to go and sit in a nice cool bin of soybeans and to pull the soybeans up around you, it would be good. So we did have soybeans; that was one thing that I had wrong that I wanted to mention to you. I did mention to you about DDT. I found that they actually would sometimes spray DDT and granules from an airplane and that these would be cut with water. Actually, they'd be cut when you sprayed it, too, and there was a formula for how much DDT compared to how much water. You'd have the spraying equipment and you'd have to have a little more DDT for the granules that you put in in the airplane. So my dad did that some.

I also mentioned him using the helicopter the last time we had seed corn. That was called "forcing pollination." I think that was what you called it. That had something to do with needing to get the pollination done in a hurry and it had something to do with the way the tassels were coming up. Either they were coming up too fast or something. Anyway, the corn needed to be pollinated rapidly and the way you could do that would be with a helicopter. When I looked that up, I found that my mother was seventy-seven when she went riding in that helicopter for that final ride and enjoyed it. So there was one thing that I said—I had mentioned to you the soybeans.

Let's see, I put a little orange on some of these. Returning to Korn Kurls. We talked about the Korn Kurls that were invented on the farm. I should mention that Clair Mathews who invented them had studied agronomy at the university before he came down to the farm, had some sort of degree from there. What made him start to even try to do anything with the cow feed is, he was the herdsman. He saw what went into the mouths of the cows, and he saw what

came out the other end in the gutters. He saw that a lot of the grain was undigested and he thought that there must be a way of making that grain more digestible. Well, there were rolling mills that you could buy, but these were very expensive and they would flatten the grain. He said, well, I ought to be able to figure something out that will make the grain more digestible without having to buy a great huge flattening mill. So he invented this thing with a wagon wheel and a skein. There was a furl on it. When you dropped the thing in the skein and turned it and it came funneling through, the friction semi-cooked the grain. It also broke down so it was easily chewed by any of us that were up there on the farm as well as for the animals, too. We all ate it and then somebody took it home—not one of us I think—and boiled it up so it was thoroughly cooked, and then put salt and cheese on it. That was these little curly things they called collettes. Those were the corn curls. Well, this seemed like a good thing. Everybody liked them. So that's when he decided he was going to quit working on the farm, or he decided part-time to do it. He needed some capital so he went in on—and this was in the early thirties—he went into business with somebody who put up some money and they made rabbit feed. They took alfalfa and turned it into flakes for rabbit feed, so the beginning of it was rabbit feed. Then it turned into the Korn Kurls for people to eat and two other people got in on it.

The Adams's gradually managed to buy controlling stock and made it nationwide, international. They finally sold out to Beatrice Foods, but their Flakall Corporation turned into Korn Kurls, turned into whatever, and Clair felt bitter about it. He felt he had been cheated out of his invention. Oh, he brought it to the Chicago World's Fair and here was one of these great big mills. He said, "I made one of those and you can put it on a card table." So at the Chicago World's Fair they moved his little machine in alongside this great big one, which might have been what started some of the interest of others in it. Dad said he didn't know that Clair had too much to be bitter about. The invention gave him a good living all his life for him and his kids. So the Adams's became millionaires and Clair didn't. He would say to Claire every now and then—because he kept on, Clair living in one of the townhouses that we had, and giving him free milk—every now and then he would say, "Don't you think you should give me a little bit of what's going on?" So Clair would give him a little bit of stock. Dad ended up with three percent of the stock and that paid off very nicely for a while until he finally sold it to the Adams's. As I said, every year we'd get a nice big box all full of snack foods what the Korn Kurl had transmogrified into. There really wasn't anything before that except potato chips; potato chips and popcorn were the snack foods. Now we have this huge snack food industry. So I wanted to clear up how he did that and about the World's Fair. The Flakall Corporation in 1933, and then it went worldwide. So I mentioned about that. I told you that I had a little more detail on bloat. Anything else here that's circled? Maybe those are the main things that I remembered that I hadn't said or that I had said wrong. OK. Now you're saying something else.

Maniscalco: (laughter) Well, I wanted to know what your opinion was on the future of family farms now.

