



"... truly 'tis a
rare bird in
the land."
--Martin Luther

"GREAT PIG" WALKS ON WATER

RAD TO DAILY NEWS ED: "NOW YOU WON'T HAVE TO WRITE MY OBITUARY!"

BELOIT DAILY NEWS, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1987

The good life of Ron Dougan:

Amber milk bottles and bluebird nests

JUST ABOUT ANY club worth its charter is going to make a fuss over a 60-year member. After all, there aren't many 60-year members in a position to appreciate the attention. Which was why Beloit Rotarians left their luncheon meeting the other day feeling privileged to have been on hand for the program honoring brother Rotarian Ronald A. Dougan, who joined in 1925. He was one of the few farmers in a group originally comprising mainly doctors, lawyers and local business tycoons.

The club invited Dougan's family and some longtime associates to a words-and-pictures recounting of what has been, by just about any standard, a remarkable life. When the program was over Dougan joked through a short aw-shucks-it-wasn't-much talk. His remarks were at the expense of many of his younger Rotary brethren who are balding, or bald, which Dougan isn't.

A former president of the club, Dougan clearly was appreciative of the tribute. It included presentation of some plaques and a set of books on Rotary, an international fraternity that promotes such things as world understanding. On hand for the festivities was Rotary District Gov. Don Abrahamson, who Dougan said was the 60th district governor he's met.

A LOT OF THE assembled Rotarians were Beloit school kids during the forties and fifties, when a field trip to the Dougan farm was as much a part of matriculating as mastering the multiplication tables. Those were pre-pocket calculator days when Dougan Dairy milk was delivered to many a Beloit doorstep in amber colored bottles — the better to preserve the milk's rich flavor.

Those amber bottles were but one of a few score innovations that made Farmer Dougan moderately famous in midwestern agriculture. Within Dougan's landmark round barn on Colley Road he experimented with rations to induce his Guernseys (later crossbred Holsteins) to produce great quantities of high-butterfat milk. To further improve production Dougan pioneered in artificial cattle breeding. That involved the formation of one of the first commercial organizations — American Breeders

Publisher's column



Service — to assemble the best-blooded bulls of the various dairy breeds, whose semen was marketed to dairymen far and wide.

In the rolling fields beyond the round barn, Dougan planted varieties of the then-new hybrid seed corn and oversaw their cross-pollination to develop ever hardier and higher-yielding strains. Dougan Hybrids were for many years regarded among the best in the upper Midwest. They were graded and bagged in a tall frame mural-painted barn atop one of the highest hills off Colley Road east of Beloit, near the fine farmhouse where the Ronald A. Dougan family resided, and where Ron and wife Vera still live.

IT HAPPENS THAT the writer of this column was, during some of the brightest years of the Dougan en-

many columns detailing Dougan's wide-ranging interests, accomplishments, and contributions to farming, young people, the community.

But it also happens that Rotarian Bill Guelzow, who has chronicled the lives of several other Rotary old-timers for programs similar to the Dougan tribute, composed a narrative, accompanied by Ewald's slide show, that was very little short of beautiful.

Guelzow's eulogy traced an active, giving life from the time Dougan was born in 1902 to an Oregon (Wis.) preacher and his wife. Ron's father W.J. "Daddy" Dougan, turned from the pulpit to the farm where he built the round barn and painted upon the concrete silo in its center a list of the things needed for farming to be successful: "Good crops, *

Proper storage, profitable livestock, a stable market, and (the best one) *Life as well as a living."

RON AND VERA'S daughter Jackie Dougan Jackson's forthcoming book "Tales from the Round Barn" has been previewed extensively in the Daily News and pretty much covers the things Guelzow detailed. So we shall skip to the closing part of the narrative, in which Guelzow quoted notes written long ago by Ron Dougan:

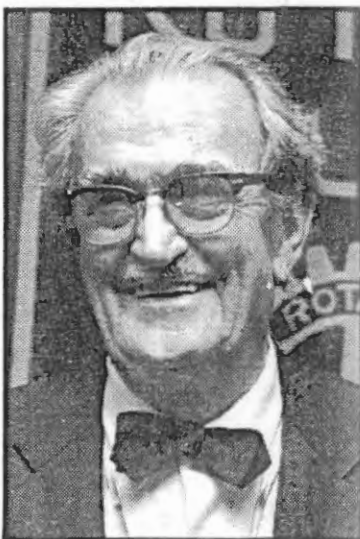
"Farming is a way of life. One doesn't farm eight or 10 hours a day and then forget it. Farming is to take your son over the back pasture early in the spring, looking for morels.

"Farming is lying in a fencerow trying to locate a bluebird's nest. Farming is walking your fields in late March and marveling at the way delicate grasses have lived through the winter.

"Farming is stopping in at a neighbor's when you have finished planting oats and you know he has half a day to go, and offering him your grain drill, so he can catch up.

"FARMING IS KNOWING that

Con't on p. 2



Ronald A. Dougan

terprises, farm writer for the Beloit Daily News. A good many of the pictures assembled for the Rotary program by Dr. Brad Ewald were those from the young reporter-photographer's camera. So it would be possible for this writer to compose

* See end page of the next issue, sent with this one, for photo of WJD's silo, with complete Aims.

RON DOUGAN, CON'T

every cow is quietly working for you, every pig is growing for you, and every blade of grass is strengthening in the sun so that when winter comes, man and beast can be fed and warm.

"Farming is having your children grow up around you, knowing their father's work and loving their home. Farming is having a family center to come to as the children get their schooling.

"Farming is being home for meals three times a day and being able to take off half a day or more when the work is slack, without asking permission.

"Farming is living close to elemental things — to birth and growth; to life and death.

"Finally, farming, I think, brings man closer to God than most professions. In all the days of his life he sees God in the fields, in the sky, in the life cycle. He knows Him in the life-giving sunshine and is close to Him in the sweep of the storm.

"IN ALL HUMILITY a farmer has a chance to live greatly and to know himself to be a part of God's great plan for the universe."

That was Guelzow's windup to a moving salute to "Ron Dougan, master farmer."

Dougan has missed a lot of Rotary meetings of late because he prefers to care for wife Vera, who has been unwell. All their 63 years of married life, Ron and Vera have been each other's best friend and supporter. Her life as mother and homemaker has included a long love affair with music, and she is past president of the Wisconsin Federation of Music Clubs. (+ Nat'l Fed.)

Vera didn't come out for the program but their daughters Joan Schmidt, Pat Dalvit (and their husbands) and Jackie Jackson and her daughter Elspeth were there. So were Don and Fannie Veihman Tuck. Fannie and her late husband Roy were Ron's sales managers and close friends for many years. There, also, were Ron and Georgine Freitag, neighbors, friends, and in recent years manager of the Dougan farms. The Dougan's son, Dr. Craig Dougan, lives in Portland, Ore., and wasn't able to be on hand.

W. J. Tuck



Surrounded by family and longtime associates, Ronald A. Dougan read from a plaque he received Tuesday. The Beloit Rotary Club honored Dougan as the club's first 60-year member. Dougan's many accomplishments as a farmer, church, civic and youth leader and patron of the arts were detailed in a presentation by Bill Guelzow and Brad Ewald. In the photo, from left: Daughters Joan Schmidt, Jackie Jackson and Pat Dalvit; Dougan; his longtime farm manager, Ron Freitag; granddaughter Elspeth Jackson; and Fannie Veihman Tuck. A later Publisher's Column will detail the Rotary tribute to Dougan.

"GREAT PIG?" YOU ASK, "GREAT PIG?"

Bebit You've read the entire RAD article, and find no mention of "great pig." The answer lies below, in a letter from Ronald's father Wesson to his second son, who has shipped a freighter to Alaska & is working in a salmon factory, June 23, 1925 (and not yet back in college.)

My dear boy Trevor:

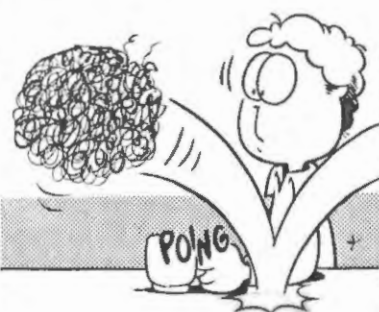
... (I omit early part of letter.)

I am grateful that Ronald finished this year. It is going to do him a great deal of good. He carried heavy work and did extremely well.