Jackson: I think that, with the way the world is going right now, that there is going to be a place for the family farm. I think it's probably sort of hit the nadir. Now with people wanting to know where their food is grown, with this operation that's up here in Caledonia and other such operations, with the growth of our own farmer's market in Springfield, which is bigger every year, more and more people wanting to get their food locally, know where it's grown. I heard something interesting on the radio where it said that it isn't necessarily making more carbon footprint to get your food from somewhere far away, because it depends on what it costs to grow it over there. They talked about New Zealand in particular. If New Zealand is doing this and this and this, it might be cheaper to get a New Zealand apple than to get one from Washington state or something like that. I think that the green movement has caught on; it's small, yet it's growing. I think a year ago, six months ago, if you said carbon footprint, would somebody look at you and what are you talking about? Now if you say carbon footprint, I think almost everybody would know what you are talking about. Maybe it's just the people I'm with, but I think that there is a place for the small farm. Also I think people are realizing that the kind of living that they've been doing has not been making them particularly happy and to get your hands in the dirt or to raise a chicken or a pig or something like that, whether the family farm is going to be a paying proposition, I would guess that you almost have to do something like John Peterson is doing in Caledonia to make it pay-off at this point. Although there are farmers still in Turtle Township that are small farm and that are making it. They are milking. They are selling their milk to the condenseries. Milk is hugely expensive right now, but I don't know how much the farmer is getting. I think it's more and more the middleman; I think that there would be more hope for the family farm if there was less middleman.

At this point, in this country at any rate, a certain class of people are getting more and more and more concerned about what they eat. I forget where I heard this story but I heard it fairly recently—it might have been from a daughter, it might have been from somebody I was talking to—where somebody was saying, Well, with all of this and this and this and this going on with our processed food, and it's the processed food that's using the petroleum, that's using the thing, that they're putting the fat in, that's using the high fructose corn syrup that nobody should be eating and all that—this person said, Well, what can we eat? This person pondered a moment and said, Water. Well, even water you're not so sure anymore. I think that the awareness is going to grow and with the awareness is going to be the desire for people to know what they're eating, know where it's grown and to get their own hands in it, too. I've got this garden next door that Mr. Ferry—that's been his life's dream—when that house got torn down, he bought up the land and he made himself a wonderful garden. This is February and I'm still eating a few of the tomatoes that I picked when they were green. They're not very good anymore, but I'm trying to see how long I can keep a tomato that's still edible. I think I have four

or five that are sort of wizened, but they haven't gone bad yet. But I'm not any expert on this.

This morning on NPR when I came back from swimming, they were talking about the big recall of meat. A lot of people are realizing that the cow is not a practical animal. The amount of methane it gives off. The amount of grass it eats. The amount of grain that it consumes in order to turn into beef. We're a great beef-eater country, but I think there are more and more vegetarians and more and more people who are cutting back on their meat. Now, if they are going to go to fish, then we've got a huge problem in the oceans, but I won't go into that right now. But on NPR this morning, they were talking about this big recall of all this meat that was going into school lunches. The person who was discussing it said the meat didn't go straight into the school lunches the way it came, but that it would go into something sticks, beef sticks, or what they would call them. I forget what they'd call them, but the crumbles or this and this and this. Anyway, they would be processed. The person finished this by saying that she thought that many more people were wanting now to have their kids eat stuff, without being processed, on their school lunch plates. Schools, I think, are becoming aware of that. We're getting schools that are trying to get rid of the vending machines that are filling kids up with unhealthy snacks and sugary, high-fructose drinks or substitute sort of things. To give them real calories instead of empty calories. And I think there is an awareness coming. I don't know. I haven't talked about this with anybody. That's a fresh question for me to be asked what I see as the future of the family farm. In talking to my friends in Turtle Township, they seem to think that the danger is over as far as Beloit coming out any further. They've said, Here is the line that we have drawn, that we have agreed on, and from here on we're going to be able to keep on farming. In the places that I have been around in Rock County, there is still a lot of farming going on. I know that there are places that suddenly want to come in with a huge hog farm, and there are a lot of letters pro and con in the paper, people saying this is the way of the future. We've got to raise farm animals like factory things, and other people are saying you don't have to and this sort of thing. I'll be interested in thinking more about that question and talking more with other people about it.

Maniscalco: And I have—

Jackson: It's terrible to have a goal. Actually, in that 1929 thing about Duffy, what he was saying was this little push could result in the loss of some farm homes by making the farm more efficient. I mean, that was way back in 1929. Well, that wouldn't have made Grandpa happy at all, but there were other parts of the letter where Duffy was talking about having to consolidate some farms to make better use and he picked into it with his little postage stamp heels. He would surround it with a wonderful hedge row that has been there for hundreds of years. They've been tearing those up because you can't use farm machinery on a postage stamp. So Dorset doesn't look like it used to look, and Oxford sure doesn't look like it used to look. But I think they're realizing, too, that there is a

value to the hedgerows and to the smaller things there, too, so they're not growing into monstrous farming. Or I hope they're not.