Do you remember that front page picture in one of the farm papers that I used in a talk at Janesville? It is of a ruddy faced aristocratic farmer at a county fair with his little white pig under his arm and displaying a large blue ribbon. His expression is remarkable. It is

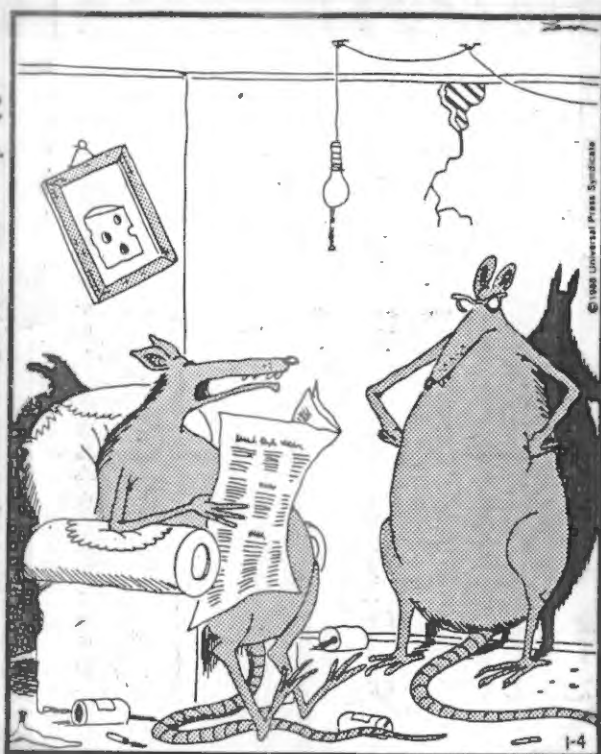
first of surprise and then of confidence. He seems to be saying, "Well, by George! I am surprised." Then he straightens up and with confidence seems to say, "But of course, I always knew he was a great pig." In the case of Ronald having the best standing in the B.S. Division and only one point below the top of the whole senior class I confess confidentially I am surprised. Also I am conscious of the other expression, "I always knew I had a great pig." Yes, I have confidence in my boys even when they fall short of my ideal for them. I know they are going to find themselves and be good and great men.".... [And that, dear friends

and family, is what has come to be known as "The Great Pig" letter.] (Found in 1980 by Jackie's proublings about.)



RATHOLE YIELDS NUGGETS

Beloit Just suppose RAD/VWD hadn't been pack rats? Most of my Round Barn book, and a lot of ENWL copy, and other things galore (old LIFE mags.) would be non-existent. Nov-Dec's 7 attic finds: 2 tightly curled, discolored photos of WJD, one (if poss) reproduced for this issue, LOTS of Dougan Kid drawings (We knew some were up there but no ody'd looked at 'em.) Those black & white art prints, Paul, that had so much influence on you, & on us four, about 300 of 'em, mostly ancient Greece. AND, biggest find: all you family members born before 1981 possess a copy of Lovingly Ron, being RAD's letters home from France. Most of you know you'll eventually receive a companion vol., Your Loving Father, letters from WJD to Trevor at college, which JJ found in 1982. RAD, since that cache was discovered, has occasionally been regretful, wistful, even a mite jealous: Why hadn't his father written such letters to his eldest son? I said he undoubtedly had, but RAD had blithely consigned them to the wastebasket while Trevor had faithfully saved them. I was **WRONG!** Not abt WJD, but RAD: A whole sheaf of WJD letters (and some from Eunice) were found at the bottom of a Kid's drawings box! A few from his Freshman yr, at N'western; most from his Junior year, tender, delightful letters, somewhat different from Trevor's. For instance, he constantly urges T to be more frugal. In one of R's, he urges R. to spend less time earning money, & more on his studies: if money is his only concern, he, R, can earn it on the farm! He also urges him to leap at the offer to work in France, even if it means abandoning school in mid-semester. . . . JJ knows the thrill of the



"Clean it up? Clean it up? Crimony, it's supposed to be a rathole!"

816 RATHOLE REVISITED

Spfld By paid help, that is. JJ is trying yet again to bring order out of chronic chaos, & has hired a part-time Secretary-manager, who also makes excellent vegetable soup.



WANTED: Person with organizational, secretarial skills, to help buried author/teacher get files, manuscripts in workable order; also make tea, wash an occasional dish. 10-20 hours a week, arranged. Not a bad job for mother of grade schoolers. Call Jackie Jackson, x6778, or 528-0943. [Ad in IL TIMES, 4 at SSU]

UPDATE ON GRANDMA

Beloit VWD remains about the same: bedridden, sits up in a chair a while ev. day, is getting plump on the 4 cans of Ensure she receives via nasal tube daily. Also eats small meals the usual way. She can talk on the phone, enjoys visits, and can still come up with a fact faster than anyone else—obscure ones that no one else even knows. And there's nothing wrong with her ears. (She won't listen to Dr. Who, hates the theme music. She tolerates the Packers.) Help comes in from 8-4 & from midnight till 8. RAD takes the 4-midnight shift. Things are going O.K. rent a van? HOW MUCH? A farmer's hay wagon? Etc. JJ looks forward to glimpsing friends, but figures this trip (nor June's) will be no holiday. Still -- a nice place to work!

FAST RUN TO ENGLAND FOR DRY RUN

London & pts N, S, & West JJ'll soon be there! (Mar. 1-17.) The overseas class ("Sources of British Ch's Lit") is a reality—5 are signed up, 5 more are committed, & JJ's having insomnia about the responsibility. Main problem: we're doing this so CHEAP we've left no room to maneuver. Hence this dry run, to see HOW we can get to Watership Down, 5 miles from the train stop, w/o a bus going near. Can we [I will miss my bicycle!]

ART SLEUTHS DECIPHER DRAWING

Beloit At Xmas, your ENNLEd & daughter Gillian went through a pile of drawings by the Dougan children, saved by VWD & found in the attic. We spent considerable time on the one to which 2 pp. of this issue are devoted. If any of you readers have alternate interpretations (or any comments) please write in. The picture/story was executed in 1934 by Patsy Dougan, a little over 7, in pencil, on the back of a letter from the Standard Cap and Seal Corporation in Chicago: WJ Dougan had ordered 150,000 milk caps. This letter is dated June 29, 1931, when Patsy was $4\frac{1}{2}$, so she may have been considerably younger when she drew the picture. However, it was found in the pile in 1934 strata. The sleuths fix the age between $5\frac{3}{4}$ and $7\frac{1}{4}$: Patsy could read at four yrs. The sleuths also trace considerable influence to Alice in Wonderland, as well as Ali Baba. The $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ sheet was divided crudely into 20 squares. We have enlarged the page for better comprehension and separated the lines for explication and to fit the ENNL format, tho this prevents you from getting the "full view" on one sheet. We think you will agree with us that this saga is drawn with a vigorous line in a straightforward manner, by someone who knows her own mind and doesn't dilly-dally; a dreamer but a pragmatic one. Coming next: Craig Dougan.

AUDREY HOME! AND IMPROVING!

Shelburne, Vt. Audrey Moore, much cherished ENNL reader by many ENNL readers (6 others), after a no. of visits to Mayo's, had her adrenal glands removed early in Jan, to stop in its tracks a serious problem called "Cushings Syndrome" where the adrenals vastly overproduce. Her stay was complicated by acute pneumonia & electrolyte imbalance, both caused by her lowered immune system from the op. & her illness. The former is now all gone, the latter takes longer to get back into balance but it's coming. And Cushings is GONE! A. is feeling better & better, won't go back to school till March but is running her end of things by the phone, even having rehearsals in her living room! She reports Vt. is a Winter Wonderland & it's great being home. She's thinking of writing up this rare syndrome for others: she had it 8 yrs. before diagnosis. She's kept careful journals since '85, so she's known how it works before she knew its name! A. has indomitable spirit! (Both ENNLEd & Dewi Jen joked visiting Audrey at Rochester)

THANKS TO GUELZOW & EWALD

Spfld. Jackie & the whole Dougan family want to take this opportunity to thank Bill Guelzow and Brad Ewald for the superb job they did, putting together the slideshow on Ron Dougan's 60 yrs in Rotary, & 85 years of life. We look forward to the tape, and sharing it with family & friends who couldn't be there.

NEWS BRIEFS

Reno. Cressida Broten, 5, after initial reluctance, has taken to the ski slopes with great enthusiasm, and would like to make skiing a habit.
San Francisco Chad & Eva Walsh are visiting Alison for a month, have taken their own apartment. The 3 visited Melanie, Megan & Annabelle in Santa Cruz.
Minneapolis Damaris Jackson, last we heard, is planning a spring trip to Russia. Marvelous the effect 5 years of grade school Russian has on one!

BELOIT DAILY NEWS, Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1982



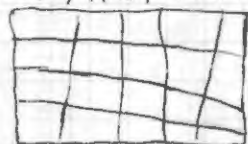
BRIDGE RIBBON CUT — A crowd of interested citizens turned out last Friday, to watch officials from the Town of Turtle, City of Beloit, Rock County, and the state cut the traditional red ribbon that officially

opened the Colley Road Bridge. At the same ceremony the bridge was dedicated to W.J. "Daddy" Dougan, who was a long time dairy farmer on Colley Road. (Daily News photo)

(It finally got a plaque put up, copper, abt 4 yrs. later.)