Maniscalco: Yeah. It's an interesting question, and we'll find out the answer in the future.

Jackson: But Duffy was already saying, this will lose some family farms...

Maniscalco: That's interesting.

Jackson: ...back in 1929. But then his experiment didn't work. So at least it didn't work on the Dougan Farm.

Maniscalco: I have one last question that I like to ask everybody. This is kind of your time to shine and leave a little lasting memory in this interview because this interview is going to be around forever; it will be something that is archived. You have grandkids running around and things like that. When they stumble upon this interview, what's the one thing that you want them to find in this tape, or the one thing you want them to remember?

Jackson: If I said anything disparaging about them, I hope they don't find that. Or about any of my family members. I think what I would want it to be is, what is the message of the Big Book, which would be the message of these interviews, too, which is: that it was a wonderfully rewarding and enriching life to grow up. We've talked a little about the community. The farm community that I grew up in—we had a town community, too—but there was also the farm community and the township and all of that, which is pretty much lost now. There is some but the get-togethers and the different things that went on that tied a community together. I think I would want my kids and grandkids to realize that even if this way of life is gone, you still need to build community. You still need to find communities where you're not just a cipher or are alone in something. I think my daughter, Ellie, left Chicago because she was working in a job that she did very well in, but she didn't have any community. If you have friends and they're here and there're there and they're way over there and you can't get together with them. I think the church has been a strong community but has become much less so. We are not near as much a church-going nation unless you count the Bible-belt type, which are increasing. Matter of fact, those churches—I don't know if they're communities or not—but they're becoming almost factories with thousands of people in those great tabernacles or whatever you want to call it.

So what am I saying? I'm saying that what I was fortunate enough to grow up in, and what my editor says about the book, which was also about Beloit, There was nothing like it before and won't be again. Well, it was like it before when there were the farms and things, but by my pulling it all together and putting it down, you're not really going to return the retail home directly. You're not going to really return the small farms doing pioneering work in scientific things. Scientific things take too much money and expertise and beyond PhDs

to understand these things and so forth. I mean, what small farmer could have begun to figure out the genome, that sort of thing. And yet figuring out the genome is going to have a big effect on breeding and on disease and on everything. Knowing how people are spread around the world. We're learning that from the genome and where you all came from. So, I think I would want them to realize that it was a wonderful life. That you need community, but that we are losing community and we are losing too many things because we have not been aware. We have not pushed, and we are going to have to push our governments.

I may have said earlier that the population has to stop. We have to slow down on population. We have to stabilize the population because we simply cannot support that. It's either going to happen because we take steps to limit population, or we're going to have to catastrophes of the nature of the food. Look at all of those birds they killed in China when the birds got the bird flu [avian flu epidemic] and so forth. What the worry now is, it's not a question of whether there is going to be a pandemic, it's just a question of when. Are we going to be ready for it. What sort of pandemic? Is it going to be a food pandemic? Is it going to be what? You don't know.

I'm talking much too long on your final question. I feel—I feel a certain amount of cynicism about whether us, the human race, has the ability to save ourselves, and yet I see ourselves on the brink of losing everything when there isn't enough to eat and there won't be. It will be even more important is, there won't be enough water. The Colorado River ends in a trickle, into a sandbank or something. It doesn't even get to Mexico. Poor Mexico has lost the Colorado River. The big wars of this century are going to deal with who gets water and food. Do we have the foresight and willing to give up the good things we have now in the way of taxes and being taxed and using foresight in order to preserve what we have for everybody in the world now?

That's another word you wouldn't have heard a few years ago, which is sustainable. I would want them to see that what we had was in some ways sustainable. In other ways we were busy using petroleum products and expanding and we were living the good life. But everybody was. That's what we were growing up into. And it's only been recently that, although I've got some stuff, I read an ancient Christmas card from my folks. By ancient, I mean it was around the '50s. One of their friends was writing and what she was writing on—and I don't think I saved it, but I should have—she was putting all of her energy into what we would now call sustainability, working for that sort of thing, because she was seeing quite far ahead. So I would hope that my grandchildren and all looking at this would take home from it and say we can do something. My grandfather, for instance, increased the amount of tillable, good soil by careful farming practices. We got rid of that gully. We improved—what was the word—the tith, or whatever it was. I know that Darwin did experiments with earthworms at the end of his life, watching how their castings were coming up and so forth. Well, you can go a lot faster than

earthworms if you do it right. So, I think that we need to try to breed up our children or raise our children, to use a more humane term, to be responsible, caring, loving citizens who are willing to say us rather than me, and be inclusive. To say, We are going to pull everybody up together and keep us from going down. When I see some of these houses that are still going up, I don't know how anybody could live in a house that big or spend that much on it. I don't know. It's just... Tell me what else. Is that it?

Maniscalco: That was great. That was great, Jacqueline.

Jackson: It was sort of awkwardly said.

Maniscalco: No.

Jackson: If I had had more time to think about it, I think they'd wind up saying, Gee, she was a pretty neat grandma. I wouldn't mind them saying that. (laughter) And as I've said about Miss Egan, boy, I wish I had known her. The great-grandchildren, unless Chrissy has a child pretty soon. I have what? another ten years? Another fifteen years at the most? I won't know my great-grandchildren except maybe as little kids. Very little. With Rachel and Wyatt who are seven and five now, I think I will know them well into their teens, so that will be good.

But I've also recognized in doing all of this research that I've done of the people that I haven't known, and how I would have liked to have known them, and the questions... I kept asking dad and mother and all these people afterward once I got going on this all sorts of questions, but I'm finding so many things now that I wish I had asked them, and that I didn't know to ask them at the time. What I've been trying to do, when you've talked about my teaching is, I've been trying in my writing classes to get my students to do what I'm doing, which is to do these kinds of investigations. To find out from people the things they want to know while these people are still around for the benefits of their own family and their children and grandchildren. That's another hopeful thing I see, which is that people have become much more interested in their antecedents, which means they're also much more interested in their futures because they're trying to preserve their antecedents for the benefit of their own kids. If this had been going on when I was fifteen and I saw people doing it, I might have asked Grandpa the right questions. Somebody might have suggested to me, Why don't you ask Grandpa? I did have the sense to write down a few of the family stories at that point, but that's about as far as I got.

Maniscalco: Well, if there is anything else you'd like to add to this interview, this is your chance.

Jackson: (laughter)

Maniscalco: We've got a lot here.

Jackson: Doug? Anybody else?

Q1: Well—

Jackson: Questions?

Q1: Doug has five minutes left. Can we demonstrate the cow cup?

Jackson: Oh, yes.

Maniscalco: Yes.

Jackson: I've got—

Q1: I can tape part of it.

Maniscalco: Yeah.

Jackson: I've got all sorts of artifacts around and I brought one down.

(pause in recording)

Q1: We're going to pull this forward maybe? Can you get down on it, Doug, from where you are?

Jackson: Do you want him to drink out of it?

Maniscalco: (laughter)

Q1: I can't do it with this camera.

Q2: Hold on.

Q1: Can you see into it?

Q2: Yeah.

Jackson: You can see it's got a—

Q1: Are you down there yet?

Q2: No.

Q1: Hold on a second. He's not down there yet.

Q2: OK. Go for it.

Jackson: You can see it's got a thing there and it's round. It's like a cow's round fleshy nose. This would be filled with water, or it wouldn't be. The cow would put its

nose down there and press, and that would set off the pipe where the water is coming down through this pipe and that would fill the water cup. I have a letter from Grandpa talking to somebody about these cups, saying he hesitated a long time before he put the put the cow cups in the barn. Because he had a water tank out in the yard and there was the creek down in the pasture, he found when he put the drinking cups down in the barn—they were between every other stanchion so that two cows would share one—by letting them drink all they wanted to, he found that the quantity of milk went up about 20 percent—

Maniscalco: Wow.

Jackson: —so that it really well paid to let those cows drink all they wanted to in the barn. So there is our cow cup; I have two of those and I don't know what I'll do with them but I just didn't want to let them go.

Q1: Mike, did you want to demonstrate?

Maniscalco: No, OK. (laughter)

Jackson: I have a hand corn-husker thing but that's in another room. They would use for hand husking.

Q1: I'm a cornhusker, too.

Jackson: Are you a cornhusker?

Q1: I'm from Nebraska, yes. [University of Nebraska teams and students are known as Cornhuskers.]

Jackson: Wow.

Q1: I'm the only one in the room here.

Jackson: So do you have the little implement that you use to be a cornhusker?

Q1: I don't. No, I don't.

Jackson: Yeah. Well, I've certainly enjoyed being—

Maniscalco: Yes. Thank you very much.

Jackson: —interviewed and having this interview and being able to talk about it this much about all these things. So thank you so much.

Q1: OK. I think we're done.

Maniscalco: Yes. Thank you very much.

Q1: Thank you. It's been wonderful.

Jackson: It's been terrific.

Q1: Fantastic contribution.

Jackson: I've enjoyed it very much.

(End - Jacqueline Jackson 03)