MORE ON PATSY'S DRAWING.

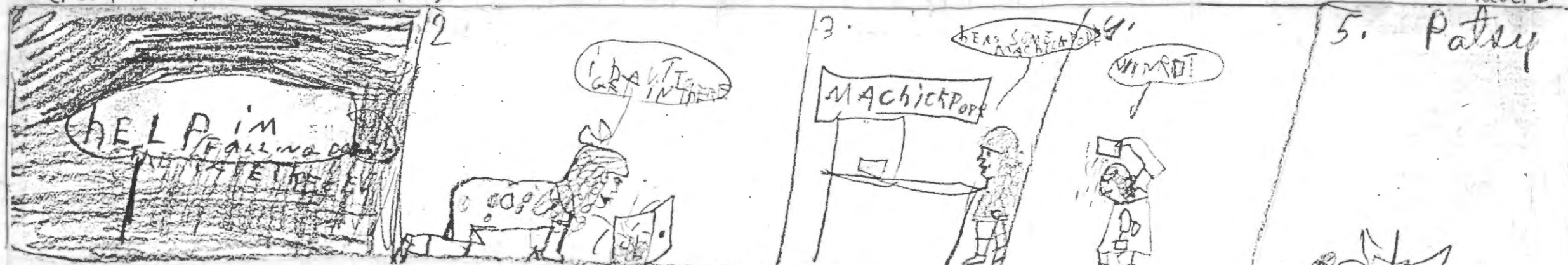
Spfld. It's taken me awhile to realize a really remarkable thing abt P. Dougan's drawing (see above & pp. 5 & 6): she took paper, slashed lines horizontally & vertically, & ended up with 20 squares, which she numbered. Then she proceeded to draw a picture-story that took exactly 20 squares. It's impossible to believe that she planned before she began what was to go in each square; yet she didn't end up with blank spaces, or with her story unfinished, nor does it show signs of compression or expansion. TRULY AMAZING!!



← This event was reported once, belatedly, but now we find a picture. Find RAD/VWD?

(For preface, see "Art Sleuths," p. 4)

VWD's
label 2



1. Though this looks like a "title page", it isn't. It's the blackness surrounding the hole our heroine is falling down, with the words, "HELP, I'M falling down the rabbit..." (final words) unreadable, lost as she falls. (lost to meo the blackness.)

2. She's here, down under, & spots a little door with glitter behind it. She says, (of course) "I have to get in there!" [I havt to get in there]

3. She is pleased to see a table with a sign, "MAGIC POWDER" and says, "Hers some machick podn."

4. She sprinkles herself well with magic powder, and we appeal to you readers for what she says. (Patsy, can you help here?)

5. The magic powder makes her small, and she approaches the door.



6. She enters somewhat cautiously, arms behind her, leaving the powder on top of the table and the door a far- actually, wide open.

7. Mirabile! The room is filled with chests spilling out gold and silver coins!

8. With fists & pockets full, she rushes toward the door.

9. She makes it out with her loot!

10. She's still small, but conveniently there is now a ladder up to the table top.

(this thrilling Saga con't on next page.)

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL VI NO 2 P 5

11. Once on top, however, she is nonplussed. Is the magic powder missing? Or used up? She appears to be kneeling and examining (not praying) for she

12. turns suddenly, and calls for help. "Brownies, brownies, come!"
[Brownies Brownies come]

13. Obediently, a whole row of rather sperm-like brownies hasten to her command. She beams on them.

14. We aren't permitted to see the magic; the brownie troop screen her, their arms up, backs to us. (Query: Why is "Top" upside down here?)

15. They do it! She is now big again, the door and brownies small, and she gives a coin to each helper (Not quite as graciously as she might?)



16. She now climbs up the rabbit hole, clawing at the sides.

17. "I'm up!" She spills coins onto the ground.

18. Pockets still loaded, she leaves the hole behind and heads for home.

19. She shares her riches with her high-heeled mother (note the bun) and father. They are pleased.

20. Then she goes to bed and dreams of her adventure-- or is it the other way around? She will soon wake up and find that it has all been a dream! (Note the hair ribbon on the bed post.)

Would you like to write in and vote for your favorite square? ENNL Ed is torn between #4 & #12.